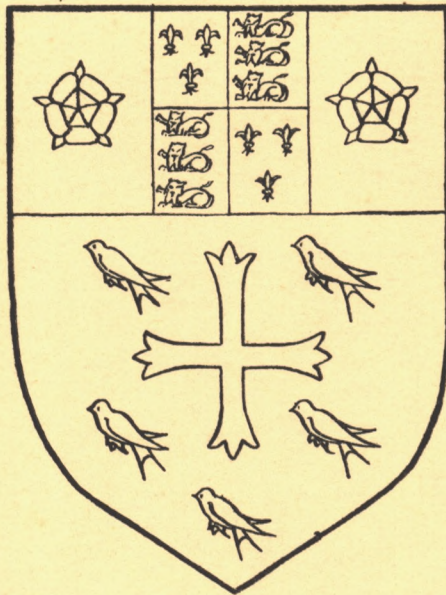


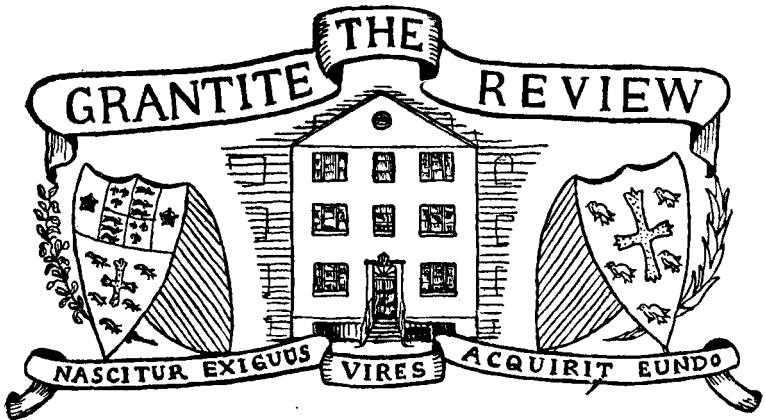
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,
1940.

INDEX.

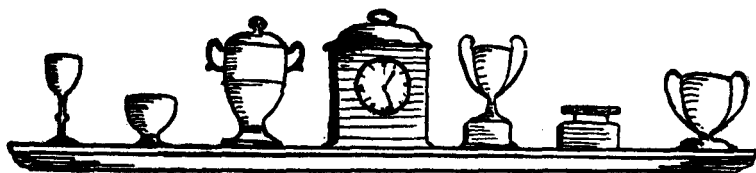
Editorial	4
House Notes	5
Football	6
Lawn Tennis	6
The Water	6
Farmers at Stalbridge Weston	...				<i>D. P. Davison</i>	...			8
Evacuees at Stalbridge Weston	...				<i>A. H. Williams</i>	...			8
The Finding of Fernie			<i>T. M. Murray-Rust</i>	...			10
Mouthpiece	<i>M. D. Ingrams</i>	...			12
Functions at Fernie Bank			<i>J. A. Holloway and J. R. B. Hodges</i>	...			12
Sally's Favour	<i>M. D. Ingrams</i>	...			13
Thrill of the Track	<i>L. A. Wilson</i>	...			14
The Kitten	<i>F. W. E. Fursdon</i>	...			14
The Warden	<i>D. P. Davison</i>	...			15
A Local H.G.	<i>W. S. G. Macmillan</i>	...			16
Sunday Programme	<i>D. P. Davison</i>	...			16
Life at a Grammar School	<i>J. R. Russ</i>	...			17
As Others See Us			18
Doctor Cream	<i>A. M. Davidson</i>	...			18
The Mine	<i>G. G. Markstein</i>	...			19
Correspondence	20



EDITORIAL.

September to December, 1940, was 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. For the moment all that is certain is that each House has quickly and happily settled down to its new life, but being separated from each other, as we are, has its dangers. It is vital that House feeling should not interfere with our spirit as a school, and we look forward to those all too rare occasions when the school meets together. This number of the *Grantite* has come out in spite of the short five weeks of term in order that the very full history of Grant's should be put on record while it is still fresh in our minds.

None of us can have guessed what lay ahead of us as we left Mardon Hall last July. First the attack on London and the sad news that our return was postponed indefinitely. The long interim of homelessness while the Head Master and all those assisting him combed the country with untiring energy, and then tidings of Bromyard and our future home, Fernie Bank. The Stalbridge party came up to prepare for the rest of the House. For ten days they laboured, at interior and exterior decoration, at preparing houses for hens and boys, at removing furniture. On November 11th, Grant's reassembled and were soon at home, breaking lamps right and left. *The Grantite* tells the rest, we hope, adequately.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—I. J. Abrahams, J. B. Craig, D. C. Evans, M. H. Flanders, A. W. G. le Hardy, A. W. Pratt, E. R. Cawston, F. J. Earle, V. T. M. R. Tenison, J. H. Freke, B. G. Almond. We wish them the best of luck.

We welcome as new boys this term :—R. Bruce, J. O. Eichholz, R. D. Jones, H. Kleemann, G. G. Markstein.

In Inner are :—R. O. I. Borradaile, D. P. Davison, L. A. Wilson, F. G. Overbury.

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

We won Cricket Juniors.

We were second, with College, in the competition for the House Foil Cup, being beaten by one fight by Ashburnham.

Congratulations to :—L. A. Wilson on his appointment as Captain of Fencing and on his Pinks for Fencing.

To :—J. R. Russ on his Thirds for Cricket.

To :—B. R. Corcos, W. J. Reed, and S. P. Kennedy on their Juniors for Cricket.

To :—L. A. Wilson, E. R. Cawston, J. B. Craig and I. J. Abrahams on their Seniors for Tennis.

To :—L. A. Wilson and D. W. Shenton on their Seniors for Fencing.

To :—D. I. Gregg, R. J. A. Baron, A. J. Abrahams, C. A. Fanshawe, I. D. Kingsley on their Juniors for rowing.

Among those who have left the following were awarded colours last term :—D. C. Evans his Pinks, V. T. M. R. Tenison his Half Pinks and E. R. Cawston his Thirds, for Cricket.

The Housemaster kindly offered to have two parties of farmers down to his cottage in Dorset during the summer holidays. A description of our many activities there appears in this issue.

Two plays have been read in Lit. Soc. this term—"The Tempest" and "Leave it to Psmith" by P. G. Wodehouse. Our meetings take place on Saturday evenings after tea in the Housemaster's sitting room.

FOOTBALL.

Up to the moment of writing it has been impossible, owing to the lack of grounds, to provide football for the House as a whole ; a certain number of footballers, however, have managed to combine with Ashburnham in games at Clater Court. We have now managed, through the kindness of a neighbouring farmer, to get a ground for Grant's very close at hand. When we have put the goal posts up and marked the ground out we shall begin playing there regularly at once.

Although several members of last year's seniors team have left there are still a number of very promising players in the House, quite a few of whom are under sixteen, and there are several new footballers. With a ground so accessible it is hoped that football will become very popular and consequently of a high standard ; we also hope that before long members of the other Houses will come and play there.

R O. I. B.

LAWN TENNIS.

While we were at Exeter, Seniors were played with two pairs, as usual, representing each house. In the first round we met Busby's, against whom the first pair won easily and the second pair lost in three sets ; so we beat them by three sets to 2. Homeboarders were our next opponents, and had a far more formidable team. However, their first pair, Woodwark and de Normann, members of the first and second pairs of the 1st VI, were right off form, and we beat them 2—0. Our second pair did well to get a set in a very even match, and so the result was again 3—2 to us. Next came the final, against Ashburnham. Our first pair managed to beat the third pair of the School team in two sets, after a very close game, but unfortunately the second pair was unable to repeat its former success against a strong couple, and we lost by 20 games to 23.

Our first pair was L. A. Wilson and E. R. Cawston, who, although normally a cricketer, proved to be a very able tennis player, with a good all-round game. In the second pair I. B. Craig played his usual steady game, supported by I. J. Abrahams, who tried hard to overcome bouts of temperament, and the results hardly do them justice.

L. A. W.

THE WATER.

From the start of the regatta it was obvious that there was going to be a struggle for the Halahan Cup between Home Boarders and ourselves. The issue was in doubt until well on into the finals day when our opponents had a series of well-earned victories and ended six points ahead.

The Senior four never really got well together and were consequently a little short in their finishes. They had a very hard race with Rigaud's and just managed to gain a lead of three-quarters of a length by the post. There was a strong wind blowing them towards the bank and the cox steered well to save them from disaster. In the finals Home Boarders got a length's lead at the start and Grant's could make no impression on them.

The Junior-Senior four were a strong crew. They shaped well in practice and won a convincing victory over Busby's in the semi-final. In the final, after a false start, they forged ahead of Home Boarders. Andrews gave them a spurt at the half-way mark and they went away to win by one-and-a-half lengths.

The Junior four were real dark horses. They sprang a surprise on Busby's "A," all of whom had rowed a year longer, and gained half-a-length on the start, Gregg kept his head well as Busby's crept level again, and put in a well-timed spurt to win by half a length. Both ourselves and the Scholars had won our respective heats in the same time, so the final would obviously be exciting for the spectators and exhausting for the rowers. It was. First we got the lead, then they did, and several bicyclists nearly went into the river with excitement. The Scholars had the last bend in their favour and just won by 3 feet. The Junior four, in particular, deserve to be congratulated for doing so well against more experienced crews.

In the sculling events we had plenty of talent as well. Holloway won the Junior-Senior sculls fairly easily. He should do well next year if he can combine his strong beginning with a longer finish. Gregg did very well to reach the final of the Junior sculls. He has a great capacity for keeping calm in a crisis which proved useful more than once. He and Abrahams had a close race in the second round which he won by three feet. It was hard luck that two promising scullers should meet so early. In the Senior Sculls, Andrews put up a great fight against Taylor, who eventually won the final; he hung on grimly to the end and only lost by half a length. He has a very fast rate of striking and if he can develop the stamina, he should be an extremely useful sculler. The fours were as follows:—

SENIOR FOUR.—F. G. Overbury (bow), 11-2; J. A. Holloway, 11-0; M. H. Flanders, 12-3; D. P. Davison (str.), 9-12; I. D. Kingsley (cox), 6-7.

JUNIOR-SENIOR FOUR.—D. O'R. Dickey (bow), 8-6; F. J. Earle, 10-9; C. I. A. Beale, 11-3; J. D. B. Andrews (str.), 11-0; I. D. Kingsley (cox).

JUNIOR FOURS.—R. J. M. Baron (bow), 8-2; C. A. F. Fanshawe, 9-3; A. J. Abrahams, 10-2; D. I. Gregg (str.), 8-4; I. D. Kingsley (cox).

D. P. D.

FARMERS AT STALBRIDGE WESTON.

The Housemaster and Mrs. Murray-Rust kindly offered to entertain two parties of farmers at their Dorset cottage. The younger group farmed from August 17th to 27th, when the elder ones took over until September 7th. We helped on two farms near the cottage, harvesting, threshing and helping with the many odd jobs like hedging, thistling and sawing. Usually the morning and afternoon were occupied with farming and in the evening we did whatever we liked, sometimes bathing in the River Stour and sometimes basking in the garden. The ten days passed all too quickly and Grant's now has a sturdy sprinkling of farmers in its midst.

EVACUEES AT STALBRIDGE WESTON.

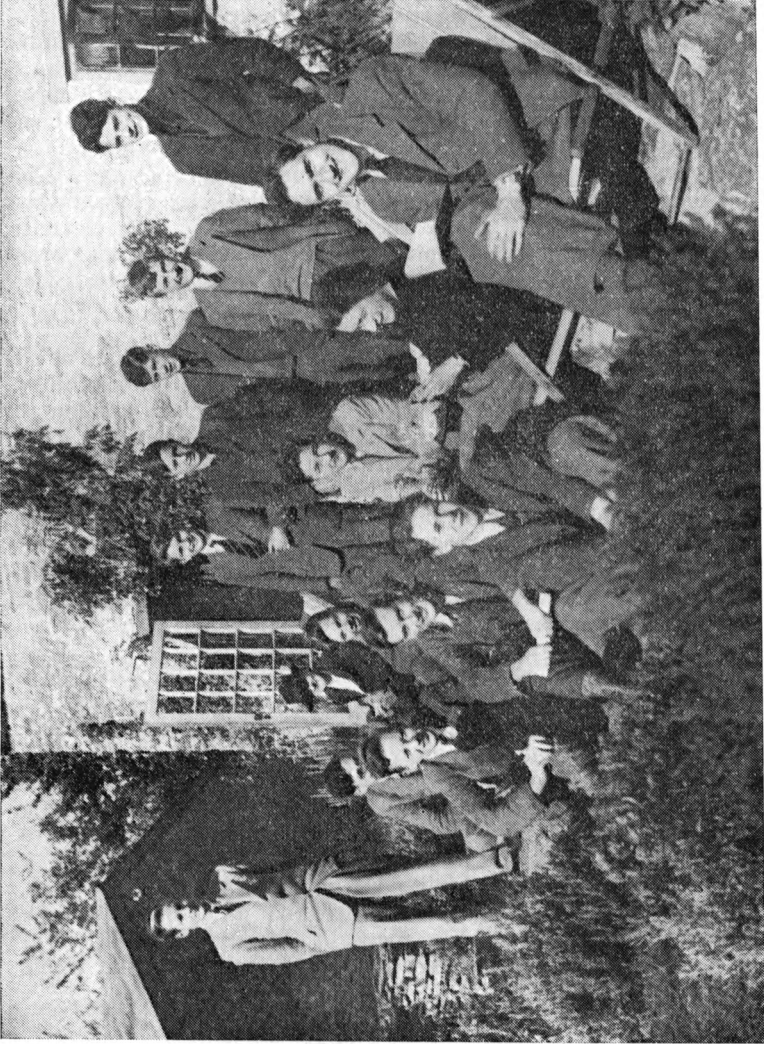
September 30—November 1, 1940.

There were many of us who had reason to be grateful to the Housemaster and Mrs. Murray-Rust when they offered their Dorset cottage as a refuge to all Grantites in London. The first party travelled down on September 30th, four strong, and by the end of the week there were fifteen of us at Stalbridge Weston. Some slept in the cottage next door, some at the inn and some at Stalbridge Rectory about a mile away. Here they were made extremely comfortable by the Rector and Mrs. Merriman, and arrived at "The Old Orchard" every morning with fine appetites.

We worked in the mornings three days a week and for an hour in the evening on the other days. In the afternoon jobs were done, such as farming, digging, wood collecting, and sawing. Farming was really the most popular job ; we used to help Mr. Bartlett water the hens, feed the pigs, dig in gate posts, pick the cider apple crop, and drive the cows in at milking time. By the end of our stay some people claimed to know each one by name. This was probably untrue. We also undertook a blitzkrieg on the mangold wurzel crop, lifting and stacking two acres of them within three days.

Digging was another popular job and we succeeded in getting a large section of derelict garden ready for cultivation. Two hundred cabbages have taken up residence already. Blackberries were plentiful during the first part of our stay and we got in a good number of pounds. Once a week we would visit the cinema at Yeovil, though we had to abandon this when it received too much attention from the Luftwaffe. We were lucky in having fine weather ; there were only two really wet days, and there was plenty to see round the countryside. Among other things was "Scuttle," a dachshund which has to be seen to be believed.

We were very sorry to leave Stalbridge Westminster as it came to be called. Everyone there had been very kind to us, and we thank Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust for making our stay so enjoyable.



STALBRIDGE—OCTOBER 1940.

THE FINDING OF FERNIE.

The story starts at the week-end of September 8th. The last farming party had left Stalbridge the previous day and I drove up to London to find there the first bomb damage close to the School—that is Smith Square. Already one pre-conceived plan, of having a lookout member of the “garrison” on the top of Busby’s, had been abandoned owing to the blast felt up there from this bomb. The garrison headquarters shifted to the stokehole in Little Dean’s Yard where they remained for the rest of this interlude. The next two nights were spent by those on the school premises first in sheer shelter in the vault underneath the Busby Library among the Play properties, then in beds placed along College passage. The latter proved to be a second plan to be exploded—the passage was unpleasantly resonant. From then on the vault was cleared, beds were placed in it and this truly democratic dormitory was used by all of us, Head Master, masters and their wives, matrons, and all the school servants, men and women.

It was apparent immediately to all who lived for a night or so under these conditions that school life would be an impossibility there while this form of attack lasted. The “go back to London at all costs” experts were rather discredited at the moment, but for a few days the hope was held that the attack might be temporary and that the school could return. The Houses were actually all but ready for normal term conditions when the decision was forced on us that we had to evacuate again. The labour of preparation was not to prove wasted—apart from giving all of us something definite to do during those days it was eventually much easier to organise our move from a house re-organised after the previous upheavals.

Life for the next few weeks was divided between the search for a new School centre and the protection of its London buildings. At intervals many of us masters, as well as the Head Master himself, went on errands to widely separated parts of the country. My wife and I went to Stalbridge to try and find round about there accommodation for Grant’s in case a plan of separate House centres as a temporary expedient were tried. It was actually the response to these enquiries that made it possible for us later to collect there those Grantites who were, to our knowledge, in the London danger area, and it may not be out of place to say here that any trouble we took in this was more than repaid by the sight of faces being relieved of very definite strain and by the happy atmosphere of the whole party.

During our periods actually in London we worked as hard as possible by day to be ready to move to any destination at a moment’s notice, and we did appreciate the visits and help given us by many present and past Westminsters. By night we were all of us assigned definite tasks for fire-fighting; one master and two of the male

staff were on duty for the whole night, others being called from the vault in case of emergency. The garrison had to its credit the extinction of oil bombs outside the Choir School and at the base of Canon Barry's house in College Garden, and of incendiaries in Yard and in the passage by the new Ashburnham.

A large-scale map in which pins marked the fall of bombs near to the school soon became like a pincushion. But the precincts remained curiously immune from serious damage. The legend that the Abbey would be safe so long as St. George's flag flew from its tower was being well tested. A bomb outside the House of Lords, which shook us considerably and broke many windows in Abbey and School, was the most unpleasant shock until, later on, one of a stick of light H.E. bombs destroyed the ceiling and part of the structure of the Busby Library.

The evening life in the stoke hole and vault, with all of us, headed by the Head Master, playing game after game of darts and getting to know each other as might have seemed impossible, was an experience that none of us will forget.

After a succession of disheartening set backs, due to Government and Army requirements, this locality was discovered as providing a suitable number of houses, and detailed arrangements were begun. We were lucky in many things—the period of fine weather while the lorries kept on coming down with our property, the immunity of this from previous destruction in London, and, not least, the accommodation provided at the "King's Arms" in Bromyard where we were able, in a private room, to live together and discuss the inevitable problems that arose. A first plan involving the use of Saltmarshe as a centre for three of the Houses, including ourselves, fell through. As chance had it, the other Houses were settled before us and for a couple of days the prospect of finding a suitable home for Grant's was a little gloomy. Then my wife and I came to Fernie: this had always been at the School's disposal and had been rejected by two other Housemasters with numbers fewer than our own. We were struck by the beauty of its situation, by the attractions of its living rooms and, above all, by the kitchen premises. We decided that it was too good to lose without a struggle and the experience of the Stalbridge party enabled us at once to seize on the idea of using Fernie as a day centre for the whole house and of the majority sleeping out. At our first enquiry we got an empty farmhouse, Tiblands, just across the road: within an afternoon we had got unfurnished rooms in neighbouring farms which we could furnish with our own beds, etc., sufficient for the whole House. The Stalbridge party were brought up almost at once; Matron and Mr. Edwards came down from London where they had been on garrison duty to the end; and in just over a week the whole House assembled and started, with happiness and success, on this new experiment in school life.

MOUTHPIECE.

Mouthpiece is a small and rather insignificant magazine catering exclusively for Hall. It has had two numbers, the first at Lancing, hand-written, and the second this term at Fernie, typewritten. There is only one copy which is handed round but this, too, has its advantages such as a printed cover and unlimited space. Its contributors are entirely Hallites but our correspondence column is open to all. Of course the editors dream their dreams and see *Mouthpiece* circulating in its thousands and although real progress is always slow we hope you will be hearing more of us soon.

FUNCTIONS AT FERNIE BANK.

Fernie Bank was build in the Victorian age by a millionaire, who got into financial stress, and is situated at the top of a valley with a magnificent view facing North. The other side of the house faces the Malvern hills. At the side of the house there are the stables, the kitchen garden and orchards. After their experience at Lancing College Farm the gardeners have already started, but with less hard work since the ground was already cultivated. The orchards are very extensive with many sorts of trees, which however suffered rather heavily from the ice last winter. In the orchards there is a good tennis lawn which is being disputed between ourselves and the moles. Three have been caught so far. At the bottom of the garden a hundred chickens are being kept but no eggs have appeared as this goes to print.

As we are far from any town, we provide our own water and lighting system. The water is pumped up from a well by a petrol engine, which is subject to fits of temperament. The lighting is done by acetylene supplemented by paraffin lamps. The acetylene is generated outside and stored in a small gasometer.

At the bottom of the garden there is a derelict house, partly destroyed by fire, which acts as a good place for storing bracken for the chicken's bedding and for garden equipment: there is also a pig-sty where it would be possible to keep two or three pigs.

During some afternoons there is manual labour on the estate and much valuable work has been done. This includes cleaning up leaves, sawing off dead boughs for fire wood, cutting down laurels, and making up the path at Tiblands. The path to "Tibs" which was reduced to a quagmire has been excellently relaid and is now usable.

By next summer the estate will be a hive of industry because we have visions of picking fruit, mowing wide lawns, watering the flowers and cutting hay. In fact we intend to leave Fernie estate better than we found it.

STOP PRESS: One hen is now laying.—ED.

SALLY'S FAVOUR.

To be in Sally's favour was a very enviable position but one that was unlikely to last more than a week at a time. Sally herself was a rather good imitation of Norma Shearer—before the page-bob of course, and as such kept many suitors in tow. But one she had never given up was John, for he was such an eminently respectable young man to parade before anxious parents who were impressed by his earnestness and his four pounds a week with good prospects.

When war broke out John registered as a conscientious objector. The news went round and Sally was greeted at the factory where she worked with remarks about how Bobbie was going out to the front and how Some People were saying that they were not going to employ "Conchies" in the factory. Sally could never bear to be seen in an unfavourable light and the next time she saw John she had it out with him and delivered an ultimatum to the effect that he should choose between her and his conscience. John was sincere in everything, but above all in love; he dismissed his conscience and had his name struck off the register.

John sat in his dug-out and shivered, for in ten minutes time he had to go out on his first patrol. The last blush had faded from the west when they set out. A German patrol was at the same time stealthily crossing the outer fortifications. They met. The semi-silence of the night was shattered by one devastating roar of all-enveloping sound, and countless flares lit up the scene. The two patrols struggled together. John was imbued with the insensate lust to kill. Again and again he wrenched his red bayonet out of a grey-clad breast. The Germans retreated leaving their dead. It was hushed. So familiar was the intermittent gunfire that it scarcely seemed to break the silence. John lay in his bunk, awake, for every time he shut his eyes the distorted faces of men he had killed formed a group round him, leering. Where was his pacifism and his solemn vows to himself when four fast-cooling bodies lay there slain by his hand? He ran out of the dug-out climbed the parapet of the trench and started forward. A chance flare suddenly spread its light over him. A German machine-gun rattled.

Sally's mother, Mrs. Smith, opened her morning paper and glanced down the casualty list for she had many relations serving. One name stood out. Mrs. Smith started, and thought at once of Sally, who at that moment walked into the room. "Sal, dear," she began, and proceeded to break the news gently. Sally allowed herself a sentimental tear but always thoughtful of others, she said, "Well mum, I musn't stand here talking like this or Harry will be fussing, and between you and me mum, I think he's going to pop the question to-day." Mrs. Smith listened to the bang of the closing door and shook her head. What were young people coming to? Why in her young days . . .

THE THRILL OF THE TRACK.

The rush to the cars. The impatient starting up. Then the mad careering round the track with accelerator pressed down hard against the floor, and the noise of the wind drowned by the engine's roar. What exhilarating joy to hold the wheel, feeling the car swing underneath at a touch. "There's one in front; good lord he's skidding. . . . Phew! That was a near one; just missed his back wheel. Careful, one coming up behind--this car won't go fast enough." Now a bit of well-timed cutting-in pushes another car right out on the corner, leaving it well behind. "Hullo, we're stalling . . . Well, it was a good sixpence worth."

THE KITTEN.

It all began when Mr. Pott started to talk about air raids. If there was one thing Aunt Henrietta loathed, it was air raids.

Mr. Pott said he thought we ought to bomb Berlin. Aunt Henrietta groaned, and clicked her needles louder. Uncle Hubert coughed, and resumed Waterville's "Death in the Bath." I murmured something about doing it already. This was fatal.

Mr. Pott drew up his chair next to mine, slapped his big thighs, and laughed.

"Already!" he scoffed.

This did it. Aunt Henrietta dropped two stitches. The kitten streaked off her knee, and got thoroughly entangled up in the wool.

Mr. Pott apologised, and retrieved the wool, the kitten, and Uncle Hubert's book, which had crashed into the fireplace, and sat down again.

He beckoned to me again, and started off on a long lecture on the ineffectiveness of the R.A.F. raids.

In desperation I grabbed the kitten, raised its temper by pulling its tail, and put it on Mr. Pott's lap. It scratched his face, and spat in his ear.

"Gott in . . . what the devil . . . !" began Mr. Pott.

That was enough. In five seconds he was gagged, bound, and still bleeding from his wounds.

With the £10 reward we got for capturing Fraunhussig Schruggwipp, the noted spy, Aunt Henrietta, Uncle Hubert and I bought many balls of wool for our kitten, in grateful thanks for giving us peaceful evenings.

THE WARDEN.

The warden stood outside a shelter entrance peering into the night. He could just make out the dark outline of buildings opposite. Occasionally the stuccoed fronts were coloured pink by gun flashes. Then for a split second every detail stood out vividly, even the sooty flower boxes with their few withered green stems—only to resolve back into the solid black lump jutting up into the starlight. It was hot drowsy weather, he thought, too early for the icy dawn breeze that always woke him as he was going off duty. Even the droning overhead made him sleepy as he leant against the sandbags

Then, a blinding white flash and a dull roar echoing round the houses, rumbling on and on until imperceptibly it changed to the patter of footsteps on the pavement and a confused murmur of voices drawing nearer. He started towards the unseen mob, but stopped and gasped—the flash had stayed and all the lamps were lit, the old family street lamps, shining into the distance like converging pin pricks of fire. Now the mob was close, at first he could not hear what they were shouting, then a figure ran towards him shouting “peace, it’s peace . . . we’ve won.” Now the shuffling crowd was upon him, now he was one of them caught like dust in a whirlwind—“Hurrah,” he cried, “It’s peace; look, the lamps are lit, we’ve won . . .” The thought passed through his mind—perhaps he was waking from a nightmare. Had it been unreal after all?—Had the battered, crumpled roofs, the sickening screams, stretchers carrying those shapeless, blanket-covered masses, the half-crazed figures sobbing over a few charred ruins . . . maybe it had all been some morbid dream—but God! the lamps were lit again. “Hurrah,” he yelled, running forward with the screaming, flag-waving crowd. There was an effigy of Goering being burnt; there a group of urchins carrying a great banner saying—“Hang Hitler”; there a group of soldiers, blind drunk, waving their caps and singing “Rule Britannia,” grabbing at girls as they surged by, bleary-eyed and husky with excitement; there the wild gaunt figure of a clergyman, standing on a doorstep, bible uplifted, monotonously chanting — “put them to the sword, man, woman and child . . . put them to . . .” The cry was swallowed up in the frantic roar of a million voices as the crowds stampeded on. Now he recognized the street, the gay window frames, neat crazy-paved gardens and coloured front doors. Over the tossing heads of the crowd he saw his mother standing by her front gate—“Mother . . . isn’t it marvellous, it’s all over. The lamps are lit.” Suddenly he buried his face in her shoulder and sobbed—“Oh, don’t let them go out again.”

They led him down the hospital corridor and into a ward beyond. —“Shell shock,” remarked the doctor, “stark mad and gibbering with it.”

OUR LOCAL H.G.

The prospect of all-night duty on a wind-swept hill-top was not very pleasing, but I went and interviewed the Platoon Commander (alias the village schoolmaster), and received a rifle and what looked like a couple of sacks. This turned out to be a sort of overalls, and, after experimenting for about half an hour, I discovered how to put them on. Having got them on, I discovered that they had been made for a short, fat man, so there was a hiatus between my boots and the trousers, showing my grey flannels underneath. However, one had to put up with little things like that, even if one's ankles were frozen.

Our look-out post consisted of an old caravan with no wheels' on the top of a hill. The caravan contained a bunk, which would hold three at a pinch. Usually this was occupied by the same three men for the whole night, leaving the other three to do all the work. Actually there was not very much to do. To start with, there was the fire. The caravan contained a sort of fireplace, with a crazy chimney. In this we used to burn thin bushes and heather roots, which produced no heat and a great deal of smoke ; but it gave us something to do. Unfortunately, one very windy night, a great calamity occurred. The chimney threw out so many sparks that they were seen and reported by a neighbouring post. That put an end to one of our amusements.

But our chief amusement did not begin until after midnight. Regularly at 12.30 every night, the silence was broken by the " Banshee howlings " of sirens. A few minutes later searchlights sprang into life round half the horizon. We heard the drone of 'planes, and then the fun began. It was a grim spectacle, but all the same it was interesting trying to guess where the bombs fell, and we had to have something to break the monotony of an eight-hour spell of duty.

SUNDAY PROGRAMME.

On the Forces the news is in German,
At Basle a discussion on mice,
From Brussels an Anglican sermon,—
But hanged if there's anything nice.

From Hilversum brass bands are blaring,
In Rome a stray nightingale tweets,
The Home Service is ever so daring
With a lecture on Sunday School treats.

From Paris a tremulous crooner,
From Stagshaw a message in morse,
On reflection I think I would sooner
Destroy it by physical force.

LIFE AT A GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

During the six weeks extra holiday I had the opportunity of seeing what another school was like. The Grammar School to which I went had few of the characteristics of the Public School. There were no definite Houses, and, being entirely a day school, there were no studies or, for that matter, any day rooms. Prefects there were in plenty, together with still more "Wardens." I have not yet discovered the function of a Warden except that he gets off the last two minutes of school for some obscure reason. The lack of day-rooms, in fact of any rooms except class-rooms, was a difficulty for me as I was only taking Physics and Maths. and had many "free" periods with nowhere to go. The only two rooms I could find were the library which was occasionally empty and a huge locker-room.

The masters were extraordinarily good teachers, some of whom distinctly reminded me of Westminster masters. One in particular, by virtue of his numerous rude cliches, reminded me of * * * *

The boys were an ordinary lot. About half were typical toughs who thoroughly enjoyed themselves ragging weak-minded prefects. Not really unpleasant, these boys seemed to have little ambition in life. In fact, I was in a form which was comprised mainly of boys who were merely staying on at school till they could find a job. Of the rest, there was a sprinkling of public school boys, including one other Westminster, quite a number of quiet studious boys evidently working for a scholarship, and the usual "fat boys." As to their attitude to public schools I cannot tell since few of them appeared to have heard of Westminster, but most were of a friendly disposition.

The school buildings were very up-to-date. The class-rooms were large and airy, the labs. well equipped and the gym and swimming-bath first rate.

I was surprised to find that the boys were really not so keen on games as we are, though most seemed enthusiastic about the O.T.C. Perhaps the lack of enthusiasm about games was due to the fact that games were only played on Saturday mornings when there was no work.

Looked on as a whole, life in the Grammar School tended towards the Prep. School rather than Westminster life. This was no doubt because the lower age limit was about six instead of thirteen. To see life from inside a new school, to meet different people and customs, was a great experience and I came away with a better idea of what were Westminster's weak points and what were the strong ones.

AS OTHERS SEE US :
DRAMATIC REVELATIONS.

A press conference was held in which Mr. A. N. Hodges, K.S., gave his views on Grant's after his stay in our midst. Asked whether he thought that fags had lighter duties here than in college, he answered :—

“ No, I mean, Yes.”

When pressed for details he mentioned a string of menial tasks, including that of waking up the Seniors in the morning, and yelling, “ Simpson's Coming ” before prep.

Comparing the state of Culture in the two houses he said that in the junior regions there was nothing between them, but in the senior we were, by comparison, ignorant. This led him to conclude that there was slightly more heartiness in Grant's and a greater aptitude for physical labour.

When asked if he thought there were less local feuds in Grant's he declined at first to answer. He then said he had not noticed them in either. The Substance system was noticeably more efficient in College than in Grant's and he stressed the importance of the examination that the Scholars hold for juniors after their first fortnight. In it they have to show a firm grasp of their duties, masters' nick-names, college rules and traditions. In fact they take the first step towards exclusiveness.

The reporter then asked him about the comfort or discomfort of a gown. He disclosed some very interesting secrets ; for instance, **how** many of us outsiders knew before that if you sat on your gown it becomes baggy in the back, and if you are a college “ heavy ” you swing the gown from side to side by executing a delicate curve with the foot at each step ?

Finally he described some of the workings of the *Chronicle*, a paper brought out every fortnight by the Scholars. Contributions were accepted from young and old alike and it usually ran to between ten and fifteen pages. There was a tradition that the *Chronicle* should only be read by the Scholars. He knew he was sailing very near the wind and skating on very thin ice ; in fact when questioned on the relative merits of the *Chronicle* and the *Grantite*, the ice cracked and the conference was adjourned.

DR. THOMAS NEILL CREAM.

On October 1st, 1891, Dr. Neill Cream came over to England from America and settled down in a respectable apartment on the second floor of one of the houses in Park Streets. (A few years before he had been in the law-courts, on a charge of murder. Since there had been insufficient evidence, he had been acquitted and had sailed to New York).

Known in after life to the police as the "Poisoner in the top hat," it was his habit to sleep all day and get up to dress at about half-past ten every night. Then, with his top hat and black cloak, his gold-rimmed spectacles and ginger moustache, he would creep softly along the alleys and back-streets of London until he reached the music-halls. Here he would join up with one of the young ladies coming out at the end of the show and persuade her to join him in a drink. Leading her to a pub, he used to introduce himself as a doctor called "Fred," and when the wine was set in front of them, he would distract her attention from it and slip a strychnine tablet into her glass.

Having killed one young lady successfully, he continued this grotesque "trade" until one day he gave one of two sisters an under-dose and, before she died, she was able to give his description to the police, fairly accurately, amidst her mad gibberings and shrieks of pain.

About a week later he had another outing and picked up another girl, leaving one of the most popular music halls. (This passion for murder not having been quieted, although the police were well on his track). However, the girl had been warned beforehand and when she was in the pub, she only pretended to drink the wine, actually letting it dribble down the front of her dress. They left the pub together, Cream being very surprised that the strychnine had had no effect, and at the first corner the police jumped out on him and arrested him. A week later he was hanged.

This lust to kill was the only eccentricity in his character, otherwise he was perfectly normal.

THE MINE.

H.M.S. "Rex" was on patrol in the North Sea. James Burton, the second wireless officer, was leaning idly on the destroyer's rails, watching seagulls. He was chewing his very last piece of gum, and brooding over Aunt Matilda's letter, received just before leaving port, which had been addressed to "James Adolph Aloysius Burton," revealing to the world the two names he hated. By ill chance, somebody had got to know, and soon everyone else in the ship knew too. When he had come on board, somebody had shouted "Sieg Heil, Adolph."

He had spun round, pink in the face, but all he had seen was one sailor furiously polishing an already bright and clean A.A. gun, and another engrossed in what appeared to be a novel about air fights "en masse." At dinner, the surgeon and the chaplain were discussing strange names. The surgeon had suggested "Aloysius" as a perfect example. The padre had coughed, and said, "Quite, Quite."

Burton coloured for the second time, and spilt his soup. He had ground his teeth, and fervently hoped that Aunt Matilda might be the next victim of the Luftwaffe.

These were his thoughts, as he watched the seagulls.

Suddenly the ship slowed up. A motionless convoy was on the horizon. In five minutes the "Rex" was among them—twelve ships, including a hospital ship and an oil tanker.

Signals were exchanged, and it came out that between the oil tanker and the hospital ship a huge mine was drifting, about 20 yards from each. If they "potted" the mine, it would blow up the ships. If they moved, the wash would draw the mine to them. The masters would not like the financial loss if the ships were evacuated. If they waited, it made an excellent "sub." target. Everyone thought hard.

A voice from the tanker shouted "Drat nasty old Adolph." Burton winced, then suddenly stripped, put on a life jacket, jumped—and James Burton was in the North Sea.

"Come back, you — fool" roared the Captain. Similar exclamations came from all quarters, but Burton swam on towards the mine. Then he firmly gripped the slippery thing, and steered it before him—past every ship—to open water; then fainted.

J. Adolph A. Burton came to, to find the surgeon bending over him. The Captain said cheerfully, "You're O.K. now, Burton. You did a very brave thing, you know." We fished you out in the end. I'll recommend you for this, when we reach port again."

Burton grinned. "Thank you, sir. Can you do one thing for me?"

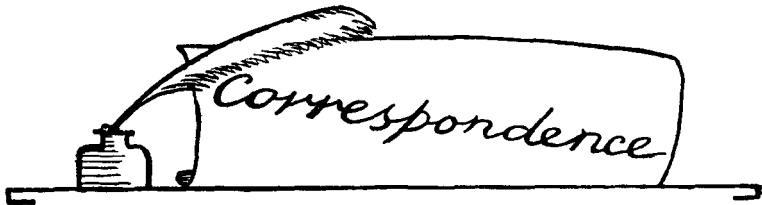
"Why—yes," said the Almighty One.

"Order the ship to forget I am called Adolph Aloysius."

The Captain grinned, too. "Very well, Burton—I will."

Burton sighed. "What happened to the mine?"

The Captain answered, "We found out later, it was a dud."



To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Dear Sir,

The amazing success of the Grant's Wool Fund and the variety concerts suggests that something of this sort should be attempted again. No doubt next term or perhaps even this a "Suts" will be started here at Fernie.

I suggest that we should kill two birds with one stone. First actively help to win the war by lending to the government what

they need most of all—money ; and secondly make a gift to that future generation of Grantites whose House Balance will, Heaven knows, be in a sad state. Now, if the profits from any enterprise were to go to buying National Savings Certificates in the name of the House, then we should be doing both these things. Our sons would have something tangible to thank us for—like a television set, or perhaps even a new Grant's.

Yours, etc.,

F. G. OVERBURY.

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

May I suggest that the Grant's Debating Society should be revived. It proved an amusing occupation at the farm and should do so here, especially as no one will have to trudge through mud and rain to attend. At any rate we might discover what is the popular feeling about such a move.

I remain, sir, yours,

E. F. R. WHITEHEAD.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Dear Sir,

Many of your readers will have seen in *The Times* of last month an appeal made by the Dean of Westminster, Bishop de Labillière, for funds to help rebuild those parts of Westminster Abbey and the School which have been and, of course, which might be damaged. Might I suggest that when we are more settled down in our new surroundings we respond to the Dean's appeal by all the means in our power—Theatricals, etc.—and thus help to secure the safety of those buildings to which we hope to return in the not too distant future.

Yours, etc.,

M. D. INGRAMS.

NOTICES.

The Editor would like to thank D. P. Davison and F. W. E. Fursdon for all the work they have done in producing this number of *The Grantite*.

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

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

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

The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors and correspondents.