

WS/Hau/3/4/1/17/3

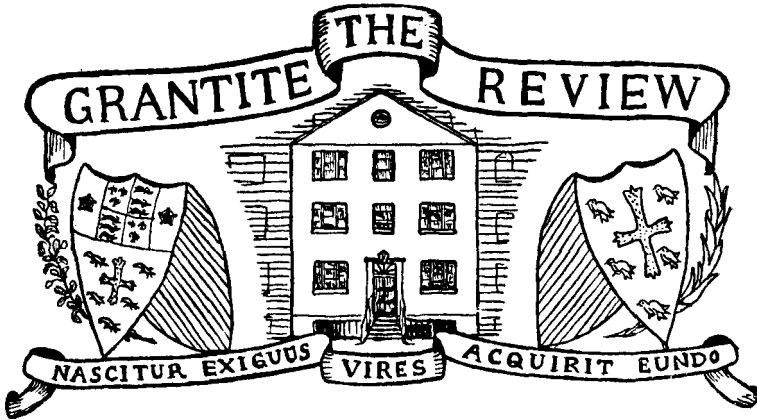
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,
1939.

INDEX.

Editorial	5
House Notes	6
Cricket Juniors	7
Water	8
Football	8
O.T.C. Camp	9
Scout Camp	9
That fine Art	<i>F. W. E. Fursdon</i>	10
A Lancing Doggerel	<i>The Housemaster</i>	13
Clarence again	<i>E. R. Cawston</i>	14
Germans don't like Grantites	<i>M. H. Flanders</i>	15
Youth	<i>J. B. Craig</i>	16
Home Service	<i>F. J. Earle</i>	16
Grant's Gardens	<i>M. H. Flanders</i>	17
The Bomb	<i>J. B. Craig</i>	18
Roguish Rhymes and Trite Truths	<i>M. H. Flanders</i>	19
It all happened in the Channel	<i>F. J. Earle</i>	20
Song of the Refugee	<i>F. D. Gammon</i>	21
Conditions in Germany	<i>R. C. Bellenger</i>	21
Prodnose the Persecuted	<i>D. P. Davison</i>	23
Correspondence	24



DECEMBER, 1939.

Taking up the Editor's pen, we feel as though we hold the fate and final issue of Grant's in our hands. What we write decides the life of Grantites now, and in the future.

But alas! We are merely here to give you an account of how well we have settled down and are overcoming most difficulties in our new surroundings.

Our evacuation to Lancing has given to everybody the chance of showing what they are really made of. For at a time like this, strength of mind, co-operation, and faithfulness are surely the three necessities. We think that most have succeeded in that task. Life is not hard, and one would hardly know, except for many war maps and black-out frames, that there was a war. The Housemaster has done all in his power to make life as pleasant as possible in such circumstances. He has not failed in his work. Everyone is most grateful to him for all that he has done. Our cupboards are crammed with games and the library is full of books. Everything is most comfortable.

Life is continuing just as it was up "Old Grant's." Gardening has taken the place of "yard," and many hours are spent by Grantites digging and planting on their allotments.

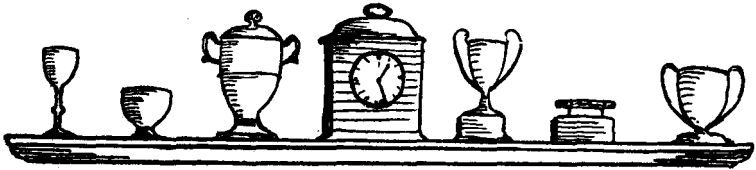
As for the *Grantite Review* itself, we hope it will not cause a crisis. It is intended to improve the faults so often criticised. The photographs will be of great interest to look back on in the future.

Not many results have been recorded in this issue for most games have been disorganised and matches are difficult to get. "Water" has been completely abandoned, but other games are now continuing in a skeleton fashion.

At work, many forms have joined up with Lancing, but others are going on as in London.

We are all very sorry indeed that Mr. Edwards could not take up his post as House Tutor; we hope that he is as comfortable at

Hurstpierpoint as we are here. In conclusion, to old Grantites who are now serving in one or other of the fighting forces, and to those who are carrying on with their usual civil life, we wish the very best of luck in this difficult and tiring time.



HOUSE NOTES.

Unfortunately Mr. Edwards was unable to take up his position as House Tutor owing to the present circumstances. He is in charge of the Mathematical teaching for the Westminster at Hurstpierpoint.

There left us last term :—B. V. I. Greenish, D. S. Winckworth, J. K. Morrison, D. L. B. Farley, V. G. H. Hallet, R. K. Archer and L. E. Cranfield. We wish them the best of luck for the future.

The following unfortunately left owing to war conditions :—D. J. Mitchell, D. G. Meldrum, J. B. Andrews, P. J. Dannhorn, H. M. T. Grumitt, T. A. G. Pocock. We wish them all the best of luck.

We welcome this term :—W. J. Reed, S. P. Kennedy, B. G. Almond, A. J. Abrahams, R. J. A. Baron and M. D. Ingrams.

In one study for all Chiswicks at the Farm are :—I. J. Abrahams, J. B. Craig, and D. C. Evans (monitors). M. H. Flanders, D. P. Davison, F. G. Overbury, L. A. Wilson, A. W. G. le Hardy, R. O. Wrigley, and A. W. Pratt. At the College :—R. O. I. Borradaile and F. D. Gammon are monitors.

E. R. Cawston is Head of Hall at the Farm, and A. D. Self is Head of Hall at the College. The Hall monitors are :—F. J. Earle, D. S. Wilde and V. B. Levison.

We won the Junior Cricket Shield, beating all the other five houses.

R. O. I. Borradaile is Captain of Football at Lancing.

Congratulations to D. P. Davison, M. H. Flanders, A. D. Self and N. D. Sandelson on their Seniors for Water, also to J. D. B. Andrews, D. O'R. Dickey, H. T. M. Grumitt, J. A. Holloway, V. B. Levison and D. S. Wilde on their Juniors.

A. D. Self won the final of the Junior-Senior Sculls.

J. D. B. Andrews won the final of the Junior Sculls.

R. O. I. Borradaile and I. J. Abrahams represented the School 1st XI in a football match against Lancing.

M. H. Flanders, encouraged by the success of last year's House plays, seems to be undaunted by desertions and cancellations, and is attempting to produce a play on the same lines this term.

CRICKET JUNIORS.

As was reported in our last issue, Grant's had won the first four matches, including that against Ashburnham, whom we were by no means expected to beat. The final match against College was won comfortably by eight wickets, and so we had the Juniors cup to have near the Seniors shield in Hall.

We beat Rigaud's with little difficulty. Ashburnham did not put up the resistance that we looked for from them, and we won by 105 runs.

Mitchell captained well and prudently, and although he did not make many runs he took twenty-two wickets. Russ kept wicket competently and made some good scores. Tenison's all-round standard was excellent: his 86 in the Ashburnham match was a memorable achievement and he followed it up by extremely sound bowling. Cawston, Whitehead and Fursdon made some good scores on occasion. Everyone's fielding was keen throughout, and they thoroughly deserved to win the cup.

Juniors were awarded to:—D. G. Meldrum, J. R. B. Hodges, F. W. E. Fursdon and R. C. Bellenger.

Results:—

- v. BUSBY'Swon by 9 runs.
Grant's, 113 (Russ 42, Tenison 19. Ferrers-Guy 5 for 23).
Busby's, 104 (Stedham 42. Mitchell 4 for 44, Tenison 3 for 31).
- v. HOMEBOARDERSwon by 8 wickets.
Homeboarders, 69 (Renny 36 not. Mitchell 9 for 32).
Grant's, 74 for 2 (Russ 33 not, Tenison 17).
- v. RIGAUD'Swon by 5 wickets.
Rigaud's, 55 (Rider 19. Tenison 6 for 24, Mitchell 4 for 25).
Grant's, 56 for 5 (Cawston 22. Cremer 4 for 14).
- v. ASHBURNHAMwon by 105 runs.
Grant's, 173 for 4 dec. (Tenison 86, Fursdon 30 not, Cawston 29).
Ashburnham, 68 (Saunders 21, Tenison 7 for 22).
- v. KING'S SCHOLARSwon by 8 wickets.
King's Scholars, 55 (Feasey 21. Tenison 5 for 23, Cawston 2 for 6).
Grant's, 61 for 2 (Mitchell 27 not, Russ 19 not).

WATER.

Again, but for a different reason, a war has deprived Westminster of her Water. However, the magnificent successes of the season will gain lustre and embroidery from a pause ; to become legendary, "The Good Old Days of Westminster rowing."

As far as the Regatta was concerned, Grant's could have wished for a more successful note of which to leave Water.

Our position, third in the Halahan Cup, was gained entirely by the scullers, none of the three Fours, and one-and-a-half pairs surviving more than a round.

A. D. Self, characteristically, worked his stolid way through five rounds of the Junior-Senior Sculls to beat W. H. Allchin (*A.*) in the final, "comfortably."

In the Junior Sculls, J. D. B. Andrews broke the record in an early round and won the Mitchell Cup, beating C. H. Christie by five lengths.

Of the five entrants in the Coxswain's Handicap Sculling Race, three were Grantites ; and D. S. Wilde in a Sliding-seat Rum-Tum, and ten seconds start, finished first a length up on N. D. Sandleson with a Best-Boat, scratch, who held the same lead over the third sculler, N. M. Briggs (*B.*).

Now that Grant's Watermen are split up, Football, one of the greatest reasons for the popularity of Water at Westminster, has claimed only one of us, J. A. Holloway.

M. H. Flanders, F. G. Overbury, D. S. Wilde, and C. I. A. Beale now play Tennis ; while D. P. Davison, A. D. Self, N. D. Sandleson, D. O'R. Dickey, F. J. Earle, J. Moller, and V. B. Levison are members of the new running packs.

So, Grants is left with three half-pinks, three thirds and two fourths, complete with shags, socks and scarves and unable to use any of them. But although we are putting in time at other, less worthy, stations, we still consider ourselves Watermen in exile, and if one of us alone remains at Westminster until Water again becomes a Station, the spirit of Grant's Rowing will remain with him and take root again on the banks of the Thames. M.H.F.

FOOTBALL.

Although both watermen and footballers have been given the opportunity of doing tennis or running, there is little change in the list of Grantite footballers.

We are again in the position of having a large number of juniors and few seniors, but we should be able to provide useful teams for both Seniors and Juniors, which are being played on the league system this year. Apart from three pink-and-whites and last season's Colts goal-keeper, there are some very promising young footballers, several of whom should play for the School Colts XI.

Our first opponents in Seniors are Busby's. We next play College, and end up with our usual struggle with Homeboarders.

R. O. I. B.

O.T.C. CAMP 1939.

While the rest of the school was working on July 31st, great things were happening out in Little Dean's Yard. We, who formed the advance party, were moving the great variety of things that go to a camp and packing them into two lorries. At last everything was ready and we went off, and arrived at the site of the camp at Fairwarp, Sussex, in the early afternoon. By nightfall all the tents had been pitched, and when the contingent arrived the next day, marquee, cook-house, showers, everything, were ready.

How dreary it seemed getting up at six-thirty, after that dreadful bugle had woken you : and when you had got up, your clothes were damp with dew that had inevitably come in through the tent door.

But in spite of this, life went with a swing. After breakfast at seven-thirty, parade from nine till about 1.30, and lunch at two, we were free to do what we pleased. We were extremely lucky to have an open air swimming bath at our disposal. During the course of the camp, we visited a territorial searchlight unit's barracks and observation post, and were shown over a service aerodrome, where we saw several types of machines and guns. Night operations we all enjoyed, and many of us found the bog about which we had been warned. One night we had a sing-song which was a great success.

Camp ended on the ninth of August. None of us were, I think, sorry to get into a bed again—and a bath!

Grantites at camp, besides Captain Murray-Rust, were Sergeant Hallett, Corporals Borradaile and Cranfield, Lance-Corporal Self, Cadets Beale, Davison, Dickey, Fursdon, Holloway, le Hardy, Macmillan, Tenison, Wilde.

SCOUT CAMP.

Thirty members of the troop, and five Old Westminsters, spent the first fortnight of August on Mull, off the west coast of Scotland. After the camp at Loch Maree last year we knew all about the trials of a night journey in the train and the perils of a fortnight's constant exposure to the ravages of midges, and went well prepared. The camp site was protected by hills from the prevailing wind but not from the rain it brought. Fortunately the wind on all except five days was from other warmer quarters.

Mull is quite a large island but barren, and so the population is small and visitors few ; and we were made much of. The whole social activity of the island was occupied in trying, after the hospitable manner of all Scots, to persuade us to be sociable. The extent to which they succeeded was not sufficient to curtail our other enterprises, but this scout camp will go down in history for the tidy hair ; the church parades ; the teas with the lairds ; the fishing expeditions ; the small but well-rewarded part we played in the Tobermory Regatta ; and, most of all, the football match. Even the most

hirsute of us learnt to balance a tea-cup on the knee, and not to speak with the mouth full.

We were really a great social success. Both the Episcopalian and the Presbyterian parsons canvassed for our attendance at their respective kirks. Archie Winckworth's car was known and feared throughout the Highlands. The prowess of Ted Bindloss in striding up and down the mountains will be recounted by the islanders for many years. Mull has one road that is anything more than a cart-track, and three that are considerably less ; but in spite of this the troop made an expedition by bus to Iona, and visited the famous monastery there founded by Irish missionaries. Each patrol ascended Ben More, the island's highest mountain, on a different day, in weather that varied from clear blue sky and a view of the Outer Hebrides to driving cloud and rain that frosted on our coats and noses.

The midges were not such a nuisance as expected, and our various ointments and potions were enough to keep them away from all but an unfortunate few who must have been very tasty specimens, and who spent the whole fortnight looking like several vast and lumpy midge-bites masquerading in scout uniform.

Two evenings of night operations were almost enjoyed. The climax of a successful camp was the football match between the eleven toughest members of the troop and one of the island's crack teams. The hidden obstacles were many and we had to play in shoes but we were not beaten! The next day we sailed back to the mainland, and thence home.

Grantites at camp were Greenish and Winckworth, patrol leaders ; Farley, Gammon, Craig and Abrahams, seconds ; Andrews and Whitehead. Of the five rovers, three, Archie Winckworth and Harry and Bill Budgett, are Old Grantites.

THAT FINE ART.

(MODERN POETRY!!)

O what
a lot
of good
food
was wasted,
untasted
last term.

But after
much laughter,
that fault
made a halt
and so
we now grow
our own.



THE FARM FROM THE FRONT.



THE FARM FROM THE SIDE.



MONOPOLY IN THE CHISWICKS.



THE ALLOTMENTS.

A LANCING DOGGEREL.

- A. is for Adolf! it's surely a mystery
Why a cad with this name should make Westminster history.
- B. is for Bugler⁽¹⁾ who gets up to rise
In the morning when sleep overpowers our eyes.
- C. is the College ; some of us live up at it :
We lunch at the Farm but we breakfast and sup at it.
- D. is our Dormitory, rather austere :
It's a terrible crime to have shoes on in here.
- E. stands for ENOD and ENOM—the letters
Identifying us as registered food-getters.⁽²⁾
- F. is the Farm : we shall long time remember
Its warm welcome to Grant's in that wartime September.
- G. is the Grubber : in the absence of Suts
It's done quite a lot towards giving us guts!
- H. is for Heads⁽³⁾ and its Master magnanimous :
A warm vote of thanks, clearly carried unanimous.
- I. is for Inner : at the College a unity,
At the Farm it's, with Middle and Outer, a trinity.
- J. is for John : it's a scream when the cat makes
A very fair copy of his little finger-shakes.
- K's. Kinematograph : welcome delight
When it comes to the Farm on a Saturday night.
- L. is for LANCING : we'll never forget
How she offered us shelter at danger's dark threat.
- M. is Monopoly : surely this game
The most popular ever of all games became.
- N. is for Nightmare : the aeroplanes roar,
The sirens are warbling . . . it's only a snore!
- O. is our O.T.C.—still going strong
On parade, though it's rifles to Lancing belong!
- P. is the Pad where'n dwells the Head Master :
Does a visit down there spell content or disaster ?
- Q. is the Quad : do you think *you're* allowed
To walk on the gravel away from the crowd ?
- R. is for Ration Books, green, blue and buff :
Do you think thirty thousand was nearly enough ?
- And S. Supervisor : could he be unraveller
Of whether a wandering musician's a " traveller ? "⁽²⁾

T. is the Tollbridge and T. is the Ticket we
Pay for to cross this contraption so rickety.

U. is Up School—used for “ Great School ” quite soon,
But not yet applied to a spoilt afternoon.

V. is the Vegetable, grown with such care ;⁽⁴⁾
Is it slug, bird or snail—or just “ wear and tear ? ”

W's Worthing : its Council was lyrical
In thanking us all for our services clerical.⁽²⁾

X. was the X-eat : all those left here
Took the chance of a visit to Brighton pier.

Y. is for Yard—and the Yearning we feel
To rush through it again when we hear Big Ben peal.

Z. is our Zeal : to spite Hitler and Hess
We're going to make sure that *our* war's a success!

(1) As hand-bells are illegal, a bugle is used instead at the Farm.

(2) The reference is to the issue of ration books : the School undertook the task
of filling in all those for the Worthing Rural District.

(3) The Lancing House at which half of Grant's are housed.

(4) The garden at the Farm is being cultivated in allotments by Grantites.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM CLARENCE.

Grants House,
Westminster School,
Heads House,
Lancing College,
Lancing,
Shoreham-by-Sea,
(Westminster),
Sussex.

Dear Grandpa,

I have now got time to write and tell you about Lancing where we have been vacated to. I am living in Heads Lancing College. Half of Grants live down the road on a farm, I am glad I am not there because I don't like cows and I think the milk you get from bottles is much nicer than cows. There is a cow in one of the fields that is a bull, its name is Ferdy after our maths master, but it isn't much use because they don't milk it.

The house master lives on the farm and so does Abrahams our head of house who is very fierce and has to wear a leather strap to keep his hand on. Borradaile is up at the College and keeps us in order with a very firm hand, it is much firmer than the head of house's because it doesn't have to be fixed on with a leather strap. There is also Gammon there. He has very big shoes because he has

very big feet, and it is awfully difficult for him to get out of the way of the ball when he plays football. Borradaile and Gammon give us fruit every day after lunch, I think it is extremely generous of them and it must cost them an awful lot. Self is head of hall. When he is down at the farm there is much more room in hall. We have all our meals at the farm except breakfast and tea and supper, we have to queue up here but at the farm we go in free. There is a lot of noise due to Shoreham carodrome, but some of it is also due to aeroplanes. We played a football game to-day. Borradaile is a very good footballer, he usually breaks his ankle but to-day he broke his stomach.

Isn't it a good thing you are too old to go to the war, but I don't think it would make much difference.

With love from,

CLARENCE.

GERMANS DON'T LIKE GRANTITES.

After intensive research we have discovered the following victims of Nazi tyranny.

R. C. Bellenger only just saved a friend from a concentration camp, when the latter was arrested by two Storm troopers in a Munich square for failing to give the Nazi salute. Bellenger was luckily able to convince them, in excellent German, that his friend "did not understand."

N. D. Sandleson, naturally, ran against officialdom several times, especially in connection with the Winter Relief Fund by refusing to contribute. He explained that whole charities in Yorkshire were almost entirely dependent on him. (Under pressure, he also contributes large gifts to the Westminster Hospital).

M. H. Flanders attended a festival at Oberammergau with his two younger sisters. When the first of three national anthems was played, he refused to salute, and was nudged, shoved, leered and cursed at until a grudging explanation of "English" subdued the approaching riot. He rather damped our admiration for his Youthful Steadfastness of Ideal, by explaining that he was too tired to give the salute anyway. He *was* roused, however, when, walking down a Munich street with unkempt hair and a bad temper, a passing soldier pointed him out to a companion with—"Ah, der kleine HITLER!"

A. W. Pratt took the wrong turning from Strasbourg, and arrived at a concentration camp labour corps digging tank traps. An officious would-be Hitler arrested him with his party. A 'phone call summoned some fat policemen on bicycles, another some Storm troopers, and a third an armoured car with Alsatian dog to pursue them if they escaped.

Eventually British Consular officials arrived, freed the "spies" with difficulty, and put them on the right road.

HEIL HITLER! WOTCHER WESTMINSTER!

YOUTH.

Oft have I heard men speak
Of vanished youth, and sigh,
And say that life was kind
In days gone by.
But they were blind, blind
With the sweet haze of passing years,
O happy blindness!
That reveals the laughter, and conceals the tears.

For youth is tender stuff,
It has no armour to the world,
No cynicism hard enough
Against the stones by fortune hurled ;
No comfortable rule, no friendly lane
Of habit, of decisions taken,
And its strife is full of pain
That springing hopes awaken.

Yet to mankind the heart has strangely sung,
“ The great Immortals are for ever young.”

HOME SERVICE.

I was bored. I wanted entertainment. I wanted somebody to make me laugh. “ What about a little music ? ” I thought, and switched on the wireless. A dance band was playing a tune on some old pots and pans. When they had finished, the announcer said :—

“ That was Jackie Smith and his Gangster Pals playing ‘ Hot and Bothered.’ And that, ladies and gentlemen, brings us to the end of the programme of gramophone records. As there are now three minutes to spare before our next programme of gramophone records, I will put on another gramophone record.”

About half way through the next programme, the announcer said :—

“ Here is an S O S message which has just been received. It is for Manners. Will Lucie Janet Manners, last seen on an omnibus travelling between Exeter and Aberystwyth, who is believed to have been eating a banana when she disappeared about four years ago, please go to Sea View Cottage Hospital, Palling, where her aunt, Lolly Daisy Manners, is suffering from a severe chill.”

There was a short pause, but the announcer soon continued,
“ Here is a news bulletin. There has been no further news since the last bulletin which was broadcast half an hour ago. I shall, therefore, read the news again in the next bulletin in half-an-hour’s time. There is one announcement—from the Southern Railway. In future passengers will have more light. They will soon be able to see the people sitting opposite them. That is the end of the news

bulletin. The next part of the programme will follow in approximately one and a half minutes' time."

And he put on a recording of Bow Bells.

"And now, by way of a change, Signora Bangajelli, the eminent Italian pianist, will play a Minuet by Mozart on a gramo . . ."

I switched the wireless off. I was still bored. I thought of something else.

GRANT'S GARDENS.

Watch them as they toil and groan,
(Would you like one of your own ?
Don't you wish you had one too ?)
Stand and watch them as *I* do.

Here a rotten apple core,
Total spoil of years before :
There a tiny fire they poke,
Soon come clouds of purple smoke.

Give a little free advice.
"Lumme, look at all those lice.
"All their crop of greens they'll ruin.
"Waste of time, the work you're doin'."

In the summer they'll rejoice,
Pluck their fruits and take their choice.
Possibly, there'll be no rain,
Then they all can start again.

Those who want to take the chance,
Like the cricket, I shall dance.
Might be fun to rear a bud,
But I just can't stand the mud.

Watch them as they toil and groan
(Would you like one of your own ?
Don't you wish you had one too ?)
Stand and watch them as *I* do.

The 1939 Tennis season was a success Of the 13 matches played two were won, three drawn, and eight lost.—The Elizabethan.

Moral triumphs ?

Notice at the Farm : *Shoes must be worn in the dormitories.*

Notice at the College : *Shoes may not be worn in the dormitories.*

Orders is orders!

THE BOMB.

Comrade Mishlov pushed his way a little nearer the kerb : he had taken up his place early in the morning so as to ensure a good position in the crowd when the procession went by, and now, half an hour before it was due, he found himself in the very front row, kept forward by the crush of the people behind him.

The sun blazed down on this vast multitude which thronged and choked the pavements along the route from the palace to the assembly house, and struck dazzling reflections from a thousand different points. Mishlov looked at his watch again and cursed himself for doing so—he must take a hold on himself. Time seemed to mock him with queer antics; now five minutes seemed like an hour, and now a whole quarter of an hour slid deceitfully, frighteningly past. Everything had seemed so easy before, but now and again a sudden panic would seize him and he would feel a great longing to escape from all this heat and glare into some quiet, cool place. He checked his wandering thoughts and tried to make his mind a blank, his body an unfeeling, obedient, automaton which would not fail him at the critical moment. But again his hand closed over that round smooth object in his right-hand pocket, and now the full astounding reality of what he was about to do struck him like a blow.

He, Anton Mishlov, son of the widow Mishlov who kept the small shop near the church of St. Mary, was about to kill the King. It was impossible, incredible, to-morrow he would wake up in his small attic bedroom, and his mother would shout up to him as she always did, "Anton, Anton, it's seven o'clock and breakfast will be ready in a quarter of an hour." And he would turn over and doze for another quarter of an hour, because he knew that she did this to hurry him up, and that breakfast was never ready till half past.

But no, he was no longer Anton Mishlov, son of the widow Mishlov, he was Comrade Mishlov, and he was about to strike a death blow at capitalism by killing the King and freeing the groaning people from their slavery. This all seemed rather unreal and faintly ridiculous now, and it occurred to him suddenly that the faces round him looked quite happy, hardly the faces of a people groaning in slavery. But he must go through with it, there was no escape, and he would be haunted down and shot as a traitor to the sacred cause if he failed ; besides, Comrade Borrishlov had looked meaningly at him when they parted that morning and Mishlov was very much afraid of Comrade Borrishlov.

Now a distant sound of cheering grew louder and a voice behind Mishlov shouted, "They're coming!" At this moment a curious change came over him. He no longer felt any panic or any fear, only a sort of impersonal watchfulness, an expectation of something that was to happen to him, not of anything he was going to do of his own accord. The crowd swayed forward with a great shout as the royal coach swept slowly round the bend and passed directly in front of Mishlov, and then several things happened very quickly. A man just behind him pushed violently past and raised his arm, Mishlov stepped quickly forward and wrenched the hand and

revolver down, there was a short struggle, he heard a loud explosion, felt a fierce searing pain, and then darkness . . .

The papers had headlines an inch thick that evening, and on his recovery Mishlov found himself a national hero. Fortunately, however, when he was taken to hospital nobody thought of looking in his right-hand pocket.

ROGUISH RHYMES AND TRITE TRUTHS.

Go and show this to your Dad,
Work it out on blotting pad
Try and find out which is worse,
Feeble humour?—or the verse?

Liddell Hart's "Defence of Britain"
MUST be read throughout the land!
Personally I find it's just a
Liddell Hart to understand.

Some say "that's a funny one"
Others "just an obvious pun."
None of you can now stop reading,
No good crying, no good pleading!
None of you can budge a fraction,
Feebleness has such attraction.

Library rules are just the same
For Westminster and Lancing "men."
Keep your book out for a month
You must pay £51 10

That someone has to pay this money
Seems to me most awfully funny.
Call me "callous little beast"
I don't mind that in the least.
The rhyme for "men" is such a bore
It should be £51-4

On our way to Lancing Hall
Some of us were made to run,
Young and old and large and small,
By GOAT—FOR BAND—THE USE OF—ONE.

That, children, is an *army* joke—
All right I'm sorry that I spoke.

"Ration card"-ing though confusing
Helped us to appreciate
"WINSTON CHURCHILL (HEAVY WORKER)"
" (Incognito) Plummer's mait."

That one needs no explanation
For it's true, not my creation.

Last there was a Clerihew,
Witty! Poignant! (and untrue)
 "Montague Norman
 Started life as a doorman."
But the censor got the rest;
Censors really are a pest.

IT ALL HAPPENED IN THE CHANNEL.

I was on my way to Paris. I was with Aunt Aggie. We were between Dover and Calais. Aunt Aggie and I had just finished lunch. The sea was very rough. Aunt Aggie said she felt sick. Aunt Aggie was sick—in my best hat. She said she thought it was a basin. I was furious. The sea was getting rougher now, the wind was blowing round the ship; it was very cold. Aunt Aggie's hat blew overboard. Aunt Aggie chased it, and had it not been for a fat French sailor, she would have been blown overboard too. The sailor was furious.

"Vous m'avez fait mal," he screamed at Aunt Aggie.

"Oui," answered Aunt Aggie.

"Eh bien? Alors? Sapristi!" he yelled. I walked over to them.

"Le chapeau de ma tante est dans l'eau," I said in French. Whereupon the sailor roared with laughter. I was getting colder and colder. I crept back to my seat. I sat on a baby by mistake. The mother was furious. I pretended not to understand her threats, and took little notice of her. I pretended to enjoy myself. The baby was sick in my lap. I swore in French, "Serve you right," the mother said, I got up, and went to another seat and lay down. I suddenly remembered Aunt Aggie—where was she? I felt too ill to care: I went to sleep.

In a short time, I was awoken by some mad people shouting something in French.

"Reveillez-vous," shouted one of the mad people. "We're there—in France."

"What! what a blessing," I said, jumping to my feet. And there was Aunt Aggie.

"Feel sick?" she said, "well I never, and I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Have'nt felt a bit sick. A most enjoyable crossing, and you feel sick."

I felt too furious to say anything. We made out way towards the customs place.

"Charles, dear, you've forgotten your hat. What a shame. Would you like to go back for it?" Needless to say I never went back for it—besides, I saw a sailor throw it to the gulls—I was furious.

SONG OF THE REFUGEE.

Bombs, bombs, bombs, bombs,
Scourge of the Western Front :
But there WILL be a day
(Shout hip-hip-hooray!)
When no kind of genus or species whatever
Of bomb comes
From the sky on the Western Front ;
When there's peace in the world and all Grantites will say
(Periodically YELLing out hip-hip-hooray!)
“ If Hitler's a Bygone we really can't stay—
There is PEACE on the Western Front.”

Bang, bang, splatter-crash-pop,
Guns on the Western Front!
But there WILL be a day
(Shout hip-hip-hooray!)
When no kind or genus or species whatever
Of bang clangs
In the sky on the Western Front.
And then home from Lancing and Hurst we all go,
Latin-praying up School, down to Putney to row,
Being beaten at Cricket by Sherborne and Stowe—
There is PEACE on the Western Front.

CONDITIONS IN GERMANY.

I spent twenty-four days in Germany from the 3rd to the 27th of August and during that period I witnessed Germany's final preparations for war. The Dutch were taking precautions too. At Flushing, usually very quiet, I noticed submarine nets and harbour defences, and many soldiers in the streets. We reached the Dutch-German frontier at night ; it was very quiet, and the only difference on entering Germany was that everything was pitch dark.

As soon as we were well into Germany a lot of soldiers entered the train. I got into conversation with one of them, looking very smart in his olive green uniform and highly polished jack boots. He surprised me by his knowledge of Shakespeare and seemed altogether better educated than his English prototype.

When I arrived at Munich next morning I went to the buffet to order a cocoa with whipped cream ; I was politely told that whipped cream was no longer available. My friend and I were staying at a little village called Teldkirchen, a village roughly twenty miles from Munich. In normal times Teldkirchen is as quiet as anything, but now I was astounded to see army lorries and soldiers all over the village.

During my stay I visited Munich several times by car and then I heard about the petrol shortage ; nearly every petrol station was sold out, but fortunately we had ordered our petrol beforehand. The attendant said that he had had so many enquiries for petrol that he had put up a notice saying that he was sold out, and instantly the police had come and told him to take it down. The

Reichsautobahn from Munich to Salzburg was one stream of army lorries flowing out of Austria every day. The German army is well equipped and as I witnessed some part of the largest peace-time manoeuvres last year I can vouch for its efficiency.

Their field organisation is very like ours ; in every case the attacking troops were aided by low flying aircraft which swooped down on the defenders and machine-gunned them. A great majority of their lorries have solid tyres and are of Ford make. As to their Air Force, I never saw any planes close up but only in the air. Their Junker bombers are far larger than ours and have very noisy engines, probably due to inferior fuel. Squadron after squadron roared over us with the sinister iron cross painted on their wings. It seemed as though the Nazis were beginning their "doctrine of frightfulness" even before war.

Public opinion in Germany never held that there was a war approaching. The people felt confident that their Fuhrer would get everything without force of arms. England received the full onslaught of the German press : according to them we stole our colonies, ruled them with blood and iron, wanted to annihilate Germany, and had turned down Hitler's many proposals for mediation and a solution of the present troubles. Consequently England was hated by practically everyone. Our chauffeur's wife was typical. "You will regret fighting us," she said, "for after the war you will have revolution and anarchy, and you will slit the throat of your king. We know what will happen to us if we lose this war. We will get a worse Versailles than last time." The press campaign against Poland was also at its height, headlines like this appearing every day, "10,000 German workmen imprisoned by the Poles." Or "German refugees shot by Polish custom official."

Terrorism I never noticed and never have ; probably it exists, and it is more prevalent in North Germany, but anti-Semitism is visible everywhere. Every shop displays a notice saying that Jews are not wanted. Before any village or town a similar notice is displayed on the roadside. Posters are stuck up everywhere explaining the vices of the Jews which unfortunately everybody believes.

On the Sunday before war with Germany began I left Munich station. It was full of troops. Trains with unmarked destinations, full of troops and showing no lights, steamed slowly out into the darkness. The streets of Munich were crowded with lorries full of troops singing patriotic songs, while the roar of planes was heard overhead. The young men were marching eagerly into war but the middle-aged were apprehensive. Motor cars were already being commandeered, and many large lorries and cases had "Militar" on them. The German soldiers are all allowed to wear swords and spurs which combined with a rather smart uniform and impressionable womenfolk insured that they had a good time.

We arrived at Kaldenkirchen on the Dutch frontier. My last impression of Germany was the sight of large camps of troops and all along the German side of the frontier pill boxes but there was no great concentration of mobile forces.

PRODNOSE THE PERSECUTED.

When you have read this far you will have noticed that we are now a house of poets, not Poets, mind you, just poets. In the brief spells between one game of Monopoly and the next the more sensitive souls have been communing with nature and sprouting lyrics. This reminds me of the sad story of a poet ; we will call him X, or better still, Prodnose.

When Prodnose came down here he was inspired by—no, not the trees, the downs, or the birds, but—the Toll Bridge. “Inspired” is too puny a term, nay rather he was transformed, uplifted into paroxysms of rage. He would suffer nightmares and yell “O the injustice, the injustice of it,” from his hectic dream. One morning he awoke and found a couplet running round and round his head. It ran :—

The Southern Railway Capitalists
Fleece motor cars and bicyclists.

Now you will understand why I said Prodnose is a Poet. For breadth of conception, briefness of form, scarcity of words, sheer genius . . . nothing can beat it.

Nor was this his only epic. While still a mere stripling he had astonished his mother's guests sipping tea in South Kensington by exclaiming :—

Isn't it funny the way taxis
Always turn on their own axis.

I need say no more. The verse speaks for itself. “But why,” you may ask, “did he never compose more than two lines at a time?” There are many theories. Some say he was dropped on his head when a baby thus causing the sad deficiency, others that he merely lacked confidence. But I know the secret.

Long, long ago, when the Cabinet was still young and the Press raved about its glamour, Prodnose wrote :—

Some say Mr. Eden
is exceedin'
handsome.
What I say is dominant
are his prominent
teeth.

Each Minister received this as a Christmas present, written on pink parchment in gold lettering. There was—well, to be brief—the hell of a hullaballoo. Prodnose was hauled over the coals in no unmeasured terms by the Prime Minister himself. The first three lines were O.K. said the P.M. but the last three—well! Prodnose departed unrepentant and, standing on the pavement outside No. 10 Downing Street, he lifted up his eyes and cried :—

Why they don't like my poems God only knows,
But ne'er more than a couplet from Prod only Nose.
For breadth of conception, sheer genius . . .



To the Editor of "The Granite Review."

Sir,

May I, through your columns, suggest that there be an official and frequent interchange between the houses of the school of their respective house journals? I can assure your readers that half an hour spent with, say, *The College Street Clarion* is certainly not wasted, and may give unlimited enjoyment.

Yours, etc.,

W. R. VAN STRAUBENZEE.

Sir,

Might I point out that now, even more, is there a need for some kind of a clock in the bathrooms?

At the moment, the only indication one gets that the 20 minutes spell allowed is up is that sense of time that some of us lack.

This question has been raised in these columns before.

Yours, etc.,

F. W. E. FURSDON.

[Is this really an Editor's responsibility? Try borrowing a watch next time!—ED.].

Sir,

If this wretched war has done nothing else of any practical use at all, it has at least accomplished one extraordinarily difficult feat. It has taught us to keep a check on ourselves when losing at "Monopoly," a thing that I do regularly every evening. It really is very kind of the Housemaster to buy us all these games, and Hall appreciates it very much.

Yours, etc.,

P. N. RAY.

Sir,

To start a controversy in the columns of this magazine we should like to state that the bulletins from the Front describing "British" exploits, are over-adequate as "English" would suffice.

Our Empire, which is, of course, the direct cause of this "War," was founded in the very teeth of Scottish opposition, and certainly not by their efforts. The equally patriotic inhabitants of Rum, Eigg, and Muck have better cause to complain that even the term "British" cannot really be said to conjure a vision of those islands.

"English" is good enough for anyone!

Now, blow your heads off, and let's have some real correspondence.

Yours, etc.,

TWO IRISHMEN.

Sir, or Madam,

In view of the incompatibility of the present situation, I would suggest that the dart-board in Hall be fixed to the ceiling. This would enable players to lie on the floor and throw the darts vertically upwards, so that they might play in greater comfort, and eliminate the difficulties encountered by most in that historic and age-old game. Furthermore, my idea would make towards the rest and quietness that is so important for the welfare of the Growing Lad.

Trusting that you will approve of my humble suggestion,

I beg to remain,

Your most obedient servant,

PRO BONO PUBLIC-HOUSO.

NOTICES.

The Editor would like to thank F. D. Gammon, J. B. Craig, M. H. Flanders, D. P. Davison, and E. R. Cawston for all the work they have done in producing this number of *The Grantite*.

All correspondence should be addressed to The Editor, Lancing College Farm, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex, and all contributions must be written clearly on one side of the paper only.

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

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

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