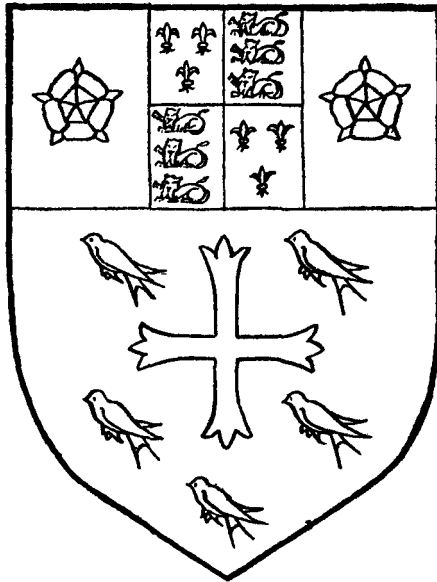


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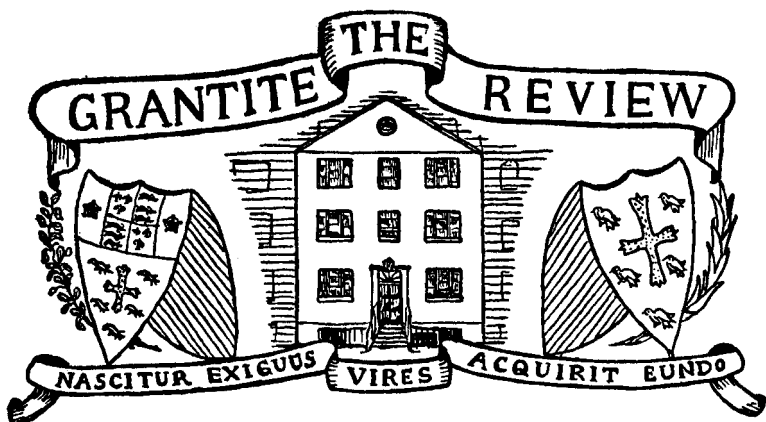
# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,  
1938.

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DECEMBER, 1938.

NOT within the memory of even the oldest Grantite—so we venture to assert—has an issue of this paper ever been published on time. We make the assertion with some confidence, and little fear of contradiction, in the knowledge that we ourselves are the oldest member of the House ; our grey hair not a little hastened by the duties of our Editorship.

Having duly congratulated ourselves upon this point, not to mention those others who made it possible by their response to our impassioned appeals, we are now free to hasten on to our next.

We do not know whether it will go down in the annals of the future as unparliamentary, but we cannot bring ourselves to resist one powerful temptation. We should like, in company with Crumpitt Oylley, and all our other colleagues of these pages, to wish you a very happy Christmas!

EACH VARIETY and species of human being—so it seems to us—has a special, and often a very complex, code of behaviour, carefully suited to its own particular needs, and always rigorously observed. Who shall say that the behaviour of a dustman is any less carefully regulated than that of a duchess?

The Code of The Editor is no exception. From Press Baron to humble hack-writer, all bow to its commands. But now, as we lift our editorial pen for (with tears in our eyes we say it) the very last time (those sighs? . . . sorrow—or relief?) we are firmly resolved!

And our resolve is this : to throw discretion to the winds, to cast dissimulation from us like a soiled glove, to take you for one brief moment even into the innermost recesses of the very Editorial Brain (yes, we said brain), and show you what is going on inside.

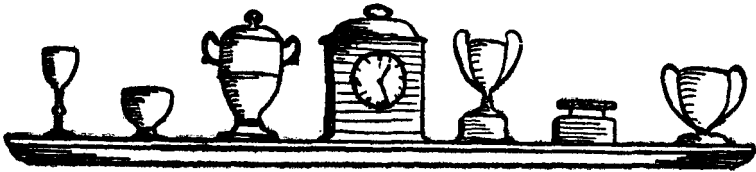
Were you, reader, at this very moment sitting in our chair (and

very fortunately you are not), your pencil (oh! did we say pen?) poised in your right hand, your hair on end with the strain of a nearly completed *GRANTITE*, you would see before you a desk strewn with contributions; and your thoughts would turn, as ours do, to that small and insignificant paragraph hiding deep in the tangle of verbiage just above the final (neo-Gothic please, Printer!) **floreat**, and you would sigh with weary grief.

"The Editor," it says, "does not accept responsibility for the opinions of contributors." And then, as a solitary tear slowly coursed its way down your long sensitive nose, you would sigh with us . . . "ah me, alack!" For though the Editor is at liberty to repudiate every one of the views reflected in the many articles that lie before him, there is just one, the responsibility for which he can never flee: and that—oh irony of fate!—that is the article he is now writing.

How many an Editorial scintillating with all the gems of his own inimitable wit, swelling with the true grandeur of a lofty theme, or rising to a full crescendo of great and noble bathos . . . er . . . pathos; what Editorials (in short) could we not write, were we but liberated from that one terrible impediment.

And yet there still remains one consolation, a power which makes amends for many deficiencies, the power that alone makes our life worth living: the power to say—"STOP . . . ED."



### HOUSE NEWS.

The Editor wishes to apologise for a serious oversight in the last issue of the *GRANTITE REVIEW*, in which no mention was made of the departure of Miss Macrae, who had been Matron here since Miss Tice left us.

During her three years up Grant's she won the respect and affection of every member of the House, and in her departure for New Zealand she takes with her our good wishes for her success and speedy return.

We welcome in her place Mrs. Cooper, and we hope she will be very happy among us.

### The Play Term.

On our return to normal, which followed so quickly on our return from Lancing, we settled down to a really peaceful and pleasant term. In the athletic world we have had little opportunity of showing our prowess, and consequently our successes are

not phenomenal. We hope to make up for this in the forthcoming Boxing Competition.

In other spheres, too, little of note has befallen us, and though we are looking forward eagerly to the excitements which always accompany the end of the Play Term, the general uneventfulness is by no means unwelcome after the upheavals of the first few days.

### **Informal Concert.**

On October 26th, Grant's provided the first of a series of informal concerts to be given by various houses. The programme contained works for piano, solo and duets, violin and voice and part songs. Farley is first to be congratulated, not only on organising the concert but also on his own performance as soloist and accompanist. He is a real musician, something which cannot be said of all pianists, unfortunately. He played two duets with Davison, settings from Schubert, and later in the programme two gavottes and "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." The gavottes especially showed a clean crisp rhythm and technique. Cawston was in lighter vein with a selection from "Snow White." Croft and Whitehead seemed both to be promising violinists, but can Grant's not raise a 'cellist? Holloway sang "Linden Lea"—always pleasing, no matter how often one hears it. He has a clear, true and pleasant voice which, alas, is not going to remain treble much longer. He articulated well, an essential but too frequently neglected branch of technique. Greenish made his first public appearance with the Erl King—a brave choice, or perhaps it was the accompanist's choice, judging from the brilliance with which he played it? Greenish has a good voice, one worth attending to in the near future. It is unwise to have a voice trained before it has quite settled down but some gentle training prevents the spoiling of a voice through misuse. He has the makings of a good baritone. Two part songs brought the programme to an end. It was a pity that the arrangement of the singers did not give the treble voices the best chance, for they were not quite sufficient to maintain the balance from the corner from which they found themselves singing. The part singing of Grant's quartettes has been extremely good for some time now and should inspire others to indulge in that occupation, one of the most pleasant both for the listener and for the singer. Finally, may an outsider—one writing without bias—offer sincere congratulations to the House on their enterprising performance? One can often say of a concert that it was good and interesting, all things considered, but not always that one really enjoyed it as in this case.

### **The Sing-Song.**

Grant's was the first to avail itself of Dr. Lofthouse's offer to give each of the boarder houses a sing-song.

Due to the kindness of Mr. Murray-Rust, we adjourned after Prayers on Thursday, Nov. 10th, to his dining-room which, with the partition drawn back, is very large and can withstand forty or more

bellowing voices! A piano had been temporarily installed and Dr. Lofthouse's virtuosity as an accompanist added much to the fun. Programmes of songs which might be sung from the "Oxford Song Book," copies of which had been provided by the School, were duplicated and distributed by Noel-Baker. Chiswickites and a few Hallites in descending order of seniority picked a song in turn and, at the same time, chose a certain group of people, such as all those wearing shags, or all red-heads, etc., to sing the first verse. The Housemaster and House Tutor, Mr. Llewelyn, began with "The British Grenadiers," after which followed about twelve other songs, including many old favourites, until three-quarters of an hour later when the house was nearly brought down with the School Song and National Anthem. People had naturally become very thirsty with singing and thus found the lemonade and biscuits provided by Mrs. Murray-Rust very welcome!

### **Literary Society.**

The following plays were read at Lit. Soc. this term:—"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "You Never can tell" (*Shaw*), "Alice in Wonderland," "The Rivals" (*Sheridan*), "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and last, but far from least important, "Housemaster." The standard of reading this term was perhaps higher than ever before, owing especially to Greenish and the two Hall-monitors, Flanders and Davison, who are new to Lit. Soc.

### **O.T.C.**

This term, the new idea of going down to Richmond Park came into force. On most Wednesdays a platoon went to the Park to carry out a tactical exercise in Section Stalking.

The one outstanding feature discovered during these afternoons was that the junior platoons were very much more efficient than the senior ones.

We were exceptionally lucky as to the weather, only one afternoon being wet. But even this did not damp the spirits of No. 5 Platoon.

This term P. FitzHugh and R. O. I. Borradaile passed Certificate "A" Part I. We offer them our congratulations.

### **Boxing.**

In the Merchant Taylors' match on November 3rd, six out of the school team of eleven were Grantites. Unfortunately no heavy-weights could be found to fight Greenish and Morrison. The school lost the match, 5—6.

Abrahams won a very close fight on points. Yealland, who is a very promising boxer and should be a great asset to the House and School, defeated his opponent in a very tough battle. Sandelson also won. He is improving steadily, and will soon be a very proficient boxer. Wilde won a good fight, which was an achievement since he has not boxed for the school before, and with more weight

and experience he should be very useful.

Mention should also be made of Cranfield and Hodges, who fought well but not so successfully. After the match Yealland was awarded his Half Pinks.

At the time of going to Press, the Competition is still in its earlier stages. A report of the fights and their results will appear in the next issue of the *GRANTITE*.

### **Fives.**

Next term we shall have to defend the Junior and Senior Fives cups, the latter of which we now share with College.

In Senior Fives, College seems to have regained its supremacy; and Grant's have the only team that even bears comparison with it. In spite of the fact that L. A. Wilson is the only member of last year's team still eligible for Junior Fives, we seem to have a fairly even chance of retaining the cup. This is mainly due to the keenness of those who have learnt fairly recently, the best of whom are Tenison, Meldrum, and Whitehead.

It is to be hoped that all Grantite fives-players will make a very special effort next term.

### **Squash.**

Seven Grantites now play squash, thus making the largest house contingent in the newly-formed Squash Club. All of them are at present eagerly striving to mount the club "ladder"—with varying success!

In November a match between Grant's and a coalition of King's Scholars and Rigaudites resulted in a draw, owing to the lamentable non-appearance of one of the Grant's team.

In the tournament we hope to meet with greater success.

### **Seniors.**

Our run of bad luck has not yet come to an end, apparently. There was absolutely nothing to choose between the Homeboarders' Seniors XI and our own, with the result that after two long and gruelling periods—with the scores equal at the end, and two extra ten minute periods, which did not help at all—twenty-three exhausted people walked off the field with difficulty and the memory of ninety wasted minutes.

It was a pity, for we had started off in great style, scoring two goals in the first ten minutes through Tenison and Evans, and leading 2—0 at half-time. But in the second half, playing up the hill, we lost that advantage.

Neither side managed to score during extra time, but both goals had some very narrow escapes.

The replay took place in the foulest kind of weather imaginable. There was a slight mist to start with, but towards the end of the first half a thick fog descended in clouds, completely blotting out both goal posts from the half-way line. There was no score at half-

time, but Homeboarders' scored just before the end.

There is really nothing else to say about either game—they were both so very equal.

Yealand played extremely well on the left wing, considering that he had never played in that position before, and Cawston was very safe in goal, especially in the first match ; the general standard of play was very high.

**Soft, yielding minds to water glide away  
And Sip with Nymphs the elemented tea.**

[Pope.—“*The Rape of the Lock.*”]

Perhaps this is rather unfair to Watermen, but it certainly gives the impression of a state which occurs about once a year. There are Nymphs to spare and certainly no lack of tea (unless one forgets to reserve it, or is late) but this is a special occasion. The boathouse is spruced up, and, marvellous to relate, most people are wearing clean change. It is the Regatta season, probably Finals Day. There are many things to marvel at ; last summer, for instance, there was a cinema show of rowing activities of the past year. A sculler may fall in, or perhaps one of the launches breaks down, but, better still, a pair may capsizes.

The chief pride of Watermen is (or should be) that nothing will stop them, except fog or ice. Wet or fine, summer or winter, hot or cold, each plods his way to his boat and has the pleasure of carrying it up (and probably several more as well). Yet in spite of all these apparent set backs, there are few, if any, Watermen who would not sacrifice any other sport for rowing. Once he has caught the rowing fever, nothing can stop a waterman—but the job is to make him catch it!

There is a strange fascination in moving fast over the water with the knowledge that something extremely unpleasant may happen if one makes a mistake.

Outings which everyone looks forward to are those to Kew. The first four eights row together up to Kew, a distance of several miles, and have tea there. After tea they row back in one piece with the tide and, in spite of what some might think, this is the time when the eights row best. It takes the whole afternoon, and it is often quite late before the return, but everyone has had a good time.

**Boarders Notes.**

Yesterday the Editor came up to me, and remarking that I looked exactly like a typical gossip writer, asked me if I would write some House Notes for him.

I answered that I had always thought that that was one of the privileges of the Editor himself, but that if he really wanted me to



record the fact that we had "lost Seniors by one goal to nil but still retained the stool-ball shield of 1802," I would gladly oblige him.

He replied that that wasn't wanted at all, but something about the individual members of the House, something *personal*. Though I was under the impression that this had already been done by the author of this term's Oylley (page 21), I complied. Here is the result.

We will begin with all due decorum with Inner.

The Head of House, whenever he is not writing the *GRANTITE*, talks Squash, and plays it too, I believe. Apparently he has started some kind of club, though exactly . . . (No!—ED.). Monitor Reed is—as he often tells us—on the Richmond General Staff, and as far as I can make out, runs the Corps. He has been heard to mention hunting just once this term. Monitor Greenish on the other hand writes limericks, plays football in the first eleven, and photographs.

In Outer lives the House Mathematician, who, besides doing the House's Maths., plays very vigorous Fives. Then there is the House Poet—see page 26. The House Heavyweight comes next. They say that he has grown so heavy now that they can never find an opponent for him in the school boxing matches (page 6). However, we hope he will win the cup for us this term.

In Middle there live three more unfortunates, *and* a gramophone. They are headed by Uncle Victor, who, so I am told, reads Lilliput every prep. and consequently has to get up *very* early every morning in order to play the gramophone. The School Head of Music—well, that is all there is to say, except that he seems to be mending fairly fast. The Captain of boxing boxes with great success, and (sometimes) winds the clocks (see Correspondence).

And so by easy stages we descend to Hall. There are so many Hallites, however, that I cannot hope to get them all in, but I will do my best. Head of Hall, Borradaile, has a very fine voice, but I hear that lately it has been giving him trouble: I wonder why? We wish him a happy delivery from his affliction. To Hall-Monitors Flanders and Davison this number of the *GRANTITE* is largely due, and they are now on the newly appointed Editorial Board, which should incidentally save future Editors much work. They are also two of the mainstays of Lit. Soc. this term (see page 6). Mathematician Wilson does the House's divinity for it, and also fences, fives and squashes very effectively. Self, I am told, is efficiency itself (!—ED.), and his friend, Chief Librarian Sandelson, coxes in company with Wilde. Cadet Dickey bugles (Does he not!), and finally Meldrum is the House swimmer.

. . . . .

Well, I have done my best. I suddenly realised on reading it over, however, that I have not mentioned a single half-boarder, and being a boarder of course I can't, hence the title.



*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

May I draw the attention of Grantites to the House Library in Matron's sitting room? In past years there has been very little notice taken of the Library, possibly owing to the age of several of the books, and the rather low standard of most of them.

This term, however, a considerable sum has been placed at the disposal of the Librarian and consequently a number of selected new works have been purchased. The general standard of the Library is now considerably higher, and well worth the attention of all members of the House.

N. D. SANDELSON,

December 5th, 1938.

Librarian.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

I feel that many readers will agree with me in suggesting that some more reliable system of keeping the clocks in the bathrooms going could be found. This term the clock in the bathroom on the second floor has been pointing to the same time for several days on end. Surely someone could wind it up each day and thus prevent great inconvenience to those who have their baths on the second floor? Hoping this meets with your approval,

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

December 4th, 1938.

A. H. WILLIAMS.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

I think that the old custom of shouting "White's 'ming" (which should now perhaps be "Christie's 'ming") just after the first bell has rung, should be revived.

At present we have to rely on the audibility of College shouting, as the clock in Hall is invariably either wrong or not going.

I am,

Yours, etc.,

V. B. LEVISON.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

In response to the letter written by F. W. E. Fursdon, and printed in the last issue of the *GRANTITE REVIEW*, may I suggest that the lockers on the left of the fireplace in the Upper Hall be taken away and a piano put in its place. If this suggestion fails to please, all that I can say is that we shall have to wait till the long-promised re-built Grant's appears, and perhaps then we shall find accommodation.

Yours, etc.,

December 10th, 1938.

C. I. A. BEALE.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

Now that a number of improvements have been made in the arrangement of the *GRANTITE*, may I suggest a further reform which would, I am sure, be universally welcome. It is the inclusion of a separate Dry-as-Dust section. This would serve two invaluable purposes :

(a) It would ensure that all articles eligible for this designation would be concentrated in one part of the paper, and would consequently save readers the trouble of reading them first before coming to the conclusion that they are not worth being read ; and

(b) It could then be omitted altogether, thereby brightening the issue considerably, and saving you, sir, much time and trouble.

Trusting this suggestion meets with your approval,

I am, sir,

Yours, etc.,

T. CRUMPITT.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

I think it is a great pity that so few Grantites attend swimming in the winter. I think a great effort ought to be made next year to win the Shield for we have a better chance than we have had for many years past. Why not break Rigaud's record and add the shield to our collection? Another reason is that very good training for boxing, football and running is obtained with very much less effort than rising at 7'o clock to go for a run ; it is pleasant to go swimming and let the crystal waters of the Great Smith Street baths flow over your weary limbs.

How about the shield, Grant's?

Yours, etc.,

D. G. MELDRUM.

2, Little Deans Yard,

Westminster, S.W.1.

December 10th, 1938.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

Do you think something could be done about the time that the weekly papers take to pass through the Chiswicks? They seem to take ages and when finally they do arrive they are thrown on top of the lockers for the unfortunate individual who wishes to read them to hunt out. Surely a box placed in Hall, and in which they could be decently stored, would remedy this.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

December 7th, 1938.

A. W. G. LE HARDY.

[We have decided to adopt this suggestion.—ED.].

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Dear Sir,

Why can't the "Sporting and Dramatics," which accumulate on the top of the lockers in Hall, be bound and put in the House Library, as the "Fields" are in the Scott Library?

Yours, etc.,

F. W. E. FURSDON.

November 21st, 1938.

*To the Editor of the GRANTITE REVIEW.*

Sir,

I have read in the last copy of your worthy *REVIEW* that the most boring thing to do for Saturday Station is to watch a Fencing Match. I must confess that I have only witnessed two such matches, but, in my opinion, and I think in several others, by far the most boring thing to do is to play in "Nondescripts Game" on a freezing cold day. There are seventeen on each side, and the field is the smallest there is. The person who calls himself captain tells you to play half-a-half and half-a-back. The ball is at last kicked off, but it never comes your way. While you are reflecting on the nice things you might have been doing, if you had not come up Groves, some enthusiast treads on your toe. You cannot blame him. The field is so crowded that even the nimblest person cannot avoid treading on someone. There are three goal-keepers on the opposing side, but despite this, someone succeeds in manoeuvring the ball through their feet. At last the captain calls out that the game is over, and everyone rushes away to the pavilion.

People say that if you are so bored at playing in "Nondescripts," you should improve and get into "Intermediates," but crowded games do not offer much opportunity to improve.

I remain, yours, etc.

December 11th, 1938.

D. I. GREGG.

[This is the second issue of the *GRANTITE REVIEW* which has contained the revived Correspondence Section. It is to be hoped that Grantites and other readers will continue to write letters to the Editor.—ED.].



## FICTION

### MY FIRST TERM UP GRANT'S.

After I had arrived, on the first night of term, I found that everything was quite different from what I had anticipated. Since my substance had not yet arrived, I was escorted to my future dormitory, where I started to unpack my trunk. While doing this, I thought of the things that I would probably do next day—worst of all having to put on an Eton collar. When my substance did, at last, turn up, there was little time for him to tell me many things about the House, but he showed me some rooms, and told me what I should do next morning. Next day I was interested in seeing Abbey, school and my form room, but nothing in particular happened. On the day after, however, I got completely lost when trying to find my maths. room, but, in the end, my substance came to the rescue.

After my first week, which went very quickly, I settled down and was able to find my way about the school quite well. Somehow, going home on week-ends made the week go much quicker.

Then, quite unexpectedly to me (I hardly looked at a newspaper), the crisis burst. The day after I “walked the mantelpiece,” Grant’s evacuated to Lancing College. I hated the idea of moving to a new school, having just settled in my own, but I afterwards thought that it was pleasant to feel that nobody else from Westminster knew where to go or where their class-room was. However, I enjoyed going to Lancing because I liked to compare the two schools and it was so different from London.

After this great event nothing very important happened until we watched the Opening of Parliament. Here I climbed on to a high railing and all went well until my feet went to sleep, with the result that I nearly fell off. As I write this, the term is drawing to a close, and I have started to rehearse “Some day my Prince will come,” for the Play Supper.

I have enjoyed my first term up Grant’s very much, as well as my first term at Westminster School.

### THE LID OFF LIT. SOC.

At last, at great danger, trouble and expense, I have wormed myself into the midst of that fiendish branch of the Klu Klux Klan, and am able to describe the dreaded and fatal Lit. Soc.

On Thursday, at the earliest, the summons is sent out to members. This takes the form of an embossed card, scented delicately with bat oil, shaving soap, Elliman’s, and, occasionally, tomato soup. Except for the symbolical fact that the rats have unfortunately

got at the edges, this appears harmless enough ; but the legend inscribed thereon! . . .

Take one :

Grants' House Literary Society.

The Next  
*MEETING*

will be held on Friday, *31st Feb.*, at  
9 o'clock p.m.

when *Tilly Tompkins, The Terror of Tanganyika*,  
will be read.

To *T. Crumpitt\** has been assigned  
*Second-Housemaid's under assistant's nephews.*

On Friday, if you are lucky, you get a book. After prayers on Friday evening, the master in charge proffers his hand to the Head of House. It is spurned with a half contemptuous smirk ; and so on down the line ; the senior Hallite not in Lit. Soc. receiving the full force of the dozen or so handshakes saved up before him.

A hurried dash to wash. Then as you approach the room where the séance is to be held, you remember that you have forgotten your book. You run so fast to fetch it that you get back about five minutes before you started, and find you are still brushing your hair (*see Einstein*).

Enough of this! Bandy words no longer! To Lit. Soc! You enter, and give the password : a mumbled "Gdevening, sir."

"HOT OR COLD OR HOT OR COLD??"

"HAVE SOME LEMONADE?" a toothy figure in a horse-hair scarf enquires in a gentle whisper, like unto the roaring of elephants through a megaphone.

"Oh, thanks."

"THERE ISN'T ANY!! HUAW! HUAR! HOOFF! HOO!"

Everywhere are littered plates of miniature cakes, sandwiches and biscuits. You see a pile of delicately tinted squares. When you have eaten about a dozen of them, someone politely asks you if Alison may have her paints back now.

Enough of this! Bandy words no longer! To Lit. Soc! There is a rush for the sofa, you lose (of course). The toothy figure wins (equally naturally). The rule about beginning is that, if you have to start, you must take at least twice as long as any one else to find the place. If you expect a prologue, there is none.

Horrors! It is your turn to speak.

"Your carriage awaits, sir."

You start with a horrible grating screech, and decide to stick to it, as though it was intentional. Overcome by your triumph you sit back gracefully in your chair, and admire the ceiling.

Half a dozen "Oooms," in a Devonshire burr, and a few chatty confidences by the stereotyped flighty heroine, give way to a deadly silence.

Yeeoo! It is you again. This time a heavy bass.

"I've bun my dest, I say!" (a piercing whistle on the "say").

\* This name is entirely facetious.

Everybody laughs heartily and derisively, up their sleeves, into their handkerchiefs or any other convenient place (this is much more effective than an open laugh).

The rites may last from one to two hours. At the end the members depart, laughing heartily at each other, each other's mistakes, hurling abuse, and generally enjoying themselves. This hearty laughing forms an integral part of the whole ceremony. In the words of the Prophet Jereboam :—

“ This celebration is dedicated to Ha Ha (the god of laughter), as much as to the Muse of literature.”

Peculiarly enough each member looks forward to the next week and the meeting of Lit. Soc.

### INTERVIEW.

I knocked nervously. A low rumble, as from a bulldog chasing a tramp up a tree, proceeded from within. I knocked again. “ Come in, d—— you,” I heard, and went.

The Editor turned round angrily to face me. “ Look here,” he said wrathfully, “ Why do you young fools have to knock a second time when I've already told you to come in ? What do you want ? ”

Not, I reflected, a good beginning, but still . . . I thrust the Effort into his hand. “ My contribution to the *GRANTITE*,” I said.

“ Read it,” he commanded.

I had not expected this development, and was rather embarrassed. I coughed, and placed myself in a suitable position for recitation. Instantly the Editor was all sympathy. “ Is it bad ? ” he asked anxiously, “ Lucky I got those cough lozenges from the School Store yesterday. Have one.” And he offered me a box of foul aniseed creations that made my stomach turn green at the sight. Hastily I pointed out that I could hardly read the Effort with my mouth full of lozenge.

I began again. “ It's a poem,” I said. “ What's it called ? ” asked the Editor impatiently. “ Well, I haven't thought of that yet,” I replied, “ You see, when I started it I had no idea how it would turn out. If I can't think of anything else I can easily write it out in blocks of fourteen lines and call it ‘ Sonnet.’ No one'll know the difference,” “ All right,” said the Editor, “ Go on.”

I went on :

“ The captain strides along the deck,  
His brow is black as night ;  
The seamen tremble at his beck,  
He is a fearsome sight.”

I paused. The Editor snorted. I continued, reassured ;

“ His hair is red as red can be,  
His sole eye fiercely blinkles,  
His—— ”

“ Whattles ? ” said the Editor. “ Blinkles,” I corrected. “ Sort of mixture of blinking and twinkling, you know.” “ Doubtful,”

remarked the Editor. "Fiercely blinkles," I said firmly :

"His nose is blue from drinking tea,  
His beard is full of wrinkles."

"Questionable," remarked my audience.

"'Yo-ho, my merry men,' he quiths, ——"

"Half a moment," said the Editor, "What, if anything, is 'quiths'?" "That," I said proudly, "is the present tense of 'quoth he.' Surely you knew that?" I was becoming bolder; evidently I was a better poet than he was. "Precarious," he said, "Most."

"—— 'Come up on deck toot sweet.'

"French," I interposed, irrelevantly.

"The crew come up with all their kiths."

"What——"

"And tread on Bosun's feet."

This hurriedly. I was getting tired of interruptions, and, moreover, irritated. And when a Fozzle-FitzThwaite gets his back up, things begin to happen.

Irritated, too, was the Editor.

"What the sanguinary are you getting at?" he barked. "Can't you write sense?" "'Kiths,'" I said, "is short for 'kith and kin.' And you can take it or leave it." "Oh, get on," he said wearily. "Hurry up and get it over."

"The Bosun gives an angry yell  
That rents the heavens asunder—  
Rain promptly then descends pell-mell  
With lightning and with thunder.

The seas churn up, the boat's sucked down  
To find a watery grave.  
The crew, without exception, drown  
Beneath the angry wave.

A moral is inserted here  
For all who wish to know—  
Whatever else you do, my dear,  
Don't tread on Bosun's toe."

The Editor grunted. I was speechless with wonder at having produced so great an hors d'oeuvre—French for work of art. At length the silence was broken. "Dubious," remarked the Editor, "Indubitably dubious. And likewise improbable, contingent, undecided, puzzling, enigmatic, apochryphal, hypothetical, controvertible, fallible, fallacious, suspicious, slippery, and ticklish. In fact, pretty thin. But it'll do; it'll have to. All right. Thank you. Good-bye."

And that, I reflected, as I closed the door of the Editor's study, was that.



## ALL HALLOW'S EVE.

It was a cold night. I shivered, pulled the blankets close round my head, and closed my eyes once more.

Outside, the stillness of the night was broken by the chimes of Big Ben. It was ghastly—this awful strangeness and quiet. I had heard stories about ghosts at Westminster, but I had never believed them though. I looked at the others in my dormitory. They were all asleep. I asked myself, for the thirty-ninth and a half time, why I couldn't go to sleep too.

There were all sorts of creaking noises on the landing. A window banged. Someone snored. I got out of bed, I don't know why; it was probably to console myself. Then, still unconscious of why I did it, I moved to the window.

Yes, there was the Abbey—Big Ben—Ashburnham—The Central Hall roof.

My gaze went lower.

Down past Lib. windows, the Head Master's House, lower and lower; to the right, Mr. Young's form room windows, past the N.H.S. cage, the water cage, and the Cloister Entrance.

I can see nothing.

Help! What's that? Save me! There is a grey-robed monk reading the notices on the school door. Luckily, his back is towards me.

Man alive! There are three now!

They have turned (did I eat any cheese to-night?) they're coming towards me!! Horrors!! They're looking up at me! I squeal, I shriek. Save for my mouth, I cannot move! Lawks a mercy!!

I am petrified as they start swaying from side to side, below me! I'm sure they're wailing a death chant! I cannot move!

They seem to rise from the ground. Up—Up—Up! My eyes are like two large bullseyes. My hair stands on end. They're level with me now.

One of them speaks: " 'Tis All Hallow's Eve."

I shriek; and again, even more shrilly.

Slowly they fade away.

Overcome by fear, I still can't move! The monk's words ring in my ears! My head throbs! My heart does nineteen to the dozen!

Thud, a heavy hand descends on my shoulder, and a well-known Monitor's voice sternly commands me to get into bed.

"But 'tis All Hallow's Eve," I manage to whisper.

A gentle push lays me flat on my bed, there to remain—till dawn.

— ? —

I enjoy reading the *GRANTITE REVIEW* very much, but when you have to write an article it's altogether a very different matter.

Binks came to me again yesterday—he's been coming to me for the last week—and, as usual, I guessed what he was about to ask me.

"Have you written an article yet?"

"No," I admitted truthfully.

"Oh dear," he sighed, "the issue is going to the printers to-morrow, and nobody's written an article."

There was a short pause in our conversation. Binks broke the silence.

"Do you think you could write an article by to-morrow?"

"Well, I'll try, but what shall I write on?"

"Oh, anything," Binks suggested helpfully, and disappeared, before I could utter any protests.

That's why I'm sitting here, trying to concentrate. "Oh, what shall I write on for the *GRANTITE*?" I asked myself, periodically adding: "Oh, bother the *GRANTITE*!"

"Hey, Smithkins, what shall I write on for the *GRANTITE*?"

"Oh, bay Goom, lud, all about cricket and Yorkshire."

"What about it?" I asked.

"Bay Goom! all about Poodsey, Sootcliffe and Hooton. Haven't 'e heard of them?"

I gave Smithers up, and turned my attention to Robinson.

"Could you help me, Robinson?"

"Well, if I were you," he said, "I should write about motor-bikes."

"I don't know anything about motor-bikes," I protested.

"Have you heard me singing 'O Sole Mio'?"

"Yes," I said.

"What a pity," he said, grinning like a Cheshire Cat, and went off to sing it to somebody else.

"Ah, Rogers, come and help me, please." Rogers came over to me.

"I say," he said, producing a few chessmen, "do you think that they should advance through a wood in arrow-head formation? It would be rather wizard, wouldn't it? But I don't think they could do it, after all, because there are these men (producing more men) advancing the other way."

"Oh," I said, uninterested.

Treadgold came up, and said that he disagreed with Rogers.

"I think they ought to take cover behind this hedge."

After a long discussion, Treadgold and Rogers both agreed that they should "take cover."

Rogers gave the command, "Take cover!" and knocked all the chessmen over.

Treadgold said he shouldn't have said it like that at all. He should have laid the accent on "Take" and not "Cover." Another discussion began, and only finished when Robinson came up and said that they shouldn't take cover at all. Treadgold, tiring of his discussion, started to imitate Fred Astaire.

Robinson and Rogers went on talking. I was still wondering about my article for the *GRANTITE*.

Binks came to me next day, as I expected, "Oho, my worthy lad, have you written an article for the *GRANTITE* yet?"

"No, I'm afraid I haven't. To tell you the truth I really haven't

had time. I had a lot of prep. last night. I did do my best. I am sorry."

On looking round, I found my speech had been in vain. Binks had disappeared.

"Thank God!" I said, and forgot the *GRANTITE*.

### MADRILENO SPY.

Dusk was coming on in Madrid. Franco was closing in on the city, but in the city life went on undisturbed—typical of the almost heroic courage of the Madrilenos. The bustle stopped as several motor-bikes flashed past, their sirens blaring an air raid warning. Immediately everyone scurried for shelter, casting furtive glances at the rebel 'planes, looming, just visible, black and sinister, through the blue haze. Jamie, a Franco spy, scurried with them, but he knew the 'planes would pass overhead to bomb outlying villages. Soon dull, shattering, explosions, the whine of shrapnel from afar, was heard, and the all clear sounded. Jamie came out and started for his dirty lodging in a poor quarter of the city. A continuous stream of refugees from the villages was pouring into the capital, jostling and shouting; donkeys carrying on their backs household equipment and wide-eyed children; peasants leading goats and cows, wives trudging beside them.

Jamie hurried on and entered a small cafe for a drink to steady him. Drinking, he wondered how much longer he would live; he would soon be caught, maybe to-night; by night he was a sniper, one of the men who terrorized Madrid as the 'planes did by day; every day they were shot in batches, but they still persisted, undeterred. He thought of his father fighting for the Government in Barcelona; the last he heard of him. The raucous laughter and coarse gibes of the soldiers in the cafe angered him, steeling him to his task—surely death was all they deserved!

When Jamie reached home it was already 10 o'clock and pitch dark. He told his landlady, an old friend, of his purpose, and, as usual, she nodded in dogged silence. Jamie climbed to the top room, an attic, and, lighting a candle, saw to his rifle. He heard the miliciano pacing the narrow street below. He blew out the candle and waited for the signal. Then it came. Far away a shot rang out; suddenly, from all around, came the sharp crackle of rifles. A woman shrieked. Jamie thrust his rifle through a broken window-pane, and, aiming carefully, fired. The miliciano spun round, and, without a cry, lay sprawled on the pavement. Jamie smiled grimly as he watched the blood trickle; but as he stared at the inert figure below, the smile faded. Seized with panic, Jamie rushed wildly downstairs, and, regardless of the danger, out into the murky street; but before he reached the corpse the miliciano further down the street shot him. He reeled a few paces, then slumped down, huddled; with a last effort he stretched out his hand and rolled the body over. Jamie's features contracted with horror and a hoarse cry escaped his lips. As he lay there, dying, he stared into his father's, Miguel's, glazed eyes.

## MORE CRUMPITT.

Brrrr—ing, Brrrr—ing, Burr—! “Bother,” sighed Crumpitt, as he stretched an experienced arm from his bed and hurled the offending alarm clock through the window. “Blow,” cursed Crumpitt, as he heard the tinkle of breaking glass, and remembered, too late, that the window was shut.

“Oh, dear,” moaned Crumpitt, weakly, as he heard a brilliant flow of vocabulary and realised that his father had been gardening beneath the (now) open window.

“Great jumping marmalades,” cried Crumpitt, quoting a purple passage from the aforesaid flow of vocabulary as his sister, turning on her bath water, made the room shake excruciatingly from corner to corner.

Abandoning an unequal contest, Crumpitt rose from his couch, yawned like an irritated hippopotamus, trod on his hat, opened it out again like a concertina, noticed the clock, blinked, looked again, and could be seen simultaneously, or so it seemed, leaving the house.

In truth, Crumpitt had in those few seconds got through his only work of the day, viz.—dressed, eaten his breakfast and noticed what was last night’s prep.

Arriving at the station he saw, as usual, the receding end of the Surbiton—Charing X train. Being used to this daily trick of fate, he resignedly sat down on the nearest penny-slot machine as was his habit. Suddenly Crumpitt sensed in the atmosphere (he was a sensitive boy) a certain embarrassment among his fellow travellers that was causing ripples of laughter to run down the platform. He, Crumpitt, although he had spent one whole minute in arranging his tie, had set out into the great wide world without that indispensable garment—trousers.

By nine o’clock, Crumpitt, after two more false starts, one, when he forgot his prep, and two, when he forgot his prep, was sitting in a taxi bound for Westminster.

At 9.55 (Big Ben) Crumpitt sailed into Yard trying to look cool, calm and collected. It was difficult, though, as he could think of no excuse, all his favourite ones being worn thin. With a forced smile he crawled to his classroom, remembering on the way that he had left his prep. in the taxi.

“Knock,” no answer. “Knock,” no answer. For five minutes he knocked alternately “forte” and “piano.” Cautiously he opened the doors.—Bob’s yer Uncle!!!! The room was empty.

Q. Why was the room empty. Who murdered the old ape man. And why—

Inspector Hornleigh: One at a time please—

It seems to me that either:

- (a) A great plague had forced the school to flee to Chiswick.
- (b) The Queen of the Fairies.
- (c) The eternal Quadruped.
- (d) The Slasher.

Crumpitt needed no Inspector Hornleigh. As his expiring body fell to the floor he realised at last that it was SUNDAY.

## OYLLEY THE DEMOCRAT.

Oylley was a democrat, and democrats, according to Oylley, did not agree with traditions. Tradition, as he told his disciples in the modern fourth, was essentially



undemocratic, both in principle and practice. And this was the cause of one of the most disturbing crises in our hero's scholastic career.

One morning during the Play Term, a fine drizzle was, as not unusually occurs, descending upon Yard and upon the listless P.T. squads engaged in head-backward bending, and fingers opening and closing. This was the scene that met Oylley's pensive gaze, as he surveyed it languidly from the lofty heights of monos—when his thoughts, no doubt in tune with the infinite, were rudely interrupted by an irate school monitor, flourishing a squash racquet, but otherwise bearing that demeanour of respectability usually associated with family lawyers.

Realising that the monitor and he did not quite see eye to eye on

the subject of tradition, Oylley descended by way of compromise and, smiling politely, remarked (in blatant disregard of the facts) that the weather was unusually fine, wasn't it? The monitor was determined to continue hostilities.

"Hey; what the blazes d'you think you're doing there?"

"My dear fellow——" Oylley began, but seeing a murderous glint creep into the monitor's eyes, he started on a strategic retreat, which soon developed into a panic, as, threading his way between the P.T. squads, he sped towards the only sensible front door steps in the school. He had always admired the way masters bounded up those steps: the more athletic in three, the rest in a dignified yet speedy four. Oylley did it in five and disappeared within, leaving his pursuer, who was (like most school monitors) timid beneath his frowning exterior, to use the more lawful subterranean side entrance.

Let it here be said that Oylley was impelled only by the very noblest of motives in trespassing up Grant's. After all, even if his revolutionary theories on democracy were the cause of periodical pogroms up Homeboarders, there was every likelihood that here, where democracy personified held sway, he would meet with that sympathy and respect which was his due.

Suddenly he saw bearing down on him a short, square, cherubic-

faced lad in butterflies—just the understanding sort that he needed.

“ Whizzzz—what ’ou do here, ’ou don’t belong to ’ee house.”

“ No, my friend, but after all, what are traditions? I mean to say—”

“ ’Oo shouldn’t be here,” wheezed the curly-headed youth, “ get out!”

“ Now do let us understand one another, firstly your name? ”

“ Zat doesn’t come into ’ee question, I’ll show ’ou up, as a matter of fact I’m Dwinckle, from Middou’—and shut ’ee door.”

Oylley turned and walked downstairs into what he thought must be the hot house but for the smell of muddy bodies, washed there the night before. He heard someone trying to imitate a squeaky oboe and tap dance at the same time (neither very successfully). The voice stopped abruptly.

“ Hey you! come here you silly old cow! ” Oylley caught sight of a large, heavily-built youth, with a placid yet flexible face which was capable of the strangest contortions, while the eyebrows, refusing to be moved an inch, gave him an air of permanent interrogation.

“ Quiet, take a thousand lines! Oh! so you would, huh? You want to be beaten up, eh? O.K., then!” The figure advanced threateningly on Oylley who slowly backed out of the room. After all even third rate American comedians are apt to get beyond a joke at times!

He wandered upstairs again and casually opened a door. Behind it he found a slim little lad with fair hair which steadfastly refused to be domesticated, and far away blue eyes which had a wild poetic look—or perhaps it was just Scots. Anyway the rest of him was perfectly inoffensive. Oylley opened the attack.

“ Good morning. Now you, if I may say so, have that inspired and fiery expression which champions of democracy—”

“ What d’you want? ”

“ —invariably possess, be they Cabinet Ministers—”

“ Oh, do get out, or I’ll throw a book at—”

“ —or municipal dustmen. Therefore, I appeal to you—” (a book whizzed past Oylley’s nose, and a fives ball shaved his ear) “ —to support me in my quest for fraternity, not only in this school but also—”

“ You get out or I’ll—”

“ —in every other public school throughout the Empire.”

An expression of fury took the place of the poetic as the young Scot advanced, formidably armed with a cushion in one hand, and a “ New School Geometry ” in the other. Oylley hastily concluded his appeal, and having received the said book upon his right cheek bone, hurriedly left the room.

Suddenly a burst of high-pitched squealing resounded in his ears. “ Ow! Lemme go. No, the League of Nations *is* right ”—more agonized squeaks followed. “ No, Yorkshire ought to choose the Test team, that’s why England never wins.” Oylley, fearing

that lynch law prevailed, opened the door and prepared to render assistance.

Inside he found a hilarious mob, all standing round one tiny body—it was, though Oylley was unaware of it, the chief librarian. As he entered the room the first person he collided with was a rotund, cheerful, and pneumatic-looking lad, who was apparently too kind-hearted to join in the massacre, but preferred to watch from a distance, uttering a warbling chuckle and dexterously flinging his keys into the air, and catching them again with a clatter.

“Aren’t you going to do anything about this?” shouted Oylley, above the screeching.

“No, why should I? It’s only Leedson.”

“Who’s he?”

“Oh, don’t you know? Yorkshire this and Yorkshire that; that boy drives me crazy!”

The massive figure, chortling like a machine gun, dropped his keys but managed to pick them up before they became engulfed in the general disturbance. Then he bounced away, appearing to Oylley like an inflated balloon.

It was then that a deep voice resounded above the din, “Unless there is a very substantial decrease in the volume of sound at the present moment being emitted from the numerous and worthy lads herein assembled it will unfortunately be found imperative to take the necessary precautionary measures to ensure that there is no recurrence of the same at any time in the future. It will, moreover—hey, what the blazes d’you think you’re doing here?” Slowly it dawned on our friend that this was his uncompromising pursuer.

School buzzed with rumours as to the quality and quantity of Oylley’s chastisement. Periodically he was hurried out of form by the harassed sergeant and brought before the Head Master. But it was not till the whole affair had died down that it became known how Oylley, having recanted his heretical views on the public school hierarchy, had been handed over to the mercy of the school monitor.

Democracy—huh!

### LETTER.

Grant’s House,  
Westminster School,  
2, Little Deans Yard,  
Westminster,  
London, S.W.1.

Thursday.

Dear Grandpa,

I arrived safely Monday evening and now I have just got a minute to write and tell you about this extraordinary place.

I live in Upgrants as I think you know, and the senior boys all live at Chiswick, they must get up very early in the morning for they are always here in time for breakfast.

I am in Mr. Coot's form, the remove (*or* transitus), yesterday Mr. Uncle sent me "up Suts" for not kneeding my French, but he let me off afterwards; I was very glad. The masters have awfully funny names: Mister Fome, Mister Nobs, Mister Firg, are just a few. Yesterday, too, the school porter (Mr. Sargeant) told me that I should be put on a cage if I read the games cases after the bell for church had rung; I was frightfully frightened. Someone here shouted "Hall," or perhaps it was "Hell," anyway someone told me to jump there, so I hopped downstairs, but I couldn't see anyone, it seemed quite empty except for Mr. John.

This afternoon we went into the great hall when a Mr. Aitchemm (spelling?) took "Oremus," and the head boy read the lesson. I think the whole service must have been in French; I couldn't make out one word except when Mr. Haitchem said "I realise it," right at the end. It was more than I did!

I was allowed to wear upper change to-day to go to the station, but I must have misunderstood my directions; I could not see anyone familiar at St. James's.

The other day, when I was on my way to St. Vincent's Square, and I wasn't very sure of the route, I followed one of the prefects but when we were nearly there he suddenly turned on me and informed me that I wasn't a butterfly! I could have told him that. Someone later told me that his name was Pink.

The Head Houseboy asked me what my occupat was this evening. I told him I was very sorry but I hadn't got one yet. Everybody laughed at this and seemed to think it was a great joke. Will you please send me one as soon as possible, all the other boys have them.

No time for more,

Your affectionate,

CLARENCE.

P.S.—Don't forget to post the occupat!

### THE JOYS OF MOTORING IN FRANCE.

The French are very careful to keep their roads in a good state of repair. This is a lesson they learnt from the last war, yet the beneficial results of this policy to motorists is multiplied by the somewhat odd way they have of removing the surface of the road to a depth of about six inches, and leaving it thus, without any warning at all to traffic. The consequence of this is that the small cars, which they use and run on a type of inferior paraffin, spend as much time bounding through the air as they spend on the ground.

The French man's idea of a good driver is one who flashes along with one hand on the horn and one foot on the accelerator, with the result that one finds a continuous stream of small cars flashing past with a shriek like a soul in torment. However, the country provides a welcome relief to British motorists who like to ride in a country where every tree is not likely to be a policeman in disguise, and where one is not continually pestered by the authorities over the pettiest of trifles.



## THE GANG.

The hissing gas-flares and the brilliant light of the Arc lamps light up the scene as if it were daylight. The only sound is the scrape of the shovels and the click of the picks as they dig the stones from the ground into a pile at the side. In the darkness a yellow light changes to green.

A faint murmur can be heard in the distance that grows and swells in volume.

A whistle blows—the tools are laid down and the scene is cleared.

Still the sound grows and grows until it is loud enough to deafen anyone. Suddenly with a roar and a rush the noise sweeps by and dies away to nothing.

The green light changes to red. The scene becomes active again and the only sound is the noise of the picks and shovels and the hiss of the gas-flares.

The platelayers go on with their work in the tunnel.

## LAUGH YET AWHILE. . .

You who in sad-coloured serge  
The daylight spend in grey endeavour,  
Turning within the secret recess of your minds  
Thoughts of futility,  
Laugh yet awhile,

Probing old wounds with fingers of regret,  
Appraising with cold scrutiny your hearts  
Quivering, shrinking within themselves,  
Under the knife of reason.

You who with troubled eyes think of mortality,  
Looking too far into the core of things,  
Be blind, be blind,  
By feeling understand, then  
Laugh yet awhile.

## THE THUNDER STORM.

It was a dull September evening ; the moon shone out in all her radiant beauty, throwing the surrounding hills into deep silhouette ; all was still. The wren was quiet for the night—the starling also : both giving over the night to those to whom it belonged. Even the owl, the king of night birds, felt little inclined to break the absolute silence, the peaceful calm of a valley at rest.

A crash, startling enough to waken the dead, resounded over the valley ; flash upon flash—and more flashes—lit up the once peaceful scene : ominously rolling, growling as it approached, thunder decreased the distance between the vale and itself. A sharp whine, wind whistling through the bracken ; the trees bending this

way, swaying that, torn by tormenting winds ; torrential rain beating all before it, the steady drum of raindrops ; and, with a last subsiding rattle, the storm moved off.

The wren tucked her head under her wing again, the owl was even more determined not to break the silence ; the trees bent up once more, the wind dropped low, to sleep on the memories of their nocturnal visitor.

### POEM ?

O frenzied water-fizzled flop  
Of fungus fishcake fame,  
You would not care were pigs to hop :  
Men scorn your sickly name.  
To try to be a dirty cad,  
You never can remit,  
And always you are seen so sad  
That one remembers it.

In evening, when the muddied pools  
Reflect your fleeting face,  
You mix with many fuddled fools  
With no idea of grace.  
You are not mathematical,  
Or socialist, or such.  
With squalor almost statical  
It doesn't matter much.

How stupid, you perhaps may say,  
This poem seems to you :  
It simply means that day by day  
You work with far too few.  
You have no thought but others' thought,  
You don't speak Dutch or Erse,  
You understand as you are taught.  
That ought to end the verse.

I pity you, poor foolish one,  
You cannot flee the fold.  
You buy a stale and bloated bun  
That Adam thought was old.  
The image of your glassy eye  
Re-echoes in my head—  
That's all to-night, my honey-pie,  
It's time to go to bed.

### UNCLE VICTOR'S QUIET CORNER.

#### THIS TERM'S NICE THOUGHT.

For him who travels in far distant lands, whether because of duty or of choice ; for him who longs to see the silver sands of England, and to feel his heart rejoice at the touch of much-missed

friendships' loving hands : who longs to hear again the gentle voice of English breezes rustling English corn : for this man, in what part soe'er he roam, what joyous hope and love is always born when he hears the beauty of the words—MY HOME.

From the *GRANTITE REVIEW* of 1895.

A VULGAR (VERY) FRACTION.

One day as a *type-setter* (of the *GRANTITE REVIEW*) was putting up the type, he found that the dies would not *fit*. Now a great *trait* in this man's character was impatience, so he gave the box a *pull* and the dies fell into their places. Required from this hypothesis to find the reader's opinion of the *GRANTITE REVIEW*.

We have :—

$$\frac{\text{fit}}{\text{type-setter}} \times \frac{\text{a pull}}{\text{trait}}$$

But by the law of phonetics, "a pull" = "apple," and the apple will "go into" the type-setter, the result of which is indigestion (especially if the apple is a green one).

∴ We get :—

$$\frac{\text{fit}}{\text{type-setter with indigestion}} \times \frac{\text{apple}}{\text{trait}}$$

But again the type-setter with indigestion will go into a fit, the result of which is a great fuss.

The fraction now stands thus :—

$$\frac{\text{fit}}{\text{type-setter with indigestion}} \times \frac{\text{apple}}{\text{trait}} = \frac{\text{fuss}}{\text{trait}}$$

= fuss trait or *first rate*.

∴ First rate is opinion required.

O. LORR.

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 Estate Office, Anglesea House, Crewe, Cheshire.

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