



THE
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REVIEW

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Editorial

“*There is good in education.*”—Misquotation.

I OFTEN wonder at those who remark that the Public Schools are an out-dated survival of feudal institutions. Take *Grant's*, for example. During the course of this term a *Grantite* special correspondent conducted a survey into the political outlook of the House. The results showed most startlingly how seething the House is with enthusiasm for events taking place outside its own four walls. Our correspondent, of course, met with some difficulties in communicating with the lower regions of the House, but these were overcome by typical *Grantite* perspicacity. When, for instance a junior *Grantite*, on being asked what political party he supported, replied “Yes” he was taken to mean “Conservative,” while “No” was interpreted as Labour and “I didn't do it” Liberal. Such was the broadmindedness of our correspondent.

The editors feel sure that this amazing interest in outside affairs can only be due to the splendid regime of our present monitorial. They have in fact been pursuing a deliberate policy towards the broadening of the House's view-point. One of their illustrious band, for example, has been compelling people to write self-analyses as impositions. The results have been revealing and entertaining. Perhaps the following example might be taken as typical.

“Tall, dark and handsome. Unmarried. Tendencies towards smoking a pipe.”

We feel convinced that such impositions, apart from helping to create a fine, fluent and natural prose style cannot help but widen the author's mentality. But it is perhaps most through the striking modernity of their style of clothes that the monitorial inspires the junior members of the House to broadmindedness. They are years before their time sporting curling collars and shirts that need not be tucked in. But here are the results of the survey.

Fifty-seven per cent. of the House were Conservative, 20 per cent. Liberal, 17 per cent. Labour, 5 per cent. supported the National Teenage Party and 2 per cent. the Communists.

Fifty-seven per cent. supported Mr. Wilson as leader of the Labour Party, 31 per cent. Brown, 9 per cent. Calaghan and 3 per cent. Gordon-Walker.

Fifty-five per cent. preferred Maudling as leader of the Conservative Party, 16 per cent. Butler, 9 per cent. Hailsham, 8 per cent. Macmillan, 6 per cent. Home, 3 per cent. Heath and 1 per cent. Powell and Macleod.

Fifty-four per cent. of the House supported the notion of votes for those of 18 years old.

Fifty-two per cent. of the House knew who their M.P. was.

[Percentages are given to the nearest figure. The survey was held before Mr. Macmillan resigned].

House News

We welcome this term D. S. Brock as Housemaster.

* * * * *

R. T. E. Davies is Head of House.

The Monitors are: A. T. Cooke, C. W. M. Garnett, S. F. B. Heaton and C. R. McNeil.

J. P. Gambles is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are R. T. Chisholm, J. F. Westoby, A. D. R. Abdela, G. B. Chichester, S. E. Robertson, J. H. C. Proudfoot and D. Brand.

* * * * *

A. M. Milne is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are: S. F. Bartlett, M. E. J. Smitham and P. L. L. Smitham.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water .. *Pinks* to N. S. B. Tanner.
Seniors to N. McI. Johnson, A. H. C. Vinter and T. B. Williamson.
Colts to A. H. C. Vinter.
Junior Colts to J. M. K. Lamb.
- Cricket .. *Juniors* to R. G. H. Kemp and W. E. K. Macfarlane.
Pink and Whites to P. D. Craze.
Thirds to C. N. Foster.
- Athletics .. *Pinks* to C. R. McNeil.
- Swimming .. *Colts* to M. E. Lonsdale.
Juniors to J. M. K. Lamb and I. K. Patterson.
- Fives .. *Seniors* to C. R. McNeil.
- Shooting .. *Seniors* to C. R. McNeil.
- Squash .. *Seniors* to S. F. B. Heaton.

* * * * *

VALETE:

R. C. Beard, C. S. B. Cohen, A. J. Dugdale, G. S. Gould, N. E. G. Jones, P. Macfarlane, P. W. Semple, R. J. Simpson, M. J. Stancliffe, N. S. B. Tanner.

SALVETE:

M. J. Abrahams, M. B. Adams, C. A. G. Cary, G. St. J. W. Cochrane, J. P. Emerson, S. A. Mortimore, D. B. Mumford, M. E. Notcutt, C. J. M. Sanguinetti, S. C. C. Stacey, P. B. P. Williams, C. H. Kinchin Smith, S. Harling.

Alternative

A LARGE man sat behind the desk, an older and maturer man than the others in the room. His grey hair, the steely glint in his eyes and a strong jaw indicated a man who was unafraid of responsibility and who had had much experience of it.

His name was Paul Schmidt, he wore the black uniform of the Security Guards with enough silver stars to show his high ranking authority. Around the walls of the room stood guards at intervals of five yards, more flanking his desk and the people standing before him, all were armed. At this period Security Guards carried energy rifles which drew their power from small atomic plants carried on the Guards' backs.

“Prisoners, I have summoned you here to inform you of the fate I have in store for you if you continue to resist my interrogations. In ten hours local time I shall invite you to choose. There are five of you, one is a traitor and a spy, and it will require three of you to suggest a candidate for mind breaking. I realise that were you within the boundaries of the Inner Terran Empire I would not have the authority to order this. Only the Emperor can give that authority, but this is a frontier system and we are still at war with the aliens here. As an Imperial Commander in the Field I am to all intents and purposes the Emperor by virtue of being his representative.

“Mind breaking is a most painful and degrading exercise and I cannot submit you to it without giving you a chance to save yourselves. It would be best if you were to find the guilty party first time for my patience is low and I will break you all if it becomes necessary. You have ten hours.”

When he finished talking the people were removed from his presence and the lights in the room dimmed. Then the room into which the three men and two women had been taken was projected on to a screen in the darkened room. Around this room scientists could be seen preparing to observe the prisoners every move. This is the report they gave to Schmidt immediately the ten hour period was over.

“Initially conversation was restricted to a discussion of how the various people were arrested and brought to the battleship, and why they were treated in this harsh manner. All expressed innocence of treachery, and surprise that they had not been set free after the intense questioning they had undergone. Each then told his or her own story in small conversational exchanges, and by this time two hours had passed. During those two hours we examined the pre-conscious of each of them. Two had very clear, open minds which corroborated all that they had said during the period of two hours. The other three, one woman among them, had a tight control on their minds, showing awareness of being under mental surveillance and a desire to hide something from us not necessarily to do with this particular case.

“If we had permission to use full strength probes the threat of mind breaking

would be unnecessary” (There had been strong words between the Commander and the scientists over this point, he arguing that some might be innocent, they arguing time was everything in a case like this.) “However after this point serious discussion began and one by one they offered crimes they had committed in the past as a reason for internment. One woman, ‘A,’ has killed a man in self-defence, and one of the men is embezzling his company out of several million credits.

“Mind probes substantiate all this but reveal between the fifth and sixth hours a mounting strain; and all are beginning to clamp down on their pre-conscious mind in fear of something being discovered. By the sixth hour although they have offered quite a serious collection of crimes they are still hiding something.

“From the seventh to the ninth hours we observed a mental silence that surprised us. An oral silence would be plausible under the circumstances, but the mental strain by now is terrific and these points indicated a mind training of some sort. Consequently we tuned in on telepathic frequencies and discovered that all had highly developed powers, that they were mutants in fact and had learned about each other during the earlier hours. However, we began listening in time to hear hurried consultations between individuals trying to collect mutual protection pacts. Each one had such a pact with all the others by the end of the ninth hour.

“On the evidence of advanced mental development and extension of telepathic power, we suggest that it would be easy to hide much knowledge, and as we know they are hiding something from each other on the telepathic level also, we feel that in each case this would indicate treason or anti-government feeling. All that happened during the tenth hour indicated a guilty conscience, in that each person emanated panic and hysteria, instead of increasing bewilderment and fear as one would expect from innocent parties. If we had permission to use full force probes at this crucial time of stress, we would say definitely one way or the other in each case. However, after this time it is felt their superior mental power will dispel confusion and doubt, and will erect a barrier only breaking can probe fully.”

“And this is your official, unanimous opinion in this matter gentlemen?” Schmidt asked, having read the report. They nodded their heads. “Right, prepare to break their minds, I shall inform you in half an hour of my decision. Guards, recall the prisoners.” When they re-appeared before him the Commander began to speak.

“You have had ten hours to examine yourselves, your lives and your consciences. Now I want each one of you to tell me privately who you think is guilty. But first you will answer questions. Did you hold anything back during the preliminary questioning? Were you aware of being under mental surveillance? Are you mutants or telepaths with enlarged mental abilities?” Their answers were very confused and seemed to substantiate the report. The Commander

ordered their removal from his room. They were then taken to individual cells on the battleship, to await the decision of Schmidt.

Morally and legally Schmidt was everything but ordered not to break any minds. His moral code, that of an Imperial officer of the Security Guards, directed him not to order mind breaking under any circumstances. Legally he was not allowed to issue any such order, although his authority as Imperial Representative at War just overruled this. Mind breaking was the most serious act in the Empire because it ruined a person completely and they could only ultimately be killed. If these people were innocent, he would be murdering them, and the evidence was slight, merely the suggestions of a few scientists who were dying to practise the Emperor's ultimate authority over the individual and consequently absolutely prejudiced.

The Commander was a strong, intelligent man and he realised the issues at stake. Being a strong man he had allowed himself only a few minutes to decide. Today men are automatically taught how to make a judgment in these matters uncoloured by sentiment, moral code or existing order of things. But in Schmidt's time this was not so. An issue of this type bore heavy responsibility for him as if the people died unnecessarily he would have been invited to atone for his mistake by suicide. But his half-hour was very brief, and he had to decide, taking everything into consideration including the fact that the scientists' recommendations would not exonerate him.

"Scientists, break their minds and learn all you can about enemy planned movement. Captain," this to the Commander of his flagship, "summon the fleet and bid them prepare for battle."

His decision was correct, but only just in time. Within an hour he learnt of the enemy plan, sent guards to arrest the other spies, and set his battlefleet in motion. He caught the aliens, fought a pitched battle over the extent of a light year, and won a glorious victory for the Empire.

However, when he had won his victory and was preparing to return in glory with the major part of his forces to Terra itself, he was peremptorily summoned ahead of his forces by the Emperor. When he arrived he was arrested for planning to overthrow the Empire and seize power with his army. His ruthlessness and devotion to the Empire had aroused the Court's fear as to his power and ambition. He was executed almost immediately.

A man who paid for being ahead of his time.

The Miner

I'VE just laid my box of matches out to dry,
I wish I could do the same with my clothes,
But there isn't room.
The cold rock walls are slimy with the moistureless air;
Compared with them the water's dry to touch,
When your hand's wet.
It's very warm at night,
At least,
It's no colder than at day,
Which isn't saying much.
I read in the newspapers to-day that three other men
Were saved.
But then, I don't have any newspapers down here.
Air pockets, high-pressures, rubble piles
And other fashionable things.
All I do is to walk up and down my solitary stretch,
Listening and waiting.
I could go about two hundred yards
If I wanted to—in fact I do sometimes,
But it is rather hard-going,
As I am four feet deep in water.
I don't know how far under the ground I am,
I haven't been able to measure it.
It's very dark down here.

I don't suppose I will be rescued,
I'm not that sort
Of bloke.
I remember at school I never used to get lifts
Anywhere,
Or things like that.
People have never been very concerned with me.
I'm not married, my father and mother are dead,
I haven't got a car, nor even a house,
And old Mrs. Catby, my landlady, won't miss me;
She'll just get someone else who'll probably
Pay more.
Three days ago they sent a microphone down
A hole they had bored.
I was glad; but
It didn't work;

So they took it away again.
You see, I'm just that sort
Of bloke.
No, I'll just wait here, walking up and down, and then
Die.

The Artist and Reality

THIS is briefly an attempt to examine the relationships of an artist with the world that surrounds him, how it seems to him and what he does with it. That is to say, on the one side with what is called the artist's intuition, on the other with his production, or the work of art.

A painter, novelist or composer always starts with an experience that is a kind of discovery and this is what is usually called an intuition or an inspiration. For instance you go for a walk in St. James's Park and all at once it strikes you in a new vein; you find it extraordinary that it should appear like this. This is what happened to Monet as a young man. He suddenly saw the fields in a completely new light, not as solid objects covered in useful crops, but as colour with great variety and subtlety. It was a most exciting discovery since it was something totally divorced from Monet himself.

The delight in discovering something like this is a natural and primitive feature found in all men. All children have it and it continues throughout the lives of most of us. The delight that children experience in discovering the world before they can speak is very obvious. We do not talk about the intuition of children but, when looked at rationally, it can be seen to be the intuition of an artist. Regrettably when children become older and hear dissertations upon what they have done or created they become self-conscious and tend to close up.

Croce, the Italian philosopher, who was influenced by Hegel, says that art is simply a matter of intuition. But he also goes on to say that intuition and expression are the same thing. He thinks that when we seize upon something immediately we cannot know it until we have named it or given it a formal character, and this is what is called a work of art.

This purely theoretical conception of art is not the image that presents itself to an artist or writer. When a painter discovers something, he is eager to pin it down to have a closer examination, but to do this is like groping around in the dark. For, with educated and grown-up men, intuitions are highly evanescent. This is what Wordsworth meant when he talked of their fading into the light of common day.

The joy of discovery dies in us sometimes and a beautiful vision we may have is apt in the same instant as we see it in its individual shape to fade back into being one of a common class. The painter has, through his paints and brushes, to translate an intuition seized in a single instant into a formal and technically proficient arrangement of colours which will still convey his original inspiration. That is to say that he has a job that requires thought, skill and a lot of experience.

As for a novelist his job is much more difficult. He also starts with his intuition or discovery. From just one instance he has to invent characters, descriptions and a plot. Consider the following story about Henry James and "The Spoils of Poynton." He tells us that what he calls the "germ" came to him at a dinner party where his next door neighbour told him of a quarrel which broke up a household. The house, the woman said, had been a work of art, beautifully arranged and furnished but now to be broken up and scattered. For James the final tragedy in the world was the fragility of all that is good, beautiful and excellent. The significant part of the story is that in recording the incident, his discovery of the germ, he complains that the woman would go on talking. In the novel especially, the creator has great difficulty in retaining his original "germ" or "inspiration" throughout the period of technical construction.

The reader has to feel after reading the novel, "That is important: that is true." It is no good him saying "I suppose that is true but I have heard it before." The word "fiction" immediately conjures up a contrast with "fact." It is possible to distinguish between a novel's truth and the artistry of its execution. Fiction is multiform and puts another side to fact which reveals an essential difference between the mere patina of events and the depth of their significance. The novelist may describe an epic or an interplay of character or poetic beauties of scene and sentiment and most likely all these things, but every line of his description points to his own thoughts and relates his aesthetic understanding of the real to the depth of his conscious understanding. His view of life may appear more real because his appeal to a personal point of view gives his reader a sense of "being in the picture." His prose account of reality is, however, less artistic. The novel has slowly exploited its own potentialities until it has become a purely spiritual structure of meaning. It is still, however, divorced from reality in the true sense of the word.

Life does not have a total meaning as a book does; it is simply a wild confusion of events. Look at a morning paper. It makes no sense at all—it means nothing but chaos. We only read and provide sense to what we regard as important. To do this we have a standard of valuation whereby we can distinguish the important from the unimportant.

In short, the writer has to find a meaning to life before he begins his work. All of us are in the same boat, presented with the same chaos which we must sort out from earliest childhood for our own well-being. However, underneath the chaos there are laws of fact and feeling that stay the same. We defy them at our peril. Human relationships and nature have certain constant features.

These constants are objective to us as we leave an "Iron Curtain" of facts of reality, and another "curtain" of human nature, and they are both struggling against each other. Men have over the years obtained more power over matter but to change it would be to destroy the world. All works of art, philosophies and ideas about life are conjectures but they can be checked with an objective reality. Their validity as propositions for the truth can be decided by correspondence with reality. You cannot destroy the elements of the world but you can rearrange them just like old bricks to make a new building. Bricks that stop being bricks are no use to us just as a heart that stopped beating at its own will would be useless. The spirit of creation requires a machine just as the world needs fixed characteristics. However, in a paradoxical way we have to accept that part of this fixed character is the free mind, the imagination, always fighting against facts which include its own working parts, its tools.

Transferable

"UN portrait en vingt minutes, Monsieur? Non? eh bien, pour vous Madame? . . . Henri, où es-tu? . . . Six nouveaux francs, s'il vous plaît; merci bien, Monsieur . . . Bon soir Monsieur, Madame; pour deux? cette table là-bas."

In one corner of La Place du Tertre a small bunch of people watch one of the many art students completing the portrait of a young, attractive girl who is somewhat embarrassed by the amount of attention she is being given. Nearby five old men are playing cards—entirely absorbed in their fascinating and apparently new-found occupation. Four glasses of cognac are simultaneously lifted to tingle the throats of some people who are beginning to feel the chill of the midnight air. A sharp cry is heard, and one looks round to see a pretty mademoiselle feeling her behind with one hand and shaking the other, as she scowls at a group of sniggering youths. The continuous hum of excited voices provides a soothing background to the music someone is playing on an old harmonica. The flash of a photographer's camera records one happy family's delight in its unusual surroundings. And all over Montmartre looms the imposing, yet friendly silhouette of Sacré Coeur.

Perhaps, in two or three years time, a member of that family will find the photograph again, and, with closed eyes, back will come memories of that night—the scenery, the hum of voices, the atmosphere. And although La Place du Tertre is unique, the same cannot be said of the atmosphere, as it is some-

thing which is created by people and not by places. For, although they may not be surrounded by artists or silhouette cutters, although there are no tables with colourful umbrellas, and although the strains of Richard Anthony's latest song are not being wrung out of that old harmonica, it is the people themselves who enchant a place and breathe life into it, wherever it may be. On looking at La Place du Tertre deserted, and merely seeing the quaint shop fronts and the umbrellas one might well say that it was charming. Similarly, presented with a grimy square in Stepney, its crumbling brick walls dimly lit by a solitary street lamp, an onlooker would doubtless remark on its squalour. Yet if exactly the same activities were to take place in this sordid square, immediately the place would become alive, and no-one would notice the peeling paint on the doors or dust-ingrained window panes.

Whether these thoughts be right or wrong does not really matter. Personally I shall keep to Montmartre, as I particularly happen to like the . . .

Withdrawal

SEE the wall? Over there
By the Lough and Whinstone bare,
On it sentries stood and walked,
Talked of home—Rome
Sienna, Ravenna, broken by a sneak attack,
A tribe for freedom—driven back.

There the milecastle, there the camp,
There a pile of leaves all damp,
Covering up the years beneath,
The general's sword,
The captain's sheath.

Here a break-up of the wall,
Overrun with none at all
Left behind for its cause,
Roman Peace, Mosaic floors.

There trod their sandalled feet
To their anchored, waiting fleet.
Leaving their wall, a Roman wall
To be preserved or crumble, fall.

The Barrow Man

“GOD, it’s cold tonight,” he thought, standing in the road on the corner of two main streets with a barrow of flowers; “it isn’t really the best of jobs; but then, what else am I to do—all I have ever done is to sell flowers. But just look at to-day. One bunch of geraniums and three dozen dahlias and that is all. Total income twelve and sixpence. Why, Why, won’t people buy these damn flowers?”

The middle-aged man pulled up the collar of his ex-army, twenty-year old greatcoat and retied a dirty woollen scarf around his neck. His face was weather beaten and expressionless, his black eyes gazed out from their deep-sunk sockets, but saw nothing. Occasionally he turned slightly one way or the other, whilst stamping his feet, to see if any other customer would come up to his creaking barrow to take home some colourful spray to a waiting wife. But no, no-one stopped, no-one even glanced at him as they all hurried along towards the large, noisy station only a few hundred yards away. For them there would be the bustle at the ticket-office, the crush in the train, the brisk walk along some suburban lane or road to the warmth of the kitchen or drawing-room. Then with slippers on, cigarette-case nearby and all the usual trappings they would sit down before the blaring box—whether it have picture or not—and remain fixed to it till bedtime.

Why had he never had a chance of doing those things. When he thought about them, which wasn’t often, he almost wept as he looked at the swirl of passing feet.

“Shoes,” he would think, “shoes . . . I wonder how much a new pair would cost. They all have new shoes—pointed, chiselled, round, toe-capped, boots or laces. But mine were given to me by that man from Ashley Gardens, and that was some time ago now.”

He felt in his pocket and crinkled the six dirty pound notes in between his fingers. He didn’t have a bank, he didn’t need one for that was all he had in the world. A barrow, a greatcoat, and a load of flowers that were given to him by a Mayfair florist who couldn’t get rid of them. Three days old they were when he picked them out of the dustbin in the mews behind the shop every morning; but he put them in vases as soon as he got them. Most of them still had their colour, but on a few the outside petals were turning brown.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder; he turned round with that slight sense of satisfaction one gets before making a sale. But it was only Alf, the chestnut man, from the other corner across the street. He did all right, oh yes, he had nothing to complain about. A good number of people stopped at his rusty burner to feel the warmth for a moment and then to buy a bag of already half-cold, hot chestnuts.

“’Ere, did you see that bloke being led out of that shop by the police a moment ago?”

“No.”

“ You didn’t, ’cot’ you must stand with yer eyes shut. ’Ere don’t you think the police are pretty good nowadays; I mean just look at that train robbery thing; they got most of ’em didn’t they?”

“ Yes.”

“An’ what about that Soho murder, eh?”

A shrug, the eyes still fixed on nothingness.

“ I mean,” went on Alf, “ take that detective bloke at Redhill, what’s ’is name, you know.”

“ No.”

“And then just look at the way . . . cor just look at them legs,”

“ Yes.”

“ Talkin’ of legs, look at my new shoes—good arn’t they. Sixty-five and eleven they cost, quite cheap I thought, eh?”

“ Yes.”

“Ah, well. Yer know, I like your side of the road; we must swop sometime, what do you say to that.”

Another shrug.

“ Never mind, you think about it. Anyway, cheers for now; thanks for the talk.”

“ Back he goes to the warmth of his burner. And he’s got a new pair of shoes . . . why shouldn’t I have a new pair of shoes too?”

An eyebrow flickered as the tempting thought knocked his frozen mind. The six notes crinkled again. Then he looked up. There was a shoe-shop across the road. “ True-Form ” it said. Resolutely and with a firm pace he walked across the road, paused outside the window and went into the shop.

Just as his greatcoat disappeared through the door two men filed off from the ever-passing stream. They both wore bowler hats and carried umbrellas. They strode over to the barrow, one of them pulling out his wallet. But there was no-one to attend to them. The one with the wallet drew out a pound note and was almost going to put it down, and take a bunch of flowers, when he decided against it. The next moment the bowler hats were back in the stream.

At that moment someone came across the road wearing a very new pair of shoes. The man, for it was he, came back to his barrow. He stood just where he was before and started stamping again, stopping only once to pick out of a vase one of the flowers which seemed to have become brown whilst he was away. He threw it into the gutter.

“ Funny, I wonder why that went like that,” he thought; “ God, it’s cold to-night. And these damn shoes aren’t all that thick either. It really is cold, cold, cold. My eyes! They’re going blacker, blacker; I can’t see, everything is black!”

And then a screech of brakes; the ringing of ambulance bells; and a new, shining pair of shoes.

Happiness

CONTENTED, sleeping now I lay,
Golden day dreams, golden day,
Contented soul now minds at rest,
Of better days each day's the best.

No law writ, but laws obey'd,
No money for our chosen trade,
Happiness now our coffer fills,
Greed and lust are just past ills.

No need for wishing, all is here,
Forgotten worries, forgotten fear,
Thoughts are good for wrong is past,
No sense of time as time will last,

Future's book is lined with gold,
What has passed is never told,
No furrows crease our aged head,
We are happy, for we are dead.

Second Hand

AN old cloth cap, white shirt open, baggy trousers and hobnailed boots,
a grey gallantry riding a grey charger towards a grey dragon belching
smoke from its tall, tapered, brickwork mouth-stack; past the factory with its
half-raised doors engulfing the grey masses at dawn.

But he's off today. Nearly lost his hand, which, bandaged now, swings
large, numb and throbbing by his side. On the sick, free, but chained by these
surroundings, all this endless mediocrity. Nothing black and damnable; nothing
white and wonderful. Grey, grey to its leaden heart.

What to do? Pubs closed as yet and not much money. A walk? A walk to
the docks. The cranes with hammer heads, thick and heavy one end, fine, strong
and slender the other. Twisting, turning. Raising, dropping. Docking. Tugs
hooting, plaintive pleading, fussy, gushing and receding, coming nearer from
the smooth river mouth to the clattering whistling busy docks. Standing, watching
the river flow, too grey and wasted, no longer itself but merely a passage for
others.

The clatter of the trucks on the line behind sent him down the pit, the pit

where he worked at the face. Not a pithead collier, but a shrewd old pitman, hands rough and hard. Swinging his pick into the glistening coal-face, in a seam not much higher than the width of his back, unscrubbed even at pithead baths to keep its strength.

Shift ended and walking back to Main Street along a side gallery. Tubs coming. Keep into the side! Out of control, toppling, chattering, clashing into his side. Numbness in his arm and an awful smear of hand against the jagged wall.

From the black and glistening mine to the white and unsullied hospital. Then all the probing, piercing and painful sewing of a blue and bloated member. And to add insult to injury, injections. Penicillin injections—usual place.

“All right. You’ll live and your hand’ll work in a few months. See you Tuesday.”

More ships, more cranes, more walks, more pubs—till Tuesday.

S P O R T S N E W S

Cricket

Played 6, Lost 5, Drawn 1.

For a House cricket side of no mean talent to fail to win a single match is due to more than pure ill-luck. Perhaps the reason was a slight lack of determination to turn a favourable position into a win. Too often, when victory was in sight, batsmen were out to bad balls and vital runs were given away by fielding slips. But the draw with Wren’s, a young but spirited side, shows clearly what can be achieved with determination. The partnership of Maguire (41 not out) and Foster (26), which put on over 50 against keen quick bowling on a difficult pitch, was undoubtedly the highlight of the season.

Of other batsmen, Craze had some useful scores, including 43 against College, and Beard struck a quick and hefty 26 against Busby’s. Kemp, who made 35 against Ashburnham, is a light-hearted opener, who hits the ball hard, and Hornsby made some good strokes.

Beard had rather limited attacking bowling at his command, and in fact bore the brunt of the weight himself. Green, though rather unpredictable, bowled very effectively on occasions, and Medawar should be very useful when his length and direction are steadier. Of the slower bowlers, Craze and Foster were the most proficient, and Maguire can be useful. The slow bowling was, however, made vulnerable by the weakness in fielding, and, if this can be improved, I am sure the results next summer will be much better.

The Water

IT was not surprising that *Grant's*, who have the largest number of watermen in the school, won the Halahan for the second year in succession, once more under N. S. B. Tanner's unforgettable leadership.

At the start of Final's Day *Grant's* were leading in the Halahan by two points. Our position was then improved by victory in the Double Sculls for Tanner and Chichester who are both Pinks and proved far too powerful for all opposition. But then Tanner was defeated in the Final of the Senior Sculls. However, this was remedied by the win of the Junior-Senior Four, who in spite of a large handicap in weight triumphed in power and style. *Grant's* won the event for the second year running. There then followed immediately the last race of the day, on which hung the result of the Halahan. The *Grant's* Senior Four, with three Pinks, Chichester, Tanner and Garnett, and a Pink and White defeated *Rigauds* by four lengths.

It was, however, disappointing that nearly all *Grant's* points came from the Colts and above. The Juniors lost miserably in the Junior Fours and did not bother with the Junior Sculls with the exception of Johnson, who though a Colt was defeated in the final. We can only hope that by next summer the Juniors are feeling slightly more energetic.

This term only the top third of the Boat House are rowing; they have been sculling intensely for Weybridge and Marlow. After Exeat the seniors will play rugger three times a week in Hyde Park. *Grant's* prospects for the coming year with two old Pinks, two Pink and Whites, and three Colts, seem bright.

Swimming Competitions

THE year 1963 will be remembered by *Grants'* as a highly successful year for both diving and swimming. Having done disappointingly in the School Standards Competition in which we came fourth out of seven, this was all the more surprising. Ten *Grantites* were entered for the swimming competitions at Dolphin Square. The first events were the junior heats in which the first, and sometimes the second qualified for the final. Then we saw N. Jones come second in the Individual Medley final. The following Juniors qualified for the finals: Lonsdale, Lamb, Jones, Kemp and Horsley, of whom Kemp and Horsley were largely responsible for our victory. Horsley, swimming against great competition, came first in three events and Kemp won two. The day before, in the Senior Diving Competition, Lonsdale, with some brilliant diving, came second, N. Jones came third, and Kemp fifth. The day was rounded off by an easy victory for *Grants* in the Inter-House Relay.

The Reverend R. C. Llewellyn

MANY Old Grantites will remember the Reverend R. C. Llewellyn who was House Tutor in the years immediately preceeding the Second War, and who is now Principal of Sherwood College at Naina Tal in India.

Writing recently to the Honorary Secretary of the Old Grantite Club, Mr. Llewellyn asked to be remembered to all his old friends and asked if any of them in England would be interested in helping the boys at his School in their Outward Bound Club, a part of which is the Rock Climbing and Mountaineering Club. As in this country, the Outward Bound Club has been formed to give boys experience in a variety of ways which foster leadership, physical fitness, independence, courage and other qualities. Mountaineering is by far the most expensive of its various activities, as great care must be taken to see that the equipment is of high quality.

The School is not able to buy new ice-axes or crampons in India and they also cannot obtain eiderdown. Four pounds will buy an ice-axe, and crampons are a little less. In all, one hundred pounds will see the Club through. Contributions should be sent to the account of the Sherwood College Mountaineering Fund, National Provincial Bank Limited, 61/63 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. It is thought that a number of Old Grantites who recall Mr. Llewellyn's work in the House with pleasure may care to send a small donation.