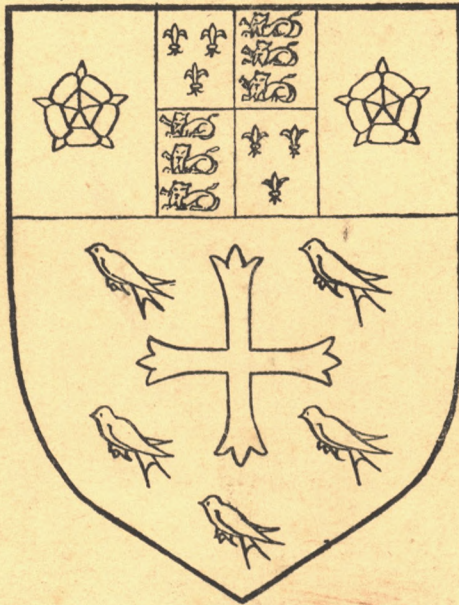


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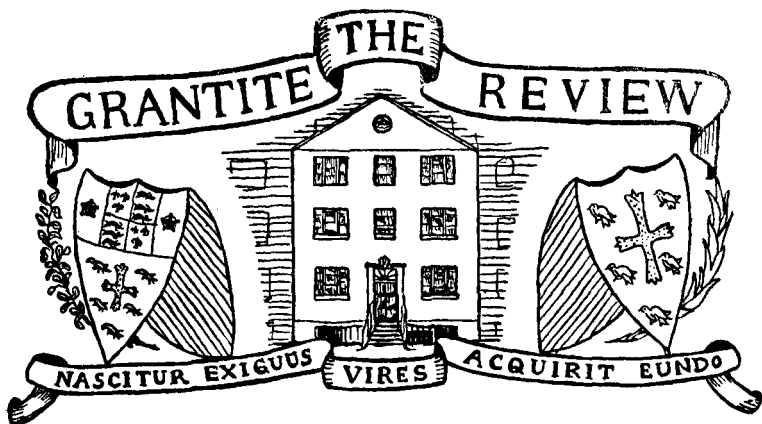
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,
1940.

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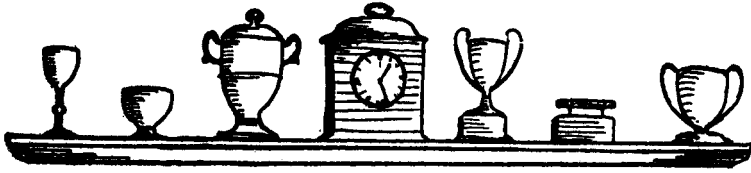
MARCH, 1940.

A more uncertain Editor than the present one has never written an Editorial for the *Grantite*. Uncertain, not from lack of facts, but of what details should be included. Should he be light and witty, or serious and prosaic? The present Editor being neither prosaic nor witty is hard hit, but will try and recount to the reader the main items of the present term in the most intelligible way.

From black-out frames we turn to knitting and snow. The snow has been no "kill joy." Toboggans were speedily constructed, and used very vigorously. The pièce de résistance was an "igloo" constructed of large compressed blocks of ice. It attracted much attention, and many well deserved compliments, but unfortunately a herd of bullocks charged it, during the night.

Knitting, by far the most popular pastime, has contributed much to increase the warmth of our sailors, soldiers and airmen. The Housemaster has very kindly financed this project, and we do our best to raise funds by means of a "House Suts" and a concert, reported elsewhere.

All our peace-time activities are continuing as usual, and our allotments are beginning to show signs of life. We will be quite sad to forsake them, if and when we return to "Little Old Dean's Yard."



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—V. B. Levison, D. S. Wilde, N. D. Sandelson, and R. C. Bellenger. We wish them the best of luck for the future.

In one study at the farm, for Monitors and Chiswicks, are :—I. J. Abrahams, J. B. Craig and D. C. Evans (monitors), F. G. Overbury, D. P. Davison, L. A. Wilson, R. O. Wrigley, A. W. Pratt, A. W. G. Le Hardy and A. D. Self.

The Monitors at the College are :—R. O. I. Borradaile, F. D. Gammon and M. H. Flanders.

We won the Final of Football Seniors, beating Ashburnham by 5 goals to 2.

Congratulations to :—R. O. I. Borradaile and D. C. Evans on their Pinks for Football : to E. R. Cawston, J. R. B. Hodges, V. T. M. R. Tenison, E. F. R. Whitehead, A. W. G. Le Hardy, J. R. Russ, J. A. Holloway, F. W. E. Fursdon, and F. D. Gammon on their Seniors ; and to B. R. Corcos, J. H. Freke, and D. J. E. Shaw on their Juniors for Football.

J. B. Craig represented the school in a Squash match against Hurstpierpoint Westminsters.

L. A. Wilson represented the School, in a Fencing match against Winchester. D. W. Shenton fences for the School Colts' team.

R. O. I. Borradaile has been appointed a School Monitor.

Abnormal weather conditions postponed our return to Lancing at the beginning of the term.

We are grateful to the Housemaster for brightening Saturday evenings with regular Film Shows. Among a list of first-class films shown are, The Blue Light, The White Hell of Pitz Palu, and Lorna Doone.

Owing to illness, we have only been able to read two plays so far in Lit. Soc. this term. They were, "Much ado about Nothing," and "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde. The excellent tea provided by Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust is greatly appreciated by all members.

FOOTBALL, 1939-40.—PLAY TERM.

Last term both Seniors and Juniors were played among the Houses at Lancing on the league system and in each case Grant's won. In Juniors unfortunately we never met with strong opposition in any of the three matches and they did not bring out the best in the team; however, on the whole they played well and Tenison, Hodges and Whitehead were chiefly noticeable while Holloway, an ex-waterman recruit to football, played well in goal.

Seniors was quite a different story. We began by playing Busby's and, as it was the first time Grant's had played together, the style was very ragged though there were several sound movements which resulted in goals, Tenison, le Hardy and Borradaile scoring these. The final result was five goals to two in favour of Grant's.

In the match against College, Grant's again failed to show their best and the game was a series of scraps rather than a good exhibition of football. By half-time Grant's had scored twice without letting the King's Scholars through. In the second half each side scored once and Grant's won by three goals to one.

The last match of the term was played against Homeboarders on a pitch that was little more than a mud-bath; however, it was the usual fast, hard-fought, Homeboarders-Grant's match, played full out from start to finish. Grant's scored both their goals in the first half off very good movements, the first by Whitehead and the second off a Homeboarders back after a good corner by Evans.

In the second half Homeboarders, playing down, made every effort to break through, but the defence was equal to it and every one was well marked; one forward nearly succeeded several times in increasing our score, but when the match ended it was still 2-0.

This made Grant's winners at Lancing and they now had to play Ashburnham in the Lent term.

R. O. I. B.

LENT TERM.

The final of Seniors is always a major School event but this year's was an especially memorable occasion. It was played at Lancing, on Thursday, February 29th, between Ashburnham, who had beaten Rigaud's at Hurst, and Grant's, who had been successful in the Seniors matches here last term. As well as the Ashburnham team, the whole of their House together with four of the Westminster masters at Hurst (including the Grant's House Tutor) came over to watch and provided an opportunity of a reunion between members of the School, many of whom had not seen each other since last summer.

The weather (by the time this appears in print the censor's statutory fortnight will have passed!) was just about as unpleasant as it could be—persistent, driving rain. This failed to damp the spirits and voices of the spectators and did not prevent the game being hard and exciting throughout, though it probably favoured the Grant's rather than the Ashburnham team with the latter's

larger number of "stars." Grant's were without their captain, Borradaile, and their regular goalkeeper, Cawston, owing to illness, and this could be balanced against Ashburnham's loss of two of their best players, Taylor and Trehearne, who left last term. Our reserve goalkeeper had been a promising oarsman last summer (and probably will be again) but rose to the occasion so well in this match that he kept goal on the following Saturday for the School. Another memorable sidelight on evacuated life.

From the kick-off Grant's, who probably did not start as favourites, played the right game for the occasion and kept it up throughout—an immediate offensive, with almost immediate success—with the result that they held the initiative during the game over opponents who were rather shattered by their unexpected disasters. We were certainly fortunate at times that Hinge, when the ball did get to him, was not in his most accurate shooting form. No attempt will be made to single out individuals: at different times all of the Grant's team contributed, often beyond their usual standards of ability, to what really was a team success. When it was over, with Grant's winning by 5 goals to 2, both teams had tea together in the dining hall at the Farm.

The Shield was subsequently abstracted from the Bursar's safe at Westminster, with the consent (obtained after the abstraction!) of the Ashburnham captain, and now hangs at the Farm. Difficulties of "shouting it in" from Hurst, even over the telephone, seemed excessive!

T. M-R.

GRANT'S HOUSE DEBATING SOCIETY.

On November 19th, 1939, the Society held its first meeting in Hall. The Chairman, Mr. Abrahams, outlined the aims of the Society, and the Secretary, Mr. Sandelson, announced that a Committee had been set up, consisting of himself, Mr. Abrahams, and Messrs. Russ (constable), Flanders, Davison, Tenison, Ray and Bellenger.

The House then voted for a College representative, and elected Mr. Hodges.

Debates followed at intervals through the term, with such motions as:—"That this House considers Monopoly degenerate," ". . . considers the Public School an excellent Institution," ". . . prefers a live pacifist to a dead hero," ". . . considers British propaganda inadequate."

The speakers were good, and usually amusing. Among those who spoke were Messrs. Flanders, Davison, Tenison, Evans, Dickey, Wilson, Hodges, Abrahams, Bellenger, Sandelson and Whitehead.

During the Lent Term, there have also been some "impromptu" debates, causing great amusement to the House.

F. W. E. F.

THE VARIETY SHOW.

Four worthies produced the best show seen up Grant's for generations on Sunday, March 10th. They were, Flanders, I. J. Abrahams, Earle and le Hardy. Things started off well with "English news from Bremen," pronounced gutterally into the microphone by Flanders—"Where is Neville Sandelson? Ask your government. No, don't ask them, it might embarrass them. Your government has disguised him as Stalin and he is now running the Finnish war." Then Earle gave us an operatic rendering of "Even Hitler had a Mother," following it up with the superhuman feat of getting his audience to warble too. (Well done, Oyle). Whitehead played two pieces on the violin very neatly and accurately. Then Flanders and Earle gave us "A sound track of the Gaumont British News"—ear-splitting car-crashes—cannibal dances—jitter-bugs—zooming Messerschmitts, all portrayed through the "mike" by versatile Mike(rophone) Flanders and running-commentated by Earle, who regained his voice in time for the show by the skin of his teeth. (Well done, Oyle). After an interval the Housemaster, Flanders and Holloway sang, "The Quartermaster's Stores," in an air-raid. They brought the house down (it's been repaired since, thank you very much) with:—

" There was eggs, eggs,
Nearly growing legs,
In the quartermaster's store."

N.B.—"The store" was not meant as a slap at Messrs. Fisher and Carleton; we know they do their best!

Then came the Travelogue reprinted in this number. At the wrong moments between these acts our much abused Head of House asked the most fatuous riddles such as only he can produce and invariably retired squashed. After this Flanders performed a One Man Pantomime in Verse. Talk about the leopard changing his spots, this boy changed his character, spots and all. The finale was "I want to be an actor," written and devised by Earle, who caused blushing members of the audience to be hauled up and put through it, may the Gods forgive him.

As a House we had to suffer much in the way of "777 jokes for jolly jokers" and hectic rehearsals but the result was so good that we are prepared to forgive all, and lastly we congratulate A. le Hardy on arranging the technical side of the doodah with efficiency and little fuss. He also collected entrance money—32s. 3d. for the Murray-Rust Wool Fund.

D. P. D.

“ THE INVISIBLE DUKE ”

A Gothic Farce by F. Sladen-Smith.

PRESENTED BY MEMBERS OF GRANTS.

The Duke	A. D. Self
The Astrologer	M. H. Flanders
Nekko } Dekko }	Clowns attendant on the Astrologer			{	N. D. Sandelson D. O'R. Dickey
Francesco, Cousin to the Duke	R. O. I. Borradaile
Emilia	I. J. Abrahams

Stage Manager : E. R. Cawston.

Produced by M. H. Flanders.

Scene : The Laboratory.

The play itself was a wild enough farce to give every character a chance of extravagant acting, usually intended by the producer, sometimes spontaneous as when the Duke at one rehearsal dissolved into hysterical laughter at himself. At very short notice Borradaile had to take over the part of Francesco from Gammon, who had had a football injury, and the understudy went through his part like a principal. Nekko and Dekko were admirably cast and looked just right in apprentice's garb! Nekko, on whose playing up to his master the play largely hangs, stood out with his unflagging treachery varied by his bleating moralisations on the evils of losing one's temper. The Duke was memorable for his ducal roarings and for the surprising agility with which he manoeuvred the ducal frame into the chest specially constructed for it. One could scarcely believe that the feminine appearance and feminine voice of Emilia could really be coming from such a definitely unfeminine actor, but they did, and the writer has a lasting memory of the high-pitched shrieks as "she" side-stepped about the stage stabbing an invisible shape with a bodkin. No small credit is due to the work of the stage manager and to his carpentering of the chest, with its mystifying contrivance for being opened from inside.

But after all this well-deserved praise is given to his supporting cast, the lion's share must go to the Astrologer who, as well as giving a really outstanding performance in his personal acting, was entirely responsible for the production. He worked out his rehearsals under conditions of some difficulty, but always unobtrusively and without fuss, and, when the time came, he was ready to present a performance of high merit by any standards, more especially so

when it is realised that it was achieved without any reliance on adult assistance.

The play was followed, after a tea interval, by a topical pantomime, Dick Whittington, in which our life at Lancing was interwoven with a German-spy plot. It was acted by members of Busby's—by all of them, in fact, no small achievement!—and was written by Mr. Carleton, when and how goodness knows as he is not conspicuously a man who usually has time on his hands! There never seemed a moment when the audience was not thoroughly enjoying it.

T. M-R.

THE G.C.S.

The Ciné Society consists of three members, but this is due to the fact that no member is admitted unless he is to be an asset to the society.

The activities of the society have been many. The most ostentatious of these has been generally to disturb the peace of the House and its Housemaster who has regarded the three with pity rather than anguish. Other activities have included the destruction of many light bulbs and also the clock in hall.

But the primary activity has been the making of a film depicting life up Grant's at the Farm. Results are forthcoming and it is hoped that the premiere will take place before the end of the term.

E. R. C.

THE DIG FOR VICTORY CAMPAIGN "UP GRANT'S."

Bad weather has held up us gardeners but this did not deter one prominent member of the House, who was not by nature suited to manual labour, from taking hold of a spade for the first time and going straight through a submerged drain pipe. He does not go near his plot for this season, fearing lest next time it might be his own toe!

But now that spring has come, at week-ends the gardens are a veritable hive of activity. People digging—people sowing, in fact doing all that needs to be done during spring, and all the while a cacophonous din of whistling and singing—anything from Scatter-Brain to Nellie Gray. Now all that remains is to reap the well-earned benefits from such hard work.

A. W. G. Le H.

THE PANCAKE GREAZE.

THE PRESS :—

“ The Rev. Christie, Head Master of Westminster School, has announced that the traditional Shrove Tuesday pancake greaze will not be held. Westminster School has been evacuated to Lancing.”

In strictly alphabetical order, we record what the grades of our ‘flourishing Westminster Journalism’ might have reported on the pancake greaze. We shall be very amused if our comments are taken in the wrong spirit.

“ *The Adur* ” (Homeboarders) :—

“ The old time honoured ceremony of greazing the pancake was held in irreproachable style last Saturday, at four o’clock, indoors.”

“ Although Homeboarders were unable to win the much coveted prize, we distinguished herself in vociferous acclamation of the winner.”

“ A pancake oh! A pancake!

“ It is a very nice thing,

“ Whenever I eat pancakes ;

“ I feel that I want to sing.”

“ *bogeur* ” (college—sub-section—culture) :—

“ millions are starving in patagonia

“ and yet

“ in westminster, dough is rendered inedible

“ with dust

“ and dirt, crushed by the

“ rendings of adolescent hope.

“ what is bogeur ?

“ but a currant in the

“ dough of life.”

“ *The College Street Clarion* ” (Busby’s) :—

“ We noticed at the greaze that old fool of an Italian master Pothlewaite, still getting in everyone’s way. He seems to be getting more and more bald on top. It really is time he left the school for good. Of course the greaze was a farce here in Lancing where everything is so tawdry and inefficient. We suggest that the Master of Grant’s might spend a profitable term up Busby’s. His manners are now”

(it is impossible to approach the distinctive style of the *Clarion*).

“ *The Elizabethan* ” (College) :—

“ In rather poor competition a Grantite secured the largest portion of the pancake and claimed the guinea, although it was

“noticeable that King’s Scholars everywhere put up the keenest struggle. We feel it is time that the antiquated and unnecessary pancake greaze gave way to something more intellectual.

“M. W. O’Brien, K.S., has been appointed acting Captain of the Greaze.”

“*The Grantite*” :—

“We congratulate N. W. Schnozzlebaum on winning the pancake greaze. We now have the pancake to hang between our shields in hall.”

———and very nice it looks too.

ST. PATRICK’S DAY.

It was March 17th—the Eve of St. Patrick’s Day. The sentry of the Fusiliers patrolled up and down the railway bridge. Up and down, forwards and backwards. Boring work he thought, nothing ever happens. Left, right, left, right. If only there might be some German spy in that hedge . . .

Two men in dark overcoats and trilby hats were sitting behind a hedge near a railway bridge. One of them had a suitcase, the other a small metal contraption. The smaller opened the case and put the clock in it. He looked at his watch. Half-past three. Taking his leave of the other, he took up his suitcase and crawled along the hedge that led to the railway line. Reaching the end, he squirmed along the ditch, out of sight of a sentry marching on the bridge. He placed his suitcase just by an arch and crept back again to his companion.

They both smiled and moved stealthily off.

Next morning, St. Patrick’s Day, a sentry of the Fusiliers marched up and down over a bridge. At one minute to ten he paused to look at a ditch alongside the railway embankment, where he had seen a cigarette end. He picked it up. Ten seconds to ten. “If only something could happen in this place . . .”

Suddenly there was a muffled report, and he swung round. “Nice morning,” said a man behind him, “like a rabbit”? He held up a carcase, “Just shot it!” he added. The sentry looked at him. “Thank ’ee, zur—I wondered what the bang was.”

The rifleman ended his sentry-go and returned to his depot.

The 10.5 from Clampton roared down the track and, just as the first bogey wheel touched it, the bridge collapsed.

It was a mystified sentry who looked at the wreckage after lunch . . .

THOSE WERE THE DAYS !

When to a ripe and mellow age we grow,
And with a fat and comfortable regret
Look back upon the days so long ago
Shall we forget, shall we forget ?

Shall we forget greys walls set on a hill,
Steep hill, long hill! remember how through mist
Of rain we made our upward way, or will
We spend the evenings playing whist
With Jones who lives in Eaton Square ?
(They say he's practically a millionaire!)

First on our right a narrow track we knew,
At nine of every morn it gained renown
From the swift tread of magisterial shoe
And hasty passage of out-flying gown.
Then onward past the rustic peaceful farm—
—The labouring halt of many an iron steed
Here oft is witnessed with a mild alarm
By some plump member of the bovine breed—
On past the serried vegetable rows
To that famed place whose doors shut fast
(Whither the scholar for refreshment goes,)
Now grants no refuge from the stormy blast.

The last ascent is bitter, wild and drear,
The pilgrim's knees are weak, and feebly bend ;
Fresh courage comes when " chapel " looming near
Gives welcome promise of his journey's end.
Thus on he climbs and ever on, until
Received by those grey walls upon the hill.
No doubt some day we'll be the bore who says,
" Those were the days, my boy, those were the days."

WHAT WE LAUGH AT.

Aged thirteen (Head-boy of Prep-school).—The ridiculous thought that we won't matter at our Public school. The absurd old days when we wore shorts. The terror we once felt at going to school.

Fourteen (Fag).—Our laughable little Prep-school and the rottenness of any other Public school. The uselessness of privileges that we are too junior for anyhow.

Fifteen.—The indescribable arrogance of those in authority and the rules they make. The astonishing ignorance of the new boys. The depraved effeminacy of all those interested in the Arts.

Sixteen.—The truly laughable antics of masters, monitors, etc. The thought that our House is not supreme in everything. Almost any joke.

Seventeen.—The frightful lack of respect shown by juniors. The utter absurdity of the whole public school system. The " sour

grapes " attitude held by juniors about privileges. The repulsive hearties who cannot appreciate culture.

Eighteen.—The ridiculous thought that we won't matter at our University. The inability of others to rag quietly. The way we have never appreciated school life before.

THE CAD AT ST. NEOTS.

Dick Carstairs was idol of the school. Hero-worshipped by the lower half and " most popular boy " in the upper half. He had so many colours that the initials covered three pockets, but all were agreed that he displayed greatest prowess as a knitter. The click of his needles (in school colours) had become proverbial, as had his cheery baritone shouting out the stroke " in, over, through, off," leading St. Neots from victory to victory. Once a year the school was madder than usual with excitement—The *Daily Sketch* Knitting Contest. It was the climax of the season and this year it had practically developed into a personal contest between the blue-eyed Carstairs and Phil Pullover. Phil was a great hulking bully who couldn't even knit a face flannel but had terrorised his way into the team by brute strength. Now Phil was green with jealousy for Dick—he was one of those cads who only think of their personal likes and dislikes and he didn't care if the old school suffered. At midnight on the eve of the Contest Phil crept into Dick's study and rifled his knitting bag, spoiling Dick's chances by dropping alternate stitches.

The Day dawned. A buzz of expectation rose from the hall, crammed with boys and fond parents, as the judge (an Old Boy who had made his mark in the knitting world) gaped self-consciously from the platform. The Headmaster got up and a hush descended. The ritual commenced, " Mr., or as we like to think of him, Charlie Quicknit, has no need of an introduction, but I would like to tell him on behalf of you all how grateful we are to him for sparing us a few hours of his valuable time " (This was his stock speech since it could apply to anyone, ranging from Archbishops to Prize-Fighters). Up stepped Phil Pullover, leering and confident, dropping a face flannel (knitted by his fags) before the judge. Six or seven pale, tense, figures followed and last our blue-eyed hero (blushing modestly) laid his tattered and torn balaclava on the table.

For a quarter of an hour hearts stood still while Quicknit and the Headmaster nodded and pondered over the articles. Then up stood the judge. Several pins could be heard dropping.

" I am 'appy to present first prize to a very promising young knitter, Carstairs ; he 'as created a record by hinventing a new stitch—the drop stitch—I 'ereby award 'im first prize for horiginal work."

Phil Pullover's face dropped, his eyes blazed, but he was powerless and the delighted Dick stepped up and received a large and hideously gilded cup, " a credit to St. Neots, my boy," murmured the Headmaster and then Dick was chaired round the Quad (modestly blushing) and remains to-day " the most popular boy in the school."



"LANCING FROZEN STIFF."





COL. THE HON. S. K. MO (left) & FRIEND.



KNIT. SOC.

KNIT. SOC.

Col. the Hon. S. K. Mo
Went to war with a Naz-ti foe.

Under his mask, which he had to wear
Against German wolf and Russian bear,
His ears nearly froze in the Arctic air
And icicles clustered all over his hair.

So he sent for a helmet—no, not from his aunts :
Just one of the “ comforts ” we knitted up Grant’s!

[Members of Grant’s—“ experts,” like the domestic staff, Matron and Housemaster’s wife, “ amateurs,” like the boys and Housemaster—have been sending parcels of knitted goods each week to the *Daily Sketch* fund. The “ amateurs ” started on scarves and many of them have advanced to helmets, mittens and, in one case, a pullover. The total production up-to-date is 38 scarves, 34 helmets, 18 pairs of mittens, 3 pairs of socks and 2 pullovers ; and the work continues.]

DESERTION.

The wind howled round the little cottage, the heavy rain lashed against the window panes while distant thunder kept up an intermittent accompaniment. The old woman sat in a rocking chair before a slowly-dying fire. She was dressed in black and her wrinkled face, usually yellow, assumed an orange tinge in the flickering light of the flames. The cat, lying luxuriously on the hearthrug, slowly stretched itself and then, after a few perfunctory licks, got up and rubbed its velvety back against his mistress’s legs. “ Surely she must realise it is my supper time,” he mewed plaintively. But the old lady did not move. . . .”

The wind had died down now and in the lull the noises of the house became more audible. From the kitchen could be heard the monotonous drip, drip, drip of a tap, while the clock on the mantelpiece ticked away almost ominously.

The cat giving up hope of his supper slipped out to keep some nocturnal appointment with his friends.

The house seemed to have assumed an almost inhuman stillness ; outside the wind howled on, but with much abated force.

A hot coal fell with a clatter from the grate and rebounded from the fender to the rug so recently vacated by the cat. An ever-widening burn appeared and in a minute the whole carpet was ablaze. But the old lady did not move—she never felt the flames licking hungrily round her feet—she had died five hours before.

TRAVELOGUE SHORT. "LITTLE OLD DEAN'S YARD."

Howd'y folks!

Still wandering round London in search of its elusive charm our next stop is St. Peter's old college itself. Here, through the dim light of its monastic passages, Shakespeare and Chaucer strolled, chatting with boyish enthusiasm of high school topics, a baseball game perchance; Who knows?

And here we bump into a group of the church's choirboys themselves, dressed in the black of old England, a relic of Queen Bess's jubilee. Perhaps they are discussing those very sports and pastimes which have made this school's name one to conjure with. Take pankake making, for example, no, you take it mister. . . ah, oh, no quarrelling please!

Every year in this noble old foundation, an original, sure thing, Roman pankake cookie, specially kneaded by a member of the modern IVth and liberally sprinkled with Castor sugar and Pollux lemons is slung bodily into the ether on its beam end.

That hardy soul who ventures to ward off the deadly missile of unleavened dough is given a pass to a good show, and guardian-ship of the golden guinea-pig, the college totem.

Is it not wise, folks, to ponder on the hidden meaning of things; when we realise that it is in honour of this very culinary tradition that English waiters wear the choirboys' garb.

Let us now turn aside for a moment to watch these two ginks indulging in another world-famous adjunct of this joint's scholastic breeding . . . cutting the station. Watch them, folks, as they skoot through the portico, and leave their hats in the Science block. Oh, well played! They done it folks.

Now over to the library. Here we see students in the classical and histrological grades, using the very desks that tradition has descended from Boadicea, Cromwell and Mary Hamilton. In this corner an ancient linguist is studying "Decline and Fall"; in another, a group are discussing the relative philosophies of Marx and Stooge. Ah! how far away seems the dreaded day when they are to be launched into the universe, the great unknown.

There yare, folks, the dump itself, taken from Church House. And again, Church House lovingly depicted from the school. But all good things must come to an end, and it is time to say "Adios" to this little haven, where is preserved, in miniature, all the best that England can show; the goods in culture and La Politesse. Hey! look where ya goin can't you?

And so let us take one last, loving, look at the birch with which Queen Anne chastized the Archbishop, at the stone on the under-side of which the poet Monos inscribed his only extant contribution to civilization

"NULLUS ADITUS! CAVE CANEM!"

(It adds up to nix! Take 'em into a cave and cane 'em!) And let us turn away, perhaps for ever from this little promontory of

noble life, keeping ever fresh its memory as a little living thing, a pulsating soul.

Farewell! Grant's, beloved alma mater of our southern general ; and to you, Busby's, where unkempt hair was once trained round a wire frame to form a hat ; and last to you, Rigaud's, who have given a new meaning to the phrase " Rigaud's Mortis."

Maybe, someday we shall return to this happy spot. . . Who cares ?

FROM ONE LANCER TO ANOTHER.

Curdle and Murkey, bosom pals of the Upper Fourth at Lancing College, were propounding to one another their various theories on Westminster life, habits and customs.

" Poor fish! Do you really imagine they bought that Burch all the way down from London just to say prayers to? Not he! He is far too wrapped up in his Science."

" Utter Idiot! I meant the cane in Great School that Busby's refused to take off when the king came into the room."

" O that! You see, they are so soft they can only be gently handed."

" Then what's their H.M. mean by saying he's beaten someone for being needy? "

" They aren't allowed to beg, that's all."

" I don't believe it! I . . ." Here Murkey caught sight of the H.M. and ended tamely. " I really don't."

" I say," he began again, when the danger was past, " did you know Westminster do sports? "

" Thought they could only run to Scholarships, myself. By the way, did you go and watch their lamp-post football match when their Junior Master sold Muffins? "

" No, I didn't actually, but I heard one of their crowd saying he was going to Poona. That may have had something to do with it."

" Fool! That's their name for Coventry."

(Here there was a long silence, while both sides reflected deeply.)

" They are in their Lent Term, aren't they? Can't see why they can't call it Easter Term and be done with it."

" I expect it's because it's about the only thing we haven't lent them," said Murkey, with grim humour.

" All I know is that they work hard in the General Election term and rest in the Play term. Gosh! They are a queer crowd! "

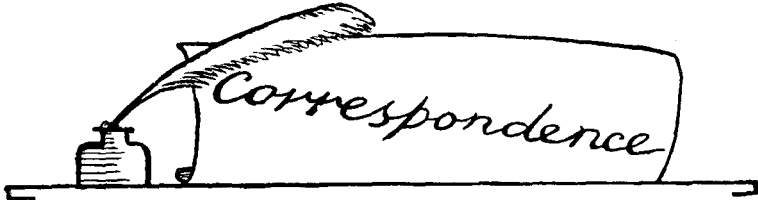
AN INCIDENT IN KENSINGTON PARK.

If you have ever been in Kensington Park on a winter afternoon when there are few people about, and with nothing special to do have sat down on some forlorn bench for a while, you may have been struck by a peculiar dream-like quality which seems to hang over the place. It may be that for everyone there is some particular scene which has this quality and which produces a special and deep effect on him. It is as if before him lay a terrible familiar picture which held some innate meaning for him, and of which he dimly feels himself a part, but always he seems fated to remain a spectator only, and never can he find the magic password which would let him in.

On one such afternoon I was sitting and enjoying the luxury of not thinking of anything in particular, when my attention was drawn by a rather peculiar sight. A gentleman nearby was anxiously searching in the grass on hands and knees. At first I was content to sit back and look on with that rather complacent feeling that the sight of a fellow-creature behaving oddly in public is apt to inspire in us, but after a minute or two he looked up with such a genuine expression of grief that I went forward and asked whether I could help him in any way. "Thank you," he said courteously, raising a dark, rather foreign, face to me, "it is a small memento I seem to have dropped, a cross. I should be very sorry to lose it, very sorry." For some five minutes we scabbled on hands and knees, thereby providing an engrossing spectacle to a passing nursemaid and her charges, till suddenly I lifted from the grass a small gilt cross hung on a slender chain. It was of no apparent worth and such as one might have bought anywhere for a few shillings. Suddenly a hand snatched it from me and I found myself looking up into an olive skinned face whose dark eyes blazed fiercely down at me from each side of a prow-like nose. I rose hastily and turned indignantly towards this alarming stranger, but even as I did so his expression turned to one of soft melancholy as if by magic. "I am so sorry, the sudden relief you know . . ." He waved an apologetic hand. Only slightly mollified I returned to my bench. He came and sat down beside me, and, curiosity overcoming annoyance, I took the chance of studying him covertly. The immediate impression that he gave was one of extreme improbability. Everything about him, from lofty brow, enormous mournful eyes and red full-curving lips, to his old-fashioned yet exaggerated dress conveyed this impression of improbability. He was the Byronic hero escaped from the musty pages of some Victorian melodrama. As he turned to me I smelt a slight but definite odour of mothballs. "Sir, perhaps by way of an apology for my ungracious behaviour just now of this cross you would care to hear the story." Before I would answer he had continued calmly. "I was of some importance in Florence, a count, my name—what? no matter now—stood high among the nobility of Italy. My life then was a golden round of pleasure, fine hunting, good music, witty conversation, noble wine, and noble women. Ah! the immortal Dante was right; what grief it is in present unhappiness to remember past happiness!" Here he sighed

deeply and gazed at the ground for a moment. "But success ever begets envy," he continued, "and I had a deadly enemy in the Count of M——, who, envious of my intimacy with the Countess of Z——, devised a plan to ruin me, the very vileness of which was its chief guarantee of success." He raised a clenched fist and shook it at a harmless sparrow which fluttered off and settled on a branch over our heads, where it sat eyeing us indignantly. "One evening as I was returning home from a stroll on the piazza a note was thrust into my hand by someone who disappeared almost immediately into the crowd. Turning aside into a quiet side street I opened and read it. It was from the Countess of Z——, begging me most urgently to meet her at eleven that night in the garden of the convent of Santa Lucia. Now it was death for any man to be found in that place, but such was my exalted love and such my implicit sense of honour which would not stoop to any ignoble suspicion nor set a lower value on any man than that which I set upon myself, that as the last silvery chime of eleven rang out I dropped quietly from the wall into the moonlit convent garden. It was very beautiful there. The night air was heavy with the scent of flowers and the monastic quiet was broken only by the soothing murmur of some unseen fountain nearby. But there was a serpent in that garden. The stillness was suddenly shattered by a voice I knew only too well, the voice of M——, which shouted my name exultantly and which was soon drowned by other voices, voices, then shadows, shadows which crept ever closer to me till I could feel the noose about my neck already. Hope was dead within me when in the nick of time the moon, my faithful ally now in war as often before in love, disappeared behind a dark cloud and cast a black pall upon a scene so shameful." He paused dramatically. "What happened then I cannot clearly remember. Sufficient to say that in the sudden darkness I escaped. But my enemy had done his work well and I was compelled to flee from my country, aided by friends. Before you stands a man living in exile from his native soil, a man living upon the thought of what has been, a man for whom nothing has meaning but the past." He was silent, and we both sat sadly looking into space. After a while, I said, turning round, "But the cross, where does the cross come into it?" There was no answer. I was too late, he had gone.

It was getting late and I was just about to go when an old park-keeper with whom I was familiar came up to me and said, "What was he to-day, sir, Bonaparte or Columbus?" "Oh, yes," he said in answer to my startled inquiry, tapping his head, "but quite harmless, you know, quite harmless. We don't like to bother him, he's very polite always and we've never had any complaints." Rubbing his hands and chuckling, he shuffled off. It was cold and the Park was changing from the nice friendly place into something unfriendly and quite different, in the way that parks have at about five o'clock on a winter afternoon. There was no sign of the count, but as I walked on through the gathering dusk I could smell a faint but definite odour of mothballs.



To the Editor of "*The Grantite Review*."

Dear Sir,

Since the efforts of some members of the House were so successful in building an igloo in the recent snow, may I suggest that they might turn their efforts to building :—

- (a) A log cabin in the wood ;
- (b) A boat on the pond ;
- (c) A retreat on the island.

I remain,

Yours,

IGLOO-SHA-QUON-LE-ASIN,
Chief, Pamquaschlin Tribe.

To the Editor of the "*Grantite Review*."

March 12th, 1940.

Dear Sir,

Since I am the clumsiest and slowest knitter up Grant's, I feel that I have little claim to write this letter. However, I should like to say how grateful Hall is to the Housemaster and Mrs. Murray-Rust for organising the Wool Fund. It gives us a great deal to do, and it gives the troops great pleasure, as Lady Kemsley's letters show.

Yours faithfully,

D. I. GREGG.

NOTICES.

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

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

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

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