

THE GRANTITE REVIEW

AUTUMN TERM 1968

FOUNDED 1884 Vol. XXIXIX No.5

BIRTHS	COURT AND SOCIAL	PERSONAL
<p>BROWN.—On the 11th December, to David and Goliath <i>nee</i> Naomi, a sister to Beelzebub. The couple will be married.</p>	<p>TUESDAY: 9.0 a.m. Ceremonial waking up of the House of Lords. 11.30 a.m. Mr. D. Frost to visit royal chiropodist. 2.30 p.m. The Right Hon. Enoch Powell to have two molars filled. 10.0 p.m. Lord Fortescue's farewell ball. Attending K. Philby, Sir J. Gielgud, B. Johnson, C. Wren and Peter and Gordon. Master of Ceremonies will be The Marquess of East Flint.</p>	<p>PROVERB of the week. Mat. 1, vv. 15-19. "And Eliud begat Eleazar, and Eleazar begat Matthan, and Matthan begat Jacob, and Jacob begat Joseph, the husband of Mary of whom was born Jesus, who some call Christ."</p>
<p>PETERS.—On the 13th December to George and Georgina, a daughter, Arthur, at the Hampstead General Hospital. The child is the daughter of the former Spanish minister of sanitation and Mrs. Barbara Cattle.</p>		<p>LONELY lady, 96, with little dog, seeks post urgently.—Apply Grantite P.O. box 171.</p>
<p>WEATHER REPORT</p>		<p>TO clear. 19/6d. each. 5 new 4-barrel repeating pistols .22 bore. Cannot repeat.—P.O. box 236.</p>
<p>SOME rain becoming milk later.</p>		<p>MARIO'S launderette, Tothill Street. Leave your clothes here, ladies, and spend the afternoon having a good time.</p>
<p>IN MEMORIAM</p>	<p>MISCELLANEOUS</p>	<p>STRADIVARIUS violin for sale cheap. Almost new.—Apply Grantite P.O. box 44.</p>
<p>WILLIAMSON.—In proud and loving memory of Tiddles. "Tiddles we love you We'll never forget The fish bone that choked you In the kipper you ate."</p>	<p>MUST see <i>Grantite Review Week-end Supplement</i>. Turn to centre pages.</p>	<p>DARLING Jonathan, Has the fox had his haddock today? With deepest love.—Cecil.</p>
<p>LEVER.—In loving memory of a cherub, My Ducky Lord Lever. "There is no death, for it is not as if the rose had climbed my garden wall and blossomed on the other side."</p>	<p>GWEN. Don't forget the eggs. Put ham on 7.—Doris.</p>	<p>WOMAN wants cleaning, three days a week.—Apply Grantite P.O. box 73.</p>
<p>ZEUS.—Remembered in constant admiration. Who lives in immortal splendour.—From Mummy, Daddy and Bowsie-wowsie.</p>	<p>READ The Contents.</p>	<p>AGEING man seeks balding playmate.—Apply P.O. box 258.</p>
<p>DEATH</p>	<p>CHOOSE a spastic Christmas card and your money will be helping handicapped children. Send a copy of this letter to three reliable friends and within a week you will have received £81.</p>	<p>DANCING lessons. Madame Annette. By appointment.—4a Lisle Street, London.</p>
<p>EVANS.—Tomorrow. 18th December, peacefully, under an 88 bus. No flowers by personal request.</p>		<p>WOOL shop. Specialising in highland underwear and knitting needles.—4a Lisle Street, London.</p>

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THE GRANTITE REVIEW

AUTUMN TERM 1968

FOUNDED 1884

Vol. XXIXIX No. 5

Edited by Charles Forman, Tony Elliston and Tony Ashford

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editorial

A POLL. At last we have decided to pursue our previous ambitions and determine what the readers want to see in the *Grantite*. A poll. We hope this will give us some guidance as to the future construction of the magazine. The other poll in this term's issue is an experiment in tabulating the political opinions of Grants. The results are fairly representative of a public school environment. It is disappointing that such a large proportion of the house should be satisfied with a stagnant existence. Most Westminsterers refuse to question an educational system which through lack of finance is doomed to expire in the next thirty years. Although critics of this theory maintain that Westminster will never sink, it is really the bow of a ship which is already irreparably gored, and although the bow will be the last part to be submerged, ultimately that too must disappear.

Westminsterers still find it hard to accept that they belong to the public school system. We used to think we were different from Eton and Harrow, but on close comparison there is a frightening resemblance. From the inside it is difficult for us to notice the atmosphere of snobbery of which we all make each other victims. It is only on introspection or talking with friends who are outside this narrow system of education that one realises the inevitable social gap public schoolboys create. In the case of Westminsterers this gap is self-imposed, as they possess every opportunity for meeting their friends who do not belong to this system.

However it is unfair to expect anyone to reject the system if they have the means to exploit it, especially because clearly Westminster (although this is not true of all public schools) affords the best education. We hope that soon it should be an anachronism to assume that money rather than intelligence should necessarily buy the best education. The money for public school fees is often paid by unearned income and owes nothing to the industrious nature of the parents. Perhaps a gradual integration into the co-educational system (this is already being put into practice in some public schools) might help to bind the two forms of education together.

So we think that this school should face up to the reality that it cannot last for ever in its present form, and should voluntarily decide to abandon the system before it is compelled to.

london diary

UNFORTUNATELY, due to the disintegration of the house, as exclusively revealed in last term's issue, one of our editors has been mysteriously mislaid. However all rumours connecting him with the recent petrol bomb explosion in the abbey are quite unfounded. The real tragedy of the incident only became apparent when the entire school was compelled to miss Abbey that day. This bomb however represented only a minor event in the flood of revolutionary activity which seems to have struck a discordant note in Westminster life. In last term's mass demonstration in which thirty people barricaded Number Seventeen, the Internationale was sung behind the police cordon but soon petered out and its place was taken by the school song, of which at least a few boys knew some of the words. In a brief relapse between revolutions the editors were temporarily released to sue the *Clarion* for copyright, concerning a *Grantite* patent of including an article from a previous edition. The violence continued again this term when following previous outbreaks of anarchist upheaval, half the house were locked and bolted outside the precincts of Dean's Yard while they took part in the Hyde Park October demonstration. The other half were locked and bolted inside the school to prevent their participating. As a result of this threatened violence, the house is now protected by Matron's watch-cat, aptly named Oedipuss; but we suspect that we won't see much more of it after Cooking Guild's end of term orgy when it may well be passed off as coq-au-vin.

Blues has hit Grants and "Vague evocations of the constant thing" can be heard from before dawn to the dark of the small hours. Not just in the field of blues however is Grants one ahead. Long before everyone else was suffering from the floods, Grants' basement had already been flooded. In one tempestuous afternoon of rainfall the urinals burst their banks. Luckless locker owners evacuated their possessions as the sudden rush surged on unadmonished.

Sport seems to be on the decline as it always has been. A fifth-former was heard saying: "I'm going to have to give up football. It's bad for my smoking."

As there have been so many outstanding events since our last edition we can only hope to relate a brief summary of the most conspicuous. Heading the list must be the fact that our senior house tutor has been spotted displaying an extravagant new tie. Next in order of importance is the long-awaited appearance of new cords to open the windows in Hall, to say nothing of the tassels now embellishing the pockets of the billiards table. The editors apologise that there is no room to include any less significant events in this brief diary.

open season—on teachers

THE main thing about being a teacher is not looking like one. Nothing is more demoralising than people who assume that the groove in your nose is the result of daily contact with the academic grindstone. The more you become aware that their mental picture of you involves a mortarboard and a fistful of canes, the harder you try to cover your traces. You thrust your hands deep into your pockets to hide the chalk behind the fingernails. You loosen your speech in a string of unguarded comments in an attempt to discourage the idea of the teacher as a bastion of respectability, the authoritative amateur who can be relied upon to keep a firm grip on the obvious and who will mould tomorrow's citizens into faithful replicas of today's.

The threat of being taken for a teacher has inspired many in the profession to unprecedented displays of imaginative disguise. Dark glasses and beards are *de rigueur* on the continent, while in the States, essential equipment includes a cloak, Bermuda shorts and sandals, with beads as an optional extra. At Westminster, the teacher who commutes from off-campus can normally escape detection on the underground dressed as a lawyer or business executive. People only begin to get wind of his real identity and to edge towards him, muttering about comprehensives, boarding elements and audio-visual aids, when, instead of getting off at Temple or Mansion House, he alights at St. James's Park.

What is it that sends the teacher's pulse rate up and his spirits down at the mere hint that he is about to be taken for what, in fact, he is? The answer is luminously obvious. The only thing that every westerner has in common, regardless of race, creed, sex or age, is School. And as experienced veterans of whatever sentence they served in their varied institutions, they believe—with equally varied justification—that School is something on which they are qualified to talk. School rarely seems to leave its survivors indifferent; they tend indeed to have feelings on the subject which run deep and require constant vocal expression. Thus the teacher finds himself acting as a catalyst for the unburdening of years of pent-up emotion; a sounding-board for decades of pet theories. He is a marked man. The lean and hungry look he wears is not the result of "A" level anxiety. It is the look worn by all fair game when surrounded by ravenous carnivores. There is a permanent open season on teachers.

My nights are still haunted by a grisly experience I once had on the quay at Venice. My disguise at that time, after six days spent sleeping on the deck of an antedeluvian Greek tug bound from Haifa, consisted of standard beard and shorts and a clinging aroma of sardines which had been my staple diet for far too long. Despite these precautions, my vocation apparently shone out like a beacon and two parents of a boy in the Vth form bore down on me with ecstatic cries of "modern youth—mixed education—formative years." The same scene, with minor variations, has been enacted on the summit of Snowdon and once,

wearing a kilt to hitchhike through France, when a car load of Westminsters stopped to give me a lift.

It's true the teacher has much to live up to but he has just as much to live down. It is with this realisation burnt deep into my brain that I remember with such affection the old Old Westminster who approached my fellow House Tutor and myself in Yard last summer. "And what House are you up, young men?" he asked.

escapade on a wendy night

"**R**EALLY," thought the Housemaster, whimsically biting off the end of his pipe and swallowing it, "It's too bad. Did the Messing Committee have to put their minutes into the form of an epic poem?"

He had waded through thirty-three stanzas only to find that Miss Holmes a Court had squashed the idea of having fried bananas for tea every odd Tuesday. "Still," he murmured to himself, as he got into his extra soft slippers and instinctively opened his files to insert the minutes, "Every Tuesday is odd here, and where would we be without her?"

His mission was simply to check up on those mysterious rumours that had come to him via Busby's matron who had just had her binoculars fixed, that his Head of House had been having women in his study at night.

The noble Housemaster ignored the notice on the door, saying: "If wanted urgently, I'm in bed." And padded in.

His head of house had just seen Henrietta let down a rope from Chis, and was anticipating a pleasant evening with Charlotte, who had just come in through the window. But when he heard the Housemaster's knock, he hissed through his half clenched fist to the quaking girl:

"Quick, under the bed."

"My dear man, I've heard some rumours about you tossing around with a few dollies. Is this true, man?"

"I'm afraid not, Sir. It was my lag."

"Well, I'm glad, Alphonse, because tootsies in studies are just not on."

The head of house wracked his ever-diminishing brain for a means to evict the Housemaster. Should he get him to climb out of the window on some pretext and then lock it, or was that not subtle enough? But there was no need, for the Housemaster's well trained ear had picked up mysterious noises from the Japs. In a puff of smoke he had vanished.

As he flung open the door of the japs he almost flattened Matron who was in there searching for her cat.

"If you haven't found it I should look in the Head of House's study," said the Housemaster, "You know how many rats there are in there." Matron raced up the stairs . . .

facades of ages

I REMEMBER,

There were lanternd faces coughing in the midnight porches,
And the gardener's hands,
Smudged with grass blottings and nicotine,
Knocking on the frost-gloved windows.
And there were open fires and thick socks,
And armchairs clustered round the curtained hearth,
With the rugs heavy with cigar smoke
And steaming cocoa.

And I must remember

As I sit
Crippled in the death-smelling drawing room,
With the hospital-white snow shoe-deep on the clean paths
and lawns;
And the Christmas cards tidy on mantelpieces,
And the anaesthetic breath of smiling nurses.

I must remember,

There was mistletoe in the chilly arches
And a pipe rested against the fireguard.

You don't have to visit me here. I know you don't enjoy it much. Please don't come if you don't want to. Only if you've got nothing better to do. I know you can't really enjoy drinking tea and eating ginger biscuits with me. Please don't come if you don't want to.

I remember,

From my yellow antiseptic tea,
I used to visit one of you every Christmas.
If you ever want to come and see me, you know
where you can find me. But You've got far more
important things to do than visit me.

No I'm not lonely, I have my memories,
No I'm not lonely.

the mess

THE crippled rummer—a glistening glass before the drink. Engraved—Colonel Charles Rowland. That too was before the drinks began. Now left alone in its own sickly blood, its smell stuffing the room even more with acid. Dryness of grey cigars, and port, its elegance left behind, now drips from tables. The pompous mahogany now as dull as clay.

Through swirling walls the Generals suck from teats their polished port. The Generals. From their table smoulders laughter. The men who have fought each other for years and from their table burns laughter. The prattle of dice stops. At last the chairs grind through the feverish air. The dice have spoken tactics for another year.

Quincey looks up from the shimmer of his brass. In the corner the Old Boy Brigade are rising: no longer with their bulging waists on the chairs, their velvet legs sway vaguely in the fog. A cobbled silence.

“Rowland, your turn.”

Quincey scratches his plaster moustache. He laughs; another pawn is taken.

“Check.”

The glow of unflinching buttons filters between the pieces.

“Come on. I’ve moved.”

The generals have gone. Relentless tapping of wood.

“Mate.”

“No. I can move my bishop in front.”

“That’s checkmate.” His eyes on the gold of a hundred crowns. Their deception lures.

“You’re just after the money. You think you can cheat me out of it!”

“That’s a lie. I’m going. Give me your stake.”

“You’re making me angry on purpose. If you don’t watch out I’ll throw every bloody piece on the floor, then no-one will know who won.”

Wooden pieces roll groggily, sticking in puddles of cloying ash. Sparking boots and mirror spikes gouge the ground; the queen’s varnish flakes away. Splinters spray across the stench.

The flashing of champagne swords with metal forced to smile. Glowing medal chokes the room. They move. Through opaque heat they meet. A plummet through the tunic. Navy blue turns a hectic mauve. To finish, a neat slice down the skull; leaves one nostril either side of the blade.

The General runs in. The General looks, his purple face drains. The blood; the blood seeping like black slugs. His legs telescope to the dust. He rolls constipated; sticking in puddles of cloying blood. His turgid cloak sucks up blood as paper blots. A leach emptying the life veins.

Granite Weekend Supplement



Mr. Wilson leaving No. 2 after his heavy election defeat,
still looking cheerful



Tariq Ali at the October Demonstration
(see *Below Big Ben*)

roadtest

THE GRUBTHROP GTX 1700/92 SPECIAL DE LUXE COUPE 2+2

IT is always a great pleasure to test a product of Britain's thirty-seventh largest car manufacturer (largely because of the cheque for one thousand guineas which arrives with the car). And the new Grubthrop is not really an exception. I suppose that every motorist dreams of a fast, economical, sleek five-seater costing under £800. Unfortunately, they will have to go on dreaming, since the new Grubthrop is none of these.

With its startling (to say the least) coachwork by emigré Italian designer Angelo Costalotti, the new Grubthrop is bound to draw attention wherever it goes, although getting it anywhere may present problems. Its remarkable appearance is emphasised by the romantically-named colours in which it is available: Pansy puce, bilious green, compost heap brown and half-off white. The interior is also out of this world; especially noteworthy are the gentle clunk as the door drops off the hinges when it is being closed, the firm feeling of the mahogany seats (which are optional extras) and the incredible amount of space available behind the front seats—when they are fitted—for luggage; for instance a folding toothbrush and/or a flannel. The driving position is not exactly comfortable (especially when the seats are not fitted). I was also hampered by the new style seat belts, which pass round the neck and in a lover's knot encircle the crutch.

When you put your foot down in a Grubthrop, you experience an entirely new sensation, possible because through a defect in the design a current of 600 volts passes through the accelerator pedal. The "Power" in the new car comes from an engine whose basic design has not been changed since 1902 (a tribute not only to the genius of the original designer, but also to the parsimony of the firm who refuse to develop a new engine). Once started, I found that the engine ran quite smoothly, although it made too much noise for conversation to be possible. The gear change is also smooth (like me) except when the gear lever snaps, an annoying habit which means that the car is permanently stuck in first gear.

Except on corners, hills, the level and at speeds above twenty m.p.h. the new car handles well. The optional brakes also work quite well, although I would prefer the pedal not to be situated under the seat. One of the more revolutionary features of the new Grubthrop is the automatic convertible roof. At speeds above twenty-five miles per hour, the roof comes adrift (spare roofs cost £89 19s. 11d.).

SUMMARY

The new Grubthrop is ideal for the average family man (an all-in wrestler with two midget children and an income of over £25,000 p.a.) and, we feel, represents remarkable value at its price £1,375 (seats, wheels and brakes extras).

the arts review movement

MOVEMENT in this two-tier postal age must be one of our prime considerations. "Man you gotta move"—this theme, as elaborated by Marlon Brando in prosaic mood, has become the driving incentive in today's arts scene. A packed Queen Elizabeth Hall witnessed the first performance of the "Symphony for Hell's Angels" in third gear—the solo motor-cycle being played by the composer Theo Throttle—the audience was overcome . . .

But as the gathering swallows experience the irrepressible urge to move on, so today's aesthetic world is motivated in praise of their action. The new world photographer Fitz Lotus Vicompte d'Elan staged his exhibition entitled "Following Da Vinci," a continuation of Leonardo's work on Bird Flight, at the Institute of Contemporary Arts earlier this week. He describes his own work as a "perfect harmony of concentrated muscular power and pure sensual beauty fused together into a personification of instinctive freedom" . . . "And today their souls will be merged in an attempt to create a single work of art." (Chekhov's *The Seagull*). D'Elan's collection also included some interesting studies in guano.

As the motif spreads so the popularity of the B.B.C.'s weekly broadcast "Music and Movement, lessons in rhythm for the very young" has returned. It has become so popular that the entire cast last week at the Albert Hall gave a subtle rendering in dance form of "Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross"—the Freudian affiliations here being made clear when the enraptured auditorium moved that they should dance the piece again in the semi nude. Lord Hill made no comment.

In the near future the Apollo Space team will lecture at the Methodist Central Hall on "Defying Gravity"; "Re-entry as Art" and "The sanitary problems of Movement Through Space." We hope to see more of this genre when Yoko Ono finishes her new film entirely devoted to feet. Dr. Scholl made no comment.

For further reading on this subject one should consult "Migratory Birds" a treatise by Swift, and an article in this week's *Homes and Gardens* entitled "Moving House? Some practical tips."

good food guide

THIS week I made a visit with a dear friend to a virtually unknown little refectory tucked duckily just under the shadow of Westminster Abbey. The friend will remain strictly anonymous, but the eating-place must now be brought to the public's attention.

As we tripped daintily across a cobbled yard which although displaying an ancient look had been rebuilt five times this century as I was told by a reliable source. We saw the well-known medieval edifice in all its charm. This, as we

learnt later, was the proprietress, who took on this unusual bistro about the turn of the decade. The place certainly seemed popular, if the crowd was anything to go by. Indeed we took ten minutes to get inside, and even then found ourselves at the back of a queue. This was rather unpleasant as it was necessary to nestle up against a hot metal cupboard which was continually being pushed open by swarthy maids dressed in a bewildering blue.

At last we got to the end of the queue to wait another five minutes for more plates and supplies. There was no choice but this is unimportant if the course provided was quite epicurean in its bouquet. It was not.

My friend and I minced over to our table with mince in our hands and our cutlery balanced precariously on top. She ushered us over to a table of milk and honey and put us between a toothless mongol eating his daily ration of pigswill in batter and a delightful queen ('S Scholar) in a pair of puce tights.

I jammed myself literally, in getting myself into the gap provided, and wiped a place on the table to put down my bowl. Then I told my opposite number to stop rubbing my leg. He said he was trying to get the butter off his shoe, and I snorted into my teacup in an attempt to eliminate the taste.

At that moment the patronne came past.

"How is it?" she said.

"Unbelievable." I replied and addressed myself to a pool of congealing marmalade on my left elbow.

"You're lucky," said the maid, "it's only last week's."

"Toast," somebody yelled down my left earhole, and crumbled a piece of piping hot balsa wood into my lap. When I had brushed off the grime, my plate had gone, so I turned to look for the dessert which didn't exist.

My friend chose to ignore the first course and go straight onto the bread, which was the wisest course, if the not the most wholesome.

Realising all was not lost we slipped away to a virtually unknown little bar in the Sanctuary and tried again.

room for improvement

MR. Peacock Owl, the radical Tory M.P. for Animal Farm, this week delivered a speech violently attacking economic inefficiency at Westminster in the presence of its distinguished head of staff.

The theme of Mr. Owl's speech was that with a bit of common sense and imagination the school bill could be reduced by some £200 every year. For example they could make a large profit by leasing 17 Dean's Yard to the Royal Marines Retired Colonel's Club. The ground floor entrance hall to the Board of Trade—which Mr. Owl would dismember in the event of his becoming Prime

Minister—would be used as the masters' common room. The head of staff could easily be fitted on the roof of that building or failing that in the House of Commons Chess Room. With respect to nutrition Mr. Owl suggested that the remains of College Hall should be sold to the highest bidding American and the proceeds used to start a tobacco plantation in the space of Ashburnham Garden. This would drastically reduce the import figures and thus improve the balance of payments.

It was rumoured before Mr. Owl's speech that he had had private talks with Westminster's head of staff in which he had proposed ploughing up Little Dean's Yard to grow hops or, again to boost the economy, large quantities of hash. The Head, while very sympathetic to the second idea, had to request that neither should be mentioned in public.

In view of Mr. Owl's well-known concern at the desperate position of the white man in Britain today, many people were astonished when he purposed employing a large number of African immigrants on the staff. On questioning him afterwards however it was clear Mr. Owl only intended to use them on the tobacco plantation.

Mr. Owl concluded his speech by claiming that expenses could easily be reduced further still if all the teaching staff were dismissed. When a large contingent of students at the back of the hall raised a cheer, he didn't hesitate to add with a cheerful grin that the dismissal of all the students would be an equally practicable proposition. When this received a standing ovation the Head rose in an attempt to terminate the meeting, but, before he could, a motion was unanimously passed giving both staff and students 24 hours to leave.

below big ben

WE are very happy to announce the appearance of a new underground movement in Grant's: the Grantite Revolutionary Anarcho-Bolshevist Association, better known as Grabber. The achievements of the organisation are already famous; a week before the so-called October Mobilisation, a subscription was held to finance a plan to blow up the U.S. Embassy the following Sunday; although all three bangers were thrown, the embassy is still standing, as far as we know.

The secretary of the organisation is already well known in revolutionary circles; his little face and Hitler-style haircut, which is now growing longer, have been seen in many places. He has also had the honour of meeting Mr. Tariq Ali in person, when he was thrown out of the Black Dwarf offices for stealing a picture of Che Guevara. He showed great initiative in holding his own demonstration on October 27; he protested at not being allowed to go on the march.



Big Ben across the rooftops

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laughter

THE snow had come quite suddenly; one moment we were walking along without any difficulty, our only objective being to make the rendezvous, and the next we were trudging, head down into the biting north wind. The harder we walked the more it seemed to snow, until we had to stop.

It is warmer in our tent now but the temperature has begun to drop since we finished the last paraffin. We cannot sleep, yet our bodies are too numb with cold and too long without rest to move. Silence. We are all thinking we may never wake up if we fall asleep. Still the unforgiving wind whistles round the tent, slowly burying us under the freezing snow . . . Funny to think that in some place in the world it is never cold . . . hilarious really.

old

OLD-MAN spat. Removing the phlegm, collected over the winter months. He recognized the pub—or the name was the same. The doors were different—they swung in more easily now. Now—the bar was in the centre—now they didn't serve mild at all. His pint spilt a little on the bar. He retreated with the slippery glass clutched to his greasy overcoat. Found a seat—a corner near the lavatory—and sat.

Confidently—in pink shirt and pin-striped suit—the young business man tapped her shoulder—the bar-maid's.

“Half?” a smile as flirtatious as her painted lips could manage.

Her tinted eyes on his fist—muscular fingers tightening round the tankard. She remembered an advertisement. The pin-striped suit stepped back—eyes on the maid's bra-strap. Cotton cutting flesh. Stepped back and bent to sit—stooping—

“Hey. Watch it Sonny I'm sitting here.”

“I'm so sorry”

But how was he to know? How was he to know, the young business man. Know that Old-man had sat here in his polished buttons and clean puttees, drinking “Mild” with Reg. Reg whose bladder—in some corner of a foreign field—had finally met a match, a surfeit of bullets. “No I'll move—you sit here and I'll tell . . .” The business face backed away. He thought—a repeat of the ancient Mariner—not now—Susannah had kept him waiting . . .

“Ah Susannah . . .” elegant, ash-blond with sun-glasses—a voice cracked like a boy's.

How was she to know. How was she to know, the female with the silky voice. Know that Old-man has sat there with Molly on his knee. Molly who never showed an ankle to him. Molly who wouldn't—not like Lil for a packet of woodbines—Molly wouldn't—Molly was his girl.

“Darling I'm sorry, but I had a tiny headache and I just couldn't. . .

“Damm it, I waited nearly two . . .”

How were they to know. How were they to know, the drinkers who looked up as the quarrel developed—know that, on the night before Old-man left—the British Expeditionary Force, Reg and him—Molly had been ill she said ill—tossing all night upstairs—sleepless—with Reg . . .

limerick

AN art dealer born in Hampstead,
Once bought an old Georgian bed.
He needed some dough
So he put it on show
And charged the pseudos ten bob a head.

political poll

IN an attempt to shake out trends in political opinion the Craig Jenks Opiniometer has drawn up the following tables:

In answer to the question “Where does your political allegiance lie?”

			Under-16	16 and over
Extreme right	10	6
Conservative	33	25
Labour	10	8
liberal (<i>small l</i>)	24	25
Extreme left	6	3
A-political	17	33

It is an interesting but in some ways an expected result that there is an almost equal division between the left and the right (36%—37% overall). There is only one significant difference between the two age groups and that is the perturbing increase in the number of people who have become a-political. This is probably a reflection on the inability of the present politicians to inspire confidence in people of our generation.

Do you believe public schools will have to be abolished ?

	Yes		No	
	26		74	
	Yes	No	Yes	No
Do you believe in co-education? ..	100	0	94	6
and in comprehensive schools? ..	100	0	37	63

In this age of violence, which of the following would you most like to assassinate?

George Wallace	40	John Lennon	11
Eamon Andrews	24	Harold Wilson	9
His Holiness Pope Paul VI ..	16	Cassius Clay	0

All figures in percentages.

This poll was conducted between the 4th and 5th November, 1968. Interviews were chosen at random from all sections of the community and from all possible age groups.

P.S.—The relatively high number of people wanting to assassinate the Pope has an obvious link with the number of people wanting co-education.

from the grantite 75 years ago

of customs

GRANTS has perhaps more customs than any other house at Westminster. We say “has,” but we fear we should rather say “had,” for customs are not now what they used to be. Yet a few still exist, though they serve, in great measure, only to show the absence of others which have fallen into disuse. One however, among a few others still survives: that every new boarder must walk the mantel-piece in Hall, before he is considered a Grantite. Another is the calling of “Hall!” for summoning a fag, which we believe is peculiar to Grants. This has of course arisen from the fact that the junior members of the House dwell in Hall and not in “Chiswick,” which, by the way, for the benefit of those who don’t know, was so-called “in the days of Doctor Busby,” from the school sanitorium at that place. [The whole school used to move to Chiswick whenever there was a particularly virulent disease rampant in London—Ed.] We are glad to say that perhaps the most ancient of all Westminster customs, that of “Substance and Shadow” has not been dropped though we believe we share this last with Rigaud’s to a certain extent.

house news

SEPTEMBER

J. H. D. Carey is Head of House.

The monitors are P. J. Ashford, J. A. N. Davies, G. D. Jones, P. D. V. Miéville, S. D. Nevin and A. J. Green.

R. P. L. Wormald is Head of Hall.

The Hall monitors are J. D. W. Brown, M. A. T. Deighton, T. J. Earle, J. P. Parry-Cooker.

Campbell, M. G. A., Hildyard, N. A. C., Lascelles, R. J. H., Sharrard, J. A., and Wilson, L. A., came this term.

M. J. Abrahams, D. H. G. Lascelles, D. H. Robertson, C. J. M. Sanguinetti and N. P. A. Shinnie left last term.

The following colours have been awarded:

- Football .. *Pinks* to J. A. N. Davies.
Thirds to J. H. D. Carey
Colts to N. E. H. Tiratsoo
House Seniors to J. H. D. Carey
Junior Colts to J. E. Lascelles
- Cricket .. *Half Pinks* to P. D. V. Miéville
Thirds to J. H. D. Carey
Colts to I. C. Macwhinnie and G. H. M. Niven
Junior Colts to M. A. T. Deighton, T. J. Earle, J. E. Lascelles
- Tennis .. *Half Pinks* to D. Mendes Da Costa
- Water .. *Junior Colts* to V. J. S. Kinross
- Fencing .. *Colts* to J. A. Rentoul
-

cricket report

THIS year Grants won the inter-house knock-out cricket competition. The first match was a semi-final against Liddell's, who batted first and made 89. The wickets were shared between D. Lascelles, Carey, Miéville, Macwhinnie and Davies, all of whom bowled well on a fast batting wicket. Miéville, who scored 36 in an opening partnership of 48 with Carey, was at his punishing best. Carey, who up till now had been content just to remain there, then began to score more quickly, before he too was out, leaving Dave Lascelles and Macwhinnie to score the remaining 25 runs which they did, showing little respect for the bowling.

Ashburnham provided tougher opposition in the final. Grants batted first and scored 118 for 8, again mainly due to the fine form of Miéville, who scored 58. He was well supported in a third wicket stand by D. Lascelles. Ashburnham always had a chance of victory, because of a fast scoring third wicket partnership between Noss and Murray. However, after Murray was out, the run rate dropped and from then they never really looked like winning. Their final score was 107 for 7 with D. Lascelles, Carey and Miéville being the wicket takers.

Miéville's form as an opening batsman dominated both matches. D. Lascelles was also a prolific scorer, and Macwhinnie and Carey (against Liddels) were the other main contributors. Grants, however, were fortunate in having batting strength down to number eleven, though this proved not necessary. There was no outstanding bowler. Dave Lascelles and Carey were admirably supported by Miéville and Macwhinnie. The fielding did not match the batting or bowling as too many catches were dropped. George Niven was in excellent form behind the stumps and was an inspiration to the bowlers.

Finally Grants are taking this opportunity to pay tribute to Dave Lascelles' captaincy which was certainly the turning point in the Ashburnham match. Ten out of the twelve players who represented the house were in school teams, and there certainly seems to be no lack of talent in the lower part of the house.

Team from: Dave Lascelles, Pete Miéville, Jonathan Carey, Anthony Green, George Niven, Rupert Wilkinson, Ian Macwhinnie, James Lascelles, Timothy Earle, Mark Deighton, John Davies and Philip Ashford.

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GENSORED

(original article available on request)

DEAR FEEPAYERS,

As you probably don't know the governors are now offering you a choice of fees, in a new two-tier fee system, which is coming into operation next term.

The two-tier system offers you the choice of either having your son or daughter (we are trying to begin a gradual integration, without anyone realising) educated by a real live teacher (which is just the same as before only it costs more) or else the child can be taught last year's lessons, which have been specially recorded on portable tape recorders (batteries not included).

If you educate your child on the more expensive system he will be educated to "A" level standard in the usual four years, living in the relatively modern accommodation. However, if you should decide that the second class system would be better for your son or daughter, then he will enjoy a fifth year at the cheaper rate. (This extra year is to make up for the money which we lose when you use the cheaper rate.) He will be housed in the specially preserved pre-fabricated world war 1 air-raid shelters, situated beyond the end of the west-bound platform of the district and circle lines at St. James' park underground station. This site was chosen because of its easy accessibility.

Yours faithfully,

THE GOVERNORS.

HIGGS & Co., HENLEY