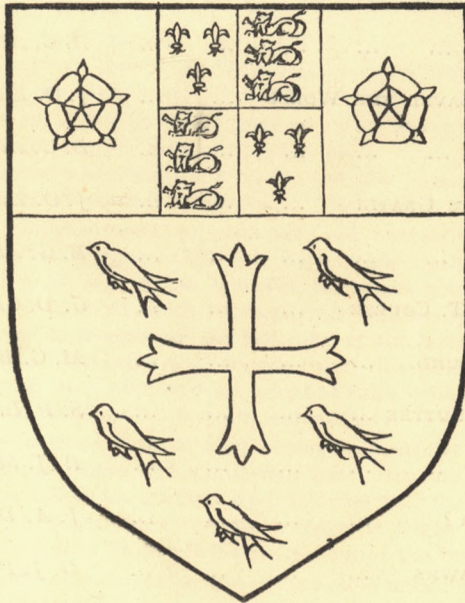


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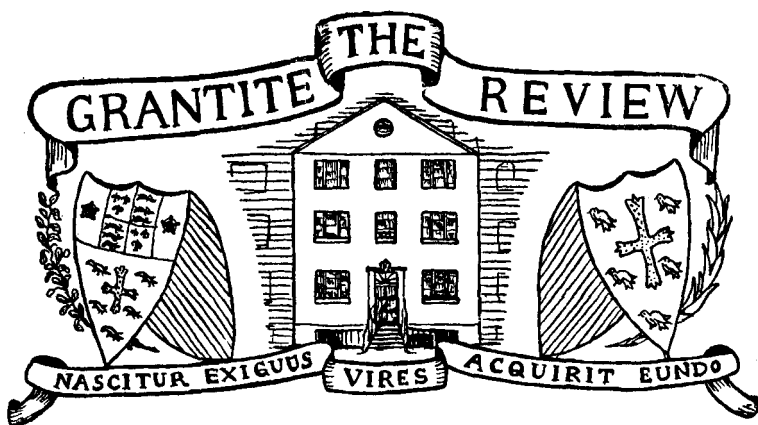
THE GRANTITE REVIEW



PLAY TERM,
1943.

INDEX.

	Page
EDITORIAL	3
HOUSE NOTES	4
BUCKENHILL	5
TENNIS	5
GRAM. SOC.	6
HOME GUARD	6
THE MUSIC COMPETITION	7
FARMING AT STALBRIDGE	8
FOOTBALL	8
HYDRAULIC SAGA : Parts 2 and 3	<i>The Housemaster</i> ... 9
PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY—HOSPITAL PORTER	<i>D. I. Gregg</i> ... 10
EVENING	<i>B. G. Almond...</i> ... 12
THE TIME I SAVED THE WORLD	<i>J. O. Eichholz</i> ... 12
SPOOK MARK	<i>B. G. Almond...</i> ... 13
BRAN MASH AU GRATIN	<i>J. O. Eichholz</i> ... 15
SPITE	<i>B. G. Almond...</i> ... 15
LIFE ON A P.T. COURSE	<i>G. D. Glennie</i> ... 16
THE LAST ROUND	<i>M. G. Baron</i> ... 18
AN ENGLISH SUTTEE	<i>S. P. L. Kennedy</i> ... 18
FREEDOM	<i>R. J. M. Baron</i> ... 20
CAN THE AGA ?	<i>J. A. Davidson</i> ... 20
BRITAIN'S HAWKS	<i>D. J. P. Wade</i> ... 21
CORRESPONDENCE 21
OLD GRANTITES 23
NOTICES 23



VOLUME XVIII. No. 1.

190TH EDITION.

EDITORIAL.

One of Nature's remarkable achievements is the transformation from the caterpillar to the butterfly.

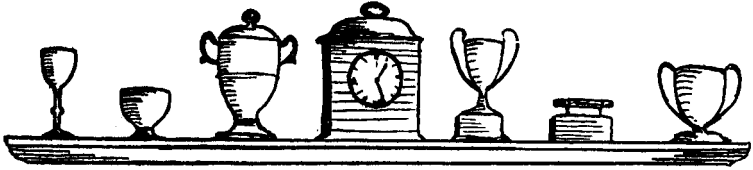
Westminster herself, and in particular Grant's, is experiencing a similar change, in some ways no less marked. Some, however, of the features of pre-war Westminster, the caterpillar which stretched its feet across London in the days of peace, must remain in the post-war Westminster, a butterfly whose characteristics we cannot yet accurately foretell.

At the moment the school is in the pupal state of her existence. In the Chrysalis of the country the changes are taking place. The outward form is already changed; those who recognised us by our top hats and tails must accustom themselves to shorts and open necks. The spirit is still changing.

If the natural historian were to peep into our chrysalis, he might at first wonder that the caterpillar could ever have made itself small enough to squeeze into such a cocoon. Soon, however, he would notice more; that school and house spirit were as much there as ever, and discipline too. But house spirit had changed, because all the members of the house, from top to bottom, belonged to a brotherhood of friends; and discipline was changed too, for it was enforced by a minimum of essential rules, which were obeyed and which made tyrannical methods quite unnecessary.

He would have noticed further that Grant's cheerfully put up with inconveniences; that the House had learnt that hot water, electricity and so much that used to be taken for granted were luxuries and that no situation was improved by grumbling. This and much more he might have noticed, changes still incomplete such as the half-grown wing of the butterfly.

Meanwhile, outside our chrysalis, the enemy, like autumn leaves, have fallen from the dominating heights and a victorious wind is driving them back. We entered the cocoon with the Summer of peace fast fading away, and now in the cold and bitter months of war we are waiting for the first unny day of armistice. That day will see us break open our self-woven encasement, spread our wings and fly back to London—the butterfly of our present dreams.



HOUSE NOTES.

There left last term :—D. I. Gregg, A. J. Croft, B. R. Corcos and J. N. L. Durnford. We wish them the very best of luck.

* * * * *

We welcome this term :—D. J. P. Wade, J. D. Swan, P. C. Pearson, P. M. Michaelson and G. J. D. Bruce.

* * * * *

In Inner are :—S. P. L. Kennedy, B. G. Almond, W. J. Reed and R. J. M. Baron.

* * * * *

In Chiswicks are :—J. O. Eichholz, R. Bruce, H. Kleeman, R. D. Jones, G. D. Glennie and K. M. Thomson.

* * * * *

The Head of Hall is G. J. H. Williams and the Hall Monitor is J. W. P. Bradley.

* * * * *

We came a close 2nd to College in the Music Competition, losing by less than 3 points in several hundred.

* * * * *

We lost 2—1 to Busby's in the first round of Seniors.

* * * * *

Congratulations to G. D. Glennie on his Seniors.

And to G. J. H. Williams on his Juniors for Football.

Also to F. R. H. Almond on winning the treble solo.

And to J. A. Davidson on tying for the first place in the piano solo of the Music Competition.

Also to A. J. Croft on gaining an exhibition to Christ Church, Oxford.

* * * * *

In Lit. Soc. this term we have read :—"The Taming of the Shrew"; "Whistling in the Dark," by Laurence Gross; "Outward Bound," by Sutton Vane; "Goodbye Mr. Chips," by James Hilton; "Tony Draws a Horse"; "Turkey Time," by Ben Travers; "The Wrecker," by Arnold Ridley and Bernard Merivale; "Gaslight," by Patrick Hamilton.

* * * * *

We are very glad to welcome back Miss Macrae as matron, not only of Grant's, but now of the whole of Buckenhill.

BUCKENHILL.

Last term we bade our farewell to Fernie, a little sadly perhaps, for we had inevitably become attached to both the estate and the beautiful surroundings. We had further to say good-bye to the friends we had made—in particular the Paynes at Huntlands, who had made themselves very real friends of many Grantites. But now that we have settled down at Buckenhill, we have found many advantages such as electric light and no cycling to our sleeping quarters. Above all we are with other houses; through that we have benefited very greatly. It enables us to join in many School activities, hitherto closed to us, and to become a part of the school more real and concrete to other houses than our previous position rendered us.

Six volunteers returned a week early to effect the move. At times they thought the job would never be done before Grant's returned. Indeed two days before the first day of term, with the "change" still full of decaying vegetables, the hope seemed forlorn. But by hard work they made it, and the House returned amazed at the improvements. Johnson, the school carpenter, had redecorated Buckenhill during the holidays: Inner and Chiswicks stained their floors, and in general Buckenhill was brightened up. Johnson has also, with assistance from members of the House, put up a bicycle shed, and in an unlimited number of ways has been of great help.

The last lorry loads to arrive from Fernie contained literally tons of wood, left over from last year, the hens in their units and the prolific rabbits—a couple of remarkable loads which must have required great skill to pile up! One car load must not go unmentioned; on two occasions the whole House spent an afternoon picking the bumper fruit crop at Fernie, and on one of these occasions so much was picked that not only was a complete trailer filled but the car itself was so heavily laden that it refused to move until two of the passengers got out and walked—all the way to Buckenhill!

Only one Society or Club died in the move, namely the Pig Club. It had dealt with some three thousand pounds of pork in its time, and has now given way to the Buckenhill Pig Club, kept by Johnson. "Hens" however continue, although the move seems to have shaken them up considerably, for no eggs have been laid by them since. Lit. Soc., Gram. Soc. (whose activities are described elsewhere in the *Grantite*) and the Spotters' Club all survived the move; the latter still suffers from lack of equipment, but membership is high.

Even the engine has been brought from Fernie, one of innumerable measures taken to combat the water shortage. The Housemaster, who has made untiring efforts in this direction, has secured baths for the House at Mr. Wells's (often friend in case of need) and Dr. Lewis's houses in Bromyard.

We continue with jobs as at Fernie and have taken over the particular responsibility of keeping up the estate. This includes cutting up wood, mending the drive (a well-nigh impossible task, but piles of mud at the side of the road reveal that efforts have been made!) and anything likely to tidy up the outlook. On occasions help is given to the extensive gardens, which are run by the rest of Buckenhill; earlier in the term the House helped to pick up some three tons of potatoes—a mere sideline to the garden itself!

Meanwhile Miss Macrae, new matron to Buckenhill but not of course to Grant's, has established herself as quietly efficient and hard working—too hard working one often feels—and is liked by one and all.

In short we have settled down comfortably and are finding innumerable benefits in our new surroundings.

TENNIS.

As during the previous two summers at Fernie, Mr. Wrigley kindly lent us his courts again last term. We were not able, however, to make as much use of them as we would have liked, as Sports took up the first half of the term. Rain rather hampered playing as well and it was only towards the very end of the term that tennis was played really seriously. Tennis Juniors were introduced last term and in the draw for them and for Seniors Grant's draw against A.H.H. and H.B.B. to whom we lost in both matches. Juniors,

however, did reveal some talent among the lower part of the house and in three years' time Grant's should be able to produce a very good team for Seniors.

W. J. R.

GRAM. SOC.

This term has seen quite a change in the policy of Gram. Soc. To begin with we have the Beethoven 1st, given last term by Mr. Williams, and the Casse Noisette Suite, given by Mrs. Baines when she left us, as additions to the house records. Then P. L. Bunting, H.B.B., has very kindly lent us two of the Beethoven Symphonies and S. M. F. Plummer has lent us two others of these together with the New World and a Mozart Piano Concerto, and some other records. These additions bring the general total up to about ninety records which far exceeds anything that we have had since the original collection belonging to Jones. This has enabled us to have Gram. Socs. every Sunday without repeating any records, except for a request programme.

The whole House no longer attends, as it did in the Fernie days, as naturally there are other attractions for the uninitiated, but there is always a select company of those who enjoy good music. Most of the items are well known, and there are few that are quite new, but on one famous occasion a number of people were reduced to uncontrollable giggles by "The Song of the Flea," sung by Chaliapin; fortunately it was the last item on the programme.

W. J. R.

HOME GUARD.

Change of residence brought a change of conditions to the "Fernie Group"; they changed their company and were incorporated into the platoon to which the Westminster members of the Home Guard at Buckenhill already belonged. Their type of training, however, continued on the same lines as last term for this platoon became the one detailed to provide H.Q. staff services of intelligence work and signalling for their company.

For the first half of the term practice "in the field" of reconnaissance and accurate transmission of information was the programme and this was extended to cover the actual manning of the operations and signals rooms at coy. H.Q. Training for this was supervised by the Bn. Intelligence Officer (in his civilian capacity the "School Sergeant") and it received a direct incentive from a large scale inter-communication exercise in which all H.Q. would have to function on operational lines.

The H.Q. procedure was new to almost everyone and before the day of the exercise our own "dress rehearsal" was watched by the Bn. Comd., the Sector T.O. and representatives from adjoining companies. A similar demonstration with a reduced number of personnel was also given in Leominster before the Sector Comd. and representatives of the more distant companies of the battalion.

The exercise itself kept everyone concerned working at full pressure for four hours and the system seemed to stand the strain without cracking. An "incident" which was both pleasant and extremely valuable was a ten minutes visit from the G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command and some of his commanders to our coy. H.Q. : one did not get the impression that much was left unnoticed.

Personnel from our platoon were also seconded for service in the operations room at Sector H.Q. and as signallers at Bn. and other coy. H.Q.

This type of Home Guard work is welcome in the case of those who, in J.T.C. and A.T.C., do a good deal of service training in addition to it. It is different from but complementary to this training and combines an added interest with the sense of doing something which would be very much needed in operations. The Home Guard benefits from the use to which it can put cadet training in signalling, map reading, aircraft recognition and so on : the cadet training benefits in that it is being appreciated and actually employed on the spot for essential military purposes.

T. M-R.

THE MUSIC COMPETITION.

I suppose it was mainly conceit that made us set out to excavate the Erskine Cup from College, but this has had its advantages because, although we failed to pull it off by something maddeningly small and five-eighths, we gave them a nasty fright and the battle was more exciting than most people remember.

The fun began with the House Choirs, for which the Exeter Cup is awarded. For a small House in a big church we put up a good show, but Ashburnham and Homeboarders conducted by Paul Bunting put up a better one. Sir Hugh Allen, the adjudicator, praised our courage in using an organ for the accompaniment. I had never thought of it like that, but without it Holst's setting of "Turn back, O man," our choice for the second song, would fall rather flat. Bunting took "England, my England," the set piece, a good deal quicker than we did; if this counted for anything it was my fault for not taking it faster, but it does say "Moderato Maestoso" at the top.

Then came the chamber music. First Bunting, J. A. Davidson and myself did the slow movement from Bach's Concerto for Two Violins, the piano taking the orchestral part. College then played part of a Mozart Flute Quartet, followed by the "Grant's Chamber Music Society" (being W. J. Reed, Davidson and myself), playing the second movement of Bach's fifth Brandenburg Concerto. Why this was a remarkable production will be pointed out later. I can only defend my narrow-minded taste from the reflections cast on it by the choice of music by saying that it was shared by the Adjudicator. The Double Concerto was awarded first place, despite the disparity in technique between the two violins, with the Brandenburg second. Sir Hugh commented on the steadiness of Davidson's bass which did a great deal towards making each performance a whole.

The vocal quartet after lunch was disappointing. Our piece, an Elizabethan motet, was difficult to do well, and, although we all knew it on our heads, it was very unbalanced. I take a good deal of the blame myself for being too enthusiastic a bass, but pass off the rest to the hands of Fate who is too sparing when distributing unbroken voices than can hold a part but too lavish in afflicting the latter with stage fright. The result was that we came third.

We kept our heads above water in most of the solo events, but not, unfortunately in the Senior Piano ones, not having a Senior Pianist. Davidson and Williams (K.S.) tied for first place in the Junior Piano Solo; and Davidson and M. G. Baron came second in the Junior Piano Duet. Baron also played a solo and came fifth.

F. Almond won the Unbroken Voice Solo, which was a very good effort considering that he had only been provided with a suitable song a few days beforehand. I came third in the Broken Voice, followed by Reed.

Reed came third in the wind solo, playing part of a Corelli Violin Sonata which is not easy but as there was a tie for the second place, his marks unfortunately did not help us. It was a very great pity that J. O. Eichholz missed playing his clarinet solo. Bradley gave his horn a première also.

I came second in the String Solo; R. E. Nagle put up a sporting performance on the fiddle as well; Grant's will still be able to do "self-contained" chamber music.

By tea-time the situation was pretty tense, but later, when the marks were added up and checked over and over again, College breathed again, the Erskine Cup was going to stay put after all.

Now for the bouquets. The first must go to Davidson for his aplomb in the chamber music, his solo, duet and all the innumerable accompaniments, but above all for the work that even the best pianists have to put in on new music. The life of a House Pianist is hard, and, now that his capabilities are so well established, it will get harder every summer term. The next is for Reed. He started the flute two terms ago and to work up the things he played to the way he played them must have meant work that only a flautist can gauge. We owe a great deal to Mr. Burd for his help with the Brandenburg, both as regard flute technique and otherwise. He, who heard it when in its

experimental stages, could tell you better than I what is due to Reed. Our thanks must also go to Hewitt-Jones, who was our organist, for playing so well that Sir Hugh made him stand up and be cross-examined and for putting up with the rudeness of the conductor at the rehearsal.

As for me, I have gained an enormous respect for conductors, put in a lot of work on the fiddle that I shall not regret and had a chance to play chamber music, which is the most worth doing of all things musical. In fact, I have got more fun out of the Music Competition that I deserve on its result.

We nearly "did it" this year; armed with this knowledge Grant's must do the job properly next time; "may I be there to see."

A. J. CROFT.

FARMING AT STALBRIDGE.

As in the previous three years, a party of "farmers" stayed at Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust's cottage in Dorset. We were a smaller party than usual, but what we lacked in numbers we made up for in work. Most of the work consisted of stooking, or hiling if you prefer it, and carting. A few of the unlucky ones had potato picking for a short time. We profited by bitter experience. We were told not to put more than six sheaves in a hile. The wind had a grand time. After that we built our stooks with anything up to sixteen sheaves.

The weather, except for one day, was perfect. The sun and hard work kept us hot and large quantities of Dorsetshire cider cooled us off.

The Housemaster, Williams, and Baron, through the kindness of the Commander of a naval air station, enjoyed a pleasant Monday afternoon in the air. Williams had control for a short time. We only just hung on to our stomachs. However, it was a grand sight to watch the rest of the party toiling away on the ground whilst we amused ourselves aloft.

Then there was tennis at the Rectory in Stalbridge, always a pleasant relaxation; except on the awkward occasion when Baron made a particularly vicious stroke and the string holding up his trousers broke!

The days passed all too quickly, what with the farming, the tennis, the sunbathing and Mrs. Murray-Rust's excellent catering; we were sorry to leave Stalbridge. It only remains now for me, on behalf of the others, to thank Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust for having put up with us for those days in August.

R. J. M. B.

FOOTBALL.

SENIORS—FIRST ROUND.

Lost 2—1.

In a hard fought and even game Busby's defeated Grant's by two goals to one. A heavier side, Busby's lacked the good combination of our team, but Gayer's speed in the forward line and Wilkinson's effective kicking and tackling were a constant source of worry to our defence and forwards.

It was a remarkable game, in that the ball was continually in front of either goal and yet, as the score reveals, goals were few.

Our forwards swung the ball well and frequently broke through the defence; on the left F. Almond, who shows great promise, and D. Almond co-operated to great effect, while Reed as centre-forward went through by himself on several occasions and Bradley played hard. Their main fault, however, lay in an inability to score on reaching the goal; this fault was also shared by the opposing team.

The defence played hard and well throughout the game. Glennie as left back, saved many an awkward situation by his tackling and consequent clearing; he has a powerful kick, which he made full use of. B. Almond, playing in goal at short notice, improved as the game progressed and saved several hard shots in the second half; his kick, however, was useful from the first. Williams and Frampton tackled well, but need to develop a stronger and more accurate kick.

Briefly, the whole team played well, and, to the last, the spectator must have been undecided as to which side would win.

We scored the first goal about half-way through the first half, after both sides had attacked strongly and Busby's had almost scored. Reed broke through on his own and put the ball neatly past their goalkeeper.

For some time we held the lead until Gayer succeeded in scoring. Thus, at half-time, the score was 1—1, and it remained so, long into the second half, when Busby's eventually scored again. Despite desperate and risky attacks, in which our defence came right up with the forwards, we were unable to score again.

Thus the game ended with a two to one win for Busby's; and although we lost, it was not through bad play.

Team :—B. G. Almond; G. J. H. Williams and G. D. Glennie; G. G. Skellington, S. P. L. Kennedy (captain) and W. J. Frampton; J. O. Eichholz, J. W. P. Bradley, W. J. Reed, D. L. Almond and F. R. H. Almond.

JUNIORS.

Juniors are to be played next term. Our prospects seem good; six of the team are in Seniors and others are young and promising.

S. P. L. K.

HYDRAULIC SAGA.

PART 2.

Only one thing resented the move from Fernie and that was the "bottom engine." We hadn't intended to invite it here: it had had a triumphal progress up the Fernie hill to comfortable winter quarters in the garage, carried on a sagging length of water pipe by six fairly tough porters, and then, much against its will evidently, had to be taken out, manhandled on to a lorry and installed in a bleak spot without even what remained of its previous asbestos shed to cover it.

No wonder, really, that it complained: but we wish it had had better manners and more self-restraint.

The trouble was a new trouble to us—or rather one which we had only had for a short time a long time ago before Holloway had got going on mobilising our various courses of supply: actual shortage of water. We were used to mechanical troubles of pumps and engines but never, since we had the stream system, had we been faced with actual lack of water at Fernie. The ram was the only source of supply to Buckenhill: its spring dwindled until it declined to send up even the meagre proportion it was normally capable of: a soft water tank and a disused well were brought into an emergency use for non-drinking purposes; drinking water had all to be carried; and for two days all water for all purposes had to be carried. We realised what water rationing really meant—and at one moment water had to be refused for any purpose except drinking and cooking.

Meanwhile the local Council had been approached and asked for its assistance. They were under no obligation to give it, but they readily did what they could, including the waiving of the strict letter of an agreement by which we were only entitled to "what the ram sent up"—by this time nothing! The engine was fetched from Fernie and was installed at the moment when we were going through our blackest periods—we didn't quite keep ahead of our dwindling spring. Baron and Williams were back on the job again—seemingly glad to see the mechanical brute again. A new ally in the person of Johnson, the school carpenter (and almost everything else), was at hand. All the usual procedure was shown off and . . .

The engine went on strike.

It went on with its strike until cured by Aldridge, who, using a method rather like the Italian castor-oil method of dealing with a striker, poured oil down its throat (*i.e.*, right into the cylinder) until, choking with disgust, it went.

Since then it has gone on functioning with an ill temper, doing its job in the end but always leaving us anxious as to when the next strike would come. It did stage another for one day, and again Aldridge and the Italian method had to be called in. It takes more time than it deserves, but it has

to get it as it is our only defence, until the spring returns, against a situation in which all water for all purposes would have to be carried by hand—and in which, incidentally, our hot water system would come to an abrupt end.

PART 3.

There wasn't meant to be a part 3, but the bottom engine forced it on us. After going ca' canny for some time, it staged a complete and apparently final sit-down strike : and was very properly sacked. In its place we appointed a brand new, bright green and altogether most handsome successor who disdains a diet of paraffin and will only consume petrol. He consumes it not greedily and with a pleasant noise, and we can only hope that the Regional Petroleum Officer will be as helpful as our friend Mr. Smith, of Worcester, who, to his many good turns, has now added that of delivering and installing in wartime an engine on the same afternoon as it was ordered!

So our rugged saga, which we thought was ended, continues : new adventures with new methods of getting water from the wrong place to the right place are pending. Whether they will inspire a contrast in the form of a pastorale on the lavish fruits of Nature's bounty is yet to be seen.

PUBLIC SCHOOLBOY—HOSPITAL PORTER.

I left Westminster at the end of last Election Term, and after the summer holidays were over, I still had five weeks to spend before joining the Army. Realising that unless I had something to do, I should be very bored, I began to think seriously of taking a job for a month. This was not, however, the only incentive which sent me one morning to a Labour Exchange in search of a job. For I have long cherished the belief that one cause of the present opposition to public schools is that those who oppose them are quite ignorant of what they oppose. Indeed, I believe that most public schoolboys know a good deal more about the working classes than those who accuse us of snobbery know about public schools. Perhaps the proof of this is a challenge which we would do well to take up.

At the Labour Exchange I was made to feel somewhat shy by having to stand in a queue of workmen who kept turning round to stare at me : evidently my clothes betrayed me as a "toff." That day I happened to be wearing my Town Boys' tie, and it struck me that this was the emblem of my "cause" and every day after that I faithfully wore it to work. The clerk who interviewed me could not find me any "suitable" job (as he put it), but on my making it clear to him that I was prepared for almost anything, he wrote out an introduction card and sent me to a big L.C.C. hospital which was in need of porters. I remember combing my hair and straightening my tie before I applied for the job : I wonder how many other boys do that, only they depend for their livelihood on getting the job. Anyway I was accepted and was told to come next morning at eight o'clock. Away I went as happy as a lark, nor was it till I arrived home that I realised that I had neither asked what the job entailed nor what the hours and wages were! That was how I began.

Now I have finished the job and I can look back on four of the most interesting and broadening weeks of my life. I suppose that it is only natural that the work should have made me think a great deal ; many trains of thought were aroused by all the different experiences and acquaintances which crowded into that month. But space is short, so I shall have to confine this to an account of what I did rather than write of the conclusions which I drew and the different aspects of life which it was inevitable that I should discover.

At the start the work was most exacting, and at times equally unpleasant. For it was a nine-hour day, and not only did I have to push around a heavy barrow with the lunches and the laundry but I had to collect from each ward the rubbish, the pig-swill and the dirty dressings. I looked forward very much to the end of the day and especially to my one day off a week. This, together with the wage of forty-five shillings seems to me to be quite inadequate for all we did. Still, I survived a week of this "general portering" and it was not so bad really. Things were improved considerably for me by the kindness of the foreman-porter, who had taken a liking to me from the day

I arrived. He made himself responsible for my happiness at the hospital, though he would never hesitate to ask me to do any job, however unpleasant, and I always managed it, as I knew that he would never ask anybody to do what he would not readily do himself. And I can say of him that once I knew him to work for four days without proper sleep, so short were we of porters. When he learned of my intention to be a doctor, he took me to the Sub-Dean of the Medical School, who showed me all over the research departments of the hospital and explained to me many of the specimens in the museum. The foreman obtained permission for me to take a great friend of mine round the hospital, and showed me many other kindnesses which I can never repay.

For three terrible days I worked in the kitchens where I had to peel potatoes and scrub out coppers. One copper, which had just contained chocolate blanc-mange, took me over an hour to clean, so now I can appreciate the indignation felt by Lambert Simnel—or was it Perkin Warbeck?—when condemned as a scullion boy in the royal kitchen. Luckily I was taken off the kitchen since there was a need for another telephone operator, and the foreman thought I was capable of working the infernal machine. I sat at that switchboard with headphones, plugging in keys here and there (incidentally, there were a hundred extensions and four incoming lines), till the time would come when I lost count of the calls and connected up the wrong lines. On this job especially one came very closely into contact with people's troubles and sorrows. Relatives would enquire the condition of a patient, who might be "critical," "comfortable," "no change," or "passed away." Yet I had the pleasure of telling one, obviously most agitated, husband that "she is doing very well but the baby's not yet arrived"!

Having unsuccessfully tried to be a telephonist, I was next put into the casualty-receiving wards. Here I had to make a list of the incoming patients' clothes so that the right ones were returned, nice and clean, when the patients were discharged. (Quite right—you simply daren't allow the little blighters to get up to the wards). Then I had to wheel the patients on a trolley up to the ward, where they usually had to be lifted into bed. This job I liked, as it gave me a chance to get to know all kinds of different people, and they so much appreciated a little sympathy and interest to be taken in them. People are always nervous when they arrive, and one can help so much by chatting away to them. My stock joke was about the lift being out of order, and at least fifty patients in that hospital must have heard it. It was very feeble, but that did not matter as they all laughed (with the exception of one man who I afterwards learned was unconscious) and that helped to break the ice. I made friends with a number of them and used to visit them if I was near their wards. I found children particularly hard to talk to, but any trouble was well worth the reward, when, on second meeting perhaps, I would find that they had lost their former shyness and they would talk away unselfconsciously.

My last job, quite the most interesting and responsible of them all, was to be a regular porter in the operating theatre. Of my work here I will not write much, since it would be difficult to explain most of my duties. Amongst them I had to change the gas-supply from one cylinder to another, hold down the patient while the anaesthetic was being administered, and fetch anything required during the operation. All my other duties I had to be taught first, including that of holding the patient's head in a certain way to ensure easy breathing. Operations did not make me feel at all queer, though the heat of the theatre while wearing white gown, cap, boots and mask was very oppressive. I was pretty hardened before I went into the theatre as I had often had to take dead patients down to the mortuary and put them into the refrigerators. Somehow this did not worry me, as I learned to regard it all in a detached frame of mind. I had also seen post-mortems which are much more unpleasant to watch than operations. While in the theatre I watched some brilliant operations, some of them performed by world-famous surgeons. Unfortunately my knowledge of anatomy was not sufficient to follow the whole procedure but among other operations which I saw were the entire and partial removal of the stomach, tonsils, appendicectomies, and other abdominal operations. I have seen a surgeon literally fighting death when a

young girl stopped breathing and artificial respiration was the only hope. After a good twenty minutes he was exhausted, but he was satisfied that he had saved her life.

Lastly I should like to say a few words about some of the people whom I met. There was a man who had a tumour on his brain and who knew that he must die any day, yet all the nurses said that he was the most cheerful patient in the hospital. There were two girls of only twenty-two who were suffering from cancer. There was a still-born baby—a very real testimony to the tragedy of venereal disease. There was a child of four whom I saw operated upon and whom I carried upstairs in my arms; I heard that he had died next day. Well—all that was terribly tragic. But I also saw some wonderfully happy, inspiring sights. I became very friendly with a Corporal from Tunisia who had had a mortar bomb fragment removed from his leg. There was a “young scamp” as I called him—about eight years old and very mischievous. In fact I think I had more control over him than most of the nurses! There were always mothers going home with their new-born babies: I only hope that the homes to which they took them were worthy of all the trouble and care which the hospital took to ensure that the babies were healthy. There were many happy sides to my work, and the nurses were a jolly lot and were very kind to me. So were the housekeepers who swept out the wards. There was one who gave me tea whenever I was near her ward, and another who offered me some very cheap sweets which I had not the heart to refuse. One incident touched me deeply; one visitors’ day an old Merchant Seaman lost himself in the hospital and asked me to find a patient for him. Together we tramped the wards in search of his friend, and at last we found him. Imagine my surprise when the seaman, who must have been very hard-up, pressed a sixpence into my hand as a tip. I felt so tongue-tied that I could not reply that we were not allowed to accept any money, in fact I do not remember even saying, “Thank you.” I often think of that little incident with a smile, especially when I think of myself five years ago walking down Victoria Street in Etons and a top-hat; I doubt very much that he would have given me sixpence then!

So it is no wonder that I now look back with a little sigh to my work at the hospital, to the countless friends that I made there and to the happy days so full of interest.

EVENING.

Hovering and buzzing by a flower,
The bee alights to suck his nectar food:
The grey-piled clouds above the darkening wood
Anticipate the coming of a shower.

The bee alights to suck his nectar food,
The wind blows clouds which, rolling as they lour,
Anticipate the coming of a shower,
While anxious swallows dip towards the wood.

The wind blows clouds which, rolling as they lour,
Shadow the bee who sucks his nectar food,
While anxious swallows dip towards the wood
Where young await them in a hidden bower.

THE TIME I SAVED THE WORLD.

I was there the other day at a meeting of the Reichskabinett. It was the first one I’ve been to actually, for about three years. That was the time when I got into the Chancellery disguised as an Elite S.S. stenographer. This time it was in a coal-cellar of a house about mid-way along the Dessau-Anhalt road, and I was dressed as a sack of coal.

Goering was the first to arrive. He came along in a Pilsener beer truck, and was rolled down the cellar steps in a barrel by four well-drilled porters whom I instantly recognised as members of the Goering bodyguard. They

got him out by touching a hidden catch on the top, and I noticed that the inside was fitted with a gyroscopic device and springs, which kept him upright and on a smooth passage when coming downstairs. Also inside was an air conditioning set and a small cocktail bar.

Hitler dropped in wearing the uniform of an Erziehungsanstaloffizier. Goebbels escaped from a cage labelled "anthropoid apes" in a circus moving up the road. I thought it was rather ingenious the way the front wagon of the Circus developed a puncture just as Goebbels' wagon was opposite our house. By this means not only was his descent to the road made painless but public attention was focussed elsewhere. Himmler turned up dressed simply as Himmler.

"The subject to be discussed to-day, gentlemen," said Herr Hitler, "is the new secret weapon. Before putting to the vote the question, 'Should it be employed or not?' I should like briefly to present to you the case as I see it. The war is lost. There is no hope for the Reich. The new explosive will destroy the world in a split second. A world which refuses to recognise the superiority of a master-race does not deserve to exist. Votes for."

Not a movement from either of the three.

"I am to take it, then, that you are opposed to the use of this weapon. Finally to decide the matter I will now spin a coin. Swastikas we do. Eagles we don't."

He put the coin on the table for them all to see. In his excitement he rubbed his hands together, and muttered a prayer to Thor and Odin.

Their backs were turned. Quickly I substituted a double-eagled coin.

SPOOK MARK.

I was cycling along in Hyde Park towards the Marble Arch with my cousin.

"I'm going to Uncle Edward's the day after tomorrow," I said, and added "Auch," as our taxi swerved violently to avoid a chicken which was crossing the road, probably for the age-old reason that it wanted to get to the other side. I crashed my elbow against the ashtray, and my nose immediately started bleeding. When I tried to staunch it with a handkerchief, the blood spurted out all over the cab and neatly filled in the halos and heads of the derisive little "Saints" on the upholstery. These creatures then turned round to face me, showing their bare ribs and grinning skulls, and bowed ironically, but unsuccessfully for their halos dropped off. At this, they picked them up, tucked them under their arms, and scampered off to score tries. In the excitement of the moment I had passed the Park Gates, and in reversing back again I ran into a small child. I stopped and got out to inspect the damage. The child was apparently unhurt for he was gaily going away, running round the inside of his hoop, like a mouse in a "tread-mill." However, the back of the car was telescoped up and I had to straighten it out by putting my foot behind the front mudguard and pulling on the back bumper with my hands.

This done, I drove through the Marble Arch into a long gravelled avenue lined by enormous oak trees between which I occasionally caught sight of the "Southern Cross." Soon we came to a large manorial house.

"Drive right in," said my Uncle Edward, who was sitting in the back seat. So I drove right in, and braked in the hall, after narrowly missing about twenty coats of mail sitting in front of a fire warming themselves and making toast and guarded by a suit of battle dress.

"Can you find your way to your room?" Uncle Edward asked, to which I replied that I thought I could, and added:

"By the way, when's dinner?"

"Breakfast at eight," was the answer.

"Then I'll go up and change now," said I. When I got to my room, I straightened my bow tie, took a pinch of snuff from the pin-cushion and washed it down with ginger beer, put a Haig's poppy (the car type) in my buttonhole, flicked a speck of coal off my evening coat, and went down by the escalators to the drawing room.

When asked, I admitted I was ready for dinner, so my uncle went over

to the sideboard, took the joint out of the oven and started to carve it. The butler (who was, of course, my prep. school headmaster) brought me the fish, vegetables and chutney, and then vanished. The conversation took the usual course, my future career. My uncle had a fixed idea that I should join the Navy, to sea the sea, as it was the biggest thing in the world. "I'm a bit of a bibliophile myself, you know," he said, "and I should like you to be able to dip into the greatest volume I know of."

After this we went down to the cellar to play billiards. There we found my cousin practising golf strokes. This did not strike me as being peculiar, as I knew she could not play golf—so what more natural than to practise strokes. A moment later, the elephant came downstairs, and turned into the room just in time to enable my cousin to hole out in one, up the elephant's trunk. The elephant leapt back and squashed the tiger against the wall, making him into a beautiful motoring rug. He then jumped down the well in the corner, and sent spray hissing on to the fire. Uncle Edward realised the danger immediately. He leapt for the shovel, scraped the fire into it, and ran away to dispose of it in the kitchen stove. My cousin and I then turned to watch the cockroach races on the billiard table.

Suddenly, above the squeaks and scuffles which came from the billiard table, I heard another sound rather like a metronome. "Has someone turned on the wireless?" I said. "I think I can hear the 'Ghost in Goloshes.'"

"Hardly surprising is it, seeing that I am here," said a voice behind me.

"Oh, good evening," I replied, withdrawing along the floor, rather like a jelly pursued by a spoon.

"Yes, you're right there, but it has been raining fit to drown Mount Everest. How high is Mount Everest?"

"A Chinaman, you mean—I mean 'I mean.' " I hastily corrected myself, seeing the expression on his macabre macadam face. Then I burst off on a new track, "I mean, you mean how high is Mount Chin—Everest, I mean? Well, of course, everyone know the height of Mount Everest is twenty-nine thousand and two feet."

"The height of nonsense more likely," he said fiercely. "That won't do; go to the bottom of the class." Trying to obey him I took a step back. There was a horrible discord as the cat, on whose tail I had trod, turned on the well-known Chorus, and turned tail too, what there was left of it. As he went, so did my foot, and I fell on my face, and when I had bounced about a bit, I got off it.

Then the ominous slip-slop approached, and looking up, I noticed properly for the first time the G.-in-G.'s appearance. The footwear which gave him his name were most remarkable. They were very much like a pair of Turkish slippers—toes curled up and all that—the colour of the front door when you have put on green paint with a creosote brush, and adorned with beautiful Turkey red pom-poms. The rest of him was very much like the average ghost one sees walking about, except for his face, and his ribs. His face I have described as macabre macadam, but mac-overripe melon would perhaps be more accurate. It was, at any rate, a sort of gray, rather squashy, pulp composition. His ribs were strangely tattooed. On each one a motto was inscribed. Things like "Bob's my uncle," "Dieu et mon droit," and even "Down with Mosley," though this was crossed out in pencil. One other deserves mention as being rather trite: "You can't get a square deal on a round table conference." His gaunt forefinger pointing at me made me feel ever so guilty, rather like one of those posters that say: "You," and then continue: "You can buy a ticket for the Mothers' Union Sale of work from Miss Anne T. de Luvian, 'Nouveau Riche,' Lupino Lane.

"I shall place on your wrist the ineradicable stigma of Christopher Gumshoes, the Ghost in Goloshes." He had taken a step nearer, and his voice, which seemed to have taken its rest in his sinister footwear, had also approached,

"Ladies first," I yelled in a flash of unselfish inspiration.

"Ladies last," was his unchivalrous reply, "even if they are fickle. But men always thirst." He chuckled like a pizzicato double bass, and took

my wrist and pulse. "261—middle C exactly," he added stethoscoping my chest. Then—

He tapped my wrist once, "Veni," he cackled—twice; "Vidi," he chortled—thrice; "Vici," he yelled triumphantly.

Needless to say, I woke up. But the strange thing was this. I was still in bed. The room was empty, but my right wrist was throbbing just where the Ghost in Goloshes had planted his stigma. Strange—but true.

BRAN MASH AU GRATIN.

Rolling down a prickly bank
Practicing my yoga,
It dawned upon me there and then
I'd like to see an ogre
Taking his dog out for a walk
Down Bond Street in a toga.

Sitting on a wheel-barrow
Nibbling at a bun,
It suddenly occurred to me
It would be rather fun
To build of dehydrated cheese
A yellow rabbit run.

Looking in a hand mirror
Hoping for the best,
I thought—and quickly touched my toes
(My heart came to a rest)
I'd sail the sea upon a raft
And on the mast—my vest.

Opening up a money-box
Tin-opener and main force—
I realised my call in life
My masterpiece, my tour de force
Was dislocation, sabotage,
Dressed as the back legs of a horse.

SPITE.

A fellow of a low estate,
Who gained, by using on a crate,
Not thirty nails but only twenty,
Pound notes and sovereigns in great plenty,
Wished in society to appear.
And as he had a pleasant face,
And had a certain natural grace,
He thought that he would start by doing
Pleasant business, such as wooing
Social Climbers fair.

All is fair in love (and war),
And he enchanted more and more
Girls who had uncles rich and aunts
And were becoming debutantes
Sometime the coming year.
The evening of that sultry day
When beauties in their best array
Appeared before the Queen, Lord Cav-
iare came to his house to have
Social Climber's fare.

The table cloth was very fine,
And cider-cup and Rhenish wine,
Heinz's leek soup, suivi par fish,
Roast lamb and many a tasty dish
All ready did appear.
His Lordship ate, but soon retired
To bed in pain, and much en-ired.
His fearful host did not delay
To fly from town by train and pay
The Social Climber's fare.

His Lordship, just to vent his spleen,
Nailed crates—with twenty?—no, nineteen.
And, by this homely, slick, device
And selling at a lower price,
Found market for his ware.
The climber wilted in distress,
His cash and strength grew less and less.
His head now lies by gravestone crowned,
On which this epitaph is found—
"So shall Climbers fare."

LIFE ON A P.T. COURSE.

It must always be a difficult proposition to say exactly what prompts one to go on a J.T.C. course. It may be an overwhelming desire to experience the rigours and hardships of army life or perhaps a not-unnatural craving for escapism—escapism from the ordinary routine of school and home to the realities of temporary membership of the Army; or it may even be, as was a great attraction in my case, simply the seaside! But whatever it was, I went on my course and did not regret it.

The object of the course was to acquaint cadets of the J.T.C. and A.C.F. with a basic knowledge of the fundamentals of Physical Training and give them practice to become well grounded, if not proficient, in the art of instruction. A high majority of the instructors of the A.P.T.C. themselves are pre-war professionals and it is interesting to note that we had three such amongst our instructors, one of whom was Sergeant Dick Thomas, Welsh, British and European Welter Weight Boxing Champion, 1939.

There were 84 cadets on the course, being fairly evenly divided between the J.T.C. and A.C.F. We slept in a long low block, 20 in each, on top of the cliffs with a magnificent view of the sea breaking upon an endless stretch of coastline, studded periodically with ancient Martello towers.

To give readers a clear picture of the course, I cannot do better than describe an average day as they were all very much alike. Reveille would come at 0630 hrs. and to me this was the worst part of the whole day. The blankets are ripped off by a hard, merciless sergeant and dazed, despondent, and very much exhausted from the activities of the preceding day we drown our sorrows in the wash-house. Breakfast, a naturally welcome event, occurs at 0700 hrs. and one joins the happy throng rattling their tin plates outside the cookhouse. It is a mediocre meal, but hot and filling and so it goes down all right. (It is, however, necessary to handle one's cutlery, etc., with great dexterity in order to avoid performing the trick of one unfortunate who fished a jam-coated sausage out of his steaming tea mug half-way through the meal!) After breakfast comes billet-sweeping and cleaning which is a most tiresome part of the programme. I had the bad luck to be assigned to the drains, an unpleasant but very necessary job. After drain-cleaning there are blankets to be folded, boots to be cleaned and everything put in its place with mathematical precision. At 0815 hrs. the morning inspection takes place and everyone stands rigidly by their beds (or biscuits, as the case may

be!) while the Sergt.-Major tells us how much better the place will have to look tomorrow. At 0830 hrs. we parade outside billets by sections with gym change under one arm. We march to the Gym. with an invariable eyes-right to the Camp Padre on the way, and change in the dressing room. It is perhaps here that I should say a few words about the Gym. itself. It is a very large and modern one, furnished with all conceivable gymnastic apparatus. There is even a polished wooden wall at one end for scaling purposes. (This end received a direct hit from a shell but has since been skilfully patched up). The top half of each wall is lined with windows there being no lack of sunlight or ventilation. However, to resume. At 0900 hrs. we parade in the Gym. by billets, there is a lightning roll call and the day's work has begun. From 0900 hrs. to 1100 hrs. it is generally solid P.T., outside if its fine. This includes a short daily period of boxing and occasionally some wrestling. Sometimes this period is varied and on one memorable occasion we leap-frogged from one end of a neighbouring town to the other. The inhabitants showed no particular surprise but at the end of the run we found that the class had swollen considerably by the addition of six outsiders! At 1100 hrs. comes "Break" and there is a mad rush for the N.A.A.F.I. The lemonade is cheap and sweet and consequently it sells well. It is astonishing how much of the stuff some people can get down in 20 minutes. From 1120 hrs. to 1245 hrs. things tend to become more interesting and one finds oneself tight-rope walking on twin wires, constructing a toggle-rope bridge, gliding down a high wire on a pulley or doing antics on the "Monkey Puzzle." This last is a queer contrivance and is really nothing but iron scaffolding erected in the shape of a square. On this one can do all manner of things from walking round the top on a thin board to swinging from one side to the other—Tarzan fashion! The pulley and wire also mentioned above is perhaps worth a note. This entails first climbing a pole grooved with notches, and is, I think, the hardest part of the exercise. Once at the top the Instructor throws up the pulley and, having caught it (I missed it three times!) you fit it gingerly over the wire, hold on tight and swing into space. The sensation is superb as you start to travel and you glide gracefully to the ground about 200 yards away.

At 1245 hrs. we change, form up, march to billets with eyes-left to Padre and lunch. At 1400 hrs. we re-form and march back to Gym. and at 1415 hrs. the "Leadership" period begins. It is now that you practise half-an-hour's P.T. on your section under the eagle eye of your sergeant, who jots down uncomplimentary remarks about you on your leadership card. (This is merely a table which you have previously filled in about the exercises you intend to do. It ultimately reaches the sergeant-major). At 1615 hrs. we change once more and march back for tea. This will consist, at its best, of an apple, a sausage roll and some bread and jam. After tea we march back to the Gym. once more for a period which goes by the scandalous name of "voluntary"—a most misleading title because it just isn't true. During this period are played inter-section games and competitions which are great fun. There are a great variety, the most popular being Netball and Puck. This ends at 1900 hrs. when we finally dismiss. Supper is at 1915 hrs. and after this one is free till 2130 hrs. when there is an evening roll call and lights out at 2215 hrs.

Here, then, is a typical day on a P.T. Course. Readers may think it somewhat monotonous but, except for the leadership, nothing is really the same. Usually there is some general attraction for each day such as a speech by a Padre who has been a Prisoner of War in Italy or a visit to the neighbouring R.E.M.E. works where we all had rides in bren-gun carriers. I hope this article has exploded the myth that life on a P.T. course is sheer torture—it is strenuous but not too strenuous.

THE LAST ROUND.

One evening in late September a poorly-dressed man entered the theatre, he had a patch over one eye and seemed set on some definite purpose. He bought a ticket for the circle and it seemed that, though he was poorly-dressed, he at least had money.

He went down the corridor and entered the door marked "Circle." As he sat down near the door, old ladies moved away in disgust at his evil-smelling clothes. He followed the play closely and when a man came on the stage, a gleam appeared in his eyes; he slipped a hand into a bulky pocket and drew out a shining revolver. He saw before him the man who had been blackmailing him since he left school just because of a foolish action of his school days, the man who had ruined his life.

He stood up, pointed the revolver at the figure on the stage. People stared at him in horror, but did nothing. He pressed the trigger, there was a crack and the figure on the stage collapsed.

With a sigh of satisfaction he replaced the revolver, turned round and went out. Nobody even as much as lifted a finger against him.

He went out and descended the subway which led to the electric railway. He bought another ticket and went on the platform. The train drew in; taking off his patch he walked straight in front of it.

* * * * *

Later in the evening the population of Lobania were horror-struck to hear that their great president had been killed by an electric train in a small station of the capital.

AN ENGLISH SUTTEE.

John Roach, C.S.I., was middle-aged and had already reached considerable eminence in the Indian Civil Service, when he married a young girl of scarcely twenty-two. His many friends and associates found it hard to believe at first, for this was not his first wife; *she* had married him when he first went out to India as a young man of twenty-five. I think they were the most happily matched couple I ever met; *she* realised how much his work meant to him, and he understood women's habits, which men so often regard as peculiarities. But Fate intervened; *she* died of malaria before they had been out eighteen months. It left her husband with a sad look that no man of his age should have.

That look had never left him; but I thought he seemed happier when I saw him with his young wife after his second marriage. And when I saw her, I knew why he had married again; she was the living image of *her*, and he thought that she would be like *her* in soul as well as face. But for once he was wrong.

They went out to India in the summer, and as I saw them off at Southampton I could not banish the thought that exactly twenty years ago I had bade farewell to the young John Roach and his perfect wife; disaster had overtaken them within a year and a half.

I heard later that the pair had quite a pleasant journey; John found his wife lacked a hundred-and-one qualities which *she* had had, but she was kind to him and no one could blame her for leaving him occasionally to play some energetic game with the younger men aboard. . . .

To start with they settled down happily in his government bungalow. But before long she became bored and began complaining that that there was nothing to do with so many servants; and, apart from her husband, the nearest white men were ten miles away. At first John blamed himself inwardly, and tried to brighten her life up, but without much success. Finally he apologized and offered to see her back to England. Amid tears she swore never to leave his side.

But John was worried; and so, a week later, he sent her off to stay with

friends of his in Darjeeling for a couple of months. She came back in far better spirits ; those two months had clearly brightened up her life, more indeed than her husband at first guessed. But one morning he came across her writing, and as he entered the room she clumsily stuffed several sheets of a letter into the drawer of the writing-table. He knew then—she had fallen in love with someone else during that two months ; he did not blame her, for she was young and he, after all, was more than middle-aged. Nevertheless it troubled him. Indeed had it not been for a serious famine which was threatening the district, he might have worried more over this personal problem. As it was he had to devote all his energy to face the greater problem of provisions.

The whole district was already on a strict ration. John allowed himself no more than a bare minimum, but his wife clearly had no intention of rationing herself. She would go round almost openly saying that she did not care if a few natives died ; it was no business of hers. Her husband was forced to tell her the danger of such remarks, but the damage was already partly done—her name was an incentive to every native, and murmured threats reached her own ears once or twice. After that she behaved with more discretion.

Indeed, the whole affair might have blown over but for one incident about a week later when the food situation was much worse. One day, as she walked down the street, a poor emaciated heap, that would scarcely have passed a human being, stirred. Catching sight of her and hoping for a few annas to pay for the gruel which was sold at an emergency food centre, he coughed out a " Bakhshish, memsahib." She took no notice. But as he added another imploring whine, she snapped out sharply, " Get away." Desperately he clawed out at her dress ; " Leave me, wretch," she shouted fiercely and aimed a kick at his head. The man sank back half-stunned in a wheezing gasp. Natives turned round angrily as she hastily got into her car and drove off.

That night John lay awake in bed. The food situation had reached a desperate point ; a few natives had already died, and many more would if the badly needed supplies were not rushed to the district. And then the problem of his wife ; now unlike *her*, his first wife. He sighed ; a divorce must be arranged ; she must not be tied to an old-stager like himself when a younger man loved her. No, he would . . .

A scream rang through the cool night air, followed by a native shout. Flinging on a dressing gown, and seizing his revolver, John leapt through the window on to the sun-baked ground, and ran round to the side of the bungalow, where the voice came from. He soon made out native shapes moving round a pile. As a flame licked up the pile, it revealed a limp form stretched across the top, some fifty yards away.

John had no doubts—the natives had his wife on that grim pyre. Even now she must be feeling the heat ; he did not think again. Despite his years, he sprinted those fifty yards and dashed straight through the throng of dark bodies. Throwing aside his revolver, he scrambled on to the burning pyre. The natives stared in amazement. Meanwhile John had caught hold of his unconscious wife, and stumbling began carrying her over his back ; for a moment she regained consciousness, " I'm so sorry, John," she said, but he was really thinking of *her*.

A knife flashed ; John fell. Simultaneously the flames caught a firm grip ; the natives stood silent. Then an old man, clearly respected, spoke, " Who threw the knife ? " All eyes turned on a nerve face. " You have killed a good sahib," said the old man, and, picking up the revolver which lay on the ground, he shot John's murderer through the head. His companions lifted the dead body and would have thrown it on to the pyre.

" Leave it," said the old man, " It is not worthy to burn on that pyre." He sighed. " But it is right that the wife should burn on her husband's pyre," he added.

FREEDOM.

He was free—on the aerodrome by himself—no one watching—Come on, act quickly. Hurriedly, stealthily he clambered into the cockpit—adjusted his 'chute, fixed his safety belt—Now for these controls—he was like a man awakened from a dream—all was different—in the cold he fumbled for the switches—what was the cockpit drill?—he hadn't been allowed to fly—but he was clever—he'd given them the slip—Cockpit drill over, ready for the moment—a wave to a mechanic—unrecognized at present, the Devil's own luck—the engine fired, caught on, and burst into life—gently now—warmed-up he settled into his seat—everything O.K. and adjusted to his liking—I'm clever; to think that I, the great—but to work, another handwave, chocks away and forward to ——. Circling the 'drome did he see, or was it imagination, figures gesticulating wildly? But no matter he was free *free* FREE—he was like a baby with a new toy—aloft he was alone—his own master now—time was short—set that predetermined course and God Speed to his destination.

Somewhere along the bleak, barren coasts of England, in a hut miles from anywhere on a cold bleak foreland, sat a group of men, headphoned and intent, listening hard and watching dials; there is silence. A sudden hum and needles flicker—they lean forward—twiddle knobs, turn dials. One of them leans over and calls into a microphone, "Hallo control. Roger One calling, Roger One calling. Enemy bandit five thousand, course two seven zero, speed two five zero knots." Everyone is keyed up now—waiting for action.—answer's coming through—"Hallo Roger One, control answering. Control answering. Message received. Action imminent. Listening out."

A crash—lights flicker—guns in action now—men sweating, cursing, joking, all intent to kill that Hun—that was a near one—look he's swerved damn fine pilot—they'll get him soon—he's swerving into a packet—he's copped it—Someone's baling out—Lucky the blighter isn't done for. Queer thing a lone Jerry like that—Perhaps he's only the first—better standby.

So Rudolph Hess came to Scotland.

CAN THE AGA?

The time is just before the Grand National in 1940. Imagine that you are sitting in an armchair in front of a fire, with a box of chocolates next to you, in a comfortable-looking room, listening to the wireless; but if you have not got an armchair, have finished this month's fuel and sweet rations, have no money to pay the rent, and have therefore been chucked out of a comfortable-looking room, you must imagine that you are in (or outside) a public-house, drinking (or not drinking) beer (or something), listening to the wireless; but anyhow, imagine that you are listening to the wireless. Right, are you ready? At first, a crackling sound is heard, then a harsh voice comes through announcing that Sophie Brown is going to sing "In My Arms." Bad luck. Switch over to the other station. At last it comes:—

"This is Ray Glendinning at the National. This year's National is very popular, as the stands are crowded with spectators looking nowhere in particular. There are not many horses running, only four in fact; they are from left to right: "Buckfell," ridden by Morris Tonguer, a tall red-headed man; next to him, there is "Stopshoot," ridden by a short fat man by the name of Rob Enarie; third, there is "Sittight," with a very small man on it, called Harry Zeugma, and lastly there is the favourite "Aga Khan," ridden by Mick Barone. Now zero hour is drawing near—the sun is shining, and the riders in their indescribable colours look grand. (Pause). Bang! They're off! Now they're on again. "Aga Khan" is in the lead; "Stopshoot" second, "Sittight" third, and "Buckfell" is bringing up the rear. They're rounding the first corner—the first jump is in sight—it's a water one—"Aga Khan" is over safely—alas, "Stopshoot" has stopped short and Rob has shot and is now coming out covered with mud—the other two are over safely—the next jump is a wall—"Aga Khan" is again over safely—not so the other two—at least, "Buckfell" is; but unfortunately "Sittight" sat tight but its rider did not, and he is now being carried off on a stretcher.

—Now there is only one jump left, and only "Buckfell" and "Aga Khan" are left in the race—the crowds are cheering themselves hoarse—the rivals are nearing the jump, a five-bar gate—"Aga Khan" is over all the bars bar one (*i.e.*, his rider), and as for "Buckfell," he did buck, and Morris fell to the ground.—Now "Aga Khan" is making his way amid reins to the winning post—he has passed it—he has won."

Switch off. But the question remains, "Did the 'Aga Khan' win or not?" I will leave this question to the reader. I rather fancy that the "Aga Khan't," but it is none of my business.

BRITAIN'S HAWKS.

It is hard to believe that the kite, which as a British bird has been almost exterminated by persecution, used once to be the scavenger of London and many, many years ago it might have been seen hovering above the city waiting to pick up scraps cast out into the streets; but now there are not more than two or three pairs left in the whole of Great Britain.

Persecution has thinned the ranks of many of our birds of prey: for instance the fishermen have waged a war on fish-eating birds and, in this way, managed to wipe out the Osprey from this country.

Many birds suffered at the hands of the gamekeepers as in the case of the Peregrine Falcon which, in their eyes, was responsible for the killing of game-birds. Perhaps a few of the deaths that took place might be attributed to the Peregrine, but certainly not enough to justify the numbers of that bird that were killed.

The Buzzard was once on the verge of extermination in the British Isles, but rapid steps were taken for its preservation and it has substantially regained its numbers.

The Harrier family has suffered a great deal and only the Fens can now boast of retaining any breeding pairs of the three types, namely the Marsh, Hen and Montagu's Harriers.

Even our lesser Hawks have been thinned out considerably, for instance the Hobby, Merlin, Sparrowhawk and Kestrel: perhaps the first three deserved a bit of what they got, but certainly not the last, the Kestrel, which is one of the farmer's best friends, killing mice, insects, grubs and frogs.

The least persecuted bird of prey is the Owl, perhaps because of its nocturnal habits or because the gamekeeper considers it less destructive than the Hawk.

But, as a whole, our birds of prey are more beneficent than harmful to the country and further they must have protection if we wish to have them still included in our bird population in a hundred years time; for without protection their extermination is inevitable.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Grantite Review."

Sir,

You see it was all due just to the lack of a little apostrophe; all Mr. Garrard's alarm and dismay would have been averted if he had been certain that no one in the know could ever dream of spelling "Grant's" without it. But they do, and he knows they do, and he was afraid that some one had been and gone and done it once again.

What of this apostrophe? It seems so vane and even ungrammatical to leave Busby's and Rigaud's and Grant's just stranded in mid-air; and so awfully dull just to add the word "House" after each of them. It's an odd idea altogether; but we must have our apostrophe no less than when we shop at Woolworth's or get elected to White's or rub shoulders with the great at Claridge's.

We could, of course, branch off on military lines and get some variety that way—something like "So-and-so's Light Infantry" or suchlike. How will it work? Being military it would have to go by initials and we might make use of our present BB., RR. and GG.; for example the "Busby's Brigade," "Rigaud's Rifles," "Grant's Guards." But the uninitiated, as always, will invent meanings for unfamiliar initials. We are a school and so

"Busby's Boys" comes to mind at once as a possibility. But then—oh horrors! what could G.G. suggest except that frightful advertisement of Mr. Garrard's. So that won't do.

We could vary this idea a bit by incorporating the titles of those after whom we are named. For instance, how about the D.B.R. or Dr. Busby's Regiment? And the D.G.O., or Dame Grant's Own, goes nicely. And what of the B.R.H. or Bishop Rigaud's Horse? Dismounted, of course, but having the old equestrian tradition kept up on suitable occasions, such as a race on Bringsy Common, by a mounted Housemaster; rather like the Sandhurst adjutant concluding a passing-out parade by riding his charger into the buildings just for auld lang syne.

But then College might wonder where they came in—they have an apostrophe after all, though not one left in mid-air like ours. Well; how about the R.C.K.S., the Royal Corps of King's Scholars? A fine regal ring about that of which Good Queen Bess might approve. But no one can force an apostrophe into "Homeboarders"—unless they can produce, unknown to us, some worthy Victorian figure such as a Rev. Septimus Homeboarder as a patron or founder. And even then Ashburnham's "s" couldn't by hook or crook get an apostrophe before it so it wouldn't be fair all round.

So we must scrap all these nonsensical suggestions and just never forget Mr. Garrard's advertisement's awful warning as to the dangers of neglecting our little apostrophe!

Yours faithfully,

T. M. MURRAY-RUST.

OXFORD.

November, 1943.

Sir,

Although better qualified to write on the conception of Absolute Zero, your correspondent has arranged himself carefully in the fireplace and will divulge as much as he dares about his erstwhile house-mates.

Mr. A. Davidson and his brother, Mr. P. Davidson (or vice versa) are an outpost of civilization at Trinity. One of them committed last term an unpardonable lapse of taste in passing an exam. which the other couldn't be bothered with. The great partnership is thus dissolved. Naturally we cannot be expected to remember which did which, it was probably the other. Apart from collecting antique gramophone records, they have developed no further eccentricities. A pity.

Mr. H. T. McA. Grummitt has come to Brasenose (the guests of Ch. Ch. for the war) from Australia to study Law. We hear interesting stories at breakfast on Sunday mornings in which his name is sometimes heard. There was a party earlier in the term after which the generosity of the bedroom furnishing was patently evident.

The rest of the O.G. strength is at Christ Church. Mr. Peter Ray is a G.O.M., too grand for us to be able to present any intimate glimpses. We have seen him sitting in the middle of Peck Quad in an arm-chair on a cold day, but he seemed perfectly happy so we kept quiet. He must be no end of an engineer by now.

We must mention a present Grantite whose spirit is here in great strength. Mr. Bradley's name still echoes in the Choir School.

Mr. A. J. Croft is in danger of following Mr. Macmillan's example at the other place. His gramophone occupies him all the evening, his work all night and sleep all day (*see* Lewis Carroll—"The Hunting of the Snark"). He is very enthusiastic over his A.R.P. duties. He is a stretcher-bearer, but on the only occasion this term that he has been called out there were no other stretcher bearers, and incidentally no stretchers handy. He is scared stiff of his Anatomy demonstrator, Mrs. Alice Carleton (yes, a relation of *his*).

Finally we come to Mr. Basil Corcos, always a lurid personality. Apart from presenting a new toy-barometer aspect (Classical Scholar—Fine : Sailor—stormy) he is well up to form. There are two six-inch double-bladed knives (two feet of potential cutting surface) that get brandished if one becomes too interested in the fairer members of the Socialist Club. He asked one to tea

before knowing her name or she his. That little error has since been clarified. He is still a wonderful genius at knocking himself about. Mr. Croft is often to be seen trying to soothe him when he is suffering more than usual from homicidal mania. It is to be hoped that Mr. J. G. Barrington-Ward will persuade him to adopt the Greek view of life.

The work-evasion value of this letter has now sunk to nil; a matter of profound disgust to

YOUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editor of the "Grantite."

Dear Sir,

I would like to take advantage of this opportunity to thank those people whose kindness has made it possible for the House to ride this term. First, of course, we are indebted to Commander and Mrs. Saxton, who have lent us their son's pony, "Nigger," to ride. This kindness has enabled most of us to get several rides this term. Then we must thank the Housemaster and Mrs. Murray-Rust, who have provided the saddle and bridle, and all the equipment, in the shape of brushes and soap, and so on, which is necessary for grooming.

The outcome of this kindness is that twenty members of the house have been able to ride fairly often. The system we have worked on is that anyone who has time to ride on any afternoon tells us this, and one or two of them are chosen. The days when work stops at four o'clock have caused a difficulty, as with darkness coming at six o'clock it is hard to fit in long rides.

Nevertheless, everyone is very keen, and even wet afternoons do not deter volunteers. We have done our inexperienced best to teach the beginners the rudiments of riding, and they are all getting on (and staying on). The others range from boys who have hunted to those who have only had slight experience, but keenness is universal and no one is "footier" on a horse than "horsey" on foot.

I will end by repeating my thanks in which I am sure the other riders heartily join me, to Commander and Mrs. Saxton, and Mr. and Mrs. Murray-Rust, who have, besides adding a new aspect to the House's varied interests, given so many of us an excellent way of spending our spare time.

I am, yours faithfully,

B. G. ALMOND.

OLD GRANTITES.

During the term we were glad to have visits from J. R. B. Hodges, D. J. E. Shaw and A. H. Williams.

Recent news of Old Grantites includes:—

J. D. B. ANDREWS is a medical student at Barts. in Cambridge.

C. I. A. BEALE and D. P. DAVISON are commissioned and on active service abroad.

R. O. I. BORRADAILE is now a gunnery officer on a destroyer, believed to be at sea.

D. O'R. DICKEY is commissioned in the R.A.F. and in this country.

D. M. EADY is at his R.A. O.C.T.U.

D. I. GREGG has joined up in the Army.

J. R. B. HODGES, R.A.F., is at his flying school.

NOTICES.

All correspondence sent to the Editor should be addressed to Buckenhill, Bromyard, Herefordshire.

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

The Editor is responsible for the distribution of the *Grantite Review* and changes should, therefore, be sent to him as well as to the Hon. Secretary.

Back numbers (1940 onwards) may be obtained from the Editor, price one shilling.

