

THE new GRANITE



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PLAY TERM, 1967

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Edited by Michael Abrahams, with Charles Forman and Dominick Robertson

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Editorial

I WONDER to whom the *Grantite* appeals? Have a poll! That would settle it! No, don't tell me, people are too apathetic. I can just see the result now—a nightmare of "Don't knows".

As editor I have a surprise for everyone: the *Grantite* has decided not to become a daily paper—no colour, or review supplements, not even a business section. Further, instead of being stuffed down your letter box on a Sunday, it will arrive unobtrusively on a weekday, waiting only for the comment that comes from even the least sentimental: "Now when I was up Grant's . . ."! Well I'm sorry the *Grantite* is the same as it ever was (naturally the Editorial has improved!). Here it is in yet another psychedelic colour shade; once again it makes its appearance rather like a stray cat, whom everyone is glad to see—only out of the knowledge that it is still alive! To the casual reader this is just another *Grantite*—a little funnier perhaps, perhaps a shade more staid, but by and large another *Grantite*. And so the Editor would have it. He has no intention of revealing on these pages his means of squeezing articles from 72 others, nor of revealing the last day's panic and the sudden realization of the magazine's illiteracy. The Editor does feel though, that he ought to reveal to all readers that today is Exeat, his case is packed . . . and he can't wait to get back home!

House News

PLAY TERM:

We welcome Mr. D. E. Brown as House Tutor.

R. L. Paniguan is Head of House.

The Monitors are: J. P. Emerson, C. R. Bland, S. A. Mortimore, M. J. Abrahams and S. C. C. Stacey.

N. R. Haslam is Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors are: J. A. Rentoul, D. H. Robertson, J. A. Serpell and C. R. A. Wilkinson.

SALVETE:

A. Forman, F. H. Gimson, D. J. Harden, M. J. G. Robbins, H. A. Van Dalsen and S. P. C. H. Woods.

VALETE:

R. J. Haslam, A. S. Cousens, O. W. J. Griffith, D. G. J. Ravenscroft, B. G. Schroeder and P. B. P. Williams.

J. P. Emerson has been appointed a School Monitor.

M. J. Abrahams is Head of School Squash.

M. B. Adams is Head of School Swimming.

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water .. *House Seniors* to S. D. Nevin, P. J. Ashford, C. B. Jenks, A. G. Walker and C. H. Aggs.
House Juniors to N. R. Haslam and V. J. S. Kinross.
- Cricket .. *Pink and Whites* to S. A. Mortimore.
Junior Colts to G. H. M. Niven.
- Swimming *House Seniors* to J. P. Emerson.
House Juniors to J. C. Macwhinnie and C. P. Kemp.
- Football . *Pink and Whites* to D. H. G. Lascelles.
Colts to C. P. Kemp.
- Squash .. *Pinks* to M. J. Abrahams.
-

House Diary

THE editors are sorry to have to report, that, due to the new smokeless zone of Westminster, the Chaplain has been forced to leave the house. Grants loses a great friend. However, together with that of the Housemaster, his devotion to Imperial Tobaccos remains unshaken. In his stead the football-playing linguist, David Brown, has stepped in (see “50 days that shook the house”), rivaling the Land Rover set with his unpretentious Imp as our new tutor commuter. Last but not least, is courier Martin, who has recently taken twenty-five boys to Paris, and, what is more, actually brought twenty-five back. He has directed, à la Comédie Française, a version of “La Cantatrice Chauve” (for criticism, turn to page 194 of this issue). This is the first stage production in the new lecture room, all part of the shop front face lift of Ashburnham House. Don't worry—we're still quite satisfied with this side of Yard. Even so we've had our share of painters, doing the windows. But it's a loss of privacy. Like the Ashburnham builders, the painters suddenly appear at the windows, staring sentimentally at the inmates, enjoying “the best days of their life.”

With the painting and clearing of “blanco”, the last traces of the “Corps” have finally disappeared, and the room is now fully operational with the peacetime sport of table tennis. The ceiling still remains five feet high, and it is only the ensuing language that reminds us of those lovely days. For those who grumbled at the disappearance of the corps, Matron’s new cooking guild will seem a total disaster. To those nurtured weekly on College Hall food, the smells on Friday afternoons are enough to send them into ecstasies. As for eating, well, he who maketh, taketh. Yet against this upsurge of culinary interest, we regret to report a great loss to school cooking. House Suppers are to be abolished. Of course, end of term celebrations don’t begin and end with the House Supper, but in a magazine like this, one must be discreet. The other departure, that of the Chaplain, has shown up an uncongenial streak of atheism. What more damning evidence than a test tube explosion in Abbey and then worse, lunch without “Benedictus Benedicat”. What next?

Finally, with a record run of seven Heads of House in seven terms, we advise all those eligible for the eighth to put their entry in as soon as possible.

Fifty Days that shook the House

HALL Football (very Argentinian), lags (very necessary), Buckenhill, Ferney—these are just a few of the things a day boy House Tutor misses out on. But I am lucky enough to have a day Study overlooking Barton Street, including a front seat for Friday afternoon Cooking Guild. Bibulous, bubbling cordon-bleu apprentices swirl up the stairs. “Oh, hullo, Sir, the vol-au-vent’s a bit of a flop, Sir, but the potato soup’s come out smashing; whoops, there goes another oven glove, watch out Giles you’re standing on me apron.”

Lunch is a good time for getting to know people—providing you don’t get locked out. Mind you, Gino’s do a pretty fiery pizza. Everyone has been splendid in making sure I don’t sit in the wrong place too often. As the monitors move from one table-head to the next, behind and in front of the tutors and Matron, they are the only people I have not yet managed to nail. Rumour tells me they have a mansarde at the top of the house where the real politics of the place are thrashed out and the soirées and lavées are attended in the style of Louis XIV . . . No doubt Moi will be sending for me pretty soon.

Hall-billiards, window-ledge golf and Hall footer all enthrall me but I just haven’t found time to join in yet. Lower-deck ping-pong is a different matter and I’ve begun to dabble already when I’ve felt suitably cramped. I hope to be of a little more service during the cricket season since my contributions to House

Soccer have been decidedly thin—to referee the Six-a-Side competition badly and banish all Busbites from the Up Fields List is hardly a positive move.

The few evenings I have spent IN have been pleasant indeed and I've enjoyed the play-reading on Fridays. "Can I have an extension, Sir?" "Yes, of course, what are you doing?" "Your Spanish, SIR." "Yes, oh, well, er, run along . . ." I've been very confused so far by "Back Six" and "Front Four" etc., but the other new boys are slowly explaining it to me. I might perhaps allow myself the luxury, since this is a personal tract, of saying that joining Grants was only the Second Most Important Event of the term, for me, since Katherine Brown was born on September 27th, and this has slowed me up a little.

Enough is enough and I feel fifty days is far too short. May I just mention my thanks to the House Master for asking me in and my thanks to the Matron and Senior House Tutor for doing so much to make life so easy.

Now, about that singing in Abbey . . .

Against the Use of Long Words

IT is lamentably perturbing that in this age of contention to reach intellectual supremacy, most people discover that instead of making their particular point comprehensibly and discernibly without any melodrama they have to resort to the employment of long words to deceive their fellow men into credence of their literary aptitude. What is most vexing is that these people, instead of being condemned instantaneously for their hyperbolic grandiosity, are encouraged to continue by the ignorami who are perfectly prepared to believe that these pseudo-scholars are the cognizanti, and who readily raise them up to the pinnacle of hero-worship. They may even attempt to imitate them. The result of which attempt can only be described as nauseating. It is therefore my earnest desire that we authentic, astute intellectuals combine to expose these fiendish conspirators who would have us dismissed as mere yokels simply because we revert from the path of using words of an unnecessarily long duration.

A beer tent

STRUGGLING past busy waitresses, pretzel sellers, souvenir hawkers displaying toy horns, clockwork bears, felt hats and anti-intoxication pills we forced our way to the middle of the tent where we at last found three spare places and sat down.

At this moment the brass band above us launched into a Bavarian drinking song, backed and soon drowned by the swell of nearly a thousand voices. At the tables round us people had linked arms and were swaying drunkenly to and fro, more or less in time to the music, beer mugs still in their hands, singing, shouting, laughing. Most were in Bavarian national dress, men and women alike wore the traditional green felt hat with a long, sleek feather. Many carried climbing sticks swathed in bright velvet ribbons and hung with cow bells; others wore the bells round their necks.

We were soon automatically brought a litre of beer each, clamped with four other jugs in the muscular embrace of a florid, buxom "Kellnerin," who unloaded our half, slipped us a joke in broad Bavarian dialect and hurried on. One of the crowd had gone up to the band stand to ask for a favourite, and was now reeling arm in arm with the conductor, wildly gesticulating at the band with his free arm at what he took to be the key points of the song.

By now others had joined us at our table and bought us all a second round of beer. They slipped their arms through ours and we too started rocking dizzily to and fro, exchanging jokes, talking politics, and drinking to Kiesinger and a reunited Germany in return for toasts to George Brown, a strengthened British economy, and a brief rendering of God Save the Queen. We all felt by this time that we ought to be leaving and went through elaborate farewells with everyone within hand-shaking distance when a brawl started at a table just next to ours, so we sat down again and watched.

One man had apparently decided that the licence of the occasion justified a little freeness with his neighbour's wife; the neighbour however thought otherwise and they had come to blows. Beer was spilled over everyone around, jugs were broken and a table overturned, when four members of a riot squad who had been sitting unobtrusively at the side of the tent decided it was time to intervene and carried off as it were at random the two brawlers, a man who had tried to separate them and a fourth who seemed to have nothing to do with the business at all.

When the laughter had died down we got up to go and I stumbled accidentally against a man standing at the table opposite. We mutually performed a ritual of backslapping, laughing and unintelligible excuses and he asked me to have a drink with him. I explained I had to go.

"What!" he said. "But it only starts warming up in another hour."

Oktoberfest, Munich, 1967.

The Market

Dark skinned, moustached Women,
Calling in raucus voices to choosy Spaniards
Calling like auctioneers,
Deafening ears.

People buy and bicker,
Milling between the stalls of smelling food,
Buying only the best,
Yet handling the rest.

Flies buzz round the meat,
And having laid their eggs, pester old widows;
Who squat, alone;
On stone.

The sun exhausted, sinks.
Tired people hurry home through lengthening shadows
Leaving only scraps,
For the cats.

T.V. Up Grants

“**Q**UEEN Mary or Lung Cancer ?”
When he has accustomed himself to the half light and retrieved a chair
from somebodies carefully-hoarded pile, the newcomer usually says,
—“ I’ll have whatever X doesn’t want!”
It makes no difference because nobody can see the screen anyway:
—“ Would you mind taking your — paw off the dial?”
—“ Would you mind arguing somewhere else ?”
—“ Would you please sit down, X? Y? or Z?”
—“ Turn the volume up somebody !”
— . . .
—“ Oh this is a load of rubbish ! !”
—“ Turn it over ! !”
—“ Turn it over !”
TURN OVER ! !
—“ No! leave it here. I like this advert. This is the one when she steps out of
the shower and — ”
—“ Belt up, everyone, Z wants to listen to the adverts.”
—“ Oh — off. I simply want to know whether we’re on the right side for — ”
—“ Well we’re not. Sit down, shut up or go away !”

—“ I simply said — ”

CLICK . . .

“ Turn it back. Its ‘ Exit the WAY OUT,’ next; now — up everybody !”

—“And the first question is; does spaghetti grow on trees?”

—“ Yes,”

—“ Yes,”

“And the answer is NO ! So you lose the —”

—“ I said so, I’M RIGHT ”

“ You did not.”

“ I did.”

“ Here is the news for today Friday the — ”

“ Look here ! Let’s take a vote. Let’s be democratic !”

“ THIS IS A TEMPORARY FAULT. PLEASE DO NOT ADJUST YOUR SET.”

The All-American Swinging London

FOLKS, do you realize that you are living in the grooviest, hippiest city in the world? No? Well let me give you a few startling revelations which will clear away the blariness from your innocent eyes.

A recent issue of *Time* magazine (a highbrow American literary magazine which has among its readers such profound thinkers as Ronald Reagan) covered the “swinging scene of hippy . . .”. The whereabouts of this swinging scene remained anonymous owing to the fact that somebody had torn off one corner of the page. I read. The “scene,” I soon gathered, was centred in a large city—a city which was evidently becoming a trend-setter in the taking of drugs, in the freedom of love, and the rejection of true human values. The photographs of some of the founder-members of the swinging cult were arresting, to say the least. Waist length hair, psychedelic patterns on their scanty clothes, paint on their feet and faces. By this time a halo of smug satisfaction was spreading itself around my head. What an unfortunate place to live in I thought. Los Angeles perhaps? No, San Francisco. It couldn’t be anywhere else. Of course, we’d all heard about those nasty hippies. Feeling even smugger and sighing “Ah, poor old America, they should have remained a colony,” I read on.

The first suspicions began to seep through after the third mention of “King’s Road.” Didn’t I know it rather well? But, no, it couldn’t be; it must be “King’s Road,” San Francisco. However, as more familiar names appeared, I grew more alarmed, and when “Sybilla’s” was mentioned, I stiffened. Surely this was not . . . no of course not . . . but yes, this could be no other place but London. I frantically flipped over the page to the photographs. Was this the King’s Road

I knew? I glanced at the caption beneath a photograph of the Road just near the Kenco coffee house. It read: "when the shadows fall, free love on the pavements." I was horrified, but read on. It ran, ". . . and of course, in such notorious clubs as Sybilla's, the drug-taking is such that the management is arranging to have a resident physician to cope with the situation." "Mother," I gasped, before passing out.

Just one word of advice. If, one windswept, rainy day, you encounter on your way out of Abbey an American tourist, who asks you, "is *this* the place that swings?" allow your face to assume a slightly doubtful expression; then reply in a sweet apologetic tone, to soften the tragic blow "I'm frightfully sorry, old chap, you're thinking of London, Massachusetts."

Did you have to send me here, Dad?

"SHAG?"—I gasped—"but I thought you couldn't wear shag till you were in studies." My young friend looked startled, then sudden realisation split his face into a wide grin—"Oh, but you can't in Grant's"—he retorted—"You can't do ANYTHING in Grants'. But elsewhere it's quite different . . ." He then went on to give me a vast list of "can-dooos" which made Westminster sound more like a Butlin's Holiday Camp, than the monastic establishment I had so far experienced. "But the bounds?" I burst in desperately. "Bounds?" he threw the word contemptuously back in my face. "And not being allowed into the servery?" I continued helplessly. "But we almost LIVE in our severy," was his answer—"You mean you can't even . . ." He was prodding where it hurt most. It was no good; I couldn't hope to narrow the gap between the two contrasting levels of comfort at which we seemed to be existing. Only a week in Grant's had passed, and I realised already that I was in the wrong house. My depressing conversation at last came to an end, and I turned morosely back to my allotted hole. In bed by 9.30—God, what a life.

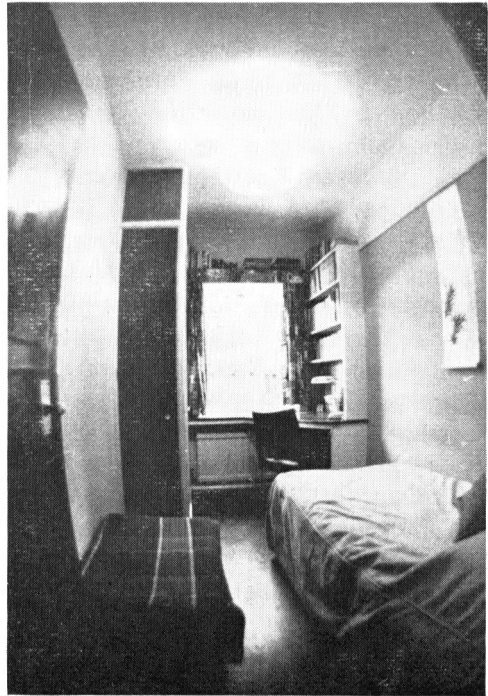
Place: Hall. Time: 7.20 p.m. The shouting suddenly dies down, and prep begins. I have no work to do. My eyes wonder restlessly from the billiard table, (much coveted, but rarely played on), to the ping-pong table, (rather gets in the way of our football game), and finally rest on the monitor taking prep—yes, that's it; that's what he reminds me of: an Egyptian slave driver. All of a sudden Tutankahman looks up from his *Punch*:—"Adams"—he bellows—"get on with your work." Thirty trains of thought are shattered; sixty eyes glare at their overseer. One soul saved, for thirty lost—I muse sardonically. The bellowing continues: "O.K., if that's the way you want it, that's the way you'll get it. 7.15 in Hall tomorrow, fully dressed. Anyone who doesn't . . ."

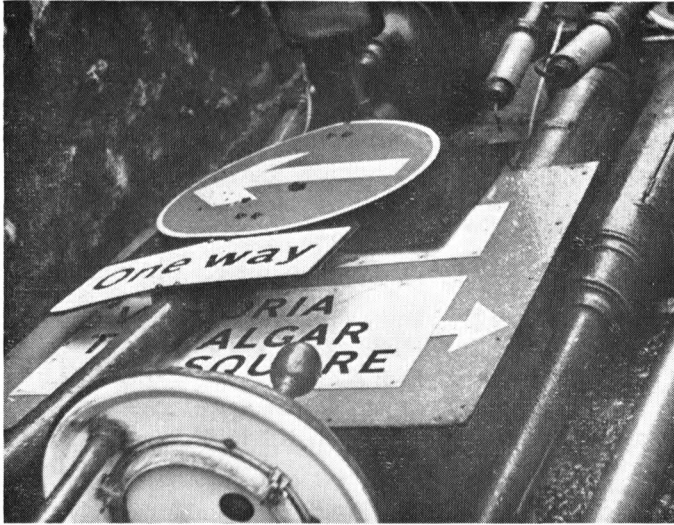
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The Head of House and accomplice

One of twenty-seven luxuriously
appointed studies





From a collection by Chris Cary



And yet Grant's has a longer waiting list than any other house. Certainly, it produced Michael Flanders—provides ice-cream for Saturday lunch—and has pink japs; yet despite all this, I would still have preferred to be sipping coffee, to sitting in Hall doing a prep which hadn't been set. Seven houses to choose from, and I had to get stuck with this one. It was probably very much a case of "the grass-on-the-other-side-of-the-fence-being-greener," but nevertheless anything seemed preferable to weekly compulsory showers for members of Hall (because "some people don't seem to have time to wash"), or a banning of non-regulation socks, while others went round wrongly socked and dirty. Did prospective parents know the REAL Grant's ?

I tried desperately to weigh up the situation fairly: What house can boast of having a ceremony like "jumping the mantelpiece"?—of having a House-master who both goes to evening art classes in Chelsea and teaches maths?—of having a roof garden, and a cracked fire-alarm bell? No; self-deception was useless—I was in the wrong house.

Then suddenly, there I was; in Studies. The timing was perfect. It came when the tough, competitive life in Hall had done all it could in teaching us to fend for ourselves, and was just beginning to send us mad with its ceaseless monotony. Studies came as a welcome break in Westminster routine. I looked across at my smug friend in Liddell's, whose two-and-a-half year privilege of having a study had long ago ceased to interest him particularly. I then turned to my friend in Busby's, who did not expect a study for another year—I was alright, Jack. I had been injected with a new lease of life just when I needed it most. We had single bed-studies, so we could hide ourselves away from the world when we wanted to, and yet talk in the Studies Common Room when we felt sociable. Perhaps it was not such a dud house after all. There was a radio on bottom Study Floor, and a gramophone on top Study Floor; soon a 19in. screen television found its way into the house. Yes, things were certainly looking up.

Continual small changes were taking place in the house—not only did televisions and ice-cream become standard luxuries, but people were trusted to wash by themselves, crew-cuts ceased to be standard head gear, and the pressure on those proverbial regulation socks eased off. A more relaxed Grant's took over from the older, sterner one;—We lost nothing through this slightly reduced insistence on the more petty rules: the school cups, exhibitions, and scholarships kept rolling in. The aura of controlled order, something which one or two houses appear to have lost, remained in the house, but the atmosphere was less tense. Some Old Grantites might say that the old, dynamically keen house is dead; this is very far from the truth—it is just different. Things must change before they improve.

It is just a case of: "Grant's is dead; long live Grant's !"

La Washadama A 2-Act Opera

Perruci

(The Washerwoman)

ACT I

Act I opens with Maria (La Washadama) putting washing on a line to dry. She sings the aria: “ Di Spaghetti Bolognese si Belli ” (How beautiful is spaghetti). She sings how beautiful it is to see spaghetti growing once more, with Spring in the air and the ravioli at last appearing. But all is not well. Her lover, Jacobo, has been conscripted into the army and she has not seen him for three (years/months/days/hours). At this point, the hunchback, Adolpho, rudely interrupts her. He is madly in love with the beautiful girl and very jealous of Jacobo. But Maria, with a harsh slap, sends him on his way singing: “ Permiagetti non esta aqua permissibl  in dumo arrivaderci ” (Go away !).

As Adolpho slinks off, Jacobo suddenly bounds out of the bushes. Maria joyfully greets him and the two sing lovingly of—surprisingly—their love for each other. Maria asks him how he has obtained leave. “ Sh,” he replies “ es impossibile te dire cinque die.” (Shut up !). He has deserted and the soldiers are already searching for him.

Meanwhile Rupertio, who has overheard all, appears and sings “ E Pericoloso Sporgersi ” (Ne pas se pencher endehors) possibly Perucci’s greatest solo. He rushes off to find the soldiers searching for Jacobo so that he can marry Maria instead.

ACT II

Maria is scrubbing in the garden with Jacobo when Rupertio returns with the soldiers. A hectic, traumatic scene follows in which everyone argues but eventually Jacobo is dragged off to be shot. “ Bang Bung Bung.” (Bung Bang Bang). Adolpho runs to get a priest so that he may marry Maria. However she decides that without Jacobo she cannot face life. As the shot that kills Jacobo reaches her ears she takes a clothes peg and stabs herself through the heart in an ending not dissimilar to Perruci’s *Madam Moth*.

J. C.

I THINK I’ll have to tell you about this guy. He started like all the lads on the pop scene—you know. The long-hair lot. Suddenly he started to get big—bigger than anyone ever had been. I can’t tell you why; people just raved on his stuff.

Concerts were sell-outs. Multi-million selling discs. Then everybody tried to get in on his scene. Every day more people followed his every step. Only the

papers had him. Not surprising the P.M.'s lot got narked—actually, they got *really* narked. Never got a look in. Not for one minute. That was why.

So they got rid of him. It was one big fiddle. (What do you expect from the P.M.?). They brought these guys who swore they'd seen him take drugs. House used for smoking of illicit substances, etc. He got five years in clink. Five years! The whole place nearly erupted. Millions of fans protest-marching—the lot. No good, though. Never is.

Then slowly all the fervour died down. People turned cynical. Said he'd never make it again. But fans kept on shouting about him. They weren't noticed. So even they forgot. No-one cared any more. No-one remembered.

Fools, you fools,

He's come back. The clock's stopped. The world's stopped. It's too late to remember now.

Westminster School - An Appraisal

“ Westminster ! O Westminster !
Why dost thou ever feel so very near !”

SO wrote Richard Hambleton (1867-1913), Old Grantite and late romantic poet. The touching simplicity of these lines expresses, I think, the feelings of us all, as we yearn after something we have had, and treasured, but which is now gone for ever. To me, the power of the sentiment expressed is by no means diminished by the fact that the poem was actually intended by Hambleton to be an elegy for his miniature poodle, affectionately named “ Westminster ” who had just died.

These words echo through one's mind as one steps into Little Dean's Yard—that sequestered nook which is both far from, and in the midst of, the proverbial maddening crowd, and where eager boys receive both spiritual and secular instruction. Now, that old, old feeling returns again, and one rushes off to the japs to relieve oneself of it. Wisdom and learning seem to be part of the very walls of the school buildings—along with the cracked brickwork, dry rot and the obscenities and signatures carved outside the school store. There is a general aura of a university about the place: the paved quadrangle, the scholars in their threadbare, torn and tattered gowns, and the ivy creeping up the front of Ashburnham House to hide the holes in the wall. “ Which University ?” claims that many people think undergraduate life merely entails sitting around having long, heated arguments over cups of coffee. Or long arguments over cups of

heated coffee. Or arguments over long cups of heated coffee, etc., etc. Westminster has something of this element.

After breakfast, off one goes to the legendary "Thistle" for a cup of coffee, the first argument of the day (second, if you shout at the guy who wakes you up in the morning). This process is repeated during break, after lunch, immediately after school, at least twice during the afternoon and in any private study one is lucky enough to have during the day. Arguments vary from who owes who what and why to why Chelsea didn't win on Saturday. Coffee is 8d. a cup.

Contrasted to this university-angled side of the school, there are also opportunities for those with outside interests. There are, for example, facilities for those wishing to take "O" or "A" levels and I'm told that one can even take part in some form of sport, if one is so inclined. Although such subsidiary activities have to be kept in proportion to one's primary aims, quite a number of people still take these seriously. This, I think, is a regrettable sign of the times, and one which I join with Hambledon in frowning upon. In his own inimitable style, he summarised his thoughts about Westminster in these immortal words:

" O Westminster, O Westminster
May you always stay so dear."

Cricket

THIS year, by way of a change, Grant's did not win the inter-house Cricket competition. Much of the credit for this unprecedented display of generosity must go to the early batsmen in the final match against Busby's, who failed to find a compromise between caution and over-eagerness. These extremes caused the rest of the side to panic, except for the unflappable *Paniguian*, and one of the fielders to drop three catches. *Paniguian's* startling innings of 21 was all the more meritorious since all the other batsmen fell in their attempt to score off the Busby attack. *Paniguian* ended a fine captain's day in the field by taking a stumping worthy of *George Duckworth* to dismiss the best Busby batsman; but his personal Herculean efforts were not enough to stave off defeat.

Grants had an easy path to the final. Against Ashburnham *Lascelles* scored 67: and the preponderance of singles over boundaries in his innings would seem to indicate that his strength lay in his legs, rather than in his arms. *Paniguian*, in contrast, seldom did any running, through laziness and good timing. *Macwhinnie* bowled well, as Ashburnham fell cheaply before the Grant's bowling

attack, but his effort would have been more successful had he followed the example of *Alan Davidson* and used cunning rather than just speed.

Against Liddells, Grant's found themselves faced with the overwhelming target of 29, thanks to the bowling of *Lascelles* and *Carey*. In the face of defeat *Mortimore* played a nonchalant innings; a fine four being followed by his casually allowing his off stump to be removed. This disaster, notwithstanding *Paniguian*, with yet another captain's innings of 6, and *Carey*, with a fighting 0, saved the day

While *Paniguian* was certainly the star of the series, others should not be denied the limelight. *Lascelles'* batting, when matter did not take control of mind, was reminiscent of *Hobbs* at his best. *Mortimore's* bowling was disappointing, but this was offset by some fine performances with his bat. *Ravenscroft* and *Niven* by their consistency were the foundations for both triumph and disaster. *Mieville* was not too successful, but his batting shows the sparkle of the ebullient *Gilbert Jessop*. *Kemp* with a *Milburn*-like swipe proved effective against indifferent bowling. *Wilkinson* was more effective at the crease than in the outfield—no more need be said. *De Mowbray* was the best of the junior fielders. *Carey* was successful as a bowler, using his wrong-footed style to confuse the batsmen.

The failure of the house side as a whole should not detract from *Paniguian's* fine personal performance.

This article was not written by R. L. Paniguian.

Ode to an oily Griffin

THE flaming incandescent shades of glimmering light,
Surge upon a waking world;
And spirits of burning nothingness droop before eternal day,
As the banners of life are unfurled.

Eternal hopes evoke harmonious shapes of fiery dawns,
While meanings become more blurred.
Enormous orbs of sparkling beauty transcend the morning gloom,
But the sense is now largely obscured.

The unutterable boredom which the poem evokes,
Is just meant to stress my view:
It's time the *Grantite* stopped being a tiresome literary magazine
crammed with pointless, pseudo poems
And became light, and enjoyable too.

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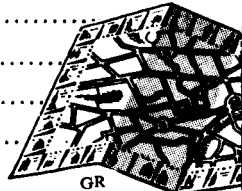


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'You'll get every chance to improve your management skills by internal courses, business school both here and in America, and attachment to another company or bank abroad.'

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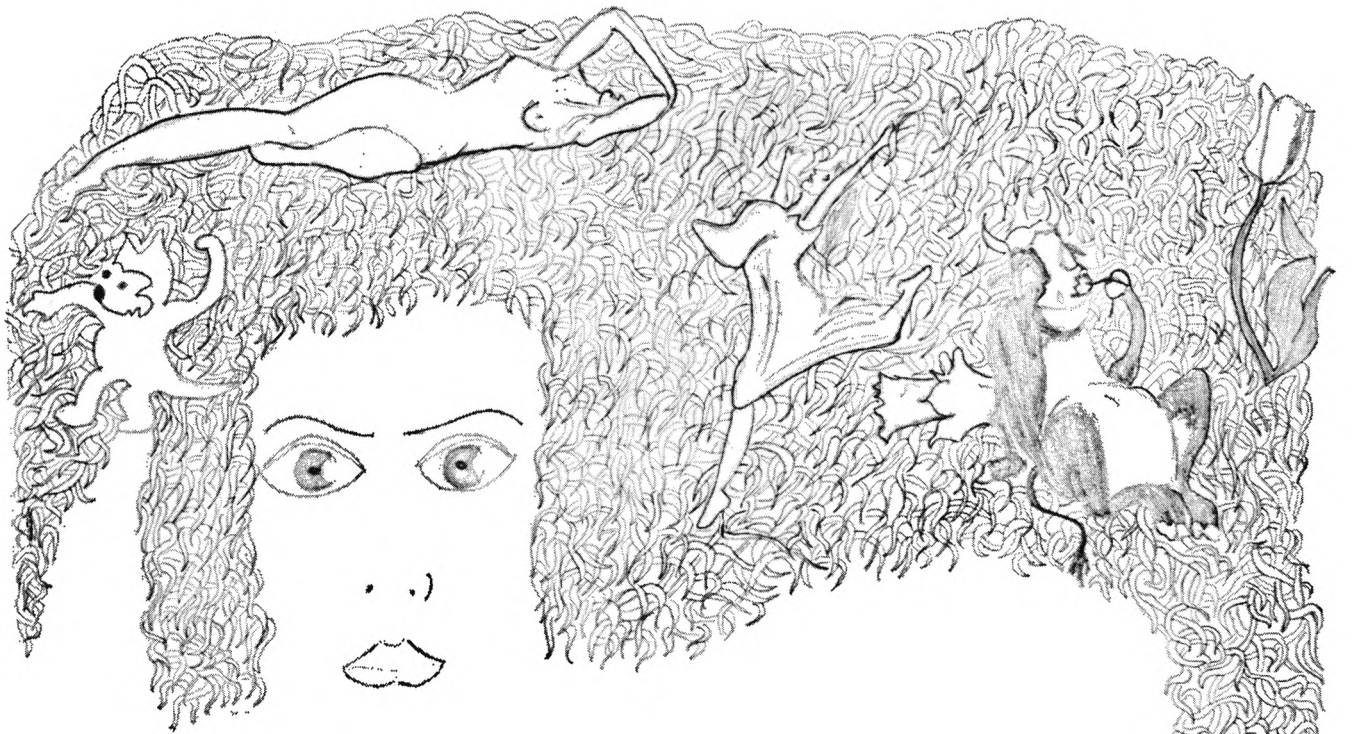
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