

# GOSLING'S GRIEVANCE

By

BOB

CHERRY



“Wot I says is this 'ere!”

“THIS 'ere Progress,” said Gosling, “it keeps on keepin' on.”

A remark which has been made before, and will be made again, by elderly gentlemen who cannot keep pace with the times.

William Gosling, the keeper of the gate at Greyfriars, did not approve of modern conditions. If he had been given a magic wand he would have wafted himself back to the sleepy Victorian era.

“Wot I says is this 'ere,” said Gosling, standing in the doorway of his lodge and surveying me with a jaundiced eye, “this 'ere craze for noo-fangled things is the curse of this jennyration. Now, when I was a boy—”

“That must have been about a century ago,” I observed.

Gosling frowned.

“Don't be imperent, Master Cherry! When I was a boy, there was no sich things as motors an' sharrabongs an' hairy-planes. Everythin' was quiet an' restful like.”

Even as Gosling spoke a couple of motor-lorries came thundering past the school gates, raising dust and din. Above our heads an aeroplane went whirring through space.

“Why, there wasn't even bicycles when I was a boy!” said Gosling. “I can recollect when the tricycle first come out. When I first come to take up my dooties 'ere, the 'Eadmaster 'ad one. When 'e used to come whizzin' down to the school gates on it, I used to say to 'im, ‘'Ave a care, sir—'ave a care! You'll be a-breakin' of your neck, as

ever was!’ But 'e didn't care. He used to go tearin' down to the vil-lage at five miles an hour at least.”

“What an awful road hog!” I said, laughing.

“Ah, you can larf, Master Cherry, but things ain't wot they was, an' more's the pity! I don't deny that some of these

noo-fangled inventions 'ave 'elped 'umanity. 'Lectric light, f'rinstance. That's a boon an' a blessin' to men. But look at these 'ere telephones. Wot use are they? I 'eard Mr. Quelch say only the other day that it was far quicker to send a letter to a person than to ring 'im up on the 'phone. The telephone's no time-saver. It's a time-waster. You 'angs on an' shouts ‘'Allo!’ and you never gets nowhere.”

“You're right there, Gossy,” I said. “But the other things you speak of—motoring, flying, and so forth—are splendid. All progress is splendid. Mankind must go forward, not backward. Why, the time will come when we shall all be living in the air!”

Gosling shuddered.

“Let's 'ope I don't live to see it, that's all,” he said. “This 'ere Progress puts years on me. Wonder wot noo-fangled noosance they'll be bringin' out next? I shouldn't be surprised if them hengineers didn't put an injin on 'ouses, so that when you wants to move to the country, you only 'as to turn the 'andle! Ugh!”

And Gosling, shaking his head sadly, shuffled into his lodge, to console himself with the contents of a bottle which was labelled “Ginger Wine.”