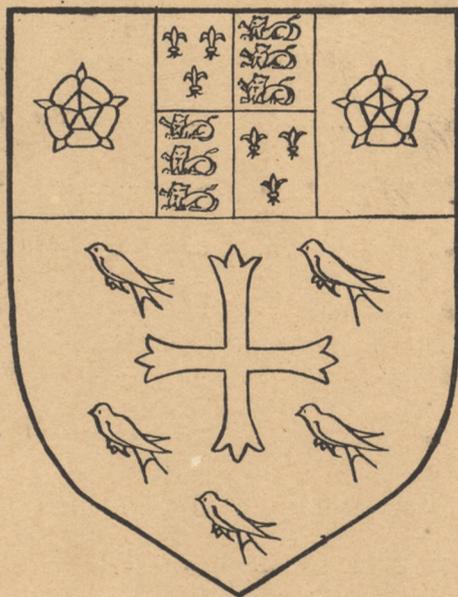


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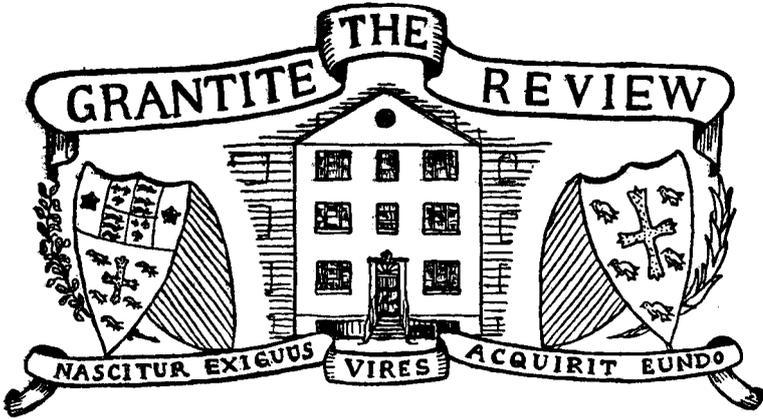
# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,  
1942.

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VOLUME XVII. No. 1.

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EDITORIAL.

There were three men, who set out to discover a new route, to a far off land. They had long since grown tired of the petty artificiality of their fellow creatures, and the luxurious life they led under a disillusioned republic.

Each man had a firm belief in his task, and there was a bond of resolute determination between them. They travelled for many months, living on what they found. They crossed gorges and mountains, plains and seas, but the land was far off yet. As they journeyed, they saw the nations of the earth, some at peace still, others grappling in the wrestle of war; the men and women who fought, the children and the aged who watched, cheered, and willed. In silence they gazed on the bereaved, the wounded and dying, and the yet unburied dead. Each time, they turned their faces to the east again, renewed with strength of purpose.

Then one fell ill, and soon died: the strain had proved too great, but the other two went on, determined they should not fail.

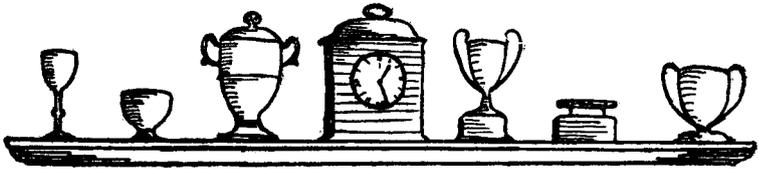
One evening, after climbing all day, as the darkness was already shrouding the valleys, one could have heard them talking.

"Why is it, brother, that you never seem dejected, however sad, however gruesome be the sights we see. God alone knows, we've seen enough."

"I suppose it is this," the other answered, "I know as I look at all this turmoil around me, that it does not proclaim the ultimate destiny of man's emotions. I have faith—faith that one day, this present order will fade away. We may never see our promised land, but the spirit that works in us will see it materialise. It is too strong a passion to die, too complex to be sudden in its arrival. But it will come, of that I am sure, and it is from this certainty that I derive my strange happiness."

"I see. But, my friend, I cannot help thinking at times, especially in an evening such as this, that the land you speak of is not so remote an ideal, but that there is a little of it here already, if only we realise it. In love, in the wilds of these mountains, in the quiet of a loch side at eventide.

So wherever you go, my friend, take faith and happiness and courage with you, and I think our promised land will come far nearer to realisation.



## HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—W. R. van Straubensee, E. F. R. Whitehead, D. W. Shenton, I. D. Grant, I. D. Kingsley ; to College : M. S. Graham-Dixon.

\* \* \* \* \*

We welcome this term :—J. A. Davidson, J. C. Barrington-Ward, W. J. Frampton and M. G. Baron. It is worthy of note that the first three of these are sons of Old Westminsters and that the fourth is a brother of a present member of the House.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Inner are :—J. R. B. Hodges, F. W. E. Fursdon, A. H. Williams and D. M. Eady.

\* \* \* \* \*

In Chiswicks are :—D. I. Gregg, D. J. E. Shaw, B. R. Corcos, A. M. Davidson, S. P. L. Kennedy, P. Y. Davidson, W. J. Reed and R. J. M. Baron.

\* \* \* \* \*

Head of Hall is J. O. Eichholz and the Hall Monitors are C. A. F. Fanshawe and R. Bruce.

\* \* \* \* \*

Congratulations to J. R. B. Hodges on his Seniors for Athletics.

\* \* \* \* \*

J. R. B. Hodges is Captain of Football.

\* \* \* \* \*

F. W. E. Fursdon is Under Officer in the J.T.C. and J. R. B. Hodges Flight-Sergeant in the A.T.C.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grant's won the Inter-House J.T.C. Squad Cup. In Lit. Soc. we have read :—" Much ado about Nothing;" " Love on the Dole," by W. Greenwood ; " Quiet Wedding " by Esther McCracken ; " I Killed the Count," by Alex Coppel ; " The Rumour," by C. K. Munro ; " Juno and the Paycock," by Sean O'Casey ; " Morning Star " by Emlyn Williams ; " Orders are Orders," by Ian Hay ; " The Critic," by Sheridan.

\* \* \* \* \*

D. W. Shenton won the Horn Solo, and A. M. Davidson the Wood Wind Solo in last term's Music Competitions.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gram. Soc. is running as well as always and we are very grateful to the Housemaster for providing the House with some new records.

\* \* \* \* \*

The House congratulates Matron on her marriage last holidays. She has our warmest wishes and we are very glad that she is staying on with us.

## FERNIE BANK.

Tiblands has now ceased to be part of our house estate. After two days hectic furniture moving and fruit picking we eventually cleared everything out. The boys who used to sleep there, are now at the cottage we referred to last term. It is only 100 yards from Fernie, and is even more convenient to come from when late for breakfast. It houses nine, and has a spare room for visitors.

The journey to Huntlands is now even more hair-raising at night as the road is covered with loose gravel, which has already found its way into some people. We are just entering on the season in which we arrive at 10 p.m. and leave at 7.30 a.m., in the dark both times.

The rabbits keep growing, and more of them arrive. It is rumoured they will be eaten or depleted sometime. We have our pigs again, and the hens as usual. Before the end of term we hope to have at least one of the passing elusive pheasants that occasionally are seen.

Our solitary bell rang out on thanksgiving Sunday until the rope broke, but after some skilful roof climbing by the Head of House, it is now working again.

This term has seen a number of crystal radio sets come into action, which function remarkably well, due to the proximity of a relaying station.

## FOOTBALL.

Grant's should stand a good chance in Seniors this year, though we have been rather unfortunate in drawing College in the first round, but it ought to be a good game. In the team we have one pink, a half-pink and two other members of the 1st XI. Of the forwards we still have Corcos, Kennedy and Eichholz, left from last year, with the support of Reed and Bradley. On the whole the forwards are still inclined to play as individuals and will have to co-operate a lot more, especially in front of goal as the shooting is weak.

The defence has not changed much. Fursdon is playing centre-half with Eady left and Shaw right. Glennie is playing right back and A. H. Williams in goal. Owing to the *Grantite* going to press we shall be unable to report the result of the first round.

Juniors team is not up to the same standard as last year, but there are some good footballers in the making—Eichholz, Glennie, Bradley, Williams, Durnford, Davidson. J. A., Frampton, and Barrington-Ward will also be a useful addition to the team. There is, however, plenty of time for the team to develop as Juniors are not being played till next term.

[We beat College in the first round 3—2].

J. R. B. H.

## J.T.C.

Though the J.T.C. is now liable to be eclipsed by A.T.C. cadets' flights and Home Guard's bombs and live ammunition, we must not forget that its function was to change us from shy tie-fingering rather small boys into cadets, and thence into cadet N.C.O.s, who knew something of how to control, drill and lead their fellows. And it is now the A.T.C. and the Home Guard who are deriving a benefit from those who prefer the air, and those who are old enough to be Home Guardsmen, who, in their turn, remain in debt to the J.T.C.

The J.T.C. still flourishes, though reduced somewhat in numbers. Grant's House Squad, at the end of last term, won the Inter-House Competition (by more than the usual half-point margin!). It now has the U.O., four out of the seven sergeants, and three corporals.

This term we have had only one whole-day parade, and this was devoted entirely to Battle Drill—Section and Platoon. The Signalling Class seems to produce endless equipment of all kinds, and functions every week. However, it is a pity that the Corps is so top-heavy in Post-Certificate A Pt. II cadets, as many have never had the valuable opportunity of teaching.

F. W. E. F.

## HOME GUARD.

"No. 1 Rifleman." "No. 1. Bomber." . . . .

These cryptic phrases are just a way of explaining that the Home Guard has been introduced to Battle Drill—Section and Platoon. In the earlier part of the term, the junior members of the house were also introduced to it through the medium of the J.T.C., and when the craze was at its height the whole house rocked with the various commands of the drill. However, the novelty soon wore off, and we have now to get down to the more serious job of applying the drill tactically.

To begin the term's work, a Fernie Section worked out a demonstration of Section Battle Drill, and on a later occasion the whole Westminster group, organised as a fighting platoon, gave a demonstration of Platoon Battle Drill, under Sergeant Simpson as Platoon Commander, while a local section, under the instruction of 2/Lieut. "Jim" Ballard, demonstrated Section Battle Drill. The audience consisted of the remainder of the platoon, together with the Sector Commander and various commanders from neighbouring H.G. units. Some of our N.C.O.s have helped in instructing the Whitbourne Group in Section Battle Drill.

So much for Battle Drill!

Owing to increased numbers, an enforced re-organisation of the whole battalion has taken place, and this has unfortunately meant that the Whitbourne platoon has been divided in two, and the Bringsty and Linton sections, under 2/Lieut. Ballard, have left our Company, and joined the Bromyard Company under Major Blunt. The remainder of the platoon—the Whitbourne and Westminster groups, remain under Major Baldwin, and we were extremely lucky to keep Mr. Ballard, senior, with us as our Platoon Commander when the separation occurred. Mr. Murray-Rust has given up platoon responsibilities, as, in addition to his work on the Battalion staff as W.T.O., he is now second-in-command to Major Baldwin. It is a pity that this re-organisation has had to take place, but we at any rate are lucky to remain with the people whom we have grown to know so well.

Early in the term the Section shot ten rounds each from the .300 rifles on the Saltmarshe range. Sergeant Powell, with the Whitbourne Section, has, however, been busy constructing a 30-yard range which will soon be in use, and there is also room on his land for a grenade range, which will in future make it unnecessary to go into Bromyard for bombing practice.

The J.T.C. was fortunate enough to obtain a few more Lee Enfield rifles, and four of them are lent permanently to the Westminster Group at Whitbourne: they only return to Buckenhill on Corps days. These will prove very useful, as we can obtain blanks for them, and they can also be used for firing on the new range, as .303 ammunition is more easy to obtain than the American type.

One Wednesday evening we were treated to a film show operated by a private of the A.F.U. and an A.T.S. lance-corporal. There were three excellent military training films, and lighter relief was provided by a very good comedy and a news film.

The Fernie Section has now had its turn at "Field Firing," which is a semi-tactical application of Battle Drill when live ammunition is used. Unfortunately, the nature of the Saltmarshe range makes it impossible for a flanking attack to be used. The actual firing is, however, extremely good fun, though we did not distinguish ourselves.

We have had a very successful night operation which was held on Sgt. Powell's land. There were many valuable lessons to be learnt from this scheme, and it showed how possible it was for twenty people to be inside a circle of thirty yards diameter, and yet be unaware who was friend or foe!

There are no important future dates to record, which is perhaps as well, as neither last term's second camp nor the other camouflage demonstration took place. When the Sector Commander visited us on the last occasion, he did not exhort us to become real soldiers. Perhaps we have already reached this exalted position: if not, there is the rest of the winter to get busy in!

A. H. W.

## THE A.T.C. CAMP.

There were two Grantites, B. R. Corcos and R. J. M. Baron, at the ten days' camp at an R.A.F. Station in Worcestershire.

The officers and personnel of the Station were all very helpful to us, although the "erks" (aircraftsmen) thought us rather fools at joining the A.T.C.!

"Reveille" was at 6.30 a.m. on the "Tanoy" (Loudspeaker) and after that there was a very good breakfast. During our stay we did arms drill, musketry, parachute and dinghy drill, and lots of fatigues such as cleaning windows and peeling potatoes. Then came the moment for which we longed, our "flip."

We went on an air test, with only the pilot and two electricians as crew. We all had parachutes (although we flew too low to use them) and Corcos was in the front turret, Baron being in the second pilot's seat. We flew from our Station to the Malvern hills where Baron was allowed to take over the controls. Then we did some hedge hopping, a most alarming experience in a Wimpey (Wellington). When we came in to land, the tail trim was wrong and we almost nose-overed. Corcos jumped up in alarm, but as he was in a turret he caught his head a terrific wallop. To try and correct the trim the pilot took off again. Suddenly he reached forward and pressed one button on the right-hand side of the cockpit. This was the port fire extinguisher. The oil pressure on the port engine had dropped to zero and the engine had burst in flames. Oil and smoke, in long waves, went floating merrily by the rear turret. The pilot hurriedly made a forced landing on the 'drome with the one remaining sound engine. So ended our hour and a half flight.

We went to two dances in the neighbouring village where we caused quite a sensation; this was a welcome relaxation.

Nearly everyone must have seen "Target for To-night" and that tense moment as the bombers take off. We saw this in grim reality. The bombers lined up near the take-off point; the flares working along the runway. After a few had left the order came through to stop, as the raid had to be cancelled owing to the weather.

R. J. M. B.

## STALBRIDGE FARMING, 1942.

Again this year Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust invited a party of Grantites to Stalbridge to help with the harvesting. In fact there were really two parties, for the Cottage could not have held the thirteen of us all at once. The parties did overlap for three days, but the Cottage lived up to its reputation of September, 1940, and found room for everybody, even though the dining-room overflowed into the nursery next door.

Our farming was done chiefly at four farms, Mr. Bartlett's and Mr. Oram's, and also with Mr. Dufosse and Mr. Collis. Our jobs were varied but the most urgent work was stooking and on the whole this proved the most popular. Thistling and hoeing were also undertaken, in spite of everybody's efforts to prove that it was not their turn! We worked for five hours a day, and the rest of our time was spent swimming or cycling to Sherborne.

One other side of our activities should be mentioned. During local invasion, several of us volunteered as "casualties." Our duties were to appear at 3 a.m. with labels attached to our persons, and to await first aid. The writer of this walked to the First Aid Post with a shattered tibia, while one other casualty, with a gaping abdominal wound, enjoyed a cup of tea at hospital, though doubtless he had died several hours previously!

Finally it remains to thank Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust for their part in making the camp a great success, and it is to be hoped that everybody will be able to meet again next year.

D. I. G.

## NATIONAL SERVICE.

At the end of last term each boy had to fill in a form saying what war work he intended to do during his holidays (a minimum of a fortnight). The majority did farming of some sort, comprising, as it does, a multitude of jobs. Stalbridge was the nucleus for many, but others in Kent and Perth and Devon did their part also. Tree-felling, rabbit-clearing, stitching (or stooking, stucking or hiling), pulling, and carrying all came in.

Others attended A.T.C. Camps, Cadet Force Camps, Home Guard full-time duties, factories, lumber-camps and even did P.T.

## COMMENDATIO BENEFACTORUM.

On Tuesday, November 17th, at Whitbourne Church, was held our first wartime Commendatio. To all but one member of the house, it was the first they had attended. To that one, who remembered the service held at 8 p.m. in the Abbey, with the gold plate and glittering altar, the darkened transepts fitted with old Westminster's of all ages, the medals and orders, rustling evening dresses and diamonds, it was indeed a contrast.

That was in Play, 1937. Now, in Play, 1942, we assembled at 10 a.m. in the pretty Herefordshire church at Whitbourne. The service opened with the hymn "Now Thank we all our God," followed by an address by the Dean of Westminster. Then came the formal admission of the new King's Scholars which had not taken place since Lancing days.

The Commem. Service followed. After the responses, and psalm 150 (*Laudate Dominum in sanctis ejus*, sung in plainsong), we had the lesson (*Laudemus viros gloriosos*), As it was a morning service, the first hymn was "*O genes omnes undique*," followed by the Forma Commendationis. Next the "*Gloriosi Salvatoris*," responses and prayers; lastly the "*Veni Sancte Spiritus*" followed by the Blessing.

At the conclusion of the service, the Dean, Masters and Scholars formed a procession to Whitbourne Court.

F. W. E. F.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS: THE PROBLEM OF THEIR FUTURE.

*(Much of what is written here has its origin in a discussion led by the Head Master, and his permission to reproduce it is gratefully acknowledged).*

### THE NATURE OF THE PROBLEM.

Much is written and much is said on this subject, but one thing that stands out is that different ideas are held by different critics as to what is meant by a "public school." At times "public schools" are simply identified with boarding schools, and the arguments range round the question of boarding versus day school education—an important and controversial question but not the true heart of the matter. At other times public schools are thought of as those which work on the "public school system," which in its turn is often restricted in mind to a monitorial system; whatever the "system" may exactly be, this is clearly only one aspect of it. There is an easy but not entirely sufficient definition in saying that any school represented on the Head Masters' Conference is a public school; probably a definition within the scope of the true problem must include schools not so represented. Suppose that we simply define for our present purpose a public school as a school for secondary education controlled by a Governing Body independent of outside authority, whether local or national.

Individual schools have their individual problems of survival, largely economic; but the real problem is a national one. Are such schools a desirable part of the country's educational system? Should they be abolished altogether? Should they continue just as they are, supposing that they can overcome their own private difficulties? Or are they to be continued on some changed basis from the existing one?

## PROPOSED ABOLITION.

Let there be no doubt in anyone's mind about there being a strong, outspoken, and well-organised opposition to public (independent) schools as a whole. Nothing short of the abolition of any system of fee-paying for education will satisfy these critics, a procedure which would carry with it the need for a school's complete dependence on an outside body. There must be, they say, one standard system of education which everyone, whether duke or dustman, must go through from a very early age. It is done in many progressive countries, such as Norway, Sweden, Denmark, under normal conditions, with great success. Why not here? Apart from the obvious justice of this, the transfer of the public school personnel, pupils, parents and teachers, to such a system might well raise the existing standard of state or locally controlled schools. And can one say that there is nothing in this point of view?

This being the basis of their constructive criticism, the abolitionists urge even more violently at times their destructive criticism. Public schools are an unmitigated evil; they are places at which the accommodation and equipment is out of date and deplorably inferior to that of controlled schools; they are infected through and through with a spirit of standoffishness, bullying, exaggerated athleticism, in fact with evils of every sort. Their vaunted monitorial system is merely a way of saving trouble to the responsible authority by putting in the hands of a big boy a thick stick and leaving it to him to get on with the job of beating the small ones. On top of all this the snobbery engendered at these places persists through life and is responsible for the virtual impossibility of a boy whose parents have not had enough money to afford such an "education" being able to compete for jobs with those more fortunate.

## PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOULD STAY AS THEY ARE, SUBJECT TO THE LAW OF THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Supporters of this point of view can be sure of a good press, though not necessarily in the same organs as the abolitionists; one must read widely and not be content only with one's favourite paper to get both points of view. "If a man has the money," they say, "why shouldn't he buy the type of education for his child which he prefers, just as he can buy a house or a car to his own choice. It's too bad for the others that they can't; and they probably wouldn't want to, anyhow."

## IS IT WORTH WHILE TO LOOK FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO THESE EXTREMES? AND WHAT?

This is the problem which is exercising educationists, professional and otherwise; and these may be said to include, with many others, those parents who have children of their own to bring up.

To the constructive argument of the abolitionists it can be urged that in the public school we already have an institution which other countries have not, that it may contain something that is good and the capacity for more, and that it might be worth examining the goose a bit further before killing it outright; it might yet be able to lay a golden egg or two. The point is worth noting that members of these progressive countries, while not decrying their own systems, have expressed appreciation and even envy of the public school element in ours. This has been remarked in statements of refugees from different countries who have come to live among us.

As to the destructive arguments, probably everyone of those which refer to the alleged iniquities of this class of school has been true of some house in some school at some period. But they just are not true of the public school as a whole, however you choose to define this. The arguers are often embittered men who remember unhappiness in their own public school life and who have not tried, and perhaps have not wished, to see to what extent schools have shed these evils and replaced them with a good training for a good life; for schools have changed in outlook and tone past belief during the last twenty years and the troubles of this war are giving opportunities for still greater and more rapid change for the better. On the other hand the arguers may be those who look on the public schools (whatever they mean by them, and they sometimes don't know) as one of many social and political evil and who urge their instant destruction as airily as their political opponents

have often in the past urged the destruction of "Bolsheviks" without trying to think what they meant by it. Such an attitude is becoming strikingly obvious to public school boys going through the ranks in the forces or working in factories; ill-informed though it usually is, it had in many cases a foundation in the knowledge of someone apparently preferred for employment or promotion because of his "place of education." Supporters of the schools will say that such preference is not due to snobbery but to the increased ability of those with a public school education behind them. Let us hope that this is true, while we may fear that it is not always; but, even if it is, can we resist the argument that others beyond those with affluent parents must have the opportunity of obtaining this ability? An argument urging "equality of opportunity" is an evident point of justice which must be very seriously considered.

The "keep them as they are" school of thought will resist this of course; but is their plea somewhat invalidated by the fact that a purchased motor car is for the buyer's own pleasure or profit whereas a system of education, purchased or not, will have repercussions on the country as a whole when the children grow up?

So what about a happy mean? Not a compromise, for that involves usually something not wholly satisfactory and often mostly unsatisfactory; but a deliberate alternative to these extremes. What is to be gained by such an alternative which could not be obtained under state or local control? Just that element of independence; which does not mean a licence to do as one likes without moral or material restraint; but which does mean that, within a national framework of social conditions, there is some opportunity for parents to choose schools for their children; for governors to choose their colleagues, and to choose their Head Masters; for Head Masters to choose their staffs and their curricula. May we call it an educational democracy, capable of supporting institutions not of the same pattern so long as principles of justice are observed? Payment of fees for education may mean that a school can have a smaller ratio of pupils to teachers; an obvious advantage in school and one which could make even more possible the present relations of trust and understanding between pupil and teacher at public schools which are almost unbelievable to those who were at such schools not so many years ago. It may mean the continuance and extension of the good in public, independent, schools which seems so apparent to those who have had experience of them in different capacities, pupil, teacher or parent, and especially when the experience covers more than one; a good so very difficult exactly to define.

What can be done to preserve such merits of independence and yet not to ignore the appeal to one's sense of justice in this matter of equality of opportunity? It seems that public schools might become either what is known as "grant-aided" schools or else "direct grant" schools. The former status would involve some considerable dependence, financially and in most other ways, on the Local Education Authority. This might be a County or a City body according to where the school is situated; and one objection that springs at once to mind is that such a body, locally elected, tends to differ widely from district to district, is very likely to have a political background and may change its views and attitude considerably as a result of elections. Experience has shown examples of wide-minded ones which look on education as a thing not to be a pawn of politics, and of others very differently inclined and prone to extremes of interference.

On the other hand, a direct grant school would be one which receives a "per capita grant" from the state, through the Board of Education, in return for accepting a percentage—say 10 per cent.—of pupils from elementary schools. This means that the state would pay the cost of educating these pupils but would not be subsidising the school further. A right of inspection, at least, would be retained by the State, but under present conditions virtual independence, in the correct sense of the term, would be maintained. Opponents of this system say that with an extreme Government from either wing this might lead to a totalitarian education. It might;

but some risks are going to have to be taken and we might as well trust our country to keep clear of the evils which it hates and against which it is fighting.

How is this percentage to be chosen? Not an easy question and not one that I am prepared to answer dogmatically. The "best-fitted for the public school type of secondary education," certainly; this may or may not mean the cleverest intellectually and there will be need of vision and goodwill on the part of the selectors, for the local authorities are already indignant at the idea of what they describe as "skimming the cream off their milk." Another difficult question arises in the position of a boy with different cultural standards at home and at school. Experience at schools on this system has shown that such boys settle down normally and naturally at school before long and that it is during the holidays that awkwardness might arise. Close co-operation between school and parent can help in this; and, further, every parent may not desire such an education for his son and those who do wish it may well differ little, if at all, in true cultural background from the fee-paying parents but only in wealth. There may be a difference in occupation which would hitherto have involved an impassable social barrier; present conditions of service in the Forces, of sharing troubles due to blitz or evacuation, of membership of the Home Guard or Civil Defence units, have gone so far to knock down these barriers that this is perhaps another risk which we can face without undue apprehension.

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My object has been to tabulate aspects of the problem and to insist as strongly as I can that there is a problem up to which we are going to have to face. It is not the question of getting some public schools out of their financial ditch; no such system as the above will do that, although it is asserted that the Head Masters' Conference is only contemplating entering such a one at the eleventh hour out of sheer fright of extinction! Those well in the ditch may not get out under any system. But it is the question of whether those persons who are connected in any way with public schools admit (a) the necessity, (b) the desirability of their making a wider contribution to a truly national education and of facing certain risks with the confidence that if a thing is worth trying a way to succeed will be found. My belief is that the great majority of such would throw themselves into the effort to incorporate the public schools in a system of national education which would remove any foundation for the stigmas of exclusiveness and inequality so often connected with them. I lean towards the "direct grant" solution as the best and most stable of which I have knowledge. But, with the diverse experiences of so many people nowadays, could we not have sent in to us by readers some first-hand evidence as to what views on education, and particularly on public schools, they have come up against; whether such evidence is unconsidered, prejudiced, the result of deliberate propaganda; or whether it comes from sincere thought based on actual experience. Such information might well be not only an interesting but also a most valuable contribution to the study of this very vital subject.

"BUS, BUS," THEY CRIED.

"Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife"; I was looking over a part of Gray's elegy, which I had learned the previous night. It was down by the cypress opposite the Change, where we were waiting for the bus. We waited longer and longer but the bus never came. We were told at about half-past nine that we could wait in Hall and do what we liked until the bus came. As soon as we got inside, the bus driver turned up on a bike to spread the news that the bus had run out of petrol. Inside I looked at some pictures of German aircraft which were included in the spotters' club test. After I had done this I went outside again and waited.

In a few minutes came the sound of a vehicle; the few of us down by the cypress, shouted, "Bus." The people up in Hall rushed downstairs and came

outside. In a few seconds an Army lorry, packed with troops, passed the gate. The crowd outside gave out a sigh of relief or (perhaps) disappointment : then they all rushed back into the house. We were already five minutes late for the first period at Buckenhill. We waited for another five minutes when we heard another sound of an engine in the distance, we were sure it was the bus this time ; so we again shouted, " Bus." But this time nobody rushed down from Hall, they waited to make sure it really was. In a few minutes Mrs. Young came down the drive in her car. After a short time there was another alarm, which was also false, it was Mr. Ballard with the milk. Then! the bus arrived.

We were off at last, but as soon as we got to the gate, the little car, which had brought the petrol from Bromyard, was in the way, so we had to wait for about a minute until it was moved. Soon we had to stop again, for at Tiblands there were two large lorries unloading chippings, with which to repair the road and first one tipped its load and waited. It didn't look as if they were going to make any attempt to let us go by. After the second lorry had unloaded, they both backed on to the grass beside the road, and finally we got past, having waited for about six minutes. We completed the rest of the journey undisturbed. We finally arrived at Buckenhill exactly 80 minutes late for school.

### " THEY CREEP BY NIGHT."

It was very dark when I got outside, and I instinctively felt lost. The muzzle of a rifle in my back, however, sent me forward into the man in front. Someone said we were to hang on, so I gripped his shoulder. In a few yards, I learnt I had to keep step, otherwise I got his heels in my face. Then he stopped suddenly, and I spent several minutes collecting my wits. We suddenly made off to the right through a farmyard, and I blessed the nails on my boots for keeping me upright, as I ploughed blindly to the other side.

The fog did not help matters, and hid most of the low branches in the subsequent orchard. We stopped again.

" Wait here for five minutes, then bring your section on by yourself. You know where the enemy is." I tried to recapture my self-confidence, and turned to my second-in-command to repeat the orders, but all I got was a rifle butt in my chest. After language had subsided into the still heavy night air, I told them all the intention. For five hushed minutes the seconds ticked out from my watch, until I gave the order to advance, my guide at my side. The swishing of the leaves and the sound of heavy breathing and stifled whispers were eerie enough. I did not feel better when it dawned on me I was creeping along the edge of a deep slimy moat. Then, out of the mist ahead, I suddenly saw a black group with a few silhouetted heads. With my heart knocking (not to mention my knees), and my finger on the trigger, I gave the recognition signal. They were ours. Feeling rather empty inside, I went forward to reconnoitre.

" We wait here another five minutes."

Once again the creeping procession went forward. We were now very near the enemy tank lair. I was expecting any second to be fired on from all directions, or to tread on a thunderflash thrown in my path.

A rifle fired a few yards away, and we fell flat. Surely we were in action at last. I gave a brief fire order, and sent off my sub-section.

Then the whistle went. Ten yards away my superior officer got up with his men.

" Very confusing these Home Guard night ops., aren't they ? "

" Yes, sir," I replied, in ringing tones.

The lamps went on, and from all sides other blackened devils appeared—enemy and friend strangely similar.

It took me twenty minutes to get clean that night, and I dreamt about gremlins.

## WALT DISNEY AND HIS CARTOONS.

Early in the nineteen-twenties, a young man employed in a newspaper-printer's office somewhere in the United States decided that his hobby of sketching animals might be made more profitable than his present job.

That decision was the beginning of the career of Walt Disney. It did not take him long to see the possibilities of the moving-picture cartoon, which had already been exploited to some extent by the creators of Felix the Cat, amongst others.

At first, his audience was limited; his cartoons were not thought worthy of having more than a very few copies made of them, and they were only shown in the make-shift picture-houses in the poorer parts of the town; often in enlarged garages or under railway arches.

Soon filmgoers became amused and interested in his work, but Disney had to wait for years before gaining recognition by the general public.

Gradually the popularity of his creations spread and his new character Mickey Mouse was so successful that he was able to afford two assistants to help him in his work, for every single movement took eight separate drawings to express.

In 1928 sound was added to the hitherto silent film, and Disney was quick to experiment in what he called "Silly Symphonies." These were cartoons which did not involve his main characters, incorporating animal speech and action in a humanised way with musical background accompaniment. Then, five or six years later, he produced his first cartoon in colour, the extremely amusing "Mickey's Grand Opera."

After this initial success, Disney, feeling his position more secure, decided to make a great experiment. Before this all his cartoons had lasted for about five minutes showing-time, although even these "shorts" had required several thousand drawings to give the illusion of real action.

Now he embarked upon something which, if achieved, would be of great importance: a full-length cartoon, one which would last as long as a feature film and so could take the place of the latter on the programme.

The result of the five years' endless work was the unforgettable "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs." This masterpiece, copies of which have been sent all over the world, showed Disney at his very best, with its delightful colour and songs, and amusing, lovable characters.

"Snow White" was so universally well-received that Disney and his staff, which had by then grown to nearly five hundred, started directly upon another feature. This was also inspired by a fairy-tale, though not so well known a one as its predecessor.

Now, although I myself admire Disney very greatly, I feel that there is one fact which he too often forgets. That is this: that though any cartoon that appeals to children will almost invariably appeal also to an adult audience, the reverse is not true.

Now surely he designed his feature cartoons, in the first place, to appeal to children? Though parts of "Snow White" were sad, these did not detract greatly from the general feeling of brightness and happiness throughout.

In "Pinocchio" Disney had perfect material. In some scenes he made the best possible use of it, in others he did nothing better than cater for the adult senses of gotesqueness, savage ill-treatment and horror.

After this he decided it was time for a still further experiment. This time he would work almost entirely for adults. His staff began to carry out extensive work in an entirely new field; the translation of mental ideas and images created by classical music into visual fact. The result, "Fantasia," was appreciated, naturally enough, to an entirely different degree by each section of the musical and non-musical public. Disney at first arranged for an extremely intricate sound system to be installed in each Cinema where "Fantasia" was to be shown, but, due to difficulty of transport and the fact that the apparatus took seven days to install, it was not used over here. All those who saw this film were critical regarding certain points, but surely none disagreed that Disney's technique was superb.

The discussion upon this topic had scarcely died down when he came out with another new idea. In seeing "The Reluctant Dragon" we were taken

on a tour of his extensive studios in California and shown several cartoons in various stages of completion, from the first rough drawings to the finished article.

Since then Disney has produced "Dumbo" and "Bambi." Each has shown us the sad and happy sides of life, and in each could be seen a definite advancement in the skill of the master-technician and his associates. In "Bambi," the last feature that he is producing during the war, the forest scenes are unbelievably lovely, and Disney's masterly handling of mood and feeling gave me real pleasure in a different way from its predecessors.

It is an unfortunate fact that one of the constituents of celluloid is also used in the manufacture of explosive, the supply therefore being fairly strictly limited. One might ask what Disney is doing now, as circumstances do not permit him to make full-length cartoons.

The answer is that he is still making a regular number of "shorts," featuring his best-known creations; each one containing perfectly-balanced situations that could be planned and executed only by geniuses, and each one showing that Disney knows the immense value of laughter. But this is not all. He is doing valuable war work producing instructional cartoons, some for the use of the Forces and others for civilians.

To take an example, in one recently-issued short concerning the recognition of a Japanese bomber the spectator first sees for a few seconds an actual film of a bomber hurtling towards him, then it suddenly is changed to a model, upon which the essential features are pointed out. Then details which cannot be shown in this way are explained in the cartoon following.

For the civilian, Walt Disney is producing many forms of money-saving, fuel-saving and food-saving shorts also.

So we must realize that, though we ourselves may not see as much of his work for the time being as we might wish, he is doing a **great** job in America, and that victory will again give him the opportunity to **delight us** with his work.

#### PAST AND PRESENT.

Way back in the days of the glories of Spain,  
When buccaneers fought for the gold of the Main,  
King Philip the Second thought he would invade  
The land where the bases of freedom were laid.

In England, the Spaniards by beacons were hailed—  
From Plymouth Lord Howard of Effingham sailed—  
The galleons were routed with crushing defeat,  
The Armada went home—a mere ghost of a fleet.

To-day it's the same, but with Hitler instead :  
He too will invade, or so it is said,  
But he'll do no better, his sailors will flee  
For England has still the control of the sea.

#### " I THINK THAT . . . "

So often, in dormitories, in day-rooms, in gardens and even in the bus I have heard people expounding their views to the world in general. I decided to collect the opinions together, and here they are:—

1.—What branch of Service would you prefer?—Army, 50%. R.A.F., 29%. Navy, 21%.

2.—Should fagging be abolished?—No, 72%. Yes, 28%.

3.—What do you prefer to wear in winter?—Breeches, 50%. Long Trousers, 32%. Shorts, 18%.

4.—Should everyone have equal opportunity for education?—Yes, 82%. No, 18%.

5.—Do you prefer living in town or country?—Country, 54%. Town, 46%.

6.—Can you cook?—Yes, 68%. No, 32%.

7.—Do you think Party or Coalition Government would be preferable after the War?—Party, 54%. Coalition, 46%.

8.—Do you believe that co-education is advantageous?—No, 54%. Yes, 46%.

9.—Do you think women should have equal rights and pay as men in the same job?—Yes, 72%. No, 28%.

10.—Can you sew (properly)?—Yes, 61%. No, 39%.

11.—Can you dance?—No, 61%. Yes, 39%.

12.—Do you prefer blonde, brunette or red hair?—Brunette, 65%. Blonde, 32%. Red, 3%.

13.—Should the J.T.C., A.T.C. and similar organizations be carried on after the war?—Yes, 83%. No, 17%.

14.—Do you think practical everyday science should be taught, or left as a hobby for those interested?—Taught, 75%. Hobby, 25%.

### A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

A walking-tour in war-time, especially as far away as Scotland, may sound very ambitious, but last holidays a friend and I were determined to try. We chose Scotland for two reasons, first because my friend had never been there, and secondly because the Scottish Youth Hostels are still carrying on, whereas many English ones have closed.

We agreed that the railway journey should be avoided, as the fare and the Government's request to people not to travel did not really justify it. Our only alternative, and one which we turned down at first, was to go by road—hitch-hiking. We were so keen to get there, however, that this keenness, together with a spirit of adventure, decided us.

To those who have not tried this way of travel it probably does not sound attractive. Certainly it is not pleasant, but we found it extremely interesting and also a great experience. Again hitch-hiking is not so proverbially easy, since many drivers are forbidden to give lifts and many more already have spare drivers. If one is lucky one lorry in about thirty may stop for you; we were not lucky. Finally there is the problem of where to sleep, but this we solved by sleeping at inns.

We reached Glasgow after two days. During this time we had passed through England's biggest industrial towns, and had seen, first hand, some of the worst "depressed areas" of Britain. Of these, two will always remain in my memory—Warrington and Wigan. We passed through both these places on foot in drizzling rain towards evening, and it is on such occasions that one really appreciates having a friend to talk to in order to dispel the gloomy sadness which one is so conscious of feeling. We walked on for what seemed endless miles of poor houses without speaking, for at such a time one knows that one's companion is thinking exactly the same thoughts as oneself. We were heading for a village where we knew there was an inn, and by now it had become completely dark. By a stroke of good luck we heard a bus overtaking us and just managed to strike a match in time so that the bus stopped.

We found the lorry-drivers, with one exception, very nice and most interesting to talk to. By the end of our journey we knew all about diesel engines, how a lorry should be loaded, that some lorries have as many as ten gears, and a multitude of other things. Also from one driver we heard all the road versus railway grievances, and he was of the opinion that all transport after the war would be by road. The lorries which gave us lifts were of various kinds. There was a cement lorry, a lorry with ten tons of pig-iron and another lorry carrying cordite. Only once did we have to split up and go separately, and then I acted as map-reader for the driver.

On reaching Glasgow in a downpour, we literally ran to George Square, where we sent off telegrams to our homes to say that we had arrived safely. We had already arranged to stay the night at a Youth Hostel near Glasgow, but before we left we rang up Matron, who lives at Gourrock. After wading through pages of the telephone directory (surely one of the modern disadvantages of the clan system!), we found her number. Matron must have been

very surprised to hear us, but she very kindly invited us to her home (though it was not till we arrived that we realised what disorder we had caused). We had to run to the railway station, and would have missed the train had we not dodged a queue at the ticket-office.

Nothing could have cheered us more after a depressing and tiring journey—we had only had five hours sleep the night before—than to be amongst friends once more. One of the most luxurious things that I have ever known was having a bath that night, and needless to say I slept wonderfully. I awoke next morning, and to my joy I could see the whole Firth without moving at all. There were huge storm clouds over the Arrochar mountains, which was not encouraging as we had intended to start walking that day. Below in the Firth there were many interesting sights though I cannot say here what I saw. By eleven o'clock the rain had ceased, and so we set out on the second stage of our adventures. It was with regret that we left Matron, but we had arranged to meet in a week's time at Edinburgh, and even if the walking-tour had been a failure, this would be something to look forward to. So we left Gourrock and took the Clyde ferry to Kilcraggan.

We found the Youth Hostels a marvellous organisation and were extremely happy, making friends with many people whom we met. One evening we had a sing-song, many people, including the warden, singing solos. Our longest walk in one day was eighteen miles, and with our heavy packs and boots we were both tired by the end of the day. However, we noticed that some boys there, who were much younger than us, thought nothing of walking as much as twenty-five miles in one day! We climbed a mountain called Ben Nairnain on another day, but the mist prevented us from having a good view.

Of all the places which we visited I remember two most vividly. We saw both in the evening light of two different days. The first was Loch Chon, a fairy-like loch between Inversnaid and Aberfoyle. We looked down upon it from the road, with a pink sky reflected in the clear water, broken only by two or three islands covered with fir trees. I thought this was the most beautiful of all lochs I had ever seen till we visited Loch Katrine on the following evening. We might have been the only people in the world, standing beside the loch with no sound at all but an occasional bird and the burns tumbling down the mountain. Its beauty and impressiveness—for there is something very dramatic or even foreboding standing there in the evening—cannot be described with justice, for there are so many aspects to it. If one looks for absolute beauty, one can find it at Loch Katrine unsurpassed by anything: if one looks for history or romance, one cannot help feeling one is in the presence of countless years: while if one looks for superstition, there is a feeling of sinister elusiveness in the deep water. I have read many writers' descriptions of Loch Katrine, but all, in my opinion, have failed; one has to go there to appreciate it.

By the time we reached Callander, our last halting-place, I think we both realised that we had walked and seen enough. Though we had Edinburgh to look forward to, it was with great regret that we boarded the 'bus, for we had left the Highlands behind us.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the "Grantite."*

Dear Sir,

The sword of Damocles has fallen, metaphorically at least, in the combined shape of H.M.S. Collingwood and a hush-hush branch of the Army, on the two most prominent Old Grantites in Oxford. Dick Borradaile has disappeared into the one, and David Davison into the other. Besides this (leaving the severity of the weather and the inseparable shortage of fuel out of the question—they shouldn't be left out but brought very much to the fore—but never mind that) the term has been notable for two things; first, the trend of the would-be Westminster undergraduate to desert the House and secondly the even more marked trend of the would-be Grantite undergraduate to desert Oxford altogether. This dastardly state of affairs has

resulted in only one Grantite coming up this term, and he to Trinity. He is David Mitchell, who perhaps entertained thoughts along the lines of "Well, I parted company from Westminster and so I might as well part from the House." Anyhow, in the absence of Dick B., he has served to prove to Oxford that they do play games at Westminster.

There have been some very welcome visitors to Oxford this term. I was sitting in my room one October afternoon, concentrating deeply on "Music While You Work" during one of the all too brief spells when the Engineering Labs. do not demand my presence, when what should come but—a knock at the door!! As it was almost certain to be one of the horde of canvassers who seem to thrive on termly failures and negative answers to their persistent efforts to trap one into joining the particular political club that they at that moment have the honour (?) to represent, the response was a very dreary "Come in." Then, joy of joys, there entered not a keen Conservative, a loving Labour man or a lonely Liberal, nor even a Social Democrat nor a Cosmos canvasser, but Jimmy Andrews, who, being the proud possessor of a through ticket, not transferable and all that sort of thing, from Knightwick to Paddington, was in his own words "breaking his journey to London." Although the following news will be stale to all present Grantites who had the privilege of seeing him in the flesh whilst he was at Fernie, many Old Grantites will be glad to know that his eye has now recovered and he is himself once again.

"Music While You Work" has just ended and so perhaps this letter had better do the same. This seems to be just as lame a way of finishing an Oxford letter as any that has so far been tried, although, of course, it goes no small way to revealing the identity of

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

*To the Editor of the "Grantite."*

Dear Sir,

Apart from military training, the swarms of American soldiers in the streets and the constant aerial activity, Cambridge is still shrouded in an atmosphere of peace. We live, in fact, in perfect luxury. Since most men are a year younger than in times of peace, everyone is horribly grown up and anxious to cultivate any vice. It is a positive crime to call the most adolescent youth anything but a "man," and all females are referred to as "women." Your correspondent strikes a compromise, and talks about "people" amid sneers so fierce that they are audible.

Mr. Wilson occupies a room lately vacated by Mr. Adams. As this latter gentleman did not remove his chemicals and dirty test-tubes, the room smells. However, Mr. Wilson says that the smell is becoming less concentrated, and he has thrown all chemical apparatus into the cupboard where he keeps his food and fencing foils.

Mr. Sandelson dresses in a most immaculate fashion and is busy escorting a younger brother round Cambridge. He is an ardent debator and favoured me with a harangue on the subject of the Union. In spite of a Latin quotation, his eloquence did not persuade me to join.

All Old Grantites, and, indeed, all Old Westminsters, are immediately advised by Mr. Lever and Mr. Wilson to join the "mummers," a play-reading society. After trying hard to live up to his supposed state of "manhood," your correspondent was informed that, as a new member, he would be required to take part in the "nursery productions." The sensation was similar to being wakened from a day-dream by a cutting remark from Mr. Claridge, and his mental recovery was not aided by the foulest atmosphere of cigarette smoke which he has ever encountered. The "Mummers," however, is a quiet society, and is a pleasant contrast to the fanatical political societies whose brilliantly coloured posters fill the notice-board. Every freshman is greeted by their pamphlets which contain such illuminating statements as: "After the war, we shall be living in a post-war world"!

Mr. Macmillan is still up, and is reading agriculture. He is of the opinion that there is a lot to be said for reading a scientific subject, and, as he still

complaints of lack of time, he may have discovered a subject to which he can give his undivided attention. Mr. Moller is up on a Royal Engineers' short course, and Mr. Ashbrooke is reading law. He has acquired a portly bearing and a deep voice.

Since he is unable to compete with the slick writers of former letters, no original ending must be expected of

YOUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

*To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."*

Dear Sir,

Being the first Grantite to return to Mardon for any length of time since the House was there with H.B.B., it might be interesting if I were to say a few things about how Exeter seems to-day. This must of necessity be about places rather than people, as your correspondent has the privilege but not exactly the pleasure of being the only representative of Grant's or indeed of Westminster in Exeter.

Exeter itself is sadly changed. The High Street, once narrow and dark, is now light and in parts not a thing stands on either side. The pulpit in the Cathedral from where the H.M. addressed the school is covered with dust, and the long hanging lamps sway widely in a chill breeze which blows down the length of the nave unhindered by any glass; and the organ at which so many have gazed in mixed wonderment and disapproval is partly stripped of panelling. The College, too, stands on the very edge of a large area of devastation. Mardon has suffered but little; a bomb which fell on the hill half wrecking the squash courts and causing the Mardon Students of the time to have to eat from a sort of field kitchen for a week, is evidenced only by a few cracks in the ceilings. No, Mardon has not changed in outward appearance, the common-room is just as comfortable, the baths just as luxurious (though the best people don't take as much water as one used to before), and even the same cracked bell is carried along the corridors before breakfast. It is the sounds and the people which are different; no longer does the "Swinging Hills" echo out of Chiswicks window from Le H's "Wecord player," it has been replaced by "Jazz-me Blues" for a full powered radiogram: Chiswicks and Inner are mere study-bedrooms now. Hall, in 1942, means Mardon and that which was Hall in 1940 is just the small Common Room. Unfortunately the tennis courts in front of the Hall have gone to ruin, and hockey is now played on them.

There is one change that one does not go long without noticing outside Mardon, in the Washington Singer and at Gandy street, and that is the female company. It seems to be all around in the corridors, the labs, the woods—everywhere. There is no doubt explained by the fact that four of the six halls, including Reed (to which Mardon men take a good view), are occupied by women—mostly evacuated medicals.

The Washington Singers or merely the Block (in front of which your correspondent has learnt, not for the first time, to slope arms, and in which he has many times had the experience of throwing that last switch that will probably send several radio valves and an odd meter packing), still stands bare and new on the hillside. It is at the block that the weekly entertainment in the form of College dance, or more correctly College "Hop," functions.

The Port Royal boat club, the canal and the Double Locks Hotel are wholly unchanged, though the water near the Locks was strangely quiet and one half expected that mad horde of cheering humanity to appear along the side, while some Tub came round that last bend up to the finishing line just short of the huge white guard rails of the lock gates; but nothing came, and someone turned to walk back towards Mardon thinking somewhat sadly of that regatta, and those who rowed in it, and that person was

YOUR EXETER CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

I would like to take this opportunity of thanking the Housemaster and Mrs. Murray-Rust for the way in which they give old boys such a ready welcome at Fernie. Although I am writing only on behalf of myself I know that all Old Grantites who have visited Fernie realise what a grand time they are given. It is difficult fully to understand, until one returns as an old boy, how completely at home and welcome one is made to feel.

Yours sincerely,

J. D. B. ANDREWS.

#### OLD GRANTITES.

From direct and indirect methods, we have received news of the following Old Grantites :—

L. E. CRANFIELD (1935-1939) is a 2nd-Lt., last heard of in Bombay.

V. T. M. R. TENISON (1937-1940) is in the Indian Artillery.

J. A. HOLLOWAY (1937-1941) will soon finish his pre-O.C.T.U. R.A. Training in Kent.

I. J. ABRAHAMS (1935-1940) is now Sub.-Lt. R.N.V.R., in the Portsmouth area, and has just been on a course with D. S. Winkworth (1935-1939).

G. L. Y. Radcliffe is in the K.S.L.I., somewhere in Yorkshire.

F. G. OVERBURY won a State Scholarship in July, and is now at Mardon Hall, Exeter.

M. L. PATERSON, R.N.V.R., is now back in England again.

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We have enjoyed visits this term from B. V. I. Greenish, D. L. B. Farley, J. D. B. Andrews, and O/S J. R. Russ.

#### OBITUARY.

We learn with deep regret of the death in action of two more Old Grantites:

PILOT-OFFICER D. C. Evans, who gave his life as the pilot of a Wellington on the 1,000-bomber raid on Bremen.

O/Seaman D. S. WILDE, R.N.V.R., who gave his life on board H.M.S. Coventry in the Mediterranean. After leaving the School at Lancing, in 1940, he took up journalism and was on the staff of the *Sydney Herald*.

#### NOTICES.

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

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

The Editor would like to say that as from December 1st, 1942, he will be responsible for the distribution to all Old Grantites of the "Grantite Review," and therefore all change of address, etc., should henceforth be addressed to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.

Back numbers (1940, to present day) may be obtained from The Editor, price 1s.

The Editor is not responsible for opinions expressed by contributors.

The Editor would welcome contributions from Old Grantites.