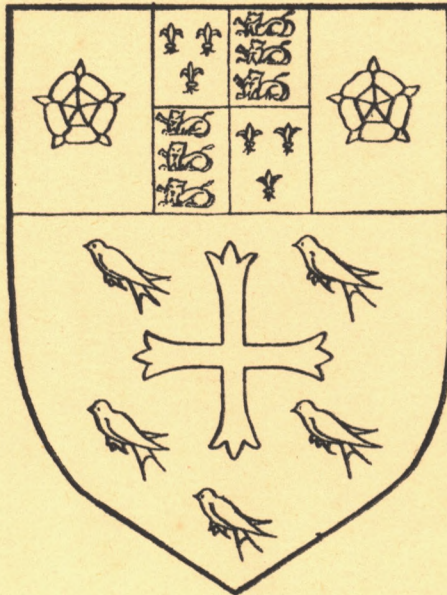


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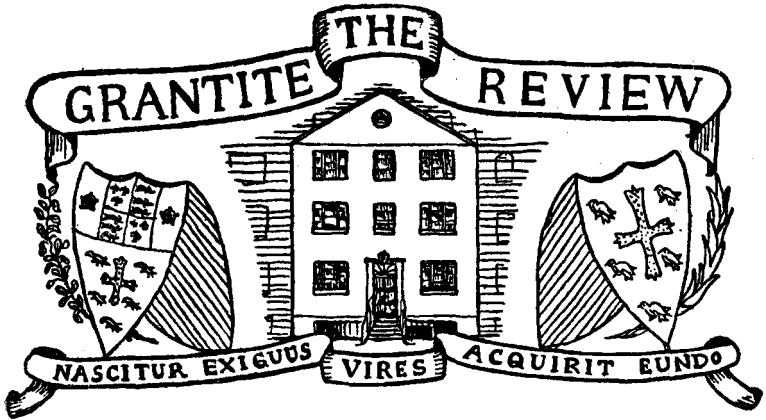
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,
1941.

INDEX.

Editorial	4
House Notes... ..	5
Gramophone Society	6
Life and Activities	6
Oxford Letter	8
Cambridge Letter	10
A Poem <i>E. F. R. Whitehead</i> ...	10
Price Unfolds <i>W. R. van Straubenzee.</i>	11
Then and Now <i>F. W. E. Fursdon</i> ...	12
S.A. Training <i>I. D. Grant</i>	14
Poppydazzle <i>J. R. Russ</i>	15
The Gull <i>K. M. Thomson</i> ...	16
The Wax Museum <i>A. M. Davidson</i> ...	16
Things for the Granite <i>J. O. Eichholtz</i> ...	17
U. H. and A. A. <i>F. W. E. Fursdon</i> ...	18
To Do or to Die <i>W. R. van Straubenzee.</i>	19
Old Granite Club	21
Notices	22



EDITORIAL.

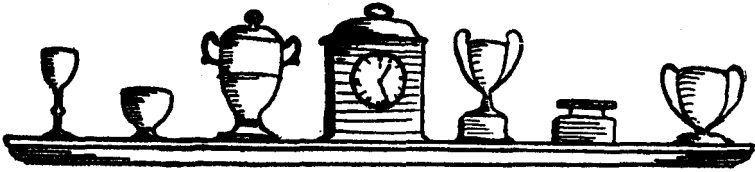
We have now just finished a year in Herefordshire. We have watched from the window its ceaseless November rains : we have ploughed through its eighteen inches of snow : and, wearing only shorts, have basked in its baking cornfields in July.

The country has shown us all its tricks—from the enormous expanses of delicate cherry and damson blossoms in May—to the hard red rose hips and holly berries in early winter.

Each time we evacuate there follows some consequent change. Tails, trousers, shorts. Chapel, Cathedral, Church. Each time the school spreads itself further out ; and the garden gets bigger. Soon the "*Grantite*" itself will change, owing to war-time economy, and we will surrender several pages, and perhaps some of our more fancy items, for the good of the War Effort.

Some there are who do not realise that in producing the "*Grantite*," there are two main factors to be considered. On the one hand are the present generation of Grantites, clamouring for fiction and funny stories, while, on the other, there are the countless ranks of old Grantites wanting even the smallest scrappy details of their old House. Thus there is a very difficult balance, which needs only the smallest touch to send it over. It is the task of the Editors to try and keep it even.

Thus—here is another "*Grantite*." Whatever your views on its contents may be, take it, for it is the symbol of yet another term up Grant's, which, after all, is only what it sets out to be.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left last term :—L. A. Wilson, J. A. Holloway, W. S. G. Macmillan, C. I. A. Beale, J. Moller. In addition R. G. Fullerton-Smith was elected into College.

We welcome this term :—J. N. L. Durnford, G. J. H. Williams.

In Inner are :—F. G. Overbury, P. N. Ray, J. R. Russ, D. O'R. Dickey.

In Chiswicks are :—F. W. E. Fursdon, J. D. B. Andrews, W. R. van Straubenzee, A. H. Williams, E. F. R. Whitehead, J. R. B. Hodges, D. I. Gregg, D. M. Eady, D. W. Shenton, D. J. E. Shaw.

The Head of Hall is I. D. Kingsley, and Hall Monitors are B. R. Corcos, I. D. Grant.

F. G. Overbury is Head of The Water. E. F. R. Whitehead is Secretary of Cricket.

Congratulations to :—

R. G. Fullerton-Smith on winning a resident scholarship last term.

J. R. B. Hodges on his Pinks for Football.

F. G. Overbury, J. D. B. Andrews and C. I. A. Beale on their Half-Pinks for Water.

W. J. Reed on his Seniors for tennis.

We were very sorry to lose Mr. Edwards last term ; he is now a Master at Eton.

In Lit. Soc. we have read :—

"Taming of the Shrew" ; "Farmer's Wife," by Eden Philpotts ; "Laburnum Grove," by J. B. Priestley ; "Importance of being Earnest" and "Lady Windermere's Fan," by Oscar Wilde ; "Middle Watch," by Ian Hay and Stephen King-Hall ; "The Ringer," by Edgar Wallace.

We have still to read "Rebecca," by Daphne du Maurier ; "Major Barbara," by G. B. Shaw ; and "Hay Fever," by Noel Coward.

Last holidays, Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust invited boys to stay with them at Stalbridge Weston for farm work. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking them for their hospitality.

The map of the School lay-out in this issue is by E. F. R. Whitehead.

GRAMOPHONE SOCIETY.

A gramophone society for the benefit of those interested in music has been started this term. Records are played on Sunday evenings from 8.15 to 9.15 for those who wish to attend.

Although all records played are classical in the broad sense, as much variety in the selection of programmes as is possible considering the limited choice is exercised, so that all tastes may be satisfied. Music played this term included works by :—Mozart, Bach, Haydn, Cesar Franck, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Verdi, Rossini and Strauss.

We hope to collect a much larger selection of records next term as more people may lend us their collections.

D. W. S.

LIFE AND ACTIVITIES.

The outstanding change this term has been the discontinuing of teaching at Saltmarshe and the holding of school alternatively at Buckenhill or Whitbourne. For the three whole schooldays (one of them a parade day for J.T.C., A.T.C., and Scouts) we go to Buckenhill; and for the three "plays" to Whitbourne. In the interests of economy the general service of buses for everyone has been curtailed to one bus shared between the Whitbourne Houses on Buckenhill days and vice versa, the remainder cycling. As well as these main centres, there are still centres of instruction for Scientists and Modern Language specialists in Bromyard and, occasionally, for Mathematicians at Fernie. The scheme works well and has given us the relief of having our own formrooms in our own property. It also enables the whole school to meet together twice a week for Latin Prayers. On whole school days all the School has its lunch at Buckenhill—either of normal or of "picnic," "packet" type; on the other days all Houses get back for lunch after morning school.

On the afternoons of plays, the system of alternating games with agricultural or other "service" activities continues. The former includes football, as a House game on a House's own particular ground or a school game or match at Whitbourne or Brockhampton, and, of course, the uninterrupted pursuits of the fencers. The latter involves assistance to local farmers, who seem to need and appreciate the school's help even more than ever with the increasing scarcity of professional labour, and a succession of jobs

on our own estate in the way of gardening, woodcutting or carpentry. Apart from all this there are services which are always required for the House to exist at all! These, among which are the care of pigs and poultry, the management of the acetylene lighting plant, the manning of the two water-pumping engines, the tending and lighting of a considerable number of oil lamps to supplement (and conserve) the acetylene supply, attendance to the black-out, the distribution of logs and coal to the different rooms, are all the responsibility of different syndicates of boys. And it is worth mentioning, as an aspect of modern "school democracy," that assistance to the domestic staff is given in serving round the food at meals, and, on occasions, in washing up, by everyone in the House in turn, from the highest to the most junior.

As to House societies: "Lit. Soc." flourishes as usual, still on Saturday evenings; "Deb. Soc.," started at Lancing and revived here, is still very much in being; and an innovation has been started ("Gram. Soc." for short!) at which gramophone records of "classical" music are played and to which, without formality but continuing to read, write or do prep. if they want to, audiences of varied tastes come and enjoy (and, in some cases, discover?) charm and tunefulness in much, if not all, of what they hear.

Feeding, of predominant interest in school life at any time, is certainly a major interest nowadays—and usually a major problem! After a year we now know the ropes here—and the ropes know us!—and we arrange that, by obtaining almost all unrationed grocery supplies centrally from London for distribution to each House, we depend on the local shops mainly for what is rationed and for bread. There is not the risk, consequently, that there otherwise might be of our being thought (however unjustly) to be preventing the local inhabitants from getting their rightful share of what is going. We are lucky as regards milk, obtaining all we need from a neighbouring farm. Our own contributions towards our supplies of vegetables, eggs and meat (pigs and, at times, poultry) have helped very considerably indeed.

A sideline, but not an unimportant one, of feeding is the present equivalent of "Suts." The supply which arrives at the School shop is divided among the Houses in proportion to their numbers and they have their own methods of distributing it. Until recently we have allowed each member of the House to buy the same amount (2½d. worth!) once a week; at the moment supplies are more flush and the share-out is twice a week.

A description of activities would not be complete without reference to the very important services rendered by members of the school who are members of the Home Guard. Service in this gives an opportunity of enjoying while still at school the feeling that one is connected with the country's war effort which was denied to those of school age during the last war and which they certainly missed. Those in the Buckenhill Houses and those in the Whitbourne Houses

(including ourselves) have, for geographical reasons, to work separately—being, in fact, in different Companies. There are ten Grantite members who, with members from College and Rigaud's, form one section of an enterprising and thriving platoon; and, as the year goes on, there are a number of others who will get to the minimum age of 17 and will be joining.

And may we once more say how much we have enjoyed visits from Old Grantites during this year and how much we hope that the same ones and as many others as get a chance will invite themselves here without hesitation?

OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

Dear Sir,

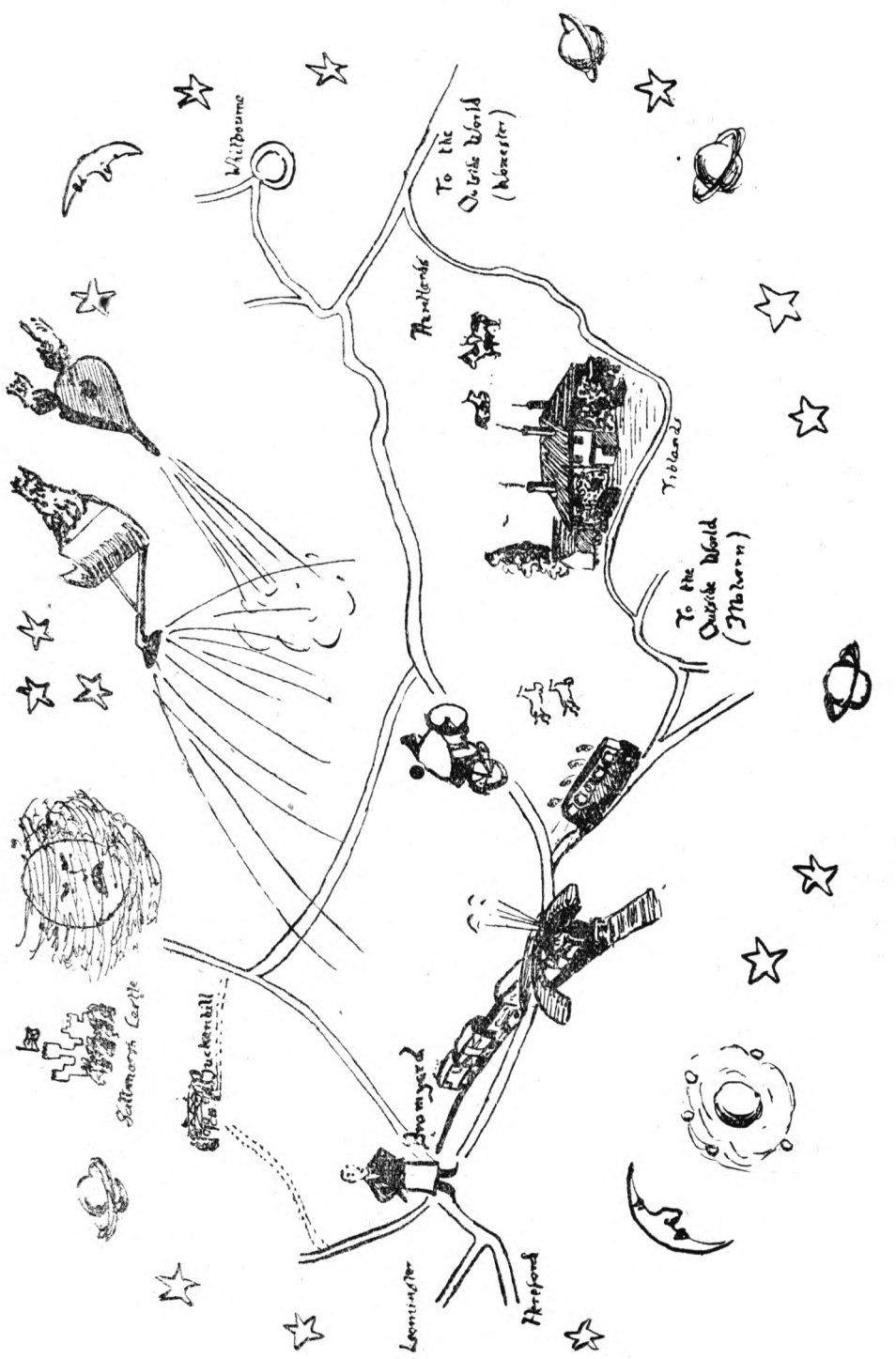
I can assure you that Oxford Grantites are more than somewhat overcome at the sudden and quite unexpected honour of having their reputations ruined in an Oxford Letter, twice ruined in fact if that scandalously indiscreet epistle appears as usual in the "*Elizabethan*."

You don't have to move far in Oxford these days to find the O.W.W.: the swarm can be found any time in Christ Church, a college which is rapidly becoming a mere appendage to Westminster School—a glorified spare room. I interviewed the victims alphabetically (they are such a touchy crowd). Mr. Borradaile—well you can guess the sort of thing Mr. Borradaile said to me: anyhow, boiled down and expurgated it amounted to a request that I shouldn't be too rude. So I will be. His life's work is, of course, to fit in his many social engagements; complications are apt to arise when these overlap but I gather he is an adept at preventing his right hand from knowing what his left hand doeth. I may add that he has also been known to deal sternly with tough drunkards in the gloaming. A fresh arrival is Mr. Cawston. He is on an army course and will eventually play a prominent part in winning the war: in his rare moments of leisure he plays swing and tells us outsiders about the more seamy sides of army life. Mr. Flanders is indulging in an orgy of acting before disappearing into the Navy. His room is generally full of very odd people, amongst them your correspondent: and many is the time I have found myself accidentally rehearsing the wrong play. I add, ruefully, that his rooms are renowned for being the chilliest in Oxford. If I may stretch the point, and the suburbs of Oxford, as far as Reading University, Mr. Self can appear as well: he is a budding veterinary surgeon, and those who can remember his natural bed-side manner will agree that he could soothe the most agitated cow with perfect aplomb.

There, sir, are the Oxford O.Gs, a little bespattered maybe with mud from my pen, and now I can sit back in contentment and reflect that one name at least that has not been dismembered is that of

Your obedient

OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.



McDouane

To the Outside World (Roses)

Handlands

Tibland

To the Outside World (Modern)

Ironyard

Looms/No

Handland

Saltmarsh Castle

Pipe Duckhill



CAMBRIDGE LETTER.

Dear Sir,

Term opened in the usual way, with the first keen Freshmen coming up several days before Full Term, in order to get "settled down" and "find their way about Cambridge." These were followed later by the less enthusiastic and the "old hands." Among the Freshmen were some fifteen Old Westminsters, some of whom we had not seen since the outbreak of war. Four of them were Old Grantites, but only one of the "old hands" was from Grant's—Mr. R. K. Archer. This gentleman is rarely seen, except when he is rowing strenuously in his College Eight, or parading the streets of Cambridge sunk in learned conversation with his equally studious-looking fellow medicos, only raising his head slightly when we shout "Hello" at him. Mr. Sandelson, on the other hand, will come up behind us in Market Square, shout "Hello," ask us in to coffee, ask what we are studying, what college we are in and how we are, all in the same breath. Mr. Sandelson also rows—and is, we believe, quite a promising sculler! Mr. Wilson lives at the opposite end of Cambridge to us, so we see little of him; but imagine our delight, when, the first time we called upon him, we saw the dear old bike with the enormous lamp; its owner had decided that the saddle was a little on the small side, so he had fitted a motor-bike saddle instead. We were greeted with the familiar "Watcher!" and told that he had not any tea, but would a cigarette do instead. We see a good deal of Mr. Macmillan, however. Although he still "hasn't any time," his activities run in many directions. He has joined nearly everything, from the S.T.C., Home Guard and Hare and Hounds Club, to all the possible College and University musical societies. Apart from a keen desire (??? W.S.G.M.) to become a private in one of the more famous infantry regiments, he has changed little. Mr. Beale strenuously upholds his College on the Water, and is a keen member of the S.T.C. He is as hearty as ever, and sports a pair of corduroy trousers.

We should like to add that if anybody should consider us libellous, we apologise and retire squashed; but, hoping that the necessity for this will not arise, we remain, dear Sir,

Your

CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

A POEM.

Morals or ethics are often the cry,
For men of all ages invariably try
To banish all turpitudes rife on this globe,
And any misdeed they delight to disrobe.
Chastity's ostracised. Let me explain
The moralists' morals are on a low plane.

PRICE UNFOLDS.

In the corner of an ill-lit room, in a dark alley in Liverpool's worst slums, a man lay in bed breathing heavily and with obvious difficulty. Outside, the Doctor was trying to find out from the Landlady the name of some relation or friend to whom he might turn over the legal business of his patient, but without success. He seemed to have no one in the country who meant anything to him, and this is scarcely surprising when it is realised that he was a native of Vienna, a fugitive from Nazi justice. That he had sufficient money was certain from the quietly-tailored suits he wore and from his generosity in standing rounds at the "Beaufort Arms": and his choice of dwelling is queer, to say the least, unless viewed in the light of his plea that it kept him more out of harm's way. "Harm," in this case, of course, being the Gestapo. His end was clearly near, and the Doctor prepared to write down the few last instructions of the dying. While waiting for the painful gasping to cease and devolve into recognizable words, the Doctor glanced idly at what he had already written. "This is the last will and testament of me, Frederick William Praune, a native of Vienna in the County of Vienna, Austria, a present resident in England as a political refugee. I leave all my estate whatsoever to my friend Karl Mansfield Droyton in grateful memory of his many deeds of kindness in this, and other years. Signed by me this 20th day of November, 1941.—
F. W. PRAUNE.

"In witness thereof: Cecil Callman, Medical Practitioner; Anna Kate Smith, housewife and landlady."

That's all there was to it. No address—this by Praune's special direction—and no clue as to the whereabouts of his friend Droyton.

"What on earth?—" but here was more.

"I further direct that if Droyton fails to claim his inheritance within three days, a notice shall be posted in the *Times*, consisting of the words 'Bluebell Brightens.' This will most certainly produce immediate results."

That was clearly all and Doctor Callman left the room for a further consultation with the Landlady. He was talking for quite 15 minutes and then returned to the death-bed. It was then that he received the greatest and most unpleasant shock of his career, for the body has disappeared: and when I say disappeared, I mean absolutely gone, vanished into thin air. No disturbance, no signs of a struggle however weak, nothing to indicate where Praune had got to. He must obviously have been carried off, but how, and to where, remained a mystery. That he could have walked off "under his own steam," as Callman put it, seemed sheer impossibility; and to this day I don't think he really understands how it was done.

"I was so utterly taken aback," he says, "that I did nothing for nearly a minute except stand rooted by the bedside, stunned by this unexpected disappearance. Then a cold chilling terror overtook me and I screamed like a woman. I suppose it was man's hereditary

fear of the unknown : here was something I couldn't understand, try as I might, and its nearness to death completely unnerved me. I sat down on that chair and howled like a baby till Mrs. Smith came in and pulled me together. You may think me soppy, a cry-baby? Well, perhaps I am : but this I know, that all control of my feelings left me at that moment and I was carried back to man's beginning when self-control was not invented. And it wasn't pleasant."

That's all Doctor Callman would ever say and it is only by mere luck that the mystery didn't end there. It so happens that I work in the Criminal Investigation Department of Scotland Yard : my name's Price, Inspector Price, and I happened to be given the job of looking into the case. Well, to cut a very long story short—the investigations actually took three months—we discovered that this man was not Praune at all but one of our Secret Service agents engaged in trapping Fifth Columnists. This is rather a new branch of the Service and it's none too easy, I can tell you. They have to use every imaginable ruse, hence the will and the bait for Mr. Droyton, and I am glad to say that in this case it worked quite nicely. He put up a bit of a fight, of course, but that didn't delay us long.

"Praune," or so we will call him, suffers from asthma, and found it delightfully easy to hoax the Doctor into believing his last hour was come. Then he nipped out of bed and hid behind the door ; it was as easy as that ! You must remember the room was dark and the Doctor helped with his shouting, but even so it was neatly done. I'm glad to say "Praune" is now resting on doctor's orders but is straining to be at work again and no doubt soon will. His real name? Well, its of no importance really : but as a matter of fact, it's Price, Inspector Price.

THEN AND NOW.

A pitch black night, and a dull lamp—a myriad of small red dots ahead, and the glare of light behind—a rush of wind in the face, and the handlebars jumping in the hands—racing on into the night. Perhaps a screech of brakes, and the lights turn left—the creak of a swinging gate, then Huntlands.

I put my bike in the shed, turned out the light, and made for where I knew the front door was.

My head was still conscious of Dvorak's "New World" Symphony, which I had just been listening to at Fernie.

I undressed as automatically as I had ridden down, turned into bed, and pulled out the light. I did not hear the shouts of protest, nor did I see the light turned on again ; and the ceaseless flow of chatter and laughter started again.

Big Ben was striking half-past seven, and the chorus of hand-bells was rousing Little Dean's Yard. In less than what seemed a few minutes, the five-to bell was ringing in my ears.

I washed, put on my tails and joined the mad rush of black, white, combs and scarves in two minutes.

The surging crowd converged into the door of Hall, leaving an astonished and amused John staring with wonder.

Five minutes later the floor echoed to the tramp of the heavy Chiswicks stamping in. The door was almost closed, when there was a sudden disturbance, and a half-dressed Twink careered in at top speed.

After breakfast I seemed to be rushing to clean two pairs of shoes before half-past eight. There was a thin procession of "Drill" rounding Yard under the eye of a lynx-eyed Sergeant. The Band was wheeling and playing, watched by an interested crowd from Cloisters.

John Angel rushed about by Suts, and Sergeant-Major Humble's voice echoed each volley on the range.

Then gradually the mass slipped into Abbey, where Dr. Peasgood was disguising the School Song as an introit.

Then there was Morning School, P.T. in Green, the Abbey List, and, of course, Suts. The Art School, with its poster colours and easels, floated by, and I was up School at Latin Prayers.

There were the coats of arms on the panelled walls, the scores of names smiling proudly down, and the stern reminder of the War Memorial.

A rush to the Football Cage—Grove Park Ground 3. I thought of the weary bus ride, the cold comfort of the changing room, the little red-roofed houses encircling the ground, with the invariable plane skywriting, "Persil," in the blue. Then I remembered those twopenny packets of biscuits and a penny Tizer at the counter. Trams, Neon lights, Lambeth backstreets, Fire Station, Millbank. I disappeared underground into Grant's, emerged intact the far side of the Under Change, threw my books back in No. 29 in Hall, and put the key back into my pocket.

Someone was playing in Yard, the numbers grew, and soon there, was a mass of legs, swishing tails, glasses, with only occasional glimpses of the miserable ball, until Cranfield headed it into Mr. Simpson's garden. Misery was only momentary, for the undefeatable Le Hardy produced another from his tail pocket. After lunch, the rain started, and the tense feelings of Hall were released on the Junior Chiswick, who was effectively sandwiched. A mad rush down the passage, flat out across Yard, and the cheering word written over the crested paper: "Cancelled." A muffled shout of joy and the pack went to ground again. They raced through one seething mass by the Under Change, and crashed up the stairs, missing John and his tray of glasses by inches, leaving him scratching his head in incredulity.

The queue for the Housemaster stretched back towards the Locker Room. At intervals of fifteen seconds, a smile would career down to the Locker Room, grasp a top hat and umbrella, and move through Yard, out into Victoria Street to the bus stop.

Here policemen braced themselves for the enthusiastic diverging stream. Some filled a 76 going to the Metropole or the famous and indefatigable Cameo. Others crammed St. James' Park station, or took a 29 for Leicester Square.

In about twenty minutes the excitement had stopped, and I was sitting in the Marble Arch pavilion watching "Captains Courageous."

Just time for a cup of tea at Lyons Corner House, and there was Occupat. Fives, lib., engineering, Seniors Room—they all passed by, so did prep., bath in the Upper Change, prayers by Mr. Llewelyn, the "good-night" story by the Head of Hall.

It was all getting fainter, a leave pass stopped for a second in front of me. The fine beautiful glittering High Altar of the Abbey seemed very distant. The roar of the traffic quietened, and the red glow gradually darkened and merged with the silhouette of the Abbey.

"Rise and shine! Get up my lucky lads! Half-past seven!" I dropped through space, flattened out, and my eyes opened.

Mr. Payne's beaming face was twinkling in the doorway.

Another day had come as quickly as the night went.

I dressed hurriedly and started pedalling down the drive almost in the same movement.

Fifteen minutes later I was cruising into the garage at Fernie.

An hour later I set off for school. I rode almost automatically, getting off and on at the accustomed places. The bracken on the hillside to my right changes colour every day. In amongst it are smooth green paths, cut with exact symmetry by the constant eating of the rabbits of an evening. This stretch, which covers the ridge of Bringsty and extends for about three or four miles into Bromyard is typical of the rough, jagged border country, with its hosts of blood-red holly berries, rose hips and bramble clumps.

The Jubilee oaks standing out of their nest of bracken, the deep wooded valleys towards Malvern, the fields of hops on the banks of the Teme, and finally the gaunt austere Malverns themselves, with their inexhaustible subtle shades, lights, and hues.

S.A. TRAINING.

THE RIFLE.

Characteristics.—The rifle is the soldier's best friend. It should be treated like a mother, a sister or a brother.

Lesson 1.

Parts of the Rifle.

1. The butt or bitt.
2. The stock or stick.
3. The barrel.
4. The sights (insight and bad sight).
5. The bolt or dolt.

How to remove the bolt.—Rip it out.

How to replace bolt.—Pop it in.

When replacing bolt great care should be taken :—

1. That what you have got hold of IS a bolt.
2. That you have the right bolt.
3. That the barrel-borer-block be screwed up tight to the round rifle-bolt-greater-backplate.

Lesson 2.
Cleaning.

Rifle must be pulled out every day.

Materials.—The fall-through, flannelette (nightshirt, if possible), oil (linseed, olive or cod-liver).

Lesson 3.
Aiming—Rules.

1. Pick up the rifle.
2. Place the insight in the centre of the short-sight (or myopia).
3. Close both eyes.

POPPYDAZZLE.

“By the way, before I forget, old chap, can you lend me a tanner?”

My friend turned an exasperated face. “But I only lent you one this morning—what on earth do you do with the blasted things?”

“Well, I’ll tell you if you really want to know,” I replied, and settled down to do so. “There’s only half-an-hour before lunch,” he objected.

I ignored the remark and continued: “It was this morning. You see, although it is only the 6th to-day it is evidently the last market-day before the 11th so they were all out selling poppies. Of course we were all quite unprepared for this and coming out of the labs. we ran straight into a bevy of sellers at the corner of Pump Street. Fortunately one was already occupied but Weed who was the last to realise his shoe-lace was undone was caught. By the time he had finished buying one we were well out of range. In a small place like Bromyard one might have been led to think one was safe after this encounter, but this was far from the case. Safe? I tell you, by the time we reached the bun shop we had encountered three of these female dreadnoughts. The first we side-slipped but our manoeuvres were observed by a couple who were evidently working in combination and who advanced down the street in echelon. That meant two more casualties and by the time we arrived at the one bun shop only Podge and myself had survived. Going back, however, we were forced to make a detour round by the book-shop since the main street by this time was manned either side. We made Pump Street without further incident and as we turned down it Podge murmured in my ear, ‘Ah, safe at last but I must say it was a near go.’ Just at that second one sallied out of Mr. Wells’ backyard straight into Podge’s arms. How I laughed at

all the others back at the tannery. But it was their turn to laugh soon. 'You're late,' said the Doctor, as we entered, 'but never mind.' [Here he cleared his throat, his Adam's apple performing the usual harmonic motion, and seemed a trifle embarrassed]. 'Now before we start, I've been asked to distribute poppies for Remembrance Day, so if there is anyone who has not . . . ' I reached for the alcohol bottle."

THE GULL.

When walking once along the shore
A graceful gull I spied,
I watched it mount upon the wind,
I watched it dive and glide.

It floated idly on the crest
Of billows, green and blue,
It sank down low, then, rising up,
It took the air and flew.

THE WAX MUSEUM.

I wandered slowly down the badly-lit passages of the Wax Museum, taking in every detail of the life-like and grotesque figures with which it was filled. I turned a corner and went down a long flight of steps to the Chamber of Horrors. This chamber had a queer, fascinating smell, an old musty odour, that reminded one of churchyards and sepulchres.

I walked round, studying closely the faithful representations of past criminals. Crippen was there, the little American doctor, so was Albert Pel, the celebrated French mass-murderer. I passed them all, and watched with growing horror the tableaux of figures grouped round electric chairs and gallows, when suddenly my whole attention was taken up by an iron cage, situated at the end of a dark corner, apart from the rest of the waxworks. I drew near it and found it to be a tableau of the model of a punishment, in which the prisoner was suspended from a metal bar in the air and was inside the iron cage. There was a figure inside the cage its cold, lifeless fingers clutching two of the bars, the eyes nearly starting from their sockets. I involuntarily stepped back a pace or two, but the terror of the tableau brought me back to it again. I slowly stretched out my trembling hand to unloose those grasping fingers. I touched them — an odd feeling crept over me; those hands were not wax, they were flesh, human hands. I went hot and cold at once, I seized the limp clothing covering the figure of the unfortunate man in the cage and tore it from his back. I clutched his body in my hands. Cold flesh, cold human flesh. I think I must have screamed. I turned round and ran.

I rushed up the stairs, turned the corner at the top, but halted suddenly as I saw the keeper of the waxworks rushing at me with a 17th century axe in his hand. He swung it at me, shouting: "So you've discovered my secret, eh? You'll never get outside." I ducked under the sharpened blade and lashed out with my fist. It

caught him at the point of the jaw, knocking him backwards, and, as I rushed past him, only two thoughts were in my mind. First, to escape from this nightmare, and second to inform the police of this remarkable place.

After what seemed an age, I got out into the cool evening breeze and made my way to the nearest police station, where I told my story to a plump inspector, who, I fancy, took me for a drunkard. But such was the earnestness of my voice and the agitation on my face that he was convinced, and a quarter of an hour later we were on our way to the museum in a fast police-car, accompanied by two constables.

We entered by the side door, which I had noticed on my way out. We went slowly and stealthily down those stone steps, my three companions drawing their revolvers as we went.

We reached the bottom and I led the way to the iron cage. We never got there. Half-way, we saw the body of the keeper, dangling from his own gallows erected on one side of the passage. He was stone-dead, a look of agony on his face, his features twisted convulsively in his self-destruction. The police visit had not been in vain and, as they gently released the body, I crept silently and with bowed head out of a house of horror to which I hope never to return.

THINGS FOR THE *GRANTITE*.

The first brief recollection of the existence of the "*Grantite*" strikes us during Prep. one evening, about a fortnight after the beginning of Term. The Head of House enters the room, just a trifle hot and bothered we notice, with a bit of paper and a pencil. Wearing an expression which assures us that he wouldn't do it if he didn't have to, he makes his announcement: "I'm coming round to see who's doing things for the '*Grantite*.'"

This, however, is mere formality. He knows very well that everyone will look serious and promise to do something, and he is aware also, in his heart of hearts, of the exact number of people who will in fact do so. None the less, round he goes. A new boy is invariably pressed into saying he will submit his impression of the House. Another, being reminded that he did something the Term before, weakens to the extent of an article on stamp collecting, and yet a third, induced by flattery, condescends to write a story about something which once happened to him. One person, in a fit of honesty, puts his foot down and says he won't do a thing. But no one has ever been known to try this more than once.

Having got everyone's name down, the Editor defines the Term's policy. I may say, with all due respect for previous Heads of House, that each, since I have been here, has, on this occasion, announced some sweeping change. Sometimes it is more letters he asks for, or fewer stories and more articles about the House; or even more articles and fewer pointless letters. Yet, through no fault of his own, the alteration is never realised. On being asked in about five weeks' time he will have to confess that the idea has been dropped. For no one will comply and he is hard up for contributions.

It is at about this time that he embarks on his second name-taking expedition in Hall. This time the brisk, commanding, tone is forgotten. Rather it is a pitiful appeal; a call to his men to rally to the flag; and we are reminded once more of the legendary occasion when every member of the House did something for the "*Grantite*." Then it is that the twelve regular contributors take a deep breath and get down to it. Five of them must emerge disappointed. An Editor of the "*Grantite*" is estimated by whether or not he destroys rejected articles.

Finally, the closing date for giving things in is put up on the notice board. At "lights-out" I suppose, our time is up. After that we leave it to the committee.

"U.H. AND A.A."

"The trouble with Miss Halibut is that she is too self-centred and old maidish. She'll never get out of her mad ways," complained Uncle Hurburt from behind the leading article of the "*Times*."

The front door bell rang violently. He dropped the "*Times*," blew his nose violently, and let out a moan.

"Talk of the very worst devil, and here is the old—" He stopped abruptly as the conventional black shiny straw hat, with a long blue pin holding it to faded hair, walked in like a ramrod with black and white tow on the end.

"My dears, how glad I am to see you. May I have a cup of tea? . . . Thank you so much. . . So good of you to offer it to me. . . Do you know I actually saw that awful Mrs. Grayling walking up the street with that perfectly charming young man from . . . Such delicious cakes—may I try one."

Uncle Hurburt let out a deep sigh, took a book from the shelf, and pretended to read it. This was fatal.

"So sorry he's not feeling very well, my dear Agatha . . . must be these long winter days in the office . . . we must try and cheer him up, MUSTN'T we . . ."

An hour later she rose to go, knocking over several tea cups in doing so. "My dear, how silly of me . . . can't have got my right glasses . . ."

She started to feel blindly on the floor for the bits, when Aunt Agatha took her firmly by the arm, hooked her umbrella onto it, and led her out, straight as a fixed bayonet, and burbling as strong as ever.

U.H. jumped up like a released convict when he heard the determined click of the Yale, and devoured the remains of the cakes in quick succession. Then he raced out to the shed, grabbed a spade, and started digging furiously on the allotment, mumbling and muttering something unintelligible about tea cups and fish.

Peace reigned once more after dinner.

Suddenly U.H. let out a piercing yell, and tipped his armchair over sideways.

"Look at this," he roared. "Westminster School is being evacuated here to Lockingwood next month."

“That’ll wake Old Halibut up! They’ll put at least fifty of ’em in HER house. That’ll teach her”

The boys came.

Big, small, tall, wide, long, blonde, brunette, auburn, spectacles, shorts, shags, tails, Chiswicks, Sergeant, motor bikes, station, houses, masters, poured into Lockingwood. The place was simply infested with ’em.

The betting on Halibut House ran high. U.H. wore a brand new look on his face, and started tipping his astonished nephews in notes.

Then the blow fell.

Halibut House was not taken after all. Its serene squawking was not to be replaced by hearty laughter.

A gloom came over the household again, and U.H. returned to his former ways. Miss Halibut was to live her life out unchanged.

The bell echoed through the house once more. No one made a move.

Suddenly a colossal “Wotcha!” rang through the room, completely upsetting Uncle Hurburt’s stable pipe and “*Times*.”

“Gosh! What absolutely wizard buns you’ve got. I’ll have to see if they’ve got some up Suts, and I say, what a simply marvellous teapot, it must be at least 17th century.”

U.H.’s ears bulged visibly. His eyes started as he slowly realised that Miss Halibut was wearing an A.T.C. badge in her hat, trimmed with a Seniors Square . . . she was actually wearing puttees, . . . it was unbelievable.

U.H. gulped, and started stammering.

Miss Halibut smiled pityingly, “It’s O.K.,” she said, “no need to worry, I’m a new Matron!”

“TO DO OR TO DIE.”

I am no longer young and there is a suspicion of grey in my hair, now visibly thinner than before. My shabby brown tweed coat needs patching at the elbows and my trousers haven’t seen a press these many years. I confess my spirits are lower than usual—I am not a cheerful person by nature—you see I’m a journalist, not a paying profession now-a-days. And the truth is, as you may guess, that my bank balance is not favourable to me and things are getting desperate. I must sell a story or die . . . or die, sell . . . or die.

A high-walled shady garden planted with roses, highly scented in June. Sweltering heat deflected by weeping willows bending gracefully over the lake. The whole part of the garden of the Marquess of Lichester, well-known Viceroy of India and Public Servant. There comes into sight a young girl of medium height, slightly built, dressed in blue satin, rather ornately decorated. She sits down by the lake and pretends to read a book, all the while keeping a sharp look out on the gravelled path to her left. The sun shines even more brightly, if this be possible, and reflects even more

dazzlingly on the lake, making her dark brown hair ripple with ever-changing colours. An elderly man passes walking slowly with the aid of a stick, smiling paternally at the girl—but not disturbing her reverie. Then a young man creeps towards her, a confident smile on his face, both hands outstretched to meet his dear one. She hears him, turns round and falls at his feet, clinging to his trousers with face upturned in agonized supplication.

“ I told you I would come, Lavinia ; here I am : I keep my word, all we Talbots do ! ”

Still the inarticulate upturned face ; a shot, and all is over. So is frustrated love revenged. And the Marquess of Lichester is left alone with his sorrow and his lovely young bride as withered as the roses which surround her.

I picked up a copy of the “ *Times*,” and read :—

“ OLD MANSFIELD DINNER.

“ At the Terrific Hotel, Kensington, yesterday, several past members of the School met for dinner, as is their annual custom. Among those present were : The Right Hon. William Sandstone, M.P., Foreign Secretary ; Mr. K. G. Slade, Head Master of Ludbury ; Mr. Camway, of Camways, Ltd., and Mr. Cecil Blair.”

As a matter of fact it was rather fun. I was there, though not important enough to be mentioned, and I went with Ted Hunter who had just returned from Cambia with a C.M.G. Billy Sandstone was in great form and made a really witty speech ; but I couldn't help thinking how funny it is the way things turn out. Billy never shone at Mansfield at all, in fact he was really considered thoroughly stupid : I only hope the Foreign Office is in capable hands, because there was never a time when it needed to be more than this. His handling of the Morocco incident was jolly clever and he certainly outplayed Luftwell at his own game. Yes ! I don't think we need worry, there are not many flies on Billy. Just to think of him at those dizzy heights—Billy, the idiot. Now the same could never be said of George Slade. He was always clever and brilliant at languages. I believe he did awfully well at Oxford and I bet Ludbury is looking up under him. I never doubted he would go far : he is one of those brainy, common-sensical sort, such a rare combination. That's just what's wrong with Cecil Blair. He's absolutely crammed with brains, a scholar, both at Mansfield and Cambridge, a brilliant mathematician and pretty good at everything else. He was—and perhaps still is—no end of a swank and he had complete confidence in himself and his abilities. But where has it got him ? He's a business manager in a very second-rate drapery store in Penzance and never likely to go further, simply because he's entirely unable to grapple with the everyday problems of ordinary life. He's fundamentally opposite to Edward Camway, who has worked himself up to a position of great responsibility and pecuniary advantage. In fact, he's now head of Camways, and you don't often find a town without its Camways. He started from scratch and worked like a

black and succeeded where Blair failed. Why? Simply because he was thoroughly reliable with plenty of common sense and strength of character.

Yes! I never let my boy worry over his reports and when he comes to my age, he'll see why.

"It's a funny thing," mused Charlie Blenfield, "how Brown and I always disagree over what we will put in the paper." He gave the accelerator a jab. "I sometimes wonder whether he's the right man to be my sub-editor. After all, should an Editor and his assistant always disagree? And if they do, shouldn't the assistant get out?" His large Buick took a wide corner at 30.

"Take that case of the man to-day. If ever there was a clear example of false pretences, commend me to this one. And yet Brown falls straight for it! A man has only got to write a lot of drivel about being poor and old and dispirited and God knows what else, and Brown swallows it all. And when he ends up on a film-thriller note about having to sell a story or die, Brown practically bursts into tears and is all for putting his two stories in! Both of them mark you! And what are they about? Just a lot of bosh about a murder and an old boys' dinner. Why a baby of six could do it as well!"

Another jab on the accelerator.

"Brown actually had the damned cheek to say he wished I was dead so that he could put them in! All I can say is, he owes his entire position to me and can lose it if I choose. So he had better look out. Gosh what a grand river! I rather think it runs beside the road for a good way, I shouldn't half mind a dip. Blast that child! Stay on the pavement, you silly idiot!"

But she didn't. In vain Charlie tried to avoid her and keep on the road. He had to choose quickly, and he chose to save the girl. The Buick left the road at 60, a charging, uncontrollable lump of metal, with a species of its maker hanging desperately to the wheel. It entered the water with a crashing splash which threw spray in all directions and sank deeply to the bottom without a sound.

So it was that my stories got printed; one life saved at the expense of another.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB.

What is Grant's *really* like, at Fernie Bank?

All O.G's. who have not been to "Westminster in the country" are intensely anxious for first-hand information about the School and Grant's: many, I am told, look forward to the future of the School with the utmost pessimism and stories are circulated that the days of Westminster are numbered.

This is utter nonsense! I have been to see for myself. I stayed up Grant's: saw the life of the House: was shown much of the School in action and had a long talk with the Head Master. I am

not at all sure that Westminster to-day is not greater than at any time in her long and distinguished life.

What most impressed me was the genius she has displayed for improvisation and adaptability in what must have been heart-breakingly difficult circumstances. You all know the story of the "flight into Worcestershire": what all of you do not know is what has happened since. I think it quite possible that Westminster has gone a long way towards turning itself into an ideal establishment for educating the young: the traditions of 400 years have been kept wherever possible, but fashioned and flexed into a new way of Public School living.

I found it hard to realize that I was up Grant's: in a House of a Public School: it was so like staying at Fernie Bank as one of a large and boisterous house-party. There was a sense of intimacy between the boys and the Murray-Rusts which would have been unthinkable, say, twenty-five years ago. Everyone, House Master included, wears shorts: much time is spent gardening and on the production of vegetables for Hall: chickens are kept and there is an exceptionally efficient Pig Club. (It will interest many to hear that these activities, to a large extent, take the place of compulsory games!).

I must admit that this life, as I saw it, seemed too good to be true: "work" appeared on the surface, to occupy so little of their time and to be of such secondary importance. But the Head Master assured me that, during this year, scholastic achievements by the School have been more numerous and of higher quality than for many years past.

I would say this to all Old Grantites: if you possibly can, invite yourselves to stay up Grant's and see: you will be given such a very moving welcome by everyone there and you will go away with one, and only one, regret: . . . that your time up Grant's is not being spent there now.

ARTHUR GARRARD,
Hon. Sec., Old Grantite Club.

NOTICES.

Correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, Fernie Bank, Whitbourne, Worcester, and written clearly on one side of the paper only.

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

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

The Editor is not responsible for any opinions expressed by contributors.

The Editorial Committee would welcome contributions from Old Grantites.

Forthcoming Event

Westminster School and Whitbourne Choral and Orchestral Societies will give a Concert in the Perrins Hall, Royal Grammar School, Worcester on Election Sunday, July 27th. at 6 p.m.

PROGRAMME

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

MUSIC COMPETITION

Adjudicator:

JULIUS HARRISON ESQ.

Saturday, July 5th. 1941 at 10 a.m.

in Bromyard Parish Church

PROGRAMME

1. HOUSE CHOIRS

Unison Song 'Linden Lea' *Vaughan Williams*
and own choice:

- 76 (1) Busby's Conductor: T.J.Lee-Warner
78 'Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring' *J.S.Bach* 1546 83
- 28 (2) Rigaud's Conductor: D.H.R.Archer
72 'Hark! the Vesper Hymn' *Rousseau* 1855
- 85 (3) Grant's Conductor: W.S.G.Macmillan
83 'Wachet Auf' *J.S.Bach* 1682
- 90 (4) King's Scholars Conductor: N.J.P.Brown
88 'Te Deum' (Tonus Simplex) 1781
- 81 (5) Homeboarders Conductor: D.S.Greaves
79 'O Valiant Hearts' *Traditional* 1604
- 83 (6) Ashburnham Conductor: A.B.Whitelegge
81 'Brother James' Air' *arr. Gordon Jacob* 1643

6. CHAMBER MUSIC

- (1) Flute Canon *D.C.Hampton Smith*
J.M.Whiskard D.I.Swann D.C.Hampton Smith
- (2) Clarinet Trio in B flat Op. 11 *Beethoven*
A.B.Whitelegge J.D.Priestman C.K.Smith
- (3) Wind Pastorale *Gustave Pierne*
D.I.Swann A.B.Whitelegge C.H.Christie
D.C.Hampton Smith J.D.Priestman

The Adjudicator's remarks in the 'Original Composition' event will be given to the boys concerned before lunch.

The vocal ensemble and individual events will begin at 2 o'clock at Buckenhill.