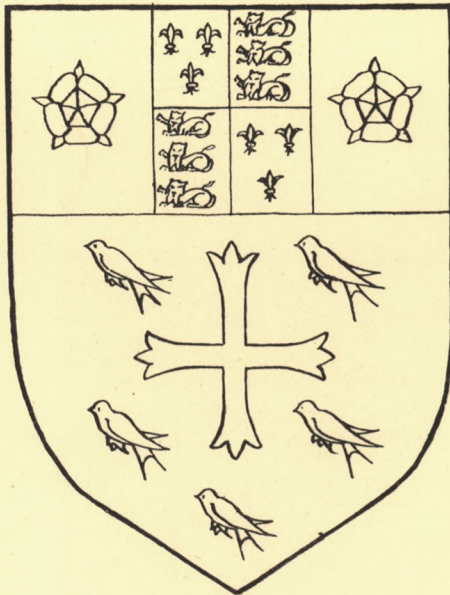


ws/hon/3/4/1/19/2

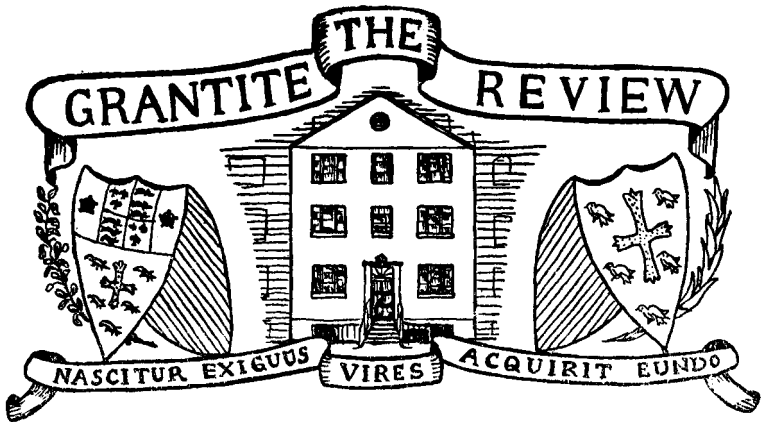
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,
1944.

INDEX.

	Page
EDITORIAL	4
HOUSE NOTES	5
BUCKENHILL	6
FOOTBALL	6
“ THE MOUTHPIECE ”	7
GRAM. SOC.	7
ATHLETICS	8
HOME GUARD	9
J.T.C.	9
A.T.C.	9
NIGHT ADVENTURE	<i>F. R. H. Almond</i> ... 10
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY	<i>S. P. L. Kennedy</i> ... 10
STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN	<i>M. G. Baron</i> 11
ON BEING LATE	<i>J. O. Eichholz</i> ... 12
IT MUST NOT BE	<i>S. P. L. Kennedy</i> ... 13
THE CROWN INN	<i>B. G. Almond</i> 14
SITUATION VACANT 17
CORRESPONDENCE 17
OLD GRANTITES 18
NOTICES 18



VOLUME XVIII. No. 2.

191ST EDITION.

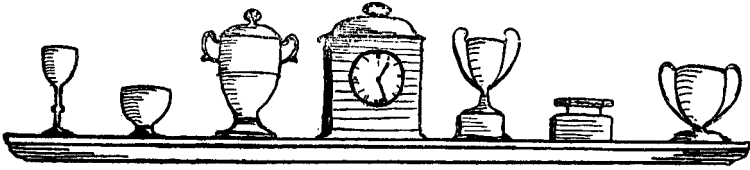
EDITORIAL.

It is paradoxical that we seem now to have less of the farmer in us than during our first year in Herefordshire. In those early days of 1941 we felt almost eligible for the farmer's minimum of three pounds a week ; for, besides doing at least three hours' work on neighbouring farms, we ran our own little farm at Fernie. Indeed pigs, hens and rabbits were not the only livestock kept on the estate, for we frequently provided grazing ground and sleeping quarters for any sheep, cattle or horses who chose to invite themselves on to the Fernie lawn. Various members of the House revealed unknown talent as shepherds and cattle drivers in expelling these unsolicited visitors.

Nowadays such talent must remain undiscovered. Occasionally a stray ewe is seen timidly wandering through the bushes of the Buckenhill grounds, but such a case offers small scope to the ambitious herdsman. Further, the three hours' farming has degenerated into a few jobs on the estate, while even the refined art of pig-keeping has been allowed to die out. In short, we have revealed a lack of desire to become farmers, and (we must admit it) the farmer has shown that he is content without us—no doubt the Italian prisoners prove adequate substitutes.

However it must not be thought that we waste the time that we might otherwise have put to an agricultural use. Each year in exile broadens the school activities. Music flourishes throughout the school, and each term sees at least one concert produced. Acting has taken a firm hold, and some half a dozen plays, largely Shakespeare productions, are put on yearly. The interest in games increases termly ; fencing has been revived, while athletics and shooting matches have been successfully arranged during the last few months ; football has shown marked signs of improvement, and the first eleven was able to hold its own against schools of up to 600 boys—a remarkable achievement for a school of 135 which plays under such adverse conditions. Nor have we neglected our learning ; last summer the school gained five open scholarships.

With this increase in school activities comes an increase in new boys—now, in fact, double that of two years ago. It will be for these to see the school back to London, and it will be surprising if they show more desire to plant potatoes in Green than to play a game of cricket or football or to spend an afternoon doing Water.



HOUSE NOTES.

We welcome this term :—R. H. Adrian, D. C. F. Chaundy (who were evacuated to the United States) and R. A. Lapage (from South Africa).

* * * * *

In Inner are :—S. P. L. Kennedy, B. G. Almond, W. J. Reed and R. J. M. Baron.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks are :—J. O. Eichholz, R. Bruce, H. Kleeman, R. D. Jones, G. D. Glennie, K. M. Thomson, G. J. H. Williams and R. H. Adrian.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is J. W. P. Bradley and the Hall Monitors are J. A. Davidson and W. J. Frampton.

* * * * *

We lost 3-1 to College in the first round of football Juniors.

* * * * *

We won the Senior and Junior Long Distance Races, and the Bringsty Relay ; the Senior Long Distance Race was won by S. P. L. Kennedy.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—J. W. P. Bradley on his Colts
and R. A. Lapage on his Juniors for Football ;
Also to :—S. P. L. Kennedy on his Half-Pinks,

B. G. Almond on his Thirds,
W. J. Reed on his Seniors,

and to J. W. P. Bradley, J. C. Barrington-Ward, G. J. H. Williams, F. R. H. Almond and D. L. Almond on their Juniors for Athletics.

* * * * *

W. J. Reed is Head of Music, and R. J. M. Baron is the Flight-Sergeant of the A.T.C.

* * * * *

We are very grateful to D. I. Gregg for his gift to Gram. Soc.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. we have read the following plays :—" Macbeth " ; " The Merry Wives of Windsor " ; " I Have Been Here Before," by J. B. Priestley ; " Alibi," from a book by Agatha Christie ; " The Critic," by R. B. Sheridan ; " Rope," by Patrick Hamilton and " The Late Christopher Bean," by R. Fauchois.

We hope to read :—" Alf's Button " by W. A. Darlington ; " Saint Joan," by Bernard Shaw ; " Admirals All," by Ian Hay and " Whiteoaks," by Mazo de la Roche.

BUCKENHILL.

While we find ourselves well settled down at Buckenhill, we are glad to see that the hens have also accustomed themselves to the strange surroundings; this term they have broken their strike and are laying. Apart from this there are few changes to be found here. The engine is now pumping up enough water to provide us with baths on the spot. Nigger is ridden with increasing skill (when he can be made to move!) and a few of the House can now boast that they have fallen off the necessary seven times. At times we catch sight of enthusiasts hurling themselves at the high jump rope, putting the weight or throwing the discus over the mountainous ground in front of the house. On Tuesdays we note an ever-increasing number setting off to Bromyard to sing in Choral Soc., while the house is almost deserted on Wednesdays when the orchestra plays at Whitbourne.

The Spotters' Club has elected a new Secretary in R. Bruce as R. Baron is leaving at the end of the term. Previously M. G. Baron and W. J. Frampton were elected editors of the *Mouthpiece* amid campaigning worthy of many a by-election; we look forward to another issue this term.

Further descriptions of our activities are to be found elsewhere in the *Grantile*.

FOOTBALL.

JUNIORS—FIRST ROUND.

LOST 3—1.

For the sixth season in succession we met College in Juniors and this year, as last, we were defeated by three goals to one. Both sides were fairly evenly matched—more so than last year, in fact. Our forward line was the stronger but was kept well under control by the very sound College defence, which included three colts colours. Of the latter, Eccles at centre half and G. Law at left back, made it hard for our forwards to get away. However there were several break-aways, and after a quarter of an hour's play Lapage put a shot past Low, who defended the College goal most effectively throughout the game.

It was not long, however, before a forward movement by College bore fruit, and the score was again level. The sun at half-time was very low and at times made it very hard for the goalkeeper to see the ball; thus another shot scored before half-time.

In the second half, the ball was less in either goal area than before. However several individual efforts nearly scored; F. R. H. Almond, who played a very competent game, dribbled the ball past the opposing defence, but unfortunately misjudged the strength of the wind, which was considerable, and his shot went a foot wide of the goal-post. Barrington-Ward also put in a good shot from the wing, and this was saved. Meanwhile the College forwards had been kept fairly well in check—largely by Bradley at centre-half, who played well and hard; he was always up to help the forwards and back to save many an awkward situation. However, College pressed hard on several occasions, and finally scored the only goal of the second half, a few minutes from the end, after the defence had failed to clear the ball.

Thus the game closed—a three to one victory to King's Scholars.

Team :—J. A. Davidson; G. J. H. Williams and W. J. Frampton; G. G. Skellington, J. W. P. Bradley (Captain) and R. H. Adrian; D. J. P. Wade, F. R. H. Almond, D. L. Almond, R. A. Lapage and J. C. Barrington-Ward.

S. P. L. K.

THE MOUTHPIECE.

Amidst feverish interest caused by the election of editors the *Mouthpiece* was refounded in March last year. Its name and spirit survive from 1940. The first issue of the new *Mouthpiece* was published in an old file in the contributors' writing. Now the paper is associated by everyone with clear typewritten pages and a coloured cartridge-paper cover. This improvement is entirely due to the kindness of the Editors' relatives.

During the past year, five twenty-page issues have appeared and interest in the *Mouthpiece* remains as keen as ever. In its policy, that of entertaining and giving confidence in writing to the junior members of the House, it has succeeded. Its success has been dignified enough for Inner to contribute and to insist on its own copy.

The expression, "Put it in the *Mouthpiece*" is the current idiomatic way of saying, "What a prize remark." Such is its reputation for wit. Serious contributions have also appeared: histories of the tank, of the shot gun, of aerial bombing, of the Unfinished Symphony, of Wagner in the 1848 Revolution, and of the L.M.S., and an account of a concert given in Worcester.

At the second annual election, the assembled House chose two new Hallite editors. Since the whole House contributes, the whole House votes. But the editors must always be Hallites, and on the paper's cover is printed the slogan—"The Voice of Hall." It is up to Hall to keep it so, because it is for Hall that the *Mouthpiece* exists.

J. O. E.

GRAM. SOC.—IN RETROSPECT.

There are now few boys left in the House who remember the first Gram. Soc. meeting in the Dining Room at Fernie, nearly three years ago. R. D. Jones was the originator, and he himself really meant to take his records down to the Whitbourne society, but on asking permission was told instead to form a Gram. Soc. up Grant's. In the early days it was attended by those few who really wanted to listen and not by the whole house as was more usual latterly. Deb. Soc. used to function at the same time and was much more of an attraction for the fierier members of the House, who used no doubt to bellow as loud as they could so as to annoy those who preferred "listening to music." The records were mainly operatic, all of them belonging to Jones except some which the Murray-Rusts lent.

Other boys brought their records and Gram. Soc. started to grow, the only thing wrong being the fact that no one seemed to know who was going to operate the gramophone or who was going to announce. There was an argument between about four boys at tea-time every Sunday and it was usually not till three of them had got themselves firmly seated that the fourth realised that it had all fallen on him. However, it all went well until two boys arranged two quite different programmes with dire results.

D. I. Gregg brought back his gramophone and a number of records to add to the number and at that time the Housemaster presented £5 to the House to start a House collection. From that day to this Grant's Gram. Soc. has never looked back. Beethoven's *First Symphony*, *The Casse Noisette Suite* and the *Sleeping Princess* have been given to the House since then. While we have been at Buckenhill, Gram. Soc. has been open to Busby's and to Homeboarders and Ashburnham, and this term we are again indebted to the Plummer brothers (B.B.) for providing a large number of records, including five symphonies and a Brahms piano concerto; we hope that we will be able to benefit from their kindness in lending for many terms to come.

This term has been a flourishing term altogether. Jones has lent us a

number of his records for a star opera performance, and Sampson (K. S.) has lent us his recording of the *Jupiter*. We also hope to have Mozart's 40th and the *Cesar Franck Symphony* before this term is ended.

We have so many records now that to get through them in a short term is an impossibility, but it gives people a chance to get to know more works; and that is the main aim of Gram. Soc.; long may it continue the same.

W. J. R.

ATHLETICS.

During our first year in Herefordshire athletics were drastically curtailed to a few inter-house relays and the Long Distance Race. Since then each year has seen a marked increase in athletic activities, and this term, for the first time since 1940, an inter-school athletics match took place. The match was a long distance race against Felsted over a $5\frac{1}{2}$ -mile course. We lost the match, but fairly creditably, and the first two Westminster runners home were Grantites. Next term a fixture of a more all-round nature has been arranged. The effect of these matches and the re-introduction of individual events has been to produce increased enthusiasm throughout the school.

This term has been set aside for the long distance races and all the standards, thus leaving the beginning of next term free for the inter-house relays and the finals of the individual events.

During our years in the country Grant's has made a name as a long-distance running house. In the four years in Herefordshire, we have won the Long Distance Race and the Bringsty Relay Race three times, while the winner of the Long Distance Race has been a Grantite for the last three years. This year has been no exception to the rule; indeed it has been, perhaps, our most successful year in this respect.

On March 2nd both the junior and senior Long Distance Races were run. The day was bleak and windy; at one stage of the races, which were run simultaneously, it was snowing. This, however, did not seem to deter our runners; in the junior race, over a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -mile course, four Grantites came in together, Barrington-Ward coming third, followed by Bradley, F. R. H. Almond and D. L. Almond. In the senior, over a course of about $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles, the race was won by S. P. L. Kennedy with B. G. Almond coming second, and W. J. Reed sixth after a thrilling finish in which he beat Denniston (K. S.) by a foot. The result was that we beat College by 9 points to 14 in the Senior and 9 points to 20 in the junior.

Two days later, the nine-mile Bringsty Relay was run. The result was regarded by most of the school as a foregone conclusion in our favour, but we were nevertheless, perhaps because of last year's defeat, not over-confident. Barrington-Ward was our first runner, and came third at the end of his mile; F. Almond then took over the baton and ran an excellent half mile to overtake Simmons (A.H. and H.B.) and give the lead to B. G. Almond, who increased his brother's lead from a few yards to nearly two hundred during his mile and a half. From then on the race was virtually won; the baton was passed to Williams for a mile, to D. L. Almond for half a mile, to Reed for a mile and a half, to Bradley for a mile and then to Lapage for another half. Each lap (a mile and a half) showed an increased lead until Kennedy took over for the last lap when College, who were second, were about a quarter of a mile behind. Consequently the College runner was given no chance of overtaking and we won by some four hundred yards, having covered the 9 miles in 45 minutes 5 seconds.

And so we won our third victory within three days. In the rest of the sports we cannot hope for such uncontested success; unfortunately we shall be severely handicapped for the relays next term, as half the open members of the house are leaving. However, we are at present leading in the Standards Competition.

S. P. L. K.

HOME GUARD.

Home Guard activities have continued on the same lines. One inter-communication exercise without troops was held down to platoon level, each platoon H.Q. being in its own area. Difficulties and deficiencies of communications came to light—and the supreme importance of the platoon Commander's initiative in a Home Guard fluid war was amply demonstrated; with rapidly changing situations and tricky communications a company commander's instructions may well be out-of-date on arrival and in any case sufficient information rarely gets to him on which to base these instructions. A complementary exercise is being held, though after the end of term, to test general arrangements for supply and administration.

A short series of lectures on camouflage given by a W.O. lecturer and attended by Home Guards from all over the District provided an opportunity for a Westminster contribution to H.G. training. Sgt. Baron was selected to go to these and, after a great deal of preparation (much of which must have been most tiresome to those sharing a room with him!) he passed on the instruction gained to an audience of representatives from this and a neighbouring company. He had enlisted some most effective artistic assistance from Bannerman (Busby's) and Bradley (Grant's) to reproduce a number of paintings displayed by the official lecturer.

J.T.C.

The annual inspection was carried out on the morning of 18th February by the Assistant Inspector of Training Corps, Major W. Smith, M.B.E. He saw one of the normal training programmes in operation and then addressed the contingent as a whole. Although he left after lunch—to do another inspection elsewhere—training was carried on into the afternoon in the form of tactical "tabloid sports" and these were watched by Major Robinson who was attending the inspection as regular liaison officer with the contingent. A junior Granite acquired much merit by realistically fading into a background of molehills: quite undeserved as he admitted to have been unconscious of their presence!

As a result of wishes expressed by the inspecting officer, battle drill, already introduced in a general form last term into the cert. A syllabus, is being extended to the pre-cert. class. This will do much of its drill work in this form, commanders being taken from the part II candidates.

An examination for cert. A, part I, is being held at the end of the term.

A.T.C.

This term the A.T.C. is well up to strength and the usual training programme is in operation. The Proficiency results from the exam. held last term fully justified themselves and the results of the Advanced Training Exam. (formerly Proficiency, Part II) should do the same. This last-mentioned exam. was held for the first time this term and lasted for four days with an average of a two-hour exam. paper each day.

A Calculations exam. for those who failed this subject in Proficiency has just been held and results are eagerly awaited.

Last summer five cadets attended a week's camp at Tilstock, together with the Lancing College and Shrewsbury School A.T.C.s.

A visit to an R.A.F. station has been arranged and, weather permitting, everyone should get some flying.

R. J. M. B.

NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I am by profession an experienced and well-known ghost-finder. I had just returned, one summer's day, from Birmingham when I received a letter from a certain Mary Hopewell. She said that for the last few nights she had heard screams and clanking of chains at about nine o'clock. She asked me to go down as soon as possible. I looked up in a "Bradshaw" and found that the next train left in five hours time.

When I arrived at the nearest station, I hired a cab and drove to her house. She was very pleased to see me, and, I thought, relieved. She then showed me round the house. "This is where the noises come from," she said, when we came to a spacious room with two large French windows.

"I think I shall keep watch here to-night," I said, "But you had better occupy yourself at one of your friends' houses; there may be some trouble if anything appears."

At eight o'clock she went to play bridge with some of her friends, so I settled myself down to write my new book, "Ghost-hunting Without Fears." But at a quarter to nine I stopped writing, and thought out a plan by which I might outwit my spectral antagonist. I took up my position, and watched the hands of the clock—ten minutes to go . . . five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one. I held my breath and prepared for the coming fray.

The grandfather clock in the hall began to strike. As the last stroke died away, the handle of the door moved. There was a pause while I felt like screaming. Then a face peered apologetically round the door, "There's a light showing from this room, sir!"

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

One rather expects to find some people behaving in a peculiar way on St. Valentine's Day. Consequently when I entered Inner on that particular day, I was not genuinely surprised to find the Editor seated in the middle of the floor just pulling out his hair and littering the whole room with it. Some of it, I noticed, had found its way into a tin of Home Guard dubbin while a considerable quantity was frizzling on the fire and giving off the most appalling stench.

At first my presence passed unnoticed, or was ignored, so I inquired politely, and a little fearfully what was wrong. The effects of this simple question were quite remarkable and, I considered, most ungentlemanly. However, having first had a large number of unpleasant epithets attached to my name and further been referred to as "an unworthy descendant of the anthropoid ape," I managed to make out the story.

"It's all through encouraging them too much," he explained. "I haven't a single article left now."

"But you look quite sufficiently dressed," I said, thinking it best to humour such a serious case.

"I mean the *Grantite*," he said icily. "About a fortnight ago I had a dozen articles—all quite good, but with the usual spelling mistakes, of course. As usual I handed them back to the authors to re-write. Naturally I had to encourage them; so I told them that their articles were good enough for *Lilliput*. Since then I've not had one of those articles returned. And now look at the result," he concluded, waving that well-known periodical in my face.

When I had wrested the magazine from his grasp, I glanced at the index, and was there met by a column of familiar names—from the senior Chiswick down to the senior fag. I noticed in particular that Caliban had his name opposite "A Synopsis of Contemporary Art." "Doesn't it make you feel a little envious?" I said. "I mean have you ever had your name in one of these?" Then seeing how the Editor glared at me, I added hastily, "How on earth did it happen?"

"That's just what I was explaining, you numskull," he replied. "I encouraged them too much. Like a fool I said that they'd written something good. So they all sent their articles up to this mag. *And they are accepted.*" His tone of voice implied that, if a 100-1 horse won the Derby, it would pass unnoticed compared to the present situation. "Well now you know, what do you want?" he ended up ferociously.

"I just came in with this letter," I replied, a little hurt. "I thought that as it was Valentine Day, you might be glad of it." Without more ado the envelope was seized from my hand and ripped open. I waited, expecting that this might restore his temper, and that I might even get an apology. I was, unfortunately, badly mistaken; the first glance was sufficient to tell him that the letter was not what I had hinted it was. With a roar of rage he told me to leave the room if I valued my life. I delayed a moment too long and made my exit amid a shower of missiles.

Once outside the door I inspected myself and, having made sure that the damage was small, surveyed the wreckage. Somewhat against my will, I began collecting the boots and shoes when I came upon a piece of crumpled paper. Straightening it out, I soon realised that it was the letter which had been the cause of my present troubles.

The first thing that struck me was that it was very bulky for a letter, and unfolding it, I found it to be, in fact, the manuscripts of some short story or article—in no other than the Editor's own hand.

As I began reading a sheet of paper slipped out. I picked it up and read the few words:—

Dear Sir,

We return the manuscripts of your article, which are unsuitable for publication in our magazine.

* * * * *

I entered Inner again with a satisfying feeling of revenge for my previous treatment. "Here is one article for the *Granite*," I said, handing over the Editor's rejected manuscripts. "And I know it won't be accepted by *Lilliput*," I added brutally.

I did not wait to see the results of my actions this time; however the machine-gun effect of a dozen corps boots crashing against the door which lay between me and my would-be murderer added to my revenge—the Editor was expending more effort to no avail.

STRANGE THINGS DO HAPPEN.

On a sultry winter's day in the North Atlantic, a lone ship carrying valuable munitions steamed steadily towards England. On the bridge the captain scanned the sea all round him with a pair of binoculars, anxiously looking for a smudge of smoke which might reveal where the remainder of the convoy was. But he was unlucky, he saw nothing.

The ship had been fated with ill-luck ever since she had docked at New York a few weeks ago. Whilst unloading, one of the most reliable seamen had been killed by a pulley-block dropping on his head; the next day the chief officer was killed in a car-crash which deprived the captain of his chief support. When reloading there was a hitch in the arrangements and part of the cargo arrived a day late, so the rest of the convoy set out without one of its company. In any case, the ship was now absolutely out of touch with the convoy and she steamed towards England alone.

One evening, a few days later the captain was on the bridge looking at the setting sun when a smudge of smoke on the far horizon attracted his attention. The smudge grew larger and larger and seemed to be heading straight for the ship. Then the captain knew what it was, a German raider hunting for prey. Stepping over to the engine-room telegraph he rang for full speed ahead, then told the Mate, who was present on the bridge, to order the gun-crews to action stations.

The raider came nearer and nearer and, when it was about a mile away, opened fire with a devastating broadside which killed both gun crews and

destroyed the wireless operator's cabin from which there had just been transmitted a last S O S .

The end seemed near for the doomed vessel when out of the mist on the starboard side appeared a British cruiser with guns blazing forth flame. As it passed they read distinctly the name "Porthcawl," but it went by without making any signal which greatly mystified the captain ; he did not worry about it, however, but steamed as quickly as possible out of the area. The last they saw of the cruiser was it streaming straight for the raider. There was a deathly silence for a moment followed by a terrific explosion and pieces of cruiser and raider were mingled together in the air. Turning away from that brave sight, the captain went to the log-room and detailed the position in the log.

* * * * *

A few weeks later the same Captain was in London and went to the Admiralty to tell them about the "Porthcawl." He told his story and a man was sent to bring the records of the 2nd Cruiser Squadron to which the "Porthcawl" probably belonged. As he was looking at it, the face of the officer who was listening to the story assumed a puzzled expression. "I'm afraid there's some mistake," he said slowly, "the 'Porthcawl' was sunk in that very spot two years ago.

ON BEING LATE.

How did the eighteenth century town boy explain why he was late ? Was the lethargy of a night-watchman taken as an excuse ? Was the slowness of the Thames boatman accepted ? Or was the only sufficient reason for late school a first-class "mill" in the cloisters ?

In human failing is much of the spirit of an age. With our increased freedom here, the failings are more likely to occur than before. Some are pardonable ; some are not. Some of the excuses are new ; others must have been tried since 1561.

The *Grantite* aims at giving an impression of the House. Below is a list of Fernie and Buckenhill excuses for being late.

Common to all occasions are the excuses of :—(i) the wrecked bicycle and (ii) the incorrect clock.

(i) The puncture is the most usual form. In most other cases of damaged bicycles excuse is not required.

(ii) This has rarely been known to work. The B.B.C. is to blame.

1. BREAKFAST.

(a) Mr. Payne didn't wake us in time.

(b) Mr. Payne tipped me out of bed and I had to put it together before making the bed-clothes.

(c) The Hall monitor forgot to unpadlock the bicycles in the pigsty.

(d) The matches were lost so that we couldn't light the oil lamps.

(e) My tyre pump disappeared.

(f) I was round in the change.

(g) Special case (new boy on Sunday) : I had a little difficulty with my collar.

2. MORNING SCHOOL.

(a) The person I came with had a puncture.

(b) The Whitbourne clock is four minutes fast. (Note : This is a true story. The man who adjusts the Whitbourne Church clock asks at Rigaud's back door what the time is. He then walks over to the church—one minute's walk—and estimates that it is five minutes since he asked what the time was).

3. HANDING IN PREP.

- (a) There was a Home Guard parade last night.
- (b) The maids cleared it up.
- (c) A brief comedy. Thus :

Master : Smith, will you let me have your prep ?

Smith : (*Brightly*). Yes, sir.
(*Rummages in pack*). Here is is, sir. Oh, sir. I am sorry. I've brought last week's prep. (or the top page and some French notes) by mistake, sir.

Master : Let me have it to-morrow.

Smith : Oh yes, sir.

4. LUNCH AND SUPPER.

- (a) I was let out of school late.
- (b) The wind was in my face.
- (c) There was a herd of cows in the lane.
- (d) I have been doing : hens.
 lamps.
 coal.
 engine.
 boiler.

5. FAGGING.

(a) I have been doing { a *Grantite* article.*
 my prep.

(b) See 4 (d).

* Effective with the Editor.

6. BED.

The excuses common to all occasions are particularly applicable here and :—

(a) I have been doing a *Grantite* article.
 my fagging.
 my prep.

(b) See 4 (d).

(c) I've been seeing Matron.

(d) There was a greaze in the washroom.

IT MUST NOT BE.

Old Jim Trent lay on his deathbed, oblivious of the bitter cold and the gloomy atmosphere of the attic in which he lay. His wife was kneeling by his side, holding his hot, fevered hands between her own weather-beaten hands, and rough though they were, to Jim they were the soft hands of the girl he knew when he was scarcely twenty. He was thinking of that bright summer's day which they spent on the downs ; he remembered every moment of it—how they had set out early in the morning with the wind blowing their hair all across their faces, how they had stumbled across an old barn and had their lunch there. And then they had taken each others photos (even now there were two old, much thumbed and treasured, copies, which were kept in the top drawer of the rotten old wardrobe in the corner) and then they had talked ; they had talked for hours and Jim remembered how he had sworn to make the peace worthwhile, for the war was just over, and he was only a few days out of the Army. He remembered how he had told her that everyone must make his individual effort, or all the fine schemes that were planned would fail. And while he had been telling her this, the sun went in and everything that had been bright and cheerful became dull and

gloomy. But they were so happy that they had not been depressed ; they had only hurried home, laughing that they should have let the day slip by so quickly.

But now as he looked back, he saw that sudden overcast only as an ill omen. All the fine schemes had failed, even as he told her then. Men had been selfish, and nothing was attained ; unhappiness reigned. He thought of his own good intentions thwarted by his own circumstances and men's avariciousness. He himself had become so poor that he was greedy for every penny. Only his love for his wife seemed to have remained untainted ; they had encouraged each other, and, when things looked blackest, contrived to be happy with each other and even to renew their intentions to live up to their ideals. Perhaps war would come again ; he shuddered, no, it could not be—all the toil, the sacrifice, again. He let his mind drift back to that summer's day again . . .

A sudden knocking at the door did not disturb Jim ; by then his mind had passed from the summer's day, and no more thoughts would worry the body that lay there. Nor indeed did the knocking disturb his wife for she was praying—that his life had not been spent in vain. When she finally heard and went to the door, she was met by the landlady and instinctively knew that it was not the rent she had come about this time.

" War has been declared again," said the landlady.

" Thank God, Jim died before he knew it," she said. " The price of our selfishness," she added, for she, too, had remembered that summer day.

THE CROWN INN.

Some years ago, when to own a car was to be called a fool, there was a fool—or at all events a man who owned a car. This " moving incinerator " had one troublesome vice—the knack of going wrong just as its owner had turned for home.

It was on his honeymoon, which he had rashly decided to make in his car, that the episode at the Crown Inn occurred. He and his bride were touring Devon, when one evening an enormous gale arose. The wind blew sheets of rain into the faces of the unhappy couple, and then, when it was nearly dark, the car broke down. The two got out of the car, which they decided to abandon by the roadside as a present to anyone who was clever enough to make it go. They walked nigh on a mile to the next village and knocked at the door of a lodging house. To the old lady who came to the door the man said, " I'm Mr. Davis. My wife and I have been caught in the rain. We are soaked through, and we would like to have a room."

" Sorry. There's already four more'n there should be here. Five is what us reckons on taking, and there's nine squashed in. There's one lady and gentleman who's just come in. Very wet, un was, but not so much as you : " and she would have gone on if Davis had not said :

" My dear lady, my wife and I have only just got married. Our car broke down a mile back, and we have walked from there—— "

" Car ? did yer say ? I'm sorry, there's no room."

So the two went on. They knocked at the door of a house where a light was showing, and asked for a room, or directions as to where they could find one. " You might try Mrs. Pike down the road. Like as not she'd have a place for'ee."

No. Mrs. Pike's son-in-law and a friend of his had just come on furlough from the regiment. They were using any spare sheets and blankets there might have been. Perhaps he and the lady would try the inn a mile and a half along the Exeter road.

Off they went again. The man swearing foully within and speaking useless words of comfort to his wife. They got colder and wetter, and stiffer and

more tired. Their teeth chattered. Mabel occasionally gave a little whimper. She was obviously nearly done in. At last the inn came in sight.

No. The innkeeper was afraid there was no room. Well, he might just be able to squeeze them in somewhere, if they didn't mind being rather uncomfortable like, but—Car, did you say, sir . . . Sorry, the missus says there's no linen and no blankets, but there's a farm on the right up the road where there's certain to be room. Just along the road for a half mile, then turn right up a narrow lane. You're sure to get a room there. Many's the people who've gone there from here. Sorry we couldn't oblige, sir.

Off again. Squelching shoes, aching feet, clothes wet through, ready to drop off to sleep at any moment. And that damned car. What the hell was it that made all the locals go cold when they heard about it. They might have been ghosts, the way people treated them. Ghosts! lucky Mabel hadn't started imagining them yet. There's a man—no of course not, it's a tree. Mustn't get jumpy. Still, that looks just like a policeman. Wish it was . . . Must have been a quarter of mile from that blasted pub.

"What's that?"

"What, dear?" asked Mabel listlessly.

"That white thing over there. It looks like a man."

"I can't see it."

"Oh, it's all right. It's only a signpost. Almost afraid it was a ghost."

"Don't, John."

"Sorry, dear. By jove, it looks like a pub. sign. 'The Crown' it says. Must be a pub. then."

"But, John, the man at the other place didn't even mention it."

"That doesn't matter to me. If I can't get in by asking, I shall break in. In our present state we'll be lucky if we get away with double-pneumonia—says he, optimistically."

"But, John, could it be—something nasty, a ghost—or perhaps—perhaps, it isn't here at all."

"My dear Mabel, what the deuce do you mean?"

"Perhaps it isn't here. Perhaps the whole house is a ghost, and that's why the man didn't tell us."

"The only reason he didn't tell us, dear, was because he does not want his trade to go to rivals. He's probably got an agreement with the people in the farm, and gets a percentage on everyone he sends there."

"But if—"

"Now, my dear, no arguing. I am about to prove the solidity of the place by knocking on the door. There now, who can say that it isn't real now?"

When the man in shirtsleeves, who opened the door, heard what they wanted, he shook his head. No. He was sorry, he couldn't have them. And he held to this in the face of all John's arguments, until in desperation he said: "I'll give you ten pounds for bed and breakfast for the two of us."

"Oh, oh, oh," muttered the man shuffling down the passage which led, presumably, to the kitchen.

After about three minutes of eerie, shivering waiting the sound of shuffling once more issued from the passage, and this time the man appeared with a woman.

"Wife says s'orl right," the man muttered. "Got to get yer room ready. Come along here. Give you some tea."

The kitchen was dimly lit by an oil lamp hanging from the middle of the ceiling, and John and Mabel, expecting to reach a nicely-warmed room with bright coals glowing in the oven, found that the room was cold, cold and damp, not at all like a kitchen that was in use.

As the lamp flickered the dull glow on the rows of upturned kettles and saucepans seemed to wink; the cooking range stretched away into an infinite

blackness ; only the table, laid with a cloth, was a ghastly, chilly white.

There was a clatter as the man moved into the darkness in a corner. When he reappeared he was carrying a jug of tepid buff tea, and two cups. He silently filled the two cups and handed them to John and Mabel.

John, affected by the utter lack of sound, had to say something. " Aren't you going to have some ? " he asked.

" I can't drink tea," his host said.

" Oh. Why is that ? " asked Mabel.

" I can't " came the unsatisfactory reply.

The two sipped their tea half heartedly and in silence. The slight warmth of the drink seemed to do nothing but make them more miserable.

After some length of silence, Mabel said unhopefully, " I suppose there's no chance of a bath, is there ? "

The man's shrug and gesture towards the range was an uncomfortably eloquent answer.

Just then, they heard the distant shuffling of the old lady. Six eyes turned towards the door and watched it for a full minutes, and perhaps the most anxious and attentive of all were those of the old man.

When his wife came in, she said, " Yer room's ready."

" Thank you very much indeed " said John. " We'll go up at once. Come along, dear."

" Just a moment, John. Could we have a couple of towels to dry with " she asked the woman. " We're so wet."

" Suppose you must have 'em. I'll take you to your room, and bring 'em to you there."

The three of them made their slow, watery way along the passage, across the hall, up the stairs, along a low, dark corridor to their room. The woman lit a spare candle, and shuffled away, leaving them to survey the barren room. Everything was bare or black—the curtains, chairs, dressing table—the floor was without any covering. So they took off their heavy coats and sat dismally down to contemplate the bleakness of the room. It was as chilly up here as in the kitchen, and the atmosphere seemed dead. The air was still, not even the curtains stirred. The silence preyed on them so that the creaking of the boards, usually so frightening, that heralded their hostess' return was welcome.

" John," whispered Mabel, " I hope it is her."

" Of course it is, dear. Who else could it be ? " he replied, wishing he knew.

Eventually the light of a candle grew brighter. The woman entered. " Towels," she said, throwing them on the nearest bed. Then she glanced quickly round the room, looked for a short while at a cupboard which stood opposite the door, and went out. A moment later her head popped in. " Breakfast at half-past seven."

" We'd like it later than that, if you please," John said.

" Breakfast half past seven. You can't stay later than half past eight."

" But look here,— " John began.

" Must be out of the house by half-past eight."

" It's hardly light by then."

" No, 't isn't, is it ? " was the reply, and the old lady with a last glance at the cupboard, shuffled out.

Mabel and John sat for a moment in silence. Then John arose and said :

" We'd better make the best of an apparently bad job and get into bed."

" I don't like this room, John. There's a nasty sort of deathly feeling about it—as if someone had died here."

" That's impossible, dear. It's just that it's rather cold, and we are wet and miserable. Come on, dear, and get undressed and into bed, we can't have you getting pneumonia on our honeymoon."

" All right," said Mabel, but the feeling of ill still oppressed her. It was

only a sense of a duty she owed John, and the realisation that she would be much better off in bed, that persuaded her.

"Now, let's see, dear, where can we hang these things up? What about this cupboard?"

"No," said Mabel in a half pleading, half frightened tone.

"What, dear?" John asked, turning round.

"Oh, nothing."

John turned to the cupboard and twisted the key. The door stuck. He gave it a sharp tug. Suddenly it gave way and flew open, under the weight of something which fell out into the room.

Mabel looked at it and screamed. John shouted "My God!" It was the body of a man, prepared for burial.

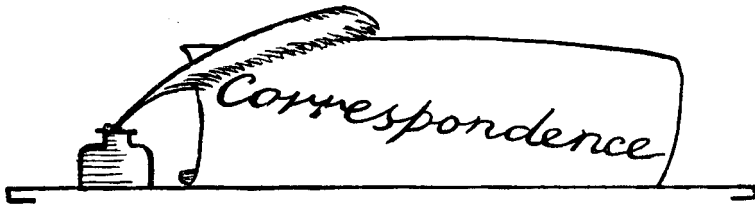
The owner of the inn and his wife came hurrying up the stairs, and, from their incoherent sentences, the affair was put together and explained.

It was the body of the woman's father who had died the day before. They had meant not to take any guests that night, but John's high offer had persuaded them to take the couple in, though the only room was the one in which the dead man lay. While her husband had been giving them tea down below, the woman was rearranging the room.

SITUATION VACANT.

EVIL SPIRITS: experienced exorcist required immediately: must have high technical qualifications for dealing with gremlins, kelpies and other malignant influences.—Apply Box ABC.1, *The Grantite*, stating age, previous experience and salary required.

[The above advt. is necessitated by the evident existence of a demon hostile to Buckenhill which, on failing to achieve complete success in ruining our cold water supply, has now deprived us of all hot water by cracking our boiler! ODTAA!]



To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

The zeal with which your correspondent takes up his pen is a little damped by fear for what may happen to his words ere they reach the reader's eye. After an error like one of last term's our signature might appear as if to suggest that this wisdom came from that place in the Fens.

There have been no changes in the Old Grantite strength here. Mr. Grumitt is a familiar figure in the Buttery. We hear thrilling things of him. We will not repeat them.

The things Mr. Ray says to the food might be expected to make even Tuesday's lunch blush. As it is, it doesn't even have a warming effect. Unless

a posse of O.G.G. comes up in October there will be more Christ Church students' sons up Grant's than Old Grantites at the House.

The relative positions of Mr. P. Davidson and his brother, Mr. A. Davidson, in the sorry scheme of things suffered by medical students is now well past comprehension. However, we believe that the brass-plate merchants are getting excited.

Mr. Croft, now a physicist, has not yet started work. This desirable event will presumably occur on March 12th. He has an exam on March 13th. He urges the University authorities to inaugurate an Honours School of Ping-Pong. He also indulges in high-brow societies, but this deceives no one.

In our tedious way we have left the tastiest mouthful to the last. What dare we reveal about the dynamic Mr. Corcos? He has not changed. He cut his thumb while opening a bottle of beer with a hunting-knife (*vide The Grantite Review*, xviii 1, p. 22). It comes in very useful. The Navy is more gullible than Mrs. Baines. His admirers will be glad to hear that the beer *was* opened, but, like the opener, disastrously. As regards his other activities the most we can say is that long after he has gone down his name will resound (and perhaps even appear in the letter-boxes) in many of the establishments which are furiously endeavouring to make the female of the species yet deadlier than the male.

Which, since it keeps them happy and has negligible result, is a matter of mere amusement to

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

OLD GRANTITES.

We were very pleased to have visits from D. I. GREGG and F. G. OVERBURY.

We have had the following news of Old Grantites :—

R. G. REED has been mentioned in dispatches and promoted to Major.

J. R. RUSS is now a Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.V.R., and is in America.

F. G. OVERBURY has gained his commission as a signals technician in the R.A.F.

J. R. B. HODGES is waiting to go abroad to complete his training as a navigator in the R.A.F.

D. M. EADY has gained his commission in the Intelligence Corps.

A. H. WILLIAMS and D. J. E. SHAW have passed their selection boards and are now about to go to their Pre-O.C.T.U.

B. V. I. GREENISH and D. L. B. FARLEY are taking their finals in medicine.

W. R. VAN STRAUBENZEE is a 2nd Lieut. in the R.A.

J. H. FREKE is on an R.E. short course.

NOTICES.

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

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

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

Back numbers may be obtained from the Editor, price one shilling.