

THE GRANTITE REVIEW



Messent of Beckenham Ltd

TAILORS and OUTFITTERS

SUITS TAILORED TO MEASURE

in our own workshops, all hand-tailored work

also

A fine selection of Ready-made suits and coats

by "Aquascutum" of London

Patterns available on request

**436 CROYDON ROAD,
BECKENHAM, KENT**

Tel. 01-650 1842

house diary

NO fire this year, though repeated floods in studies' bathroom caused monotonous inconvenience or perhaps excitement until Mr. Wilby with a herd of Wilby men worked themselves to the bone to nail a bit of hardboard to the side of a bath in an attempt to stop the flow. The new ping-pong room, built in the convenient hole where the dustbins used to live, is now completed and basks in flood-lit glory outside Blanco, which in turn is being turned into a grotto-cum-opium den for Hallites.

In contrast to all this a hope that some Grantites may become more than fellow commuters from the suburbs striving to save the fees to send their sons to Westminster, has been presented in the coming of our new House tutor, Mr. Baxter. His organised expeditions to plays and films enabled Hall Society to continue to thrive and he has perhaps succeeded in making Grantites think about something a bit more important than what is for supper in the tent.

The tent! The famous College Tent where we flock every morning and evening, is now firmly established. Here Mrs. Palmer and her band of stalwarts, labouring on in Siberian temperatures, issue us with our morning ration of bacon and tomato reinforced with toast and butter; the latter only however, if it is not so rock hard that no chip can be quarried from it. Groan as we may at the tent, it does give Grant's a new look, challenged only by the new erection of the "Folie Bursaire" where our fees are now safely housed under one roof.

Mr. Michael Brown produced a feat unequalled since the Pied Piper of Hamelin, in staging the Grant's Junior House Play, a great success. Athletics, a station slowly dying a quiet death according to so many, has been completely revived thanks solely to Mr. Brown's gargantuan efforts.

Perhaps the most notable change in the past year has been the United Nations style, semi-circle arrangement that has been introduced in House Prayers. The powers that be are now able to observe with greater vigilance, the groundlings during the festivities, but fortunately no-one has yet been expelled from the Security Council.

Power cuts provided a little light entertainment over February. It also induced the more militant members of the House either to declare: "The troops should order the —s back to the pits. It is their duty to work!", or to leave as many lights blazing as possible in support of the miners. A slightly more hazardous part of the fun was the temptation felt by so many Hallites to light bonfires of newspaper in Hall.

Now things have returned to normal. The lure of the bright lights of Grant's is inducing day-boys in their myriads, (two at any rate), to come flocking to us for accommodation. As Grant's begins to split at the seams and the world population simultaneously soars, may we remember with pride the school motto—" *Dat Deus Incrementum.*" God gives increase.

?

ARTICLES for the Grantite have been rattling round in my head for years. Arresting opening lines have come to me in those idle moments between waking and sleeping, when often one can solve the problems of the universe, only to find that as soon as the cover comes off the typewriter, all is forgotten. Now that the moment is really at hand and the persuasive charm of the Editor almost convinces me that my piffing prose might be of interest to someone, only then do I realise how difficult it all is. After having convinced me, he shyly admitted that one or two articles, however mediocre, under his belt would help him to sleep better at night. It seemed to me that he really needed that sleep!

Grantites, old and new, must secretly enjoy reading about themselves and it would be so easy to string together anecdotes about the good, or bad, old days, whichever way you like to recollect them. However, I will try not to be too personal. In those far off days of the early sixties, strapping Rhine-maidens swept the floors, served the lunches and went to College Hall in the evenings to help with suppers. They probably helped many a boy with his German 'prep' and encouraged him through 'A' level. There was no Munich-Westminster exchange then.

Looking back to my very first night 'up Grant's', I remember being summoned from dinner with the Housemaster and his wife to bind up the victim of a bayonet fight! It made me wonder if the choice of a girls' school would not have been safer. Soon after this incident I met a friend from Charterhouse who was quite horrified to hear that I called the boys by their first name. He said it would lead to all sorts of trouble. I don't think it ever has. Today, Grantites are quite put out when the Medical Officer addresses them as Brown or Smith.

On reflection, several things from the early days have left lasting impressions. Play suppers by candle-light (some of those very same candle-ends served during the recent black-outs) with speeches by old boys or visiting Masters and the subsequent skits and musical interludes. Some years these were very funny. One particular short play, written by a Grantite, was made unintentionally hilarious by the fact that an unpleasant epidemic was raging through the House at the time and characters kept disappearing and reappearing in rapid succession, often in the middle of a very melodramatic situation. The villain, just about to seduce Madame 'X', rushed off the stage clutching his belly. A corpse was also suddenly seized with similar symptoms.

The cessation of the 'Corps' left quite a gap in the life of the House for a time. Friday was always busy. There were uniforms to be mended and badges and stripes to be sewn on in last minute panic. The splendid sight of boys drilling in 'Yard,' with members of the public making ribald remarks from behind the crash barriers, was worth watching from 'Chis.' On the eve of the annual C.C.F. Inspection, held 'up fields,' the one and only House Tutor, doubling as Corps Commander, was to be seen in the Linen-room pressing his battle-dress into the small hours.

Inspection day was usually hot and sunny. On one such day, I remember Mr. Carleton standing on the dais, with the reviewing V.I.P., wearing a black hat. Funnily enough I never saw that hat again.

Monitors no longer look like men to me which is a sign of my advancing age, I am sure. They seem to have shrunk in stature over the years. It is often said that boys mature earlier these days but it is not particularly evident to me! Television has made more of a change in the House than any other single factor from my point of view. Evening surgery used to turn into a prolonged discussion, as Studyites looked for a little light relief before going to bed. Now the current weekly T.V. series relieves the tedium. Talk for its own sake, as I remember it, seems to be a thing of the past.

Jumping the mantelpiece still goes on but it is a pale imitation of its former barbaric ritual. 'Chis,' which was the Housemaster's form-room when I came, has gradually taken on a softer look and is now watched over, by the portrait of a late Housemaster. His comments would be far more interesting than mine and I would dearly love to hear what he might have to say. The old school sanatorium, used only in epidemics, now serves as an annexe for Grant's dormitories, places in which are much sought after. Partly, I assume, because baths can be taken at any time!

After a lot of thought, it is still very difficult to be explicit about changes over the past decade and a half. Other peoples opinions might keep the Grantite going for several editions to come! I hope that I have learnt something from the stream of Grantites that I have been lucky enough to know. When I say that boys do not seem all that different, maybe it is because they are not!

C.J.F.

house news

PLAY TERM:

Mr. Baxter became House Tutor.

Mark Deighton was Head of House.

Daniel Brittain-Catlin was Head of Hall.

The monitors were: Jonathan Christie, Adam Forman, David Harden, Tom Mason, Michael Everington, James Robbins, Simon Woods.

Mark Deighton was appointed a School Monitor.

The Dormitory Monitors were: Anthony Hammerson, James Morrison, Charles Taylor.

Ecce! Richard Carr, Peter Everington, Jonathan Flint, David Ray, Simon Tenison, Robert Lupton, Patrick Holford, Christopher Hunt, Timothy Cawston.

Ubi ierunt? Richard Wormald, Tim Earle, Abel Hadden, John Brown, Timothy Havers, Patrick Robinson, James Lascelles, Aernaut van Lynden.

LENT TERM:

James Robbins was Head of House.

Simon Woods was Head of Hall.

The Monitors were: Michael Everington, Paul Hooper, Simon Mundy, Robin Shute, Bruce Jenks.

James Robbins and Simon Woods were appointed School Monitors.

The Dormitory Monitors were: John Bevan, Anthony Everington, Timothy Williams.

Ecce! Christopher Philcox, Ian Reid, Alexander Munro-Faure, Timothy Gardom, Thomas Robertson, Grahame Jenkins.

Ubi ierunt? Mark Deighton, Daniel Brittain Catlin, Jonathan Christie, Adam Forman, Tom Mason, David Harden, Patrick Chopra, Jeremy Lascelles.

ELECTION TERM:

The Monitorial remains the same.

Gained from Ashburnham: Robin Griffith-Jones, and for the duration Roger Oliver.

There was no new blood.

Ubi ierunt? Edmund Wilkinson.

The following colours have been awarded:—

Water .. Simon Woods, Head of the Water.

Colts to Timothy Williams.

Junior Colts to Hamish Reid, Charles Taylor, Martin Parnwell.

House Seniors to Timothy Williams, Charles Taylor, James Morrison, Martin Parnwell.

Football .. *Pinks* to Jeremy Lascelles.

Half Pinks to Marcus Campbell, Stephen Earle.

Colts to Edward Wates.

Athletics .. *Pinks* to Timothy Woods, Secretary of Athletics.

Half Pinks to Timothy Woods.

Thirds to Timothy Gardam.

Colts to Timothy Gardam.

Junior Colts to Ian Reid.

House Senior to Simon Killwick.

House Juniors to Ian Reid, David Ray, Christopher Tiratsoo.

Cricket .. *Pinks* to Antony Macwhinnie.

Colts to Peter Lennon.

House Seniors to Adam Forman, Richard Wormald, Abel Hadden

- Judo . . . *Pinks* to Nicholas Hildyard, Captain of Judo.
Half Pinks to Nicholas Hildyard.
Colts to Christopher Quayle.
- Fives . . . *Pinks* to Paul Hooper, Secretary of Fives.
House Seniors to Peter Lennon.
- Fencing . . . *Colts* to Anthony Hammerson.
- Shooting . . . *Pinks* to Paul Hooper, Captain of Shooting.
- Tennis . . . Marcus Campbell, Captain of Tennis.
-

portrait of a grantite

WHEN approached by the dashing, (it depends how you look at him), young editor of *The Grantite Review*, who asked me to write on the aforementioned subject, or something thereabouts, I was highly perplexed as to where to start. I hasten to add that I am still in a quandary, whatever that may be. Should I start at the head (believed not to be a reference to James Robbins) and work down or should I start at the boot (believed not to be a reference to any member of the monitorial) and work up? For many weeks I sat and scratched my head, and as the weeks passed and Mr. Gardam's pleas for some result of my labours became louder, no inspiration came to me.

The problem is that, (thank God!) no typical Grantite exists. One can identify a group, but some tiresome people belong to more than one group and this serves to make the problem even more complicated. The only characteristic that is shared by all members of the House is the now famous "Housemaster impersonation," although impression might be a better word. It is highly stylised and has become a fine art. It bears only a small resemblance to the original, but is near enough to be recognised as such. The near-constant use of this art form leads to great clarity of diction and a slightly archaic Use of English by its practitioners. The former means that the Grantite is practically the only person who can be universally understood, the 'speech' of other Westminsterers being only intelligible to fellow members of their House.

This being the sole common feature, one can only go on to try to identify some of the different categories that the House divides itself into. To a member of the senior school, all members of the lower half look alike: small and straight. For instance—one junior Grantite, short body, short legs, short hair, short sight and a healthy interest in trains.

Then there is the "groovy Grantite," if I may use an already passé euphemism. This set breaks itself up into two sub-sets those who lead a sort of Jekyll and Hyde

existence and those who look bizarre all the time. The almost daily metamorphosis that the first sub-set undertakes, never fails to amaze me. People whom one has been able to talk to in an almost normal manner, who have been recognisable as male and intelligent, suddenly change into . . . well it is hard to know quite what. Floppy hats, long coats and hand-bags are just a few of the superficial changes.

Let us spare a thought in passing for the Forgotten Grantite, isolated, perhaps intentionally, from the rest of the world, they inhabit a far-away dormitory in the East Wing, and fight for their lives against murderous savages, College juniors or squalors as they are sometimes known.

A lot about Grantites can be explained by the conditions in which they have to live. The spacious single studies, cells to the inmates, are arranged in neat rows and each has a quaint, clear rectangle scraped out of the paint on the glass above the door. I am led to believe that the sanitary arrangements are very interesting, but I do not intend to go into them.

One can only guess at the psychological effect of going down into the bowels of the earth to enter the building. It has been suggested that this fulfils an urge to return to the womb. The analogy escapes me. Another disturbing part of Grant's life is House Prayers. I have been privileged to observe this ceremony through binoculars on one occasion, and the ritual seems an odd one. Its purpose is obscure; one can conjecture a similarity to a fertility dance but only a few know its true meaning.

For many Grantites, a large part of the day is spent in the assembly room or the Vitello D'oro as it is usually known. This pleasant little haven from the outside world is situated in the romantic area that lies between Victoria Street and Tothill Street and has entrances in both. The "Vit," I shall refrain from using its other title as it might cause embarrassment, is divided into two sections. Each possess an individual charm: The tea at the back is 2p cheaper, the front is open in the evenings. The patronage of Grantites is so great that you might think we could reasonably expect a large annuity in the owner's will. Unfortunately, owing to the large amount of salt left on or under the tables, diplomatic relations are strained. You cannot claim to be anything in Westminster society unless you have been thrown out of the Vit.

While in the Vit, it is usual to drink tea as it is cheaper than coffee and this helps to eke out the daily pittance provided by parents who seem to be unaware to a startling degree of the present day prices of cigarettes and alcohol. The idea seems to be to stay in there as long as you can without buying more than one cup of tea. This is a dangerous game and should only be played in the presence of an expert, the majority of whom seem to be found up Grant's.

The end product of all this is the realisation that it is totally impossible to define anything, let alone a Grantite.

poem by john bevan

THE silent night lies on the sleeping ground,
With the mist that shrouds my mind.
Sounds cease in awe of Solitude
As soft leaves fall gently.
For now I have found myself, my only self,
As this darkness casts no shadows,
And the light that threatens is far, far away,
For my darkness is peace of mind,
Where I am myself, you are you
And we are all different.
I have never been and never will be
For I am.
The light will come soon, so I will drift
Into a world where we are all the same.
I dread the light.



help—a report up grant's

SOCIAL injustice has for some time, occupied a somewhat uncertain position in our general education. We are unfortunately still involved in a system which lays too much emphasis upon personal achievement and competition, and too little upon understanding the problems of others and contributing to the community as a whole. The Borough of Westminster is not alone in London in having severe social problems, especially amongst the very young and elderly, with largely inadequate means to combat them. Assessing the needs of underprivileged and handicapped people and acting accordingly, is the role of the Welfare State, but many charitable organisations fill a very important gap in providing more personal service to aid those who might otherwise go unnoticed.

It is perhaps encouraging that among young people there is if anything, growing concern over the problems created by a society in which the dominant ideals appear to be increased material gain for the privileged few at the expense of the underprivileged. We should not condemn the heritage left us by those who after all, based their principles on well-meaning ideals; we must try and understand through the education that we are offered in what way we might be able to mend both past and present mistakes and learn from them in the formation of our own ideals.

Westminster is in a very fortunate position in the light of many public schools which very often become inbred simply as a result of geographical position. Being in the midst of a district with so many diverse styles of living, if anything, emphasises the gap between them. A great deal can be achieved by the small sacrifice of a few hours or less per week of free time, which might otherwise be wasted, in trying to understand the problems inherent in the surrounding community. Community involvement, while not yet an important part of the actual curriculum, plays quite a large part in the general education at Westminster.

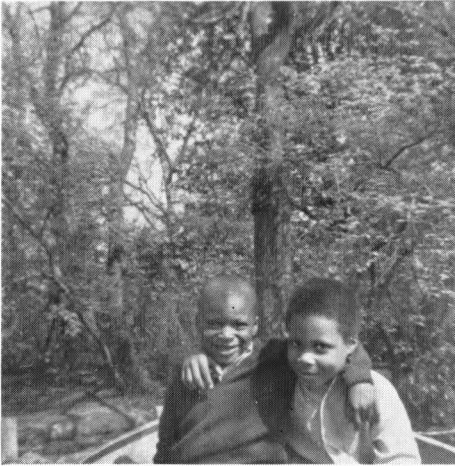
Through the enthusiasm and hard work of some members of the staff, there is a satisfying number of schemes that not only benefit in some way those who are being helped, but also teach the boys much through general experience. There are a number of boys who follow such diverse activities as teaching young immigrants English, voluntary work in both St. Thomas's and Westminster Hospitals and also free-time activities of which there are many.

Amongst these figures Task Force; an organisation based on the Westminster area, which organises groups of young people in visiting the old who are in need of some kind. We have one such group at school organised on a House basis. There are approximately twenty boys up Grant's who are members in which the junior half of the House figures predominantly.

The degree of enthusiasm for this kind of activity is very encouraging. Five out of the eight boys who spend each Friday afternoon in charge of a young immigrant as members of Immigrant Teaching Guild come from Grant's, and whilst to look at the average Grantite, one might not be struck immediately by his good

will towards his fellow man, there is quite a significant “underground” force of boys willing to help their neighbours in their individual ways.

Whether enduring the depths of darkest Battersea, or the perils of Paddington, or coping with a wide range of demands from a varied assortment of old people, even if they do neglect the odd under-privileged Grantite suffering stoically from malnutrition, these admirable few must gain some sense of achievement in knowing that someone, somewhere respects and appreciates their efforts.



Garfield and Junior, two children who are taught on Friday afternoons by Tim Woods and Simon Williams

ballad

WHERE are you going on this fair morn,
Where are you going, he cried,
I am fleeing away from the dawn,
To the shadows, she replied.

Before the wind had blown that day,
Before it was the morrow,
She wept those tears, and where they lay,
Was a pale pool of sorrow.

Where are you going on this fair morn,
Where are you going, he cried,
I am fleeing away from the dawn,
And the trees softly sighed.

I am fleeing away from Love,
Into the realm of Hate,
I have left the holy dove,
I will go through the silent gate.

Where are you going on this fair morn,
Where are you going, he cried,
I am fleeing away from the dawn,
To the shadows, she replied.

No glitter shone amidst her hair,
No sparkle in her eyes,
For she was going on to where,
The place of darkness lies.

Where are you going on this fair morn,
Where are you going, he cried,
I am fleeing away from the dawn,
And the trees softly sighed.

the use of english by simon mundy

USE of English is sired by that eminent body of unemployed academics, The Oxford and Cambridge Board of Examiners. It is an exam. designed to test the basic literacy of students who are specialising in Maths and the Sciences. Thus, with their infinite powers of logic, the universities and schools have extended the scope of this paper to all students, especially concentrating upon those engaged in the study of the English language.

This interesting move can only be explained when one looks at the three parts of the exam.:-

(1). The layout; namely a multiple choice paper for hors-d'oeuvre, (a gift for a clean-cut logical scientific mind, whereas any self-respecting connoisseur of English sees at least five possible answers per question), followed by a delicately phrased précis. (A rumour passed round that proper names found in the original could not be included in the abridged version, though this information was not imparted on the paper itself); and for desert a solid and typically unimaginative essay title, the boredom of which has not been surpassed since "O" level.

(2). The marking system; in which one is only notified of one's score in the multiple choice. Surely this is hardly an indication of pass or fail or of any standard of basic literacy.

(3). The timing; set in the midst of the last term before "A" levels so that the lucky participant may relish the results and retakes just before he starts work in earnest.

To sum up, it may be said with justification that never in the field of examinations have so many failures so successfully demoralised so few. This is truly an exam. tailor-made for the stupid and messed up by the brilliant.

N.B.—To prevent it being said that this is just a case of sour grapes, may it be brought to everyone's notice that Simon Mundy passed.—Editor.

sponsored row—a special feature

EARLY this term, plans crystallised to form what promised to be the most ambitious outing ever from the School Boathouse: a row from Oxford to Putney. Most of us oarsmen will remember the excitement, (and perhaps the blisters!) of rowing further up river than ever before. It has all the fascination of a polar expedition, and what lies around the next corner is enough to tempt anybody, however reluctant.

With this to goad them on, nine members of the School Boathouse resolved to row the one hundred and four miles from Oxford to the school's boathouse at Putney. In common with many other similar ventures, they decided the operation would be more worthwhile if they were sponsored, the proceeds going to charity. It was decided that one such worthy cause was the Royal National Lifeboat Institution and, after being approached, they readily agreed to the scheme and their name being used for the purpose.

THE COST?

To provide a target for their efforts, it was decided that, if possible, the money thus raised should purchase an inflatable inshore rescue craft. This inflatable object has a suitably inflatable price tag, about £1,300. To cover the other expenses, a sum of £1,450 will be required altogether, and this means that the crew must be sponsored to a total of about £15 for every mile covered. As there are eight rowers, one reserve and one cox, the revelation of mathematics reveals that each individual person must be sponsored at the sum of £1·50 per mile. This is quite a target.

THE TIME?

Almost certainly, as you read this article, the eight perched in their trusty vessel, "John Carleton," will be in the course of their long journey. This will take from three to four days, the crew either youth hostelling or camping. At the end of this mammoth achievement we shall have left behind us thirty-three locks and one hundred and four miles of Thames water.

THE CHARITY?

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution's inshore division, to whom the inflatable craft would be given, has saved 3,638 lives, (to the nearest whole number), and has taken part in twenty-four thousand rescue operations. The fact that the R.N.L.I. is maintained by voluntary subscriptions alone, makes our madness excusable.

YOU?

As a Grantite, old or present, or as a Grantite by marriage, (if you see what I mean), this mainly Grantite effort is appealing to you! Will you help us? How? By sponsoring us. We need every single penny we can lay our hands on. Please spare us something. We shall be most grateful and so will the R.N.L.I.

Please send your sponsoring details to:—

The Organisers,
Westminster Sponsored Row,
2 Little Dean's Yard,
Westminster, S.W.1.

Thanks to:—

Messrs. Hepburne-Scott, Crawford, and Bevan. Also The School Boat Club, *The Grantite Review* and many others, too numerous to mention.



The Crew

pollution?

EVERY lunchtime before we troop into Hall, we are constantly reminded of the many sporting triumphs achieved by Grant's in the past year. Mock-heroically we congratulate ourselves. If however our "A" level grades and Oxbridge entrances were emblazoned instead of those cups, we would find the cupboard pretty bare. We are therefore worryingly, if not surprisingly, faced with a rather alarming proposition. The atmosphere in Grant's is not conducive to work.

This may seem rather a rash statement at first sight, but if one bothers to examine the facts, one will find that, although the school is going through a particularly eminent period, boys up Grant's are not achieving what is possible in external examinations. It would be easy to blame authority: the authorities are so busy enforcing petty rules that they forget that the boys whose lights they are turning out are here to work; authority is so obsessed with a pragmatic community that it doesn't care about the individual's primary concerns. This is the easy way out. This problem cannot be solved until one examines the attitude of the people themselves.

The school is run to external exams. To too many people the results achieved at "A" and "O" levels are the highlight of a boy's career at Westminster. The idea of education for the sake of knowledge is carefully ignored. When a boy comes to the school, "O" levels are years away so it seems. What then is the point of working? Prep. is an inconvenience, and an arbitrary timetable is soon worked out. 7.15 to 7.30, muck about, 7.30 to 8.30, do whatever work has to be done to prevent one getting into trouble, 8.30 to 8.50 annoy monitor on duty.

For a time this attitude remains in Studies. Everyone resents being locked away in his cell, and the work involved is for the most part monotonous and devised solely for the passing of exams. Nobody finds it easy getting down to doing something, and coupled with a mixture of indignation, boredom and repression, it becomes more and more difficult.

What then is a solution? Life at the moment is to a certain extent conditioned by exams, but there is no reason why, in the lower part of the school, pastimes could not be devised to prevent people half-heartedly playing billiards because they have nothing better to do. Could not some time be given to work away from set syllabi? If we are to be polluted, let it be from a superflux of industry rather than by mere stagnation.

editorial

WHO is the Grantite Review for? Questions that face every Editor when he takes over the delapidated selection of files and past issues once again come to a head. Censorship? Striking a happy medium between boys and old boys? Poetry or pseud rubbish? Questions that seem to divide not only present members of the house and old Grantites, but even create splits amongst the Old Grantites themselves.

One view, shared by at least one Old Grantite, is that the Review is one of the few, if not the only medium, in which someone can express himself. Where else can creative writing be published, topical opinions expressed? The Elizabethan seems confined to a certain élite, consisting of those who think themselves so high-powered that they do not welcome anything from the common mortals and, as far as can be seen from what they publish, shun anything that raises a smile.

There is now more than at any other time, a chance for the Grantite Review to fill the gap. There is a chance for people to write what they want and not to be scared to do so, even if they are too overawed to intrude on the sanctity of *The Elizabethan*. (The Grantite, if it is to have popular appeal, must be open to everyone). If the Old Grantite Club feels that they cannot trust a sixteen- or seventeen-year-old to use his common sense, censorship must continue.

Perhaps if people would consider a magazine less like a Sunday colour supplement, there would be more money for more copies and eventually the *Grantite* could be put on public sale. No-one can deny that a compromise is desirable, but surely it is better to bring this about by trusting the editor's common sense rather than by benevolent repression.

Sitting on the window seat

SITTING on the window seat watching them, their self-important lips talking, they weren't very pretty, not very happy. Moving tirelessly, solely aware of their own existence and only stopping to allow other fat lips to pour out their own importance, never really taking in what they were saying.

Faces are nicest when the person is twelve, girls especially. After that they become all tainted, nothing is as clean as before and everything is spoilt. Drowsy, after-lunch faces these were, father's tired with conversation and others

with sated laziness. All contented, all satisfied. Because they don't really think of anything much, they needn't feel anything else but satisfied. It must be comforting really to be always dozing like that.

Outside all bright, sun shining with blasting purity on everything; making everyone happy, content, drowsy. It was last summer when we took the rectory on the Isle of Wight for a month, the sun shone like that then too, and mother was as happy as she never has been since. She didn't laugh so much now. Then there was just an atmosphere of relaxed content all over her, covering her just like the sun did on the beach, not like now with all the forced laughter and tension of having Uncle Donald to lunch. No quiet anymore, just suppressed tension.

"The weather won't break for at least another week yet." That was father, greying hair in contrast to the bright blue razored eyes. Not tall but an atmosphere of determination that gives a sense of respect. He wasn't interested either, it was just as much tension for him as it was for any one else, even though it was his brother. Friends, so he claimed, but they had become different over the past few years. He hoped that he and Luke would never become like that, it just didn't seem possible at the moment, but neither did Christmas without Granny until she died suddenly. We had never been down to Godalming since then and that was six months ago.

The window seat was hard, Hugh couldn't quite touch the floor with his feet and they were beginning to ache. Not an ache that hurt or was even really uncomfortable, but a slow, dull, nagging ache that he couldn't help feeling and the more he tried to forget it, the more it worried him. He hated sitting on the window seat for lunch; especially in the summer. He only sat there when there were visitors and there wasn't enough room at the dining room table. He had to sit at that horrid little baby-table, all sticky with spilt food that had been ingrained there for years and couldn't be properly wiped off. You couldn't put your fingers on it without feeling the stick and it smelt like Susan's bib. Susan was a nuisance. Mother had been more happy before she came. She looked older now, more exhausted. Susan was messy. She was nothing years old too. She had come half a year ago last week and there had been a little party for her. She hadn't had any hair at first and didn't do anything except sleep and cry and you couldn't play with her.

"Hugh, why don't you take your cousins out into the garden and play. You have finished, haven't you, and it is a lovely day to play in the sand-pit."

That was typical of mother, even now, when she seems tired. It was a perfect day for the sand-pit and we could all play soldiers and build a series of forts and pretend it was in Africa with Arabs hiding in the hills. There could be two different forts on the plain and there could be a really big battle and cousin Jenny and her brother James could take one fort and . . .

"But Mary, I don't think Jenny ought to play in the sand; after all, she is in her party clothes and it would be a shame to spoil them. Jenny's face is very tender,

you know, it peels so very easily, I don't think she ought to go outside when it is as hot as this."

Hugh hated Auntie Nora. She was a horrible woman. Whyever shouldn't Jenny come and play in the sand-pit? Hugh always did except when it was raining and the yellow got all over your clothes. She was a horrid woman; all dry make-up, black and crimson dress and a heavy, harsh brooch with points on it. She was bristly too like Daddy. Horrible to kiss and she didn't like having to do so either. Why couldn't they go out and play in the sand-pit? He had been looking forward to it ever since they arrived and now that horrible, bristly woman didn't even want them to go out in the sun. What did she expect them to do then?

"But of course, Nora, I didn't think. Hugh, go upstairs and show Jenny and James your books. Play with your soldiers, if you like, but not on the floor.

"All right, Mummy."

Mummy would never have said that if Auntie Nora wasn't here. She knows you can't play soldiers properly if you can't lie face-down on the floor and crawl about. It is the only way to play. Why did she say that? Just because Auntie Nora was here and she wanted to be polite? Hugh hated Auntie Nora for doing this to Mummy. He slid down from his window seat, squeezed round a chair, and escaped out of the door. His two cousins nervously trotted after him, into the gloom upstairs.

talking greek

ONE feature of Greek civilisation which is particularly fascinating is the way in which the Greeks reconciled ideas of discipline and order to a respect and almost worship of the individual. They despised and mistrusted any hierarchical structuring of society because they wanted to see the individual acting independently. The idea of one free man being subjected to another was repugnant to them. It was a positive degradation of human dignity.

Societies change (some say they progress), their circumstances differ, but the ideas which they throw up remain. The idea of self responsibility, of self discipline, is one the Greeks would have encouraged. Athenian society was so strongly motivated because it knew its objective—it had defined its ideal and was trying to realise it. Human arete, the excellence of man in all his aspects was the dream they were trying to make true.

There is no inherent need to have an ideal; the realists, (some say the cynics) say that it does not make any difference anyway. But there is a need in any community, if one is going to make rules and regulations, to know exactly what one is trying to achieve. Otherwise things become disproportionate, the petty predominates . . .

Above all the Greeks had an amazing capacity for self-questioning. By accepting the truth when they saw it, and by acknowledging errors of judgement, they had a general confidence that was unsympathetic to any sense of insecurity. It cannot but be a reflection on the society that produced such men as Miltiades and Themistocles that these same men should be ostracised, despite their popularity, in the fear that they should try and impose themselves as tyrants. To the Greek, no-one was perfect.

The Greek believed in knowledge for its own sake. The significance in the story that Socrates once stood engrossed in thought from sunset to dawn, lies not in its questionable truth, but in its very existence. Here at Westminster, Socrates still strives to teach boys the same, but in vain. Our world is a practical world, a world in which the status of Geography is rapidly surpassing that of the ancients. And quite right too . . .

What have the Greeks got to do with us? This business about arete, it is all fantasy anyway. At least the Romans had some notion of institutions and of progress. Down with arete! Up with "Dat deus Incrementum!" And who knows—Mr. Barber has promised us a record 4% economic growth!

A parable by thomas robertson

SIR Denis Mulgrove, M.P., walked out onto the pavement amidst the smart cars of his colleagues. It was 5.15—the P.M. had abandoned the sitting after a bomb threat—and Parliament Square was swarming with those who make the rush-hour what it is. The policeman at the gate wished Sir Denis a good evening as he tucked his briefcase under his arm and dodged clumsily among the pedestrians. He did not hide a sour frown.

"Would have taken a taxi," he muttered under his middle-aged Tory moustache, "but they've become so confoundedly expensive."

He crossed the road towards the tube station, and proceeded towards the entrance, where expressionless figures bustled in and out at speed. As he was about to enter, a cool breeze hit him from across the bridge. He stopped and inhaled

the fresh air. Suddenly someone barged into him from the side, nearly knocking his bowler off . . . he got back his balance and looked down at the offender in disgust. It was a small boy of about twelve, he reckoned, whose smart black suit did not become him. This lad seemed most unrespectable, with long hair over his shoulders, tie all forlorn, and a bag of crisps in his hand. "Sorry mate," he squealed, and walked on. Sir Denis was scarlet with disgust. "The nerve!" he cried, "Decadent, decadent youth! I'd have had none of this in my day, I wouldn't! Country's going to the dogs, to the dogs I say!" And he marched down the steps still mumbling. He stopped at the paper-stall, placed a twopenny piece on the counter, and walked off with a *Standard*. "'Ang on mate," the attendant called after him, "that'll be three pence please."

"What? Three?" he replied agog. "Well, all right, but its daylight robbery if you ask me."

Having bought a ticket from 'one of those new-fangled machines,' he descended onto the platform, awaiting the Upminster train which would drop him at Upton Park. He started the journey by complaining to himself about the immorality of modern society but, finding himself soon exhausted on this subject, he started to reflect on the Common Market debate from which he had come.

He finally got off at Upton Park with relief. The platform was fairly crowded, and everyone appeared to be walking in the other direction, as they tend to in crowds. Among these people a large proportion was returning from the local football match. Sir Denis spotted a bunch of angry-looking supporters ambling along the platform towards him in a very deadly-looking formation. Sir Denis scowled for he would not give way, and nor would they. "Give way then, boy," he said confidently to the oncoming skinhead. The group halted like a platoon. The gum-chewing leader of the group smiled. "Oh, so you're one of them, eh? Well, we know about your type, don't we boys!"

"Yeah!"

"And we don't like your sort, do we boys!"

"Nah!"

"So push off, mister." And he shoved Sir Denis away with the palm of his hand, amid the chuckles of his companions. Sir Denis tumbled backwards tripping over his own feet, and finally fell where a train might have been. The women screamed as the body slumped onto the rails; and all that remained was an empty place in the House and a brief note at the bottom of *The Times* obituary page.

When the late Sir Denis Mulgrove awoke, he was on a long, white escalator with numerous fellow-commuters. He remembered the hooligans. "Must get that damned school-leaving age put up." He queued at the top and gave in his ticket to a negro angel. He now found himself in front of something similar to the Admiralty Arch embroidered with pearls. However, when he approached the turnstiles, he saw to his utmost disgust that the attendant, presumably St. Peter, instead of wearing white and a glossy crown, wore pink flares, a flowered shirt,

and a pair of shin-length desert boots. This character was sitting student-fashion on the ground, and the traditional harp was replaced by a twelve-string guitar. Sir Denis was flabberghasted. He nearly dropped his broolly.

sports report

FOOTBALL

Football, in contrast with most of Grant's sport is in a state of steady decline at the moment, and it must be admitted that we have not won any trophies since 1969. Hall football also seems to be dying out and we have even lost our hooligan element. However, things cannot get worse and with luck we shall start next season with a step up a rather rickety ladder to success.

At the beginning of the season, we started out with high hopes, but at the end these had gone the way of most of Grant's sporting hopes. In the six-a-sides, despite being on top of the table for a time and despite a great penalty save by the editor, (he asked for it), we finished near the bottom. In the House Seniors we finished near the bottom. In the House Juniors we went out in the first round, 1—4 to Rigaulds. This was despite staunch support from our make-shift players, Simon Williams and Timmy Woods who, incidentally, were nearly sent off, (they asked for it). David Bernstein gallantly scored our only goal from six inches, (he asked for it).

As we had four first XI players in Grant's, these results show that there must have been something lacking in our teams. I think it was team spirit, and every morning next term at five a.m. the whole squad will run round Green ten times. Maybe next year our full potential will be realised!??

CRICKET

Last year was an amazingly good year for Grant's cricket. Considering that the team consisted of five chaps not up Fields, it was a spiffing good performance to reach the House final. Special performances on the way to the final must be noted: A. Macwhinnie, 64* v. College. In the final we lost to Rigaulds and the main reason for this must be the fielding. If it weren't for catches dropped by certain members of the team, we would have won. WE WOULD HAVE WON, you great hairy nits. Why did you drop those catches, you lazy slackers? They weren't difficult. Apes, Donkeys, Noddletops. I can't go on. I resign. Where's my gun? Alack cruel world. BANG.

NOW FOR THE CRICKET REPORT.

Some of the blame must be attached to the fielding, but it must be confessed that they were the better team (They asked for it). This year we have about six people up Fields, and the prospects seem rather bleak but we do have a lot of enthusiasm, especially from those in the side who aren't usually cricketers. Floreat.

ATHLETICS

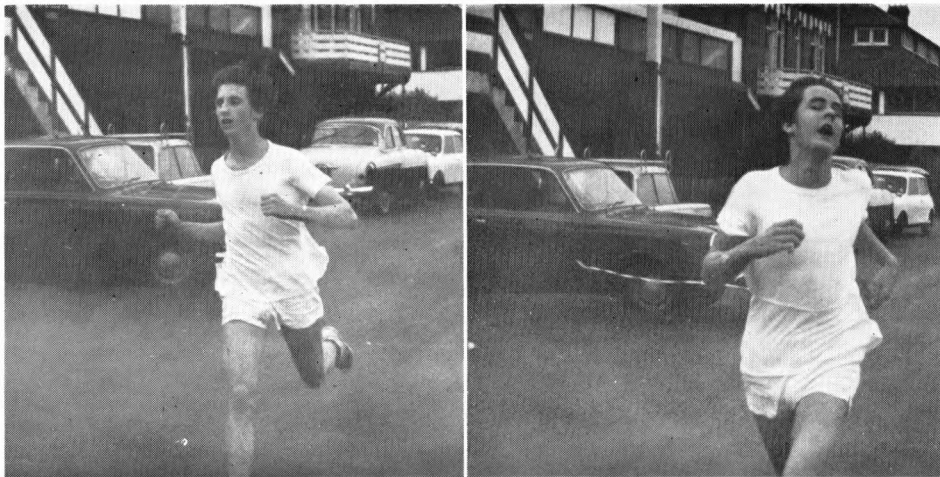
This year must be reckoned as one of our best, making a clean sweep of all the long distance cups, winning the Bringsty Relay and the House Relays.

For the first time ever the long distance races were held in October and Grants had both the individual winners as well as winning the team cups. In the Senior, Tim Gardam, though still under 16, won the race with commendable performances by Mark Deighton, fourth, Daniel Brittain-Catlin, sixth, Marcus Campbell, ninth, and Simon Williams, eleventh. In the Junior race Timothy Woods, secretary of Athletics, won the race in a record time of 15min. 23.7sec. and was backed up admirably by Edward Wates, fifth, David Selby Johnston, eighth and Charles Taylor, eleventh. Special mention must be given to Anthony Macwhinnie, whose birthday it was, and who unfortunately lost a shoe in the mud at the start; but continued heroically, alternating his one gym shoe from one foot to the other at regular intervals to relieve the pain and came in twenty-sixth.

The conditions for the Bringsty Relay, a further report on which can be seen elsewhere in this issue, were far from favourable but we took the lead right from the start through Edward Wates. This lead which was increased with every leg was built up and we finished over one minute ahead of the next house. The successful team consisted of, in the Open, Marcus Campbell, Paul Hooper and Tim Gardam, who ran with a temperature of over 100. In the under sixteens we had Simon Killwick, who lost his way, Edward Wates and Tim Woods, and in the under fourteen and a halves, David Ray, Ian Reid and Christopher Tiratsoo.

In the House Relays, at the end of the Lent term, the Bringsty team was strengthened by Robin Shute, David Bernstein, Antony Macwhinnie, and Robert Crawford in the seniors, by Philip Hatton, Hamish Reid and Charles Taylor in the under sixteens and by Patrick Holford in the under fourteen and a halves. Unfortunately our only success was in the senior relays which we won convincingly. However, these gave us the House Relay Cup before the last event, the Medlay Relay, which we won for the second year in succession, Tim Woods running a fast 880 yards for his first outing of the season.

Perhaps the reason why we are so single-minded in our success is due to the fact that though we are lacking in professional inspiration in our football team, the distinguished ex-Oxford athlete and house tutor, Mr. Michael Brown, coached us admirably and with luck our new house tutor, Mr. John Baxter, will do the same for our cricket team.



Tim Gardam, winner of the Senior Long Distance Race and Tim Woods, winner of the Junior

WATER

With only thirteen oarsmen up Grant's doing Water, and with Busby's holding a large monopoly, we are hardly able to be strongly represented in any one crew. However, we do have two representatives in the first VIII, the number seven Simon Woods, who is the first Head of Water we have had up Grant's since Sam Nevin, and the cox Tim Williams. Two oarsmen in the Colts eight, one in the Colt's four, two in Junior Colts A and assorted Juniors make up the numbers.

Last year's school regatta proved quite successful with the capturing of the Junior Colts Fours Cup. This may seem a modest achievement but in comparison with previous barren years, for Grant's it is really quite a success. This year too, our future in the Senior Sculls and Junior-Senior Fours looks quite bright.

Nevertheless, the importance of House rowing, in most Watermen's eyes, has sunk very low and does not look like rising again from the murk of the river. Perhaps this is where it belongs. From the former insular and unprogressive approach, nowadays the emphasis has moved from inter-House rowing to inter-schools competitions with the result that faster, better crews are emerging, not perhaps as a phoenix from the ashes, but more like an eight legged spider from the Thames.

FIVES

The Fives season was highlighted by the inter-house competition in which many Grantites participated. Unfortunately, the final was won by a pair from Wren's. Runners-up were Grantites, Paul Hooper and Peter Lennon, the former also being the secretary of School fives.

CHESS

This year's House Chess Tournament saw a remarkable Granite achievement. We got through the first round with a bye, triumphed in the second with another, and owing to a bye reached the final. Unfortunately the final has been cancelled.

THE BRINGSTY RELAY

This year Grant's won the Bringsty Relay. A statement which will evoke no surprise because Grant's are always winning the Bringsty. In fact out of the thirty-two times the race has been run, Grantites have brought home the baton twenty-three times. Because the House seems to have made the race so very much its own preserve, the present generation and those of the past who were not wartime evacuees may be interested to know something of its original venue and early days.

The Bringsty takes its name from a common in Herefordshire, for it was in this part of the country that the School finally came to rest in 1940 after its wanderings via Lancing and Exeter University. The common lies astride the main road from Worcester to Bromyard. It is on undulating ground, covered mainly with bracken and gorse, intersected with grassy paths and, at its lower end, drainage ditches. Dotted about its expanse are numerous enclosed small holdings, together with a delightful country inn—The Live and Let Live. The ground rises to its highest point near the main road, and here it is dominated by a copse of trees, and Jubilee oaks which were planted in 1897 by the commoners to commemorate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria. The local blacksmith made a wrought-iron fence to protect the saplings and also seats from where one could gaze at the Malvern Hills in the distance. These, unhappily, were ripped out during the metal drive during the last war, never collected, and left to rot in the undergrowth. A few hundred yards away, and on not quite so high ground, is the second feature of the common—a blasted oak of perfect symmetry—and it was from here the race started and finished.

The first race was run in the Lent term of 1941, and needless to say, Grant's won, and although we had not yet been metricated, the format remains the same today. A Junior started the race, and ran mostly downhill or on the level for half a mile. A Colt took over and run the next mile, finishing at the start after quite a punishing final stretch up hill. A Senior then ran the whole course of a mile and a half, the whole thing being repeated three times to make the total race nine miles long.

In the early days of the race Grant's were housed in splendid isolation at Fernie Bank, a mile or so to the south of the common, across a valley and away from the main road. The rest of the school however were either at Whitbourne or Buckenhill (where the House moved in 1943, about three miles to the east and west). Maybe it was because we had to do far more cycling than other Houses, for lessons were never held at Fernie, that we developed the athletic prowess that has remained ever since!

I ran as a Junior in the 1942 relay and I am happy to say we won. The events of 1943 are best forgotten since for some inexplicable reason, Ashburnham combined with Homeboarders to beat us; perhaps I was not running or maybe I was. We returned to winning form the next year and again in 1945 when the race was run for the last time on its own common.

On return to Westminster, the natural place for the relay was Wimbledon Common, beloved manoeuvring ground of the Training Corps so in 1946 the race was run round the top of the bowl which surrounds Queensmere, and it has taken place here ever since. It must be recorded that Grant's won once again as they continued to do until 1954 when, for the second time, an unaugmented Ashburnham wrested the trophy from us. Whatever did become of Homeboarders?

The House is now on another winning run, the victory this year being the sixth in succession, and no doubt the good work will be continued. But here is a thought for next year—why not a Bringsty on Bringsty? It should not be too difficult to arrange and it would make a splendid Guild Day for the whole school, apart from contributing to the land of the 'Live and Let Live.'

norman p. andrews

OLD Grantites and Westminsters generally have lost a very loyal friend by the death of Norman Palmer Andrews which took place very suddenly at a meeting of the Old Westminster Masonic Lodge on November 5th.

He was the son of the late David P. Andrews, sometime Chief Solicitor to the L.C.C., and came up Grant's as a boarder in May 1913. His Westminster career was spectacular. When he left in 1917 he was Head of Grant's, a School Monitor, a double Pink, (Captain of both the cricket and football XIs), C.S.M. of the school O.T.C., and a leading member of various school societies.

After holding a commission for two years in the Grenadier Guards (Special Reserve), at the end of the 1914-18 War he went into business in the Midlands where he sat on the local bench.

But he always remained in close touch with the school, and in due course became President of the Elizabethan Club and of the Old Grantite Club, as well as serving on the Council of the Westminster School Society. A prominent Mason, he was a member of Grand Lodge and was the reigning W.Master of the Old Westminsters' Lodge at the time of his death.

He will be greatly missed at all Old Westminster gatherings where he was always a welcome figure and surrounded by hosts of friends of all generations.

old granite club

THE Annual General Meeting was held on Tuesday, January 18th, at 2 Little Dean's Yard. Mr. L. E. Tanner, the senior past president, took the chair and paid a moving and eloquent tribute to Mr. N. P. Andrews who had died while still in office as president. (See obituary above).

Lord Rea was elected president, but, as he was absent abroad, Mr. Tanner remained in the chair. Mr. R. D. Creed resigned from the General Committee and Mr. J. A. Rentoul and Mr. V. T. M. R. Tenison were elected to it. Re-elected were Mr. M. B. MacC. Brown as Honorary Secretary, Mr. R. R. Davies as Honorary Treasurer and Mr. R. P. C. Hillyard to the Committee. Mr. A. W. Abbott and Mr. G. P. Stevens were re-nominated Honorary Auditors of the Club. Mr. J. S. Baxter, as House Tutor, was elected as Honorary Member of the Club.

Mr. F. D. Hornsby thanked Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee for all he had done for the Club during his long term of office as Honorary Secretary and presented him with an inscribed cigarette-box on behalf of the Club.

The formalities and business having been included, we adjourned to drink sherry in the Housemaster's private rooms which he had kindly placed at our disposal, and we were joined by the House Matron, Mrs. C. J. Fenton, the Head of House, the House Monitors and the Editor of the *Granite Review*.

CONGRATULATIONS TO:

Mr. Robert Carr on his appointment as Lord President of the Council and Leader of the House of Commons.

ANNOUNCEMENT:

Davies.—On June 19th, 1971, to Richard and Susanna, (*née* Pawson), a daughter, Ruth Emily Catherine.

william grant and sons ltd.
a short history of the company
a story of independence, perseverance and success

ON April 16th, 1746, the clansmen of Scotland were routed at the Battle of Culloden Moor. One of the few survivors of the massacre was Alexander Grant, great grandfather of the Founder.

It is to Alexander Grant's soldier grandson, who was destined to become famous locally as "Old Waterloo," that the connection with Dufftown, in Banffshire is due.

After serving with the Gordon Highlanders in the Napoleonic Wars, "Old Waterloo" stayed in this Speyside village, which lies in the shade of historic Balvenie Castle. His son, William, the Founder of the Company, was born on December 19th, 1839. His first job, at the age of seven, was when he was hired by a farmer for the summer to herd the cattle on the hillsides. His first full-time job was as an apprentice cobbler, but he soon saw that there would be no future in local cobbling and got a job, as a book-keeper, at a Distillery.

William Grant quickly became the Manager of this Distillery and worked there for 20 years learning all about whisky making and, most important, saving his money.

The Company possesses his notebooks in which he systematically noted all the technical details of distilling, not only where he worked but at the other distilleries which he visited.

On September 3rd, 1886, William Grant gave up his post as Manager of Mortlach. He had been there for 20 years exactly to a day.

William Grant drew the plans for The Glenfiddich Distillery himself. He and his seven sons toiled seven days a week in the execution of these plans with the absolute minimum of outside assistance. All through 1887 the walls rose steadily, the roof timbers went up and finally they scoured the countryside for plant and the outstanding purchase was the acquisition of the distilling apparatus—copper stills, the worms, the mash tun and the wash-backs—secondhand for £119 19s. 10d.

On Christmas Day 1887, the first whisky ran from the first spirit still of Grant's Glenfiddich Distillery.

From the day Grant's whisky was first produced it was recognised in the whisky market as one of outstanding quality credited mainly to the pure water supplied from the Robbie Dhub spring, the secret source of which was passed on to William Grant by a Catholic priest.

William Grant's success led others to follow in his trail and indeed within a few years five more distilleries were built in Dufftown, but William Grant had



The art of the cooper is kept alive by the whisky industry. Grant's employ 35 coopers at their distilleries.



Glenfiddich Malt Whisky is matured in the cask for an average of 8 to 10 years.

secured the important land adjoining Glenfiddich and five years after the completion of that Distillery his success had been such that he was in a position to build his second distillery, Balvenie.

Expansion made William Grant feel for the first time the need of more helpers than the circle of his own sons and he invited his son-in-law, Charles Gordon, to come into the business.

Mr. Gordon's first move was to find a base from which to operate the wholesale trade and rather naturally Glasgow was chosen.

The brand name "Standfast" was selected for its historic importance as the battle cry of Clan Grant.

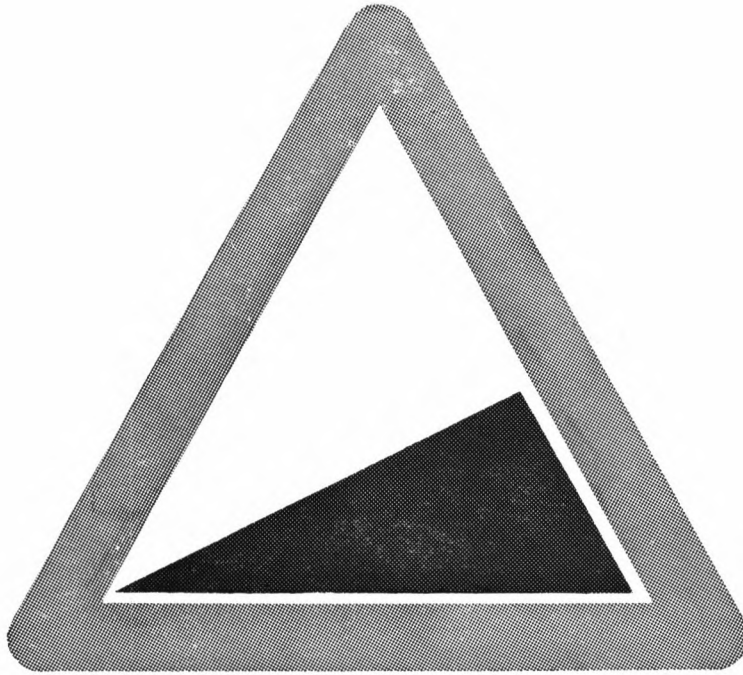
After 503 calls Charles Gordon had only sold 12 bottles of whisky, but by 1904 the home market was set on its slow but sure road to steady progress and the company was able to explore possibilities abroad. At that time Canada was the best overseas market and in 1904 John Grant, the Founder's eldest son, was successful in opening agencies not only there but in the United States. He continued to

visit these markets in subsequent years, while Charles Gordon turned to the East. His very first tour covered India, Burma, Malaya, Hong Kong, China Japan, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania and Ceylon and it lasted 15 months.

From that day on the Company has continued to expand until in 1956 demand necessitated the opening of a bottling plant at Paisley near Glasgow. From here Grant's is exported to 190 markets.

In 1963 the Company built a grain Distillery at Girvan in Ayrshire. This Distillery and its sister Ladyburn Lowland Malt Distillery, opened in 1966, are the most modern Scotch Whisky Distilleries in the world. The Company also has a wholly owned subsidiary company in the U.S.A., William Grant & Sons, Inc., with a bottling plant at New Jersey.

William Grant & Sons Ltd., are now the largest independent distillers of Scotch Whisky in the world, still controlled by direct descendants of the Founder.



Make the Special Grade with the Midland

It'll pay you handsomely If you are a personable young man with good examination results, join the Midland Bank.

Holding 'A' levels in certain subjects will entitle you to an immediate year's seniority on the basic salary scale. And you will qualify for "Study leave" to prepare for the Institute of Bankers Examinations. Show that you are able, and you will be put in the Special Grade. This means that your salary could go up by as much as £240 a year; and you would be sure you were being marked out for a management role in the Bank.

Make a note of this A high proportion of present-day entrants to the Midland Bank will reach managerial rank. *You can do this in your early 30's, earning £3,000, rising to £6,000 and more.* By becoming a marked man at the Midland, you can make your mark early.

Find out more about us Write to:
**The Staff Manager,
Midland Bank Limited,
Poultry, London, EC2P 2BX.**



Midland Bank

A Great British Bank

John Christopher

The 'Prince' trilogy

THE PRINCE IN WAITING · BEYOND THE BURNING LANDS · THE SWORD OF THE SPIRITS

'John Christopher has set his three novels in a future time. The Earth had a Disaster. The Twentieth Century ended in ruins. London's abandoned, and volcanoes now stretch from Bath to Chester . . . Mr Christopher's trilogy—which *The Sword of the Spirits* completes—is wonderfully spun. Our hero begins as a soldier's son but fails in the final pages to be great. Though he makes a dwarf a free man he finishes as powerful and silly as any grown-up. Though in the earlier books—*The Prince in Waiting* and *Beyond the Burning Lands*—he'd been the wily swordsman, the David against Goliath, he finishes using Sten guns against his own birth-town whose people are armed only with gleaming swords. Butcher. Traitor. Grown up—to make a trilogy of books that are realer than a pantomime. Cleaner than Gulliver's Travels. More earthy and meaty than *Dr Who*. More gutsy than Rudyard Kipling and simpler than Shakespeare.' *The Times*

£1.25, £1.25 and £1.40

THE GUARDIANS

'Set in an England where "pop" culture has reached a raucous climax in the crowded, horrible Conurb, separated by a long fence from the County, in which the privileged classes lead a carefully archaic life as country gentlefolk. A small group of "Guardians" holds ultimate power over the two nations, which appear contented and have no wish to mix: the barrier between them is no Berlin wall but (convincingly) a flimsy affair of wire mesh, not even electrified. The young hero Rob Randall hates Conurban life, crosses the fence, and is adopted by a County family, the Giffords; but as he becomes assimilated to the life of the gentry his friend and opposite number, Mike Gifford, begins to develop revolutionary ideas and run into trouble.' *Guardian* Winner of the 1971 *Guardian Award* £1.25

Published in Great Britain by Hamish Hamilton

and in the U.S.A. by The Macmillan Company

Jane Gardam

A LONG WAY FROM VERONA

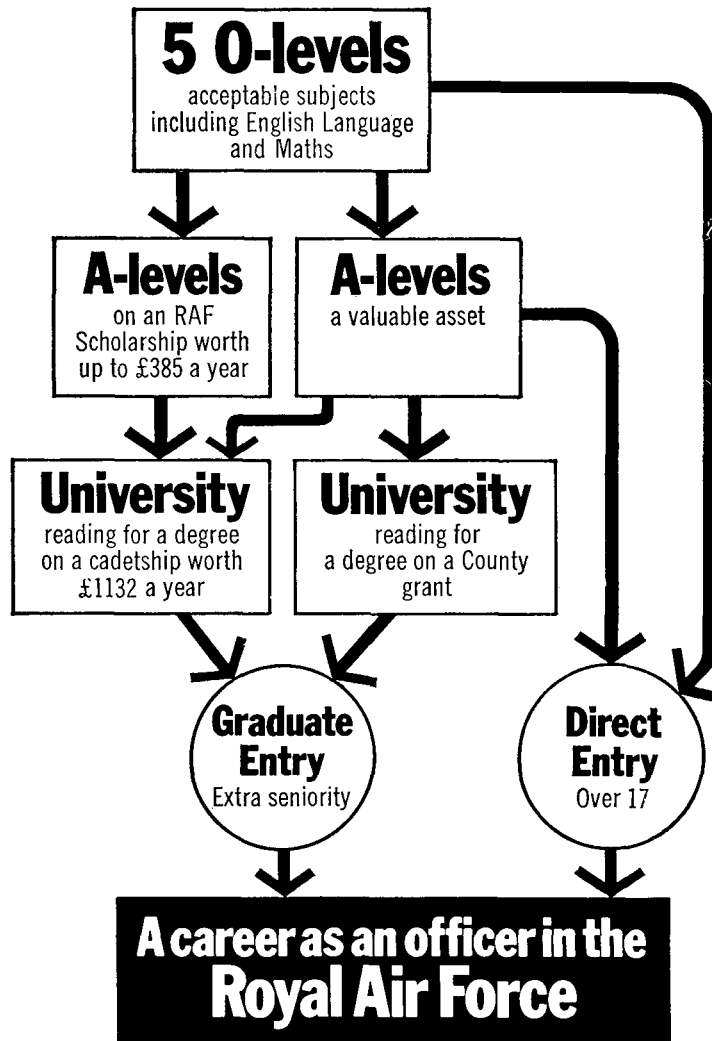
'A book to be judged by the highest standards, a fiercely funny, eccentric and personal novel. Jessica Vye is twelve in 1940, a daygirl at a dull school; her father has given up being a housemaster somewhere to become a curate rather late in life, and socially they have dropped, or so Mrs Vye feels. There's a weekend with some grander friends—or rather non-friends, because Jessica hates them; an outing with a beautiful boy who turns out to be much less beautiful next time she sees him; an air raid, a whispered compliment from an Italian prisoner of war. Life moves along, adolescence advancing, the war grinds forward. Here is a brilliant talent that, if it appeared in adult fiction, would be noisily greeted and deserve to be.' *Spectator* £1.40


Griselda Greaves

THE BURNING THORN

'Griselda Greaves has put together the most unusual anthology I've seen. *The Burning Thorn* gains its extraordinary power from three things. Its compiler is alive to the pulse of youth. She knows her poetry inside out and gleans it from wide sources: west and east, old professional and young novice, ancient and modern—though more modern than ancient. Most of all she has not been satisfied merely to string everything together in some kind of intelligent but nevertheless arbitrary arrangement. She has pondered her poems—all of them with their feet treading solid images and dealing most of all in people and their emotions—until she discovered a structure which gives the book an accumulative effect.' *The Times Educational Supplement* £1.50

*Published in Great Britain by Hamish Hamilton
and in the U.S.A. by The Macmillan Company*



 If you are interested — in flying, engineering, logistics or administration — now is the time to do something about it. Your careers master has full information and, if you like, he can arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer; this is quite informal, and an excellent way to find out more about the RAF. Two more ideas: Write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZD1) London WC1X 8RU, giving your date of

birth and details of your present and expected educational qualifications; or pick up some leaflets at the nearest RAF Careers Information Office — address in phone book.

Royal Air Force



**Lloyds Bank
really does
give a
school leaver
something extra.**

What is it?

You're on the threshold of . . . what? The job you take when you leave school *might* turn out to be your career. We hope it will. On the other hand, it *might* be something you'll move on from.

We're in the comfortable position of saying to a young man: you'll do very well by starting at Lloyds Bank, whichever way it turns out for you.

Especially as we're a big organisation. That means we've got openings that are suitable for an extra-wide range of temperaments, of abilities.

More practically – we start you on a decent salary, with sky's-the-limit prospects. We train you for a professional future. We . . . well, we have an unusual amount to offer, present and future – adding up to more than nearly all the other 'giants' in the country can match.

If you've already sent to us for our 'literature', you'll know all the details. (If you haven't, *please* do.)

But, we strongly suggest, the time has come when it's worth your while to put in for one of our two-way interviews, where we can work out if you'll suit us, where you can work out if we'll suit you.

Please write, mentioning how you stand with your GCE's (O or A levels) and CSE's to: The General Manager (Staff), Lloyds Bank Limited, 71 Lombard Street, London E.C.3.

Lloyds Bank looks after people like you



