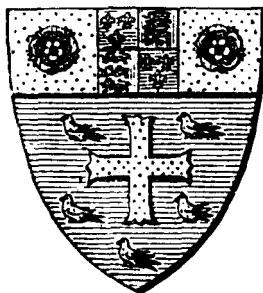


The  
Grantite Review.



Nascitur exiguus

acquirit eundo.

vires

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### SOCIALISM IN DIFFICULTIES.

No one, we feel sure, who has spent even a few years of his life, even a few months, at Westminster, can have failed to notice that strange air of universal gloom, that suggestion of slow decay, which is in the very atmosphere we breathe.

In the quiet splashing of the old fountain we seem to hear the immaterial murmurings of effete antiquity. In the gloom of the cloisters we can see nought but the shadow of another, an older and a better world. Even the stones of the old wall speak not of the present but of the past. Of the days when Westminster shared with Eton the proud honour of nurturing the young scions of the ruling houses—houses, which to-day (who knows?) may be unaware even of the School's existence.

It is possible that many will find in these ghosts, these shadows, these dismal vestiges of a former civilisation, no food for thought that is not pessimistic, no hope that is not dreary. But if such be the case, the fault lies wholly with the individual. Let him but conjure up to his mind the glories of the old times, let him but eye each fragment of his ancient school with the soul of an antiquarian, let him but see in every room a tumbling

peer, in every corner a musing poet, and the whole world will be renewed for him. He will live once more in the hope that all is not so gloomy as it appears, and that that which once has been may be again.

For is it not right that we should pride ourselves in this atmosphere of antique survivals? What nobler memories have we than those of the eighteenth century? Well may we recall those happy days when family, lineage, culture, were things of real account. When the vulgar mob was submissive, harmless, and industrious, and when the welfare of a prospering country was in the hands of the few who had shown themselves to be eminently suited to the arduous task, and congenial to the spirit of the times.

What we have to remember, with infinite thankfulness, is that Westminster, more sternly than any other school, has ever set her face against untimely change; that the very stones which appear so gloomy are but gloomy because they remain as a gaunt, grey protest against the ultra-modernity of the world.

Westminster is justly proud of her past, and can ill afford to part with anything which might help to instil into the growing generation that admiration for venerable and obsolete institutions, for objects antiquated yet hallowed by the dust of ages, an admiration which is at once the most essential and the most fascinating characteristic of the English gentleman.

Do we not justly abhor those preposterous proposals of light-headed and inconsequent persons, for re-building Grant's, for destroying that famous old refectory wall (in order to clear a way for some *new Fives Courts!*)? It is the duty of every Westminster and of every Grantite to preserve traditions, to hand them down untouched to an unchanging posterity, and to protest against the vandalism of the twentieth century, with all the power of horror that indignation can give, or imagination suggest.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is hard, it is hard, I admit, that I, the spirit of Truth, must ever appear in awkward moments to confound deceivers. I come now on the night of the printing, between the first hoot of the owl and the last crow of the matutinal cock, to uncloak the hideous imposture that is to be written in indelible ink on the pages of a famous periodical. The Editor of this Magazine, awed by the overwhelming numbers of a hostile and surrounding party, cowed by the oppressive atmosphere of ever-green Conservatism, has pandered to the spirit of the place, and written, contrary to his revolutionary convictions, a panegyric on

tradition, a eulogy on aristocracy, worthy of an Old Tory. Picture his confusion, his shame, when he discovers this *denouement*. Pity that ignorance which believed it could produce artificially those grand sentiments, those time-worn feelings which come welling generously from the minds of those who look into the past, and disregard the future. Pity it, I say, and remember that Truth will ever out.

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EPIGRAMS.

Have you heard the latest antic  
 Of a most degenerate age :  
 Of an age gone madly frantic,  
 Epigrams are now the rage !

Bad ones, worse ones, grey and hoary  
 Chestnuts, out they trip with glee,  
 Like the rats in Browning's story,  
 For the cackling world to see.

Every greybeard, every stripling,  
 Every ass, who poses wise,  
 Trots him out his favourites. Tippling  
 Fools to dote on shallow lies !

You could make them—even I could  
 Nearly. All you have to do  
 Is to say that truth is falsehood,  
 Here for instance are a few.

Happiness is merely sorrow  
 Underneath another name,  
 Money-lenders always borrow,  
 Glory is but shame.

Having heard some, you'll agree, then,  
 That the dust-heap is their fate,  
 And that epigrams, for all men,  
 Are or should be out of date.

## LITERARY SOCIETY.

This Society met first on October 8th, and continued its meetings periodically throughout the term. "The Rivals" was selected to be the opening play. Under the most dismal auspices it could not have failed to sparkle and to amuse, but the crude vigour, and the unequal interpretation put into the reading by most members of the Society, made the performance as highly entertaining as mortal could wish. As an inaugural meeting it was satisfactory, and we ventured next on "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But it proved too much. Easy-flowing, unrestrained and unrestraining poetry calls for a higher standard than can be supplied by the awkwardness and hesitancy of the novice. We next attacked, in vain, the tough and somewhat obscure humours of "A Trip to Scarborough." Finally, Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" wrapped the Society once more in a congenial atmosphere, and the term ended in a blaze of universal glory and satisfaction. We take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Tanner, in so far as we can, for the many evenings of intellectual enjoyment that we have spent. The following are the casts:—

## "THE RIVALS."

Mr. Tanner .. ..	<i>Sir Anthony Absolute.</i>
J. C. Hobson .. ..	<i>Captain Absolute.</i>
A. C. Miles .. ..	<i>Lydia Languish, David.</i>
H. Eyre .. ..	<i>Faulkland.</i>
J. John .. ..	<i>Sir Lucius O'Trigger.</i>
D. John .. ..	<i>Lucy.</i>
V. Ealand .. ..	<i>Acres.</i>
C. Langton .. ..	<i>Mrs. Malaprop.</i>
H. B. Thacker .. ..	<i>Julia.</i>
J. Waddington .. ..	<i>Fay Thomas.</i>

## "SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

Mr. Tanner .. ..	<i>Mr. Hardcastle.</i>
R. E. Tanner, Esq. .. ..	<i>Marlowe.</i>
J. C. Hobson .. ..	<i>Mrs. Hardcastle.</i>
A. C. Miles .. ..	<i>Miss Hardcastle (3rd fellow).</i>
H. Eyre .. ..	<i>Tony Lumpkin (3rd servant).</i>
J. John .. ..	<i>Landlord (maid).</i>
D. John .. ..	<i>Diggory (1st servant).</i>
V. Ealand .. ..	<i>Miss Neville (1st fellow).</i>
H. B. Thacker .. ..	<i>Sir C. Marlowe (2nd servant).</i>
C. Langton .. ..	<i>Hastings (2nd fellow).</i>
Waddington .. ..	<i>Roger (3rd servant).</i>

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 "A TRIP TO SCARBOROUGH."

Mr. Tanner .. ..	<i>Lord Foppington.</i>
J. C. Hobson .. ..	<i>Tom Fashion, Berinthia.</i>
A. C. Miles .. ..	<i>Amanda, Mendlegs.</i>
H. Eyre .. ..	<i>Lory.</i>
J. John .. ..	<i>Mrs. Coupler.</i>
D. John .. ..	<i>Miss Hoyden.</i>
V. Ealand .. ..	<i>Colonel Townley.</i>
C. Langton .. ..	<i>Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, La Varole.</i>
H. B. Thacker .. ..	<i>Loveless, Jeweller.</i>
J. Waddington .. ..	<i>Probe, Tailor.</i>

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 THE SHIELDS' SUPPER.

Last year Grant's, repeating her performance of a decade ago, won both the football and the cricket shields. A formal supper was held to celebrate the happy and unusual event. Hall became the scene of a picturesque and entertaining feast, for the sombre black of the dress-coat was replaced by the gay and effective brilliancy of multi-coloured shags. Occasional patches of blue, white, and the famous chocolate colour, showed up in strong contrast to the predominant pink, and the whole room glowed and sparkled like a sunny flower-garden. Appropriate speeches were made by Mr. Tanner, A. K. Gilmour, and R. R. Rawson, and many and many a toast was drunk that night! The general expressed, and unexpressed, feeling was to the effect that if a year of healthful exercise and success in the field most inevitably lead to such a result, then "many happy returns of the day."

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 JUNIORS.

We regret to say that our Juniors have been unsuccessful in the competition for the Cup. On paper they were an excellent team, and, indeed, in the first match they did justice to themselves. They defeated Rigaud's in a well-contested match by the narrow margin of two goals to one. However, although we had considerable ill-fortune in losing some important members of the team for the next two games, it must be admitted that the standard of play deteriorated in a marked degree. Whether it was that the members missing were vital points in our combination, or whether it was that those present were not on their day, yet the whole side seemed rather lacking in fire, and deficient

in concentration, the result being that we were defeated by Home-boarders and College, and therefore lost all chance of gaining the Cup. Of the team, Langton, Thacker, Veitch and Hodgson played well, while John was distinctly good at back in the last match.

#### CRITICISMS.

**Langton** made a fairly good captain, but should encourage his men more on the field. He is an energetic though not a scientific forward.

**D. John** made a good back, he tackles and kicks well, but must learn to keep more in his place and not wander all over the field.

**Thacker.** Although at present rather handicapped by his size, he is a very promising outside left and should do well in Seniors.

**Hodgson** was undoubtedly the mainstay of the Granite defence; he both kicks and tackles very well.

**Veitch.** Although rather small at present, he is quite a good centre-half, but should look more where he is passing.

**Banting** passes very well, but is weak in front of goal; if he corrects this fault he should be very useful to the House in future.

**Gardiner,** though lacking in size, is quite a good forward. He is rather inaccurate in his passing, but shoots well.

**Ealand,** somewhat clumsy but not a bad half; he should try and keep better control over the ball.

**Longton** did not play at all badly at outside right, which is certainly his place.

**Hewins** kicks and tackles very well; he should be useful in future.

**Spence** has some idea of tackling but should mark his man better.

**Hepburn,** although rather erratic, made some good saves in Seniors.

**Waddington,** with his size and weight, ought to have made a good half, but treated the whole game too much as a joke.

**Sankey** was not very successful at outside left; he should try and make more headway with the ball.

## HOUSE NOTES.

We sincerely regret our duty in having to chronicle the departure of A. K. Gilmour, C. V. Miles, R. Rawson, E. Hawke, H. Hume, W. Ruegg, G. Vanneck, and D. Smurthwaite. Hume and Smurthwaite have gone into the Army, while the others are at either Oxford or Cambridge. We wish them all the best of success in their future careers.

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J. C. Hobson is Head of the House, with A. C. Miles, R. F. Potter, and B. Smith as fellow-monitors.

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There are ten new boys this Term :—Abrahams, Banting, Biddulph, Calvert, Channon, Hepburn, Hewins, Samuel, Shurey, Kohnstamm, J. Shepherd has joined us from Home-Boarders.

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Potter has changed from back to centre-half in the team, Hobson has made several appearances for the team also, while Smith and Miles are prominent in the Second Eleven.

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In the O.T.C. Hobson is a sergeant and leader of the Grantite Corps, Potter, Eyre, Crowe have been promoted to the rank of corporal, while A. C. Miles has won a long-sought-for and well-deserved lance-corporalship.

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The Play Supper will be held this year on Monday, December 18th.

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The following is a list of cricket colours at the end of last election term :—

Pinks.	Pink and White.	Third Eleven.	House Colours.
R. R. Rawson (capt.)	B. Smith	J. C. Hobson	H. B. Thacker
A. K. Gilmour (v.-cpt.)	C. V. Miles	D. G. Veitch	H. M. Hume
R. F. Potter			

## YARD BALLS.

The balance from last term was 7s. 4d. Sixpences collected at the beginning of the term amounted to £1, and ninety-four balls at 4d. each were skied or broken, giving the funds the sum of £1 11s. Therefore the total receipts are £2 18s. 11d. Seven dozens balls at 6d. each = £2 2s. Therefore the balance for next term will be 16s. 11d.

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## YARD TIES.

These rather inconsequent games have been proceeding with somewhat less lethargy than is usual. Their able manager has, so we are told, reduced by a process that is called "playing off" the number of competing bodies to two, with the result that the whole House is looking forward with intense interest to a vigorous final, to be contested at no distant date.

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## OLD GRANTITES.

Mr. C. H. E. Brookfield (Grant's 1871-72) has been appointed Assistant Censor of Plays.

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Mr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe (Grant's 1899-1905) has been awarded the Eldon Law Scholarship at Oxford.

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Mr. W. B. Nichols (Grant's 1902-07) has published a new volume of verse entitled "The Dream of Alfred: An Epic of the Navy."

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At Oxford Mr. R. Hodder-Williams (1902-08) was in the Second Class in Modern History. He has been appointed to a History Lectureship in the University of Toronto.

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Mr. C. V. Miles (1905-1911) played in the Freshmen's Match at Cambridge.



## BIRTHS.

On August 30th, the wife of H. Warrington Smythe, of a son.

On September 11th, the wife of D. S. Robertson, of a son.

On November 8th, the wife of F. G. Worlock, of a daughter.

On August 30th, the wife of G. L. Johnston, of a son.

## DEATHS.

We regret to announce the death of an Old Grantite, William Cowell Davies, a well-known barrister, whose death will be deplored by a large circle of friends. He was the eldest son of the Rev. T. Z. Davies by Emma, daughter of John Cowell, and was admitted up-Grant's in 1862 and was elected into College the next year, proceeding in due course to Trinity, where he ran the Hurdles for Cambridge in 1870-71. He married Harriet, daughter of Arthur Johnson, and died suddenly on November 23rd.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of THE GRANTITE REVIEW.*

SIR,

The supply of Grantites in Oxford is by no means equal to the demand, though of course such supply as there is, is of the very best. We trust, Sir, that the New College examiners in deciding-your fate will not overlook this important fact. But now to business!

As you no doubt anticipate, first in the list of Oxford O.G.G.'s looms the venerable name of Mr. J. E. Y. Radcliffe. The sphere of his activities is enormous, necessitating, we believe, a daily excursion to London, which he charms with his wit, and a daily return to Oxford, which he instructs with his knowledge. He also, as you know, makes a yearly trip to his Alma Mater, there to sing an ancient and well-loved song.

Song! does not the very word bring before your eyes the versatile personality of Mr. A. C. Boulton, the one musician that Grant's has hitherto produced? You will be surprised to hear, Sir, that, not content with the palatial apartments of Christ Church, Mr. Boulton resides in nothing less than a Bishop's Palace, vast, honeycombed with rooms, luxurious. However, this episcopalian grandeur has in no way modified our hero's geniality; he is as affable and charming as ever.

Turn from music to politics and you have the latter embodied in the stern figure of Mr. O. Lewis. For anyone with a penchant towards mathematics, Mr. Lewis' speeches at the Union must be a treat indeed. Slowly, but surely, he crushes all opposition, and emerges triumphant, solitary, master of the situation. Before we heard Mr. Lewis speak we never realised the rhetorical value of figures.

Mr. F. G. Hobson of New College has discarded the river for the Rugged field. We had half-thought of taking up Rugged ourselves, but the prospect of lining-up against Mr. Hobson, hot, angry perhaps, and certainly too, too solid for our liking, finally deterred us. For the rest, he works, rushes about on a motor bicycle, and we fancy is a wee bit worried about his sub-conscious self.

To Brasenose as a Fellow has come Mr. W. T. S. Sonnenschein. His time, he tells us, is occupied with work, and cross-country running. He is a very welcome addition to Oxford Old Grantites.

At Balliol Mr. A. K. Gilmour (you remember him, Sir—the man with the hair?—[Yes, yes.—ED.]) is at least enjoying himself. He fences, sails, plays tennis, and speaks at the Union. Did you ask whether he worked, Sir? In reply, we can only tell you again that he is at Balliol, which as everybody knows is the intellectual hub of the universe.

Mr. Vanneck is at Exeter, and is very interested in Modern Drama. There are not many nights which do not see him turning a critical eye from the stalls to the stage in the New Theatre. We believe he plays football, when he is not occupied with criticising the histrionic ability of mummies. And now, Sir, our tale is ended and if you complain that it is short, we can only ask you to use your influence in persuading all present Grantites to follow the natural, and best, course of coming to Oxford, when they leave Grant's. With best wishes for a Merry Christmas.

I am,

Yours, &c.,

OXONIENSIS.

## OUR CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

*To the Editor of THE GRANTITE REVIEW.*

DEAR SIR,

The opening of a new Academic year serves as a time to take stock of our losses and gains in the numbers of resident Grantites in Cambridge. We have regretfully to record the departure of the Messrs. F. and D. C. L. Vey, Richardson-Kuhlmann and J. Geare, while we welcome as "unassuming Freshmen" Messrs. C. V. Miles, E. L. Hawke and W. B. Ruegg, "so our numbers," to use a phrase consecrated to House Notes, "remain the same"!! But though "much is taken, much remains," and further, we have welcomed many Old Grantites as visitors in our midst. "Music hath charms," and the fascinating "Magic Flute" drew that well-known musical critic, Mr. A. L. Stephen, back to the scenes of his youth, "Hunting, the image of war without its guilt and only 25 per cent. of its dangers," brought up for a day Mr. J. Geare, while fraternal love brought Messrs. R. E. Tanner and R. R. Rawson for a week-end, and Mr. G. Hodgson and Mr. Sayer (who is just about to be ordained) were among our visitors.

Let us begin by congratulating Mr. D. S. Robertson on having a son and heir; surely "with two such parents this small member of the College, Must be, unlike the rest of us, a paragon of knowledge"! Mr. E. D. Adrian, our excellent President of the C.O.W.W., is engaged in research work which has vaguely to do with frogs and ultimately with the alleviation of human beings. He has a pleasant habit of leaving chocolates in accessible places in his rooms!

Mr. H. Rawson is the new Secretary of the C.O.W.W., and plays football for his College, besides other activities, and equally versatile is Mr. F. R. J. Tomlinson, also of Trinity, who has joined the Artillery and is a leading oar of Trinity.

Mr. E. L. Hawke of Trinity, and Mr. W. B. Ruegg of Jesus, have taken kindly to 'Varsity life, and have duly assimilated "Don't's for Freshers," and probably thereby know much better what's "the thing" than some of us who in our old age cheerfully break the cherished conventions of our "salad days" and find that no one (save Freshmen) notice or mind!

Mr. R. S. Storer of Clare is still with us, but he is content to hide his light under a bushel, save that he frequents Musical Comedy, of which he is a valued and vocal critic.

Mr. L. E. Tanner of Pembroke has moved into the charming rooms which used to be Mr. Geare's, where he entertains the many Societies of which he is the President, that of the "Martlets" being the most ancient and honourable. He seems always to be very busy.

Mr. C. V. Miles of the same College has established himself in rooms in Trumpington Street, and played in the Freshmen's match. Football and motor-bicycling and the study of history seem to fill his time.

Mr. Golland of Caius is now in rooms half-way to the Gate of Honour, but even his serene equanimity is disturbed by the mice, with whom he is forced to have all things in common! But he can always study their anatomy.

Mr. Moore is a leading light of the Corpus Evangelicorum, age does not alter Mr. Moore, he is the same Mr. Moore that we knew of old, as, too, is Mr. G. L. Brown of Jesus, whose University reputation bears out his Westminster one.

Well, Sir, this is not a bright letter, but I always had a fellow-feeling for the brick-making exploits of the Israelites, and will conclude with the usual greetings of the season and good wishes for the prosperity of the House.

I am,

Yours, &c.,

CANTABRAGIENSIS.

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#### 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.

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**Floreat.**