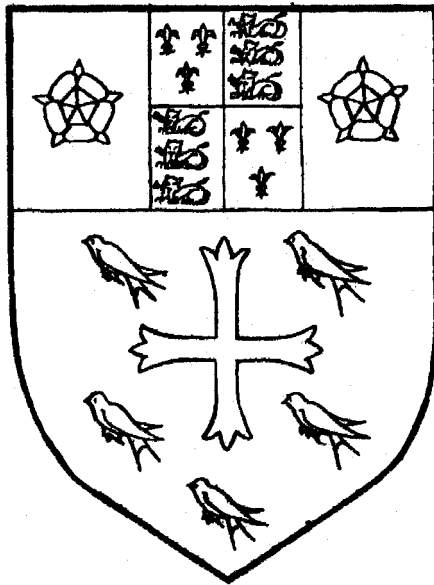


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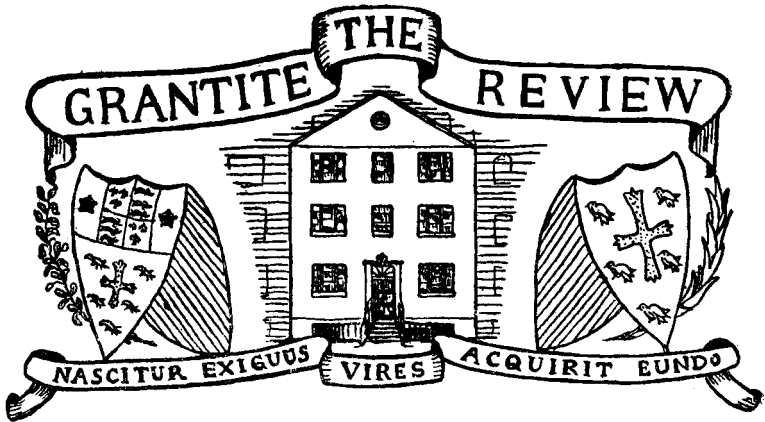
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,
1945.

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VOLUME XIX. No. 4.

196TH EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

By now nearly all the trees in Dean's Yard have shed their leaves, while the occasion when the Editor caught everyone coming off the mantelpiece is getting more and more remote. In other words Grant's at the time of writing has been back in 2 Little Dean's Yard for rather more than eight weeks.

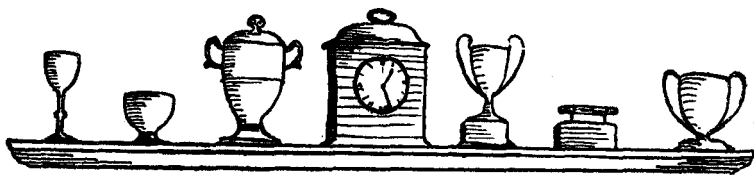
This term has without doubt been one of the most momentous in the history of the House, as indeed it has been of the School. To start with, we have had to adapt ourselves to what is really an entirely new and different environment. None of us knew what it was like to be at a Public School that is placed right at the heart of a city; by now we are fully realising its great advantages.

The School is closely grouped together for the first time in six years, except for its brief sojourn at Exeter. This feeling of being right in the middle of it and of all its activities, though hard to describe, is a very real one and provides probably the greatest change in the life of the House.

Naturally present-day Grantites have not just taken up the old routine where their pre-war forerunners left off. During the evacuation we have had to make many changes in various rules and customs out of sheer necessity, while others have fallen out of use through lack of precedent. The first, and in many ways the most important, change which has been made this term is the abolition of personal fagging up Grant's. For the last five years the amount of fagging done by the younger members has gradually decreased so that by last Election term it had become a mere formality. In other words, fagging has died a natural death.

Another natural death which has occurred quite unmourned has been that of the wartime institution of "jobs." No longer do we vainly try to keep the Buckenhill drive above water level or, with rather better grace, "do fruit."

Now that we are back in London we realise that our evacuation has not been spent in vain and we do not lose the many pleasant memories of the country and of our friends in Bromyard.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—R. Bruce to the Navy ; K. M. Thomson to Oxford ; and H. Kleeman to Cambridge. We wish them the best of luck.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—A. J. Allan, T. E. D. Beresford, N. P. V. Brown, E. S. Chesser, D. N. Croft, T. B. Jellett, R. N. Mackay, and J. H. Milner, boarders ; and A. E. C. Bostock, D. G. S. Hayes, F. D. Hornsby, D. L. G. Redhead, M. L. G. Redhead, and H. Ward, half-boarders.

* * * * *

In Inner there are :—G. J. H. Williams, J. W. P. Bradley, J. A. Davidson, W. J. Frampton and J. C. Barrington-Ward.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks there are :—D. C. F. Chaundy, J. M. Chamney, M. G. Baron, I. M. Bowley, F. R. H. Almond, R. A. Lapage and H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is D. L. Almond and the Hall monitors are R. E. Nagle, H. L. Murray and G. G. Skellington.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—J. W. P. Bradley on his Half-Pinks for Shooting.
 J. A. Davidson on his Thirds, and to
 H. L. Murray on his Juniors for Tennis.
 R. A. Lapage on his Seniors for Water.
 D. L. Almond on his Colts for Football.

* * * * *

J. W. P. Bradley is Captain of School Shooting.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. we have read "The Merchant of Venice," "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure," by W. Hackett ; "Robert's Wife," by St. John Ervine ; "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier ; "Distinguished Gathering," by James Parish ; "Bulldog Drummond" by "Sapper" and Gerald du Maurier, and "The Calendar," by Edgar Wallace.

* * * * *

We won the Finals of Fencing Juniors against College by 10 points.

* * * * *

We drew Ashburnham and Homeboarders in the first round of Football Seniors and won the match 2—0. We next met College and beat them 3—2. We now have to play Busby's in the Finals.

* * * * *

In the Regatta held at Worcester at the end of last term, R. A. Lapage won the Senior Sculls and Grant's got the inter-House cup which was awarded for this year in place of the Halahan Cup.

2. L.D.Y.

When we returned at the end of our prolonged holidays, we came back to a House that none of us had ever known before, and everybody wondered what it would be like and how we should get on. However, we have slipped quietly and quickly into our new life and surroundings, and even those who

were such staunch upholders of country-life have come to realise that London isn't such a bad place after all!

The main change that old boys would notice is that the six-bedder and four-bedder dormitories on the second floor have been converted into Chiswicks and Inner respectively. The old Middle and Outer at the back of the house have been utilised as changing rooms, while the old Inner is used as the music room which holds a piano, a gramophone and the House library. The front door is now the entrance used by everybody, the old Under Change being used as a store-room.

Lit. Soc., which did not meet last term, is now flourishing ; it takes place on Tuesday evenings, a whole play is read at a sitting, and once more Mr. Tanner and Mr. Carleton come to it.

Gram. Soc., as such, does not meet any more, mainly owing to the lack of an appropriate time, but anyone who wishes may make use of the House's collection of records which is stored in the music-room.

We have had a steady and welcome stream of Old Grantite visitors and are always glad to show them that we are every bit as happy in our own home here now as they tell us they were in their time!

TENNIS.

We were unfortunate last term in that the two courts at Clater were in such bad condition that they were not playable till near the end of it. Dr. Lewis kindly lent us his court in Bromyard, and another was lent to us at Rowden.

We managed, however, to fit in all the House matches. In Seniors we were defeated by College in the first round by 4 matches—0. In Juniors, however, we fared better, and beat Rigaud's in the semi-finals by 4 matches—0. In the finals we were defeated by Busby's by 3 matches—1 after a very good game.

There was much enthusiasm throughout the house, especially among the younger members which points well for the future.

J. A. D.

FOOTBALL.

With the return to London football organisation has changed. Whereas at Bromyard there were few School games and more House games, here in London there are no House games. Three games are held twice a week at Grove Park, which now contains the best pitches at the School's disposal. Fields has been ruined by various means ; owing to the lack of railings, it has become just a public recreation ground, and at the moment nothing can be done about it. However, a junior game is usually played there. Every game now has a referee appointed to take charge of it.

At Buckenhill it was not fun having to cycle six miles to play a game of football at Whitbourne ; and, to crown it all, having to cycle back afterwards! Here we live in luxury. Buses take us to Grove Park soon after two o'clock. After the game we get hot showers and tea. On Saturdays the buses take us back to Westminster. On Thursdays, however, the buses are at present requisitioned from four o'clock onward and we have to take a short walk to Grove Park station, from which there are frequent trains to Charing Cross.

There are few school match fixtures this term ; however, inter-house football is flourishing. In the first round of Seniors, Grant's beat the combined team of Ashburnham and Homeboarders 2—0, while Busby's beat Rigaud's 6—1. In the second round Grant's beat King's Scholars 3—2 after a very exciting match and have now to meet Busby's in the finals.

J. W. P. B.

THE WATER.

Once more Westminster has returned to Putney, and Water has once more taken its place as a leading Westminster sport. The number of watermen have increased to about sixty, of whom the House supplies thirteen. Both Boathouse and boats have remained in good condition throughout the war years, and by the end of the term four Eights will be out, with the remainder of the watermen in tub fours.

To those who did Water on the Severn at Worcester, the Thames at Putney presents a new aspect. The tide has to be taken into account, and the wash from the very many tugs and barges provides a novel if somewhat annoying experience, though we are now getting accustomed to it. Saturdays also show a change—no longer the deserted Severn but the Thames with the boats from the other boat clubs also occupying the river; but as yet no serious collisions have occurred.

A new page in the history of Westminster Water has been opened and it is up to us watermen to prove ourselves worthy of our great rowing traditions.

M. G. B.

A GRANTITE LOOKS BACK.

The "Edwardian era," to use a modern phrase, is now considered so entirely to have passed into history that it may perhaps amuse present Grantites to compare the Grant's of 40 years ago with the Grants' of the present day and some random jottings by one who was up the house for perhaps longer than most people may perhaps induce other Old Grantites to give us some further reminiscences of Grant's of both before and after those days.

First, then, as to the House itself. In front it has altered but little though "the boys'" entrance was under the front-door steps and then through the singularly uninviting lower changing-room, and the window on the ground-floor next to the Under School was completely covered by wire netting as a protection against racquet balls. The peculiar Westminster variety of the game was played with a wooden racquet with a long handle and a hard ball on the paved part of Yard and against the wall of College. It had died out so completely before the war that it is curious to remember that up to 1914, at any rate, and possibly later, there was seldom any time during the day except during school hours when there were not three or four people playing it. At the back of Grant's, however, much has changed since my time. The modern dining Hall has been made by knocking the three original "Chiswicks" into one room. "Inner" as its name implies was reached by passing through Outer and Middle. Beyond was our Hall of which only a small portion now remains. The arrangement of the tables, fireplace, etc., of this Hall was exactly the same as the present one and except that there are now three windows instead of two large ones it is almost impossible to realise that the Hall of my day no longer exists. The present ugly building beyond was not then built and "Yard" extended to College Street and was regularly used for cricket with a broomstick or football at odd moments. Inside the house the Matron's room was the first on the left coming from Yard and was entered by a door now blocked up before passing through the swing-door to the Entrance Hall. Upstairs on the 2nd Floor were the "3-bedder," the "6-bedder" and "big dormitory" and above again the sick room, another small dormitory, a boxroom and bedrooms for the Matron and for a "John."

"Chiswicks" was, and is, perhaps the most distinctive Grantite word, as "walking the mantelpiece" is the most distinctive Grantite custom.

The old name of Substance and Shadow was, I think, in my time only used up Grant's though the custom itself existed in other houses. For the first fortnight of term the Substance up Grant's was entirely responsible for his Shadow and, in theory at any rate, could be beaten for any offence committed by him during that time though I do not remember that it ever got beyond having the Substance up and threatening him if his Shadow offended. The Substance instructed his Shadow in all the rules and customs of the School and House, took him round "bounds" (it was always a question if one might or might not cut the corner between the W. Door of the Abbey and Dean's Yard), taught him Westminster words and phrases (though there was no Examination in them as in College), told him not to look into Chiswicks as he passed along the corridor and so forth and so on. After tea during the first week of term the new boys walked the mantelpiece—the same mantelpiece now in the new Hall. The difficulty was to make the considerable step up from the table and one had to trust to luck to catch hold of something to steady oneself. Once up it was plain sailing for if one was tall enough one could catch hold of the slats in the ceiling and there were only the cup brackets and pictures to negotiate. At the end one took a flying leap on to the upper table of Hall and landed where the Head of Hall sat in solitary state during Prep. In prep., by the way, the Second in Hall sat by the presiding Monitor at the upper table and the rest of Hall sat at the other table. The Head and Second in Hall were formally put in their seats by the Head of the House at the first Prep. of Play Term.

On Monday nights the Head of the House distributed allowances to Hallites when he went round Dormitories at 9.30 p.m. The usual weekly allowance was sixpence and no one—not even the Monitors—had more than a shilling a week for pocket money. During the winter terms Prep was from 7.15 to 8.55 p.m. (the House Master relieving the presiding Monitors about half-way through). Prayers followed and Hallites had to be in bed by 9.30. Chiswicks went up to bed at 10. Morning Prep was from 7.15 to 8 and only those who have experienced it can imagine the misery of coming down to a cold Hall on a foggy November morning or the blessedness of the hot cocoa provided to warm us. During Election Term Prep. was from 7.30 to 9 and from 7 to 8 in the morning. Tuesday evening from 9 to 10 was devoted to Lit. Soc., then as now a flourishing institution.

After the first fortnight the new boys took up their duties. Each Monitor had two or more fags assigned to him. These duties were not onerous—making toast for one's Master at breakfast and tea, tidying his table in Inner, bringing up his boots before Abbey and taking down his books from School after Prayers (usually the duty of a half-boarder fag) and generally going on such errands as might be required. Monitors summoned fags from Hall by shouting "Hall"—on two prolonged notes "Haw—all"—a cry, I think, peculiar to Grant's (in College it was "Elec."). I cannot resist a sentimental regret that the old cry has died out—it required something of an effort the first time one lifted up one's voice as a Monitor. The junior Hallite who happened to be in Hall at the time had to answer the summons and woe to him if he didn't come at once and a second or more peremptory "Hall" was necessary.

So one might run on. Was it all so very different? I wonder. A present Granite happening on the Rules and Customs as set out at length in a former volume of the Granite Ledger might think it somewhat overwhelming. But actually it would be deceptive, for it all became so much a part of oneself that one did things instinctively and went about one's little world happily enough—entirely happily as the years went by. Customs and words change, this and that drops out as its usefulness passes, emphasis shifts, fresh air is let in, but the essential Grant's lives on and that is all that really matters.

L. E. T.

UNTOPPED SECRETS.

Almost the first incident was when Mr. Carleton hailed a taxi and asked to be driven to a near-by maternity home! The astonished driver wasn't to know that his objective was nothing more unusual than a lecture on "what every good warden should learn about phosgene."

This was early in 1938, when several of us in different branches of the school staff were detailed for gas-and-first-aid. We reaped a reward in September when we, the "experts," had a cast-iron excuse for hours of absence from school to fit gas masks; on members of the School in the gym, with careful psychological approach lest the tender young mind should dissolve into hysterical panic—on the general public in Caxton Hall where also no one turned a hair, except literally when we pulled it out by the roots with the straps at the back! We had plenty of rumours—were we really to evacuate or was it to be the trenches up Fields? It was known that the Head Master had some plans taped and that the Bursar was making journeys. But where? and then, a meeting at which the Bursar said that he had gone "up" to somewhere; a clue, for, if one is really going *away* from London, one only goes "up" if one means up the map, *i.e.*, Northwards; a second clue popped out, our hosts had a "needlewoman" on the premises, an unusual title. The meeting ended; we made straight for the Public Schools' Year Book and, almost in one, holed out at Rossall of which the description mentioned a needleroom. The secret was no longer quite so "top"—and, in any case was very shortly to be no secret at all when housemasters dictated "Rossall School, Fleetwood, Lancs," for their boys' labels.

This labelling on a Monday; something else was up on Tuesday—Mr. Carleton was absent and a security silence reigned as to his whereabouts. Then, on Tuesday night, another cat came out of the bag—the Head Master had been told by the authorities that Rossall were to be turned out themselves (a fate of which they were blissfully unaware!) and that there could be no refuge for us there. But Mr. Carleton (seemingly always at the bottom of all excitements) was touring the South of England in pouring rain from one Woodard school to another—Ardingly, Hurstpierpoint, Lancing—until O.W. Head Master Doherty of Lancing most nobly stepped into the gaping breach and offered us the sanctuary of his school.

And so it was; on Wednesday afternoon Samuelson buses, strangely labelled with "L.C.C. H.102"—Westminster's first (and last?) appearance as an L.C.C. protégé—took us from Great College Street, not to Grove Park or Putney but to Sussex. Lancing, boys and staff alike, received us displaced persons with really touching welcome, informing us on arrival that the show was over, that Chamberlain was going to Munich, but that it was rather fun and they hoped we would stay. Which we did; not without the deliberate thought at the backs of our minds that, even if this had turned out unexpectedly to be a dress rehearsal, it wouldn't be bad practice for a possible repetition.

As, of course, it turned out; Grant's, especially, had got good cause to appreciate the close contacts made during this week with Mr. Walker and his house, Head's; and seeds of friendship, to germinate later, were sown between the two school staffs.

The first night down there will not be forgotten by Mr. Fisher and myself—we carried some eighty trunks quite a long way from the top of the drive up the steps to the lower quad; they had arrived by Samuelson's buses on a second journey at 10.30 p.m. and someone had to carry them! Then on the last night a combined concert, a combined party given by Mr. Doherty, combined prayers with Head's—both housemasters shaking hands with both houses—and back we went, to resume school routine exactly as before with a very genuine sense of salvation.

Exactly as before? Pretty well for most of us, but some clear-headed planning took place between the Head Masters of Westminster, Lancing and

Hurstpierpoint; the Munich evacuation to Lancing had had to be quite unplanned and nothing was going to be left to chance next time. House-masters visited Lancing in the summer term, saw house agents, not for the last time were offered junk—to help us out!—at fantastic prices. Before leaving for the summer holidays we had cases of provisions and of kitchen equipment packed at shops in Victoria Street, labelled to Lancing and awaiting the word “go.” Quite independently Mr. Fisher and I chose the same day to give this word—the day on which the Nazi “agreement” with Russia was subsequently announced. On Wednesday, 30th August, Mr. Edwards and I went to Lancing where Mr. Fisher already was. Mr. Carleton was somewhere near the Adriatic and judged it time to return when he read of the removal from the Abbey of the Coronation Chair! By Friday war was virtually certain; Germany had invaded Poland. By now our party, under the Head Master’s personal leadership, was in full swing adding to the accommodation of which we already knew. On Sunday morning that siren! Behind the Farm my wife and I were sweeping out the yard; our hearts, like those over most of England, missed a beat as we wondered how soon destruction would arrive. It didn’t—and we went on with the bearding of suave land agents to get a place for Homeboarders. The agents were not slow to sense their opportunity, nor were many people afterwards; but accommodation had to be found and eventually Mr. Young had the Rutlands suite, on the wrong side of the tollbridge, for his charges.

So ends Chapter One, the preliminaries. The School followed us into evacuation in strength and the curtain is ready to rise on our phoney war period at Lancing and Hurst.

[To be continued.]

T. M-R.

COMPANY MEETING.

The Umpteenth Extraordinary Annual General Meeting of the “Lok-Jor” Chewing Gum Company was held yesterday at Crookes House, Cheat Street, London.

Mr. Rookham the chairman, said :—“Gentlemen : Owing to the increasing demand for our products in the black market, the preference shares have gone up from fourpence to fourpence halfpenny. (Cheers and whistles from the share-holders). On the other hand, owing to the frequency of police raids on the market, the ordinary fourpenny shares have gone down from twopence to a penny. (Boos, and a volley of dried eggs).

“As considerable quantities of low quality synthetic rubber were made available to us during the past year, our production has gone up considerably. It would have gone up even more if one of our plants had not unaccountably changed to production of sausages with leather skins which could only be sold at twopence a ton for road foundations.

“We have bought up the ‘Toofake’ False Teeth Company, as false teeth can be made from the same raw materials as our chewing gum. When the gum deteriorates in quality and people lose their teeth, the demand for false teeth will rise, while people with new false teeth may want to chew gum.

“A new block of shares will have to be issued as the Treasurer has absconded with the capital raised on the last block.

“Finally, I have pleasure in announcing that we have cooked our accounts, dodged certain taxes, and used the excess balance thus obtained to double the chairman’s salary.”

The chairman sat down amid cheers and cat calls, but failed to notice that someone had removed the chair. The meeting broke up in disorder.

J. C. B-W.

AMPUTATION.

Two nurses entered the small ward wheeling a trolley before them.

Gently they lifted John Edward Jackson on to it, and quietly wheeled him away.

His turn had come ; he was about to have his right leg amputated. He had been wounded badly in the knee-cap several weeks before, and amputation was the only possible remedy.

The army surgeon was gentle, but sure :

“ Inhale slowly ; ————— keep quiet, don't worry ; ————
—— try and count ”

“ — seven — eight — nine ——— ten ——— eleven ———— twe-el-ve
————— thir-t ————— Uhh! ”

Slowly he realized that he was regaining consciousness. He opened his eyes, looked around. He was still on the operating table, but neither surgeon nor nurses were in the room.

Jackson definitely did not want to undergo the same procedure again. . . . His company, he knew, was about ten miles away, through the jungle. . . . He could reach them in four hours, say five because of his leg. . . . His friends would certainly not let him be brought back to this horrid place that had you put to sleep. . . . He considered himself extremely lucky that he had woken again.

These thoughts flashed through his mind in a matter of seconds. Then he was off the table and limping to the door ; no one was in sight. Quickly he found his way to his ward ; all the other men seemed to be asleep. He slipped a greatcoat on over his pyjamas and then put a pair of boots on. Soon he was out of the hospital, half running towards the jungle ; once there he would be safe.

“ Hey! Come back!! ” Some orderly had seen him. Another twenty yards. “ Hey! what the hell d'you think you're doin' ? ' After 'im! ” Done it! Quickly he made his way into the densest part, and after going for about ten minutes lay down to rest and think out his best course.

He remembered from maps that his company was camped due East of the hospital ; he could keep his direction by the sun. The time was about midday, so he ought to get there by nightfall.

He got up, made sure of his direction, and set off. Once he could arrive on the track that led to the camp, and which he should join about five miles further on, he would be safe. Until then, well, he must trust to his own sense of direction!

He went steadily forward, occasionally looking up to keep his direction. He did not realise the gloom of the jungle, just went forward as though in a dream. Suddenly he heard a rustling in the undergrowth to his right and stopped dead, scared lest he might have been followed. Nothing stirred, so he went on.

After a while, as he turned round a large bush, he was brought up dead by the sight of a King Cobra, one of the most dreaded of Eastern snakes, basking in a patch of sunlight. He was riveted to the spot for a few seconds, fascinated ; then, with a shudder and a choked scream, he wheeled and limped back through the bushes and made a detour to avoid the dreaded place.

He did not feel as fresh as when he had started and it was becoming more and more of an effort to go forward. The trees sometimes used to wave before him and open and shut to let him pass through.

Hark! Again that rustle in the bushes, behind him this time. He looked round, and, to his horror, saw a green-clad figure, with rifle half raised, running toward him. . . . It was a Jap, and Jackson started to limp away as fast as he could from what he hoped was an apparition. No! He caught a glimpse of another green figure to his left, then another; he swerved to the right, only to see two more who had come up behind him. He forgot his leg, and rushed panic-stricken, anywhere, not giving the direction a thought.

The green figures pursued him relentlessly, silently, as though on cat's feet.

"Why don't they shoot?" he thought. Suddenly, with a start, he found himself on a beaten track, about six feet wide; the track he had been looking for. With a feeling of thankfulness, he limped down it. Then he realized again that he was being chased. Yes! He could feel them rather than see them, all round him, closing in. He rushed on blindly, then all at once felt the ground give way beneath him and an exquisite pain shot through his right leg. . . . He had been caught in a man trap.

The dull pain increased as John Edward Jackson slowly regained consciousness.

His leg had been amputated just above the knee.

H. A. E. T-B.

JOINUPPHOBIA.

I walked out of Dean's Yard into the dark. It was past midnight; all was still except for the distant hum of a late taxi; all was dark except for a dim light on the top of Nelson's column. I looked up and saw the great admiral staring down at me, hypnotising me; and I imagined vast posters round the colonnade—"Join the Navy for the Freedom of the Seas!"

I was frightened; as I ran down Victoria Street I began to get into deep waters so I got out my rubber dinghy and paddled my way towards the station. Then, doubling back along Buckingham Palace Road, I reached the Palace itself. I saw a sentry, enveloped in a blue light; he challenged me—"Halt! Who goes there? Join the Army for the Freedom of the Earth!"

Still more frightened, I leapt into my jeep and dashed off through the park; on all sides I saw trees camouflaged as soldiers rushing to attack me with fixed bayonets. On to Piccadilly Circus where, through the bricks surrounding him, I saw Eros with his wings fluttering up and down; out of his mouth there sprouted a flaming sword engraved with the words—"Per ardua ad astra! Join the Air Force for the Freedom of the Skies!"

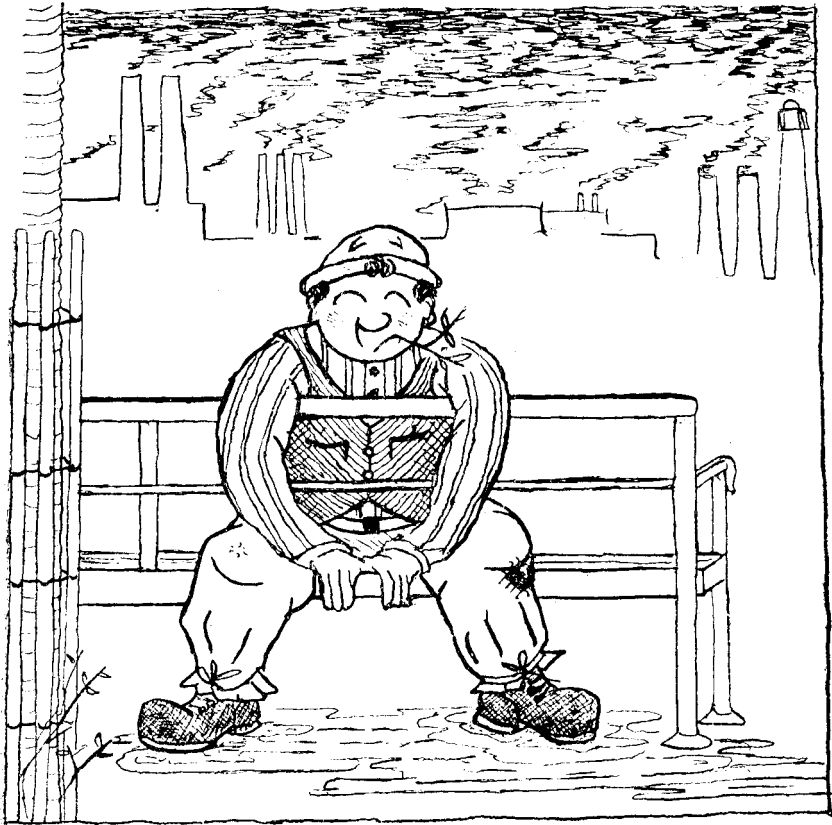
Climbing into the cockpit of my Auster, I took off and flew up Regent's Street; feeling dreadfully exhausted, I baled out and crawled down the escalator at Oxford Circus station, down and down and down. Then I stopped, confronted by a notice—"Be a Bevin Boy for the Serfdom of the Pits!"

My career was decided—to get the fuel for others to save. I looked at my watch and decided I'd have to wait till the next day. I ran to bed and contentedly went to sleep.

I didn't remember a thing about it the following morning.

J. A. D.

BACK FROM THE LAND.



He was sprawled on a bench by the embankment, glumly eyeing the grey tints of a London plane tree. As I passed he looked up. Yes! I thought I knew that face. "Wotcher Crumpitt!" I said and sat down beside him. He turned and recognised me. "Arrr," he said.

I really was delighted to see him after so long. "Well, well, well. Back in Westminster at last! Tell me, how do you find it?" Crumpitt slowly removed a plane twig from his mouth and pointed at a group of gasometers across the river. "Y'know . . . there'll be a power of silage in them there, oi reckon. Lunnon be a big place, but where they goin' to spread un?"

"Yes, yes," I said and coughed, "But tell me about Westminster. How's Grant's?"

"Arrr." said Crumpet. "Grants. They be all very well for them as does grow corn, but what about them as don't? That's what oi wants to know. If the government do right by us with grants and sich, us'll do right by en. But if not . . . !" He replaced the twig.

I tried again. "I hear they aren't letting prefects beat any more." Crumpitt grunted. "Ar, that's right tew. If you bain't got your own refinery, beet bain't worth the cartin' and haulin'. Now with this here sandy sile." He paused to scoop up some of the loose dirt under our bench. "Yew could grow parrsnip a treat. And mangley wurzel tew, oi shouldn't wonder. The Head of House ud tell 'ee if en were here. Rare noice chaap that, the Head of House. Ploughs the straightest furrow in the county oi'd say, and a rare hand at stukin' and thatchin', Don't know as there be anyone oi'd rather have in a bad harvest than his'n. Course, by rights that there Blackwell should of been Head of House. But en run off right in the middle of muck-spreadin' to play . . . foot-ball." He spat disgustedly in to the river.

"Mm, yes, games." I said nervously. "Tell me, Crumpitt, what about Water?" He looked at me as though I was the fool I felt. "Stands tew reason, us'll have tew in a drought." he said. "'If planes be flyin' high. . . Summer'll be dry,' yew know."

"What about Fencing?" I asked. "Us won't be usin' none o' that there barbed woire." Crumpitt winked ponderously. "Spile the huntin'. Three-strand galvanized an' well-tarred posts. That'll hold yer livestock and don't annoy yer poacher like."

"But don't tell me you're getting rid of Cricket, surely not?" "Who said anything about gettin' rid of un!" said Crumpitt hotly. "Never did nobody any harm as I heard on. I likes too hear the little critters chirruping in the long grass."

He rose. "Well, oi muss be gettin' back now," he said, "Us be goin' to see if us can't have a piggery outside Suts." "Very suitable, I'm sure," I said, "and not out of keeping with tradition. But it's a nice evening, why don't you go along and have a look at Fields?" "Fields?" Crumpitt said huskily, his tired face lighting up. "How do 'ee get to un?"

I told him the way, said good-bye and watched him stride eagerly off along the road. Then I walked no less briskly, away from Westminster. For I was afraid Crumpitt might be disappointed with Fields, as fields, and after all, it wasn't my fault.

"OG."

SCHOOL CERT.: MEIN KAMPF.

The day has dawned when I must go
To write down all I ought to know,
And having through the papers pored (pawed)
I *bless* the Education Board!
Euclid, Vergil, Light, and Sound,
Start to make my head go round.
Write an Ode to a Grecian Pot.
If Why is Wherefore, when is What?
What on earth's a Dinosaur—
Write two sides or even more!
Algebra is just a curse,
Trig, I think, is even worse.
Geometry seems madder as
I wrestle with Pythagoras.
Who or what is Aconcagua?
Draw a head of the Lesser Jaguar.
With brain distraught and fingers numb
I'm *finished* when the end is come:
And so at length I go to bed
To dream of Higher Cert ahead!!

I. M. B.

THIS IS ART.

I walked into a small room, around the walls of which were hanging many vividly-coloured paintings, good, bad and indifferent. These, however, were not the chief centre of attraction; that was in the middle of the room. It was a figure of a man with a pair of wings strapped to his chest and wearing what appeared to be a curtain folded into pleats, and, as far as I could see, he was very sunburnt. His face had a look of satanic devilry, and his head pronounced him to be of Nordic type. He was peering down at his hands which were spread out as if he were playing a piano. Obviously a great composer, I thought, though the wings were somewhat out of place: however these modern composers are rather odd fellows. He must have been famous for everyone in the room was looking at him with rapt adoration and ecstasy. A lady was reclining in a chair, staring at him fixedly the whole time I was there; I guessed that she was trying to hypnotise him or to psycho-analyse him. Other people were standing and also staring with that same look of aesthetic ecstasy. Every few minutes they moved a few feet and continued staring. After about five minutes some went behind him, still staring with a dog-like adoration; he must have had a very powerful personality even from the back view. An R.A.F. officer was studying the wings, wondering, I presume, whether he was powered with a Rolls-Royce Merlin or a Napier Sabre. A man who was carrying a small black bag was touching the sunburnt wrist; professional curiosity no doubt. Still they circled round, like the Solar system; still the lady stared. I vaguely noted that the fellow's name was Lucifer, an advertisement for a cigarette firm I suppose, and sponsored by a chap called Epstein.

I went outside, leaving behind in the small room with the pictures the circling crowd of Lucifer's ardent devotees. At last I knew what it was, a new religious cult. As I wended my way homeward I saw a notice: "Epstein's Lucifer, his latest work of art." I was surprised; I had never heard of mathematicians making ugly sunburnt figures; probably an experimental model for the establishment of some aerodynamic theory. I was told later that Epstein was the greatest modern sculptor, and that Lucifer, the God, was the finest piece of artistic expression since the days of the ancient Greeks.

I spend many hours in deep thought about the future of the human race.

M. G. B.

NEW THREADS FOR OLD.

On the parade ground. We used to stroll nonchalantly (but, I fear, rather ostentatiously) up and down, feeling our swords tapping against our calves and hoping it would be our companion who forgot to turn about 'towards the parade.'

Now there are no swords and no walk and scarcely any parade ground ; but battle dress and berets, shelters and coke.

Still, the sergeant-major's voice seems unchanged!

At Grove Park. Same sort of buses from same sort of place for same sort of journey (routing a bit devious sometimes!) ; same grounds, same pavilion, same inimitable Coughtry.

But a totally different atmosphere, for Grove Park is at last appreciated for what it is ; flat as a pancake, by Herefordshire standards—good for any amount of fast and furious football—a real pavilion with a real shower room with real water (plenty of it, hot too!)—a bus journey that seems nothing after years of a daily Pettifer or cycle ride.

In the Fives courts. A bit damp and a bit dark and the ball gets a bit black rather quickly ; but fun to find how soon it all came back to us old ones who had played it before and how soon it made its appeal to the beginner and how soon he ceased to be just a beginner. But we do pray that the National Housing Problem will allow us a complete roof and a few lights one day soon!

In the formroom. It used to be a nice long walk up and around Ashburnham House to a nice new classroom, from which one never needed to stir while one was in school and from the window of which one had an admirable bird's-eye view not only of what happened in Yard but also, through the windows, into Grant's.

Now a steep climb to the old 6-bedder dormitory, called Chiswicks and containing mathematicians ; sometimes a step across to the 4-bedder, called Inner and holding a pair of more elevated mathematicians ; then a swoop down and up again to Hall, still called Hall and housing either a junior form or a junior maths. set.

At Latin Prayers. Once up School with us masters kneeling down the centre ; on hard floor if a nearby boy disliked one too much that day to do the accepted thing and throw one a kneeler—but, on the whole, usually on a kneeler!

Now in Abbey, with the Head Master and the Monitorial occupying the stalls at the East end of the choir on both sides and the monitor reading the prayers carefully towards the microphone. But we still find another monitor and a small King's Scholar to protect us while inside and to greet us when we come out.

And, to our relief, no zealous (but historically ignorant) Protestant has as yet risen to his feet and shouted "I forbid this Popery."

Over the Mantelpiece. Never more than a few at a time, they used to struggle across and launch themselves into a Head of House's arms.

This time 32 (or was it 33?) did a pretty piece of traversing ; anyhow the Head of House seemed suitably exhausted at the end.

T. M-R.

GUY FAWKES' VIEWS ON THE ATOMIC BOMB.

As Hiroshima went up in smoke, Guy Fawkes' spirit, floating through the ether on a cloud fitted with a sail and with paddles in case of a calm, turned green with envy. "Why didn't I think of that?" he roared in such a loud voice that a passing cherub had an attack of hiccups and had to drink water from the wrong side of a glass to get rid of them. "Gunpowder! What's the use of gunpowder! I could have blown the pants off King James with some U-235! And liquidated Parliament!" He stopped to consider for a moment, then continued in a quieter voice as no one was listening to him anyhow, "And as for my annual fireworks display! I could have had atomic rockets, atomic squibs, atomic Roman candles, atomic everything!" Here he worked up to a crescendo again and the cherub suffered a relapse. "Why didn't I think of it?" He sat back on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

Then he started work on a jet propulsion unit for his cloud.

J. C. B-W.

OXFORD LETTER.

OXFORD. Nov., 1945.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

It is a bit hard, to say the least, that, in a University as bristling with Old Westminsters as Oxford is at present, there should be so few Old Grantites. However, life can be harder than that, as several generations of Westminsters must be remembering when they discover what little effect on it the disagreeable features of winter have now.

Well, what about it? Let us start outside Christ Church. Only just outside, back in its home across the High after a war-time sojourn with Ch. Ch., is Brasenose. And therefore Mr. Grumitt is no longer with us and he and your correspondent no longer exchange over the bathroom partitions reminiscences of the palmy days when the former allowed the 1st VIII to crash into Hammersmith Bridge and the latter was unwittingly responsible for the whole House learning the school song. Poor Mr. Grumitt is not pleased with life. Christ Church allows ladies in rooms until 10 o'clock in the evening—they must leave Brasenose at 7. Only an Act of Parliament can change this unhappy state of affairs and it won't.

Mr. P. Davidson is still a very respectable medical student at Trinity. His brother is taking up dentistry, we believe.

We are reminded of Mr. Corcos whose name is now legendary. He had no luck with navigating aeroplanes and was last heard of learning Japanese.

The remaining personalities are at Christ Church. Mr. Thomson has joined the ranks of what Shaw calls "licensed murderers." He has also joined the Conservative Club and gets very sociable about it all. So far he has avoided being as objectionable as most medical students.

Mr. Croft is still up, despite the failure of his efforts to suppress the story about what a Very Important Person heard himself called by that gentleman one night last term when he was in an unreliable state. He is said to have taken on a new lease of life involving getting up for breakfast every morning.

The last personality is Mr. Jones—a colourful one, to say the least. He carries sociability to an alarming level, with lavish tea-parties, which are equalled only by the subsequent surplus-disposal ceremonies. The key-note of his rooms is exquisiteness, expressed principally by his collection of natty pieces of china and black Russian cigarettes. The effect is completely spoilt if he is so careless as to leave Wilson's "Vice and Insanity" about.

In fact, one way and another, we are all very happy, thank you. Even

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

OLD GRANTITE VISITORS.

We have enjoyed so many visits from Old Grantites that, if any names have been left out of the list below, our lapse of memory must be excused. Anyhow here they are : L. E. Tanner (a "permanency" as he comes every day!) and J. Heard, both sons of previous housemasters and both re-visiting the place of their birth as well as of their education : another J. Heard, son of the latter, C. I. A. Beale, J. A. Holloway, D. P. Davison, J. O. Eichholz, S. P. L. Kennedy, J. S. Brown, V. T. M. R. Tenison, P. J. Sutton, L. E. Cranfield, C. A. Argyle—all still in the Army, the latter having just got back after being in Jap hands since the fall of Singapore : C. R. Strother Stewart on leave from the Far East where he is an R.A.M.C. doctor ; J. G. Boyd, for whom a Monday lunch fitted in well as his usual haunt, the Churchill Club, was closed and who seems to keep Army and Air Force in touch with each other ; I. J. Abrahams (now up at Cambridge), J. R. Russ, P. H. Bosanquet, I. D. Kingsley, A. J. Sheldon (previously Morgan Griffiths), J. G. Morrison (now a surgeon) from the Navy ; J. S. Rivaz, R. J. M. Baron, J. P. Hart (just back from being a prisoner in Java), F. G. Overbury still in the R.A.F. ; F. N. Hornsby (just demobilised from the Army) and W. B. Frampton (just demobilised from the R.A.F.) ; K. M. Thomson (Oxford), G. D. Glennie (St. Thomas'), J. D. B. Andrews (Barts'), R. H. Adrian (Cambridge), all medical students : G. Tunnichiffe, A. J. Henderson (returned from New Zealand as an actor), R. C. T. James (about to go to Transjordan), P. N. Ray (teaching at Bridgwater), W. S. G. Macmillan (just married and farming in Essex), A. J. Croft (going strong at Oxford), and the brothers E. H. and G. D. Everington.

We also had visits from four mothers of Old Grantites whose sons were not able to come : Mrs. Wilson (L. A. Wilson finishing his time with Metro-Vickers in Manchester). Mrs. Winckworth (bringing the fiancée of "Twink" who is still abroad in the Navy : his brother, Archie, in the Army and stationed near Derby). Mrs. Greenish (B. V. I. Greenish married and a practising doctor) and Lady Shenton (D. W. Shenton with C.M.F. on the Italian-Austrian border). This gives us a chance of saying how much we like the opportunity, given by our return, of renewing our old friendships with so many parents of Old Grantites.

T. M-R.

NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

The Hon. Secretary of the Old Grantite Club and the *Grantite Review* is A. Garrard, and any enquiries should be sent to him at the Duchy of Lancaster Estate Office, Dunsop Bridge, Nr. Clitheroe, Lancs.

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review* and any change of address should be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.