



THE
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Leading Article

TODAY nearly three hundred different species of animal are on the verge of extinction and in most cases the only specimens which are known to exist, are present in zoos. The zoo is now so widely accepted as an institution that only a few zealots are prepared to condemn it. Yet it is inevitable that it should constitute an artificial and restricted environment for its animals. By the very nature of its purpose it is bound to provide the minimum of space so that the public can see each creature and so that as many other species can be crowded into its narrow and expensive confines. However the well-known naturalist Peter Scott has stated that he feels that the zoo offers the best protection for animals which in their natural state would be endangered by the spread of civilisation and its corollaries the increasing shortage of other game for food, the lack of suitable vegetation and diet, and the encroachments of poachers and big game hunters. To some extent this danger has been averted by the formation of special game reserves where the animals are in theory enclosed within a huge zoo, a zoo with no bars. This serves the double purpose of preserving game in their ideal habitat and of allowing the public to see them in their normal, unrestricted state.

Exploitation of animals is largely a thing of the past, at least in the United Kingdom. Now that cock-fighting and bear-baiting have been proscribed, the custom of our ancestors for torturing its fellow beings is now confined to the circus, and indeed most people would argue that this hardly applies today. The lion in the circus ring invariably bites at the trainer's whip with a definite appearance of enjoyment and even when viewed at the zoo he looks by no means unhappy. The only thing which might upset him is the prospect of living in a place where a constant flow of people gazes at him. There is, in fact, little reason to suppose that the majority of present-day zoo conditions are cruel. The animals, who are often the offspring of those originally removed from their natural haunts, are provided with keepers who treat them kindly and whom they can love or maul as they wish. Running water is generally laid on and the captive even has his home swept for him each day. Besides, where else would an animal be brought food to his lair and be provided with a mate without having to spar for her? In short there is little of which the animal can complain, except perhaps the climate, while they can even pride themselves on having gone in for show business.

In the United Kingdom the only zoo at all commensurable with the African game reserves is Whipsnade, where the inmates are allowed to roam about their spacious enclosure without the same feeling of captivity and its attendant danger of cruelty. The zoos in London and Paignton and the large Belle Vue zoo in Manchester are all open to this criticism and indeed there can be little doubt that the animals are *not* happy. But on the other hand, as we have seen, they soon learn to live with their captivity and to see the advantages of their new environment, although certain animals react against it less harshly than others.

Some animals are born exhibitionists and it is these that find the transition easiest. The hippopotamus revels in demonstrating his underwater swimming, the polar bear in looking warm on a cold day, the monkey in scratching himself, and the lion gnawing a meaty bone with an expression of indescribable savagery on his face.

The public interest alone merits the presence of zoos in our society and that this enthusiasm exists is self-evident from the large attendance figures and from the colossal sales of books by Gerard Durrell, David Attenborough, Joy Adamson and Armand and Michaela Denis. The growth of smaller zoos and "pets" corners however, should be treated with rather more circumspection. Many of them are indeed run by naturalists, those for instance of Gerard Durrell's on Jersey and Graham Dangerfield's, and so presumably must be run on humane and uncrowded lines, but there is a danger that these establishments are profiting from the public's "animal mania" without really taking adequate precautions to guard against disease, overcrowding and the absence of suitable diet.

The Duke of Edinburgh's patronage of "The Society for the Protection of Wildlife" will increase our awareness of the dying species and perhaps will lead to more game preservation and better standards within our zoos. Our modern society has no utilitarian purpose for wildlife, and were it not for the efforts of societies and zoos throughout the world, their presence even as amusement would have been denied to us and to future generations. Any form of captivity is inherently cruel but preservation is better than extinction.

HOUSE NEWS

A. J. Stranger-Jones is Head of House.

The monitors are F. Strickland-Constable, M. J. Stancliffe, P. W. Semple, R. C. Beard and T. M. Hunt.

A. C. E. Jarvis is Head of Chiswicks. The Chiswickites are A. T. Cooke, J. J. T. Jeal, R. M. Mc E. Compton-Miller, R. T. E. Davies, M. O. Gellhorn, R. J. Simpson, N. S. B. Tanner, A. R. Argyle and S. F. B. Heaton.

R. J. Green is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are P. A. A. Dudgeon, S. R. Oldschool, and J. D. R. Rose.

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water *Seniors* to C. S. B. Cohen, D. B. Wadham-Smith, D. Brand,
S. E. Robertson, G. B. Chichester, C. W. M. Garnett, R. T. E.
Davies, R. M. McE. Compton-Miller and A. C. E. Jarvis.
Juniors to T. B. Williamson, A. H. C. Vinter, W. M. Holmsten,
R. G. C. Horsley, N. McI. Johnson.
Pinks to H. H. Clark.
Half-Pinks to R. M. Mc. E. Compton-Miller, A. C. E. Jarvis,
C. S. B. Cohen and N. S. B. Tanner.
Thirds to C. W. M. Garnett.
Colts to D. Brand and G. B. Chichester.
Junior Colts to N. McI. Johnson, A. H. C. Vinter, T. B. William-
son and R. G. C. Horsley.
- Cricket *Juniors* to C. N. Foster, R. J. Green, S. R. Oldschool, C. R.
Hornsby.
Colts to P. D. Craze.
- Swimming *Seniors* to N. E. G. Jones, G. S. Gould and A. J. Dugdale.
Juniors to J. P. Hardman, M. E. Lonsdale.
- Fencing *Colts* to J. P. Hardman.
- Tennis *Half-Pinks* to A. J. Stranger-Jones.
N. S. B. Tanner is Secretary of the Boat Club.
F. Strickland-Constable is Head of School Music, Head of School Athletics
and C.S.M.
R. C. Beard is Captain of Shooting and Cadet Cox'n.
A. J. Stranger-Jones is C.S.M.

VALETE:

R. D. E. Spry, P. J. Bottomley, H. H. Clark, A. Pain and D. B. Wadham-
Smith.

AVETE:

C. H. G. Davis, C. F. Earle, R. G. H. Kemp, A. B. S. Medawar, M. N.
Robertson and H. T. Tizard.

A Frustrated Search

THE neon-lit windows, with their carefully posed dummies sitting cross-legged on bamboo skeletons confronted me like a myriad of assorted chocolates. Olive-brown and bronze were clearly the autumn colours, I thought wryly. The bright lights and the cheerful bamboo décor with a backdrop of leafy plants, palm fronds and flowing creepers, seemed to beckon me inside; I accepted the invitation “to browse around at my leisure,” yielding to my weaker nature. Slowly I walked past the displays of the latest two-tone walnut-mahogany shoes with their chisel points glittering in the harsh glare of the lights, and into the store through the huge glass doors. A young man wearing the inevitable blue serge suit and slim tie, emerged from behind the gigantic aviary placed in the centre.

“Can I help you?” he inquired, “Oh yes, you’ll find the trouser department on the first floor.” The background music lulled me into a sense of false security as I trod the plush carpets and passed the rows of garish ties and underwear on my way to the lift. But when no result from the lift seemed forthcoming I decided to try the unmarked door on my left. Obviously these stairs were not meant for the customer’s eyes or perhaps the decorators had inadvertently forgotten about them, for they were submerged in a welter of boxes, old newspapers and the occasional battered copy of *Tailor and Cutter*, which seemed strangely out of place in these surroundings.

When I emerged into the trouser department after my tiring ascent, an assistant waylaid me immediately brandishing a tape-measure and proceeded to take my measurements. “Have you got a pair of brown cavalry twills?” I asked hopefully.

“No we don’t stock anything quite in that line,” he replied and then assuming his cool salesman’s technique, “we cater exclusively for the *latest* in teenage-wear. Ahem, actually we like to flatter ourselves that we set the trends! What about these now sir?” My genial young salesman produced a pair of silver-grey alpaca trousers which looked as if they had been tailored for a ballet dancer, earnestly adding as if to add insult to injury, “they really would suit you, you know.”

“No, I don’t think they’re quite in my line,” I assured him blandly, “have you a pair of worsted trousers?”

“Oh yes, what style were you particularly thinking of sir?”

“I was er . . .” (looking rather dubiously at my waist), “We can fit you out with a light grey, all-worsted if you like, or a zebra-striped ‘zombie’ trouser—you’d look good in them you know. Oh, you prefer those do you. (I happened to be looking absent-mindedly at one of the racks). Now they’re very much in the ‘nouvelle vague,’ he continued, “Look, why don’t you try them on!”

Defeated, I retreated into one of the dark cubicles with a pair of charcoal-grey trousers slung over my shoulder. Having squeezed myself into them, I surreptitiously looked in the mirror which seemed as if it had been constructed purposely to give a distorted and unflattering reflection to encourage one to buy

more. I then emerged into the department again, painfully conscious of my darned socks and wishing that I had kept my shoes on; but modern trousers apparently are incapable of being worn without the removal of the shoes first. My enthusiastic assistant seemed to have deserted me and was arguing over the other side about a cheque. A small dapper man, wearing a short brown overcoat, orange suede shoes and a slightly askew trilby, was assuring him in a none too honest way that he had never paid cash for any goods in his life.

“If I was to accept a cheque from just any bloke who came into the shop,” continued my ‘friend’ lapsing out of his former bonhomie, “this establishment would go broke almost overnight.”

“But I’ve been in before and done it,” remonstrated the shifty looking character querulously.”

“Well, I’ll be brutally frank with you sir,” replied the assistant with quiet confidence, “we have had a number of ‘bouncing cheques’ in the past few weeks and the management has warned us . . .”

He was cut short; the stranger flounced out of the shop. My salesman returned to me. “We get a few sad cases in like that every now and again; of course I couldn’t tell him,” he added confidentially, “that any ‘dud’ cheque we accept is taken away from our wages afterwards.” Looking at his appearance I did not feel that *he* had suffered unduly from this regulation. Surveying my new trousers with a rather artificially critical eye, he pronounced enthusiastically: “If you don’t mind my saying so, I think you look very dashing indeed in those, really I do. Mr. Sparks!” He called over to a rotund blue-suited colleague in the next department, “come and reassure the customer will you.”

Mr. Sparks, a man of few words, looked beamingly at me and nodded his head vigorously in agreement: “If you take my advice, I’d snap them up quick, we’ve only got a few left!”

Patently I informed him that it was not quite my type and asked him whether he had anything else to offer. I then tried on what looked like a rather innocuous pair of Bedford Cords. Having experienced the odd sensation of feeling as if I had shoved my foot up a narrow pipe, I timidly asked my patient assistant if he had anything with an over 16 inch turn-up.

“No sir, we only stock 16 inches and below,” was the answer, “but I tell you what; we could get you a larger size which would have the wider leg, and then take in the seat.”

By this time I had given up bothering to replace my shoes and jacket after every excursion into the dark cubicle, and it was just when I was about to terminate my search that I spied a pair of green corduroy ‘hipsters,’ which apart from the bizarre name and a certain tightness in the fork, appeared to fit me perfectly; but had he by any chance got a pair without a zip?

“No sir,” he replied rather proudly, “you won’t find a single pair in our stock without one.”

I was quite willing to take his word for it, I assured him, but what I really meant was if he had got a pair with fly-buttons?

“Oh!,” he said, looking blankly, “no we don’t stock them either.”

I felt I had exhausted any possibility now of finding what I wanted, so I thanked him profusely for his assistance and told him that unfortunately “nothing really took my fancy.”

“Oh that’s all right sir; pleased to have been of service to you.” I leant down to lace my shoes. “By the way sir, do stop in at our cafeteria downstairs and have a cup of coffee. It’s all on the house you see.” Thankfully I emerged into Shaftesbury Avenue; it would take more than a coffee to revive me, I thought disconsolately.

Dreams

WHAT are dreams? Today, psychologists and psycho-analysts would give a long and complex answer to this question. They might say that a dream lasted for a second and the image was magnified on the memory, to make a complete series of happenings. Or they might argue a different theory.

Chaucer, however, had none of the ideas of the modern psycho-analyst. His knowledge of dreams was no more than he had gleaned from other writers. In his works, Chaucer refers to dreams by different names. He observes that one is called an ‘avisoun,’ another a ‘revelacioun,’ while he refers to ‘dremes’ and ‘swevens,’ ‘fantomis’ and ‘oracles,’ often without fully understanding why he makes the distinction.

He thought that some dreams were caused by a bad balance of the “humours.” Or perhaps the good and bad spirits have power over men’s minds at night: perhaps the soul gives warnings of coming events, like Chauntecleer’s ‘sweven,’ when he was attacked by a yellow and red beast, in the Nun’s Priest’s Tale.

Chaucer does not discriminate between ‘dremes’ and ‘swevens,’ but uses them both in the sense of Macrobius’ ‘visio.’

About 400 A.D. Macrobius wrote a commentary on Cicero’s ‘Somnium Scipionis.’ In this work, he laid down divisions, into which fell the five main types of dream. These were divided under two main headings: those which foretold the future and those which were of no significance.

These five categories were as follows: The first was a ‘somnium’: this is a dream foretelling the future, but in a guise which needs to be pierced before the true meaning becomes apparent. The dreams of Joseph in the Old Testament are examples of this.

In a ‘visio,’ the future is quite plain, and in the third, an ‘oraculum’ the dreamer is warned or advised by some person or a god.

In the class of meaningless dreams, are the 'insomnium,' a dream which leaves no meaning, and a 'Phantasma' which is merely a horrifying vision. From these definitions, Chaucer seems to have drawn his vocabulary or dream-words.

Now, from Macrobius and Chaucer, let us turn to the modern world. Have dreams like those of Chauntecleer, vanished? I, for one, think not. Two years ago, I dreamt the same dream two nights running. It was this: I am standing on a bridge, near my aunt's home in Berkshire. It is an old grey, stone, bridge, with patches of lichen here and there. Beneath my feet, the river winds its sluggish way across the countryside. Suddenly, as I look down, there is a hole. A gaping black, void. And at the bottom stands my aunt, looking up. Then it is gone. The river flows for a few seconds through cobwebs and dusty floor-boards and then reverts to its natural course.

At the time, I attached no significance to the dream. However, I became interested when a letter from my aunt reached my mother, some four weeks later. Apparently, an old well had been discovered under the floor in her kitchen and had had to be filled in. This was not unlike my dream. Had I had a 'visio'? I do not know but I am convinced that there is something *unknown about dreams*. Something rather dreadful. Which brings me back to where I started. What are dreams?

Interview with Mike Sarne

NINE months ago Michael Scheuer was an undergraduate at London University, studying Russian and German for his degree. Today, as pop singer Mike Sarne, he is known to millions of teenagers "as the man who has introduced comedy into the Hit Parade." The Grantite Review takes this opportunity of probing beneath the artificial veneer of Show Business to get a unique view of the world which Mike Sarne himself has described as being "thoroughly cynical, very confusing and almost as wealthy as the advertising world."

Q.: In an article in the Guardian, you wrote that the pop world was ruled "by sheer commercialism," could you enlarge upon this?

Yes, it is really a matter of consumer business, you have to create a demand for a record. From then on you just have to supply this artificial, simulated demand. That's what advertising is and it's the same with fashion. I don't think teenagers are being exploited by it.

Q.: Had you ever sung before your record 'Come Outside' became top of the Hit Parade?

Yes, I've been singing in pubs and places since I was sixteen. People always think of me as an overnight success, but it simply isn't true. Most singers have

been in the business for at least two or three years before they make it, but the public don't know it. It's not as simple as it may seem to become a pop star. You don't just dress a boy up in the right clothes. First of all the bloke has to know how to move on stage and how to behave. These boys would not be stars unless they had a certain amount of talent. There must be something there, you don't make a star on potential, you see. You must see this basic talent first and then you can set about exploiting it. I just don't believe a chap can get there if he is completely inarticulate or awkward!

Q.: Why do the girls scream in your act?

They've been screaming at pop stars ever since Frank Sinatra appeared. I think it's the pent-up excitement that makes them do it. Sometimes they scream to spark off excitement for themselves. Sometimes they do it out of sincerity. I love them screaming. I think it's the most flattering thing a girl can do. The only drawback is that if you get screams, you often don't get applause. It's really a form of worship. If those girls were really faced with the problem of having one of these people as a boy-friend, they would not have this image to adore, they would only have a person, a human being. The image is the person they like to dream about and familiarity would break this illusion.

Q.: Would you say the song is more important than the singer on records today?

They seem to prefer a record if it's done by someone well-known, but if it is really very good, they buy it regardless. These people like Elvis or Cliff are sure-fire hits every time they produce a record. The material is so consistently good that they are at the moment unshakeable.

Q.: Why is it that teenagers tend to scorn classical music?

They never take the chance to listen to serious music in the right way. I am of the opinion that this kind of music can be made to appeal to the public if only it were presented in the right way. At present a stupid myth seems to surround classical music, making it something untouchable. It is the property of anyone who wants *really* to listen to music and at the moment the commercial people, who govern teenage tastes, don't want something that takes a lot of time to absorb. If they produce something that's too durable, they don't make enough money. They don't want the teenagers to be satisfied.

It would be possible to develop a woman's fashion that would last ten years, which was in every way flattering and attractive for a woman to wear. It wouldn't be hard at all, but of course it would not be good for the fashion business; that's why you have to make big publicity about hems going up and down. It's the same with pop music. But today we are so ruled by these commercial and advertising men that a lot of swindles are inevitable, and I don't think pop music is by any means the worst swindle.

Richard Compton-Miller.

Honesty and the Hypocrite

“TO be honest as this world goes is to be one man picked out of a thousand,” said Hamlet, in his distracted state, and Polonius rightly, if somewhat ironically, observed that there was “method in his madness.” Polonius himself was a prototype, for the eternal Pharisee, the everlasting whited sepulchre, who laughs at the jokes he does not understand, pretending to be wiser than he is, who prays just to give that pleasing odour of sanctity, but who though pretending to be the most honest man on earth is, in fact, the least truthful of men. Every age has a populace, the majority of whom are hypocrites and pharisees. How hard it is not to be one of them, how hard to admit to everything and show oneself as possessing all the usual human weaknesses and probably more. In Peter Ustinov’s play *Photo Finish*, old Sam decries the weakness of his Victorian father. Sam in childhood had hurt his little neck to look up at this demigod. He had been proud to bring back a good school report, or a drawing in which the first signs of understanding the laws of perspective were apparent, or to play some idiotic game rather well. “The deepest voice in the house was law.” Everything had been done to please one man, loved, feared, occasionally hated, all for the same reason. Almost a third of the average life is spent in this colonial status, he claimed, preparing painfully for an independence which still seemed quite unreal. Then suddenly, one day, the idol of this personal religion turns out to have feet of clay. Old Sam when young had received plenty of pharisaical sermons and not long after one of these he had found his idol attempting to satisfy his grotesque appetite in an ugly and heavy handed fashion by squeezing the breath out of a vulgar little secretary with his weight. Other hypocrites more fortunate than Sam’s father managed to escape and permanently to deceive everybody, but rarely do they manage to deceive themselves. They know they are being dishonest but sometimes in fact even deceive themselves by their acts. The great actor often manages to get very near living the part he is playing. Perhaps Beckett persuaded himself that his various parts, acted with such versatility, were lacking in artificiality. The supreme actor who died on the steps of the High Altar at Canterbury lived his part to perfection. But was he honest?

Yet there is scope in this world for the partial truth; sometimes it is wrong to be wholly truthful. Sam’s father hurt his son, by his deception he undermined his belief, left him helpless, yet one cannot help doubting whether it would have been better if he had instead confessed his human weaknesses, for the child needs an example. The whole truth told at the wrong time can be fatal. Truth must often be partially obscured, not in the manner of the hypocrite though, for the hypocrite’s deception and dishonesty is purely to enhance himself in the eyes of others; truth must only be abandoned if this course is beneficial to others. The child need not know that there are wars, that a man was killed in the factory down the road yesterday, that many are unemployed and homeless, instead he can be told that Father Christmas will bring him presents on Christmas Day, and to be

read stories about Peter Rabbit and Winnie the Pooh. Dishonesty is often kindness.

Then in the field of Art, the matter does not seem to be so much a matter of honesty and dishonesty as a question of talent. A man may desire with all his soul to write a sincere, a genuine book and yet lack the talent to do it. In spite of sincere emotions the book turns out to be unreal, false and conventional: the emotions are stagily expressed, the tragedies are pretentious and lying shams and what was meant to be dramatic is badly melodramatic. The critic is disgusted and pronounces the book insincere and dishonest. The author, conscious of his purity of intention, is enraged by an epithet which seems to impugn his honour, his honesty and his sense of moral values but which in reality stigmatises only his intellectual capacities. Rather similar is the case of the attitude of many towards morality. The Victorians, such as Sam's father, were not being dishonest in their attitude to sex. The Greeks, it is true, had been open with regard to this matter and had worshipped the naked Aphrodite, whereas the Victorians with their Podsnapian respectability had bowed down to a petty coated divinity. The fact was that they felt the animal portion of themselves to exist but still denied it, not because they were being dishonest to themselves but because from earliest childhood they had been conditioned to do so, and childhood is a time when lasting impressions are made most easily. Today we allow any amount of blasphemies to be aimed at religion but a single four letter word, in spite of the publication of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, still leads to horror. This is similar to the case of the bad author who is dishonest because he lacks talent and can appear as nothing else but insincere and dishonest, and so with the petty moralist, he can do nothing else but moralise because of those lasting childhood impressions. Therefore honesty with many people in certain respects is made impossible by either innate or inculcated sensibilities and prejudices, or simply mental limitation.

Honesty therefore is not altogether a simple matter, nor in the ways mentioned is it the best course. Tragedy, for example, is never wholly truthful. Fielding's novel *Tom Jones* is not in the order of a great tragedy, it is too truthful. Had Othello's Desdemona tumbled when springing ashore at Cyprus, as the no less beautiful Sophia in *Tom Jones* was to tumble when lifted from her horse by the innkeeper, revealing the limitations of 16th century underwear, *Othello* would no longer be the play we know. For Fielding's touch of honesty, his insertion of reality, would be out of keeping with tragedy. Yet because tragedies must inevitably in certain ways lack reality this should not detract from their value being as they are but partly truthful. Gide, Proust, Lawrence, Kafka and Golding are all concerned with the whole truth; their novels are entirely honest but tragedy still has its place to-day and continues to move as much as before. There is room for both the wholly truthful and the partially truthful side by side, not existing simultaneously but each in its separate sphere. But this is merely illustration of honesty in literature how it is suitable in some cases and not in others.

Honesty in our lives has been by-passed, the Pharisee has been condemned

though partly excused, so has the petty moralist and the insincere novelist, because often they are what they are because they cannot be otherwise, no other way is open to them. For these are unfortunates who are forced away from honesty by impressions, mental limitations, psychological twists and so on. The happiest man is the honest man and the honest man does not deceive others or himself but is truly what he is. Chaucer provides us with just what is necessary to explain this. Chaucer was a poet of the earth, content to walk desiring no wings of idealism. Supreme over everything in the world he saw the "Law of Kind." To obey this law of Chaucer's is to be truly honest; one must accept what one is. A bird shut in a cage longs to be

" . . . in the forest which is wyld and cold
Gon ete wormes and such wrecchidnes,"

because that is its natural state. The Host condemns the Monk for his enforced celibacy for this interferes with the "Law of kind," for it is anti-natural. That is the theme of the *Wife of Bath's Prologue*. Counsels of perfection are all very well for those

" That wolde lyve parfytyly;
But lordinges by your leve, that am not I."

The bulk of us must live as the law of kind enjoins. Chaucer is honest, he loved humanity, he enjoyed seeing the way the canon sweated

" It was an joy to see him sweat,"

because this was so human, he admired horses for their horseliness and a woman because

" . . . that creature
Nas never less mannish in seeming."

Troilus, because he defied his nature and proudly scorned love was smitten terribly in love with Criseyde. He had not obeyed the law of kind.

" As proude Bayard ginneth for to skip
Out of the way, so pricketh him his corn,
Till he a lash have of the longe whip,
Then thinketh he, ' Though I prance all biforn
First in the trace, full fat and newe shorn
Yet am I but an hors, and horses' law
I must endure and with my feres draw.' "

Troilus suffered a like awakening and in this conception of Chaucer's, of being true to what we are, to our own nature, seems to be the key to honesty. "Man," wrote Aldous Huxley, "Is an animal that thinks. To be a first rate human being, a man must be both a first rate animal and a first rate thinker." Christianity and Platonism must be reconciled with the inherent weaknesses in our human nature, and only when we have learnt to accept these will honesty be attained and deception and dishonesty abandoned as unnecessary.

A Fly in the Ointment

“WHAT are you doing, when you leave school?” “I want to go to University, if they will take me.” His parents wanted him to go to University because this would give him a good start in life; something that they had never had. Also, though they did not realise it, because it was very nice to be able to tell your friends, that your son is at Oxford or Cambridge. The son did not really know whether he wanted to go or not. He had been persuaded that he wanted to go.

All that was needed now was three good passes at “A” level and a satisfactory interview. The “A” level exams had been taken and everyone concerned was waiting anxiously for the results.

They came. Three good passes. Only the interview left now. His masters were confident that he would do well or at least they seemed to be. The parents were nervous. The boy could not remember which day it was on.

The day of the interview came.

Afterwards it was decided that the interviewers had liked him.

Now for a little time they would all have to wait. He was bound to get in. He had seen other people there also waiting for interviews. They weren't quite like him. He was obviously more suitable. They did not seem to be as intelligent. Probably they had been crammed for their A levels. They had probably needed to work much harder. They had succeeded by hard work not by intelligence like him. They were nice enough boys but he was obviously a little bit better than them.

At the University a committee was making up a list of those fortunate people who would be accepted.

“The twelfth candidate we saw was that nice young man from some school in London. According to the list, he has got three good A levels and he says he is good at football. He appears to be fairly intelligent.”

An old don was taking down the decisions of the committee. He was watching a fly crawling along the table in front of him. What horrible things flies were. So different from bees or even wasps. Then he suddenly realised that he was in the middle of a conference or something. What were they talking about? Ah, one of the candidates. He would be the eleventh on the list. He passed easily. The twelfth was next presumably. He had only two A levels and failed miserably. The old man put a “fail” against his name.

A few days later the hero of this story, the boy from London, received a letter. He had failed. The old professor had inadvertently chosen the wrong candidate.

The Devil's Adversary

THROUGH the evening haze the rider gently urged his lathered mount. Raising his hand to his forehead he searched the skyline and in the distance he could discern a signpost which stood drunkenly on the uneven ground. Father Forté was scarcely able to read the flaky lettering which showed that he had at last reached San Carlos. With a gesture of impatience he set off at a canter and the silence of the desolate plain was broken only by his deep voice. He sang some of the songs that he had learned in his childhood, for he was not yet old and his early life was very vivid to him. He recalled the happy times he had spent among the steamboats which plied their way along the Mississippi and the folk tunes and spirituals he had learnt from the crews. His journey had been long and it was nearly over, yet he was vaguely troubled as he caught the first glimpse of the rambling huddle of homesteads which he knew must be San Carlos. In front of him, the sun like a crimson ball of fire vanished behind the distant mountains leaving a luminous halo on the shadowy slope; he felt as if he was entering another world, a realm of darkness and misery.

Father Forté rode grimly up the main street. No reception committee awaited him and yet inwardly he had never expected one. A priest's life was a hard one in the deep south; religion played little part in men's lives. The year was 1859 and there was little to distinguish San Carlos from any other town in the rich cotton belt of the south, with its long avenues of trees, its ramshackle stores and stables; indeed San Carlos had changed little since the days when it had formed the frontier post between civilization and the vast wilderness beyond. As Father Forté followed the dusty meandering track which served as the main thoroughfare he began to realise why there had been so little response for his new job. The San Carlos Mission was situated in one of the toughest and most remote districts in Christendom; it needed a missionary to tame it, not a mere priest, he mused disconsolately.

The Mission House stood on a low escarpment on the further side of the town and its isolation, as he soon found out, was a true indication of the relationship which existed between church and populace in San Carlos. The building was a typical product of the region, having a squat, adobe superstructure with a large bell perched between the eaves of its decaying roof. His sharp rap on the ornate knob seemed to echo interminably round the vast hall before the door was opened by a buxom negress, whom he imagined was the caretaker. The night was spent peacefully. In the morning Father Forté prepared himself for the ordeal of meeting the local community. He realised that his life in the town was not going to be easy, for trouble came from the antagonism between the white settlers and the Negroes who were forced to work on their plantations; the Mission as the sole means of education was the focal point of this dissension for the former objected to their children being taught together with black children. His predecessor Father Tring had spent his life in striving to create amity between the two races

and so it was with considerable trepidation that Father Forté had begun his journey to redeem these stubborn people.

The hall was packed almost to capacity when he came into the assembly; his arrival was heralded by a sudden quiet, broken only by a low murmuring. A look of incredulity fell upon the faces of all as the tall Negro faced his congregation. This was no new experience to Father Forté, it had happened many times before and he had grown used to it. In his speech he explained that the function of the Mission was to provide education and that the church which adjoined it was for the use of the whole community regardless of colour or social standing. His voice rose to a stirring peroration, beseeching everyone to be tolerant and to refrain from prejudice, treating all men as God's cherished creations. The audience was not unresponsive, but those that owned plantations which depended for their cheap labour on the Negroes tended to deride what he had said, but the town-dwellers and cattlemen saw the logic and truth of Father Forté's plea.

In the days following, the Mission House was a scene of tremendous activity, classes had begun and Father Forté, assisted by two women from the town, was soon immersed in the work. As time went by his congregation on Sundays augmented but he was still dissatisfied, for although he himself had been accepted by San Carlos, the other Negroes felt bound by the old-established conventions, which alienated them from mixing with the white man. One day Father Forté decided to visit the outlying plantations and try to understand their problems. His visit was a shocking revelation. Many of them were living in such squalor and degradation that he wondered how they had ever survived; their employers had taken no steps even to ensure a living wage and treated them virtually as slaves. Something had to be done promptly to relieve this appalling situation, if only to prevent an uprising amongst the Negroes. He began by approaching the owners; at first he was greeted with mistrust, it seemed inconceivable to them that a Negro could be treated on the same basis as a white man, they were too inferior in every respect. But faced with the impassioned oratory of Father Forté, a Negro himself, they were compelled to take notice. Gradually their obstinacy and lack of humanity lessened; however prejudice was not overcome quickly and as the barriers were slowly broken down, attendance at school and other functions by the Negroes grew more common, but it took two years before its effect really became manifest.

One day as Father Forté was carrying out his duties in the Mission, a loud commotion was heard in the street below; a crowd of men were seen congregating round a large swarthy rider who seemed to be wearing some sort of uniform, although in his haste it had been rendered practically unidentifiable by dust and dirt. Through the open window, Father Forté was able to hear the gist of what he was saying: War had broken out between the Federal States in the North and the Confederates in the South and the soldier was urging the townspeople to take up arms and support the South against the pretensions of Lincoln and the abolition of slavery. Father Forté did not wait to hear any more; he turned down to the

assembled crowd. The crucial moment had come, either his work was going to collapse around him or he was going to ride the storm and add further success to his 'crusade.' He made his way through the throng until he was standing directly in front of the strange rider who viewed him sardonically from his horse. No one moved, tension gripped the atmosphere, high in the sky a vulture could be seen, circling in its incessant quest for prey, Father Forté swallowed nervously and addressed the soldier. There was no need, he said, for there to be any inequality in colour or race, all men were born equal whatever the colour of their skin and he urged his listeners to judge Negroes by their merit and to treat them as normal human beings. If there was anyone present who believed that it was God's will to intimidate and enslave a nation, then they should join the Confederates. His words seemed to have had their effect, not a soul moved, Father Forté knew that he had won his battle. But his work was still uncompleted; for he knew that his task had only really just begun.

The sun in San Kenyon was torrid and merciless; its incandescent rays allowed little shade for Father Forté as he sat on the veranda, several months later. He was enjoying a hard earned respite, but his reverie was abruptly broken as he smelt the fumes of smoke drifting through the air. As he emerged into the main street he was confronted with an incredible sight, thick puffs of white smoke were billowing out above the 'General Stores' and tongues of flame were already leaping over to the adjoining buildings and devouring the dry timber. On his arrival at the scene frantic efforts were being made to make a fire barrier by demolishing the houses on one side of the conflagration, but it was to no avail as sparks of flame had already ignited their roofs. Negroes and white men looked on helplessly; the chain of buckets seemed so insignificant against the raging fury of their antagonist. Suddenly Father Forté felt a violent tap on his shoulder, he turned round and saw on the man's face a look of bewilderment and despair; his son was trapped in his room directly in the path of the fire. Father Forté's reaction was immediate, gathering up his cassock he covered the short distance to the building and vanished into the blazing inferno. Everyone watched in fear and wonder, a body of the townsfolk tried to clear a passage through the flames at the entrance to facilitate his exit, but inwardly they never expected to see him come out alive.

Time passed slowly, the tense onlookers watched, rivetted to the sea of smoke which concealed the door. All of a sudden the outline of a dark shape was framed in the doorway; it was then that the tragedy occurred, the thick beams of timber which supported the doorway collapsed under the tremendous burden, everything was swallowed up in smoke, and when the people managed to fight their way towards the inert body, it was clear that he was dying. The men rescued the young boy whom Father Forté had protected with his own body and tried to administer help to the dying Negro who lay back on the charred ground, his crucifix glinting in the firelight. Slowly he began to open his parched lips: there would come a time, he said, when God's power and majesty would embrace the

whole world, and out of the ruins of San Carlos would emerge a new town, untainted by slavery and misery. His words faltered and came to an end.

“ Father Forté had given his life to save a son of those who had once persecuted him,” continued the clergyman, “ consider how God sent His only son into this world, to save mankind and how He too had conquered prejudice and after sacrificing His life for the world, achieved his divine purpose.”

Feelings, Facts and Impressions

WE sailed from Oyster Harbours, near Osterville in Massachusetts, at noon on Monday, 13th August. We were not dismayed by the significance of this date, as the number ‘13’ happens to be my mother’s lucky number, and besides, we were far too busy in the excitement of departure to worry about such minor considerations. All our friends turned out to see us off and as we left we were surrounded by launches and sailing dinghies, which gave us a marvellous send-off. The irrevocability of the situation dawned on me forcibly and I felt sure that, had I known a little more or even used my imagination a little more freely, I would not have left in so carefree a spirit.

Trouble was not slow in coming; while my father was busy talking to London on the radio-telephone we went slightly off course. It was owing to this that we arrived late at the entrance to Pollock’s Rip, a channel through the Nantucket shoals. It was essential that we should reach the open sea or otherwise we would be in trouble, as the tide was rather strong. As it transpired, the tide did turn on us as we were almost out, while at the same time the wind dropped. So we were stuck trying to buck the tide. As always in these situations the engine failed to work and my father had to stay up most of the night to help the boat on her way.

When I awoke the next morning we were out in the ocean and had turned South-East to go down to the 40th parallel, along which we intended to travel until we reached the Azores. The sea was hardly calm and the usual qualms about sea-sickness came on. In fact although on several occasions I felt rather ill during the next ten days, I was never actually sick during the whole voyage. My mother also suffered but my father remained unaffected all the way across. After two days we turned due East to travel along the 40th parallel and at roughly the same time we entered the Gulf Stream, which was a tremendous sight. The colour of the sea was the same vivid blue that one always sees on postcards and yet never does in reality. The view was enhanced by the sun shining on the water

and this contributed to the striking effect. The weather was good here, with the temperature well up in the eighties and the water was sometimes even hotter although the sea was choppy as we hit the big Atlantic rollers.

After the first week we began a fantastic run. My father had estimated that our route was a little over three thousand miles and since we did not have the whole summer to return in, a target of a hundred miles a day was set. During the first week, the wind prevented us from keeping this up, but on the afternoon of Monday, 20th August we caught a southerly wind and began travelling at six and seven knots, which is good for a yacht the size of Gypsy Moth III. When the next noon position was worked out my father suggested our guessing how far we had gone. My mother guessed 150 miles while for fun I said 174, which was very nearly right. In fact we had covered 173 miles on the first day and for the next four days kept up an average day's run of 150 miles, which is very fast indeed for a boat not even racing! I must admit, however, that this was with the help of the Gulf Stream.

While we went along at this pace the impressions one received of the sea rolling under us and foaming past our bows was highly exhilarating. At night the stars were usually very distinct and together with the sight of the black waves surging by, with gleaming phosphorescence on their crests, produced a feeling of immense peace and yet power; it was comforting to feel that one did not have to share this unique sight with tourists. It is difficult to reproduce or in some cases even to remember the thoughts and impressions which come to one, when in such a position; but to suffice it to say, that for me it would be sacrilege to analyse the beauty and mystery of the ocean. I feel that this is something I want to keep to myself all my life.

Our radio-telephone is a new model made by Marconi which the company lent my father to try out. The set itself worked very well indeed. The only trouble however, was that the charging motor would never work when we heeled over and even when it was functioning, it gave off foul-smelling fumes. My father used the radio-telephone to ring up people in America, using a link through London to Massachusetts, which was remarkable. Even in the middle of New York harbour the set worked and I do not think its actual range has as yet been ascertained.

After we had passed the half-way mark, the steady wind and weather that we had had so far, now left us. The rest of the trip was very rough and according to my father, at one time a 60 m.p.h. wind was blowing on the foredeck. It felt almost an anti-climax when at first we reached the Continental Shelf and calmer waters. However I feel it was even more of an anti-climax when we reached England. It is hard to know why, but perhaps it was not the normal homecoming to the Beaulieu river where we always sail from. At the end I experienced a great feeling of achievement, and although there may be better ways of spending a summer, I cannot think of many myself, especially when I remember my short holiday on Cape Cod.

Cricket

Played 6, Won 1, Drawn 1, Lost 4.

THIS year, the bulk of the cricket team was made up of Colts' players. This meant that although they were potentially good they lacked the experience which is very important for inter-House competitions. An older boy who is, perhaps, not so good at cricket, will achieve better results. Under these circumstances, I feel this accounts for our seemingly poor results.

The bowling was opened by Green and the Captain. The former quite successfully. This was followed by some promising spin bowling by Craze and occasionally by Foster. The batting fell short of expectation. Only Hornsby and Beard seemed to score any runs. Despite these setbacks we had an enjoyable season.

Water

THIS year's season has been very encouraging. Grants had ten boys rowing in the first three VIII's and four in the Junior Colts, and the Election culminated with the House winning the Halahan Cup. Much of this achievement is due to the presence in the House of the Head of the Water, R. D. E. Spry, and to the keenness and enthusiasm shown by most of the House Watermen. In the sculling events we had two victories: N. S. B. Tanner won the Junior-Senior Sculls and credit must also be given to C. S. B. Cohen for winning the Coxswain's Sculls and to T. M. Hunt and H. H. Clark for reaching the final of the Double Sculls. Our rather disappointing performance in the Junior Sculls was however amply compensated for by W. M. Holmsten reaching the finals in the Novice Sculls, while in the 'Tub IV' events Grants did extremely well to have the two finalists in the Junior-Senior, to win the cup in the Junior and to reach the finals in the Senior.

This term the Seniors have already begun training in the gym for next term's Head of the River Race and this has been supplemented by rugger in Hyde Park. In the Weybridge Sculls, five of the Westminster entries were Grantites. Only three of our present Watermen will have left by next Summer and although a gap will be felt in our ranks by Spry's departure, the prospects for the next season seem bright.

Tennis

IN the Senior Barne's Cup only A. J. Stranger-Jones, our sole member of the first VI, survived the early rounds before he was knocked out in the quarter-final. Three of our leading players P. J. Bottomley, J. J. T. Jeal and R. C. Beard

met the first, second and fourth seeds respectively in the first round and unfortunately were eliminated. C. R. McNeil, on whom will rest much of the responsibility for next year's House success, was only beaten by the third seed after a great fight. Our most promising player N. Harling, lost to the eventual winner of the Junior tournament after two hard-fought sets. In the Doubles he teamed up with A. R. Abdela and they reached the semi-final, eventually losing 5—7, 6—4, 7—9.

Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens

WE regret to record the death in June of Mr. E. C. Cleveland-Stevens, President of the Old Grantite Club, which occurred too late for mention in our last edition.

Edward Carnegie Cleveland-Stevens was born in 1883 and was the younger son of William Richard Stevens of Ashley Gardens, Westminster. In 1895 he went to Westminster at the early age of twelve and later was Captain of school games, that is to say both of cricket and of football. He won a History Scholarship to Christchurch and was later granted a Shaw Research Studentship at the London School of Economics where he became a Doctor of Science and lectured until the First Great War.

In 1914 he joined the Inns of Court Regiment and served first in Egypt and then in France, transferring to the Royal Engineers in which he became a Captain in 1917. On his discharge from the Army he joined Harrisons and Crosfield Limited, the tea and rubber agents and merchants, whose Secretary he was until his retirement in 1952. In 1918 he had married Muriel, only daughter of James Dickie Christie of Sidcup, Kent, by whom he had two daughters.

A man of wide interests, he inherited from his father a particular interest in railways on which he wrote a standard work "English Railways" published by Routledge in 1915. He played cricket for Kent and was a member of the Band of Brothers.

Old Grantites have particular reason for being grateful to him because of his unflinching support of and interest in his old House. It gave him particular pleasure when in 1960 he was invited to succeed Sir Adrian Boulton as President, particularly as his elder brother William had been President previous to Sir Adrian, though also unfortunately dying in office.

He was extremely punctilious in the discharge of his duties and always presided over the Annual General Meetings and the Annual Dinners with great courtesy and charm. He had the particular quality of drawing from Old Grantites much younger than himself a particular sense of affection and loyalty, and many an Old Grantite years his junior will have felt his passing with a personal sense of loss.