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the
WANTED
REVIEWS
'99

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Matthew Boyd

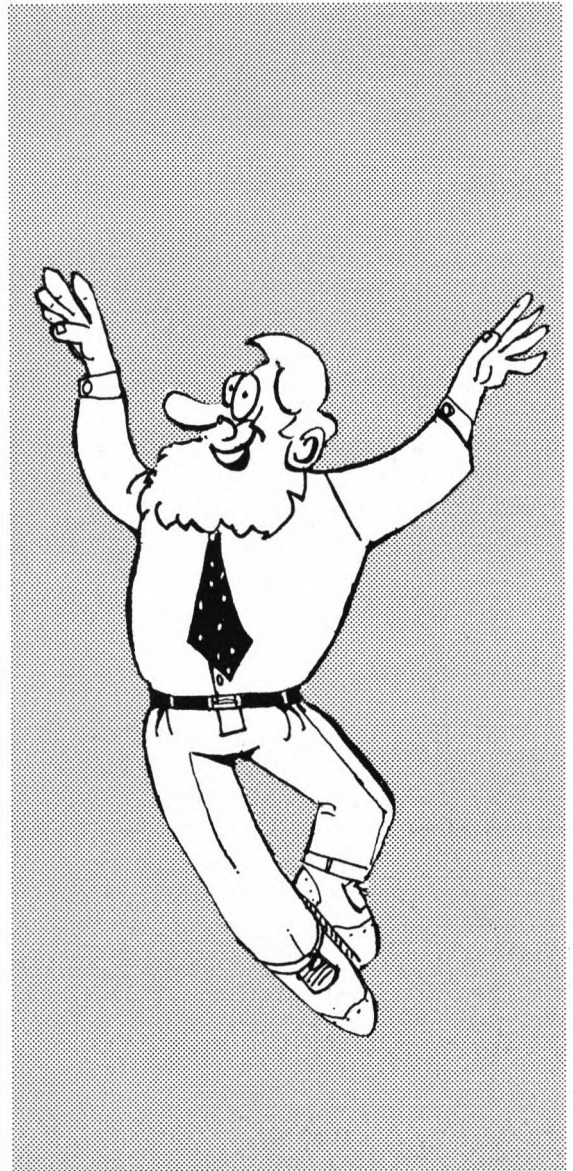
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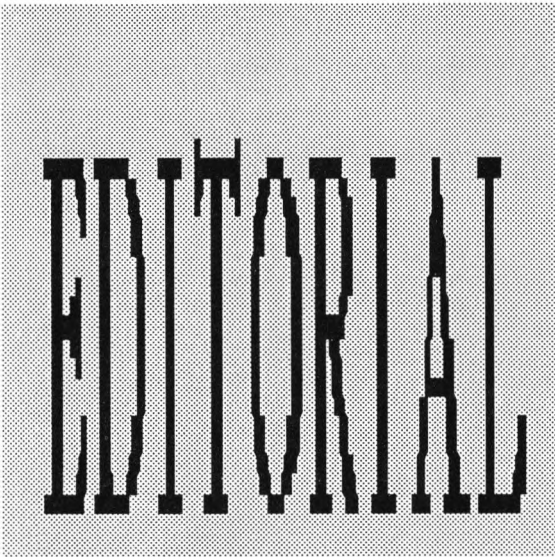
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We would like to thank Michael
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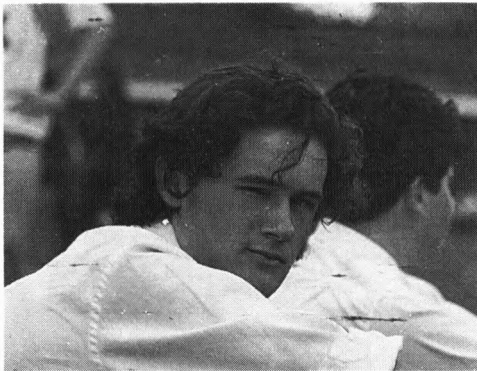




two of our House Tutors, Daniel Gill and Nicoletta Simborowski, were engaged; the marriage followed during the Easter holidays. The whole House was invited to the reception, and it was bad luck on our part (or was it good planning on theirs?) that it took place in Stratford, Miss Simborowski's home town. Even so we wish them the greatest happiness together.

To crown it all, Mr and Mrs Clarke, having disappeared for a few days over Exeat in the Election Term, returned (from Chile we later ascertained) with a baby girl. They named her Sophia Jane. We are very pleased for all three of them, and are proud to have such a young addition to the House.

So, here we are again. Another editorial. Another chance for the Editor to show just how literate he is, or as is more often the case, how excessively little he has to write about. Well, surprise surprise, this year the House has been overflowing with activity. It all started back in September....



With the introduction of the school's new Apple Macintosh computers, we have been able to design the lay-out of the magazine ourselves (in previous years it has been left to the printers). This

change has meant many a crash course in computer handling and we would like to thank Mike Kim (alias Ken) for his expert help in this area.

Belinda Toes arrived as our new matron, Daphne Maclaren having left at the end of the previous Election Term. The word "matron" was immediately disgarded as she insisted on us calling her "Belinda" (not too unnaturally). Seriously, though, Belinda Toes is a great addition to the House, and we hope that she has settled in well to the unorthodox surroundings.

Well, that more or less wraps it up for this year (the clichés come thick and fast) and normal life can be resumed. Best of luck to next years Editor (there may be another young addition to the house by then...) and many thanks to all those who have contributed.

At the end of the Lent term, we received the wonderful news that

Thank God that's over...

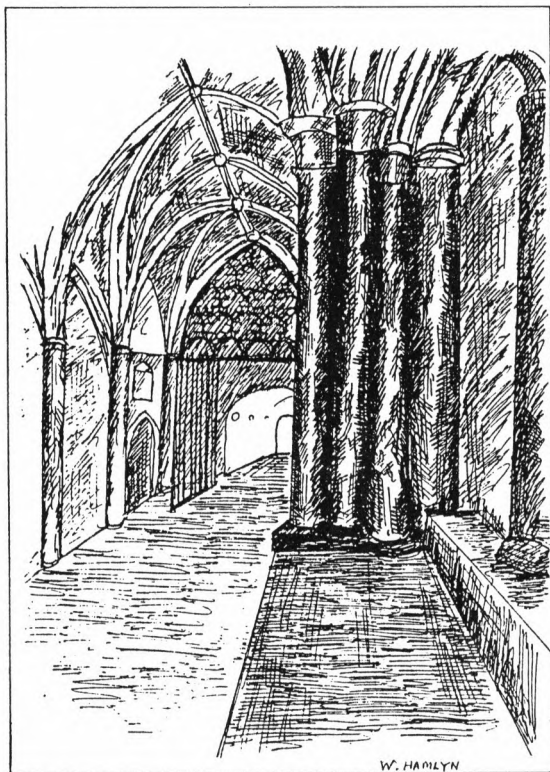
Views From The Study

One of the pleasures of my job is spending time in my study. Its central position eases the administration of the house and the view from my window offers a special aspect on the life of the school. The things around me- objects, furniture, pictures- remind me of previous generations who have been in the house, as well as those who are here at the moment. There are items in my study which I have inherited; the desk, some chairs and a portrait of Dame Grant. On one wall there are two pictures which illustrate that students from the past as well as those of the present share common aims and feelings which are often not recognised because of the passage of time. One of these images is an etching called 'French Cemetery' by Paul Drury, who left Grant's in 1920. The other is an oil painting of a woman in silk dress by Laura Dubinsky who leaves us this term. Both pictures share that high degree of attention which most visual artists can display. Paul Drury must have been encouraged to develop a talent which may then have been unfashionable. Boys and girls must be encouraged to participate in areas of school life which may be outside the mainstream activities. Who knows where these interests may lead in future? Now is the ideal time to get individual potential off the ground; part of my job is to send that potential in the right direction for each boy and girl in the house.

It is important for the house routine to run smoothly and unobtrusively. I have a wonderful team who support me, but the

position of my study helps too because I can catch people quickly as they come and go.

The view I have, from the window of my study confirms the need for a place where boys and girls can socialize in the open; Little Dean's Yard provides that chance for "promenading". The exchange of ideas, opportunity to play informally, and chance to get to know people from any house and any year is, I



think, to be applauded. I am not worried that this kind of activity lessens house spirit. What is important is that the house provides a base where boys and girls not only retreat to, but also from where they advance, confident that they will be supported in whatever they choose to do to broaden their experience and develop their talents.

C.C.


A Short Walk in West Berlin

We know, that Berlin is a city divided into East and West, and that it has been the centre of much speculation concerning the Cold War over the last forty years, speculation constantly refuelled by speeches of presidents, chancellors, prime ministers and premieres. To most of the world Berlin seems just another political symbol and most find it hard to believe how normal life can go on in west Berlin amid its atmosphere of false political steadiness. A.J.P. Taylor, the historian, wrote after World War II: "The history of Germany is a history of extremes. It contains everything except moderation, and in the course of a thousand years the Germans have experienced everything except normality."

On the recent School expedition to West Berlin I observed an apparent normality, which against a background of the Berlin of the Empire and the Third Reich, together with the wall, makes a fascinating and awesome combination.

One day I followed the wall with a friend, from the Reichstag, the old parliament building, past the Brandenburg Gate, then the undisturbed site of an SS building, through the district Kreuzberg and eventually to Checkpoint Charlie, the famous checkpoint between East and West.

The Reichstag has had a varied and important role in Germany's history since it was completed in 1894, during the reign of Kaiser Wilhelm who decided to give the people more of a say in the running of the country in the form of a parliament based in The Reichstag (in practice it was an act of self-security than kindness). In fact the parliament played little part in running the country. However, the Kaiser had been overthrown after World War I. The Weimar Republic used the building as the parliament house where it stood until burnt down in 1933, giving Hitler an excuse to take power. It houses a museum and overlooks the Wall, its statues seeming at one point to be peering down onto an East German guard tower. There are grand wrought iron lamps which once lined a street, now divided; even some of the buildings once on the other side of the road are now on the Other Side.

In sight of the Reichstag and five minutes walk away is the Brandenburg Gate (Brandenburger Tor). It was one of the gates into the old city of Berlin and was modelled on the Propylaea, the entrance to the Acropolis, but is now in the centre of the city, on the Eastside of the Wall. Platforms, giving the tourists a better view of the magnificent gate and the East, are positioned just in front of warning signs on the Western side, informing one that "you are now leaving West Berlin" ("Sie verlassen jetzt West Berlin"). The Gate once stood astride a huge avenue which was meant to have crossed the whole of Germany, but this plan of Hitler's was never carried out, with the "Unter den Linden" (the original name given to the avenue by the "Great Elector" Frederick Wilhelm) on the East side becoming the "Strasse des 17 Juni" (in commemoration of the 1953 uprising in East Berlin) on the West. 

The path by the Wall then led us through the Tiergarten past a flattened SS HQ, now left as a monument for those who died, and into Kreuzberg, probably the most famous of all West Berlin's twelve districts. It was once a rich living quarter close to the centre of the City, but now the large terraced houses on wide avenues are inhabited by the poorest members of Berlin society, notably the Turks and other immigrants. It is also the centre of "alternative Berlin", where the artists of Berlin gather; it is in fact one of the only open examples of a social revolution against the division of Germany.

Our Work showed us that the Wall cut the city in two and how the West Berliners were obviously unwilling to accept it. First we came upon tram lines abruptly cut off by the Wall and then a row of shops, once lining a grand boulevard, still serving customers some ten metres in front of the graffiti covered Wall.

Our short walk ended at Checkpoint Charlie and its fascinating museum. Here the realities of the Wall were pointed out, and the otherwise invisible, precarious situation in and around West Berlin was stressed. As A.J.P. Taylor stated, the Germans have never experienced normality; but now under the shadow of this grotesque monument to political differences, it seems that they are just trying to get on with their lives.

Mark Dummett



Bootpolish, Brylcreem and Oysters

Back in the Play term, heated discussions as to what play we should put on in the summer, occupied many a long lunch hour. Oliver Hicks, our beloved director, finally decided on, "The Magistrate", an Original Farce by Arthur W. Pinero. His copy was quickly passed round and read and met with general approval. Grant's however, was not able to supply the budget nor the actors for such a production. Famed thespians such as Jason Tann and Sean O'Hara would be occupied with exams at the time. It was decided that we should team up with another house. Liddell's was approached and, naturally honoured by the offer to work with us, accepted.

While Oliver beavered away organising the auditions, the allocation of parts, and rehearsal timing, Chris Brent set about designing the set, and, with his determined band of carpenters, building it. But in order to have three different sets for the three different locations of the play, and still take as little time as possible to change scenes, the sets had to be flown; that is, mounted on wires so that they could be hauled up into the ceiling. This caused problems with stability.

At the end of the Easter holidays, it was beginning to occur to the cast that maybe learning the lines would be advantageous to the general run of the production; the first night was only about four weeks away. The rehearsals slipped by. Scripts were finally discarded. Slowly but surely the play was taking shape.

But just when rehearsals were beginning to end with satisfied smiles, instead of grim expressions and laborious recitals of "Learn your

lines", rumours began to circulate about "That disastrous production....". The whole world was against us! But even with this hanging over us, we pushed on, determined that it could be a success after all.

The final week of the rehearsals meant late nights all round, as all involved worked into the early hours polishing up lines, and mounting and painting the set. The costumes arrived for the dress rehearsals adding the finishing touches. The set looked great (if a little wobbly!).

The evening of the first performance arrived. Susie Goldring had organised a prop-table, and guarded it relentlessly. Girls splashed on make-up, as the judicious Kieron Connolly stalked through the Green room snapping photos at all too frequent embarrassing moments. Seven thirty came. The crew took up their positions. The curtain rose, and..

....it was a success! The laughter came frequently and almost always in the right places. Even Mr Pyatt's backstage ad-libbing during the somewhat lengthy scene changes, raised a smile or two, covering up the loud bangings, rumblings and vehement curses which took place anyway.

The performances went more or less to plan, receiving riotous applause at the end. Even the temptation to play up to the audience was well avoided. It had been a great production, and we had had great fun staging it. It has set a new standard of house play which I do not expect to see equalled for some time yet.

*Colonel Lukyn,
alias Matthew Boyd*



Top: Matthew Boyd as Colonel Lukyn. Above: P-D Conway as Mr Wormington.

"Mr. Collony's hair is beautiful..."

by
Dominic Connolly

"Listen to this. I got Form 2A English to include the word 'hair' in a sentence and one of them put: 'Mr. Collony's hair is beautiful'." The two other teachers in the staff room, Mr Muzanenhamo and Mr Musinake, burst out laughing while I, in red ink, correct the spelling of my name and add alongside the compliment, "Very good. Thank you."

"I have many hairs in my pravite place," another child has written, and again there is a roar of laughter.

I never realised teaching could be so much fun, especially not in Africa. In fact, being in the staff room is not unlike being back in Grant's dayroom. There are the same swear words followed by "I'm late for my class", and always the constant complaint..." and I've got all this homework to get through."

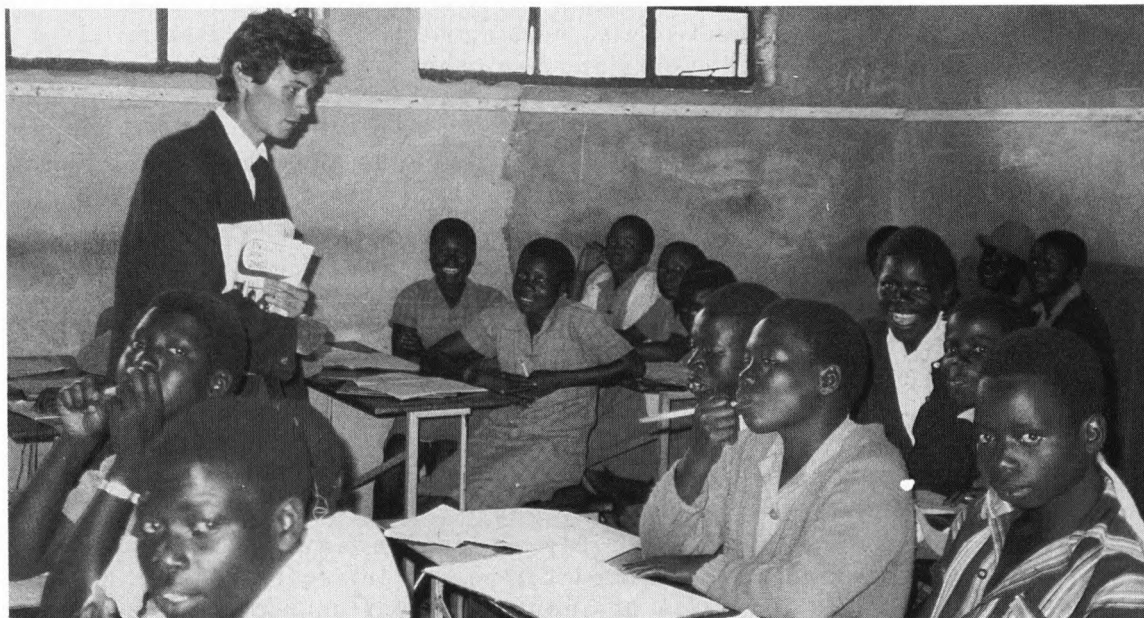
But, of course, the differences between Materera Secondary School, Zimbabwe and Westminster vastly outnumber the similarities.

I arrived in Zimbabwe at the beginning of January as part of Schools Partnership Worldwide. There are thirty one of us (mostly ex-public school) who came to teach in rural schools for two terms before returning home to university. As I had earned the money for my flight by working at Hamley's during the Christmas rush my first two experiences of work could hardly have been more different.

Materera Secondary School is situated in the Chiota Tribal Trust Land about thirty miles south of the capital, Harare. The Tribal Trust Lands, or Communal Lands as they are known, are the agriculturally poorer areas that the white settlers decided not to farm and have remained solely inhabited by Africans. The only white people living in Chiota are European teachers on short term contracts; the white Zimbabweans who have remained since Independence in 1980 rarely choosing to pass through the Communal Land.

The lands are termed "communal" because they are large areas in which any farmer can graze his cattle and upon which anyone can build a hut and plant a garden. As the school is not separated from the Communal Land cattle sometimes graze right through the compound, angering the teachers who throw stones to protect their vegetable plots and amusing the children. I must admit I enjoy the slow passing of the constantly munching herd and the boys with the whips; it is so different from the Sanctuary, Green and Yard. ↪

Materera Secondary School was built six years ago by the local parents as part of the educational revolution that has swept Zimbabwe since Independence. The primary school was built in 1927 but the Rhodesian Government does not appear to have been interested in providing secondary education in African areas. Before 1980 there were only 177 secondary schools in the entire country--- now there are 1,400. To apply this change there have obviously had to be many more teachers which is where Schools Partnership Worldwide fits in. All thirty one of us were sent in pairs or threes to schools in the rural areas of eastern Zimbabwe where the native language is Shona. For the first term I was partnered with a girl called Harriet, whom I met for the first time the day before we were driven to Materera. She has now returned to England, however, and I am alone.



The area around Materera is, in some Schools Partnership teachers' eyes, disappointingly un-African in that it does not look too much like a European vision of Africa. There are no plains of long grass where lions stalk their prey or wildebeest are chased by their own clouds of dust. There is no desert and there is no jungle. In fact the scenery is very similar to parts of the New Forest. Blue rinsed grannies could replace the Africans, tea rooms replace the farms and ponies, replace the cattle and I could swear I was on the A337 to Lyndhurst. But the A337 is a tarred road and there aren't any of those for many, many miles. Only gravel roads dissect the repetitious sparse bush and shrub, with its maize plots, vegetable gardens and "mud" huts.

Although close to Harare, Materera is difficult to get to. Apparently there are three buses a day that pass half a mile from the school but the times are never specific so travelling involves a lot of waiting and often walking if the only bus does not go as far as desired. The only other way of travelling is hitch-hiking. It is usually free, although sometimes the drivers will charge.



It's a great deal safer than in Europe and much more common. Being squashed into the back of a station wagon with seven other travellers is a great way of meeting people, but hardly compensation for two hours waiting on our gravel road for a vehicle to appear. The rural people are right when they say "Transport is a problem". I swear I will never complain about London Transport again.

Because it is so hard to get anywhere my pay of 300 Zimbabwe dollars a month (about £90) goes a long way. There is nothing to spend it on in the local area. Food is extremely cheap and, apart from vegetables from the surrounding fields, is only available from stores two miles away. I am forced to live like a local, but of course, I do take precautions. I will never be immune to the viruses they are. The water comes from a well about half a mile away and I boil or "puritab" it. There is also no electricity for about five miles so I make the most of the daylight hours and use candles and paraffin lamps after dark. At first it was a shock to realise that I would be living in a concrete cell (just a door, a window and a corrugated iron roof) with none of the home comforts I now consider to be luxuries. But knowing that this would be my home for the next seven months it was surprisingly easy to adapt. I wash in a basin owned by the science department (the science teacher Mr Muzanenhamo shares the house with me) and cook on a paraffin stove.

Improvisation is a theme of education in rural areas because the schools do not have many facilities. It is a theme of adapting to living here too; my wardrobe is made from string and a branch: my kitchen table is a door resting on the skeleton of another table: and I sleep in a sleeping bag on an air bed on the floor of a room the size of a Grant's study.

Secondary schools consist of four forms. Forms One and Two have two classes of over forty children each, while Forms Three and Four have only one class each, and that of only thirty pupils. This partly demonstrates, I think, the recent growing desire for education and also the rapidly increasing younger population. Indeed Zimbabwe currently has the highest population growth rate in Africa at about three per cent per year. I teach English and Geography to Forms 2A and 2B, who will take their ZJC (Zimbabwe Junior Certificate) exams in November, Geography to Form Three, and English to Form Four who will be doing O-levels in November. Now that Harriet has left I am also taking some of her classes in O-level maths.

The school, therefore, consists of six classrooms and a staff-room the size of a monitor's study in Fernie or Buckenhill. The teachers' homes are only one hundred metres away, the standard teachers' houses consisting of five concrete rooms and a hall. School starts at ten to eight every morning, with assemblies on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Each week a different teacher holds assembly, standing on a concrete slab and instructing the children to sing the national anthem ("Ishe Komborera Africa" - "God Bless Africa"), with the pupils falling naturally into four part harmony. This is followed by the Lord's Prayer and readings from the Bible. We all stand beneath the shady trees in front of the school as the sun casts long shadows and the wind blows. One pupil described the experience well when he had to define the word "peace". He wrote: "We find it when we sing the National Anthem." And that is true. ↩

At the end of the day (twenty past three, or four o'clock) the girls sweep out the classrooms with leafy branches. Boys would never do it. Women have to do a great deal of the work in the Communal Lands, often having to tend the farms and look after the children by themselves while their husbands are away working in Harare.

I am nineteen years old now and would feel quite secure teaching kids until their 16 plus exams, but here age is not so important. I know for a fact that the head boy, Cosmos, is twenty three and I wouldn't be surprised to find that half of Form Four (and even a few in the lower forms) turned nineteen before I did. It is unnerving knowing that I am ordering people older than I am, and at nineteen a couple of years is a lot. But the pupils respect authority, thank goodness. In fact they are made to respect it. Beating is common, though mostly administered by the headmaster. I have never beaten anyone and doubt I ever will, although the pupils expect to be caned if they are a nuisance. The other teachers in the school firmly believe that African children must be beaten to make them learn. I disagree.

All the pupils in Materera live off the land in what we would call mud huts, which are thatched, circular, about five metres in diameter and often have an inbuilt bench running around the inside. Originally the mud was a compacted and dried mixture of earth and cow dung called "daga", but today many of the newer huts are made of brick. In the middle of the hut there is a hole in the constantly clean and smooth floor where there is a log fire which provides the heat for the cooking and warmth at night. The smoke rises and filters through the top of the conical straw roof, but often the huts are smoky and, because windows are scarce, usually dark. A family (often extended due to grandparents, aunts, uncles and their children --- and remember polygamy is legal and common here) will take up a few huts, while richer families may have a proper concrete building.

As well as school work the pupils will also do some work in the nearby fields. It is not uncommon for pupils to get up before sunrise to take the cattle to the pasture or feed the chickens before setting off for school. After school they must return home to do more work. This results in homework not being done, so many children will work in lessons or in breaks so that they can keep up. The pupils are much keener than English ones and better behaved. They make up in eagerness what they lack in good fortune. But the results are poor. Last year out of thirty children only one or two passed each subject, and it was usual for most people to obtain a string of "U's". There are many reasons for this but I think the principal one is poverty. The pupils have to work hard on their farms and often their parents do not speak English. Parents want the best for their children but having not experienced secondary education themselves they often do not know how to help them, and outside school there is no need for children to speak English. Everyone they meet (apart from the European teachers) is Shona. But if a child does not have a grasp of English he cannot succeed in any subject apart from Shona. All other lessons are in English. And all exams are in English. ↩



Materera pupils are poor. They come to school in torn clothes and barefoot. They are supposed to wear a uniform but the extra clothes cannot be afforded. If a pupil does wear a uniform he can often be seen wearing it at weekends and in holidays. To help pay for the revolution in education the Government has imposed small school fees, but in Materera the fees have taken a whole term to collect and most of the children have at one time or another been sent home to collect the money and told not to return until they have done so. This may seem harsh but last year the school lost two Zimbabwe dollars through fees not being paid and that money could have bought text books for everyone. At the moment I have to write notes on the board and show the pupils pictures from just one text book. There are enough exercise books and Biro's, desks and sticks of chalk, but hardly anything in the way of teaching equipment for practical lessons. ⇨

The pupils, however, always seem happy and look very healthy. I have even found that Africans generally look healthier than most Europeans I see. They are also much more friendly. When passing they will always greet me and be impressed when I reply in Shona. If I am going to the local store I will be offered drinks and made to feel very welcome. This is not done for me because I am considered something special in the neighbourhood, they are also kind and helpful to each other, knowing that they, too, will be helped in times of need. There is what is called a spirit of "oneness" or "unity". I am sometimes offered food by complete strangers. No-one seems to be as possessive of anything as we Europeans are. At the same time the white Zimbabweans I have met have been equally kind and hospitable. They will often go out of their way to please, but can be unpleasantly shocked when they hear where and with whom I am working. "I would never do it myself but I admire you for doing it," they say. Perhaps it is not so harsh for me as they think because I was not brought up in Rhodesia. Sometimes I think there is almost as great a difference between the whites and me as between the blacks and me.

Being a European at Materera invites a lot of memorable occurrences. Many of the primary school children may not have seen a white person before, or if they have they have never touched one. I was once approached by about ten six year olds who wanted to shake my hand. They slowly approached with nervous excitement and the bravest held out a hand. When the moment of contact came they all ran back screaming. But they returned and this time wanted to feel my hair. Younger children often just stare at me and some may even back off looking frightened. However, the ones who know me always get excited when they see me. "Hello, Mr Connolly, how are you?" they will shout. For some that will be the only English they know.

There have been other odd experiences that are not so pleasing. Letween, a girl in Form Four, asked Harriet and I what chemicals we put in our hair to make it straight and, in Harriet's case, blonde. It is a pity that some people want to escape from their own culture. Letween lives a way of life and in a culture that I find attractive. There always seems to be some time to do everything and people are relaxed.

So far I have greatly enjoyed being in Zimbabwe. I enjoy teaching and want to see "my kids" progress. I sometimes feel like a father to many of them. I love the fact that I am so welcomed wherever I go. People seem to be very pleased to see me, just because I am me. Perhaps the greatest thing is the education that I receive from the locals. I was recently teaching farming to Form 2, and realised I was learning as much as I was teaching because they could brief me from first hand experience on semi-subsistence farming. I am always picking up new words in Shona, and understanding the people and their customs more and more. By September I think I will be a different person from the one I was in January. I shall be more aware of the way of life of most people in the world.

Dog On Arrival

I have a friend who works at Heathrow and one day a dog in a travelling case arrived from America. There was nothing unusual about that because he dealt with quarantine. However, the following *is* unusual: the box had been damaged during the flight, losing its labels amongst other things. My friend did not expect this to have killed the dog, which it appeared to have done. I mean, the dog was clearly dead.

My friend was left with a dead dog and its former owner, a Mrs Billings, on her way to collect her "Vitus", unaware of the present circumstances, and to cap it all, if there was one thing my friend hated, it was farce.

He rang a lawyer he knew, who suggested he replace the dog with one as similar as they could find in the hour before Mrs Billings arrived.

"Brilliant! She hasn't seen the dog for a few years - and it's been in America - so naturally it will have changed!" was the mentality behind it.

My friend rushed out and bought the most similar dog he could find in Hounslow. However, when he proudly presented "Vitus" (Mk. II) in its new travelling case (held rather nervously) Mrs Billings stumbled backwards, keeled over and passed out.

"Oh, that's terrific! One dead dog, one comatosed Gran and a spaniel that's on loan for the afternoon. For God's sake, help me!" he shouted to his assistant.

"Send it back", she replied.

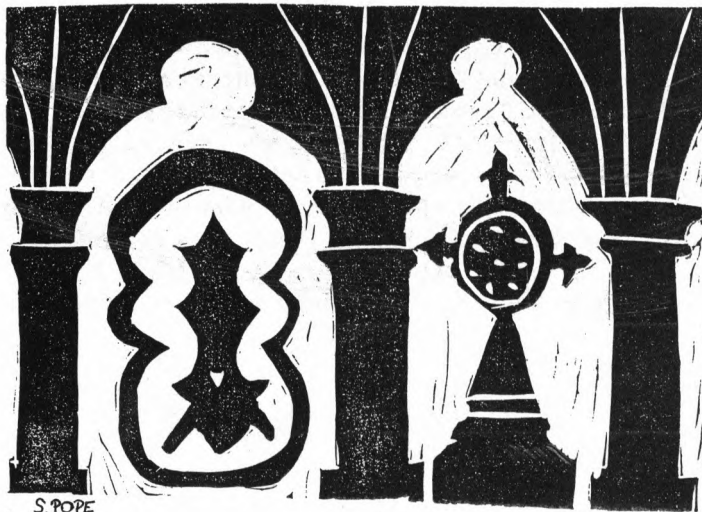
"Oh, great! We'll just throw the old bat in the case and send her to the States with a label reading, 'RETURN TO SENDER, ADDRESS UNKNOWN' and hope nobody notices the difference."

"No, send the dog back!"

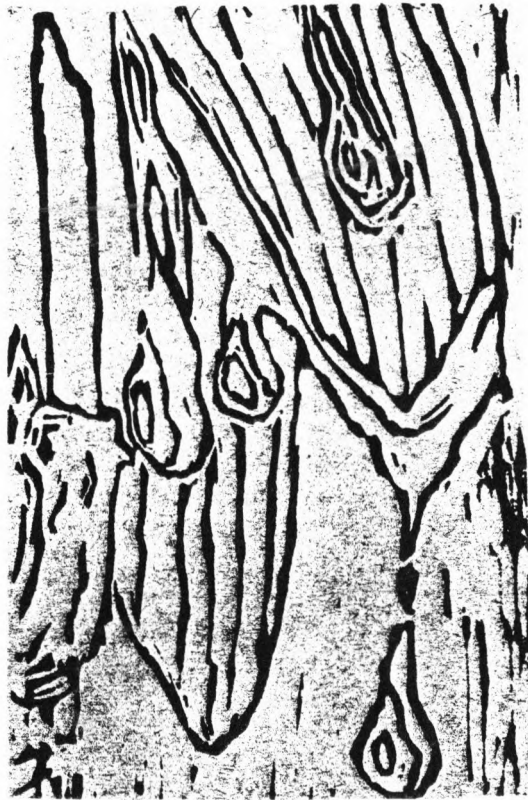
"Forget the dogs. We'll send them down to catering or give them to a local school."

It was only after the dead dog had been shoved down a chute onto the carousel and the living one was under the baggage control camera that Mrs Billings woke up to tell my ever decreasing friend that she had gone to collect her dead dog which had died in America, so that it could be buried in England!

Kieron Connolly



Self-Analysis



Sit there and think,
Try and make sense of things:
Your behaviour - does it
Correspond with your principles; your aims; your idea of yourself?
Find a pattern that somehow makes it right - your behaviour
I mean. Only because it is more consistent.
Contentment in consistency... why?
So it makes it easier for one to know you.
You are more predictable and therefore more accessible
As a friend.

Contentment too at analysing a friend or someone else,
You find a pattern, but now it is more critical - and easier.
Your own was more difficult - too delicate.
But you have yet managed - with a few concessions - to make
A consistent character.
You resolve to follow your new principles
And work within your new character for about
An hour.

Rajah

With Shankly in the Sky

HARRISON, PETER ANDREW (BLANEY), APRIL 15, 1989.

'What can I say Son, I'm devastated, I love you very much, I'm going to miss you terribly but don't you be worrying. Shanks and my old mate Billy Swan will look after you in your new home, goodnight God bless Son, you'll never walk alone.'


Your Dad, GERRY BLANEY

Nearly four thousand notices like the ones above were packed into twenty-five pages of The Liverpool Echo Memorial Edition on April 28, together with reports of services at the city's cathedrals and photographs of Merseyside's tributes to the dead of Hillsborough.

Less than four years earlier, on June 8 1985, thousands of Liverpool Football Club's supporters, many wearing the Club's red and white colours, had gathered in the Anglican cathedral for an Ecumenical Service in Sorrow and Penitence in Hope of Reconciliation, ten days after the scenes of horror in the Heysel Stadium from which the world had recoiled. 'We have a deep sense of sadness,' said the Dean of Liverpool, 'that the good name of Liverpool, the good name of Britain, has been dishonoured. In our sorrow we seek reconciliation.'



In the very week in which Europe's football authorities seemed willing to accept that Liverpool F.C. had shown true penitence, and that reconciliation had been achieved, came the dreadful blow of the Hillsborough disaster—ninety-five children, women and men crushed to death in circumstances dreadfully reminiscent of Heysel.

Among the charges of negligence and counter-charges of indiscipline that followed, thankfully there were none of violence involving supporters of Liverpool and Nottingham Forest. The judicial enquiry will sort out why the F.A. Cup Semi-Final on April 15 went so wrong. But what of the grief that overtook families and friends, club and community? How would there loss be answered? 

The response in the city and from sympathisers all over the country and the world was instinctive and immediate. Old rivalries, old grudges were forgotten as the gates at Anfield, the Kop, and the goal in front of it were hung with scarves, flags and mementoes of all kinds and from all clubs; the pitch was carpeted with flowers from goal-line to centre-circle and money poured into the Hillsborough Disaster Memorial Fund. Notices, too, of which those in the Memorial Edition were only a selection, filled the columns of The Liverpool Echo day after day, commemorating individuals and the fans as a whole, lined up to pay their respect like the patient queues at Anfield.

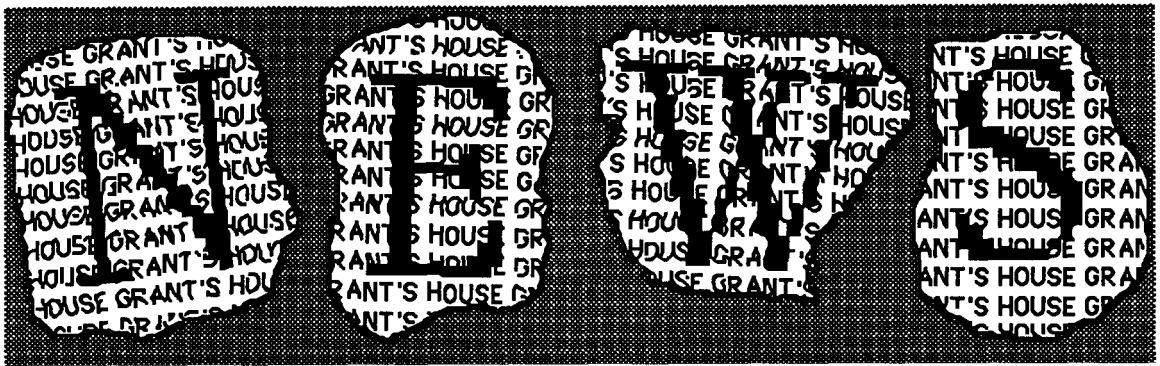
The words, most frequently found in them, by way of consolation, were "You'll Never Walk Alone" the song that had accompanied the club on its journey back to the First Division in 1962, and which had remained to become the club's anthem, sung in victory and defeat by the mighty choir on the Kop-wards crowning the magnificent wrought-iron gates outside the main stand.

The name of the manager to whose memory the gates were dedicated, Bill Shankly, also appeared many times: 'To Pat Tomo, a good Kopite, now resting with Shanks', 'with a liver bird on my chest, for these are men, Bill Shankly's best', 'so look around your garden, Lord, Bill Shankly you will find, tell him new friends have arrived, our Stephen and Gary side by side', 'with your head held high, now with Shankly in the sky'. They testify to the trust people still have in the man and his principles. These were simple. 'The socialism I believe in is not really politics,' he said, 'it is a way of living. it is humanity. I believe the only way to live and be truly successful is by collective effort, with everyone working for each other, and everyone having a share of the rewards at the end of the day.'

People laughed when he said that football was more important than life and death. How typical of the man's obsession with the game! They did not see the truth it contained because they did not understand what Shankly had done for Liverpool, the club and the city, between 1959 and 1974, the years of his managership. By making the supporters aware of the value of their contribution to the team's success, he involved them in the process of 'collective effort'. the result was a sense of continuous achievement which drew the community and the club together in a reassurance that is, its finest expression, could transcend victory and defeat, life and death. When Liverpool supporters commend their loved ones to the care of Shanks they do so not in the certainty that he will be there to make them feel at home in the after-life, but in the belief that if anyone could do so that person would be Shankly.

HEWITT, CARL DARREN, NICHOLAS MICHAEL, APRIL 15 1989.

-tragically at Hillsborough , (brothers aged 18 and 16 years , of Oadby, Leicestershire.) two fine boys, two genuine Liverpool supporters who were from outside of the Merseyside /North West area, including the lovely sisters SARAH and VICTORIA HICKS. (Rest in peace). - a brokenhearted Liverpool supporter.



Election Term 1988

Departures were: Kate Alvarez, Melissa Chapman, Lucien Clayton, Dominic Connolly, Daniel Doulton, Dominic Earle, Justin Gover, Antonia Grey, Toby Hewitt, Andrew Horne, Matthew Lickierman, Tom Manderson, Alex Mosley, Michael Sparkes.

Play Term 1988

Alastair McCleish was Head of House.
Fraser Ingham was Head of Hall.

Monitor in charge of Buckenhill: Shab Mustapha.
Monitor in charge of Fernie: Tim Buchanan.
Boarding monitors: William Hamlyn, Daniel Themen.
Day monitors: Zen Thompson, Laila Manji, Sean O'Hara.

Arrivals: E.Havranek, M.Kim, Felicity Fallon, Katie Taylor, K.Atichatpong, J.Boyce-Cam, A.Craig-Hall, J.Esfandi, S.Grant, A.Jagger-Aziz, J.Jennings, R.Pagan, A.Patterson, A.Park, D.Rhode, J.Scott-Lewis

Lent Term 1989

James Pemberton became a house monitor.

Election Term 1989

The monitorial remained the same.



Chris Brent

The Grant's House Concert

You could feel the buzz in the air when the long-awaited day, February 15th, finally arrived - the Grant's House Concert!

The first piece, "Stella by Starlight", was introduced by a non-Grantite, Mike Seed ("the Sax Man"). Looking at the rest of the band, with Tom Debenham on bass and Fabian Baird on drums, I thought for a moment I was in the wrong concert. But then Zen Thompson's "satchmo" style led us to our other man, Dan Themen. The tune was carried in turn by Mike, Tom and Zen until Mike brought the piece to a close "a la Rollins."

In stark contrast to "Stella", Oliver Hicks used his magnificent voice to serenade Jake Williams' composition "Into Town". The closest you can get to categorizing this type of music is to call it "electronic funk" as Jake showed in his relaxed synthesized solos.

The Trio sonata in C Major began with two violins, played by Michael Parry and Adam Park. This was followed by the rich sound of Nick Linton's cello and the pleasant melodies of Orlando Swayne on the piano. It was a well performed piece with particularly impressive trills.

There were also a large number of solo pieces, far too many to comment on individually, but the general standard was excellent. Grant's House appears to consist of some really talented musicians!

When it finished, everyone fell silent as Mr Clarke took the

limelight. He explained the difficulties of organising such a show (though no excuses were needed!), and thanked the music department for their invaluable aid. The organisers, Tilly Franklin, Adam Park and Miss Middleton (that bastion of organisation from the maths department, and a Grant's house tutor) all received thanks for coping so well with the monumental task of running the show.

The formal part of the evening over, the honoured guests stampeded to room 21 (or is it 163?) for refreshments provided by our ever flexible matron. As well as dealing with Grantite ill-health and mental instability, Belinda is not a bad cook!

It was a pity that so few people had turned up to watch, although Mr Summerscale's presence was well appreciated.

House concerts are a great tradition. They force inter-house co-operation and encourage individual musical skills to surface. I'm already practicing for next year, but don't let that put you off coming.

P.D. Conway

TWO NERDS

BY JAREY



Football

Even though both Danny and Simon Glasser scored in the XI-a-side we did not do well. Tim was injured but played anyway, the Head of House made an appearance and we still had the youngest side. In goal, was Anthony Jagger-Aziz who usually plays as a forward in the Under 14s. However, we made it to the Semi-Final in the 4-a-side and we won the junior section with both Marc, Dominic, Anthony and Simon playing extremely well.

Dan Glassar

House Cricket Competition Grant's VS Liddell's

T'was a star-studded cast that emerged out of the pavilion on to the field, with Will Hamlyn as the not-so confident captain, and John Dudding as his batting partner. They were faced with only two problems; the first was the infamous Joe Cogan, the second was supposedly the best bowler in the school.

Things did not turn out at all bad however, with Grants' renegades holding out until the last over. "Hercules" Hamlyn and his partner began with a couple of impressive blows, but then the opposition struck. Slowly but successfully, our ranks took their toll.

Not much could be done against their two 1st XI players. They stayed in bat for aeons, knocking the brains out of Francis Land. The only wicket fell deservedly to Marc Anderman. The outcome was predictable, and soon Clarke's heroes were making their way back to base. The new faces in the team were not really given a chance to show their skills, except for the wicket-keeper who somehow managed to stop every ball, well, nearly, well done anyhow David.

Finally it is a sad and sincere "adieu" to Will Hamlyn and Zahid Bilgrami, who made their last stand at the Battle of Vincent Square.

Joe Lipari

Inter-House Swimming Competition Lent '89

With the absence of Sean O'Hara, the Grant's team was reduced to three members: Erik Havranek, Nader Akle and Jason Scott-Lewis. This team swam very well, Erik either winning or coming second in his two events while Nader and Jason enjoyed moderate success in theirs; and with a very good performance in the relay the final position was third.

Nader Akle

Athletics Sports day 1989

Having begun the day in the face of many small unplanned disasters- it then ran about as smoothly as a Brillo Pad across sand paper. Amidst the chaos and injuries there were several good performances; notably Tom Martin's unforeseen first place in the shot putt. Completely unknown to anyone the intermediates were doing extremely well; finally coming second - and most surprising of all Grants picked up the bronze medal behind Liddell's and Wrens!

(Unfortunately Matthew Lickierman's high jump record was beaten by three people; including our own Alex Perry).

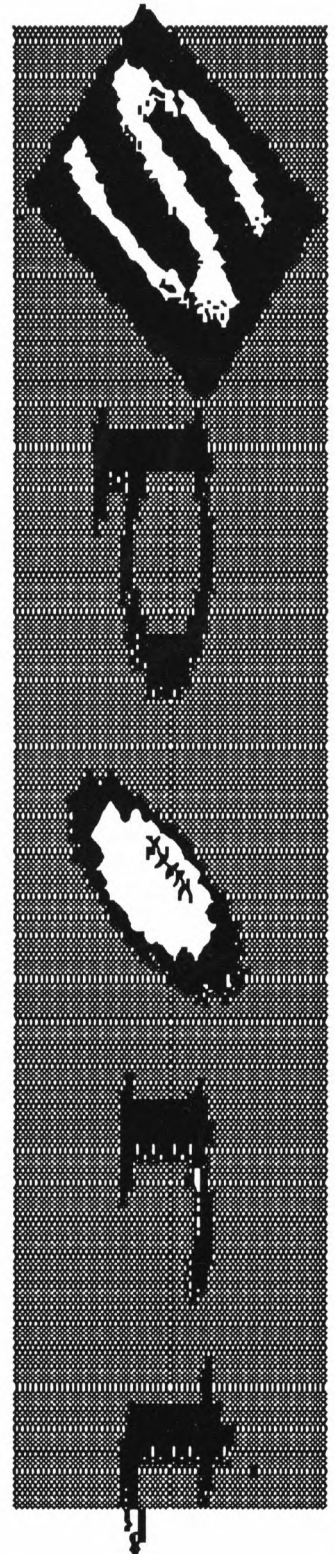
Chris Brent

Handball

Last year, half way through the summer term the seven members of the house handball team stepped onto Green without a single clue how to play the game. From absolutely slaughtering Rigaud's in the first round; the team, captained by Bijan Hedayati, made it to the final, where, one man down, we lost to Busby's.

The secret to our success: we never actually found out what the rules were.

Chris Brent



Season's Greetings

Prologue

While browsing through the files of Friends of Grant's we discovered some letters bound in a red ribbon. Being naturally inquisitive we spent hours reading the letters which made up a fascinating chronicle of American life in the 1980's comparable to that of America in the 30's in Steinbeck's 'The Grapes of Wrath'. They promise to have warmth, intrigue and a joke in the final one. We give you 'The Welburbs'.

The Editors have felt it necessary to include various comments to make these transatlantic letters fully comprehensible and do not forget the American accent on reading them.

Dear Friends,

Season's Greetings from the Welburbs. We've had a wonderful year blessed with good health and watching two fine boys mature.

Biff is now a "cool" sixth grader with girls just beginning to occupy his mind. Football was his sport this fall but he decided pain was no fun. However, since the girls like football players, he is reconsidering his football career (*nice to see American parents value sexual stereotypes so highly*).

Brad is in the second grade and is growing like a weed . He is the typical younger brother, constantly looking for ways to get his older brother in trouble. Why, only the other day (*cut the mock dialogue. We know this took hours to write*) we caught him in Brad's infamous red baseball jacket setting off for his mathe teacher's house with a .45. Naturally we told him that we did not object to his disposing of his teachers in this way but that trying to frame his brother for murder was against the family code. (*nice*)

Maxisoup continues to prosper and grow fruitfully. Business and civic activities take David away from home too often although he did manage to try his hand at whitewater rafting down the Yukon - Biff and Brad went along for the ride and they really loved it. I stayed at Base Camp and fixed a picnic which the others took once they'd rescued Sandy from his overturned kayak. Davis's also taken up soccer for the first time, starting with an intensive study of the rules and continues to nurse various aches and sprains. (*Well no one said you had to do it.*)

As a family we continue to enjoy the beauty of the North West with some hiking. We wish you happy holidays and a prosperous, healthy new year. (*Whatever happened to "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year"? I mean why do we have to be prosperous? Why all the emphasis on material wealth? Why are we so bitter?*)



A year later:

Dear Friends,

Once again the Welburbs are on the move. As much as we loved the North West, the irresistible draw to our Kentucky roots finally proved too strong. Hazard, my home town, has evolved into a lovely city with much civic pride (*GLOSSARY: tidy sidewalks*). On the day of move #9 it was ninety-five percent humidity and as with our usual luck the hottest day on record.

The boys held up during the move like champs. David and I loved to stand on the porch on those long summer evenings, arm in arm, smiling proudly as they practise their Karate in the back yard. Sadly though David left this morning to drive up to Yellowstone National Park in the 4 by 4 so that he could lend his hand to the fire-fighting.

Anyway what are you all accomplishing?

Sorry, we were wrong about the joke in the final letter, it must have emigrated to Cuba.



Old Grantite Club News

The Old Grantite Club Dinner was held in Ashburnham Dining Room on Tuesday, November 29, 1988. The President, Mr. F.D.Hornsby presided. The guests of honour were the Housemaster, Mr C.Clarke, and the House Tutors. Those attending were: His Honour, Judge M.Argyle, M.B. Mr C.Brown, J.H. Carey, A.Cheyne, D.F.Cunliffe, J.N.Durnford, D.C.Grieve, A.C.Hornsby, J.S. Ingham, D.B.Inglis, A.S.Kemp, G.Keynes, V.Levison, N.Mackay, G.B. Patterson, P.N.Ray, S.Rodway, M.Rugman, R.Shute, D.Van Rest, A. Winckworth, J.S.Woodworth.

The President proposed the toast of Floreat to which the Housemaster responded.

Obituaries

Dr. Antony Julian Croft (1938- 43 G) On February 27th 1988. Aged 62.

"A.J." was an enthusiastic contributor to music at the school during the war. He moved to Christchurch College, Oxford in 1943 as an Exhibitioner in Physics. His degree and D. Phil in low temperature physics led to a permanent administrative post in the Clarendon Laboratory at Oxford where he remained until his death. During the last twenty-four years of his life he was blind but continued to work at the Clarendon. For some years he assessed restaurants for the Good Food Guide, his sense of taste perhaps been enhanced by his blindness. Despite his disability he designed and set up a central university telephone exchange at Oxford which led the way to a modern system which came into operation in April 1988. In the last few years of his life he wrote, with the help of his wife Margaret, a history of physics at Oxford. He was followed up Grant's between 1945 - 1975 by his brother and five Croft cousins and nephews.

D.N. Croft (1945 - 50 G)

Miles Howard Prance On March 9th 1989. Aged 88.

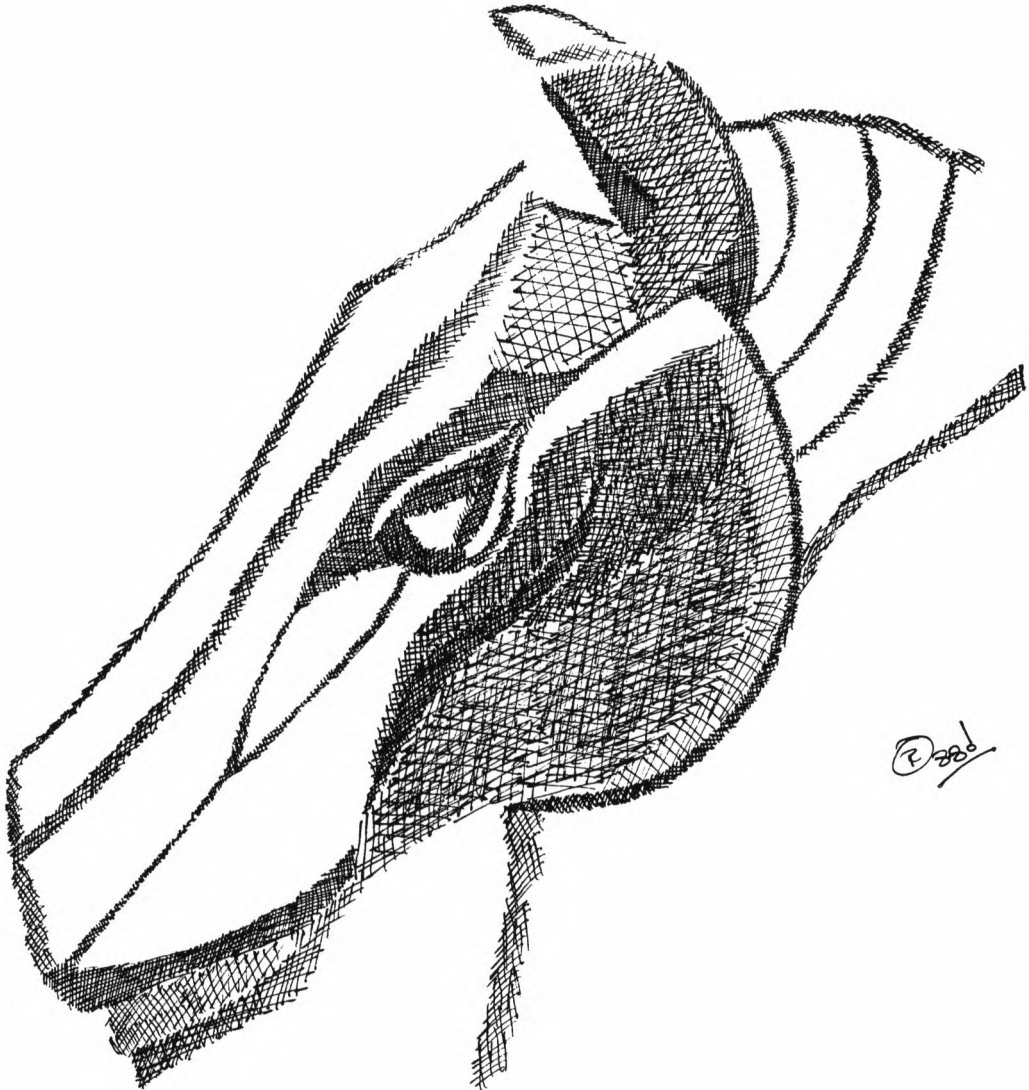
Miles was 'Up-Grant's' during the First World War. On leaving Westminster he took up articles and became an admitted solicitor joining his father's firm in about 1923.

An ardent Territorial with the East Surrey Regiment Miles served throughout the Second World War and returned with the rank of Major from the Middle East to run the family firm.

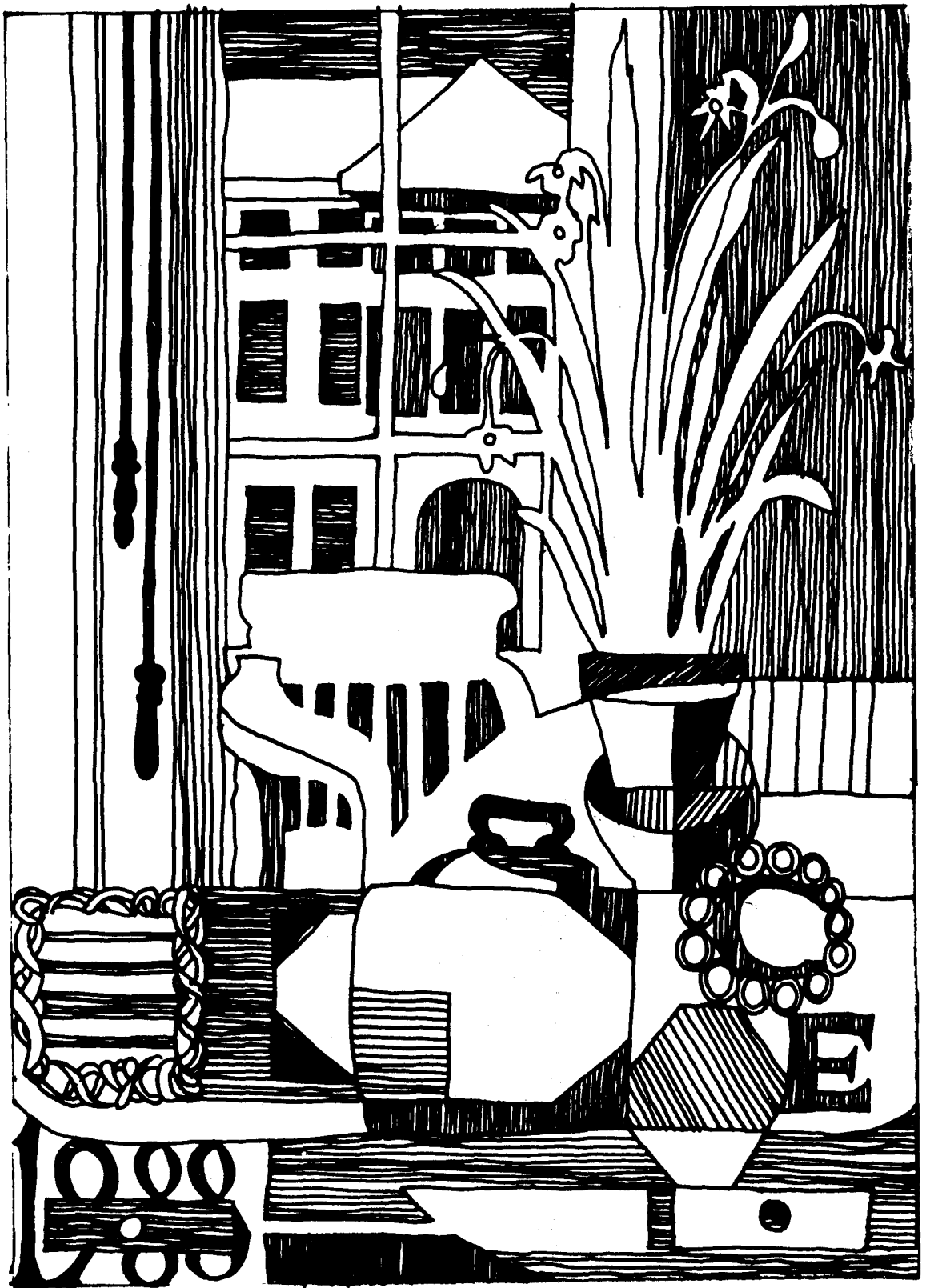
Some years later he joined Englefield & Tobin as a Partner remaining with them as a consultant and holder of a Practising Certificate until his death. He retired from partnership at the age of seventy-one.

His wife Phyllis died two years earlier and he leaves a daughter Hazel and two sons, Miles and Thane. Beagling was his greatest leisure pastime. He was a member of his local Beagles for some seventy-five years and at one time Marshen of the Worcester Park and Buckland Beagles. His other interests were the local preservation society, being chairman of Reigate Society in its early days. Although immobile in his last two years he lived a remarkably full life for one of his age with a long and deep affection for his school. He proudly wore tie, scarf and blazer badge until his last day. Indeed his original blazer was only discarded ,threadbare, a year ago. He was wearing his badge on the day he died.

Hazel Mckay (née Prance)



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