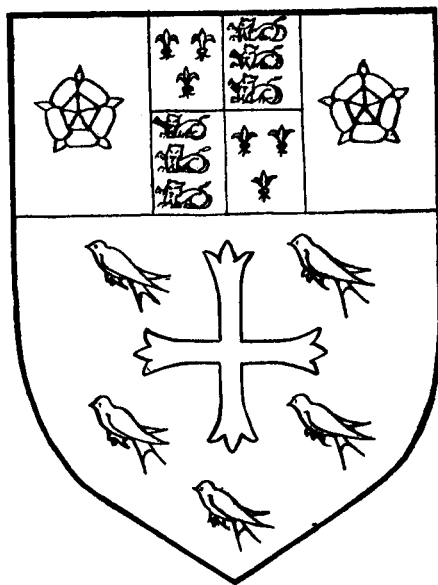


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# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,  
1947.

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VOLUME XIX. No. 7.

200TH EDITION.

#### EDITORIAL.

It is indeed with a faltering hand that I pick up my pen to write the Editorial for the 200th Edition of the *Grantite Review*. But qualms or no qualms it must be done. I have no reason to boast about this, for I have done nothing to make this occasion possible, but I have every reason to praise my predecessors, everyone of them, who have, at some time or other, devoted a large amount of time to writing and producing our House magazine which must be one of the oldest in English Public Schools.

A history of the *Grantite* appears elsewhere in this issue, but I do not think that it would be out of place to bring to mind a few facts about the *Grantite*. The first number appeared in March, 1884. It was then a small quarto of four pages, which came out at various times throughout the term—on an average seven times a year. In 1888, it appeared once a term in a form not unlike the present one, except in the thickness of the paper, but owing to a vigorous but short-lived *Rigaudite* contemporary, and also insufficient funds, it came to an end in July, 1891. It was restarted by G. H. G. Scott in March, 1892, and since that date, except for one number, it has had an unbroken career, and its position has steadily improved. Even during evacuation, not one term passed by without a number of the *Grantite* appearing.

This shows indeed what a House magazine can do and how important it is in the life of a House; as a chronicle it is of unique value, and to an Old *Grantite* it serves as a reminder of his public school days, and as a link between him and his old House; although, we admit, the *Grantite* is sometimes not conspicuous for its freshness and originality, it can be said that, especially as some of the old *Grantite* ledgers have been lost, it is a permanent record. "Nascitur exiguus vires acquirit eundo."



## HOUSE NOTES.

In Inner this term are :—J. A. Davidson, W. J. Frampton, F. R. H. Almond and R. A. Lapage.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Chiswicks this term are :—D. L. Almond, R. E. Nagle, H. L. Murray, G. G. Skellington, D. J. Swan, P. C. Pearson, P. S. Michaelson, J. R. B. Smith (boarders) and E. M. Carr-Saunders (half-boarder).

\* \* \* \* \*

The Head of Hall is D. M. V. Blee and the Hall Monitors are D. N. Croft and R. R. Davies.

\* \* \* \* \*

There left us last term :—M. G. Baron and J. M. Chamney. We wish them the best of luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome this term :—K. J. M. Kemp (boarder) and K. J. S. Douglas-Mann (half-boarder).

\* \* \* \* \*

We lost to College 3—1 in the semi-final of Seniors.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to :—M. G. Baron on a Westminster Closed Exhibition to Trinity College, Cambridge.

and to :—F. R. H. Almond on his Pinks.

D. L. Almond and H. L. Murray on their Half-Pinks,

and L. E. Lowe on his Juniors for Football ;

and to :—R. A. Lapage on his Half-Pinks for Boxing ; also on winning his Weight in the quadrangular match at Aldenham.

\* \* \* \* \*

P. C. Pearson is Captain of School Chess.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Lit. Soc. this term we have read :—" Murder on the Second Floor," by Frank Vosper ; " Tony draws a Horse," by Lesley Storm ; " A Damsel in Distress," by Ian Hay and P. G. Wodehouse ; " Ten Minute Alibi," by Antony Armstrong ; " The Bird in Hand," by John Drinkwater ; and " Laburnum Grove," by J. B. Priestley.

## CAVALCADE.

The *Grantite Review* was founded in March, 1884, by the Rev. C. Erskine, then "a little boy in Hall." It soon won recognition and the "leader" in the second number was written by the Head of House, M. H. M. T. Pigott. It was edited by its founder until he became Head of House in 1886 when the editorship was taken over by C. T. G. Powell and H. G. Lambert. We have unfortunately no copies left of the first issue and there cannot have been many, for in the October number of the same year (1884) we read ". . . we are sorry to inform our readers that there are no copies now remaining of No. 1." So before we continue further, some extracts from No. 2. of the *Grantite* might be interesting.

In the Editorial we read ". . . The Editor takes this opportunity of thanking his many supporters at this critical time. Our first number was generally pronounced a success, and we can only hope that this will equally meet with everybody's approval. . . . We wish to give notice that stories, serial and otherwise, will not, as a rule, be inserted. . ." and now one of the first letters, if not the first :—

"Sir.—I am by nature vain and fond of being looked at as much as possible; why then should I be removed from Hall directly Abbey begins, so that half the boys 'up Grant's' do not see me? Hoping my desires may be accomplished.

I remain, etc.,

## MORNING STANDARD.

In the same number, in answer to a letter from an Old *Grantite*, the Editor sets forth his policy, ". . . The *Grantite* is to come out eight times a year . . . annual subscription half-a-crown . . . cannot illustrate it . . ."

But to continue: in the November number, 1886 (Vol. II, No. 1) we read . . .

"Among the numerous school newspapers that former generations have seen, no one has lasted so long as the *Grantite*, except of course, *The Elizabethan* . . ." this after two and a half years' existence!

Then in the December number, 1887, ". . . it is hoped that our readers will remember that without the support of Grant's, the *Grantite Review* cannot hope to continue. . . . The House is its origin and its subject . . . let its chief supporters ever be found within it." A cry which has been re-echoed by nearly all Editors since then.

In February, 1888, with the commencement of the third volume, the change in form was made: the size of the pages was decreased and the number of the pages increased from 4 to 12; from that time too, the Head of House has been "ex-officio" editor. In March of the same year began one of the most learned series of articles which the *Grantite Review* has ever published, an elaborate account of Westminster Head Masters. They were written by the founder of the magazine under the pseudonym of Corroriel and they reveal a wealth of knowledge and information.

During 1891, the *Grantite* seems to have fallen on evil days. The *Rigaudite Review*, though it lasted but two numbers, apparently dealt it a pretty serious blow. "Never," we read, "has our struggling and hapless *Review* received such a violent and unprovoked attack as that which our upstart friend next door has just published. . . . It has grown so weak, that we, the Editors, think it would be better if it went down into the dust of death."

But the *Grantite Review* was not dead but sleeping. In March, 1892, ". . . The Review has once more risen from its ashes . . . if past and present Grantites be willing to support it, it will have an honourable career." And from then its career has been honourable.

The Editors must have found it difficult to keep up much variety in the magazine and in the Play Term number, 1899, they apologise in the words

of the needy knifegrinder, "Story? God bless you, I have none to tell, sir." So it continues from term to term, with the Editorial, House Notes, Sports News, and Correspondence filling up nearly all its 12 pages.

Two references in the 1907 numbers may prove interesting. In the Lent Term we read how E. D. Adrian (now *Professor E. D. Adrian, O.M.*) won the Pancake Greaze; and in the next term's number we see that "A. C. Boulton (now *Sir Adrian Boulton*) is to be congratulated on his success in coaching the House Choir . . . it might also be pointed out that under his captaincy the House has won three cups—the drilling, the shooting and the singing." This was the first time that the "Erskine" cup was awarded.

Throughout the following terms there appear in nearly each issue a wise and learned series of articles on Westminster, with special reference to Grant's, by Mr. L. E. Tanner.

In 1911 we read how Grant's won both the football and cricket shields: "with a fine disregard for the minor events, Grant's made straight for the chief prizes of the year."

War!! In the Play Term, 1914, half the magazine is devoted to a list of serving Old Grantites, who number about 200. For the next four years news of the war and obituary notices take up many of the pages: The O.T.C. is given special prominence. In one of these issues there is a letter recalling that the first V.C. awarded posthumously had been given to an Old Grantite, W. G. H. Bankes, who died of wounds in the Indian Mutiny. It is also interesting to note here that it was an Old Grantite, Dr. A. Martin Leake, who was the first man to receive a bar to his V.C., having gained his original reward in the Boer War and the bar in 1915.

At last in the Play Term number, 1918, we read ". . . the greatest war in history is over . . . those who are gone did not fail the world: let us not fail it either." We might re-echo these words at the present time.

In the Election Term number, 1920, the Installation of the Knights of the Bath is recorded. ". . . The King's Scholars were admitted into the Abbey . . . the School O.T.C. formed a bodyguard . . . the brilliant scarlet robes, the ribbons, and the cocked hats, made a wonderful blaze of gay colours . . . the King in naval uniform with two pages . . ." It must have been a most impressive and spectacular ceremony.

Then in Play Term, 1925, comes a most important editorial. Based on a letter signed, "Chocolate and Blue," it proposes the formation of a Grantite Club, ". . . which will be a definite link between Present and Old Grantites . . . every Grantite would join it as a matter of course." The idea it taken up and received with much applause, and in the next term's number we read that ". . . the first dinner of the Club took place at the Florence Restaurant, Rupert Street, on March 27th, 1926, at 8.15 p.m. . . . it was generally voted a great success and a happy auspice for the club's future." There can be no doubt that the Club has become more successful than could be imagined at that time.

But to continue. In 1930, a literary supplement appears: this was given up after a year or two but it formed a basis for the fiction which has appeared in our magazine since then.

In the Lent Term number, 1935, the Royal Wedding of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent has a special place in the *Grantite*. It seems to have been a most beautiful spectacle. In the following Play Term, the death of King George V is recorded in a very moving obituary.

And so we move on through the accession and abdication of King Edward VIII and the coronation of their Majesties King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, with references to their visit to the Latin Play in 1937, till we come to our evacuation. And here we are reprinting an article by the House Master which appeared in the Election Term, 1942, and which illustrates how the House and the *Grantite* existed during those critical years. We do not think it necessary to continue the cavalcade beyond those years for they are still recent and fresh in our memory.

## 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 Westminster, 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."

#### FROST AND FUEL.

Editor (1947) referred back to Editor (1895) to get some line on the Great Frost of that year; the relevant numbers were found to be missing and so he drew a blank. But Editor (1947) may himself be held responsible in a future year for such a contribution to History from his paper, and so . . .

The fact is that London, though lightly affected in comparison with some parts of the country, has experienced continuous ice and snow for almost all this term and that only now, well into March, is frost being rapidly converted to flood. Superimposed on, but by no means entirely due to, these unavoidable difficulties has come the catastrophe of insufficient supplies for the demands on coal and electricity and the consequent restrictions of power for domestic services and industry.

How did we get on at Westminster in all this? Well, normal sporting activities were largely paralysed. No School football matches were possible, though games of snow-football were played with vigour in Green and up Fields and the programme of Seniors carried through as a preferable alternative to cancelling it; as described elsewhere, this brought out the lesson so dearly learned by many a tactician that "Operation A" cannot always be conducted on the same lines as "Exercise A" when conditions run abnormally! The Sports, which should have been well under way by now, have been entirely held up, though training runs have extended to the Royal Parks; their future remains in the balance depending on the course of frost and thaw. Rowing, indeed, has proceeded painfully but philosophically through the blizzards, though even it had to call it off for one day owing to the freezing of the boathouse water pipes. Fencers and boxers have been happily unaffected, though the latter had to travel to their match at Aldenham under nightmare conditions of icy roads.

On the credit side, however, "winter sports" have had a good run. The high spot was that most infrequent pleasure of skating on the St. James' Park lake, but on a lower plane came a succession of efficient slides in the houseyard, the building of an igloo there, and, of course, a spate of snowballing, both organised up Fields and unorganised anywhere else. Londoners, no doubt, missed the best of the snow scenery, particularly that of the "silver thaw," but all the same there were two or three mornings after a night of



fresh snow when the Abbey and its precincts looked unbelievably lovely ; if only fresh snow had not always meant the need once more to clear fresh paths across Yard before school and to unblock the drain on the roof again before water started to pour through the ceiling of Inner!

The impact of the Government's curtailment of all electricity for five hours in the day caught us in rather the same way as the early black-out . . . forgetfulness and reminders and, of course, jealously noticing one's neighbour's omissions while hoping that ours went unnoticed! Remarkably soon we took it all in our stride, though we were very fortunate in that we depended on electricity so little for heating and not at all for cooking. Gas was generally reduced, but for two hectic days the lessened pressure was defeated by water condensing and freezing in the gas pipes. Until the experts came to clear this obstruction meals here had to be cooked under difficulties that included grilling herrings over upturned electric fires and conveying the whole of lunch across Yard to be cooked in the ovens at the bottom of Ashburnham last used by the Churchill Club ; the difficulties were overcome, and hats off to the domestic staff who added this to their many previous war-time laurels. Food supplies became short, especially in regard to vegetables (for the first time we were reduced to a potato-less day), but our suppliers were most faithful—and not least the milkman who had to be helped with his trolley over frozen Yard, fell down the back steps under a cascade of milk bottles (only one of which broke) and finally took to towing his crates over the ice like sledges!

But, all things considered, we must count ourselves lucky in that we were never without the "solid fuel" (as we are officially taught to call it) to maintain heating in the formrooms and to keep up hot water supplies. Inability to have the light during prohibited hours made it not always easy to read in School, but one seemed quickly to adapt oneself to a more catlike standard of vision. It was in Abbey sometimes that the darkness struck one, but comment was made as to how the School rose to the occasion and showed that it could say and sing the services virtually "unseen." The reader alone had the benefit of a torch—indeed on the first of these days of a (very) guttering candle held in one hand!

Each morning there was likely to be the odd absentee from Abbey, reporting his arrival sooner or later with a triumphant freedom from guilt or responsibility ; iced points, failure of power on the line, and so on. And as frequently the same absentees would appear once more in time for Abbey, equally triumphant now that their particular transport had got them through—a pretty loyalty to, say, the Southern Railway.

But one thing 1895 never had ; the radio. Never could it listen to the official announcement of the thaw while the blizzard raged outside the window! Nor could it hear those stirring words : "England has been cut in two . . . there are no roads open between the North and South."

## THE PLAY SUPPER.

Last term's Play Supper will always be remembered by those who took part in it. To begin with, it was the first time that all the Half-Boarders came to it ; secondly, after we had all eaten our fill of turkey, Christmas pudding, and the etceteras, which were just as filling as the main courses, another precedent was set by the Half-Boarders, who walked the mantelpiece. Then, to crown everything, the Old Boys present who had not walked the mantelpiece because they had been at school during the evacuation, decided to be initiated, and they, too, followed amid great applause by Mr. Carleton, went across, to be ably received at the other end by M. L. Patterson (Head of House 1937-1938). After this great feat of courage, we adjourned for a quarter of an hour, to reassemble in Hall for the Sing Song. This went with a swing, Inner and Chiswicks performing as usual. The New Boys all sang well, "One Meat Ball," being rendered with especial verve.

Then to partake of those very welcome cool drinks and chocolate biscuits, and so to the dormitories for the last time that term.

## THE GREAZE.

On looking through some old *Grantites*, I came across this note in the number for March, 1885 :

"The Pancake greaze this year was conducted in a somewhat unusual manner. Instead of all or nearly all the boys joining in it, one boy was chosen from each form ; all those thus chosen stood in a row at the end of the school-room ready to run and catch or touch the pancake when thrown ; the first to touch it being considered the winner of the guinea." Nowadays we may not have quite as many taking part as prior to 1885, but the greaze is a greaze and not a ten yards' race as it evidently was then.

This year was no exception, and the fight, if not exactly long, was arduous. As usual it took place Up School but this time, unlike last, a School which if still a sorry edition of its former self had at least the skeleton if not the asbestos of a temporary roof. It was indeed symbolic of the state of things : the aftermath of war remained but Westminster was pulling up to her former condition.

School ended at 10.45 and at 11.00 the procession came Up School to be greeted not only by the usual bevy of Press and amateur cameras but also by the B.B.C., who made an excellent recorded commentary which we heard broadcast in the European service that evening. Precautions were taken to stop the greaze if the "bait" fell too near the scaffolding. This was unnecessary, however, as the throw was a good one and the pancake landed in the centre. Nevertheless the Captain of the School had to try to pit his might against the combined strength of seventeen in an attempt to keep the heap away from the posts round the edge.

After two minutes the Head Master blew a whistle and the competitors picked themselves and their bits of pancake up. After some hesitation as to whether B. Tilson or G. Smith had won, scales were produced and the latter pronounced the winner. There was no lack of cheering this year and the function was characterised by the enthusiasm of both competitors and spectators. If it continues to take place as it did this time there need be no doubts as to its popularity or success in the future, especially as the Dean asked for a late play to be given to the school in honour of the occasion!

R. E. N.

## FOOTBALL.

Mother Nature has succeeded in making this term a wash-out as far as football is concerned. Not only were all the school matches cancelled, but the Seniors matches were played in conditions which were more suited to ice hockey than to football. It was impossible to play at Grove Park, so that the old 1st XI ground up Fields had to be used for the House matches. The state of this pitch is poor even in good weather, being covered with large tufts of grass, and when there is ice and snow on the ground, it is almost impossible to play football.

FIRST ROUND OF SENIORS.—Grant's, 1. King's Scholars, 3

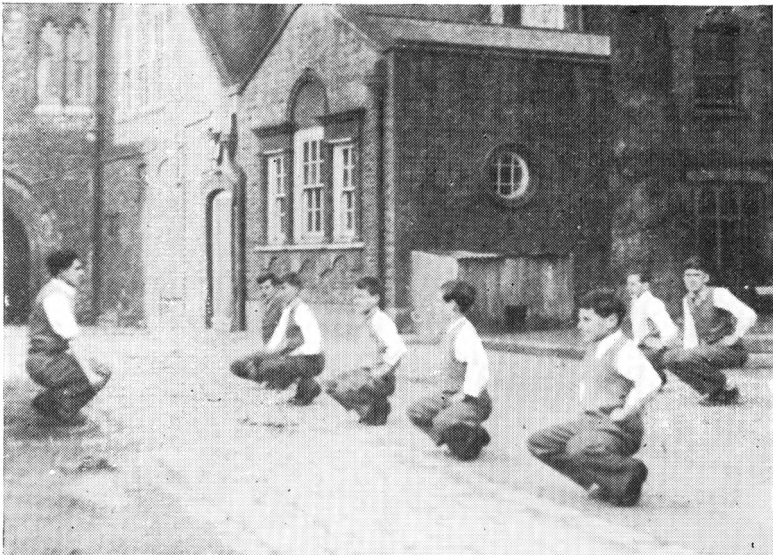
This match was played up Fields on Saturday, February 8th. Grant's won the toss and elected to play towards the "Vauxhall" end. The ground was covered by a layer of trodden-down snow which made it very slippery. Neither side was at its strongest, 'flu having taken toll of some of the would-be players.

The game in the first half was even, neither side taking advantage of the corners which were given away. After ten minutes, however, the King's Scholars broke away and Barratt scored after a partial clearance by Davidson. Grant's now came back to the attack, and a good shot was well saved by Charlesworth.

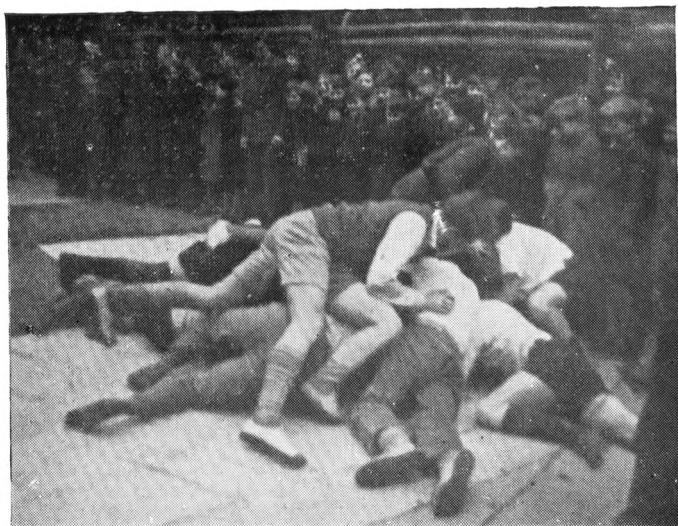
Soon after that, however, Grant's were on equal terms again when Almond, F., scored from close range after a good centre by Lapage who had come up to reinforce the attack. The King's Scholars now pressed hard, and Grant's were forced to concede two corners which, however, were well cleared. Grant's came back to the attack and Smith put Almond, F. through but the shot went high. The King's Scholars came back and Chambers put in a long shot which Davidson could not get to. This made the score 2—1 in the King's Scholars favour. Soon after this the whistle blew for the interval.



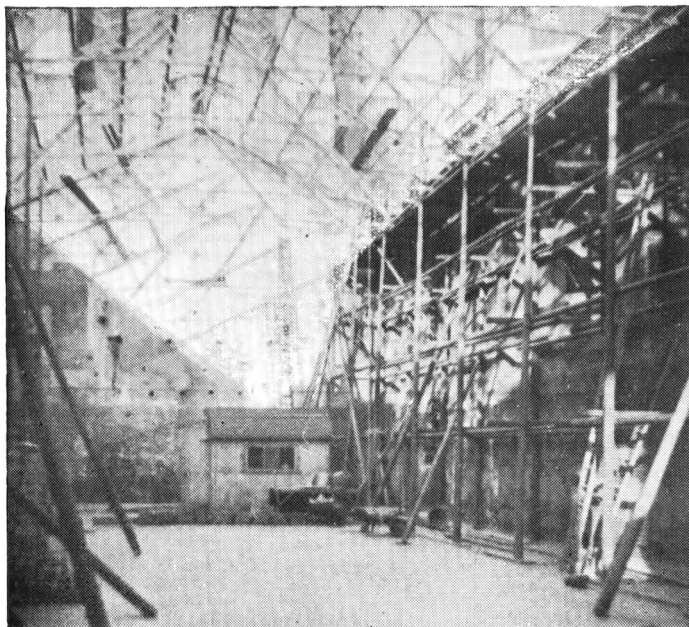
UP FIELDS BEFORE THE KICK-OFF IN SENIORS v. KING'S SCHOLARS (*Grant's in colours*).



A GRANT'S SQUAD DOING P.T.



THE GREAZE.



THE TEMPORARY ROOF UP SCHOOL NEARING COMPLETION.

Up to now the Grantite forwards had been combining well. Unfortunately on this type of ground the short passes, which were being made with reasonable accuracy, were not effective enough. Grant's were on the whole a bit slow on to the ball and were hesitant in front of goal. Our opponents, on the other hand, had adopted the kick-and-run game, which, although it made them look occasionally dangerous, did not worry our backs who stood up well to the attack.

On the resumption of play, Grant's made very determined attacks on their opponents' goal and the King's Scholars were penned in their half for long periods, but we became more and more hesitant in front of goal with the result that although we had many opportunities, no equalising goal was forthcoming. Our opponents made a few dashes up the field and from one of these, Lowe (J.), scored a lucky goal to bring the score to 3—1. Play now degenerated into rugby rather than football, and several free-kicks were awarded to both sides. From one awarded against Grant's Law very nearly scored, but Davidson punched it well away. At last the final whistle blew, bringing to an end this sad state of affairs.

Grant's were, I feel, the better team, but it was unfortunate that the ground in that condition did not suit our style of playing.

Team :—J. A. Davidson ; G. G. Skellington, H. L. Murray ; R. A. Lapage, G. N. P. Lee, W. J. Frampton ; P. S. Michaelson, D. L. Almond, L. E. Lowe, J. R. B. Smith, F. R. H. Almond (captain).

In the League Football, however, we had more success. Although the two final rounds which had been planned for this term could not be finished, Grant's "A" team were leading by a clear margin with only two more matches to play. From this it can be seen that we have a nucleus of good young players who, although most of our senior footballers will be leaving before next season, will be able to uphold the tradition of Grant's in years to come and to regain the shield.

It was, indeed, with a heavy heart that we shouted out the shield to Busby's, who have won it for the first time in their history, but we feel sure that it will be hanging up again in our Dining Hall before long. F. R. H. A.

## BOXING.

The first school Championships since our return to London were held in the Gymnasium on Monday, February 29th. There were four Grantite representatives boxing, two of whom won their weight championships, A. J. Allan winning the light weight and R. A. Lapage the middle weight.

Allan beat J. M. Johnston-Noad of Home Boarders. This was a very hard fight, both competitors showing great keenness. Allan is a promising boxer and should be useful to the School.

The final bout of the Welter weights was between F. R. H. Almond, of Grant's, and R. W. Beard, of Busby's. Beard had the advantage of a longer reach and also had more experience in ring craft. However, Almond carried the fight to him and it was only after a very evenly contested bout that Beard emerged as winner.

In the Middle weight Grant's had two representatives, D. L. Almond and R. A. Lapage. Almond, although not a regular boxer, put up a very plucky show against R. G. Anderson, of Busby's, who, however, defeated him. But in the finals Lapage beat Anderson.

There was a large attendance to watch these bouts and the gym was crowded with enthusiastic spectators. I feel, however, that it would be very encouraging to see more people inside the ring thus giving the school a better chance to justify itself fully against other schools.

Allan and Lapage were both chosen to box for the school in the Quadrangular match at Aldenham (the two other schools which competed being Felsted and Berkhamsted). But unfortunately Allan had to drop out at the last moment because he was in quarantine. It was the first time since the war that the school had competed against other schools, and we may say that we did not disgrace ourselves for we won two of the weights and were placed third in the final order.

R. A. L.

PRE-WAR FICTION.

Below we reprint three articles from previous *Grantiles*, two from the number of Election Term, 1938, and one from that of Play Term, 1938. We feel that they illustrate very clearly what school life might have been like at that time, and also depict those two typical Westminster characters, Oylley and Crumpet; not only typical of boys before the war, but typical in some ways of their modern counterparts, some of whom they resemble very closely.

OYLLEY'S FIRST DAY.

"Look here, old man—just run upstairs with this message for Colonel Newton." The youth thus addressed was a small, pink half-boarder, new that term, enveloped in a massive, crinkled Eton collar. With a look of dismay he took the folded paper and strode self-consciously to the door.

He wandered up School and through the monitor's doorway. He knocked at a form room.

"Hullo, come in . . . Colonel Newton? Good show—yes upstairs, second on the right. Decent. Right ho!"

The lad carefully closed the door behind him, took a deep breath—and forgot his instructions. He knocked at another door.

"Come in, come, my boy—and what errand are you on my worthy lad? . . . Looking for the Colonel, Oho!" Here the master paused and our hero had time to catch a glimpse of exotic purple socks protruding from underneath the desk. Suddenly he was startled by an angry exclamation as the master bent over some papers.—"Oy, the bestial ghastliness of some of these Rigaudites—un, deux, trois, quatre points—à refaire deux fois." The master looked up.

Still here? . . . Well, your name?

"Oylley, please sir—"

"Oylley; O-I-LI—what! How do you spell it, my boy?"

"O-YLL-E-Y. Please, sir—"

"Ah yes, I see, well I hope I shall have the pleasure of teaching so eminently worthy a boy as yourself in the near future."

"Yes, sir."

The embarrassed wanderer shut the door accompanied by shrieks of laughter from the whole form. In a panic he ran along the stone corridor and accidentally bumped into a door.

"Who is it, enter mon miserable. Your quest?"

"P-p-please sir, is Colonel Newton in here?"

The master performed a complicated pantomime of looking under his chair and in his desk. Derisive giggles came from the form.

"I don't see him anywhere, my ugly piece of meat—goodbye, . . . Oh, ho, m'sieur lobster, what's your name?"

"Oylley, sir."

"Oylley—well now it's the 'oylley' bird that catches the worm allez-vite. Ha! Ha!"

Once again our hero found himself the object of amusement for twenty or more boys. Outside he paused, trying to collect his scattered wits—then he climbed upstairs, wondering whether perhaps the Colonel had ceased to exist. While in this reverie he had not noticed an ecclesiastical figure bearing down on him.

"Yus, yus," it buzzed. "What can I do for 'ou?" Oylley was fascinated by this melancholy, sing-song voice. "The Colonel? . . . straight along the corridor, good, good." The figure beamed a benevolent smile and passed on.

Unnerved by this ordeal, Oylley burst into the first form room he came to, and was greeted by a pleasant Canadian burr . . .

— “ Also, although you may not believe it, two and two *do* make four,” the voice was saying. “ D’you see that—now please tell me if you don’t, I’m here to teach you—oh! what can I do for you ?

“ Do you know where Colonel Newton is, please sir ? ”

“ No, I’m a new boy like you, still trying to learn the names. I believe he’s next door, s’t that right anyone ? . . . don’t *all* speak at once, please,” he added ironically.

Oylley ran precipitately from the room, and there, staring him straight in his round, frightened, eyes was a card saying—Colonel Newton. What joy! A look of indescribable relief shone from his face as he opened the door.

“ Hey! young man—God bless my soul, don’t you know how to come into a formroom yet ! ”

The youth hastily went outside again, knocked and entered.

“ A m-m-message for you from Mr. Nebett.”

“ Why, man alive! I got that message half an hour ago ; they’re all looking for you, ha! that reminds me of the story of an old woman who— ”

Oylley left the room while this form sat in rapt attention, waiting for the signal at the end of the story, when as one man they would guffaw hilariously (it didn’t matter if they had heard it before) and try to keep the joke going until the end of the period. With a real sense of achievement, not unmingled with experience—the small half-boarder, now pinker than ever, wearily plodded back to his form-room and “ the gerundive attraction.”

#### THURSDAY THE TWELFTH.

Crumpet’s tails were green—not a violent green, mind you, but a sort of mellow mouldering green which showed when the sun shone on them. When the preacher in Abbey mentioned “ Your ancient foundation ” every-one who was attending the service involuntarily thought of Crumpet’s tails. But as well as this phenomenon Crumpet was noteworthy for something else, and it is that that I really want to tell you about to-day.

There were people who told curious stories about his ancestry, and others who said that he dabbled in the black arts, and perhaps these things had something to do with that strange charm, hoodoo, occult destiny, or fate, that oppressed him so during his years at Westminster. He had discovered that he invariably got a drill on the twelfth of every month. Of course he got other drills as well, indeed it wasn’t often that he *didn’t* get a drill, but that doesn’t concern us now.

At first he didn’t notice the clockwork regularity with which he got them, then he noticed it, but put it down to mere coincidence, but after about a year or so he began to look forward with increasing horror as the twelfth of each month drew near.

One wet summer’s day he was sitting in his form room working (or should I say *looking*) at an elementary Greek Prose, when a thought struck him. A number of thoughts had struck him that afternoon—it was a very hard Greek Prose anyway, and Greek wasn’t his strong subject—but none so awful as this one. “ Was it, or was it not the dreaded twelfth ? ” “ He didn’t know the answer, and he had lost his diary, so spent the remaining minutes of the period still gazing at the desk before him. Then the bell rang, and his form moved down the stairs to a lower room for French. “ I say, look here, what’s the date,” he managed to shout while being propelled down the stone steps at a rate twice as fast as gravity. Nobody answered, all was silent except for the shouting and cackling of fifty boys, punctuated by stamping of feet, and the crash of dropped geometry boxes which burst as they fell.

Into form again, the last period. The master in charge was endeavouring to translate for the boys, who were all taking copious notes—all save one.

“ Was it, or was it NOT the twelfth of June ? ” Crumpet got out some quatern. What was the last date he remembered ? Ah, his sister’s birthday the 29th of the preceding month, was a Tuesday, therefore 29 from 31 is 2 and Monday, Tuesday, add another week, the 13th. Hurrah ! . . . But wait : had June 31 days ? No, thirty it was. To-day was the twelfth.

Then the bell rang. The last period was over, he’d broken it ! The curse was shattered, no more need he dread the impending twelfths.

A heavy hand fell on his shoulder. “ So that, my boy,” said the French master, gazing at the jumble of figures, “ is your idea of notes. Very well,” that deep, booming note, so familiar and so dreaded among the lower forms, “ You think I stand up there and talk for nothing ! Go on drill ! ! ! ”

### MORE CRUMPET.

Brrrr—ing, Brrrr—ing, Burr—! “ Bother,” sighed Crumpet, as he stretched an experienced arm from his bed and hurled the offending alarm clock through the window. “ Blow,” cursed Crumpet, as he heard the tinkle of breaking glass, and remembered, too late, that the window was shut.

“ Oh, dear,” moaned Crumpet, weakly, as he heard a brilliant flow of vocabulary and realised that his father had been gardening beneath the (now) open window.

“ Great jumping marmedukes,” cried Crumpet, quoting a purple passage from the aforesaid flow of vocabulary as his sister, turning on her bath water, made the room shake excruciatingly from corner to corner.

Abandoning an unequal contest, Crumpet rose from his couch, yawned like an irritated hippopotamus, trod on his hat, opened it out again like a concertina, noticed the clock, blinked, looked again, and could be seen simultaneously, or so it seemed, leaving the house.

In truth, Crumpet had in those few seconds got through his only work of the day, viz.—dressed, eaten his breakfast and noticed what was last night’s prep.

Arriving at the station, he saw, as usual, the receding end of the Surbiton—Charing X train. Being used to this daily trick of fate, he resignedly sat down on the nearest penny-slot machine as was his habit. Suddenly Crumpet sensed in the atmosphere (he was a sensitive boy) a certain embarrassment among his fellow travellers that was causing ripples of laughter to run down the platform. He, Crumpet, although he had spent one whole minute in arranging his tie, had set out into the great wide world without that indispensable garment—trousers.

By nine o’clock, Crumpet, after two more false starts, one, when he forgot his prep, and two, when he forgot his prep., was sitting in a taxi bound for Westminster.

At 9.55 (Big Ben) Crumpet sailed into Yard trying to look cool, calm and collected. It was difficult, though, as he could think of no excuse, all his favourite ones being worn thin. With a forced smile he crawled to his classroom, remembering on the way that he had left his prep. in the taxi.

“ Knock,” no answer. “ Knock,” no answer. For five minutes he knocked alternately “ forte ” and “ piano.” Cautiously he opened the doors.—Bob’s yer Uncle!!! The room was empty.

Q. Why was the room empty? Who murdered the old ape man? And why—

Inspector Hornleigh : One at a time please—



It seems to me that either :

- (a) A great plague had forced the school to flee to Chiswick.
- (b) The Queen of the Fairies.
- (c) The eternal Quadruped.
- (d) The Slasher.

Crumpet needed no Inspector Hornleigh. As his expiring body fell to the floor he realised at last that it was SUNDAY.

## POST-WAR FICTION.

### DINNER FOR THREE.

#### AN UNWORTHY TRIBUTE TO A GREAT MAN.

No guy ever asks me why do I think Mindy's is the best joint on Fifth Avenue, but if they ask I will state that it is a good quiet splot, which is not to state there is no hoohaing or blundabbering on any occasion, but that when it occurs it is good humoured and gentlemanly like throwing bottles, and that no guy ever draws his Betsie there ; and I wish to state that if there is one thing I dislike more than sitting on a gum park, it is to have my nerves and digestion disturbed while I eat. So you will understand how I am rudely shaken one night in Mindy's to hear a guy and a dame batting away at each other at such an early hour that it is only to-morrow by the thickness of a deuce of trumps.

I look up much displeased and I latch on a guy who I afterwards find out to be called Dick the Dentist, on account of the way he extracts teeth of guys who have things on their minds and do not tell them, and with him is a Patsie, who they tell me later is named Vegetable Violet, because there is nothing she look like so much as a tomato for a face, two pumpkins for a body and vegetable marrows for arms and legs.

And you will think to see her that she can pack a hefty hook, and furthermore you will be right, for when the balloo get real hot and Vegetable Violet whams Dick the Dentist a neat one on the smacker, there is a loud crack, like teeth breaking, and Dick the Dentist goes out as swift as a poogey, which is a debtor, who tries the old tick-tack at Mac's wine stores on 22nd Street—and that is generally considered swifter than it is comfortable.

Vegetable Violet leaves Dick the Dentist lying on the floor and is stamping out, haughty as a dromedary, when suddenly she seems overwhelmed by recent occurrences and she breaks out hollering so loud the glasses on the tables rattle and my Hamburger is jumping slowly off my plate, for she is standing right by my table, and the next thing I know is her legs seem to collapse and she pancakes into the nearest seat, which is at my table, cross pan opposite me.

She pulls out a nose nappy, which most folks would consider too small even for a tailor's label, and she sniffs, and says " Scuse me " and sniffs again and says " Par' me." The third time she sniffs she says " Please will you order " and she sniffs once more and adds " an Everest Egg Flip," which is so-called because it sets a guy up higher than Hammany Posies and furthermore no one ever finds out the whole truth about it.

There is nothing I can do, it seems, but order what Vegetable Violet asks, and the same for me to keep her company. But what she asks does not stop at an Everest, but includes several steaks with murphies and rockles, which some call Brussels Sprouts, and a few Hamburgers and one or two more dainties not worth mentioning, like a haricot pie and a stuffed marrow and other things.

Now Vegetable Violet is hardly served with these small shakes when Dick the Dentist, who picks himself off the floor and takes a wash and brush up (ten cents), comes back struck, it seems, by remorse and pangs of true love

for Vegetable Violet, and starts to put across some sappy dope, as corny as a field of cobs.

"Violet, my angel one," he says, "I am wrong, I admit, to say what I just say, and I wish to state here and now that I no longer associate myself with that unfortunate gab. I am ready," he says, taking her hand in his, "to start our acquaintance again, clean and fresh, like my new Oldsmobile which I buy only yesterday, and I am waiting only for you to say you forgive me before I sit down and we eat that meal together that is cooked up just now. Through my own fault entirely," he adds in haste.

Vegetable Violet seems as moved as a motor in a bog, but she forgives him, she says, and he is to sit beside her and hold her hand, till she needs it for chewing the meat off her chicken bone.

Well, just then Dick the Dentist calls Joe, Mindy's jerk, and he says, "Take a stock at what my Miss Violet orders and bring me the same. For when it comes to choosing food, we agree like a B-29 and a Super Fort." So the food is brought and Vegetable Violet and Dick the Dentist stare lovingly in each others eyes and chew their food, till they make one wonder if old Macdonald's prize cow is still pining for her calf down on his farm in Ohio.

Then Dick the Dentist will murmur some amorous words and call Vegetable Violet his honey sweetie pie, and she, thinking of her favourite food, will call him her heart's own haggis and they continue thus till the sacrilege to these delicacies causes me to stop eating myself till my stomach quiets down once more.

Meanwhile, Dick the Dentist and Vegetable Violet eat and eat, and mumber and mumber, and goggle and goggle. When at last they finish eating and mummering and goggling they get up without a word to me and walk hand in hand through the door. I am not so depressed as the barometer in Iceland to see them hoik it, and in fact I am as pleased as a mouse in a Martini, until Joe the Jerk brings my check which reads "Dinner for 3 . . . 20 dollars, 18 cents."

It is some months later, when that hokey dinner for three mostly slips my mind, that I am dining in Dandy's Detroit Dive, which is owned by a guy named Joseph L. Buttershugel, who comes from Washington, though I do not deny it is a Dive. The reason I am dining in Dandy's is because Mindy's is having a spring cleaning. Every spring Mindy has a cleaning of his joint, but, as he stated, we do not have a spring you may call a real spring these last fifteen years.

So I am eating in Dandy's, and am enjoying the peace and quiet of folks taking their scrabble seriously, when I am suddenly rudely shaken to hear a guy and a dame battling away at each other. When I look up, who do I see but Dick the Dentist and Vegetable Violet performing a repeat, so accurate that when Vegetable Violet whams Dick the Dentist, she bursts into tears, pancakes at my table, and asks between sniffs for an Everest Egg Flip.

The way I see it, I once float no mean crate of coconuts on these parties and I consider I am therefore on the rut to find out what is the cause of all this cocoon, but when I say "Will you tell me, Veggie, what it is that chaws your marrow thus sorely," she stops howling and looks up at me. I hardly have time to notice she seems knocked back to see me, when she stands up and shouts, "Shucks! We play this sucker before, Dick." And with that Vegetable Violet and Dick the Dentist, who recovers from his kayo very suddenly and in a most mysterious way make room for air so fast they forget to open the door, which falls in pieces on the sidewalk, and when I reach it after them, they are gone right out of sight round the block, and they are never seen in New York since, which makes me sore in one way, I admit, as I never have the chance to fly them for that dinner for three at Mindy's.

B. G. A.

## FUEDEL CRISIS.

The date was February 10th, 1147, Sir Robert was seated at his study desk in his ancestral castle, Whyte Halle. The study was warm and his fire well piled as befitted a Minister of Fuel. His servant knocked at the door.

"Come in," cried Sir Robert, "What news? Is the King pleased with my treatment of the fuel shortage?"

"No, Sir—I mean, yes, Sir, but, please, Sir, we haven't much fuel left and my old woman is ravin' 'cause there ain't enough to turn the spit for the Sunday oxes—I mean oxen, Sir—and she does so like one for herself like as usual."

"Well then, you must hew down five more trees and use them. You can get the serfs to do the work."

"There ain't no more forest to cut down," replied the servant.

"What, are you sure? Well, suppose you go and borrow some from old William in the next manor."

"Oh, Sir, I don't know whether I'd as best do that; last time I took away that plank across a stream, I saw it was nice and damp and I knew he wouldn't mind, but it turned out to be a bridge he'd made all by himself without any help and he was ever so furious."

"Well, my good man, you mustn't be put off by these trifles. Just think of me, the last time we had a little row."

"Yes, Sir, that was the only time we've ever been forced to pull up the drawbridge, I remember. You didn't 'alf say some awful things when I tried to coax that arrow out of your—well, Sir, I'd best be going. I'll do my best."

The servant hurried off and Sir Robert settled down in a nice chair with a copy of Bede's "Mistourie of ye Midlande Marshye." He was just at the exciting bit when there was a flutter of wings and a carrier pigeon dropped down in front of him. He read the message: it said . . . "Frum Aigent 17. Vewed frum ye hite of ye hihgest trea ye situashun is tres atrocieusement. Le bois est tres empti. Ye barrun hier uses five treases a daie. His casis veri ergunt."

He mopped his brow which was sweating from the effort of reading the message. "I must give my agents spelling lessons," he thought, "and teach them not to use Latin or French. I must find an English teacher. Oh, dear! I suppose this means there will have to be more cuts."

He had just taken down an exquisite handbound, hand-written, copy of that year's "Who's Who" from the shelf when another pigeon came down to rest at his feet. This message said "This case very urgent. Why not try that ration book idea with those parchment books which you can mark off after each assignment of logs has been issued? The baron here uses five trees on weekdays and ten on Sundays. P.S. about your chilblains. I find pig's fat very good when rubbed in hard and especially . . ."

Sir Robert tossed it into the fire. This agent's messages invariably ended with his ailments and how he might cure them. So he wrote out a neat note on a piece of Basildon Bond Parchment and sent it down to his servant to be copied out a hundred times. The message was terse and to the point. It stated that no one could have a fire or cook between 9 a.m. to 12 noon or 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. and that from now on two trees a day was the specified ration unless there was an invalid in the house or some other deserving case, but that only he could decide what was a good case and which was not. Having thus ensured his own warmth he settled down to Bede's book again.

He had got to where Frothlefrith, the hero, was carrying Hanna Hitchem out of the marsh, closely pursued by Beerwolf, when an agitated thump on the door made him jump. His servant burst in. "Please, Sir, about your message. There are so many complaints and questions—they're coming in two a minute—we can't accommodate the pigeons. The dovecot is full, the grain supply has gone, the roof on the shed has fallen in with the weight. I've arranged the pigeons in queues but they already stretch three times round the castle and out at the far end of the manor. Sir William de Valence is just

eating the last three for entering his manor without permission. Here is the first pigeon . . . ” and the servant opened the door to let it in.

The first pigeon had a note from the Battersea fuel station in London saying that the wind had failed and all the fuel ships coming up the Channel had been blown on to the French coast so that they couldn't possibly meet even this drastic cut. Most of the messages merely stated that there wasn't any forest to burn in that part of England anyway.

The next day he sank back exhausted into a chair. He had answered all the notes. Then he thought that, just before he went to sleep, he would write out a note stating that only he himself and the King and a few other barons could have a fire for the next two hundred years. This would give time for the forests to grow again.

Actually he fell asleep in the middle of writing it and the message on his table read . . . “ No one shall have a fire for the next two hundred years except myself . . . ”

Next morning in the newspaper (*The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*) he read that there was a mass advance on his castle. He wondered why and looked about for his note. He could not find it and grew desperate. Calling for his servant, he found that he had copied it out and circulated it.

When he tried to escape, he found that the castle was already surrounded by the army. The King was trying to get across the moat in a rubber dinghy. So he committed suicide, just like we all hope, perhaps, . . .

#### THE THAW AT LAST—?

One quiet afternoon I was walking on the lawn of a country hotel when suddenly I came upon two small boys who were gossiping together as they hurried back from skating on the canal.

“ Oh, yes! Didn't you know that she acted in *Great Expectations* ? ”

“ Well, I never saw the film but I am told it was very good. ”

“ Yes, she's going to be a great actress and is she beautiful! Isn't it fun to think that she's coming here this afternoon to stay for a week ? ”

I was not concerned. That morning I had gone to Church (for the first time for many weeks, I am ashamed to say) and a chance scrap of conversation like this about an actress was not going to disturb the thoughts of one so pious. After all she was (more than likely) a perfectly ordinary female, just the same as the ones who catch your eye while getting on a bus or “ forget ” to wash the dishes until they happen to be out. Of course I was not interested, I would go and sit in the lounge and meditate on the morning's sermon.

On the way I met one of the small boys gaping (or should I say gasping?) round a corner with his eyes so wide open that I thought I would see his eyelids disappear behind the eyeballs. “ Oh, well! ” I thought, “ if people must be affected in that way of course I shall never be so silly as to become like that, thank goodness! ”

As I wandered unconcernedly into the lounge, to my surprise everyone leapt to their feet; I signalled for them to sit down with a sweep of my hand and took a seat. Everyone turned red, swore under their breath and sat down in the most odd positions.

I soon had my thoughts dwelling pleasantly on the sermon when suddenly I heard a scuffle and, looking up, saw to my surprise that everyone was standing up. I thought this most absurd and could see no reason for this sudden burst of energy until I saw in the doorway a—a well—a—um—um at any rate the actress! I gulped, began to sweat violently and staggered to my feet. She was looking at me and I was paralysed; I stood motionless gaping, with my mouth and eyes wide open and perspiration pouring down my face until she swept through the room into the hall beyond: I watched her till she had disappeared and then grabbed for the chair and luckily fell into it.

Half an hour later I had managed to regain my pious thoughts and had forced my halo back into position. After all she was only an ordinary person, but maybe we had better not talk about that; perhaps it was only the thaw which had been prophesied, certainly the temperature had risen.

## GOLD IN CAMDEN TOWN.

If you had been journeying on a 134 bus on Saturday last at about 11 o'clock, you would have seen three old ladies, each armed with a spade, striking at a large black rock which jutted out of the ground in the front garden of 179, Camden Gardens, N.W.1.

These three old ladies were spinsters who had owned the house for 63 years, yet, until the present fuel crisis, they had not realised the value of the black rock.

It was 4 o'clock on that morning of Saturday last when the eldest spinster, Joanna by name, suddenly woke up after dreaming that the black rock was coal. She had roused her sisters, Charlotte and Victoria, and since then they had been attacking the rock and had already enough coal to last for a fortnight; at 11.10 you might have seen Victoria, the youngest of the three sisters, going indoors to light a fire, a luxury which they had been unable to afford for many a long year.

They had resolved to keep their find a secret, so that, when a small crowd of neighbours arrived to ask what was the matter, Joanna merely told them that they were doing penance for their sins by levelling their rock, and that they needed no help.

It was not until Tuesday that the rock split in half under the blows from Joanna and Charlotte, who, by the way, were 97 and 94 years old respectively, and revealed a sight which made both the old ladies faint simultaneously. A few minutes later, Victoria came back from doing the shopping to find her two sisters dead among the ruins of the coal rock. And there, staring at Victoria from the ruins was a golden skull, about a foot high. Victoria picked it up—it was heavy but she could carry it nevertheless. She took it along to the pawnbroker's and pawned it for 1s. 9½d. She then went home and threw away the ticket because she knew that she would never again have 1s. 9½d. Then she went to the undertaker and paid him 1s. 9½d. and a sack of coal to remove and bury her sisters.

She then went to bed and died during the course of the night.

The pawnbroker was curious about the golden skull, the more so when, during the following night, his wife died and his shop was burgled, so he took it along to the British Museum where he was told that it was an unlucky charm of Egyptian origin; the pawnbroker said that he certainly did think it was unlucky, and he told the curator about the three spinsters and his wife.

The skull now lies in the British Museum and as far as I know the only other catastrophe caused by it so far happened yesterday evening when the curator was run over by a bus.

## AT THE SIGN OF THE SHAGGY DOG.

Little Tommy was aged four and a terror for asking questions. The following conversation is typical. "What's that?" "It's a cow." "What is a cow?" "It's an animal that gives milk." "Why milk?" "That's what it's made for." "Why is it made for that?" "Just because it is," then with relentless logic, "Why is it a cow?" Silence.

One day I was taking little Tommy for a walk, and he said to me, "What are those wires for, Uncle?"

"They carry electricity."

"Where to?"

"To your house, and the Jones' house, and the Robinsons' house and all the other houses along here."

"Mummy says, if I touch 'lectric wires I'll get a shock and die."

"So you will, too."

"Why don't those birdies on the wires get a shock and die."

Inspiration.

"Because a man called Mr. Shinwell has turned the current off."

Good old Emmanuel! I knew he'd turn up trumps eventually.

B. G. A.

## THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

At the same time as this 200th number of the *Grantite*, a notice about the return to pre-war activities of the Club is going out to all its members. Since 1939 these members, many of whom have been elected as Life Members during the war under the existing scheme of termly subscriptions while at school, have had the benefit of only one of its functions, the distribution of this magazine, and it is now desired to revive its more personal, social, side.

Present Grantites will come into all this on election to the Club after leaving school, but they may find it interesting to be reminded of the close connection between Club and magazine. The latter has gone on unbroken for its course of nearly seventy years, an achievement not easily rivalled by a house paper in any school. But, up to the foundation of the Club just over twenty years ago, it had to survive, not always with ease, the financial difficulties which have been the undoing of so many school publications. Since then, however, editors may still have thought themselves confronted with immense difficulties but they have never again had to face this particular one; the Club adopted the magazine as its own and has entirely financed it, except for the very moderate contributions paid over each year from present Grantites.

After the first enthusiasm at its founding in 1926 the Club for many years was not getting to join it a sufficient proportion of boys just leaving school; one reason was obvious—a permanent undertaking to pay ten shillings a year was a lot to pledge oneself to at that age. And so, some ten years after its birth, it adopted the instalment system of payment, already in operation for the Elizabethan Club, whereby a boy (or rather his parents!) paid the premiums for life membership over his first nine terms at school. As a result more than a hundred life members have already been elected, fully representative of the succeeding generations, and this will last as long as Old Grantites wish to keep in touch with each other and with the House through this medium; indefinitely, we may presume?

This number of the magazine is not the only Grantite bicentenary. One of these recent years, passed unnoticed in the excitements of evacuation and return, has marked the 200th anniversary of Grant's as a boarding house. Mr. Tanner records that "Grant's House" appears in the registers against the names of boys entered from 1745 onwards, and these lodgers of Dame Grant were the pioneers of two centuries of Grantite education. Perhaps the Club could consider them in spirit as its earliest honorary members!

### NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to 2, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

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