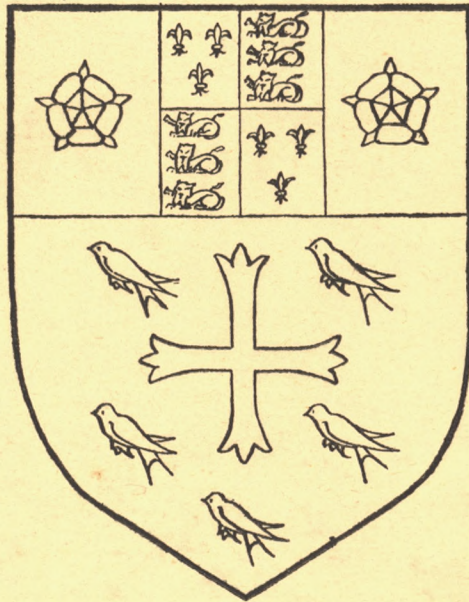


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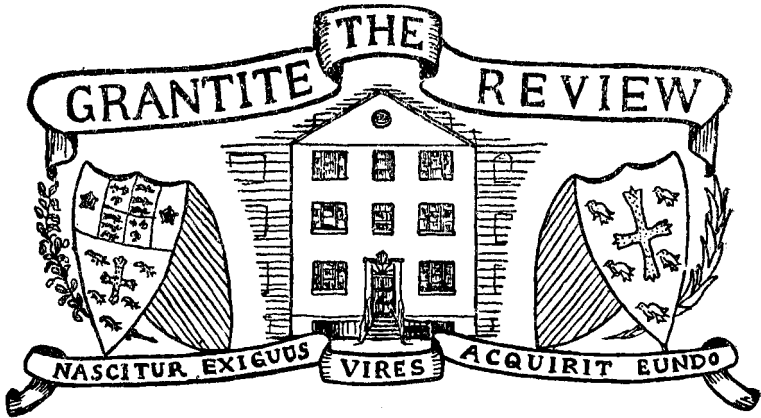
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



LENT TERM,
1943.

INDEX.

	Page
EDITORIAL	4
HOUSE NOTES	5
A WESTMINSTER MILESTONE	6
FERNIE BANK	6
FOOTBALL	7
J.T.C.	8
HOME GUARD	8
SPOTTERS CLUB	9
WHAT THEY THINK OF OUR SYSTEM	9
<i>F. G. Overbury</i>	
LINES ON BROMYARD	10
<i>A. J. Croft</i>	
IMPRESSIONS OF FERNIE	11
<i>G. D. Glennie</i>	
AN APOLOGY	12
<i>J. O. Eichholz</i>	
NORTH-WEST OF INDIA	12
<i>F. H. R. Almond</i>	
I SPEND A MORNING AT GLAXO	13
<i>K. M. Thomson</i>	
DAY DREAMS	14
<i>D. I. Gregg</i>	
HOW IT ENDED	15
<i>J. O. Eichholz</i>	
CORRESPONDENCE	16
OLD GRANITITES	18
NOTICES	18



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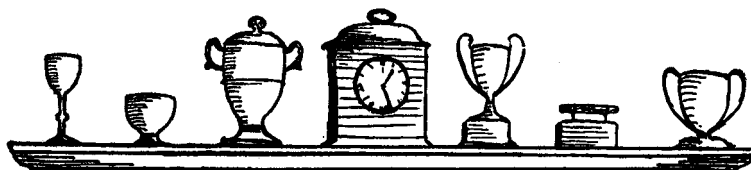
EDITORIAL.

During the past three and a half years we have lived through a war quite unparalleled in history. Up till six months ago it was all we could do to stem the attacks of the enemy. Now, however, having survived the dim days of Dunkirk, the Blitz, and Singapore, the prospect of victory is clearly set before us and we shall not fail to achieve it.

All over the world men and women have laid down their lives for us. Their sacrifice must not be in vain. From the ashes of the world to-day, we shall have to make every effort to build a better world for the future. Great schemes are already afoot—new plans for industry, agriculture, education, the rebuilding of new cities and finally we have the Beveridge Report. These are but a few things being evolved for the future. Let us make no mistake! Everyone in all spheres of life will have to play his part in reconstruction and it will be for us, the rising generation, to play a leading part.

An Englishman stands supreme when he has his back to the wall. What greater unity of purpose could there have been up and down the country in those few months after Dunkirk? It is with that spirit we shall have to work after the war. Our first reaction will be to relax and enjoy ourselves. This would leave the battle but half won, we must be far-sighted and work hard with perhaps little to gain.

In the same way Westminster, and in particular Grant's, must have this same unity of purpose. It will be the responsibility of Grant's for many years to come. We must not be complacent, we must be satisfied with nothing if this is to be a successful peace. It should be the ambition of every Grantite to leave the house a better place than when he came. Before we leave many of us get a chance to excel in some sphere of the school activities; some of us don't but we can all do our best and when called upon rise to any occasion. Those of us here now are reaping the fruits sown by others years ago who did not fail to do their best for us. Some of them have given everything. Let us not fail in our turn to do our duty to those who come after us.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left us last term :—F. W. E. Fursdon, D. M. Eady, C. A. F. Fanshawe.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—B. G. Almond, who went out to India in 1940, and his two brothers, F. R. H. Almond and D. L. Almond.

* * * * *

In Inner are :—J. R. B. Hodges, A. H. Williams, D. I. Gregg, D. J. E. Shaw and A. J. Croft.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks are :—B. R. Corcos, A. M. Davidson, S. P. L. Kennedy, P. Y. Davidson, B. G. Almond, W. J. Reed and R. J. M. Baron.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is J. O. Eichholz, and R. Bruce and H. Kleeman are Hall Monitors.

* * * * *

Congratulations to :—S. P. L. Kennedy on his Half-Pinks and B. R. Corcos and D. J. E. Shaw on their Thirds for Football.

Also to W. J. Reed and J. O. Eichholz on their Seniors and J. W. P. Bradley, J. A. Davidson, W. J. Frampton, F. H. R. Almond and D. L. Almond on their Juniors for Football.

* * * * *

We won the Senior Football Shield, beating Busby's 4—0 in the final.

* * * * *

We were beaten 3—1 by College in Juniors after our team had put up a very plucky fight.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. this term, we have read :—" As You Like It "; " The Midshipmaid," by Ian Hay ; " The Only Way," by Charles Dickens ; " Ten Minute Alibi," by Anthony Armstrong ; " French Without Tears," by T. Ratigan ; " Time and the Conways," by J. B. Priestley ; " The Moon in the Yellow River," by Dennis, Johnstan ; " The Case of the Frightened Lady," by Edgar Wallace ; " Man and Superman," by Bernard Shaw.

* * * * *

Congratulations to D. M. Eady on his Exhibition to Trinity.

A WESTMINSTER MILESTONE.

The Governing Body are intending to put into effect next autumn a scheme which may well rank as one of the constitutional milestones in the School's progress—the starting of a preparatory department.

Viewed as a short-term policy, this is planned to meet at once the believed demand for preparatory education in London from many parents who have to live there themselves, who may both of them be working all day and who do not happen to wish to send their sons away as boarders. Westminster will utilise some of its own buildings for the purpose and parents will realise that, even under present conditions there, some of the School and Abbey atmosphere will be at hand as an inspiration to a junior school and that their sons will be offered an education backed by Westminster's own academic standards.

As a long-term policy, it assumes even more importance. Westminster on its return will be faced with intake problems arising out of the dislocation of London preparatory education which will not be normalised on pre-war lines for some considerable time—if indeed it ever will be. Although we drew from a wide range of prep. schools, and shall still hope to do so, a great majority of boys came to us from schools in the London area. A preparatory department of our own already in existence will clearly help in this problem; it may well prove an even greater boon to have got one established in close connection with our existing foundation and with the Abbey (the possibility of its being also the school for the Abbey choristers comes to be considered here) if, or rather when, national schemes involving possibly new conditions of transition from primary to secondary education come into force.

As soon as the project has taken exact shape, without doubt full details will be published by the responsible authorities, for the more widely it is known the better. Meanwhile this statement is printed here in case an opportunity might come to a reader of giving the proposed junior school his recommendation earlier still.

FERNIE BANK.

For the first time since we have been in Herefordshire we have survived the winter without being snowed up and we all very much welcomed the arrival of spring six weeks early.

This has resulted in a lot of digging in the garden and it is hoped that much of it will be planted up before the end of term. Fifty day-old chicks arrived a few days ago to replenish the flock of hens but they are now somewhat depleted in numbers. We are keeping four pigs this term and they still continue to flourish after being visited by an Inspector from the Small Pig Club's Association.

The Spotters Club, which is now in full swing, has its activities described elsewhere. Most of the younger members of the house are feverishly building aeroplanes for the competition to be held at the end of the term.

Members of the House are just beginning to train for the Long Distance Relay Race, which is to be held on Bringsty towards the end of the term.

Gram. Soc. still continues to meet on Sunday night and we have very kindly been lent a pick-up for a wireless by Mrs. Wrigley.

There is still great enthusiasm over the construction of wireless sets. However, model aeroplanes seem to have taken their place now as these seem to present better prospects of success.

FOOTBALL.

SENIORS.—FIRST ROUND.

Grant's beat College in one of the most keenly contested games of the season at Brockhampton. College, who had most of their last year's team left, had a much heavier forward line than us but their defence was not so sound. The game produced plenty of good football and was rather above the average standard for Seniors.

We attacked strongly from the start and very nearly scored on several occasions but play was muddled in front of goal and each time College cleared. Our halves, especially Fursdon, at centre-half, played extremely well, keeping the College forwards in check and also following up closely behind our forwards. After twenty minutes Corcos scored for us with the result that College made a few attacks but gave our defence little trouble. Just before half-time we scored again when Eichholz pushed through a long pass up the centre of the field by Hodges, J. R. B.

From the very beginning of the second half College made very determined efforts to score. Cary, Sherrard and Feasey were particularly dangerous, but Williams made several good saves and cleared right down the field. Our forwards however failed to keep the ball up the other end chiefly because of inaccurate passing. College then scored and later Reed and Kennedy got away on the right wing and Hodges, J. R. B., scored from a penalty. This led to renewed attempts to score by College and Hodges, A. N., scored off a long shot from the half-way line. It was a very exciting finish on account of the desperate attempt to equalise by College after they had scored a second goal. These attacks were frustrated and our team gained a well-earned victory.

SENIORS.—FINAL.

This was a much less strenuous game than the first round and we beat Busby's fairly easily, 4—0. Soon after the beginning we pressed strongly and after 10 minutes' play Kennedy scored our first goal. We continued to keep up our pressure and Eichholz scored again. Gayer, on the Busby's left wing, several times dribbled up our end and centred but the rest of their forwards were not there to support him.

In the second half we had practically all the game and the ball rarely entered our half. Our third goal was scored from a brilliant corner by Fursdon. Towards the finish the game became rather scrappy, but Corcos scored another goal before the whistle blew.

Team :—A. H. Williams ; G. D. Glennie, J. R. B. Hodges ; D. J. E. Shaw, F. W. E. Fursdon, D. M. Eady ; W. J. Reed, S. P. L. Kennedy, J. O. Eichholz, B. R. Corcos, J. W. P. Bradley. J. R. B. H.

JUNIORS.—SECOND ROUND.

Lost 3—1.

This was an extremely good game although it was against a team which, on paper, was much superior to ours. College attacked hard and scored within the first five minutes. However, in defence, Eichholz, Glennie and Frampton were conspicuous and gave College very few chances of scoring. Our forwards were by no means inactive and took every available chance of the passes up the field from Eichholz and Glennie. Bradley and both the Almonds played very well and by accurate passing they got through the heavier College defence on several occasions. Just before half-time our forwards broke right away and Almond, F., scored.

In the second half we were playing against the slope and our backs and halves were constantly pushing back College attacks. Our forwards tried hard to relieve the pressure, but our wings were too slow and the College defence too heavy to give us many opportunities of scoring. Two more goals were scored against us before the end. However, our team deserves to be congratulated on playing a very good game.

Team :—J. A. Davidson ; G. D. Glennie, W. J. Frampton ; R. Bruce, J. O. Eichholz (captain), M. G. Baron ; J. N. L. Durnford, F. H. R. Almond, D. L. Almond, J. W. P. Bradley and J. C. Barrington-Ward.

J.T.C.

The J.T.C. training programme has remained substantially the same as last term. Part I Cert A is being held this term and Part II in Election Term. The weapon training programme has been livened slightly by a new issue of pamphlets, but this has often resulted in cadets knowing more than their instructors. There is a whole-day field day to take place towards the middle of March and rumour has it that it is in the neighbourhood of Stanford Bishop. As it is the first whole-day tactical exercise for a year, it will give many a chance of brushing up their fieldcraft.

A. H. W.

HOME GUARD.

Sunday parades this term have been largely concerned with an exercise involving our Company carrying out its operational role in the defended locality allotted to it and with a series of demonstrations for the showing of which, in the 1st Bn. area, the Sector authorities "requisitioned" a battle squad from the Westminster detachment here.

The exercise had its moments of realism and its periods of unreality as all such exercises do. It did give a rare chance for the Company to see its component parts working together and that alone would have made it worthwhile.

Two of the demonstrations took place on each of two Sundays and were of a squad putting into tactical effect the lessons of the parade-ground battle drill for an attack on an enemy post. All the details of ground, etc., were arranged by Major Robinson, the Sector Training Officer; and the squad commander (Williams) with his second-in-command (Gregg on one occasion and Scott on the other) went over and reconnoitred the ground in each locality before the actual day of the demonstration. Ten members of the detachment travelled to provide squad and "enemy" and incidentally got (in return for some pretty exhausting efforts) a chance of seeing some of the more distant and more beautiful parts of the county, for the localities chosen were in four different Company areas quite far apart.

It is intended to give a similar demonstration close at hand to our own platoon; a more homely affair compared with audiences of about 200 on each of the other occasions! And this will be followed up by showing a "rifle group," to be commanded by Hodges and composed of members not in the other demonstration squad, doing one lap of an attack quickly through difficult country and finishing up with firing deliberate (and, we hope, accurate) shots on the 30-yard range—in fact, a natural assault course.

This range, of which mention was made last term, was completed both as a 30-yards rifle range for ball ammunition and also as a bombing range for all types of bombs and for the Northover. Its convenience and compactness are constantly proving a boon, and its owner, Sgt. Powell, must have realised how much his readiness to allow his land to be used has been appreciated in action. Certainly whenever a bombing practice takes place (and the range has been used for certain tests at odd times) one expects to see his figure approaching, attracted by the noise and interested in what is taking place! He is now contributing towards a bomber's paradise by offering a tumbledown cottage as a target.

Mid-week parades have included one night-patrol exercise in which two patrols were absolutely bound by plan to meet en route and nevertheless didn't, and during which two King's Scholar civilians out for a walk were challenged and given a thorough "once-over" by a sentry group; and also a M. of I. film show to which the Home Guard were invited by the Women's Institute and which they enjoyed both on its own merits (the films were good, especially one dealing with the Malta convoy and one with the Persian supply route to Russia) and as a relaxation from their proper job!

T. M.-R.

THE FERNIE BANK SPOTTERS CLUB, No. 427.

Towards the end of last term a Spotters Club was formed at Fernie, for the purpose of increasing our efficiency in Aircraft Identification. We are an official club, although, as yet, we have not received any official equipment. Already some of the Proficiency Tests have been passed and our efficiency has increased 100 per cent. There is a Spotters' Notice-board which has a daily Recognition Quiz and various other interesting weekly features. A competition has been held and another is being arranged. A model-making competition has also been held.

R. J. M. B.

WHAT THEY THINK OF OUR SYSTEM.

For the last six months I have been with a community having ideas and experiences very different from school. At least ninety per cent. of those with whom I have lived were educated up to Higher Certificate at what is usually termed State or Secondary schools. I have, therefore, had ample opportunity of finding out from a small but fairly representative body of young men what is thought of the Public School system of education, the advantages with which it is credited and the criticisms that are levelled against it. I felt that it might be interesting for a person who is working under such a system to know how the outsider imagines he is living and managing one of the most important parts of his life.

There are, of course, all forms of opinion expressed on the subject, some extreme, wild and misinformed, others obviously considered and interesting; I will try, while not including everyone, to give a cross section of ideas as representative as possible of the general feeling.

It is of course hard, in fact impossible, to specify exactly what is meant by the "Public School System," but for the purposes of my questions I laid stress on the idea of monitors, of self-run boarding houses, in fact on the main points which had struck me in the everyday life at school.

On raising the matter the first word spoken was always deploring the fact that any institution should exist which is available only to the privileged. Well that is a point so obvious and so often discussed that I will not dwell on it; it is the less obvious aspects I wish to deal with. It is the system of monitors about which is voiced the most vehement criticism; at the same time it is the subject on which there is most misunderstanding. For instance several people believed that a monitor sits in his study, feet up on the table, cane in hand, with cowering small boys cleaning the shoes on his feet. "Such a system," they say, "produces in the monitor the type of boy who fawns on those to whom he is responsible so that he may create the right impression in them, while behind their backs he is secretly terrorising the poor unfortunates under him; in turn the 'poor unfortunates' become older, throw off the yoke and proceed to seek revenge on a new generation of younger boys—and so it goes on." Some maintain that this situation would be rectified if the monitors (or as they prefer "counsellors") were elected by the boys themselves and not appointed by a higher authority. They feel that persons over 14 have a very keen sense of who is responsible, that such an elected monitor would then have a duty to those around him (as if he hadn't one already) as well as to those over him and that the Public schools are wholly undemocratic on this point. It would appear then from this that some form of monitorial system is accepted as good training, and that prefects who at many State schools have little to do but supervise an odd game are not considered as adequate. Before I leave the subject of their views on monitors there are two points which I should like to remark on myself. First, I think that it is very much open to question whether a group of boys of average age 15½ would in actuality elect the person most suited to be a monitor, or whether they would not rather vote for the most popular or the one they thought would give them the easiest time. Secondly, and this is the crux of the matter, they forget, or at least they do not know, the relationship existing between monitor and young boy on the one hand and between monitor and House or

Head-Master on the other. That a monitor should be ever watched or checked from above is not considered.

A heated denunciation which rather shook me was made the other day of "Those monstrous initiation ceremonies, such as put anything practised at College into the shade and which are known to disturb the balance of nervous new boys when they first arrive at the Public school." "Ah," I thought to myself, "it must be the brutal practice of forcing the new boys to sing a song in front of the whole House at a Play Supper that is responsible for all those nervous creatures up House."

To turn to the academic side of our training, there is a feeling that teaching in lower forms is slap dash and not serious enough, and also that matters would be much improved were there to be examinations which had to be passed before a boy should get a move into a new form, the principle of the top so many going up automatically leading to a lowering of standard. The higher forms were accused of not concentrating on specialist subjects with nearly enough energy. The argument that we were learning how to reason and not merely to absorb bookwork was rather smiled at as a lame excuse. Credit was given, though, to the fact that a student obtained far more individual attention and that his personal welfare and tuition was managed with a great deal of care.

Before I finish I must bring up the inevitable subject of traditions; these, as was to be expected, came in for their share of criticism. "Such traditions as are to be found in most of the great Public schools, are conducive to that deplorable attitude found so much amongst our governing classes, which believe that everything may rest securely on tradition, there being no need to trouble about progress, the idea that if it worked in 1880 it should work now." I think the question lies not in whether these so-called traditions do have such a disastrous effect but rather to what extent they exist at all and to what extent they will exist after the war has had its scouring effect on everything.

So far I have mentioned little but criticism of our system, but there is one point left and a very weighty one it is. Nearly everyone I have met agrees emphatically with, and indeed expresses considerable envy for, that which is embodied in the simple phrase, "Community Life." It must be remembered that practically none of the State schools have provision for boys to spend their whole day together and to learn how to live as a body. It is in this that they feel there is something to be learned and copied from the Public School system. It is on this note that I would stop. I have, of course, given only a fraction of the opinions and ideas expressed, but I do feel that I have given some small impression of what is felt and being said freely on the subject.

LINES ON BROMYARD.

Being a sort of liaison officer between Fernie and Bromyard, I thought I could settle once and for all the "something-for-the-Grantite" conscience that has had fourteen unsuccessful jabs at me by presenting some of the less dreary sides of life in Bromyard.

People have said: "Poor blighter (or words to that effect), fancy having to spend the holidays in Bromyard of all places." *Au contraire*, as the man in the Bay of Biscay said when asked whether he had dined. The recipe is simple—get a job. It doesn't matter where you go, so long as they pay you, as the principal point isn't the job but the low-downs (or lows-down?) it gives you.

After two terms here, I was only two-thirds lout, and therefore looked for and found a sheltered niche in an office. The pay was poor, but so were my standards, so I didn't mind. However, the lines per sq. cm. value was high. Filing yellow flimsies and making lists of conscientious objectors to rate-paying are to be preferred to filling in endless little coloured cards about evacuees.

My next shot was grocery. Grocery teaches you how to fold—and bust—bags; what to do with old ladies who insist on ordering three pounds of

butter every week and the difference between sago and tapioca. (Technical point: The grocery world is divided into two herds. The sheep add up in shillings, but the goats add up all the pence first and divide by twelve).

The metamorphosis into lout was completed by the following autumn, so I bought a boiler-suit and plunged into Production. Production is an omnipotent word that can embrace anything conceivably connected with the war effort, but in particular what goes on inside a wire cage in a certain garage. The rest of the garage is full of cars and bits of cars, mostly the latter; a jolly little game being to fling such bits at anyone within sight.

Having jammed a lathe and broken a few drills, I was deemed graduated and given my own little job on my own little lathe, which was to do all sorts of unkind things to a lump of aluminium so as to turn it into a whatnot, for which I was paid threepence. After a time I could do ten in an hour, which brings in something worth having. All this of course is by the way. The real business is to: (a) argue about the correctness of the clock, a subject of lasting excitement; (b) get dirty, this is spoilt by being too easy; (c) make sure Alfie has booked up the right number of whatnots, and tell your friend what you think of him if he hasn't; and (d) collect lines. Engineering lines are of the very highest quality. For instance, you know the woman who lives in the fourth house as you go up. . . .

IMPRESSIONS OF FERNIE.

I went into Hall the other day. This may sound rather absurd for I go into Hall approximately twenty times every day, but on this particular day there was no one there. Just the bare brown tables, bearing the traces of many enterprising sculptors of bygone days and the pale-blue walls. I was alone and suddenly I began to think of the first time I had ever entered Hall—one winter evening at the beginning of an Easter Term two years back. Let me reconstruct the scene.

I was a new boy, one of those poor miserable little fellows who creep around the place for the first week in utter bewilderment. I had just arrived from the station, having fortunately managed to survive the very hair-raising ride on the lorry, perched on a suitcase (not mine) which I had fondly imagined might have withstood my weight.

On my arrival at Fernie I met the Housemaster who in turn referred me to the Head of Hall, a big brute, who took me upstairs and showed me my locker. You are generally shown a locker when you get to Fernie so that you have somewhere to move out of when fresh arrangements have been made.

However, after this, I crept into Hall for the first time, hoping to make myself as inconspicuous as possible. As I pushed open the door I heard the mixed babel of many voices and on my entry a score of curious eyes became riveted on me as though I were some strange phenomenon. I wished heartily that the floor would suddenly open and swallow me up but, as is invariably the case in such situations, it didn't. I remained, therefore, in a semi-stationary position, nervously fingering the mantelpiece and pulling hunks of plaster out of the wall until my shyness began to diminish and I was able to take stock of the assembled inmates who were to be my associates during the coming term.

Taking them all round they were a motley collection and I appeared to be the smallest except for peculiar little individual with bright red hair, who, having bounced around the room once or twice, finally settled down to an animated conversation with a tall unscrupulous-looking ruffian who's name I afterwards learnt was M—. Then a nasty-looking specimen in horn-rimmed spectacles came and scrutinised me from every angle. Any minute I was expecting him to say: "Is that really your face?" but he didn't and presently sheered off into some dark corner, presumably to discuss me with some other crony. But what was most conspicuous in that room was the lump of living matter which somehow managed to hold itself together with the aid of two chairs in the far corner. Here, indeed, was the traditional fat boy—no school is complete without one. But just as I was calculating the dimensions of his vast circumference, an unholy yell sounded from beneath

and on being informed of the correct procedure to be adopted, in such circumstances, I flew like greased lightning down the stairs in response to the first "Hall Call" of the term.

Here, then, are my reminiscences—memories which, I am afraid, are fast fading with the passage of time. The only remaining traces of their existence will be found deeply embedded in the House furniture which, incidentally, we hope will last for ever!

AN APOLOGY.

Such is the extent of the inability successfully to indulge in literary endeavour at present prevalent in this House, that the Editor of its official mouthpiece is driven to the extreme of delivering quasi-serious threats to various of the more unproductive members of the establishment in order that his plight and the need of their support may be the more readily appreciated and in the hope that this knowledge may be as a goal towards artistic effort. We are one of many such, constantly with the aspiration in our mind that the "Review" may be a success, as a manifestation of the worth of the House, yet with the perpetual regret that, owing to a sterile imagination, we are unable ourselves to contribute towards this end.

Now, at last, we are proud to announce that the present tense is no longer applicable to our case. That we have been one of many such would be a more accurate statement of our position, and it is with pride that we say so. Our previous effort towards effective composition has been great—if in no other respect, in its profuseness. In the direction of funny bits on Biking in Herefordshire, Farming, Dear Old Hunts, and the Sick Room, we have peered, momentarily racked our brain, and despaired. For a moment, perhaps, pondering upon the possibilities of a contribution of the descriptive sort, to be described as Being a New Boy, or Home Guard, our mood has been temporarily cheered. We have reached for a hopeful pen. But in vain; the words did not come.

At present we have a feverish attack of 'flu, but, though it be from our sick bed, we feel it our duty to have it known that we have found a way. If it is not a helpful one, if in its extent it does not attain the full spaciousness of the Editor's aspiration, then it is not our fault. It is the fault of the limitations of our brain, which can now prolong the effort little further. This burst of creativeness might be continued, but only at the expense of the readers' temper. Why should our apology be a long one, for not having thought of writing this before?

NORTH-WEST OF INDIA.

When one considers India, one must not imagine that all the Indians are anti-British; they are not. In the North-West Frontier Province, most of the Indians are very loyal indeed; especially the Mohammedans and they are by no means the only ones who are loyal.

In India journeys are expensive and long owing to its size. Travelling is tiresome as well, because at every station you get pestered by people asking for alms or asking you to buy some of their evil-smelling food; you might get a chokra (Indian village boy) trying to sell you a copy of the *Picture Post* or some other magazine, a year old. If you travelled by car you would get a better journey, but, in summer, the roads are very dusty.

The standard of living is very low. A bearer (butler) gets about 17 rupees (approximately £1 5s.) a month! Of course this leads to luxury. Many people have a large number of servants. I think 10 servants is quite usual. The food is cheap. An Indian can buy three large handfuls of curry and rice for half-anna (one anna is just over 1d.). This, of course, does not mean that an Englishman could get it at the same price; he would pay a good deal extra, but of course the food that is got from England is very expensive.

If you went down into the depths of an Indian bazaar, you would see a quaint sight. In a narrow street, filled with bustling people, there are many tumble-down shops, with their owners either bargaining, talking to a friend, or

just smoking their hooka (Indian pipe). Here you can get nearly anything, including old Slazenger tennis balls in a moderate condition for 8 annas (9d.) and good quality golf balls, second hand, at a moderate price (the balls come from the streams into which golfers send them). Here, also can be bought saucepans, stoves, razors, razor blades, wooden toys, and nearly every part of machinery your require.

In India the educational standard is not very high. Although we were at what was supposed to be the best school, the teaching was not nearly so good as in England. We had many hours of work but we forgot everything that we had learnt in England, especially all the Latin and French. Even though the languages were backward, it must be said that the Science was the most advanced subject that we did there. It might be that the masters probably do not know how to teach languages ; or possibly they have to go slowly because some of the Indians take a long time to get anything into their heads. Some schools have just been started for boys from England, but they are not yet in perfect working order.

In India there are many different sports. At school in Simla, we played hockey, football and cricket. The Indians were good at hockey and football, but they could not play cricket. In the holidays we played tennis, golf and squash, and also rode. These are the main sports of India.

This is only a brief idea of India from what I have seen of it in two years. I have been there before, but I was too young to remember anything. One thing that must be said is that it is greatly exaggerated when you are told that, every night, lions and tigers prowls about. There are very few, and they are found only in Bengal and Bombay Presidency. There are, however, jackals, which are mixtures between dogs and wolves. But whatever attractions India may have to offer, on the whole I prefer to live in England.

I SPEND A MORNING AT GLAXO.

Last holidays I had the opportunity of seeing over a really modern medical research laboratory at the invitation of the head of the bio-chemical department of the Glaxo Laboratories, at Greenford.

When we entered the building we were partially deafened by the loud throbbing of a huge electric refrigerator in the vestibule. On the first floor we went into a large, light, white-tiled room filled with several stands, each holding about sixty zinc or wire cages. In the zinc tins were mice of all colours—albinos, fawn, grey, and dark brown ones—used for experiments in genetics and mendelism. Most were fully grown, but there were several litters of little pink, blind, helpless babies about an inch long.

In the wire cages were hundreds of white rats. These were particularly interesting, and I was surprised to hear that they were cleaner animals than rabbits. Some were being fed on diets deficient of vitamin B, and others were kept without vitamin A. On one of the stands I saw several rats lying as though dead in their cages. On looking closer I saw that they were breathing, so I asked how they came to be in such a state. I was told that they had been anaesthetised before having their eyes examined to see the results of their diet.

At the end of the room I came to a young doctor examining the eyes of other rats in the same condition. With a watch-maker's lens I looked at the minute blood capillaries in the iris diaphragm of one, and by the light of a lamp shone into the eye I could see the blood vessels in the retina through the eye lens.

Other rats in the conscious state that had had the same diet without vitamin A for a long period were blinking badly in the light, and I was told that one or two were probably too far gone ever to recover their proper sight.

In the next room were similar stands, but holding larger cages containing rabbits and guinea-pigs. Many of the latter had very small litters—none of which had more than three young—and my friend thought that this must be on account of the high temperature of the room.

In one of the more experimental laboratories I came in just as a girl

was changing the dressings on a guinea pig. The experiment that was in progress was one at which I am sure the anti-vivisectionists would have protested. A few guinea-pigs, while under an anaesthetic, had each been given two burns on the back. Then they were treated with various antiseptics, the object being to find which helped healing best ; slightly cruel, perhaps, but a very necessary work, and the animals were quite content when I saw them.

My friend took me downstairs to the bacteriological department. Here I was taken into a small evenly-heated chamber with test-tube racks all round the walls. In each of these test tubes, with were stoppered with wads of cotton wool, was a clot of some red substance, dried blood, I suppose, upon which were *visible* layers consisting of hundreds of thousands of microbes of all sorts.

In another room I was shown racks of large test-tubes containing different moulds and fungi, and in a third room, always kept at a very high temperature, were large bottles containing similar growths from which the enzymes and other products were obtained for use in the laboratories.

As we came away I ran my mind over what I had just seen, and thought of the part that each experiment eventually plays in the lives of many millions of human beings. Better eyesight for thousands will originate from the half-conscious sufferings of a few rats. Speedier relief from burns and scalds will come to so many through the temporary pain of a few scores of guinea-pigs. Millions of diseased persons will owe their lives to serums discovered by means of first experimenting with microbes and viruses, and quicker recovery from illness to the drugs and medicines prepared from moulds.

This is only the tiniest fraction of what is being done in such laboratories at the present day. Much of the work must be to no gain, but this is amply compensated for by the amount of good that is achieved.

DAY-DREAMS.

Sunlight poured through the dusty windows of the Laboratory, giving flasks of red solutions an added tinge of colour and bestowing a new sparkle on bottles of crystals. And I could not help feeling that same joy for living which one has after an illness, when one is allowed to go for one's first walk on a sunny day, and notices Spring flowers and promising shoots amidst tiny leaves on the trees.

Whenever my mind is so unexpectedly filled with pleasure, I cannot but be powerless for a moment to the mischievous wanderings of my thoughts. I feel as a person returned from abroad, who is led back in memory to boyhood days by revisiting the scenes with which he was then acquainted ; in such a way do my thoughts lead me back to days long past and to incidents almost forgotten. Thoughts are like guides and often pause here and there, pointing out to me past scenes and past events. They may take me to a steep mountainside in Switzerland and lead me up a dusty pathway bordered with an unplanned design of gentian and Alpine rose. Or perhaps they may go farther back and bid me once more build my first snow-man and adorn it with a hat and walking-stick ; that snow-man stood long after the surrounding snow had melted.

But such thoughts, of course, are almost momentary. Often indeed they pass by unnoticed so that one is merely conscious of some deep throbbing of pleasure, while the casual thought has slipped by, not to return. If one analyses the paths of one's thoughts, however, it may be possible to catch just a glimpse of one of the guides who, on being summoned, returns somewhat sullenly, offended at one's heedlessness to his first tugs at the sleeve. But show him that one is willing to follow, and he will scamper down the paths of memory, and so fast that one is beguiled into following his beckoning.

Such then were the causes that set me day-dreaming (as I suppose anyone but myself would call such visits to the Never-Never Land). The sun poured through the dusty Laboratory windows as I sat at work with an

experiment. I was trying to "determine the chemical composition of a given substance" which was dissolved in water, and added a pink liquid drop by drop. It may have been the subtle way in which the light was reflected in the bright solution tinged with pink, or it may have been due to a strange storehouse of past memories, but, due to whatever cause, my guides suddenly tugged my arm and led me in a flash over many miles and showed me a clear, still lake, cradled on every side by tall purple mountains which guarded over their treasure. In the middle of the lake there was a fir-covered island with mossy banks and lichen-covered stones, and all around it the rippled water was tinged pink by the evening sun.

It was with delight that I remembered, not long ago, leaning over a white paling and gazing at the scene as if all time had stopped till I should command it start again. The silence was only broken by an occasional lapwing, but that silence was as appropriate to the natural beauty as music is to the tragedy. How long I stood there enchanted I do not know, but my eyes travelled again and again over the rugged crags outgrown with sprigs of heather and scarlet rowan, and I tried to impress the scene on my mind so that I should never forget it.

Often have I tried to imagine that same picture; amidst ugly traffic and dusty streets I would give much to be refreshed once more by the vision of the island and the mountains and by the hearing of utter silence. But I have not the gift of the poet's "inward eye," and whenever I try to look at the picture it always vanishes. Only when my guides lead me there do I see it, and their coming is governed by tricks and fortunes that I do not understand.

But perhaps you may forgive me next time you see me "day-dreaming"?

HOW IT ENDED.

The Allied column from Bordeaux had swept across France to the Rhone, east of St. Etienne, and to Arles. A British Army was advancing from Reims across the Meuse to Metz, while another force had driven its way in two days from Paris to Dijon. Through Belgium our troops had driven a wedge to the Rhine at Dusseldorf and the Free European force landed at Rotterdam was fast developing pincer movements on Munster and Essen. Trondhjem and Oslo were in our hands. Eisenhower was re-grouping on the Italian side of the Alps.

That summer evening we heard on the nine o'clock news that patrols from the columns at Dijon and St. Etienne had made contact North of Macon.

Von Runstedt set up headquarters at Stuttgart, and set about putting into operation his plan for the defence of Germany on the Maginot and Siegfried lines—a forlorn task in the face of bombing and air-borne troops. He was one of the bitterest men in Europe, this Runstedt, who on the eve of the attack had lost two Army Corps to defend Minsk.

In the underground headquarters of the Supreme High Command at Czestochowa the telephones had been ringing all day as the arrangements were made for the transfer of half a million half-trained reserves from their barracks in Central Europe to the front in the West. It would take a week at least.

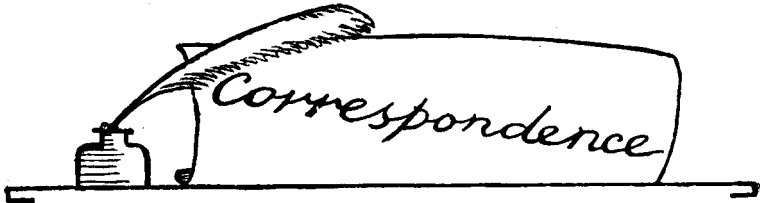
That night a bombing began. In waves of a thousand, the Allied bombers flew over to smash the German railways to pieces. On through the next day it went. In turn the rail junctions of Europe were plastered by hordes of bombers. After seventy-two hours the attack ceased. Runstedt would never be relieved.

Herr Hitler emerged from the little dim blue-lighted room where he used to have his intuitions, and walked very tired into the huge silent hall where his staff worked. Wearily he gave the order: "Put Plan A/H 43002 into operation." (Plan A/H 43002 was "the Action to be taken in suing for armistice.")

A uniformed barber entered.

And there in front of his staff the little Austrian had his moustache shaved off, and that lock of hair was removed for ever.

Then he shook hands all round and went to change into the clothes of a Polish peasant.



To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

In spite of an influx of Americans, Czechs, Poles and other Allied forces, the placid life of Cambridge continues—uninterrupted even by the presence of seven old Grantites. The oldest inhabitants now are Mr. Macmillan and Mr. Wilson. When he is not explaining to the College authorities that his radiogram was not responsible for fusing the College lights, Mr. Macmillan is mastering the technicalities of agriculture before becoming a gentleman farmer in August. Mr. Wilson, who upholds the fencing traditions of Westminster, is also a very capable business manager of the Mummers who have just produced "Hay Fever," with great success. Walking along Trinity Street one is liable to encounter Mr. Sandelson armed with an engaging smile and a packet of cigarettes, which he distributes liberally. He is canvassing supporters to elect him on to the committees of the more high-class Cambridge societies. Mr. Whitehead, a budding poet, may be seen searching the Black Markets for bottles of whisky to give him added artistic inspiration and to replace the stimulus of Mr. Claridge which he finds so lacking here. An ardent Socialist and stern Government critic is Mr. Moller up here on an Engineers' course. Mr. Ashbrooke, who is reading Law, has not yet been seen by your correspondent. He is no doubt one of the few undergraduates who can claim that pressure of work keeps him away from the public gaze.

An unexpected visitor this term was a debonair young Artillery officer, none other than Mr. Beale a four-days' old lieutenant. He was on leave before being posted to a new unit having just passed successfully through the ordeals of an O.C.T.U.

An interesting occupation here is to watch those old Grantites in the S.T.C. being "kept fit." They have to run five miles in full equipment, haul themselves painfully along horizontal ropes fifteen feet high spanning muddy rivers, leap ditches and climb walls and the greatest and most unwilling of these martyrs to physical fitness is—

YOUR CAMBRIDGE CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

There are now three Old Grantites in residence here, David Shenton having joined David Mitchell and Peter Ray this term. Your correspondent had the good fortune to meet him at that admirable—because we won—boat-race one sunny Saturday afternoon in February, and the even better fortune to be invited to partake of a most luscious tea—intended for a lady friend who failed to materialise. Here I would pause to offer a little sound advice to anyone stranded in Oxford and desiring good conversation and better food. It is this: Go and see David Shenton—he still receives those huge food parcels that arrived at Fernie so regularly, and just as regularly went bad in the corner from sheer over-abundance of edibles. Now, however, David devotes his time between consuming the said parcels and putting up a

spirited and lively fight on his trombone against a jazz-combination that operates downstairs. He has also joined the S.T.C., and is understood to faint regularly at the mere thought of the 10-mile route march he has to do each Wednesday.

David Mitchell continues to show to the world in general and Oxford in particular that games are played at Westminster. Peter Ray has his time divided for him between trailer-pumps and Engineering Labs.

So much for the Old Grantites in residence here. Two O.G.s have visited us this term—Edward Fursdon and Dick Borradaile. The former was snatching a few days off from an Engineering College in London, and the latter was on a week's leave from the Navy. Dick B., by exercising great will-power, tore himself away from his lady friends and called to see me three times. Unfortunately each time he missed—

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

A PILOT AT AN ADVANCED AERODROME, "SOMEWHERE IN NORTH AFRICA."

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

In the depths of North Africa to receive from the Editor of the *Grantite* a plea for experiences was as unexpected as it was pleasant.

If you are now sitting or have in the past sat with boredom or perhaps interest before a blackboard covered with peculiar French phrases, put there by a very studious French master with maybe the most humorous manner of any schoolmaster I have met; if you could possibly realise how important those lessons are to those of us here, I doubt if that master would ever have any trouble at all in holding his pupil's attention.

The same picture could be drawn here when those of us who arrived at a certain French aerodrome sat round a board trying desperately to puzzle out what we could get to drink and what there was for lunch. The only difference in the picture was that the gathering was disturbed not by the School sergeant ringing the bell for mid-day break but by the sudden arrival of yet another wave of Jerry bombers and, while they were turned away, all efforts at trying to obtain "un morceau du pain" or "une tasse du vin blanc" were forgotten.

But to see a group of us trying to obtain the necessaries of life when the shopkeepers know no English and we know no French except the good old phrase "ou est la plume de ma tante" would make even a B.B.C. Music Hall audience laugh. Those of you who are at Whitbourne with your life of hard work and perhaps difficult living conditions would be advised to take advantage of your opportunities in order to benefit yourselves in a show like this. I remember well the days when boys used to grumble about even lighting a fire—if that was so here they would starve or die of cold!

I hope that this article—this may be overestimating that good English word—will either please the Editor or stop him from asking again for "some of your experiences."

A tous la monde qui a lu cette *Grantite*—sorry, it's automatic!—bon soir.

A. W. G. LE HARDY.

OLD GRANTITES.

During the past term we have received news of the following Old Grantites:—I. J. ABRAHAMS, Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R., paid us a visit earlier in the term. He is now on M.T.B.s off the South Coast.

J. D. B. ANDREWS spent a week in the Navy but was invalided out because of his eyesight.

C. I. A. BEALE, R.A., has just finished his O.C.T.U. and is trying to be posted to an Airborne Division.

R. O. I. BORRADAILE, R.N.V.R., is now at H.M.S. King Alfred.

D. F. CUNLIFFE is now a Captain in the 60th Rifles.

D. P. DAVISON has just finished his O.C.T.U. and has been posted to the K.R.R.

D. O'R. DICKEY, R.A.F., having survived a crash in England, is now training to be a Pilot in Canada.

M. H. FLANDERS, R.N.V.R., has been in convoys to Russia, Malta and North Africa. While off North Africa the stern of his ship was blown off. He was on the undamaged part of this ship and has been at H.M.S. King Alfred during the last few weeks. He has now received his commission.

J. A. HOLLOWAY, R.A., is at an O.C.T.U. in Yorkshire.

A. W. G. LE HARDY, R.A.F., claims to be the first O.W. in North Africa. He is now a Pilot Officer and is still flying Spitfires.

M. L. PATTERSON, Lieut., R.N.V.R., is now in command of a trawler.

J. R. RUSS, R.N.V.R., after spending two months on a Minesweeper without sweeping any mines, went to H.M.S. King Alfred at the beginning of the year.

C. R. STROTHER-STEWART has qualified as a Doctor at Edinburgh.

We were also very glad to see B. V. I. GREENISH, D. L. B. FARLEY, L. A. WILSON, H. BATTEN and J. D. B. ANDREWS at the Charterhouse match at Vincent Square on January 2nd.

NOTICES.

All correspondence should be addressed to the Editor, Fernie Bank, Whitbourne, Near 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, Near Clitheroe, Lancs.

Since the Editor is now responsible for the distribution of the "*Grantite Review*," all changes of address should be sent to him as well as the Hon. Secretary.

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

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

The Editor would welcome any news or contributions from Old Grantites.