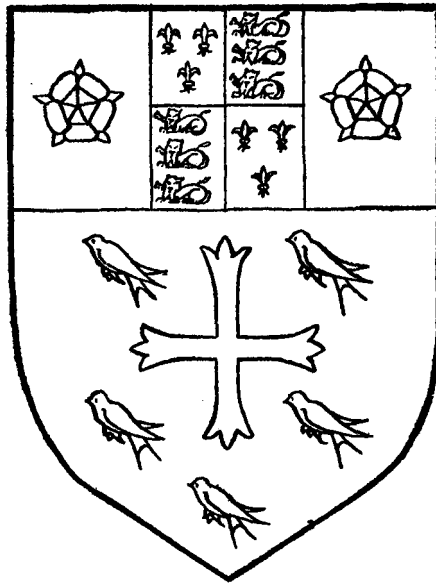


WS/HAM/3/4/1/16/10

THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,
1938.

THE GRANTITE REVIEW.

“ Nascitur exiguus vires acquirit eundo.”

Vol. XV. No. 10.

LENT TERM, 1938.

Price 1s. 3d.

INDEX.

	Page
Editorial	3
House Notes	3
Football	4
The Sports	5
The Water	6
The O.T.C.	7
Junior Fives	7
The Literary Society	7
Art	8
A Simple Story for New Watermen	8
April, 1931	9
An Introduction to Flies	10
Egypt	11
The Poet	16
Three beats—a continuous ring	16
Easter Cruising	17
We wish to remind boys that	17
The Old Grantite Club	19
Births	19
Notices	19

EDITORIAL.

Sloane Square, men say, was a snipe bog and Battersea a place of ill-repute, when the Rev. Richard Grant held autocratic sway. Things have not changed much up his house, but the world outside is a very different place.

With one hand on his golden harp and the other on a celestial clerical collar, Richard Grant sat on the edge of a cloud and peered down, rather nervously, at the earth far beneath his dangling feet : heights always affected him that way. Besides the things happening on the earth did not make him feel too good : members of Parliament were slapping one another : Franco was killing women and children to save them from a fate that was worse than death : Hitler marched into Austria with the dove of peace in one hand and the sword of strife in the other : countries were building battleships and guns to blow them up with, gas-masks and gas to put inside them : and everyone bought special editions of a press which made its money from mob hysteria.

But while Rome burns, Nero fiddles. In his old house in Little Deans Yard people are still living, *The Grantite* has been rearranged again, and is, as usual, half-a-term late.

HOUSE NOTES.

LENT TERM.

Last term R. L. Fevez and J. K. Morland left. We wish them the best of luck in the future. A. H. Williams came, as a boarder, this term.

Congratulations to C. E. Newman and B. V. I. Greenish on their half-pinks for boxing : to R. O. I. Borradaile, D. S. Winckworth, D. C. Evans and I. J. Abrahams on their Senior House Football Colours : to R. A. Reed, B. V. I. Greenish, and C. E. Newman on their House Athletic Colours : and to C. A. Argyle and R. D. Rich on their Trial Eight Caps.

We won the Field Event Relay Baton, and the Art Cup. We also won the Junior Fives Cup, and shared the Senior Fives Cup with King's Scholars.

J. W. Woodbridge, C. E. Newman, M. G. Finn, I. J. Abrahams, B. V. I. Greenish, J. K. Morrison, N. D. Sandelson and W. P. Budgett boxed for the school : R. A. Reed shot for the school : J. W. Woodbridge and D. S. Winckworth played Fives for the school ; and M. L. Patterson and C. E. Newman were in the Senior and D. P. Davison in the Junior School Athletic Teams.

C. A. Argyle, J. P. Hart, and H. H. E. Batten were awarded their Senior House Colours last term for Rowing.

At the Informal Concert on March 4th, a Grant's vocal ensemble sang "Strange Adventure" from "The Yeomen of the Guard" and Farley played a "Rondo, Andante and Allegro capriccio," by Mendelssohn.

ELECTION TERM.

In Inner are M. L. Patterson, P. H. Bosanquet and J. O. L. Dick (Boarders) and R. V. C. Cleveland-Stevens and H. H. E. Batten (half-boarders).

In Outer are C. R. Strother-Stewart, R. A. Reed, R. D. Rich, and F. E. Noel-Baker (boarders), and A. B. Watson-Gandy, W. P. Budgett, and P. Fitz-Hugh (half-boarders).

In Middle are C. A. Argyle, D. S. Winckworth, and J. B. Craig (boarders) and B. V. I. Greenish, D. Dawnay, and R. K. Archer.

M. G. Finn is now Captain of Boxing, and R. D. Rich is Head of Music.

Last term J. P. Hart, J. W. Woodbridge, I. G. Ball, and M. T. Pitts left. We wish them the best of luck in the future. D. G. Meldrum (boarder) and D. M. Eady and E. F. R. Whitehead (half-boarders) have come in their place.

FOOTBALL.

With five of the victorious 1937 team as a nucleus, we should have produced a side capable of retaining the shield. As it was we were beaten in the final by Homeboarders, after two unconvincing victories over King's Scholars and Rigand's.

Our chief weakness lay at half-back, where we lacked an experienced player to hold the team together; this, combined with our usual diminutive forward line, put us at a great disadvantage against teams with a strong defence. Our team was:—M. L. Patterson, B. V. I. Greenish, R. A. Reed, D. J. Mitchell, R. O. I. Borradaile, I. J. Abrahams, C. E. Newman, D. C. Evans, D. S. Winckworth, J. W. Woodbridge, and W. P. Budgett. L. E. Cranfield deputised for R. O. I. Borradaile in the final.

First Round v. King's Scholars.

Grant's 5, King's Scholars 0.

Played at Grove Park. The ground was in appalling condition, ankle deep in mud, which slowed the game up considerably. Newman scored first after a quarter of an hour's play and added another goal off a corner by Woodbridge shortly before half-time.

Playing uphill, in the second half, we scored three times more in the last twenty minutes: goals coming from Newman, Evans and Winckworth. A win by five clear goals flattered us and, even allowing for the state of the ground, the team played poorly against a side which was not much above the standard of a league team.

Second round v. Rigaud's.

Grant's 2, Rigaud's 1.

Played at Grove Park. A fast end-to-end game resulted in a victory for Grant's by the odd goal in three. After a shaky start, Woodbridge scored a magnificent goal with a high dropping shot from 30 yards out. Rigaud's fought back grimly and shortly before half-time Worthington obtained an equaliser. After the interval Grant's had most of the game and kept Rigaud's in their own half, except for occasional breakaways by Lewis and Worthington. The winning goal was scored by Woodbridge fifteen minutes from the end.

Final v. Homeboarders.

Grant's 1, Homeboarders 3.

Played at Vincent Square. The game was marred by an accident to Woodbridge, our inside-left. In the second half he came into collision with Hanrott of Homeboarders, and as a result sustained a broken collar bone, which prevented his taking any further part in the match.

Homeboarders won the toss and defended the Victoria end, and for the first few minutes kept up a good attack. Grant's began to settle down and showed much better form than in our two previous matches, and Woodbridge was a constant source of danger. Homeboarders were the first to score, when Neal, taking advantage of a melee in the goal area, ran up and banged the ball in from close range. There was no further score before half-time.

On the resumption Grant's played like a new team and launched a series of brilliant attacks. As a result of one of these, Newman equalised after fifteen minutes play. It looked as if Grant's had every chance of going ahead, when the accident, already referred to, occurred. Robbed of their most dangerous forward, the team never quite recovered; and, though they struggled bravely on, the inevitable happened when Gawthorne restored the lead to Homeboards with a perfect shot into the curve of the net. With five minutes still to go, Neal made the issue certain when he scored from a penalty.

M. L. PATTERSON.

THE SPORTS.

Grant's finished fifth in the Athletic Challenge Cup this year. We were greatly handicapped by Woodbridge's absence owing to a broken collar bone. It was especially hard luck this year as he was Captain of School Athletics.

We had three entries for the Long Distance Race and between them they collected two standard points, by Rich and Reed running in together to ninth and tenth places. The cup was won by Ashburnham.

As a result of the Relay races we lost two batons, the Senior Sprint and the Senior Low Hurdles. We won the Field Event Baton, later, with a total of forty-eight points, and finished third

for the Relay Cup with a total of seventy-nine and a half points, thirty and a half points behind Ashburnham, the winners.

In the School Sports we did not provide a single winner in the Open or Under Sixteen events. On the track Newman ran well to come second to Harston in the half and followed this up by finishing third in the quarter. He was later selected to run for the school, a well earned reward. That was our only success in the track events. In the field we were consistent if not brilliant. In the Long Jump Budgett came third, in the High Jump Patterson second, in the Weight Greenish third, in the Discus Patterson second, and in the Javelin Reed second.

There were only five boys under sixteen doing Athletics who were in school for the Finals, so Davison ran well to come second in the Junior Mile.

In the Under 14½ events Mitchell was our best performer. He won the Hugh Jump at four feet five, one inch below the record, which promises well for future years.

M. L. PATTERSON

THE WATER.

In many ways the Lent Term is the most enjoyable one down at Putney for it is in the latter part of this term that the weather enabled some of the VIII's to have outings as far as Kew and Isleworth. At the same time the Trial VIII's are formed and a keen interest is taken in the Trial VIII's race.

It is difficult to differentiate the activities of Grantite watermen from those of watermen in general. C. A. Argyle and R. D. Rich rowed in the Senior Trial VIII's while R. K. Archer represented the Houses in the Junior VIII's.

The loss of G. R. Y. Radcliffe will be much felt both in School and House rowing, for not only did he set an excellent example in oarsmanship (he is, as this number goes to press, rowing for New College at bow in the summer races at Oxford) but showed enormous enthusiasm and encouraged all watermen up the House.

C. A. Argyle and C. R. Strother-Stewart were members of a team of four scullers who met and defeated a team from St. Pauls, over a course from Harrods to Beverley Brook. Argyle in the Senior event won his race by 2½ lengths in 4 min. 50 secs. and Strother Stewart won easily in 5 min. 25 secs. in the junior sculls.

These are bright prospects for the House in the School Regatta which takes place from July 12th-23rd. We have two new pairs and three new best sculling boats this term. In these, in the other sculling boats and in the IV's we hope to see Grant's win many races. At present we have C. A. Argyle rowing in the 1st VIII and R. D. Rich in the 2nd, while R. K. Archer is in the 3rd VIII (he has also rowed for the 2nd) and M. Flanders and D. P. Davison in the 4th. The junior watermen, also, are progressing favourably.

Our material is good—so good luck Grant's!

C. A. ARGYLE AND H. H. E. BATTEN.

THE O.T.C.

Once again we failed in the quest for the Drill Cup. It was again won by Rigaud's, Grant's finishing fourth. The squad was:—

Squad Commander : Patterson,
Reed, Hallett,
Borradaile, Finn,
Cranfield, Ball,
Newman, Davison,
Flanders, Overbury,
Batten, Fitz-Hugh.

This was followed by the general inspection, marred unfortunately by the rain. Colonel MacDouglas, inspecting, commented favourably on the day's performance. A more detailed report has since come in and shows that he was duly impressed.

As the result of Certificate A Examination, Hallett, Fitz-Hugh, Cranfield, and Newman have passed Part I, and the first two, Part 2. R. A. Reed and H. H. E. Batten have been promoted corporal, and V. G. H. Hallett and P. Fitz-Hugh lance-corporal.

Next term we camp at Oxney, Hants, which will mark the end of a successful year's training.

M. L. PATTERSON.

JUNIOR FIVES.

For the second time Grant's has kept the Junior Fives Cup. We had an exceptionally strong team (including three Colts players and a Colts reserve) and, although some of the games were quite close, we won sixteen games to our opponents' one. In the first round we met College, and in the second Homeboarders. Ashburnham, whom we met in the Final, also had three Colts players and it looked as though it would be a very close match. However, our first pair won fairly comfortably, and though our second pair won after a very close match, the third pair won easily. This seems to point to success in Senior Fives in the near future, but the prospect for Junior Fives is not so bright, as only one of the present team, L. A. Wilson, will be under age next year.

The players were D. S. Winckworth, R. O. I. Borradaile, C. E. Newman, D. C. Evans, J. B. Craig and L. A. Wilson.

D. S. WINCKWORTH.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

As the Lent term was so short we were only able to read four plays. First we read "Macbeth," which went off very well. "The Midshipmaid," another Ian Hay farce about girls who have got into the wrong places, was read in the correct hysterical atmosphere. "It Pays to Advertise," another farce, this time by Walter Hackett, was better read, especially by Mr. Tanner and Mr. Carleton, who took Tom Walls' and Ralph Lynn's parts, and so it seemed funnier and was read much more slickly than the Ian Hay. For the

last reading, of Gordon Daviot's "Richard of Bordeaux," we were very pleased to have the Head Master with us.

I should like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust, on behalf of the Society, for their very kind hospitality, before each meeting, which I know is greatly appreciated; and also I must thank Mr. Carleton for his invaluable help in casting the plays with me.

J. P. HART.

ART.

For the fourth successive year Grant's has won the Inter-House Art Competition; Homeboarders was second. The number of entries was considerably less than last year, but upheld quite a fair standard; though the general standard was, I think, a bit below the average. Home boarders and Ashburnham sent in a very large number of entries. There was a new system of judging, the points being scaled on a percentage basis.

J. P. HART.

A SIMPLE STORY FOR NEW WATERMEN.

Once upon a time, when the Westminster Boathouse was not the most important one on the river, there was a horrible magician. He used to live on people's launches, because he found that the Thames was the only place where he could get the different ingredients for his spells and smells. Well, one day he was walking along the towpath when the Head of the Water ran him over on a bicycle. "Oh," said the magician, "oh dear, my foot, why the dickens cannot you look where you are going, I suppose you think you are very clever riding a bicycle with one hand and looking at your eight all the time, ya." For although the magician used to wish himself inside the cinemas in Putney at least twice a week he still was not very good at swift repartee, especially when his foot was hurting him. However, the Head of the Water thought he was just one of the boulders which lie about the towing path and he rode on.

When the magician got home, he called to his two familiar spirits, who were imitating a dead dog and a wash on the river. "Oh, look here," he said, "I have just had my toe run over by the Head of the Water and I want you to be a revenge." But they said "We are not going to do anything you want, see, we like doing what we want, see, and we are going to carry on, see." Then one of them changed himself into a tin-tack, while the other tripped the magician up on to it, in the guise of a bar of soap. "Oh, I call that being a bit too familiar," said the magician, gasping; "anyway you are a bit too perverse even for me." "Ha, ha, perverse. That is a good word, I suppose you have just looked it up in the dictionary," said one. "Do not be silly," said the magician, "I know all the words in the dictionary and a good many more besides, all of which about sum up you."

He was so pleased about this that he changed the two spirits

into the Westminster Boat House showers. "Now," he said, "they can be as perverse as they like." And now when anyone wants a shower the water is either boiling or freezing, and if the shower is set tepid it will, after a few minutes, change to boiling and then back to cold; and sometimes when the Boat House is empty and they need a change, the two spirits come out and throw all the clothes about the room, and they listen with glee to the confusion afterwards.

But the Head of the Water still says "Watcher!" to the old man on the towing path for he does not know that he is thinking of his Revenge and of the poor boys who are alternately boiled and frozen by his devilish showers.

M. H. FLANDERS.

APRIL, 1931.

Juan Martinez was sitting at a marble-topped table, sipping brandy. The light of a street lamp shone through two dusty glass doors and fell irregularly on his face—a man entered.

"You look bad," said the man.

"To-morrow's the election," he said.

"Viva La Republica," said the man.

"You're right," said Juan. "That's what they all want, only they don't dare say it: I gotta do something."

"You gotta tell them," he said.

"Right," said Juan, and, pushing open the glass doors, he stepped into the street.

It was cobbled; at one end stood the church and at the other a small square, with palm trees and a fountain. It didn't smell too good in the daytime, but in the moonlight it all seemed different. There were lights in the square and a statue of the local benefactor; there were stories about him.

"Filthy brute," thought Juan, "I bet he don't feel too good to-night."

Suddenly he found himself running hot and hysterical, "Viva La Republica," he shouted; then again, like an echo, and he went on running down the cobbles. Soon they all joined in, and from house to house they shouted; from the dirty grey house, that touched on the hillside, down to the fishermen's huts that stretched along the empty strand from the cliffs to Malaga.

Juan went on running through the sugar cane and the asphodels, over the railway line and up into the hills; he went on running until he got far from the village, then suddenly he sat down.

His mouth was dry, and the warm sweat had grown cold in the night air as it trickled down his chest. His legs felt clammy in the canvas trousers.

"Now I've torn it," he thought. "The Royalists will get in and they'll shut me in prison. They'll shout for liberty at night, but to-morrow they'll put their cross for the king. They don't deserve liberty anyway." And then he thought of that morning, how he'd seen two men drown Senora Teresa's cat. How they'd enjoyed

watching it die slowly, in agony. They'd have done the same to Senora Teresa herself if they could have laid hands on her. Juan hadn't liked that ; he had a sensitive nature and it gave him a nasty feeling in his stomach. He tried not to think of it.

The ground smelt of lavender, rock roses and rosemary, while behind lay the mountains covered in rocks and scrub. Below him lay the village, the old olive trees, the sugar cane and the seashore. There were lights on the sea shore. They never seemed to sleep down there. Then there was the sea and Africa and a red moon that made it all seem a bit queer and unreal.

"They're not worth it," he said, and rushed on.

* * *

They went in buses into Malaga next day. The fat ones smelt and the young ones lay on the roof. They picked up some more at the china factory and a rowdy lot at the barracks who shouted and spat out bits of garlic and tobacco. It was a big day for them—

* * *

They got their republic and it made them drunk. They rushed round the village shouting, and stripped Senora Teresa and tied her to a lamp post. They burnt the priest's new house, a little pink one, covered in plaster shells and blue tiles, and they would have burnt him too, though he'd never done any harm to anyone.

* * *

A week later, the boy, Tonio, was walking along the hills looking for a goat he'd lost. He saw something lying below and clambered down. A body lay there, tattered blue trousers and an open shirt ; the flies buzzed round and it didn't smell too good. Tonio piled a heap of stones over it ; he had never seen a dead body before and it made him feel bad.

"Some wretched monarchist," he thought, "and anyway it was all over now."

A. B. WATSON-GANDY.

AN INTRODUCTION TO FLIES.

Buzz . . . Whzz . . . Buzz. No, this article is not about any member of this house or school, it is about a subject which in another form was abhorrent to the Editor, its about flies. By the way, just for interest's sake, the introduction is the well-known song of the blue-bottle. I am not permitted in this article to tell you that there is not one blue-bottle but two, since it might bore you. But, I feel it my duty to write some sort of article and with this end in view, according to the time-honoured phrase, I set my pen to paper.

On re-rendering the first line I am reminded of a famous B.B.C. entertainment, which I believe used to occur during "In Town To-Night," series No. —, volume —. I cannot remember these last details. The entertainment was a type of puzzle, called "Guess these noises," a cacophony of noise was let loose in the studio about

seven times, and you were expected to guess what seven different objects it represented. I think I shall have a little competition of my own. The first noise is "ping," the second is "ping . . . ping ping," the third is "ping . . . ping ping . . . ping . . . blop," the fourth is "ping ping . . .," you will never guess the last. "Ping ping . . . ping ping . . . ping ping." Now have you all written down your answers? Good! All right! You will find the answer at the end. Now then! No cheating! How can an untainted generation be brought up here, if you will look at the answer before reading the competition thoroughly?

Actually, I shall be merciful, one of the noises is the sound of a certain insect, it is well known, many of you in fact will have met it personally. From the title you will see that I originally set out to write about flies, but I find this is a much harder job than I intended, for the remaining space, if any, allotted to me is very small. But by great cunning I have conveyed at least one entomological secret to the unsuspecting public, and that is more than I had expected to be able to do.

I know that you must be trembling with excitement to see the result of my competition; your mental tension will be relieved. The first noise is the door bell at a village shop. The second is the arrival of an unwanted mosquito. The third is a turn at the pin tables. The fourth is a conductor starting a bus. The last is a worn out, and very weak telephone bell.

Now enjoy yourselves; read some other more interesting article.

C. R. STROTHER-STEWART.

EGYPT.

The desert is seldom yellow. It is pale and changeable like ice on a lake. At night grey and shadowed, the moon lights it a dull silver. The sun bleaches it white and paints it pink at its setting. Desert and sky are great converging discs bound round by the horizon, wide and unbroken. A dark wavering line threads somewhere across this infinity of sand from rim to rim and disappears into the Mediterranean. The Nile runs its first 500 miles through Egypt. The Nile *is* Egypt.

The narrow strips of green growth that run south with the river into Africa are at widest ten miles across. On either side is the desert, sometimes spreading away out to the sky line, and then banking in on the river in long sandstone walls, rose-coloured by the sun, Then the green river lips are narrowed down to less than a mile.

Cairo stands at the tip of the Delta where the rock-banks broaden out, their walls indented with gaping tomb chambers. The Citadel, with its fat hump and a couple of thin spires broods like a double-necked ostrich over the town. Inside live the British garrison, and their bag-pipes echo down the hill and round the great stone walls of the mosques, and pipe incongruously, amongst the nearby tombs of the Mamalouks—rich gilded wedding-cakes housed in an oppressive Mohammedan temple.

The sun strikes the citadel and its minarets reflect the whole of Cairo spreading out below it across the Nile. In the far distance the city's edge touches the desert. The line is marked by the three Pyramids of Gizah.

The Great Pyramid of Chiops stand nearest of the three to the tramline which has been run out from the city, and the insult has stripped it of much of its dignity. True, the sands lie behind, and there is still a small stretch of about 100 yards between Mena Hotel, its latest satellite, and the 5,000-year-old walls. But the first impression is of an immense slag-heap or brick yard with little meaning or beauty. The great blocks of stone that run upwards in tiers to a thin iron spike, like a lightning-conductor, at the top, were once smoothed over with a dressing of the great stones that were removed to make the Mosque near the Citadel. They are now weathered and rough ; several displaced stones leave a path to the first entrance about ten feet from the ground.

Inside, the pyramid is like a mine built upwards instead of down. One wriggles on all fours through a round stone tunnel, upwards, to a platform beneath a great stone staircase. The walls tower up and press closely together. There is little light, and in the black square sarcophagus chamber at the summit the air is heavy with the death of forty centuries.

A road has been discovered leading from the Pyramids to the Sphinx, which lies impervious to its patronising visitors in the quarries from which the Pyramids were built. The Egyptian masons struck soft stone and left it, and another generation carved it into the Sphinx. The sands that buried it up to its neck have been cleared away. Sunk below the level of the ground, the beast lies full length in its quarry like a ship in dry dock. Its wide eyes and broken nose face Cairo and the Dawn.

The Egyptians of Cairo, who are racially almost outnumbered by the Greek and Persian merchant settlers, live mainly on the folly of tourists. They camp, in their rich brocades, on the terraces of the big hotels to settle, like the hornets they crush under their bare feet, on everyone who goes in or out. They are called " dragomans " and their only technique is a discerning admittance of their blatant roguery.

Roughly the Egyptians are of three types ; the Fellakin or peasantry, the Nubians or Berberin who live in the south beyond Assuan, and the Bedouins or nomad Arabs of the desert. The Bedouin villages are small symmetrical groups of round clay huts, dotted over the desert. One of these villages makes pots and the smashed pottery is used as building material. Strange bulbous shapes stick out of the walls of their huts. There are dogs barking at the labourer's donkey drawing his neighbour's wives—the Mohammedans are allowed four—home on a cart, or at the fly-covered children whose religion teaches them not to disturb the flies, but to acquiesce in the outrageous diseases they cause.

These villages can be seen at intervals along the Nile as it joins into a single stream beyond Cairo, southwards through Abydos to Louksor.

A great granite temple stands on the river's edge at Louksor, and the morning sun throws its pillars outwards across the Nile in wide black shafts. Opposite, by the far shore, water buffaloes swim round a felucca putting out into the stream, and the desolate sands behind stretch away to the hard ridge of rock which screens the Valley of the Kings. The village called Louksor is a tourist colony which has hitched itself to the Temple of Amen Ra. There are two modern hotels, run like all the hotels in Egypt by a Swiss company, with good rooms and bad food, and a strong feeling of routine and restrictions. Between them and the Temple are a row of expensive booths, selling the endless bric-a-brac that the Egyptian tourist demands. The desire to collect trophies is the hall-mark of the professional tourist : Egypt is his happiest hunting ground.

Louksor, with its shops and hotels and cluster of native dwellings behind, is the centre of Egyptian history. Karnak, the largest temple in the world, is less than five miles to the north on the same bank. An avenue of ram sphinxes once connected it with the temple at Louksor, but only a short strip at the Karnak end is left. Two stone pylons rise like triumphal arches from the sand plain. The ram avenue leads up to the first temple gateway, of the Ethiopian Kings, a flat tapering wall 370 feet across, 142 feet high and 49 feet thick. Grooves in the surface were cut to hold the flag-staffs that waved over the entrance. Beyond the pylon is the first court, large enough to hold St. Paul's with 10,000 square yards to spare. The second pylon leads into the largest single room in the world—the great hypostyle hall, built by Seti I in the Nineteenth Dynasty. The wall engravings which appear on all Egyptian monuments were added by Rameses II and commemorate, with characteristic savagery, his foreign conquests in Palestine and Nubia.

The usual symbol of triumph which victorious Pharaohs left behind them in Syria and the East was the obelisk, somehow connected with the sun-worship centring in Heliopolis. Beyond the Fourth Pylon at Karnak in the court built by Thothmes I, whose daughter Hatshepsut unroofed the hall and set up two of the greatest obelisks in Egypt one of which still stands : a single block of granite 76 feet high. The Queen Hatshepsut boasts of her magnificent achievement on the base of the obelisks. These unbroken granite blocks, quarried in less than seven months and encased in sheets of gold, were floated down the Nile from Assuan, 120 miles away.

" I declare unto the people who shall come to be after two
" aeons, whose heart shall consider this monument which I have
" made for my Father . . . As I sat in the palace I remembered
" him who had created me, and my heart led me to make for him
" two obelisks of fine gold, whose pyramidions should merge with
" the sky. . .

“ O, ye people who shall see my monument in future years, who shall speak of that which I have made, beware that ye say : “ I know not, I know not why this was done, the fashioning of a mountain entirely of gold like something of usual occurrence! ’ I swear . . . as I shall exist unto eternity like an Imperishable Star, as I shall set in life like Atum, as for the two great obelisks which my Majesty has fashioned of fine gold for my father Amen, in order that my name may abide and endure in this temple for ever and ever, they consist of a single block of hard red granite without join or mend! ”

To the south-east of the great temple of Amen, lies the sacred lake on which the God's Golden Barge was floated at great festivals, and where the natives of Karnak say its shadow can still be seen at midnight glittering on the moonlit waters. Four thousand years have not killed the life that generations of one of the world's intensest civilizations poured into Karnak. Karnak preserves their memory in a stifling atmosphere of throbbing vitality which, half-drugging the stranger, thrusts him hard into consciousness of his own smallness and impotence. Painfully built by the hands of slaves and prisoners of war and enriched by all the wealth of Egypt, Karnak came to stand for the great sun god Amen, which the Egyptian mind came to identify with Egypt itself. He ruled in Karnak as lord of the whole world, “ Amen-Ra,” the powerful, the divine lover, shining forth in Karnak his city, the lady of life.

Karnak and Louksor glorify life on the east bank of the Nile. Here there are trees and green fields, and cattle grazing by the river. Across the flat, royal waters in the land of the dead, the sun hits hard on the distant rock hills of the Valley of the Kings. A pass runs through them, curving suddenly between high yellow walls. A natural pyramid rises up behind, and the pass ends in a basin of rough sand-stone. Round this basin, the great tombs of the Egyptian Kings are cut into the rock. No one except the priesthood knew where they were, and the secret was kept to defy the tomb robbers. But almost every tomb has been broken into. They stretch sloping into the ground from a flight of steps cut out of the rock, in a series of three or four brilliantly coloured and engraved passages, to a square hall with a gallery on pillars and an alabaster sarcophagus in the middle.

The curved ceilings are often painted in rich blue and gold, with bird or animal designs. The engraved walls recite *The Book of the Dead*—hints and spells for the traveller in his journey through the other world, and in his trial at the Judgement Hall of Osiris. These spells act as a key to the Egyptian mythology. The secret of success is to know the ritual name of everything. “ Tell me my name ” saith the baling-pot. “ Hand-of-Isis-which-stanch-ed-the-blood-from-the-eye-of-Horus ” is thy name! ” Thus the man who knew the secret name of the Judge Osiris was safe for Paradise.

Every Pharaoh had to design his tomb himself, and, if he died prematurely, so much the worse for him. No one could add to or alter an unfinished tomb. Tutankhamen died—probably was assassinated—when he was eighteen and his tomb is one of the simplest in the Valley. It has no tapering telescopic passages, but a single square chamber, with tables for his treasures and provisions and the sarcophagus room leading out. Howard Carter stumbled on the tomb by chance in 1924. He felt a hollow and broke through into the dark, flashing his torch on to one of the greatest treasures in the world. It is now in the Cairo Museum. There was terrific confusion in the tomb, not, as was first thought, because robbers had broken in and were disturbed, but because there were many more things to be put in than the tomb would hold. Thus chariots, beds, statues, shields, chairs—the whole royal treasure was heaped wildly about the tomb.

The general style of the treasure seems very near our Empire period. There is the same lavish but dignified decoration, and the same over-richness of colour and gilding. There is a remarkably vulgar armchair with birds' winged arms and lion-headed feet, which might only not be Empire because its mythology is Egyptian and not classical. There is also a three-necked alabaster vase carved in a lotus design which is as beautiful as many of the finest Chinese jades.

Howard Carter, who discovered the Tutankhamen treasure, lives in a lonely house on a rock slope at the entrance to the Valley of the Kings. His companion, Lord Carnarvon, died soon after they opened the tomb, and the mummy caused such havoc at the Cairo Museum that it has been returned to the tomb. Its gilded eyes stare upwards, through a glass sheet, at the unfinished roof of its shrine.

Not far over the hills is a settlement of Bedouins who are called "Jackals" because they collect near grave sites, like their ancestors, to plunder the tombs. In a valley below, two great figures in stone tower up amongst the growing corn. They are the Colossi of Memnon which Herodotus describes. They keep guard over the empty plain of Thebes, staring east towards the Nile.

All the granite blocks used in the temple of Louksor and Karnak were floated down the Nile from the quarries at Assuan. Assuan is on the edge of the tropic of Cancer, and the land of Egypt. The Nile swells into a lake broken with hard black rocks and the green river lips have turned sand yellow. The rocks in the river, riddled with Egyptian cartouches, breaks the Nile's flow when its floods down from Abyssinia and the Sudan in August and early Autumn. Here is the first Nile cataract.

The sun sets below the sandstone hills that sweep round Assuan like a vast amphitheatre. The rock-pool is blackened by the sunset, and Elephantine Island stabs the scarlet sky with its hard rocks. Nubian voices, singing their sad eastern songs, carry out across the

waters. A felucca glides for a moment into the open, and is swallowed up by the darkness : the water and stone of the Cataract fill the cleft in the desert, and the sands stretch desolately away to the edges of Africa.

ROBERT CLEVELAND-STEVENS.

THE POET.

The poet with distracted eye
His intellect doth harry,
To drive without that therein lie,
The thoughts that with him tarry ;
To mould the substance of a thought
Into a form of word,
And so preserve the emotion caught
In others to be stirred.
The dullard looks through smoky glass
At colours but half-seen,
The poet looks at sunlit grass
And knows it to be green.
All things created laugh and sigh
When the poet passes by.

J. B. CRAIG.

THREE BEATS—A CONTINUOUS RING.

Three beats—a continuous ring—three beats—a continuous ring . . .

Slowly I turned in my sleep and opened an eye. Someone was saying something in an irate undertone at the other end of the dormitory. I opened the other eye, and noticed a dim form putting on a dressing-gown. Suddenly my fuddled brain leapt to the fact that it was a fire practice. I disentangled myself from my bed-clothes and wrapped something round me. The ringing continued in the passage, until a dismal crash intimated that something had gone wrong outside. A boy in the darkness beside me said " Blast : another fire-practice ! " and we all huddled towards the hatch into the six bedder. Someone was still in bed : I woke him and set him in motion.

As I myself got to the hatch, I remembered the windows, and waded back to shut them, crashing into all the available furniture on the way.

We flitted through Rigaud's, and slid along the passages. Opinion seemed to be universally opposed to the nocturnal adventure, but nevertheless we staggered on, and out into the yard.

And only then, looking back, we saw the house ablaze. Flames were shooting out of ground floor windows : smoke was rising and mingling with the night. And as we waited at the end of the cloisters, we heard the bells of fire engines clanging in the still night air. It was no fire *practice* ; it was *fire*.

P. H. BOSANQUET.

EASTER CRUISING.

Holidays, in general, offer considerable opportunity for enjoyment, but if you would like to combine education with enjoyment, I can think of nothing better than a cruise. As Easter holidays are short, naturally, the choice of cruise is limited, especially if only luxury trips are contemplated. Of these latter the most attractive are those that visit the Mediterranean, as one can be pretty sure of fine weather and, at least, a few days of sunshine. Also the ports of call offer a considerable variety of scenes and people.

It is difficult to think of anything more pleasurable than dropping anchor in a foreign port and going ashore for a few hours. There are always plenty of natives standing on the quays with various things to sell, not to mention the guides and beggars. In some ports, begging is developed to a fine art, and it is often pitiable to see very young children trained to beg for their parents.

The different standards of life are very striking and it is often amazing to find great architectural treasures standing in the poorest districts.

There is usually an officer in charge of amusements on board and he, with the aid of a committee of passengers, sees that every spare moment is filled up with some diversion or other. The captain is sometimes willing to invite passengers on to the Bridge to explain some of the mysteries of navigation, and it is also possible to visit the engine room, the galley and almost any part of the ship in which one is interested.

If the luxury cruise does not appeal for various reasons, expense being one of them, it is possible to get a berth on a tramp steamer. This could be very enjoyable, and one could help in all departments and gain a first-hand knowledge of a seaman's life.

E. F. R. WHITEHEAD.

WE WISH TO REMIND BOYS THAT . . .

We who are house monitors must continually remind ourselves that we possess great privileges—privileges which have been handed down to us through generations of Old Grantites, from the past traditions of bygone ages. And we must realise what an honour it is to have these privileges, whether we want them or not.

Perhaps the greatest privilege is our temporary possession of Inner. Although most of the day is spent in saying "Yes" to boys who come and ask whether they can have a yard-ball, Elizabethan, fives gloves or the Abbey List, and although the wireless is exuding synthetic syncopation all the day; nevertheless it really is nice to have a quiet little private room where one can retreat to do some work far away from the hubbub of daily life.

Then there is the privilege of taking prep. It is such awful fun doing everybody else's prep. instead of one's own.

It is a Chiswick's privilege to have a bath after prayers. It is also a Chiswick's privilege not to have a bath during prep.

Chiswicks may walk through yard instead of along the passage. This is an absolutely invaluable privilege, especially since the wire netting has been put up to keep out the rain.

Monitors and Chiswicks always seem to have the privilege of doing everything after everybody else. I have no doubt there is some subtle advantage in this, but I fail to see what it is. We go into Hall last : we start prep. last : we go to bed last.

* * *

One privilege of the very few which I have so far omitted is being allowed to go into other houses. This is certainly useful, and it affords an excellent opportunity for comparison of the merits of each house. For the benefit of those who have never been up any house but Grant's, a few remarks on other houses may not be out of place.

Among the houses Grant's ranks fairly central in the list. True, no house can compete with us in our maze of subterranean catacombs, but then we ought to be thankful for such a god-sent air-raid shelter. Only two other houses have a yard—and this, surely, must rank among our most prized possessions. Our baths, perhaps, are rather a weak point, as they have unfortunately been put in upright instead of horizontal. But our living accommodation can certainly vie with Rigaud's and Homeboarders.

College must have been a fine building when the entire ground floor was an open colonnade looking on to the garden ; and even now it has an enviable amount of room. Rigaud's, our other neighbour, consists almost entirely of one large room. Two appendages at the back serve as studies. Their hall is larger and brighter than ours.

Homeboarders I know little about, except that its monitors lock themselves into their studies with Yale keys. Whether this is to prevent them from being surprised in some felonious deed, or to keep boys from rushing in for Elizabethans, I do not know : but, whatever its purpose, I feel it is a truly admirable idea, and I suggest it as a possible improvement up Grant's.

Ashburnham has a study at the back as big as the general Front Room. This, I imagine, is in order to have room for tannings, which have at times occupied a prominent place in this house's activities.

Finally, we come to Busby's (under entirely new management). On entering you find yourself surrounded by green steel safes, in which the boys keep their books. The rest of the house, so far as I can make out, is composed entirely of an inextricable three-dimensional maze.

* * *

The new Busby's leads ones thought inevitably to the new Church house. It is dreadful to think how soon the mass of girders at the end of St. Dean's Yard will become a London skyscraper. When we come back to the old school as old schoolboys, wearing the old school tie and singing the old school song, instead of the peace and tranquility which has reigned for centuries in Dean's

Yard, we shall find a commercialised centre, a vast block of offices, with garages, shops and stores as advertised on the hoarding now up.

But there may yet be compensation : there are rumours abroad that squash courts are to be included in the Church House-to-be. This, indeed, should be conciliatory, for few exercises are more energetic than squash, and few can make one sweat so hard after so short a game. If it is true that one has to be a confirmed member of the C. of E. before entering Church House, there may be a larger entry for confirmation in years to come. P. H. BOSANQUET.

THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

The Annual Dinner of the Club was held at the Criterion Restaurant, Piccadilly, on Monday, March 21st, 1938, with the Headmaster as Guest. The President, Mr. J. C. Squire, was in the Chair and the following members were present :—The House Master (Hon. Member); H. S. Bompas; W. G. Borradaile; H. A. Budgett; C. M. Cahn; L. R. Carr; Col. H. M. Davson; H. M. Dulley; V. F. Ealand; E. A. Everington; W. B. Frampton; J. G. Frampton; J. Heard; J. C. Heard; W. Hepburn; S. Jacomb-Hood; N. Hornsby; J. G. Arnold-Jenkins; W. E. P. Moon; F. R. Oliver; R. Plummer; M. Prance; G. L. Y. Radcliffe; G. R. Y. Radcliffe; Philip Rea; H. J. Salwey; M. S. Baird-Smith; A. L. W. Stevens; G. P. Stevens; W. C. Cleveland Stevens; W. H. C. Cleveland Stevens; A. B. de S. Sutton; P. Sutton; G. E. Tunncliffe; The Hon. Treasurer, Peter Bevan; and the Hon. Secretary, Arthur Garrard.

BIRTHS.

HOLMES.—On February 13th, the wife of Edward T. Holmes: a son.

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 Fuller's Farm, West Grinstead, Horsham, Sussex.

Back numbers may be obtained from the Editor, price 1s.

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

floreat.