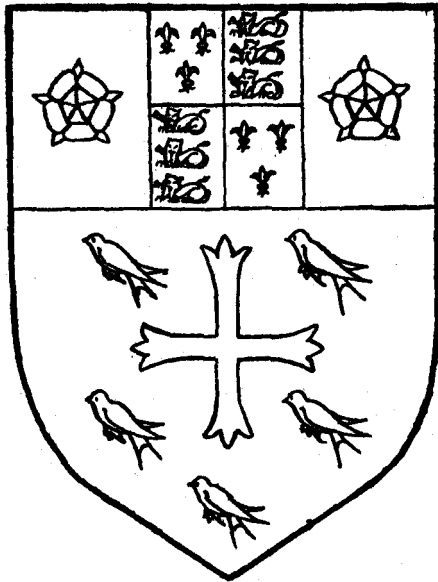


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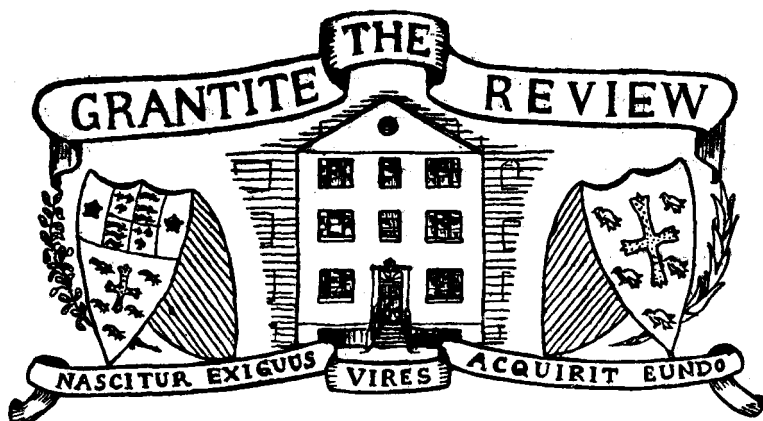
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1945.

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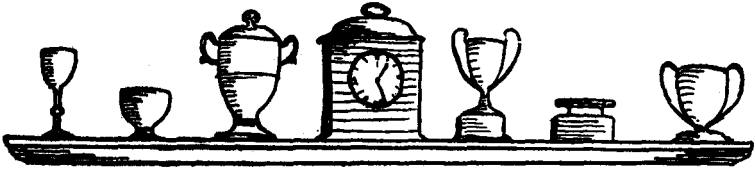


VOLUME XIX. No. 3.

195TH EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

As I watched Big Ben to see the light which signifies Parliament is in session relit for the first time in five years, I wondered what were the thoughts of the Speaker as he waited with his switch beside him. Possibly he was concentrating on the debate in progress or did his thoughts wander over the past five years? He might have had many thoughts in common with us at this time. The destruction of both of our homes and that period of evacuation, for us at any rate now rapidly drawing to a close. I have purposely avoided that unsuitable word exile, only too often used to stand for these last five years so full of progress. One would be led to imagine that they had been spent in doing nothing but patiently existing until we could return to continue where we left off. Far be it from me to suggest that we should settle here for ever, although I would not exchange the five years I have spent here for any others in the history of Westminster. Here, I think, I am expressing the opinions of others in the House and I would wish for their sakes that some small part of Herefordshire might be taken back with us to give some freedom from the oppressiveness of London. But it cannot be, and I have no doubt that they will very soon settle down to their respective occupations. May they not forget, however, in the years when the memory of these times is beginning to fade, what we have learned here. For the first time in our history we have been able to see ourselves with unprejudiced eyes so that when we return next term we can cast off those trappings and ideas which are unnecessary and undesirable and can make or maintain the changes which would have taken so long had we not been uprooted from our foundations in 1939.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—J. O. Eichholz. We wish him the best of luck.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—H. A. E. Tilney-Bassett, from India ; H. L. Murray, from Ceylon ; D. F. H. Sandford and L. Lipert.

* * * * *

In Inner there are :—R. Bruce, K. M. Thomson, G. J. H. Williams and J. W. P. Bradley.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks there are :—H. Kleeman, J. A. Davidson, D. C. F. Chaundy, J. M. Chamney, W. J. Frampton, J. C. Barrington-Ward, M. G. Baron and I. M. Bowley.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is F. R. H. Almond, and the Hall Monitors are D. L. Almond and R. A. Lapage.

* * * * *

We lost to College in the final rounds of both Seniors and Juniors at Cricket.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—R. E. Nagle on being placed on the roll of successful challenge candidates ; we are glad, however, that he will be remaining a member of the House.

H. L. Murray on his Thirds and Colts for Cricket.

R. A. Lapage on his Thirds for Shooting.

R. Bruce, F. R. H. Almond, D. L. Almond and H. L. Murray on their Seniors for Cricket.

and to :—H. L. Murray, R. A. Lapage and R. R. Davies on their Juniors for Cricket.

TO OLD GRANTITES.

Back in 1941 I addressed a circular letter, through the medium of this magazine, to all Old Grantites, suggesting to them the vitality of our unaccustomed life in the country and hoping that they would take any chance of coming to see us down here. One of the things which actually we have most enjoyed is the frequent visits to us of those who have left the School.

Now, for better or for worse, we have lived our years of evacuation ; and, although I am writing primarily of and for Grantites, my general

references apply to the School as a whole. I am firmly convinced that the verdict of history will be that our evacuation has been overwhelmingly for the better. For better or worse, we are returning to Westminster; again I am sure that it is for the better. We have enjoyed our life here, we have not, I think, made too bad a job of it and we shall miss very many of the amenities of the country; but the time is ripe and opportunity is at last to hand for the renewal of our London contacts and associations.

What I want most tentatively to suggest is not really for recent generations of O.G.s who have known evacuation at first hand but for earlier generations who have only known Westminster in London. I believe it will be a mistake to think that those returning are coming back as lost sheep to a fold. Not a bit of it; the fold itself has moved round but fold and sheep have never been separated. When the fold moved to the country in 1939 the sheep adapted their previous life and did not lose by it. Once more they will adapt their previous life—this time their country life—and will most likely improve on it again. But the result will not be a slavish return to the pre-country existence. These six years have not been spent passively in marking time and waiting for the moment to come when everything previous to 1939 could be renewed; one would think little of the initiative and purposefulness of the evacuation generations if this had been so. Life has been actively lived with a view always to the present and the future and it will be apparent that those returning are quite as capable of constructive adaptation as their predecessors of 1939.

It will be interesting enough to us ourselves to see how our life does in actual fact adapt itself to Westminster environment; it will be most interesting to Old Grantites, especially to those who have no first hand knowledge of our evacuation. The returning generation will work that out for itself and I will paint no prophetic picture of the lines on which it will run.

On the other hand changes in our geographical lay-out are already more definite. As announced by the Head Master both to the School and at the O.W. tea in April, a general plan for the rebuilding of the whole School has been evolved by a distinguished architect, Mr. Herbert Worthington, A.R.A., in conjunction with the School architect, Mr. A. L. N. Russell. This will take a considerable time—and depends, quite obviously, in no small degree on the success of the recently issued War Memorial appeal. But it will start as soon as circumstances permit with the essential rebuilding of College, the members of which are being temporarily housed in 18 and 19, Dean's Yard. This will be followed by a total reconstruction of Grant's—during which, presumably, Grantites will take the place of the King's Scholars in Dean's Yard. Provisional plans for this are in being but are not released for publication; a pre-view of them shows that the successor to the familiar 2, L. D. Y. will be in all ways worthy of it. Meanwhile, however, Grant's returns to its old quarters but even there some differences will be seen by the O.G. visitors of all generations with whom we are looking forward to renewing contact. Both at Fernie and at Buckenhill monitors and Chiswickites have enjoyed accommodation greatly superior to that at Westminster. In each case there have been two rooms of ample size for "Inner" and for a combined "Chiswicks." This is going to continue by using two second-floor dormitories—the 4-bedder at the back for Inner and the 6-bedder in front for Chiswicks. This can be managed by putting more beds into other dormitories which are (as we now know well) quite spacious enough for the purpose. Hall will remain where it was before but other uses have been planned for the old Chiswicks rooms. Another change will be that the Under Change will cease to be a boys' room at all and that the boys will use the main entrance and not the basement one; this will continue a practice which we have had, and preferred, at Lancing, Fernie and Buckenhill.

I want to end with a bare-faced appeal! During our evacuation the existing furniture of Inner, Middle and Outer before the war (and there was precious little in the last two rooms!) has been supplemented from other sources. There will be a shortage of carpets or rugs of any size and of chairs

of any comfortable type for Inner and Chiswicks on our return. I know well enough that this shortage is universal and that anything second-hand in this line commands fabulous prices. But if any O.G. does happen to have either a carpet or rug or a fairly strong easy chair with life left in it which he does not need himself and which he would be willing most generously to offer to us, would he let me know?

Old Grantites will be sure of a welcome when, as we hope they will do, they re-visit us at 2, L. D. Y. May I add that we would like to continue our evacuation practice of putting them up for a night or two if that would help them to come and see us?

T. M-R.

MUSIC.

During this last year, music in the school has flourished more than ever before during the evacuation. At the end of each of the last three terms, the school, with the co-operation of the Worcester String Players and Singers, and others, has given a concert in Worcester; the programmes have been getting more and more adventurous, and the concerts have been extremely well attended. In addition, on June 23rd, Mr. Foster conducted the Worcester String Players in a concert given at Malvern in aid of the Henry Wood Memorial Fund; and the School were complimented by being asked to provide four wind players (including two Grantite oboists!).

But the main event of the year in music has been the Music Competitions, which took place on Saturday, June 30th. Now, these competitions are most important because they provide the only Inter-House Competition in which everyone in the House plays an important part—the House Choir; and this is the main feature of the Competitions. Together with the Ensembles, this was held in the morning in Bromyard Church; College came 1st in both, Busby's 2nd in the House Choir, Rigaud's 2nd in the Ensembles, and Grant's 3rd in both. But, before I go on, I would like to say a word about the Choir.

This year, the Choir was very enthusiastic and keen, especially some of the younger boys, which bodes well for the future. We had bad luck as Bradley, who was going to conduct, had to go away for an exam. the week before the Competitions, so that our accompanist had to conduct; it was therefore necessary to "borrow" Denniston from College, and, as he unfortunately fell ill during the week before the Competitions, we only got one rehearsal with everyone in their proper places; luckily he was all right on the day. The set piece was "Brother James' Air" arranged by Arthur Trew, and for our own choice we chose "Cargoes," by John Masefield, set to music by Martin Shaw in which, considering its difficulty, the choir achieved a very creditable performance.

After the House Choirs and Ensembles, there was the Chamber Music; this no longer counts in the Inter-House Cup, and the players in any one piece are not necessarily members of the same house. In the afternoon, the individual events took place at Buckenhill. College led in these, with us a close second, and Ashburnham and Homeboarders third—the latter providing an outstanding performance by Langrish in the open piano solo. We have some promising young musicians in the house:—Nagle, who came 2nd in the Violin Solo; the Almonds, D. and F., who play respectively the oboe and clarinet and are making really rapid progress; Baron, who plays the violin and piano; Davison and Clare, who came 3rd in the Junior Piano Duet; and Davies, who was 3rd in the Unbroken Voice Solo.

J. A. D.

The writer of the above article is compelled by modesty to omit his own achievements. He was 1st in the Broken Voice Solo and the Wind Solo, 2nd in the Senior Piano Solo and the Original Composition, and together with Baron, 2nd in the Senior Piano Duet.—(E.D.)

THE WATER.

Water is now really beginning to find its feet again. It has been found possible to increase our numbers to forty this term, and in order to relieve the strain thereby imposed on the number of Blind School boats, a tub pair and four Rum-Tums were brought down from Putney, together with a supply of pink oars which now mark out all our boats on the Severn. These four Rum-Tums constitute one of the greatest attractions for Watermen. They are to be seen all through the afternoon flashing past the barges, in some cases, it must be said, with prudence playing a larger part than in others. Possibly this may be attributed more to those elements of the Severn contributed by the picnickers and pleasure steamers rather than to the water itself. A knock-out House Rum-Tum Competition has been arranged for the last two Saturdays of term for which everyone will enter, divided into the categories of sliding and fixed seats, rather than by age. A light eight has been out twice every week under Mr. Fisher and seems to be getting quite expert. Next term, however, with the necessity of a tedious railway journey removed, and with the arrangement whereby those who would like to do Water will not have to forsake their football, I hope we may be assured of a larger complement of watermen from the House.

R. B.

CRICKET.

This season has provided more cricket, in one form or another, for more people than has been possible since 1940 and, in retrospect, features of interest and, maybe, of value for the future can be noticed.

Apart from grounds on which 1st XI matches were played, all players, good and bad alike, and often (very important) in company with each other, have played on one of three grounds which would have been worse than any ground that they would have enjoyed in pre-war days. Very probably these grounds have done no good to competitive, first rank, school cricket; quite certainly they have provided a great deal of enjoyment. In the nature of things scores have been small and games have been correspondingly quick—an attraction to the non-expert cricketer who may nevertheless enjoy a lively game. Bad wickets have tended to reduce the good batsman to the effective level (viewed as a run-getter) of the rustic, and sometimes well below the level of a quick-eyed cowshotter who has no reputation to lose and most probably no colour distinctions to win! So the non-expert batsman does not normally find the time available for his side's batting monopolized by the expert. The good ground fielder is penalized as he has no idea what the ball will do within six inches of his hand. But the good catcher comes into his own and is worth his weight in gold to a side. Above all the bowler who can be relied on to bowl steadily without loose balls is a godsend. In any case his steadiness will give the batsman no relief from anxiety, he can safely have unorthodox fields quite close to the wicket—long grass (or bracken!) makes a normal outfield superfluous—and a good ball from him may at any moment become a brilliant one if the unevenness of the ground makes it suddenly turn. So, however much it may not benefit expert batsmanship for competitive purposes, this type of cricket—as practised, as we know, by little village clubs all over the place every weekend and on many weekday evenings from 8.30 p.m. onwards—has shown the fun of cricket to many who would never have realised it and it would, over a period of time, probably produce a standard of catching and length-bowling as being the real game-winning factors.

The last House match to be played in evacuation was the final of Juniors; on a ground in which the "middle" was a broad grass ride through the bracken of a public common. A local club use this as their home ground and have done for years—and they have some formidable players! The

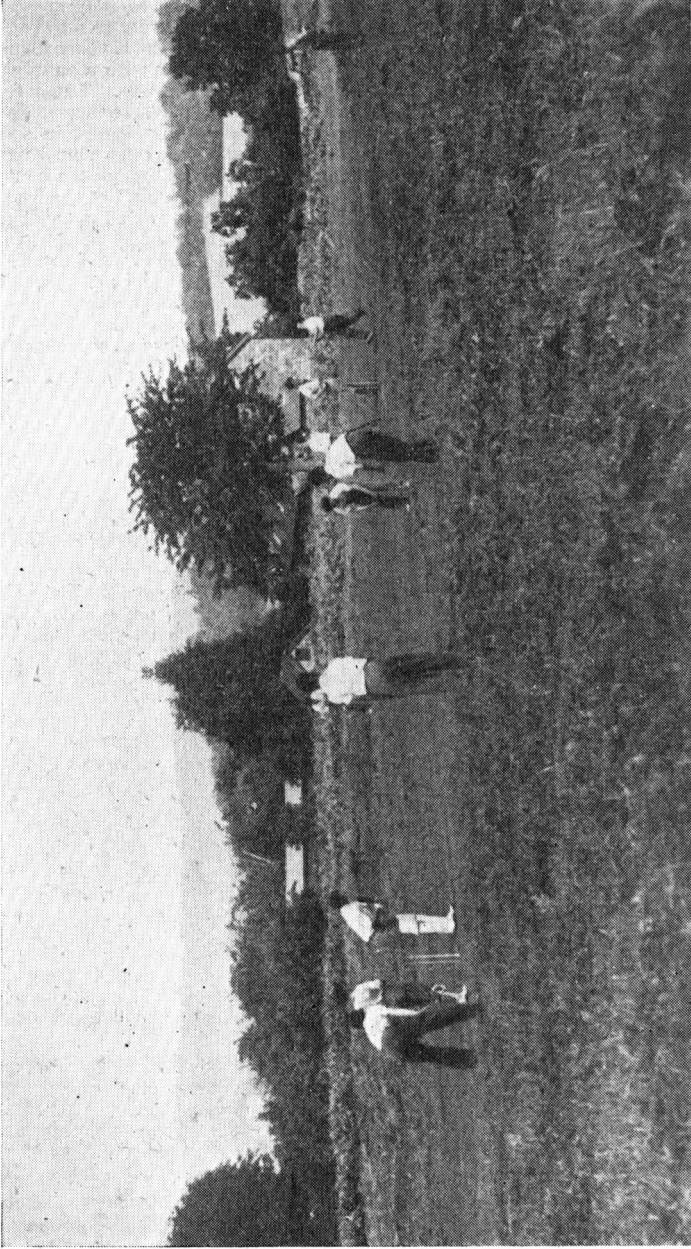


Photo by L.H.B.

THE FINAL ROUND OF JUNIORS v. COLLEGE.

bracken is kept down by scything and the ground as a whole can provide all the fun of the game. The winning side had steady bowlers and their opposing batsmen were never given a chance of getting on top before they made their inevitable mistakes. The losing side, with few runs in the book to play about with, could not keep up the strain of steady bowling; loose balls crept in; the batsmen went well away and the fate of the match was settled. A nice afternoon; the setting of the ground with a couple of large trees to provide shade for the spectators and an expanse of view for miles around; the smell of the recently cut bracken; with players and spectators alike having enjoyed an afternoon's fun; did it really matter all that afterwards who won?

Over and above the actual grounds there were net wickets—of a sort. Nets—a dull and necessary institution, where the grim intricacies of orthodox cricket are dinned into the potential match-winner? Not here; at any time of the afternoon and evening, right up to bedtime, boys of all sorts of cricketing ability make up groups on their own—and many who are watermen or tennis players join in—and set about enjoying themselves.

Something of the essential charm of true English cricket, the cricket of the village rather than that of the county match, has been discovered by many people this term, it seems. Have we got to lose it in order to benefit the expert? Wouldn't that be rather a large price to pay?

SENIORS.

In the first round we played, on the Bromyard Grammar School ground, a combined team of Busby's, Ashburnham and Homeboarders. Winning the toss we batted first, made 58 (Almond, F., 23) and then dismissed them for 31.

The final was played on the Whitbourne ground against College and this time it was they who won the toss and batted first. Against rather unsteady bowling they scored 109 and then, from the very start of our innings, one bowler, Eccles, established a complete mastery and secured the distinguished average of 7 wickets for no runs, and we were all out for 9; the two scores being the highest and the lowest ever made on the ground up to date!

JUNIORS.

In the first round we played Rigaud in pouring rain on the Bringsty ground. We batted first, scoring 102 (Almond, D., 50) and then got them out for 43 (Griffiths 23 not out; Almond, D., 5 for 12). The final against College was also played at Bringsty and the general run of the game has been described above; our score was only 30 to which College replied with 105, scoring slowly until they had won by 6 wickets and then hitting freely.

ATHLETICS.

As most of the Sports were at the end of the Lent term, the last *Grantite* could do little more than look rather tentatively ahead, which is why this rather unseasonable article appears now.

After our successes in the long distance races we faced the Bringsty Relay with what seemed almost dangerously high hopes. However, thanks to the efforts of Lapage, who was our opening miler, we had a substantial lead from the very beginning. Everyone concerned pulled his weight, with the result that Barrington-Ward, who has a great reputation for long distance running, finished the race with a lead of nearly a quarter of a mile.

As has been the case for the last few years, the competition for the Standards Cup was for most people the primary event of the Athletic Season. The virtue of this competition is that every member of each house plays his part in the house's effort. Certainly this was the case last term, for we were

blessed with a singularly tolerant February, so that the average number of points obtained was gratifyingly high.

During the course of the numerous heats which preceded the Sports, and which determined the Standards Competition, we found that we had some very promising athletes. As usual the amount of talent in the three age groups was rather unevenly balanced. Thus it was the Under 16 age group which gained more points than either of the other two, partly through its large size, and partly through the efforts of its members, who gained a remarkable number of points between them. In the Under 14½ age group, Almond, D., who never seems to get any older, scored the most points. Unfortunately he was rather isolated in his group but Clare and others should, with training and encouragement, become very competent runners. As usual, Eichholz could be relied upon in the Open Group; this year he was joined by Bradley and Barrington-Ward, who both made successful contributions, particularly in the mile and half-mile, in which unfortunately they were handicapped by very formidable competition.

Grant's won the Standards Cup, but by only a very small margin. While Ashburnham and Homeboarders were the runners-up, College had a number of good runners, and it seemed that the Sports, which are based on the heats for the Standards Cup, would be very exciting. Exciting they certainly were, but College had many open runners, who were able to obtain more points than our younger boys. Consequently we came a close second. The results of the Sports were repeated in the Relay Races. While Grant's won all the Under 16 events, College won the Open ones and consequently acquired a few more points.

We look forward to next year and Athletics in London. The fate of the Long Distance Race and its relay counterpart is in the balance. Up Grant's we all hope that a substitute for Bringsty will be found on Hampstead Heath or Wimbledon Common. We have started a tradition of Long Distance Runners, which could not be allowed to die out.

W. J. F.

J.T.C.

That part of the Regular Army responsible for overseeing us has recently moved its H.Q. a considerable distance away. But we have been far from neglected by them this term. An armourer to vet the condition of our arms; the head of the district ordnance supplies to have a thorough look into that side of our administration—resulting in some helpful actions, notably in the successful obtaining of boots; weekly visits by expert signals instructors; two whole day visits by a first-class travelling wing of instructors who ran courses for various stages of cadets. On top of this the term has included Cert. A. exams of both parts. With the departure from the neighbourhood of Major Robinson and the withdrawal into the far distance of the H.Q. Staff who had previously known us, we wondered whom we should get instead. The regular officer responsible for the supervision of cadet training in five counties from up here down to S. Wales was detailed as president of the examining board. He brought an examining team of six for approx. 15 candidates and staged an admirable practical and comprehensive test. We reckoned to be lucky in London with the facilities offered us in the past by Wellington and Chelsea barracks (not to speak of the War Office just up Whitehall!); we are immensely grateful to the military authorities in this district for making it by no means easy for the London authorities to serve us better in spite of the difficulties of transport and distance down here.

The popular courses run by the R.A. at Catterick during the last two holidays are being continued and in addition the R.E. are running one at Newark and the R.A.C. at Barnard Castle. Though primarily for the purpose of "selling" their respective arms of the service to potential officers of the future, these courses succeed, as nothing else can, in showing the cadets not only the procedure and technique of "supporting arms" but also the mutual dependence of them and the Infantry on each other.

PACKET LUNCH.

One of the disadvantages of the war is the removal of dining cars from trains; a very small matter, you may think, but for me a cause of great embarrassment. The removal of these cars necessitates carrying one's own food on a long journey. Hasn't everybody experienced the dread of eating in a compartment with seven others? Perhaps they haven't, but maybe I'm exceptional. You put the time off for as long as possible until you will do anything to get a nibble at that meat sandwich which is tucked away beneath your pyjamas. Then ravenous you reach for your case; in doing so as likely as not you put your elbow through the paper of the lady next to you. Covered with confusion you sit down and extract a neat paper parcel, apparently from the arm of a spare shirt. The instant this happens all your companions sit up and even the little man in the corner wakes up and takes notice. An air of great expectancy fills the place as you dive your hand into the parcel, and you can almost hear the people laying bets as to whether a sandwich, a meat pie or a lump of cheese will emerge in your grasp. Now is the moment; should you offer part of your frugal repast round the carriage? Most of the occupants look as if they would refuse to accept but, having espied that fat lady over there and thought of that meat sandwich, you decide not to. You now begin to eat, fearing that at any second a bit might go down the wrong way and you would be forced to cough the contents of your mouth over your opposite number. However, the tension is relieved by the little man in the corner who, following your example, extracts from his raincoat pocket a rather squashed package. Now, as he divides it, you can join the others; what will it be? An apple, a biscuit or a bun? It's oval—ah! a bridge roll; but, wait,—is it? No it isn't—it's— it's an egg! The sight of this so overwhelms the rest that with any luck, while he is gloatingly shelling his prize, you may be able to finish your meal without being the object of any further speculation.

Oh! how I long for the return of restaurant cars!

G. J. H. W.

MOONRISE.

In loneliness, amidst the growing dark,
I sat upon the summit of the hill,
And looked across the valley grey and still
At wooded hills all swathed in shadows black,
At whose feet ran a dull brown ribbon, slack
And sinuous. O'er it a suspension bridge
Swung long and thin, and, there upon a ridge,
A church lay dim, its needle-spire stark
Against the Stygian blackness of the wood.
Slowly behind the facing hills there crept
A mild and glowing light which quickly steeped
The valley in a phosphorescent light:
And lo! amidst her starry courtiers bright,
The lovely Great White Lady soared aloft
And there she swayed, a lantern shedding soft
White beams upon the landscape. Swift went the hood
Of blackness, gone as if by magic: then
Did the river wind its way—a shining band—
Reflecting in its ripples all the land,
And traversed by a streak of gossamer white;
The woods were like a sea of shimmering light,
The church a casket silvered by the moon.
O glorious lady! Must thou fade so soon
To hide thy splendour till the night again?

I. M. B.

“ RELINQUENDUM EST.”

Finding that Inspiration for a *Grantite* article would not come near me but stood disdainfully aloof, so long as I listened to (or, rather, heard) a programme of popular modern swing “ hits ” on the General Forces Programme, I have sought refuge under the shade of some old trees which overhang the lower of the two ponds in front of Buckenhill. Immediately above me the branches of a tall horse chestnut intermingle with the sweeping boughs of a green beech, while around me are a Scots pine and a number of oak trees.

As I approached the spot I nearly stumbled over a sheep and her nearly fully-grown ewe-lamb, which were resting against a tree-trunk. They revived memories of disturbed nights last term, when the cold February air was filled with the bleating of newly-born lambs and the fields were gay with the leaping of the two- and three-week-olds.

A rabbit scuttled into the nettles surrounding its hole and a grey squirrel has just come bouncing through the grass towards me and gone “ shinning ” up the Scots pine behind me.

The surface of the pool in front of me is ruffled by the morning breeze, and occasionally small circles appear and spread on it as some of the myriads of small diptera circling over sweep too low and touch the water with their wings. On the far side, where the stream supplying the pool merges into a bog, there is a mass of iris leaves, springing vertically upwards, which a month ago served as a background to the yellow blooms, which one day were not to be seen. The next day were buds, on the third were in bloom, and on the fourth had withered. Around the bases of these irises was a b'ue mass of bog-forget-me-nots and brooklime, but these, too, are no longer. This within a hundred yards of the house.

And there is much more besides. In the base of the hedge, not fifty yards up the drive, lives a colony of bank voles, whose earthworks turn and twist about in the earth like the passages in one of the larger London tube stations—over and under and intersecting each other. When all is quiet the creatures may be seen squatting outside their holes munching grass and holly leaves. One rarely walks beside the stream down below the house without seeing one or more of the large water voles that inhabit the area, either swimming about, or busy with its toilet on the bank. As well as the grey squirrels which are plentiful hereabouts, there are also a few red squirrels to be seen, sometimes quite close to the house, chewing at the bark on trees.

The list of outdoor flora and fauna to be found within a few hundred yards of the house is unending—to say nothing of the rats, mice and bats which inhabit this house, or the three little pigs and the goat and the poultry that invade the Ha-ha and even the dining room. To those of us who are consciously interested, all that I have mentioned will already have been disclosed ; but all must be in the some way or other be aware of these things. Earth may not have anything to show more fair than the view from Westminster Bridge on a summer morning, but may not all of us, however much we long to return “ home ” to No. 2, L. D. Y., be understandably conscious, without any fear of the more nauseating type of sentimentality, of a feeling of regret for the the rural beauty that we leave behind ?

K. M. T.

A HEREFORD DOGGEREL

(being a sequel to the Lancing doggerel of 1939).

A is the Archery lawn where one gets
Long jump and high jump, range, P.T. and nets.

Many a chord of remembrance B hits,
Bonfire and Bringsty, Ballard and Blitz,
Buck'nhill and Bromyard, Bicycling, Bus ;
There's many a memory B brings to us.

C is for Clater, once home of Ashburnham ;
And for Cookie who feeds up our corpus internum.

D is our Drive ; with its holes and its rock
It's bound to reduce any car to a crock.

E is for Elmores ; there'll not be forgotten
The cyclists who crashed round the curve at the bottom.

F is for Fernie ; with deepest affection
For ever embedded in Grant's recollection.

G is for Gaines with its swimming and tennis ;
It's also for Goat, a most memorable menace.

H is the Hereford lion you can see
Adorning the caps of the School J.T.C. ;
H also for Huntlands ; " come along, rise and shine ! "
Good-bye, Mr. Payne ; yes, you treated us fine.

I's Instone bridge ; not an elegant pile
But a most welcome sight at the end of a mile.

J is for Jobs ; hens, engine or pig ;
Coal, ashes, acetylene ; pick, chop or dig.

K is for Knightwick ; the telephone here
Is not very quick and is not very clear.

L is fhe Labs ; their most usual task
Is for Aldridge to mend you whatever you ask.

M is for Matey and Matron Macrae.
" Oh, *please*, can you have my shorts mended to-day ? "

N is our Nigger, a great big black horse,
(He's only on loan for duration, of course).

O is for Orchards ; we've been lucky, *very* ;
No shortage of damson, plum, apple or cherry.

Please don't forget if you urge picnic-munching
We've all had, pro tem, quite enough Packet-lunching.

Q is the Quadruped roaming our house,
As likely a sheep, goat or pig as a mouse.

R is the Ram ; we shall surely be thankful
When without its false aid we can have water tank full.

S is for Saltmarshe, a castle not old ;
It scarcely dates back to times when knights were bold !

T is a narrow and swift-running stream,
But those who live near get good swimming in—Teme.

U is that willing and welcome Unloader ;
The car's full of flour, fish, cabbage and soda.

V is for V-bomb and also for Victory ;
V is a letter, thus, most contradictory.

W's Whitbourne where Rigaud's and College
Thrice weekly receive us to add to our knowledge.

X is our X-ile ; the waters of Babylon
Have come in quite useful for oarsman to paddle on.

2, L. D. Y. ; that Y rings in our ears
Announcing the goal of six purposeful Years.

Z is our Zigzag from Sussex to Devon,
Whence back to the Thames and then down to the Severn.

T. M-R.

MEMORIES OF INDIA.

Being a few occurrences of interest which happened there.

One of the earliest incidents I can remember in India was the great Quetta earthquake in 1934. It was early afternoon and we were all resting. The first thing we were conscious of was the noise of falling masonry and clouds of dust appearing in the room. My father rushed in, dragged us out of the house and across the road in to the "maidan," (a large expanse of grazing ground). We stood there for about five minutes without shoes or socks, finding it hard to keep our balance, watching the railing posts shaking and the mud houses of the bazaars collapsing in clouds of dust. Many people, including ourselves, had to live in tents for some weeks, till the damage could be restored.

Then, not long after the earthquake, the Ganges flooded. We knew, of course, that the small river about two hundred yards from the bungalow was rising, yet the water rose up above flood-level very unexpectedly. My father went out on to the verandah during the night, and was bitten by the ants which had come on to the house to escape the waters. In the morning we found that the water was up about a foot and a half all round the house and cantonments, the verandah black with ants, and the bathrooms full of worms, which had come in by the sluice in the bathroom wall by which the bath water runs off. So we had to spend a few days with some friends in a higher area till the water went down.

During the hot, dry weather there are dust-storms. The rooms would suddenly become dark, and we looked out to see the air full of dust, swirling and eddying around in ever-thickening masses. So we hastily rushed round the house and closed all doors and windows, but even so there was always a good layer of dust for the sweeper to clear up afterwards. These dust-storms usually last about two or three hours.

Periodically everyone is visited in India by snake-charmers, acrobats, and men with dancing bears and monkeys. Naturally, some groups are better than others, and on the whole it is the acrobats who give the most interesting displays. We were once visited by one of these parties of acrobats, and one of them erected a bamboo pole, about twelve or fourteen feet high, in about one foot of earth, climbed up it at the most astonishing speed, and did all sorts of balancing tricks on the top, including hanging from the top upside down by his big toe! On another occasion we were visited by two

boys, about fifteen years old, who were learning the trade, and they had already mastered plenty of it. They did some extremely good balancing performances, and one of them chewed into small fragments a razor blade, but said that he had not quite learned the trick of it as it had cut his mouth a bit. There was another extremely good acrobatic show we saw in which a very small girl of not more than five years old performed all sorts of contortions; one was that she bent over backwards, with a sword in her mouth and one passed under her arms and behind her back, touched her forehead on the ground behind her, and then slowly came to the upright position again. Snake charmers are not very interesting, for if you have seen one, you have usually seen all the rest. All they do is to play a weird music on pipes to fangless cobras and suchlike, which just open their hoods and lash harmlessly at the snake charmer. But there was one we saw who provided a very interesting, though rather cruel, performance. He produced a baby mongoose, and let it fight one of his snakes; then when the snake was half dead he loosened the mongoose's hold and fed up the wounded snake for another fight.

If you go to India, and happen to go to Darjeeling, you will have the chance of going on the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway, which winds up about 1,000 feet to Darjeeling, 7,000 feet, in forty miles. It has a gauge of two feet, and squat, flattened-out engines. We went up in this train once, and it was really very impressive. The gradients are amazing and there is usually a native sitting on the front of the engine sprinkling sand on the rails, especially in the monsoons. To get up some places the railway zig-zags, and the train, when it reaches a zig, reverses, and shunts up to a zag, when it goes forward again and so on. Then there are the loops, which are the main feature of the line; the single loop, where the line crosses itself by a bridge, and the double loop where the line describes a "figure of eight." The scenery, too, is glorious, now a view of the snow-clad Himalayas, now nothing but the forest, close up to the line, then a view of the plains you have just left. After a few hours you reach Darjeeling, which is very lovely, and is all built on the hillsides.

I remember on our first journey to our school at Naini Tal we had to spend the greater part of one night at a small wayside halt. We went out on to the platform to look around as it was impossible to sleep in the waiting room due to the mosquitoes, and had constantly to avoid kicking or stepping on the bodies of coolies which lay wrapped from head to foot in their dirty cotton sheet affairs—looking more than anything else like dead bodies scattered around the platform. At the end of the train journey to the school there is a bus journey which finishes off the last twenty-odd miles from Kathgodam on. The road twists and turns and winds and zig-zags up the awful heights, until at last it is a real relief to set foot on firm ground again at the Naini Tal bus stand and to see the lake stretching for a mile or so ahead of you, surrounded by the great hills. Then comes the walk, or pony-ride, up the last 1,200 feet to the school. Naini Tal is a lovely place for walking, and from some places there are glorious views of the snows, including Nanda Devi and Trisul, and in the other direction of the plains. When my mother and I last left it we avoided the unpleasant bus journey to Kathgodam by walking down through the hills. On the way down we passed a bee-keeping station, where we bought some very good honey.

One of the most pleasant journeys which we made in India was the last eighty-odd miles to Bombay. They were covered with an electric engine, as the gradients are too steep for steam ones. The scenery is marvellous, all hilly, sometimes rocky and bare, at other times covered with trees; up steep gradients, through tunnels, over deep rocky river beds, the speed always varying, but much faster than any other train we had ever been in in India. We stayed in Bombay for two or three days, during which we saw quite a lot of the town before leaving for England.

H. A. E. T-B.

SHOT.

The sound of running feet ceased. He stood there alone in the street and shivered. Darkness reigned except for a glimmer from a lamp at one end of the street. He was unshaven, his eyes were blood-shot, and his clothes were ragged and dirty. Fear was in his eyes, and his whole appearance proclaimed him a fugitive.

A man appeared at the end of the street under a lamp. The light revealed the features, cold and merciless, of one whose sole desire was to kill. That face was known, and with a bitter curse the fugitive turned and stumbled off down the street into the black nothing. The other man changed his pace, no longer a walk but a run. The fugitive ran fast, but his pursuer ran faster and gradually gained on him. Crazy with fear, the fugitive stumbled on, hoping only to get out of the street. A wall blocked his path. He was trapped. With a hoarse sob he turned round to face the oncoming man, whose hand gripped the hard butt of a revolver. Nearer and nearer the figure came. Cold and unrelenting he strode on towards the covering man under the wall. The fugitive, his forehead dripping with cold sweat and trembling like a leaf, raised a hand to protect his face; the man's grip tightened on the revolver, he raised it, aimed and . . . "Shoot," yelled the director, and another great sequence of the world's most gripping dramas was filmed.

M. G. B.

ELECTION FEVER.

Polling day had dawned! England awoke to the task of electing her government for the next five years. Practically everyone had already made up their minds for whom they were going to vote. Only a few last minute decisions were being made, mostly by people who cared neither one way nor another.

At half past six Smith yawned and turned over in his bed. He stretched and reflected. He, at any rate, knew for whom he was going to vote. At least, he did last night . . . who was it now? . . . Oh! Yes, the Conservative candidate . . . yes, that's right, the Conserva——.

It was half-past ten when he eventually awoke. He hurriedly dressed, pecked at a rather cold breakfast, and walked jauntily down the High Street. Rounding the corner he saw a pretty girl with this notice by her side—"Vote Socialist, and wear a red badge." Smith was so overcome that he took a badge from her on the spot. Unfortunately there was at the other end of the street another pretty girl (Conservative this time) giving out green badges.

Smith couldn't help it. He was made that way. Besides, green and red were his favourite colours. He liked them both equally well. The girls were both pretty. He couldn't choose between them. (He later discovered they were twins). So he just wore green on one and red on the other side of his coat.

Smith lasted till the market place. There he began to be noticed. He had never realised that he was so unpopular until that moment. Cries of "Silly joke," and "Who do you think you are. Max Miller?" greeted him. Smith lost his temper. He went for his tormentors as a mouse might go at a cat, and with the same success. Smith did not vote after all. His remains certainly had no wish to.

H. L. M.

THE STORM COCK.

John, and a couple of friends and myself decided that while we were waiting three months before we entered our University, we would make some sort of a cruise. We soon managed to find several yachts, but they were either too expensive or else not suitable. At last, however, we found a yacht owned by an old gentleman who said that he would be pleased to lend us his rather dilapidated "cruiser," as long as we caused no major damage.

The first thing we had to do was to send it to a yacht repairer who had a yard near us. He managed to make a beautiful job of it, and finished it off by painting it a rich cream and gold, so that she would look her old self; as she had done before she had been abandoned. She was named the "Storm Cock" and a worthy bearer of the name she proved to be.

She was made of excellent materials such as Canadian rock elm, Pacific spruce, with hatches and floors of African mahogany and a hollow spruce mast; and now she looked the proudest yacht on the Mersey.

We fitted her with every kind of modern accessory we could cram into her. Her cabin was neatly set out and it had the advantage of six foot head room. At last we started to stock her up. Biscuits, meat and general food provisions had to be stowed away, as well as storm sails and such-like tackle. But after a week of this, we were all set.

On the 12th of May we proudly sailed down the Mersey on our first voyage alone. We had all had a year's experience of fore and aft training, so we were not quite so rough a crew as we may have seemed. We had an able pilot and an even abler captain, in John. The Pilot took us an uneventful but, from the experience point of view, a useful passage to Belfast. After spending a few days there, we set out on our two months' cruise. At Belfast we replaced all stores and took on a passenger; a lovely canary. A week later found us well in the Atlantic, when one afternoon about five o'clock, there came a marvellous sunset, ominous of a storm . . . and then a calm. In the later evening a terrifying aspect appeared in the skies, slight squalls and signs of worse weather to come, on the aft we saw in the heavens an inky mass of cloud arising from the horizon, looking like some huge monstrous crab ready to pounce. Bigger and bigger the threatening mass swelled; it looked as if the monster were going to enclose the whole world in its grip. A wonderful, yet awful sight. We made all snug below and on decks, and waited. At first there appeared constant and vivid lightning followed by the squall bursting upon us. These huge masses at last succeeded in blotting out the sky, and never had I seen such complete darkness on the high seas. We had to bring in all sails except for our storm sheet aft. The rain had such a stinging effect that it was agony to remain on deck; although we were forced to throughout the storm. We scudded along before heavy gusts and I had to steer by the feel of the wind in the back of my neck as the binnacle light had been blown out. Two whirling masses of foam like spreading wings spun away from the bows. One moment the port light dipped nearly into the water and then the starboard, caused by the terrific pitch. It made a most spectral scene; what with our ship's bell tolling out a sonorous tone like a funeral bell, also caused by the tossing. We fought on, battering and blasting our way forward.

At last after a whole night's battle, we and the winds were exhausted; we had given all we had and we came out on top. Our only casualty was Drake, the canary, for, although he lived through the episode, the strain was too much for him.

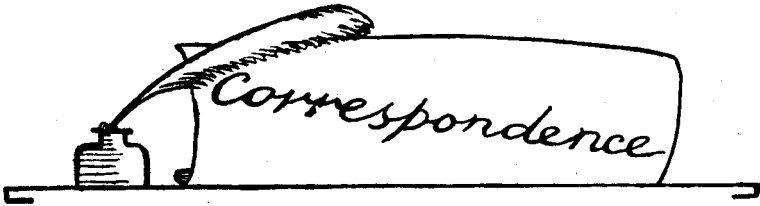
We still look back upon that voyage and it recalls many a joke and happy hour we spent together: but it was quite a wonder we got back, let alone the "Storm Cock."

D. M. V. B.

From *The Grantite* of Lent Term, 1905. We publish it in the hope that it will provide inspiration to those who continually complain that they have no ideas.

A FRENCH VISITOR UP GRANT'S.

Figure me, my friend, at ze School of Vestminsterre. My *conducteur* take me to ze 'ouse vich they name "Grant." I go down some steps and through a passage to ze right. I am soddenly struck (vot you call it?) "all of a 'eap"; ze strength of ze atmosphere is terrifique, 'owevoir ze *francais* nevaire despair, so I enterre vith ze *mouchoir* to my *organes nasales*. I stumble over boots, boys, benches, and *habits*: 'owevoire I recovraie and pass through a dingie passage. On ze left I perceive a poor man in à 'ole zat would not disgrace ze black 'ole of Calcutta. I scale some steps and am shown ze washing accoutrements of ze boys named ze "cheeseveekites." My *compagnon* 'e try ze 'ot vater tap but zere is none—only ze cold: 'e try anozzer vere ze 'ot indeed do come, but ze noise, *Mon Dieu!* it is like the lost spirits in ze nether region. Soddenly from all sides enterè vot I think ze dusky *habitants* of those regions, complaining about ze noise, but zey vere only ze *habitants* of ze 'ouse of "Grant." Meanvile my *conducteur* 'e wipe 'is *mains* on vot they name a "towel," but vich I think a dish-clout; for it only makes ze *mains* more vet and more dirtie. I then vent into ze "cheeseveeks"; *mais milles tonnerres!* ze smoke is *regoutant*, and it pour from ze fire and choke me, so that my *mouchoir* was *en evidence* again, and I flee for ze fresh-air. Then I am led to ze "'all." I am then shown 'vot you call? *en anglais* ze mantle-shelf—*sacré bleu!* ze barbarositie of ze 'abit, ze new boy are made to walk across there! This (vot you call?) finished me, and I seize *mon chapeau* and rosh from ze 'ouse of 'orror.



To the Editor of "the Grantite Review".

Sir,

During a recent discussion on pancakes, I was able to pay a tribute to the chef who made them for the School pancake grease.

It was in 1909 (or was it 1910?) that the major part of one of these delicacies came my way, and it was put away with some newspaper cuttings by my proud mother.

In 1934, about 25 years later, I came across this same piece when turning out a desk, and I offered it to my faithful dog. She ate it with relish and asked for more!

The grease was won by a Grantite all the years I was at Westminster, and I wonder when you'll have a chance to win it again.

Yours etc.,

GEO. L. BROWN.
Grant's 1906-1910.

OLD GRANTITES.

We have had visits this term from :—

- F. G. OVERBURY (F/O., R.A.F.) who has been touring R.A.F. stations on radio business ; on a second visit he brought with him (on motor bike pillion) J. R. B. HODGES (F/O. R.A.F.) who has recently returned from S. Africa and who is now stationed near Reading.
- D. O'R. DICKEY (F/O., R.A.F.) who recently returned to England, having previously been reported missing after a bombing raid on Germany. After baling out and being taken prisoner he subsequently escaped. He hopes to be demobilised and to go up to Oxford shortly ;
- R. J. M. BARON (A/C 1, R.A.F.) who has just completed a period of duty at Uxbridge on Met. work ;
- J. O. EICHHOLZ, who is half way through his R.A.C. short course at Hertford College, Oxford.

We also expect visits this term from R. H. ADRIAN, who is reading medicine at Trinity College, Cambridge, and from B. G. ALMOND (A/C 2, R.A.F.), who, after finishing his training at Torquay, is now undergoing a pilot's course.

P. N. RAY was last heard of doing research work for M.A.P.

- W. R. VAN STRAUBENZEE (Lt., R.A.) wrote from India appreciating the *Grantite* in such glowing terms that sheer modesty prevented us printing his letter!
- R. O. I. BORRADAILE (Sub-Lt., R.N.V.R.) is in the Pacific and has been taking an active part in the operations at Okinawa. He also describes how his ship rescued an O.W., Whelpton (A. H.), a F.A.A. pilot, after his plane had crashed off Sumatra.
- M. H. FLANDERS (Sub-Lt., R.N.V.R.) is still a patient in the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital, Stanmore, but hopes to be home in the late summer.
- S. P. L. KENNEDY (Gunner, R.A.) writes from near Hamburg after having pursued the Germans first across the Rhine and then across the Maas into Holland. He has got a great respect for the Dutch people and his training as a pig-keeper at Fernie seems to have benefitted his unit on more than one occasion.
- D. I. GREGG (Officer cadet) is still unfortunately at the O.T.S., Mhow, having had two courses spoilt by ill health. He is now in the middle of his third which he has determined shall be the lucky one. He had been corresponding with W. J. REED (R.E.) who is in a different part of India.
- A. H. WILLIAMS (Lt., R.A.C.) is now in Italy and hopes soon to go on a job to Austria.

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.

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