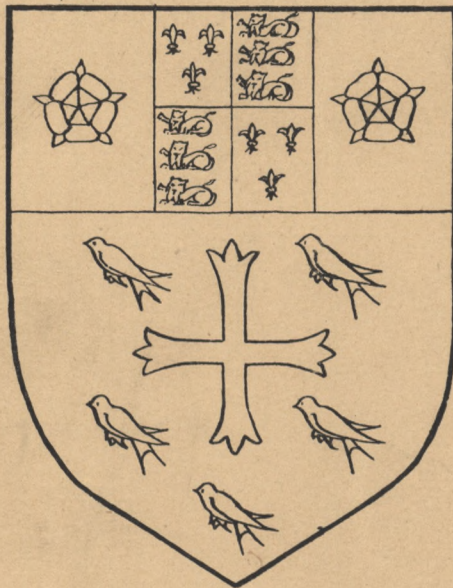


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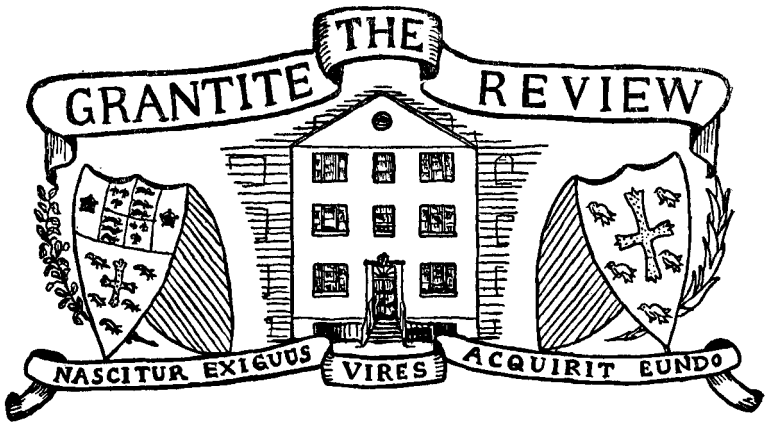
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



ELECTION TERM,
1942.

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VOLUME XVI. No. 11.

ELECTION TERM, 1942.

EDITORIAL.

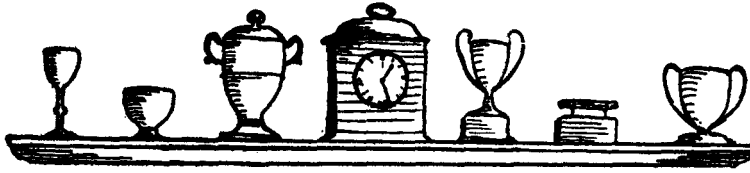
"WHERE are you going?"

"Oh, I'm having an interview in Oxford."

This topic of conversation has grown increasingly common of late. Nearly everyone seems to be able to get away for the day (or night if you go far enough) on some kind of interview. It is, of course, the direct consequence of keenness and age. However, boys may come and boys may go, but the *Grantite* goes on coming out. In the last few years (since we adopted the yellow cover) the practice of numbering the successive editions of the *Grantite* has been discontinued, and thus it was with some mental effort that this has now been brought up-to-date, as the reader can see above. Another lapse has been rectified by the Editor proposing to standardize the number of editions in a volume as twelve, and in his reckoning he has used this to obtain the above result. In previous years it has varied between eight and fourteen per volume. Thus the *Grantites* for four years constitute a volume. It may interest O.G.s and present members of the House that this is the 186th number, and the *Grantite* is, as far as we know, the oldest House magazine in the country.

In this number, we have included rather more House and School news than in the last few numbers. This is not because we agree that "it is a waste of space letting precocious boys show how clever they are," as one O.G. put it, but simply because there has been more activity in the sporting line recently.

We welcome very much having the opportunity to print an article by an O.W., and hope that this will be the start of several contributions by those whose House magazine the *Grantite* once was and in fact still is.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left last term :—F. G. Overbury, D. O'R. Dickey, J. D. B. Andrews.

* * * * *

At half-term, this term :—J. R. Russ, the Head of House, who is being called up for the Navy.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—J. W. P. Bradley, J. M. Chamney.

* * * * *

In Inner are :—J. R. B. Hodges, F. W. E. Fursdon, W. R. van Straubenzee.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks are :—A. H. Williams, E. F. R. Whitehead, D. I. Gregg, D. M. Eady, D. W. Shenton, D. J. E. Shaw, A. J. Croft, I. D. Kingsley, B. R. Corcos and I. D. Grant.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is A. M. Davidson, and Hall Monitors are S. P. L. Kennedy and P. Y. Davidson.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—E. F. R. Whitehead on his Pinks, F. W. E. Fursdon and J. R. Russ on their Half-Pinks, D. O'R. Dickey, S. P. L. Kennedy, A. H. Williams, I. D. Kingsley on their Seniors, for Football; and to F. G. Overbury, D. I. Gregg, S. P. L. Kennedy, P. Y. Davidson on their Seniors for Athletics.

* * * * *

We lost to College in the final of Football Seniors, having previously beaten Ashburnham.

* * * * *

Grant's came third in the Inter-House Athletic Competition.

* * * * *

The Long-Distance Race Cup last term was won by Grant's, who gained the first four places.

* * * * *

We won the nine-mile House Relay Race this term.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. we have read :—" Judgment Day," by Elmer Rice; " Cottage to Let," by G. Kerr; " George and Margaret," by Gerald Savory; " Breadwinner," by Somerset Maughan; " Dr. Clitterhouse," by Barrie Lyndon; " Rookery Nook," by Ben Travers; " Thunder Rock " by R. Ardrey; " Blithe Spirit," by Coward.

* * * * *

We congratulate most sincerely our Matron, Mrs. Cooper, on her engagement. We wish her every happiness.

FERNIE BANK.

Little has changed since last term. We miss the Housemaster's motor-bike, but instead we have a family of rabbits which are to be bred for supplementing meat rations. As will be read elsewhere, they are of the grey-blue Chinchilla type. There is also a small band of wild rabbits that seem to be able to get into the garden somehow; and many of Hodges' precious seedlings have been eaten. The chickens and hens go on much as ever and have been laying fairly well. Of course we have our usual pigs.

The House as a whole, very particularly the Junior Hallites, is responsible for an enormous pit, some six feet deep, four feet wide and twelve feet long, which we afterwards heard was for garden rubbish. Some of the more enterprising Hallites tunnelled for a surprising way out of the pit, but as they were getting rather near the bottom of the pond this was stopped. On one occasion a member of Hall was stranded down there for some time until his shrieks were heard, just before Prayers.

The cottage was not used, as announced in the last number, for the various purposes mentioned, but is now a Home Guard changing-room, store-room and strong-room. (The baby chicks, however, were reared there). It is rumoured that some people may sleep there next term, instead of at Tiblands, but this is unconfirmed.

A minor assault course for H.G.s has been arranged round Fernie grounds and an adjoining field, consisting of such obstacles as walls, crawling under boards, crossing part of the pond on first a small log and then on a small-diameter piping, imitation barbed wire, railings, stream, a steep uphill gradient, a ditch jump from the top of a rail, a "get in—now get out" very narrow window, a monkey-walk rope, and finishing with another wall. So far only two members have attempted it in its entirety.

The rest of our very numerous Home Guard activities are described elsewhere.

The gardens are looking well at the moment, and young vegetables are coming up firm. Farming, having started rather later than usual this term owing to weather, is now going strong. So far our main jobs have been potato-planting and clover-turning.

By kind permission of Mr. Wrigley, we are again this year allowed to use his excellent lake for swimming.

F. W. E. F.

FOOTBALL.

At the beginning of Seniors our prospects appeared to be very good as we had four members of the 1st XI and one or two others who had played in it, and also three colts. In the first round we met Ashburnham and Home-boarders, and defeated them fairly easily. Everyone played well though the shooting in front of goal was rather weak.

In the final we were defeated 3—1 by College, perhaps due to our over-confidence beforehand. However, the greater part of the game was in the College half of the field but our forwards did not take their chances of scoring, which was partly due to the heavy college defence and partly to our forwards being light. At half-time the score was 2—0 against us and, after pressing very hard in the second half, Whitehead managed to put in a very good shot, but not before College had made one of their lightning attacks and scored again.

The Team.—A. H. Williams; J. R. B. Hodges, D. J. E. Shaw; I. D. Kingsley, J. R. Russ (captain), F. W. E. Fursdon; D. O'R. Dickey, B. R. Corcos, E. F. R. Whitehead, S. P. L. Kennedy, J. O. Eichholz.

ATHLETICS.

This year it was decided to postpone Athletics, except for the Long Distance Race, to Election Term since Football Seniors were not finished till the last week of the Lent Term.

The Long Distance Race was held on Bromyard Downs, but on a different and longer course from last year. In all it was about three and three-quarter miles long, though it had not as many gruelling hills as last year's course.

Grant's entered four runners, Overbury, Gregg, Kennedy and P. Y. Davidson, but as they had done little training Grant's hopes were not too high. At the start Ashburnham set a fast pace and led for the first half mile, but here Overbury improved our position by going up to first place. After the second mile the other Grantites were running second, third and fourth, but they were so close that their final order was not decided till the last half-mile. Meanwhile Overbury had increased his lead considerably and won by the comfortable distance of 200 yards, completing the course in just over 20 minutes while Kennedy finished second, Davidson third and Gregg fourth.

So far this term the only race which has been run is the Long Distance Relay. The other events are due to take place on June 25th. The Long Distance Relay was in the form of a circular cross-country race in which each house entered nine runners, three from each age group. The total distance run was nine miles.

Grant's started badly, due in part to Busby's entering some of their "star-turns" first, and by the end of the first round were holding third place with difficulty. In the second round the order of runners was changed, which pulled us up to second place*, and then Kennedy ran particularly well and overtook the Busby runner. By the next change-over Grant's were well in the lead, so that Davidson, our last runner, had no difficulty in winning by about 100 yards.

In the other races which are to come, we shall miss Overbury for the longer relay races. We hope, however, to keep up the standard set so far.

D. I. G.

*A spectator says:—"Modesty is all very well—but this change was due to the writer of the article, who could easily, at this stage, and without personal discredit, have lost the race but who, by a very brave lap, ensured the possibility of winning it."

J.T.C.

As is usual in the Election Term there is the Inter-House Squad Competition. We are only allowed 40 minutes every fortnight on parade to practise as a House and consequently such items as Drill, etc., are not of such a high standard as usual—yet. Another difficulty is weapons: our ersatz carbines are kept at Buckenhill, and this is a disadvantage for Whitbourne Houses. However, as Grant's have three senior and eight junior N.C.O.s, they should have a good chance of doing well.

F. W. E. F.

THE HOME GUARD.

The activities of the Home Guard this term have greatly increased, and the most notable of them has been a camp which was held on the week-end of June 6th-7th. This was a great success in spite of one or two minor hitches, chief among which was the disappearance of half our supply of blankets. This, with the fact that the sentries were continually being changed, a process which caused an outburst of chatter, has made us realise that the first people to be shot in the event of an invasion are those who pinch blankets and swear loudly at 3 a.m. in the morning. The actual site of the camp was 25 miles away from Fernie at a place called Orleton Manor, to which we bicycled

on the Saturday night. The field cooking arrangements worked very well, and we managed in all innocence and with subsequent apologies to snaffle a dixie-full of hot water which the Sergeant-Major had put on before our arrival. The exercise on the Sunday morning consisted of a running fight of advanced guard versus ambush, spread out over the 20 miles of country between Orleton and Bromyard, against the Buckenhill contingent.

Everyone in the Fernie Section has now had an opportunity of throwing a live 36 grenade and also of firing a few rounds on the new automatic Sten gun. The number of our rifles has also been increased, and our fire-power has correspondingly improved.

One evening was devoted to demonstrations given by Corporals Alcock and Maynard, on the tactics of "Hold your fire" and on obstacle-scaling in the grounds of Whitbourne Court. The Company Commander was present and Mr. Fisher and Mr. Young were also there. The following week we ourselves gave a demonstration on "Camouflage" to the rest of the Whitbourne Platoon, and we were honoured by the presence of the Battalion and Company commanders. There were also two other demonstrations the same evening, on "Sentries" and "Street-fighting," given by Corporals Willsher and Alcock. Our demonstration was repeated later at Buckenhill, at the invitation of Mr. Fisher, to members of the platoon under his command.

There have also been the usual Sunday and Wednesday parades, and we are taking advantage of the summer to hold as many tactical exercises as possible. Three of the senior members have attended a course of lectures by the Battalion Weapon Training Officer, Mr. Murray-Rust, with a view to becoming capable of handling all types of grenades. Night patrols now fall to the Section twice a month.

A Battalion Shooting Contest is being held and there are prizes for the best shots in the Battalion, Companies and Platoons. The competition consists of 15 rounds of .303 ammunition, of which five are application, five snap-shooting and five rapid.

Future dates include a further demonstration on Camouflage to members of another platoon, a demonstration of all the weapons which the Battalion possesses, and another camp towards the end of term.

The more we learn, the more we realise what there is to know, and we can but hope that, as a visiting Staff Officer has told us, "if we try hard enough, we shall one day become real soldiers!"

A. H. W.

NATIONAL SERVICE.

Next holidays all the boys in the School will devote a fortnight to war work. Some are going on A.T.C. or J.T.C. courses, others perhaps on Home Guard courses. Some may work in munitions or may camp with the Cadet Corps in their own districts. But the majority, in Grant's anyhow, are going to do farming. It is chiefly for these that I quote the following passages from the *Grantite* of the Play Term, 1917, which will give them an example of the farming that the school did in the last War.

"Sad and melancholy is the story of the first expedition of the gallant band of Westminsters who set out on August 11th, 1917, to fulfil what seemed a hopeless task. However appalling the history may be, we think that such an example of devotion to duty set by these noble hearts should be written in the annals of Westminster as a lasting memorial to their deeds. It must be noted that the expedition was ably commanded by Captain Willett. . . .

"Moreton Hampstead was chosen by the Government authorities as our railhead, having the qualification of being actually in Devonshire and yet the most distant station from our final destination. Very well—at Moreton Hampstead the detachment was detrained, where it awaited the arrival of a convoy of A.S.C. wagons. Six, seven and eight o'clock struck, and still no wagons. At a staff meeting it was decided that the main body should proceed on bicycles to the camp (about seven miles distant) and that a strong guard consisting mainly of Grantites should be left at the Station to hold the baggage

at all costs. The guard was rescued in an exhausted state in the early afternoon of the following day by the promised wagons which had called at every Devonshire station, bar Moreton Hampstead. All members of this stout guard had remained cheerfully at their posts without food or water, and fulfilled their allotted task to the last.

"The site for the camp selected by the competent authorities had the excellent qualities of being the most exposed spot to wind and rain in all Devon, and the farthest from civilization and supplies of all kinds, including water.

"Our troubles had only just begun, for, after a few days of hard potato-digging, an immense cloud enveloped us and separated us from the outer world for an entire fortnight. No ark came to succour us, no Noah, no menagerie: we were left entirely to our own resources, except for a gramophone. Disease ravished the camp and sadly reduced our numbers: canteens and tents were blown down, yet throughout the marvellous 'esprit de corps' of the band prevailed.

"An attempt, no doubt originating from a German source, was made in cold blood to put a stop to our activities. A detachment of herrings, past their prime, made a villainous entry into the camp accompanied by vicious odours. Need any more be said?—yet they were interred with full agricultural honours, and to this day a mound on the wilds of Dartmoor marks their last resting place. It must be regretted, however, that on the day of our retirement much material had to be abandoned. Several canteens lay fatally injured on the scene of our disastrous exploits.

"Our losses were indeed lamentable, but our achievements, to say the least, were glorious."

Well?

F. W. E. F.

THE RABBITS.

This term the house has increased its varied collection of livestock by the addition of five rabbits, a breeding chinchilla doe who is expected to present us with a litter of young within the near future and four eight-weeks-old young ones, one of which has already been christened "Bogy." A few of the junior members of Hall have spent the last fortnight making hutches and a wire-netting run, and, judging by all appearances, the new inhabitants are very pleased with their new dwelling-place. As they belong to Mrs. Murray-Rust one of the younger ones has been given to Alison to be her own, and all will be taken down to Stalbridge for the Summer Holidays, and by the end of next term it is hoped that there will be enough well-grown youngsters to make several rabbit stews and Mrs. Murray-Rust a chinchilla fur coat.

K. M. T.

YOUTH'S HORIZON.

The latest arrival knocked at the garden gate. It opened, and he stepped inside and saw a gardener. The boy looked about him, blinked and waited. Everything seemed to be looking at him. The gardener said nothing, but took the boy's hand and led him down the path. Whenever they came to a hedge or a bramble patch, the gardener seemed to disappear, but when the boy had just managed to pull himself through to the other side, the gardener was always waiting. Occasionally they passed beds of antirrhinums and poppies, but usually the way was hard and prickly. After some time the boy stopped and looked on ahead. Right in the distance lay the head of the valley, with a spring jumping down through gorgeous rhododendrons, and great granite boulders twinkled in the sunlight. The gardener watched the boy's gaze, and the bright light in his eyes. "Don't look at it for long, or you will keep the vision so much in your mind that you will lose your way here."

They went on together. . . .

They were now reaching the top of the valley, and there was a new light dawning. The gardener and the boy were talking quietly together and

the grimness and discouragement of the first part of the journey were gone.

The young man, he was a boy no longer, had grown to a good six foot. His eyes had long since lost their early childish intensity of expectation, and they seemed deep and rather saddened. He spoke slower, and with feeling.

They stopped for a moment, and turned to look back on the way they had come. Far, far below them lay the garden, with its wild untidiness. Around them blackbirds and thrushes and robins poured forth their lay. Grasshoppers chirruped. Overhead a large buzzard glided slowly round, and the peacocks and red admirals, perching on the azeleas, showed off their radiant colours to the sun.

They paused for a second, then turned together, and climbed up the last stretch to the summit of the mountain.

The sun was setting as they reached the top, and the sand ripple of cloud stood still over the western sky. Red, blue, mauve covered the scene, while below the valley gradually became night.

The two figures were silhouetted, their heads close together. Then I heard one say, "Good luck, and God-speed. To-day you become your own master." And the other, "Thank you, sir. I owe you more than I can ever repay."

The young man turned round once more, raised his hand in farewell to me, and disappeared down into the far night.

I walked nearer, and stood by the gardener. He was leaning on his stick, and I could see tears in his eyes. Then he took up his stick, and pointed out to where the young man had gone.

"Over there, beyond that next range, is another gardener, waiting. Until then, he'll be his own gardener."

GLIMPSE AT GRANT'S.

"Come on. Come on." I am woken up at 7.15 with the familiar strains of this unwelcome hog-call as an alternative to the hackneyed "Rise and shine, my lucky lads." In other words I am woken up by that burly beaf-eater Mr. Payne. As I struggle out of bed blind with tiredness, I am conscious of a feeling of extreme hunger, caused by night-starvation since nine o'clock from the evening before. Well, to cut a short story sideways, I make my way up the 1½-mile cart-track to Fernie Bank in 12¾ minutes. I arrive as usual just in time to go in to breakfast and, having eaten same, I stagger round to the back to clean my shoes and do a few odd jobs. When it is 9 o'clock it is time to get out of my arm-chair and start thinking. My books must be got, a bicycle procured (preferably not mine) and so on and so forth. At 9.20 I take the track and after ten minutes hectic cycling I arrive at Whitbourne, having narrowly missed a cow which had purposely tried to assassinate me on the last but very steep hill. I work from 9.45 to 12.15 and then I start that ride home, up every conceivable hill that there could possibly be. I arrive sweating by the gallon and take my pew in the remaining arm-chair which I managed to secure by the skin of my teeth or rather in exchange for the skin on my shins. 1.15, feeding time, and, having fed, we come out and make a bee-line for the "suts." I at once raise the familiar cry, "Has anyone got 2½d. they can lend me?" When I have obtained the necessary money, I buy my "suts" and retire into a quiet corner to eat it. When I hear a short murmur of angry voices I know that jobs are up and I hurry to find out what task has been appointed to me on this extremely hot and tiring day. Ah! I am gardening. After 1½ hours dislodging of clods of earth and replacing them, I go in for another rest and at 4.30 I have a bun and a cup of tea. After tea I am free to do what I like except for a few compulsory events such as a choir practice, extra H.G. parade or a cricket net. At 6.45 I have my supper and then make my way to do my prep. When the noise has ceased I settle down to work and, having composed myself, I work for 1½ hours; then prayers, milk and biscuits, and from then I do the 1½ miles back to my billet and sink into the bed and sleep perfect sleep after a perfect (ly frightful) day.

EVACUATION—THE EVERLASTING THEME.

During our forced evacuation to Hereford, one theme has recurred in almost every school paper and speech—the educational benefit of evacuation. There is no doubt that such benefit exists, but it is claimed to have resulted to a large extent from menial tasks. The planting of long rows of potatoes, or washing-up of dishes is a contribution to the war effort, but is it educational? Everyone says it is, and they exaggerate its importance.

It is claimed that boys acquire a degree of skill in these menial tasks which will help them in life. This argument is easily refuted, since the majority are entrusted with tasks which can be learnt in ten minutes, and thus, from the point of view of acquiring skill, the many hours spent are wasted. It is further claimed that planting potatoes teaches stamina and sticking-power. This is partly true, but the sticking-power taught is of the cow-like placid variety; it is not to be compared with that obtained from hard games of football, gruelling rowing matches, or long runs.

It is partly the Englishman's love of sport which has made him a good soldier. This war will not be won merely on the playing fields of Eton, but the playing-fields of many schools of varied types have contributed to victory by the production of a race capable of endurance and able to fight alone, rather than in herds. It is continually being stated that sport teaches "fair-play," but "fair-play" is no longer required in a soldier; this virtue, once regarded as "the Englishman's heritage" is successfully effaced by a ten-day Commando course. One might say that modern war is fought according to the principles of the foulest professional matches, and blaring propaganda takes the place of the notorious North-Country football crowd. Nevertheless, stamina and endurance, not to mention courage, remain cardinal military virtues and are supplied to some extent by sport.

Thus the adoption of monotonous menial tasks in the place of sport, although inevitable, and profitable to the war effort, has less educational value than sport. But, if this side of evacuation is to be counted a loss, there is another side which constitutes a greater gain.

With evacuation, the school has lost two great faults of the Public School: the excessive worship of athletic prowess and the uniformity of its product. The worship of athletic prowess has died a natural death, athletic prowess having almost ceased to exist. The uniformity must also diminish, because boys now amuse themselves and cannot sit in the cinema in a state of passive apathy while pleasure is fired at them in the manner condemned by Rousseau nearly two hundred years ago. At the same time, the much vaunted school discipline has not collapsed, and so the school is in no danger of producing a crank—the terror of conventionality.

In addition, the school has finally come to rest in a most beautiful stretch of country, and, once the bicycling is forgotten, the beauty of the bracken-covered hills and the wooded valleys await admiration. This environment not only keeps the body in a better condition than the dirty streets of London but the mind is also more healthy. Compared to the luxury of London, life here may seem a combination of the farm-yard, the barrack-square and the monastery, but the country has given to some boys an alternative to the somewhat ridiculous pose of youthful cynicism, so fashionable in recent years.

This simple life cannot but have a salutary effect. It is possible that it will lead to an escape from the modern school of art and a return to the time when a girl may be compared to "a summer's day" rather than to a sordid hovel or to a meaningless jargon of repulsive adjectives. Just as the battle of Marathon inspired Greek art, so the ghastly slaughter of this war may produce a movement of artistic beauty, characterised by hope and faith rather than by despair and cynicism. The modern school of art is partly a result of the tube-train and the ribbon-development villa, and if, with the forced evacuation, we do not return to the music of Shelley, at least we may cease from the fruitless quest for "beauty in unexpected places."

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE FUTURE :

HOW IT AFFECTS US.

The future of the Public Schools has attracted considerable attention just lately, and there has been a spate of books examining the position and suggesting remedies for the future. One encouraging feature of these books is that the supporters of the Public Schools are coming to the fore, so that it is probably now true to say that the majority of people who have given a thought to the matter think that the Schools should, with certain modifications, continue after the war. This is significant : because not so very long ago the articles and books on the subject nearly all condemned the system as out of date and morally wrong. They shouted for the abolition of the Schools, the sooner the better, and looked forward to the day when all education would be levelled down to equality for all. Yet now the views of many have changed : writers like Lord Elton*, while condemning certain practises, have supported the Public Schools and put forward the view that, so far from being out of date, they may yet be the democratic instruments of the future. Lord Elton points out that, in the last century, the Public Schools were the instruments for fusing the old landowning aristocracy with the professional classes, with the result that new codes of honour and behaviour grew up in the latter, to the great advantage of all. Why, he asks, should not the Public Schools in this century be the instruments for fusing the old Public School class with the working classes ?

There are, therefore, people who still trust in the Schools and who are prepared to see them carry on in the future doing even more important work. They have, in fact, got faith in them, being impressed by their past records : and it is important to remember that the Schools have done something in the past, for, in these days of Music Hall jokes, the old School tie is apt to be considered merely as a hall-mark of inefficiency, Poona, and cricket. Look at any high office you care to name : take, for instance, the highest administrative post in the Empire, the Viceroyship of India. There have been many stories told about the holders of it, but never has it been said that they wilfully shirked their duty and were in any way dishonest to the land they ruled—in all but name—as King. And it is easy to be dishonest when you are paid twenty-one thousand three hundred rupees a year, and have wide powers over three hundred and fifty million people. Who are the men who have carried the burden of responsibility in this office ? They have come from the Public Schools, who taught them almost all they knew about truth, honour and impartiality. One after another came from the "ruling" class. From Canning in 1858, through Elgin, Lawrence, Mayo, Lytton, Ripon, Dufferin, Lansdowne, Curzon, Minto, Hardinge, Chelmsford, Irwin to Linlithgow at the present time, they have all been products of the Public Schools, and have fulfilled their duties in the light of what they learnt there : it is indeed a record to be proud of. Yet we must not think that it is only Public School men who can bear this responsibility without blemish : without turning from this same office we can see an example of that. Many readers will have noticed an omission in the list above : I refer, of course, to the Earl of Reading who climbed without the help of a Public School ladder up the steep cliff-face of public service. He has left behind him a respect which is scarcely equalled, and his services to the country were many and various. Is it not possible that more people may do this in the future, given the chance they need ? And who can give them that chance so ably as the Public Schools ? Let us by all means be proud of the achievements of our School in the past, but let us, at the same time, dedicate ourselves to the day when more boys can be equally proud.

Those who have borne with me thus far will see the kind of institution I hope to see in the future. It cannot be said that the Public Schools, as represented by masters, have been apathetic to the question, as any reader of Mr. Donald Hughes's "*The Public Schools and the Future*" will know*. Here the writer sets the position out clearly and concisely, and endeavours to

* *St. George or the Dragon*. Lord Elton. Collins. 8s. 6d.

solve some of the problems which are bound to arise if the Public Schools of the future are thrown open to a much wider public.

I said the "grown-ups"—to use an awful expression—were fully alive to the situation. Yes, but are the Public School boys themselves in the least interested? Must we not admit that we, up Grant's, for it is only they to whom I am writing, are, in the main, apathetic to the future of our School? We are too inclined to sit back and say: "The School is going downhill, it can't last much longer." And yet it may be that the younger among us will be the very ones who will form the junction in the future and become the links between the old School tie and the boiler suit. But it is not too late: there are two general things we can do to help our School make this momentous change. First, we can support the School as it is. Let us freely admit that it has made mistakes in the past, and in the not too recent past, though everyone else seems to have made them too. But when all that is said, there remains a great deal: it is not just that you know more Latin than you did when you came, or that you can kick a ball about better. You have gained something priceless which is quite indescribable, and you are therefore in debt to the School. It is your duty to pay some of it back, you cannot pay all. How? Well, quite a lot of people don't know the School still carries on in Herefordshire, so take every discreet opportunity of telling them that it does, that it is very much alive and that it intends to return to Westminster as soon as it can. And you old Grantites, you do your share! I do not say you don't, but I haven't mentioned you yet and it's high time I did. This *Grantite* is your data, so let everyone know the facts. What about coming down for a look at us sometime; those of your number who have will testify to the welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust and boys alike. And, most important of all, though this is anticipating considerably in some cases, if you feel you have benefitted from being at Westminster, you should support the School by sending your sons here, to make the future generation of Westminsters. You cannot complain of lack of example in high places, for, of the Governors of the School who are old Westminsters and who have sons, a high proportion have sent them to the institution which they admire as well as control.

That is the first way; secondly present Westminsters should make full use of the bridge which exists to link themselves and the boys in company with whom they will, I hope, soon be educated. Unfortunately, evacuation has made it more difficult to strengthen the link though Grant's has loyally supported it while we have been away. By now my readers will have jumped to it that I am referring to the School Mission, often laughed at and thought a nuisance, but nevertheless a wonderful democratic instrument set up when democracy for public School boys was not thought desirable. But what little use we made of it when we were in London; though again Grant's were more progressive than other houses, largely owing to the efforts of Mr. Llewelyn. Perhaps Old Grantites can help more now, and I know the Mission, in its war-time home like ourselves, would welcome a visit from any of them.

I have written on a highly controversial subject. Many will not agree with me, and it is to be hoped that they will say so in these columns. There are those, for instance, who consider that, far from becoming public, the Schools will be even more exclusive after the war. There are those who consider that the working classes would not benefit from a Public School Education, and there are many others.

But whatever our views may be, we must give a thought to the matter now. You hear a lot about the working classes uniting for their rights after the war, yet we do not stake a claim. You hear a lot from the working classes about the abolition of the Public Schools, but how many of us have shown a friendly hand and said we are all for them joining us? By all means let those who have fought this war have a say in the making of the far more difficult peace: but let it also be remembered how many of them are products of our Public Schools.

* *The Public Schools and the Future.* Donald Hughes. Cambridge. 3s. 6d.

HOME GUARD CAMOUFLAGE LECTURE.

Some stand with their hands in their pockets, others squat on the ground, while the more daring members of our platoon make no bones about it and just sit. By now our patience is more than exhausted.

"Right. Now everyone look to their front," chants the instructor. We've been doing this for exactly half-an-hour now.

"Now if you look hard enough," he continues, "you can just see a man hidden . . ."

The sudden revival of interest is incredible. The man who knew all about it before (though he hasn't spotted one of the hidden men yet) tries to look bored, whilst the humorist looks down his rifle and then proceeds to turn out his pockets. However, the instructor's time is running short.

"Right. Now has any one seen him?" Not a murmur is to be heard.

"Has nobody spotted him? You, in the rear rank, haven't you seen him?" There are no ranks at all, but suddenly everyone's attention is focussed on me.

"Oh yes, I've seen him all right, but I didn't want to give him away." This is a flat lie, but Heaven will pardon me for it. The instructor is flattered by my attention.

"Well done. Good. Now tell us where he is." This of course, I hadn't bargained for. The atmosphere is tense.

"As a matter of fact, it's actually rather difficult to explain" (never have I uttered a truer word) "but I will try and point him out to you." I've adopted a policy of playing for time.

"Do you all see that tree trunk in the middle of the field? Well—," but I was interrupted.

"Yes; quite right. Now watch." A series of whistles, and the trunk slowly rises to his feet.

"That demonstration shows how useful a sniper's suit is."

Three more whistle blasts; everyone reverts to the study of the flora of the English meadows, the buttercup, the daisy, and:—

"Right. Now everyone transfer their gaze to their front. If you look hard enough, you will see a man hidden. . . ." and so on.

INTOXICATION.

"Gas!"

The Battalion C.W. Officer beamed broadly at the instantaneous distortion of bodies, arms, gas masks and steel helmets, which, after the standard nine seconds, resumed their more normal positions. The air was full of the distinct muffled hisses of many breaths.

"Excellent." He was awfully pleased. "I want you to see how long you can keep them on, now. First prize a packet of twenty Players." This was even better, and everyone blew appreciation through the outlet valve. After four minutes feet began to shuffle and one mask came off. James explained he just HAD to scratch his nose, and anyway Elmer had sabotaged his mask by putting a ladybird inside.

Luckily I was the right hand man of the rear section, farthest away from the heavies. So I could safely test for gas every two minutes.

"Can I come in?" I turned to see who was speaking, but could see no one. I tested for gas again.

"Thanks awfully!" I turned round again.

"I say, did you anti-dim this place last time?" This was getting too bad.

"Yes, of course I did. Where the —— are you?" I answered in somewhat heated tones.

"Don't talk so loud, you'll blow me out through the outlet valve if you're not careful," it replied.

"Well," I said, "you'd better look out. I'm going to sneeze."

"Please don't, darling, it wouldn't be polite." This was really getting

embarrassing. Before I could think of something crushing to say, it suddenly said: "Come on inside here, and let's have a good look at you.

Next moment I found myself inside a gas mask, opposite to a pretty fairy.

"Hullo! Was all that you?" I asked her.

"Of course it was. Why didn't you let me in here at first?" she persisted.

I ignored the question and invited her to sit down. I sat down too, then suddenly jumped up again. "What's that you're sitting on?"

"That's your nose."

"Oh." (I was dumbfounded).

"Where do you live?"

"At Fernie."

"Oh."

"What's wrong with that?"

"Oh—er—nothing."

"Sorry it upsets you."

"It's nothing—only rather far."

"Look here," I said, "are you a real fairy, or what?"

"Yes, I am actually. I live in Jubilee Oaks. Do you like them?"

I felt we were not getting very far, so I demanded what she was doing in my gas mask, anyway.

"I went to sleep in your tin helmet when you were on guard last night, and I've been trapped inside it ever since, until just now, when you let me out."

"When was that?"

"When you put your gas mask on."

"I'm awfully sorry, my dear. . . . I didn't know you were there. Why did you come in here, anyway, instead of going straight home?"

"Well," she answered very sweetly, "I just wanted to see what you were like. Look out for me next time, darling, won't you? Until then, good luck. O yes, there's one more thing, thanks very much."

"What for," I queried.

"Not using hair grease."

She opened the rubber side, and flew out. I ran after her, but the side slammed shut again.

Still very confused, I pushed and heaved my way out through the head straps.

"He's all right now, sir."

"What do you mean?" I demanded.

"You passed out after a few minutes," the C.W.O. grinned. "We didn't realise it until everyone else had given up, and you didn't hear us shouting at you that you'd won."

He dropped a packet of twenty Players into my hand.

"Jubilee Oaks," I said, but no one was listening.

SPAZIERWEG.

Russ planted some sunflowers outside Inner before leaving. He always was a modest sort of chap.

* * * * *

Gregg is introducing boxing to the House, and is looking for a punchball. He can leave that to us.

* * * * *

It is rumoured that the salaries of the Editors of the *Elizabethan* will soon be eligible for income-tax.

* * * * *

Williams is the camouflage expert. He always was well-covered.

* * * * *

We hear Straubenzee is taking up the harp. He always was good at pulling strings.

THE LONG DISTANCE RACE.

(I) AS REPORTED BY A SCIENTIST.

I went this afternoon to watch the Nine-Mile Long Distance Relay Race on Bringsty Common. It was a clear day, and the effect of the unusually high temperature was lessened by a slight breeze. I sat on the highest point of the central ridge which was (I deduced from the time lapse of the sound of the starting pistol), some 880 yards from the start.

The track was elliptical, but as I was some two hundred feet above the level of the maximum height of the course, I commanded a comparatively large angle of depression, and hence could observe the runners for its whole circumference.

The actual course started with a steep gradient of one-in-four, followed by a heavily damped vertically oscillating straight stretch, turning through an obtuse angle at its farthest point, and coming back in the opposite sense, finishing down a medium incline to its original starting point.

Each house was allowed to enter nine runners. The nine-miles course was split up into six laps, each of one and a half miles.

It was achieved by running in the following cycle :—

(a) A boy in the under 16½ class ran 1 mile.

(b) A boy in the under 15½ class ran ½ mile.

(c) A boy in the Open Class ran 1½ miles.

It was an exciting contest and Grant's completed the course in less time than any of the other Houses.

(II) AS OVERHEARD FROM A GRANTITE POET.

O blessed Muse, thou most almighty Sun
(Oh! Eh! Oh yes! the race has just begun)
Come down from off thy golden throne.
Why, most curved curve, besport thyself alone?
Here am I; soothe thou now my tortured passion
And make me thine (there goes my chocolate ration).
Sprinter of Life's long race, speed on thy air
(Oh yes! I forgot—but Grant's are drawing near).
I ride in the wake of thy despondent woes
(Oh shut up, look there's us, but where's Rigauds'?)
So carry me on, till we achieve Life's run
(Oh! Eh! What's that? Oh, boy! Hurray! We've won!).

(III) AS REPORTED BY A HISTORIAN.

"Here we go round the prickly pear."—T. S. ELIOT.

This was, perhaps, the most exhilarating and outstanding event of the term, and, notwithstanding the temperature, most conducive to physical laxity and mental peacidity, the manifold obstacles were circumvented with laudable and praiseworthy perseverance and endurance. Attendance was obligatory and only the stimuli of amicable competition and friendly rivalry prevented the spectators from reclining in the lush herbage which offered "promise of pneumatic bliss . . ." Any attempt at a detailed commentary would of necessity prove both fruitless, unprofitable and well-nigh impossible.

But, in short, we may say that as the runners left the starting post :

"Yellow and black and pale and hectic red"

a tumultuous ovation . . .

(the remainder may be preciséd to "Grant's won.").

(IV) AS REPORTED BY A MATHEMATICIAN.

We (those "up Grant's" that is!) wish to congratulate the team on their victory. The victory, as might be expected, was achieved at the cost of not a little trouble, and boys with bare legs (some brown, but others still white) were during the week preceding the event to be seen steadfastly practising—using up surplus energy in exhausting sprints and, still more exhausting "hill-climbs." However, all enjoyed the practice, and we may say that pleasing practice was crowned by a pleasing victory.

(V) AS REPORTED BY THE "GRANTITE."

The Long Distance Race has been run on the steep and rolling downs of Sussex, could well have been run in the pleasant dales of Devon, and is now run on the bracken-covered hills of Herefordshire—a county of criss-cross hedgerows. The stomach muscles of the runners went taut and they started. As I lay in the sun, my brain became confused and I saw again the gruelling race along the tow-path in London, with the Thames gurgling and sizzling by the running feet of the competitors. I was awakened from my dreams by a boy saying: "Funny to think that while few of us remember more than one Long Distance Race in London, three have already been run during our evacuation." I then made for home and cruised into Fernie.

(VI) AS REPORTED BY A CLASSICIST.

On being informed that a race was about to be run on Bringsty Common, I went to a suitable place, as quickly as possible, whence the whole course might be seen. When asked why I had chosen that spot, I replied without delay, "Surely such a thing is worthy to be seen from the best place?" It will be seen that I expected the answer "Yes," which was forthcoming. At first, Busby's took the lead, but, as the race progressed, so Grant's diminished their distance behind, until, at last, the prize was gained. Indeed, it must be said that the last four runners made super-human exertions. It is scarcely to be wondered at, that those present could not refrain from a cry of jubilation.

(VIII) AS REPORTED BY A MODERN LINGUIST.

In writing this article, we have attempted to refrain from the cardinal crime—"l'empressement de montrer de l'esprit." We must, however, convey our congratulations to the team, and to their captain, who, although of solid build, could not be termed "potelé." The afternoon was perfectly still; the runners were unaffected by wind, and the spectators felt "Kaum einen Hauch." Grant's won, and our one regret was that Mr. Claridge was not present. No doubt he was selling books at an outrageous price, while leaving us silly little idiots to cultivate our personalities on Bringsty Common, when we might be writing a German prose. How not? Some people are ridiculous!

DIVE-BOMBER.

The day was hot and stuffy. Indoors it seemed almost unbearable, so I took a chair out on to the lawn and placed it under that cedar tree which stands in the right-hand corner, amongst the bushes of Fernie.

I opened a book and began reading without really taking much heed of the story. Soon I felt myself falling asleep amid the buzzing of the gnats which were continually flying round my head.

Before long I began dreaming. . . . I dreamt that I was walking through the bracken in the direction of the "Jubilee Oaks," which show up against the skyline about a mile and a half from Fernie. I was walking along,

filled with my own meditations, when the hum of an aeroplane low overhead drove away my thoughts and caused me to look up.

Raising my eyes, I imagined I saw one of those trainers which have a wasp-like colour scheme, for underneath they are painted yellow with the number superimposed in black. It was flying low, about twenty feet up, I decided; however it came on and even began losing altitude, although I confidently expected it to pick up and regain height. Soon I realized that it would be touching land unpleasantly close to where I stood.

As I watched this black and yellow demon coming at me, just as Robin Hood's arrow might fly for the deer, I felt unable to escape. A wild panic seized me. I was sure that if I ran to the right, the plane would also go to the right, or if I ran to the left then I should be caught there. In short, I lost my head. First I ran to the right, then I turned round and ran to the left. A bramble arrested my flight by catching my instep, and I fell flat on my face. The hum of the engines had long since become a roar, and I knew that at any moment the crash would come. I had not time to regain my feet before everything went blank.

After this horrible nightmare I awoke to find myself lying on the ground; my chair was on its back, and on looking around I saw my book lying some yards off. However, what attracted my attention most was something soft and pulpy which was squashed between my right hand and knee.

I felt an unpleasant pain in that knee, for the bulky mess was a wasp—a black and yellow wasp!

IT WAS SAID IN THE GRANTITE

"For a brief week we left all our familiar surroundings, fearing that on our return they would have been irreparably changed. Now we are home again, and the novelty of our return is past; but what is not past—and let us hope that it will long be with us—is the renewed appreciation and enthusiasm which our absence gave us for our own School, and for our own House."

Thus in the autumn of 1938: and by December *"on our return to normal, we settled down to a really peaceful and pleasant term. The general uneventfulness is by no means unwelcome after the upheavals of the first few days."*

The even tenor of life continued, the winning of the last Pancake Greaze at Westminster by a Grantite being recorded in March. And in July we read of *"the topic which is uppermost in our mind—the coming departure of Mr. Llewelyn to India. Let us hope that when Mr. Llewelyn returns he may be able to glance at the mantelpiece with a little more pride than at the moment."* Our mantelpiece is not bare, but it is not at Westminster; and our wishes go to Mr. Llewelyn in his job as Head Master of a school of evacuated English boys in India after a teaching experience over there which was at least novel! And the same editorial ends *"It remains to wish the House the very best of luck during the coming year."*

What future historian will deny that it had it? The next number, in December, 1939, teems with allusions in such utter contrast to anything said before, but all in a brave and happy vein. It was inspired to include photographs of our new home at the "Farm," and believed that *"they will be of great interest to look back on in the future."* They are, and they strengthen the memories that come back as we read of knitting (financed by a House Suts.—do we remember the ice cream-container?), monopoly, the film shows on Saturday nights in our dining hall, the first ration books, "Lancing Frozen Stiff" and Flanders' variety show, the forerunner of its more ambitious successor later on elsewhere.

Not much general uneventfulness here; and there is still to come the summer number and its frontispiece of Mardon Hall. After this shock, the first few pages read almost normally . . . "*Grant's won the Challenge Cup for Athletics*" . . . "*Grant's had a strong contingent of watermen*" . . . "*Grant's have failed to justify themselves at cricket*" . . . "*As is our custom, Grant's came second in the Music Competition.*" Then . . . a photograph of a crowded platform on Shoreham station, a description of our next experience of mobility in evacuation to Exeter, and a first description of the L.D.V. with their experiences of the "boiler" at Lancing and the railway line near Exeter. Do we recognise our present Home Guard activities in these amateurish beginnings? But, almost for the first time, a tone of war-mindedness has crept into the *Grantite* as it was creeping into England.

Full justice to Exeter and to the importance in Westminster history of our half-term's stay there was never done in the *Grantite*. The next number came out in December after what is described, in its opening sentence, as "*the most difficult period through which the School has ever passed. Whether we have really succeeded in riding the storm or not can only be decided by future generations.*" Exeter was by no means forgotten but was at the moment eclipsed by the rush of events which, it can be seen in retrospect, were leaving us rather stunned as we hastened to get on with the pressure of immediate problems and crises.

"None can have guessed what lay ahead of us as we left Mardon Hall last July. The attack on London . . . the interim of homelessness while the country was combed . . . Tidings of Bromyard . . . The Stalbridge party . . . Grant's re-assembled, breaking lamps right and left."

Every phase has left an indelible mark on the characters of the individuals concerned, and of the House and School. The return to London ". . . *the Houses were actually all but ready for normal term conditions* . . ." and the blitz experiences at the School are most vivid memories to the various members of the School Staffs who lived through them—and, oddly enough, I believe, enjoyed them—though glimpses of them came to the many Westminsters, past and present, who visited us as we propped up the School with the prestige of our tin hats. "*The garrison had to its credit the extinction of oil bombs* . . . *A bomb outside the House of Lords* . . . *The evening life in the stoke hole and vault* . . ."

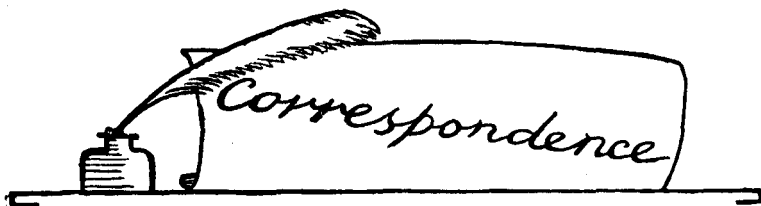
This number included an unexpected House group, a picture of the "Stalbridge party." "*The trouble taken (in having these Grantites from the London danger area) was more than repaid by the sight of faces relieved of strain and by the happy atmosphere of the whole party.*" And more than that—this month of "Westminster in Dorset" has left enduring and kindly memories of the School in yet another county and paved the way for what was yet to come, the development of life here at Fernie: an important phase.

Here we leave our re-reading of our back numbers, for from then onwards is still present history which will seem striking enough when reviewed in the future. "*By next summer the estate will be a hive of industry* . . . *We intend to leave the estate better than we found it* . . . *One hen is now laying.*"

That was to be summer, 1941; it is now summer again, 1942, and we have recently collected our 5,000th egg.

"For years we left our familiar surroundings, knowing that on our return they would be, to some extent irreparably, changed. Now we are home again, and the novelty of our return is past; but what is not past—and let us hope it will for ever be with us—is the renewed and enhanced appreciation which our absence has given us for our own School and for our own House."

This editorial has yet to be written: but all that is missing in quoting it is the date, for we will ensure that the occasion of its writing will come.



To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

Scandal, romance and Grantite prestige stand much where they stood last term. Anywhere more curiously disconnected from the war would be hard to find in the length and breadth of England. Oxford society usually divides itself into clear levels. Most obviously to the fore are the social climbers: there are several routes for them—the Conservative Association, the Union, the O.U.D.S., the Cherwell; Mr. H. Jones can be quoted as one who has tried them all—without striking success, but with all that outward appearance of opulent polish which is required of those who embark on such a thankless and useless career.

Then there is another layer: those who work. The word work should be interpreted with care. Very few people ever work so hard again as when they were driven through the Shell to be crowned with a school certificate; on the other hand they are denied the old diversions of excruciatingly funny masters or the daringly-planned system of note-passing. Perhaps it was because they felt the absence of this spice of life that Messrs. Borradaile and Ray extended their partnership to include all the mathematicians in Christ Church. They now hold solemn conventicles in which they all decide what line to take with their mystified tutor and produce the most astonishingly similar papers every week.

Another layer, and one which always has a slightly Gilbert and Sullivan touch about it, is the S.T.C. Not that it is particularly inefficient, our poor feet after a twenty-mile scheme testify to that—but the atmosphere of Oxford in the 1920's still lingers. An Adjutant, with an alarming propensity towards port and away from the Daily Worker, seems to sum up briefly all the qualities of a declining aristocracy. He is assisted by another officer of such surpassing dullness that he has all the effects of a heavy anaesthetic or a cabinet minister. There was a memorable scene during an inspection:—"You'd better get your hair cut by this afternoon or you'll be sent to Captain Green."

"I can't sir, I've got to go to the bank."

"You look out or you'll be seeing the Adjutant."

"Why, is he going to the bank, too?"

Such incidents brighten even the Assault Course in which one crosses the Cherwell once by a rope and once on a telegraph pole: the Cherwell is very deep, or so it seems anyway. Mr. Borradaile is very good at this as the naval candidates do P.T. every morning: sometimes he falls in and occasionally he doesn't. However, it is preparing him to rule the waves. Mr. Ray eluded the S.T.C. and became seriously attached to a trailer pump of colossal dimensions. He rushes off at odd hours to haul it around on pulleys and fold it up and polish it: indeed they are inseparable.

As examination season has arrived, the imagination is dimmed and everyone becomes sadly aware of their mental deficiencies: being in this condition myself I beg you to forgive the hopeless irrelevancy of

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

According to well-informed circles in Pembroke College, *i.e.*, the porters, the elusive Mr. Yealland has now really gone to continue his medical career at

hospital. However, he will probably turn up again before long in order to take some more exams. The number of Old Grantites up here will be further reduced at the end of this term when Mr. Beale leaves us, expecting to be called up some time into the Anti-Tank Artillery. For the future he considers that his talents (in the colonial service) would be wasted in Nigeria, and so he intends to go to Kenya instead. Mr. Beale lives in a room with a sofa coloured a bilious orange, and is a member of the Mummerys, as is Mr. Wilson. The Mummerys is a dramatic society which differs from Lit. Soc. in that the female parts are read by women, and it occasionally holds bottle-parties. Mr. Wilson may be seen every morning bicycling through the town at five past nine to a nine-o'clock lecture. He does a bit of fencing, and will argue about anything over a cup of coffee. If you go and call on Mr. Macmillan, the first thing you do is to fall down two carefully hidden steps at the entrance to his room. When you pick yourself up, you see a lot of things about his room and sitting in the only chair which is not covered with books, parcels, etc., is Mr. Macmillan, listening to a portable gramophone, as his vast radiogram incidentally does not work. He is going down at the end of this term, and no one who remembers his energetic afternoons on the farms round Fernie will be surprised to hear that he is going to take up farming, as his eyes prevent him from getting into the services. Mr. Archer, now a term nearer to being a vet., is even better known in rowing circles than before. Last term he was a member of the Trial Eights, and this term he coached the winner of the University sculls. Mr. Sandelson joined all the political societies and, we believe, has left them all. Perhaps he is starting one of his own. We hope that Grant's will do something to provide fresh material for this letter next term, or better still to supply a substitute for

YOUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

KITTENS ON THE COVER.

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Sir,

One of the pleasures of enforced "exile" is the recurrent arrival of the *Grantite Review* with its inspiring record of the rural activities of Grantites. Never did I suppose that the time would come when the literary efforts of the Grantite Lit. Soc. would have their counterpart in the litter-y efforts of the Grantite Pig Soc. But so it is. However, it is not of pigs that I would write but of some other passing strange little quadrupeds which appear on the cover of the *Grantite Review*.

I trust, Sir, that no one will think me lacking in respect to that eminent and admirable publication (of which I once had the honour to be Editor) if I ask how in the name of fortune those otherwise delightful little "couchant" kittens have managed to stray into the Arms of England on its cover? They seem to have started with the best intentions of being royally "passant guardant" but then to have got tired of it and sat down. But, perhaps, they are not kittens at all? Certainly the middle one in the third quarter appears to have a long white beard. On the other hand the one at the top of the second quarter is very spritely and kittenish, and seems to be about to make a dab at the three wasps in the first quarter—or are they "three Spitfires volant in formation"? But whatever all these strange things are they are certainly not the proud leopards and fleur-de-lys of the Arms of England. The Martlets below, however, are admirably demure and "temple-haunting." I hope the kittens won't get 'em—especially as there are not enough to go round.

All this, I am afraid, may seem trifling to your readers. But heraldry is a delightful science in which accuracy is everything and it is playing its part even in these days. Recently a Convoy was drawn up outside this cottage and every gun and every lorry had attached to it a large card on which was a spirited device of an "elephant trottant" with a trunk positively "hauriant." This, to the heraldically-minded, suggested—rightly as it turned out—Scotland. You ask me why? I can only reply—and it sounds like a contri-

bution by a distinguished and gallant member of the Brains Trust—that “ I remember very well ” that a few years ago a friend of mine motoring in Scotland was astounded at the sudden apparition of three elephants on the skyline—but that, though a true one, is quite another story, and quite possibly irrelevant,

I am, Sir, etc.,

LAWRENCE E. TANNER.

P.S.—I suppose that I had better add (to prevent any question as to colour) that it subsequently became clear that the elephants were part of a travelling Circus.

OLD GRANTITES.

It is with deep regret we publish the following list of O.G.s who have given their lives in this second World War :—

BARRETT, LEONARD J. A. (1931–1935).—Sgt. R.A.F.V.R.

BOMPAS, E. A. (1919–1923).—Lt., R.A., in Hong Kong.

FEVEZ, D. G. E. (1932–1936).—P.O.; R.A.F.

NEWMAN, C. E. (1935–1938).—Sgt. (Wireless Op.), R.A.F.V.R.

O'MALLEY, D. K. C. (1923–1929).—F.O., R.A.F.V.R.

PITT, P. G. P. (1933–1935).—2nd Lieut., R.A. (accidentally killed).

REED, R. A. (1934–1938).—2nd Lt., R. Tank R.

SWANN, G. T. (1916–1921).—F.-Lt., R.A.F.V.R.

USHER, REV. P. C. A. (1912–1917).—Sqdn.-Ldr. (Chaplain), R.A.F.V.R. (died on active service).

We offer our warmest congratulations to Professor Adrian on being awarded the Order of Merit in this year's Birthday Honours.

Also we congratulate R. O. I. Borradaile on being chosen to play cricket for Oxford against Cambridge, and regret that examinations prevented him from actually playing.

We have much enjoyed visits from G. R. Y. Radcliffe, R. O. I. Borradaile, D. O'R. Dickey, F. G. Overbury, L.A. Wilson, C. I. A. Bile and P. N. Ray.

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The Editor would be grateful for any more information of Old Grantites

NOTICES.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, Fernie Bank, Whitbourne, Nr. Worcester, and written clearly.

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, Dunsop Bridge, near Clitheroe, Lancs.

Back numbers (from 1939₂ to present day) may be obtained from the Editor, price 1s.

The Editor is NOT responsible for any opinions expressed by contributors. The Editor would welcome contributions from any Old Grantites.

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE GRANTITE"

Fernie Bank, Whitbourne, nr. Worcester

TEL. KNIGHTWICK 236

July 14th

Dear Mr. Tanner,

I enclose a copy of
this term's granite for
you.

I must thank you very
much for your letter - the
first contribution by an
ow to the "granite" for the
2 years I have been
associated with it!

Dr. Radcliffe was down
here the other week-end,
and was very well.

Yours sincerely,

Edward Furston.
Easton.