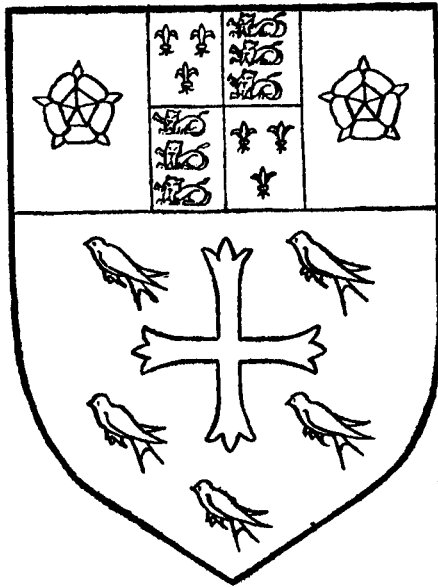


ws/Hou/3/4/1/16/11

THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1938.

THE GRANTITE REVIEW.

“*Nascitur exiguus vires acquirit eundo.*”

Volume XVI. Number 11. OCTOBER, 1938.

Price 1s. 3d.

It is more than two centuries since the School fled to Chiswick where we hoped to escape the ravages of the Great Plague. A few days ago we again left London, this time to seek refuge in the country from an even more horrible pestilence.

But War did not come, and after only six days we again returned to a Grant's and to a Westminster which some of us at least had almost expected never to see again.

The drama, which we all feared could have but one ending, came—for us—to a happy close, and for that we cannot be too grateful.

If someone who possessed only a slight acquaintance with the School and with the House were to visit us to-day, he would see everything in both going on unchanged and as it has been for years. And he would be deceived. Though the rhythm of our daily life is unaltered there is—and rightly—a great difference in our attitude to it. For a brief week we left all our familiar surroundings, fearing that on our return they would have been irreparably changed. We went to another school, different from but by no means inferior to Westminster; and before a day was over we were realising how much we missed our own.

Now we are home again, and the novelty of our return is past; but what is not past—and let us hope that it will long be with us—is the renewed appreciation and enthusiasm, which our absence gave us, for our own School, and for our own House.

* * *

Since our first number of over forty years ago, no Editor—we venture to assert—has ever had the task of recording in these pages such extraordinary events as have befallen the House since the beginning of the Play term. Indeed it would need a complete volume of *THE GRANTITE* to chronicle—even briefly—all that has happened to us in the past three weeks, and so if there are omissions, and there must unavoidably be one or two, the reader, putting himself in our place, must realise that even the Editor of *THE GRANTITE REVIEW* is unfortunately not always infallible.

There have been times in the dim past—in the days when *THE GRANTITE* was only eight pages long—when charges were frequently levelled at its Editor of writing his own correspondence and contributions. To-day not only are we able to refute all such charges with ridicule, but we have to confess that the contributions to this number were so numerous that they completely filled it, and some are being held over until our next issue, when they will be published.

And that brings us to our last point. Originally each number of *THE GRANTITE* was published during the term with which it dealt, and of which it bore the name on its cover. That is to say the Play term *GRANTITE* came out during the Play term, and not, as to-day, in the following Lent (or often even Election!) term. This practice we intend to resume this term, and all contributions to the next issue should therefore be sent in before the 10th of December. We very much hope that Grant's will again answer the literary call, and answer it with the same eagerness that they have just shown with regard to the present number, for only if that is done shall we be able to maintain our present standard.

EDITOR.

[Three other articles on Lancing, a letter from the Head of House of Head's, and a description of Hurstpierpoint will be found elsewhere in this issue.]

House Notes.

In Inner this term are :—F. E. Noel-Baker, R. A. Reed, B. V. I. Greenish (boarders) and P. FitzHugh (halfboarder).

In Middle are :—V. G. H. Hallett, D. L. B. Farley, I. J. Abrahams (boarders) and M. F. T. Yealland (halfboarder).

In Outer are :—D. S. Winckworth, J. B. Craig, J. K. Morrison (boarders) and R. K. Archer and F. D. Gammon (halfboarders).

I. J. Abrahams is captain of boxing.

D. L. B. Farley is head of music.

Congratulations to :—B. V. I. Greenish on his Pinks, R. A. Reed and R. O. I. Borradaile on their Pink-and-whites, and to D. J. Mitchell and J. R. Russ on their Colts colours, for cricket. To V. G. H. Hallett on his Half-pinks for tennis. To D. S. Winckworth and Borradaile on their Seniors for cricket. To M. H. Flanders on his Thirds, and to D. P. Davison and V. B. Levison on their Fourths for water. To Flanders, Davison, Overbury and Sandelson on their Juniors for water. To D. Mitchell, Russ and F. R. Whitehead on their Juniors for cricket.

There left us last term :—M. L. Patterson, P. H. Bosanquet, J. O. L. Dick, H. H. E. Batten, R. V. C. Cleveland-Stevens, C. R. Strother-Stewart, R. D. Rich, A. B. Watson-Gandy, W. P. Budgett, C. A. Argyle, M. G. Finn and C. E. Newman. We wish them the best of luck.

We welcome this term as new boys :—H. T. Grumitt, J. B. R. Hodges, S. Moller, D. S. E. Shaw, W. G. Wickham and D. I. Gregg (boarders) ; and S. H. Freke, A. G. Croft, G. H. Earle, D. W. Shenton and T. A. G. Pocock (halfboarders).

We lost the Cricket Shield to Homeboarders.

Evacuation.

It was long before the present term started that the first plans for evacuating the school were made, but it was only very recently that members of the school really started to consider the possibility.

By Monday, the 26th of September, the rumours that were racing round the school—and in no other community do rumours travel so fast, or multiply so rapidly—had reached their peak, and all pointed to Taunton as our probable destination. At the end of Latin Prayers on that day the Head Master announced that in case of necessity Westminster would move to Rossall School, near Fleetwood, in Lancashire, where a number of empty school houses were being held ready for our accommodation.

From that day onward unostentatious preparations for evacuation proceeded, and, though nothing had yet been said about the date of our departure, most people guessed that it would be fairly soon. That evening too, Grant's—following the example of Busby's—had an evacuation practice, at the end of which we were all seated in a bus in Great College Street together with our most immediate belongings, in just seventeen minutes after the signal was given.

On Tuesday nothing but the ever-increasing rumours relieved the tension of the day ; but at the end of break on Wednesday all Grantite boarders assembled in Hall, and heard from the House Master that owing to “ official instructions ” Rossall was no longer at our disposal, but that we were leaving for Lancing College (near Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex) on the following (Thursday) morning at 6 o'clock. A few hours later, however, a notice appeared on the House Master's cage in Yard informing us that we were to leave at 3 p.m. that same day.

Trunks and kitbags were duly packed : the kitbags and a few of the trunks were loaded on to the bus : and at 3.25 we left Westminster.

The great majority of the Grantite boarders came with us, but there were one or two who went home to join their families. The half-boarders were temporarily “ disbanded ” by the Head Master, and for the next two days did not (officially) exist.

The journey was a quick one, and we arrived at Lancing shortly after 5.45. Grantites had been billeted on Head's House, whose House Master, together with the Head of House and the Matron, had made almost unbelievably efficient arrangements for our reception in the short time at their disposal. Grant's were allotted a House Room—which soon became generally known as Hall—the Monitors were very hospitably invited to share the House Captains' Room, and the Chiswickites were later even given studies. For dormitories we used a large 22-bedder, known as Upper Head's, together with a five-bedder for the Chiswickites, and also a number of beds in Lancing dormitories.

We fed in the anteroom to the Lancing Hall, where College Hall staff later joined us, and, besides attending the regular Lancing boys' Chapel, we also had House Prayers every evening in “ Hall.”

The time table of the day was as follows :—

7.15	Bell.
8.00	Breakfast.
9.00	Morning School
11.00	Break.
11.35	More Morning School.
1.00	Lunch.
4.40	Afternoon School (on whole school days).
6.10	Chapel.
6.30	Prep.
7.30	Supper.
8.00	More Prep.
8.45	House Prayers.

Perhaps it should be mentioned that at Hall our own School Monitors sat at their "High Table," and that Grace (as said in College Hall) was always recited, while the doors were closed for the Lancing Grace, by the three appointed King's Scholars.

During the afternoons there was voluntary station for footballers, and the Squash courts too were very popular. Besides these occupations many people went for walks on the downs which stretch for miles behind Lancing and are in bounds for members of the College.

On Thursday a number of day boys—including quite a few Grantite half-boarders—came down to a farm house owned by the College and about half a mile away from it. Beds for them were hastily erected, and almost as hastily collapsed. In fact the great majority slept on mattresses on the floor. Since there was no electric light, illumination was provided by one hundred and eight candles hastily purchased for that purpose. Though the farm house contained an unusual number of rooms there was very little space by the time all the day boys had been installed, indeed every square inch of the place was well filled by either boy, bed, or candle. The commissariat was organised by Mrs. Christie, and we understand that it was highly successful; indeed we believe that in spite of the over-crowding, and even perhaps because of it, the occupants of the "farm" enjoyed themselves immensely, and when the time came for them to leave—about two days later—they could hardly be induced to go.

Only one Grantite went to Hurstpierpoint, and his article is to be found on another page; with him there were the Rigaudites, and a smattering of other day boys who could not be fitted into the farm.

Over the week-end we heard that we should be returning to Westminster on the following Tuesday (October 4th), and that on Monday evening there would be a farewell concert in Great School. This, when it came, was a very great success. Mr. Rowe sang an extremely humorous song. Two members of the Lancing staff, together with Mr. Troutbeck, who was himself House Master of Head's before coming to Westminster, gave a version of Jack and Jill . . . such a version that they had to give an *encore* . . .

and Mr. Peebles sang with his usual gusto. In addition to this there were two negro spirituals magnificently sung by a choir of Lancing boys, and some very hearty community singing. Afterwards there were speeches by both Head Masters, followed by cheers for them. We finally retired to sleep our last night's sleep at Lancing, after a minor riot in the Lower Quad had been quelled.

We left next day after lunch, having spent the morning (some of us) in removing a large elm tree that had hospitably blown down across the road in an effort to prevent our departure. It was soon hacked to bits, however, and our journey of two and a half hours brought us swiftly back to Westminster and to Grant's, where we arrived soon after five o'clock.

We feel that this article would not be complete unless we took the opportunity of thanking very warmly indeed on behalf of the whole House all the members of the staffs of both Lancing and Westminster for their extraordinary efficiency (*and amiability*) during the whole period of the evacuation; and especially our own House Master and Mr. Walker of Head's House for all they did for us.

Lancing.

I woke up with a start, to find my poor blanket half off my extraordinary high bed.

I was in a huge dormitory, quite different from the three-bedder up Grant's.

Beside me was my "press" (how on earth a chest of drawers, with a desk-like top on it, came to be called a "press," was beyond me). On my other side—a door.

Outside, a clock, trying hard to imitate Big Ben, cheerily told me the quarters and the hours.

I sat up in bed, and looked down the long, double row of beds. All the faces, save three, those of the Grantite minority in a dormitory of eighteen Lancing boys, were strange to me, and even these were hidden by the presses, over which large towels were draped.

A distant ringing started. Nearer it came; I imagined the ringer making his way through the cloisters to the Upper Quad.

The climax reached, it gradually becomes fainter and fainter. It has done its work, and soon signs of life emerge from red-blanketed forms. Eventually some early-birds rise, determinedly push back the bed clothes, collect their washing materials, and make their way to the bathroom.

This is far bigger than ours, and has four horizontal baths. This greatly helps to reduce the morning "greaze."

Then to dress. Lancing in their grey suits, Westminster in shags; and so for breakfast.

The Return.

Bump! Bump! Bump! Down come the kit bags. Thanks to an efficient chain-gang down the spiral stairs, they were soon stored in the Cloisters, where they were left while we bundled the trunks into the lorry, which was to carry them back to Westminster again. We found them safe here, though some fears were expressed at there being only half-an-inch between the tyre and the mud-guard inside.

After lunch we collected hats, coats, scarves, and kit bags and waited for the 'bus. A slight "greaze," and we were settled.

A few minutes later we were away, with farewells ringing in our ears. Down the road, over the river and we were soon out of sight of Lancing. We sped through villages, along winding roads, past a signpost to Hurstpierpoint, where other Westminsters had taken refuge; on through towns, woods, past big houses, little houses and public houses.

After a short stop in the neighbourhood of Crawley, we were on the way once more. Another twenty-five miles, and the outskirts of London hove in sight. We went past Croydon Airport, where there were not nearly so many planes as when we had come, back through Streatham, towards Victoria, and back over the familiar Lambeth Bridge, along Millbank, and so to Gt. College Street, back once more, for, we hope, another 377 years.

Westminster School at Hurstpierpoint.

During the temporary evacuation of Westminster School, all boarders "up Rigaud's" were sent to Hurstpierpoint College, Sussex. As there was no room for me by the time I got to Lancing, I accompanied them.

The college was built about a hundred years ago. Architecturally it is Norman. It is rectangular in shape and consists of five houses joined together and enclosing a courtyard, which is divided in the middle. The chapel and the dining room are across one end of the courtyard. The college is built to resemble a Monastery, because originally the idea was to found a new order of monks to teach the boys.

Recently some new class-rooms were added in the form of old army huts joined together. These class rooms are apart from the main building and in consequence they are rather exposed to the weather and inclined to be cold. However, they serve their purpose. The playing fields are numerous, well kept up and are quite close to the school, a very pleasant feature. There is a swimming pool and a rifle range. The school corps is compulsory and very efficient. It parades every Monday.

The hospitable way in which we were received was particularly striking. The whole of one house was cleared for our accommodation and beds were hired. The masters quite cheerfully took a number of extra boys into their forms and the boys of the school were very kind in directing and helping us in every way possible.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The Grantite Review.

Dear Mr. Editor,

You asked me for a letter to *THE GRANTITE* and I am sending you one, but I am writing it in a Divinity class, and so it will of necessity be rather short.

I am glad you enjoyed your stay with us here, we enjoyed having you all very much.

After the first day had passed and the Grantite Monitors had succeeded in invading the House Captains' Room (more commonly know as the "God-Box ") people began to settle down in their new but somewhat cramped surroundings, and the Head's Captains soon became used to the heathen howlings of "Haaaa-aaaall!" which periodically issued out from behind a typewriter at which its owner was working overtime typing notices.

During your stay several incidents occurred which turned out to be rather comic. There was the cushion fight which ended in the breaking of two electric light bulbs and complete chaos in the "God-Box," and then there was the affair on the last night when . . . (Sorry! . . . Ed.) . . . But by far the most entertaining happenings were when "disciplinary action" had to be taken, and, while Monitors were reprimanding, House Captains took refuge behind the curtains (and *vice versa*). This complicated matters somewhat, especially since uncontrollable gurgles and snorts were wont to issue at intervals from behind bulging drapery and considerably disconcerted the wretched Monitors who were trying hard to maintain their decorum and keep straight faces the while. Eventually, however, this plan was abandoned in favour of the rather inadequate shelter of the illustrated magazines, and in spite of these hardships the results were generally effective.

So the Grant's visit came to a successful end . . . and so will this letter of mine ; but before I finally close down I should like to wish Grant's House and all its members the best of luck in the future.

A. J. FARIE,

Head of Head's House, Lancing College.

To the Editor of The Grantite.

Sir,

Do you think I might bring to your notice the absence of any piano in the House ? All the other Houses have one except Busby's.

People I have asked on the subject say something about no room for it, but surely some place could be found ?

Yours, etc.,

Grant's. Oct. 10th.

F. W. E. FURSDON.

[Where do you suggest putting it ?—Ed.]

To the Editor of the Grantite Review.

Sir,

In my opinion one of the best ways of wasting a Saturday afternoon is to watch a fencing match. To begin with, visiting teams always make a point of arriving about an hour later than the arranged time. They then spend half an hour changing before they finally come into the gym. But at last something begins to happen : the scorer stands up and reads out a list of the fencers with their numbers, and the match begins. As time drags on everyone gets colder and colder, and more and more bored. For every fight seems the same as all the others, and there is so much delay while the judges disagree about the hits. As the end of the match approaches, the fights seem longer and longer, and the gym. seems colder, but at last it is finished and those who were watching rush out of the gym. and hope that the next time watching may be voluntary.

I feel sure that some better system of Saturday station could be found, and I very much hope that it will be in the near future.

Yours, etc.,

Grant's. Oct. 12th.

L. A. WILSON.

To the Editor of the Grantite Review.

Sir,

For the last two years I have often wondered what ink is used in the school ink-pots ; is it ink at all ? Besides the liquid itself there seems to be much solid matter also. The contents sometimes include old blotting-paper, nibs, paper, etc., and all sorts of other curios. Would it not be possible to provide usable ink ?

I am, sir,

Yours truly,

Grant's. Oct. 11th.

F. J. EARLE.

To the Editor of The Grantite Review.

Sir,

Interested as I am in psychical research, I have always been disappointed that Westminster could boast of no ghosts. I have made enquiries, but can get information of no recent apparitions. Might I use your columns to enquire whether any of your readers can help me in this matter ?

Yours, etc.,

M. H. FLANDERS.

[A short article on Westminster ghosts appears on another page.—
ED.]

Dear Sir,

I was astounded indeed to notice in an issue of *THE GRANTITE REVIEW* dated Feb., 1872, which I found—quite by chance—wrapped round some fish and chips, that Judge Jefferies is considered to be the peak of Old Westminster degeneracy.

I feel I must make a prior claim. At the age of eighteen, while I was in the modern IVth, I poisoned both my parents in order that

(ut with the Infinitive) I might be eligible for the local Orphans' picnic.

At twenty-one (on my birthday) the authorities at His Majesty's Prisons held a gala fete to celebrate my coming of an age entitled to bear corporal punishment.

When I was forty-two, I once went all the way from Twickenham to Golders Green, buying only a penny tram ticket, and, what is more, I feed my dog at the dinner table, and my income tax returns are invariably in my favour.

It is interesting to note that while in the fourth eight my fellow oarsmen were :—

Oliver "Doc" Marjoribanks (pronounced Marshbanks),
stroke.

Oliver "Bashful" Marjoribanks (pronounced Marjoribanks),
counter stroke.

Marmeduke "Grumpy" Grimes (7).

Mathey S. "Happy" Smith (7½).

Isaak Z. "Sneezy" Goldenschmidge (any advance on 7½).

John St.-John "Sleepy" Castlethwaite (8—gone to the
gentleman with the green tie).

S. N. White (O. W.).

and myself.

SMEDRICH F. "DOPEY" DEVEREHACKENPUSS.

Is this a record?

Music.

"Does anyone want to play the 'cello?"

This is a very pressing question up Grant's to-day. No Grantite plays one, and as yet we have not found anyone keen enough to learn, so what will our orchestra be like next summer, with nothing—not even a viola or a double bass—to weigh it down?

The musical motto for Grant's to-day must be "Determination." We have been hard on the heels of the King's Scholars in the last three competitions and have made valiant efforts to win the Music Cup: it is because we shall make yet another attempt this year that we are thinking out probable players so soon.

Rich, last term's Head of Music, has by no means lost touch with us, and it was his idea that this term each house should give its own informal concert. Grant's seem capable, and so have been asked to kick off on October 26th, with a light popular concert which will not bore everyone stiff! We hope to achieve this, and we put great faith in our vocal talent which has stood us in good stead in times past. Self and Holloway came second and third respectively in the unbroken voice solos last term, and it was mainly owing to them that our quartet and ensemble were such a success. But alas! the life of a public school treble is very short and we have to look to younger forces, which, luckily, appear quite promising.

College as a House is very musical—nobody can deny that! But are they to be allowed to shelve the Music Cup for ever? The answer must lie in the voices and wills of all Grantites.

The Literary Society.

The Literary Society met eleven times during last term, and the following plays were read: The Tempest, French without Tears, Loyalties, Laburnum Grove, and The Critic. Of these the most successful were perhaps the last two, though the standard of reading was a high one throughout the term. Mr. Llewelyn, Mr. Carleton and Mr. Tanner attended regularly as usual, and we owe a great deal of the success of our meetings to them, as well, of course, as to The House Master and Mrs. Murray-Rust without whose kind hospitality the Society could not exist. About half-way through the term we used one of our evenings in a tour of the Abbey, when Mr. Tanner very kindly took us round. Few of us had ever been inside it during the night and were extraordinarily impressed. Our meetings were again resumed after our return from Lancing this term.

O.T.C. Camp.

Owing to mumps at the end of last term only thirty of the Westminster contingent went to camp on Oxney Heath, near Aldershot. Grant's were well represented with a tent of five, furthermore fifty per cent. of the advance guard were Grantites. Camp lasted eight days in excellent weather, and the food was better than it has ever been before. . . . I speak from personal experience.

Scout Camp at Loch Maree.

If I wrote a really short article on camp it ought to be entirely devoted to that tiresome insect, the midge! It certainly did its best to make us miserable, and half a minute's stand in the evening twilight was enough to cover one with a black film of seething flies.

But to end here would be an injustice to a very fine camp—especially good owing to the excellent weather during the first few days, and the mountainous country which afforded many beautiful walks, and also to the S.M. and A.S.M. who fought it out quite well we thought, considering !

Ted. Bindloss and Archie Winckworth (O.G.) brought their cars, and thus allowed us to rest our tired limbs in an occasional spin round the neighbouring country. These were not without their thrills, as our patrol, on a hundred mile coastal run, found the road ahead dynamited at a cliff edge in front of our very eyes. After a short rest and lunch, however, the car was allowed to do a little mountaineering fairly successfully.

Other Old Grantites present were Tom Brown, Bill Boyd, and Harry Budgett who was T.L. not very long ago. His brother, Bill B., who had just finished his last term up Grant's, led his patrol to gain the highest points in inspections, and was always mindful of making his evening prayer to the setting sun with his brother Mohammedan, John Hooper!

Boxing.

Several new Grantites have taken up Boxing, and together with the old stagers we hope to keep the inter-house cup, which will be fought for this term.

There are only two half-pinks left ; Greenish and Abrahams ; both Grantites. Several vacancies have to be filled in the school team which has a number of matches during the course of the next two terms. Besides Greenish and Abrahams, Morrison and Sandelson have often represented the school.

We hope that a great many Grantites will go in for the competition, and keep Grant's tough!

Cricket.

Poor old Grant's! What a sorry sight the mantelpiece in Hall presents compared with its former dazzling appearance. Practically the only adornments left are shields presented in the year dot for stoolball or the like. Last term another companion left us: the Seniors' Cricket shield.

So great was the sorrow of the House Captain of Cricket at the thought of losing this trophy that he quite forgot to say anything about the time of the shouting out (new boys refer to substances) with the result that on assembling outside their house H.BB. saw nothing but a blank Grant's wall, and one or two frightened small boys—scared by the Homeboarderite grimaces.

Actually GG. had beaten H.BB. badly (from the latter's point of view) on a previous meeting, but were unfortunately unable to repeat their success. This second meeting was necessary because, playing on the American Tournament system, GG., H.BB., and A.HH., all tied for the first place. In the reply Grant's got a bye, and H.BB. beat A.HH.

The Grant's XI played together in the field very well indeed—especially in the first match against Homeboarders. Indeed in that match some of the best fielding of the year was seen. Special mention must be made of the consistent fielding throughout the series of matches, of Winckworth behind the stumps, of Patterson and of Mitchell. But with only one or two exceptions everyone was always on his toes.

No one was consistent as a run-getter, but nearly everyone succeeded at least once. Patterson's bowling was brilliant on occasion, notably in the final against H.BB when he took 9 for 67. Reed's bowling was consistently good, and Evans also bowled well once or twice.

Mitchell is the most promising of the younger Grantite cricketers ; he saved GG. in the first match against Homeboarders with a good, if sometimes lucky, innings of 42. His fielding was good all through, and he was very unfortunate to wreck his knee early in the season. His bowling is quite good but he tends to be rather short of length, and certainly does not make much of his run.

Let us hope that we shall win back the shield next year—and indeed we seem to have a fairly good chance of doing so.

As always Juniors were played on the knock-out system. Grant's had to play College, but Mitchell was resting because of his knee, and this was a considerable handicap. There was, unfortunately, a misunderstanding at the end of the match, the facts of which were differently represented by either side. A replay was the only solution. This time GG. were even worse off than before, with several of their team out of school, and Grant's lost.

Russ is a promising young wicket keeper, but—and how often is this said!—if only he would grow a lot. Tenison should also become a good bowler, provided he concentrates on length. Wilson has improved as a bat during the last year beyond all recognition.

The Regatta.

From our special Putney Correspondent.

From our point of view the Regatta last term was a disappointing one, the more so since we had entertained hopes of regaining the Halahan Cup, and were unfortunately far from doing so.

Altogether we entered four house fours. One in the senior, one in the Junior-Senior, and two in the Junior section. The Senior four, however, had to be withdrawn before the race owing to the unfortunate absence of Argyle.

Our Junior-Senior four had a row-over against Rigaud's "B," they then beat Ashburnham, who were considered to have the best crew in this section, but were beaten in the final by Homeboarders.

Our Junior four "A" also did well: they first beat Rigaud's, then Busby's, but were beaten in the final by Homeboarders, after a very hard race. Our Junior "B" crew were not so fortunate, and were beaten by the King's Scholars in the first round.

THE PAIRS.

The House Pairs which we had entered had to be withdrawn before the race owing, again, to Argyle's absence. The Pairs' final was won by H.BB.

SCULLING.

Though we had four entries in the Senior Sculls no one made any very noteworthy progress. Only two survived the first round, to be defeated in the second.

We had seven entries for the Junior-Senior Sculls, and of these two survived to the semi-final; eventually Strother-Stewart (GG.) went on to win, beating Allchin (AHH.) fairly easily.

We had eight entries for the Junior Sculls, but none of them got further than round three.

We were equally unsuccessful in the coxswains' race where our two competitors, Wilde and Sandelson, finished 3rd and 5th respectively.

JUNIOR-SENIOR FOURS.—FINAL: GRANT'S *v.* HOMEBOARDERS.

This race was at the time a really important one, since the Halahan Cup seemed then to depend on it.

The course was from the Mile Post to the U.B.R. Stone. Grant's paddled up at a steady rate, and had turned round and were waiting to go. But the coxes had obviously manoeuvred too close together, for as soon as the "ROW!" came our oars interlocked and disaster stared us in the face. Homeboarders came off the better, and Grant's were a length down after twenty yards. Strother-Stewart, however, was setting a good pace, and at the fence we were only half a length down. But Homeboarders were going strong, and at Beverley were again ahead, by one and a half lengths. At the boat-house both boats were having a series of tens and Grant's were catching up rapidly but were unable to get level owing partly to our close proximity to the boats. Grant's cox then took a serious step and changed stations. This definitely did some good for at the finish H.B.B. were only a length up, after a very hard race, in which they owed a great deal to their cox and we, to our stroke. The pleasure of the race, however, was slightly marred by the unfortunate collision.

Grant's crew :—Bow M. Flanders.
 2 R. D. Rich.
 3 R. K. Archer.
 Stroke C. R. Strother-Stewart.
 Cox N. D. Sandelson.

JUNIOR FOURS—FINAL : GRANT'S *v.* HOMEBOARDERS.

The boats kept pretty level at first, though from the start Homeboarders started to go up slowly. Several times they went ahead, but each time we came up to them again,; this continued until we got to Beverley, when they again went up on us and, increasing their lead, went on to win, though only by $1\frac{1}{2}$ lengths.

Grant's crew :—Bow J. D. B. Andrews.
 2 C. I. A. Beale
 3 F. G. Overbury.
 Stroke D. P. Davison.
 Cox I. J. Abrahams.

JUNIOR FOURS—FIRST ROUND : GRANT'S *v.* KING'S SCHOLARS.

At the start we lost a little distance, but a ten at the Boathouse pulled us level again. At Beverley, however, we were down again and remained down until right at the end of the course (U.B.R. to end of Fence). At the last moment, however, we made *the* effort, and though we were tired and only cox was keeping us together, we gained fast, but too late. We were defeated by 3 lengths.

Grant's crew :—Bow N. D. Sandelson.
 2 D. S. Wilde.
 3 J. F. Dale.
 Stroke D. O. R. Dickey.
 Cox R. D. Rich.

“ From Battle, Murder and Sudden Death . . . ”

The recent migration of the School to Lancing and elsewhere recalls other occasions upon which safety has been sought elsewhere than at Westminster. It can be said at once that there is no exact parallel. No doubt the children of the Grammar School heard in 1386 how the brave old Abbot Litlyngton and two of his monks at the rumour of a threatened invasion, had buckled on their armour “ *Quia licitum pugnare pro patria* ”—even as the Dean led his Chapter in person to try on gas masks in the recent crisis! But nothing came of it “ because the winds were contrary,” nor of “ all those horrid hateful battles ” (do people still learn that useful little mnemonic?) of the Wars of the Roses as far as Westminster was concerned. The Rebellions of Simnel, Warbeck and Wyatt were more exciting, for the last named got as far as Piccadilly before he was stopped. The Spanish Armada found—and left—the boys playing happily, if not at bowls, at any rate with hoops and tops ; the Civil War of the next century merely removed the hoops and tops as ungodly and substituted longer and better sermons. So one might go on, down to the last War when the sound of the late Dr. Gow giving an air-raid warning at night by vigorously ringing the School Bell in Yard caused a rapid evacuation of Grant’s for the comparative safety of the Undercroft. But enough has been said to show that it was neither “ the arrow that flieth by day ” nor “ the terror by night ” that caused Westminsterers in the past to leave the precincts. The real cause was “ the sickness that destroyeth in the noon-day.” We are apt to think of the Great Plague as an isolated phenomenon but in truth plague was endemic in London and there were outbreaks under Queen Elizabeth and James I which were almost as deadly as that of 1665. In the hot months it was, therefore, a wise precaution to remove the School into the country. Thus in July, 1563, Mr. Edward Brooke’s house was taken at Putney and, after it had been “ aired ” at a cost of 3s. and after “ the College horse ” had been shod, the whole school repaired there and stayed there some weeks. In other years houses were taken at Wimbledon and at Wheathampstead. In 1596 the Queen’s Scholars after “ ther breaking up for ye plague ” were away for 11 weeks.

In 1570 a new expedient was tried and the Dean and Chapter secured a permanent house at Chiswick, “ a place convenient in the country whereunto the youth of the Grammer scole of Westmr. may resorte and be instructed in good Literature with as little losse of time as may be in time of sicknes or at other convenient and necessary times.” The College house, as it came to be called, faced the river in Chiswick Mall, at the corner of Chiswick Lane, just beyond Chiswick Eyot and, although the house has been rebuilt, the curious may still see the massive stump of one of the great elms which stood between it and the river. Thither for nearly two hundred years the School used to migrate often for months at a time. The journey was usually made by boat from Westminster

and the scholars took their beds with them. It must have made a pleasant break in days when holidays were few and far between and no doubt our Elizabethan predecessors looked forward with eager anticipation to the annual removal to the schoolhouse (hideous in 1577 with its "new colloringe with yallowe oker"!) at Chiswick.

Under Busby the School seems to have been almost as much at Chiswick as at Westminster. After his death, however, more regular holidays seem to have been introduced and, as the danger from plague decreased the College House was used less by the boys and more as a holiday residence for the Head Master. But to this day, as all Grantites know, the memory of these past days survives in "the Chiswicks" up Grant's, for the original Chiswicks were used as sickrooms before their conversion first into studies and later into the present Hall.

Oylley's First Day.

"Look here, old man—just run upstairs with this message for Colonel Newton." The youth thus addressed was a small, pink half-boarder, new that term, enveloped in a massive, crinkled Eton collar. With a look of dismay he took the folded paper and strode self-consciously to the door.

He wandered up School and through the monitors' doorway. He knocked at a form room.

"Hullo, come in . . . Colonel Newton? Good show—yes upstairs, second on the right. Decent. Right ho!"

The lad carefully closed the door behind him, took a deep breath—and forgot his instructions. He knocked at another door.

"Come in, come, my boy—and what errand are you on my worthy lad? . . . Looking for the Colonel, Oh!" Here the master paused and our hero had time to catch a glimpse of exotic purple socks protruding from underneath the desk. Suddenly he was startled by an angry exclamation as the master bent over some papers.—"Oy, the bestial ghastliness of some of these Rigaudites—un, deux, trois, quatre points—a refaire deux fois." The master looked up.

"Still here? . . . Well, your name?"

"Oylley, please sir—"

"Oylley; O-I-LI—what? How do you spell it, my boy?"

"O-YLL-E-Y. Please, sir—"

"Ah, yes, I see, well I hope I shall have the pleasure of teaching so eminently worthy a boy as yourself in the near future."

"Yes, sir."

The embarrassed wanderer shut the door accompanied by shrieks of laughter from the whole form. In a panic he ran along the stone corridor and accidentally bumped into a door.

"Who is it, enter mon miserable. Your quest?"

"P-p-please sir, is Colonel Newton in here?"

The master performed a complicated pantomime of looking under his chair and in his desk. Derisive giggles came from the form.

" I don't see him anywhere, my ugly piece of meat—goodbye,
. . . Oh, ho, m'sieur lobster, what's your name ?

" Oylley, sir."

" Oylley—well now it's the ' oylley ' bird that catches the worm
allez-vite. Ha! Ha! "

Once again our hero found himself the object of amusement for
twenty or more boys. Outside he paused, trying to collect his
scattered wits—then he climbed upstairs, wondering whether
perhaps the Colonel had ceased to exist. While in this reverie he
had not noticed an ecclesiastical figure bearing down on him.

" Yus, yus " it buzzed. " What can I do for 'ou ? " Oylley was
fascinated by this melancholy, sing-song voice. " The Colonel ?
. . . straight along the corridor, good, good." The figure beamed
a benevolent smile and passed on.

Unnerved by this ordeal, Oylley burst into the first form room
he came to, and was greeted by a pleasant Canadian burr . . .

— " Also, although you may not believe it, two and two *do*
make four," the voice was saying. " D'you see that—now please
tell me if you don't, I'm here to teach you—oh! what can I do for
you ?

" Do you know where Colonel Newton is, please sir ? "

" No, I'm a new boy like you, still trying to learn the names.
I believe he's next door, s'that right anyone? . . . don't *all*
speak at once, please," he added ironically.

Oylley ran precipitately from the room, and there, staring him
straight in his round, frightened, eyes was a card saying—Colonel
Newton. What joy! A look of indescribable relief shone from his
face as he opened the door.

" Hey! young man—God bless my soul, don't you know how to
come into a formroom yet ? "

The youth hastily went outside again, knocked and entered.

" A m-m-message for you from Mr. Nebett."

" Why, man alive! I got that message half an hour ago ; they're
all looking for you, ha! that reminds me of the story of an old
woman who—"

Oylley left the room while this form sat in rapt attention, waiting
for the signal at the end of the story, when as one man they would
guffaw hilariously (it didn't matter if they had heard it before) and
try to keep the joke going until the end of the period. With a real
sense of achievement, not unmingled with experience—the small
half-boarder, now pinker than ever, wearily plodded back to his
form-room and " the gerundive attraction."

Ghosts at Westminster.

Westminster, as every ancient foundation, has it's share of
ghosts, all of whom are in some way connected with the school.

Perhaps the most important of our ghosts is Queen Elizabeth,
who, it is stated, walks into College Dormitory, dressed as " in the
picture in the H.M.'s house," to superintend the Latin Play arrange-
ments.

The "Racquet Court Ghost" is also very interesting. One day, for some unknown reason, a new King's Scholar was being chased by the seniors. He dashed on to the roof of College, slipped and, falling into the racquet courts, was killed. His ghost plays racquets alone on the night of the second Play, for the thud of his ball has often been distinctly heard.

Another King's Scholar was once starved to death in College and after his death for years played music on a Jew's-harp, creating "weird and beautiful strains."

Then there was the Westminster boy who fell out of a window in "Mother Pack's" in 1820. The ghost of the boy is said to haunt the scene of his death in Dean's Yard.

There were also the two ghosts seen by Robert Southey and Reynolds, the dramatist, both of whom give amazing descriptions.

Southey's ghost was very fierce. It "threw itself upon his bed and rolled on him." Thinking this rather unusual for a ghost, he seized it and made enough noise to bring up "Botch" Hayes, the Usher, on whose appearance the ghost turned into a boy.

Reynold's ghost was even more dramatic and we quote Reynold's own words—"Scarcely had the Abbey bell, tolling the awful midnight, awaked me, when several Juniors began screaming. Starting up in a paroxysm of terror, I saw a horrid spectre, carrying a cross, with "Think on To-morrow" written in flaming letters. Stupified with fear, I hid under the bed clothes. But the spectre pulled them back and pointed to the words, shook it's head and vanished, leaving me in a toldrum of terror."

So much for Westminster Ghosts!

The Strap Hanger.

"Hurry along there, please! Mind the doors!" "All right!" You are pushed into the tube, and the doors glide slowly to a close. The train starts with a tremendous jerk—you tread on somebody's toe. You mumble apologies. Somebody knocks off your hat, in an attempt to seize a strap—you stoop down to pick it up, and somebody else gives you a tremendous kick. You rise in fury, and give your head such a bump that you feel like swearing evil oaths, but your presence of mind reminds you where you are—not only, alas, your presence of mind. The mere discomfort makes you wonder whether the Black Hole of Calcutta was as bad as this. A furious old gentleman pushes his way to the door. We are evidently reaching a station. Yes, the train is drawing up—slower and slower—another tremendous jerk. The old man falls down, gets up, and suddenly remembers where he is, and pushes his way to the other door. The train starts again with such a jerk that an old lady would have seized the alarm-signal (had not a gentleman stopped her) in her efforts to remain vertical. You have found a seat by now, and are unconsciously mocking the strap-hangers. "Umph!" you say, "our tubes are great," and go to sleep.

That's what happened to me, anyway. I was travelling in a tube between Waterloo and Baker Street. By Charing Cross I had found a seat and was making the most of it. At Charing Cross, a robust, and heavily built, old gentleman got in, and stood opposite me. He was chuckling to himself, obviously congratulating himself on his wonderful feat. ". . . got it," he said. "Ha! that was a—." There was a tremendous jerk—a crash! I was hidden from view. When I came to, the man was once more on his feet. He was still chuckling, "Aha! lucky I fell on you! Aha!" I haven't got a sense of humour for these things. I never sit now—I watch my fellow strap-hangers.

First of all the business man. He tries to read the Closing Prices, and strap-hang at the same time. A really wonderful performance when you see it well done. Here is Lady Georgina Montague. She strap-hangs, and powders her nose—all most graceful. There's Mrs. Greene, of Tooting, and Mrs. Jones. Well! fancy them meeting in the tube. The only nuisance is—they're at opposite ends of the carriage. At present they're waving frantically to each other, and Mrs. Greene shouts "Coo-ee! Pip! Pip!" Mrs. Jones is pushing her way towards Mrs. Greene, but the latter has disappeared—she got out at the last station. and then last, but not least, is the little boy—that objectionable child one sees, using the strap as a swing. The boy climbs on to his seat, and takes off. Backwards and forwards; backwards—Lady Montague's hat has come off—forwards—the business-man is kicked into next week. The two victims turn in their wrath upon the wretched boy's father. Papa tells Tommy to stop, but Tommy won't stop. He gets up and knocks off the business-man's hat, and starts to roar with laughter. (I must say it struck me as being rather funny at the time, but I could not help feeling very sorry for him).

He had had enough of it by now, and was evidently making his way to the door. And—thinking it over, I think I've had enough, too—I'll get out—I'm sick of strap-hanging.

The Storm.

On this tense evening the air seems thick and heavy, and overhead a storm is gathering, its sombre clouds creeping slowly but surely over the city. This is the rush hour and the underground stations swallow their multitudes, drawing them down into their fetid depths, while outside the pavements seethe like a swarm of angry bees. Although it is becoming unbearably close the man selling matches outside the station shivers and is filled with a sense of foreboding, which is not wholly due to the emptiness of his stomach. So hot it is that the very streets seem to gasp for the release of pent-up rain. He suddenly remembers that he has hardly enough money for his supper, and the thought of hot soup and beefsteak is so agonising that he begins to press his wares feverishly upon the passers-by. But the crowds seem to hurry even more than usual to-night and have no time to buy matches, for they are oppressed

by the coming storm and are anxious to be home before it breaks. A low, sullen rumble of thunder emphasises that taut expectancy of the atmosphere, and the crowds look up at the darkening sky and hurry a little faster. The match-seller also feels that there is no time to lose, though he has no home to return to, for he redoubles his efforts, getting in the way of people, clutching distractedly at their sleeves, mouthing pleas. He must be gone before the storm breaks. A fat gentleman in a top-hat calls loudly for a taxi, he is thinking of a comfortable candle-lit dining-room and a pleasant dinner which awaits him, but he also is afraid of something and passes a nervous finger between stiff collar and bulging neck. Now the storm is overhead, and hangs over the city, threatening and pregnant, straining towards the earth. Lightning splits the sky with one vivid splash of blinding whiteness, and for one breathless moment the world stands still—time is on the brink of oblivion—then the storm breaks and with a sharp clap of thunder the rain descends like a flood upon the city. Above the merciless swishing of the rain like the cry of a drowning soul comes that of the newspaper man, "War declared, War declared."

The storm has broken.

Drought.

Hot noon

Beats on the glass of scholar's casement,
Stiff grasses rustle in dry pain,
The thirsting earth lies in abasement,
A suppliant for rain.

A Dream Bath.

"Ah! thank goodness I've finished that French." My thoughts turned to the new Grant's. Wouldn't it be grand if they had a wireless in the bathroom. My reverie was pierced by the Monitor's voice.

"Would anyone like a bath upstairs?" Yes, I would. I put up my hand. Good, no one else wanted one. I fetched my towel and mounted the stairs to the bathroom. I filled the bath as full as possible, turned off the taps and got in.

'Ah, it's grand to have a warm bath, I feel terribly sleepy.'" I yawned and shut my eyes. "What a grand bathroom," I stretched out my hand and turned on the wireless.

.
"It's time for tea. Have you ever taken your tea with . . . Alexander's Rag-time band, played by . . . Sir Henry Wood at one of this season's Prom. concerts. Someone is mounting the platform, it's . . . the chief Ovaltiney calling to his little friends. Here is this week's code message . . . I like to whistle, from the film "Mad about Music," featuring . . . the second violin and an oboe. Sir Henry Wood is now waving his . . . Post Toasties in the air. They crackle and pop like . . . Little Old Lady,

played by Jack Jackson and his . . . applauding audience, who are now rising to their feet and shouting for all their worth for . . . their nightly Horlicks which will stave off . . . Low cloud at five thousand feet, ten tenths. Visibility . . .” Knock, knock, bang, knock.

“Go away,” I shouted sleepily, roused from my dream. The noise continued. There must be a fire, I thought. But no, for everywhere I walked I floundered in water. My bath was overflowing under the door, the old Grant’s had been flooded.

I must have turned on the bath taps in mistake for the knobs of my super-wireless in the course of my dream bath in the new Grant’s.

Thursday the Twelfth.

Crumpet’s tails were green—not a violent green, mind you, but a sort of mellow mouldering green which showed when the sun shone on them. When the preacher in Abbey mentioned “Your ancient foundation” everyone who was attending the service involuntarily thought of Crumpet’s tails. But as well as this phenomenon Crumpet was noteworthy for something else, and it is that that I really want to tell you about to-day.

There were people who told curious stories about his ancestry, and others who said that he dabbled in the black arts, and perhaps these things had something to do with that strange charm, hoodoo, occult destiny, or fate, that oppressed him so during his years at Westminster. He had discovered that he invariably got a drill on the twelfth of every month. Of course he got other drills as well, indeed it wasn’t often that he *didn’t* get a drill, but that doesn’t concern us now.

At first he didn’t notice the clockwork regularity with which he got them, then he noticed it, but put it down to mere coincidence, but after about a year or so he began to look forward with increasing horror as the twelfth of each month drew near.

One wet summer’s day he was sitting in his form room working (or should I say *looking*) at an elementary Greek Prose, when a thought struck him. A number of thoughts had struck him that afternoon—it was a very hard Greek Prose anyway, and Greek wasn’t his strong subject—but none so awful as this one. “Was it, or was it not the dreaded twelfth?” He didn’t know the answer, and he had lost his diary, so spent the remaining minutes of the period still gazing at the desk before him. Then the bell rang, and his form moved down the stairs to a lower room for French. “I say, look here, what’s the date” he managed to shout while being propelled down the stone steps at a rate twice as fast as gravity. Nobody answered, all was silent except for the shouting and cackling of fifty boys, punctuated by stamping of feet, and the crash of dropped geometry boxes which burst as they fell.

Into form again, the last period. The master in charge was endeavouring to translate for the boys, who were all taking copious notes—all save one.

“ Was it, or was it NOT the twelfth of June ? ” Crumpet got out some quartern. What was the last date he remembered? Ah, his sister’s birthday, the 29th of the preceding month, was a Tuesday, therefore 29 from 31 is 2 and Monday, Tuesday, add another week, the 13th. Hurrah! . . . But wait: had June 31 days? No, thirty it was. To-day was the twelfth.

Then the bell rang. The last period was over, he’d broken it! The curse was shattered, no more need he dread the impending twelfths.

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. “ So that, my boy,” said the French master, gazing at the jumble of figures, “ is your idea of notes. Very well,” that deep, booming note, so familiar and so dreaded among the lower forms, “ You think I stand up there and talk for nothing! Go on drill!!!”

From The Grantite Review of 1905.

A French Visitor Up Grant’s.

Figure me, my friend, at ze school of Vestminsterre. My *con-ducteuer* take me to ze ’ous vich they name “ Grant.” I go down some steps and through a passage to ze right. I am suddenly struck (Vot you call it?) “ all of a ’eap ” ; ze strength of ze atmosphere is terrifique, “ owevaire ze *français* nevaire despair, so I enterre vith ze *mouchoir* to my *organes nasales*. I stomble over boots, boys’ benches, and *habits*: ’owevaire I recovaire and pass through a dingie passage. On ze left I perceieve a poor man in a ’ole zat would not disgrace ze black ’ole of Calcutta. I scale some steps and am shown ze vashing accoutrements of ze boys named ze “ cheese-veekites.” My *compagnon* ’e try ze ’ot vater tap, but zere is none—only ze cold: ’e try annozzer vere ze ’ot indeed do come, but ze noise, *Mon Dieu!* it is like ze lost spirits in ze nether region. Soderly from all sides entere vot I think ze dusky *habitants* of those regions, complaining about the noise, but zey vere only ze *habitants* of ze ’ouse of “ Grant.” Meavnile my conducteur ’e vipe ’is *mains* on vot they name a towel, but vich I think a dish-clout; for it only makes ze *mains* more vet and more dirtie. I then vent into ze “ cheese-veeks ” ; *mais milles tonnerres!* ze smoke is *dégoutant*, and it pour from ze fire and choke me, so that my mouchoir was *en evidence* again, and I flee for ze fresh air. Then I am led to ze ’All. I am then shown (vot you call?) *en anglais* ze mantel shelf. . . . *Sacré bleu!* ze barbarositie of ze ’abit, ze new boy are made to walk across there!! This (vot you call?) finished me, and I seieze mon chapeau and rosh from ze ’ouse in ’orror.

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.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and of *The Grantite Review* is A. Garrard, and all enquiries should be sent to him at Estate Office, Anglesea House, Crewe, Cheshire.

Back numbers may be obtained from the Editor, price 1s.

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors and correspondents.

floreat.

Contents.

Editorials	2
House Notes	3
Evacuation	<i>F. E. Noel-Baker</i>	4
Lancing	<i>F. W. E. Furdson</i>	6
The Return	<i>F. W. E. Furdson</i>	7
Hurstpierpoint	<i>E. F. R. Whitehead</i>	7
Correspondence to the Editor	8
Music	<i>D. L. B. Farley</i>	10
Lit. Society	<i>F. E. Noel-Baker</i>	11
O.T.C. Camp	<i>R. A. Reed</i>	11
Scout Camp	<i>D. L. B. Farley</i>	11
Boxing	<i>I. J. Abrahams</i>	12
Cricket	<i>B. V. I. Greenish</i>	12
Regatta	<i>Putney Correspondent</i>	13
From Battle Murder and Sudden								
Death	<i>L. E. Tanner, Esq. (O.G.)</i>	15
Oylley's First Day	<i>D. P. Davison</i>	16
Ghosts at Westminster	<i>N. D. Sandelson</i>	17
The Straphanger	<i>F. J. Earle</i>	18
The Storm	<i>J. B. Craig</i>	19
Drought	<i>J. B. Craig</i>	20
A Dream Bath	<i>V. B. Levison</i>	20
Thursday the Twelfth	" <i>Bogus</i> "	21
From <i>The Grantite</i> of 1905	<i>L.F.W.W.</i>	22
Notices	23

With the compliments of The Editor.