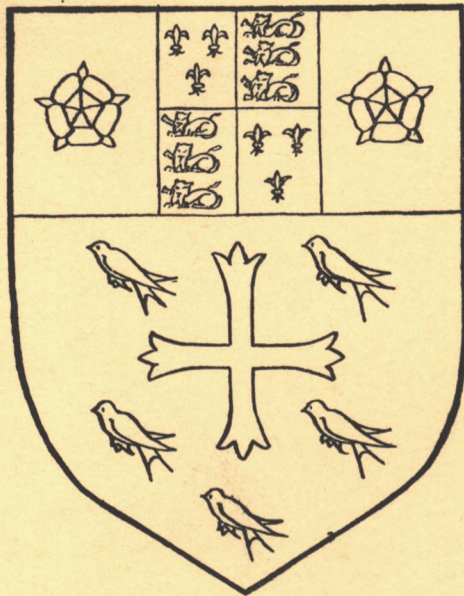


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# THE GRANTITE REVIEW



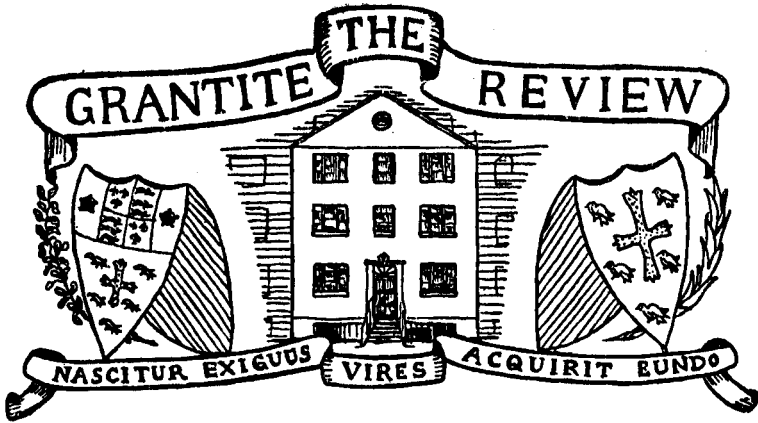
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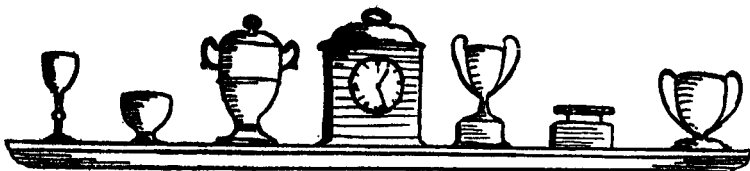




## EDITORIAL.

One of the jobs of an editorial is to explain what objects are aimed at in producing the magazine. Well, the *Grantite* is a House magazine, and as such has a large circulation among Old Grantites as well as present ones and any other members of the school who are interested. Therefore a certain amount of space is devoted to accounts of the activities of the House, and some news of Old Grantites is included. The rest contains compositions in prose and poetry, which we hope you will enjoy. No doubt everyone will be able to find something which he does not like, but let him rather look for something which he does.

Since we left London, nearly two years ago, there have been a lot of changes. Most of them have come about gradually, for it takes a lot to alter anything suddenly in a Public School; and of course we had an intermediate stage at Lancing between London and here. When we think how different Lancing seemed from London, and here from Lancing, the life we used to lead round Little Dean's Yard fades right back into a precarious past. It will be a far more abrupt change when the school goes back, and if the war were to last another three years there would probably be no boys left who had been there before. Still, let's get on first with winning the war, and may Grant's do its share with the best.



## HOUSE NOTES.

There left last term :—A. J. Abrahams and M. D. Ingrams.  
We wish them the best of luck.

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We welcome this term :—K. M. Thomson.

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In Inner are :—L. A. Wilson, F. G. Overbury, J. A. Holloway,  
P. N. Ray.

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

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We won Football Juniors.

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We won the Long-Distance Relay.

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We tied for first place for the Long-Distance Cup.

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Congratulations to :—J. R. Russ and E. F. R. Whitehead on  
their Pinks for Cricket and to Whitehead on his Half-Pinks for  
Football.

To :—F. W. E. Fursdon and B. R. Corcos on their Colts for  
Football.

To :—W. S. G. Macmillan on his Seniors, and S. P. Kennedy on  
his Juniors, for Athletics.

To :—A. M. Davidson, S. P. Kennedy, J. O. Eichholz, W. J.  
Reed, R. G. Fullerton-Smith, I. D. Kingsley, on their Juniors for  
Football.

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In Lit. Soc. we have read "Richard III," "The case of the  
Frightened Lady" by Edgar Wallace, Shaw's "Pygmalion" and  
"Pride and Prejudice" by Helen Jerome from Jane Austen's  
novel. We have two more to read—"The Housemaster," by Ian  
Hay, and "Robert's Wife" by St. John Ervine.

---

Last term "The Man in the Bowler Hat," by A. A. Milne, was  
produced in Hall.

## REVIEW.

When we came back at the end of April we were all agog to put on the shorts and stockings we had been promised last term. We were perhaps a little apprehensive but faced the situation calmly. We were able by the industry of Mr. Roberts, who turned himself for a short time into a commercial traveller, to be fitted for these clothes. They were duly supplied, worn and, although at first some people found themselves more comfortable in the good old slacks, when the hot weather came they were thankful for the cooler garments. After sweltering to church in Bromyard on Sundays for about five weeks school dress was dispensed with, much to the relief of every one.

In the gardens most of the vegetables have been sown, planted or otherwise given the word go. The sty is again inhabited by two pigs though different and of a larger calibre. The hens are still going strong apart from a few which have been eaten and enjoyed. There has been an addition of forty chicks which arrived last term and have now grown into full-size pullets and include among their complement a cockerel whose voice is just breaking!

A large extra supply of water has been found in the form of a stream in the valley. Boys sometimes accompanied by the house-master may be seen in the evenings going with various tools in their hands and pockets to a mysterious destination to tinker about with a very complicated ram cum engine, which is a mystery to anyone who is not an expert mechanic.

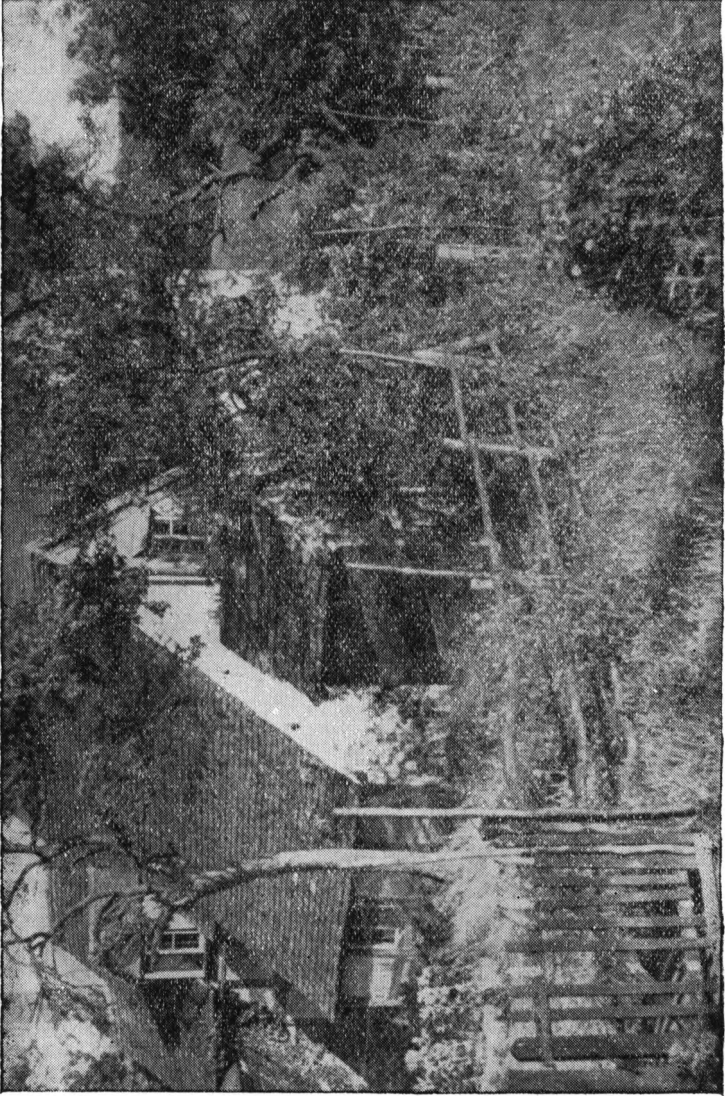
Grant's may now claim to have contributed quite substantially to the war effort, as we all do three hours farming every week on the local farms. We have helped our billeting hosts and all have given us very generously a large farm tea which we much appreciate. We have planted potatoes, "bodged," cut wood and made hay, some of which has been scythed on our own ground by our energetic estate manager.

The local Home Guard stirred from its winter hibernation at the beginning of this term and we have been doing the dawn patrol shift till lately when we took over all night duty. We have been inspected twice, sustained a pukka casualty, and have constructed very secret fortifications. We are now waiting for the Germans.

As regards sport we have been quite lucky. A cricket net was put up on the front lawn where the experts show the others how it really should be done—the others, needless to say, form the bulk of the players. The experts are lucky enough to be able to get a game at Worcester occasionally, and a ground is being prospected at Gaines where some excellent tennis courts and a swimming pond or lake have also been kindly let to us.

At the beginning of the term everyone thought Water was a thing of the past and only to be dreamed of. They were soon disillusioned. A few enterprising watermen bicycle to the Severn to row every Saturday in an eight and a four which we borrow





TIBLANDS.



from the Worcester Blind School. From Grant's there are Overbury, Andrews, and Beale. Dickey broke his leg and is the Home Guard casualty, and Holloway is too busy with the estate to take advantage of it.

One other thing should be mentioned, the Band, which practises regularly on the lawn, perhaps trying to convince us that we are a musical house. Apart from these things we seem to spend a good deal of time catching the bus, and we are lucky enough to have a bus on Tuesdays and Thursdays, when the other Houses bicycle, as we are the furthest from Saltmarshe.

## THE ATTACK.

I had reached Alexandria with the rest of the correspondents on the Tuesday, and, after driving up to the advanced forces in a staff car, I accompanied them in their advance on a large well-fortified town.

The surprise attack started soon after dawn, and we stopped about a mile and a half from the scene of the engagement. It was a marvellous sight when our light tanks and armoured cars attacked just before sunrise. They broke through in about an hour, and soon after the outer defences all the way round were overwhelmed. They were comparatively easy to take compared to the inner defences, which held out well on into the evening. The Germans put up a pretty stiff resistance on the whole, but they had not much time in which to reorganize after the outer defences had fallen. Their tanks, the heaviest they had there were of thirty tons, were quite good, but they could not stand up to our two-pounders for very long. It was then getting rather difficult to see because of the enormous amount of sand raised by our tanks, so we moved up to the old outer ring about half a mile from the fighting which was moving slowly away from us.

The Germans by then had lost fifteen tanks and we had lost two. There was quite a lot of indecisive fighting for about the next three hours, and then a great mass of our tanks, there must have been fifty or sixty, rushed the defences in a desperate attempt to break through. There was some hard tank fighting, but after about half an hour some got through and behind the defences, which of course was fatal to the defenders. The tanks were followed by Bren gun carriers and lorries full of infantry.

All the time the R.A.F. was keeping up an incessant attack and our fighters were constantly overhead. Volumes of black smoke were rising over the town as our bombers dealt their blows. The Navy played a prominent part in the operation too ; they shelled the town for about three-quarters of an hour the morning before the attack.

By the evening our troops had got through and were closing right in on the town. The Union Jack was flying a few hours later on the town hall.

## DEPRESSION.

"Then how long will I be in here, doctor?" "About ten days I should imagine." "Ten days?" "Yes, about that." "Ten days, ten ruddy days, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten flaming days! How absolutely intolerable. Doctor, quite honestly you're going to have a pretty tough time being pleasant enough not to let me clap you a wopper where you least expect it every time I see you. You don't realise what ten days means to me. Ten days shakes me up. Ten days positively hurts. My God, ten days."

Ten days of looking at the same grey roofs, the same red chimneys, the same blackened windows and if you look long enough they all start forming fours. Ten days listening to the same beastly traffic, being shaken up by the same lorries that sound like air-raid sirens, being serenaded by the same orchestra of cats and dogs performing a combination of "In the Mood," "Blues," and noises off, mainly noises off. Being roused at the same unearthly hour by my companion falling out of bed and an agonising pain in my leg from the jump I got because of the fool. Ten beastly days of tepid washing water, a freezing draught from the window, a bed like sheet-steel, soap like . . . and my God, I'd forgotten those flies, round they go, jolly little fellows, what! Settle you blighters or I'll have to look at the view again. Why the hell haven't they got any fly-paper in this something place. They always have a hot-water bottle handy when it's ninety-six in the shade and a cold compress up their sleeve when there's about twenty degrees of frost. I've got a mighty fine view of the Labour Exchange, poor blighters, cheerful prospect, not exactly calculated to stir the blood and encourage you to leap up and dance the jig. That old man spits in exactly the same place every morning, one of the things that catch the eye here. Those roofs! if you look long enough at them they form fours! "Oh! Good evening, nurse."

## THE WEATHER.

When the North wind doth blow  
Then we shall have snow.  
When the wind is in the south  
We're bound to have the deuce of a lot of rain.

## THE BLUE.

His grip is like a vice,  
His manners aren't nice,  
And you'll find that in a trice  
He'll give you the hell of a crack in the belly.

## UKRON, THE GREEK.

Rajeken was pacing up and down the smooth rock which overlooked the deep Aegean, while his brother Ukron was sitting beside him, lost in thought, his head sunk deep in his hands. There was a peaceful silence over the island, and the only noise was the soft murmur of the wavelets patting the rocks, and pushing little eddies to refresh the clear pools.

Little wisps of cloud dotted the azure sky, and, save for a curl of smoke from a cottage chimney, and an occasional sheep, the isle of Memakert was absolutely still.

The door of one of the white cottages opened, and an oldish man with a short white beard came out, with a curious horn in his hand.

Sarejkon blew a long drawn-out call, and immediately Ukron and Rajeken jumped up, and raced each other back to their father for their mid-day meal. They had been talking of their plans for the future, and Ukron had spoken of going over the sea to Greece or Crete, and seeing life.

. . . . .

Many weeks passed, until Ukron had built himself a small fishing boat, capable of standing the roughest weather.

Sarejkon was very sad, when the day came, to see his youngest son, who was only eighteen, leaving to seek his fortunes overseas; but sadder still was Quitiajna, who loved Ukron, who stood on the shore for a long while after Ukron's sail had got smaller and smaller, until it finally merged into the sunset and vanished into the Great Unknown. She bravely thrust back her tears, and soon a sad smile broke on her lips, as she whispered his parting words. "I'll come back—soon—with beautiful presents from over the sea, and I'll make you the happiest girl in the world." Then she turned, and sprang lightly up the white marble steps to her cottage.

In the meanwhile Ukron was at the helm of his little ship, his strong face firm and set. Luckily there was a fresh east wind, and by about twelve o'clock next day, Ukron first saw a thin grey line on the horizon. The line soon grew to a ribbon, then to a band, and lastly to a rocky coast. Soon his little boat docked in a small fishing village, Kemlonos, about a hundred miles north-east of Athens. Leaving his boat in the harbour, he asked at the first little white cottage for food and lodging. He handed the good woman a handful of old coins, which his father had given him. The woman looked at him queerly, and inquired where he had got them from. She seemed kind-hearted enough, so Ukron told her his whole story.

She sat by the fire while he told his tale, listening with increasing attention. When he finished, she told him he would have to find a job soon, but as the old coins he had were now very valuable, there was no hurry.

He was happy, staying with the old woman, and going out with the fishing fleet. The old fishermen told him stories of large cities, full of wonderful mechanical inventions. Ukron was impressed,

and, though there was nothing he liked better than the blue sky, with white puffs of cloud, dark rugged rocks, little snug cottages, the tiny quay, the fishing boats bobbing up and down in the harbour and being with the old sea dogs mending their nets, he felt that he ought to be moving on, perhaps to Athens . . .

. . . . .

A dull drone came from the sky. Louder and louder it came. The fisher folk looked at each other, and then up into the sky. The roar grew louder and louder, then suddenly there came a deathly rattle, and a large black aeroplane suddenly swooped down from nowhere, plunged into the sea, and disappeared.

Men came rushing out, little groups formed, and the whole village hummed with rumour.

Suddenly, one old sea-dog remembered ; he had seen something like it before, several years back, over at Athens. Men had said they were out for no good, and had cursed the inventor.

While he was still talking to an attentive audience, the drone came again, and another great plane came in from the sea—faces turned, then instinctively fell flat on the ground. The plane was coming straight at them. Then, crash!

Rocks flew in the air, a fishing boat sank, a cottage collapsed like a card-house . . . that was Ukron's first taste of modern war.

Next day an Army recruiting officer passed through the bombed fishing village, and explained to a frightened and astonished audience that Germany had declared war on Greece, and was even now threatening Salonika, to the north.

Ukron came up to him afterwards, " Can I help you ? "

. . . . .

In a week's time Ukron was a soldier in the Greek Army. He had learnt in a very short while how to handle the latest weapons.

Slowly, however, his regiment was beaten back by sheer weight of numbers. The German losses were enormous, but the more were killed, the more came on behind. Several times the regiment had to fight its way out of a trap at bayonet point. All day there was the scream and the whistle as yet another dive-bomber let fly its deadly load. At night the Germans tried various curious devices. The weirdest noises would come echoing through the ravines. Then a German would cry out in Greek, " We are surrounded, we'll have to surrender ! " His cry would be taken up by others, vainly trying to persuade the stolid Greek and Imperial troops to be deceived.

Fighting back, inch by inch, slowly the Allied Line retreated lower and lower down the peninsula. Poor Ukron had fought for days on end without relief, sleep or rest. Blowing up bridges, dynamiting passes, mining roads, firing ammunition dumps, burning stores—it was terrible. The Greek women, too, were splendid, carrying messages, and comforting the troops, in their hour of trial.

It was not long before Ukron arrived back at Kemlonos. The

little quay had been blasted away, but there was still a small jetty left, from which troops were evacuating under cover of night.

Ukron and his companions had to sleep some three miles outside the little port, awaiting their turn. New games, childishly simple, but requiring little movement, were thought of, to pass the time away.

Hundreds of German planes scoured the countryside for the tired warriors. The men remained calm, taking cover in what little they could—still waiting—spirits up—still hopeful.

Occasionally news came in of the fighting, not so many miles to the front. Their morale was excellent.

Next night they moved in nearer the jetty, having been given orders to evacuate the night after. That evening from the surrounding hillsides they saw destroyers darting hither and thither, occasionally dropping depth-charges overboard. At the jetty several transports were lined up, and there was an endless line of Anzacs and Tommies marching on board with perfect discipline.

In the cottages, which had nearly all their windows smashed, some of the old fisher folk stared out, gazing with a mixture of sadness and astonishment. Some gave the waiting men what little food they could spare.

Next day Ukron's spirits were up, as they should get off that night. The day went quickly, until someone shouted: "Look, that Jerry's going straight for the jetty!"

There was a terrific explosion, and when the dust and water cleared, the jetty was no more.

Some broke down—others prayed. Their hope of safety was gone. It was impossible for a transport to come in.

That night, however, nearly half the men got off, owing to an excellent ferry service by the little craft.

Next day the order came through: "It is regretted that circumstances have made further evacuation impossible."

Many prepared to give themselves up to the oncoming hordes. Others collected arms and ammunition, and pushed southwards, hoping to make contact with other forces. Ukron, however, had been lucky enough to find his own boat and that evening he left Greece, with a few others, his little boat carrying a full load.

Early next morning they sighted a destroyer, and it was only after desperate signals and wavings that they were noticed. They implored the captain not to set their boat adrift, for it was a beautiful piece of workmanship.

Next day they landed in Crete, where they relaxed for the first time for many days . . .

A week later, the sky was black again; parachutists started falling; machine guns rattled, shells screamed and whizzed, and it was War again.

It was much the same story, only worse; gradually being beaten back, dive-bombed all day . . .

Once again Ukron was forced to take to his faithful boat; once again the little group set to sea . . . Without compass, and with

only the sun and stars as guides, in constant danger of mines, or maybe a shelling, they sailed on . . .

It was not until the sun was well up in the sky on the following morning that Ukron's weary eyes recognised the silhouette of Memarkert lying ahead. The tired, half-dead bodies stood up and cheered. They had an extra tot of rum each, and it was not long before the little boat tied up in the harbour.

Old Sarejkon looked up from his plough.

"Ho! Well, Ukron, my boy, got tired of the outside world already?"

The worn out warriors struggled up the beach, hardly daring to believe their ordeal was over.

Before Ukron could answer his father's question, Sarejkon's blue eyes twinkled, and a smile puckered his old face, as he looked down, and saw his son collapsing into the arms of his beloved Quitiajna.

### TELEPHONE WIRES.

There is nothing more annoying than having to get up to answer the phone when you are enjoying yourself in an arm-chair or in the garden.

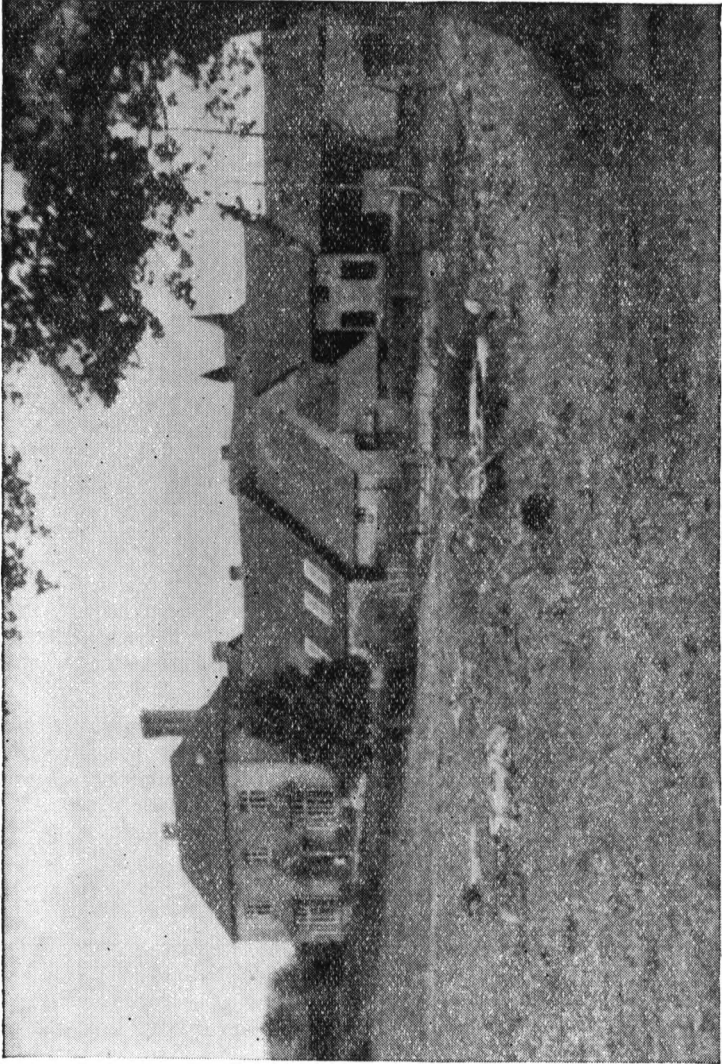
The other day I was sitting back in a deck-chair in the garden, watching a tree being cut down, when the telephone rang in the distance. I waited hopefully, but as it continued to ring unceasingly, I got up and left the garden to answer it. When I took off the receiver, I was surprised to hear old George speaking at the other end. He was staying near and wanted to come over sometime. As we hadn't met for years, we soon began talking about old times.

After we had been talking for about a quarter of an hour, I mentioned that our three minutes must have been up long ago. Then quite suddenly the line went dead. I suppose the operator overheard me. So I tried to ring her up, but I got no reply.

However, I decided to ring up George later, and returned to the garden. But I was too late to see the tree come down. It had fallen several minutes ago . . . right across the telephone wires!

### GETAWAY.

The perfect murder had just been committed. Julius had remembered every detail. No trace of his victim was left, and he was already speeding on his way to London on the Flying Scotsman. A wasted phase of his life now behind him, he was free to resume unimpeded the constant quest for happiness, with only one connection remaining—his revolver, carefully hidden in an inside pocket, in case there had been a slip somewhere. It gave Julius a pleasantly warm glow of confidence to feel its hard outline pressed against his breast, ready at any moment with power to kill six men. But anyway there was nothing to worry about, so he could forget the past and look ahead. Yet somehow his thoughts always seemed to drift



HUNTLANDS.



back again before he could prevent them. He picked up a paper, and threw it down again, unable to concentrate for more than a few minutes ; then opened a novel, and started reading it quickly, until he came to a description of a murder, which started him comparing details with what he had done. Even that was not satisfying, though, because in books the murderer always gets caught—and he had got away.

As the train approached Euston, he became more conscious of his surroundings, felt less detached from the world than when the countryside had been floating past in an ever-changing panorama of scenery devoid of humanity. Everything came into sharper focus now, as shiny wet roofs took the place of fresh green fields. He felt his heart beating faster, and almost began to sense again that cold fear in the pit of his stomach. "Don't be silly," he told himself, "Forget that awful moment when you pulled the trigger to end those years of mental torture." Through the bustle of porters and passengers, luggage and tickets, he stepped out of the station into a dismal December day, and began walking. Buses lurched past, splashing through the puddles ; a bedraggled beggar by the kerb vainly tried to attract people's sympathy, which was all kept for themselves ; Julius went on, now pushing his way through a crowd of workers hurrying home. Suddenly he felt that everyone was staring at him. "What can be wrong with me," he thought, trying to get a glimpse of himself in a shop window, "Is my collar undone or my coat torn ?" But his appearance was ordinary in every detail. "They'll drive me mad, these hundreds of pairs of staring eyes, with nothing behind them but tiredness and hunger. Do I look like a murderer ? They have discovered me and mock before the kill." In a panic, Julius started running wildly along the pavement and made a rush for the nearest newsboy to buy a paper. Then he knew he was a coward, for there was nothing about a murder in it—the deed only existed in his own conscience.

His mind almost at rest again, he wandered slowly on, reading bits of the day's news. Immersed in this he never saw where the pavement ended and the road began ; nor did he see the lorry swerving frantically to avoid him. It was all over in a couple of seconds.

## THE BUS.

A dull rumbling of an engine is heard in the distance, a scuffle to the window, "Is it ?" "Yes." "No!" "Yes!" "It is!" "The Bus." The cry is taken up by all, the familiar words are heard to be echoing all over the house. Cases and files are grabbed, chairs kicked out of the way and a cyclone moves in a south-westerly direction towards the door ; the momentum with which it is travelling enables it to overcome that obstacle and the tornado of boys, cases and books moves out of the room, down the stairs, sweeping all in its path. The noise is terrific, intermingled with shrieks from boys

with crushed toes or hacked ankles. In a cloud of dust it moves out on to the drive and down the road ; the bus is turning, but no matter the mob moves on until the " Four in Authority " bar their way. These defenders of the bus brace themselves valiantly for the onslaught of half-dazed seat-seeking madmen, and after the first impact the mob staggers back breathless and defeated. Upon the order to " break it up " the crowd grudgingly disperses and forms a ragged queue which enters the bus in a fairly civilized manner until the inside of the bus is reached where the greaze for a seat again begins. Boys pair up and move in unison to get a seat and just gain their objective when they see it filled by two more with the same idea ; with amazing agility they turn and just manage to secure the last one.

Ah! At last, safe on the journey to Saltmarshe.

### THOUGHTS IN A TRAIN.

Cows in a field. A slow river. A duck lands with a swish and the ripples spread like an ever increasing tide. Their tide is temporal, the river seems eternal. Two suede shoes with blue socks swaying gently with the movement of the train. The rattle of the train is echoed from a fresh green bank, it seems to say, " Go back, go back, and see the spring." Two tall cedars in a park, they are wise memorials to ancient men. A fence springs up above the embankment like the armed men in the valley of desolation. A wood green and mauve, topped with sinister pines. Roofs again and three cherry trees at a little station. " How much further to go ? " A midshipman treads up the long steps—when will he reach the top of his ladder and die. The river again, now with hardly any voice as it slips slowly with deep pools. A man unloading coke. The slow river and hills sweeping down to a little white house in a lovely garden. Telegraph wires on a tortoise-shell wood. Two copses looking for all the world like flower beds in a bank of green downs, and an old overgrown chalk pit once used by men of long ago forgotten in the mist of time. A ladder and a barrow on a platform. The whitewash on the edge has run down and set like tiny icicles in a coal shed. I look at the green bank and then at my feet and think what fools men are.

### JOHANNES, R.I.

King John had been brought to earth at Runnymede ; a hundred Barons summoned ; and a thousand armoured Knights called to do allegiance to their King. John had been walked—at point of halberd—through the midst of the cheering multitude, and, having mounted the raised platform, he at last had pen in hand, At this most crucial of all moments, His Majesty appeared suddenly to be struck by an idea, and thereupon began, wildly gesticulating and in a fever of excitement, to address the assembled populace.

“ My people,” he said (or words to that effect), “ kill me if you will. I shall not sign this Charter! ”

Now John would never have dared to say this if he had not had Malmsey Wine for lunch ; and although half drunk, he began to realise that even from a Baron’s point of view a live King is better than a dead one. And having thus conquered his respect for the pike, he spoke on, though impeded somewhat by offensive clods of earth and oncoming fruit.

But when the harangue had continued for some time, and everyone was beginning rather seriously to wonder what was going to happen next, King John halted abruptly from his speech, bellowed an unmajestic “ Ouch,” and began to dance what appeared from a distance to be the “ Big apple.”

“ Ho, scum,” he roared at his page, “ Bring me T.C.P. before I throw you down the stairs. I’ve been stung by a bee.”

But his servant, who was in league with the barons, replied : “ Sire, I will not even bring cotton wool before you have signed the Charter.”

And that is why poor King John was in too much of a hurry to sign Magna Carta in his best writing. But he did not worry, because when he got home he had a surfeit of lampreys for tea.

#### WHAT’S IN A NAME ?

Almost as soon as a child is born,  
And play holds it still engrossed,  
Mother, who hopes that it will adorn  
A high and respected post,  
Teaches her precious, precocious brat  
Of Shakespeare, portrayer great,  
Artist to whom one must doff the hat  
And certainly must not slate.

For whatever you do  
Here’s a golden rule,  
Whether false or true  
To professor or fool  
(If you think so or not)  
You must praise this man,  
For advancing your lot,  
An infallible plan.

Now, if a manuscript soiled appeared  
Of verse without form or rhyme  
Bearing the name that is so revered  
By experts, not worth a dime,  
“ SHAKESPEARE,” the scoffer at crowns and kings,  
Philosopher, poet and sage,  
Men would acclaim it the “ Thing of things ”  
Discovered for many an age.

## BY THE GLOWING EMBERS.

"But God, it isn't right, you know."

God reflected silently for a moment.

"It is right," He answered, "and yet it isn't."

"But surely it can't all be your vengeance on mankind, for I always thought you directed the lives of men. I had always imagined you at an enormous switchboard, with millions of little knobs, moving them all in turn, with thousands of pairs of hands all moving at lightning speed, controlling the thoughts and deeds of men. I thought that every movement of an eyelid was planned out beforehand."

"I see you're no supporter of free-will," God remarked.

"No, I'm not. But I think in your predestinative programme this time you've made a big mistake. Millions of men, French, English, German, Russian—I could name many more—all at war. I admit there had to be a clash. I'm not grumbling about the slaughter of lives, so much as the state the world was in before, so that there had to be this 'clean up.' Was it all your own planning? What was your motive behind it all?"

There was a long silence. I sat still in my armchair and watched the red embers in the fireplace sending glimmering and glittering shafts of light on to the ceiling and glistening on the glass bookcase. They seemed like little thoughts dancing in and out of my brain.

I waited for an answer.

At length God answered, in a tired and weary voice.

"My child," He said, "yours was a hard question to answer. Many have asked it and discussed it among themselves. They have put forward theories, but they are all wrong—only naturally—for I only tell my secrets to my prophets, and to a few others who, men say, have 'second sight.'"

"It began many years ago. You remember I sent my prophets to redeem the world in the days of the Old and New Testaments. They tried to explain my theories, but the majority of the men of the world were not ready. After that the world rolled on for many years, while the Roman Empire rose and fell, while Harold, Richard, Edward, Henry and many other noble kings ruled your country. They were all happy in their time, but I got rather tired of their way of living. I wanted the races of the world to get to know each other. I sent men like John Cabot, Drake, Hawkins and Raleigh to explore for themselves the world I had given them. I gave them dreams of the beauty of the rest of the world, and then sent them off.

"The World was getting populated all over. My seas were serving a useful purpose of providing a medium through which ships of all nations, carrying all sorts of merchandise, might pass.

"More discoveries were made—printing, gas, electricity, cars, aeroplanes—the Great Plan was working. Men were getting nearer to Me.

"Then came that hideous rise of personal ambition and power. The Jews were expelled from their rightful homes.

"Countries were disappearing under the oncoming cyclone. There was no stopping him—I mean you can't have a world without a devil; he was murdering, massacring, shooting all my beloved scientists, the men who were trying to work with me.

"I wanted the world to know me, not to treat me as something to be spoken of in a hushed voice, and as one who did not hold with human ideas. They were my ideas—I put them in men's heads! The Scientists were the men most after my own heart. I made them devise the wonderful inventions that flew in the air and went under the sea—but of course the Devil on his side turned them into instruments of Death. The Devil didn't like men working with me. He was afraid.

"He spread further, attacking more countries, killing more of my men. Some managed to escape to join the rest in England, where now they are, under my direction, inventing deadlier weapons such as will wipe this devil from the face of the earth.

"That is my purpose. That is my answer to those who ask the same as you've done.

"When it is all over, then Science will get nearer and nearer to Me. That, in its finite end, will be Heaven. Then, in that far distant day, all the Arts, the Sciences, Religions, Spiritualism, and suchlike, they will all unite, and they will all be understood."

The musical voice, as it now seemed, faded away in my ears. There was a little gust of wind, and I suddenly realised that God had gone.

The embers were out now, and the clock struck twelve.

"It's all clear now," I whispered, "now . . . I understand."

## A VISIT TO THE DENTIST.

The telephone bell rang. "All right," said Joan, my wife, "I'll answer it." She dashed downstairs and I was left to meditate on the muttered conversation until she returned. "Who was it?" I asked. "Mr. Cavendish, the dentist," was the reply. "I've made an appointment for you next Saturday."

I groaned. That would mean a week's mental agony before Saturday and a week's physical torture after it. I strolled over to the mantelpiece, took a cigarette, split it open with a well-practised thumb-nail and chewed the tobacco thoughtfully. There was no hope for it.

Saturday duly came, and having been bundled into a pea-green taxi-cab (they invariably choose the most detestable colour) was conveyed to Harley Street, the home of dentists. The long line of grim, grey buildings filled me with a horror that can only be compared to that on beholding Mr. Boris Karloff's facial distortions in his latest picture: "The Squeaky Panel." I groaned again and forgot my driver's tip.

I walked boldly up the steps to the door, but on seeing the name Cavendish in mutilated letters on a brass plate, I decided to

look pathetic, and putting on my special I'm-about-to-die-but-I-have-a-wife-and-five-kids look, I knocked pleadingly on the door.

It was opened a few minutes later by a dentist's assistant, whose golden curls and bird-like voice made my toes turn up in my boots to such an extent that they poked through (I beg your pardon, I'm married) and I was duly propelled to that dreaded room at the top of the house.

Mr. Cavendish "greeted" me with a ghost-like smile on his baggy, cadaverous features and, holding me forcibly in the chair with a gnarled, horny hand, announced gloomily that my plate was ready. My plate proved to be a mangled, twisted sheet of metal, such as the Duke of Wellington might have termed: "Damnably mauled." The Dentist, meanwhile, portraying the very symbol of mental absence, proceeded to fit this hideous contraption into my mouth. He then reached for his drill and fitted in a needle that was by no means needle-sharp, and seizing my head, he rammed his drill into my mouth, and a searing pain racked my pia-mater regions. I lay back, rolled my eyes and counted Mr. Cavendish's chins. (eleven in all).

Ah! He'd finished. But no. "You'll have to have that tooth out," he announced gloomily. More pain, more misery. I begged for gas and thereby hoped to gain a respite of time while the anaesthetist arrived, but he seemed to pop up from the floor straight away. He emptied a smelly "nose-bag" over my face and I felt no more . . .

When I woke up, broad sunlight was streaming through the latticed windows. I looked at my watch. The time was 9 o'clock. Gradually flinging my mind back into the misty spaces of time, I remembered that my appointment had begun at 10. I struggled out of the chair and found the assistant sweeping in the corridor outside. I accosted her and demanded an explanation. It was Sunday and the anaesthetist had done his job too well.

## PECULIARITIES OF TIBS.

Tibs is a small farm house about four minutes' walk from Fernie. Ten boys sleep there in two upstairs and two downstairs rooms. Since the floor boards in the two upstairs rooms are very little more than a quarter of an inch thick, it is quite impossible to hear the wireless when its turned off. Those who sleep upstairs have to be in bed by 10.15. We go up there at about ten to ten and as there is hot water in the evening we wait till the morning, when the water is cold, to wash our necks.

We are woken up in the mornings at 7.15 generally, but, so as to lessen the fatiguing qualities of the corps days, we are invariably given an extra half-hour's sleep. When we get downstairs in the mornings there is generally a queue for the washing equipment. There are two tooth mugs and five basins to ten boys. The clocks

at Tibs are generally wrong, too, so quite often we manage to walk down to Fernie in minus two minutes.

The unused bricks outside the pig-sties, which lie on the left of the path leading to Tibs, are thrown at the rats which appear from the drains at different moments when nobody is ready for them. Incidentally the pig-sties are used as a combined habitation for both sheep and bicycles.

## WHY I LIKE SWING.

It is just as difficult to write an appreciation of swing as I imagine it would be to write an appreciation of classical music. First of all, we had better get an idea of what swing music really is. As a basis, it must have a fluid, or adaptable, rhythm, and on this rhythm there is played an improvisation which is composed on the spur of the moment. Swing is just a manner of playing recorded music or remembered music, and the manner of playing called swing is the manner of creating as you play. Melodies and rhythms are improvised around the given melody. I always think it is a great pity that the majority of people despise swing, and in a large number of cases they have never attempted to understand it. It has always been the "ugly duckling" of music and to a certain degree it still is, though every year more and more people are growing to like it. It does not suffer from the same disadvantage as classical music in having so many pseudo-admirers, who say they like Beethoven or Bach just because it is "the done thing" to like Beethoven or Bach. In every one of the arts it is the same. You can always find people who admire for the sake of admiring, and because it is fashionable to admire. There is a tendency among a number of people to regard everything modern as degenerate, and this is the biased viewpoint from which most people look at swing.

Swing is every bit as enjoyable as any other kind of music and those who enjoy looking for instrumental passages can find in it a happy hunting-ground. For it is these instrumental passages that are the making of true swing, and it is for them that the true swing fan looks. It is my opinion that it is much more difficult to play a clarinet in a swing orchestra than it is in the London Philharmonic Orchestra. I enjoy swing because it pleases my sense of rhythm and I enjoy looking for the various styles of the different musicians. In a swing orchestra, each member is an individualist and he makes what he wishes of the music. In a symphony orchestra, everything is so rehearsed that the orchestra completely loses its individuality and becomes a mere machine with the conductor at the controls. Do not think from this that I hate all classical music. I do not, and there are some works that I can enjoy, but I honestly cannot say that as a whole I like so-called "good" music. Any day I prefer Duke Ellington to the best Symphony Orchestra.



## WHY I DON'T LIKE SWING.

One of my chief objections to swing music is that the instruments generally used in a swing band produce a harsh, unpleasant tone. Either they are in themselves incapable of any but a harsh, coarse tone, as is the case with the saxophone, or they are played in such a manner as to produce such a tone, as the trumpet and clarinet. The latter instrument has such a clear, soft, delicate tone when played in the normal manner, that the noises (I can call them nothing else) which come out of it when it is "swung" seem little short of sacrilege. As to the trumpet, I find that this instrument, when muted, is the most offensive of them all. I cast no aspersion on the skill of the players. The technique of the artists in most of the well-known bands is magnificent. But virtuosity is not everything. In fact, it is a thing which every true lover of absolute music must loathe and abhor. For, once virtuosity makes its appearance, the music ceases to be absolute. The absolute music is the epitome of the art. Perhaps I should explain at this point that by "absolute music" I mean that which is written for its own value, and not to tell a story, or to display the skill of a player.

Another objection to swing is its unsound basis. It departs too far from the harmonic foundations of music—foundations which are not mere convention, as some might imagine, but for which there are sound scientific reasons. Discords will always remain discords, however tastes may change. As for the rhythm, there is little that can be said against that, musically speaking. But by reason of this "hot" rhythm, swing fails to achieve what for me is one of the principal functions of music. I can find no peace in it; it leaves me restless, and I cannot believe that it can have any different effect on others.

## OLD GRANTITES.

Several week-ends this term have been brightened by Old Granite visitors to Fernie.

The first was David Evans, who is training as a pilot in the R.A.F. at one of those pleasant resorts that the papers are making such a fuss about. He told us that the work was intensive, and that he lives in one of the best hotels.

Next the R.N.V.R. was represented by Mike Patterson, who did not let out much of what he was doing in the silent service. He was unlucky enough to arrive by motor-bike in the middle of a cloudburst.

After captaining the Christ Church Warrigals against the 1st XI at Worcester, Dick Borradaile came back for the Saturday night before returning to Oxford on Sunday evening. He said that he worked very hard there, as well as supporting quite a few parties.

"Ike" Abrahams did not hitch-hike this time, because, he said,

he had been to a wedding the day before. He has just left Cambridge, where he was Secretary of Boxing. He hopes to join the Navy.

That week-end we also had "Mouse" Yealland, who spends his time at Cambridge doing medicine and ju-jitsu.

Upholding Oxford, David Davison was here at the same time, having bicycled the odd sixty miles on that same amazing old bike, Algy. He came just in time to give us the inside information about Germany's attack on Russia.

We are still looking forward to a visit from Tony Self when he can drag himself away from the Royal Veterinary College.

\* \* \*

#### A WESTMINSTER AT BRADFIELD, by DAVID MITCHELL.

After leading the luxurious life of a day-boy at Westminster, what first struck me quite forcibly was the comparatively Spartan quality of Bradfield existence. Actually I was fortunate in coming to the most modern house—The Close—and settled down much quicker than my worst fears had led me to anticipate. Of peculiarities, I may perhaps mention three. First, a cold bath every morning when we all put on expressions of mock-cheerfulness while (in winter, at any rate) feeling like death warmed up. Second, an excessive concentration on cross-country running. Third, great keenness for boxing, which also necessitated strenuous training and training runs.

Having adapted myself to these exhausting activities, I settled down well into the routine of things. Last summer, however, my peace was once again destined to be rudely shattered when the Head Master announced that The Close was to be broken up and its members scattered throughout the school to make way for a lucrative proposition in the form of a preparatory school, of which we now have two billeted on us. So once again I went on my travels. This time I arrived at "E" House, which is known as an "in college house"—one of three houses built round a quadrangle. It is much more central for everything, including feeding, both in hall and at "grubs," the equivalent of "Suts." I have been a prefect for two terms now, and among other things one of my regular jobs is to start the house hymn or psalm every evening.

Without (I hope) being too tedious I can perhaps tell you of a few school customs, although of course this young public school lacks the many venerable traditions of a grey-beard foundation like Westminster. We all wear short gowns in chapel and lunch on week-days, and nearly all the time on Sundays. Grace is sung in Hall by three small trebles who often produce the most alarming screeches and discords. Dress varies throughout the school. Ordinary boys wear grey suits, prefects sports coats, and school prefects sports coats with attached collar shirts and brown shoes, in fact what they like. P.T., here known as "Jerks," is much the same as at Westminster. I personally instruct in boxing during the break. The best known feature of Bradfield (practically the only well-known one as far as I can make out) is the Greek Open Air Theatre,

built by the boys in the last century. Another effort of scholastic labour is "Pit," the cricket ground, excavated by the boys and now a very attractive pitch.

Before I close I would like to extend my best wishes to all Grantites, and especially my contemporaries. I have not forgotten my enjoyable days up Grant's, and I was very sorry to leave them behind me, but "c'est la guerre."

#### NOTICES.

The Editor would like to thank F. W. E. Fursdon and D. O'R. Dickey for their help in producing this number of *The Grantite*.

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

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