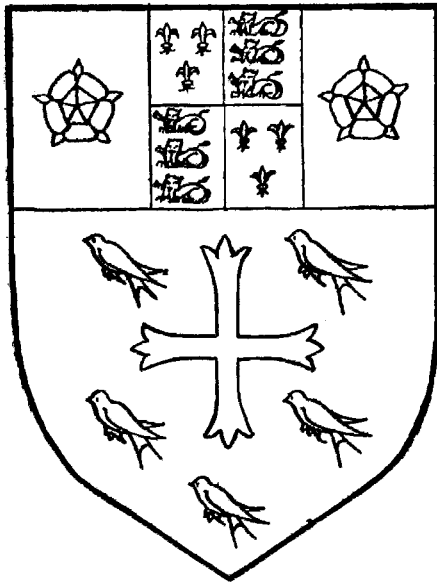


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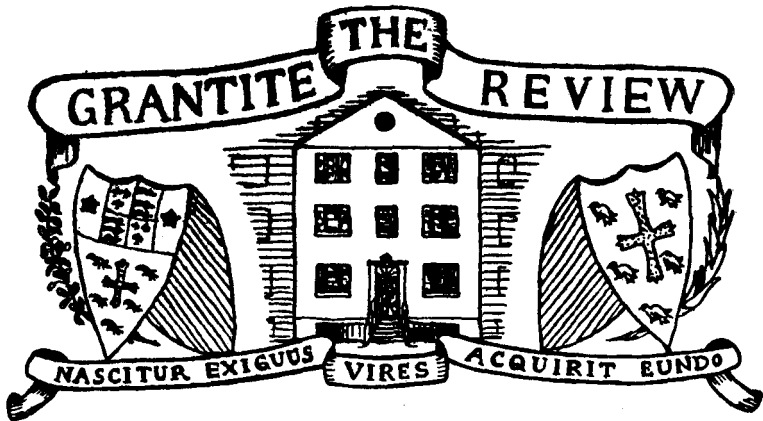
# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,  
1944.

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### EDITORIAL.

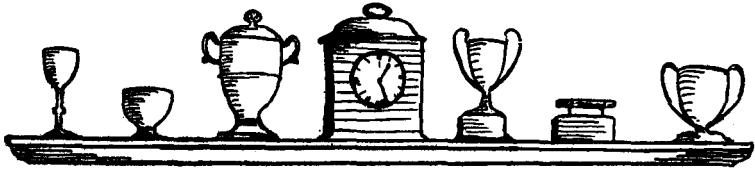
In the past the problem must have been quite a simple one : ten boys at the most, and all under nine stone. But now the situation is different. The Editor faces with tense expectation the evening when he will have to catch the whole House, one after the other, coming off the mantelpiece. It is a mantelpiece which he has never seen, but he gathers that it is a high one, and he is aware that he is not, by any means, the largest member of the House.

Others will have their own little sorrows on their return to London. One member of the House will be parted from his rabbits : another from his favourite hens. And certain trusty bicycles of long service will have been left on the scrap-heap.

None of us regret our stay in the country. We feel that the House will return a healthier, brighter, livelier institution than it was before. Tradition is an excellent thing, but even Tradition can stand a spring cleaning. We may fret a little just at first for a breath of country air.

But not for long. Though none of us have ever lived there, we have always looked to Little Dean's Yard as a home. There have been Grantites who have left without ever having lived at Number Two. To them we extend our sympathy, and an invitation to come and walk the mantelpiece.

Meanwhile, we await excitedly the order to pack our trunks for London.



### HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—B. G. Almond, and D. J. P. Wade, who entered College. We wish them the best of luck.

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome this term :—I. M. Bowley, J. R. B. Smith, D. Davison, and A. G. Clare.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Inner there are :—J. O. Eichholz, R. Bruce, K. M. Thomson, and R. H. Adrian.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Chiswicks there are :—H. Kleeman, G. J. H. Williams, J. W. P. Bradley, J. A. Davidson, D. C. F. Chaundy and J. M. Chamney.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Head of Hall is W. J. Frampton, and the Hall Monitors are J. C. Barrington-Ward, and M. G. Baron.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to B. G. Almond on his Thirds for Cricket : and to J. W. P. Bradley on his Seniors for football ; and to J. A. Davidson on his Seniors for Tennis.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Lit. Soc. this term we have read :—"The Ghost Train," by A. Ridley ; "Hyde Park Corner," by W. Hackett ; "Music at Night," by J. B. Priestley ; and "Charley's Aunt," by Brandon Thomas.

\* \* \* \* \*

We hope to read : "A Month in the Country," by J. S. Turgenev ; "The Anatomist," by James Bridie ; and "The Doctor's Dilemma," and "Arms and the Man," by G. B. Shaw.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. O. Eichholz is Flight-Sergeant of the A.T.C.

\* \* \* \* \*

We drew Busby's in the first round of Seniors, and won the match, 4—1.

### BUCKENHILL.

Trouble with the water supply made it necessary for the Buckenhill houses to come back late this term. We returned on Wednesday, 27th September, over a week after the Whitbourne houses. Since then there has so far been no difficulty with the water and we have been able to wash and bath as regularly as before.

Two innovations have been made in the School physical training. First, it is done by houses instead of by age-groups ; secondly it is done on all school days, except Corps days, and not only on the days when the School works at Buckenhill. This latter change was made on the principle that, if P.T. is to have a good effect, it should be done as often as possible.

The Grant's Spotters' Club has been merged with the other house Spotters' organisations to form a School club. This was done in order to make possible a more efficient distribution of models, magazines, etc., and to cut

down secretarial work. The *Mouthpiece* has put in another appearance this term ; it is as large and varied as ever. Several members of the house belong to Choral Soc.

This term Mrs. Burd has been deputising as Matron. Miss Macrae has had to have an operation, but we are very glad to hear that she is well on the road to recovery and will be back next term. Meanwhile we also welcome to Buckenhill as temporary inmates Mr. Burd and his family.

## THE WATER.

The House has shown considerable interest in the Water this term. Several people hoped to join the somewhat small group who had already had the experience of last term, but unfortunately not all were able to realise their ambition. We now have altogether seven watermen in the house, including a competent cox.

There has been a change of time since last term owing to the need for adjusting our times to the needs of the Worcester College for the Blind who have so kindly allowed us to use their boats and boat-house. We row this term on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, using the train, which runs at most convenient times, to go to and from Worcester.

Last term, as we were all very inexperienced, we worked only on fixed seats. This term we have worked almost exclusively on sliding seats in the tub fours. We also use a light pair which is very good practice for balancing ; which, though important in the tub four, is not as vital as in the much lighter boats to which we hope some day to progress. We also use a pair with fixed seats for beginners as well as two scullers.

We would-be watermen look forward with great eagerness to the return to Westminster and Putney. It is certain that our numbers will then quickly rise and that the Water will again take a leading place among the other School sports.

R. H. A.

## PRE-SERVICE TRAINING UNITS.

Members of the School A.T.C. last holidays attended gliding courses. Three of them were Grantites, last term's monitors. The courses lasted a week and the training was so intensive that in that time everyone managed to qualify for the Royal Aero Club's "A" Certificate.

There has been one visit to an R.A.F. station this term. Bad weather prevented most of us from going up, but it cleared in time for all the recruits to have their first experience of flying. Though their programme was spoiled, the authorities managed to arrange an instructive day for us.

A number of cadets are this term taking the written examination for Proficiency, having already qualified in drill, P.T., morse and aircraft recognition. The senior members of the Flight have been working on the Advanced Training syllabus and plan to take the examination next term.

\* \* \* \* \*

J.T.C. programmes have been influenced by uncertain plans as to the return to London and have been designed to fit in as much as possible before this occurs. A Cert. "A" Part I exam. was held after intensive training at half term and Part II is planned, after even more intensive training, for the end of term. On top of this, post Cert. "A" cadets are being prepared for as much as is possible of the signals classification test, which is nowadays no walk-over. In the last week of term the annual War Office visit is being made and the training for that day, by a fortunate chance, is being aided by a visit from the travelling wing of a G.H.Q. school which is officially spending that week helping the A.C.F. in the district.

A day's training was planned—and got—in the form of a visit to Norton

Barracks, Worcester, but a deluge of rain rather curtailed the programme which had been prepared for us.

\* \* \* \* \*

As for the Home Guard ; some Grantites were in and out of the L.D.V. before Fernie was heard of ; some were, by virtue of their age, in the Home Guard only after Fernie was past history ; to the great majority of Grantite members, however, the " Fernie Group " supplied their experience and still prompts their memories of this " amateur army " to which they once belonged. Parades at the Hut, parades at the War Memorial, parades in the Fernie dining hall, demonstrations all over the place, night patrols at the Jubilee Oaks, night patrols at Parson's Hill. . . . We can reminisce about all of these and much else. We can recall the faces of those Herefordshire friends that we made from the old Whitbourne platoon . . . the Ballards, James, Powell, Adams and all the others. Nor shall we forget our commanders and trainers . . . Colonel Knott, Major Robinson, Major Baldwin . . . by whose frequent presence and tactful appreciation so much of our work was helped on.

The curtain is down and the acting is done ; during these last weeks the epilogue to the play has depicted an inter-platoon weapon competition, symbolic of the aggressive power of the Home Guard ; a dinner given at Buckenhill by Westminster members to their friends and associates of literally all ranks of the Home Guard, symbolic of the spirit of comradeship arising out of it ; and a ceremonial parade in Hereford of units from all over the county, symbolic of the inherent dignity of this semi-civilian force which gave its services and was ready to give its lives.

The memories and friends remain.

#### GRAM SOC.

The cold weather having come with its shorter evenings, Gram. Soc. started up again this term. Attendances have not been very large, but they have been considerably larger than the later ones of last term, and so Gram. Soc. has thrived.

We are very grateful to Lord Balfour of Burleigh for his gift of Beethoven's " Kreutzer " Sonata, and to W. J. Reed for Chopin's " Les Sylphides " Ballet music. Both of these compositions have been played this term in Gram. Soc., much to our enjoyment.

We started the term with the usual meeting place and time, namely, in the dining room after supper on Sunday evenings, but since this was a difficult time for many people we now hold our meetings in alternate weeks at the old time or between tea and supper. It is hoped that this will give all who want it a better opportunity to come and listen to the music of the Great Masters.

K. M. T.

#### FARMING AT STALBRIDGE.

As in the previous four years a party of Grantites went down in August to farm at Stalbridge. Our activities were confined to hiling, carting, and ricking corn on the farms of Mr. Dufosse and Mr. Collis. Though there was no thistling in the usual sense, there was one particular field of oats which contained more thistles than we found comfortable when we were hiling it.

After most of our working days we went down to play tennis in the cool of the garden at the rectory. We are very grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Merriman for letting us have the use of their court.

During the last week-end of our stay there was a fair amount of rain, but it did not seriously impede our work.

We all enjoyed our stay and thank Mr. and Mrs. Murray Rust very much for the enjoyable time they gave us.

K. M. T.

## ESCAPE FROM BRUSSELS.

On Thursday, May 10th, the Germans invaded the Low Countries. Although a rumour had been heard that the attack was coming, no one really expected it.

On the morning of the attack many cars could be seen, loaded with luggage, leaving the capital of Belgium.

We had to leave with my father's firm which took a lot of organising, for, apart from getting all the firm's papers together, many of the personnel were on holiday at the sea-side.

On the 15th we left in a convoy of vehicles consisting of two lorries and about six cars. The first halt we made at La Panne on the coast. Here we set about collecting the rest of the staff. Unfortunately, being English, and therefore speaking English, some of the locals thought us to be spies.

We were staying at a villa called "Les Coquelico," and every time we saw one of our party we said "Dix heures, villa Coquelico," to tell them when we were starting. Consequently at ten o'clock that night we had a visit from the Gendarmes, who brandished their revolvers and made a thorough search of the place. Finding us innocent they apologized and also did us the honour of drinking one of our bottles of wine.

Apart from being taken for spies we had no other real excitement. We remained one day in La Panne and left for the French border on the 17th.

We arrived at the border at about eleven o'clock and waited in a queue of cars several miles long. After several hours' waiting we managed to get through.

It took us seven days to get to Bordeaux by road. We were lucky enough to get a bed every night except for one when we had to sleep in the cars.

Near Tours, which is about half-way, one of the cars had a smash. We had to crowd in as many of the people from it as we could into the other cars. Unfortunately I, being one of the junior members of the party, had to go and sit on a wooden box in the lorry, which was very uncomfortable.

Apart from us, there were on the road literally thousands of other vehicles; cars, bicycles, carts, prams, anything which had wheels.

We spent two months in the South of France but the war news was very bad and we tried to get visas to get through Spain and reach Portugal. Unfortunately this was impossible.

One day we heard that a British ship had called into a port, Le Verdon, about ninety kilometres away. The only passengers they would take were British subjects, and these had to go to the British consul to get permits to board the ship.

We went along to the consulate and tried to get our permits. This was easy for my mother and me, being British subjects, but it was impossible to get one for my father and a friend of ours who had been with us the whole time. At any rate, we decided to risk it and went to fetch our tickets, which were given out at the dock. When we got there we gave in our slip of paper saying that my mother and I were allowed to be issued with tickets. The person giving out tickets was an American and gave one to my father and to the friend, passing him as my uncle. We boarded the ship but had to wait a whole day in the harbour. Every hour or so the air raid siren went, and once a German bomber came so low that we could actually see the men inside. That particular bomber was shot down, and we saw it go down towards the shore with clouds of smoke emerging from it.

That same night we left in company with three destroyers and four battleships, one of which was the Dunkerque. Three days later we put into Falmouth.

R. A. L.

## THE DENTIST.

What is the matter with my knees,  
As I go up the dentist's stair?  
With quaking heart and falt'ring step,  
I edge towards the torture chair.

The dentist thrust me in the seat;  
His evil drills lie side by side;  
And he with looks of fiendish glee,  
Commences sweetly "O—pen wide."

The drill begins to do its work,  
My tooth to feel the aching pain.  
The dentist stops and cries "Sit still,"  
And then begins to drill again!

Ten minutes pass: I stagger out;  
My head feels in a battered way;  
The dentist chortles from behind,  
"We'll take two out another day!"

I. M. B.

## SCHOOLS IN THE U.S.A.

To explain the entire American public school system would involve far more space than I can use up. To do it completely would involve the consideration of too many influencing factors and probably, to gain a full understanding and appreciation of the similarities and differences, a comparison of both English and American ways of life would be necessary. In consequence I undertake this article with some misgivings both as to its probable inadequacy and to the inadequacy of my experience of either system.

The American state schools are, in the true sense of the word, public. All classes of people attend and there is no kind of restriction. They are co-educational day schools, each township, rural district, and city district having its own school which a large proportion of those of school age attend. The actual proportion varies from place to place and depends on a number of factors, not the least of which is the standard of the particular local school. School attendance is compulsory, though not necessarily to a state school as there are a fair number of private schools. The school-leaving age is determined by each individual state. It varies mostly between sixteen and eighteen. The usual age to begin school is from six to seven. There are, however, in most places, kindergartens for the year preceding this, but as far as I know not many places make provision for children of a younger age.

All the state schools are run on basically the same plan, that of twelve forms, or grades as they are called, split up to form Grade School, Junior High School, and Senior High School. Grade School consists of grades one to six inclusive and Junior High School of grades seven, eight and sometimes nine. Thus Grade School and Junior High School correspond roughly in age to a Prep. School. The remaining Grades, ten to twelve, make up Senior High School. The dividing lines between these two stages are not particularly clear cut as often in the smaller schools all three take place in the same group of buildings. However, in the larger city schools, which in many cases are very large indeed, the three divisions have completely separate buildings and grounds.

Owing to the enormous size of some of the schools, in some cases several thousand might be an underestimate, each grade has to be split up into sections. Unfortunately I do not know the exact manner in which this is done in the



very large schools as my own experience is limited to a school of only five or six hundred. However, I will describe the system there, as I feel that it is probably fairly representative. In the Grade School the class is divided into two sections, probably of about forty boys and girls each. They are divided on a geographical basis as there are two separate Grade Schools. As soon as one enters Junior High School the division into sections is placed on different plan. It is based on age alone and the sections are made a somewhat smaller—in the neighbourhood of twenty five.

It is not, however, until ninth grade that the division into sections is based upon intelligence, as measured by I.Q. tests, and, far more important, upon previous performance and achievement. It might well be said that this plan causes the class as a whole, and especially those whose capacity and desire for learning are large, to suffer because of the proportion of unintelligent people always present. This probably is true and in fact is bound to happen when the people are of all possible types. This might also be said of a Public School as after all money is no guarantee of brains. The system obviously does have its disadvantages but it certainly does have good results. The absence in schools of intellectual snobbery is as marked as the absence of class distinctions.

Apart from organisational differences which are obviously considerable, the differences in the subjects taught are well worth dealing with reasonably fully. The main difference is perhaps in the method of attack. Instead of taking a fairly indefinite time over a subject, they start Latin, Algebra, Geometry and modern languages much later and plan to cover a good deal of ground in a single school year. Each subject has a set time in which a definite amount has to be taught. This, of course, means that the instruction is fairly rigid, since there is no time to stray into more interesting branches of a subject.

The school year is divided into two terms, or semesters, each of eighteen weeks. There is no break between them since the end of one and beginning of the second comes at the end of January. There are holidays, however, at Christmas and Easter of two to three weeks and a much longer one in the summer from the middle of June to the beginning of September. Each semester is divided into three six-week periods, report periods, at the end of which marks and reports are sent home. The final mark on the year's work—A, B, C, D, E, of which E is a failing mark—depends upon exams. and upon the marks for each individual report period.

The number of types offered, of course, differs with each individual school and depends upon the sort of community which it serves and the size. However, in general, there are probably three main types, Academic or College Preparatory, Business or Clerical, and Vocational. The latter includes every sort of training and in the really large schools the facilities for training in an individual trade are very fine indeed. It is, of course, the College Preparatory Course which corresponds to our Public School Education and which I shall now attempt to describe.

Until ninth grade everybody does very much the same thing. Then, however, each individual chooses which course he or she wants to follow. A large proportion of people do go into the College Preparatory Course, and a typical time-table for the first year would probably include Latin, Elementary Algebra, English and Civics. The next year in tenth grade, if the previous year's record justified taking five major subjects, would include Latin, Geometry, French or German I and English, including a very rapid and superficial survey of World Literature, and European History. The eleventh grade time-table might still include Latin, but many people stop after two years as that is considered sufficient by most colleges. Besides Latin, if one takes it, one could take Intermediate Algebra, French or German II, American History and American Literature, and Physics. In twelfth grade one can still continue with Latin. The other subjects would probably be Biology or Chemistry, the third year of a modern language. English Literature and Solid Geometry and Trigonometry. This, however, is only an example from

one particular school and even then there is some choice given to the individual. It must be realized that in the larger schools the variety of subjects is probably far greater ; for example Spanish and Italian are probably taught besides French and German.

The complete four years of Latin include a certain amount of Caesar, four books of the Aeneid and several of Cicero's orations, besides other authors, unseens, and proses. Mathematics is probably the subject that compares least favourably with our Public Schools, the standard as far as I can tell being about that of school certificate additional maths. The standard of modern languages, on the other hand, is quite good ; for example in one's third year of German one reads Schiller's " Wilhelm Tell."

One might imagine that since all the schools are day schools there is very little time for clubs of any sort. The reverse, however, is the case. Clubs of all kinds flourish and are encouraged. In fact these " extra-curricular activities," as they are called, take up a fair proportion of one's time. The emphasis placed upon sport varies from place to place but I don't suppose that it differs very much from our Public Schools. The sports themselves are different but that, of course, does not affect the emphasis put upon them.

These differences arise from a great many varied reasons. Probably the desire to give a good education to as many as are capable of receiving it as opposed to the theory that only those who can pay for it deserve it is one of these reasons. Another is the putting off of specialisation resulting from the great importance attached to a " liberal education " which is possibly the cause of the correspondence of the last year of Public School with first year of College in America.

This is by no means a complete description of the American system ; I can only apologise for any serious omissions, and hoping that my own experience has been sufficient to prevent them occurring.

R. H. A.

## THE SECRET PASSAGE.

John and Jane were a brother and a sister who lived in a very old castle, dating back to the early 16th century, situated on one of those innumerable islands off the Scotch coast. The castle was supposed to have an underground passage, leading from one of the rooms, a passage which these children had always wished they could discover, although their father told them not to go breaking their necks looking for it.

One night John woke to hear queer noises coming from downstairs, so he decided to investigate and, creeping downstairs, he traced it to the wine-cellar. But once there he could not find any reason why such a noise should be coming from there at such an hour.

Next morning he and Jane had a thorough search. It was fruitless until Jane had a brilliant inspiration ; the secret passage must lead from here, and so they started pressing all the stones round where they thought the passage was. After five minutes they found a stone which gave way under their combined pressure, and with a grinding noise a vast door appeared in front of them. They entered and it shut after them. John flashed his torch about and gasped as the beam lighted up some wet concrete. " Let's get out of here," he muttered. So they started fumbling the stones to find the one to open it, but suddenly John's torch slipped out of his hand and dropped on the floor. The clatter brought a man with a drawn revolver to the spot, and they were ordered along a maze of passage till they arrived in front of a large door, which the man opened, and shoved them through.

Next morning they were brought some food, but before the man went out he closed another door nearer them. Then, about five minutes later, they heard a grinding noise, and at one corner water slowly began to flow into

their prison. It had got up to their ankles before John had an idea. He seized the bottle in which their water had been brought, poured out the water and wrote a message, telling of their plight. He put it in the bottle, corked it up and pushed it up the sluice. He felt it jump out of his hand.

They could do nothing but wait. When the water was up to their chests they heard a grinding again and to their joy they realised that the sluice had been closed. A few minutes later they heard the father's voice, and the door was burst in. The water and the two children rushed out, free again.

The stories of the two parties were compared, and it was found out that the bottle had been picked up by a fisherman who handed it in. A gang of thieves had been trying to use the passage as a way to get into the castle to steal the antique silver.

F. R. H. A.

### WATER BIN.

*(With apologies to the late Rudyard Kipling).*

You may talk o' tea an' coffee  
When you're sittin' chewin' toffee,  
An' you're thinkin' o' the 'ardships that beset us ;  
But when it comes to water,  
We are slowly gettin' shorter,  
An' we 'ave to take just what the wells will let us.

Now in Buck'n'ill's temp'rate clime  
Where we've been for quite a time  
The feelin' is the day will soon arrive  
When we'll leave off havin' drinks  
Out o' water taps and sinks,  
An' wash ourselves from puddles in the drive.

K. M. T.

### SOLO GLIDE.

I climb over the edge of the cockpit and into the pilot's seat, the soles of my shoes rest on the rudder bar while one hand grips the joy-stick. The other elbow is rested as casually as possible on the edge of the cockpit, and, while the towing cable is brought up, I note for the last time the speed of the wind, the position of the sun and the distance to the nearest hedges. From someone standing nearby I ask with a shout above the engine of the retrieving car : " Everything trimmed all right ? " " No, it isn't. " And so I move the joy-stick a hair's breadth to the left or to the right, or slightly shift my feet. " O.K. ? " asks the signaller. " All right, ready, " I shout.

He raises the flag in his right hand. The engine of the launching winch starts up at the other end of the long field. " Take up slack, " I shout, and the wire cable combs the grass as the winch straightens it out. I give the order " All out " as confidently as I can, and brace myself for the shock. There is a jolt as the cable pulls me off, and almost immediately I am moving across the grass at 50 m.p.h. A thirty yard run, and then I ease back the stick, slowly at first, and then a little more quickly, till I feel my weight pressing hard against the back of the seat, and feel that I am at an angle of about 45 degrees.

Looking over the side of the cockpit I wish I had got a better idea of heights before taking up gliding. The instructor told me not go up to more than 150 feet, but I've no idea how high I am. Miles above the trees it seems ; at least 300 feet. Ease the stick forward now. Not too fast. Put the nose down to get up plenty of speed before releasing the cable. I pull the knob

which releases the cable as hard and as quickly as I can to make sure that the wire goes down. There is no time now to look over the side and see whether it has gone.

Now, for the first time, I hear the wind rushing past ; rushing over the wings at 40 m.p.h., through the brace wires and breaking against the nose of the fuselage. Funny to think I'm moving so fast when things on the ground don't seem to be moving away. So long as one can hear the wind rushing past, one is safe. As soon as it stops, one knows that speed has been lost and that the glider is about to stall. The rushing of the wind is a comforting sound.

I remember to keep up the gliding angle. The nose must be kept pointing down a little the whole time, unless you lose speed. In my excitement I have moved my feet a little, and I am slipping away to the left of my course straight down the field. Right rudder, not too much, and a little right stick to make a neat turn.

Most of the field has been covered now, and the glider is down to 45 feet. Time to think about landing. Must come in with plenty of speed to control the thing with. Put the nose down a little, and be careful not to put either of the wings down. Left stick a little. Now to the right. Steady.

Besides the wind rushing past there can be heard the brushing of the grass against the underneath of the fuselage. Just as it should be. I hold the stick just as it is and, when I feel the ground, push it forward so as to make sure that I don't take off again.

The glider runs along the ground for 50 yards, and when it comes to rest I balance the wings, using the wind to keep either of the tips from touching the ground, to show the instructor that I've got the glider under control. I wonder, as I sit waiting, whether I went too high, or whether I shall get marked down for not having kept straight.

The retrieving car hurries up, an Austin Seven, with a fellow-pupil driving, his assistant's feet hanging over the back as he fixes a rope on to the fuselage I ask him how high I went. "About 90 feet," he said. "It was a good flight. He gave you five out of five for it."

Very gently, so as not to give me a jolt when the rope takes up the strain, the driver of the Austin Seven starts to tow me back.

J. O. E.

#### FRAGMENT.

Sinister jet-black and foul the Angel-Ravens  
One by one creaked slowly up the sky,  
Only the silent scratching of dry scales  
To break the sudden stillness of the night.  
Higher they rose and circled still,  
The very Flame of God, a brilliant jet  
Of single-purposed fire, consuming all.  
Their gibberish ran quavering and shrill  
Through the dank darkness pierced  
By frantic snatching filaments of fire  
Trying in vain to trap those black  
And evil portents of a ghastly doom ;  
As if in answer to their evil echoing words  
Those vastly infinite and unknown voids,  
Beyond the furthest gaze of God, rose up  
And with one terrifying and tremendous roar  
Closed in obliterating all—  
No echoing sound was left to break  
The silence that oppressed the naked nothingness.

R. H. A.

## THE ROAD-DRILL.

A mandrill, with its rainbow-coloured face, is rather terrifying if one meets it on a dark night when it is feeling hungry. It being a dark night, one might not see the mandrill's rainbow-coloured face, and might mistake it for an anthropoid ape or a Heidelberg man. But this story is not about a mandrill; it is about a road-drill, which, to me, is far more terrifying. I don't know why I hate them so; perhaps they remind me of the agonies I have suffered in the dentist's chair, or perhaps the fantastic loops and curves of the compressed air pipes remind me of Surrealist pictures, which I always want to tear up because I cannot understand them.

Anyway, imagine my dismay when, on looking out of my window one morning, I saw a lorry drive up, stop opposite my home, and several workmen climb out, complete with red flags, pickaxes, shovels and a drill. The lorry went away, and came back in a quarter of an hour with a tin of petrol, the contents of which one of the workmen poured into the engine that worked the drill. At this point I went to have my breakfast, and it was not until I had reached the rolls and marmalade stage that I heard the chug, chug, chug, which announced the starting of the engine. This was soon followed by that devastating, grinding, rattling noise which seems to be essential to the breaking of roads.

"I suppose," I said to myself, through the din, "that I shall have to put up with it. I can't ask them to go away." But it seemed rather hard on me. I was trying that morning to deal with my income tax papers. But so distracting was the noise that by the time the workmen knocked off for lunch I had only made a large ink blot in the space marked: "Surname in block capitals."

When the drill started up again I went out and asked one of the workmen how long he thought they would be on the job. He was holding the drill, and did not seem to hear me. I showed him a half-crown, and he heard me at once. He said about a fortnight, because they had got to take up a length of drainpipe which was fairly deep under the road. I muttered a curse under my breath, and put the half-crown back in my pocket. This so surprised the workman, who had been thinking how much beer the half-crown would buy, that he put the drill down on his foot, and that made him let out more than a muttered curse.

For four days I stood the noise. I could not go away, because of my work, which consisted of answering what seemed like hundreds of business letters every day with references to any one or more of a mass of pamphlets, forms, letters, and books, which occupied the entire floor space of two rooms.

Then one evening I hit on a plan. I would take the drill during the night, burn those parts which would burn, and bury the rest of it in a spare patch at the bottom of my garden. So at eleven o'clock the same night I went to the end of the road in which I live, stood there for twenty minutes, then went back and started a conversation with the night watchman who was guarding the tools and excavations. I soon got him on to the subject of beer and told him that someone was standing free drinks in a pub about two miles away. He just said "Oh?" as if he did not believe me, so I thought he must have remembered that it was after closing time, and I went into my house.

But when I looked out a few minutes later, the watchman's hut was empty. I crept out into the road. No one in sight. I seized the drill, but, pull as I might, I could not disconnect it from the engine. So I went back for my wheelbarrow and carted the whole thing round to my incinerator. When it was safely inside this, I turned on the petrol so that it ran out and soaked the engine and some straw I had put underneath it. Then I lit a match. "That will be the end of it!" I said to myself. "But wait a moment! What about that bit of path I want to do away with, and that patch of ground that's got to be dug?" So I put out the match, which was burning my fingers and, forgetting my hatred for it, I put the drill in my tool-shed instead. It has done all my digging since then—and very effective it is, too!

J. C. B-W.

## THE UNDER SCHOOL AT NUMBER TWO.

On Tuesday, September 21st, 1943, an old Westminster tradition was reborn. Another Under-School came into being.

I remember that day as being dull, damp and miserable, in fact a conventional London day. However, at Number 2 Dean's Yard it was far from dull and miserable, for the initiation of a new school can hardly be called dull.

We started with eighteen boys, and the author will always cherish the honour of being among that eighteen. The eighteen of us were divided into three forms; the first consisting of six boys, the second of seven and the third of five. There was no pomp and ceremony in the beginning and the day carried on just as it was to carry on during the months to come. First came prayers in St. Faith's Chapel; then two lessons, followed by a short break during which we had milk or cocoa and a bun; next we had two more lessons followed by lunch at one o'clock. After lunch we "endured" one more lesson and then had Latin prayers after which came half-an-hour's P.T. to wind up the day. On Wednesdays the programme was a bit different as we had the usual morning programme but played football all the afternoon. Incidentally P.T. was carried out in the bombed ruins of what is known as School. It was rather strange at first, exercising ourselves among four walls with the sky as a roof. The school continued on this course for two and a half terms until the era of the flying bombs; two and a half very enjoyable terms in my opinion.

The evacuation to Bromyard was a brief though eventful interlude. By the middle of the third term the school had grown from eighteen to thirty-two and now it is thirty-five strong.

D. D.

### TO BE 2/LT. . . .

Life at an O.C.T.U. is usually imagined to be pretty hard and the R.A.C. O.C.T.U. at Sandhurst is no exception to this. However, once you accustom yourself to finishing work at 7.30 at night, to swinging from tree to tree like a monkey and to endless rehearsals for ceremonial parades, it is not quite so grim as some people make out.

The armoured course lasts for 26 weeks which includes seven days' leave after the first three months. It is divided into five distinct sections. The first five weeks are devoted to what is called general military training. This consists of gas, first aid training, etc., and all the schemes are on foot. You never see inside a tank during this period, the last week of which is spent at a battle camp in N. Wales where the pleasures include battle inoculation and endurance tests such as climbing Snowdon in an hour and a half in full equipment. The next four weeks provide the first introduction to tanks and are spent on driving and maintenance. Two weeks are spent in the D. and M. School where theory is taught and the remainder of the time is spent on tank driving. After D. and M. comes a month's wireless course. Most of the complicated insides of a tank wireless set are laid bare before you and there are also several lectures on the R.A.C. bugbear, procedure! Two weeks are spent on this work and then the last fortnight is spent on schemes in wireless trucks which exercise practical wireless operating, procedure and map reading. A week's leave follows this and then come five weeks gunnery. Four of these are spent at Sandhurst and the last week is spent very enjoyably on the A.F.V. ranges in Cumberland. The last seven weeks are spent on tactical or collective training. Here everything which you have learnt (?) is combined and there is plenty of outdoor work. Two whole weeks are spent away from Sandhurst and these are rightly considered to be two of the most valuable weeks of the whole course. When all this is over and you have done your slow march "up the steps," you are commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant. I have met no one who would go through the course again!

A. H. W.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

Although it may be censorable to say that there is plenty of rain in Oxford at present, it is more depressing still to note the paucity of Old Grantites. Your correspondent naturally feels this very deeply as it involves risking his neck to a greater extent per personality.

Enough of this . . . who are they? Well that, for a start, is a tricky point. Last term saw two Mr. Davidsons at Trinity. One was a little uncertain of the thickness of the ice beneath him or preferred a room to have a gas or electric fire, but the other had already paid his first instalment for a stethoscope. This term a series of postcards sent to the wrong one alternately has failed to produce even one Mr. Davidson, let alone news of either. If the *Grantite* had a stop press column . . . but it hasn't.

Mr. Basil Almond graces New College. Almost everyone has read Dorothy Sayers' "Nine Tailors," and most of these have thought how nice it would be to ring a bell, especially if a lot of other people were ringing more bells and between you you pulled off a Grandsire Triple or something. Well, Mr. Almond has got further than that. He has joined the Bellingers' Society. The time came the other day when he had to decide rather quickly whether to let his bell take him up to the ceiling and dent him on it or to let go. He took the latter course; which explains why, when your correspondent had him to tea, he wasn't in the least dented but sticky plaster covered the fingers which the rope had slipped through, that is some of them. The bell didn't have it all its own way, though, and suffered some broken stays, or something equally indelicate.

Mr. Croft is still pursuing some sort of science at Christ Church; at least privily and in stealth, because he has done something to his knee which involves stumping around with a stick. He'd be only too glad to tell you the details, but it is more interesting to take his stick away from him. Don't run away with the idea, though, that any of this affects his attitude to life. It don't.

Mr. Grumitt, of Brasenose, was overjoyed to meet Mr. Newman, lately come up from Rigaud's. He shared many a Saturday afternoon up School with this gentleman. (At this point the savants explain what being sent up School meant). It was after a belated return from a visit, similarly accompanied, to the Metropole that Mr. Grumitt discovered what playing squash does to one's muscles.

And that is absolutely all we know about the Old Grantites up at present. Of course further juicy chapters of the Corcos Saga drift in from time to time, but these are, alas, no longer the business of

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

## OLD GRANTITES.

### MARRIAGES.

**BORRADAILE—GILMOUR.**—On September 1st, 1944, Sub-Lieutenant R. O. I. Borradaile, R.N.V.R., to Jean, youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Gilmour, of Holme Lacy, Hereford.

**GREENISH—SNOWDEN.**—On August 17th, 1944, Dr. B. V. I. Greenish to Nancy, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Snowden, of Hull.

**PARKINGTON—LIVINGSTONE.**—On July 18th, 1944, at Johannesburg, Pilot Officer M. W. Parkington, R.A.F., to Peggy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone, of Johannesburg.

PATTERSON—McMILLAN.—On August 2nd, 1944, at Wivelsfield, Lieutenant M. L. Patterson, R.N.V.R., to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late Captain John McMillan and Mrs. McMillan.

Major D. F. CUNLIFFE, Rifle Brigade, has been awarded the M.C. for gallantry at Caen.

Pilot Officer D. O'R. DICKEY was wounded on a bombing flight, but the last news was that he was making a good recovery.

R. J. P. ALEXANDER was recently seen in Worcester. He is a "Writer, 1st class" in the Navy.

News has been received of Lieutenant J. A. Holloway from Holland; Lieutenant D. W. SHENTON from Italy; Captain V. T. M. R. TENISON from India; Officer Cadet D. I. GREGG from India; L/Bombardier S. P. L. KENNEDY from Salisbury Plain.

We have had visits from 2/Lieutenant A. H. WILLIAMS, who has recently left the R.A.C. O.C.T.U. at Sandhurst; Dr. D. L. B. FARLEY, who has just taken up a house appointment at Hillingdon County Hospital, Middlesex; and R. J. M. Baron, who had just achieved the distinction of being "leading cadet" on passing out of his R.A.F. short course at Cambridge.

A Grantite reunion has taken place in Palestine between R. I. DAVISON, whose work is there, and his brother, Lieutenant D. P. DAVISON, who spent his leave there while serving with the forces in Italy.

#### NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to Buckenhill, Bromyard, Herefordshire.

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

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

A few of the numbers since 1930 may be obtained from the Editor, price one shilling.