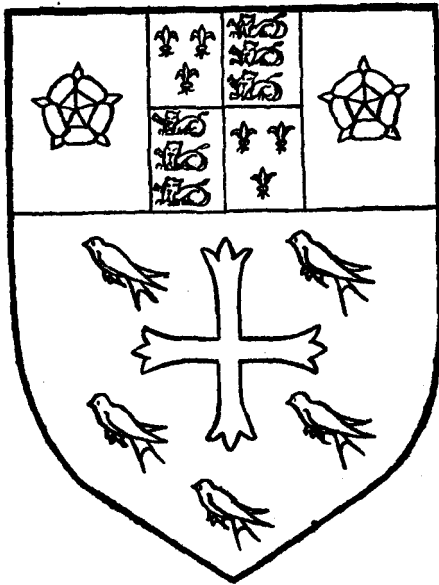


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THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1939.

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Volume XVI. ELECTION TERM, 1939. Number 2.

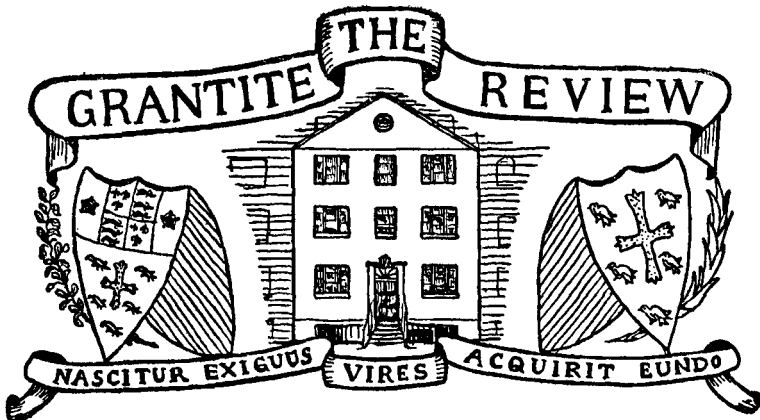
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JULY, 1939.

He fell asleep.

"That," we thought as we pulled out a paper handkerchief and mopped our brow, "is a very good beginning."

"But," we cogitated as we wrung out the handkerchief and put it in the airing cupboard to dry, "how shall we continue?"

He dreamed.

"Yes," we meditated as we sucked hard at our pen, "That's very good—that's very good indeed."

"What," we soliloquised as we removed the pen from our mouth and wiped it on our trousers, "could be more natural?"

He dreamed that he was walking along the main street of Karachi or Calcutta or—er—somewhere, when he suddenly heard a pattering of feet behind him. Bearing down on him at a tremendous speed was a large ricksha with a perspiring native in attendance. He sidestepped neatly and was about to shake a fist when he saw who was occupying the vehicle. It was—Mr. Llewelyn.

Then he awoke, and rememb'ring, wept long and bitterly (Schumann).

This we consider to be a very feeble way of introducing the topic which is uppermost in our mind—that of the coming departure of Mr. Llewelyn to India during this autumn. The only excuse we can offer is that we're not feeling very well at the moment.

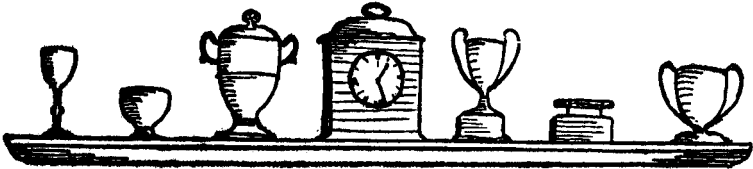
Mr. Llewelyn has filled the post of House Tutor for two years, and will be sadly missed by all those who have come to know him so much better during that time. We wish him a safe journey, and a successful and enjoyable year.

At the same time, we are very fortunate to have Mr. Edwards to take his place. He has already shown an interest in our affairs by his enthusiastic coaching of the House Fours for the Regatta. We extend a hearty welcome to him, and hope that he will be very happy with us.

Let us hope that when Mr. Llewelyn returns to this part of the world he may be able to cast a glance at the mantlepice and the

walls in Hall with a little more pride than at the moment. The Junior Shooting Cup is still ours thanks to a few noble marksmen, and the Cricket Shield has been recovered after one year's absence. We should be able to hold the Junior Fives Cup and the Boxing Cup, but there are many others to be gained, and there is plenty of room for them.

It remains to wish the House the very best of luck during the coming year.



HOUSE NOTES.

Rev. R. C. Llewelyn is leaving England to work in India for a short time. We wish him the best of luck, and welcome Mr. E. C. N. Edwards as House Tutor in his stead.

We welcome this term two new halfboarders, A. M. Davidson and P. Y. Davidson.

We won the Seniors Cricket Shield, beating all the other five Houses.

We have come through the first two rounds of cricket Juniors unscathed : there are still three more rounds to be played.

We won the Junior Fives Cup, and lost in the final of Seniors to the King's Scholars.

We won the Junior Shooting Cup.

We came third in the Music Competitions, being beaten by College and Busby's. We recorded some individual successes, of which a detailed account will be found later in this number.

Congratulations to R. O. I. Borradaile on his Pinks for Cricket.

To L. A. Wilson on his Half-Pinks for Tennis.

To D. G. Meldrum on his Half-Pinks for Swimming.

To M. H. Flanders, D. P. Davison, and N. D. Sandelson on their Pink-and-Whites for Water.

To A. D. Self, D. S. Wilde, and F. G. Overbury on their Thirds for Water.

To V. T. M. R. Tenison and E. R. Cawston on their Colts' for Cricket.

To J. D. B. Andrews on his Fourth VIII colours.

To J. R. Russ, D. J. Mitchell, V. T. M. R. Tenison and E. R. Cawston on their Seniors for Cricket.

To D. G. Meldrum, J. R. B. Hodges, F. W. E. Fursdon and R. C. Bellenger on their Juniors for Cricket.

CRICKET.

Seniors.

Once again, after a lapse of one year, Grant's have the Senior Cricket Shield, having won all five matches played. In the first round we beat Busby's ; in the second, Homeboarders ; in the third, Rigaud's ; in the fourth Ashburnham ; and in the last, College. The result of the Ashburnham match was a surprise, for they were strong favourites with a side containing three pinks, two other members of the first XI, and a galaxy of second XI and Colts colours.

The team played very well together in all the matches. Evans bowled well throughout, and batted with confidence against Homeboarders and Rigaud's. Russ's wicketkeeping has improved tremendously, and he shows signs of becoming an extremely useful batsman. Tenison is becoming much steadier as a bowler, and his ground fielding is à pleasure to watch, and an example to many of the school's more experienced cricketers. Mitchell seems to take the game too lightheartedly ; at least, that is the impression one gets from his batting in Seniors, although his Colt's record is good. He bowled well on occasions. Cawston has improved greatly as a bat. The fielding of Meldrum and of Bellenger, when he played, must be commended. Whitehead and Hodges more than justified their existence by making a useful stand against College, and Fursdon fielded exceedingly well in the same match. Nothing need be said of Borradaile, really, since everything is taken for granted on the mention of the name—an extremely good bat, excellent field, and useful bowler.

The keenness of some of the younger members of the team is extremely refreshing, and bodes well for the future.

The following played in Seniors :—B. V. I. Greenish, R. O. I. Borradaile, D. C. Evans, J. R. Russ, D. J. Mitchell, V. T. M. R. Tenison, E. R. Cawston, F. D. Gammon, E. F. R. Whitehead, D. G. Meldrum, J. R. B. Hodges, R. C. Bellenger, and F. W. E. Fursdon.

Results :

v. **BUSBY'S**. Won by 8 wickets.

Busby's, 68 (Morris 19. Greenish 3 for 8, Borradaile 1 for 5, Mitchell 3 for 22, Evans 2 for 16, Tenison 1 for 15).

Grant's, 73 for 2 (Borradaile 19 not, Greenish 20 not. Calway 2 for 25).

v. **HOMEBOARDERS**. Won by 115 runs.

Grant's, 186 for 4 dec. (Greenish 83, Borradaile 37, Evans 24, Cawston 25 not).

Homeboarders, 71 (Renny 31 not. Tenison 3 for 4, Greenish 3 for 14, Evans 3 for 32, Mitchell 1 for 10).

v. **RIGAUD'S**. Won by 8 wickets.

Rigaud's, 127 (Richardson 38, Bates 31. Tenison 3 for 12, Mitchell 4 for 17, Evans 2 for 53, Greenish 1 for 20).

Grant's, 128 for 2 (Greenish 55, Borradaile 27 not, Evans 24 not. Bates 2 for 12).

- v. **ASHBURNHAM** Won by 36 runs.
 Grant's, 161 (Greenish 93, Russ 24 not. Wade 4 for 40, Taylor 3 for 27).
 Ashburnham, 125 (Hinge 39, Taylor 24, Greenish 6 for 40, Mitchell 2 for 16, Borradaile 1 for 21, Evans 1 for 24).
- v. **KING'S SCHOLARS** Won by 82 runs.
 Grant's, 203 for 9 dec. (Greenish 62, Whitehead 32, Cawston 26, Meyer 4 for 62, Walker-Brash 3 for 41).
 King's Scholars, 121 (Mitchell 5 for 35, Greenish 2 for 33, Borradaile 1 for 19, Tenison 1 for 28).

Juniors.

Juniors were also played on the League system this year for the first time. The Grant's team looked quite promising on paper—Mitchell as captain, with plenty of experience as Colt's captain; Russ, Tenison and Cawston, all Colts' colours, and the other members of the team promising in some way or another. Besides these there are several others who are quite good enough for a place in the side, but for whom there is just not room. This is because we are in the strange position this term of having twenty-three cricketers under sixteen years of age, out of a total number of cricketers in the house of twenty-nine.

In the first round we just beat Busby's in an extremely exciting game. In the second we beat Homeboarders easily. We still have to play Rigaud's, College, and Ashburnham (who are expected to win the cup).

The results to date :

- v. **BUSBY'S** Won by 9 runs.
 Grant's, 113 (Russ 42, Tenison 19. Ferrers-Guy 5 for 23).
 Busby's, 104 (Stedham 42. Mitchell 4 for 44, Tenison 3 for 31).
- v. **HOMEBOARDERS** Won by 8 wickets.
 Homeboarders, 69 (Renny 36 not. Mitchell 9 for 32).
 Grant's, 74 for 2 (Russ 33 not, Tenison 17).

[Since going to press, Rigaud's and Ashburnham have both been beaten].

THE WATER.

Unfortunately Grant's were not represented in the First Eight, but there were four members of the House in the Second Eight. These were :—Cox, Sandelson; stroke, Davison; 2, Flanders; 3, Archer. This eight has done quite well and it is to be hoped that the Senior Four consisting of these four and Self will, in its turn, succeed in getting through a few rounds of the Regatta. In the Third Eight we had three more watermen; Wilde (cox), Overbury and Self. It is a pity that they have had a rather poor season, but this was certainly not because of lack of willpower. Probably continual changing of the crew owing to illness had somewhat wrecked them. The Fourth Eight contained three more Grantites; Grumitt (cox), Levison and Andrews. There were also one or two more watermen in the Junior Eights.

It will be noticed that for once we have plenty of coxes. In fact, we have so many that the other Houses have had to invoke all sorts of people to cox their boats. There is but one disadvantage in this, and that is that a continual flow of curses descend on my head. Evidently this is the only way which the other House Heads of Water can find to vent their feelings.

To turn to the School Regatta, Grant's have entered three fours:—

SENIOR IV.

Archer, bow
2, Self.
3, Flanders.
Davison, stroke.
Sandelson, cox.

JUNIOR-SENIOR IV.

Holloway, bow
2, Abrahams.
3, Overbury.
Levison, stroke.
Wilde, cox.

JUNIOR IV.

Pocock, bow.
2, G. Earle.
3, Moller.
Andrews, stroke.
Grumitt, cox.

How far these will get remains to be seen. All three fours have their first heat on Wednesday evening, July 26th.

We are extremely lucky to have Mr. Edwards to coach us; and we are all particularly grateful to him for all he is doing. His remarks encourage us (even our confirmed pessimist, Davison)—he gets the best out of us in a way which leaves the unfortunate House Head of Water gaping vaguely in the background. [This is undoubtedly far the best place for him.]

We have great hopes of Andrews in the Junior Sculls and Self in the Junior-Seniors, but unfortunately there are no good Senior Scullers this year. Of course, one must not forget Cox, but unfortunately he seems to have bitten off more than he can chew. He has drawn Hawthorne! We shall all have to work hard, and if our effort is big enough we may go far.

R. K. A.

[STOP PRESS.—Andrews has broken the Junior Sculls record. Sandelson lost to Hawthorne. Holloway and Self both reached the semi-final of the Junior-Senior Sculls.]

Tennis.

Five members of the House entered, and passed, the Tennis Test this season, making a total of seven tennis players up Grant's. The standard of play is high and three boys, Hallett, Wilson and FitzHugh, play for the School. Grant's is playing Homeboarders in the final of Seniors, having beaten the King's Scholars in the previous round, the first pair losing 5—7, 3—6, and the second pair winning 6—1, 6—3. The team is:—

First pair—Hallett and Wilson.

Second pair—FitzHugh and Winckworth.

Swimming.

Permission to use the new Thames House Bath with all its luxuries this year, was directly due to the efforts of Mr. Llewelyn. The house took full advantage of this and many new recruits were snared by promises that Mr. Llewelyn was to attempt a back somersault or that Morrison was to slide on one ear down a specially strengthened shute, to the accompaniment of slow music on the trombone.

The majority of Grant's entered for the sports, and

| | |
|-----------|----------|
| Holloway, | Hodges, |
| Levison, | Grumitt, |
| Morrison, | Beale, |

together with the two house members of the swimming team, Meldrum and Flanders, gained places in the finals.

Of these, Flanders won the breast stroke, open, and Hodges tied for first place in the Diving under sixteen.

We lost rather badly in the first round of the House Relay, but this was made up for by the splendid performances of Meldrum, who won three under sixteen events, and the open Diving. It is mainly due to him that we came second in the House Challenge Cup with 43 points to Rigaud's 97½.

The exceptionally fast and smooth-running of the Sports was largely due to Mr. Llewelyn, and his departure will be a great loss to Swimming in general and Grant's swimming in particular.

M. H. F.

Boxing Prospects.

Sadly we say good-bye to Greenish, Morrison and Cranfield, all three half Pinks. Greenish and Morrison, as we all know, were two very successful heavyweights. Greenish's classic fight in the Lancing match, when he beat what one might call a "Man Mountain," was agreed by all to have been one of the best fights ever seen in the Westminster ring. Morrison has also won some excellent fights, and we shall miss him greatly. Cranfield has improved tremendously in the last year, and is developing into a useful boxer.

As for our future, I think it looks quite good—we still have Sandelson! Borradaile and Mitchell, who fought each other in the final of the competition are both staying on, and Wilde and Hodges, in the lighter class, are a great help to us.

I would like to appeal to all boys to take up Boxing. As well as being very good training for other games, it is a fine sport for teaching one the principles of self defence and self control, and does NOT, as is generally believed, bar one from participating in other sports.

We have had the Boxing Cup for two years, and I hope we will have it for many more.

I. J. A.

Literary Society.

We have had some most enjoyable reading this term in Lit. Soc. The standard of reading is high, and the plays chosen have all been most suitable.

As always, our warmest thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust for making this possible, and for supplying us with refreshment beforehand. Our thanks are also due to Mr. L. E. Tanner, Mr. J. D. Carleton, the Housemaster, and the House Tutor, for the assistance rendered in the actual reading of the plays.

The plays we have read this term are :—

The Wind and the Rain—by Merton Hodge.

Busman's Honeymoon—by Dorothy Sayers.

St. Joan—by George Bernard Shaw.

George and Margaret—by Gerald Savory.

House Plays.

On Saturday, April 1st, and Monday, April 3rd, two plays were performed up School by Grant's and Busby's. Busby's chose Rosencrantz and Guildenstern by W. S. Gilbert, while the Grant's choice was Wurzel Flummery by A. A. Milne. The Grant's cast was as follows :—

Viola Crawshaw - - - - L. A. Wilson.

Richard Meriton, M.P. - - - D. P. Davison.

Robert Crawshaw, M.P. - - B. V. I. Greenish.

Margaret Crawshaw (his wife) - - J. B. Craig.

Denis Clifton - - - M. H. Flanders.

Credit to whom credit is due—the present revival of the idea of having plays acted at Westminster other than the Latin Play was largely evolved in the mind of a King's Scholar. It did not develop quite as he intended and we hope that he was not too much disappointed at this, but we are grateful to him for the inspiration and efforts on his part without which nothing might have happened at all.

Whatever views are held as to the merits or otherwise of this experiment leading to the formation of a School Dramatic Society, these restricted and more intimate presentations of plays had very much to commend them. Apart from the fact that it was easier to achieve a higher standard of acting with the opportunities available, it gave a chance to houses other than College to act as hosts to their own parents and friends with a minimum of expense to the School—and without making their guests pay for their hospitality! Many people hope that the experiment may be repeated on these lines.

This will in no way be a dramatic criticism but just an appreciation of two evenings' entertainments. The plays, independently selected, proved to be well contrasted with each other. Both were easy to do badly ; both were eminently successful. Rehearsal times

and places were very much restricted, and the condition imposed that routine of work or games was not to be interfered with was scrupulously observed, and this made the high standard all the more noteworthy.

One commonplace is that school acting is good for the players because it "brings them out": another is that it is bad for them because it brings them out too much and makes them conceited! If either were true in this case, it would certainly be the former: but the one thing that was obviously true and that really mattered was that the players enjoyed their playing as genuinely as the audiences enjoyed seeing them (and, at any rate at the actual performances, hearing them!)

It is a tribute that the author of the play Grant's selected, who might justifiably have resented being trapped into attending a rehearsal on the pretext of having dinner with his relations, enjoyed having his delicate subtleties understood and put across by these amateur players so much that he insisted on coming to one of the actual performances.

It was with genuine regret that we said good-bye to Greenish's (natural-coloured!) moustache, to Flanders' hat and to Craig's silvering locks and neat "tailor-made." Wilson's coiffure continued for some hours—not to survive for long parental persuasion towards the hairdresser when the holidays started. Davison, the "good-looking young politician," depended on no external trappings and remained . . . but we mustn't run the risk of commonplace number two!

[Mention must be made here of the invaluable help given in connexion with these plays by the Housemaster, Mrs. Murray-Rust, Matron and Mr. Fisher. The Housemaster lent us most of his drawing-room furniture for the dress rehearsal and two performances and the ladies were indispensable in supervising the female wardrobe. Great assistance was also rendered behind the scenes by Borradaile (prompter), Gammon, Dickey and Holloway.]

The Music Competitions.

We were beaten, unfortunately, both by College and Busby's in the Music Competitions on Wednesday, July 12th. We did, however, put up a good fight in the afternoon up School where we came second both in the House Choir and Orchestral events. The House Choir was quite definitely off colour as compared with the final rehearsal, and a few false bars on the piano almost unhooked everything once or twice, but we still gave quite a good performance. The Quartet tied second with College in an event which was of a much higher standard than in the last few years. The Chamber Music, too, was extraordinarily good this year and of an excellent standard—Grant's string quartet came fourth (and last) in this, owing partly to lack of rehearsal and partly to the instability of the 'cellist!

With Greenish away taking an exam. our small number of individual competitors was even more reduced. Whitehead played quite brilliantly in the junior string solo event which he won, and we also gained a first place in the organ solo*, and a second place when Dickey came second in the junior wind solo. In this last item Holloway obtained 100 per cent. for a bugle march, but was unluckily not placed by the examiner who considered the instrument too unlike those of the other competitors.

Our total marks were 194 as compared with College's 486½ and Busby's 250.

* Farley—the modest writer of this article.—ED.

[We take this opportunity of expressing our deep appreciation of all that Farley has done for the Music, both of the School and of the House, during his five years here. Practically no one realises the amount of work he has been doing in this connexion, especially during this term for the Music Competitions. He is himself an excellent musician, and has won many individual successes in the competitions of the last five years. His appointment as head of School Music last September was a just reward for his prowess and hard work.]

The Shilling we give each term to the Westminster School Mission goes Where?

It must have been a year ago now—yes, a good year—since somebody asked me whether I should like to go and visit the School Mission club, near Vincent Square.

Up till then I had never understood what the Mission was. I knew we paid one shilling towards it every term, and, if the School Mission did not exist, we should only have to pay 4s. 6d. instead of 5s. 6d. in “paper money.”

But my friend soon made it clear to me, and told me all about it.

“The shilling you give each term goes to the running of a poor boys' club.” As he said this, I remembered that some other people I had known had helped poor boys' clubs in London. The Wykehamist Mission is in Hoxton—in the East End, together with the club run by St. John's College. Nearly every school owns a club somewhere—not necessarily in London, but in poor areas in other great cities.

I told my friend that I now understood what he meant by the Mission, whereupon he asked me whether I should like to help. I told him that I was not yet sure whether I would or not, but after two or three days I said I would.

“It may take a long time for you to settle down, and feel at all at home with them, but if you persevere for about six or seven months, you will begin to like them very much.”

It is well over seven months now, and I have indeed grown to like them. I no longer feel shy to ask for a game of darts or billiards—they are always glad to play. I am always pleased to meet them, and they are always pleased to have visitors. They enjoy chatting with you, and telling you what their jobs are—what their difficulties are—what they enjoy most, and least, and what kind of wage they receive. Their tales are usually most interesting, and they are always delighted to tell them.

Yes, it was well worth the seven months of “settling down.” I look forward to my weekly visits to the club. I look forward to my weekly darts match with them, and so do most people who visit the club. Once one has come to know them, one realises that the extra shilling on the paper money was not really misspent after all.

NELSON'S YOUTH.

Horatio Nelson was born in the house of Burnham Thorpe on the 29th of September, 1758. His father was the Rev. Edmund Nelson and his mother was Catherine Nelson, the daughter of Dr. Maurice Suckling.

Horatio's father and mother were constantly haunted by the fear of their child's delicacy when he was only six years old; and when he grew older references were often made to his ill-health.

One winter morning, Horatio and his brother William were setting out for school on their ponies. When they had gone a little way the snow hindered their progress so much that they returned to their father and told him so. But he persuaded them to have another try and left it to their honour not to turn back unless it was absolutely necessary.

The snow was falling very heavily and William suggested that they had sufficient reason to return home again, to which Horatio replied: “Father left it to our honour; we must go forward.” In due time they arrived at the school.

Another incident tells us how Horatio, at the age of twelve, boarded his first ship and sailed into regions that were covered with ice and snow at that time. One night during the mid-watch, he set out over the ice in pursuit of a bear, armed with an old rusty musket. He shot at the bear several times but missed it. He then discovered that his ammunition was exhausted and holding the musket by the barrel, shouted: “Just let me get to grips with the brute.” He was just about to attack the bear when the captain of the ship, seeing his danger, fired a shot to scare the bear. The noise had the desired effect, but Horatio had to return without his bear. The captain reprimanded him, but Horatio pouted his lips, as was his custom, and said: “Sir, I wished to kill a bear, that I might bring its skin back to my father.”

These and other incidents show well the character of this delicate youth who was to become England's greatest Admiral.



FICTION

WHAT DO YOU THINK ?

In Hall one day there were four of us grouped at the end of a table ; Henry, Sneezy, the Twomp, and myself.

Henry is tall and dark but not handsome. He does not like being called Henry because (of course) it is not his real name. Sneezy and the Twomp are not really important. They only entered the debate in time to vote on the motions before the house. For the rest of the time they talked about somebody called Alf, a copper. I think that was it : anyway, it isn't important. I am the good-looking fellow with the green face and the platinum blonde hair-dye.

Henry introduced the subject. I was abusing him for having spilt some water over me, and Henry, who delights in proverbs and unapt quotations, replied that people in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. All right, you say ? Perfectly. Unfortunately Henry, who doesn't like being accused unjustly of clumsiness (it was my fault, incidentally, that the water had got spilt), is a little hasty, and when annoyed he doesn't stop to think what he is saying ; he simply opens his mouth, and the words flow out in a confused jumble. Thus, instead of delivering a veto of the stone-throwing propensities of glass-house dwellers, he said, quite unmistakably, that people who lived in glass houses shouldn't stow thrones.

I at once took up the challenge, on behalf of the oppressed throne-stowers. I said that, in the Vehicular Transport of Goods Act of 1923, which was the only act at present in force restricting the activities of Furniture Removals and Storage merchants, there was no paragraph dealing with this question. I pointed out that although none of the inhabitants of glass houses with whom I was personally acquainted possessed thrones, there was no reason to suppose that, were one who lived in a glass house the owner of a throne, he was not at liberty to stow it, either in the glass house, or, if he so preferred, in any other place capable of containing, and having stowed therein, a throne ; that it was grossly unfair of Henry to proclaim thus the moral obligations, unproved as they were, of glass-house dwellers : and would he please substantiate his rather rash remark ?

Now Henry is a man of spirit. Although inwardly he must have regretted the slip of his tongue which caused my justifiable outburst, he gave no sign of it. He would not go back on his word now given. He embarked upon an explanation of the misdeeds of throne-stowers which was quite unintelligible, because he obviously didn't know what he was talking about. I led him on, and encouraged him to perjure himself and become hopelessly entangled among the stowed thrones of his own imagination. At length, seeing that John

was taking a last furtive look round, to surprise any plates which might have eluded him, and, having captured the last one in a desperate struggle behind a water-jug at the junior table, was preparing to go, I called for a vote upon the motion, which was defeated by three to one, as Henry still stood gamely by what he had said.

On thinking the matter over afterwards, I am less jubilant. I become undecided. I wonder whether I have been too hard on Henry. The incident worries me.

What do *you* think?

[No letters should on any account be written to the Editor or the author expressing views of a proper solution of this most intricate problem. If anyone has surplus energy to work off, and can't think of any other way of doing it, he should address his answer to :—

Alf, a copper,

care of Scotland Yard, S.W.1.]

?

A forlorn sight he was. He stood there at the edge of that lake where but a day ago they had bathed together. With dejected eyes he looked up to Heaven, and a heart-rending sigh escaped his lips. He steadied himself and looked around. No! His last hope that it was all a dream faded. There it was! That little golden ring that she had admired so much and in that last awful moment had thrown back in his face. He shuddered and trembled at the mere recollection. What had he done? No more would he see her. No more would he see that lovely face with those delicate lips which had murmured but yesterday, "I will always love you." O gracious! how funny. He laughed a sort of horrible hysterical laugh which seemed to make the trees around him numb with fear. His body shook as he laughed and a dazed look came into his eyes. He took off his coat and shoes and hesitating but one second to crush the ring beneath his feet, he plunged into the lake with a horrible, shrill shriek which echoed over the woods. In a minute nothing was to be seen but a few bubbles which were rising to the surface, while on the lakeside there was a crushed engagement ring to tell the ever eloquent story.

VEGETABLE PIE.

"A chant of Loathing, yea, a hymn of Hate."—(Flanders).

Away at Snuzzle-on-the-Dunes
I wash and dress—then stuff my head
With cornflakes, sausages and prunes :
To finish with a lump of bread
And marmalade to wit.

At lunch again I have to see
No remnants in the dish do lie
To form once more, served up at tea,
An oiled, unappetising pie
Of vegetables—(and grit).

Others, however, do not think
Of deeds so noble and devout ;
So that, at tea, my feelings sink,
Quashing my—" Gosh, it's lovely out,"
With—vegetable pie.

Its origin I craved for long,
But people " really couldn't say."
The maids announced " Oh, cook has gone "
(Deeming it best to keep away
From angry men—as I).

But !—once an ancient boarder swore
He recognised a parsnip, that
When he was there in 'eighty-four
He'd offered to the Household Cat,
Enthroned before his face.

If Heaven greets me when I die,
The menu (if there's one) I'll clutch ;
And, if there's vegetable pie,
" Good-bye," I'll say, " I'd really much
Prefer the other Place! "

N.B.—Those cooks who wish to please,
Ply me with cauliflower cheese—
(Usually called " Chouffeur au gratin "
By those of us who *know* our Latin).

HEAD OF HALL.

Sit down and stop talking! The next person I catch talking will get fifty lines. Does anyone own a book called " The Christian Doctrine," by the Rev. T. S. Melville-Brown, D.D.? Well, don't leave it lying about. Who was doing the Locker Room this evening? You? Well you didn't sweep the floor, so see to it next time. Brown, you're talking. Why? Fifty lines, and mind I have them by Wednesday before Abbey. Has anyone seen a black pen lying about? if so, it's mine. Sit properly Jones and stop grinning; there's nothing to grin about. Who threw that? Fifty lines. Bloggs you owe me some lines I want them by to-morrow morning. Baths go! Stop talking Hodgeson, why were you talking? How dare you talk? I won't have you talking! Do me fifty lines! Want to go to your locker? too late. There's much too much noise, keep your feet still. STOP TALK

"THE STAND-IN."

John Lister was fed up. Here he was, a perfectly competent actor with never a chance in all the time he had been understudying Martin to show his great potentialities. The beautiful Rosario, leading lady of the show, had herself deigned to show approval of his work. Lister had been gratified, but then nothing succeeds like success, thought he, and my dreams are no nearer their fulfilment. Night after night he stood in the wings waiting for something to happen to Martin that would give him his chance; night after night he heard the audience rippling with applause, saw them spell-bound as they watched the gripping drama, and heard them sigh contentedly as Martin folded Rosario in his arms once more in the happy finale of the "Midnight Terror."

And now the company had moved down to Martin's home-town in the provinces, and the whole population was excitedly looking forward to the first performance, with an all-star cast, of London's outstanding success—"The Midnight Terror." But the real draw was to see their idol, Jack Martin, in the hero's role—the local boy who had become world-famous for his good looks and deft acting. But Martin was feeling none too good; he was tired and had a headache. Lister made up his mind. When Jack sent him to the chemist for some remedy, he bought some powders and slipped a double dose into the water. Martin lay down on his bed, murmuring thanks. As Lister walked to his lodgings he thought delightedly of his ruse, how it would pay off old scores, for Martin was famed for his practical joking, and, being rather conceited, his jokes sometimes appeared, to say the least, warped to the lesser members of the cast. However, this would settle that up, thought Lister.

At the theatre, the audience in their seats were buzzing with anticipation. Lister, as usual, was ready dressed. Ten minutes to go and Martin still not arrived! There was apprehension behind the scenes, but Lister was calm, conserving his strength to make full use of this, his great chance. He was word-perfect, he knew that.

Up went the curtain for the first act. Lister put all he knew into it, and the play went on. Round after round of applause followed each scene. Up in the boxes the critics said they'd never seen Jack act better. In an embrace, Rosario whispered her congratulations. Then just before the final act, Martin showed up. Grey-faced, and leaning on the arm of the hotel detective, he nevertheless came up smiling and said to Lister "O.K. boy. Good trick. Go ahead!" Lister sighed relief. So Jack wasn't as bad after all. The play ended to a crescendo of applause, and Lister went to his lodgings flushed, the cheers and clapping ringing in his ears.

He slept well. The next morning he sat up in bed, hoping for a congratulatory telephone message from Jack himself. He idly glanced through the papers, expecting to see a glowing description of the brilliant acting of the understudy, who kept up the reputation

of the show. To his astonishment, this is what he read. "Last night, to a packed audience, Jack Martin, the world-famous actor, gave the performance of his career in that tense play, "The Midnight Terror" . . . Lister slumped back on the pillow, stunned. All his high spirits had disappeared. "Hell! the swine," he thought, "what's the use of trying." All of a sudden he could not face the telephone; he covered his head with a pillow to deaden the sound of its ring, unable to bear the thought of Martin's mocking laugh the other end of the line.

YOKEL.

A month ago I won the Whist Drive at Puddletown Village Hall. The first prize was a visit to London, so I was very pleased. Last week I set out for the station to catch the express to London—it was to be a great adventure—it was my first visit to that city I had heard such a lot about.

I got into a carriage with a lot of other people. The motion of the train soon put me to sleep. We had been travelling for some time, when the man opposite said,

"Have we got to Liverpool, yet?"

"What!" I cried, "are we going to Liverpool! Help!" and I tugged at the alarm signal.

The guard came along, and asked what I wanted—

"We're going to Liverpool Street in London," he explained, and asked me for £5. Now I wasn't going to pay him £5 for that—why should I? So he took my name and address, and the train started off again.

We soon got to London, and I got off and followed other people. One person came up to me and asked me where he could get a tube. I thought he meant a tube of toothpaste, so I told him to go to the chemists. He answered by tapping his forehead with his finger—"she's daft," he mumbled and edged away from me. How should I know he meant the underground. Being left alone again, I set out to find the bus which would take me to see the sights. I got on to one—the first I saw—I'll go to Whitehall, so when the conductor came, I said "One to Whitehall." He answered me by saying "Half a crown ma'am, unless you go on a bus in the opposite direction. I couldn't possibly pay half-a-crown for a bus, so I got off and nearly got run over by a taxi. I shook and waved my umbrella at him. He only hooted all the more. I stood there defying the traffic. I told the taxi-driver that he was driving on the wrong side of the road. But I was told that it was a one-way street.

Later in the day I found my way to Westminster. It was a very nice place. As I was going down Victoria Street, a street put to the memory of Queen V., I saw a boy dressed in a top hat and a long black coat. He was carrying an umbrella, which he dropped seventeen times before he reached the station, which I suppose was also put up to Queen V. The poor boy looked very ugly—poor devil!

GENERAL EXAMINATION.

[To be read to the candidates by the invigilator. Write on as many sides of the paper as you can. A pen may be used in all questions, and a compass in questions 6 and 7.]

1. Would you say "your grace" when talking to an Archbishop? If so, would you say a Latin or an English one?
2. "Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears." Why was this said, and do you think he meant to return them?
3. What is the difference between a lady and a gentlewoman? Do you think either would like to be seen talking to a gent?
4. "The Scouts are to be preferred to the O.T.C. because the former do good turns but the latter only do turns." Do you think this reasoning sound?
5. "Where the bee sucks there suck I." Write a parody starting: "Where the cow slips there slip I."
6. What do you know of Henry VIII? Explain your answer with a figure.
7. Wipe your nib. Now endeavour to get the boy in front of you sent on drill. (A compass may not be used at first).
8. How many pandas are needed to make pandemonium?
9. Distinguish between the use of the word "pocket" in the following phrases:
 - a. Air pocket.
 - b. Trouser pocket.
10. Do the same for the word "sign" in—
 - a. Sign post.
 - b. Sign please.
- 11.—Repeat for "ticket" in—
 - a. That's the ticket,
 - b. That's not the ticket.
12. What do you think of the examiner. Do you think he cares?

THE TRAGEDY OF SILAS GREEN.

His coming to this early scene
Proved troublesome to Silas Green,
This fact he voiced with such appalling
Outbursts of vexatious squalling
His mother promptly faded out,
Into a better world no doubt.
It would be profitless in truth
To relate his early youth,

For though he had a nice Scots nanny
Who often told him to "go canny,"
Most sound advice, and therefore
Not the sort that Silas cared for,
And though he had the latest toys,
The sort that gladden little boys
Of five or six, despite all that
He was a very loathsome brat.
Now at the tender age of nine
Young Silas, who could never shine
At such gentle arts as spelling,
Reading or writing, or even telling
The truth occasionally, was sent
To school, but very soon he went
Away again. They told his mother, who
Was corpulent and fifty-two,
That really they could not continue
To educate the boy, in view
Of his unbridled passion which
Led to murder on the cricket pitch,
It was also not the thing to do
To brain a master with one's shoe,
That such a thing was hardly done
By an English gentlewoman's son.
For these and other small offences.
They sent him home. He burned six tenses
Of the Latin Grammar in his room,
And other things ; then with a broom
His father beat him, for he felt, I ween,
The dishonour brough upon the name of Green.
And now I'm getting rather tired
Of telling you all that transpired,
So let us skip the next ten years
Until the day his death occurs.
As moodily he walked along
He heard a milkman sing a song.
He didn't like his face at all
So knocked it hard against a wall
(Being at the time insane).
The milkman never sang again.
The judge said men like Silas Green who bang
The heads of milkmen against walls should hang.
And so he did.

EARLY ONE MORNING.

Once upon a time there was a very kind-hearted Head of Hall, and every morning his kind heart bled because the little boys in his dormitory would wake up at 6.45 and start talking. One day he thought he must do something about it, so the next morning he said, "Don't you think it would be rather a good idea to go to sleep again?" And they laughed. The second morning he said, "Please stop talking my little ones." And they laughed. The third morning he blew his nose hard and said "Stop talking." And they laughed. The fourth morning, with tears in his eyes, he said "Come and see me afterwards." And they roared with laughter.

The kind Head of Hall was at his wits' end. He thought and he thought. He used to think all through tea, all through prep. and well on into the night, but it was never any good and he used to cry himself to sleep and have nightmares of little boys with voices like loud-speakers who would shout into his ears. Then one day in his bath (Heads of Hall used to wash in those days) he suddenly had a colossal idea ; he leapt out, wrapped himself in a towel and sped up to Inner to see the Head of House. One hour passed, two hours, three hours, and he did not come out ; then, after four hours he did come out, his haggard face lit up with delight and happy expectation.

The next morning he was woken as usual by a buzz of conversation and in an awe-struck voice he said, "Now if you all listen very hard you may be able to hear a real fairy singing. All the little boys gasped with delight, and they all sat up in bed and were so quiet that you could hear a pin drop. One minute passed, two minutes, three, four and five, but there was no sound. One of the little boys started to whimper with disappointment ; then suddenly they heard a throbbing, re-echoing, silvery wave of song, sometimes loud, sometimes very soft. Tune after tune floated up to the enthralled little boys, each one bringing forth fresh gasps of rapture, and then at 7.15, with a final blood curdling howl it stopped. With shining eyes they turned to thank the Head of Hall for keeping them quiet enough to hear it. But they found him snoring peacefully. Prodding his eyes gently they woke him and told him what he had missed, and he told them how sorry he was to have missed it, and they all dressed and went down to prep. The same thing happened every morning and the little boys never chattered and the kind-hearted Head of Hall never woke up before 7.15, so naturally they all lived happily ever after.

And that, little ones, is why the Head of House always sings in his bath.

SOME USEFUL HINTS.

ESSENTIALS OF HUNTING.

1. A fox, hare, dicky-bird, or something else nobody wants.
2. Somewhere to chase it, *e.g.*, a field, the White City (preferably not Yard).
3. Something to chase it with. Broom, stick, rolling-pin, knife, pen, words ; not a Hall chair.
4. A means of telling where your quarry goes. (Unnecessary when skunk-hunting).
5. A horn.
6. Wind (to blow horn). Some hunters have enough already, but most people have to cultivate it with due care.
7. Strength. For this you need strong black coffee. If unavailable, then tea, cocoa, milk, Horlick's, Ovaltine, Bovril, Oxo, water or a twopenny Walls'.
8. A tired look. So that someone will give you a lift back when the Master blows for home. This can easily be practised after School when you don't want any Station, or in early prep.
9. A pink coat to give the professional air. You can always wear your Pink's shag and explain that the colour has faded a little.
10. Tipping Hunt servants. Necessary for best results.

HINTS FOR BEE-KEEPING.

It is a good thing to have :—

- a.* Bee. It is actually better to have more, to prevent death from overwork.
- b.* A hive. After all, you can't leave the blighters out in the cold.
- c.* Various types of honey. To show your friends if your bees don't function.
- d.* A net. To catch the poor little dears if they get out. It can also be used to shield the face if necessary.
- e.* Some flowers. No, auntie ; not artificial ones, even if they are cheaper and last longer.

NOTE.—The hive should be some way from the house so that :—

1. You can tell the temper of the bees, if they come all the way to the drawing room to sting you.
2. You can get some exercise returning from the hive with the whole pack of 'em on your heels.

MORE STATISTICS.

This time we turn from the day's work and come to the facts that are always about us, mostly concerning the School Buildings. Before this, we must touch on Big Ben and Victoria Tower.

Climbing at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ ft. per hour, it would take 40 minutes longer to climb Victoria Tower than Big Ben.

To come back to earth, in fact to Grant's, we will stand in the middle of Yard. We gaze with pride at Grant's, realising that it has, as a house, 186 windows, compared with Rigauds' 144. No! Don't look at College, for it has 14 more than Grant's.

The School gateway comes next, and we see that it has 47 stones, facing West with names carved on them. (Thinking of History, by the way, it has 32 dates on it). Returning to Grant's, we notice that the Housemaster's flower pots are having a race. From left to right, they have 8, 9, and 11 plants each. (This is at time of writing, but they have probably changed by the time this is read, due to frost, animals, or boys).

Back in Hall, after going up 33 steps, we notice that while there are 133 lockers in Hall and the Upper Change, there are only 68 in the Locker Room and on the stairs. A new notice goes up, in the Head of House's notice board, and we vainly try to read it through 168 wire holes.

For the sake of something to do, and in hope of finding a letter, we think that there the letter rack could hold 51 letters, none of which need overlap in the slightest, or be on top of each other. We count up and find that we are correct.

Looking round Hall at the 143 people whose photographs are there, we wonder how many of them have thought of the same things as ourselves. "Ire licet."

CINEMAGONY.

They have done their worst,
Raved, sobbed, screamed, cursed
Their way across the screen,
Till, surfeit with the father's spleen,
The mother's plaint of might-have been,
The poor-rich girl who lerved,
The rich-poor man who served
As second footman,
We sit replete.
O respite sweet!
But now with treacle-saturated moan
The organ rises,
And he tries his
"Little Composition of my Own."

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR IN THE LIFE OF INNER.

(FROM INSIDE).

“ Stuff,” I said with as much conviction as I could under the circumstances—(I was picking my teeth at the time).

“ And nonzenze ” backed up my faithful Twinkle, eager to help me out of a tight corner.

“ Fats ” Morrer took out a handkerchief, mopped his brow, sat heavily on a chair, reached the floor by easy stages, stood up again, and threw the remains of the chair out of the window. After these preliminaries he took up the argument where he had left off.

“ I tell you it’s quicker by train. You’ve only got to go through Victoria, Sloane Square, South Kensington, Gloucester Road, Earl’s Court, West Kensington, Baron’s Court, Hammersmith—change on to the Met., and go through Goldhawk Road, Shepherd’s Bush, Wood Lane, La—”

“ Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllandisiliogogoch?” quietly interposed the gawky individual in the corner who, up till now had been trying to play Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata on his toe-nails, with no great success (probably because he still had his bedroom slippers on).

Complete chaos was mercifully postponed by a knock at the door. We were wise, however, and knew that it was only Fitcha being funny (he always arrives at about 9 o’clock), and so we didn’t say anything. Instead, Morrer picked up a cushion and stood behind the door, Twinkle picked up the one remaining chair—(Morrer hadn’t been allowed to sit on it yet), Knot-Nearly (the musician bloke) found a ruler, and I took down the weight which has been sunning itself on our mantelpiece since last term. By this time the knocking had become quite impatient, so at last we roared, “ Come in darling,” or words to that effect. Slowly the door opened, and what we saw gave us such a shock that I dropped the weight on Knot-Nearly’s toe. He flung out his arms in agony and neatly speared Twinkle’s corporation. Twinkle dropped the chair, Morrer collapsed into it, the chair collapsed, I collapsed with laughter, and the small fag (whose appearance was responsible for all this) collapsed with fright.

I was the first to recover, and with great mental and muscular effort straightened out my back, face, and tie, and enquired of the trembling little cherub what it was he wanted. Unfortunately he seemed to be suffering from loss of memory, and only looked up blankly at me through his spectacles. I tried again— “ You did want something? ” “ Yesss.”

“ Did you want me? ” “ Yesss.”

“ What is it? ” No answer.

“ Oh get out! ” “ Yesss.” Exit.

After this we straightened things out a bit and prepared once more for Fitcha's arrival. This time we did the usual things. We opened the door, propped the waste paper basket on it, put the weight in the basket, and pretended to get on with our work.

Eventually, in the distance, we heard muffled explosions and ejaculations—"Good morning boys—keep it clean—pillsome, pillsome, pillsome and raspberries."

"Here he comes."

He came. The basket dropped. He kicked. The basket went—through the window into Great College Street.

"You've killed the House Tutor," screamed Twinkle. Fitcha seemed quite unconcerned. We pooh-poohed Twinkle and put to Fitcha the question about which we had been arguing a few minutes before.—"'Fats' says the quickest way to get to Royal Oak is by train—"

"Via Llanfairpwll—" began K.-Nearly, who by this time had started trying to identify triads sounded in root position, either as a chord or in arpeggio form, played in any key (the triads being within the compass of the treble staff), but we quickly silenced him with a cushion, and Fats on top of it, just to make sure.

"How would *you* go," I asked Fitcha.

"Well," said he, "since I've just been disqualified from driving for five years because I called a Bobby a flat foot floogie—I'd go by bike."

Of course, you only had to look at "Fats" to realise the absurdity of that suggestion, so we decided to go into Abbey, and continue the discussion later. "Fats" removed the cushion (from beneath which had been coming the sound of cadences played in three part harmony in root foundation in a major key), and put it back on its chair. Twinkle was looking for his Abbey books. "Zome Zwine'z binged my Abbey boogz," he mouthed. He turned on me. "Gum on now, gi' 'em me."

"I beg your pardon?" I asked.

"You heard me," he said. "Gi' me bag my boogz."

"If you—?" I prompted hopefully.

"If you don't I'll jolly well beejooub," he exploded (and when Twinkle explodes, the sparks do fly).

Now, I'm a sensitive sort of chap by nature, and a peaceable one too, so to avoid a beat up I—well, to tell you the truth, I gave them back to him and we all went quietly into Abbey.

THE TRUTH—AND FICTION.

I am indebted to Colonel Sir Charles Brown-Smith for kindly allowing me to quote extensively from his famous book, "A day in the life of a boy at Eastminster" (Juggle and Bigleswade, 12s. 6d.

net), and I must take this opportunity of thanking him. The section I intend to quote concerns breakfast, and this is how Sir Charles describes it.

“ Breakfast at Eastminster is a very serious and important meal, for not only is it unique, but it is typically English. At the sounding of the bell the boys walk into Hall, stand respectfully at attention, and grace is said : then the boys fall to with a healthy (but not greedy) appetite. When I visited the school I noticed the absence of boyish chatter which usually accompanies this meal : but I was deceived, as, on bending close, I heard each boy reciting to himself the piece of Latin he had to prepare. Where, except in an English Public School, would you find such studious behaviour ? ”

Much impressed by this account, I decided to find out the facts for myself, and really see at first hand what goes on at Eastminster. I chose Grigaud’s House (as it was the nearest) and this is my account of what I saw.

At eight o’clock a loud bell rang close to my ear, though for no apparent reason ; a few small boys in Etons crept in, but it was not for a few moments that I heard a strange rumbling sound—a sound that grew in intensity so much that the whole house shook and the crockery began to rattle. I never found out the cause of all this, but I imagine it was something to do with the boilers. On leaning forward to hear the Latin, all I heard was—“ You’re always getting Letter-Cards . . . ” “ Of course, in Devon . . . ” “ How you manage to exist on rolls and coffee I don’t know . . . ” “ The velocity of a moving spheroid varies with its diameter . . . ” “ Yorkshire are the best team . . . ” “ He got eight ‘ Up Schools ’ in one term . . . ” “ Wallope has to be called these mornings . . . ” “ The whole of the modern ninth are on drill . . . ” “ He only washes half his face each night . . . ” Where were the Latin verses? The boys standing at attention? The silence?

Truth and fiction.

GAMMIHEWS.



The Head of House
Has begun to grumble or (because it rhymes) to grouse
That no-one has a mind pure
Enough really to appreciate his coiffure.



Little is known of Morrison
Except that
He must be very good at
Squash.

* * *



The House Tutor
Is astuter
As tutor
Which is a pun
That is probably very much overdone.

BLATHER.

The other day i lost my pen and so i went up to my friend and said have you seen my pen lying about but he said no i havent where did you put it. i told him not to be silly i mean would i have asked him about it if i knew where it was no of course i wouldnt. my friend didnt seem to like that and told me so in a very rude manner and i didnt like that either so i told him so and he was just going to tell me something else again when my other friend came in and after taking one fist out of his mouth and another out of my eye said watcha sir have you seen my science file anywhere and put both fists back again. just to annoy him because his fist is a very uncomfortable one to have in the eye i said yes i have and he said good where and i said you were writing in it in prep. last night and so he took the fist out of his mouth and put in it in my other eye. now im a dangerous man if im roused and i was roused by this so i thought id be dangerous and then on second thoughts i thought i wouldnt and then on third thoughts i thought id ask my other friend if hed seen my pen anywhere so i did and he said no wheres it likely to be and that annoyed me because would i have asked him about it if i knew where it was likely to be no of course i wouldnt.

Then there was a free fight or there would have been if the head of the house hadnt walked in but he did so there wasnt. my other friend who was just about to put his fists into my eyes again didnt and put them in his pockets instead and what do you think the head of the house said well youd never guess so ill tell you. he said has anybody lost a pen and I said yes i have its a small pink one with a blue top and a yellow bottom and no ink in it and he said yes thats the one come and get it so i went and as i was going i turned round and gave my other friend such a look that he fainted and so the head of the house said open all the windows loosen his collar and belt and raise his feet higher than his head and you can write me out five hundred lines for making it necessary and so it was lucky for him that hed found my pen in time or i couldnt have done them i mean could i no of course i couldnt.

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.

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