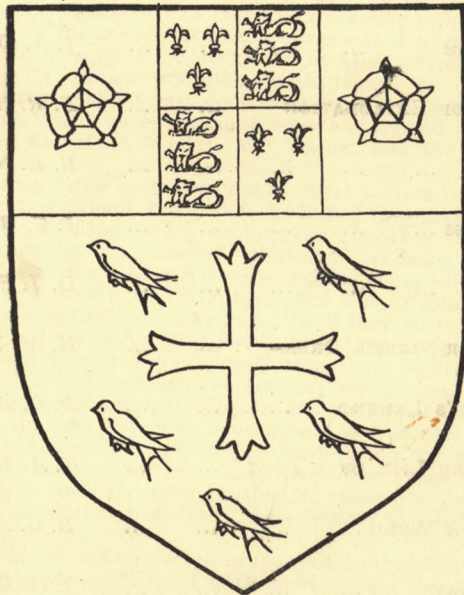


WS/HOM/3/4/1/19/3

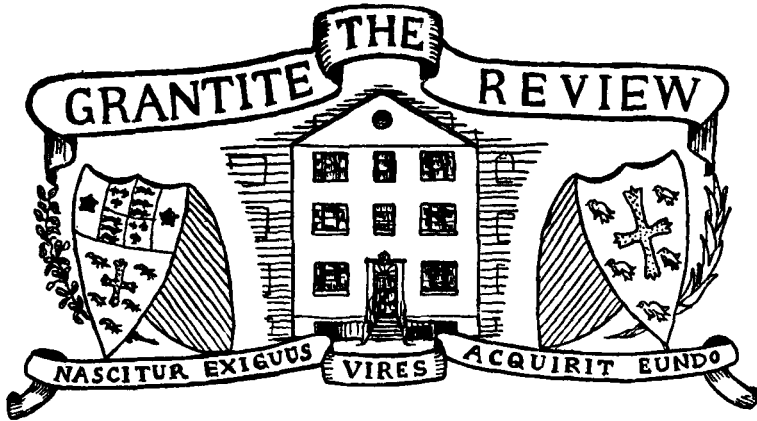
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1944.

INDEX.

	Page
EDITORIAL	3
HOUSE NOTES	4
ATHLETICS	5
THE WATER	5
TENNIS	6
MUSIC	6
PRE-SERVICE TRAINING UNITS (A.T.C., J.T.C., Home Guard)	7
OTHER ACTIVITIES	8
SOMNAMBULISM	<i>J. A. Davidson</i> ... 9
A JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION	<i>F. R. H. Almond</i> ... 9
B(ACON)-DAY	<i>R. E. Nagle</i> ... 10
THE OCTOPUSS	<i>J. C. Barrington-Ward</i> 10
DARKNESS	<i>D. J. P. Wade</i> ... 11
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM	<i>K. M. Thomson</i> ... 12
THE SLACKER'S LAMENT	<i>B. G. Almond</i> 13
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOT	<i>J. A. Davidson</i> ... 14
THE WRITTEN WORD	<i>B. G. Almond</i> 14
ABOUT SUNDAY	<i>J. O. Eichholz</i> ... 16
OLD GRANTITES 16



VOLUME XVIII. No. 3.

192ND EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

The arrival of the Under School in Bromyard came somewhat as a surprise to most of us. The rumour had only just spread when Mr. Young put in an appearance at Buckenhill, and two days later the Under School arrived. They have taken up their quarters in Highwell House, on the far side of Bromyard from Buckenhill. It is certainly very nice to have a chance to see the new branch of the school, at close quarters as it were, for though we have only associated through one Colts match in April, there is a definite feeling of affinity—it is almost adoption—with regard to our “young contemporaries.” That a real interest does exist is shown by the alarming cross fire of questions which greets anyone who has visited the School’s premises in London—the Head Master, Mr. Young, and the Bursar will bear witness to this.

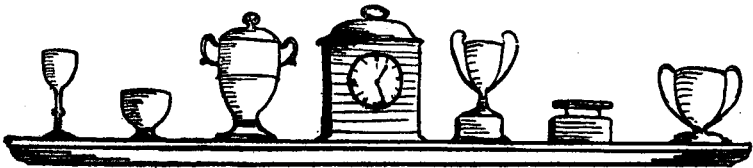
At the present, they have been here for so short a time that very few people have had time to see them, but it is to be hoped that good use will be made of this opportunity to bring the two parts of the school together. Already signs of the coming meetings are showing. Pink lists are being drawn from the depths of wallets, and the Under School section is being submitted to a piercing perusal, where before a perfunctory glance was all that was given to it. Such tantalising questions are asked as, “Will they go to church in a ‘crocodile’? Will they be able to play for Colts if they are good enough? Will they join the School Scout troop?” Such things will be decided by the time the *Grantite* is published, perhaps the answers are obvious. Certainly conjectural answers have been supplied, often by those who put the questions.

Though it means that No. 2 is now unoccupied, and though it is a confession of the success of the pilotless plane that the German toy-makers have produced, yet we must realise that our closer liaison will inevitably bring closer understanding and will make all the easier, for those who pass from the one to the other, the transition from the Under School to what we might call just “the School.”

And as our minds are on the subject of evacuation to the country perhaps we may be justified in putting forward a thought which has often passed through our minds. Five years in the country cannot fail to have some effect on us, whether we enjoy the life or not. We have all, some by application to the subject, some imperceptibly, absorbed something of the countryman into our system. We have become more critical of the crops that we see and of the cattle, we know something of Nature’s Scheme, and we have realised the real changes that each season brings; some of us have in greater or less degree become husbandmen, we all know the uncertainty and vast importance of the

weather, even if it is only in deciding whether to take a mackintosh to Whitbourne.

Perhaps it is the inevitable, much-ridden, bicycle that accounts for a great deal of our attitude to Herefordshire and its countryside. The tedium of the ride to Whitbourne, and the greater effort still in returning, not unnaturally puts an unpleasant distortion on the features of this part of the country. The swift passing of the downhill road and the long steep pull up hill after hill do not encourage an admiration of the beauty of our surroundings; but what a help that admiration and appreciation is. There is so much to see. The novice can begin by noticing the different kinds of tree, how one is broad, another high, that one type seems to thrive better on high ground than on low, how another sheds its leaves before its neighbours have lost their last shade of green. The expert at this game can be cleverer. He will notice that the grass at the edge of the ditch is different from that along the tarmac road, that ferns are taller on the flat than over a hillside. There are a million things to occupy one's attention; the birds, horses, cattle, rabbits and creatures of all kinds. Each person can build up a lore of his own; that is a gift that no book can give, it is a benefit that no amount of town life can suppress. It is alike the thoughtful and the talkative man's store of wisdom, and it does so relieve the bore of cycling.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term : S. P. L. Kennedy, W. J. Reed, R. J. M. Baron and G. D. Glennie. We wish them all the best of luck.

* * * * *

This term we welcome E. M. Carr-Saunders as a new boy.

* * * * *

In Inner there are : B. G. Almond, J. O. Eichholz, R. Bruce.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks there are : H. Kleeman, K. M. Thomson, G. J. H. Williams, R. H. Adrian, J. W. P. Bradley.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is J. A. Davidson, and Hall Monitors are W. J. Frampton and J. C. Barrington-Ward.

* * * * *

Congratulations to D. L. Almond and D. J. P. Wade, who gained the 4th and 7th Scholarships in the Challenge ;

and to R. E. Nagle on his Exhibition ;

also for Athletics to B. G. Almond on his Half Pinks,

and to W. J. Frampton on his Colts ;

to J. O. Eichholz and J. W. P. Bradley on their Seniors ;

and to W. J. Frampton and R. A. Lapage on their Juniors ;

also to J. W. P. Bradley on his Thirds for Shooting, and on his Cricket Seniors ;

also to B. G. Almond on his Seniors for Tennis.

* * * * *

We beat Rigaud's in the Semi-finals of Tennis Juniors by 4 matches—0.

In the Finals v. Busby's, the score was 2 matches all. Busby's won on the result of their first pair.

* * * * *

Grant's House Squad came third in the J.T.C. House Competitions this term.

We were placed fourth both in House Choirs and in the final order for the Music Competition.

* * * * *

In Athletics this term we won the Junior 100 Yards, 220, 440 and High Jump Relays.

ATHLETICS.

Last term's *Grantite* was able to tell of extreme success in the field—or rather the Long Distance course—of Athletics. Since then we have not achieved nearly such an unbroken record of wins, though we have maintained a fair standard. The Under 14½ age group, whose main representatives throughout were Frampton, Almond F., Almond D., and Lapage, won all their relay events, bar the long jump.

The Open and Under-16 Groups both gained second place in the quarter-mile relay, and the open team was runner-up in the half-mile too.

In the individual events, run this year for the first time since 1939, our results were quite gratifying. The Under-14½ produced four winners. Frampton in the quarter-mile (64 secs.) and 220 yards (27.4 secs.), and Lapage in the 100 yards (13 secs.) and High Jump (equal with Brown (K.S.) at 4 foot 6 inches).

Second and third to Frampton in the quarter-mile were Lapage and Almond F., and Almond D., came fourth in the same event. These four were also among the last five competitors to be left in the High Jump, in which Almond D., took third place, in addition to the equal first of Lapage mentioned above. Frampton came third in the Long Jump. It was in this age group, as can be seen, that our main strength lay.

The Open Group, which is only four strong up Grant's, was lucky enough to win two of the individual races, the Mile (5 min. 16 secs.) and the quarter-mile (62.2 secs.), in each case won by Almond B., who also came second in the half-mile.

The Under-16 Group were unable to produce any winners this year. Bradley, however, put up a creditable performance throughout, and was especially useful in the half-mile relay, for which he ran in the Open Group. He and Frampton also gained second and third places in the half-mile individual race.

In the Standards Competition we achieved an average of 8.5 points per boy up House, and were once more second to College (9 pts. per boy).

The Field Events Baton was tied for by College and Busby's (52 points), Grant's coming fourth with 32. In the Relay Cup we came third with 92 points, College, the winners, and Busby's gaining 118 and 108 respectively.

On May 25th, the school ran a match against Felsted at Ross, which was lost by the narrow margin of 104-105 points. Though this is not the place for a detailed account of a school event, it will be of interest to say that the House was represented in the team by Almond B., who came third in the Open Mile, and Frampton, who came second in the Colts half-mile and third in the 440 yards.

Both the organisers and the competitors have put in a great deal of work in Athletics this year and, though the prize giving at the end of the season was greeted with sighs of relief, everyone could look back with satisfaction and some pleasure at the results of their efforts.

B. G. A.

THE WATER.

The news that Water is once more a station will be greeted by all Old Westminsters with as much enthusiasm as has met it in the School. The aim of this step is, we are told, to have a few boys able to row so that on returning to London they may form the nucleus of a larger number to be coached there, in some measure by the present watermen.

Arrangements have been made with the Royal College for the Blind at Worcester, by which they kindly allow us the use of their boat house and boats.

Water station is at Worcester on Thursdays and Saturdays. Buckenhill watermen go in by train and lunch in a cafe in Worcester, while those from Whitbourne have lunch in their houses before going in by bus.

The actual rowing is done in tub pairs and fours, and boys are on the water for about two hours. The river is not crowded, though the barges which do go past leave a wash that is troublesome to beginners when it comes broadside on. Perhaps the greatest offender is the pleasure steamer, the "Shropshire Lad," which has been known to have been raced for a short way by our oarsmen.

There are five Grantites who have taken up Water, one of whom, Klee-man, having for a long time been worried about his size—or lack of it—now finds that being small has some advantage, for he coxes the practice pairs and fours.

Races, naturally, have not yet entered into the picture. For one thing, two months' training is not enough, and, for another, the object of Water at the moment is to provide a core for better days to come.

TENNIS.

Boys at Buckenhill have the use of five tennis courts, all kindly lent by people in the neighbourhood, so that there has been a greater opportunity for playing this year than last, and this advantage has been taken. In Juniors Grant's got a bye into the semi-finals, which they won, beating Rigaud's by 4 matches—0 and losing altogether only 5 games. The finals are to take place on July 9th against Busby's.

Neither Seniors nor any school matches have yet been played. In Seniors we again have a bye into the semi-finals. Four School matches have been arranged, including fixtures against Felsted and Lancing.

Though there is not very much one can say about tennis, there is great keenness throughout the House and the School, and what there has been of the season up to now has been very enjoyable.

B. G. A.

MUSIC.

The Election Term Music Competition is an event to which House musicians look forward with enthusiasm. Because it involves every one, the House Choir Competition is a particularly hotly contested event. This year the set piece was "The Sheep Shearing," a folk-song collected by Cecil Sharp, and our own choice was "Fairest Isle," by Purcell. The adjudicator, Dr. Andrews of New College, said that the School's standard was high. There was one mark per cent. between the first three Houses. We were a very close fourth. The technique in our performance, we were told, was good. A certain breathiness made our singing sound less pleasant than that of the other Houses.

Bradley and Davidson came first and second in the Broken Voice Solo. Davidson and Baron were second in the Junior Piano Duet. Nagle was third in the string solo, and so was Davidson in the Junior Piano Solo. A broken clarinet partly spoilt our chances in the wind solo. In the final order we were fourth: only three marks behind Ashburnham and Homeboarders, who were second.

The marks for chamber music are no longer included in the competition. A trio in which Davidson and Eichholz took part came next after a tied first place.

A few figures may express Grant's attitude to music. In a House of twenty-five boys there are ten who can play on musical instruments. Six, including three non-players, are members of the Choral Society.

Last term there were seven Grantites in an orchestra of eighteen. Six of the House's musicians are young enough to spend another three years at school. There are two others who are only prevented from learning by the difficulty of buying trumpets in war-time!

J. O. E.

PRE-SERVICE TRAINING UNITS.

A.T.C.

Training in Navigation, Morse and Aircraft Recognition, and in Drill and shooting, has continued as usual, and it is hoped that certain cadets will be taking the Proficiency Certificate (Part 1) later this term. The results of the Proficiency (Part 2) exam., taken at the end of last term, are very creditable, not one boy having failed in any subject taken.

On Friday, June 16th, the Flight (now 28 strong, with a quarter of that number Grantites) paid a most successful visit to the R.A.F. Station, Pershore. Aerodrome visits had almost come to be looked on with doubtful anticipation, but in this case the time was well spent. Most cadets had at least an hour's flying, and one plane-load came out to Bromyard and circled round Buckenhill, much to the interest of the J.T.C. whose field day had just ended and to the delight of the cadets concerned.

Other forms of employment were a concentrated lecture on Air Navigation, instruction in aiming at flying aircraft, which proved very exciting on account of the realistic sound effects produced by the apparatus used, and an interesting tour of the repair hangars where we were able to inspect many types of aircraft. For this very enjoyable day we have to thank the good organisation of the Pershore authorities.

On Wednesday, June 28th, Flight Lieutenant Healey, D.F.C., visited the flight and gave a most interesting informative talk on the role of an Air-Gunner in Aircrew and spoke a certain amount about bomber tactics. He certainly achieved the object of his talk which was to dispel erroneously preconceived ideas about air-gunning.

During next holidays there is to be a week's course of gliding instruction, which several boys hope to be able to attend.

J.T.C.

Up-to-date nomenclature has it that our old friend the "field day" is correctly described as "whole-day training." This is, perhaps, as well if it banishes the conception of field days of (comparatively) long ago—things of intricate detail, much transport, considerable expense and on such an ambitious scale that little could be learnt. The present tendency is to use these opportunities to get training for which the normal parade periods are insufficient. Usually this would be essentially tactical, as on the recent occasion this term in which two straightforward attack-versus-defence schemes were done (before and after the "lunch interval"), everyone getting experience of both types of operation. A second whole-day training will be used partly for more tactical training, partly for firing off a shooting competition, arranged by the N.R.A. for A.C.F. and J.T.C. units, in which every cadet takes part, and finally for a Cert. A exam. (this last being held then as a concession to school time at a rather busy period).

The inter-House competition has been held already this term, on rather different lines from previously in that every cadet was a competitor up to the standard which he had reached in his normal training and also as the date was not announced until the actual day on which it was held. It took place in two parts, the first for Cert. A (Part 2) candidates and for post-Cert. A cadets, the second for all who had not yet passed Part 1. Each boy earned a percentage mark on all his tests and the average percentage of each House squad determined the winner. Ashburnham and Homeboarders won it, with Rigaud's just beating Grant's to second place by .04%!

A new Schools' Liaison Officer from Western Command, Capt. Reedy, has visited the School to see boys individually about intended Army plans and to give a lecture on the work of the 1st Army in N. Africa; things had not been as easy as was sometimes thought largely because they had been too easy at the start—a paradox which formed the basis of an interesting and informative talk.

HOME GUARD.

A Company exercise was held in May to test revised schemes of tactics consequent on lessons learnt from the exercises of last Spring ; this also gave a chance of trying out a new H.Q. organisation which simplified greatly the operation of the signals section and which allowed for definite shifts in case of prolonged duty ; for this might not have been an impossibility round and about what turned out to be June 6th! Otherwise the H.Q. platoon, of which the Westminster group forms part, has been practising its roles of reconnaissance and mobile tactical work ; it is now involved in a Company scheme of inter-platoon exercises.

A conveniently placed depression in the ground, only a quarter of a mile from Buckenhill, has been passed as a 30 yards range for ball ammunition. What a bulldozer would have done in a few seconds in the way of clearing a thicket of wild roses and straightening up a vertical clay face took human beings rather longer, but the pleasure to be derived from a range really close at hand combined with the immediate and striking improvement in the standard of shooting with service rifles compensated for all the sweat and blood (plenty of this from the thorns) expended on it.

OTHER ACTIVITIES.

The whole school, and perhaps Grant's more than any other house, has seen a great increase in organised activity this summer. Perhaps the most noticeable revival in the line of sports has been that of cricket. The fixture list is longer than last year's, and though none of the matches have yet been won, the team has been improving with each one. For boys not in the Eleven, there are two nets at Buckenhill, where coaching goes on every evening, and on Fridays Whitbourne and Buckenhill Colts, and others, play on the ground in Bromyard, which Bromyard Grammar School has kindly let us use.

Lamprobatiks will probably be played one Friday afternoon later in the term ; the Secretary is also trying to arrange some matches in London during the first week of next holidays.

A comparatively newcomer to Buckenhill is the Gym. class, which the Captain of Gym. and Mr. Monk hold during P.T. on Mondays and Fridays, and also after school on Monday. Perhaps the most novel thing the Gym. class does is to use the genuine article for horse work. We are amazed at his admirable sangfroid, when the strangest antics are performed over his hind-quarters.

Mention of that noble animal, the horse, brings one's mind to the other livestock which crowd the Haha when it is not occupied by boys—the hens, ducks and sheep (not ours—they belong to a neighbouring farmer). The fowls are producing quite phenomenal numbers of eggs, which I will not state here for fear of making readers jealous.

Other work outside on the estate has included work in the vegetable garden which supplies most of our needs. Inner have been attempting to cultivate sweet peas outside their window. Unfortunately, just as they were beginning to bud something bit the tops off. A sad story. Quite a lot of time has been put into improving the notorious Buckenhill Drive. The coal dust which was laid down stood the strain for some time, but in the recent heavy rain it has suffered considerably. The yearly and, to some people, delightful season of "topping and tailing" has just come to an end.

A word must be added here about our engineers who have contrived in spite of drought to supply us with quite enough water for comfortable living, and, we fear, to supply dripping taps.

While we are still in the open air, we must mention Shooting. Postal shooting matches have taken place and though we have lost both those of which the results are definitely known, there is still one to be shot and two of which the results are undecided. Three Grantites have shot in the team, Bradley, Bruce, R., and Lapage.

The indoor and more intellectual occupations of Lit. Soc. and Gram. Soc.

have continued, but the latter only for a short time, for the audience has so diminished now that the evenings are light that it was not considered worth while continuing this term. However we have enjoyed Mozart's Horn Concerto in E flat major, "Eine Kleine Nachtonusik," and arias and duets from the first two acts of the "Marriage of Figaro," "Madame Butterfly" by Puccini, Beethoven's "Pathetique" Sonata and First Symphony, Tschaikowsky's "Casse-Noisette Suite" and Handel's "Water Music," as well as overtures, arias and ballet music by Wagner, Rossini, Weber, Strauss and Borodin. Next term, when darker evenings bring larger audiences, we shall be listening to these works again together with many others.

Lit. Soc. after a few weeks of forced inaction at the beginning of the term, has been held every Saturday evening in the Housemaster's drawing-room. The plays so far read have been "Lady Windermere's Fan" and "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, "The Doll's House" by Henrik Ibsen, Alec Coppel's "I Killed the Count," and Noel Coward's "Blythe Spirit." We also hope to have read by the end of the term Shaw's "Pygmalion," Edgar Wallace's "The Man Who Changed His Name," "Judgement Day" by Elmer Rice, and "Rookery Nook" by Ben Travers.

SOMNAMBULISM.

I woke up the other night outside the front door of Buckenhill. I didn't know how I had got there, so I told myself to go back to bed, but I wouldn't obey, so I went to get a bike, and cycled to London in five seconds. I was walking down Park Lane when I saw a farm just past the Dorchester on the left. I went into the courtyard and saw a farm hand called Joe, I don't know why, and I asked him how many fingers he had. He said sixteen and a half, so I told him to go to Heaven, but the ground opened and we started on a journey to the other place. We went down the escalator and at last arrived at the ticket office for the crossing of the River Styx. We bought one ticket each with an odd obol I found in my pocket, and then made our way through the crowd of holiday-makers to the ferry where Charon was waiting to carry us over. The Styx crackled beneath the weight of the boat; half-way across we were intercepted by an E-boat, and we heard choirs of angels singing "It's the Day of Damnation, D-Day, It's the Day of Damnation, D-Day," etc.

We finally arrived at the coast of Normandy, where we found pilotless planes, driverless tanks, and wireless telegraphy. I got into one of the former, arrived in Berlin, and situated myself as the fifth column on the right in the Reichstag. After about ten seconds I got bored, so I walked along the road still disguised as a column. I arrived at a munition factory where I got disguised as a bomb, luckily a dud one. I was flown off to bomb the Home Guard H.Q. of Western England, but the pilot mistook the house and I landed with a resounding thud at my starting point, having completed a journey of 1,200 miles to Berlin and back, via Hades, in just under a minute. It took me ten minutes to put my bedclothes straight.

A JOURNEY OF EXPLORATION.

As a hobby I like to explore strange places and I have had many narrow escapes in doing so. Anyhow, one day I suddenly decided that I should explore a cloud. I had my inspiration on a Tuesday but I decided to wait till Saturday afternoon. In the meanwhile I got hold of a large supply of oxygen to make myself very light.

When Saturday came along I pumped oxygen into myself and became like an enormous hippopotamus. Then I jumped. I felt myself rushing upwards and after a few seconds landed in a large cloud. I walked into the interior.

Suddenly I stopped dead and just about fainted from surprise. For there, not fifty yards away, was an enormous town. The people were bustling to and fro on one-man aeroplanes. I walked into a shop and looked round. In front of me was a large switchboard with all sorts of gadgets on it. To one

side was a notice which gave directions on how to use the "Automatic Seller Machine." I followed its directions and pressed one of the buttons. A bag of sweets came out. I was pleased with the result and pressed another button and this time I found a one-man aeroplane at my side. I got into it and flew about and finally landed in front of a building which was called the "Robot House."

I wandered around inside for a bit till I stopped in front of a robot which had a label above it saying "The Propheying Robot." I decided to ask it what the world would be like in fifty years. It answered immediately; "the world will be falling in space in fifty years' time." This rather frightened me but I asked it when it would start falling and it answered; "it will start falling in 43 years, 17 hours, 49 minutes and 12 seconds from now," and it struck a gong. I took the time and put it down in my diary.

After that I decided that it was about time to return to the earth and so I jumped into my aeroplane and set off

The door rattles and there is a jingle of keys outside my room. It must be the warder coming to take me from my padded cell for a walk.

B(ACON)-DAY.

At half-past four on the morning on June 6th, Pierre Agmot got up and went down the stairs of his little five-roomed cottage to get breakfast. He made it happily, for to-day he was going to have a real feed with a tiny piece of bacon, procured for twenty francs through the black market. It was only half a rasher, but Pierre prized it as nothing else and had kept some so-called margarine to put on his piece of smoky burnt toast that had been made over a little burning peat, for the gas was not yet on. All this took so long that it was over an hour after getting up that he started to cook the bacon. As it sizzled in the pan, Pierre became conscious of a humming over his head; a few moments later a bomb dropped, and Pierre wept. For there, knocked over by the blast of the bomb, lay his half-rasher, charred on the fire and now nothing more than a burnt cinder. But then his attention was attracted by something outside the window, for there, over the hill at the back of his little garden, he could see parachutists coming down in hundreds. His anger increased as he realised that it was their race which had destroyed his bacon. All enmity for the Germans was now swallowed up in his intense hatred for these parachutists. To think that all these years he had been practising the use of guns and working night and day, with the underground, to help these men who had destroyed his meal. And now he could see them coming towards the house, they were climbing over the back fence, they would break into his house and murder him; he seized the poker and waited behind the door; at least he could kill one of them. . . . The door opened and he hurled down the weapon. In an instant he realised what a fool he had been, the puny iron rod bounced and slid off the steel helmet of the soldier, and Pierre fainted. Twenty minutes later he woke up to find a plate of bacon beside his bed with a note attached:

"Hope you enjoy this, from the boys; we heard you raving about it in your sleep."

THE OCTOPUSS.

When I first saw the octopuss it was standing on the pavement looking as if it wanted to cross the road. It seemed to be having some difficulty in doing this, because, although there was no traffic in sight, it kept stepping off the pavement, standing in the road for a second or two, then stepping back again. It was an odd looking creature. It had a cat's head on the end of a long tapering neck, and a large body, rather like a pancake, which split up at the edges into eight long tentacles, with spongy suckers on the tips. It supported itself partly on its tentacles and partly on four cat's legs, which could hardly be seen under its wide body. It also had a cat's tail with an extra small sucker on it. As I went past, it began to mew, and I was sure

that it wanted me to hold its hand, so to speak, while it crossed the road. As I had only just joined a league for the defence of animals, I felt bound to assist it. The only difficulty was which "hand" to hold. However it kindly obliged by wrapping three tentacles round my body, scratching my hand with one of its cat's paws, and tripping me up with another tentacle. When I had got up, it brushed me down with its vacuum-cleaner-like tentacles, and we set out. Even then we had some difficulty, because, after several attempts had failed, I found that it had carelessly left one of its tentacles wrapped round a lamp-post and that that was holding us back. I unwrapped it, and it promptly removed my hat and threw it across the road. We managed to get across after that, because it wanted to try my hat on. I did not think it looked at all nice in my hat, especially as it insisted on wearing it inside out. Being a form of cat it seemed to follow the rest of its tribe in wanting to tease something. The octopuss chose me as the something. Seeing that I wanted my hat, it threw the hat along the pavement, and just as I was going to pick it up, it whisked it away, passed it round from tentacle to tentacle till it was well out of my reach, then knocked me flat with its tail. When I had recovered enough, the game went on again. Sometimes the octopuss held me so that I could not quite reach the hat, sometimes it juggled with me and the hat, till one or the other of us got dropped.

In this strange manner we went down the road. It was fairly early in the morning, so very few people were about. Those who were looked the other way. At last we got to a cross roads where there was a lot of traffic. The octopuss thought of another game. It picked up a butcher's boy, bicycle, meat, and all, and put him on the top of a passing car. It picked up small cars and put them on big cars, and, by incredible feats of strength, using all eight tentacles and its tail at once, put buses on lorries. The road was in chaos with screaming women, angry men, and wrecked vehicles. But at last the octopuss met something which it could not manage. A steam roller happened to come past. The octopuss got in front of it and put out its tentacles. I don't quite know what happened, but whether it got one of its tentacles caught in the works of the steam roller, or whether the weight was too great, when the steam roller was in mid-air, it suddenly fell on the octopuss. There was a frightful scream and the last I saw of the octopuss was a dustman scraping it off the road and putting it in his cart.

DARKNESS.

"Good night," called Mr. Smith cheerily, as he came out of the house of a friend with whom he had been having supper, "good night, and thanks very much for a jolly good evening."

"Oh! don't mention it," said the man silhouetted in the doorway; then, "I say, would you like me to lend you a torch? It's rather dark."

"Never mind, it's quite all right and my eyes will soon get used to it," replied Mr. Smith and added jokingly, "Anyway I'm not afraid of the dark!"

Then after the last good-nights between the two, Mr. Smith shut the garden gate behind him and turned into the road. Yes, it did seem rather dark after all, for at the late hour of eleven o'clock not a light glinted in the sleeping village and everyone was in bed; but Mr. Smith wasn't going to degrade himself so much as to go back to ask for a torch now, so, gripping his walking stick firmly, he stepped out into the night.

The moon appeared fitfully from behind scudding clouds and in the intervals it was very dark. It was in one of these dark periods that a very unexpected thing happened. Mr. Smith was walking at a smart pace along the road home, thinking about the nice warm bed that he was going back to, when he tripped over a prowling cat. The accursed animal freed itself from his feet and, with a strange eerie yell, fled down the road.

Mr. Smith passed a trembling hand over his forehead and gasped out, "Lord, that gave me a fright." Then, pulling himself together, he walked on; but the cat episode had frightened him more than he would have liked to admit.

As he walked he suddenly became aware that someone was following him for there were regular footsteps on the road behind; he stopped and looked

round but there wasn't a soul in sight. "Queer," he muttered and went on, but there quite definitely were steps behind and their hollow resounding noise on the tarmac road frightened him somehow and he found himself running. Suddenly he pulled up and swiped behind him with his stick. Nothing! "Oh, God!" he muttered and set off again at a trot.

He had just entered a very dark copse through which the road ran and, when he noticed this, he stopped and looked fearfully into the impenetrable blackness of the trees on either side, but, suddenly, he stiffened. *Someone or something had quite perceptibly touched him on the shoulder.* He scarcely dared to look behind and, when he did, again nothing!

"Damn!" he said to himself, "I must stop this," and on he went with those dreadful footsteps ever behind him. An owl swooped over his head, screeching, and, as though something had snapped in his brain, he burst into a frenzied run and, shrieking with terror, flew down the road and out of the copse.

A hundred yards further to his house. Never had so short a distance seemed so long for he was ever conscious of those now hurrying steps. At last he reached his garden gate and opening it he rushed up the path and collapsed a sobbing heap by his door. Then to his horror the gate opened and shut again and the steps came up the path but now there was something there, a misty, dim, hooded figure. He beat on the door furiously to get his housekeeper and the figure got nearer, ever nearer, still dim and semi-transparent, and when the moon came from behind a cloud Mr. Smith saw to his horror that this thing cast no shadow; there were no definite features but only a filmy shape.

The thing terrified him almost to the point of madness but at long last the door opened and in the yellow shaft of light nothing was visible. But Mr. Smith had had enough and he fell in a dead faint across the threshold at the feet of his amazed and frightened housekeeper, overwhelmed by his own powers of imagination.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

Last night, after Lit. Soc. was over—we had read Noel Coward's "Blithe Spirit"—I had a few cherries and went up to bed. I heard eleven struck by the clock in the Buckenhill tower and soon afterwards I suppose I must have dropped off.

Now whether it was the hangover from the burlesque psychology of the play or the cherries that are to blame for what followed I still don't know. The reader must judge for himself. However, the next thing I knew was that I seemed to be groping in a garage in which were a number of bicycles. I extracted a machine and hopped on; I dimly remember cycling across a yard with a shed in it and a great pile of coal, then cycling along a gravel drive in front of a red-brick house with green virginia creeper clambering over it. I passed the house on my left, and saw a lawn on my right and shrubberies on the left.

The drive was quite short, and coming out on to a third class road I turned left. I remember that there seemed to be a tension—as though I were late for something. I pedalled furiously along between high hedges, then came to a steep hill down which I rushed, passing some farm buildings on my right. My brakes screeched at the bottom as I crossed a bridge over a stream, and, turning slightly right, continued along the flat for a short way with the stream on my right.

Coming to another hill I cycled half-way up, then dismounted and walked quickly to the top. On I went, cycling as fast as I could, along the top, down the other side, round a number of bends, along a stretch of muddy road which evidently was under water during very rainy weather (I think it was called the "watersplash") and then between two fields of new mown hay.

Coming to a gate on my left I got off, went through, cycled along a well-manured path to another gate, which I went through, and put my bicycle away in a shed.

I now found myself in front of a red-brick house—small itself, but with

old farm buildings stretching away behind it. I went in and found myself in a hall at the back of which stairs went down to the further recesses of the house and buildings. I remember quite distinctly seeing a facsimile of the death warrant of Charles I. hanging on the wall in the hall before I went through a door on the left.

Here I found myself in a room with five beds in it each with a green blanket on it. There were four other boys in the room, all of whom I knew. One was much bigger than the rest, and another much smaller one slept in a bed just inside the door. In a frantic hurry I undressed, washed at a chest of drawers improvised as a wash-stand, and got into bed.

The big boy, who slept in the opposite corner of the room, had bought a twelve-pound chip of cherries, and so the rest of us were lulled to sleep by the music of cherry stones being spat into an envelope.

I was rudely awakened by the clumping of heavy feet in heavy boots on the floorboards. A great voice thundered, " Rise and Shine, get up my lucky lads." I quickly sat up in bed and watched a familiar figure clump over to the bed next to mine and turn it over, upsetting the occupant—still sleeping blissfully—on to the floor.

Amid cries of woe from the unfortunate he clumped out, and I lay down in bed again and dozed.

. . . Then a bell sounded at a distance . . . then much nearer. I opened my eyes, blinked, and there I was in my bed at Buckenhill, and Matron was clanging her way through the dormitory.

It has only just occurred to me—yesterday was Saturday, June 24th—midsummer day. Midsummer day last year I was late in bed, and the monitor had plenty to say on the subject—between his cherries.

THE SLACKER'S LAMENT.

As I walked upon the Ha-ha
In a lazy kind of way,
Admiring ducks and chickens
I heard a gruff voice say :
 You ought to do some work, my boy,
 You really must not shirk, my boy,
 You've got the Higher Cert., my boy,
 To take at the end of the term.

I was sitting by a table
Reading the *Sunday Times*,
Seeing if I was able
To do the crossword, when—
 You ought to do some work, my boy,
 You really must not shirk, my boy,
 You've got the Higher Cert., my boy,
 To take at the end of the term.

I was sitting in my form room
Admiring the view outside,
When I heard a threatening boom
And I knew that I'd been spied :
 You ought to do some work, my boy,
 You really must not shirk, my boy,
 You've got the Higher Cert., my boy,
 To take at the end of the term.

Wherever I go, whatever I do,
I am never left alone,
Wherever I go, whatever I do,
I am haunted by this drone :
 You ought to do some work, my boy,
 You really must not shirk, my boy,
 You've got the Higher Cert., my boy,
 To take at the end of the term.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A BOOT.

- 7.30 a.m. Deafening clang of a bell above head. Wake up. Look up for owner. No movement in the bed. Guess he's not awake. Correct.
- 7.45 a.m. Still no action overhead.
- 7.55 a.m. Getting pretty desperate. Suddenly a whirlwind; am put on, tied together, and rushed down to breakfast.
- 8.1 a.m. Owner accused of being late. Am sworn to be the cause. Owner excused.
- 8.20 a.m. Am taken away for daily (?) wash and brush-up.
- 9.0 a.m. Am rushed around the place till
- 9.45 a.m. When owner works (?) and I spend my time kicking shins under table.
- 11.25 a.m. Owner departs to have his milk; I accompany him, and get half drowned when owner attempts to open the bottle.
- 11.40 a.m. Go back to kicking shins. Very boring, till
- 1.0 p.m. Move to distant room, where I remain till
- 1.10 p.m. Journey back to where I started; seems very pointless.
- 1.15 p.m. Start getting splashed with vegetables, then am still till
- 1.45 p.m. General commotion. Owner stands up, then adjourns to assembly point, where I am taken off and put away.
- 2.30 p.m. Am put on. Owner very breathless. Inquire reason; am told it was the fault of P.T. Suppose it must mean Phoot Testing (sine boot).
- 2.35-2.45 p.m. General commotion for the second time. Chanting in queer language.
- 2.45-4.10 p.m. Continue contest of shin-kicking.
- 4.10 p.m. Am splashed again; this time with tea.
- 4.30 p.m. Move around everywhere with nothing special to do till
- 6.45 p.m. Supper (for owner).
- 7.15-8.45 p.m. Stay still doing nothing, like owner (?).
- 8.45 p.m. Deathly silence, broken only by one solitary voice.
- 9.0 p.m. Sit down at instrument. Am continually banged against base of same. Queer noise comes from above head.
- 10.10 p.m. Am rushed upstairs and taken off. Owner comes to bed at 10.16. Is given an imposition. Am sworn at for being the cause.

THE WRITTEN WORD.

A beautiful mellow voice was speaking—the finest, most impressive voice I have ever heard. The words it spoke were foreign, and meaningless to me, but their music told a vivid tale, a sad, sad tale.

In a little Welsh garden, where wild roses grew round the peeping windows of the cottage, and nodded to the diamond panes, where lavender bushes lined the smooth gravel path and filled the air with their fragrance, where larkspurs and lupins grew in ordered profusion, there moved a pretty maid. Her eyes were blue, her hair like golden silk. Clad in a light cotton frock she was a picture of charm. She passed like a bee along the rows of flowers, humming softly to herself, then pausing as she saw a bloom which was especially lovely. She would tenderly, almost sadly, pluck the flower, as though she were pained at the thought of her own wanton destruction of the colourful life which surrounded her, and she would lay it carefully in the wicker basket on her arm.

A young man on his way up the mountain stopped and leant on the garden gate, silent, watching with his frank brown eyes. Mary reached the end of one row of flowers, and turned to the next. As she turned she saw the man.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, a surprised, bashful, little shriek.

"Sorry," he apologised, "I was admiring—er—your lovely garden. I

really came to ask the time at the cottage, but I was so struck by all these flowers that I just forgot. Ever so sorry."

"That's all right," she said, "I'm so glad you like the garden. I spend a lot of time working in it when I'm not looking after Grandad, and no one ever comes along to admire it, though Grandad loves looking out of the window at it."

And on they talked, about the garden, the mountains around, her grandfather, herself. When at last Alan remembered that he had come to ask the time it was half-an-hour later and he had promised to come and see Mary and her Grandfather the next day.

A year later Alan and Mary were husband and wife, living happily together in the cottage up the mountain. But there came a time when their joy was to be spoilt, for Alan was off to the wars. They parted at the gate of the same little garden with the lavender bushes; the larkspurs and lupins still grew there, and up the cottage wall the wild rose still climbed.

"No further than this," said Alan. "This is where I first saw you, and it is where I want to be able to imagine you. And, anyway, a station is a smelly place," he added.

Towards the end of the year Mary sat in bed writing a letter.

"Darling Alan," it began, "I have got the most wonderful Christmas present for you. . . . Just guess—a little boy. I am calling him Alan to remind me of you. . . ."

A few weeks later another Mary sat at the little table in front of the window which looked upon the little garden, but there were no flowers there now; nothing but the bare stalks of the lavender broke up the bareness of that garden in winter; the long fingers of blossomless wild rose tapping on window pane in a swift swinging motion added to the desolation outside—and within.

Yes, inside Mary's heart, so lonely, so sad, lay an overpowering sorrow and her very soul seemed clutched and oppressed. A shadow had been cast over her whole being, a shadow as black as the clothes she wore. Suddenly with a conscious effort she shook herself out of her stupor, her chest heaved, she took a pen, drew a sheet of paper slowly from its half-empty box, slowly smoothed it out, needlessly, and laboriously set herself to write—

"My dearest Alan,

"How can I tell you! At every thought of the tragedy I feel I can no longer keep back my tears. I feel, I know, how much it will hurt you to know, but yet how much rather you would know it than be left in ignorance. How strange human nature is! That a man should prefer a broken heart to happy ignorance is irrational, but, as it is a fact, I must conquer my reluctance and tell you.

"When you come home, hoping to see little Alan, a grave . . ."

There came a ring at the bell. For some time she sat motionless, gazing at nothing. Another peal of the bell—how was she to know it was the knell of despair—brought her back to life. She wiped a hasty tear from her eye and went to the door, half running, half walking.

The old lady from the Post Office down in the valley was there, a sympathetic smile on her face. "I thought I'd bring it up to you myself, my dear, seeing as I am sure you'll be glad to get it," she said, as Mary opened the telegram. "It'll be a great comfort to you in your great sorrow, my child."

"Comfort! Comfort!" blazed Mary. "Comfort! Comfort!" Her voice passed from fury to despair, and she sobbed.

"It's bad enough telling him by letter, but to his face I couldn't, I couldn't. Oh why, why to-day of all times?" She rushed into the back part of the house, and the old post-woman stood motionless outside the open door.

She puckered her already wrinkled forehead, and stooped to pick up the crumpled telegram form. She smoothed it out on her knee and looked at it. Her puzzled expression plainly asked what her tongue could not—what had happened to this girl who was so strangely affected by good news—and once again she read the message—

"Unexpected leave. Arrive this evening. Longing to see Alan junior. Best love. Alan senior."

ABOUT MONDAY.

A thought that tends to spoil my Sunday
Is that of the succeeding Monday.
Enjoyment of the Sunday dinner,
An antidote to growing thinner ;

Absorption of the midday sunshine,
With pleasant book and body supine :
Both occupations quite delightful,
Can instantly be rendered frightful

By indication or by warning
Of what's in store the following morning :
Superiors filled with snicker-sneedom
Imposing checks upon one's freedom.

OLD GRANTITES.

A LE HARDY : S/L., R.A.F. : has been photographed somewhere in Europe with (to quote his letter) " some very tough-looking girls with hand grenades slung all round their waists."

J. R. B. HODGES : A.C.2, R.A.F. : is enjoying the standard of living in South Africa and bathing in company with sharks.

V. T. M. R. TENISON : Lt., I.A. : is doing a signals course at Poona.

M. H. FLANDERS : Sub-Lieut., R.N. : making good progress after his illness, at the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, Stanmore.

G. D. GLENNIE : L/Cpl. in a H.G. unit which parades at regular intervals : states that he is spending 50 hours a week on Maths!

S. P. L. KENNEDY : has just completed the first part of his training after being called up into the Army.

R. J. M. BARON : recently spent two days of his leave here in the middle of his R.A.F. short course at Cambridge.

W. J. REED : half-way through his R.E. short course at Manchester and spent a week-end here.

D. I. GREGG : pre-O.C.T.U. : under canvas close at hand to

A. H. WILLIAMS and D. J. E. SHAW : O.C.T.U. : not under canvas by any means.

D. F. CUNLIFFE, Major, K.R.R. ; W. R. VAN STRAUBENZEE, 2/Lieut., R.A. ; D. W. SHENTON, 2/Lieut., Coldstream Guards and I. D. GRANT were at the O.W. tea party in April.

J. A. HOLLOWAY : Lieut., R.A. ; was seen in London during April, when on a duty visit in his capacity as adjutant.

M. W. PARKINGTON : training for the R.A.F. in South Africa and has just got his commission.

NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to Buckenhill, Bromyard, Herefordshire.

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

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review* and changes should, therefore, be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.

Back numbers (nearly all from 1930 onwards) may be obtained from the Editor, price one shilling.