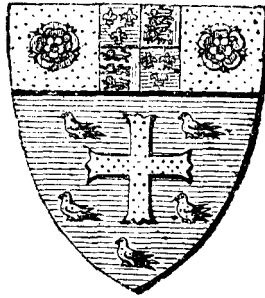


The

Granite

Rebiato.



Nascitur exiguus

acquirit eundo.

vires

VOL. VII. No. 4.

PLAY 1902.

Price 6d.

“HAEC OLIM.”

It was a mere chance entry. The rain, after a morning of uncertainty, had at last apparently made up its mind; Westminster was near at hand, and the need for shelter immediate. The perennial policeman seemed to smile invitingly, as one who should say, “Here is rest and cover; turn in awhile and linger in this haunt of ancient peace.” So into Little Dean’s Yard we wandered, and for one of us, at least, there was much that was reminiscent in the action. A housemaid, armed with mop and bucket, informed us that the matron was away; but, bold to the verge of audacity, we mounted the steps and entered the familiar portals that stood so invitingly open. In each chiswick we lingered, fingering tenderly here and there a well-cut name in wood. “Here at least doth fame abide!” we murmured; and the names held us with the spell of old but not unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago. The hand of time is leaving somewhat of a mark here also; a new staircase we saw, and there was an old familiar hole or two that we missed from the yard. But these were innovations after our heart, the gradual march-forward of the world’s progress; not the ruthless demolition and re-creation that has marked our neighbours. So, full of memories we turned back through the house and out through the front door. A Parthian glance as we descended the last step revealed the figure of a new “man,” that stood and gazed not only reproachfully, but suspiciously upon us. For a moment we

thought of a return for the tendering of explanatory apologies, and the reassuring presentation of a visiting card. But an instant's reflection negated the impulse. After all, what did it matter? He was of a generation that knew not Joseph, and, doubtless if he had, would have counted him a very indifferent fellow. And so up school we wandered, to find there a new sergeant, to whom also Joseph was unknown. "AN OLD WESTMINSTER?" he inquired. I bowed my head in acknowledgement of the compliment. "A future one?" he asked, pointing to my son. I smiled, and said I hoped so. Then, for the first time, I realised that what for me had been precious memories were for him by my side only future possibilities. And straightway I began to question why in time they should not become his memories also. So when after a little, desultory conversation, we passed out of the yard, I grew decided.

"You shall go up Grant's," I said.

H. S. L.

TRIALS.

GRANT'S *v.* ASHBURNHAM.

This match was played up fields on Wednesday, December 3rd. Grant's were without Logan and Newman, who were a great loss. It resulted in a win for Ashburnham (3—2). Grant's won the toss and decided to defend the hospital end. Geddes kicked off for Ashburnham, and soon afterwards a goal was kicked for them (1—0) by Heywood, owing to Pemberton hurting his ankle and having to retire hurt. After this unfortunate loss, Houdret went back and Adrain half, and thus we had to play with four forwards. A little while after this J. L. Johnston made a good run down and finished up by shooting a goal, thus making the score (1—1). After this, Grant's and Ashburnham each pressed in their turn, but Ashburnham at last managed to get a goal (2—1) through the slowness of Pedler in goal, who allowed Geddes to kick the ball out of his hand. From this point up to half-time the game was fairly even, Grant's having, if anything, the best of it.

On resuming play, Grant's immediately ran down, and Woodbridge put in a shot which was stopped; the ball, however, came back to Kirkpatrick's feet, who missed it very badly. Soon after this Woodbridge also missed an easy shot. Almost immediately Ashburnham ran down and Johnson scored another goal (3—1). After this Grant's pressed several times but failed to do anything till, after a run down by J. L. Johnston, Woodbridge managed to put a goal through (3—2). On the ball being kicked off again Geddes ran down and shot over the bar with a clear goal in front of him. He also missed another chance soon afterwards.

From this point Grant's made several attempts to get through, and at last J. L. Johnston did get through and put in a fine shot, which was brilliantly saved by Saunders. Directly after this the whistle blew, leaving Ashburnham the victors by 3—2.

Grant's were really the better team and should have won easily; it is true they were unfortunate in losing Pemberton, Logan, and Newman, yet that was really no excuse. The team as a whole played badly, lacking in all combination. The forwards were handicapped by only having four men; they worked hard, but did not seem to be able to combine at all, Worlock being especially bad as outside right. The halves were slow and and lacked dash, Argyle was perhaps the best of them, but Lewis was not at all up to his proper form. The backs were also bad but worked hard, they did not however seem able to kick.

For Ashburnham, Geddes, Mears and Walton were the best. The teams were as follows:—

Grants.—GOAL, H. C. Pedler; BACKS, M. Pemberton, G. Castle-Smith; HALF-BACKS, H. V. Argyle, J. S. Lewis, M. C. Howdret; FORWARDS, F. Worlock, J. L. Johnston, L. A. Woodbridge, L. G. Kirkpatrick, H. Adrian.

Ashburnham.—GOAL, H. Saunders; BACKS, H. R. Walton, E. V. Rix; HALF-BACKS, G. Geddes, R. P. Mears, H. Malcolm; FORWARDS, Harris, Horsley, R. W. Geddes, Johnson, Heywood.

ODES TO GRANTITES.

There was a young fellow in Inner,
Who was a most terrible sinner,
When asked if he'd fiddle
Said "Hey-diddle-diddle"
I'm just going off to my dinner.

In Middle there was a young lad,
Whose face was always so glad,
He said it's a treat
To have such small feet
And really my face is not bad.

There was in Outer a fellow,
Whose face was exceedingly yellow.
Hts nose it was red
Through lying in bed
And his voice was an elephant's bellow.

There was once a small boy in Hall,
He had a head like a yard-ball,
He played on the organ
And his name was young ——
And he hated his hat, that was tall.

GRANTITE NOISES.

It may be the reaction after three hours of school, it may be the exhilarating prospect of dinner, it is hard to say which ; but the five minutes before dinner are, if possible, the most noisy five minutes in the day. To judge from the uproar, everyone might be trying to see who can sing the loudest ; but it never seems to occur to these excellent, though misguided people, that if they sang the same song, the general "ensemble" might possibly be more enjoyable and possibly more pleasing to those who claim to have some ear for music : but, perhaps, this is too much to expect. It may be argued, therefore, that these ebullitions of song are only intended for the singer's own especial delectation : the rest of the house—namely, that portion of the community which knows not the gentle art of song—has to look after itself as best it can. This, however, is by no means easy, considering the circumstances. It will be readily admitted that it is hard to look pleasant, when on one side are to be heard the sweet strains of "Dolly Gray," supplemented by a snatch of "Clementine," and just a suggestion of "The Honeysuckle and the Bee," to complete the picture, while on the other side a voice intoning some ballad treating of that most excellent of games—the fashionable "Ping-Pong," and a little further away, apparently unheeded, the voice of one crying "Peace ! Peace ! let us have peace : peace in the valley of Bong." The last-named may appear at first to be calculated to excite the feelings of all people who are of delicate temperament, and yet, in a way, it *has* a soothing influence. Surely it is comforting to think that Grant's is not the only place where such an innovation would be welcome !! It at least serves to distract our thoughts to that distant valley, until the dinner-bell cuts short any more reflection on the subject, and all further opportunities for exercise of one's powers of vocalization. But, hard though it may seem to look pleasant at such a time it is still harder in the evening after preparation, when, in place of the songs above-mentioned, many and divers sounds are to be heard, prominent among which are the clucking of hens and the crowing of cocks, with some few remarks by a parrot. These are, as a rule, cut short after a time by an indignant personage popping his head round the door and also making remarks. But all in vain ; in a few minutes the growls of a house dog break the silence—and some further remarks—by the parrot. Indeed, we have every reason to hope that, with some judicious elimination and eradication, the House will be ready to make its appearance before some London audience—within the next ten or fifteen years.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

This society has met as often as possible, but, owing to the school breaking up for two weeks, we have only managed to read two plays, viz., Sheridan's "Rivals," and Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing." The Reading on the whole was fair, but many of the members were too nervous to do themselves justice.

SHERIDAN'S "RIVALS."

The parts taken were as follows :—

<i>Sir Anthony Absolute</i>	Mr. Tanner.
<i>Captain Absolute</i>	L. A. Woodbridge.
<i>Mrs. Malaprop</i>	J. D. H. Dickson.
<i>Bob Acres</i>	R. E. Tanner.
<i>Lydia Languish</i>	J. L. Johnston.
<i>Faulkland</i>	H. T. Kite.
<i>Julia</i>	J. Harrison.
<i>Sir Lucius O'Trigger</i>	R. W. Reed.
<i>Fag</i>	L. G. Kirkpatrick.
<i>David</i>	M. A. Noble.
<i>Lucy (Servant Maid)</i>	M. C. Houdret.

Mr. Tanner was excellent as Sir Anthony ; J. D. H. Dickson made an excellent Mrs. Malaprop ; R. E. Tanner was also good as Bob Acres. J. L. Johnston was weak, putting no expression into his reading. Of the others, Reed, Kirkpatrick, and Harrison showed promise.

SHAKESPEARE'S "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

<i>Benedick</i>	Mr. Tanner.
<i>Leonato</i>	L. A. Woodbridge.
<i>Beatrice</i>	J. D. H. Dickson.
<i>Don Pedro</i>	R. E. Tanner.
<i>Claudio</i>	J. L. Johnston.
<i>Antonio and Verges</i>	J. Harrison.
<i>Dogberry and Don John</i>	H. T. Kite.
<i>Margaret and Borachio</i>	R. W. Reed.
<i>Messenger, Conrad, Friar</i>	L. G. Kirkpatrick.
<i>Hero, Sexton</i>	M. C. Houdret.
<i>Ursula, Balthazar, Boy</i>	A. F. Noble.

The reading in this play was not so good as in the "Rivals." Mr. Tanner was, as usual, excellent, but the part did not suit him as well as Sir Anthony Absolute. L. A. Woodbridge was better

than usual as Leonato. J. D. H. Dickson was also excellent. R. E. Tanner made a good Don Pedro, the part suiting him well. J. L. Johnston was not good, neither did Kite do justice to the part of Dogberry. Of the rest, Reed was the best. The play was perhaps too difficult, and as the humorous parts were not well read, it proved somewhat dull and uninteresting.

TO A FOOT.

As in Middle once I sat,
 Thinking much of many things,
 Wondering why some are fat,
 Longing for the wine that brings
 Happy dreams and lengthy sleep,
 Pondering on human love
 Almost did I sadly weep
 Thinking of the realm above.
 When through all this maze of thought
 Came a heart appalling tramp
 Like an elephant who sought
 Victims for his dreadful stamp,
 Through the door a hoof there tramped
 Large and long and very broad.
 Full upon my feet it stamped
 Long and loud I shrieked and roared.
 Gone were all my beauteous dreams
 Gone were all my thoughts of love
 Still to me that big foot seems
 On my feet its weight to prove.

HOUSE NOTES.

Monitors this term are—

L. A. Woodbridge.		J. D. H. Dickson.
D. S. Robertson (half-boarder).		R. E. Tanner.
		H. Logan (half-boarder).

Our Juniors have not done as well as they ought to have done, and unfortunately have not kept the cup. They beat Rigaud's 2—0 after a good game. In the next match we were drawn against Ashburnham but were unfortunately beaten (0—3). The next match was against H.B.B., this match we drew (1—1), but really ought to have won. Several members of this team showed promise and should be very useful to the house in a year or two. The best were Argyle, Newman, Willcocks, and Houdret.

We have nine new boys this term, four of whom are boarders. This brings our number up to 47, the biggest it has ever been.

Sonnenschein, Dickson, Knight, Stephen, Macmorran, Lonsdale, left at the end of last term.

Woodbridge, Logan, Kirkpatrick, and Pedler have represented the school this term. Pedler, however, has not kept his place and Kirkpatrick, unfortunately, has put his knee out.

The new Football Shield has arrived at last and looks very well over the mantelpiece in Hall.

A great many alterations have been made in Grant's since last term. The old half-boarders passage has been made into a lavatory and the old staircase which was in it has been removed and now runs up through the old lavatory. The yard has been repaved with asphalte and hot water has been laid on all over the house.

The school unfortunately had to break for a fortnight on account of an outbreak of diphtheria. The cases were very slight, but it could not be successfully checked while we remained at school.

A Cadet Corps has been started this term in which Grant's is well represented.

The yard ties have been going on slowly but surely.

We have to thank Mr. Tanner for presenting another shield photograph.

The following were cricket colours at the end of last term :—

PINKS.	PINK & WHITES.	3RD XI.'S.	HOUSE COLOURS.
C. B. H. Knight.	S. A. Dickson.	M. Pemberton.	R. W. Reed.
H. Logan.	P. A. Woodbridge	J. Harrison.	
	W. T. S.	A. L. Stephen.	
	Sonnenschein.		
	L.G. Kirkpatrick.		
	J. L. Johnston.		

The following were football colours at the beginning of this term :—

PINKS.	PINK & WHITES.	3RD XI.'s.	HOUSE COLOURS.
L. A. Woodbridge.	H. Logan. L. G. Kirkpatrick.	M. Pemberton.	J. L. Johnston.

S. A. Dickson left England for South Africa on November 29th, where he has received an appointment in the South African Civil Service. We wish him luck in his new station of life.

D. S. Robertson has won the Mure Scholarship this year, for which we offer him our heartiest congratulations.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the play and play-supper, which we have not been able to have for the last two years.

J. D. H. Dickson has been distinguishing himself by playing for the Glee Society, which has just been started.

Our prospect for the Shield this year is not as bright as it has been for the last two years, but with the average amount of luck we should make a good fight for it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROTEST FROM THE WALL.

SIR,

I am an old friend, and though with some reluctance I break the silence of centuries, it is not, I think, without good reason. Much have I silently witnessed, to many I have been a support. You, Sir, have often lent against me and many a time have I thrilled with the voice of the monitor when the cry of "Hall" rings through the yard, and the feet of the young speed in answer to the cry.

I have two faces. With the one I see green trees and bright flowers. Here the birds make their nests and dwell in fancied (perhaps sometimes fatal) security. With the other I see you, Sir, and your friends, as I have seen many generations — *mores multorum puerorum vidi*. You will forgive the Latin and not be surprised that from all the learned conversation which I overhear some scraps stick in my mind.

I know the value of your paper, and indeed have often had portions thrown to me. I have learnt from them that the loss of my hair (I should say my wire) is a favourite subject for letters in your columns. Recent applications have, however, cured that disease, and now, with the exception of the prowling stalks of domestic animals, I have little to complain of in that respect. You will think that I have reached my "anecdote" but I come now to the real reason of my letter. Never before have my sacred sides been profaned with fire or blackened with smoke. Holes have been made in them by the careless with little thought for my feelings, and the London smut has left its mark—but that is another story. I protest, Sir, that, if the British workmen wish to make offerings to their Gods, they should choose some other spot, and I trust that I may be allowed to keep my usual cold without these unnecessary warm applications.

I am, Sir, with great respect,

YOUR GRANTITE WALL.

AN OXFORD LETTER.

To the Editor of the "GRANTITE"

DEAR SIR,

There are an unusual number of "Grantites" in residence this term, of whom W. Cleveland-Stevens is senior. *A te principium*—Stevens maintains his reputation of being the best dressed man in Oxford, and of never having a bad word for anyone; consequently of being a consummate hypocrite. He is said (we will not vouch for the truth of the assertion) to be studying law at the rate of thirteen hours a day, and his rowing and his football days are o'er. Our second representative is J. E. Y. Radcliffe who was especially conspicuous on the fifth of November when he suffered to the extent of £5. He may regularly be seen beagling with the other "bloods," and is a regular supporter of the "House" in the cuppers, but in the capacity of spectator and "crier." We have not heard of any more nocturnal swims by that gentleman.

Thirdly, there is A. S. Dugdale, our Merton representative. He is mainly conspicuous by his absence from all Westminster circles. We do not hear even of any jockeying feats on his part.

Amongst the Freshmen there are two. C. B. H. Knight has been continuing his school successes in the same line, as he has been representing Exeter in their Cup-Ties (they were knocked out in the preliminary round); and in their goal he has been executing some graceful falls. Not content with this, it is whispered that he actually played half against Christ Church on an emergency. His achievements are not confined to football,

for we hear that he had the audacity to organise a Fresher's Club (called the "Briann's") and a startling club tie. The papers report that his staid eloquence has been delighting a bored audience at the Union, where he has been telling the usual story about his workman who was so wealthy that he didn't know what to do with his money.

W. T. S. Sonnenschein has been hid in retirement, but we have heard him complain of nether agonies. No wonder, since he has been receiving instruction on the river, he has been rivalling Stevens in the amount of his work.

Such is our news, and our wishes are for the success of the house in every branch (why are there no trials?) of sport and work.

Yours truly, dear Sir,

EX AEDE CHRISTI.

To the Editor of the "GRANTITE."

SIR,

Whether from a desire to show sympathy with the instrumental efforts of a certain great personage, or from an even more laudable anxiety to soothe any savage breasts there may be in the neighbourhood, it is painfully obvious that sundry eminent Grantites have recently developed a tendency to be musical, vocally musical, Mr. Editor, and in consequence life "up Grant's," especially in Chiswick, is fast growing unbearable.

When a certain notable gentleman has at last been induced with the utmost difficulty to rest from the celebration of his "Beautiful Valley," another promptly leads off a gang of miscreants, who call their miserable selves the "Grantite Glee" Society or something of that kind, then, when they are exhausted, yet another delivers *his* contribution, and so it goes on from morning till night. Now, Sir, might not the revenues of the House be justly increased by the passing of a law that all musical—*i.e.*, all vocally musical persons—shall be compelled to take out a weekly license for each ditty in their repertoire?

The notable gentleman's "Valley" might be about 2s. 6d., on account of its aforesaid unparalleled atrocity, other efforts being taxed in proportion.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

AURAL NERVES.

P.S.—Should you see fit to adopt my proposal, I would consent to receive the returns of the first week as a token of the gratitude and esteem of the whole House.

To the Editor of the "GRANTITE."

DEAR SIR,

Could not some record be kept of the Grantite shield teams, so that they could be put up in Hall? The teams who won the first Cricket and Football Shields have been put up: why not continue the series? If this were not practicable, at least the names might be printed or written on the photos, as I believe they have been on one or two of the earlier ones.

I am sure this would be appreciated by old Grantites, who come to look for their names on the shield, and learn that it is up another house.

With the usual apologies,

I am yours, &c.,

AN AGITATOR.

To the Editor of the "GRANTITE."

DEAR SIR,

I think that some remedy might be found for preventing the discussions of certain members of the House, who seem to take a delight in trying to make lunch as appetizing as possible for the unlearned, by holding forth on the various peculiarities of the household beetle; there is no doubt a very praiseworthy thirst for knowledge hidden in these discussions, but all the same I think it is possible to have too much even of the harmless beetle. Hoping some remedy will be found,

I remain yours, &c.,

"GEORGE."

NOTICES.

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

The Annual Subscription is 2s. post free, and all Subscriptions should be sent to the Editor.

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Floreat.

