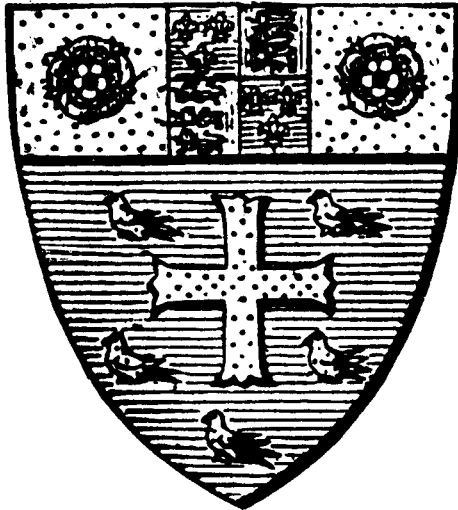


The

Grantite

Nascitur exiguus



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Review.

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PLAY, JUBILEE YEAR
LENT, 1978
ELECTION 1978

VOL. XXX, No. 1
FOUNDED 1884

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EDITORIAL

WHERE is that Grantite Spirit we admired so much? Grantites seem ashamed to speak of "lags"; "japs" is dead; new fellows no longer walk the Mantelpiece but "jump off" it; an air of somnambulance pervades all — the pre-prandial scrum is abandoned and Grantites parade into Lunch as though it were Abbey. And why? We are wilting under the badinage of the ordinary houses who, little by little, wear us down with their endless invective until we almost believe in their slanders and fabulous criticism.

It is within the grasp of all to stick to our House, whatever raillery the jealous fling at us, and to stand by our House through thick and thin, whatever its fortunes, in hard times as in easy. If we can do this we may truly be worthy of the name and distinction of Grantite, be it past or present. Surely it was to this end that Montague Horatio Mostyn Turtle Pigott founded the GRANTITE REVIEW; to establish connections between Grantites wherever they may be, and to keep intact that spirit and tradition which has made the House the proudest and most permanently established house in the world.

H.C.E.A.v.B.

HOUSE DIARY

IT is with the greatest regret that we say farewell to yet another House tutor, Mr. Hugill. We shall certainly mourn his unfailing fund of remarkable anecdotes and his quiet humour. It is due largely to his staunch and expert supervision of Grant's House shooting over the past five years that, under the new School Shooting arrangements, two out of the four Officers are Grantites, including the captain. Dr. Pratt is the newest addition to the House, as once more a representative of the Classics Department takes up residence at Grant's, and meanwhile M. Danielle has already made his mark as House tutor, having been here since the Lent term.

Dryden's has expanded further, and like a retreating empire withdrawing from its colonies Grant's has removed the billiards table from Hall to Chiswicks which, together with the basement and waiting room, has been partly redecorated. Since Chiswicks can no longer be used as a drawing-room, Marshall (at the top of the House) has been furnished and redecorated to serve instead. Another effect Dryden's has had is the decline of "Hall Footie," since so many tables have to be moved in order to play. This is more than made up for by a passion for "skateboards," and Hall remains as hair-raising as ever. An attempt was made to introduce darts on Fernie, but this proved to be passing enthusiasm.

Grant's put on a play once again (reviewed elsewhere) — indeed, three plays. These coincided with the long expected rewiring of Grant's, and we are indebted to the electricians for their comments on rehearsals.

Amongst the current talk of the reintroduction of personal lagging, it has been suggested to the Editor that the Monitorial would be prepared to provide a service whereby gentlemen may be carried to their baths, thereby removing the greatest inconvenience of having a bath — actually getting to it. Experiments in the Lent Term showed that there were some technical difficulties; some not insurmountable problems also arise from the inborn egalitarian squeamishness our friends from across the water have of such luxuries.

The quaint little vestige of pathway that led nowhere into the gravel from just in front of Grant's has been uprooted and rearranged in a "neat" square at the foot of Grant's' steps.

HOUSE NOTES

ELECTION TERM 1977

Departures! S.T. Banks, J.P. Blaksley, T.D. Brow, W.J.M. Carr, P.A.S. Connell, J.R. Mayor, J.K. Severn, R.A. Stubbs, D.A.B. Tanner.

PLAY TERM 1977

W.D. Upton was Head of House

J.C. Hamilton was Head of Hall

The Dormitory Monitors were: P.A.H. Everington, G. Miller

The Monitors were: E.C.W. Adams, N.J. Barrett, B.L. Cooper, C.A. Cranleigh-Swash, A.M. Marris, S. Porfyratos, G.J.J. Rackham.

Arrivals! M.E. Garrett, J.W. Lindsay, J.H. Loose, J.M.H. Love, P.L.B. Ruthven, F.P. Spufford, R.A. Westaway.

Departures! E.C.W. Adams, N.J. Barrett, C.A. Cranleigh-Swash, A.M. Marris, S. Porfyratos, G.J.J. Rackham, W.D. Upton.

LENT TERM 1978

J.C. Hamilton was Head of House

B.L. Cooper was Head of Hall

The Dormitory Monitors were: N.P. Budd, R.R. Wood.

The Monitors were: S.J. Batten, J.T.D. Gardom, C.J. Harrison, R.J.P. Howard, V.M. Lavenstein, R.B. Ray, S.K. Reid, J.C. Urquhart.

Arrivals! T.R. Bell, R.A. Hamilton, C.G.B. Horne, J.P. Melvin, P.V. Paglierani, P.C.D. White.

ELECTION TERM 1978

Departures! D.C. Godfrey, J.C. Hamilton, R.J.P. Howard, P.M. Longford, S.P. Mayle, A.M.R.B. Metrebian.

The following colours have been awarded:—

R.E. Blaksley	Third Pinks, Half Pinks
N.P. Budd	House Juniors
L.A.P. Cary	House Juniors
B.L. Cooper	Pinks
C.D. Croft	Half Pinks
N.M. Croft	House Juniors, Seniors
C.G. Dawson	Third Pinks
J.T.D. Gardom	Pinks
D.J. Heyman	Colts, Thirds, Half Pinks
C.G.B. Horne	House Juniors
A.T. King	Colts
L.C. Levan	House Seniors, Half Pinks
M.C.I. Lipman	House Seniors, Junior Colts
P.M. Longford	Old Wets, Old Grantites
G. Miller	Half Pinks
J.H. Moss	Third Pinks
P.V. Paglierani	House Juniors
R.B. Ray	Pinks ((TWICE))
S.K. Reid	Pinks
N.A.M.D. Service	Colts
S.W.P. Squire	House Seniors, Colts
S.R.M. Tyrrell	House Seniors
J.E.J. Vickers	House Juniors, Colts, Thirds
C.D. Williams	Half Pinks
R.R. Wood	Third Pinks

OBITUARY

We are sad to record the death of ANTHONY HAMMERSON (Jan.1970-1973) who died up at Oxford last December. We extend our deepest sympathy to his parents and his friends.

FLUHNIENSIS KNELLGUM OBIIT

IT is to the greater credit of Grant's that the last Knellge was a victory, and there was every hope that Grant's might win the season, despite keen opposition and the manifest hostility of the spectators. Never was the Knellge more impartially judged by the elegant referee, Simon Batten, nor have we seen such an imposing flunky as Christopher Harrison. The team itself was incomparable, and David Heyman deserves special mention as having spent more time off the field being pursued by the opposition than on it. The Girls put up a stiff fight, the only blot on their record being that they converted more Knellges than Grant's, thereby being disqualified. Sadly, the Knellge has been abolished and it only remains to present to posterity the rules of the Knellge as drawn from the ancient records and revised by the Worshipful Fellowship of Grantite Knellgers (In Exile).

RULES OF THE KNELLGE

1) The Worshipful Fellowship of Grantite Knellgers (hereafter to be referred to as the WFGK) has sole rights to arrange Knellging confrontations and to challenge others to participate. The game is only to be played with an approved Fluhne as supplied by the W.F.G.K.

2ai) The game is played between two teams of seven of which one must be sponsored by the W.F.G.K.

ii) The size of the teams may be varied according to the judgement of the W.F.G.K.

bi) The Fluhne may only be Knellged in the snow on Midsummer's Day.

bii) When all are assembled, and before the game may begin, a sparrow must fly across the field of play (known as "the green") to the satisfaction of the referee.

3) Exceptions to rule 2, section b, para.i. may, under certain circumstances be made, with the approval of the W.F.G.K.

4) THE GAME.

This is supervised by a referee appointed by the W.F.G.K. and his decision on any point appertaining to the game is final. (No correspondence will be entered into, and employees of Neasdieburghers Ltd. or their subsidiaries may not participate). The referee has the sole right to alter the rules before, during, or after the game.

5) Knellge off is given to the team who first drains the draught of Knellging liquor (provided by the W.F.G.K.) and throws the empty vessels into the Fluhne Grammit. To Knellge off, the Fluhne is swung around the head five and a half times and released. The game is then in progress.

6) The Fluhne may only be struck with a Knellging stick. It may not be carried on the stick or otherwise, kicked, bitten or blown. Whenever the Fluhne leaves the green, a member of the non-offending team may return it to play. From the sides of the green it should be thrown or swung. From the ends it may be Knellged. Each act of return must be accompanied by a clearly audible call of "Ire Licet!"

7) The first stage in successfully Knellging a Fluhne is to hit the Fluhne between the specified posts at either end of the green. This qualifies a team for an attempt at a Knellge. The Fluhne is placed a Knellger's length from the Grammit, which is held at knee height by a member of the opposing team. A successful "conversion" of the Fluhne into the Grammit constitutes a "Fluhne". Any interruption of the game by the referee will be heralded by a blast on the Fluhnhorn.

8) At the conclusion of the game the team with the most Fluhnes is declared the winner.

9) Only Grant's may win.

W.F.G.K.I.E.



CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the "GRANTITE"

Sir,

It is three-quarters of a century since last I wrote to your paper; permit me therefore to impinge once again on your valuable space. You and your colleagues see me every day, and though you are never so discreet, I cannot fail to catch sight of the grimaces you make whenever you look at me. It is true, I am not as handsome as I was, for I have lost my hair, my fine old bricks are now besmirched with concrete and it is fair to say that I am growing old. Few now pass my way, and those that do have scarcely a thought for me, where once the lags scurried by and the clack-clack of the yard ball never used to cease. I would like, Sir, to implore by way of your columns for a coat of good paint, and perhaps to beg another favour: could what remains of Grant's Yard be adorned with tables and chairs, at least at the south end which is hardly used, so that in Summer I could once more take cheer from the merry chatter of Westminster's?

I remain, Sir, with great respect,

YOUR GRANTITE WALL

To the Editor of the "GRANTITE"

Dear Editor,

I think it's about time that that dirty old wall that separates Grant's from College should be pulled down. Not only is it ugly and depressing for those who work in Hall, but it cuts off the view of the Under Master's garden. It could easily be replaced by a low wooden fence.

Yours sincerely,

N. Croft

From the House Next Door that way —————>

Dear Sir,

After having been subjected to a painful 90 minutes of Grant's House drama last night in which lamentably little of the comedy sprung from the script, or indeed the pathetic direction, I felt the need to analyse the burning anger such a totally worthless production prompted within me. It strikes me as typical of Grant's as a whole: seedy, antiquated, badly run, banale, and a total waste of time, money and space . . . in fact the only misleading aspect of the play was the number of girls involved, which Grant's roped in from other houses.

I think it is about time that someone took the problem of Grant's House in hand. Now do we see, the authorities are certainly highly competent and efficient, but these qualities are certainly employed far better in the distribution of crisp banknotes than in organising your house. Your study plan would be better suited to rearing battery chickens scientifically than the peculiar bunch of human beings you admit. Comfort is a forgotten word in this world of mass production. The bath-rooms are decrepid; rusty, peeling plaster, baths engrained with the dirt from a generation of Gardoms; the corridors are battered with football-boots' studs, the easy-chairs are vandalised beyond recognition: the only luxury your members do enjoy is two colour television sets, in front of which a zombie-like Grantite can always be found, drowning his sorrows in the fantasy world of Crossroads. Grant's might perhaps do well to turn more of its attention to this appalling situation, rather than the crispness of its banknotes.

A second key problem is the monitorial. Not only are they disliked by the boys: they also maintain antiquated rituals which many new Grantites never recover from: brutal inauguration services, lagging, runs round St. James' Park (which give Ben Cooper alarming sadistic pleasure). Indeed your Head of House, Mr. Hamilton, seems to spend most of his time up College - but one can hardly blame him: rats always leave a sinking ship.

Quite apart from the squalor and the authoritarian air Grant's has about it, the atmosphere is distinctly unpleasant. Girls, who might do something to cheer the place up a bit, are not admitted "on principle", and any who do stray in are rudely evicted. There is a feeling of hostility exhibited by the very cleaners. It is thus hardly surprising to survey the range of eccentrics that emerge from Grant's . . . starting with Lord Ruthven, and ending with Dave Heyman's desperate cry to humanity in the form of a Silver Jubilee jacket. Whether we may see such exhibitionists as well integrated members of society or the products of a gross, inhumane institution, is a question I must leave open to you.

Yours sincerely,

Anon-Entity.

The Editors feel compelled to answer this so anonymously, and may we say, appropriately signed letter. We would like to say that Mr. Anon-Entity was not invited to the Grant's Play, and that if he found it "painful" there are few in this house who would have discouraged his early departure. That he measures the merits of a play by its misleading features causes no surprise: obscurity to an uncultured eye is always impressive. We would like also to proclaim to our readership that it has been gently whispered in the ear of the Editor that this critic was not actually present at the play.

In view of the well-known habit the inmates of College have of systematically mutilating banknotes with their address, we may express sympathy for the envious Mr. Anon-Entity, but we feel it is a shame that members of the General Public should suffer as a result of the depravity of the House Next Door.

We deny that our study arrangement is anything but the best. The spirit and intimacy of the House is largely due to the concentrated study arrangement, an intimacy and house spirit we see lacking elsewhere, and as to "comfort" - when the Editor ventured into a study in the House Next Door to visit an acquaintance he was not even offered a chair, for there was none! Tea drinkers will agree that the best tea is to be had from a pot with an accumulated tannin stain on the inside, and so it is with baths, but in the House Next Door no such asset is offered because of the unwillingness of the occupants to use their baths in the first place. This is the reason for the "hostility" our admirable cleaners show whenever Mr. Anon-Entity comes into Grant's.

Jealousy, Mr. Anon-Entity, is an ill counsellor. We concede that you are an authority on the Grant's Television Sets. Indeed, maggotting up Grant's is a popular pastime indulged by the entire school, but we are shocked to hear you are a "Crossroads" enthusiast. No, Mr. Anon-Entity, few up Grant's are even, we trust, aware that "Crossroads" is a "fantasy world".

We will not draw the reader's attention to similar hallowed traditions Next Door such as Mr. Anon-Entity finds so objectionable up Grant's, but we exhort Mr. Hamilton to continue his courageous propagation of the gospel of civilization where it is most needed.

Finally we deplore the view that Mr. Anon-Entity takes of the young ladies in this school. We were not aware that they were admitted to "brighten the place up" but to receive that incomparable education provided at Westminster, and it is plain from his scornful objections to "principle" that Mr. Anon-Entity has none.

NOTIONS

It is a function of close knit societies that they produce a range of words and usages peculiar to themselves. At Winchester, where they are very conscious of such things, words like this are called "notions", and they require a dictionary to themselves.

At Westminster, there were once many more "notions" than now survive. Those we do still use are used, like "shag", "station", "soc", "substance", quite naturally. Notions may be witty, or just unusually useful perversions of common words. The Wickhamist word for a tea-chest was "tudoces" (Latin - "thou teachest") and the Westminster word "subtle" can mean almost anything - "clever", "dexterous", "unsubtle", "stupid", "clumsy". Up Grant's the most recent addition to our stock of "notions" is "to maggots" derived from the habit of Mr. R.A.S. (G.G.) of calling out "maggots!" as he passed those glued to the television screen.

The following list of Westminster "notions" may be of interest:

Bever	—	Evening drinks and biscuits after prep.
blanco language (GG)	—	obscene language
to blow	—	to smoke
to cag	—	to chase away
to cus (GG)	—	to smarten oneself up, brush hair, etc., esp. before tea
Fellow	—	a member of Westminster school
to greaze	—	to push in a crowd
greaze n.	—	a mêlée (hence "the Greaze")
Grovel (ob)	—	station at Grove Park
gutty	—	enthusiastic (n. "guttiness")
japs	—	school lavatories
lamprobatics	—	any match between Scholars and TBB
lock-hours	—	time after which it is forbidden to go out
to maggots (GG)	—	to watch television
to mill	—	to fight, hit
the Milling Green	—	the Cloister Green
the Mouth of College	—	the north door of College
to muzz	—	to swot
muzz n.	—	a swot
satty	—	strange, but aesthetically satisfying
shag n.	—	mufti
to shag	—	to scive off
shag adj.	—	lazy, shabby
shadow	}	respectively, a new boy given into the care of an older boy,
substance		and the boy into whose care he is given
Soc	—	society
smug n.	—	one who is idle, dirty, and has not the Westminster orientation of life.
station	—	a function which one is officially obliged to attend
Town Boy (T.B.)	—	a non scholar
tolly	—	a candle
to tibi	—	to crib
up	—	equivalent to Latin "in"
Water	—	rowing

Walking the Mantlepiece (GG)	—	an initiation ceremony up Grant's
Woodens	—	a version of racquets peculiar to Westminster
When Mr. Rogers goes to Hell	—	Election Sunday

The use of the word "Fellows" might avoid the Head Master's awkwardness every time he says "boys and girls." Incidentally, can anybody explain how Woodens was played?

THE HOUSE PLAYS

This year Grant's presented three one act plays, an expedition into the literary world quite unparalleled for four years. For two nights in March, the Lecture Room was packed with an expectant audience, and it was the task of James Gardom as producer to provide an enjoyable evening.

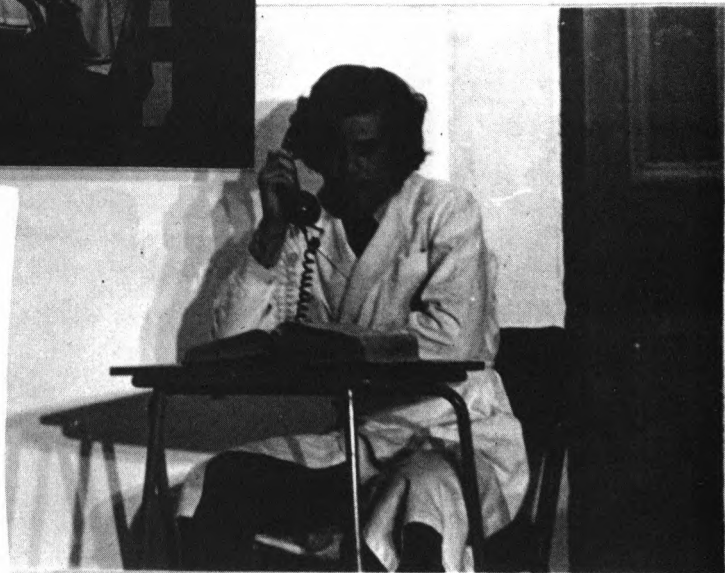
The first play was A.P. Herbert's *Two Gentlemen of Soho*, a very melodramatic affair in the style of Shakespeare. David Green was our plodding policeman, haunting Mayfair clubs in search of some miscreant peer. His opposite number was the Nigel Dempster-type private detective, Sneak, played by Lance Levan, who had been hired by the Duke of Canterbury to provide some information on his wayward wife, played by Jason Morell, who gave one of the most enjoyable performances of the evening, culminating in a magnificent death scene.

The *Two Gentlemen* is foremost a play of the Bright Young Things of the 'twenties; and these Things were played by Henry Arnold-Baker as Lord Withers, Struan Reid as Hubert and two visitors from the Houses Next Door, Kate Tyndall as Topsy and Diana Fowle as the Duchess' daughter, Laetitia. Mr. Arnold-Baker brilliantly acted himself, gesticulating wildly with notorious monocle whilst guest musician Sorry Muir played "Land of Hope and Glory" in the background. Struan Reid comically dominated by one woman after the other, killed himself magnificently with a carving knife, after having rejected the College Hall knife as too blunt (Miss Roberts take note). Kate Tyndall gave



us a sharp cameo of one of the ladies we would not like to meet on a dark side-street; and her period affectations were most convincing. Diana Fowle leered and giggled most professionally from behind a gigantic fan. Tim Odgers as the writer made the most of his brief part, adding a light touch to this sombre play which ends with all the characters dead on the ground: not, I hope, indicative of the state of Grant's Drama. The play was directed by Timothy Brittain-Catlin, whose energy and contemplation managed to get the evening off to a lively if not colourful start; he was assisted (we are led to believe) rather considerably by the fearsome Miss Tyndall.

The second play, *A Separate Piece* by Tom Stoppard was a step in a new direction in the dramatic world. David Heyman ran onto the stage on the first night to demand that the curtains be speedily shut. He recovered from this initial nervousness with startling rapidity to deliver a highly enjoyable performance of a Mr. Brown, who lives in nursing homes painting murals, baffling attempts by the authorities to get rid of him. He was backed up by a very talented cast which included Amanda Gould and Emily Tomalin as nurses, and Imogen Stubbs as a matron. James Gardom, who directed the play, spent most of his time glued to a timetable, talking to a telephone receiver, but he read his words well. This performance of the play undoubtedly caused a stir in dramatic circles; it has rarely been the role of Grant's to produce so progressive an affair.



The evening was brought to a firm finish with Albert Sutro's *A marriage has been arranged* . . . with Victor Lavenstein as the hero, Harrison Crockstead, and Miranda Mizen from Rigaud's as the heroine, Lady Aline. Quite a new angle was put on the play by this depiction of Mr. Crockstead not as the usual ragged Midlander, but as the suave product of Virginia. Mr. Lavenstein tempted and promised, mocked and lied in order to persuade Miss Mizen that he and his 3,000,000 dollars were worth marrying. This performance was highly satisfying, and he bravely ignored a metal-edged light-filter which dropped from the top of the arch on the last night after having threatened to brain him all evening. Miss Mizen gave an admirable interpretation of a bitter lady slowly transforming into a willing wife. The play was directed again by Tim Brittain-Catlin to whom a very major share of the success of this production is due. As is so tricky and important in these two-character plays he managed to keep the play alive.



A sizeable portion of credit must be attributed to the Stage Manager, Paul Everington, without whom the plays would have fallen to pieces, and to Simon Tyrell, Hugo Moss, Jeremy Sykes (R.R.) and oddbods, without whom nobody would have been able to see.

LUCKY CAIRD!

In August 1876 James Caird, the great Dundee jute manufacturer, decided to hire a railway coach from the Pullman Car Co., and make a land cruise to the north of Scotland. In a well known newspaper Christopher Harvie described the route and outlined the journey. Our own correspondent writes:

"Lucky Caird! He travelled before there was any rush, travelled before coal had given way to oil, travelled before so much of the world had become a victim of the aeroplane and Britain, for that matter retained much of its dignity, a good deal of elegance and still had some unspoiled scenery. Those clerestory coaches were remembered in my day in Melrose; one was always attached to the Midland and North British trains between Waverley and St. Pancras and were referred to as the Pullmans. I asked my father once if the family could travel north by this historic route rather than from King's Cross, and to my amazement he agreed. It was the night train, doubled headed as always, but I didn't sleep, at least not till Skipton. At Carlisle I was awake again, but alas missed Ais Gill. Yes, at Carlisle there was the inevitable commotion, in some ways like Piccadilly but more businesslike. Even at that hour, four in the morning, the trains had to depart punctually as there would be another, probably from Euston, waiting to come in. The refreshment rooms used to do well, as Mr. Hamilton Ellis (OGG) has confirmed in 'The Trains We Loved' (Chapter 1 - I have shown this to a fellow Grantite but it seemed to fall on deaf ears; I fancy he's never been to Carlisle, nor drunk coffee on a railway station just as it's getting light).

Lucky Mr. Caird! He went through Aulnabreac and presumably Scotscaid as well. Lonely spots even in summer. It is my ambition one day to go to both in the middle of winter and wait while the train stops. But it won't be the same. Harvie speaks of an olive-green engine on the last stage over Druimuachdar (and uses the English spelling, if there is such a thing) but it might have been one of the same class on the Far North route, possibly a Small Ben, under-boilered, cylinders which definitely weren't big enough and six foot driving wheels which were more gainly than effective.

And lucky Christopher Harvie! He too has obviously been to many of those railway meccas which no longer exist; Hellifield, now the mere ghost of a village but once an important junction, Burntisland before the building of the Forth Bridge, and also a siding at Achnasheen! They've gone, all gone and something about railway travel with them."

THE SCROOGE SHORT STORY COMPETITION

The Story printed below is the winner (out of four - all came from the Lower School) of this year's competition. He will receive a bottle of Port, a plastic trophy and Anonymity in the Grantite.

AUTUMN

Outside the window the leaves fell in russet flusters to the ground. A breeze stirred the autumnal piles on the grass; the tree, a grey rotting giant, creaked and groaned precariously over the two-roomed cottage in the dull grass rectangle. The sun shone through drifting clouds, a heatless light. In the tree a nut-gorged grey squirrel darted here and there. The tree had seen many seasons but this autumn would probably be its last. Dressed in funereal splendour of red, gold, orange, brown, a robe of colour on its fragile skeleton, like a Viking warship on its last earthly journey, it gloried in its dying flames.

Behind the trailing, yellowed lace curtains in the windows of the little house an old man sat in an older armchair, decayed like the tree outside. His thick, blue-veined hands clutched at the arms of the chair on which he sat, weathered and worn from the use of many generations. His eyes, once deep flowerlike blue, now faded beyond belief stared vacantly at a space a few feet in front of him. He was looking at himself.

From all angles he studied himself, for he was all that remained to him. All that was left of his wife, parents and relations were the tawdry little souvenirs on the walls, and the memories, locked under bone, deep in his skull. Thus he amused himself with things forgotten and times past.

One ancient hand strayed over from its rest across to a small table beside him where lay a bottle of pills and a wireless set. He swallowed a pill in one jerky but practised movement and with a half-turn of a knob switched on the little set.

After a silence and a crackle of static some light-hearted music came spilling out of the small box. The old man sat in immeasurable thought while the strains filled the room. Time slid past unnoticed. Then the music was halted by an announcer's voice. He didn't catch the words but they brought him back to reality.

"..... and I told Herr Hitler that if no communication reached the British Embassy by 11 o'clock concerning the Polish affair a state of War would exist between our two nations. No such communication has been received." It was the Prime Minister, Mr. Chamberlain. His dry tones cut through the heavy pregnant silence of the room. "I must, then, inform you that this country is at war with Germany". Click.

The radio was off. The leaves fell. The old man remembered the last war. Both his sons had died in Mr. Churchill's 'sideshow' Dardanelles offensive, victims of Turkish bullets and their own patriotism. Now he remembered the faltering news-reels, the falling khaki-clad men, the shell shocked and the muddy corpses. With revulsion he thought of the Zeppelin bomb on London that had killed his Annie.

No! It could not happen again! What of the League of Nations, the 'peace in our time'? The inward raging did not show on his face which was as lined, as rugged, as still, as impassive as before.

His reflections took nearly half an hour for he was a slow, deliberate thinker. He came to a decision. One by one he swallowed all the pills in the bottle on the table by his side.

He turned his head as if on uncoiled bearings to the window. Through it, while the curtain gently undulated he looked out and saw the glory of the dying tree and beyond an orchard of apples and other fruits. Then, for no reason at all, a line of verse came to him, from the schoolroom so long ago with the steely haired teacher you had to call 'Miss'.

"Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," he murmured. "Keats". His eyes closed. After a while his hand no longer gripped the arm of the chair.

STATION REPORTS

FOOTBALL

We won the House Juniors convincingly this year, after a tragic defeat in the semi-finals in 1976. Most of our players were in the Colts and this gave us a distinct advantage. Unfortunately the six-a-sides went less well. We started badly, managing only to beat Liddell's and losing to College and Rigauds. The greater challenge from the better teams seemed to lift our game and with some excellent goals from Messrs. Wood, Longford, Cranleigh-Swash and of course the Captain, we beat Busby's and Ashburnham, but could only manage a draw against Wren's. The result was that despite being beaten by us, Ashburnham won and we came a very close second. Looking back, Charles Croft and Christopher Dawson (who doesn't do geography A-level for nothing) organized the defence extremely well, and I'm sure that the approaching season will see the developing talent of many of the younger boys making its mark. With the skill and paternal leadership of the captain we should do very well in the future.

S. Squire Esq.
Head of House Football

THE WATER

After four years of winning the School regatta outright, we have for the second time running been beaten into second place by Wren's. This year there were only five oarsmen up Grant's, and by concentrating on the senior section of the competition we were able to do extremely well.

We reached the finals of all the senior events, and our senior pair and senior four both won their finals very easily, coming home four or five lengths ahead.

Bow	J.T.D. Gardom	Bow	J.C. Hamilton
2	G. Miller	Stroke	J.T.D. Gardom
3	V.W. Lavenstein	Cox	S.K. Reid
Stroke	J.C. Hamilton		
Cox	S.K. Reid		

Our senior scullers finalist John Hamilton had a good race with Wren's, and eventually lost after some trouble steering.

George Miller won the colts sculls quite easily.

Our three coxswains, S.K. Reid, King and J. Lindsay, after some distinguished coxing of Grantite and other crews, did very well in the coxes' Handicap Sculls, and Reid was most unlucky not to win the event with his remarkably strong finish.

J. C. Hamilton

FIVES

The competition was rearranged this year with two senior pairs and one junior pair from each house competing, and every house playing each other.

Richard Ray captained the side and was diligent and adroit in managing all difficult situations and also played some very entertaining fives. He paired in the first pair with Stephen Squire who proved to be a very deft placer of the ball in every tight situation. Struan Reid and Lance Levan played in the second pair and, although small, overwhelmed many a larger ham-fisted opponent.

Nick Croft and Mark Lipman in the junior pair turned out to be a very fair pair and look very promising for the future.

Grant's beat everybody except Liddell's who only scraped a narrow victory due to some very dodgy scoring. Grant's who were always the perfect gentlemen of the court never succumbed to jingoistic tendencies to daicoity - even in the hottest situations. The new house gloves proved to increase Stephen Squires' fine ability to spin the ball infinitely, which came in especially helpful in the last game against Wren's when we were 15-14 down in the final game.

Grant's finished a good second in the competition and looking to the future, things can only improve.

THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The 1978 Annual General Meeting and Sherry Party was held on Tuesday, January 24th, 1978, Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. W.R. van Straubenzee, MBE, MP, presided. The following members attended:—

Mr. R. Adrian
His Honour, Judge Argyle
Lord Balfour of Burleigh
Mr. J. Baxter
Mr. R.O.I. Borradaile
Mr. J. Bradley
Mr. D. Brand
Dr. J. Brostoff
Mr. J. Carey
Mr. C.A. Cranleigh-Swash
Mr. J. Croft
Mr. D.F. Cunliffe
Mr. R.R. Davies
Mr. R. French
Mr. K. Gilbertson
Dr. H. Glyn

Mr. D. Hepburne-Scott
Mr. F.D. Hornsby
Mr. H.C.E. Johnson
Mr. A.S.H. Kemp
Mr. J.D.S. Macdougall
Mr. G. Pope
Mr. P. Ray
Mr. J. Smith
Mr. V.J.G. Stavridi
Mr. A. Stranger-Jones
Mr. D. Tanner
Mr. V.T.M.R. Tenison
Mr. A. Walker
Mr. G. Williams
Mr. L.A. Wilson
Mr. A.M. Winckworth
Mr. J.S. Woodford

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

A new departure was announced in the shape of a Cocktail Party to be held in the summer, with ladies invited. This would replace for this year the Annual Dinner.

The President announced that the owner of the original 18th century portrait of the Grant family had left it to the House in her will at the probate price, which however unfortunately at this point, looked beyond the Club's means. This did not mean that thought would not be given as to how the portrait might conceivably be acquired for the House at some future date.

NOTICES

The Grantite has had to be partially reorganised; we are not aware how many readers still bind their Grantite Reviews in volumes, but for those that do the arrangement is as follows:

Vol. XXIX contains 13 issues.

The previous two issues must be counted freaks, having been printed in incongruous sizes due to financial difficulties.

This issue is No. 1, Vol. XXX.

The cost of printing and postage continues to rise. If any of the readership can recommend a cheaper means of printing, or even print the Grantite at cost price, we would be extremely grateful to him for doing so. Meanwhile, would any Old Grantites consider it worth their while to advertise in the Grantite?

We are keen to encourage Old Grantites to write and tell us what they are doing, and to correspond with us in any way.

All Correspondence to be addressed to the Editor, 2 Little Dean's Yard, London, S.W.1.

The Editor reserves the right to edit.

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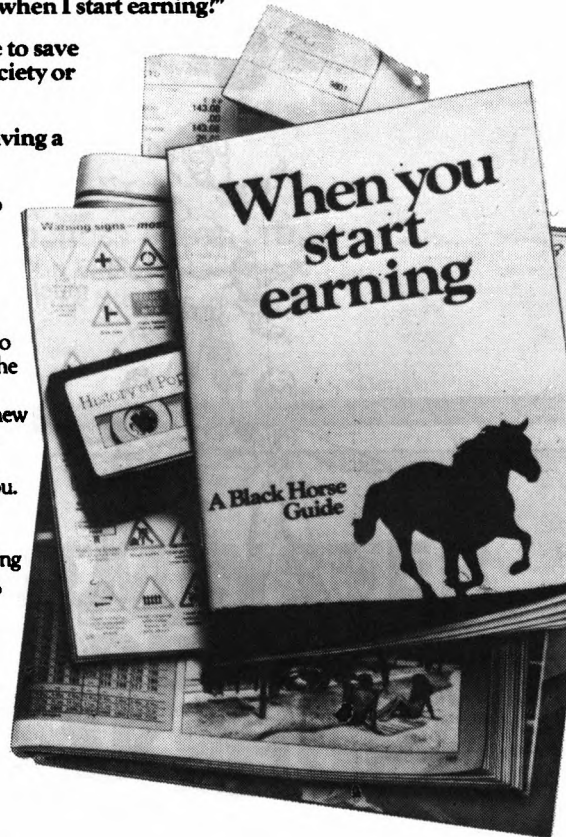
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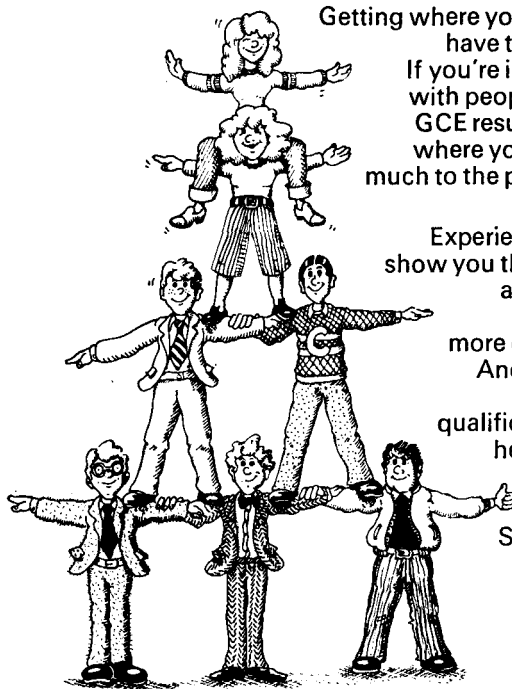
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