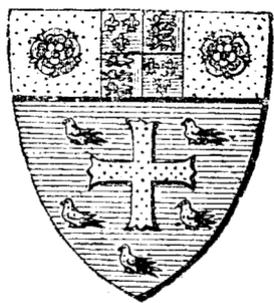


*A. J. ...*  
*1906*

# The

Granite

Rebiew.



Nascitur exiguus

acquirit eundo.

vires

VOL. VIII. No 4. PLAY 1906.

Price 6d.

## WESTMINSTER GHOSTS.

† It is a favourite subject for the Debating Society to discuss the question whether a belief in ghosts is well founded. Stories come thick and fast. The records of the Psychical Society are explored. In Westminster parlance the Society would be called the Psych. Soc. The point in the pronunciation lies in the application, as Captain Cuttle might have said. But whether ghosts "shriek and squeal about the streets," or whether they "gibber," or whether the black dog (*ater alienus canis*) of the Play has entered into the house (a black and spectral cat would be more probable in Little Dean's Yard), the fact remains that they have a perennial interest. The fat boy in "Pickwick" wants to make his mistress' flesh creep. It is a moot point whether the flesh does creep or not. The Christmas numbers are full of ghost stories. A man's life is saved by a useful ghost who, dressed in an unmistakable "pot-hat" and a somewhat spectral frock coat, pulls the knob and stops the train—to give but one instance from the numbers of this year. The memory seems to recall many another, and pictures recur of bare feet, hair standing on end, and the white glimmer of the night-gown! (Pyjamas seem out of place!) "The words 'post-chaise,' the 'Great North Road,' 'ostler,' and 'nag' still sound in my ears like poetry" writes Stevenson in his "Gossip on Romance." "Clanking chains," "the hoof of a galloping horse," "the ghost of Glamis," or "the house in Berkeley Square" have the same charm in the ears of the ghost lover.

Westminster must needs have its share in ghosts and ghost stories, its share in "the seen embodiment of the unthinkable absolute," whatever that catchword of an archidiaconal sermon may mean. First and foremost of our Westminster ghosts is "our foundress, Queen Elizabeth," who dressed "like the picture in the Head-Master's house," walks in College Dormitory at the end of this term in order to superintend the arrangements for the Play, the performance of which was first laid down in her ordinances. Second only to Elizabeth in importance is "The Racquet Court Ghost." The tradition is, that a Junior King's Scholar, who for some unknown offence was being chased by the Seniors, found his way on to the roof of College, and, missing his footing, fell on to the Racquet Court and was killed. He is nearly always identified with the ghost of a King's Scholar who plays a solitary game of Racquets either on the Dress Rehearsal or Second Play Night. In the quiet which follows after the Play is over, the hollow thud of his ball on the Racquet Court has been distinctly heard, though he does not seem to have appeared of late years. There is a tradition that a King's Scholar was once starved to death in College, and now consoles himself by playing a Jew's-harp, of which the strains dying away in the distance, so I have been assured by those who have heard it, have a very weird and beautiful effect. Mention should also be made of a Westminster boy who, in the early part of the 19th century, fell out of an upper window of the centre house in Great Dean's Yard ("Mother Pack's,") and whose ghost is said to haunt the scene of his untimely destruction. These are a few of our Westminster ghosts. on the tea 19

Two other ghosts remain to be mentioned, the first seen by Robert Southey when at Westminster, and the second by Reynolds, the dramatist. Southey's ghost was of a most ferocious kind. He describes it as appearing at "a very late hour and throwing itself upon his bed and rolling on him." Realising that this was hardly the usual procedure of ghosts, and certain it was flesh and blood, he seized the apparition by the throat, and made "enough noise to bring up the Usher of the House ('Botch' Hayes), at whose appearance the ghost was discovered to be a boy in the house." The appearance of the ghost Reynolds describes was even more dramatic:—"Scarcely, however, had the deep tones of the Abbey bell, tolling the awful hours of midnight, awakened me, when I was alarmed by the loud screams of several of the younger boys. Starting up in a paroxysm of terror, I saw at the foot of the bed a horrid spectre bearing a large cross, on which was written in flaming characters, 'Think on to-morrow.' I gazed till, stupefied by fear, I mechanically closed my eyes, and hid myself under the bed-clothes. But, the spectre drawing them aside, and pointing to

the burning letters, thrice shook its solemn head, and then vanished; leaving me in a *dolirum* of terror, which slowly, but gradually subsiding, restored me at length both my mental and corporeal faculties.

"The first I amply employed in reflections on the awful warning that so plainly prophesied the moment of my first entrance into the School would prove that of my departure from the world; and the latter, at the instigation of the former, in sobs and kicks till dawn." When, a few days after, the spectre again appeared, George Colman, the actor, into whose room Reynolds had been moved, "gave it," as Reynolds puts it, "so *substantial* a drubbing, that it gave up the *ghost* for ever."

∞•R" T."

### THE PAST YEAR.

Grant's have been fairly successful in the past year. In football, our Juniors did very well, winning the Cup for the second time in succession, the team, on the whole, being good, although the forwards were rather small. In Seniors we were most successful. In the first round we beat Rigaud's (10—0), and in the final round we drew twice with Ashburnham (1—1) (1—1), but in the third match Grant's, with three of the team "out of School," achieved a magnificent victory (2—1), thus bringing back the shield to Grant's for the third time.

The following were the Football colours at the end of the term :—

PINK AND WHITES.	3RD XI.'s.	HOUSE COLOURS.
*K. E. Newman.	L. D. Looker.	*C. E. G. Shearman.
*H. D. Adrian.	E. W. Wylde.	*E. Moore.
*E. R. J. Ratcliffe-Cousins.	C. G. Reed.	S. D. Graham.
		*C. H. F. Metcalfe.
		W. A. R. Hadley.

\* Have left.

In the Sports we were well in the running for the Cup, but at the last minute our hopes were blighted owing to "our Shining Lights" being overcome by mumps.

The following events were won by Grantites :—The Open Half-mile with Hurdles, Newman, 3. Throwing the Cricket Ball, under 15, Hobson, 1. High Jump, under 15, Graham, 2. 150 yards, under 14, Gilmour, 1. Hurdles, under 15, Rawson, 2. High Jump, Open, Horton, 2. Hurdles, Open, Newman, 1. In the Inter-House Tug-of-War Grant's pulled over Rigaud's, but in the Final were pulled over by Home-Boarders.

In Cricket our Juniors carried off the Cup, this being the first time it has made an appearance up Grant's, but we hope not the last. In Seniors we defeated Rigaud's in the first round after a

very good match. C. G. Reed and G. L. Worlock in the batting and Looker in the bowling were most conspicuous, and the fielding of the whole team was good. The scores were:—

Rigaud's: 1st innings, 121; 2nd innings, 102.

Grant's: 1st innings, 142; 2nd innings, 84 for 4 wickets.

In the final round against Home-Boarders we failed miserably. Our team was quite unable to play the slow bowling of Turner, and, with the exception of a good 45 by H. F. Rawson and a fine display of hitting by W. K. Horton, it was a very poor show. The bowling and fielding also were not up to their former stamp. For Home-Boarders F. G. Turner played two invaluable innings. The scores were:—

Grant's: 1st innings, 129; 2nd innings, 87.

Home-Boarders: 1st innings, 134; 2nd innings, 84 for 1 wkt.

The following were the Cricket Colours at the end of the Term:—

PINKS.	PINKS AND WHITES.	3RD XI.'S AND HOUSE COLOURS.
C. G. Reed.	W. A. R. Hadley.	E. W. Wylde.
*G. L. Worlock.	G. W. H. Hodgson.	L. D. Looker.
		H. F. Rawson.
		F. Hobson.
		*C. E. G. Shearman.
		W. K. Horton.

\* Have left.

In the Cadet Corps Grant's were well to the fore. We won the Drilling Cup, and were second in the House Shooting Competition. In the School Shooting Eight we were represented by Col.-Sergt. Metcalfe and Sergt. Ratcliffe-Cousins.

In the concert we were well represented; H. C. Boulton and G. L. P. Eyre both took prominent parts.

The House has suffered greatly by the loss of many old friends. At the end of the Play Term M. Nott-Bower, H. V. Hughes, R. Kuhlmann, N. C. Moore, D. Philby, H. Pemberton, and R. Wheeler all left, and K. E. Newman at the end of the Lent Term.

We wish them every success in their future.

## THOUGHTS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

### I.

What an endless suggestion of life

We can find 'mid the tombs of the dead!

Man's burden, man's glory, man's strife,

Man bound, like a prisoner, and led

From the dusk of the ages to light—

To the light that will flame when the morning of Christ's second-coming  
is bright.

## II.

On the grey, soaring branches of stone,  
 Over-arching the fog-wreathen aisles,  
 There are hanging the blossoms of moan,  
 And the fruit, too, of prayers and of smiles.  
 But the heart that forgetteth the place,  
 And turns to the worship of God, is the fruit of His Mind and His Grace.

W. B. N.

## HOUSE NOTES.

We deeply regret the loss of G. R. Fraser, R. J. Ratcliffe-Cousins, H. D. Adrian, C. H. F. Metcalfe, G. F. Pitt-Lewis, G. L. Worlock, and C. E. G. Shearman, all of whom left at the end of last term.

We had seven new boys at the beginning of this term—Hawke, Sturgess, Whitmore, Colquhoun, as boarders; Rawson, Brown, Vanneck, as half-boarders. Dutton came up from Home-Boarders at the beginning of the term.

C. G. Reed has succeeded G. R. Fraser as the Head of the House, with G. W. H. Hodgson, W. R. Hadley, E. D. Adrian, as fellow monitors.

We must congratulate H. D. Adrian and E. R. J. Ratcliffe-Cousins on being elected to Christ Church Exhibitions at the end of last term.

The Rev. D. Fitzmaurice (O.G.), has joined the College of Clergy at Hartlebury.

The following have played for the School this term:—L. D. Looker, E. W. Wylde, C. G. Reed, and J. Geare. We have also had several representatives in the 2nd XI.—H. F. Rawson and R. G. Graham.

In the Cadet Corps A. C. Boulton has been promoted to the rank of Sergeant; S. D. Graham and F. Hobson to the rank of Lance-Corporal.

The Play Supper will be held this year, as usual, on the second night of the play.

The House Debating Society has been revived this term.

The Yard Ties will be carried on till next term, owing to the increase in numbers and the time on Wednesdays being taken up by the Cadet Corps.

### THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Literary Society has had a very successful term. Shakespeare's plays were the favourites and the better read, though Goldsmith's play was not by any means badly read.

At the first meeting on October 16th the Society opened with *Twelfth Night*, which was finished on October 23rd. The parts were divided as follows:—

Mr. Tanner ... ..	<i>Malvolio.</i>
C. G. Reed ... ..	<i>Sir Toby Belch, 1st Officer.</i>
G. W. Hodgson ... ..	<i>Antonio, Curio.</i>
S. D. Graham... ..	<i>Maria.</i>
L. E. Tanner ... ..	<i>Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Servant</i>
W. R. Horton ... ..	<i>Fabian, Priest.</i>
E. W. Wylde ... ..	<i>Viola.</i>
H. D. Dillon ... ..	<i>Valentine, Sebastian.</i>
F. H. Vey ... ..	<i>Duke, 2nd Officer.</i>
G. L. Eyre ... ..	<i>Olivia.</i>
J. Geare ... ..	<i>Clown, Captain.</i>

The next play read was Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, which occupied the next two meetings, November 6th and 13th.

Mr. Tanner ... ..	<i>Mr. Hardcastle.</i>
C. G. Reed ... ..	<i>Tony.</i>
G. W. Hodgson ... ..	<i>Mrs. Hardcastle.</i>
S. D. Graham... ..	<i>Miss Neville.</i>
L. E. Tanner ... ..	<i>Marlow.</i>
W. R. Horton... ..	<i>2nd Fellow, Maid, &amp;c.</i>
E. W. Wylde ... ..	<i>Sir Chas. Marlow, Jeremy, &amp;c.</i>
H. D. Dillon ... ..	<i>Diggory, 3rd Fellow.</i>
F. H. Vey ... ..	<i>Hastings, Roger.</i>
G. L. Eyre ... ..	<i>Miss Hardcastle.</i>
J. Geare ... ..	<i>Landlord, 1st Fellow, &amp;c.</i>

Shakespeare's *As You Like It* was the next read. (The play finished the Society's meetings for the term. We thank Mr. Tanner most heartily for the most enjoyable meetings we have had.) This play was much better read, people seeming to put more life into their parts.

Mr. Tanner ... ..	<i>Orlando.</i>
C. G. Reed ... ..	<i>Touchstone, Dennis, &amp;c.</i>
G. W. Hodgson ... ..	<i>Frederick, Jaques.</i>
S. D. Graham ... ..	<i>Audrey, Hymen, 2nd Lord.</i>
L. E. Tanner ... ..	<i>Rosalind.</i>
W. R. Horton ... ..	<i>1st Page, William, 1st Lord.</i>
E. W. Wylde ... ..	<i>Adam, Sylvius, Le Beau.</i>
H. D. Dillon ... ..	<i>Oliver, Corin, &amp;c.</i>
F. H. Vey... ..	<i>Duke, Sir Oliver Martext.</i>
G. L. Eyre ... ..	<i>Celia, Amiens.</i>
J. Geare ... ..	<i>Phebe, Charles.</i>

#### JUNIOR HOUSE MATCHES.

Grant's, after several very close matches, has failed to win the Junior Cup. The team showed considerable promise in the first two matches, but fell off decidedly in the last three. The backs were always good, especially Graham; the half-backs fairly good, though, with the exception of Rawson, they did not work very hard; but the three inside forwards, especially towards the last, were deplorably weak, entirely lacking in dash and shooting powers. The two outsides, however, were better, and at times did some very good work.

The team played very well in the first match *v.* H.B.B., and had bad luck in only drawing, as H.B.B. got one very lucky goal towards the last, after having had the worst of the game up till then, the score at half-time being 2—0 in our favour.

In the second match, *v.* Ashburnham, although outweighed, the team again did well in winning, rather luckily perhaps, a hard game by 3 goals to 1.

The third match, *v.* K.S.S., was the first in which the team began to fall off, for although the backs were as good as before, the forwards seemed quite unable to score, and in spite of the fact that they were playing the weakest of the Junior teams, only managed to draw (1 all).

The same applies in the fourth match, *v.* Rigaud's, the result again being a goal-less draw.

In the final match, *v.* H.B.B., the team played better, but they were obviously outplayed; they might, perhaps, have drawn, however, if a palpable chance for scoring had not been missed.

The team ought to do well next season, as almost all of this year's team will be available.

## CRITICISMS ON THE TEAM.

**H. F. Rawson** made a good captain, but his football was disappointing, entirely lacking in dash. If he would only put more spirit into the game he ought to improve considerably.

**R. A. Graham** made a very good back, playing well in all the matches and being at times the saving of the team, but he should learn to pass to his forwards more.

**G. L. Eyre**, although at times he played well, was on the whole not up to expectations, and should learn to get away quicker with the ball, and not waste time playing with it.

**T. F. Marriott** is a good back, but should show more spirit and determination in tackling. He was rather unfortunate perhaps in having to play forward at times.

**C. V. Miles** is a good outside left, with plenty of weight and pace, though his centring is weak at present.

**R. R. Rawson** is a very good centre half, and, though rather light, works hard and was very useful in Juniors.

**D. C. L. Vey** tackled well, but should mark his men better.

**C. L. C. Hodgson**, though small and wanting in weight, made a useful outside right, and got a very good goal against Ashburnham.

**R. H. Yolland** made a very good back. He uses his weight well and has plenty of pace. He was not a success forward, no doubt because the place was new to him.

**H. V. Lely**, though at first rather a clumsy and doubtful goal-keeper, improved towards the last and played extremely well in the last match against H.B.B.

**A. T. Sturgess**, though at present small, always tried his best and did useful work at times. When he grows he should improve and make a very good half-back.

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 BALLADE

*In imitation of a famous one by*

FRANÇOIS VILLON,

*"Prince of all Ballade Makers."*

Oh, where is now Theocritus,  
 And blind, divine Mæonides,  
 Euripides, and Aeschylus,  
 And kingly-souled Sophocles?  
 Where is now Aristophanes,  
 With laughter wondrous and sublime?  
 Grim Hades, wilt thou not release?  
 Where are the poets of old time?

Catullus and Propertius,  
 And Maro, poet of the bees,  
 Ovid, and great Lucretius,  
 Horace and Ennius, where are these?  
 All gone, alas, like withered trees,  
 And many gone before their prime!  
 What strength of fate one herein sees!  
 Where are the poets of old time?

Petrarch and Dante? Fled from us!  
 And we are merely muddy lees!  
 Apollo, wherefore is it thus?  
 Oh, fan us with another breeze  
 Of inspiration; on our knees  
 We pray for some new god of rhyme  
 To rise and sing of lands and seas!  
 Where are the poets of old time?

ENVOY.

O, Prince Apollo, let increase  
 The will to strive, the strength to climb!  
 Grant that this question soon may cease—  
 "Where are the poets of old time?"

W. B. N.

7

GRANTITE DEBATING SOCIETY.

The House met on October 2nd, when the following officers were elected:—President, C. G. Reed; Vice-President, G. Hodgson; Secretary, E. Wylde; Under-Secretary, L. E. Tanner.

On October 31st the House met to discuss the motion, "That in the opinion of this House Town Life is more enjoyable than Country Life."

**Mr. L. E. Tanner** (proposer) began by stating the "fascination of London" was only felt by those who had been born and bred there. All that is best was found in London—best theatres, best music, and best school. Moreover, all the best of the fruit and flowers came to London. To literary men London life was indispensable, owing to the British Museum. London enlarges the mind, but in the country there was a danger of becoming self-centred, and the pleasures of the country were soon exhausted. He concluded by saying there was always something to do, and if he had to choose he would unhesitatingly choose for London life.

**Mr. Hodgson**, in opposing, said there was no pleasures like a day's hunting or shooting. He maintained that, though you might get the best fruit and flowers in London, you got them a day old. Country life was more healthy than Town life, and

the London child was brought up amidst vices of all description. He pointed out the sad ignorance of London people, who spoke of "swarms of partridges," &c.

**Mr. Storer**, in seconding, denied the statement that London received things a day old, and took fish as an example. He contended that the lighting, sanitary arrangements, and shops were far better than in the country; also the train service was better.

**Mr. Wylde** said you might have a club in the country, which was far better than the ordinary London club, where gambling, &c., took place. He asked if a theatre could be compared to a day's cubbing. If a Londoner went down to the country to buy a horse, he would buy anything a countryman told him to buy.

**Mr. Hobson** pointed out that owing to the termini being in London it was easy to get quickly into the country.

**Mr. Miles** and **Mr. Vey, Jr.**, continued the discussion, which was then adjourned.

The House met again on November 20th, when the motion was resumed.

**Mr. Tanner** (the proposer) recapitulated the chief points brought up against him at the last meeting. **Mr. Wylde** had said that if a townsman went into the country to buy a horse he would buy anything he was told to buy, but might not the same argument apply to the average countryman who went to buy a horse at Tattersall's. The stupidity of a countryman was proverbial, once in the hands of dealers he could be twisted round their fingers. He did not think **Mr. Wylde** had much acquaintance with London clubs, and failed to see the connection between a theatre and a day's cubbing.

**Mr. Wylde** forgot what **Mr. Tanner** had said at last meeting. He maintained gambling went on at London clubs where people played the whole afternoon. He added that a morning cubbing was far healthier than continual theatres.

**Mr. Vey, Jr.**, pointed out that much meat was sent up to London from the country, and that gambling was purely voluntary.

**Mr. Wylde** denied gambling was voluntary at most London clubs: you were practically bound to play cards. **Mr. Tanner** had said that in certain parts of Kensington Gardens you might think yourself in the country; he could only say he thought **Mr. Tanner** must have a very vivid imagination.

Mr. Hodgson agreed with the last speaker about Kensington Gardens, and added that the fruit you bought in London was damaged by travelling.

Mr. Shore and Mr. Vey also spoke.

The question was then put to the house and the motion lost by acclamation.

228.

THE YARD BALL FUND.

The following are accounts of the "Yard Ball Fund":—

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
50 Subscriptions of 6d. each	1 5 0	Sept. 28th, 1 doz. balls ...	0 7 0
210 balls skied (4d. each) .	3 10 0	Sept. 29th, 1 doz. balls ...	0 7 0
		Oct. 4th, 2 balls ...	0 1 2
	4 15 0	Oct. 9th, 1 doz. balls ...	0 9 0
Balls purchased ... ..	3 3 8	Oct. 20th, 2 balls ...	0 1 2
		Oct. 23rd, ½-doz. balls ...	0 3 6
	1 11 4	Oct. 27th, 1 ball ...	0 0 7
Engraving Shield ... ..	0 7 6	Oct. 30th, 1 doz. balls ...	0 10 0
		Nov. 9th, 1 ball ...	0 0 7
		Nov. 14th, 1 doz. balls ...	0 10 0
		Nov. 27th, ½-doz. balls ...	0 4 6
		Nov. 27th, 5 balls ...	0 4 2
		Dec. 5th, ½-doz. balls ...	0 5 0
Balance ... ..	£1 3 10		£3 3 8

Audited and found correct.

C. G. REED.

As the balls bought at Martin's were so bad, others had to be bought at the Stores, hence the change in price. There will be no sixpences given back this term; the balance of £1 3s. 10d. will be carried on to the fund next term.

G. W. H. HODGSON,  
*Hon. Treasurer.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR HADES LETTER.

243A, Elysian Mansions,  
Erebus Street, Hades.

To the Editor of "THE GRANTITE REVIEW."

DEAR SIR,

Your request for a letter setting forth the doings of Old Grantites in Hades sent a shudder down my invertebrate semi-transparent spine bone and made my flesh (ahem! I mean my *film*) creep. The difficulty of complying with your demand is

immense; first because there are so many O.G.G. here (and seats have been booked for ever so many more); secondly, because those who are here rather wish to conceal the fact (all sorts of subterfuges are employed to persuade people that they defied the law of gravity and went upwards instead of down); and, thirdly, the postal service is run by a monopoly (Mercury & Co., Limited [very]), which of course means that it is run very badly, in fact literally walked or crawled. Also the steam packet run by Charon had lost a sparking plug, so that the boat refuses to go, with the result that the crowd of people waiting to be ferried across reminds one of the Ellen Terry Matinée at His Majesty's. However, I was not to be daunted by these difficulties, and having equipped myself with a note book and pencil I proceeded to look up all Old Grantites with whom I had a visiting acquaintance. On rounding a street corner I was met by R. W. R., who greeted me with a loud "Yoicks! Tally Ho!" and invited me to chase him. He it appears had just returned from a good run with the Tartarean Beagles, and a visit to the Pluto's Arms. From behind him I heard a loud grating laugh, accompanied by selections from "Faust" in a magnificent tenor voice, which I found to proceed from G. R. Y. R. He offered me lots of gratuitous advice. Further on I came across F. G. W. with a sword in one hand, a palette in the other, and a paint brush in his mouth. His face was covered with grease paint, and he wore a false moustache of TERRVfying appearance. He exhorted me to fear no foe in shining armour! I replied that I was not downhearted. He retorted with "Three for Jack," and I passed on. In the distance I heard him calling on Friends, Romans, and Countrymen, to lend him something or other. I don't think they will if they know him. Lying on his back in a gutter, and apparently licking the mud off the bottom of a motor car I found another O.G., C. H. F. M. The meal seemed to disagree with him, for he was spluttering horribly and cooing gently to the car amidst a cloud of blue smoke. He explained that he had tied the engine on to the car that morning with a good strong bit of string, that the string had somehow got broken, and he had lost the engine. At this moment Aeacus rushed out of a hedge with a stop-watch, and said that he had been timing him for the last minute, and that his chronometer absolutely refused to give the rate at which he was travelling, so fast had he gone. He therefore took our friend in charge, and I saw him no more. The next Old Grantite I came across was G. G. R. F. With one hand he was thumping out ear-splitting tunes on a piano (a string went almost every stroke). With the other he was waving a chair, a table, and two fifty-six pound dumb-bells. I pacified him by offering him some nuts, and fled at the first opportunity. In a quiet corner I found E. J. R. R.-C. sticking in stamps into an

album at lightning speed. He said that he had just got hold of some of the new issue of Hades by cheating the post-master, Mercury, and seemed to be very pleased with himself. In another corner was H. D. A. with a concertina in his lap, a mouth organ to his lips, and a ring of gramophones and musical boxes playing all the latest comic songs. I fled in precipitation. As I am now suffering from shock to the nerves, and cannot risk seeing any more O.G.'s,

I must beg to remain, Mr. Editor,  
Yours transparently,  
PLUTONIENSIS.

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OUR CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

*To the Editor of "THE GRANTITE REVIEW."*

DEAR SIR,

There is not very much news to record of Old Grantites in Cambridge. D. S. Robertson (the same as ever, only more so) has appeared in a new character and may be seen on Thursday afternoons endeavouring to look at home in all the glory of a Mounted Infantryman.

His gallop through Madingly last Field Day, when he played the part of a "connecting file" so skilfully as to lose both connections, will long linger in the minds of the villagers. He has also been guilty of reading a paper at the Sunday Essay Society, with perhaps more fervour than success.

The efforts of the Committee to secure him as an Athenian Maiden for the Greek Play were no more successful than his own attempt to secure the part of Apollo!

Sad to relate, we have seen the last of I. G. Kirkpatrick for some time to come. He went down somewhat mysteriously about the middle of last term, and is now well on his way back to India.

We hear that G. J. E. Neville is still the same as of old, but has had his term darkened by the propinquity of a Bar Exam. Moreover, he has been compelled to resign his post as a Jesus coxswain, owing to a slight but none the less distinct tendency towards *embon point*, consequently he has been obliged to take refuge with the Trinity Foot Beagles.

G. S. Ness has been away from Cambridge the greater part of this term, owing to the sad death of his father; we all sympathise deeply with him in his bereavement. R. W. Willcocks is still the life and soul of the place whenever he can be enticed away from the Medical Laboratories; he intends training for jumping next term, and we wish him every success.

C. H. F. Metcalfe, when not disporting himself on the river in a Pembroke eight, is to be seen risking life and limb on his motor.

He is reputed to be a careful driver, but has been known to exceed the speed limit by one or two miles!

Finally, we all wish you the very best of luck in the athletic line, but none wishes it more earnestly than, dear sir,

Yours truly,

EX AEDE JESU.

FROM OUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR SIR,

Once more I write to tell you the news of those who pine for the cloistered ease of Chiswick as a change from the strenuous turmoil of Oxford life. Old Grantites increase by bounds yearly in the city of dreaming spires. "The old order changeth, giving place to the new;" but the old order gives place only reluctantly and still hangs on.

Mr. J. E. Y. Radcliffe is the most striking and prominent example of this aforesaid old order. He has had no failures—of course, I refer to his pupils—and his unique methods of instruction are winning wide recognition. "Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

Like Mr. Radcliffe, Mr. W. T. S. Sonnenschein lags superfluous upon the stage. He is to be "2nd servant" to Miss Lily Brayton's Katharina "the curst." He has spoken at the Union, by kind permission of Mr. Hallett, but otherwise his retiring nature has been screened from the public eye.

Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens has been working, but in spite of this his character does not appear to have undergone any very sudden change. His cricket during the summer was startling—at Henley, for instance, he did great execution in many capacities. He has not yet made a *faux pas*.

Mr. G. R. Y. Radcliffe flourishes. He is a diligent pursuer of the Absolute, at which he hopes to arrive before three years are past. I hope he may get it. His acidulous wit is still as pungent (will you allow me to add "rancid"?) as ever: and his contempt of athletic conversation or football shop is no less pronounced, no less unjustifiable than of yore. Why doesn't he try to renovate the cult of ping-pong? However, we will let sleeping dogs lie.

Mr. R. W. Reed must be congratulated on his appointment to the Indian Forestry Service. Also upon his appearance as a graduate in the Oxford Gazette, which is the official organ. He has been a victim to the plague, which was perhaps superinduced by too many mixtures on his hair. We hope it will recover very soon, because the beagles can't kill without their little Roland to guide their destinies and direct their otherwise misspent energies.

He is a familiar figure at political dinners; we suspect him to be one of the sleeping Tory politicians, who are so much envied (and therefore abused) by the Liberals in their present sleepless night.

Of these, the 'House' is the foster-mother. Mr. G. Beech, on the other hand is at Merton, where he is prominent on the river. We expect him to be the rejuvenator of 'Water' at Westminster, when he is old enough to have forgotten the sorrows and remember only the pleasures of a life on the river. He has been elected a member of the Myrmidons: *cave canem*.

Mr. G. M. S. Oldham has blossomed out. He is captain of the Christ Church 2nd XI. and has out-Oldhamed Oldham in his energy in that capacity. There is a large accretion of appellations by which he is addressed—of which the most universal is Corporal Iron-chest. He certainly is redolent of Cromwellian times.

Mr. Fraser is a welcome addition to our numbers. Dulcet tunes are often heard pervading the air in Meadow Buildings, and it is from his room they come. He is also showing good form on the river, and next term will be rowing to the accompaniment of far from musical sounds for the honour of his college.

Mr. Ratcliffe-Cousins has run on the track, but hasn't yet learnt what distance suits him. You would have thought he had only to consider his figure to realise that he was a long—not a short—distance man. He hasn't been sent down yet.

Mr. Pitt-Lewis is an ornament to the college, but, unfortunately, took up rowing. He has paid the penalty; but every one likes him. What need to say more?

Mr. Adrian has already learnt the lesson which he should have learnt long ago from Mr. Oldham. He tried to row, failed, and now is stranded. His galley has gone ashore. It is a great pity that in this way a good footballer should be lost to the college, and from his own point of view that he should have wasted a term. Why should people who play other games ever go to the river? However, Mr. Adrian has sufficient ability and social charm to overcome this false start.

Yours apologetically,

EX AEDE CHRISTI.

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*To the Editor of "THE GRANTITE REVIEW."*

DEAR SIR,

May I, through the medium of your pages, call attention to the dangerous practice of leaving bags on the ground in the passage at the entrance of Grant's. As one enters in the dark one is very apt to stumble over these bags. This might at times

be attended with various serious consequences. In hopes that something will be done to remedy this,

I remain, yours, &c.,

A COMPLAINER.

*To the Editor of "THE GRANTITE REVIEW."*

DEAR SIR,

May I suggest through the medium of your columns, that steps be taken to provide at least one shovel for the use of Chiswicks? Hoping that this will not incur great expense, and apologising for trespassing on your valuable space.

I am,

Yours apologetically,

I. M. O.

*To the Editor of "THE GRANTITE REVIEW."*

DEAR SIR,

Can any old Grantite tell me how old the "Grantite Ledger" was which was, unfortunately, lost a few years ago. In the Life of Dean Buckland there is quoted an account of a Westminster "mill," by Mr. A. Severn, in which he says "I believe there is an account of this fight in the old Ledgers of the centre boarding-house in Little Dean's Yard." I should be much obliged if any reader could give me further information.

Yours, &c.,

L. E. T. *Tanner*

2, Little Dean's Yard,  
Westminster, S.W.

#### 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.**