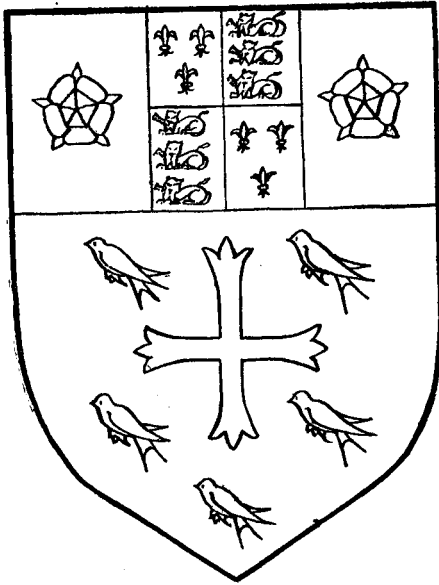


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THE GRANTITE REVIEW

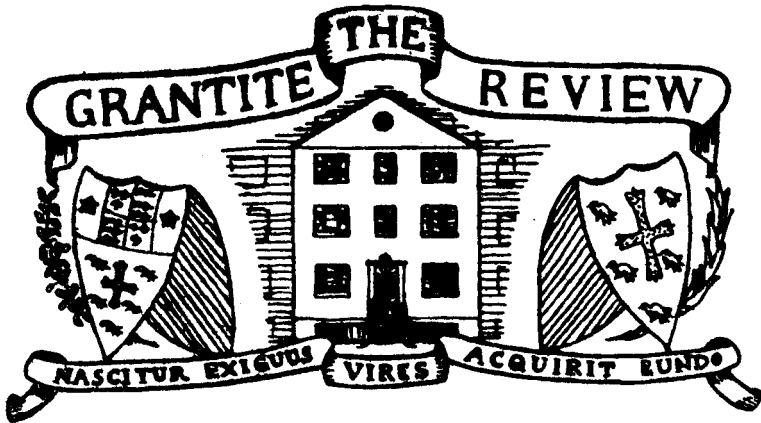


LENT TERM

1948

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EDITORIAL.

This year it has been decided to make Athletics entirely voluntary and, whereas in past years other stations had to give way to it in March, boys are now offered Water, Fives, Boxing and small-scale Football in Green as alternatives.

This is obviously a desirable state of affairs and it only remains to hope that it will prove successful. Without the use of Fields compulsory Athletics would have necessitated the employment of eight buses to carry the whole school to Grove Park. In those busloads there would certainly have been a large number of boys who hated the very thought of running, who would have entered for the hundred yards (as it requires least effort) and who would have stood around miserably till the buses returned. This would involve not only a waste of these individuals' time but, far more important, a waste of School money.

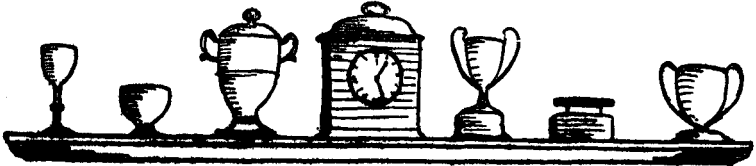
Next year we hope to be able to use Vincent Square and the question of transport will not arise. So, if an experiment was to be made, this was clearly the year to try it out. Results so far have at least shown that it deserves further trial. Fifty-five boys have opted to do Athletics and this is certainly a promising start, especially when the adverse conditions they have to put up with are considered. Athletes have to spend the best part of an hour and a half travelling to and from their "pitch," while fives players, boxers and footballers find facilities on the spot. This calls for a great deal of sacrifice and it seems safe to assume that, when a bus journey is no longer involved, the number of voluntary athletes will increase considerably.

Being rid of uninterested conscripts it is now possible for boys to receive more individual coaching, and several masters have kindly offered to help with this. Although the finals are obviously restricted to "regulars," anyone can enter for the Long Distance races—held on a non-station day—and take part in any of the relays. It is only to be hoped that numbers will justify the continuation of this ideal arrangement.

MASTERSHIP OF GRANT'S.

Mr. Murray-Rust, whose tenure of Grant's would shortly be expiring, is leaving the School at the end of the Election term and is taking up an appointment as H.M. Inspector of Schools in the E. Riding of Yorkshire.

The Head Master has appointed Mr. J. M. Wilson to succeed him. Mr. Wilson was a Classical Demy of Magdalen College, Oxford, and taught at Giggleswick for two years before the war. He served in the Navy, in destroyers and aircraft carriers, and came to Westminster shortly after demobilisation in 1946. He is married and has a daughter of eight months.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—L. E. Lowe and J. R. D'Arcy Dawson to College.
We welcome this term :—T. J. Davies (boarder).

In Inner there are :—D. L. Almond, R. E. Nagle, P. C. Pearson and J. R. B. Smith.

In Chiswicks there are :—D. M. V. Blee, D. N. Croft, R. R. Davies, N. P. V. Brown, E. S. Chesser and J. H. Milner (boarders); and E. M. Carr-Saunders, D. F. H. Sandford, L. Lipert, H. Ward and A. E. C. Bostock (day boys).

The Head of Hall is G. N. P. Lee and the Hall Monitors are A. J. Allan, R. N. Mackay and F. D. Hornsby.

* * * * *

We beat Busby's in the final of Football Juniors, 1—0.

* * * * *

We lost to Busby's 0—1 in Football Seniors.

* * * * *

We lost to College in Fives Juniors.

* * * * *

We won the Senior Long Distance match and came second in the Junior.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—D. L. Almond on being awarded a Westminster Exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge.

to :—D. L. Almond on being appointed Captain of Football and of Athletics.

to :—P. C. Pearson on being appointed Secretary of the Boat Club.

to :—R. E. Nagle on being appointed Captain of Shooting.

to :—A. J. Allan on his Thirds for Boxing.

to :—J. R. B. Smith, G. N. P. Lee, F. D. Hornsby and N. P. V. Brown on their Seniors; and to N. P. V. Brown, R. M. Milligan, D. F. H. Sandford, R. N. Mackay, J. F. Wordsworth, A. C. Hornsby, M. L. B. Pritchard and C. J. H. Davies on their Juniors for Football.

and to :—A. J. Allan on his Seniors for Athletics.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. this term we have read :—"The Voyage Inheritance," by H. Granville Barker; "People at Sea," by J. B. Priestley; "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward; "After October," by R. Ackland; "The Importance of being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde; "She Stoops to Conquer," by Oliver Goldsmith and "Androcles and the Lion," by Bernard Shaw.

FOOTBALL.

SENIORS.

As generally anticipated, Seniors this year provided close competition. There was no favourite, as there usually is, and every House, except College, seemed to have a chance of winning. Homeburnham beat Rigaud's by a somewhat lucky goal in a very even game, but the former team easily beat College 6—1 in the next round, though the ultimate result seemed doubtful at half-time (1—1).

We were drawn against Busby's and this was destined to be the most even game in the whole competition. Busby's won the replay by 1—0 in extra time after each side had scored one goal in the first match.

The first game was one of fluctuating fortunes, first one team seeming to be well on top and then the other. We started very shakily, the defence missing their kicks and the forwards never seeming to be able to get going, with the result that our goal looked in danger on several occasions. Towards the end of the first half we seemed to gain confidence but had not been able to score downhill by half time. We started the second half more confidently but soon Busby's were pressing and a goal, scored by Momtchiloff, resulted. For the next few minutes Busby's continued to press hard and our team seemed to be wilting under the strain, but suddenly the game took a dramatic turn and everyone got moving together for the first time. The wings were at last beating the backs, making ground and creating opportunities for the inside forwards. The Hornsby brothers struck a perfect understanding on the right wing while Smith fed Milligan with good through passes. From a centre by Milligan, Hornsby, F., scored the equalising goal. This heartened the team even more and Allan scored a goal which, however, was disallowed for offside. In extra time we seemed to last better than our opponents, but our forwards missed some apparently easy chances.

In the replay our forwards started off in grand style and the ball was being swung effectively from wing to wing. After about ten minutes Hornsby, F., hurt his back in a tackle and was unable to run. The game was still as even as it was in the first match, both sets of forwards being unable to make use of the opportunities provided for them. It soon became apparent that extra time would have to be played again. Busby's began to get slightly on top during this and Momtchiloff scored at the beginning of the second period. The whole team went into the attack in the last ten minutes and came near to scoring once when Kendall, Busby's goalkeeper who had played magnificently throughout, made his only mistake of the match.

Busby's beat Homeburnham in the final by one rather lucky goal to nil in another very close game in which both sides were handicapped by the indisposition of star members.

The addition of Smith, who played for the first XI this term, strengthened an otherwise Juniors' forward line and improved the shooting, which was, however, still noticeably weak. Lee, who also played in the first XI this term, always seemed to be in the right place at the right time, and Sandford looked after Momtchiloff admirably. Mackay and Wordsworth covered each other well while Brown gave a very good performance, being at the same time safe and daring, and not being afraid to dive at oncoming forwards' feet.

Nine of this year's team are under sixteen and most of them will be here at least another two seasons. There seems every reason to hope, therefore, that it will not be long before the Seniors shield returns to its rightful home up Grant's. Floreat!

Team :—N. P. V. Brown ; R. N. Mackay, J. F. Wordsworth ; D. L. Almond, G. N. P. Lee, D. F. H. Sandford ; F. D. Hornsby, A. C. Hornsby, A. J. Allan, J. R. B. Smith, R. M. Milligan. D. L. A.

JUNIORS.

We beat Rigaud's 3—0 in the first round of Football Juniors, but we might have had many more goals but for excellent displays by Cantrell and Thompson, Rigaud's centre-half and goalkeeper respectively. It was obvious

from the start that we were the better side and we scored all our goals in the first ten minutes (Hornsby, F., 2, Milligan 1). Thereafter we slacked off and could not add to our score.

We met Busby's in the Final and won 1—0 (after extra time) in a game which reached a remarkably high standard. Hornsby, F., was unavailable, so Lowe, who played left-half in the first match, was moved to the right wing and Sandford came in at left-half. Busby's were relying on a strong defence to keep us out of their goal and were hoping to score a break-away goal through their forwards or attacking centre-half Smith, G., a Pink. Our method of attack was to make ground down the wings rather than down the strongly-defended centre. Our forwards' approach work was first rate, using, as they did, a mixture of long and short passes. If they had been able to finish off this fine approach work the game would not have gone to extra-time. Due to good first-time tackling and covering by the Busby defenders in the penalty area, however, together with lack of concentration by our forwards in front of goal, we never looked very likely to score. Our defence was usually on top of the opposing forwards, but once or twice they panicked slightly when Busby's centre-half tried to come through on his own. On one such occasion he was allowed through without being tackled and Brown saved a very hard shot in grand style. The goal we scored in extra time was a trifle lucky and unexpected. Allan dribbled along the goal-line and scored from a seemingly impossible angle. Thereafter Busby's attacked hard but, apart from a few anxious moments, our defence seemed to have the situation well in hand.

There is little doubt that we were a better balanced side than our opponents who tended to rely on a few star individuals. Of the forwards, Milligan was an effective, though slow, winger, and Hornsby, A., at inside-right, in his first term, caught the eye as a remarkably intelligent schemer who should do really well later on. Of the defence, Lee, the captain, was a tower of strength at centre-half, while Sandford, brought in at the last moment, played an inspired game; Mackay was a tireless worker, and Brown always looked safe in goal.

Team :—N. P. V. Brown; M. L. B. Pritchard, J. F. Wordsworth; R. N. Mackay, G. N. P. Lee, D. F. H. Sandford; L. E. Lowe, A. C. Hornsby, C. J. H. Davies, A. J. Allan, R. M. Milligan. D. L. A.

BOXING.

Increased interest in boxing has been shown this year, largely due to the fact that it is now one of the sports for which points can be gained for the Squire Bowl. Seven Grantites entered, one of whom, Allan, also boxed in the quadrangular match against Felsted, Aldenham and Berkhamsted. Not only were there more competitors from the House this year than last, but nearly all of them did a certain amount of training beforehand under Mr. Eastman.

Although we did not do very well as a House (we came a rather bad third), several of our competitors put up good fights. Allan was unchallenged as bantamweight here but was able to show his fighting qualities in the quadrangular match in which, though taking a fair amount of punishment in the first round, he fought back characteristically and gained a comfortable win on points.

Smith reached the final in the lightweight division but came up against a fresh opponent and was narrowly beaten on points. Brown, a welterweight, beat Lees (Homeboarders), who had previously beaten Davies, R., in a tough rather than skilful fight, but all his energy was sapped and he wisely decided to retire immediately afterwards. Blee was unfortunate in coming up against the eventual winner in the featherweight division but was certainly not out-classed. Croft, D., middleweight, never had a chance against Momtchiloff (Busby's) and, though he put up a plucky fight, the contest had to be stopped in the second round. Croft, J., put up a brave effort against Ross (Homeburnham) who eventually won the under 7st. 6lb. title.

The general standard of boxing in the competitions was not high and few boys made use of the ring, but the number of entrants and the enthusiasm which they showed promises well for the future. D. L. A.

THE WATER.

This year, in view of the lack of training the crew sustained last year, it was decided not to hold Trial Eights so as to get the first and second eights out as soon as possible. Mr. Hamerton has been coaching these crews and Mr. Carleton the third eight, while the fourth and fifth eights, which contain the Pinks and Pinks-and-Whites of the future, have been taken in hand by Mr. Fisher.

All the crews have undergone violent changes and have improved considerably throughout the term. Croft, D., now holds a regular place at five in the first eight and is making full use of his 11 stone 8 pounds. He has settled down very well and considering that he is the heaviest member of the crew his blade-work is very neat and fast.

Ward now coxes the second eight regularly and Davies, R., seems settled at stroke. I must congratulate the latter on his rocket-like rise from obscurity and, apart from making a good stroke, he is probably the most stylish oar in the second eight. Ward also has improved and coxes with much more assurance, and, quite apart from coxing, has proved himself to be quite a promising oar. Both Davies and Ward have deputised at times in the first eight. Nagle rows at three in the second eight.

In the third eight, while several Grantites have on occasions rowed at various places, Bostock is the only regular member but Ward, Harben and Beresford have rowed in it quite often and might manage to get in it in the summer.

Last term, with only one new Grantite waterman, it looked as though Grant's might not be able to live up to its present position on the River, but with three new watermen this term, all of whom are turning out to be very good considering the short time they have been doing water, these fears are dispelled.

Towards the end of term the first eight's outing increased in length to an alarming extent with a view to entering for the Head of the River Race. The crew, although weakened by the loss of Steele, Head of the Water, who had been rowing at six, has settled down very well and, considering that the average weight is only 10-8, it is a very good sign that the crew can cover its water at 28 at this comparatively early stage in the Rowing year.

P. C. P.

ATHLETICS.

The only events which have taken place so far this term are the senior and junior Long Distance Races, held at Putney. We won the senior and came second in the junior.

We only entered three competitors in the junior but they all ran extremely well. In an exciting finish Brown came second and Hornsby, F., third. These two and Makower of Busby's were involved in the finish and the result was in doubt right up to the end. Hornsby, A., whose first race it was over such a distance, did remarkably well to finish eighth. In the team event Busby's just beat us with 12 points to our 13.

Following last year's record of filling the first four places in the senior race, we this time returned three of the first four, Almond being first, Allan second and Smith fourth. Allan, in his first year in the open, is to be congratulated on a great race as he was only just beaten in the final sprint. He should have little difficulty in winning it next year for he was a long way ahead of the runner behind him. Smith did well to come where he did and should prove useful in the Bringsty Relay team. Ward also did well, considering his age and size, to come in ninth.

Nineteen of the fifty-five regular athletes are Grantites and, though talent is not as plentiful as last year, we should acquit ourselves fairly well in the Bringsty and track relays.

We won the Bringsty Relay for the fifth successive year.

D. L. A.

FIVES.

As Juniors were played this term, most of the time was devoted to an attempt to form a Juniors team. While we had a wealth of quite good material we had no cases of individual brilliance, and Hornsby, F., who promised to be a very good player last term, was unfortunately ill for the first few weeks of this term and missed much-needed practice.

Apart from Hornsby there were several others who had the makings of good players. Of these, Brown was obviously the best, and Martindale, Ward and Sandford were also in the running. Lee, who played in the Seniors team, was unable to get in any practice and was very much off form when he did play.

Eventually Brown and Martindale were chosen as first pair, with Hornsby and Ward as second pair. Again we had drawn College who were fortunate in possessing a brilliant first pair, who did not leave any doubt as to the decision over either of our pairs. However, their second pair was more of the same standard as our pairs. Our first pair, after starting rather weakly, fought back to win the second game but relapsed again to lose the third. The second pair, though they started well, became rattled by the combined effect of a left-hander, which they had never met before, and two consecutive shots which went into the "box." They fought back hard but never really regained their confidence and, after losing the first game by a narrow margin, they let the other two go rather more easily.

Of the players, although Brown was the best on the day, Hornsby played very well considering the small amount of practice he was able to put in. Martindale and Ward both played well in spells but occasionally played silly shots as a result of match "nerves."

Busby's, having beaten Rigaud's and Homeburnham, were beaten comparatively easily by College in the final.

P. C. P.

THE THIRTIETH PILGRIM.

A monke there was of fairé London toone,
The same he came from Westminstere renoone,
An aged man, he never doone no sin ;
He hadde for namé Freré Joscelyne.
Through age he was right wondrous to behold,
"Twas many a score of years, I wit, all told.
It may be that he knewe the greate Sainte Paule
Or e'en he may have known that thilké stall
Wherein our Saviour Christe was born before.
I ne nat, nor will sift it to the core.
Through thilké age he was all benté up
And, when he walked, it made him for to stoope.
Methinks he knew the Psalmés through and through,
The Testamentés bothe Olde and Newe.
He hardly ever daigné for to smile
But talked and hummed unto himself the while.
His horse did limp and he both did the same ;
I know not how he came for to be lame.
Provisoun hadde he for thilké maladie,
In shape it was of stouté stikkés three,
That, if he brooke one as he walked about,
He might have two more, and nat be without.
If I say any moore he mighte be vexed,
So I'll namoore but pass on to the next.

A DISSERTATION ON WOMEN'S APPAREL.

The subject of women's clothes is always highly amusing to men. The whims and fancies of females in their taste in hats and the weird concoctions they care to strap about their dainty feet and perch upon their heads cannot fail to be funny to their men-folk. But, in spite of all this ridicule heaped upon their heads, the women press on with the fallacy of their "modes," "fashions," "New Looks," etc., etc.

Regularly, every spring, the men sit back in their chairs, spread *Vogue* and *Woman's Own* before them, and laugh, and laugh and laugh. And then it is that the young man worriedly turns the pages o'er and o'er, and then dashes frantically from the house to start the lengthy process of choosing the latest extravagance that his loved one will receive for her birthday. What hell he must go through during the frantic search for fully-fashioned and "wedge" heels! That leering and amusedly tolerant face that peers pertinently over the daintily-bedecked counter, and those lipstick-bedaubed lips that part—or almost part!—to emit the jeering words . . . "Nylons? Nylons!! Ha, ha—Oh no, sir; I'm afraid we haven't any at all, sir, not at the moment, sir. I'm sorry, sir.—Yes, madam?" . . . And the abashed young man droops his weary head and drifts off to join the gabbling throng of frantic women who are besieging the corset department.

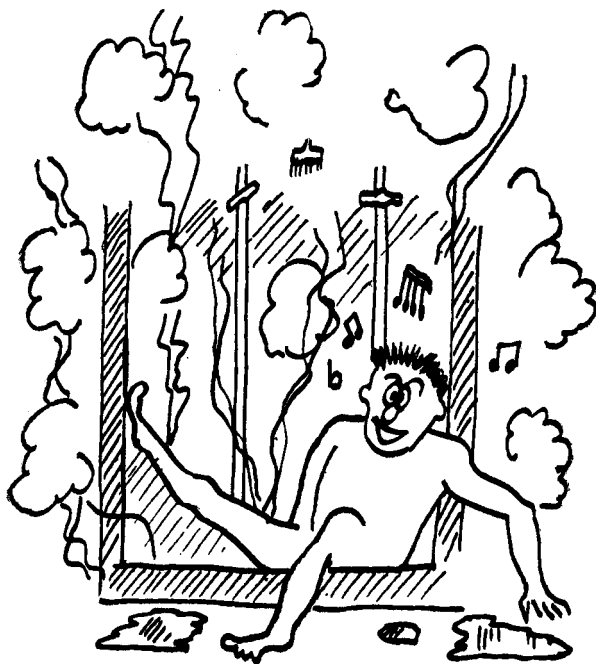
Of course, the beginning and the end of all women's fashions and clothes is Paris. "Those *enchantingly* feminine swing-backed, frilly-bottomed, flush-sided, back-pleated slacks," the 20th century female will shriek rapturously, just as centuries of womenfolk have shrieked before them. And then, of course—Hats. The Magic Word. That vision, that every-woman's-dream, the long and toilsome hours spent with the black-suited, spinster-faced dame who styles herself, "Feminine head-gear departmental assistant," in front of the full-length mirror in the little room, with piles of fantastic, devastating, "divine," and horribly nightmarish concoctions of lace and feathers, bunches of grapes, and tufts of taffeta, that go to make up the feminine head-covering. The soaring ostrich plumes, the tinny tassels, the flamboyant felt flaps and frills . . . "All these and many more." Many, many, more. And shoes. And hats. And—and other things. The blushing young man tears despairingly round the department store. And Britain's schoolboys and elderly husbands sit back and laugh.

A STORM.

Through the dark and leaden sky,
In the stillness of the air,
The shrillness of the cry
Of a bird echoed everywhere,
And then, quite slowly, disappeared,
Leaving behind a silence strange and weird.
Then the storm broke, lightning flashed;
The heavens cried their vengeance out aloud;
The wind tore branches from the trees, and lashed
The water to a fury. Saplings bowed
Their heads beneath that onslaught to the ground;
The noises of the storm in one great roar were drowned.
And then, as night drew on,
The wind had drunk its fill;
The moon looked down upon
A world at peace, and still.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG GRANTITE
ABOUT TO TAKE A BATH.

Please remember—don't forget
Never leave *my* bath towel wet ;
Nor leave the soap still in the water—
That's a thing you never ought'er ;
And, as you've been so often told,
Never let the " Hot " run " Cold " ;
Nor leave the soap upon the floor ;
Nor sit in bath an hour or more—
When monitor awaiteth one
Just don't forget it isn't done.
And, if you really do the thing,
There's not the slightest need to sing.



THE POST-BOX.

When Reginald Lyle was only three years old his mother and father had been killed in a train smash. Even now he could just remember first going to live with his Aunt Jane, a tall, thin and very serious-looking spinster of perhaps forty. He had not forgotten the beatings she gave him for coming home late with a dirty face—that often happened! Perhaps he *was* rather trying to her, and it was probably *his* fault that she lost her temper on him. In the end, when he was but fourteen years old, he ran away to sea, joined as a deck-hand, gaining his commission a few years later. And now he was mate of a fair-sized cargo-boat on the Panama run. He never even dreamed of seeing his Aunt Jane again.

Reginald never thought he would once more be walking down Church Street on a Sunday afternoon in late October. Unfortunately the number of his aunt's house had slipped his memory, but he did remember that there used to be a post-box outside the front door. Why! wasn't that a red pillar-box over there, on the other side of the street? Of course it was! Reginald crossed the street, opened the gate of the house and knocked on the front-door with his heart in his mouth.

Much to his surprise a smashing blonde opened the door. "Good afternoon. Can I help you?"

"Oh, no thanks—I mean, yes please. Does . . ."

"Won't you come in."

"Thanks very much. I was wondering if an aunt of mine still lived here."

"Now, do I look old enough to be your aunt?"

"Not exactly. You see, she was over forty then—and that was twenty years ago."

"There was an old lady who lived here until two years ago. But she died, and my husband bought the house."

"Oh! well, perhaps you would be good enough to show me over the house and garden—sentimental reasons, you know."

"Why, certainly! Come this way."

Reginald followed the woman round the house and was interested, but it did not seem to be the same somehow. They had almost finished looking at the garden when, from the next-door garden, there arose a terrible shindy. "Don't you go treading on my nice white washing," etc., etc.

"Oh! Who is that?" asked Reginald.

"Oh! She is one Jane Lyle; a spinster who has adopted a grand-nephew. He leads a dog's life, poor kid, and is always being bullied by her. . . ."

Reginald heard no more. He dashed out through the front door, down Church Street, on to a bus, and back to his ship. . . .
[For some reason, known only to the local Post Office authorities, the post-box had been transplanted a few years before.]

SLEDGING.

Snow falling fast!
Sledging at last!
Away to the bench
With hammer and wrench.
The work is begun,
The sledge is soon done.

Up to the Heath,
Armed to the teeth
With sweater and glove,
For the ride that I love.
Down the steep run,
Off like a gun.

Faster and faster,
Then comes disaster,
Hit from behind—
Fate is unkind.

HORATIO IN HOLLYWOOD.

Horatio Prigg sat at his desk in his luxurious study. He was reading a cable that had just arrived from America, and as he did so he puffed deliberately at a very mild cork-tipped cigarette. And, though he tried to conceal the fact, he was most surprised. In spite of this he was also extremely flattered. This was the highest point of his career. He swelled with pride as he read the cable through again and again. Hollywood! the magic word, the city of fame, fantasy and fortune. He pulled himself together and, turning to his manservant, he drawled "Tell the boy to await an answer, Forsyth."

Then he turned to his secretary and dictated an answer:—"Am considering your offer to help in making of film of my novel, 'The Kiss and the Killer.' Will probably accept. Send particulars of—No, no!" His drawl left him as the idea fired his imagination. "Just write: 'Accept your offer. Coming to America. Leave on *Queen Mary*, 12th.' Address it to the Colossal Film Co., Hollywood, Los Angeles."

Then he threw his cigarette at the manservant and dashed for his dressing-room. "Pack my things, Forsyth," he bawled.

At 11.30 a.m. on the 15th of May, Mr. Prigg, the eminent novelist, stepped ashore from the great hulk of the *Queen Mary* at New York harbour. In an immaculate black suit, white starched shirt and black bow tie, he provided a contrast to the gaudily-apparelled hoboes who lounged around at the docks. Very nervous, and followed by a train of liveried servants, he marched briskly towards the customs offices. The tough at the office looked him up and down, spat twice, started on another wad of chewing-gum and drawled, "Have you anything to declare," etc., etc. Then he bawled at his mate, "Bust open their traps, Jake."

Eventually Horatio struggled through the various departments with all his 47 bags, trunks, portmanteaux and dressing-cases. After two hours' sweating and yelling by his footman a fleet of taxis was commandeered, and at 2 p.m. the party was safely settled at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

The next day, after several amusing experiences, a rather disillusioned novelist sank into a chair in a super-duper, chromium-plated luxury puff-puff at New York Central station. He was looking somewhat dishevelled, but his heart beat strong. "Ah," he thought, "how different Hollywood will be. No vulgarity and rowdiness there. There they appreciate a man of my intellectual qualities. Soon that hall-porter will hear my name on everyone's lips, and——" The train started with a jerk, and he was on the last lap of his rather painful journey to Hollywood.

After two days of travelling in train and then motor-coach, Horatio found himself on the doorstep of an immense ferro-concrete structure, surmounted by an almost-as-big Neon sign, reading "Colossal for Death, Drama, Love and Suspense!"

The novelist was now decidedly the worse for wear. All had not gone as he had expected. His famous name did not seem to have penetrated as far as California. His train of servants were also not as immaculate as at the start of the journey. But Horatio Prigg braced himself. Now for the climax. Now for the crowning glory. He would be acclaimed as the writer of the century, the creator of the immortal film, "The Kiss and the Killer . . ."

The door opened and a gaudy-uniformed page boy peered impertinently at them. "I am Horatio Prigg." He waited—nothing happened. "I have come to assist in the making of a film known as 'The Kiss and the Killer.'"

The page boy bawled, "10th floor, under-treasurer's office. All visitors to report there on arrival." In a minute they had been bundled into a gigantic lift, luggage, footmen and all. In fifteen seconds more they were at the door of the under-treasurer's office. A minute later his luggage was on the 20th floor in a second-rate suite of rooms, and Horatio was in the director's office.

"But I don't understand," he bumbled. "It was 'The Kiss and the Killer!' I know it was, I wrote it."

" Yeah! I know too, but now its 'A Blonde in San Francisco,' savvy? Better publicity, see? Now, all we want yew to do is jest sit back in yore little ole room, an' approve wat we submits ter yer, git me? Then all you get to do after that is to pay us forty thousand bucks for filming and publicising your novel. Now bye-bye, an' don' git inter mischief! "

Horatio crept from the office a broken man. He spent a couple of months of agony among the blondes and chromium-plated bars of Hollywood. No one had ever heard of his name, and he was completely shattered by the "vulgar humour" of the glamorous assembly. The "funny little feller in the funeral garb" became rather a show piece. Horatio was presented, every afternoon, with a wad of script to be approved. The script flew out through the door and the call-boy scribbled "approved" at the bottom. And Horatio continued to pine in his vulgar little cubby-hole. For the last few weeks of his stay he never moved out of the room, and on the 27th of July he embarked on the *Queen Elizabeth*, bound for England again.

When the sensational Hollywood film, "A Blonde in San Francisco" made by Colossal Films, Inc., came out, some very observant fans espied a tiny little inscription in between the make-up expert's name and the bottom of the slide, which read: "From the novel by Horatio Prigg." Anyway, Horatio didn't see it, for he didn't see the film. He was writing an essay on "Caterpillars: the formation of their eye-brows."

A SHOT.

"Dennis."

"Yeah?"

"Cant' stand this any longer—simply have to get out of here if I want to keep alive."

"Yeah. I'm half dead, too. No food worth speaking of, and these mosquitoes—to say nothing of those little yellow Japs with their bamboo canes. My back's nearly in half, I'm sure."

"John, let's try and get out of this living hell. We might as well die in the attempt as die gradually here. I've been thinking about it for weeks. To think that we would have hope again and see dear old England with its 'green and pleasant land' once more."

"Count me in on this, too."

"I've got a plan. Next working party when we go to get more water, we won't be missed for a little while at any rate. We'll try and get near the village, lie doggo till nightfall, steal some food and then strike out for the coast; and then . . ."

"Nice talk, eh! You English dogs. You'll . . ."

"Right. Cut there, Charlie. Well, that's much better, but you must pick up that cue quicker, Maine. We'll run right through it to-morrow with the others at the studio."

TRAVEL.

I'd rather bike
Than go by train.
Once I did,
But never again

I'd rather run
Than go by car.
Once I tried,
But I didn't get far.

I'd rather swim
Than go by boat.
Once I tried
But it wouldn't float.

THE BLUE CROSS.

" You know that little blue cross that mother used to wear on special occasions? A few minutes before we left Judy decided that she would take it for good luck. She was wearing it when we landed at Cape Town. Just after we had landed I noticed a particularly evil looking nigger following us. I kept my eye on him for the rest of that afternoon and I was rather alarmed to see that he took down the name of our hotel."

A meeting of all the branches of the Salguod family had been called to hear how Keith Salguod and his sister, Judith, had fared in Africa, where they had been sent to meet a great uncle who lived just north of the Limpopo. Keith and Judith had firmly believed that they were going to Africa to make their fortunes. Their family had thought that they were merely getting rid of two bankrupt orphans who had bothered them too long, and who, if they ever got there, would be taken care of by Uncle Ernest or, if they did not, presumably some lucky lion would have them for his dinner. They did not really care which. In fact the meeting had only been called at all because of the tears of some obscure god-father over his god-daughter.

" The next morning," Keith continued, " as we came downstairs I noticed the nigger, who had been following us, talking to the hall porter. As soon as he saw me he bolted out of the door. I asked the porter and he said that the negro had been asking him about us but that he had learned nothing since he himself knew nothing either. I told Judy about my suspicions but she just laughed and told me to stop my imagination before it ran too far. So I stopped worrying and had forgotten all about it when we took our train for the interior.

" After an uneventful journey of two days the train stopped by the Limpopo and we got out. We took the only taxi that existed there and told the driver to drive us to River Farm. He told us that it was a good twenty miles and that the fare would be £2. I refused to pay that amount, so he said that his was the only means of transport in the place and that we could walk if we liked. So we got in. After an hour's journey, during which Judy seemed hardly able to withstand her excitement, we arrived. We gave the driver his exorbitant fee and knocked on the door of the house. After several minutes it was opened by an old, white-haired, grey-bearded man with a cruel look on his face and mad, staring eyes. Judy said " how-do-you-do " very politely but he merely grunted something and opened the door a little wider so that we could get in. He showed us our room and told us to change. We went in and were amazed to hear the key turned in the lock. Judy screamed to him to let us out and beat on the door with her fists. But all we heard was the sound of our uncle's footsteps retreating down the stairs.

" We waited for nearly three hours with the room getting darker and darker, then, at 11.50 by my watch, the door was opened and we were surprised to see the negro who had spied on us in Cape Town. He took us downstairs and we saw an awful sight in the hall. There was a large fire in the middle of the room, next to which was a rough altar and by which stood our uncle, naked but for a scarlet loin cloth, his limbs painted in ghastly colours, his long grey hair tied into an enormous knot on the top of his head, and, worst of all, he wore on his face a dreadful and ferocious looking mask; and on his breast was tattooed an enormous blue cross. Judy screamed and tried to run away but two men gripped her and hauled her screaming towards the altar. I tried to help but was set on by several men who threw me violently to the ground and bound my arms. There they left me to watch what was going on. They tied Judy down on to the altar and our uncle took the blue cross from off her neck, kissed it and hung it round his own. All the negroes with whom the room was packed, fell prostrate on the ground at the sight of the blue cross. Then he took up a huge sacrificial knife and brandishing it above his head started dancing in circles round Judy shouting in a ghoulish high-pitched voice; " the cross claims its sacrifice; death to her who wears it." Then, just as my watch said 12, he stabbed her to the heart. Immediately all the prostrate negroes leapt to their feet and broke into wild hysterical singing

and dancing. Then our uncle started to cut Judy up and, to my immense horror, I saw them preparing a spit. I think I must have fainted at that moment.

"When I woke up I saw by the light of an enormous fire that everybody was asleep, presumably gorged with their horrible meal. My bonds were tight but I managed to wriggle over to the fire by which I saw that dreadful knife. After about 20 minutes hard work I had cut through the thongs that bound my wrists and I was soon able to stand up. At first I thought of avenging Judy with the knife, but then I had a better idea. I took some flaming brands from the fire and lit all the wood-work in the room and, when I left, the room was full of smoke and flame. I locked the door and made sure that there was no escape. Then I set off to walk the 20 miles back to the station, which we had left with such great hopes on the evening before.

"Before I had walked a mile the whole house was enveloped in a mass of flames. And as I trudged on I thought of what a glorious pyre I had left for Judy.

"When I got back to Cape Town I read in the paper that the house of Ernest Salguod had been burned down and that no less than one hundred and twenty-seven charred bodies had been retrieved. And also that, by coincidence, every village for miles up and down the Limpopo was in mourning for its chief. Apparently Mr. Salguod, who was an expert in such matters, had been engaged in some negro fetich. 'Probably,' the paper said, 'the negro chiefs had been using his house for an annual celebration or custom. The police were interested in questioning Keith and Judith Salguod.'"

Keith sat down, and was not surprised to see that the whole of his audience was terrified, white and in tears. "We should not have sent them out there," sobbed Judy's god-father. "We are the murderers," sobbed another distraught relative. Then Keith got up again and said, "I am glad that you realize that you are partly responsible for Judy's death, I am now going to give myself up to the the police, and I suppose they will hang me."

SAILORS BEWARE.

As the dawn did brighten the Eastern sky,
A shoe, a cap, and a broken spar
Lay floating under the seagull's eye,
To mark the grave of the 'Northern Star.'

The wind had whispered, the moon had shone
O'er the 'Northern Star' on the night before,
But, like a blinded, helpless swan,
She drifted on to that wicked shore.

The warning cry from the masthead watch
Too late did reach the helmsman's ear.
Was it the wine? or was it the Scotch?
Or was it that extra barrel of beer?

NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and the *Grantite Review* is D. F. Cunliffe, Esq., M.C., and any enquiries should be sent to him at Brookwood Corner, Ashstead, Surrey.

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review* and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.

Any Old Grantite who is not a member of the Old Grantite Club and who would like to become one, should get in touch with Mr. Cunliffe, at the above address.