

the granite

Acc 2018/024
H0013/4/1/50/1

the granite

ELECTION TERM 1967

FOUNDED 1884

VOL. XXIX. No. 2

Edited by O. J. W. Griffith with M. J. Abrahams and C. J. G. Forman

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL

HOUSE NEWS

HOUSE DIARY

THIS CHURCH IS NO HOME	<i>A. R. Elliston</i>
THE MYSTERIOUS CASE OF THE TRAVELLING ALARM CLOCK	<i>D. H. Robertson</i>
MR. BROWN	<i>D. B. Mumford</i>
THE LIGHT IS DARK	<i>A. R. Hadden</i>
PENNY	<i>D. H. G. Lascelles</i>
PLAYBACK TO ETERNITY	<i>A. D. G. Ashford</i>
CINEMA GOING NEAR LEICESTER SQUARE	<i>J. A. N. Davies</i>
THE SANDS HAVE GONE	<i>Michael</i>
FIRE	<i>A. G. Walker</i>

editorial

Up to this term *the grantite* was edited by one or two senior boys in the house who used it as an outlet for their own writings. Others were encouraged to write, but seldom did so as they feared they might be classed with the “pseud” editors. This term the editor allowed himself to be pushed to one side by an editor for studies and an editor for hall, in the hope of having some articles by people throughout the house. However there is still a chief editor, whose job it is to do most of the hard work and get hold of some advertising.

We have decided to include a small amount of advertising in this and subsequent issues to defray some of the cost of printing, which increases with every issue. As we have articles from more people in the house, so, too, do we hope to shew more of the house.

The house cannot be expected to produce a brilliant magazine twice a year because there are only 73 people in the house. Nevertheless we hope that we have produced as good an issue as is possible, knowing that it has been great fun for us, even if some people still think that it is “as boring as usual.” If they tried to produce a magazine like this they would probably not know where to begin: if they did ever find out, they would see that it has many problems. Fortunately the reader does not see the problems, because it is our job to iron them out. In this issue there are no problems—there never have been—because many more people in the house are taking a very keen interest in the magazine. It is to them, not necessarily to the editors, that praise is directed.

house news

LENT TERM:

R. G. H. Kemp was Head of House.

The monitors were R. J. Haslam, J. P. Emerson, H. T. Tizard, R. L. Paniguan and C. R. Bland.

* * * * *

C. H. Aggs was Head of Hall.

The Hall monitors were A. J. Aylmer, G. H. M. Niven, A. R. Elliston and C. J. G. Forman.

* * * * *

SALVETE:

D. E. Brittain-Catlin, P. M. Chopra, J. C. Christie and A. R. Hadden. Also T. J. K. Havers (AHH) and A. T. McNeile (ww).

VALETE:

S. Harling, W. M. Homesten, J. M. K. Lamb, A. F. K. Monkman, T. H. Phelps-Brown, M. N. Robertson and J. H. Suckling.

* * * * *

ELECTION TERM:

R. J. Haslam is Head of House.

The monitors are J. P. Emerson, R. L. Paniguan, C. R. Bland, A. S. Cousens and S. A. Mortimore.

The Chiswickites are O. W. J. Griffith and D. G. J. Ravenscroft.

* * * * *

C. J. G. Forman is Head of Hall.

The Hall monitors are G. D. Royce, R. W. Orgill, C. P. Kemp and N. R. Haslam.

* * * * *

SALVETE:

A. D. G. Ashford, M. G. Everington, J. E. Lascelles and T. H. Mason.

VALETE:

R. G. H. Kemp and H. T. Tizard.

* * * * *

R. L. Paniguan has been appointed a School Monitor.

* * * * *

The following colours have been awarded:—

- | | | |
|-----------|-------|--|
| Cricket | | <i>Pink and Whites</i> to D. H. G. Lascelles.
<i>Colts</i> to P. D. V. Mieville.
<i>Junior Colts</i> to I. C. Macwhinnie.
<i>House Seniors</i> to J. H. D. Carey, D. G. J. Ravenscroft and S. A. Mortimore. |
| Water | | <i>Pinks</i> to S. D. Nevin. |
| Football | | <i>Thirds</i> to D. H. G. Lascelles.
<i>Colts</i> to P. J. Ashford.
<i>House Seniors</i> to P. J. Ashford and J. A. N. Davies.
<i>House Juniors</i> to T. J. Earle and I. C. Macwhinnie. |
| Swimming | | <i>Pinks</i> to M. B. Adams. |
| Athletics | | <i>Colts</i> to J. A. N. Davies.
<i>House Seniors</i> to J. H. D. Carey.
<i>House Juniors</i> to A. R. Elliston and S. G. de Mowbray. |

house diary

Probably the biggest event of the Summer Season at Westminster was kneldging the Flune. The monitors—who made up the game—tried to claim it as an old tradition, but we soon realised the inadequacy of their claim when it was announced that Grants always wins. This was worth mentioning as they lost their matches most of the time. But as this “sport” grew, Hall football finally succumbed to fate and disappeared in favour of plays at the Old Vic and the other entertainments provided by the secular House Tutor. The spiritual one has left his lodgings in Grants and has taken up residence in 26, Great College Street. He hopes not to be noticed slipping out to hear his rival at Earls Court. Father Peter, well known here, stayed with us for three weeks at the beginning of term to arrange psychedelic happenings in and around the House, culminating in a rave weekend at Oxford with some divinity students and a Russian Orthodox monk. We have already said that the Chaplain moved out. Two Chiswickites have been appointed, but as there are *only* two of them, there are just as many lights on after 11 p.m. while people “muzz up” their “A” Level work. The House seems unnaturally industrious at the moment, but that will soon be passed. We are not sure where the inspiration lies, but we imagine that it is from seeing pink, our school colour, splashed across the japs which makes us so patriotic.

this church is no home

Sunlight plays upon them;
her stealthy fingers succumb
to the violet coloured stained-glass windows
which laugh as they grow numb.

The golden candles flicker their evil light through the dark shadows near the altar, in the serenity of another world—a world of darkness hiding from the day behind the bars of the stained-glass windows. There is no other light. The roof stretches in a spiral towering over the monuments which gaze into the darkness, never flinching like judges about to condemn the prisoner.

On a table by the door stands an empty collection box with a little notice beside it, informing passers by that

Charity is the soul of life.
The poor need your help. There are many
Starving
While you have plenty.

All the people come and go by the other door because they feel embarrassed to wander past without putting anything in.

A preacher reads from the Bible while two clergymen doze in the choir stalls. Someone throws the door open. The hum of the evening traffic echoes through the interior, which cowers away from the open door and the world outside. The congregation stare disapprovingly in silence. One of the clergymen wakes from his dream to pull himself further into his seat. The door closes. The clergyman falls asleep again.

The collection box lies empty still.

the mysterious case of the travelling alarm clock

2.15 a.m. Was awakened by a beautiful blonde screaming and shouting "Let me go." I quickly put on my 25gns. dressing gown of shot silk (I missed) and let her out.

9.30 a.m. Was called to X's office: tottered down there in my battleship grey supertuned piano after breakfasting on two redheads, one bottle of scotch and a box of best Havana cigars.

11.35 a.m. Interview with X was disturbed by a 50 megaton alarm 3 31/39 rods, poles or perches away from my toenail. Fortunately I wasn't wearing it at the time, having been warned by my faithful Scottish housekeeper Vladimir (call me Gwladys) Putschenkov. Hastily grabbing my 15in. Naval gun I rushed at a maximum speed of 2 reef knots per geon to the scene of the cataclysm and asked the nearest witness who was standing a mere fifty miles away what had happened. He didn't answer so I retrieved my fist from between his teeth. Picking up my toenail I set off in cold pursuit of the alarm clock, which was now a rapidly dwindling speck on the skyline of Nether Ock Street. I was gaining on the absconding time-piece when a rather bad attack of Galloping Majors laid me low for approx. 2 microseconds. Hastily brushing off the Indian Army I leapt aboard a passing light bulb travelling at 150-watts.

11.36 a.m. Tea Break.

11.37 (3 weeks later) The alarm clock had already passed me three times so I put away my barrel of scotch, told the brunette to go home and once more took up the hunt. Realising that it was too hot I dropped it and called back the brunette.

23.0035 p.m. Finally ran the malingering mechanism to earth going round the Circle line for 71st time. I faced the clock with a bold front and fixed it with an eagle eye (they're cheaper than drawing pins), drew my 15in. Naval peashooter on a handy wall, and said in a voice trembling at 200 megacycles "Unwind, or I'll make your lose 25 minutes per second." Notwithstanding this fearful ultimatum the clock let loose his main spring in a wild current of hideous twangs

and other little known curses. So I put a wet slug of the *News of the World* between his cogs and finished him off with a boot in the hairspring. I handed my report to X, slipped across the road into a bar. Picking myself up (it was a steel bar) I returned to my lonely bachelor flat and turned away the queue of blondes at the door and slept the sleep of a man who has done his duty for England and St. George.

mr. brown

You see Mr. Brown everywhere you go. He is the man you bump into in the street, or who treads on your toe in a crowded tube. He is millions of bank clerks and white-collar workers. He is the everlasting commuter, always travelling, yet always working. He is responsible for the figures on your bank account, of the signature on business correspondence "pp the Manager." In short, he is the nameless, numberless, faceless, characterless man in the street, the eternal layman.

He is five feet eight and a quarter, ten stone seven pounds. He is married and has 1.8 children. He owns and lives in a small *semi* with 1/5 of a lavatory outside. He votes stolidly Conservative, and despises the other 53.8% who vote Labour. His life is therefore a misery: but he is too small to alter it.

The "Box" is the limit of his entertainment. His eyes are glued to the screen for 19.7 hours each week. Yet he watches every programme and every advertisement. He agrees with everything he is told: he cannot think to do otherwise. And of course he cannot tell stork from butter.

He will die when he is seventy-three, and will be taken to church for the third time in his life. Only one quarter of him will be cremated: the rest will be interred beneath a £15 slab of imitation marble.

Here lies Mr. Brown.
Unknown,
Unloved, Unnoticed.
Departed this world
7th Nov., 1967.
R.I.P.

the light is dark

The first day and night passed without incident, but by the second day Rodney was beginning to miss his heroin. The third day he was really suffering. When he went to bed that night he had a terrible headache and his head was throbbing.

It was pitch dark and nearby there was a trickle of water running slowly and meaningfully onto the rocks below . . . drip, drip . . . drip . . . His hands were sore and stinging, he could taste blood on his face, he was cold and hungry yet, though he was tired, there was a driving impulse in him to press on . . . the water continued to fall . . . drip, drip, drip . . . As he slipped and fell over the rough rocks he thought he saw a glimmer of light—just a little—but it was there, wavering. He called out but the only sound was his echoing voice and the constant drip, drip, drip . . . He tripped and stumbled over the boulder with all the speed he could muster in his bare feet—his bare feet—how they ached and bled. But he battled on. There was still the continual dripping somewhere, drip, drip, drip . . . And then he fell, his head hit the stones and he lost consciousness. Soon he awoke but the water was still dripping, drip, drip, drip . . . It was driving him mad. His face was covered with blood, dripping in his eyes.

Suddenly he rose and scampered off across the rocks into the darkness towards the spot where the light had been. He found a door and beat at it until his hands were aching. Then sobbing, he sank to the ground. “Let me out! Let me out!” he was whimpering between sobs. Drip, drip, drip . . .

It was at this moment that the prison warden came round. He told the superintendent but they never connected it in anyway with drugs. However the next day Rodney broke down and made a confession. He was taken to the hospital to be treated and once he was cured he stood charges for possession of drugs. He was sentenced to three months imprisonment.

penny

I entered the room, and she lay there, stretched languorously on the rug in front of the fire. She stirred slightly and looked up as I walked slowly across to her, but she did not get up—only rolled over into a more comfortable position. I knelt down beside her and gently stroked her face. Her blond hair was sleek, well-groomed and shining, and she looked back into my eyes, her mouth slightly open and panting softly. My hands ran down her body, stroking her, caressing her—then I got up suddenly, and sitting down in my favourite armchair I lit a cigarette. She padded over towards me and, sitting at my feet, she put her head in my lap and I stroked it thoughtfully, almost absent-mindedly. We stayed like that for a long time, till, suddenly my wife came into the room carrying her golf clubs.

“Darling,” she said, “I heard the news at the club. Isn’t it wonderful? After all, it’s not every day that one’s dog wins its class at Cruft’s, is it? Come over here, Penny, you good dog, and say hello to your missis.”

playback to eternity

John Smith's relationship with his father was quite unique, although no one really noticed. The two John Smiths (father and son) found it very difficult to hide their secret. They had a constant telepathic communication.

John Smith, as a baby, had been an infant prodigy, simply because his father could work him like a puppet. As he grew up he managed gradually to cut himself off more and more from his father. But all the same all his father's knowledge was his. Amazingly, any question in class that he was asked he could answer. It came automatically, and John Smith had to pretend that he couldn't answer some of them.

He could also see into the future—at least his own. At the age of twenty he moved to America to become a very important scientist, revolutionizing the world in many ways. He seemed to have endless inventions and to be able to answer any problem.

Then his father died. Slowly his inventions dwindled and he began to go to pieces. He was lost without his father. Then he made his last and greatest invention. He did not dedicate it to the world, but used it himself—once. He knew it was too terrible to show to the world.

He turned a switch in the time-machine, and went backwards. He arrived in London, 1973, a man of twenty-nine, when before he had been fifty-six. Soon he married and had a son whom he called John Smith.

He felt guilty and unhappy. The agony of Oedipus was nothing compared to his. He had married his mother, and was his own father. Everything in life was set for him, his own son. He was immortal.

cinema going near leicester square

A rabble of young and old shuffle, scuffle pieces of paper and whisper as the rain drops from the evening sky and slides off grey slate and red tiles onto the shimmering pavements. Hands are thrust into pockets and the rain gently flushes faces. Taxis' horn and stuffy restaurants with steamed-up windows and Italian waiters sweating from their dark blue bristled faces swirl in a kaleidoscope of red and green neon in the mind.

The alley for queuing, a little notch in the grey buildings, runs up into a street bordered by cafes, seedy theatres and sordid paint-peeled strip-joints. People shout, cars, trucks and motorcycles swish on the glistening tarmac. The "Golden Egg" across the road where they serve plastic eggs and rubber chips, harbours the sweet smell of utter disgust.

In the queue, with their polystyrene rain hats and swivelling eyes, stand two heavily powdered old ladies with shiny red lips and varicose veins on their squat legs. A tall, lean man with a Salvation Army raincoat, his black hair sleeked flat with rain, stares fixedly nowhere and occasionally flicks away the drops of rain trickling down his pebble glasses. Behind him sways a middle-aged, red, bristly faced man with a cloth cap, steaming overcoat, grey flannel trousers and brown regulation school sandals. He screws up his woolly eyes as the smoke of his lip-permanent cigarette pricks them.

In the foyer, as the people push in, stand tall plum-coated white gloved ushers—their top hats bobbing and their gold-braid swishing, announce in low grave voices times, prices and seats bookable.

The people tread lightly on the lush carpets and there is soft music. Along the low lighted corridors there is the black padded plastic of the lavatory doors where everything is clinical white and the mirrors are not spattered with Brylcreem and the towels are paper and the soap squirts from a bottle and where, like a crucifix around the weighing machine, there hangs a cardboard notice—“Out of Order.” So neat and tidy. The immaculate usherettes smoothly conduct you to your soft-sprung seat and the glancing white-screen shows “Clean high speed gas” in black rigid letters.

the sands have gone

In need of help, but yet denying help,
I came, alone, to the river bank.
The water flowed by, leading time to eternity.
They met, for a brief moment,
In the sands of my heart, making
A raven eddy
To waylay women's love.
If I could get help and go,
Alone,
To the other bank
The river would be flowing the other way
To the point where time and eternity were one
And I had no heart.
But I'm afraid to cross the river
For I'm not really sure if it flows the other way.

fire

The dancers are all gone under the hill;
The houses are all gone under the sea.

There was silence in the little clearing: the afternoon sun blazed down, consciously trying to suck the moisture from the earth and its creatures. The briar thicket on one side was as still as a painting, but no painting could ever recapture its dryness and heat. One solitary, spasmodic buzzing emphasised the stillness. The grass was springy and short, for under the brambles was a huge, ancient rabbit-warren, dating back to Norman times. There were no obstacles in the clearing, but outside it was necessary to fight one's way through briar, bracken and Sussex scrub.

In the far distance, where the scene began to shimmer with the heat, a faint rattling noise was heard. From the big branch of the tall tree by the glade the cycle and side-car came up the unmetalled road which ran past a quarter of a mile away. The noise, deadened by the heat, emphasized the silence. The cycle slowed and stopped.

The girl jumped out and helped him unload the picnic basket. They lay and ate slowly, lazily; it was impossible to hurry in the heat. Without moving, without speaking, they lay in the sun for almost an hour. Eventually the young man got up, reloaded the basket, helped her into the side-car, and they went off with the same muffled staccato noise, as they had come. The sound died; the sun blazed relentlessly on in the empty sky. Nothing had changed.

A doe landed in the centre of the clearing. She landed silently but the silence broke. She raised her head, looked around listened, her hind leg beat a fast drum-beat on the ground. Danger! and she vanished again under the bramble thicket.

Slowly a thin acrid smell crept across the clearing; it was soon visible. The fox trotted through, mice scuttling unheeded around his feet. An owl soared its way sleepily through the treacly air, unmobbed by the smaller birds. For all were fleeing before the great common enemy—fire.

The faint crackling noise increased. The smell had become a blue haze, and the heat had become more. The stream of animals dwindled to a trickle of the lame or diseased. The crackling was small-arms fire, and behind it was an orange glow. A little flicker went up one side of the briar thicket and the glade exploded in a great yellow inferno.

It went on for five minutes—a roaring, crackling hell. Then the fire passed on, the crackling receded. Before a paradise in the sun; now a smoking blackened ruin. The sinking sun, an unnatural red looked down on the briars, a heap of grey ash. On the bracken, the same. On the tree, a scarred skeleton. The last rays of the sun lit up, in a weird light, a sea of black tangled wilderness.

Vth and VIth formers:

How Westminster Bank answers 6 essential questions you should ask any prospective employer

'Is it work I'll enjoy?'

'Banking is important in the running of the country . . . so you are important. You meet and help all kinds of people from housewife to industrialist, actress to research chemist. Whilst you're helping them, Westminster Bank will be helping you to get on in every way.'

'What about my training?'

'You'll get every chance to improve your management skills by internal courses, business school both here and in America, and attachment to another company or bank abroad.'

'What are my prospects . . . is there a good chance of promotion?'

'Well, we aim to take every recruit through to Management and salaries from £2,200 to £6,500 and beyond. Our Senior Management Development Plan ensures early opportunities for the most promising.'

'Sounds tremendous . . . but where would I have to work?'

'We have branches in nearly all towns . . . so you can start near home if you like. And as Westminster Bank has world-wide associations, there is even the chance of foreign travel.'

'All right, so banking is a good job at the moment but what about the future?'

'The banking habit is growing, the population is growing, and so is Westminster Bank. We are in credit cards, hire purchase, merchant banking and many other services. With assets running into hundreds of millions, Westminster really is a bank with a future.'

'OK then, I've got 5 'O' levels, 2 'A's and I'm 18 . . . how much would I be paid, starting now?'

'Let's see . . . when you start off there are several scales of salary to suit different abilities. In Central London you can earn from £595 to £655 at the age of eighteen and at twenty-two from £775 to £1,100. In the country slightly less. Interested?'

'Yes!'

If you have at least five 'O' levels (including Maths and English) and preferably two 'A' levels, and want to know more, phone the Manager of your local Westminster Bank or complete and post this coupon.

**To: General Manager, Staff Control, Westminster Bank Ltd.,
41 Lothbury, London, E.C.2.**

Please send me more information about careers at Westminster Bank.

NAME

ADDRESS

.....



Messent of Beckenham Ltd

TAILORS and OUTFITTERS

SUITS TAILORED TO MEASURE

in our own workshops, all hand-tailored work

also

A fine selection of Ready-made suits and coats

by "Aquascutum" of London

Patterns available upon request

**8 THE BROADWAY, CROYDON ROAD
BECKENHAM, KENT**

Tel. BEC 1842

