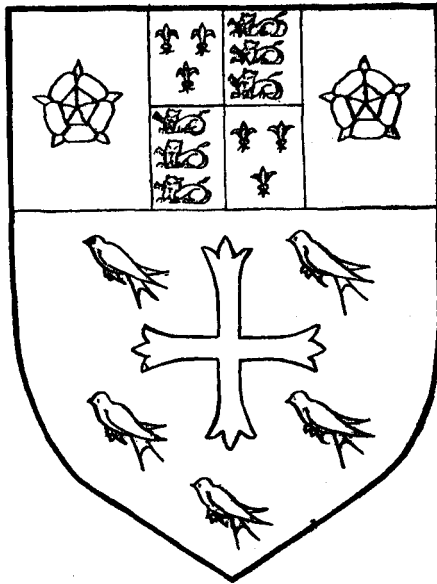


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THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT—ELECTION TERMS

1949

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EDITORIAL.

Since our return to London there has quite rightly been a most striking revival of all those school activities which to such a large extent fill our life here. Besides the revival of most of the old-established societies there have sprung up a large number of bodies concerned with almost every branch of interest. Such a revival was to be expected, and was indeed one of the features of our return which was most eagerly looked forward to by a considerable part of the school.

Now, however, after four years we can look back over the path we have followed and to those who examine it at all closely the prospect is none too encouraging. On a Friday evening it has become almost the rule to see senior boys in the school torn between their obligations to two or more of the societies to which they belong, perhaps with a station thrown in as well. Because the same small group of people are the backbone of nearly all the societies and often of the various sports as well, we have become a body of people who can never look more than a day ahead but must always live for the moment. For if it is a question of going to an ordinary debate or representing the school in a match, one has no choice but to do the latter. The next Friday we may find we have to cut our practice at the station in order to attend an inter-school debate. We have become like a football team which has so filled its calendar with matches that it never has time to practice. Except that our state is worse because we do not even concentrate on one activity.

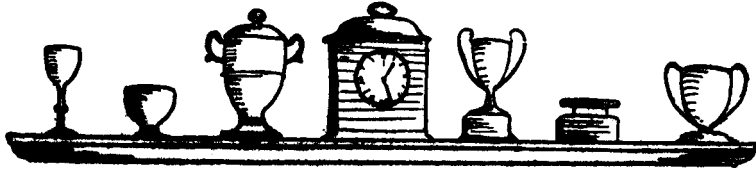
We have reached a position where we have a great number of societies each competing against the other and fighting down others that it may live.

There are two reasons for this state of affairs. One, which is beyond our control, is the shortage, which has existed for several terms, of senior boys. The other and more important one is that we have allowed ourselves to drift into a whirlpool of uncontrolled and undisciplined activities which we are pleased to call culture.

Criticism should be constructive and with this in mind we would like to put forward two suggestions which we feel would help to ease the situation. The first is that the number of societies should be controlled and possibly reduced, and that all senior boys should be encouraged to belong to one or two of them but no more than that number. To be sure this may bring forth angry replies about wide outlook and specialisation but we would suggest that if one is going to take up any activity properly it is inevitable that other things should have to make way even though one may enjoy them in their turn. The societies here are of two main sorts, those whose activities could not exist without the society—the Deb. Soc. and Pol. and Lit. Soc.—and others which set out to teach or further some interest or hobby. Obviously it is the latter which should be curtailed since a senior boy who is interested in a subject will pursue it whether there is a society or not.

Our second suggestion is that a limited range of new societies should be set up for Junior boys on the lines of the new debating society, which should be run under the close supervision of one of the staff. Junior boys should be encouraged, or even compelled, to belong to one of these, but again not more than one or two. We feel that much more benefit would come from the steady pursuit of one subject than an endless hopping from one to another.

Lastly, we would like to say this. Possibly more important than any number of societies for the development of a person's mind is leisure....We obviously cannot hope to equal a university in this respect but let us never forget that it is the right of everyone. When we were in the country there were very few societies, but everyone had plenty of time to think. We very much doubt if the people who left school then were in any wise less cultured or mentally developed than those who are leaving to-day. We believe that there is a lesson here which everyone should take to heart.



HOUSE NOTES.

ELECTION TERM.

In Inner this term are :—R. E. Nagle, D. M. V. Blee, D. N. Croft, R. R. Davies, N. P. V. Brown (boarders) ; H. Ward (half-boarder).

* * * * *

In Chiswicks this term are :—E. S. Chesser, J. H. Milner, G. N. P. Lee, R. N. Mackay, F. D. Hornsby, D. G. S. Hayes, R. M. Milligan, T. B. Jellett, E. J. W. Oyler, S. R. N. Rodway, P. T. Swan, G. Somerset (boarders) and D. F. H. Sandford, R. P. Harben, K. J. S. Douglas-Mann (half-boarders).

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is S. G. Croft and the Hall Monitors are A. H. R. Martindale, J. F. Wordsworth and M. L. B. Pritchard.

* * * * *

E. M. Carr-Saunders leaves us this term and we wish him the best of luck.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—R. P. J. Ball, M. G. Drake, R. W. Hawkins, P. R. J. Vickers (boarders) ; P. G. Wentworth-Sheilds (half-boarder).

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—R. E. Nagle on a Westminster Exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge, and to E. M. Carr-Saunders on his election to an Exhibition at Christ Church, Oxford.

* * * * *

We lost to Homeburnham 1—0 in Football Seniors.

* * * * *

We won the Bringsty Relay.

* * * * *

We won the Relays Cup.

* * * * *

We won both Senior and Junior Long Distance Races.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—N. P. V. Brown and F. D. Hornsby on their half-pinks for Athletics.

and to :—N. P. V. Brown and A. H. R. Martindale on their thirds for Football.

and to :—R. R. Davies on his thirds for shooting.

and to :—C. R. Hayes and A. C. Hornsby on their Colts for Athletics.

and to :—D. F. H. Sandford, J. F. Wordsworth and
A. C. Hornsby on their Colts for Foot-
ball.

and to :—R. M. Milligan, D. F. H. Sandford, R. N.
Mackay, J. F. Wordsworth and A.
H. R. Martindale on their Seniors for
Football.

and to :—N. P. V. Brown and R. M. Milligan on
their Seniors for Athletics.

and to :—S. G. Croft, J. W. L. Croft, C. R. Hayes,
D. M. Lloyd-Jones, D. J. Van-Rest and J.
Brostoff on their Juniors for Athletics.

* * * * *

CALENDAR FOR THE ELECTION TERM.

The Music Competitions will be held on June 1st.

The Charterhouse Match at Vincent Square on June 18th.

The XL Club Match at Vincent Square on June 21st.

Henley Regatta from June 29th to July 2nd.

The O.W.W. Match at Vincent Square on July 16th.

The School Regatta from July 11th to July 23rd.

The School Concert will be held on July 22nd.

Term Ends on July 26th.

THE WATER.

The outstanding event this term as far as the majority of Watermen were concerned, was the Schools' Head of the River Race. Grants was well represented in this, with about three-quarters of our Watermen rowing in the six school crews.

The entrants had increased to thirty-six, and Westminster had the pleasure of welcoming two more "country boarding schools," Winchester and Shrewsbury. The day was ideal, the tide having been carefully chosen so as to avoid a disaster similar to that in 1946, when about half the boats sank. The crews went off from the start without a flaw, Bryanston leading, St. Paul's second, and Westminster third. Even the tugs refrained from ruining the race. Winchester won, Bryanston were second and Shrewsbury third. Westminster "B" did exceptionally well; beating the Westminster "A" crew and all the other "B" crews. This is particularly encouraging to Grant's, as there were three Grantites rowing, one of whom, Douglas-Mann, stroked. The "A" crew contained two Grantites. Chesser (cox) steering a very good course for his first important race. There were ten other Grantites in the four other crews.

The 1st VIII somewhat surprised at the result of the Schools' Head of the River Race (11th), entered for The Head of the River Race, two weeks later, with mixed feelings. They came up five places from last year's position, finishing immediately behind St.

Paul's. Although this was not good, it was satisfactory, when it is realised that many more University College crews entered this year.

As the summer term approaches preparations for the School Regatta begin. Ward and Harben are to be seen double sculling and should offer a strong challenge to the Rigauds crew. Amongst the younger Watermen the keenness of Rogers and Davies, J. M., should produce something before long, and Croft, J., and Hodgson are becoming useful oarsmen.

Although the number of Grantite oarsmen dropped at the end of the Play Term, our hopes for a successful School Regatta are not seriously affected. It is ridiculous to state our chances, but with the co-operation and determination of everyone, Grant's should do well.

D. N. C.

FOOTBALL.

The main event of last term was Seniors. In the first round we were drawn against H.B.B. and A.H.H. The team had a setback when Lee was unable to play owing to an ankle injury which had already kept him out of two 1st XI matches. The game was played on the Big Game pitch Up Fields, in a strong, biting wind which blew non-stop throughout the game. Hornsby, who was now captain, won the toss and elected to play with the wind. In the first quarter of an hour Grant's tested the Homeburnham defence with some quite nice attacks which came to nothing through weak finishing in the penalty area. Grant's came near to scoring when Milligan took advantage of a defensive slip but put the ball round the post. This was about the last opportunity that Grant's ever had of scoring because from now till the end of the game, we were continuously on the defensive. About the thirtieth minute Chapman scored the only goal with the goalkeeper unsighted after a neat dual passing movement between him and Pitamber. Half-time was reached a few minutes later. Grant's were now playing into the wind that was blowing up and down the ground, and found that the high kicks which up to now had been carried on by the wind, were now being blown right back to our disadvantage, we never really managed to keep the ball on the ground during the whole of the game. The defence when under pressure was never very happy and there was too much wild kicking and bad covering for them to ever have the H.B.B. attack under control. Wordsworth, J., worked extremely hard in trying to block up the holes, and Sandford, whose holiday from goal-keeping to go into the half-line in Seniors matches, is now taken for granted, played an extremely good game and especially commendable was his heading.

As regards our prospects for the future they are quite bright, as we had seven members of this year's Colts team, who should form the backbone of a formidable side in a year or two's time.

G. N. P. L.

ATHLETICS.

This season Athletics has been reduced to a minor sport, with three half-pinks and three Colts colours awardable, and there was no Inter-House Competition except for the Relay Cup and Long-Distance Races. This state of affairs should not last long, and certainly it has not prevented Grant's from being very successful in almost every event.

The season started as usual with the Long-Distance races, run along the towpath at Putney. The Senior was won by F. D. Hornsby with Brown and Milligan finishing equal third. Ward also ran well to finish sixth. Thus we were easy winners of the Team Competition, and also took the Individual Cup, both cups having been won last year. The Junior race provided an equally good success for the House. Hayes, C. R., in his first season won convincingly, Hornsby, A., being second and Davies, C., fourth. The results of both races reflected the keenness with which all members of the teams trained ; for without those frequent jogs round the Parks, we should have had a much lower placing in both races.

The next week the Long-Distance match against Felsted took place and Grant's provided several runners : Hornsby, F., Brown, Milligan and Ward for the Senior, and Hayes, C., and Hornsby, A., for the Junior. Both races were lost, but Hornsby, F., finished fourth in the Senior, and Hayes was second and Hornsby, A., fourth in Junior. The results, though disappointing, were only to be expected, as our training, such as it was, started about a fortnight before the race, and Felsted's teams run all the year round.

The Bringsty Relay was run on March 29th on Wimbledon Common, and Grant's finished first—about 100 yards in front of Busby's. Busby's were once in the lead, half-way through, but Hayes ran a very fine mile, and from then on Grant's were always well in front. All the half-milers ran well.

The finals of the Individual Events took place up Fields on Saturday, April 2nd. It was a fine day although the track was rather hard. In the Open Events, Hornsby, F., won the 880 yards and a hard-fought mile, and Mackay won the weight ; Lee made a winning throw which nearly killed several spectators with the Discus, and he also came second in the Hurdles. Hayes, C., although under $14\frac{1}{2}$, won the Under-16 880 yards easily from Hornsby, A. Hayes also ran a fast 440 yards to beat Lloyd-Jones in the Under- $14\frac{1}{2}$ quarter-mile. Lastly, Van Rest completed many Grant's successes by winning the Under- $14\frac{1}{2}$ long jump.

The Monday before the end of term was the date fixed for the Relays, which provided the closest contest for some years. Grant's Juniors, Lloyd-Jones, Hayes, Van Rest, Brostoff and S-Williams took all the Under- $14\frac{1}{2}$ events, but elsewhere we were mainly rewarded with an occasional point for third place. The Open Medley

Relay, the last event, was run with the score, Grant's 29, K.S.S. 27 and Lowe, J. (K.S.S.) was rapidly overhauling Cullimore (B.B.) to take second place and three points. Grant's were out of the race, and it was left to Cullimore to get home by a yard or two and so to leave K.S.S. only one point. Busby's are to be thanked for helping us to win the Relay Cup! We were without the services of Brown and Davies, C., for the Relays, which weakened our chances in several races.

The term was a remarkably successful one for Grant's athletics, and it is to be hoped that Athletics will resume its former status in the near future, as it is obvious that Athletics is far from being on the down-grade.

F. D. H.

BOXING.

The School Championships were once again the centre of some interest during the last few days of February. This year Grant's was much better represented with fifteen competitors, to compare with last year's seven.

The eliminating bouts were fought in one evening, the fights being stopped as soon as the judges realised that one boxer was clearly superior. Here and in the semi-finals there were many extremely plucky and good contests.

Then came the finals with five Grantites still going strong. E. S. Chesser, the first of Grantite finalists to fight, fighting under seven stone was too small and fought bravely against the odds. C. R. Hayes proved himself to be a really promising boxer and easily won his weight. Davies, C., was unlucky to lose his weight because he started going for his man a bit too late. N. P. V. Brown fought very well against the experienced Captain of Boxing and only just lost ; whilst D. N. Croft had a very tough fight again this year in the heavy-weight class, but his opponent was more practiced and harder hitting.

We came third in the whole competition and if sufficient time is given to practice next year, we shall do better, as we have some very promising people, especially C. R. Hayes.

The Quadrangular, which came a week later, only proved that the idea of going into the House Competitions and then dashing on to the Quadrangular with only two or three weeks of rough training behind you, is not nearly good enough. Hayes and Blee both fought in this match and both lost against more experienced and harder-hitting opponents. The school came last in this match with only two, unsuccessful, finalists.

Even though the standard of Boxing is not high in the House events, there was plenty of keenness and pluck, which, with training, promises very well for next year.

D. M. V. B.

FIVES.

This term both Seniors and Juniors were played. In the first round of Juniors we drew Homeburnham. We beat them without any difficulty by six games to none. In the next round we met Busby's. Our first pair, Hornsby, A. and Davies, C., put up a very creditable performance and at times played really well, before being beaten by a much more experienced pair. Cammell and Clarke, our second pair, played quite well to win one game but are apt to make too many careless mistakes.

In Seniors we played Busby's in the first round. Davies, R. R. and Martindale played very well to beat Cumming and Owen—both of whom have played for the school. Martindale has improved enormously and his volleying on the top step is very good indeed. When playing the other Busby's pair they just lost the first two games but won the third. Brown and Hornsby had a very unhappy day and did not seem to be able to do anything right, losing both their matches 3—0. However, I think that there is plenty of talent available in the lower part of the house which should improve steadily with a little coaching and practice.

N. P. V. B.

GOLF.

On the last day of the holidays, Monday, May 2nd, a team from the School was kindly entertained by the O.W. Golfing Society to a match held at West Hill Golf Club, Surrey.

The School team was the same as in previous matches but the O.W.W. were augmented by two members of the West Hill G.C. Singles were played in the morning and foursomes in the afternoon, perfect conditions prevailing all day. After the singles had been played the score was even, four wins to each side, Pitamber, Robinson, Davies, R. and Hornsby, A., winning for the School. There was still no decision one way or the other at the end of the afternoon's play for both sides won 2 and lost 2 of the foursomes. Winners for the School were Pitamber and Robinson, Hornsby, A. and Davies C.

Thus the result of a most enjoyable day's play was a draw, O.W. Golfing Society 6, School 6.

The competition for the cup presented last year will again be held towards the end of the summer holidays. This consists of one round medal play off handicap and it is open to anybody in the School. We hope that this year the "field" will be much larger and that there will be keen competition.

R. R. D.

HEL 1212.

“ But I must have one. How can I walk around like a self-respecting citizen if I haven't got a tail? I wrote to you about two months ago and I still haven't got any further. Please can't you do something about it? ”

“ No, ” same the curt reply. “ Anyway this is the wrong ministry altogether. You'll have to go to the Ministry of Fire and Brimstone. ”

“ But ——. ” It was no use, they had hung up on him again. Fattin Fire put down the receiver and turned disconsolately away. What was he to do? It was nearly ten weeks since he had lost his tail in a skirmish with some angels, and tails weren't supplied at the demob. centre. He had applied as soon as he had left the forces and here he was still trying to get it replaced.

Tails had been hard to obtain for a long time now. Ever since the beginning of the war when nearly all the factories making tails had turned to tridents for the armed forces. The only way to obtain a tail now was through special application.

He had been sent from one ministry to another and he had had endless correspondence and telephone calls. Now he was beginning to get desperate. He almost wished he had accepted that offer from the official of the Board of Tirade to “ Get him one quick for a fiver, ” but he feared having to appear in Churchy places more than anything else, so he had refused.

Mr. Fattin Fire arrived at the ministry of Fire and Brimstone early and trotted up the steps. He explained to the rather horny looking civil servant at the door what he wanted.

A desk was indicated, on which there were some forms. He was told to sit down and fill them out in triplicate. Fattin sat down and began to write out his name, address, telephone number, height, width, parentage, grand parentage, date of birth, length of horns, size of horns, amount of coal used in last five years, whether married or single, sharpness of trotters, medical advisor, whether he was devilish good at games (if he wasn't why he wasn't and to illustrate his answer with a map).

The question sheet was in two sections. The upper one marked **THESE QUESTIONS MUST BE ANSWERED**, and the next section marked **OPTIONAL**. The second section contained only one question: What the material or materials desired were?

An hour later Fattin rose from the desk a broken devil, still clutching the pen in his cloven hoof. He was directed to a lift and

was whiz-z-z-ed off to the second floor, then hurried along endless marble corridors, and landings, through doors and antechambers, past tapping typewriter after tapping typewriter until he was ushered into a great waiting room, where row upon row of poor devils sat awaiting their turn.

For five hours he sat there, twiddling his hooves, until he finally found himself in front of an iron grille behind which sat a very uncivil looking servant. "Well," the servant snapped, "what would you want?"

Fattin feverishly pushed through his application. The servant glanced at the paper and pushed them back, saying "Wrong room. Try the third door on the right, five corridors down on the left."

"O, Earth!" shouted Fattin. "I've sat here for four or five hours."

"Can't help that. Next please."

It was dark as Fattin Fire fell down the steps of the Ministry of Fire and Brimstone, having been pushed, and pulled, and bullied, for nearly ten hours. It was at the bottom of the steps that he decided he would dispossess himself of civil servants for ever and to Earth with the tail.

LONDON.

The city is exceeding fair to view,
The gilded roofs of all her buildings tall
Shining in majesty most glorious
Beneath the blazing orb of yellow sun ;
Her teeming streets crowded by citizens
Who wend their way, upon their business bent,
Between the roaring buses and the cars.
Amid this hum of busy city life,
The placid Thames does flow his peaceful way.
There, on his gleaming path of beaten gold,
Fair vessels glide as gracefully as swans.
And here, among these great and glorious scenes,
It should be ever present in our minds
However small we are, it was by men
Like us, that this great city grew to fame.

GOING RACING?

Why is it that so many people will flock to see the Boat Race? This is an enigma which has puzzled people almost since the race began, and it was with much trepidation that I—a mere landlubber—began my attempt to find the answer. Possibly the only thing I had in my favour was that I could hardly have known less about it than ninety-nine per cent. of the cheering crowds who lined the banks, craning their necks for a glimpse of their chosen crew.

Having arrived at Putney Bridge station in good time I elbowed my way through the crowd and leaning over the bridge hoping to see the two crews, I was at once rewarded. On asking my neighbour which crew was which, he informed me that the crews were not due on the water for at least an hour, and that the two boats which had thrilled me so much were the stake-boats from which they would start. After this rebuff, having nothing better to do, I decided to get down to the boat-houses to see if I could see anything of interest.

Having crossed the bridge I was accosted by a large sporty-looking youth who was selling race-cards. I bought one and wandering further down the road towards the boat-houses saw a tall figure clad in dark blue. "Ah," I thought, "The Oxford Captain." However, on closer inspection, it proved to be a police constable who was moving the crowds away from the front of the boat-houses. At last things had begun to happen.

At this stage my attention was distracted by a man who was selling ice-cream, and by the time I had bought one and eaten it, all the excitement was dying down. I looked up to see why and to my astonishment saw the two crews followed by a mass of launches and steamers rapidly receding into the distance. The race had passed me without my even noticing it.

However, determined to hear the radio commentary, I got near a wireless. This is what I heard: "Well, here on the launch, it's very wet and at the moment I can't see either of the crews. We seem to have got behind a steamer. Now we're just coming out and I can see Cambridge. I'll just give you their rate of stroking. In—Out—In—Out—In—Out—In—Out. It's a very close race indeed. I can't see who's in front. It's either Oxford or Cambridge—one or the other. I'm afraid I can't see very well. And now they're just coming up to the finish. The judge's flag is up. It's down. We'll get the winner in a minute. The winner is ———. The wireless battery had failed. I did not even have the consolation of knowing who had won. Frustrated, I returned to Westminster a better and a wiser man.

A THING.

The messenger from Inner comes
And then his warning note he hums
 Which puts us in confusion :
For we must take great pains to make
A *Granite* contribution.

Often have I this task been set,
But former failures now forget,
 And all my thoughts engage :
I up my quill, and try to fill,
An unresponsive page.

A thing which is inclined to peeve :
Upon my progress I receive
 Frequent interrogation.
I rack my brains, but keenness wanes :
I find no inspiration.

With good intentions thrown aside,
To write *this* twoddle I decide,
 The reason should be plain,
All will agree, I should not be
Advised to write again.

All unsuspecting, did you try
To read these lines, and wonder why
 The finished thing's in verse ?
Well, if I chose to write in prose
It could not be much worse.

TO DRINK OR NOT TO DRINK.

The Very Reverend Marmaduke Smug had just finished his dinner and was about to indulge in his usual glass of port before retiring to bed. He opened the wine-cupboard, took out an unopened bottle and dusted the cob-webs off it. Then he took from his pocket a large many-tooled pen-knife which had been the gift of the grateful boy Scouts of Hiddle Mowton to their founder. He extracted from this hideous weapon a corkscrew and screwed it deep into the cork; then putting the bottle between his knees, he pulled and with a loud noise the cork came out.

Instantly the room was filled with smoke and he heard a small shrill voice saying some most profane things about himself.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! This is really most irregular," muttered the Dean as he strode over to open the window. When the smoke had eventually cleared a little, he saw a small black figure with sharp-pointed ears, swinging its legs, seated on the table chattering all the while about the wickedness of Christianity.

"Ho! blasphemous imp, what are you doing here? exclaimed the astonished Dean.

"I've been shut up in that bottle for one hundred and eighty years," replied the imp, "and I'm never going to annoy a parson again."

"That's exactly what you're doing now," observed the Dean. The imp turned a rather pale, sickly shade of green and his teeth started chattering. He threw himself on his knees at the amazed Dean's feet and begged: "Oh, please don't shut me up in that horrible bottle again, you can't imagine how lonely I was in there." and he began to sob in a most melancholy way with his cheerful little black face wrinkled up pathetically.

"Cheer up," said the Dean, "I don't want to shut you up, and in any case I don't know how to." Immediately the imp's face lit up with an expression of malevolent cunning, and he started running towards the door. The Dean who was rather startled, picked up the nearest object, it happened to be a Bible, and hurled it at the running figure, it missed him and stopped against the door. The imp shrunk back in horror.

"What are you so frightened of?" asked the Dean.

"That," said the imp, pointing at the Bible, and shrinking further back into the corner.

"Oh!" said the Dean, and quickly snatching up all the religious books he could see, he piled them round the terrified imp who had

squeezed himself right back into the corner and was hiding behind the waste-paper basket, shivering with fear.

“ Please, Mr. Parson, you’re burning me,” he screeched in an agonizing tone.

“ Then, perhaps you had better go back into your bottle,” said the Dean.

“ I’ll do anything you say if you will give me just one last look at the world,” said the imp.

“ All right,” agreed the Dean, compassionately, “ but mind you don’t try to escape, or I’ll bottle you with Malachi.” The unfortunate imp squealed at the very thought of being so near a religious book. The Dean picked him up and carried him over to the window. Suddenly the imp started to wriggle and leaped from his hands through the open window, which was unfortunately on the second floor overlooking a stone court-yard.

The Dean hurried downstairs and out into the yard where the imp was lying stone dead with his neck broken.

After some deliberation he decided to send the imp to the Natural History Museum, where it now sits, stuffed in a glass case. It is supposed to be the most perfect example of impology yet found in this country.

SOME CLERIHEWS.

Said R. N. Mackay
“ I’ll be jiggered if I
Will murder my wife,
It might blunten my knife.”

Said Somerset G.
“ How sad I should be
“ If ever I lacked a
Ferguson tractor.”

Said Jellet T. B.
(When he’d had two or three),
“ Isn’t it troublin’
When your vision keeps dublin’”

STONEHENGE.

In the dark rain and drizzle a figure could just be seen as he crossed the skyline, his reflection showing up in the rain-washed road. Suddenly there was the glare of powerful headlights, a muffled scream, and the Salisbury-Andover 'bus passed on along its way.

Mrs. Trelawny, in the front seat, yawned and stretched as she looked out at the great dark masses of the Salisbury plain.

She was cross with herself for sleeping ; " One shouldn't sleep in buses you never know what mightn't happen," she said to herself, as she settled down to her knitting once more. Had she really heard a scream ? she wondered vaguely. No, it was her imagination she said to herself. It was none of her business, anyway. So she allowed her thoughts to wander to the village fête and the Women's Institute, and of young James, her grandson, for whom she was knitting the socks. " A fine upstanding young boy of three he was, too," as she had been saying to the Vicar's wife only the day before.

So the scream in the night was forgotten, and the great red bus passed on along its way to Andover.

But there was one man who did not forget. lying bleeding on the road. With his wounded head for ever throbbing as the engine of the bus had throbbed.

That night he saw the witches meet in the shadows of Stonehenge ; he heard their spells and plots as they danced around their flickering fire.

They found him next morning in the roadway, his face twisted with terror and washed with the rain. For no man who has seen the witches meet and heard their midnight councils, has ever lived to tell the tale.

THE ISLE OF SKYE.

The Isle of Mist. . . . The rough, jagged walls are still standing against the restless wind and the driving rain and the sea dashing itself against its foundations. Amidst the roar and tumult came the sighs of the great stones as they remembered their past . . . how there used to be feasting within and joyful company ; and of how the enemy crept over the hills and the siege and the blood and the wasting away and death . . . but the roar was great and the winds increased and the sea re-doubled its efforts and the murmurings ceased.

The Isle of Sun. . . . The light shone through the Glen on a simply-dressed girl as she played amongst the heather enjoying

the smell of the breeze and the earth. By her side came a little stream singing merrily over the pebbles on its way to the Lock and the sea. The sheep ambled up the hillside and the shaggy cattle wandered along the shore. The tiny cottage, alone on the wide spaces of the moors, saw the Bonnie Prince pass on his way up the Glen . . . and smiled, telling no one.

The Isle of Adventure. . . . As the sails of the Viking ships are fastened to the brave masts, the great warrior chief looked towards the land of farmsteads and cattle he hoped to find or to the alternative of death with but a ripple for a headstone.

The Isle of Poetry and God. . . . The sun on the hills, the complete loneliness, the tiny croft and the lazy cattle with the song of the larks behind them, are snatched away by the mist, rolling over the ranges, driving the sun and sweetness on to awfulness, with the wind and rain thrashing the very ground and the sea tearing at the shore . . . And out there, a little boat with a mast and nets—trusting in God.