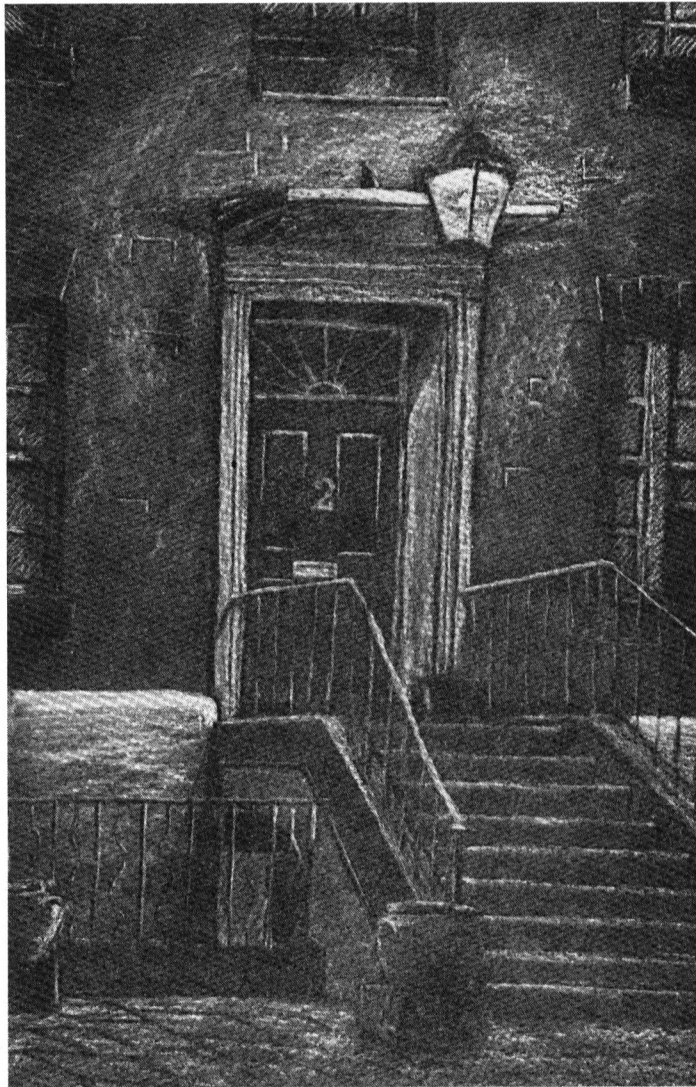


*The
Granite Review
Play Term, 1985*

Nascitur exiguus, vives dequirit eundo.



CENTENARY OF THE STEPS
31st October 1985. FLOREAT.
By Boris Mills.

The postcard above was the winner of the Old Granite Club Postcard Competition and is now available at the school store.

The Granite Review, Play Term 1985

Contents

Editorial	2
A Final Few Words	3
Business Editorial	4
The House Play	5
Liskeard Exchange	9
House Music	11
The Art of Grant's	14
9.20 am British Rail, Liverpool Street	17
Save Yourself . . . A Plea for Sanity	18
Station Reports	19
A Letter from Afar	23
Old Granite Club News	24

Editor *Boris Mills*
Business Editor *Alastair Wertheim*

EDITORIAL

It is, let us not deny, a harrasing experience being Editor of the Grantite Review. Despite earlier optimism, the perennial struggle in the face of almost overwhelming apathy continues, if not worsens. Although no-one in particular is at fault (though names could be mentioned . . .), this general lethargy and unoriginality of response from the house should never be underestimated since it is a powerful enemy to overcome. The problem appears to be a continuation of two attitudes, in varying proportions. The first is, as far as I can tell, a sort of 'free lunch' mentality, by which people *love* to be written about (with, perhaps, a controversial quote or two to show with pride to friends), but hate to actually do the writing. Strangely, I have encountered a serious body of opinion that thinks it is entirely up to the Editor to produce the complete magazine, out of apparently thin air (this is, however, sometimes remarkably close to the truth). The other attitude is a certain fear of expressing an opinion which may, possibly, be regarded as enthusiastic or genuine, or indeed, producing an article of any quality. Such is the nature of peer pressure in Grants that many articles were either so drenched in cynicism and mindlessly anti-establishment opinions, or were so appallingly written as to be unpublishable. Some articles had to be so heavily edited as to be unrecognisable from their original form.

The other problem encountered was one of positive creative thinking. When asked to write an article for the Grantite the instant reaction was (almost invariably) 'but what on?' The editor seems to be regarded as a source of ever flowing and novel ideas. Much as I would like to pretend this is true, it isn't . . .

Nevertheless, despite this lack of any feeling of communal responsibility (if this phrase is found in any way offensive, I apologise deeply . . .), I would like to thank those who did produce articles with any enthusiasm, articles which showed a great deal of originality and quality.

Last year's editor speculated upon a growing freedom of the press in the following years. Despite the above, my own preference is also towards this idea. All articles were allowed, the only editing taking place being for grammatical errors or deficiencies in writing style. Seriously argued opinions were allowed as much freedom as they were prepared to take. Hopefully, this will satisfy as many as possible.

More seriously, though, this year can be seen to be one of quite major authoritarian upheaval, and not merely in Grants. Play term '84 marked the arrival of the new house tutor, Mr Julian Thould, to replace Barry Cumberland in this difficult and perhaps (only at times, mind . . .) wearisome task. We also see the departure of our other house tutor Miss Lois Steeman-Clark, not only from the house but, sadly, also from the school. We wish her luck in her future career.

More noticeably comes the news of our beloved Housemaster, Mr Baxter's planned departure next April, to become Headmaster of Wells'

Cathedral School, in Somerset.

We wish him, and his family, the best of luck and happiness in Wells, and would like to express the opinion that, after seven years as housemaster of Grants, he greatly deserves the position.

Boris Mills, Editor

(At the time of printing, Mr Baxter's replacement had not been decided. However, rumour has it . . .)

THE HOUSE DIARY

A FINAL FEW WORDS

I am frequently asked what will I miss most when I leave Westminster, and I find it is not easy to give a short answer. Fifteen years is a long time to spend in one institution, and although I will have spent only 6½ of these years in Grant's the most vivid of my memories will be of the House.

It would be inaccurate to claim that all those memories are warm ones, and there is no doubt that there are many aspects of life in Little Dean's Yard which we shall be only too pleased to leave behind. Few people realise how noisy and claustrophobic living in Grant's can be. In the private side there is not one room in the house which is ever quiet for very long. The family bathrooms are situated under dormitories, the drawing room and dining room are above the basement bathrooms and showers. Moreover there is no privacy in term time. Few people bother to respect the front door of the House, the telephone rings *on average* over twenty times a day, and an uninterrupted family meal is rare. Numerous windows facing Little Dean's Yard have been broken, and it's something of a miracle that the chandelier in the drawing room has survived.

In the six years the nature of Westminster's intake has changed quite dramatically, and this is reflected in all the boarding houses. Boarding numbers have dropped sharply and as a consequence all boarding houses now have a majority of day pupils. Total numbers in Houses are unacceptably high, and I am not alone in feeling that Westminster makes demands of its Housemasters the proper execution of which are literally impossible.

Why then do we do the job? There are moments when it is enormously rewarding, and we will both miss the constructive contact with Grantites. There have been moments of unashamed pride particularly after the successful completion of a House Concert or Play, but also, for example, when a poor linguist scores full marks in a German test as a result of sheer determination. But above all we shall miss the many friends we have made, among the Grantites who were OLD before 1979, among more recent Old Grantites and their families, and current Grantites. To you all we wish you good fortune and we hope that we will not lose touch.

J.S.B.

BUSINESS EDITORIAL

I wish to thank our advertisers this year for their generous support and encouragement.

It does bewilder me, however, why so many potential advertisers miss the opportunity of advertising in this most exclusive and prestigious magazine; the only one of its kind circulated to all the best landed gentry in the capital and from whence, it has been rumoured, to wander as far as Timbuktu.

In spite of the plea made by last year's Business Manager for advertisements and donations and of the wide distribution of a circular to all concerned asking for help, there has been virtually no response. This year a new structure was set up the result of which means that all profits in future years will be donated through Action Aids sponsorship scheme to Grant's adopted child Katiya Wadde Wadde.

If parents and Old Grantites alike are apathetic in responding then they must not be surprised if, as a consequence, their sons and daughters emulate them. This does not augur well for House spirit.

If everyone participated with a small contribution or suggestion the standard of the Grantite Review could rise to even greater heights.

Alastair Wertheim

HOUSE NEWS

Election term 1984

Departures were: Brittain-Catlin, Cash, Cotter-Howells, Forrest, Jago, Kunzler, Leeming, Mehta, Morgan, Morrell, Raafat, Rhodes, Singer, Suratgar, Thomlinson and Unger.

Play term 1985

Harrison was Head of House.

Kendall was Head of Hall.

Robinson was Head of Monitors. The Monitors were: King, A.C., Pennington, Taushia, Horne, J., O'Hara, P. and Lawson.

Hall Monitors were Graham-Maw, Ross, Woodfield, Mills and Wertheim.

Arrivals – boarders were Buchanan, Hamilton, Hamlyn, Hughes, Ingham, Mustapha, Narain, O'Hara. S., Themen, Thompson; dayboys were Beverley, Bilgrami, Conder, Farha, Heaton, Levy, Martin, Tann, Voak.

Departures – O'Hara. P. and Ash.

Lent term and Election term 1985

The monitorial remained the same.

Those who were awarded colours are mentioned in station reports.

STOP PRESS:

CONGRATULATIONS TO JUSTIN BENNET, EDITOR OF GRANTITE REVIEW 1982, on his recent award as Journalist of the Year.

HOUSE PLAY

'THE LIFE AND DEATH OF ALMOST EVERYBODY'

It must be said that it is a very demoralising experience for a budding young co-director when the average response to our advertising posters was one of laughter. Indeed, we quickly grew tired of being told that it was 'bound to fail – I mean, what d'you expect, it's a Grant's play'.

But Grant's proved its critics wrong, and a play was finally performed on three nights, to appreciative audiences. It was, though, a hard grind for all the members of the cast (especially with various Maths and Spanish 'O' levels getting in the way of this momentous advancement in art) and, although the prompter was invaluable, the cast excelled themselves, with rehearsals every lunchtime (the lack of hot dinners was felt, but endured). Even placing the rehearsals over a long weekend was borne out with few complaints.

The selection of the play was perhaps the hardest part. Almost by accident, we came across David Campton's play, 'The Life and Death of Almost Everybody', about an ordinary sweeper and his imaginary world. The various undertones of war and peace, its humour and anti-monarchic stance interested us sufficiently to motivate the essential thoughts on its realisation.

The workshop-type production allowed Jason Tann to give his amazing performance as Aunt Harriet, the evil advocate of war and elitist rule. At the same time, it gave scope for a general simplification of costumes, which contributed significantly to the final low budget.

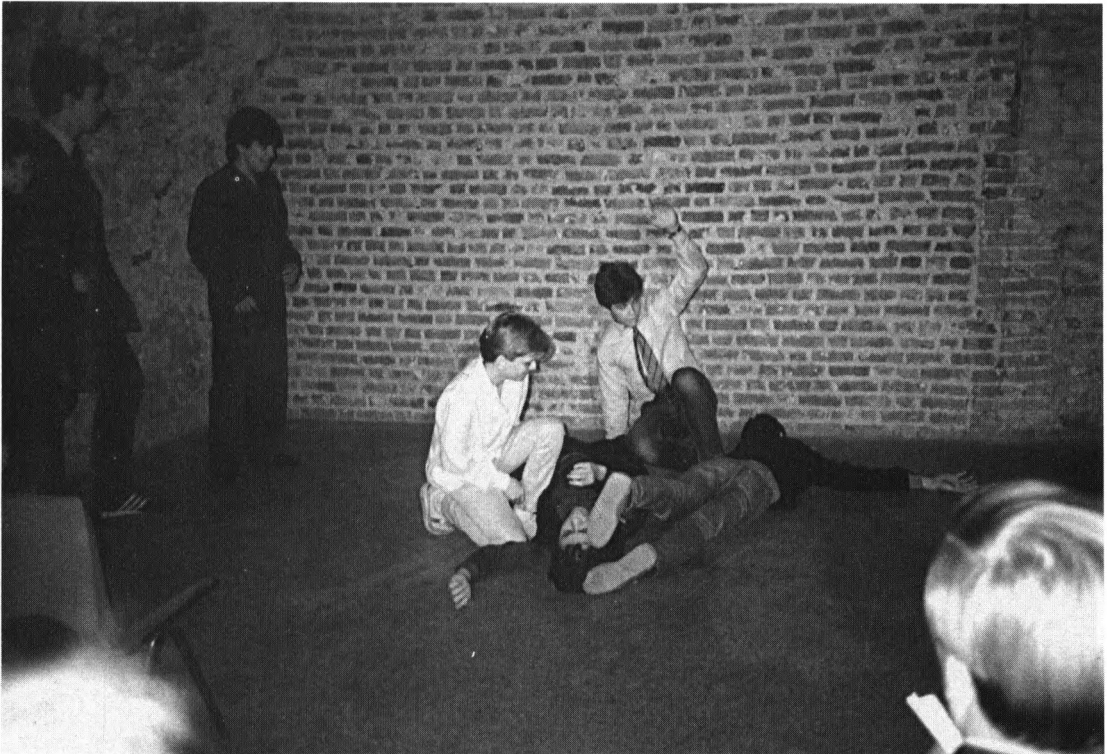
Dominic Earle's portrayal of the bewildered human creator, the sweeper, was perhaps the most taxing role, as no amount of cutting could reduce his enormous part. Dan Doulton and Richard Hughes gave particularly varied emotive performances as the king and queen of the imaginary world, highlighting the human dilemma between good and evil, war and peace.

But to single out individual members of the cast seems unjust, as each boy injected personal elements into his character. The cast worked together as a whole and, at the performance, was complemented by the carefully cued work of the lighting and special effects teams.

The three successful performances dispelled any doubts or possible jibes about the irony of the play's title. With the phrase 'It'll be alright on the night' justly applicable to the play, the Grantites once again did the impossible, and proved that lines could indeed be learnt, literally overnight.

Rachel Curtis







AN EXCHANGE WITH LISKEARD

During the final week of the Election Term, Steve Thompson, Claire Sheppey and I took part in an exchange scheme with Liskeard Comprehensive, in Cornwall.

The exchange kicked off with the arrival of the four (alright, let's face it) casuals from Cornwall: Tim Jolliffe, Clare Furseman, Liz Skirton and Robert Facey made a discreet entrance to our hallowed halls of learning and enlightenment, unescorted this once by the usual throngs of enthusiastic well-wishers that normally greet newcomers. Despite the unexpected addition of an extra girl to their ranks, the exchange began with a minimum of confusion and, after a brief tour of the school, the two girls were whisked off to stay with Siri Fernando and Claire. Meanwhile, I continued to show their male counterparts round some of the school's greatest attractions: College Hall, Grants, the toilets, and so on . . . (Steve, shirking his responsibilities as usual, did not come in until Monday morning).

Abbey was the first duty of the week, an experience almost as novel for me as it was for them, having not been all term. Above all they saw during their stay, this seemed to impress them most, which is a pity, since everything else was thus a bit of a disappointment in comparison.

After Abbey, they went to their first lessons at Westminster School with their respective substances (personally, ours was a double period with Mr Hepburne-Scott, so, as you may realise, it was quite an interesting initial experience for poor Tim). All, however, were struck by the differences from lessons in their own school. Apparently, they were surprised by the formality of teaching style in this supposedly liberal and progressive public school, and not just in Mr Hepburne-Scott's lessons!

After morning school came lunch, that pillar of the Westminster Experience. They seemed to find the food quite 'different' (for sake of any other word beginning with 'di-'), and all four wanted to congratulate Brian and the chef. Indeed, it was all I could do to stop them recommending them to Dr Rae for a pay rise!

That night all eight of us went to see *Cymbeline*, which was enjoyed very much by all (well sung, John!).

Tuesday was station day, and all four excelled themselves in every way. Later on, whilst showing Tim and Rob the Westminster area, I pointed out one of the oldest, and most historic, public establishments. Rarely have I seen two people move so fast, evidently entranced by its historic implications. I, of course, waited outside. (This famous pub must remain anonymous, lest poor, unsuspecting Westminster historians should be thus misunderstood by some efficient master, while having a quiet, peaceful, soft drink.)

Wednesday marked the end of their stay, and the beginning of ours. Having thankfully missed one of Brian's Culinary Feasts, we climbed aboard a bus at Victoria Station and, seven hours later, arrived at a town-



ship of which I have never heard (nothing North of Watford or South of Wimbledon, you understand . . .), called, I think, Plymouth. We were picked up from Plymouth by a Mr Batey, Head of Liskeard Comprehensive VIth Form, with whom I then stayed.

We attended lessons on Thursday and Friday and, even in the two days I was at Liskeard, I was able to define some significant differences. In the classroom, work was left much more to the individual student. They also had a far greater degree of personal freedom: they were, for instance, under no obligation to go to lunch, and were allowed to go out in P.S.s. However, one thing I did notice was the absence of the vast proliferation of extra-curricular activities present in Westminster. School was, for them, just lessons, and no more.

Claire, Steve and I returned to London on the Saturday morning, having been at Liskeard's one and only nightspot the previous night. We are all extremely grateful to Mr Baxter and the Headmaster of Liskeard Comprehensive for making such an interesting and enjoyable exchange possible.

Tom Ross

HOUSE MUSIC

GRANT'S HOUSE CONCERT – PLAY TERM

Well, another entertaining concert by the Grant's House Team began with Purcell's 'Golden Sonata' played by John G-M, Patrick Flood-Page, Inigo Patten, and accompanied by Tom Mohan. These two movements, the Grave and Allegro, kicked off the concert to a good start (although luckily nobody noticed the problem the 2nd violin had with playing one bar behind!). Richard Hughes then played a Gavotte on the piano by J.S. Bach very earnestly; to be followed by Daniel Themen, again on the piano, with 'In Blumengarten' by N.W. Gade – obviously a recruit for the next Grant's concert. There were very few problems with J.S. Bach's 'Gavotte' in G minor, played on the trumpet by Zen Thompson who played very positively. Sean O'Hara then attempted on the violin Vivaldi's Allegro, from the Concerto in A Minor (a shorthand version) with praiseworthy determination. Then Giles Perry on the accordion played 'Under the Linden Tree'. This rather French lyrical piece set a good contrast to a difficult Concerto for Clarinet by Weber, played by Michael Sparkes with great enthusiasm.

Inigo Patten then made his entrance with 'The Swan' by Saint-Saens, accompanied very sensitively by his father. The new girl sixth form contribution was to come: 'From Foreign Lands' by Schumann was very well played by Siri Fernando (despite the nerves previously), and was swiftly followed by the Guitar duo of Jonathan Raynes and Mark Pennington with their own arrangement of 'Chicken Run Blues'; despite their voices they could play very well and acted as an interval in a classically dominated evening. Next Caroline Miller-Smith played a Sarabande by J.S. Bach on the flute with much aptitude, to be followed by John Graham-Maw on the violin with a slow 'Adagio' by Zoltan Kodaly, and then an Allegro in F Major by J.S. Bach to finish with. 'La Cathedrale Englanti' by Claude Debussy was played instinctively by Patrick Flood-Page on the piano. The finale was the Pirates' Chorus from 'The Pirates of Penzance' by Gilbert and Sullivan by the GRANT'S HOUSE CHOIR on its second ever performance with John Graham-Maw as conductor and soloist. We also managed to get the audience in sight of some copies and they sang along as well which ended the concert with a flourish! Afterwards a generous amount of money was collected for Katiya Wadde Wadde, sponsored by Grant's under the Action Aid Scheme.

John Graham-Maw





In the study of the human mind (and behaviour), it has long been accepted that mentality relates directly to the individual's environment, both physically and psychologically. And, as free-form art is almost a window on psychology, one can see that art forms and themes are oriented towards, and related to, environment and interpersonal contact.

Thus, Grants can be considered very interesting in its creation of an artistic environment atmosphere, and the depressing physical reality of its individualistic atmosphere, and the contrast between its highly critical and paranoic and confining architecture. Turbulence and creative art have always been bedfellows, the two having an almost symbiotic relationship. Italy and Switzerland, despite their very similar racial stocks, are opposites, culturally. Out of the political and geographic instability of Italy came some of the high points of world culture (like Benito...), whilst the peace and security of Switzerland has produced nothing but postcards and ski-resorts (besides, they're very boring).

The effect of Granite architecture is very apparent in the art created there: there seems to be no enjoyable visual expression. In terms of emotional creation, the pictures, though aesthetically oriented, tend to deride the human condition, or to be simply escapist.

Many of Martin Mills' pictures tend towards the latter: effective planetary landscapes, bleak, awesome, yet dead in nature, with a clever use of dark-basis black, white or grey chalk and charcoal, with a sense of darkness to create a sense of space, or weight. There is an impression of the end in them - glimpses of some ruined, ancient civilisation, vast and majestic, yet dead: broken eyes buried in the sand and rock - that makes up the environment of these pictures. Although some life is seen - a strange, distant creature, a column of hooded beings - one feels utterly cut off from the pictures, majestic yet awful in their remoteness from you.

One picture, of a kneeling, enveloped figure, praying blindly with arms outstretched is, according to the artist, a visual conception of emotional and sexual frustration - desperately longing to break out, yet failing even to understand this desire. Another interesting picture is that of the Bus Stop In Space. Here, a man is seen, standing at a bus stop, faceless, with his office equipment, as if he were about to do a day's work in the City.

Yet instead, he floats free in space, on a jagged area of pavement, torn from the earth below. A feeling of the loneliness of normality is conveyed; a desperate attempt to hold fast blindly to limited present-day values; a failure to comprehend a new, cosmic scale of thought; indeed, an inability to cope with non-constraint. It seems to suggest that Man is building walls against a full, rather than fragmented reality, and is mentally unable to change his perspective, although his actual environment has changed, hopelessly, beyond recognition.

Perhaps more abstract still are the more recent works of Inigo Patten. Patten, traditionally more inclined towards sculpture as a form of expression, slowly found the practicalities of this branch of creative art restrictive and, prompted by the acquisition of an airbrush, moved into two dimensions.

His style is, by all standards, simplistic, though this in no way detracts from the quality or originality of his work. By combination and superposition of limited numbers of basic shapes and forms, Patten manages to forcefully convey the ideas and impressions that inspire his artwork, in a concise and articulate manner. He appears almost to restrict the complexity of the design in order to strip it of all excess, to portray his thoughts in their purest form. Though naked, these thoughts display a complexity of their own. Despite his comparatively recent entrance into painting, he has mastered the use of an airbrush quickly and effectively, and already uses it to visually discuss such themes as the role of religion, especially the associations of drug-oriented hallucinogenic perception with religious experiences, the tribal instinct within modern religion, and so on.

Patten's work continues to develop in skill and style, though perhaps at the cost of his sculpture. Unlike sculpture, paintings — especially of this variety — can be produced quickly and are thus more prone to be inspirational, based on immediate, momentary feelings, drives or, more commonly, frustrations. Prolific production is thus easier, but probably short-lived, the artist having 'burnt-out' a series of ideas before they are allowed to mature. Perhaps, indeed, such works shall entirely cease to emerge once the artist is outside the confines of the house. Perhaps not. Only time will tell . . .



9.20 BRITISH RAIL, LIVERPOOL ST.

The old tramp, clutching his stubbed out cigarette. It disappears behind his ear, into a mop of greasy grey.

Huddled in his posture – he even crouches to prostrate – damn everyone else! – a sad sight – a previously rugged stare is now one of non-chalance – not despair – too many days without hope have taught him not to.

A scream – some illusion – grasping his ankle.

Wild eyes glaze out onto a disbelieving world.

Something must keep him busy – he scrapes his flaking flesh, long to see clean clothes. Strangely, he still takes pride in his appearance, firming his tie and straightening his jacket. Old friends would die to see his cuffs.

One approach for the money for a tea proves fruitless, so he stands accounting his situation. Old cups in the bin are his prey as all around look on, aghast. Can nobody spare the price of a tea?

His nails worn down merely by their cracking off – he rummages, reseats his trousers.

He has nothing other than concern for his appearance. Is he blind to it? Has his mind grown so used to grime that he really cannot see it?

Back to the favourite ankle – he stares away into people's eyes.

His jaw jets and juts to attract attention. What more can he do?

Total rejection.

A fine day – he has yet to see a good one, though.

Am I a tramp in my own way? Anyone here could easily be a future tramp.

He's slipping off into a fleeting heaven, but the sudden, standard revelation sends him crashing to this earthly hell. How can one feel comfortable when all one has to rest on are hard, wooden slats donated by some (kindly) retired city gent out of guilt for all the teas he did not buy.

Virtual oblivion is his state now, in permanent exhaustion.

How long will he live? Why should he want to carry on?

'Curse British Rail, why is my seat in the first class taken?'

Alex Woodfield

SAVE YOURSELVES... A PLEA FOR SANITY

I think (or should I say that I have perceived myself to have thought) that Grant's performance in the cultural and intellectual life of the school is quite deplorable. When glancing through the immaculate pink pages of the Elizabethan, how many names do I see from Grant's? How many finely perceived and executed poems have originated from this particular hall of learning? Well, to be honest, really not many at all, evidently because no Grantite has the necessary sensitivity and deep social insight required to have an article accepted in that most excellent and informative magazine.

Walking through Grant's is, for me, a deeply shocking experience, comparable only with a trip through Dante's Inferno, where dead spirits flit around in their pitiful, soul-less existences. This is, alas, the sad truth of Grant's: the shameful neglect of their spiritual advancement, embodied (of course) in the English A-Level Course, means that Grantites have become mere shadow-beings, spiritual halflings, their souls tortured by their own ignorance of Shakespeare and Milton. The cure is, however, obvious and readily available - read the pink pages of the Elizabethan. I urge you, save yourselves from this shallow, two-dimensional existence before it is too late.

I see now that Alex Woodfield has written a fine article in this, our very own magazine, bringing light and hopes of Salvation to its otherwise cultural and intellectual darkness, preaching the message of Literary Enlightenment. He should be greatly praised for this work, and placed in that venerable Hall of Fame, the pink centre pages of the Elizabethan, for posterity: to prove, indeed, that a Grantite can lead a full, meaningful life. Follow Alex's example, I implore you: write perceptive poetry in order to help others by revealing your own intellect and cleverness, and thus be saved from a futile life of mere physical enjoyment.

Bruce King

HOUSE SPORTS REPORTS

CRICKET

Avid readers may remember that last year I said that we had possibly the best team on the paper and that, by rights, we should have won. However, I also mentioned that the situation was, alas, reminiscent of 1982 when we lost, even though we were (theoretically) the best side, which is indeed what happened in 1984, when we lost to Rigauds in the first round: a match of high tension and highly strained relations.

This year however, though still having the best side, we did, in fact win. Despite this objective victory, the inter-house competition was sadly lacking in interest, with few memorable incidents (although I have rarely heard such loud and confident 'Howzats'). Perhaps the best individual performance was that by Adrian 'Captain Crunch' Kendall. Turning up for the finals in a U.S. Marines T-Shirt and ripped jeans, he managed to be bowled out first ball. It is however, impossible to keep a good man down, and he insisted upon batting for the opposition. He then scored four runs, almost topping the Rigauds batting figures — a phenomenal performance!!

The rest of the team should not, however, be forgotten, since all played admirably. Many thanks to a great team.

Bruce King

ATHLETICS

Grants seem to dominate the cross-country station this year, with nearly half the regular attenders being Grantites; but, as it is well known, quality rather than quantity counts in all sports, especially athletics and, although Jamil Satchu was actively involved and very enthusiastic, many of the rest of the Grant's contingent did not restrict their Tuesday and Thursday afternoons purely to running. In fact, the real Grantite athletes were to be found in other stations, such as (in the case of Jim Harrison and Ben Sullivan) Soccer, or (for Bruce King) Cricket. These three, along with Mark Whittam-Smith represented the core of last year's running teams, producing very respectable performances in all inter-house and school competitions. Jim and Ben came 1st and 8th in the Bringsty Relay, thus assuring Grant's an overall 2nd place.

Unfortunately, the following year looks bleak, with virtually no-one of high standing in the Senior or Junior groups and little hope for next year's Bringsty, though maybe the younger day runners will prove me wrong.

Steve Thompson

WATER

The absence of a major house competition in the period under review makes writing a station report rather difficult — suffice to say that the number of house watermen has fallen to an all time low, with no Grantite in any major crew.

This decline is by no means unique to this house, though Grant's probably displays its most advanced stage: we can only hope for better things to come.

Matt Leeming

SWIMMING

During the last few years many Grantites have joined the swimming team and helped it in its success. Last year Grant's won the Inter-House Swimming Competition with ease, but this year we did not do so very well, as so many useful swimmers had left. However, despite this lack of many swimmers from the house, the failing in quantity is made up by the quality.

Dave Robinson was a major asset to the school team, demoralising opponents immediately and very effectively. This was partly due to the fact that he always seems to look like a bouncer who had just had his toe trodden upon, and whose I.Q. is smaller than his shoe size, even though we all know that this is totally misleading as he is, in fact, even cleverer than Caroline Miller-Smith (who? — ed.) and also because he is a strong and skillful swimmer, especially at the breaststroke, coming first, as he does, more often than not. These qualities mean that Dave will be a great loss to the team, and his contribution is symbolised by the re-awarding of his full pinks.

Grants does have two promising young swimmers recently added to the ranks, as well - Sean O'Hara and Lucien Clayton. Sean came to many of the matches and, whilst he was really more of a mascot, he is a fast swimmer and will, undoubtedly, soon be playing an important part in the success of the school and house swimming team, as his brother did, a few years ago.

Lucien Clayton is quite fit and strong and only needs more practice on his style before he too will begin to really speed down the pool.

Not wishing to be too modest, I shall now come to myself. After many seasons of dedication to the team, I have been awarded my half-pinks, since I really am rather good at the breaststroke (really? - ed).

Finally, I would like to urge more members of Grants to join the station, and would recommend it to them. Few things are more pleasurable than beating Harrow in their brand-new million pound swimming

pool, or killing yourself twice a week in the freezing Y.M.C.A. pool. Who knows, perhaps we could once again dominate the Inter-house Swimming Competition?

Zaher Manji

HANDBALL

8-2 Rigauds
10-1 Ashburnham
9-0 Drydens
9-3 Liddells
3-2 Busbys

This year's handball competition presented another admirable display of Grantite superiority on the field, as can be seen from the scores. The team consisted of the illustrious Maylon in goal, protecting the pride of the house; Miles and Alex defending (admirably); Mark and Jim mid-field; and finally, that lethal duo of Nick and Giles in the front line.

Nick Burton, the highest scorer of the tournament, proved his greatness in all forms, from scoring to fouling. Meanwhile Jim Griffiths, never to be deterred, gave the best performance in any individual match, scoring a full five goals against the vastly outskilled Liddells.

Note, however, that our score against Busbys was not as admirable as it could have been. This is because most of the team had just been to Jason and the Scorchers (what? - ed), and thus were not in the best mood for playing. Also, the team was demoralised by the absence of our normal goalkeeper. However, a replacement was found, in the form of Wael Al Qadi. Anyway, can't complain - we won it.



GOLF REPORT

This year has been a major stepping stone in, not only Grant's but also Westminster's, Golf station. Westminster is now back on the school golfing circuit, thanks to the enthusiasm and dedication of the members and especially the staff (Dr Southern and Mr Cook). Grantites were able to gain much experience playing other schools and the Old Westminsters Society.

The result of the Inter-House competition was most rewarding — Grant's tied 1st with Busbys after a remarkable round from Patrick Floodpage. The loss of the Remove at the end of the year will cause a major setback in the team but I hope that younger members of the house who have expressed interest will ensure Grant's success for the future.

A.C.J. Wertheim

SHOOTING

Though there is no official Grantite shooting team, I feel that the house was well represented this year in all major shooting events, especially in the London Open at Hendon, in which we comprised half the team. Special note at this event should be given to Dan Doulton, who excelled himself that day, coming fourth in his class. Later, at the Woodbridge shoot, Boris Mills shot the highest score of the day in Westminster's first inter-school shoot since the days of the C.C.F. Similarly, Nick Windsor and Tom Mandeson should not go without mention, receiving their colts and third pinks respectively, for the Christmas shoot (Dan Doulton also received his third pinks for this).

I am also pleased to see a great deal of interest amongst the fifth form and lower shell. Hopefully, this will continue

OLD GRANTITES

A LETTER FROM AFAR

Dear Sir,

Congratulations on editing the Centenary Issue, with so many distinguished contributors. While no article expressed particularly outrageous views, there were some phrases that struck well and truly home as Simon Mundy "Grant's have always been seen as over-sporty, unintellectual..." Good for Simon Mundy!

A couple of times mention was made of the "approachability" of either Headmaster or Housemaster. Let me assure those responsible for labelling those masters that, as they have left the School, it is too late to curry favour. Had they made such views clear while in class, they would probably have been given permission to visit the "Japs" sixteen times in one boring period!

I write from the arid deserts of what is botanically named the Upper Sonoran Zone, extending from Mexico in the South and including the incredibly rich resort "City of Scottsdale", a sister city of Phoenix to the North. A few cactii can still be seen amid the luxurious shopping malls and expensive hotels which make this area a winter haven for those who have money and for those who haven't. But it's not my intention to pad out this article with digression. Forgive me!

I was Up Grant's from 1931-34.

I have to dissent from the self-deprecatory remark of one of your contributors in the Centenary Issue, "Boys did not have to be clever to get into Westminster". Let me tell him that boys had to be incredibly clever, the cream of private preparatory schools, intellectual, prospective Prime Ministerial material and with a number of exceedingly rare attributes, like the ability to read a Financial Times editorial without stuttering, to be admitted. I dare my old friend Michael Argyle to contradict me.

Now this business of approachable masters. I found A.T.Willett the most unapproachable man I had yet seen in all my thirteen years. He terrified me, as apparently he had terrified my father way back at the beginning of this century. His very clothing, morning suit and top-hat, in which he would occasionally parade round Vincent Square at important cricket or football matches, was enough to put the fear of God into any kid. Whether he emulated the Very Reverent Costley-White or vice-versa, I do not know. But they were both totally unapproachable. When I went to see Costley-White with a letter to say I was leaving, he asked me what I was going to do. I replied that I had a job as an office boy with a firm of City Stockbrokers. Humph! was all he said before walking off.

Mr. Willett had his eye fixed on prowess at sport, as Simon Mundy infers. I hated sport. A little cricket, perhaps. Mr. Willett, therefore, ignored me until I was promoted to the Seventh Form. I went to school

on the first day of term in my butterfly collar to find that I was still in that unhygienic, semi-basement cellar called Underchange. It didn't take me ten minutes to realise that I could break every rule with impunity. To make the fact more obvious, I sat on the seat outside. Monitors looked at me and I stared back. By lunch time arrangements were speedily made to find me a place in one of the studies, upstairs. I suppose someone told Mr. Willett.

Until I got to the Seventh Form, I disliked Westminster School. But once there, in a set of four or five boys, I enjoyed the teaching of Bonhote and Claridge and, yes indeed, Bowle, whilst Mr. Barber and his Scout Troop provided fun and excellent grounding for the rough world ahead. A gentleman's life at last! I even took up fives.

It was a hell of a come-down from the Seventh to be an office boy. But I don't regret it. The thought of another two years before I could get a cosy scholarship at Christ Church appalled me.

Yours sincerely,
John L. Sherriff

OLD GRANTITE CLUB NEWS

The 1984 Annual General Meeting was held in Ashburnham dining room on Friday, 15th June, 1984. Mr D.F. Cunliffe presided. The following members attended: J.S. Woodford, M.L. Patterson, P.M.B. Savage, T.W. Brown, A.N. Winkworth, K.F.M. Thomson, P. Woodford, P.N. Ray, V.T.M.R. Tenison, P.G. Hollings, C.D. Williams, T.M. Williams, H.C.E. Johnson, A.R. Argyle, W.J. Frampton, J.K. Morrison, J.K. Harrison, F.M.B. Rugman, A.S.H. Kemp, S.A.J.H. Mundy, Lord Carr, D.C.R. Grieve.

The President paid a short tribute to the late Sir Adrian Boult and the Meeting stood and observed a minute's silence. The President then announced that Mr J.S. Woodford was resigning from the position of Honorary Secretary and thanked him on behalf of all club members for all his hard work and the time he has devoted to the club in the past.

After the meeting members adjourned Up Grants for the Grantite Review Centenary Dinner, held in Hall by kind permission of the Housemaster. The dinner was attended by 67 members and guests, including the Dean, the Headmaster, and past and present Housemasters. The evening was a great success and our thanks go to all those involved in the organisation, particularly Mr S. Rodway who chaired the dinner sub-committee.

The 1985 Annual General Meeting was held Up Grants by kind permission of the Housemaster on Tuesday, 13th March 1985. Mr D.F. Cunliffe presided. The following members attended: F.M.B. Rugman, G. Illingworth, F.D. Hornsby, W.R. van Straubensee, Miss J. Wilson, G.C. Pope, S. Rodway, J.H. Moss, A.E.R. Hadden, P.G. Hollings, V.T.M.R.

Tenison, C.D. Williams, T.M. Williams.

The President paid a short tribute to the following Over-60 members, Mr Rea, Mr Frampton, Mr Northcote and Mr Brown, who had died during the year and the Meeting stood and observed a minute's silence. The President then announced that Mr P.G. Hollings was retiring from the position of Honorary Treasurer and thanked him for bringing the club funds into a healthy position during his time in office.

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

The 1985 summer cocktail party was attended by members and guests and proved to be a most successful evening.

To mark the Centenary of the Grantite Review the club has decided to donate an annual prize to the House. This prize will be judged by the Housemaster and presented to the boy/girl who provides the best contribution to the Review. This year the prize was presented to Martin Mills.

A postcard depicting the front of Grant's has been printed and these are now on sale at the school store or through the Housemaster.

If any Old Grantites have any items which they would like included in our news page, please forward them to:

The Old Grantite Club,
c/o 2 Little Dean's Yard,
Westminster,
London S.W.1.

Final Note:-

In the name of the next editor, I would like to appeal for articles for next year's Grantite Review. It is never too early to contribute articles, and voluntary contributions make the editor's job easier. It would also be nice if members of the lower years of the school could write some pieces, since the Review is normally, and sadly, restricted to the Upper Shell, Sixth and Remove.

I would also like to reiterate a now almost perennial plea to Old Grantites and parents alike, for financial support, in the form of advertising or contributions. If present trends continue, the Grantite Review will no longer be able to continue in its present form and, unless an alternative or better form of funding comes into being, may cease publication entirely, which would be a great loss to the house as a whole.

Many thanks to all those who contributed to the magazine, and hopefully will continue contributing. Special thanks to Mr Baxter for the time, Mrs Baxter for the occasional cup of coffee, Paul Hooper for his help and advice, and my brother Niall for all the spelling corrections.

Boris Mills

Editor

FLOREAT



By Inigo Patten



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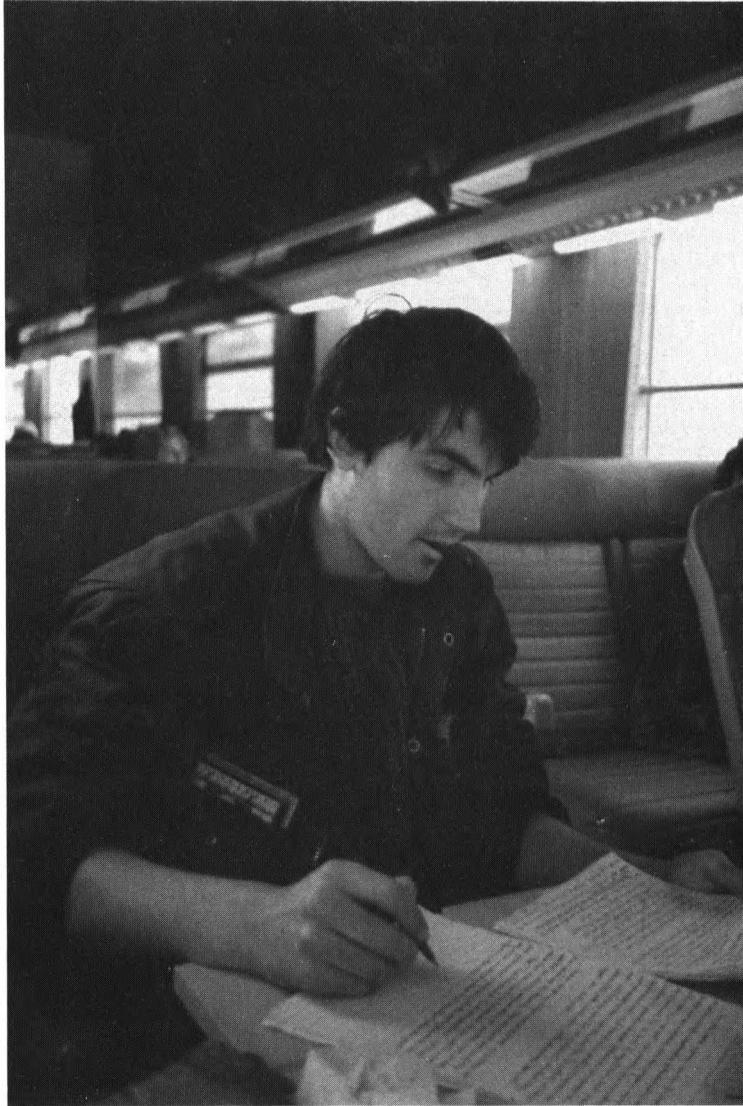
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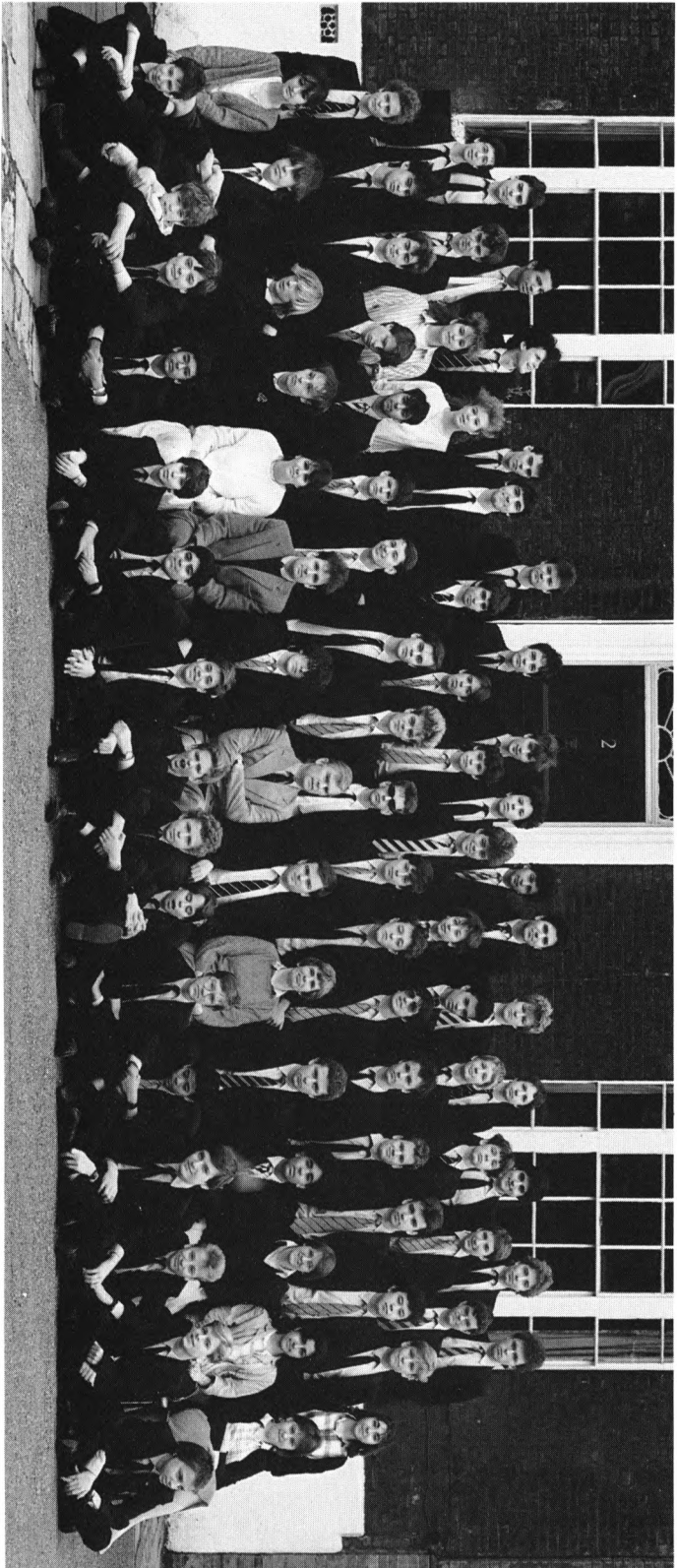
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