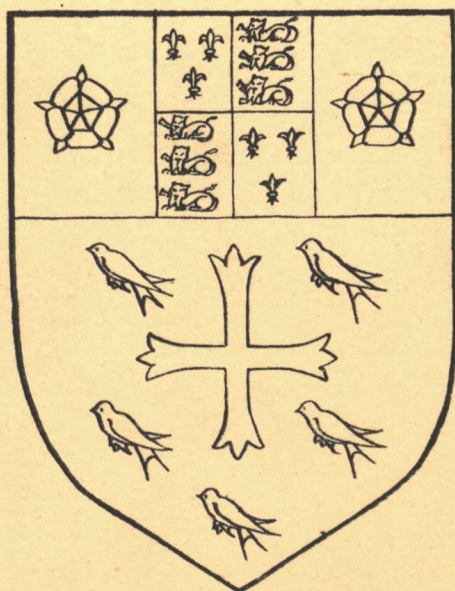


WS/HOU/3/4/1/17/7

# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,  
1941.

## TO ALL OLD GRANTITES.

---

WE here are so much accustomed to evacuated conditions and are so much occupied in coping with all that education under such conditions entails that we do not realise how many loyal Old Westminster, who would not dream of wishing their School anything but well, must nevertheless have natural doubts about our prosperity and existence.

We know, because we can see it and feel it all around us, that there is a freshness and vitality of purpose and achievement at least as evident as ever before. It is not so easy to maintain standards of work in school, but even examination tests showed that these were maintained last year and we intend that this shall continue. As a single example, one tangible aspect that is always held up as a reproach to evacuated schools is that of laboratory facilities for Science ; the School has constructed, almost entirely by internal labour, labs. which would bear comparison with many established ones. Out of school there are occupations and interests, embracing games and far more besides, that simply do result in an atmosphere of contentment and purposefulness.

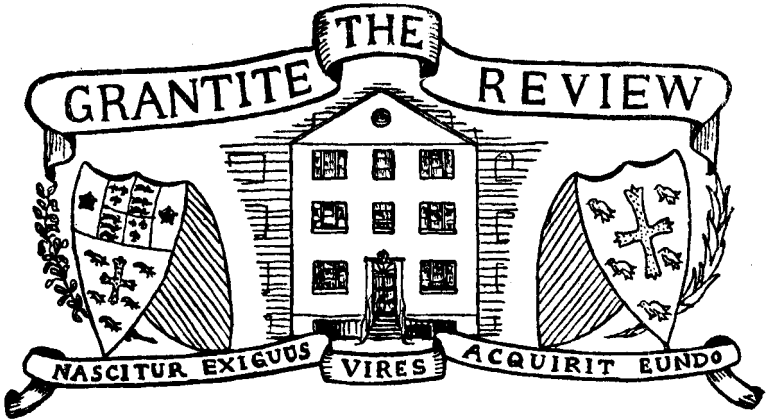
But this cannot be easily realised by the many friends of the School who are not able to picture its present life. And that is why we would like to extend an invitation, which we should really like accepted, to any old Westminster to go out of his way to pay us a visit here if he possibly could. We know that we could convince him that the School, as an institution for educating those boys entrusted to it by their parents, is doing its job. The real spirit of Westminster, on which (and not merely on numerical statistics) depends its future, is here every bit as strong as ever : what is not so easy is for this to be believed by those not on the spot.

An old Westminster who could come down here, who could see for himself what has been achieved and is being achieved, and who could take back the story of this with him would be helping his School beyond measure. And the very many who could not make the journey could also help a great deal by keeping in themselves a confidence, and by not hesitating to impart this confidence to others, both in the ultimate survival of Westminster as a leading school in London (this may surely be taken for certain) and also in its present ability to fulfil the task for which it exists and has always existed.

T. M. MURRAY-RUST  
(*Master of Grant's*).

## INDEX.

Editorial	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	4
House Notes	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6
Football	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	6
Lit. Soc.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7
Deb. Soc.	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	7
Fernie Bank	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	8
School Mission	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	11
A Hectic Half-Hour	...	...	...	<i>S. P. Kennedy</i>	...	...	...	12
It Was Only A Dream	...	...	...	<i>F. W. E. Fursdon</i>	...	...	...	12
Conversation Piece	...	...	...	<i>D. O'R. Dickey</i>	...	...	...	14
Nicolo Paganini	...	...	...	<i>A. M. Davidson</i>	...	...	...	15
Too Late?	...	...	...	<i>M. D. Ingrams</i>	...	...	...	15
Auntie Again	...	...	...	<i>F. W. E. Fursdon</i>	...	...	...	17
Early Bird	...	...	...	<i>D. O'R. Dickey</i>	...	...	...	17
A True Ghost Story	...	...	...	<i>R. Bruce</i>	...	...	...	18
After the By-Election	...	...	...	<i>S. P. Kennedy</i>	...	...	...	18
Impossibility?	...	...	...	<i>G. G. Markstein</i>	...	...	...	18
Desolation	...	...	...	<i>W. S. G. Macmillan</i>	...	...	...	19
The Tay Bridge Disaster	...	...	...	<i>I. D. Grant</i>	...	...	...	20
Correspondence	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	20
Notices	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	22
Obituary	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	22



## EDITORIAL.

Looking at this term as a whole, it is amazing the amount of work that has been done by Grantites. I mean the sort of work that scientists use in laboratories to lift one pound through one foot :— Every night and morning, to get to and from their beds, 16 boys cycle  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles, which during the term amounts to a total of 4,224 miles, or quite a bit farther than the radius of the earth ! Another 17 boys walk about 15 minutes a day for the same purpose, making a total of 374 hours !

While on the subject of statistics, it is interesting to note how each one of us spends the term :—5 whole weeks of the time is spent in bed, but only just over 15 days in mental exertion. We eat for  $4\frac{1}{2}$  days, sit in buses for over 2 days, and do station for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  days. The remaining 26 days are used up in other ways, probably less profitable.

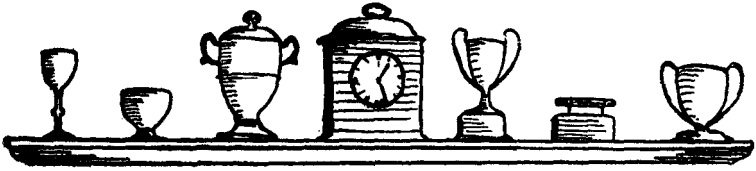
Early in the term we found out how dependent we are on the weather, when we discovered on getting up one morning that it had snowed to a depth of over a foot, and we were snowed up for ten days. However, any possible famine was prevented by supplies being fetched from Bromyard on a home-made sledge.

The next problem was an outbreak of measles. Thirteen people were out of school at the same time—in fact everyone in the house who had not had it before—and were all put up in Fernie itself.

This was done by using Chiswicks as another sickroom, while the Chiswickites paid a fortnight's visit to Inner. (Tact prevents any comment).

Since the beginning of this term there are several new things to be seen. The Housemaster now rides a fearsome-looking motor-bike. Sometimes, when the engine which pumps the water is particularly temperamental, boys may be seen energetically working a hand-pump in the garden. Two new additions to the sights of the estate are fifty day-old chicks (now older), and two pigs, as Grant's is now a Pig Club, which does not mean a club of pigs, though perhaps we shall make pigs of ourselves when we see them as pork and sausages.

Finally, I think it is now the time when we can congratulate ourselves that we have completely settled down to this unexpected life, and the idea of our having to move again before the end of the war certainly seems remote enough not to be considered.



## HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—R. O. I. Borradaile and D. P. Davison.  
We wish them both the best of luck.

---

We welcome this term :—G. D. Glennie.

---

In Inner are :—L. A. Wilson, F. G. Overbury, J. A. Holloway.

In Chiswicks are :—P. N. Ray, W. S. G. Macmillan, J. R. Russ,  
C. I. A. Beale, D. O'R. Dickey, F. W. E. Fursdon, J. D. B. Andrews,  
A. H. Williams, E. F. R. Whitehead.

---

We lost to Homeboarders in the first round of Football Seniors.

---

Congratulations to :—J. A. Holloway, J. R. Russ and J. R. B.  
Hodges on their Thirds for Football.

To :—B. R. Corcos and D. J. E. Shaw on their Seniors for Foot-  
ball.

---

The photographs in this number of *The Granite* were contri-  
buted by F. G. Overbury.

---

Our warmest congratulations go to Flight-Lieut. Maurice  
Baird-Smith, who left in 1936, on his being awarded the D.F.C. for  
conspicuous gallantry in a raid on the island of Rhodes.

## FOOTBALL SENIORS.

Fate took a very strong hand in ensuring that the football shield  
should no longer adorn our dining hall (where it had looked very  
nice!). Even if, with a reasonably full team, we had got through to  
the final, the strong Ashburnham team would very possibly have  
won. But Fate, by putting out of action some half dozen players  
who would have been in the team and making doubly sure of the  
strongest of these by giving them first measles and then influenza,  
saw to it that our first match was our last.

As so often, we played Homeboarders : and this time they won  
convincingly 7—0. The game was played at Brockhampton and

during the first half, playing down hill, we were on fairly level terms. Our one hope was to score early with this advantage, and, having failed to do so, we could not stop them pressing it home in the second half. Whitehead could not do all the work for a forward line which was, apart from him, inexperienced and unskilled, and there was always time on a large ground for the opponents' defence to intercept any rare beginning of a forward movement. The defence played pluckily and stopped far more than they let through, but Renny is an outstanding individual player and was by no means without sufficient support to ensure scoring against a defence that was given no rest.

T. M-R.

#### LIT. SOC.

On asking a prominent member of Lit. Soc. what he thought of the plays read this term, he replied that he thought the plays excellent but why weren't there more of them? I asked how this could be brought about since Lit. Soc. had been held every Saturday except one, and he suggested that we should read a whole play at a time whenever possible. This, I think, is a good idea since the one week we did do this, when reading "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," by J. K. Jerome, it improved the play beyond all measure. "The Silver Box," by Galsworthy, would certainly have read at one go, although it did not spoil it to split it up. Both these plays were excellent to read. We were fortunate to have the Head Master to take the part of Mrs. Sharpe, the boarding-house keeper in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back."

The other plays were "The Apple Cart," by Shaw, and "Romeo and Juliet," which is one of the best of Shakespeare's plays for reading. We still have P. G. Wodehouse's "Good Morning Bill" to make us laugh, with perhaps another Shakespeare or Sheridan to finish with.

J. R. R.

#### THE GRANT'S DEBATING SOCIETY.

It all started by one person talking. That got several people talking and then still more. Gradually the whole house got talking and everybody shouted and desk-thumped to the best of his ability, and the result was that the Grant's Debating Society rolled up its sleeves and prepared for action.

The Society since Lancing had been in a kind of monstrous coma, black and heartless and one might be inclined to think that the valiant work of Mr. Neville Sandelson (still missing) had been in vain. Do not be misinformed, gentlemen, it is not so. The Society has had its neck scragged by Public Opinion, whose many willing hands are hard and bony, and is now as awake as ever.

Hall has been chosen as the meeting ground for the "would-be-

public-speakers-of-later-life," and a new system of election has been adopted whereby a different chairman is chosen for each debate.

The debates are weekly, and on February 9th, the motion : " That indiscriminate bombing of German civilians is advisable " was lost by a very small minority. The next debate was : " That the Theatre is preferable to the Cinema," and was won by quite a large majority. The week after another political debate was chosen ; " That Germany should cease to exist as a nation after the War." The motion was defeated, mainly due to the efforts of Mr. Wilson, who brought up some good points about the future education of the German youth. March 2nd produced the best debate of all : " That as members of Westminster, we have benefited by evacuation." The motion was defeated by 16 votes to nil. The speeches were excellent and extraordinarily witty, especially as one member of the House seemed overjoyed at being able to move cupboards round awkward corners without barking his shins.

One question remains : Will the Society soon abandon its existence or will it be allowed to enjoy the fruits of its well-won victory for some time to come ? Only Time can decide.

A. M. D.

## FERNIE BANK.

I doubt if many of us, when we returned this term, expected that within a fortnight we would be fetching food from Bromyard on a toboggan. It was all very sudden. It just snowed for two days, and the result was a carpet of just over a foot thick. It was obvious to all that it would be impossible for food like bread and buns to get to us, so a party of five, under the leadership of Holloway, set off with a toboggan consisting of two tea chests on runners made from surf boards. Later on in the morning a telephone call came to say that they had arrived at Bromyard, and had got all the provisions. Eventually they returned at lunch-time, a couple of hours before schedule.

Milk, as well, had to be fetched every day in the same manner. Boys had to walk to their billets at night, and, much more difficult, walk up in the morning in time for breakfast. Altogether, the snow lay for about ten days.

It was an interesting and novel experience for everybody, and provided plenty of work as well as amusement for all, in snowballing, tobogganing, clearing paths, seeing strange forms of dress on familiar people.

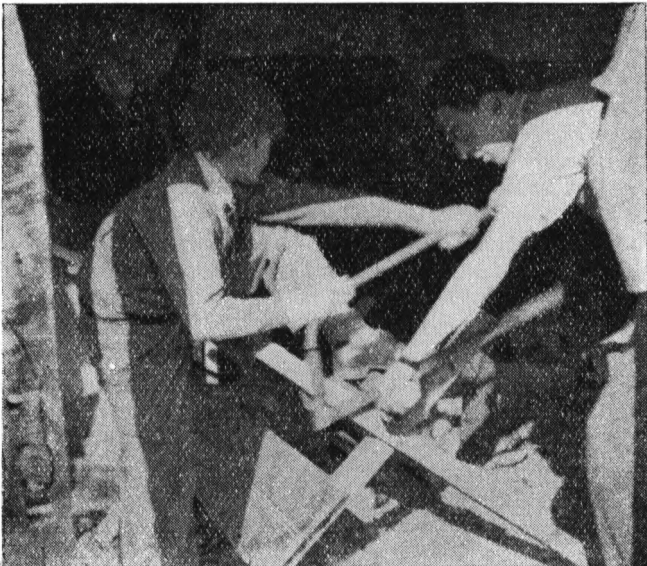
We now keep two pigs in a modern sty in the orchard, out of which they once escaped but were soon recaptured, not without difficulty.

They are to be killed at the end of term, and are going to make as many meals as possible ; the ears are the only part for which no use has yet been found. The House Pig Club consists of all the conventional Presidents, Managers, Secretaries and Committees.





FERNIE BANK.



A monthly report has to be sent in to the Small Pig Keepers' Council in order to rely on getting food for the pigs.

The hens have recovered very well, and are at the moment supplying us with seven dozen eggs a week—a very useful addition in war-time. Owing to the rationing scheme, we had to reduce numbers—providing ourselves with several good meals.

Fifty day-old chicks have just arrived, but unfortunately three were dead. They have been deposited in the hover, which Holloway has been carefully nursing for many days, and will replenish our stocks and provide laying pullets through next winter.

The gardens have been untouched, save by the frost, but sowing will start soon. A new addition is a frame, from which we expect a good deal.

“Jobs” this term have consisted chiefly of carrying wood down, sawing up wood, and carrying wood up again; not to mention cleaning windows.

The trapping season has been fairly successful, providing valuable food as well as pelts. A solitary red squirrel has been discovered by one member of the house, but has since disappeared (no questions asked!).

There was great excitement one morning, when it was discovered that, during the night, a person or persons unknown had broken into the larder and had made off with large quantities of bacon, margarine (the House's rations for the week) and one packet of “All-Bran.”

The Food Office in Bromyard generously allowed us to buy food to make up for the stolen goods, so we didn't have to go without! In due course a handsome, brown-eyed policeman arrived to examine the scene of the theft—we know no more of what followed.

The garden has unconsciously produced an enormous crop of snowdrops, and consequently the mantelpieces of the private rooms, Inner and Chiswicks, have had an air of spring about them for some time. Odd crocuses have been seen, but they are still to be treated as “rare.”

All thought of using the tennis court for playing tennis on has now been abandoned, and it is now used solely by moles and members of the Band.

Some amusement was caused when somebody, while sawing away branches of a tree to provide a clear passage for telephone wires, started sawing the branch he was standing on.

The relief was great when the tragedy had been averted and senses were restored again.

We now look forward to a less wet summer, spent in hay-making, fruit-picking and perhaps early harvesting: we dream of open necks, shorts, and sunshine: we imagine the hills covered with green bracken, rather than the accustomed brown: we hope for a dry walk to Buckenhill: to see our gardens flourish, and the day-olds lay eggs.

J. A. H. F.W.E.F.

## WHERE YOUR SHILLING GOES.

Before proceeding any farther, it would perhaps be for the best to inform any Grantites who do not already know, that one shilling out of the amount that you pay at the beginning of each term as "House Subscription," finds its way to the School Mission. I am, of course, assuming that you know there is a School Mission, although very little has been heard of it since the War started.

Soon after I arrived back at Fernie, I was speaking to the Head of House about extracting the Mission Money from him. He spun round on me and said, "Just exactly what happens to this. I should feel much happier if I knew." Well, I admit that I was dumb-founded for a while, as I did not know just exactly what happened to it. However, I soon recovered, and I promised that I would do my best to find out—and this is what I found.

I found first that, out of a total income of just over £300, approximately one sixth is contributed by the School and Masters. That was the first delusion that I had been labouring under, and it was to be by no means the last. The second surprise I had was that the boys who used the club helped to contribute to the upkeep. I had always assumed that the Mission was a "charity." This is not so. The Mission boys are not charity boys. They earn their own wages and pay their own club subscriptions. What Westminster are invited to do is to hold out a hand by way of companionship, and not patronage, to their poorer cousins.

Now as to what actually happens to your shilling. As the Mission accounts show, in 1939 the School and Masters gave £51 3s. Consider that the three shillings on the end was your three shillings: You may either think that it helped to pay the Club Manager's honorarium, or that it helped to give some other boy a holiday, or that it was part of the rent for Napier Hall where the Mission is situated, or that it was part of the £85 grant to the Cadet Corps, or that it assisted in the renting of the games grounds. If none of these items interest you, your shilling will have gone either to pay Club Expenses or to help to cover the cost of printing reports, postage, etc. If you had ever been to Napier Hall you could not have failed to notice the friendly spirit that exists there. All the members of the Club can spend six evenings a week, if they choose, at Napier Hall, and they all thoroughly enjoy themselves. They can either play darts, chess, draughts, ping-pong or other games, or read the papers and listen to the wireless. You would agree that your shilling was doing valuable work. The same applies to the Cadet Corps at Lammas Hall, Battersea. Anyone who has played and enjoyed a game of cricket, football or tennis would agree that the games-ground rents were well spent. As for postage, one can't send a letter without a stamp. So I think you will agree that your shilling is spent considerably better than it would probably have been had it remained (temporarily) in your pocket.

P. N. R.

## A HECTIC HALF-HOUR.

"Old George is coming to see us on Sunday," I remarked gaily, as I put his letter into the fire.

"Well, we had better get a small joint for to-morrow's lunch," returned my companion, "I think we can just manage it on our ration. But we must be quick; the shops shut in half an hour." So we rushed off to the nearest butcher's shop. Our luck was out; all the joints small enough for our ration had already been sold. There were no chickens and no rabbits left. In fact we found ourselves faced with tripe, which neither of us liked, and fish, which we knew we could get at the fishmonger's.

We preferred fish; so we hurried on to the fishmonger's. Alas! We arrived too late. The shutters were down and no one was to be seen. "Well, we shall just have to make do with vegetables," I remarked glumly. We walked home despondently and arrived to find the telephone ringing. I left my companion to answer it and slipped into an arm-chair. "It's all right," he said, putting the receiver down. "All right?" I queried, "How could anything be all right when we've got nothing for George to eat when he comes to-morrow?"

"He isn't coming," was the immediate reply.

## IT WAS ONLY A DREAM.

Mad. Soc. finished at last. Painfully I made my way out of the Music School, through Dean's Yard and Up School for Latin Prayers. It was a Monday, and I had put myself down for a "Lib." Occupat. I felt I must do something vigorous. "It's Thames House for you, my boy," I said to myself.

"Ire licet." That was over. I jumped down the steps, across Yard, and disappeared down the staircase and passages. I emerged outside Hall, raced along, threw my books on a Locker Room bench; grabbed towel, bathing dress, top hat, umbrella all at once; clattered past the dustbins, and out into Great College Street.

Threading my way through the maze of stairs and corridors of Thames House, I eventually got to the changing room.

I ran along the spring-board—jumped—and sank into the green-blue waters. How lovely it felt! I swam to the side, and got out. Now for a plunge. I held my breath—and dived. I moved softly and silently through the waters. The lines on the bottom of the bath came and went—it was grand.

Suddenly I swam through a pair of blue velvet curtains. Out the other side I saw rolling downs, blue sea, and a sluggish river winding down a wide valley to a small seaside town. A drifter lay off shore—the little boats bobbed up and down in the harbour. A gaunt grey stone College stood aloof from the rest, on the hillside, by a tall,

spireless, buttressed chapel, with green windows. Below it, there were playing fields, cut out as if with a knife.

Just out of the shadow of these bleak and proud buildings, nestling amongst the summer-green trees, by a field of long grass, buttercups, celandine and daisies, with cattle lying lazily in the shade, and the air a hum of insects' drones, lay a pleasant farmhouse. Rambler roses overgrew the verandah. The garden was overgrown. Swans glided on the pond hard by it, followed respectfully by baby cygnets.

The curtains closed, they were blue now, but I swam past them once more.

Beneath me I saw a handsome Cathedral, rising above its surrounding city. Round about were rolling hills, with deep green pasture and thick earth banks, overgrown with vegetation, instead of ordinary hedges.

Dark red "Rubies" lounged in the shade of the tall plentiful oaks; great feather-ankled farm horses kicked their hooves and swished their tails.

Fish "plopped" in the salmon pools of the river, and jumped in its many weirs. Looking down over the valley, almost hidden by trees, stood a large luxurious Hall, with long corridors, parquet floors, and deep armchairs. It was symmetrically built, with square lines and a broad stone terrace.

The curtains closed yet again, and turned red. I glided through again, and emerged looking down on a rugged-lined countryside, with jerky hills, slopes of sun-browned bracken; funny, winding valleys; red-bricked houses, built without much planning and hideously ugly; occasionally there was a white cottage or farmhouse, adorned with a criss-cross network of black beams.

I saw a square red house, with four large chimneys and a bricked yard. It seemed to stand out from the others. In the orchard pigs snouled, and hens pecked their way leisurely about the deserted garden. Rabbits played in the laurels, and a solitary red squirrel swung from fir to fir.

Once again the curtains drew, and once again I pushed through them. I suddenly realised I was lying in a little rowing boat, drifting slowing down a lake; above my head, the sky was a soft blue; little puffs and wisps of cloud were dotted about the sky; dark green pines, and frail-looking larches lined the shores—still—silent—waiting; their deep and silvery colours toned pleasantly with the heathered slopes and grey rugged crags that rose from each side of the loch. Speckled trout sent ripples racing across its smooth surface; squirrels and pine-martens flashed red in the sun. Birds were singing; all was peaceful. Slowly my little boat drifted seawards, down the ever widening expanse of water. Soon I left the land behind. Just as it was going out of sight, I felt a hammering at my chest.

I opened my eyes—to find myself lying on the floor of the Thames House changing room.

Someone was sitting on me, just finishing a shift of artificial respiration. Seeing my eyes open, he got up.

A familiar figure knelt beside me, and put a cup of black coffee to my lips—and a hot water bottle on my body.

“How—did I get here?” I whispered.

“You plunged—if you remember—but you stayed under too long. We fished you out, and have been on at you for about an hour.”

“Then—it—was—only—a—dream,—after—all,” I said softly.

“Taxi’s here, sir!” called a loud voice.

“Thanks! I’ll bring him along now. It’s back to Grant’s, and the sick room for you, my boy!”

A little later, the key clicked in the lock of the green back door. It gave the familiar creaking—then slammed. I had returned to Westminster—once more.

### CONVERSATION PIECE.

Come in! Why can’t you get out of that infuriating trick, you’re not in hall now. What? Good Lord, really, what a terrific turn. When is it? Are you sure. Oh curse, it would be wouldn’t it, I suppose it’s too late, you lucky devil you can stay up.

*Five hours later :*

I’m damned well going to listen to it, come what may, I don’t care who finds out. Good evening sir! Yes it is isn’t it. Yes sir, **all** right I’ll be down in time. What a marvellous programme, **terrific** chap playing the clarinet, wizard drummer. Good Lord, look at the time! We must fly. Where’s my coat? Blast all people who leave cases on the floor! Ow! Mind my head. Some people think you are a blinking gent’s outfitters the way they pinch your gloves, oh here they are on my hands all the time. How maddening everything is to-night. What’s it like out? Filthy? Raining d’you say? Oh God what a place. I’ll bet you a shilling (a) my battery runs out and (b) I get a puncture. Number one clause—I win! Come on it doesn’t matter, anyway it can’t be helped. What a night!

*A quarter of an hour later :*

Oh—er—good evening, sir. Yes, am I late. I’m very sorry, **sir**, but I got a puncture on the way and ran into the bank at the bottom of Elmore Hill. Oh no, I haven’t hurt myself. Good night, **sir**. My God, what a night, everything goes wrong and by the way who is the kind gentleman who ran off with my scarf? Blast you, I wish you wouldn’t treat my things as though they were sort of communal. But by gosh it was worth it, magnificent programme. Yes he was terrific. Yes marvellous. This bed’s like an ice box, has anyone actually put any ice in my bed, it feels like a blinking refrigerator. Well I’m feeling pretty dead, so I votes we go to sleep. Good night.

## NICOLO PAGANINI.

Nicolo Paganini, the most extraordinary executant on the violin that has ever lived, was born in Genoa in 1797. At an early age he began to learn the violin, and when he was fourteen, he practised nine or ten hours a day regularly. He showed such promise that his master advised him to take it up as a career.

In a surprisingly short time his fame reached other countries and in 1828 he went to Rome, played before the Pope and was awarded the Golden Spurs.

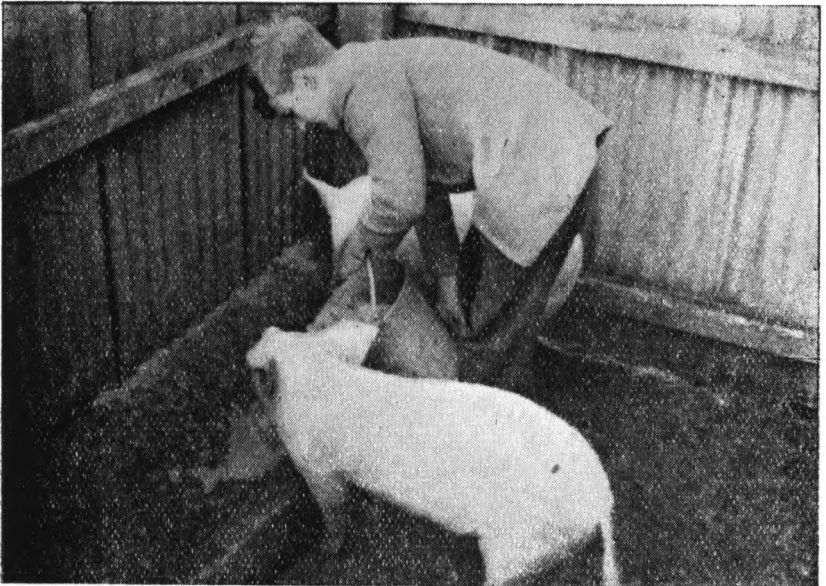
On March 31st, 1831, he played before a large audience at His Majesty's Theatre in London. His personal appearance astounded the great ladies and gentlemen of the time. In fact his pale face, high cheek-bones, flowing hair, haggard eyes and thin waist were so much against him that he was a complete failure in spite of his abilities, and he set off for Vienna.

He met with no better success there. In the middle of his recital, a man in the front row stood up and, facing the audience, said that he could see the Devil, guiding his bow. Everybody else imagined the same and a long and tedious law-suit followed, but the violinist won his case by obtaining a signed letter from his mother, proving himself to be of human descent.

He was a good composer as well as a good player, but many of his compositions were too difficult for anyone to play but himself. However, his triumph was short-lived. He broke a finger and was unable to practice, as a result of which he fell ill. He then quickly faded out of the public view and eventually died of haemorrhage at the age of thirty-seven.

### TOO LATE ?

God and I  
went up a mountain ;  
I pointed to the east, and said,  
“ Look God, there's war,  
and the Yangtse-kiang  
runs red.”  
God said,  
“ Why, bless me, so there is,  
but I remember no declaration,  
I must look into this.”  
I pointed to the west, and said,  
“ Look God, there's war,  
and that stain of red  
isn't all poppies.”  
God said,  
“ Dearie me,  
why did no one tell me ?  
I must look into this.”





## AUNTIE AGAIN.

Aunt Agatha was humming the well-known song, "Pink Elephants on the window-sill," and was strumming her fingers on the firescreen, when she suddenly exclaimed: "There's the warning!" Uncle Hurburt, who had been trying to read *The Times* to this jerky accompaniment, and who had found himself reading the "Vacancies Wanted" backwards, jumped up—and put on his tin hat.

"Down to the cellars, dears," Aunt Agatha said cheerfully. Uncle Hurburt replied he'd look outside the front door first, and see if any poor chap had been caught without a shelter. He disappeared, letting out a streak of light across the road.

Aunt Agatha picked up her knitting, hot water bottle, cup of tea, and with a curt "Follow me!" she tripped down to the cellar.

"Oh! I've forgotten our darling kitten," she moaned. I volunteered, but was squashed, and to cut a long story short, the kitten was retrieved from the hearthrug, and went to sleep on Aunt Agatha's lap.

7.30.

"Have another bar of chocolate, my dear."

"But, Auntie, I've had seven bars, you forget there's a war on."

"Really! What am I thinking of, while our brave lads are . . ."

8.30.

"Where's Uncle Hurburt?"

"Don't worry dear, he's sure to be safe, somewhere."

9.30. Bang! Crash!

"Why, bless my soul, that's the first bomb I've heard since it began . . ."

9.32. Uncle Hurburt burst into the cellar.

"Agatha! What are you doing down here?"

"B-But there's a raid on. I heard a bomb just now."

"My dear, you must be ill. That was only me shutting the front door. I've been next door to see old Humpkin about the increased cost of production."

"B-B-But I heard the siren . . ."

"Sorry, dear, I forgot to tell you, that wasn't a warning after all, it was only Mrs. Humpkin using her Hoover to clean her carpet."

I ate an eighth bar—and a ninth—I had to.

## EARLY BIRD.

I wake up at eleven  
And think it's still seven:  
I'll learn by and by  
Not to get up so damned late.

## “THERE’S ROOM FOR ONE INSIDE, MISS.”

Joan was on holiday with her mother in a large house in Scotland. She was in the top room of the east wing, with her mother on the other side of the building. One night she woke up to the sound of a horse and cart coming up the drive, and could not resist the temptation to get out of bed and look. As she threw aside the bedclothes it stopped. She tiptoed to the window and looked out. On the drive outside was a horse with a coffin harnessed behind, and holding the reins on the coffin was a figure staring up at her. She stood transfixed, until the figure stood up and said, “There’s room for one inside, Miss.” She stepped back from the window, and the horse trotted off. Next morning she resolved to tell no one about it, and to try and forget it.

Six months later Joan was shopping in Edinburgh with her mother. They were upstairs on the third floor. As they walked over, the lift arrived, the doors were opened and the man stepped out.

“There’s room for one inside, Miss,” he said. Suddenly Joan realised who it was, she gripped her mother by the arm and pulled her back. A frown broke over the face of the liftman. He stepped back and slammed the doors. Down went the lift. At the same time a tearing sound came from the shaft. The ropes had broken and the cage crashed to the bottom, killing everyone in it.

## AFTER THE BY-ELECTION.

A deafening roar greeted the M.P. as he appeared to make his first speech after the by-election. He felt some nervousness, for he had not often spoken before, but his wife was at his side. However, he was considerably surprised when a shower of bad eggs and tomatoes hailed upon him. When the crowd had stopped throwing, he found himself sitting up among a heap of egg shells with a stream of tomato juice running down his face. His wife was calling to him now; her voice seemed to come from miles away. Absent-mindedly he mopped the tomato juice off his aching forehead. He felt the eggshells scrunch under him. Then, as his senses cleared, he realized . . . the blood was running down his face and he was covered with debris.

## IMPOSSIBILITY?

The wireless cabin of H.M. Cruiser “Minerva” had suddenly become a hive of activity. An important message was being taken down by the first wireless officer.

“H.M. Sloop *Paternoster* reports sighting German convoy, consisting of two pocket battleships, four cruisers, and a large number of small warships and troopships in the North Sea, Lat. XX, Long. XX. Am sighted by enemy: am engaging.” There was a pause; then “Am hit amidships: am . . .” The message broke off. The wireless officer waited a moment, then handed the slip of paper to an orderly, who raced towards the bridge. There the

captain read it quickly, then said: "Oh —! Here! Send this message to the Admiralty as fast as possible . . ."

From the control room at the Admiralty the following message was flashed out: "All warships in areas X, Y, Z stand by. German fleet sighted, Lat. XX, Long. XX, sailing towards English coast. Possible invasion attempt. Be ready for action . . ."

In H.M. Battleship *Poseidon* the alarm bells clanged. Men raced to action stations. Slowly the giant ship sailed out into the North Sea, together with an escort of destroyers. Slowly they neared Lat. XX, Long. XX. . . .

The second cruiser squadron cruising off the Dunkirk coast suddenly altered course northwards, and increased to full speed. The German fighter that was shadowing it returned to its French aerodrome. . . .

At the German Admiralty in Berlin, a message was handed to the C-in-C., Konter-Admiral Von und Zu Braden. "Donner!" he growled, "the British fleet is sailing towards Lat. XX, Long. XX. —Himmel—Blitzen—Where's my A.D.C. . . ."

From Emden, from Kiel, the German fleet sailed out at full speed towards Lat. XX, Long. XX . . .

To cut a long story short, there was a tremendous battle in the North Sea at Lat. XX, Long XX, and the German fleet ceased to exist.

Back in America an enthusiastic radio amateur was putting away his short wave transmitter, having played a "practical joke" on the belligerents of Europe.

#### DESOLATION.

High on the slopes of a wild, lonely moor  
There stands a tree, a solitary thorn,  
Stunted and gnarled by many a winter's storm;  
Around it desert, stark, forbidding, dour.  
No human habitation meets the eye,  
No cottage roof, nor yet a ruined barn;  
Not ev'n a stray sheep drinking at the tarn,  
Nought but the heather, and the stormy sky.  
No sound is heard but of the rushing wind  
That sweeps the empty waste, the plaintive cries  
Of curlew calling from a distant marsh.  
The old red grouse cock rises with his harsh  
"Go back!" The kestrel hovers on the wind,  
Silent and lonely 'mid the empty skies.

## THE TAY BRIDGE DISASTER.

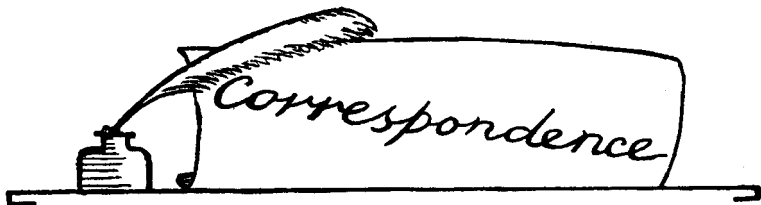
The famous storm which ravaged the Scottish lowlands in 1873 was the worst within living memory, and with it happened one of the most horrible disasters in railway history. The Tay Bridge in those days was not the solid, ugly structure it is to-day, but a frail fairy-like construction designed by Sir Thomas Bouch. It only carried a single line and comprised two large pylons supporting a long centre span, which was covered in like a tunnel.

On the night of the storm, the 4.15 mail train from Edinburgh to Dundee set out. Slowly it buffeted its way northwards against the terrific gale, the wind blowing the smoke back down the engine chimney, and the rain soaking the unfortunate engine crew.

At the last station before the bridge several people got out and asked the station staff if it was safe to cross on such a night ; apparently all were reassured, as none left the train. At last it started, and steamed slowly on to the bridge. The signal-man at the bridge-head signalled it through and watched the tail lamp disappear into the murk of the night. He was the last person ever to see it. At Tay Bridge Station on the other side, fears began to arise as the train became long overdue. But after the arrival of one of the local inhabitants, who said he thought he had seen lights falling into the estuary, the station staff became really alarmed.

Two men volunteered to walk along the bridge and try to find out what had happened. They started on their perilous journey, nearly blown from their tiny foothold by the fury of the storm. At length, when they arrived at the centre span, they found nothing but a yawning chasm . . .

As the train had been passing it, the added weight and the force of the wind had proved too much ; the whole centre span had dropped into the Tay, carrying the train with it. The passengers, trapped like rats, were all drowned without being able to save themselves. The tragedy was established the next morning when some articles of luggage and a carriage door were washed up, the only things ever found.



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

Dear Sir,

On behalf of those who have had measles I should like to thank both Matron and Mrs. Murray-Rust very much for nursing us here. It was indeed a magnificent feat and was very greatly appreciated.

Yours etc.,

J. R. RUSS.

To the Editor of "The Grantite."

Mr. Editor,

At Lancing the Housemaster very kindly gave us frequent cinema shows which were much appreciated by all ; also at times we were allowed to visit cinemas in Lancing, Shoreham and Brighton.

At Exeter again we were allowed to visit the cinemas in the town, but, although a cinema is quite close at hand, and although the fortnightly journey to Bromyard was allowed last term, we now have no opportunities to enjoy this accustomed relaxation.

Might it not be possible to revert once more to the old system of fortnightly half-holidays on Saturdays instead of on Wednesdays?

Yours, etc.,

M. D. INGRAMS,  
A. M. DAVIDSON,  
A. J. ABRAHAM.

[The arrangement of football station on Saturdays now prevents this.—ED.]

To the Editor of "The Grantite Review."

Dear Sir,

Paper is becoming scarcer and scarcer these days, yet it is daily wasted in the form-room. The paper is frequently thrown away before both sides have been written on. If the authorities do not make a paper collection here, surely the Scouts can collect the tons of waste-paper, as they do in other districts.

Yours etc.,

S. P. KENNEDY.

To the Editor of "The Grantite."

Dear Sir,

May I suggest that the wireless is moved from the Dining Hall to the one upstairs, owing to the fact that people practise on the piano, usually when you want to hear a broadcast. Also if the wireless were moved, then there would be one room of quiet. As it is, upstairs the noise usually resembles a monkey house. Downstairs a few well meaning boys enjoy discussing their prep., or fighting savagely when you want to hear a programme. Upstairs public opinion might convince these nuisances to carry on their discussions and fight elsewhere.

I remain, sir,

Your obedient servant,

B. CORCOS.

To the Editor of "The Grantite Review."

Sir,

May I suggest that the odd frames, wheels, brake blocks and bits and pieces of bicycles in the garage be removed to a place by themselves, *away* from the bicycle stacks, as it is extremely annoying and difficult on a dark night to extricate one's bike from a tangled mass of wreckage. What about some racks?

Yours, etc.,

F. W. E. FURSDON.

To the Editor of "The Grantite."

Dear Sir,

Might I suggest that a "Rupert the Chick" club is formed? This would increase our spirit of unity and give yet another interest to the smaller boys. A natty badge could be made out of a sardine tin if it was skilfully cut.

A committee, naturally, would have to be formed, and the obvious suggestion is that all boys with that delightful name should stand for election.

Yours, etc.,

RUPERT.

#### NOTICES.

The Editor would like to thank F. W. E. Fursdon for his assistance in producing this number of *The Grantite*.

We would like to inform contributors that the practice of tearing up rejected MSS., which has been prominent of late, has been discontinued.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, Fernie Bank, Whitbourne, Worcester, and 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, Duchy House, Barthomley, Crewe, Cheshire.

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

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions expressed by contributors or correspondents.

Contributions to *The Grantite* will be welcomed from Old Grantites.

#### D. G. FEVEZ.

David Fevez left Grant's in 1936 with the ambition of getting accepted for the R.A.F. Ill health overtook him and prevented his achieving it until just before the beginning of the war. Such was his delight at this that it was all the more tragic to hear first of his being missing last summer and now that he must be presumed to have been killed in action.

#### F. D. GAMMON.

It was with great sorrow that we heard of the death of David Gammon, together with both his parents, in one of the air raids on London before Christmas.

He rendered good service to his House in many, varied, ways, and the present appearance of *The Grantite* owes much to his initiative and good taste when he was on its editorial staff a year ago.

GRANT'S HOUSE  
~~2 LITTLE DEAN'S YARD~~  
WESTMINSTER.

Fernie Bank,  
Hillbourne,  
Worcester.

---

26/3/41.



Dear Mr. Tanner,

Here is a copy of this term's "Grantite Review", which has just come out. I hope you will enjoy reading it, and may I say how much we miss you down here, especially in dit. See.

Yours sincerely,

B.H. Wilson.

---