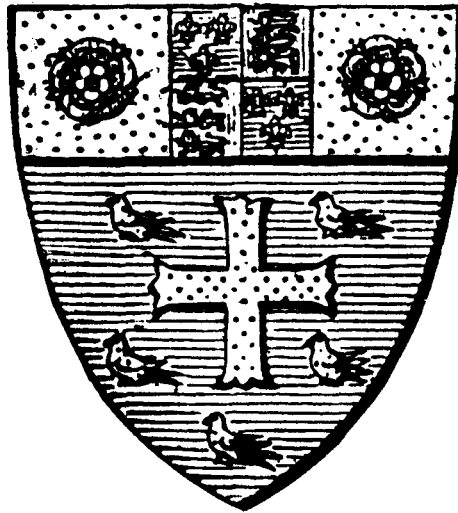


The

Grantite

Nascitur exiguus



vires

Review.

acquirit eundo.

PLAY, 1978

LENT, 1979

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EDITORIAL

Now we say farewell to the tenth Housemaster of Grant's. On such occasions it is natural for senior Grantites to look back on their time up Grant's, and even the most anti-establishment grow sentimental. Many will be leaving with him this year, including the Editors, for nearly a third of the House is in the Remove. It is the time when they ask themselves whether their time was well-spent, whether they have not wasted "The golden hours which never return."

Such moribund sentiments lead more than anything else to flagging morale and failing loyalty. Grant's is a living house, and has a new Housemaster, to whom we extend the warmest welcome. Let the juniors regard their seniors with disgust, and turn once more to the task of maintaining the Golden Age of Grant's, which has been handed on since the last century, and so ably upheld by Mr. Hepburne-Scott, which sets Grant's above any other house, and seems never to end. Generations of Grantites and their Housemasters come and go, but the spirit and tradition of Grant's lives forever.

H.C.E.A.v.B.
J.T.D.G.

HOUSE DIARY

Articles on ghosts have appeared in the Grantite Review on at least two occasions, one apparently tibiaed from the other. We feel it worthwhile mentioning the subject again however, because two enterprising Grantites are hoping to make the acquaintance of a ghost in Westminster Abbey. Permission is being sought from the relevant powers for Cuddeford and Melvin to spend the night in Abbey. While on the subject, a fellow up Liddell's, currently in the Remove, claimed to have seen a ghost in his study last year. The ghost, we are told, was wearing nondescript (and so undateable) clothes and a beard. The clairvoyant thought he was a burglar until, on being addressed, he faded away. Meanwhile, a superstition has been brought to our notice, which seems to have died out, that whoever treads on the tomb of Samuel Flood Jones in the Cloisters will be haunted by the occupant thereof on the anniversary (26 Feb) of his death. The origin of this belief is thought to be the inscription on the tomb which reads:

WHEN I AWAKE UP AFTER THY LIKENESS
I SHALL BE SATISFIED WITH IT.

Another House Tutor, M. Daniel, has left us after many day's good service.

Grant's appropriately fielded more competitors for the Greaze pancake than any other house, and the Greaze was won for Grant's by S. Squire Esq., thus repeating the feat of G. Rackham two years ago. Other Grantites who made themselves conspicuous before the television camera on that occasion were D. Heyman, who seemed to have a grudge against a fellow competitor, H.C.E. Arnold-Baker, who attempted to leap clean over the heap of struggling bodies, and R.B. Ray, who contrived to have his leg bent double the wrong way. M. Lipman arrived disguised as a pregnant Ayatollah.

The BBC made a film of the School in the Lent term, and used the House Tutor's Common Room (the old Housemaster's Study) up Grant's as their planning room. Many of their scenes of Yard are filmed from there. Fortunately they were not molested by the Grantite saboteur who endeavoured to cut the Head Master off in mid-sermon during Commem.

Knelging was for the second time forced underground, but we are told that the W.F.G.K. (In Exile) is planning an uprising next year.

Grant's is going to be used as a hostel for tourists in the summer, and the prostitution of the House, begun by Dryden's, was confirmed when half the School marched in and held a jumble-sale in Hall.

Finally, we must make a special mention of Morell. Called upon at two hours' notice to perform a large part in the Ashburnham House Play, he succeeded, script in hand, in carrying the part off very creditably to the extent that he undoubtedly held the play together. He was thereupon awarded his Ashburnham House Seniors, earning the doubly remarkable distinction of wearing the tie of another house and wearing a Seniors tie while still in the Lower School. We uphold this as a fine example of how Grantites can always beat the enemy at their own game.

HOUSE NOTES

ELECTION TERM 1978

Departures! Harrison, Batten, Cooper, Cary (to WW)

PLAY TERM 1978

Lavenstein was Head of House

Urquhart was Head of Hall

The Dormitory Monitors were: N. Croft, King, Jackson

The Monitors were: Ray, Gardom, Reid, Brittain-Catlin, C.A. Croft, Nutting.

Arrivals! Baddeley, Bennet, Cuddeford, Dawbarn, Doxat, Earle, Ford, Skarbeck, Targett.

Departures! Lavenstein, Brittain-Catlin, Nutting, Kavanagh.

LENT TERM 1979

Urquhart was Head of House

Ray was Head of Hall

The Dormitory Monitors were: Jepson, Loose.

The Monitors were: Reid, Gardom, Croft, Everington, Service, Arnold-Baker, Cranleigh-Swash, Squire, Tyrell.

Arrivals! Adams, Donovan, Gane, Gordon, Hornsby, Miller Smith, Satchu, Schofield, P.N. Wood.

ELECTION TERM 1979

New Monitors: Blaksley, Miller, Howard, Levan.

The following colours have been awarded:—

H.C.E. Arnold-Baker	Colts
C.G. Dawson	Pinks
J.E. Hamilton	House Seniors
D.J. Heyman	Pinks
C.G.B. Horne	House Juniors (2nd time)
M.C.I. Lipman	House Seniors (3rd time)
J.D.G. Morell	Ashburnham House Seniors
R.B. Ray	Pinks (4th time)
A.M. Satchu	House Juniors
S.W.P. Squire	Pinks
S.R.M. Tyrell	House Juniors & Seniors
J.E.J. Vickers	House Seniors
R.R. Wood	Pinks, House Seniors
P.N. Wood	House Juniors

MR. HEPBURNE-SCOTT

Mr. Hepburne-Scott has left Grant's in good order, a remarkable achievement considering the changes wrought in his time. Even in my own time at Westminster I have seen the character of all the other houses, day houses first, boarding houses swiftly following, sink into a kind of grey anonymity. Grant's alone remains, a bastion of individuality, a place where notorious eccentrics may reside in peace, unshackled by the need to follow the Herd. Grant's alone remains a house that can be believed in, and its outstanding station record demonstrates that the fellows are willing to work for it. Grant's alone remains a house where necessary discipline is accepted without grumbling, a vital community, a unit within the School; and Grantites remain the most pleasant, helpful, frank and characterful people in the School.

It would be impossible to list the thousands of things that Mr. Hepburne-Scott has done to produce this happy result, but I mention some at least as an inadequate tribute to the man who has held Grant's together for the last ten years.

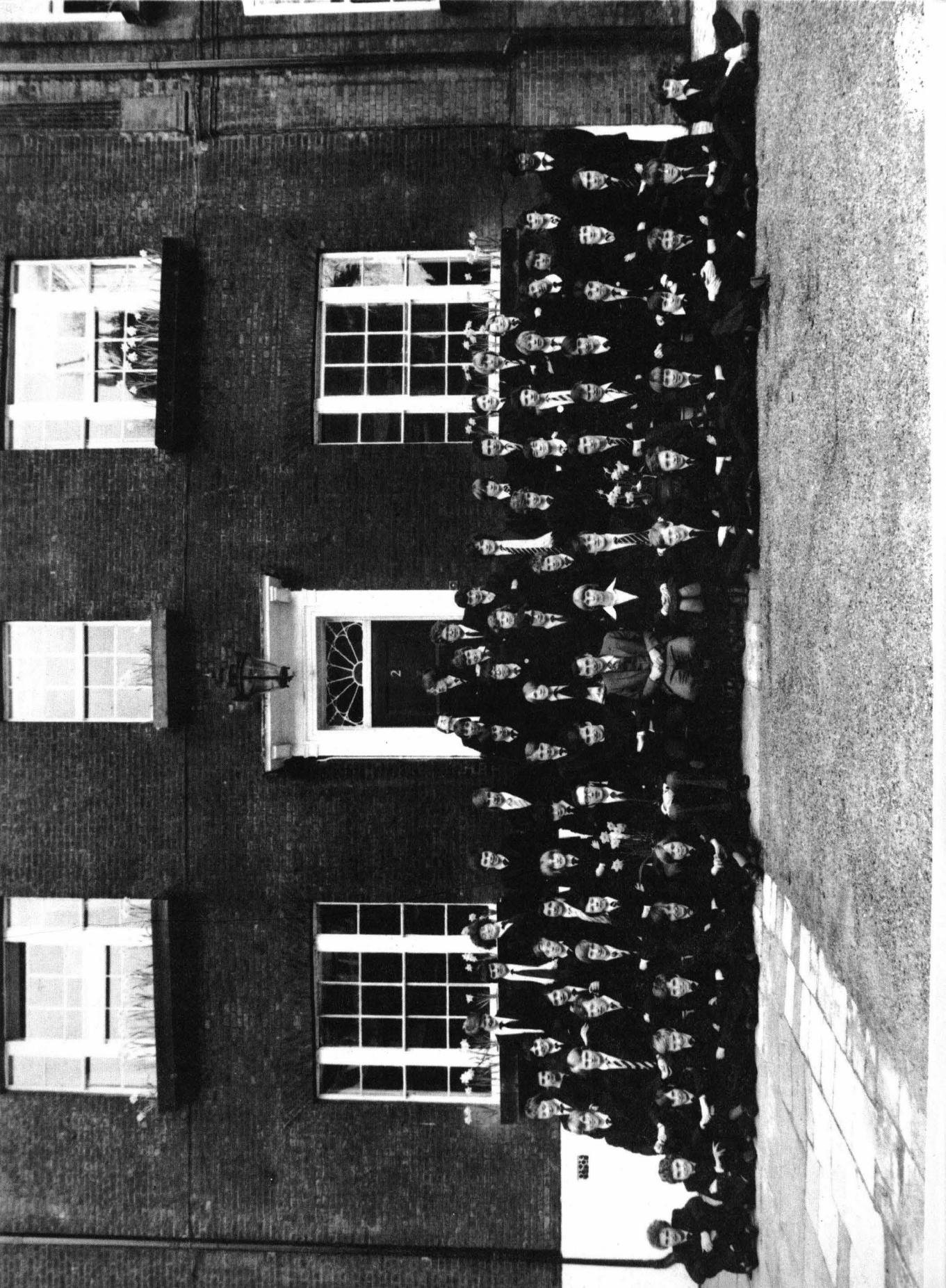
Most characteristic of the departing Housemaster has been his continuous, diligent, scrupulous desire to be fair to all parties in the inevitable disputes that occur among fellows and with masters. Although himself a man of strong opinions on the subject of correct conduct, the need for tact and timing, he has always gone to great lengths to hear and consider every opinion and point of view before casting his lot. As a result there has been a sort of honesty and straightforwardness about dealings in the House that is unique in my experience. Confident of a fair hearing, people of all stations have resisted the temptation to embroider, issues have not been clouded by the haze of half-truth that hangs over other houses, and so solutions have been quick and just.

Less obviously contributing to the quality of life in the House, but nonetheless vital to the monitor in his job of making Grant's a pleasant place to work in, has been the Housemaster's unfailing support of his Monitorial. Any monitor making a reasonable decision has always been sure that he will not be gainsaid by higher authority, and a monitor in doubt or perplexity has been guaranteed a stock of sensible, practical advice. This in a decade when the bonds of authority have been so loosened in other houses that they hardly know how to run themselves. Grant's has maintained an easy, serviceable discipline, relaxed enough to allow sensitivity.

Mr. Hepburne-Scott has been constantly reviewing the customs, services and duties of the House, seeing to it that nothing of value that could be saved was lost, and nothing injurious or onerous, that was not indispensable, was allowed to remain. The position of the Housemaster is a powerful one, and the slightest neglect on his part can cause real suffering to the House. Mr. Hepburne-Scott has never been guilty of such neglect.

We look forward to the advent of Mr. and Mrs. Baxter with pleasure and interest and are delighted to be able to inform Mr. Baxter that his house is well, and has never been in better spirit.





GRANTITISM, A DISINTERESTED ANALYSIS

In following for this analysis the Games playing rule following the model adopted by Berne (Berne GPP Ent) I do not feel any need to apologise. We learn, impressively argued is Szasz (Szasz M.O.M.I. Bks 1, 2, 3) that, combined with conceptual role-analysis it allows us to simplify, and possibly to reconcile the age old, nay classical dichotomy of mechanistic causality and vitalistic teleology. Hence for instance, we need not have recourse to the concept of the relationship of matter and ethics (surely vitalism at its root) in the Catholic explanation of 'natural law'. A Grantite is not merely the sum of the functions of the effectors of his life (logically incontrovertible though this may appear it lacks cogency or application as a model). Furthermore goal direction, a question say of apparent success and failure, is of no account. The well observed phenomenon that whereas Grantites never fail in anything in which they desire to succeed, yet they do not apparently have a vastly unusual level of success is rendered logical in the following manner:-

- L.L. Come to Macdonalds for a hamburger.
 G.G. No, I'm going up house to listen to some records.
 L.L. Aw, do come.
 G.G. No, I want to listen to some records.

Apparently Grant's one Liddell's nil. In fact Liddell's is level, he cannot lose. Liddell's is playing at being hard done by. If Grant's had come to Macdonalds he would have forced Liddell's to pay, and more significantly Liddell's would have paid. Alternatively, if Liddell's had joined Grant's up Grant's, he would have been forced to drink treacly black coffee, and indeed would have drunk it. Hence we can characterise the roles played,

- L.L. Kick me in the face you dirty rat!
 G.G. Go away little boy.

which you will recognise as typical psychotic family chit chat. If further proof were needed that the original interchange is not to be taken at its face value, let us reflect that no one would voluntarily eat at Macdonalds, least of all in the company of a Grantite, and, conversely that Grantite taste in music is notoriously appalling. It is possible to trace this superiority/masochism syndrome, from the state of intra personal object relationships back to a more general statement of relative confidence/happiness. Non Grantites are clearly operating in a goal directed manner when they indulge in the "Kick my face in you dirty rat" procedure that accompanies asking a Grantite to do almost anything. A particular case history I would refer to is from Freud,

"A certain Frau Macall, although a highly intelligent woman came to me suffering from water on the knee. She was about four ft. four ins. in height. With the aid of dream analysis and thumbscrews I was able to extract from her that she believed that walking long distances shortened the legs. Apparently her father had told her so. Whenever she met a woman substantially taller than herself, she went for a long walk, in order to accentuate what she regarded as her unattractive shortness (her father's comment also). She thus obtained for herself the right to the pity that her father had lavished upon her lycanthropic brother."

Hence we may tentatively suggest that in making a nuisance of themselves, and humiliating themselves non Grantites are wishing to lay themselves open for that portion of Grantite charity notoriously reserved for animals in pain, blind beggars, the Headmaster etc. The 'pay-off' is to find yourself, within your own imagination, part of this class, and therefore beloved of Grantites. The validity of Grant's as a father figure is accentuated by the fact that it is all male, the wisdom of its Housemaster, and the general sense of order and discipline that prevails. The Grantites payoff is thus more to do with the pleasure of seeing justice done to the better man, than any personal desire for glory.

Indeed, the transmission of personal admiration under these circumstances changes the rules. Let us amend our original example:

L.L. Oh GG, I think you're marvellous, come to Macdonalds for a hamburger - I will pay. We will then observe G.G. trying to force play back to its original position.

G.G. Yeah, sure! If you don't shut up I'll kick your face in (you dirty rat!). This is because G.G. is always naturally modest and is unwilling to let personal vanity creep in.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR CAMBRIDGE LETTER

To the Editor of THE GRANTITE REVIEW

Dear Sir,

To my knowledge, there are currently five Old Grantite's up at Cambridge as undergraduates; Richard Carr, Robert Lupton, Peter Everington, Pip Bowers and Guy Rackham.

Richard Carr is currently up at Clare College in his third year, studying Engineering. I managed to catch him in his rooms a day or so ago, and learnt a little about his current activities and future plans. Those that knew him will be glad to hear that he is quite well attached to a certain very good-looking girl who is a sister of one of his Westminster contemporaries. She was present when I went to see him and demonstrated very well the theory that it takes a woman to bring out the best in a man. Richard, a keen photographer and cyclist, has recently emerged, I understand, from a "very long-haired" phase, a change which no doubt had something to do with her tempering influence. He has a rather amusing photo of himself as he was if anyone cares to see it. His other passion of the moment is a 1955 Ford Prefect of which he is a garrulously proud owner.

Richard leaves Cambridge at the end of this term and plans to travel extensively, particularly to Australia, before returning to a job in an Engineering consultancy firm in London.

Robert Lupton is just finishing his third year at Trinity College studying Natural Sciences. His specialisation is Theoretical Physics, and his proudest achievement as far as he is concerned, is that he has finally managed to pip his brother, a Trinity man himself. 'Bert, like his brother, obtained two A's and two A1's at A-level followed by a Scholarship to Trinity. His brother however, unfortunately dropped one grade - from a 1st to a II.1 - in his second year, and as Robert has maintained 1st's throughout, which won't surprise those who knew him, he now stands ahead of his brother in their continuing battle for superiority.

For those who wondered, in one of his more modest moments, I found out that the real reason why he did not study Geology, his Schoolday passion, up at Cambridge, was because the course was too simple for him - Do we have another Laithwaite here? He has of course excelled at Nat. Sci. gaining the top 1st in Applied Maths last year I believe, plus numerous scholarships and Awards which the college continue to throw his way. I understand that where the average commoner dreads his college bill, Robert looks forward to his, because they usually end up owing him money rather than the other way round.

On his lighter side, he has developed a keen-ness for Table Tennis and continues with his love of 'Go', even to the extent of having a five foot square 'Go' board in his rooms. Like Richard, Robert also went through a bit of a long-haired phase. Indeed, he can often be seen wandering round Cambridge sporting a rather moth-eaten beard and still wearing the sandals for which he was well known. No doubt they are the same ones that he wore at school.

When Rag week comes round here at Trinity, one of our biggest fund raisers is an activity called the "Custard Vote". For the two weeks leading up to Rag day, one can purchase 5p tickets from our main conference room - the bar. Each ticket constitutes a vote on the person you "most like to hate" - in a sporting fashion of course. I believe that I'm right in saying that at one point this time round, Robert had over £100 invested against him by his "friends", but unfortunately the final vote went to another Natural Scientist. Robert did however have the honour of coming 2nd, and being allowed to administer the prize - 5 gallons of custard poured on the unfortunate victim from a great height.

Robert leaves Trinity at the end of this year for one year to work for a Nuclear Power company prior to his return here to study for his Ph.D. To his friends I think that he is best summed up and remembered by a certain bracelet which he possesses with the equation of motion for a Heisenberg operator engraved upon it.

Peter Everington is also an undergraduate of Trinity College, currently in his second year studying Engineering. As a second year student, he is working hard for his Part I exams which he shortly faces. If you can find the poky little room which constitutes his lodgings, he will freely admit that his slightly low grade last year could reflect his low affinity for academics. He maintains that although he is no star, work-wise, he is probably brilliant in other directions, it is just that as yet, he hasn't discovered where these are.

A keen rower at Westminster, he continued with his rowing at Trinity, making the 1st boat for the Lent bumps last term. He tried unsuccessfully for the Blue boat last year, but insists that his nature requires him to beat his head against a brick wall, so he intends having another go later this year for next year's boats.

The row of photograph albums in his room is testimony to his continued interest in that field, and I understand that regular tea parties are held in his room for the purpose of viewing his photos and signing the Visitor's book; no doubt all Old Grantites have a standing invitation.

In other directions, Peter is a member of the University Air Squadron, and if his feet never seem to touch the ground, then this must be a result of many hours spent hooping, barrel-rolling, stall turning etc., high in the skies above Cambridge. He maintains that with Cambridge being as rainy as it is, getting up above the clouds is the only way to get a tan. He reluctantly admits that his being a member of the Air Squadron is partly attributable to a Mad Major who I believe occupies the House Next Door, and who first suggested to him the means by which he obtained generous support from the forces.

Peter intends to specialise in Aeronautical Engineering next year, and then plans either to work in the Aerospace field, or to read for the Bar.

Pip Bowers is unfortunately extremely hard to find, and so information about his activities is somewhat scant. He is a first year undergraduate at Trinity, but after only a short while up at Cambridge, I understand that the problems of the rest of the world weighed too heavily on his own conscience, forcing him to "drop-out". He is very busy championing Amnesty International, and the residents of a run down area of Cambridge known as the Kite. He has, for several months now, lived as a squatter in the Kite, to the exclusion of both his lectures and supervisions.

The battle between the council and the residents of the Kite has a long history, and that someone totally unconnected with the whole affair can commit himself so completely to its cause, is no doubt a credit to something or other. When Pip fails his exams at the end of this year and is asked to leave, when he finds himself not knowing what to do, the residents concerned will doubtless thank him most sincerely for his valuable sacrifice. Perhaps his place at Cambridge will ultimately be taken up by another Grantite who will use it to better advantage, and be rather more deserving than Pip.

Guy Rackham will be known by many still up Grant's, so his story is perhaps most interesting to them. Guy is just completing his first year of Engineering, also at Trinity College. Like Peter and Pip, he sees more to University life than just the academic side, and doesn't therefore expect to dazzle everyone with his forthcoming Tripos exams, though doubtless he will acquit himself well. He also continued with his rowing, and went straight into the college 1st boat for the Christmas and Lent terms. Unfortunately his other activities press him into giving up the rowing temporarily, which is a great shame for the college.

Guy is very much into his music, though in a rather more constructive way than most of those up here who absorb themselves in that field. He is organising a band of his own and has written a Rock musical which I gather is to be performed early in the Michaelmas term. He seems overall to have fitted very well into college life, and with his various inventions which I'm not allowed to mention as he hasn't patented them yet, no doubt we will hear much about him in the future.

With every good wish for the prosperity of the House,

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

CANTABRAGIENSIS

THE UNIVERSITY LIFE

For me the "University Experience" has been a great disappointment. Of my friends from Westminster who are now at University, I can think of only one who is positively enthusiastic. Amongst the rest "bearable" is the most common verdict.

You have probably already found yourselves being fed with a regular diet of "best years of my life", "marvellous opportunity", "wonderful people", etc. from your parents and their friends. Without question this is sincerely meant. University was, for them, a great leap into the world of freedom. Nowadays, however, such freedom is already the standard lifestyle for most seventeen or eighteen year olds. The Great Escape has already taken place.

This is true as much in the academic as the personal sphere (I am speaking about Arts subjects. Medicine and the Sciences are rather different). My own University, in common with many others, admits that its first year course is devoted to bringing students up to University standard. The basic level of competence among entrants makes this necessary. Consequently you may well find yourself marking time for the first three terms.

I wonder quite what the point of an Arts course is, in any case. If you are not doing something obviously useful, like learning to build bridges or talk to Frenchmen, it is normally assumed that you are "training your mind". I find it difficult to believe that my essays on Bismark or Wordsworth's Prelude are the best way of training my mind (or even a good way). I find the whole thing as bewildering and seemingly pointless as the games I played at children's parties, but never really understood.

But enough of the institution, what of the students? Doesn't the presence of glittering, intelligent, articulate folk, anxious to set the world to rights over late-night coffee, make it all worthwhile? No, it does not. I met more interesting and pleasant people when I was cleaning hospital floors, in my year off between school and University.

The truth is that Universities are too old and the students too young. Lecturers lack enthusiasm (drained by the 1960's?) and fail to inspire it. Students have done little to speak of, except to go to school. There is a general air of nervousness, and lack of confidence. No one quite knows why he is there. (Except for the fanatics, who proliferate).

Actually, most people make out fairly well. You soon find where the good pubs and cafes are. There are amateur theatricals, the all-in wrestling, and most Universities have a billiards room.....

But just think how exciting things could be if all the students were in their late, rather than their early, twenties. They would have done jobs, lived away from home, had affairs, children, etc. Their ideas would have some basis in real experience. Then perhaps we could really get somewhere.

T.H.P. Gardom O.G.

LITERACY AND CRITICISM

All Editors lack contributors. Literary famine has ever ravaged the Grantite Review. Sometimes thin, sometimes consumptive, the Grantite has plodded on. But this year it was pursued by a hitherto undreamt nightmare - illiteracy. While the Editors were ruminating on the state of Grant's English, one of them unearthed the document printed below. It was written by the other Editor, addressed to his colleague in his early youth as sound advice for making one's way in the World and the English Department. We print it in the hope that it may serve to advance the spread of literacy up Grant's.

THE NOVEL

Criticising novels is fairly easy. If it is 19th Century and between 300 and 1000 pages it is automatically a major work. It is a fairly good idea to crib the blurb for the first paragraph, because this gives the impression that not only have you completed the book, but perhaps read one or two others by the same author.

If it is a long boring plot then the book is a meticulous examination of character. cf. 'Portrait of a Lady', 'Mrs. Dalloway.'

If it is full of incredible characters then they are symbolic. The game is to try and make them symbolise something. cf. Dickens

If the plot is long and boring and the characters incredible then the book is an ambiguous examination of symbolic characters and really deep. cf. Hardy.

There is only really one other type of novel; that is the type you would be reading if you were not doing all your reading for English, which has real people and interesting plots, such as John Buchan and Alastair Maclean. These are to be frowned upon.

THE PLAY

The same rules of plot and character apply. A good bit of dramatic irony is always useful. General comments about the quality of verse are good, but careful work on the subject, unless asked for, is pedantry.

THE POEM

There is one cardinal rule in poetry, and that is to look for ambiguity. If you can prove that when a poet is saying one thing he means another, or when he is saying neither he means both, you are well away. A lot of poetry you cannot understand. This is because it is full of symbolism. The way to unravel this is to fit standard symbols into their slots i.e. 'white rose' = 'virginity', 'ape' = decadence, and then push on courageously, making the others into anything you like; any obvious mistakes will be either an 'original' or a 'very personal' interpretation, about half each.

THE SONNET

The object of the sonnet is to find layers of meaning. At least two are required for a good sonnet. As usual the ones you can't make head or tail of are the best. With Shakespeare be on the look-out for sarcasm and irony. If you can't find or make up any layers of meaning the sonnet is a 'delightful renaissance confection,' in a sympathetic, rather indulgent tone of voice.

THEMES

You can spot a theme whenever the same action or phrase occurs more than twice in a work (or more than once in a chapter, quatrain or scene). If for instance two people say 'oh, would it not be lovely!' independantly in one scene, or one person says it three times in a given play, then you have a theme of the 'seeking of self comfort'. As with all mathematical rules, this cannot be expected to work all the time.

PATTERNS

The only reason for calling a theme a pattern is so that you can write more about it than you would otherwise. As with symbolism it is important to find out what it signifies. For instance, if every time someone mentions food in a play, MUSSOLINI appears at the window carrying a skull with a banana in each eye socket singing 'yes, we have no bananas', then the play is about Italian war guilt concerning the poor Englishmen starving for lack of bananas. Or if every time someone says 'I don't believe in fairies,' a belisha beacon lights up and a dove falls to the ground being throttled by a male genetic symbol, the work is about the inadvisability of allowing long grey men in long grey raincoats to take little children across the road.

THE ROLE OF FATE

The role of fate is very simple. If you cannot think of any reason for a pattern, you call it Fate.

THE GRANT'S AESTHETIC

It is to be expected from a house that chose chocolate and light blue as its house colours, and later, with a warm glow of satisfaction that it was amending a lapse of taste, took to calling it maroon and silver, that the choice of colours would be something a little out of the ordinary when it came to decoration. A short tour of the basement is the proof of the pudding.

Coming in through the comparatively innocuous blue door which is used by fellows (as opposed to the housemaster), one is greeted by a breath-takingly dashing green baize notice board, and split off cream and Dead Sea blue paint. The effect, in the harsh light of the unshaded bulbs is quite shattering. Stagger to your right and you are in the japs. This fine example of the functional style of furnishing has recently been repainted. Much-loved graffiti has gone under a mixture of jungle/compost-heap green and virulent yellow - a combination that has proved too much for many an end-of-term reveller. A faint perfume of pinewoods in winter pursues you into the bathroom.

The bathroom is the only place I know still to have that extraordinary flecked paint that used to be a curse to the school. Elsewhere in the house it is hidden by puce or orange, here its dispeptic mint green grins out every morning from behind its acne of white and blue spots. The general atmosphere of dankness is accentuated by the peeling paint, the missing tiles and shower-heads. It was once feared that passing girls might peer through the doors but it has long ago been discovered that Eros could have no habitation in surroundings so unprepossessing.

Further through subterranean caverns we come to Blanco, the crowning glory. The name conjures up cleanliness, a sense of military efficiency. Inside, the undressed concrete walls are painted with such a dedication and uniformity that there is little hope that they will ever be repainted. Some of Grant's individualists have painted Blanco in rich, imperial purple and even richer tangerine. The effect of this in a room scarcely seven foot high and lit by strip lights has to be seen to be believed and is a lasting monument to Grant's determination to be different.



A RECEIPT FOR THE CORRECT PRONUNCIATION OF LATIN PRAYERS

Pronunciation up School has tended more and more towards bastard Ciceronian. Grant's can always give a lead to the school, as we have so often proved, provided Grantites can be persuaded to act with singleness of purpose. The following is a definitive and indisputable pronunciation for prayers up School, as provided by a venerable Old Grantite.

Ad te levevi (psalm CXXIII)

1. Add tea levayvi oculoss meeos: Kwai habitas in sielis.
2. Exy sike-ut oculèye servorum: In mainibus dominorum seworum.
3. Sike-ut occuleye ansilly in mainibus dominay seway: Eyeta oculeye nostreye add Dominumb Deeyum nostrumb doeneck misereaytah nostreye.
4. Mizerairy nostreye, Dominy, mizerairy nostreye: Choir mull-tum repleateye sue-mus despeksheowney.
5. Choir mull-tum repleatah est annimer nostrah: Opprobrium abundantibuss et despeksheoh superbis.

6. Gloria Paytreye, et Fyellio: Et Spireytewigh Sanktoe.
 7. Sike-ut erat in prinsippyo et nunk et semper: Et in see-queue-la see-queue-law-rum.

AMEN

- V Et ne nos inducas in tentationem;
 R Said liberah nos eh (?) mail-oh.
 V In memoria aeterna erit justus;
 R Ab ordit-you mailoh nonn timeybit.
 V Justorum animae in manu Dei sunt;
 R Neck attinjet illus crew-she-eytuss.
-

HAVE WE SEEN THE MOON?

"Of course it all began with steam pistons", said he, reaching for the decanter.

"Sorry?" I replied. I had been set the daunting task of interviewing one of the high flying intellectuals of the "system", and had been dreading it all week. He poured himself a Bogart size tot, and as it disappeared I remarked on the Bogart hair style. The trembling hand tried to replace the decanter, but it slipped, and the Scottish heirloom crashed on the floor.

"Fair wear and tear" he said ignoring the accident. "Anyway, in the palmy days I was one of those men in brown overalls who worked for Rolls Royce, but as a career it was clearly hopeless, so after a short time at Sunny Tonbridge, I moved here". At this point I accidentally yawned. "Tired?" he inquired. "So am I, anyway ..." I could see that his story had reached a high point, for he leapt onto his desk and paced back and forth on it. "To my horror I found I was not the only one around with a double-barrelled name, but generally the others were good blokes to to speak and ..." At this moment his polished shoes slipped on a well worn bottle of liquid paper. He toppled into his chair which tipped over and hit an old signal arm. This in turn keeled over onto the desk and cut a divet into the woodwork. He picked himself up, and leaned forward observing the mess. His left hand hung in front of him like that of a puppet, and from the way he was moving his wrist I assumed he was winding an automatic watch. "Now this really isn't good enough" he said in faintly slurred tones. "You see, the desk isn't mine" and his face took on the look of an earnest Spaniel. "We have problems with the electricity too. I mean basically it's not my pure inefficiency, but occasionally we put in a light bulb, and 'BOOM' it explodes in one's hands ...!"

I could see things were getting out of my depth. I pocketed my note book, thanked him, and was about to leave, when he stopped me. "Interesting job journalism?" he asked.

"Yes", I replied.

"Company car too I suppose? Lovely. Not that I need one, got a nippy little thing of my own, all the mod cons, reflectors, behind the candle headlights going back to the office now?" he asked.

"Well I am, yes".

"I'll join you then, have a look round your office. I change jobs quite frequently, flexible you know." Before I could object he had his suede coat on and we were at the door. I can see that today has my name written all over it.

STATION REPORTS

GRANT'S CRICKET REPORT

Team : N.P. Budd, M. Bernstein, R. Ray, N. Croft, M. Lipman, R. Hamilton, J. Moffat, A. King, R. Wood, J. Love, Skarbek. Reserve : P. Wood. Scorer : Gordon.

Score : Grant's - 86 all out; Liddell's - 99 for 6.

Grant's had an exciting and tense match against Liddell's during May. The standard of cricket was high all round, with Andrew King taking four wickets, and Nicholas Croft and Johnathon Moffat taking another two wickets between them. Batting was good too, as Richard Ray, Matthew Bernstein and Marc Lipman all added dramatically to the score. Considering the intense heat, fielders stayed conscious, and put in a good effort as well, making the entire occasion very much an heroic victory for Liddell's.

N.P. Budd

SHOOTING

This last year has shown the supremacy of Grant's in the Westminster shooting world. At present we hold the House shooting cup and it seems that we will retain it for a long time to come.

At the moment half the Westminster 1st eight is made up of Grantites, including the Captain and Secretary. Excellent performances this term from Fred Stone, George Miller and Dean Hilson, not to mention Hugo Moss. Also Nick Service and the sec. well above average.

We hope to win the Cup this term.

Hugo Moss
Captain

SINGING

From the earliest days of the "Glee Society", Grant's has been noted for its ability to sing louder and flatter than any other house and since our record breaking score under the aegis of G. Rockham of -7 in the Music competition for a rendering of 'Nice One Cyril' we have not looked back.

Our thanks are due especially this year to David Heyman for his spirited if tone deaf efforts in the Tenor, which kept us together and completely demoralised the opposition. We understand that he has a very good ear really, it is just that he sings so loud that he cannot hear the organ. Henry Arnold-Baker did some pleasing nasal counterpoint, and we must congratulate him on his improvement since he acquired a monocle and began to read the music so much better.

Grant's house singing reached its Zenith on the last week of the play term in two superb engagements. The first, celebrating the promotion of the organist was a virtuoso performance of 'Jerusalem'. Starting off 1½ beats behind everybody else, we raced through the field and brought it home a good 3 beats ahead. We followed this up a week later at the Carol Service when, shunted into a corner by a callous organisation, an observer noted a discrepancy of a full tone between our bellowing and the singing of the rest of the school. Recently resurrected, the Glee Society regularly exercises its palate but little else.

FENCING

In the last year of Mr. Hepburne-Scott's Housemastership we have at last emerged as the true driving force in the fencing world of Westminster, and even of England, a dream that seemed impossible with the unfortunate departure of H.C.E. Arnold-Baker from the station. In Henry we have a magnificent fencer of the past, but now we have fencers of the present and future.

First there is N. Service, the bastion and educator of Westminster foilists. Nicholas is an essential element of Fencing Station - he runs half of it and coaches most of the junior boys. This testing and often gruelling job he performs with tremendous skill, and it is under his guidance that so many Westminster hopefuls, like N. Bennet and F. Spufford have matured. Grant's and Westminster's Fencing will always be indebted to him. Bennet and Spufford are, as I have said, true Westminster hopefuls, but the brightest prospect must surely lie in K. Adams, a most inspiring young fencer, who, in his first year in the School, is already fencing for the second foil team. He combines skill and style with the traditional Grantite grit and determination. He is certainly going to be a chief contributor to School fencing and perhaps to that of England.

Lastly is someone who has contributed so much to Westminster fencing and even to that of his country. David Heyman, Vice Captain, came second in the Public School Championships and London Area Championships and third (after a three-way tie for first place) in the National under 18 Championships. As a result of such performance, he was selected to fence for England Schools, an achievement unequalled by a boy while at Westminster. We wish him every success when he leaves in the summer to go to Harvard University, and hope to see his name connected with fencing in times to come.

It can be seen from this brief insight into the Grant's fencing world, that things at present are good. We only hope that it is possible to maintain such a high standard.

D. Heyman
House Captain

OBITUARY

Mrs. E. Richardson on 8th March 1979.

Although latterly, Grantites may not have known Mrs. Richardson or Mrs. R. as she was affectionately called, she devotedly mended and sewed for Grant's boys for over a quarter of a century.

In her heyday she helped make the beds before the beginning of term, lent a hand with washing up lunches and teas when we were short of staff. She coped with mounds of 'Corps' sewing every week; badges and stripes had to be sewn to uniforms ready for Friday afternoon Inspection when the Corps Commander addressed the troops from the top of Grant's steps. School suits too, were not so hard wearing as they are now and there was a great deal of patching to be done.

Mrs. R. was a fund of information about the Abbey and the inhabitants of Dean's Yard, where she lived and worked for many years before moving to St. George's Square. From there she faithfully and gallantly came to work through all weathers until a month before her death at the age of 82. If it had not been for the recent bitter winter I am sure she would have been with us still.

I can still hear her coming up the back stairs on laundry day saying "Has the washing come home yet?"

C.J.F.

THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The 1979 Annual General Meeting and Sherry Party was held on Tuesday, January 23rd, 1979, Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. W.R. van Straubensee, MBE, MP, presided. The following members attended:-

His Honour, Judge Argyle	Mr. T.M. Murray-Rust
Mr. P. Bottomley	Mr. R. Mytton-Mills
Mr. J. Bradley	Mr. P. Pearson
Lord Carr	Sir Robert Preston
Mr. B. Clarke	Mr. P.N. Ray
Mr. D.F. Cunliffe	Mr. A. Renton
Dr. A. Glyn	Mr. S. Rodway
Mr. J. Grey	Mr. J.R. Smith
Mr. M.T.C. Harris	Mr. V.G.G. Stavridi
Mr. D. Hepburne-Scott	Mr. D. Tanner
Mr. R.P.C. Hillyard	Major V.T.M.R. Tenison
Mr. P.G. Hollings	Mr. G. Williams
Mr. F.D. Hornsby	Mr. T.M.W. Williams
Mr. G. Illingworth	Mr. L.A. Wilson
Mr. H.C.E. Johnson	Mr. A.N. Winckworth
Major E.G. Jones	Mr. J.S. Woodford

Mrs. J. Fenton
 Head of House
 Heads of Hall
 Editor, Grantite Review
 Business Manager, Grantite Review

After the meeting, members adjourned to the Housemaster's rooms for sherry, where they were joined by Matron, the Head of House, Heads of Hall and the Editor and Business Manager of the Grantite Review.

The Summer Drinks Party had attracted 52 guests. The occasion proved most enjoyable and it was felt that the innovation might be well worth repeating.

Preliminary notice was given that a Buffet Supper to mark Mr. Hepburne-Scott's retirement from the Housemastership would be held on Thursday, July 5th, 1979.

Leavers, address changes etc., 2.1.79.

D.S. Brock	Nab Camos, Lechanashie, Lochcarron, Wester-Ross, Scotland.
P.J. & A.D.G. Ashford	The Old House, Sonning, Berks. RG4 0UR.
M.G. Baron	Gone away.
R.E. Crawford	Gone away.
R.W. Davies	5 Maynard Court, Fairwater Road, Llandaff, Cardiff.
M.E.T. Holmes	11 Hind Close, Dymchurch, Kent, TN29 0LG.
Major E.G. Jones, BDS, RAOC.	Williams and Glyns, Holts Branch, 1 High Street, Llanfair, Careinion, Nr. Welshpool, Powys, Wales.
J.H. Miller	Gone away.
S.D. Nevin	12 Bladon Court, Beckenham Grove, Bromley, Kent, BR2 0JN.
D. Tanner	77 Langham Gardens, Ealing, W.13.
M.G. Wilson	Gone away.
J.F. Westoby	Died (accident) August 1978.
P.B. Westoby	2 Observatory St., Oxford.
S.B. Westoby	15 Gerrards Close, Southgate, London N.14.

Leavers' Addresses, 1978

T.J. Brittain-Catlin	Brucefield, Clackmannan.
S.J. Batten	306 Lordship Lane, S.E.22.
B.L. Cooper	Westcott House, Sherborne, Dorset.
D.C. Godfrey	10 Brampton Grove, N.W.4.
J.C. Hamilton	Mallards Farm, 96 Galley Lane, Barnet, Herts.
R.J.P. Howard	Purleigh Lodge, Purleigh, Essex.
C.J. Harrison	The Warren, Cutsmith Bosham, Nr. Chichester.
S.A. Kavanagh	Oak House, 120 Sidney Road, Walton-on-Thames.
V.W. Lavenstein	10 Cope Place, W.8.
P.M. Longford	Timbers, Witley, Surrey.
S.P. Mayle	3 Dorchester Court, Sloane St., S.W.1.
A.M.R.B. Metrebian	6 St. Mary Abbotts Terrace, W.14.
D.E.H. Nutting	1 St. Peter's Close, Burnham, Bucks.

ERRATUM Vol. XXX No. 1

"When Mr. Rogers goes to Hell." For Rogers read "Cogan."

We are informed that the correct Westminster name for "The Laughing Halibut," an establishment in Strutton Ground is "The Greasy Halibut" or more simply "The Greasy."

The flat stones in Yard to left and right as one goes through the arch up School are called respectively "Monstat" and "Mon's." We understand that Mon Stat and Mon Os are the names of two extinct monitors. Can anybody explain how the names came to be applied to the stones?

The correct Westminster term for "checking-off" is "chamming" (pron. "shamming"), while the waking up lag should be known as the "tenner" and the most junior non-lag as the "caliban".

NOTICES

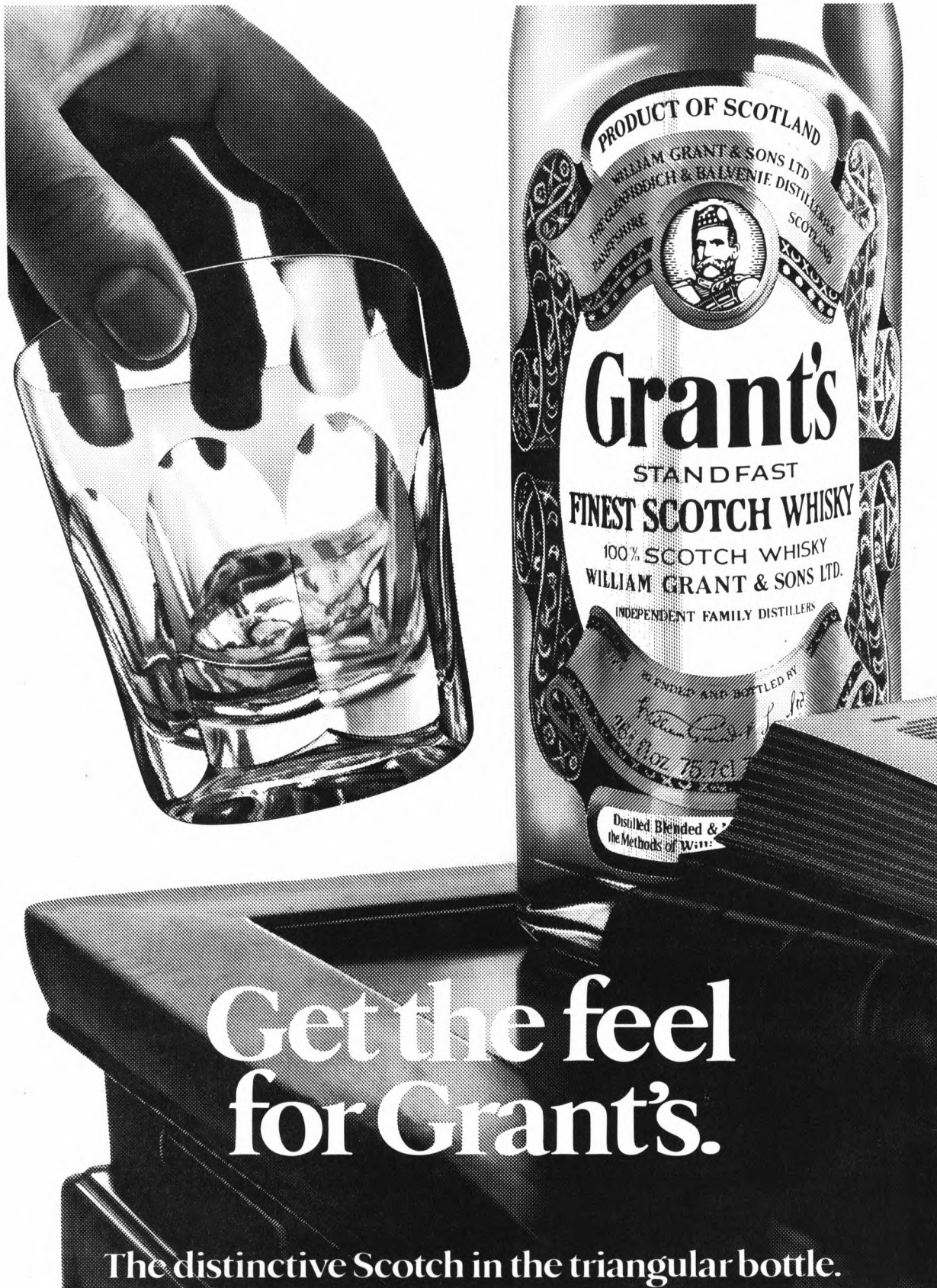
We repeat last year's appeals to the readership to contribute to the Grantite Review. We would be most grateful if any of them could print the Grantite Review at cost price, and we would welcome their advertising.

Business Management by D.H.G. and M.L. Photographs by C. Croft.

All correspondence to be addressed to The Editor, 2, Little Dean's Yard, London SW1

The Editor reserves the right to edit.

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At the sign of the Black Horse

Old Grantite Club

THE COMMITTEE

requests the pleasure of your company on

Tuesday, 22nd January, 1980

at 2, Little Dean's Yard, S.W.1.

(by kind permission of J. S. Baxter)

*Sherry
at the conclusion of the
Annual General Meeting
6.15 p.m.*

*R.S.V.P.
J. S. Woodford
76 Pope's Grove
Twickenham, Middlesex*

Order of Business

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Old Grantite Club will be held Up Grant's on Tuesday 22nd January 1980 at 6.15 p.m. at which the report and accounts for the year ending 30th September 1979 will be presented.

Nominations for Office, or for the Executive Committee, must reach the Honorary Secretary at the address above by Tuesday 15th January 1980.