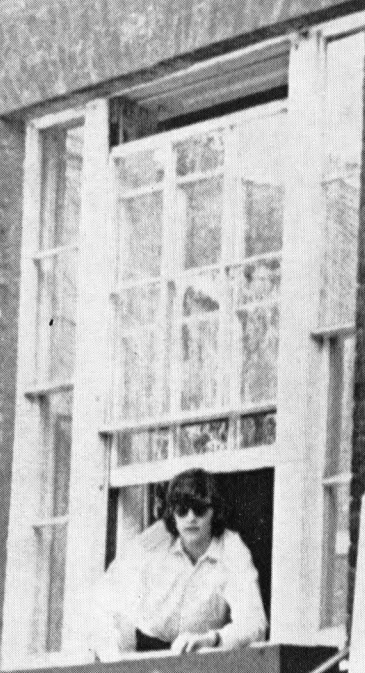


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# the grantite review

SUMMER TERM 1969

FOUNDED 1884 VOL. XXIX NO. 6

material conceived, destroyed, thrown away and repaired by:

*Tony Ashford, Charles Forman, Adam Forman, Tony Elliston, Rupert Wilkinson,  
Thomas Mason, George Royce, James Rentoul, Ian Patterson and an anonymous  
Old Grantite.*

cover photography by *Alexis Rentoul.*

models provided by courtesy of G.R.A.B.A.

reprints provided by the *Clarion.*

## editorial notes

THROUGH the turmoil that accompanied the printing of the last edition of *The Grantite* some clear facts arose. The Editors, through their control of *The Grantite*, attempted to express personal feeling aimed at their readers. It failed, as it is unreasonable to put across personal opinion if the function of the magazine is undermined. This is what nearly happened last year.

However, the basic truth remains that the material the editors want to put into the magazine is contrary to what many readers want to see. This was underlined by the results of the opinion poll in which it was almost unanimously demanded that the magazine should keep them more in touch with each other and with the House. Nothing could be more boring for the editors. All House News is stale news, and old grantite news is equally uninspiring.

For people here an article in a magazine is almost the only means of literary success. The magazine should not be for recording successes in other fields.

So there is a division in the nature of the magazine, that is getting harder and harder to reconcile. Surely the main function of the magazine should be to present a picture of the people themselves in Grant's, and not just their sporting achievements, and let them express themselves freely, and produce more than a carefully selected facade of computed literature?

Since the response to the opinion poll in the last copy of *The Grantite* was almost negligible (we hope this was due to a desire not to tear up your copy), the editors presented a meeting of the Old Grantite Club with some more copies of the poll. We received about thirty completed sheets, which were all extremely enlightening, though one or two of the younger Old Grantites at the meeting showed that the answers were not necessarily representative of the whole reading public. One of the most common requests was for news of Old Grantites. Apparently there was an attempt at something on these lines a few years ago, by an Old Grantite, which collapsed after a couple of years. The editors feel that the provision of material must surely be the responsibility of the Old Grantites, and if any members want to make a new attempt, the magazine is at their disposal. The other main request was for more news of the House, so there has been a decision to split the House News into two. Early on in the magazine there appears the William Thickey column, with a more flippant outlook on events compared with the serious House Diary near the end. Another worthwhile suggestion was for news of academic achievements, which also appears. An article by an Old Grantite who is quite a successful poet is also included.

We are very sad to announce that Mr. Brock is giving up his position as Housemaster at the end of the term, to be replaced by Mr. Hepburne-Scott, at present House Tutor of Busby's.

The loss of the father-figure with the pipe is too trite a way of dismissing Denny's retirement. The House will obviously undergo a complete change. To say that Denny was more accessible to those who were good at sport is to a large extent true—but only because it was a primitive assertion of one's interest and feeling for the House. It was the House as a collection of people—rather than as a group of intellectuals or sportsmen—that Denny put above everything; and by devoting himself to it almost every minute of the day, he achieved a unique co-ordination of the personal and official side of the school.

It was really by the older members of the House that Denny was fully appreciated. To the new boy, there appears this soft-padding, deliberative and enigmatic figure, who is really very nice because he doesn't lose his temper. For Shell and Sixth formers life is comparatively easy, as one makes oneself busy by criticising, and the man at the top appears as an unapproachable obstacle. Then as one gets near the climax of "A"-level, one finds how accessible Denny really is.

To the House, it is the loss of a person who would at all times try to bridge the gap between the individual and his responsibilities to the school in the firmest yet kindest and most understanding way.

As a leaving present to the House, Mr. Brock has donated the extra money needed to rent a colour television, in place of the old set, for the next four years. The new set has already been installed, and BBC-1 now appears in purple-and-white (BBC-2 *is* in full colour).

---

## old grantite announcements

THOMSON.—On 25th August, 1968, at Fulford Maternity Hospital, York, to Diana (*née* Short) and Kenneth Thomson (1941-5)—a daughter, Rachel Margaret Sarah.

DAVIES—On the 29th July, 1968, at Dorking, to Susanna, wife of Richard R. Davies—a daughter, Alice Susanna.

### APPOINTMENTS.—

M. S. MAKOWER (1949-54) has been appointed the Deputy Director of the Institute of Finance and Investment, University of Stirling, Stirling, Scotland, in addition to his present position as Senior Lecturer in Operational Research.

## the william thickey column

THE editors are glad to present the famous work of William Thickey, who has just left his post as society correspondent of the *Daily Repress*, for unknown reasons.

\* \* \* \* \*

One of the most popular topics circulating in Grantite circles at the moment is the new Housemaster. Congratulations to Mrs. Fenton for backing another winner in the form of David Hepburne-Scott, the well-known mechanically-minded transport enthusiast. He is in fact renowned for his connection with wheels; on his bicycle at Putney, in his superb Austin-7, and beside his engines in his position as Westminster's number one railway enthusiast. A picture of him in each of these contexts would have been shown, but *The Grantite* is not quite as efficient as all my old friends at the *Repress*. One of my sources informs me that he was Head Boy of Eton, and any reader of my old column will know my capacity for backing the right hunch. He commented on his appointment: "By Jove, it will be good to be a real Stationmaster at last. Although it's my first Station, everything will be very efficiently run, I can assure you". He also said that he had a plan to have Grant's included on the Victoria Line.

\* \* \* \* \*

Anybody who missed the great social gathering of the year is a social out-cast. It was, of course, the Head of House's twenty-first birthday party.

\* \* \* \* \*

Grant's position as the best-informed House as far as the David Frost Programme and Crossroads are concerned is reinforced by the presence of colour. Kenneth Clark seemed more worldly than ever, and we could at last see the tennis balls at Wimbledon.

\* \* \* \* \*

A large gambling syndicate is building up in the lower regions of the school, largely centred on Hall. At the moment it is only pontoon, but the plan to buy a roulette wheel out of House Subs may be successful.

\* \* \* \* \*

As the Navy sails out, British Rail steams in.

*Toolovitch*

## cottage pie

THE broth was made of  
Carrots and turnips,  
Pumpkins and swedes,  
Onions and parsnips,  
Spinach and beans  
And thick country gravy  
And all that grew in the midsummer-kitchen-garden  
Among the rabbit-nibbled beanrows,  
And the leaking greenhouse  
Where Old Toby, hare lipped,  
Filled the gravel-chattering watering can.  
Where the bushes of mint  
And cabbages and spring onions  
Grew into stews  
Garden walled with pastry and  
Parsley from the primrosed vicarage ditches.  
There was once-upon-a-time midsummer-green hill  
And honey country lanes  
Of baked sun and jam,  
With cream-tea cottages,  
Like loaves of bakery bread  
And the home-made farmhouse,  
Ovened with scones and brown bread,  
And the village girls,  
Wearing Easter-pink bonnets  
With lamb-white, May day ribbons  
Ran gaily behind the milk churns,  
Crouching like an ambush,  
To the sunny meadows,  
Smiling like a birthday  
And green as the wind.  
A stray gate was singing on its hinges  
Down a long field towards the granary,  
The fruit orchard, and the Thatchings  
Where Thomas Arnold, woodcutter,  
Hatchet-faced,  
Lived with his axes and his wife,  
Eileen,  
As frail as lime;  
And Eliot Vernon,

In the vicarage,  
The house next door,  
A mile down the road,  
Beside the tilting church,  
Crouched on stilts on the hunchback hill,  
While Margaret Vernon was  
Poisoning a funeral march  
On the out-of-breath organ  
Eliot read her face like a psalm,  
And turned over in his winding sheets  
Remembering Sunday afternoon cricket  
Many sermons ago,  
With beer running like the Jordan  
In the fruit gardens,  
Picnics and deck chairs,  
While Margaret Vernon,  
Writing elegies for Eliot,  
Dreamt of ashes and bells.  
In the low-lantern-lit taproom  
Of the “ Forest Arms ”,  
Thomas Arnold held his ale like an axe,  
Dribbling Wensleydale into his forest-shaped beard,  
While the old men stammered with their pints and darts.  
The homing wagons and the haycarts  
From the long barley fields  
Rumbled to their bending homesteads  
Along the nightingale-dark lanes  
Past the Thatchings  
Where Eileen Arnold  
Sat in the pale parlour light  
Her eyes dim like rats,  
Her legs white as hygiene,  
Past the closing-time-dark taproom  
Where the last customers gathered gossip against the night  
To the one-leg-shorter-than-the-other church where  
Margaret Vernon closed Eliot’s bedroom door  
Like the lid of a coffin  
And sealed it with a prayer  
And his will with a kiss,  
With Eliot Vernon dead as a funeral.  
The village girls in their dreams of trousseaux and warriors,  
Slept like a honeymoon,  
And the stars hung dark like death.



## my first ticker-tape funeral

I WENT. I saw. And believed. I had never believed before. Everyone was out in their best because it was Thursday, white shirts and ties. They were happy at last, drinking and throwing their tape; only red of course, nothing else allowed. Only the Ambassadors walked solemnly behind the funeral float, because no one had ever taught them how to enjoy themselves. Those never touched the tape; only let it crumple under their Americanised leather shoes. They wore their usual tarmac-grey cotton suits and tailor-made braces. They were black. Everyone was smoking incense because it was cheaper than pot or cigarettes and all wore red caps on the back of their heads with black tassels hanging from them. I couldn't understand that. In front of the float walked the priests in their special gear. Ankle-length robes and high floppy hats which came down over their ears. They had shoulder-length hair and brown sandals. They were black, too. All of them nodded and smiled at all women under twenty-seven. Finally when the shouting had died and the tape-throwing had stopped, the procession pulled up. The priests blessed the float in turn with water from the communal hole and then the six strong-arm men of the town carried it up the narrow streets to heaven. The dust never settled.

---

## any other function

THE delicate purple flower extends . . .  
anxiety is forced to disappear in the balance of it  
loss is unimportant even trumpets sound like one violin in the gardens  
as the mutilated air slips through my fingers unharmed  
“Victory ! Victory !” shout the soldiers in blue uniform  
entering the room I did not expect to find so many trees  
it is reassuring to discover they are only growing  
in fact any sentence would fall as happily from their lips  
if one only knew the secret of the universe  
or is it enough to be recognized *by* it every now and then ?  
lazily we used to convince ourselves of the flowers murmuring  
“discard all policies of the tractable” even “resign !”  
After the field has fallen away from the sky we are lying  
our ears tuned to the meloncholy song of the wild butterfly  
it is a pity I do not even notice my companion as hand in hand  
she walks off alone. even malicious humans have to eat.

Ian Patterson, May 6th  
copyright (c) Ian Patterson 1969

## to . . . with respects

- Are you a virgin?  
—— *Possibly.*
- I'm fascinated.  
—— *What does that imply?*
- That all property is theft.  
—— *I don't understand.*
- Naturally. It doesn't mean anything.  
—— *Then why say it?*
- Why shouldn't I say it?  
—— *Oh, what's the point of talking like this?*
- I've no idea.  
—— *You amaze me.*
- What should I have said?  
—— *How the hell should I know? Anyway, I have to go.*
- No, don't go.  
—— *Why not?*
- Because I'm sorry. I was trying to be a character in a book. Will you stay?  
—— *All right.*
- It isn't.  
—— *What isn't?*
- It isn't all right. For instance, look at your glass.  
—— *I have been for hours.*
- Do you think it enjoys being in your mouth?  
—— *I should think that's quite likely, at the thought of missing your's.*
- It's a pity you can't play.  
—— *Oh, awful!*
- I could live in my world, you could live in your's.  
—— *I suppose you're trying to impress me?*
- Yes, of course. But it could be fun if you played properly.  
—— *Naturally.*
- Have you read a book called "The Nightingale"?  
—— *No, who's it by?*
- Oh, I don't know, but it's well worth slimping.  
—— *What does that mean?*
- It doesn't, but I like it.  
—— *Are you a queer?*
- I'm glad you asked.  
—— *In other words you are.*

— Not exactly, but any relationship is sexual.  
 — *And your's are more sexual than most people's?*  
 — No, less.  
 — *Then why are you a queer?*  
 — I'm not.  
 — *We're not getting anywhere.*  
 — Well, where do you want to get to?  
 — *Has anyone ever told you you're boring?*  
 — Yes.  
 — *I'm sorry.*  
 — So am I. I thought we could play. Perhaps I should have explained the rules.  
 — *Perhaps you should.*  
 — Well, I'm going to. I'll interview you and your replies mustn't make sense.  
 — *It sounds thrilling.*  
 — Mrs. X, have you any children?  
 — *Yes, eleven. Three of them are bald.*  
 — The others, I take it, are all male.  
 — *Yes, though most of them have breasts.*  
 — That's unusual.  
 — *What is?*  
 — Women don't usually talk about breasts.  
 — *How do you know?*  
 — I don't. I was only asking.  
 — *You weren't. You were stating a fact.*  
 — But not all facts are true.  
 — *Do you like me?*  
 — Why should I?  
 — *You don't have to.*  
 — It's hot in here. I want to tell you something.  
 — *Must you?*  
 — I think the audience is bored.  
 — *I'm not surprised.*  
 — No, nor am I. Still, it's a pity.  
 — *Who's fault is that?*  
 — God's.  
 — *Very funny.*  
 — Do you think houses enjoy being lived in?  
 — *Our's does.*  
 — Yes, it would, wouldn't it? I mean all the world loves a lesbian.  
 — *Oh, go to hell.*

— Thanks for the game.  
 — *Did you mean what you said?*  
 — About you being a lesbian?  
 — *Yes.*  
 — I'm not sure. I shouldn't have said it.  
 — *I'm not, I promise.*  
 — I'm not a queer either.  
 — *I didn't think you were.*  
 — You seem to be very conscious of sex.  
 — *Is that an insult?*  
 — And God said, "sex is beautiful".  
 — *And Jacob wasn't amused.*  
 — I'm sorry. I think I must be sexless.  
 — *It's my fault.*  
 — Yes it is.  
 — *Where do you live?*  
 — On the second floor.  
 — *I knew that. I must have seen you before.*  
 — Yes, often. I think I was rude to you.  
 — *Yes, you were.*  
 — I'm sorry. By attacking you I was only criticising myself.  
 — *You must have a lot of faults.*  
 — Are you still bored?  
 — *A bit.*  
 — Do you miss him?  
 — *Yes.*  
 — So do I.  
 — *What do you think of him?*  
 — Oh, I think he's lovely.  
 — *Do you?*  
 — Repetition destroys the soul.  
 — *I won't make a pun.*  
 — Oh, do. I'll put it in the oven.  
 — *God, you're crude.*  
 — Rather crude than vulgar.  
 — *And you're a snob.*  
 — Said one snob to another.  
 — *I hate you.*  
 — Never make an enemy where you can make a friend.  
 — *Sound advice. I'll keep it in mind.*  
 — You'll have a job.  
 — *Your're so witty.*  
 — I'm sorry. Let's be friends.

——— *Of whom?*  
——— Each other.  
——— *Do you believe in Platonic love?*  
——— Between enemies, yes.  
[Pause]  
A tragic play must have a tragic ending.  
——— *And a bad play a bad ending.*  
FIN.

---

## summertime

(for want of a better title)

WALK out for the first time in the morning  
When the air is light by the window-ledge  
And the green of the grass silently sings;  
See the sun swing high over the green trees  
When all is clear and single and nature  
Like the perfect flower in the sunshine.

See the quiet yellow as it's lying still  
On the open plain when the sun is high;  
The wind cools the still heat on the grassland;  
The slow hum of the insect counts the time  
As it's lost in the haze of the sunlight;  
One is single in timeless surroundings.

Feel a breeze as it blows as the wind dies  
When the heat of day is cooled for the night  
And the sounds come back as the heat-dream ends  
And awareness is with us in open skies;  
One sees all that moves in the rustling grass  
As one walks back to the concrete graveyards.

## house diary

FEW alterations change the face of Grant's this term. A glossy new floor in Hall and two skylights in the dormitories are useful enough but a Cup-cupboard outside Hall dominates everything. As we are herded into lunch we are reminded of Grantite sporting achievements. Another new addition is the Shooting Club led from Grant's by J. A. Rentoul with the masterly C. S. Martin behind it all.

The talent from Grant's still backs up the school play each year but they hope to produce a house play in the near future. Also musical talent is not lacking, as the last concert showed, but enthusiasm is not gaining much.

The Rigaud's side of Grant's leaves much to be desired as the footballers continue to show their aggressiveness by breaking the windows. Thankfully it seems to have done little harm to the people inside, unlike the yard game which a noted Old Grantite wrote to me about some time ago.

We hope that the amount of paperback novels in the House Library (run by G. Niven) will soon overtake the large quantity of back numbers of *Punch*. We will all come back to a fresh start next term as the authority changes.

---

## house news

### UNIVERSITY ADMISSIONS

- Oxford* .. J. A. N. Davies—Magdalen College, to read English.  
*Cambridge* .. A. J. Aylmer—Trinity Hall, to read History.  
C. B. Jenks—King's College, to read Economics.  
G. D. Jones (Exhibition)—St. John's College, to read Modern Languages.  
*Southampton* .. A. J. Green, to read Law.  
C. J. M. Sanguinetti, to read Economics.

### LENT TERM

- J. H. D. Carey was Head of House.  
The monitors were: P. J. Ashford, J. A. N. Davies, C. B. Jenks, P. D. V. Miéville, S. D. Nevin, and A. G. Walker.  
P. J. Robinson was Head of Hall.  
The Hall monitors were A. D. G. Ashford, D. E. Brittain-Catlin, P. M. Chopra, J. C. Christie, and A. R. Hadden.  
Dag D. S. Bernstein, T. D. Gardam, and A. P. Macwhinnie.  
Tot Ziens A. J. Green and G. D. Jones.

## ELECTION TERM

J. H. D. Carey is still Head of House.

The monitors are: C. H. Aggs, P. J. Ashford, P. D. V. Miéville, S. D. Nevin,  
and A. G. Walker.

A. R. Hadden is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are: A. D. G. Ashford, D. E. Brittain-Catlin, P. M. Chopra,  
J. C. Christie and M. G. Everington.

Dag J. A. Bell and A. A. Orgill.

Tot Ziens A. J. Aylmer, J. A. N. Davies and C. B. Jenks.

The following colours have been awarded:

Football	..	<i>Half-Pinks</i> to P. D. V. Miéville and G. M. Niven. <i>Colts</i> to A. R. Hadden. <i>House Juniors</i> to M. G. A. Campbell.
Cricket	..	<i>Pinks</i> to P. D. V. Miéville. <i>Half-Pinks</i> to J. H. D. Carey.
Water	..	<i>Pinks</i> to A. G. Walker. <i>Colts</i> to V. J. S. Kinross.
Fencing	..	<i>Thirds</i> to J. A. Rentoul.
Athletics	..	<i>Pinks</i> to J. A. N. Davies. <i>Colts</i> to I. C. Macwhinnie. <i>House Juniors</i> to I. C. Macwhinnie.
Swimming	..	<i>House Seniors</i> to G. D. Royce.
Fives	..	<i>House Seniors</i> to J. A. Mumford.

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## football report by george niven

IT goes without saying that Grant's are still the best footballing House in the school, but this year we had to content ourselves with only one of the three major trophies—the House Seniors Cup. We came second in the Six-a-Sides, being pipped at the post, so to speak, by Busby's, who also beat us in the final of the House Juniors by 1—0.

Many were worried that the departure of Dave Lascelles might be too much for the side, but fortunately he was the only player missing from last year's team. Jonathan Carey put his regulation number of shots over the bar and even scored a goal or two, while Johnny Davies as captain played out his fifth season for Grant's on the right wing. Pete Miéville and Nick Tiratsoo took over the mid-field quite effectively and Phil Ashford and George Niven managed to create

a little order out of the chaos at the back. Should any opposing forward manage to penetrate this formidable line-up, there was always Jock Haslam to rough them up in goal. Amongst the younger players Marcus Campbell deserves a particular mention for the sensible way he played against much older boys. He will be a very valuable asset to the side in the years to come.

As far as results were concerned we beat Rigauds, Liddels, Wrens, Ashburnham and College (in the last minute of a painfully exasperating game) and won the game against Busby's on corners after a 1—1 draw. The event of the season was this equaliser in the last game when Johnny Davies ran through the defence, scored and nearly jumped over the bar with delight—a deserving end for Johnny who has since left after five incredible, dedicated years. To close on a more banal note—the team—Haslam; Hadden, Ashford, P.; Niven, De Mowbray, Lascelles, J.; Tiratsoo, Miéville, Campbell, Carey, Davies.

---

## **athletics report by jonathan carey**

**T**HE Athletics season started with the usual much-dreaded Long Distance Races. The Juniors excelled themselves in their race, winning the House Cup and five out of the first ten places, while the Seniors came second in theirs, which was also a good effort under the circumstances, as there was one notable absentee, and the Captain of Athletics had the misfortune to lose a shoe twice during the race. The Bringsty Relay was run on very heavy ground and was won by Grants (as tradition now almost demands).

In addition to winning the Standards Cup Grants also won the Inter-House Challenge Cup, for which a number of people must take the credit. Those who especially excelled themselves were C. J. G. Forman (1st Open 100 and 220 Yards), Davies (1st Open Long Jump and Hurdles), de Mowbray (Under-16 Long Jump and 100 Yards), Hadden (Under-16 Hurdles), I. C. Macwhinnie (Under-16 440 Yards) and Campbell (Under-14½ Hurdles). But perhaps the Cup that was won by the biggest margin was the Relay Cup. In the Open we were fortunate in having six of the school's ten fastest sprinters and with this foundation we won three out of the four Open events. The Under-16 were also very strong and won two out of three events, as did the Under-14½. All this adds up to an extremely successful Athletics season as Grants won five of the six House Cups. There also seems to be a considerable amount of talent left in the House for next year.



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**Q** "Will there be much routine?"

**A** Not much, and the higher you go the further away from it you'll get. Money is the fuel that powers peoples' lives and banking is as varied as life itself.

**Q** "Do I need to be good at maths?"

**A** Not necessarily. We have computers which are *very* good at maths, but we like you to be good at thinking.

**Q** "Will it be fun?"

**A** Well, people won't exactly be doing handsprings and blowing up coloured balloons all over the place. But they will be earning good money to buy clothes and holidays. Independence is fun. And so is working with bright and friendly people. And so is dealing with peoples' affairs. This is what banking is all about.

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**A** A good G.C.E. and the energy to cut out this coupon or drop into any branch of the Group and ask to talk to the manager. Okay?

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