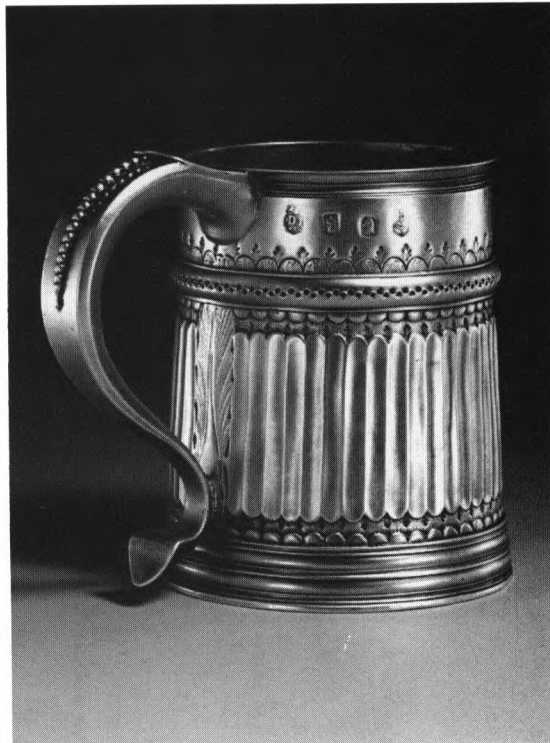


**GRANTUITE &
REVIEW**

BRAND INGLIS



A FINE WILLIAM III SILVER MUG

By Isaac Dighton

London, 1700

Height: 4 inches

9 Halkin Arcade, Motcomb Street, London S.W. 1

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THE GRANTITE REVIEW

Election Term 1986

Contents

Editorial	2
A Letter from the Housemaster.....	4
The House Play	6
Rock Concert Review	16
Old Grantite Club News	20
House News.....	22
House Football and Fencing	23

Cover designed by Inigo Patten

EDITORIAL

New Sensations in Grant's

This term the house has been through many changes. The usual atmosphere or morose apathy has dissipated and left in its place only a few reminders of how the house was. There are still a few odd holes and smells but largely the house is more cheerful, the sun shines and people smile more, it is hard to get used to but it is for the best. It was very easy to slip into the lethargic cycle that many people suffered from in the Lent term, but now the house has been tidied up there are no living conditions which cause discontent, as in the past. Grantites say 'hello' to each other in the morning instead of grunting a few, incoherent syllables as was the practice in the past.

Mr Clarke who had the unenviable position of becoming Housemaster of Grant's has fitted in well. He has been responsible for many of the changes which have enabled Grantites to lead a better life-style. The roof garden now is a place of peace and beauty thanks to Alistair Wertheim's geometrical planting of flowers and National Trust officials have been discussing buying it. Grantites are frequently to be seen taking the sun and relaxing in this place.

Mr Baxter's dining room has been converted into a day room with a television and snooker table. It is an odd experience wandering through our old housemaster's house and people are careful what they say in case he suddenly reappears. The activities of Captain Coconut and the gang of five, those great Grant's idols, have become more discreet. So much so that boys from Rigaud's, Grant's long sworn enemies, have been spotted occasionally perusing the house, but I must stress that they do this at their own risk.

Hendrix is still extremely popular in Grant's and in some studies the walls have actually been plastered in posters of the great man himself. Grant's is peacefully heading forwards and is returning once again to its hippy origins of love and happiness.

(Editor: Who wrote this drivel?)



**GRANTITES
REVIEW**



Grant's
Westminster School
2 Little Dean's Yard
London SW1P 3 PQ

TURNING THE HOUSE UPSIDE DOWN

“Up to 1885 all houses in Little Dean's Yard had had the old up-and-down steps to the front doors. This was the main entrance to Grant's and Rigaud's both for the Housemasters and for the boys. In 1885 a new entrance was made through the basement of Grant's for the boys and the front door steps assumed their present appearance.” (From Grant's and the Old Grantite Club)

Just over a hundred years later when I was appointed housemaster it seemed to me to be a good idea to look again at the geography of the house, and in particular the position of the housemaster's accommodation and its relationship to the public areas of the house. My wife and I came up with a plan which in effect has turned the house upside down in more ways than one. Under the new scheme the main entrance to the house, for everyone, is up the steps and through the front door. My study is on the right, common rooms on the left. On the first floor there are two dormitories, bathrooms, study bedrooms for monitors and head of house, as well as a day room for the Remove. The housemaster's flat occupies the third and fourth floors.

Soon after our scheme was put forward I was given an article written by Mr Murray-Rust (housemaster 1935-1948) which has proved to be prophetic and encouraging. In 1945 when he returned with his boys to Grant's after the evacuation he sensed that changes were on the way. He goes on to say . . . “A balance had to be struck between such common sense restraints as seemed necessary for school life in a big city and the continued enjoyment of as much as possible of the freedom, based on self-discipline, that most boys were accustomed to. . . . It was symbolic to us then that adults and boys used the same front door, and that the arrangement of day rooms involved that adults and boys were constantly and naturally meeting each other during the day. Was this premature? Or maybe a shape of things to come in school relationships?”

In Grant's I hope such a balance will be struck and new relationships formed.

**TOUGH, DURABLE, STYLISH,
CHIC AND
DISTINGUISHED!!**



C.C.
April 1986

WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, YOU CAN RELY ON – CLARKE

MATTHEW BOYD



ERNIE'S INCREDIBLE ILLUCINATIONS – A. Aykbourne

“How’s it coming along chaps?” said a familiar voice.

Truth to tell, time was running out for Kevin Evans, a desperate man, heavily laden with the responsibility of directing the last GRANTS PLAY that our illustrious, dashing and exquisitely paternal ex-housemaster would ever see. Aided and abetted by Fiona Greggains, Kevin and Fi-Fi, the dynamic duo struggled to control the mob of Grantite Thespians. Luckily the brains of the duo was able to add that certain feminine touch to the proceedings and soon rehearsals were running as smooth as sandpaper. But the sands of time were slipping through Kevin Evans’s flailing hands as the big night drew nearer.

It soon became obvious that the play itself needed re-writing. Since Kev and Fi-Fi were busy trying to embezzle some copious amount of money out of the budget they’d been given by the much loved (snivel, crawl) Mr Baxter, this task fell to Dan and me (you know, the other one with curly hair). This completed, the production was ready.

There is a very old saying that goes: bad rehearsal means a good performance, which just goes to show you how full of excrement these old sayings actually are. We’ll skip the first two nights of the performance and go to the last. From the amount of timely improvisation the play might as well have been called “As You Like It”, and all I can say is the crowd seemed to. Special thanks and commendations to: (Sorry if I’ve left anyone who should be here out) the dynamic duo, Jason Tann, Paddy Dickie, the Afro twins, S. O’Hara, O. Holbourn, N. Burton, S. Brew and all who took part. The star of the show was undoubtedly Matt Likierman, and we couldn’t have done it without (grovel, crawl, drool) Mr Baxter. Well remember kids, as Mot the Glens says, property is theft, and beam us up spotty!

Afro Mick



THE GAME OF NATIONS

Fat frigid forms hide men of high command
Perspiring gently to the rhythm of uncutnails
Tension tightly strung between buttons of fake shale
Long-legged, bone-necked, fading skeletons
Formed the inconsistent neutrals.
Fortified camps of secretarial cramps
Added to the longforstalled stutters,
Enemy still to come.

The problem the opposing side
Was that they still would not decide
Whether red or blue their flags would fly,
But only that they'd not turn blind eye
On the home team's type of bat.

Ten nations formed 'peace for all' and had sworn
To keep true alliances pure. Then two groups of three, and one of four,
Entered the room which now swarmed by the door with ant-eating policy
takers,
Tennis racketeers and tomb-stone engravers.

The representatives noses ranged from far out to closed in,
Their slime-surfaced bodies glistened with newly gluttoned-glee –
The visitors had a point to re-make.

Close-cropped cheekbones tightened their mouths,
Half-blinked staring eyes remained on the prowl –
The unconferrred conference began its long scowl.

Crackling stiff paper, ironing used tears,
Half-cooked roast dumpling moaning unawares
The gristly faces of trend-worn old men
Began the fortold and too often-used game
Of – not table top cricket – but the
Mumble drum grumble of international picket.

“THE 99th Floor or 25 'O clock.”

It was one of those odd days when you wake up without assistance from your family. I shook my mane of hair free from dandruff and dreamy fragments and made my way to the kitchen. The lodger smiled at me as I ate my cereal, and I knew then that something was wrong, as I grinned back I suddenly remembered that we didn't have a lodger. It was going to be one of those days.

The street was hot and throbbing with activity. A policeman came towards me and instinctively I rummaged through the pockets of my velvet flares. I was almost clean but the officer didn't even want to search me, he kissed me on the cheek and asked if my life was hollow and empty. This had never happened to me before. I replied that my life was a little dull at times and that I was always grateful for stimulation. He introduced himself as P.C. Moonbeam and said that the tube-station was going to be particularly interesting today. He spoke softly and in a distracted manner as if he was from another world. I thanked him for his display of affection in public which so many people look down on and asked him to kiss me again. He then drifted away and I walked up to the tube.

The tube was packed and sweaty. Moisture dribbled down the walls of the station and heat hung oppressively in the air, I had no idea what I was doing. It was like one of those recurring dreams where you don't question the route you follow, after all I was just carrying out P.C. Moonbeam's instructions. Away from the multi-coloured floor of bodies that poured out of the tube exit lay a significant heap of garbage that everyone seemed to be avoiding. I immediately felt a kind of unity for this junk so I floated towards it, the smell of urine and special-brew gave away the identity of the trash — it was in fact a rather unhappy tramp. He stared at me through unsightly bloodshot eyes and offered me a sip from his rapidly decomposing can of special-brew. This man had nothing apart from his special-brew and this he was offering to me; I could only accept. I sat down beside him amongst his pungent rags and I felt a sudden impulse to hug him and pass on some of the happiness that P.C. Moonbeam had given to me. As I reached across he called me a faggot and said that he didn't think sharing cans of beer with me was such a good idea. This I took light-heartedly as it was obviously meant and opened another can. By the tenth can I had problems speaking and by the eleventh I felt really sick. I laughed at the people who were giving us a wide berth, I could tell that they all wanted to share the beer as well. A policeman plodded towards us and I would have jumped up to greet him but I was incapable of standing. By now I was smelling extremely badly. What with the stifling heat and the tramp's clothing the policeman must have thought we were related. He addressed the tramp in a definitely undistracted tone, his voice wasn't dreamy in the slightest: “I don't like vagwants (for the policeman had a bad lisp) and I would be gwateful if you and your son moved to another to another (he also repeated things) TUBE such as Earls Court.” My new father looked up at the police-

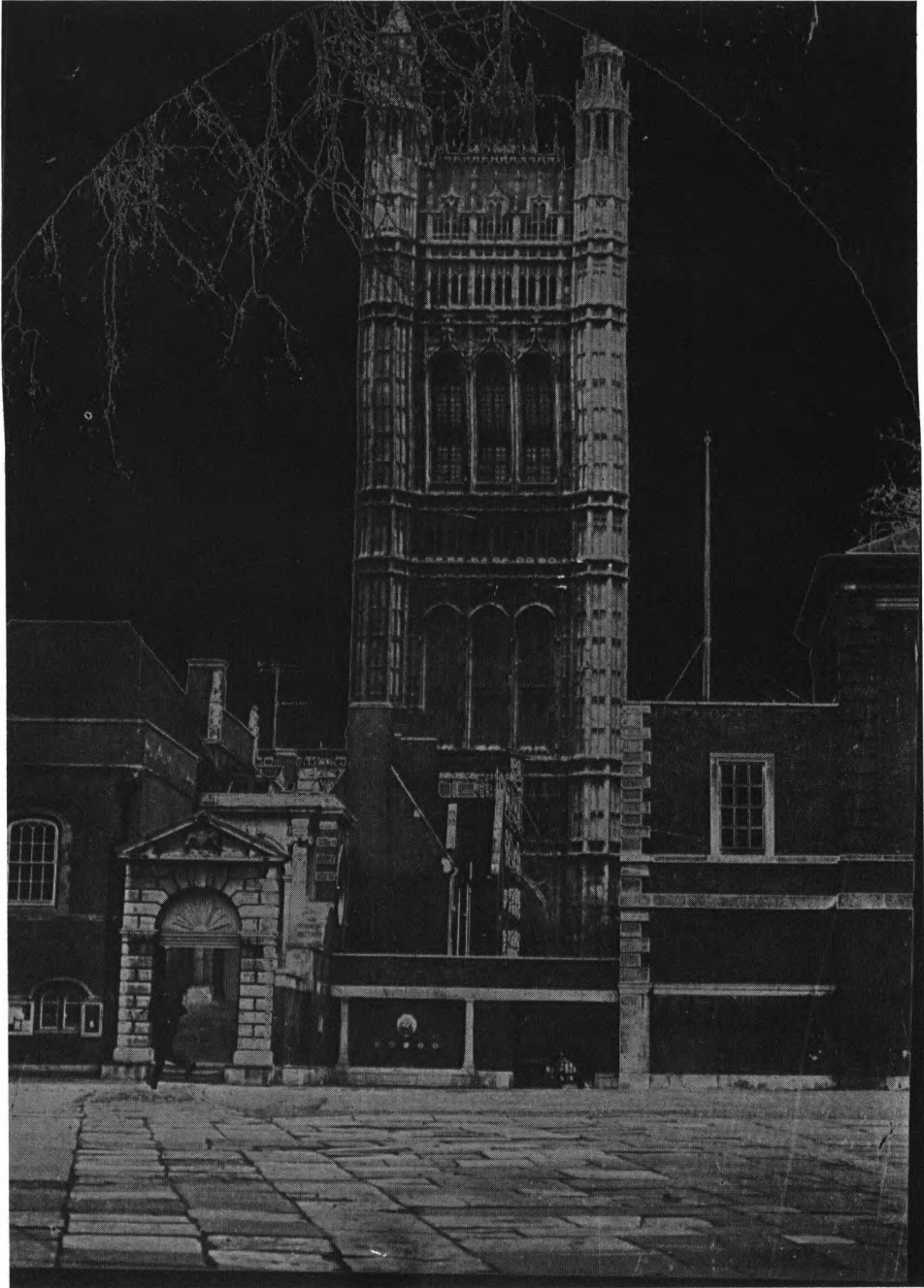
man and the officer disintegrated. I wasn't sure if the tramp was psychic or if I had drunk too much special-brew. "Let's go," rumbled the tramp, accurate and to the point, what could I say? So I went. After being thrown out of three doorways, smoking two rolled-up cigarettes and pestering one O.A.P. for loose change in the shape of a £20 note we made it to the basement of the huge, sterile multi-national company where the tramp assured me he worked. In the vast steel elevator I had a chance to study the tramp's face, it resembled one of those complicated maps that once unfolded are impossible to fold up again without forcing it into unnatural positions and imaginary creases. His hair was like the spidery mound that you find on the top of a tomato, his leathery skin gave the impression that he was a reptile with the right brain to match. I couldn't decide whether he was really thick or just didn't enjoy speaking much. Anyhow my brain wasn't functioning properly so I was in no position to pass judgements on him.

After an hour and a half I began to get a little tired with the lift ride. We had not moved from the basement and the tramp had been staring at me as if I was responsible for our rather prolonged journey. I looked at the floor and then shot a glance at the tramp. The glance hit the tramp between the eyes and he died instantly. I didn't even feel guilty he hadn't been much company anyway. I then realised why the lift hadn't reached any other floors, neither of us had pressed the button. The only other floor in the building seemed to be the 99th so I pressed the wobbly, pink knob. I was thrown violently into the air as the lift hurtled upwards at a scorching speed. The G-force held me pinned down to the lift floor as I felt my limbs melting. I wanted to know the time and I cast a glance at my watch being careful not to shoot any more glances. I was stunned, in between the figure 12 and the figure 1 there was a new figure, it read 13. The little hand was on the 13 and the big hand was fast approaching the 12, I must be going into another dimension I thought to myself, then I realised how stupid that sounded. As the big hand hit the 12 the lift was filled with swirling patterns and bright colours that constantly collided. I heard the sound of a beast roaring, then a baby crying. I could smell colours. Then there was an explosion as the feeble lift structure gave way to the outside forces.

I was crashed out on my back in a poppy field. The soft, purple grass under me smelt sweet and the heavens were filled with yellow-eared dogmice flapping by. The woods and trees were abundant with colours and strange natives whose jewellery glittered in the white light that bathed them. Waterfalls cascaded and jangled their way down hill while above rainbows snaked their way through the skies, only dreams are capable of such beauty. The constant rustling of the woods caused by the gentle fingers of the wind soothed my confused mind. The planet was pulsating with energy and life, the scents of the plants around me made me drunker than I already was, I was completely at peace. Here I felt warm and safe — there was no danger. The many suns that shone on the planet were like vast kaleidoscopes, they reflected massive pools of colour on to the fertile earth. I bathed myself in a blinding pink pool of life and I felt refreshed and strong. I stepped into

the shady woods and sat by the banks of a stream that hissed and pawed its way over the forest floor. In the clear water I watched fish dance and shoot forward, on the bottom of the stream I could see coagulations of colour that constantly shifted and changed shape. I looked at my watch, it was ten to one, this magical hour would be over so quickly. I would once again slip back into the boredom and monotony of routine. In a deep pond to my left a door floated on the surface, I swam out to it and opened it wide. No water seeped in and all I could see was a dark chute in the middle of the pond. Something hit me and I fell headlong into the tunnel. I fell but all around me there was just blackness and complete emptiness, no sound, no movement but just the slight smell of beer. Falling at the same speed as I was was another door, freshly painted and with a polished handle. It opened outwards and I stepped through. I stepped out of the tube train and into the station, the heat was unpleasant.

Back in my room I listen to my records and keep quiet. I don't feel the need to talk much since everything bores me, I haven't met another friendly policeman since that day and there is nothing to do but exist. I'm not lonely I'm just patiently waiting for my watch to return again to that magical hour and so again I'll be able to escape insincerity and people who have to put up apathetic fronts. However, next time the watch hands reach the 12 and 13 I shan't be returning.



Solarised photography, by Mayilone Arumugasamy

THE GANG OF FIVE

All over the school people are still asking the same question. Even in Rigauds they ask it when they are sure there is no one present. The question is of course what became of the gang of five? The gang of five as the name suggests comprised and still does five members. To the tiny minority who doesn't remember the amazing antics these people performed I find it my duty to explain.

The gang of five won instant popularity by their hell-raising approach to school life, particularly in Grants. Their vigilante life-style didn't unfortunately win the respect of certain adults in the community but to the boys they symbolized hope and rejection of authority. Headstrong and daring these five highly gifted individuals pulled off feat after feat with worrying skill. Everyone in the gang had equal status and this is what made them so efficient. Evidence against this group was hard to come by since their tracks were so well covered, behind them they left a wake of confusion and when unfortunately the big finger had to point at someone the gang with their usual daring were all revising for exams in the library. What's more they had witnesses. All of the members of the gang were specialized in particular fields, some in fast talking, some in fast thinking, some in fast food and one in particular knew everything related to fast cars. They didn't live on the razor's edge, they had fallen off the razor long ago.

Pyromania played an important part in the gang's life. They graduated from toilet paper to fireworks. Fireworks are still a very sensitive subject in Grants. They all became competent users of plastic explosives and because of their talents they were hired out as mercenaries around the school. Their fee was a mere £5 and a Mars bar plus expenses and a licence to maim or kill if necessary. The gang although excessively violent have the proud record of being able to say that during their feats they have not, I repeat not, seriously killed anyone.

The gang members' identities are known to a select body of only 600 people, Westminster School, and because of this the gang have had to lie low. Far from being lazy the gang have been working on new jokes and have been vigorously training. Some adults have suggested that the gang are settling down at last but regrettably this is far from the truth. You might ask how I know all this but that would be disclosing my sources. It is enough for me to say that my four friends keep me well informed, and that last term's silence was due to a period of heightened artistic development. Other groups in the school such as The Kill Squad and The Tribe are breaking up because of the departure of a leading member at the end of the Lent term but the gang still stays. For the monitors it will be a trying test coming to terms with this relaxed gang, the gang's motto 'lay all the way back' is known throughout the world and me, I'm getting out.

Alistair Wertheim



Dormitory, by Christian Brent

ABOUT 'GLOVE' LYRICS – *Mark Aspa*

“Like an Animal” is a story about a woman who lives with her head in the clouds, who is both intriguing and infuriating to the people who meet her.

The first verse describes her harmlessly enough:

One mile in the air that’s where she lives
Her body looks so thin and pink and small
Dropping eggs from nervous shaking hands
And swallowing her fingers as they fall.”

So at first glance when someone sees her, he or she is presented with the image of a small, pale figure, nervously flitting from one place to the next. A picture of a baby’s innocence is shown by the last line, as, just in the same way a baby might suck its fingers, so this woman nearly does the same. But as she lives “one mile in the air” she is totally different from anyone else and her behaviour would seem perverse and alien to us. That is what the last two lines of the verse are trying to convey to us, but there are still qualities of innocence to be seen. She is “so thin and pink and small” so you could imagine her not knowing how strange she was and being even the more vulnerable looking for it.

Chorus:

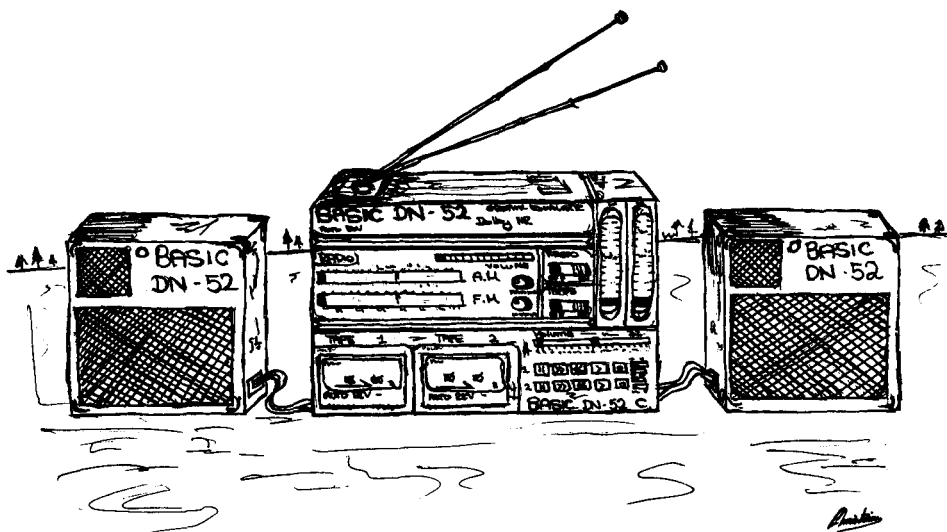
Two people dance on the edge
Three of us push them away
There’s nowhere to go, we’re all in this
But nothing can hurt us at all.

The chorus is telling us of the narrator’s life and his circle of friends which include the woman. They lead an eccentric, exciting life, with inter-relationships going on. You can imagine the two people who dance on the edge constantly change in the group, between the five of them, yet there is always that imbalance of two against three, which adds to their enjoyment and spice in life. Yet they are trapped, “There’s nowhere to go” in a lifestyle of perpetual meanderings along the same themes, but also safe in the knowledge of this as “nothing can hurt us at all”.

The next verse describes how bewitching she is:

Fight her all you want, you’ll never win
Couldn’t we just once leave her in bed
Let the dry air cut her happy throat
Hide her heart and lose her happy head.

It is as if she captures people in a spell and when they realise this they become angry that such a vulnerable and innocent girl could do this without knowing it. Then they resolve to dominate and control her, to have her for



their own good, but find that they can 'never win'. Their only recourse is to let her die and the only way she is able to die is in a totally harmless and natural way. By leaving her in bed one day and hoping that she will somehow pass away.

The word 'happy' is used twice there and it seems that her happiness is another quality which infuriates people. Not just an everyday contentment, but a boundless joy of life which nothing can pierce and which no-one can understand.

Then the girl is personalised:

First I was a murderer, then I was a saint.
Now I live on stolen time
And twist and run like paint, like an animal.

Here we see her ability to flit from one form to another, obviously 'murderer' is an exaggeration. She lives precariously and vulnerably on 'stolen time' and 'twists and runs like paint'. All qualities which seem to make her special and worthy of envy from the people she meets. That she can be so different and find pleasure in this maddens them. She is 'like an animal', innocent in her primitiveness and arousing in her 'animality'. Everyone wants to possess her, but they never can, so they hate her. The story is told by someone who has come to terms with the woman's strangeness and with three other friends make up the group of five spoken of in the chorus.

DREAMS THE PROPHETS TAUGHT US

Who is this devilish figure, juggling with a rodent and staring darkly from every wall? A cadaver risen from a grave to haunt us? or a mindless scarecrow seeking retribution? This is a figure of depraved hope, a figure of charismatic deity and a figure to respect. There is no explanation on the wall but the words “Dying men have the gift of prophecy’, this bard caresses the sinister, demoniacal and nefarious places in every man’s heart and urges you to turn on, tune in and prepare to burn out and die. Thus, the scene is set for the Prophets, a band whose music was created to dream in.

This stygian band ooze energy and sound; the two ingredients for beautiful vital rock ‘n’ roll. A Satanic, tribal tattoo starts the historic occasion followed by whiplash guitar and black bass, and out of these waves of power and fear comes a figure hanging on a stand, as if his Kingdom is come. The sound can only be described as a primal growly uttering gems from the depths of a smoked, soaked and torn throat. The courage of the singing and the brittle, sublime raw music create an atmosphere never experienced before. This is one gonzo, acid drenched trip not to be missed.

The songs move from an urgent, battery of sound evoking freedom and celebration to the crystal-clear ballads that the Prophets have become celebrated for. Words swirl and embrace us, the audience and these words fall to heaven. With the utterance “People dancing, commemorate the decadent life”, surely a clandestine religion will be formed? This music echoes the words “Voices drone, their hopes return when all sacrilege has been burnt.” Anyone witnessing the raw power of this band realises that it is sacrilege not to submit to this heavenly persuasion.

“Watching bodies shimmering, how come it’s right?” With these words the set comes to an end, leaving an ecstatic audience content to dream, dream, dream.

I asked the vocalist after the show, in what effect he thought that his songs had on his audience, he replied, “Most audiences ignore the lyrics, except perhaps the choruses. My lyrics are like poems, where the poet has something specific to say although the actual words are somewhat esoteric – the best poems are those that are open to interpretation and the reader’s pre-conceptions”.

Although the guitarist, bassist and drummer had disappeared and are known to be reluctant to speak to outsiders, I drew this scarecrow singer on to the subject of music and the rumour of a split between singer and musicians. “The band was originally the idea of the lead-guitarist Paddy and myself, we chose close friends to join us – exceptional for their individuality and intelligence rather than their musicianship – this has resulted in a group of



close friends with similar aspirations. There is no way that the band could become 'Nick and the Prophets' — the other band members are too vital and intelligent to accept this. Anyway, I'm shy”.

With this I left the haven of the Prophets — and for the future . . . there is a new bassist with Mayilone switching to guitars and hearing some of the new material leads me to believe that the Prophets will spread their word even further.

Darkness, ice, smoke and the long awaited songs. At last, the legend from above, the Prophets.

Teton Sioux

NO LATE RELIEF – *Zen Thompson*

Cool shadows pour all too slowly down his face, and living in a backward place, or dying – as is the case – doesn't help this lonely man. No colour shows, but pale, charred skin, a crackling, brittle surface – no water there. Only bones reach out through the restraining hide, the molar's shape now outlined by light. The tongue moves not, the lips move not, the thick blood slides slow to gut, but hope lives not, but dies – as is the case – within. The eyes sealed shut, the sleeping glue holds fast, but sleep does not, the sun still kills this last respite from hell on earth – unlucky chap.

Life out there seemed to be quite boring then, but soon, maybe too soon, he had found out that it was not. The locals were maybe just a little over-bearing, the way they sliced one's stomach open in such an openhanded way. Maybe it was their style of spitting into a wound in one's leg after they had made it with their long, curved, belt-knife. He would never, really, truly understand them. To understand, he thought, was quite difficult for him. He could never really get the hang of it. He only had a pocket watch on him, and yet now he had nothing – even the valueless things had been taken. A stroll in which he had got lost, and had turned into a journey of many days – and now this. Never mind, he thought, I was going to retire next month any way. Anyway, I'm fully insured, and my family will be looked after – the government have such good schemes for cases like that. He had lain there for a long time, but the sun seemed to have stopped.

His left-legged foot began twitching, he didn't know why. The gash, where his thigh was cleaved cleanly from his bone, had begun to coagulate, ants entering in floating to the surface, not noticing the fate of their comrades. Flies had covered his stomach long ago, but they were still there: plenty more where that came from. He couldn't tell whether it was a twitch or a shiver, but his other foot seemed to have caught it too. He had lost feeling in his legs long ago, he couldn't see them, but they were twitching, and he knew it very well. The sun had singed the remaining smooth flesh, cooking the hide to a nice, mud-caked crisp, the dry earth pulling at his skin, revealing seeping muscle beneath. He could suddenly tell that time had not stopped, realising that the burning on the other side of his eyelids had eased off, giving way to the new-found pain in his throat, his Adam's apple sliced evenly. Few people would know, few people would understand, few people would find out, but none could doubt the brave courage of the country's force, the strength in men. The strength, of course, did not fall true on his known type, but the other, crawling, crowding sort, who populated the real outside fort.

GLOOM

Gloom is depression;
Silent, endless depression;
Like a pale purple sunset;
It seems endless;
Sad; slightly foreboding;
 But why;
Silence? emptiness?
 But from where;
The mind? the Soul?
Maybe the world, the people?
 Famine, Poverty, War;
 It seems endless;
 And then it's gone;
Why? When? Where?
 No one knows;
No one will ever know;
For that is gloom.

A.S. Sri Skanda Rajah

Best wishes
from
Lloyds Bank.



**Lloyds
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A THOROUGHBRED AMONGST BANKS.

Lloyds Bank Plc, 71 Lombard Street, London EC3P 3BS.

OLD GRANTITE CLUB NEWS

The 1986 Annual General Meeting was held in Ashburnham Dining room on Tuesday 4th March, 1986. The following members attended: D.F. Cunliffe, T.M. Williams, F.D. Hornsby, P.M. Ray, V.T.B.R. Tenison, R. Mytton Mills, M.G. Stratford, M.L. Patterson, J. Wilson, T.C.B.H. Woods, S. Rodway, A.M. Winckworth, R. Rich, N. Mackay, K. Gilbertson, P. Samuel, A. Hadden, S. Mundy, M.J. Bland.

The President announced that Mr H. Salwey, Mr J.W. Jacomb-Hood, Mr J.M. Sillar and Mr R.S. Randolph had died during the year and the meeting stood and observed a minute's silence.

Mr D.F. Cunliffe retired from the position of President and the meeting elected Mr F.D. Hornsby to be the new President. Mr Hornsby thanked Mr Cunliffe on behalf of the Club for all his efforts and hard work over the last three years.

After the meeting the members adjourned Up Grants to attend a farewell party to the Housemaster and his wife. A presentation was made to the Housemaster by the Club and we wish Mr and Mrs Baxter success and happiness in their new school.

The Committee would like to thank all members who donated to the appeal for the updating of the Club and House history. The history is now in the process of extensive re-writing and will be completed later this year when copies will be circulated.

A stock of club ties and House postcards are available to club members and may be obtained by writing to the Club Secretary at the address shown below.

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

Mr T.M. Williams
66 Staunton Road
Kingston-upon-Thames
Surrey KT2 5 TL

A NOTE REGARDING CONTRIBUTORS TO THE MAGAZINE

We would like to thank all those who took part in the magazine, contributors and production team, particularly Mayilone and Stelios, whose graceful forms have provided the editor with much enjoyment during the birth of the Review. Art Direction was capably conceived by Mayilone, Stelios found the financial backing and Mr Clarke kept a relaxed eye on things. Miss Simborowski worked hard and her help was essential. The editor proved his worth. Many thanks to everyone.

A special thanks to Matthew Likierman for his photographs and other help.



HOUSE NEWS

Election Term 1985

Departures were: Harrison, Kendall, Robinson, Pennington, Torchia, Satchu, Edwards, Rubens, Sullivan.

Play Term 1985

Wertheim was Head of House.

Mills was Head of Hall.

Woodfield was Head of Monitors.

The Monitors were: Graham-Maw, Ross, Thompson, Griffiths, Evans.

Senior Monitors were: Home, King, Emily Lawson.

Hall Monitors were: Arumugasamy, Burton, Dickie, Christodoulou, Pemberton.

Arrivals: Hammerson, Braithwaite, Meier, Enoeda, Horwood, Sri-Skand-Rajah, Narain, Brent, Boyd, Connolly, Glasser, Hedayati, Hicks, Land, Conway, Perry.

Departures were: Horne, King, Lawson.

Lent Term and Election Term 1986

The monitorial remained the same.



HOUSE FOOTBALL

The football team had a very good season, starting off with the House seniors in which we reached the final, before losing to Liddells, despite the fact that we had to contend with many injuries. This was followed by the house 4-a-sides at St Andrews. When we had to play Liddell's in the semi-final gave us a chance but through sheer commitment, which seemed to unsettle them, beat them 2:1. The final was even harder and was only won after extra time against Busby's. We finished disappointingly in the sixes after a good start.

I congratulate everyone who played especially those who played in the 4-a-sides: Dan Doulton, Tom Pemberton, Nick Burton, James Griffiths and Mark Aspa.

James Griffiths

GRANT'S FENCING: 1986

Grant's is represented strongly in the school's fencing. At lunch recently I noticed that half the table was composed of lower shell fencers and in fact 16% of the Club are Grantites.

The House is lucky to have Alex Macfarlane as its leading fencer. He has had a very successful season this year, performing with distinction in epee, sabre and foil events. He well deserved his full pinks last term and in this became the vice-captain of Westminster's fencing.

Amongst the school's junior fencers Grant's can boast Zahir Bilgrami, Nigel Voak, Gabriel Conder, Fraser Ingham, James Pemberton and Peter Streeten. Last term we also welcomed Paul-Daniel Conway, who has contributed with interest and enthusiasm.

Towards the end of the Election term we will be staging the first inter-House fencing competition for some years. I hope Grant's will perform with credit in this and all support from fellow Grantites would be much appreciated.

J. Thould

PROBLEM PAGE

Dear Danny,

I am an attractive elderly woman with lots to say about everything. I am not shy and have no inhibitions at all, however men just don't seem interested in me. As soon as I trundle towards them they disperse, the few who remain soon leave when I open my mouth (when I'm nervous my dentures fall out). I also have a slight facial hair problem and I've tried blocking the pores of my skin with Polyfilla, but to no avail. I have another embarrassing physical feature: I lack ears. What can I do?

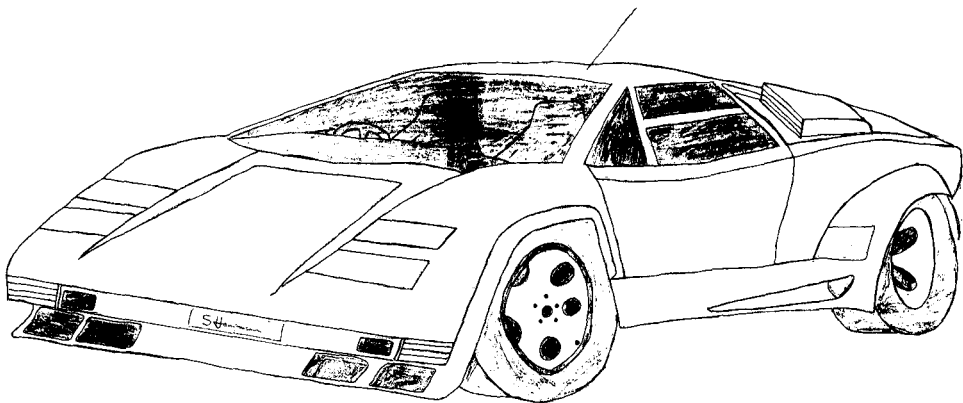
Brian – Wormwood Scrubs – A block

Dear Brian,

You have absolutely nothing to worry about apart from your disgusting physical appearance which obviously repulses so many men. Since you have a man's name and are in a male prison, you might find buying cosmetics hard. A simple cardboard box with customised eyeholes can do the trick and I'll be sending you one for just £5.95, plus a copy of a book showing some delightful cooking recipes, all made from natural recipes.

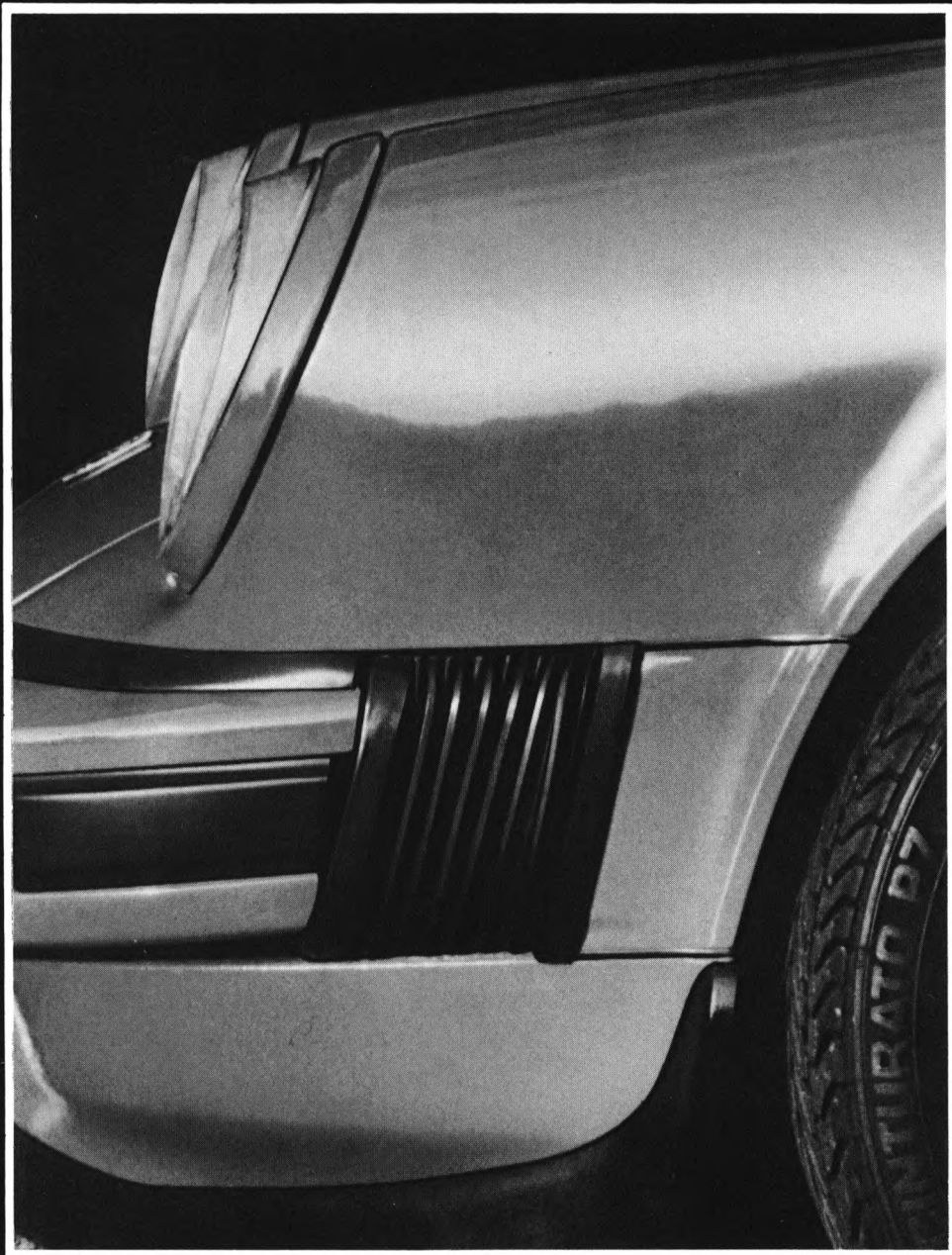
Yours sincerely,

Danny.



Simon Hammerson

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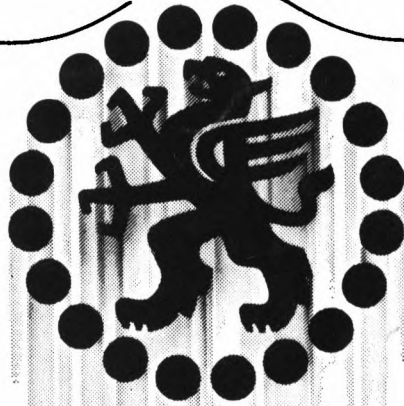


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Both schemes are open to exceptional young men and women of good character and personality – but students taking examinations in 1986 are not eligible.

Have a word with your Careers Teacher or Careers Officer and then get things moving by contacting The Manager, Graduate Recruitment, Midland Bank plc, Courtwood House, Silver Street Head, Sheffield S1 3RD.



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