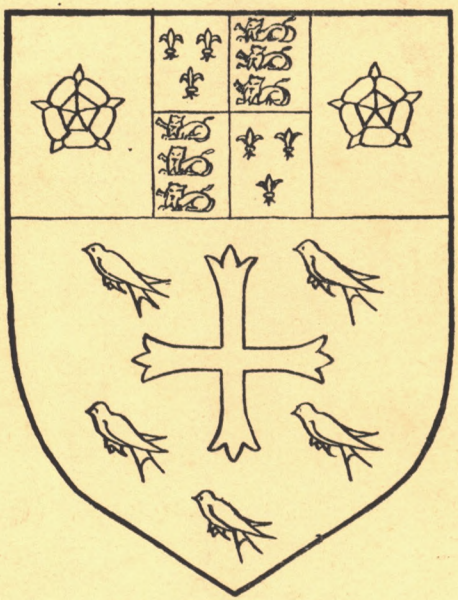
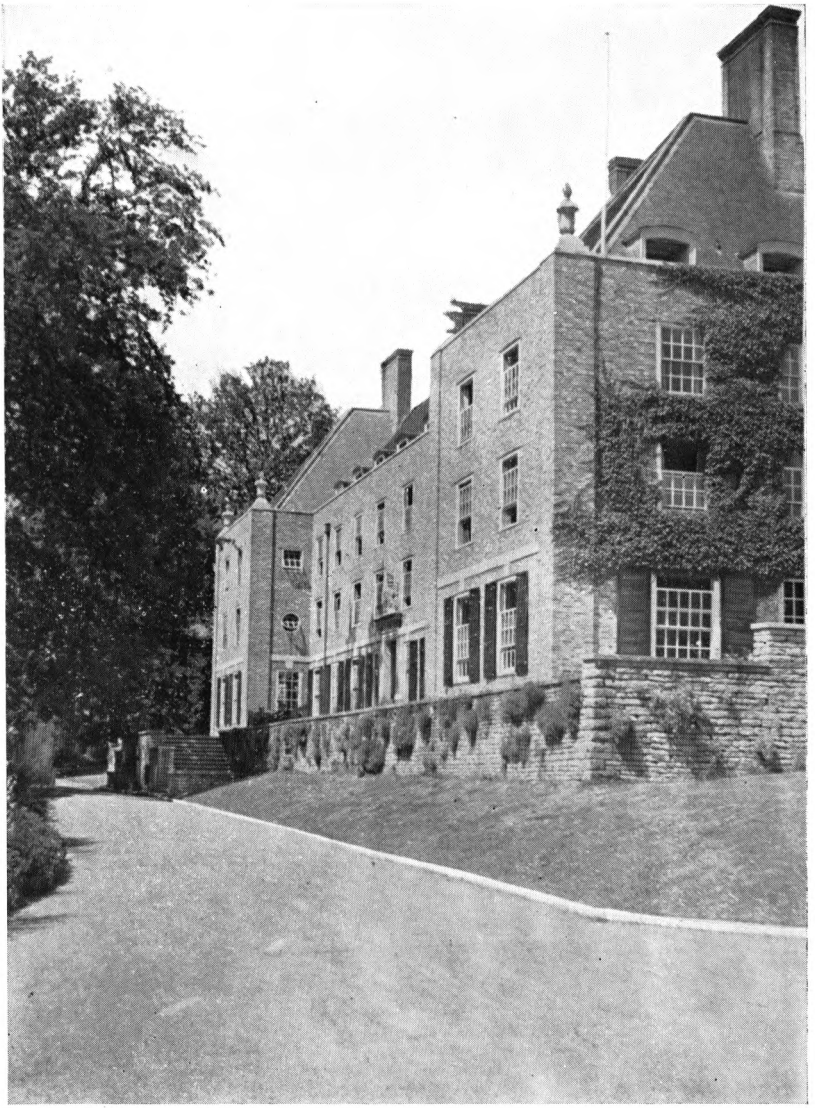
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1940.



MARDON HALL, EXETER.

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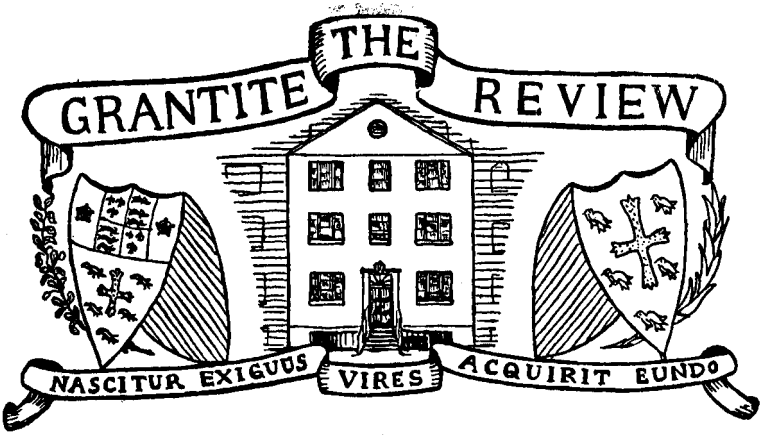


JULY, 1940.

In one year the School has moved from London to Sussex, and from Sussex to Devon, then—who knows? Who cares? For our present surroundings are, at the moment, so pleasant and comfortable, that any other move than one back to London would be most unpopular.

But this is not the time to consider our personal comfort. The future of Grant's or the School is infinitely less important than the future of the country. And, if another move should come, though it might be to far less comfortable quarters, our action would affect the safety of many men and women.

Although many were disappointed at our sudden departure from Lancing, these facts were remembered, and, as the Head Master said before we left, when the Artillery start mounting large naval guns in our back garden, it is time for a move. So, by the optimism and cheerfulness of the great majority, the evacuation of the greater part of the School, together with books, beds, and other necessities, was carried out in two days. The wisdom of this decision is now proved by the new civil restrictions along that part of the coast.

I should like to take the opportunity of thanking our late hosts for the very kind way in which they helped to make our stay a success. I can only hope that they, in their turn which has now come, are being treated as well as we were. Though there were many small difficulties to overcome, we will all look back with

many happy memories on the new friendships which we formed, and the pleasant days which we spent during our nine months' stay.

Here at Exeter we have returned, through the kindness of the University authorities, to a much more usual school curriculum. Once more, the House is joined together under one roof. Water, Cricket, Tennis and Fencing all prosper. We are close to a large city; Inner and Chiswicks are separated (no comment!), and a million and one other things have returned to normal, which was impossible before. Some idea of the spacious accommodation may be got from the photos reproduced in this number.

And now that Election term has once again come round, another School year is drawing to its close. Many of us will be leaving, and naturally have many regrets. 1940 must have been the strangest year in the four hundred years of our School's history. This year we have all realized that we are not merely supernumeraries, but that each member of the house is an individual actor in the drama. Every boy has had some job to do, and everyone has carried it out to the best of his ability. It is only because of the House's whole-hearted support that it has been possible to smooth away the difficulties and inconveniences of our position and make it easy and enjoyable.

GRANT'S AND THE WAR.

The Englishman, naturally, is a little puzzled when confronted with irreconcilable accounts of the part his country's Public Schools are playing in this war.

There are accusations against our defeatist cynicism, our splendid isolation, our armchair strategy even. And these accusations can gain support from the evacuations, evacuations of men able, if not ready, to bear arms ; from some of our smaller public schools too, whose advertisements in the *Telegraph* emphasise that they are " in a safe area, and untouched by war conditions."

Partially, we admit these faults, but they are almost entirely a reaction from the Englishman's failings up to the end of the last war—shoddy imperialism, blind support of superhuman leaders and such impatience to " get at 'em " that higher education for those who should have built on the peace was sacrificed to brass bands and medal ribbons.

We have perpetuated some of the ideas about war which we held at the end of the last war. The ordinary man now sees, more or less, how essential it is to distinguish between our war aims and our peace aims. For if the peace aims are lost or distorted, then the war aims dissolve into so much wasted life.

Apparently there has always been a section in the Public Schools who took the wider view. When the Boer War was declared, the Editorial of *The Grantite* launched into a lamentable account of the Grantite in India. But at the same time the Grant's Debating Society is proposing—" That the cause of the Boers is justified." It is not unpatriotic to consider these things, it is merely common sense to discuss them openly.

The attitude of *The Grantite* to the Great War is stereotyped and official right from 1914 up to 1917. Here is the list of old Grantites serving, picked out from the one the Elisabethan had compiled, " * indicates that the Corps is not officially recognised by the War Office "—" The following distinctions have been gained by Old Grantites "—" It is with deep regret that we have to record . . ."

But by Election, 1917, there is a change. " The exigencies of war have caused widespread changes in the immediate life of Westminster. With a few exceptions the School is now in khaki . . . An old Westminster returning to " Suts " will find that a war-bun and a few dry biscuits are all that he can obtain . . . Grant's, as do all the other houses, supports a prisoner in Germany for the small sum of £18 a year."

The war is getting nearer. *The Grantite* is heroically, if a little self-consciously, light hearted. " On our return to school it was soon apparent that the German Authorities had received information of our patriotic activities during the Summer holidays." In this and the following term the School spent nearly forty-three hours in the air raid shelters. A shell fell through the roof of " Big

School," an aerial torpedo fell behind the Choir School; both failed to explode—we could hardly expect such luck to-day.

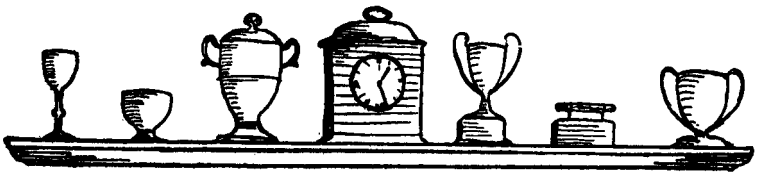
By Election, 1918, Westminster is fully aware of the war, of its seriousness, of its wider implications. " It is with mixed feelings," says the Editorial, " that the House looks forward to the last day of this term. To the new boy, it is a great day . . . But to those who are leaving it is a sad day. But for the war, we should, many of us, meet again at the Varsity, but now Leave never seems to coincide." The suggestion by a correspondent that a war number of *The Grantite* should be produced is condemned by another because, " in the first place there is a very serious shortage of paper, and in the second place any such report would of necessity be incomplete if published before the end of the war."

This in Election, 1918. When the next *Grantite* appears the war is over, an Editorial headed " The Past and the Future " concludes with these extracts :—" The greatest war in history is all but at an end ; after over four years of unparalleled effort, victory has at length crowned our arms. And what is the result ? Out of all this turmoil, after all these sacrifices, a better world must emerge. Grandiose schemes are in the air, statesmen talk of reconstruction, and idealists of an everlasting peace. Yet none of us, be he ever so humble, must fail to take his part. The future of the world is in the hands of the rising generation, and it must start now to prepare itself for its task."

The Public Schoolboy learnt this lesson after four years of war. Gradually he ceased to think of war in terms of uniforms and distinctions and hate. He began to think of the wider aims of war ; the Peace, and a sincere conception of the evils we are fighting against.

It is perhaps because we have had these thoughts in mind when deciding what our war effort should be, that some of us have been accused of apathy. The English Public Schoolboy is genuinely afraid of being thought a " hearty," who plays the game with the brave lads at our Empire's outposts."

He refuses to read Kipling, he despises the heroes of the last generation. But his patriotism is there, and it is genuine. He is merely obscuring his war effort and his love of country in case it, too, should be despised by his descendants.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—F. D. Gammon, A. D. Self, and R. O. Wrigley. We wish them all the best of luck for the future.

We welcome this term :—R. C. Fullerton-Smith, C. A. P. Fanshawe, M. S. Graham-Dixon and R. G. Redhead.

In Inner are :—I. J. Abrahams, R. O. I. Borradaile, J. B. Craig, D. C. Evans, M. H. Flanders and D. P. Davison.

In Chiswicks are :—F. G. Overbury, L. A. Wilson, A. W. Pratt, A. W. G. Le Hardy, F. J. Earle and E. R. Cawston.

We won the House Athletic Cup, our nearest rivals being Ashburnham.

We won the Senior and Junior Fives Cups, beating King's Scholars in the Finals of both.

We won the O.T.C. Competition at Lancing, beating King's Scholars by one point.

We were second in the Music Competition. However, we won, the House Ensemble.

Fencing for the House Foil Cup began at Lancing, and is still unfinished. At the moment Grant's are leading, having won 11 fights out of 18, with 2 to come. The team consists of L. A. Wilson and D. W. Shenton.

We were third in the Art Competition, losing to Homeboarders and King's Scholars.

We have failed to keep the Senior Cricket Shield, having been beaten by Busby's and King's Scholars. The competition is not yet finished.

Congratulations to :—D. C. Evans on his half Pinks, also to V. T. M. R. Tenison on his Thirds, and to E. F. R. Whitehead on his Colts, for Cricket.

To :—E. R. Cawston, on his Thirds, and to J. R. B. Hodges, E. F. R. Whitehead, and J. A. Holloway on their Colts for Football.

To :—D. P. Davison on his Pinks for Rowing and on his appointment as Head of The Water.

To :—D. P. Davison and D. C. Evans on their half Pinks for Athletics.

To :—V. T. M. R. Tenison on his half Pinks for Fives, and to D. W. Shenton on his Colts for Fencing.

To :—D. C. Evans, I. J. Abrahams, M. H. Flanders, A. W. G. Le Hardy, and V. T. M. R. Tenison on their Seniors and to E. F. R.

Whitehead, J. R. B. Hodges, D. I. Gregg and B. R. Corcos on their Juniors, for Athletics.

To :—E. F. R. Whitehead on his Seniors, and to D. J. E. Shaw on his Juniors, for Cricket.

We welcome back Mr. Edwards as House Tutor. Owing to his position as Mathematical Master with the Westminsters at Hurstpierpoint, he has been unable to be with us until now.

The photographs in this number of the *Grantite Review* were contributed by E. R. Cawston.

This term there has come into being up Grant's a new magazine. Written entirely by the junior part of the House, *Mouthpiece* is a welcome and ambitious contribution to the House's literary efforts.

ATHLETICS.

Grant's had a particularly successful season, winning the House Challenge Cup and coming second in the standards competition. For the challenge points we had led all the way, and were well clear of our nearest rival, Busby's, by the last finals day. The house was represented in most finals and winners included :—

B. Corcos	... ...	100 Yards, under 14½.
	... ...	100 Yards High Hurdles (tied) under 14½.
D. I. Gregg	... ...	880 Yards, under 16.
D. C. Evans	...	Throwing the Javelin.
M. H. Flanders	...	Putting the Weight.
D. P. Davison	...	Mile.
	...	880 Yards.

In the relays we did not do so well, only winning one baton—the under 14½ 110 × 4, but we came near to winning quite a few more, notably all three medleys where we were beaten at the tape.

THE WATER.

Grant's had a strong contingent of watermen when the boathouse was resurrected at Lancing this summer. All of them spent the term rowing in tub fours and most are now ready to move into eights—if there were any eights to move into. We were later reinforced by a new batch of watermen of whom five were Grantites. These rowed in tub pairs. From the House viewpoint things are only just beginning to happen. The regatta has not started as this goes to press but we have the material to do well. Grant's was much to the fore in a series of races held on the Adur as a curtain raiser to the regatta, but it is too early to say more than that all

three crews look promising and obviously find the still water of the Exe canal easier than the swift-flowing Adur.

There is an out-worn practice of writing commentaries on various house oarsmen. Here it is going to be out-worn a little further.

BEALE.—C. in C. of the Pioneer Corps, a tireless worker; never happier than when he is chopping down stakes or digging through sandbanks. He also rows.

DICKEY.—Impeccable stylist. Is putting on weight by eating twice as many buns as anyone else.

GREGG.—Ruthless stroke. Highly inflammable when done out of his sculling station.

HOLLOWAY.—Steady as a rock. Has perfected the art of turning up for station at the last possible minute. Can eat a pretty bun.

RAY.—Makes good use of his height, keeps a long stroke. An invaluable light-house and land-mark. Goes in for dinghy rowing on a large scale.

D. P. D.

CRICKET.

This term Grant's have failed to justify themselves. Of the three matches played we won one, against Homeboarders, and lost two. The batting has been inconsistent, people failing when they were most needed to make runs. Russ was the most successful batsman and his innings of 48 against Busby's was a particularly praiseworthy effort.

The first match against Homeboarders we had little difficulty in winning by 9 wickets. Everyone fielded well and Evans and Tenison bowled well. The Busby's match was a disappointment because no one except Russ was at all on form. Against College, too, Grant's were below standard.

The fielding on the whole, apart from a few noticeable exceptions, has been good but by no means brilliant. Catches were dropped too often and usually proved fatal ones.

In Juniors we have plenty of promising players to choose from and if they can make up their minds to come off at the right time they should reach the final. In their first match against College they just managed to win and Shaw bowled particularly well.

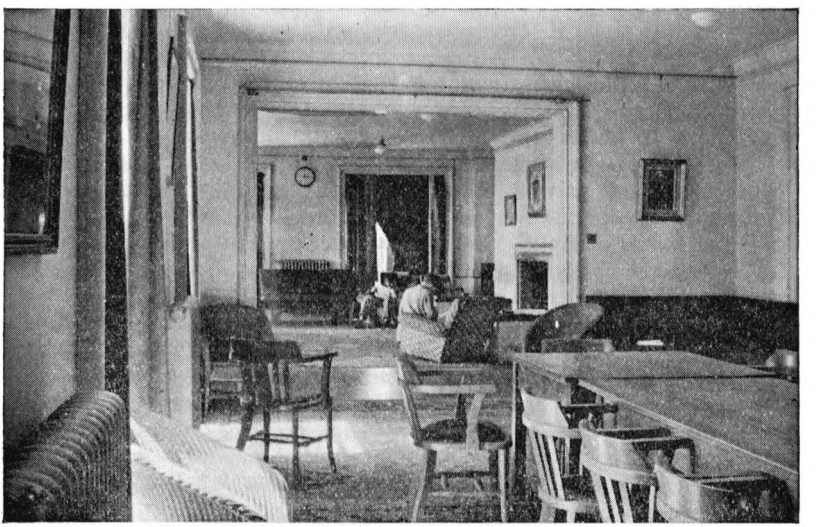
R. O. I. B.

THE MUSIC COMPETITIONS.

We started the day by coming third in the House choirs, tying with Rigaud's, but retrieved our reputation in the afternoon by winning the vocal ensemble. In the instrumental section, Whitehead and Macmillan were prominent. Both took part in the Schumann string quintet, Whitehead playing first violin. He also came second, in the string solos. So, as is our custom, Grant's came second in the music competitions.

D. P. D.

SHOREHAM, 1 P.M., JUNE 25TH, 1940.



THE COMMON ROOM, MARDON HALL.

LIT. SOC.

It is something of a triumph that during the last year, when there has been so much else of greater importance to occupy us, Lit. Soc. has yet managed to escape even a temporary extinction. For this much of our thanks must go to Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust, whose help and encouragement have been invaluable. So far this term we have read three plays: "Richard II," Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" and Gordon Daviot's "Richard of Bordeaux." All three were most successful, especially the last one, and it was interesting to compare the modern representation of Richard, essentially a sympathetic one, with the more well-known one of Shakespeare. We look forward to welcoming Mr. Edwards to an already competent circle of readers.

J. B. C.

EVACUATION TO EXETER UNIVERSITY.

With the collapse of France events moved very rapidly during recent weeks towards making the Sussex coast a military area in which the presence in institutions of concentrations of civilians such as Lancing and ourselves was likely to prove a liability to the authorities. That our move here and Lancing's move to the Midlands were amply justified and only just in time is shown by the almost immediate steps taken after our departures by the local authorities.

It was most opportune for us that our date of departure came after the vacation date of the University. Very few students were still in residence and the two hostels known as Reed Hall and Mardon Hall were available for the School; College and Busby's going to the former, Homeboarders and ourselves to the latter. When Rigaud's and Ashburnham followed ten days later another hostel, Exeter Hall, was available for them. The University teaching accommodation is in the centre of the City and the problem of formrooms for us has proved fairly easy of solution.

The three hostels are different in type, Reed and Exeter both being converted private houses whereas Mardon was built in the last few years for its definite purpose. Each of them is a separate unit for meals and the catering (which, incidentally, is of a very high standard indeed) is in the hands of the hostel authorities.

Mardon consists of a ground floor with three floors above. We are housed on the two top floors, with Homeboarders on the first floor. And it can be said at once that nothing could run more smoothly than the inter-relationships of our two Houses. The "dormitories" are single or double bed-sitting rooms in normal conditions which we, as we use them for sleeping only, have made into twos, threes and in some cases fours. Each House has day rooms on its own floors, we having one room for Inner, one for Chiswicks and two, in addition to a large room on the ground floor, for Hall. Accommodation for Housemasters, their wives, their dogs, our House Tutor and for Matrons and sickroom is available for each

House separately. On the ground floor there is a very large common room and a library, both of which are used extensively by members of either House at any time except when Homeboarders reserve the library for a debate on a Saturday night or we reserve it for Lit. Soc. on a Sunday night.

Reed and Mardon are close to each other and stand in a large "estate" which includes woodland, both formal and wild, agricultural land, which we are helping in spare time to tend, and a number of hard tennis courts. In the same estate are the main University laboratories and the University Library.

The organisation of games presented some difficulties but these have been surmounted. The tennis courts at Reed and Mardon were available and adequate for tennis station and it was the turn of the rowing authorities, after their difficulties at Shoreham, to find a boathouse and canal suitable and ready for immediate use. Cricket was faced with some problems in the finding of grounds, but we can hire the Devon County Ground occasionally for matches, big games or net practice, and in addition have been given the hospitality of the Exeter school ground on Tuesdays and Thursdays when they have whole school days. The University ground can be used on weekdays, but only by consent of the Army authorities who have commandeered it, and it is anyhow not available on Saturdays. A small hockey ground also can be used for junior games —but it is not available on Thursdays! Still, it is working itself out and matches have already been fixed with Dover (who are just outside Exeter), with Exeter School and with Exeter City.

Mention, and a most warm and grateful mention, must be made of the welcome given to us by all members of the University staffs. They have helped us in every possible way. In particular those of us at Mardon owe a very great deal to the Hostel matron, Miss Morrison, and to the Warden, Dr. Caldwell. The latter, being also in charge of the whole of the University estates, has given invaluable help in the way of tennis courts and cricket grounds and in numbers of other minor details as well.

T. M.-R.

L. D. V.

Long ago the Fencibles: not so long ago the G.R.s or "Gorgeous Wrecks": now the Local Defence Volunteers or "parashots." Whatever internal hitches may occur—and no organisation responsible to professionals and run by amateurs can be immediately without these; however much the well-known Army sequence of order and counter-order may pursue and sometimes irritate; beyond all this there can be no doubt of the tremendous psychological effect of the entire country being suddenly covered by a corps of determined men who welcome the chance it brings of contributing military as well as civil service to the State.

It was, perhaps, because it is sometimes so very difficult for masters and senior boys to realise in war time that their national service, until called elsewhere, really is to contribute to their

department of the Country's educational machine, that the institution of the L.D.V., with its opportunities of service for all over 17, was welcomed with an almost audible sigh of relief. Both sections of the School in Sussex provided instantly strong detachments to their local organisations. Requirements and conditions varied at the two centres and I can only speak with knowledge of the work done by those at Lancing.

Here we shared the same patrol beat with Lancing, going out on different nights. The patrol at the " boiler " had a magnificent view of sea and downs, especially on the first night out when the moon was full. If anything had happened, they might well have had a grandstand view of that. Actually, until later on when their beat was substantially widened, they had a rather sedentary post. The other patrol, at the end of the chapel overlooking the playing fields, had a more active beat, although a brave hedgehog advancing towards them was the only unusual apparition. It was bad luck that the occasion on which an " enemy " cow was shot was not one of the Westminster nights! Still, on one night unmistakeable sounds of a man drowning himself in the Adur were heard—the river was a mile or so away but the members of the patrols knew from the tone of the screams that this was what was happening! And on another proud night two special patrols were sent out with the definite task of detecting Fifth Columnists signalling to the enemy. " Last night," said a report, " a light was seen to shine every time any aircraft went over." The only lights of note were, alas! a large chink in the black-out of Mr. Hobb's farm and (at a rather late hour) the Scoutmaster's bicycle lamp by the Manor path.

Touch was made with the Exeter battalion on arrival there. Although in some ways they were not looking at things as acutely as was the case at Shoreham—for instance going out armed and with fixed bayonets seemed a bit of a novelty—in other ways they were much more stringent. Official enrolment forms had to be filled up and scrutinised by the police, identity cards were marked with an L.D.V. stamp, and reference was made back to School authorities by the police that those enrolling were " really good chaps." The chain of command from battalion commander down to section leader was not in the indefinite state that it had been in at Shoreham. We were assigned two beats and these were previously gone over by patrol leaders. But on arrival at platoon H.Q. for duty on the first occasion, one of these was immediately taken away and replaced (to our added interest) by a road-block—counter-order No. 1! Counter-orders followed orders at rapid intervals as to when and how traffic was to be stopped, but it all added to the zest of it, never knowing how one night's order would differ from the last. The other beat included one position which, if properly investigated, gave excellent chances of being drowned in a river or run over by a train. Up to date outstanding events have been the momentary unnerving of the Editor who (not unreasonably) mistook the clank of a railway signal for a traitor piling planks

in a field : the unpunctuality of reliefs at 1 a.m. ; and the loosing off into the blue of a live round by one of these reliefs within three inches of his patrol commander's ear! If all L.D.V. members stand up to fire as well as this one did, it promises well.

So another chapter, " Defence of the Provinces," is started in the history of a London school. And, incidentally, another chapter might well be started in a record of relationships between masters and boys ; for, when they go out on this service, it is not as teacher and pupil or even as officer and cadet, but on level terms as, might one dare to call it?, " Defenders of the Faith." T. M.-R.

ACROBATIC AGATHA AND JUMPING JOSEPH.

It was my first night at my dear Aunt Aggie's house in Gloshborough. " Poor James," they had undoubtedly said, " no holidays. I can't understand these Head Masters. What will they be doing next ? James must come and stay with us." And so here I was—lying in bed—my first night out. I turned over in bed, and tried to sleep.

Suddenly I heard a most extraordinary noise. I had never heard such a noise before—not even in the dormitories at Westminster. The door flew open, and in walked Aunt Aggie—on her hands. She did four somersaults, and fell out of the window.

" Help, help!" I cried, " Poor, poor Aunt Aggie. She must be . . . Goodness! What's that! "

A noise, rather like somebody dropping a tray of plates, echoed down the chimney. Then Uncle Joe appeared—clad in pyjamas ; he was as black as a nigger. Hardly had I had time to look at him when he disappeared down a mousehole.

I pinched myself to see if I had gone mad. I was perspiring. What would happen next ?

The door flew open again—and in rode Aunt Aggie on a camel, followed by Uncle Joe on an elephant. They rode round and round the room, and then, as if by magic, they went through the floor, and landed in the cellars below.

When would I be able to sleep ? Would it last much longer ? I wish I could go home. " Bless my soul," I said, jumping out of bed. "What was that ? "

There were the most extraordinary noises on the roof again. " No doubt, it's Uncle Joe getting ready for another spectacular dive down the chimney." I went over to the window to watch from there. Suddenly Uncle Joe leaped from the roof, enveloped in a sheet.

" Help! Help! " cried a voice in the street, " the Germans have landed." Men came rushing along the street to the sheet which was lying there. But when they looked underneath, Uncle Joe had disappeared.

Turning away from the window, I saw Aunt Aggie come in. She was in A.T.S. uniform. She turned her usual four somersaults, landed on her head, and saluted me. She then marched twice round

the room, jumped into the wash-basin, and slid down the drain pipe. I never saw her come out the other end. But this did not worry me. It would teach her not to disturb me in future. She never re-appeared that night (thank goodness!) nor did Uncle Joe. I crept back to bed and fell asleep.

Next morning, I woke up and was surprised to find Aunt Aggie standing over my bed.

"Really Joseph," she was saying, "I can't understand these Head Masters. Fancy sending the poor boy down here with measles. It's too bad!"

Uncle Joe grunted and left the room. I was too bewildered to utter a sound.

"BUT WHOSO SHALL OFFEND ONE OF THESE LITTLE ONES . . ."

The still form lay silent under the trees, sunlight forming a pool of glowing light around it, as if in honour of the Dead . . . All was silent, all completely still, save for the pitiful cryings of a small child, deserted by her parents—refugees from the war—who had saved their own lives at the expense of another. This little child—a girl—wandered round miserably, hungry, wide-eyed and terror-stricken. Where was mummy, the mummy of the good old days which seemed so far away: with whom she had played so often in the park? Not the mummy who had cruelly shoved her first-born out of the way, as she herself climbed into an already full wagon bound for safety. Not the one who had watched her baby stumbling, falling after the lorry as long as the tiny legs could carry the heaving panting frame.

On wandered the tiny creature, the meaning of that desertion had not dawned on her.

Then she saw a man! True, he was lying on the ground and had evidently hurt himself: but he was at least a fellow being and she crept towards him with renewed hope. He was a German, a young fair-haired lad, not more than 17, with a tragic expression on his face. Lying twisted, he had evidently died of ghastly wounds without so much the comfort of a fellow to help his passing. In his hand, a photograph of Herr Hitler himself, superscribed:—

"Kill all foes
Spare not the enemy
For the honour of the Reich
For the future of the Fatherland:
Heil Hitler!"

The infant touched the body nervously, quivering with fright: and, when it did not move, tears, so bravely fought back till now, overcame her. Sobbing and crying, she put her arms around its neck: slowly, very slowly, the convulsions ceased, the tears stopped flowing, she was asleep.

Silence reigned once more: round the corner came British Tommies making a hurried retreat to Dunkirk. They chose that spot for their gun emplacement as being sheltered from the prying

eyes of reconnaissance planes. What they did not see were two tiny eyes regarding them suspiciously from the shelter of a bloody corpse.

They mounted their gun and started firing. It was this that brought the child from her hiding-place. She ran as fast as her legs could carry her to the shelter of a nearby thicket. But she did not get there for she was shot on the way by a British private who, his nerves tense from the strain of incessant bombing, mistook her for an advancing foe.

So they were buried, the child and the German ; official enemies, but fellow creatures.

SOLITUDE.

The sky was dark and the wild wind blew
As I watched the rushing waves.
The clouds danced o'er the darkened deep,
Black waters filled the caves.
And all was wild . . . My spirit pined
As tempest to Heaven raves.

Long, long, I gazed into the night
At the madly surging sea,
The cliffs stood sombre high above,
And the tumult sang to me
A sad wild song of a fettered soul
And I prayed with her to be free.

NEWS!—NEWS!—NEWS!

LANCING, SUSSEX.—It was a dark and stormy night. The parashot patrol was, of course, wide awake.—A rustle behind the hedge, suspicious shadows as of two men creeping.

" Halt, who goes there ? "

No answer.

" Halt, who goes there ? "

Still no answer.

The parashot shot. A dull thud from the other side of the hedge. Dash it all ! If a large brown cow won't answer a perfectly clear challenge it deserves all it gets.

CAWNPORE, INDIA.—The late House Tutor in a long letter from India explained the fundamental differences between Westminster school life and that of Cawnpore. To register disapproval there, the forms go on strike. Strikes are very numerous, he adds, and occur nearly every week. (Letter continued :—" Unfortunately, most of the strikes seem to occur in my class.").

EXETER, DEVON.—Just near Exeter St. David's railway station there is a level crossing where the road crosses over a wilderness of tracks. The House Tutor of Busby's approaching from Reed Hall direction found the gates closed. At length they opened and he drove on. When he was just crossing the sixth track, an interminable goods train rumbled up on the seventh—and stopped. The Tutor's brakes just saved him in time. After five minutes or so, as the goods train seemed to have come to stay, he walked up and

asked the guard if he could move his train. The guard promised to to do his best, but the train had taken root. The Tutor's heart failed him and with infinite pains he turned the car round. The moment this was accomplished there was a loud clanking from behind and the goods train moved on. He then noticed two interesting details: one, that a train was signalled down the track he was on ; two, that the gates were shut against him. With the athletic agility for which he is renowned he leapt to the signal box and explained the gravity of the situation. Just in time, he showed his back tyres to the monster as it puffed by, and shook the dust of St. David's Station from his feet.

RATHER UNNECESSARY CHAPTER OF AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Westminster old boy has amply described his old school days in the pages of the *Elisabethan*. I am an old boy too, and my old school days would bore both of us to tears in the telling, but perhaps not my old school, my old " prep " school that is.

Let me first say that although this school (" Finsbury Hall " I shall call it) still exists, it is now solid and respectable. It was reduced to this shameful condition after being deprived of the genius of its popular headmaster, Mr. Wallis Tibbitts, who decided that running a school was not sufficiently lucrative and turned his remarkable talents to juggling with the intricacies of the Drapery Trade.

Still, always an opportunist, he put his former connections to account by writing to each parent and asking for their custom in his new venture.

The peculiarity of our staff was that they were a body of almost entirely ignorant men. The peculiarity of our curriculum was that we did little or no useful work and even less games. Almost every boy was acclaimed a genius and put into the sixth form, to the delight of his parents. There were more boys in the sixth than in the rest of the school. The fees were as exorbitant as those of any other educational establishment.

But you had better be introduced to our staff and judge for yourself.

Our Latin master is a large florid man with a bulbous nose. Sprawling over his battered desk he beams at us through a flow of confused anecdotes. At intervals (the fact is historically correct as Sacha Guitry would say) he opens his desk and drags out a large black bottle, removes the cork, drinks and then drops the bottle into the waste paper basket. The Headmaster was forced to accept his resignation. One day he attacked and seriously injured a negro boy (" Fuzzy " Something or other his name was) in the middle of the playing fields.

Our Maths master had an obsession about toffee. I spent hours of private tuition with him and all the time he ate toffee. He produced it from his pockets, from drawers, from hat hoxes, from the

crevices of chairs. He was master in charge of sports, and his method of testing a jammed starting pistol was to apply it to his head and pull the trigger.

We were told he was suffering from a nervous breakdown when he left in the middle of the term. Later we learnt he had absconded with slate club funds.

At the head of this inspiring staff was Mr. Wallis Tibbitts, proprietor. There was a partner who appeared twice a year to give us a holiday and light an enormous bonfire in the playground, but Mr. Wallis Tibbitts was senior in every respect.

His educational accomplishments were nil. He knew nothing, he taught nothing, his whole life revolved round writing revues and musical comedies, at least two of which the school performed each term. On the girls' side, tap dancing took first place on the curriculum. On ours, Latin periods were interrupted for the more important business of running through a new and rather risqué sketch which the muse had inspired Mr. Wallis Tibbitts to write.

Concert night took the place of prize giving. Parents paid an entrance fee which went to the relief of the poor (Mr. Wallis Tibbitts). Solemnly they are ushered to their places. The lights go down. The audience is hushed.

Then the doors at the back of the hall fly open and the spotlights are trained on the hideous and slug-like form of our Headmaster wearing a sleek suit of hired tails and sprouting a vast orange buttonhole.

There is a burst of spontaneous applause. With short silken steps Tibbitts moves down the centre aisle, bowing and beaming to either side as he goes. Slickly yet pompously he takes his place at the piano—runs his fingers over a series of impressive chords, and launches into the overture.

It was difficult for the cast to maintain the impressiveness of this introduction. But Mr. Wallis Tibbitts was always there, whispering advice to the hesitant actors, acting as Stooge to the comedians—all the time covering a multitude of mistakes by the stupendous volume of sound which he maintained on the piano.

" Words and Music by Mr. Wallis Tibbitts. The entire show devised and presented by the same." As he sat perspiring over the keys it was his hour.

Wallis Tibbitts, author and composer, schoolmaster and showman, the genius of Finsbury Hall.

SUSPENSE.

Fourteen figures in white stood round. One, at the near end, had white gloves, two others wore white overalls, the rest stood still. The victim himself waited silently and patiently. The figure with white gloves whispered something to him. He smiled bravely and prepared for the worst. He knew what was at stake. A figure with a large instrument at the far end was idly watching a fly. Another figure was holding something in his hand, it was small and spherical. He moved closer. He bowled!

AS WE WERE.

The Editor and his staff, scanning suitably old *Grantite Reviews* in search of material for an editorial, came across some interesting passages which they thought might be fit to pass on to the more easily amused of their readers (if any). For example, what fag of to-day would not be interested to know of a typical day in the life of his counterpart of 1827? (The following is a quotation from the *Grantite Review* of 1888 in which appeared this excerpt from the "Nugae Westmonasterienses.").

"6.30. Brushed my master's clothes, and filled his pitcher. Went to bed again, and awoke at $3\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to 8.

"8–9. Was shown up for not knowing my grammar. Muzzed three pages of ditto for my help.

"9–9.30. Breakfasted very badly, as I was sent by the Seniors to Shottons three times.

"9.30–10. Picked up balls.

"11–12. Went into Green and was knocked by a butcher for abusing him.

"1.30. Went to dinner.

"2.30. Went up School, and got two hundred lines to write out for not being able to find my shoes. Connaught had pulled them off and hid them.

"5–5.45. Made my master's tea, and put his room in order.

"7–8. Did my exercise with many interruptions, being sent away continually by my master.

"9. Was licked with a cane, because I could not find Willoughby's Homer.

"9.5–10. Did my imposition.

"10. Went to bed, very tired . . ."

Fag of to-day, please note!

Still having received no inspiration for an editorial, the Editor and his staff noticed that in the tough eighties the following letter appeared.

"Dear Sir,—Am I right in thinking that nasty, horrid, rough game—so-called football—still exists in Yard up Grants? I feel quite sure that 75 per cent. of the injuries sustained by members of Grants are the result of that 'fated' Yard game, and I would suggest that in its place some nice quiet game be instituted, for instance,

ninepins, or some other game, which would be played without the risk of such fearful accidents . . ."

Can this have influenced the following statement, appearing in the *Grantite* of June, 1884 ?

". . . A most incompetent Games Committee have done away with Athletic sports this year, and to crown all, ' Water ' has been practically abolished . . ."

In the same *Grantite* appears an indignant letter :

". . . Everyone thinks he has the right to enter Chiswick whenever he pleases. Surely this ought to be put a stop to. Hoping that fellows will take the hint.—I remain, etc., CHISWICKER."

Chiswick(er)s had their troubles even in those days !

This was followed in November, 1888, by a more serious statement.

" It is our painful duty to intimate that many reasons, among them pecuniary ones, combine to force upon the Editors the conclusion that they will be unable to carry on the *Grantite* after Christmas next . . ."

But despite this the *Grantite* continues, while, needless to say, the Editor is still searching for an Editorial.

AT EVENING IN A CATHEDRAL.

How silent are long shadows
Creeping on marble floors,
They move with purpose, calm,
Like sandalled monks to evensong.

Now dust is golden, quivers in shafts
Through sainted windows, and below
The pillars darken and multiply.

Kings that through day's reality,
Their dream, in formal stone lay cold,
Now rustle their stiff folds, and whisper
Old tales, lips touched with evening fire.

No footsteps now, profanely echoing,
Waken the startled arches,
Limitless, curving, they meditate,
Now dust is golden. In the East
The high altar gleams in secret panoply.

MR. BROWN.

I first met him several years ago in a mental asylum run by my good friend Dr. Stortly. He seemed a very harmless little fellow with his serious, rather preoccupied, face, his hornrimmed spectacles, and his large round eyes peering out of a wrinkled face ; and so, naturally curious, I enquired of Dr. Stortly the reason why this frail old man came under the category of a lunatic. Dr. Stortly told me his history during dinner that evening.

Mr. Brown—for so I shall call him—had once been a master at an old-established but comparatively unknown school ; his record there had been entirely uneventful, and at the age of sixty he had retired with a pension, a small savings account and a silver bowl presented to him by the boys and his fellow masters. He rented a flat in a quiet back street and proceeded to live out the rest of his days with his books, his pipe, and his memories. One afternoon as he lay back in his chair he suddenly acted in a very strange manner. Making sure that he was not overlooked he tiptoed towards the door and swiftly reaching out his hand switched on the light. Then with a disappointed look on his face he returned to his chair. Several times he did this. Sometimes he would cross the room with bowed head and a book in his hand ; and as he neared the door, shoot out his hand and flip down the switch, then he would look at the light hanging from the ceiling with a cunning smile, wag a reproving finger at it and turn it out. This went on for several months and his landlady began to notice something amiss, for whenever she entered the room she would find him staring at the light bulb, but as soon as he noticed her he would look down, stammer, and utter some completely irrelevant remark. The landlady, unlike the majority of her species, was unable to find an ulterior motive for this and merely put it down to eccentricity. The time soon came when his friends began to notice it. Once he was visiting an art gallery with one or two of his old-time colleagues, when to their astonishment, with a queer smile he sidled over to the door and flicked the light switch down, then, as he realized his failure, he clucked his tongue reproachfully and turned it off. What had begun as a mere whim had now developed into a positive mania, and he could not pass an electric light without turning it on. His friends, realising that their former colleague was suffering from some strange malady, took him to consult a specialist, who, forewarned, was watching him closely as he entered the room. Immediately he saw the switch the cunning gleam came into his eyes and shooting out his hand turned it on. The specialist remarked jovially that it was a little early in the afternoon for the light to be turned on. Mr. Brown looked at him with a knowing smile, " Ah, but you see he will probably be asleep this time of the afternoon and when I press down the switch he will forget to light up." And ignoring the specialist he gazed up at the light. Needless to say, he was consigned to the Home where, for all I know, he is still persevering with the light and has, my friend, Dr. Stortly tells me, already caused several fuses.

SONG OF THE L.D.V.

or

Our Brave Lads on the Home Front.

The Colonel had got an air pistol
And a catapult loaded with dirt,
While " Dopey " Joe bore an old cross-bow
And I held a home-made squirt.

'Twas a murky night by the barrier,
All was quiet at half-past nine ;
At half-past ten we challenged a W.R.E.N.
At eleven we stopped a marine.

Then we fired! A car had passed us,
And ignored the Colonel's roar.
It jumped a hedge!—went over the edge . . .
It won't joy ride no more.

The owner was *most* insulting,
He started to dance and stamp.
" Gad, Sir, didn't you hear ? Go and wash your ear! "
" No, we haven't been issued a lamp."

But the fool wouldn't listen to reason.
He said—" I'm Lord B., you great brute ;
" Now you'll get in a mess with the *Daily Express*,"
So we gave him the General Salute.

All was quiet for an hour and a quarter
Till we suddenly happened to meet,
At a bit after one, an enormous fat nun
Who was dragging a funny white sheet.

She carried a folding machine gun ;
" Because of the mice " that she feared,
Her passport was right you could tell at first sight
By the shape of her curly black beard.

Without further ado we departed.
So give us a jolly good cheer,
And I hope you can see that in our L.D.V.
Life isn't all skittles and beer.

SUMMER ECSTASY.

Press down, press down and twist the fingers into this short dry grass, till the earth itself presses upwards in intimate response. Crush down the face and feel the rough homely tangle warm against your cheek. Eyes half closed in a narrow vision of green jungle, in which an ant toils like some grotesque primæval monster, a jungle full of strange hidden stirrings and sounds so slight as to be more imagined than heard. Now warmth surges into heat and all the world slides away on every side so that you know, although you cannot move to see, that your body is lying small and still on the very pinnacle of an immeasurably steep hill, and that round and above you is nothing, nothing at all except a great space and a great radiance of light. Now there is nothing left save this tiny patch of earth on which your are lying, you know that it is there because you can feel its hardness pressing up against you, the little lance points pricking your cheek, and the hot heady smell of earth all about you. In a second even this will be gone, even the radiancy beating through the eyelids, and you will be snatched up from the pinnacle into oblivion. But now, during an eternity of time marked out only by the slow, thudding pulse beats of your blood, now you are on the knife-edge of ecstasy, for you are almost nothing.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

" Yes," he continued " although he was an uneducated man he had a sense of loyalty and honour that is given to few people on this earth."

It was hard, as I heard this man speak, to think of him as anything but a very educated person. His dim eyes showed themselves set in a frame of muddy skin and his square-set shoulders just showed themselves above the sheets.

" Ah, he was a good man and a very great friend. Well, before I continue with my story I think it is better that I should tell you about his childhood and slightly later life." It was obvious that this man had suffered a great loss, but he continued and wiping an imaginary tear from his tired eye ;

" The name that I knew him by was Harvey, Henry Harvey, but this was not his original name, his former having been Muller. His father's nationality was German, his mother's unknown, as she had died when he was only three, and his father followed her to the grave a year later. Before he was born his parents moved to Jugoslavia, for pecuniary reasons only as far as he knew. Being left an orphan at the age of three was even worse then than it is now. However, he was taken into an orphanage and until about the age of eleven was very happy. Then the orphanage closed down and he was sent to an institution where he was dreadfully unhappy. He often used to tell stories of the cruelty and bullying of the Principal as well as of the elder children. He endured this " living hell " for about three years and then contrived to escape with a friend of his.

One night he ran away and reached, by the next morning, the port of Zara."

" He managed to board a London ship with a Jugo-Slav speaking crew. He got a job with the pay of bullied beef and bug-ridden biscuits. His three weeks on board were the worst of his life and were eventually the cause of his death." At this point of his story I asked him if he was feeling well enough to continue, as he had gone very pale and dark rings had formed under his eyes. " Yes, it was a sad part of his life," he seemed to mutter to himself and not to me. " As you know, I suppose, it is a custom on ships that at night the sailors tell stories, stories to break the monotony of the long evening and vermin-infested lower decks. Tales were told of spectres, spirits, and ghosts, and these were made even more real to young Henry as a lantern used to swing behind his head, casting weird shadows in front of him."

" At the end of the journey he was a physical and, moreover, mental wreck, tearing at his hair if anyone even mentioned ghosts. However, after being in London a few years, he recovered completely and seemed almost normal. For twenty years he stayed in London and then got a job in the lighthouse with me."

" Now let me hear what happened a few days ago," I said. " Yes, I will," he continued. " It was on Wednesday evening when I was reading a book and Henry was whittling a horse with his large clumsy hands. After about five minutes he went to his drawer and took out a red book. I asked him what it was but he would not tell me. He put it under his coat, I got up and tore it from his hand. On the back I read ' Tales of Mystery and Imagination. Edgar Allan Poe.' I was stunned. Thoughts ran through my mind of what would be the outcome. I would prefer to say nothing more of that evening other than I put the book in my trunk. Thank God nothing happened that night but the next I woke up at about twelve. There, sitting on the side of the bed, to my horror, was Henry reading the fatal book. He must have taken if from my trunk. He stood up, swaying on his legs, his eyes shut and his hands clawing at the air as if the spectres were there themselves. Then all of a sudden he took up the candle and crashed it to the floor, plunging the room into frightening darkness . . . He rushed to the door, now red and now purple, and leapt with great strides down the stone stairs, breaking the deathly silence. He rushed out of the main door, with shrieks enough to frighten the spectres themselves, and on to the landing stage and he plunged into the depths of the sea. I dived in after him, I saw him clutch with longing hands at the air which he hoped would turn into solid rock above him. I heard his last yell, I, his friend, saw him die and swallowed up by the sea. I tried to swim back to the lighthouse—I lost direction—I swam and swam until I felt firm earth under my feet and then——," his wavering voice stopped suddenly, his white and now haggard face fell on to his shoulder—he had fainted.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Dear Sir,

It would be an awfully poor show if people thought we were, what do they call it ?—apathetic to this blitzkrieg. I mean surely chaps could get together and sort of do things, I mean make hay and dig things and all that. Well, it wouldn't be very decent if they all turned round and blamed us for losing this war. Mind you I think we're much too decent a set to lose really, but wouldn't it be rather a turn if we dashed about helping a bit—and all that ?

Yours truly,
THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

I feel I have a great privilege in writing to welcome my dear schoolboy chums in their second flight from the barbarosity of the foe. I feel that they will at last find a haven of peace and quiet in that land flowing with milk and honey—Glorious Devon. May this luscious country bring respite to you in your wanderings, and a safe refuge till this time of trouble is over, and you are able to return once again to your ancestral home, Westminster.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
D. S. WINCKWORTH.

P.S.—The Editor promised to play football against me, if I didn't write this letter.

NOTICES.

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All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, Mardon Hall, Exeter, Devon, 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, Crewe Hall, Crewe, Cheshire.

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