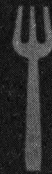


GRANTSHOUSE



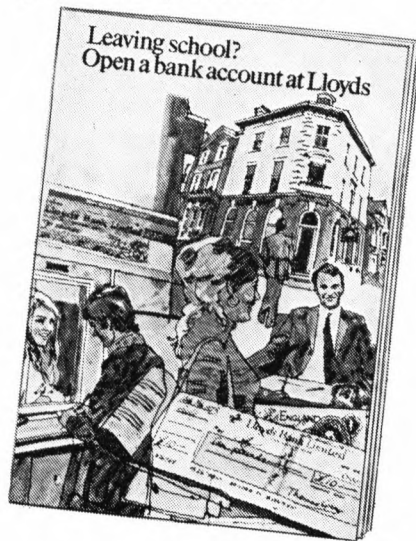
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the grantite review

ELECTION TERM, 1973

Editor: Robin Griffith-Jones

Assistant Editor: Anthony Hammerson

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Photographs by Martin Parnwell

The drawings are by Robert Crawford and Christopher Quayle.

We thank Mr Jessel and Lambert Cycles for their generosity in helping to pay for this issue.

house diary

PERHAPS the best way to start this year's house diary is to concentrate on what has not happened. Despite two boys sleeping through a fire practice, as it was not for real, they were NOT burned to death. Although studies japs flooded matron's flat in mysterious circumstances, Mrs. Fenton was NOT drowned. Even though the whole monitorial bar one left at the end of the Play Term a state of complete anarchy did NOT develop.

'O' and 'A' levels seem to have come quicker than last year but people are still determined NOT to have their every day lives disrupted by such minor inconveniences. If the Government wish to waste their time setting such stupid, time-wasting exercises, that is their affair; but on the whole Grantites see no reason why they should go out of their way to placate Mrs. Thatcher.

Bedtimes have got later, despite fears that the increased waking hours would be contrary to the Government's anti-inflation Bill; people now go to bed at about the same time as in other houses. Grant's has got yet another colour television, grotesque as the idea may seem, and this means that the entire content of Hall tend to congregate around the "box," proudly placed alongside the new record player in blanco. This event is especially noticeable when Games are rained off, and blanco is filled with inert bodies mesmerized by the television from lunch until supper.

There are rumours that the junior part of the House is to be blessed with more baths, correction omission of the more. At the time of writing, this has NOT materialised. And we must not forget the new face that has appeared around the house in the form of a new house tutor, Mr. Scott. He, like his colleagues, is NOT a true blue Britisher but has strong Australian influences.

On the whole, as can be seen, everyday life trundles along. This is most obvious in the fact that nobody has enough time to consider why they are bored, though they all freely admit they are. Figures for people staying over the weekend have sunk to four or five. If anyone is under the impression that anything actually happens over a weekend (except for certain train orientated excursions) they may rest assured that nothing quite so disturbing has come about for ages.

We drift along, laughing at the outside world if we can ever remember it exists (political awareness is at an all-time low). People may fulminate at our lack of enjoyment but the truth, sad or otherwise, is we are apparently enjoying ourselves.

house news

PLAY TERM:

James Robbins was Captain of the School.

James Robbins was Head of House.

Simon Woods was Head of Hall.

The Monitors were: Marcus Campbell, Paul Hooper, Bruce Jenks, Simon Mundy, Robin Shute, Andrew Wilson.

The Dormitory Monitors were: Robin Fergusson, Christopher Quayle, Hamish Reid.

Arrivals! T. M. Barrett, J. P. Blakesley, T. P. Brow, J. R. Mayor, C. J. C. Morgan.

Departures! Nicholas Bell, Michael Everington, Nicholas Fergusson, Geoffrey Fletcher, Nicholas Hildyard.

LENT TERM:

Mr. Scott became House Tutor.

Andrew Wilson was Head of House.

Antony Macwhinnie was Head of Hall.

Andrew Wilson was appointed a School Monitor.

The Monitors were: David Bernstein, Tim Gardam, Robin Griffith-Jones, Andrew Orgill.

The Dormitory Monitors were: Jonathan Flint, David Ray, Chris Tiratsoo.

Arrivals! S. T. Banks, P. J. Bowers, J. I. Chalaby, S. Porfyrtos, J. K. Severn, R. A. Stubbs, W. D. Upton.

Departures! Marcus Campbell, Stephen Earle, Frank Gimson, Bruce Jenks, Simon Mundy, James Robbins, Julian Sharrard, Robin Shute, Simon Woods.

ELECTION TERM:

The monitorial remains the same.

Arrival! J. C. Hamilton.

No one could tear themselves away.

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Water .. *Pinks* to Timothy Williams, Robert Crawford.
Half Pinks to James Morrison.
Colts to Robert Crawford, James Morrison.
House Seniors to Robert Crawford.
- Football .. Antony Macwhinnie, Captain of Football.
Nigel Wates, Secretary of Football.
Pinks to Antony Macwhinnie, Nigel Wates.
Half Pinks, Thirds to Nigel Wates.
Junior Colts to Paul Shinnie, Chris Tiratsoo.
- Athletics .. Timothy Woods, Captain of Athletics.
Pinks, Half Pinks to Tim Gardam, Roger Oliver.
Colts to Ian Reid.
Junior Colts to Patrick Holford, David Ray.
House Seniors to Anton Everington, Anthony Hammerson, Patrick Holford, Roger Oliver, David Ray, Ian Reid.
House Juniors to Philip Bowers, Tim Brow, Hamish Reid, Diarmid Tanner.
- Cricket .. Antony Macwhinnie, Captain of Cricket.
Colts to Ranald Morrison.
- Judo .. Julian Bell, Captain of Judo.
Pinks to Julian Bell.
Half Pinks to Julian Bell.
Thirds to Christopher Quayle.
House Seniors to Julian Bell, Christopher Quayle.

Fencing: . . . Anthony Hammerson, Secretary of Fencing.
Half Pinks, Thirds to Anthony Hammerson.
Colts to Jonathan Flint.

Tennis . . . *Thirds* to Tim Cawston.

Simon Williams is the first seed for the school golf team and Simon Tenison received honours for excellent rowing in the Junior Colts League.

I WAS at School when it happened.
The explosion lifted the whole of London into the air,
No one moved.
We looked down and we could see only stars.
We were floating, but still alive.
We stayed there for years, decades, centuries,
And then died.

RUPERT STUBBS.

blithe spirit

WHEN a Fifth form set was asked to write on the somewhat inane subject, "Life in my House," the Grantites involved duly emerged with the odd objection or suggestion about the regulating of their everyday lives, complaining about leave chits, pleading for more studies, throwing in the odd libellous statement about the members of authority, but few of them considered the general atmosphere or attitude of mind that pervades Grants as a whole. Perhaps there is no such thing. It would be very encouraging if this were the case and the individual were allowed to pursue his own course in a society which was no more than a random cross section of the school.

However, as one progresses up the school and gets a closer look at the workings of every day bureaucracy, it seems more and more as if a "Tom Brown's School-days" attitude still exists and that the community in which we live is intended to mould the individual into such a shape whereby he finds no difficulty in fitting into his allotted space. In short, there is still a fixed idea in some people's minds of what should constitute a Grantite, a Busbite or a Rigaudite. From the moment the innocent arrives, he is moulded into the most convenient shape, exists in his little world, the Rigaudite in Rigaud's, the Grantite in Grant's, and never the twain shall meet.

On the now established occasion when boys from different houses attempt to

discover who is the fastest at running round in circles and getting back to the point from where he first set out, the Inter-House relays, I happened to question the point of what was going on. Someone had claimed that Grant's, after having lost the last race, was definitely going down hill; I asked why he thought running around holding a piece of wood proved anything and anyway what did he mean by "Grant's," as this comprised 68 different people most of whom were not particularly interested in what was going on in the first place. The reply?—"That sounds pretty good coming from a Grantite."

This remarkably asinine conversation highlights, I think, a problem which one had hoped might have been buried along with the Boy's Own paper. In "Tom Brown's Schooldays", the pedagogue and Captain of some Rugger Team, which had just succeeded in beating some other rather unfortunate individuals from another House to pulp announces to fellow members of his House, "It's the dear old School House, the best House in the best school in England." In the Old Grantite Manifesto, which is handed to everybody when he leaves, the final paragraph begins: "While it comes naturally to every Old Grantite to regard Grant's as infinitely the most superior house in the school . . ." Tempus vincit omnia? There can be little wonder that the Old Grantites find difficulty in attracting younger members.

Now having let off steam about the highly dangerous, out-dated, and, in my opinion, undesirable nationalism which still to a great extent finds a home in the house system at Westminster School, it is only fair to put forward my own ideas on how a community can live together advantageously. My proposals must be regarded as an "Aunt Sally." I encourage anyone who can be bothered to amend or modify them. I have little doubt that the editor might well take this task upon himself. But a revision of our ideas is badly needed and the fact that there is a necessity that something so extreme as this should be written is a serious reflection on the present situation.

I return to a word that I have used before in this article. A house is a community. Such a community is necessary in a school of four hundred, where without such a division identification would be impossible for the new-boy and administrative difficulties would be insurmountable. This article does not advocate the abolition of the house system, merely its revision. In a community, it is desirable that a government is able, for the most part, to identify with the people it governs. Ideally, its legislation will be in accordance with the wishes of the majority and yet at the same time will in the long term be in the interests of the same. If this is the case, there will little friction between governors and governed. If there is to be any hope of such identification, there must at the same time be communication. There must be communication on all levels from the most senior boy in the house right down to the twelve year old in his first term. Only by there being such a breaking down of barriers can the governors determine accurately and fairly the wishes of those governed. It is no good if those in authority remain aloof and beyond contact with the others of whom they are in control. The

effectivity of authority can only be successfully maintained if they are accessible to those with whom they live. For the day to day running of such a community is in the long term not dictated by the machinations of authority but by the manner in which the members of the community put those machinations into practice.

This does not mean that any sense of hierarchy should also be abolished. To anyone concerned with everyday organization of a house, a certain order of seniority is obviously necessary, if only because those in more senior positions have more experience in everyday administration. They have lived under it for longer and have come to know its advantages and failings. Its advantages they can put into practice, its failings they can change for the better. The monitor's position is a social one. He is the medium between the Housemaster and the shop-floor. He also has to combine this duty with certain responsibilities which are unpleasant but necessary. When in the junior part of the House he had to 'fag,' to clean out the rubbish every night for the benefit of the community; now, at the top, it is his responsibility, his duty, even his 'fag,' as one with administrative experience to supervise this choring to make his community a fit place to live in. In return he gets rewards. These should not be rewards which at the same time inconvenience others such as personal fagging, they should be rewards which give him a greater freedom of movement and of action. For without flexibility, there can be no efficient or beneficial administration. Communication does not mean abolishing hierarchy, it means building bridges to close the gaps between the varying different levels.

The other very necessary principle behind any community existence is that of toleration. The commandment "To love thy neighbour as thyself" may seem today to be hackneyed, but it is on this principle that the individual will best be able to proceed along his own lines of development, cultivating his own interests and at the same time benefitting others. Mutual toleration on every level in the hierarchy and, much more important, between every level, is the basis for a social harmony which is imperative if the House system is to function beneficially at all. Toleration in its most simple sense means a determination to accept other people as they are. Trying to force them into a shape which is most convenient to others is no substitute. It may on the face of it constitute an efficiently administered assembly but the fact that Mussolini put the railways in order in Italy does not excuse him for the repression of individuals' independent view-points. The right to be different must be accepted by the community and encouraged by authority as long as the individual is not interfering with the peace of any other person. To force him to fit into a convenient pattern and then claim that it is for his own good is inexcusable. Authority, by encouraging a state where toleration and willingness to compromise for the good of all is the norm, will facilitate a mutual identification between members of their community who nevertheless are still individuals in their own right.

It is therefore a good attitude to be always prepared to admit that you have

made a mistake. However, how much better it would be, both for administrative feasibility and general communication, if, by shunning confrontation, one had not in the first place put oneself in such a position where one has forced oneself into error through no fault but one's own desire to maintain authority and personal prestige.

To sum up, then, I think the need to belong has been exploited by the House system to such an extent where community relations is subsidiary to some vague conception of "the honour of the House." It matters little if any House has the captain of every sport in the school within it, or has more school monitors than any other, if the atmosphere within is not one where anyone can find a niche suited to his liking into which he automatically fits rather than to have to be chiselled down to slot into it. People will act in a manner beneficial to the community as a whole if they feel that they are not being forced to deviate from their own identity towards an unidentifiable mean. Such a mean is the present meaning of "House Spirit" and until the phrase can be associated with toleration and communication the phrase, and any like it, should be regarded with considerable suspicion.

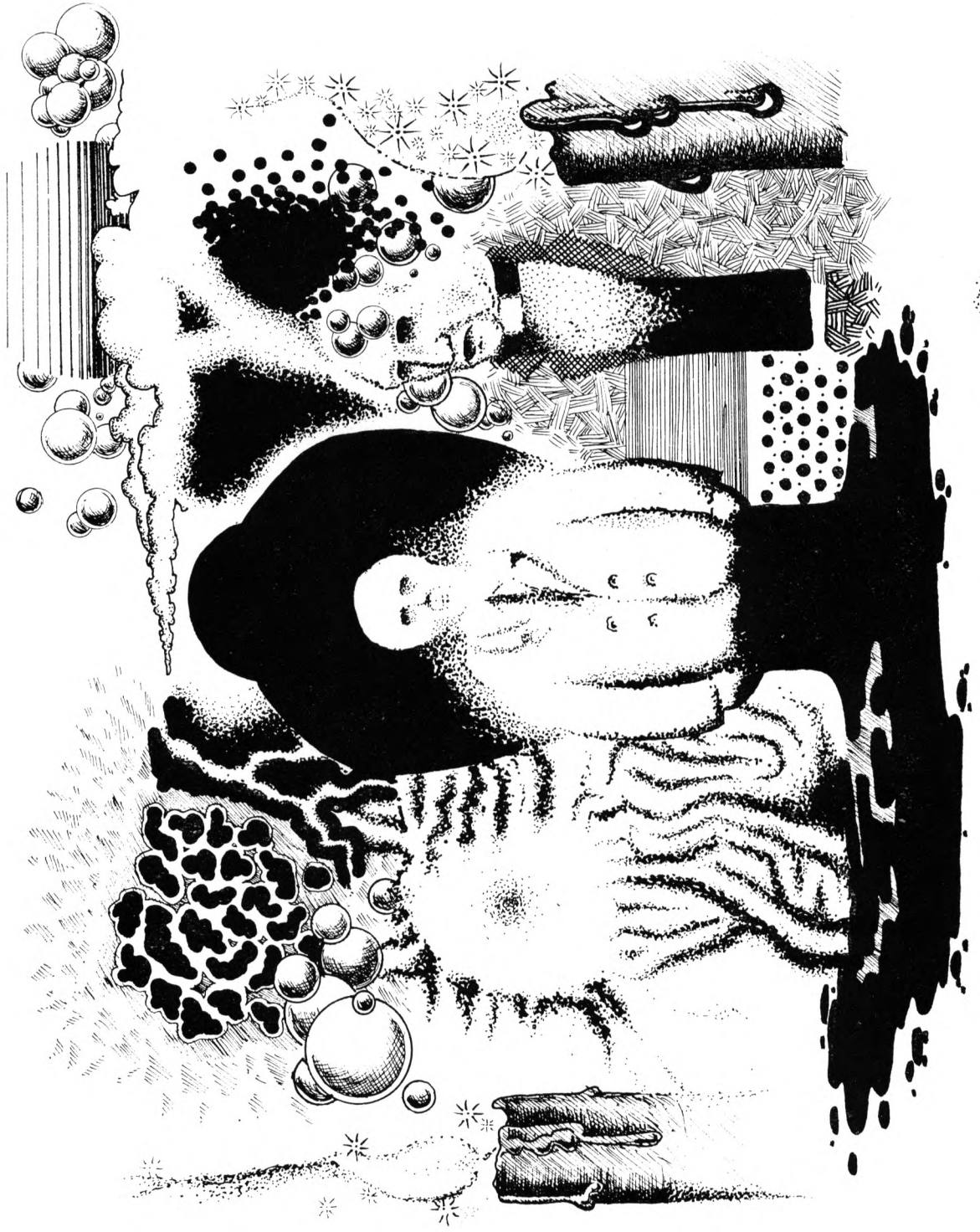
poem

WHEN I was sitting under summer's tree,
My youthful spring tide left behind,
I saw ahead the problems of eternity
As some vast desert tortured by the wind.

No longer could the wines of purest grape
In May's arcadia be swallowed down,
No pastoral tale could I still relate
Till I should wear bronzed Autumn's golden crown.

A life among the mountains of despair,
The constant sores of nature's howling pride,
The milk white bones of fruitless death's dark lair
Were there ahead. And nowhere could I hide.

Through hurricanes of passion am I cast,
Deep waves of crested anger are my song;
Ahead decisions of a magnitude so vast,
Dare I look back to innocence far gone?



THE candles flicker in the quiet room,
The sheets are cold and clammy,
The priest's hands are gnarled and dry in my hand,
His face smiles me on to a better world,
As his restless shadow leers from the ceiling.
The meaningless prayers mumble on,
As my dreams dissolve in a pool at his feet.
Coughs of choked sobbing bite deeper
And I breathe the last wails of silent memories
That are blown by the faces behind the candles.
The flames grow higher, the priest's white robe
Grows blacker on the ceiling, fanning the fire.
I drift out of the room, away from the ceremonies,
But the black robe still fans the flames around me.
Into the fire comes a shimmering white shape,
"Come with me," a gentle voice whispers, "and you will be free!"
But the flames grow higher and the figure fades.
The flames, the agony, the whispers, the flames, the agony . . .
And now twilight melting into darkness.
I long to run towards the sunset,
Where all my memories, my hopes, are waiting,
But I am dragged towards the unborn dawn
Where I wait, limpid and lifeless, for it to rise,
When I shall crawl out, innocent as the dawn which gave me birth.

JOHN BEVAN.

editorial

SUCCESSIVE editors of the 'Grantite' over the past few years have asked the question, who is the 'Grantite' for? This time if only for the sake of change, let us ask, who is the 'Grantite' *by*? It claims to be a House magazine; but just what proportion of the boys actually contribute? One or two things are commissioned from outside the House—either from other boys or members of the staff. Occasionally we have an interview with a distinguished Old Grantite (—of which we had hoped to have one this year, but the O.G. in question chose rather to be interviewed for the Liddell's magazine). Then there is the editor himself, who always churns out at least one article other than the editorial, if only to fill up space. One poet who produces several poems, each published under a different name (—this year, in fact, inspiration seems to be spread more liberally over the House). The regulars—a couple of stalwart worthies who produce every year (thank goodness). And finally several miscellaneous articles, usually rather good if one can tease them out of the reluctant writers.

“There has not been all that spirit of patriotism in the House that we should like to see concerning the magazine of Westminster's most historical House” (Editorial, Play 1899). Perhaps one would not phrase it quite like that nowadays (or perhaps one would). But the point of the statement remains. The 'Grantite' depends on the boys' efforts; if the boys are not interested the 'Grantite' fails. But let us look at the brighter side of things; we have four different poets represented in this issue, two artists, and six prose writers. And almost as many again submitted articles. So at the moment, perhaps, the appeal made in 1899 need not be urgently repeated. But why do the boys contribute? Has the fact of its being a House magazine (their House magazine) anything to do with it? Or would they produce for any magazine, if pushed hard enough? Should we see the 'Grantite' as produced by fervent House spirit and “patriotism,” or by a random group of boys hounded by a frustrated unfortunate called the editor?

Or we could ask a more general question; is 'Grant's' itself a random group of boys or a fervent army of patriots united by Jove in the spirit of No. 2? Neither extreme, perhaps. Most boys would tend, I think, to a straight acknowledgment or a straight denial of the entity of the 'House' in itself. Few would give reasons for their feelings. Let us ask ourselves why we feel (if we do) that Grants “is infinitely the most superior House in the school,” and (if we do not) whether we should.

. . . .

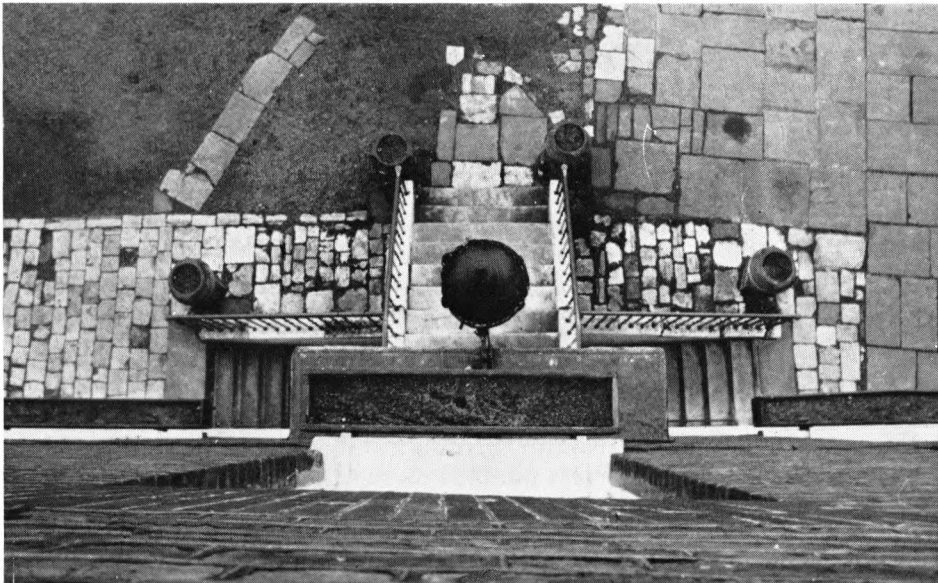
“We have heard a lot—mostly from people who were here at the time—of the spirit of unity which of old has aided Grant's to success in maintaining her supremacy over the other Houses in the School. We are now able to assure our predecessors that this spirit has not died out, that Grant's in all essential is still the same as when they knew it, and that there is every prospect of our successors

living up to the ancient traditions of the House.” (Editorial, Election, 1911).

In memoria aeterna erit justus?

“Let our text be for the nonce: “Keeness.” Keeness in Games; Keeness in Work; Keeness in the House; Keeness in the School. It has never been necessary to reproach Grant’s with want of Keeness. Throughout the school, even among members of rival houses, Grant’s has an absolutely unparalleled reputation. Such a reputation—an absolutely priceless possession—does not entitle the possessor to rest upon his laurels; the reputation has to be lived up to If Grant’s is to maintain the reputation it has won, there must be a more regular attendance “up fields” on Saturdays. More interest must be displayed in the doings of the school, in Play, as well as in Work. No house which has not sufficient interest to watch the School Matches will ever produce good players. Good play can only be developed by Keeness, and interest in School Matches is the outward and visible manifestation of the same virtue. If, then, Grant’s, a house consisting of about fifty members, cannot send up a contingent of more than fourteen to watch a Saturday Match, it will lose its reputation as a sporting house—for people are apt to look at the outward appearances, and their respect for a house which acts in such a way cannot be very great. The moral of this is, that Grant’s must not grow slack. It has had great successes in the past, and has by them won a great reputation, which it will need all its energies to keep up in a manner worthy of the high ideals and glorious tradition which have been handed down to us by our predecessors, and which in duty to them we are bound to the best of our ability to keep up.” (Editorial, Play 1905).

Ab auditu malo non timebit?



epitaph?

THE illness is past the critical stage and the patient has entered the pale grey days; in a drugged half-conscious stupor to shamble, like a tormented broken eagle being led blindfold to a chicken coop. All but a few are asleep; only the now anomalous exterior remains the same, belying the cold cavity within. The compromise, the slide, came easily at the start—we asked for it ourselves—and the very gentleness of the slope was so appealing, so seductive, that we didn't even notice the downward gradient. There was gloss; we were suave; of such good intentions, deep and strong convictions, earnestness, seriousness, cool calm lugubriousness: . . . Porridge. Slow, easy porridge—with razor blades inside, wrapped in ribbons. We didn't see, or saw and didn't judge, or saw and judged and . . . were knife-slashed on the shins, the thigh, the groin. So, slow or quick, emasculation: sharpened blades to cut our veins or sticky, slow, slow, oozing porridge, vomit in the mind.

It is only safe to criticize after the event, for thus one is dismissed or ignored for being irrelevant, narrow-minded and behind the times—and so avoids all possibility of being taken seriously.

R.M.J.

it can't be helped

A GREAT deal of criticism has been directed at the House system within the school, and an equal amount of abuse has been hurled in the same direction. It is not for me to say whether these complaints are justified or not but I am able to present the other side of the coin, and if not to defend the system to explain it at least.

People frequently fall into the trap of confusing the influence of the house on a person's character, the role of the authority within a house, and the actual social atmosphere of the house. These are three distinct elements of house life and have to be dealt with separately. It is true that they are interrelated but any problem arising in any one of these three spheres has to be solved in a very particular way. All three are social dilemmas but each has its distinctive slant; the first is more concerned with domestic upbringing, the second with administration, and the third

with social cohesion. It must be remembered that all three are linked but that they cannot be substituted for each other—they have to be regarded as separate entities.

By the time one is of the age to enter a public school of normal standing one has, in most cases, already been moulded into a certain type of being with one's own individual characteristics by domestic influences. These influences create the greatest impression on the mind during infancy; most psychologists recognise the fact that a person is most strongly affected by external influences at the age of five. A new boy entering Westminster has already developed his own personality, his own degree of tolerance, and his own basic attitude towards life. It has been frequently maintained that the House can greatly adjust a number of these elements of personality. But what is a house? It is merely a selection of boys living under the same roof. It is the boys themselves that are the influencing element within the house. A boy's character is basically formed before he enters this school and the only exterior trimmings he gains when at Westminster come from contact with other boys. It is the boys of the house that are the 'moulders of character' within the house, not the house itself. People in all walks of life will influence each other and complete individuality will never be able to thrive in a community. In a community where a number of people are thrust together for a great deal of time a certain degree of sharing of ideals, characteristics, and general standardisation is inevitable.

If individuality is allowed to become too overpowering great rifts will develop in the highly packed community, and impatience will result in both physical and verbal friction. This can be translated as intolerance. There is a movement within the house that supports the view that greater tolerance should be practised by all members of the house, but that at the same time the house should contain a greater variety or cross-section of characters. These are contradictory aims. Greater balance means that compromise will have to become the motto of the house. But compromise leads to standardisation and it has been emphatically stated that individuality should be encouraged. In the outside world one is not forced to socialise and fraternise with people whom one finds undesirable, but within the house one is. This means that a certain amount of friction is inevitable unless the situation arises where all the people in one house get on with each other. Looking at the entrance system at Westminster one might maintain that the best way to do this is by combining people with similar interests in the same house. In other words sacrifice cross-section for tolerance. Having both goes against human nature and understanding.

This impatience and intolerance, which is common to most humans, is greatly magnified at school; but through no fault of the house. It is the basic school system which increases friction and creates nervous tension within its members. This nervousness is most marked in the summer term when the pressure of exams weighs heavy on people's minds, but it is still present throughout the year. Grant's is unfortunate in the fact that this problem is greatly aggravated by the architec-

tural layout of the house, Boys in Hall have no privacy whatsoever; 24 hours a day they are thrust together in large groups (in Hall, in Chis, in Blanco and in dormitories), which are dictated by a rather removed authority. The layout of the studies projects a similar atmosphere of lack of privacy and claustrophobia. If people are forced together for too long periods they naturally develop an aversion for each other.

It has been said that the people with the responsibility within the house have it upon their shoulders to recreate a less hostile atmosphere. Improvement is possible, but not if the members of the house refuse to confide or meaningfully communicate with the people who have power to do something. Too many people are too unconcerned about the house. It is not a deadening of atmosphere that is needed but a revival of it; for greater communication greater willingness and binding atmosphere is needed. The housemaster acts as a substitute for the parental element in a boy's life during term time. But communication between the two becomes impossible if the boy has not been able to talk frankly with his parents or is not willing to do the same with the Housemaster. The Housemaster cannot go to each and every boy; it is up to the boy to go to the Housemaster and confide in him. Mutual respect and trust is the key to a smooth running of the House, and it is up to the boy to make the first move.

Now that we have established the fact that friction is inevitable and that it can be very slightly alleviated by communication among house members we can begin to appreciate the advantages of having an atmosphere which portrays the house as an idol. The boys are the basis and in fact the impetus of the house; why should they not praise themselves and defend their creation?

If there is a binding house spirit each member of the house is more likely to be tolerant towards all the others. People with something in common tend to congregate and appreciate each other. It leads to a certain amount of standardisation (or compromise) but as I have stated before this sacrifice is worth it if we are thereby to gain tolerance. To a person with a weak character or nature the house can act as a moral support, something to believe in and grip onto in times of desperation. Many people resort to religion when they are in times of trouble. Agreed this is a more dramatic situation, but the fundamental principles still apply. If a person has no character of his own to project he can project that of the house and rely on the house for his ideas in all spheres. This is better than lapsing into complete obscurity. The same applies to a new boy who without aid might develop introverted tendencies. A great number of people who find themselves in a completely new environment curl up and hide away when their basic nature is one of participation but they are too shy to push themselves. House spirit is the impetus needed by these people, the initial boost that they so desperately want. Once a house gains a general atmosphere of enthusiasm it becomes self-generating and grows from one age-group to the next. House spirit does not mould people's character but lays open certain opportunities which otherwise would appear closed to many boys.

beaux stratagen

I HAVE just been asked to review the Grant's House Play. I cannot, however, do this, because even though I went I was not allowed to see or hear much more than the last few minutes. Sitting in front of me were two boys from the Remove; they talked throughout the play and kept bobbing up and down, so that I could not see much either. I can however produce a second hand review of what they thought of it, and this I will try to set out as faithfully as possibly below. I would like to say that their views and mine do not necessarily coincide, and that from the small part of the play that I managed to hear and see, I gather that it was very good.

"What are those?"

"Stage-hands, I think. But it could be a transformation scene."

"But it's not a pantomime."

"Then why has Tim Gardam got a semi-Irish Nigerian accent?"

"He's a French priest."

"Ah, that explains it. And I suppose it also explains why Edward Wates is rather overacting being drunk,—perhaps he's a Jewish monk. Don't be ridiculous—of course it's a panto."

"If it was one, then why isn't Simon Mundy overacting?"

"Anyone can see that he really is drunk."

"No, no, he's acting . . . but then again, you can never tell with Simon."

"What's it called?"

"The Beaux Stratagem, it's by George Farquhar."

"It may be called that, but it's virtually the same cast as did Black Comedy last year. There's Roger Cohen . . ."

"He's not in it."

"Who's playing Boniface then? . . . ah, David Bernstein—well it's the best impression of Roger Cohen that I've seen in a long time. But even if Roger isn't in it, there's the inimitable Earle-Campbell double act, with Marcus Campbell playing the same type of star-struck lover, which he does very well."

"But no one could say that Stephen Earle is playing a camp Northerner again—look at the way he kissed that girl."

"It's so realistic that one would only ever see it on stage."

"There certainly weren't any of the usual fumbings: but Stephen is giving a very polished performance all round—no wonder he's been accepted by R.A.D.A."

"It's a shame that Mandy Reddington's acting isn't as great as her beauty. But Louise Belson is excellent once again as an elderly lady. Apart from her though the girls aren't really very good, are they?"

"Sandy Gleysteen has got lovely hair."

"I'd like mine to look like that."

"What do you think of it as a choice of play?"

"Very original, but perhaps they were being a little over-ambitious. It's not



easy to put on a Restoration comedy . . .”

“Pantomime you mean.”

“. . . and it falls a bit flat because of all the scene changes necessary; but apart from that I think they’ve done it very well.”

“Robin Shute and Paul Hooper have done an extremely good job with the sets, especially when you see how they’ve designed them to be changed so quickly.”

“I still don’t think those are scene changes—I think they’re part of the play. Otherwise they’d have brought the curtain down, and those aren’t stage-hands, they’re fairies—and furthermore there’s their king.”

“Don’t be so stupid—that’s Dominic Grieve acting the part of a mad French lover.”

“Shh, be quiet. Something is about to happen.”

“They’re changing the set again.”

“No it’s a transformation scene and the fairies are performing a ballet. I told you it’s a pantomime”.

“I suppose you must be right. I don’t like pantomimes.”

“Well, the tragedy ‘Aladdin’ is on in a couple of weeks—we can go and see that.”

At this stage the young men left, but I could not pick up the threads of the story or really gather what was going on at all, so I am afraid that this review must end here.

I HAVE been asked before now at performances of school plays and the like if I was there as a reviewer or ordinary member of the audience, and other potential reviewers have made the same distinction in my presence. But what is the reviewer's function? How is he different from the rest of the audience? All too often he will detach himself deliberately from what he is watching, take learned notes, and coldly consider the technicalities of the performance. Let us attempt a different approach; let the reviewer be just an ordinary member of the audience, going to the play in the hope of being entertained, making no artificial effort to keep himself apart from the tension, or humour, of the performance.

Now as regards the *Beaux Stratagem* I am in a better position to adopt this approach than some reviewers since when I saw the first performance, on Tuesday, I had not been asked to review it. Only on the other two nights was I there in a 'professional' capacity, scribbling notes all over my programme and trying to dissect the performances as they went along. I can therefore record here the impression of both an innocent member of the audience and of a detached critic. So let us ask first what the former thought of the Tuesday performance. Here there is no analysis. The play was just very amusing indeed; and not only as a series of funny scenes and sequences, with long dull patches in between—(the fate of many a comedy at Westminster—) but as a continuous whole. I can only add that my opinion was shared by other members of that night's audience to whom I spoke afterwards. Let us move on then to the other performances. Here the scalpel comes out—and let us not deny that it can be useful and illuminating; for of the first performance I can say only that I enjoyed it; of the others, perhaps, why. Of course in these later performances my enjoyment was of a different nature—the development of the plot gave amusement by irony, rather than by tension.

Most noticeably, my notes of these later performances show how features that had struck me as good, or at worst as harmless, on the first night, now assumed a much less praiseworthy air. The delays at the scene-changes turned from really rather welcome periods for mental rest and for reflection on what had just happened to 'serious breaks in the play's continuity.' Stephen Earles' song was similar; from being a highly amusing incident it became 'a confusing interruption.' The occasional inaudibility changed from an itch to a major inflammation. David Bernstein suddenly seemed ill-cast. And so on. All these features that one pounced upon as a critic are valid; but the importance that they assume for a reviewer by one's looking for and concentrating upon flaws is, for an ordinary member of the audience, out of all proportion. There was, indeed, inaudibility, particularly among the girls; even from a seat near the front certain phrases were lost, and in a play with a plot as complicated as that of the *Beaux Stratagem* one can afford to miss very little. Stephen Earle's song, on the other hand, is less open to criticism; for although it may seem to break up the play and destroy the atmosphere that had been generated very successfully by the sets, the costumes, and the acting, it was so clearly distinct from the rest of the play, and the break

was so clean at both ends, that one hardly related it to the surrounding action, and returned to Farquhar the moment the microphone was put down.

So much, then, for the possible objections. Let us not forget, in analysing the performances, the good points. We can look for sources of the humour in two spheres—what Farquhar wrote, and how the actors presented what he wrote. In the former the actors were faced with both attractions and problems. On the one hand the dialogue kept up a continuous patter of humour—one need only read Act One Scene One to catch the atmosphere of the play, the speed of the dialogue, and the lightness of touch as we pass from the Aimwell-Bonniface dialogue to the Aimwell-Archer, to the Archer-Cherry, all with quite different sorts of humour. Then the development of the plot with great speed and amusement, especially in Act Three Scene Three and Acts Four and Five, where the play races along, tempered only by the note of real sadness in Mrs. Sullen, brought out admirably by Teresa King, just to keep the gaiety under control. However, the play did involve difficulties—most obviously in the scenery problems. But let me take this opportunity of giving unqualified praise to the sets and their designers and makers, Robin Shute and Paul Hooper. One cannot deny that the sets did sometimes take a considerable length of time to change (particularly on Wednesday—and occasionally causing mirth for the wrong reasons), but faced with considerable problems, they produced sets that were high points of the play themselves and that could be changed over with amazing speed.

Let us move on, then, to the second source of entertainment—the acting. Here Stephen Earle must undoubtedly have full honours; his facial expressions and calm clarity of speech, always increasing the humour by slightly understating it, provided a continuous highlight to the play. Perhaps the most memorable moment of the performances was his appearance behind the screen in Mrs. Sullen's bedroom in Act Five Scene Two. And he was admirably complemented by Marcus Campbell; the pair of them together made a well defined, well characterized, pair, whose grace, ease and un-selfconsciousness throughout helped bind the whole play together. I have mentioned above how David Bernstein appeared ill-cast on the later nights. Let me add, however, that he carried his part extremely well, overcoming the difficulty of a deep, accented voice to get the play off to an excellent start in the first scene. Praise, too, for Edward Wates and Simon Mundy, who kept their respective drunken sequences from the embarrassment that such farcical humour often produces from amateur actors; their combination of ebullience and restraint ensured that the audience felt amused, not awkward. Of the girls Louise Belson was outstanding, with an admirable (and fully audible) Lady Bountiful.

To conclude; there were indeed faults in the performances that marred one's enjoyment of it. But if one put down the critic's scalpel and let oneself be entertained, the evenings will remain in one's mind as highly amusing and enjoyable.

Molesworth has come up GRUNTS!

YES folks it's true. Connoisseurs of English Literature will remember that young handsome, with it and up-and-coming youth who appeared in so many all-too-brief instalments featuring Messrs. William and Searle (ADVERT), whose name—yes, you've guessted—that great gorilla of 3B none other than dear Nigel Molesworth!

But soft!—What voice from yonder café leaks? Mie mie tis' the dear boy himself. List and you shall hear.

“It's happened at last. They've got me at GRUNTS. All I can say is one minute at St. Custards you were despising EVERYBODY the LOT, the next moment EVERYBODY the LOT DESPISES you. GRUNTS, as I say, is a small paradise twixt COLLEGE (pronounced JIM) and REGGAWs (no one can pronounce it) GRUNTS has a large 2 on the door, perhaps to show that it is a second class establishment subject to section 2a of British Railways Act 1947 (ALL water in this establishment has been passed by the management). Talking of Railways—but there, no one can GRUNT about them here.

“GRUNTS, REGGAWs and COLLEGE spend whole time glaring at each other. Somebody has lined up the houses in Yard in order of glances e.g. no one in College looks out at the Garden—all gawp pityingly at GRUNTS (I don't blame them, everyone in GRUNTS must have more money than sense). Likewise no one in GRUNTS ever dares hurt his pride by looking at College, but gawp hungrily at females in JIG. Another thing about College—no inmate can spel becos all write their house initial on the absentee list with a Q. Qollege, also, loses to GRUNTS becos GRUNTS has won Bringsty Relay 15 times running. Who cares about apathy? (QUOTE) and nuts to Shakespeare.

“According to last year's GRUNTITE, (the annual supply of lavatory paper), people in GRUNTS fall into two categories—the trendy and the untrendy. If you ask me, people in GRUNTS all fall into the same horrible trap, but no one did ask me and I don't really think that anyway. Actually the two real categories are those who remember JOCK and those who don't. JOCK, I add with pride pardonable in one who falls into the first category, was a lunatic Scotsman with bad breath and no work (if he ever see this, it wasn't me who wrote it). Now Jock's place is taken by the two house Tellies and little boys concerned with black marks in Change.

The material comforts of GRUNTS are are freshing change from the varied homes from which most of us spend the holidays escaping—e.g., the lavatory door can only be shut when sheltering a contortionist. Beds in the dormitories are shaped like the letter S. This is not supposed to be a list of complaints so I had better stop. Let's just say GRUNTS is famed for other things than comfort and cuisine.

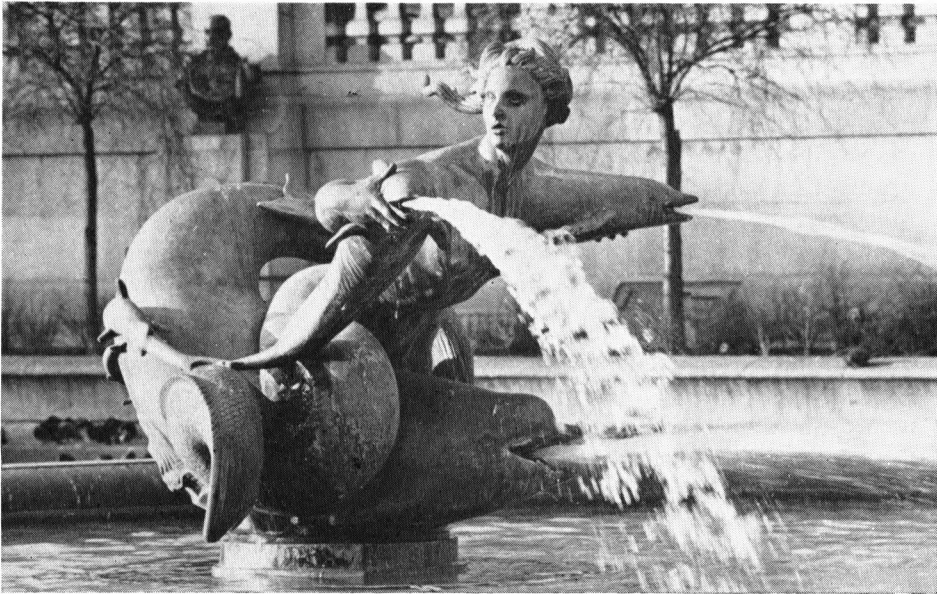
It isn't a bad place really, if taken between doses of coffee not more than three different times a day.

H.G.—ANON.

peking and the pentateuch

SO Biblical Hebrew, Classical Chinese and the Old Persian oration have come to Westminster. Not, however, to Grant's. No. Whilst boys from College, Rigauds and Ashburnham pursue the paths of learning to Peking or the Pentateuch, Grants laughs. From the others interest, energy, and enthusiasm, from Grant's derision. No self-respecting Grantite would devote time to gathering such useless knowledge; we expend our energy on occupations that will bear fruit in later life and the Inter-House Athletics—such as Watch with Mother and the Magic Roundabout. We are not pseuds—for most thought is an irksome necessity from nine till four, to be smartly abandoned as we hear the tune of Playschool whilst going upstairs to Hall for tea. All claims to interest in further academic activity is to be dismissed as pretentious and exhibitionist. It is acceptable (just) to develop our bodies on a training run, but not to develop our minds in the company of Moses or Confucius. Success is the key word—and success must be registered in terms no less tangible than the Croquet Cup in the cupboard outside Hall.

But it is one thing to avoid being exclusively intellectual. It is quite another to discourage intellectualism altogether. The study of Isaiah may not win matches in the Fives Competition. But it can bring rewards and enjoyment just as great in its own way. A balanced house is not one in which jumping the mantelpiece is replaced by the contemplation of one's navel. Nor is it one in which attempts at such a feat are mocked, or, worse still, not tolerated. For whilst we may not enjoy such activities ourselves, it is quite different to think that nobody else could. This is where the much abused term pseud, false, comes in; we assume that such studies are not really enjoyed, just worked at as something to show off about; not really interesting, just ploughed through for the sake of doing something different. A boy might enjoy the Bringsty, but not Chinese. But wherein lies the difference? Merely in that the proportion of physical to mental energy expended is higher in the one than in the other. Yet from the former Grants derives pride, from the latter cynical amusement. But it *is* possible to be interested in Hobbes, Hume, or Francis Bacon no less than in the F.A. Cup. One *can* be stirred emotionally by a poem of Pound's no less than by Sunderland's victory. Indeed one can be stirred enough emotionally to want to compose a poem, or intellectually to devise a philosophy. This is not an appeal for 68 Grantites to seize copies of the Cantos and Leviathan; just for them to acknowledge that others might like to, and that not for ostentation, but because they genuinely enjoy it. One may find it difficult to reconcile the apparently dry, academic study of Hebrew grammar with emotional attachment. No more than some others are baffled by certain people's enjoyment of running round St. James' Park. But that such of these groups does not share the other's interests is no justification for one of them to dismiss the other as psued and pretentious. Let us beware lest in dismissing intellectualism we dismiss with it the energy and enjoyment that can be generated



by a vehement discussion of a work of art, a philosopher's viewpoint, or the like. "Alone in contemplation lieth virtue." We may dislike such a view, we may dismiss it. But let us at least think about it first.

But let us not be unfair to Grants; the trend against intellectualism is not confined to one house. The 7th Form, that in the past has provided opportunities to study and learn about subjects not included in any syllabus, is, at present, in decline. The Trifler, a magazine that concentrated on serious, intellectual, matter in its articles, has not been published for some years. The last editors of the Elizabethan tucked five poems into two sides at the end of the last issue—were they embarrassed by the thought of such creations? On the other hand, the Classical department, under the direction of Mr. Zinn, staunch advocate of the 7th Form, is hoping to produce a Classical magazine, to comprise both academic and creative articles by boys. And the Catholick Society's magazine, Counterblast, gives boys opportunities to express their thoughts. But both of these are highly specialised. It is possible that a literary magazine will be started; this might be more promising. One would hope that the scope covered will be wide enough, admitting creative, critical, academic, and philosophical articles of all kinds, to satisfy the need of the school for an encouragement to and outlet for serious thought. Consider the Carthusian of 1839, before the much vaunted Arnoldian reforms at Rugby, made up of entirely of such articles as "The Puns of the Greek Tragedians," "The Poetry of Gardening," "Sound and Sense,"

Then consider that of 1939—"Charterhouse v. Eton," "Charterhouse v. Harrow" . . . Sic transit gloria. The editors of the Elizabethan fully realize that their magazine is not the ideal place for the former kind of material. It is essentially parochial in nature, being designed to a great extent to interest O.W.W.'s, who (it is at any rate assumed) prefer to read about the school's facilities rather than the possible flaws in J. S. Mill's theory of liberty. Perhaps this assumption is wrong. One might like to think so. But then consider the attitude of the boys. Many expressed the opinion that the Elizabethan was growing too élitist—some of the creative work was considered incomprehensible and even, dare I say it, pseud. At present, then, in no way is such thought encouraged here at Westminster.

But Grants is not acquitted because it is not exceptional. We might note the hopeful sign that 'Youth & Music' is flourishing in Grants more than in any other house. But is any other form of involvement in serious thought being encouraged? Consider this 'Grantite.' The regulars—Editorial, House News, and House Diary—three 'heavies,' some lighter prose articles, and the poems. The poems—habitually the most suspected; pseudo-T. S. Eliot, the standard accusation. Contrast A. C. M.-F.'s "One foggy day . . ." with John Bevan's "The candles flickered . . ." How many will read the former, how many the latter? By the way, to avoid all attempts at profundity, let it be stated that A.C.M.-F. does not claim that his poem means anything more than a most superficial perusal would reveal; the trout is not a symbol of man's position in the universe of his own imagination, of or anything else for that matter. The author of the latter may not say the same about his. For whilst he will not claim that it reveals the nature of God for all mankind, and will, wisely (in the present atmosphere of Grant's), disclaim that there is anything serious in it at all, nevertheless we might ask whether it should be put on the same level as "One foggy day . . ." T. S. Eliot wrote that poetry is a fusion of thought and imagination. Perhaps "One foggy day . . ." derives more from the latter, "The candle flickered . . ." more from the former. But here one might open oneself up to criticism; for is not the worst feature of schoolboy verse (or poetry if one likes it) that it does stem from thought, and thought alone? That we dutifully read Eliot, then Dr. Leavis on Eliot, then Mr. Cogan's notes on Dr. Leavis on Eliot, and then settle down to put them all together in some lines of verse choked with the affectation of ungrammatical structure, arbitrary line and stanza divisions, weird phrases and general obscurity? But is such an attitude justifiable? Must a poem be pretentious and affected because we may not know exactly what is meant by the "shimmering white shape?" What right have we to condemn a poem as 'pseud'? Elsewhere in this issue tolerance is praised. This tolerance must extend to all fields. The academics and poets in Grant's must tolerate the rest of the house. And let the rest of the house be sure that it tolerates these others. They may have different interests and different occupations; but that is no good reason for them or their activities to be scorned and dismissed.

the importance of being wilbur j. nottinghamcastoroil-bathsoapbottleofgin

ONE foggy day,
In the month of May,
A large grizzly bear
Was caught in a snare.
“Ouch” he said,
Then went to bed.
The very next day
In the same month of May
A Glaswegian trout
Began to shout
And squeal, and squirm,
And cough, and wheeze.
Why?
He had Dutch Elm disease.

One Sunday in July,
An aardvark passing by
Noticed a horse,
On a racecourse of course,
And as a matter of course,
He strangled the horse.
The horse is now dead
But his time-honoured head
Is preserved in a jar,
Hallaylooyarr!

A.C.M.-F.

sports report

FOOTBALL

After a disastrous, catastrophic, and completely cataclysmic season last year, it was somewhat gratifying that we managed to do a trifle better this year. Though we suffered a humiliating defeat against College in the six-a-sides, it was in the House Seniors that we realized our full cosmic potential. After many exciting tussles the climax of the competition came on the last afternoon when we needed to win against Liddell's, and Busby's to lose their last match, for us to win the whole competition for the first time under the present regime. However since Busby's won and we lost our great dream was shattered, but we still attained the creditable position of second. In defence those stalwarts Steve Earle and Edward Wates kept out most sallies of the enemy, and were ably assisted by T. D. Gardam and his little friend with the corkscrew hair. Other stars were the 1st XI members M. Campbell, B. Jenks (twice) and A. Macwhinnie. The doings of the House Juniors can be dealt with very quickly; 1st Round, lost 0—8 to Rigauds. There are very few footballers in the lower part of the House (alack for days of yore), and even Hall Football is being played by those no longer in Hall. Hoever, notice must be taken of the achievements of c.c. (the Benj) Tiratsoo and Paul Shinnie, who play in the manner of Grant's great tradition. Nevertheless, the future will be grim, and I can give little hope for those who wish to make Grant's once again the by-word of good, successful football.

CRICKET

Though possessing boundless enthusiasm and an ardent love for the game, Grant's House Cricket team did not do well for a number of reasons. Firstly, they had little ability; secondly, for three-quarters of the team the House Matches were their first cricket games for many a year (how much this really mattered is doubtful), and thirdly, we played Rigauds in the first round. We had a very fine scorer in the person of D. S. Bernstein, but tragically we failed to make full use of his services and were defeated by 8 wickets by a truly great Rigauds side. However, we managed to restore our shattered morale slightly by scoring narrow wins over those doughty opponents Ashburnham and College to finish fifth. We had great depth to our bowling and were able to call upon even such people as N. Wates and T. Gardam as second and third change, and P. Lennon did an able job as opening bowler. R. Shute and S. Williams, though neither had kept wicket for eons and millions of light-years, did so with amazing ineptitude. Our batting was somewhat thin, and only A Macwhinnie scored with any consistency. However, since the majority of the team are here this term, it would be usual to predict a more successful campaign. But I think this unlikely.

ATHLETICS



Last year's strength in both age groups of the Long Distance Races was somewhat spoilt by people growing older, but at least we managed to win both the individual and the team cups in the senior race with good performances by Tim Woods (first), Tim Gardam (second), Roger Oliver (fourth), and Tony Hammerson (tenth). In the junior race, however, emphasis was definitely put on gaining experience of the course rather than winning, but we still managed a close second with a gallant performance by little Ian Reid, who had led for most of the race. Once again Grant's romped home to victory in the Bringsty Relay on the mud of Wimbledon Common even though there were many inexperienced members

of the team. In fact this year, to make things even better, not one of the team lost their way or were forced to stop behind a bush. The runners were:—Seniors: Roger Oliver, Tony Hammerson, Tim Gardam; Intermediate: Antony Everington, Ian Reid, Patrick Holford; Juniors: Tim Brow, Diarmid Tanner, Philip Bowers.

During the last week of the Lent Term there were great activities Up Fields with two afternoons entirely devoted to individual and House sports in general, whilst on another afternoon the Inter-House relays were held. In these last, due definitely to lack of strength in any age group, second was our highest position and so, apart from a fluid display of athletic prowess in the Medley by Tim Gardam, it was a miserable afternoon, at the end of which we stood in a meagre fourth position. The sports also turned out badly, only three cups being won; two by Tim Gardam in the middle distance races and one by Nigel Wates in the high jump, although owing to unforeseen circumstances beyond his control he was unable to receive it personally. Despite this unfortunate incident Grant's clung on desperately to second position and it's fair to say that after a certain toing and froing that is where we ended up. The standard of this season's athletics is definitely lower than last year's, but there is considerable promise from the younger members of the House, who, hopefully, will improve matters in the coming terms.



FIVES

Once again Grant's showed prominently in the Inter-House competition. Despite being heavily outnumbered by Liddell's and Wren's, we were well placed at the quarter final stage. The final turned out to be between Peter Lennon with David Selby Johnston and Wren's, but Wren's were the victors. Peter Lennon seems to be permanently ill-fated in the final; this is the second successive year in which he has lost at that stage.

WATER

Once again Grants have very few watermen—13 this year compared with 15 last summer—and these are mostly novices. There are two confirmed senior squad oarsmen, Robert Crawford, who rowed at number four in last term's school eight, and James Morrison, who rowed with the first four. Charles Taylor, who seems to be constantly changing from the Colts to the First Four, has apparently now established himself with the seniors. Tim Williams has changed this year from cox to oarsman and rows for the Colts who are coxed by Hamish Reid. Simon Tenison and Richard Carr are our only representatives in the Junior Colts, the remainder of our watermen being novices.

In last year's school Regatta there were, unfortunately, no trophies for the House at all, but many brave attempts were made by the small company of maniacs who rowed. There were finalists from Grant's in the Senior Sculls, Senior Pairs Senior Fours, Junior Fours, and Junior Sculls. It is not surprising, however, that nothing was won, since the seniors consisted of three colts and Simon Woods, then with the first Eight. This year, hopefully, will be better for the House, and with four Grantites with a chance of reaching next year's first Eight, the situation should improve considerably.

Last year's sponsored row undertaken by some Grantite members of the Boat Club went off well, taking two days to cover the 104 miles of river from Putney to Oxford. Owing to press strikes the coverage that we were promised was not given, but even without this, £540 were raised for the R.N.L.I. Much of this came from Old Grantites, and we would like to thank all who contributed for their generosity.

FENCING

Six fencers only, but, oh, what fencers! Grant's still provides some of the best in the station, as it seems to have done of old. Proof of the pudding, so to speak, is revealed in the fact that both the Captain and Secretary reside in the hallowed No. 2. That is not all; the Armourer also stands in our ranks. Long live the Grant's fencing tradition, built on strength and maintained with courage. The remaining trio of hard-fighting and hard-working boys have, more or less, fixed themselves in the team. On a good day, it's fair to say, Grant's wins the school matches—as it did all last term. Yes—Grant's can truly be proud of its happy band of fencers.

JUDO

The idea of an inter-House judo match was revived again after some time during the Lent Term, and, working on the basis of one pair from each House fighting everyone else, the battle commenced. Julian Bell (no less than the honourable captain) and that worthy member of the Club, Chris Quayle, comprised the Grant's Judo team and it's fair to say that all opposition crumbled before them. In conclusion the judo shield was retained yet again for Grant's, and the deserving victors were suitably rewarded with some rather pretty coloured ties. There were relatively few casualties.

old granite club

The 1973 Annual Dinner was held on Tuesday, May 8th, Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. Lord Rea presided, and the guests of the Club were Mr. J. A. Cogan the Under Master, Mr. J. T. Scott the new House Tutor the Housemaster and the Head of House.

The following members attended:—A. D. R. Abdela, J. H. M. Anderson, His Honour Judge Argyle, C. I. A. Beale, R. O. I. Borradaile, M. I. Bowley, J. W. P. Bradley, D. Brand, D. S. Brock, J. W. D. Brown, M. B. Mc.C. Brown, T. W. Brown, J. H. D. Carey, E. R. Cawston, G. B. Chichester, C. N. Foster, E. R. D. French, C. H. M. Gould, A. R. Hadden, A. R. Hadden, T. G. Hardy, F. D. Hornsby, F. N. Hornsby, C. H. H. Lawton, V. B. Levison, L. Lipert, E. M. G. Lonsdale, M. E. Lonsdale, J. R. Moon, S. A. J. H. Mundy, I. K. Monro, R. Plummer, C. H. Prince, P. N. Ray, S. R. N. Rodway, J. A. Sharrard, R. J. B. Smith, S. C. C. Stacey, P. T. Swan, V. T. M. R. Tenison, W. R. van Straubenzee, G. J. H. Williams, L. A. Wilson, J. M. Wilson, A. N.† Winkworth, J. S. Woodford.

The Annual General Meeting and Sherry party will be on January 29th, 1974.

DEAR EDITOR,

For some time now the House had been lacking the finishing touches to the quiet room and library in Chiswicks. These have now been added in the shape of a set of coffee cups and saucers for general use. It was through the kind donation of the Old Granite Club that this was made possible, and I would like to thank them, on behalf of the House, very warmly for their generous gift.

Yours, etc.,

ANDREW WILSON,
Head of House

brown bird

THE brown bird of the night is no fool.
She cuts and turns among the boughs collecting her fees.
She is as free as those below; those in some pool
Of light; small as wild bees.
She swoops on silent wings to kill
The wild bee that is no more. And homeward flies
To grey stone wall of ancient barn, to fill
Her hungry fledgelings with her welcome prize.
To fill the great white faces embraced in brown,
The beauty to instil in silent eyes of brown.
To show them the air above the trees and down,
To search and seek the heavenly crown.
To show them how to live and how to die,
And most important—how to love.

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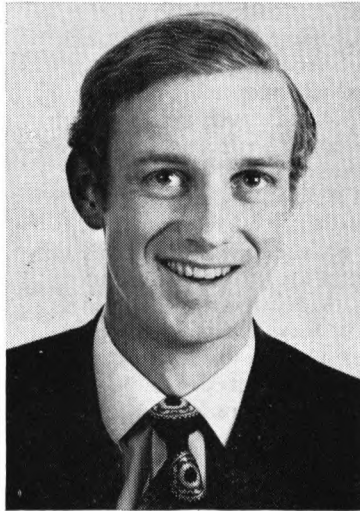
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The Army needs young men every year to train for Permanent Regular Commissions. There are two main channels of entry; first through Sandhurst as an officer cadet with the opportunity for some to read for a degree after Commissioning; secondly attending Sandhurst as an officer after graduation. Those entering Sandhurst first may do so in January, April and September.

For those entering Sandhurst after graduation entry is either via University Cadetship tenable whilst reading for a degree or graduate entry after graduation. In both cases entrants are Commissioned on joining. They attend shorter training courses at Sandhurst starting in September, October or March. Applicants for Special Regular Commissions attend the full one year Cadet Course at Sandhurst. Those for Short Service Commissions attend for six months only.

School Entry. Candidates for a Permanent Regular Commission aged between $17\frac{3}{4}$ and 20 on 1st day of the month of entry. They require five passes in GCE (or equivalent examination) two of which must be at 'A' level. Candidates will however be considered for direct entry for Special Regular Commissions who offer 'O' level passes in 'A' level papers in one, or exceptionally, two subjects. Subjects must include English language and Mathematics and either a Science

subject or a foreign language.

Army Scholarships. Fifty scholarships up to the value of £385 a year are granted to boys between 15 years 5 months and 16 years 5 months who are at schools which have facilities for educating up to the standard of Advanced level GCE or equivalent. They may either join the Army through the Cadet entry to Sandhurst or, they may compete for University Cadetships and, if successful, join that way.

University Cadetships. These may be awarded to students who have gained a place at university, polytechnic or college of technology to read for a degree. University cadets are Commissioned and receive pay and allowances whilst reading for a degree. Tuition fees are paid by the Army Department. Cadetships may also be awarded to read for a degree in science or engineering at the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. A university cadet must be over $17\frac{1}{2}$ years on 1 September of the year of joining and expect to graduate not later than his 25th birthday.

Applications. Further details and application forms for all forms of Officer entry should be requested from

SCHOOLS LIAISON OFFICER
H. G. London District, Horse Guards,
Whitehall S.W.1
01-930-4466 Ext. 494



Army Officer

University next year?

Going to University in 1974

To read Engineering? We are offering a large number of University Scholarships in mining, mechanical, electrical, and a few in chemical engineering. Why? Because over recent years we have invested heavily in the re-organisation, streamlining, and mechanisation of the Coal Industry, and for the future of the industry we need to continue to invest in young brainpower.

What's in it for you? **You can go to University with extra financial aid, guaranteed vocational employment, and excellent career prospects after graduation.**

The scholarships include a personal allowance of £465 –£500 p.a. according to University, plus full tutorial fees. Alternatively grants of £100 p. a. to supplement a Local Education Authority Award may be given. There is no means test. During the vacations we'll provide practical training at a local N. C. B. establishment where you'll be paid the rate for the job.

Post the coupon to
Tony Palmer, Recruitment,
Education and Training Branch,
National Coal Board,
Hobart House, Grosvenor Place,
London SW1X 7AE to arrive by
31st December, 1973

Please send me further details and an application form for the NCB University Scholarship Award.

Name _____

Address _____

NCB

Brian & Barbara- their first year at National Westminster



Brian joined us straight from school with 4 'O' levels. What decided him to go NatWest was the interview. "They talked my language", he says. The intricacies of bank procedures took a little time to fathom, but a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated. Now he's number two in the Accounting Section at his branch.

Barbara celebrated her 18th birthday when she'd been with us a year. Not only did her friends buy her a big birthday cake, but the Bank gave her a handsome salary increase. In fact regular salary reviews are the rule with us. Barbara's present job is managing the proofing machine. Next month she's moving over to foreign exchange. The Bank knows a girl likes variety.



Get the Whole Picture! One advertisement about two people's first year with NatWest can't give you the whole picture about your opportunities with us. But post this coupon for one of our brochures—'Your Career in Finance with National Westminster' or 'Meet the National Westminster Girls', or call in at your local branch. For your part we'd like to think that you'll be able to show us some pretty good exam results.
To: Malcolm Fortune, National Westminster Bank Ltd., PO Box 297, Throgmorton Avenue, London EC2P 2ES.

Mr/Miss.....

Address.....

Age.....

I am taking/have taken 'O' 'A' CSE



National Westminster Bank

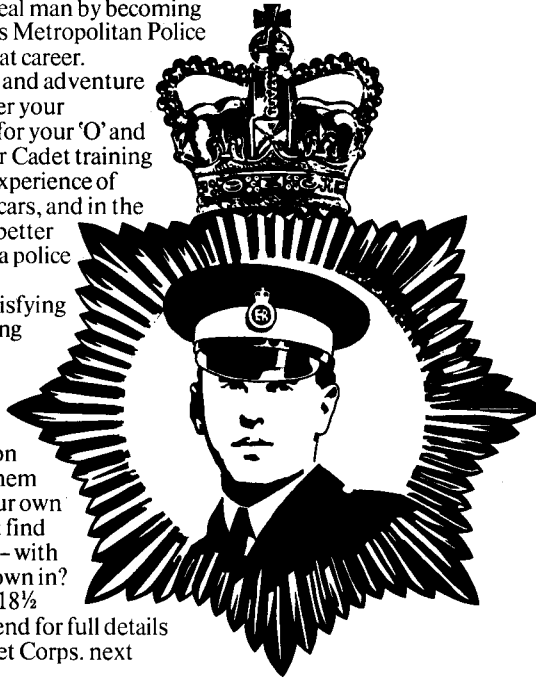
Wear the badge of courage

Prove yourself to be a real man by becoming a cadet in the world famous Metropolitan Police. It's the finest start for a great career.

There's plenty of sport and adventure training with time to further your education. You will study for your 'O' and maybe 'A' levels. And your Cadet training will reach its climax with experience of policework on the beat, in cars, and in the police station. There is no better way of learning to become a police officer in London.

Policework is really satisfying and rewarding work, fighting crime, protecting life and property, serving the community. Nowhere will you find better opportunities for promotion or specialisation. Taking them will depend entirely on your own ability. Where else can you find such an exciting challenge - with good fun and high pay thrown in?

If you are 5' 8" and 16-18½ (when you leave school) send for full details now for entry into the Cadet Corps. next September or January.



To: The Appointments Officer, Dept S.M., New Scotland Yard, London SW1H 0BG.

Please send me full details of the Metropolitan Police Cadet Corps. and a career in the 'Met'.

Name.....

Address.....

School..... Age.....

