



THE  
GRANTITE  
REVIEW

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# the granite review

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## Editorial

TO any Monitor or Chiswickite who has ever sat at the end of a junior table at lunch, the question

“ But why can't we wear shag too?”

must come as a death-dealing blow to any hopes of a new view of the world. The fact that the question is perennial is no reason for its dismissal. To members of Hall it is the external sign of their position, but to Monitors and Chiswickites with little time, it is the question to be avoided at all costs or dismissed with a quick answer. Because of this, it has become the question never answered because, it seems, there is no answer. This, however, is not true. Let us first examine the eager inquirer's argument. This will be divided into two parts, invariably stated in the wrong order. The first is that other houses allow their equivalents of members of Hall to wear shag, to which the usual reply is

“ Just look at other houses!”

This reply is not as unreasonable as it sounds, because comparisons between different institutions are notoriously dangerous. The second, and much worthier reason, is that to wear school uniform the whole time is uncomfortable; jackets are heavy with pens, papers and rulers; trousers are thick and floppy as well as being insufferably hot and sticky in warm weather. The whole outfit is not conducive to relaxed and natural behaviour. This much is true.

It is the first argument which gives a clue to the reasons for forbidding shag in Hall. It is the wish to be like others which shows itself here and would exert a tremendous pressure on members of Hall, because of their age and the lack of privacy there. New boys, arriving with little knowledge of how to wear non-school clothes, would be put in an inescapable position, where it mattered greatly to themselves and to others what they wore. There would be pleas to parents to buy the sort of clothes some other boy wears. This sort of anxious emulation is unhealthy and does not promote individuality. The age of the people concerned is of course only one of the factors which decide where the line should be drawn between those who are allowed to wear shag and those who are not. The other is the physical openness of Hall, which during the week is full of people from whom there is no escape. This state would only serve to increase the pressure of conformity and emulation, or distress at being left out. During the weekend, however, Hall is an expanse of bare, blue tables, torn papers and chilly boredom. This fits in most conveniently with the fact that the second argument for the wearing of shag has not been answered and indeed cannot be answered. Comfortable clothes at a time like the weekend, when the nature of the house is so radically changed, are not a necessity, but are a great help to anyone either working or playing. Experience has proved that greater freedom at the weekend is not the thin end of the wedge, nor would it be in this case.

## House News

### IN THE LENT TERM:

C. N. Foster was Head of House.

The Monitors were A. C. T. MacKeith, P. K. H. Maguire, P. G. Hollings and A. H. C. Vinter.

\* \* \* \* \*

M. E. Lonsdale was Head of Hall.

The Hall Monitors were A. B. S. Medawar, A. K. F. Monkman and A. H. T. Tizard.

\* \* \* \* \*

### VALETE:

A. D. R. Abdela, R. C. G. Boyd, D. Brand, G. B. Chichester, C. W. M. Garnett, C. H. Lawton, M. E. Notcutt and J. H. C. Proudfoot.

### SALVETE:

P. J. Ashford, R. A. E. Davis, C. B. Jenks, P. D. V. Mieville and A. G. Walker.

\* \* \* \* \*

### ELECTION TERM:

P. K. H. Maguire is Head of House.

The Monitors are P. G. Hollings, A. H. C. Vinter, P. D. Craze and J. D. R. Rose.

R. J. Green is Head of Chiswicks.

The Chiswickites are P. A. A. Dudgeon, S. R. Oldschool, A. H. Tizard, T. B. Williamson, C. W. Galloway, T. F. Hart, R. E. Jones and N. McI. Johnson.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Head of Hall is A. B. S. Medawar.

The Hall Monitors are J. P. Emerson, O. W. J. Griffith and R. L. Paniguan.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Fenton has left us temporarily to look after her father, meanwhile her post as Matron has been filled by Mrs. Quicke.

\* \* \* \* \*

The following colours have been awarded:

Athletics . . . . *Seniors* to R. G. H. Kemp, P. K. H. Maguire and A. B. S. Medawar.

*Juniors* to M. J. Abrahams, J. H. D. Cary, J. A. N. Davies and R. L. Paniguan.

Water . . . . *Pinks* to R. G. C. Horsley, J. M. K. Lamb, R. J. Shearly-Sanders  
and N. McI. Johnson.

Football . . . . *Thirds* to R. J. Green and P. G. Hollings.  
*Seniors* to R. G. H. Kemp and W. E. K. Macfarlane.  
*Juniors* to D. H. G. Lascelles.

Fives . . . . *Pinks* to P. K. H. Maguire.  
*Seniors* to R. G. H. Kemp, M. E. Lonsdale and R. L. Paniguian.

Shooting . . . . *Pink and Whites* to T. B. Williamson and N. McI. Johnson.

\* \* \* \* \*

VALETE:

C. N. Foster, N. Harling and A. C. T. MacKeith.

SALVETE:

C. H. Aggs, A. J. Aylmer and D. Mendes da Costa.

## House Diary

PRIDE, they say, comes before a fall, and so it was with the *Grantite*, which having proudly achieved its four score years fell under financial pressure; but only to rise once more, like the amphisbaena, out of the cold. This disaster, however, has had but small effect on the rest of the house, for we have since swept the board in Athletics, timed the Head of the River Race, died manfully on stage, and, albeit no more than a select and faithful few, accompanied the Housemaster to the summit of Ben Macdhui; other onerous tasks, too, have been undertaken, for example Bib. Mon. and the secretaryships of the Humboldt Society and the Chamberlain's Men.

The nether regions of the house have been gaily, and, though some have questioned the choice of blue and salmon pink with brown dots for the Japs, others still maintain, tastefully redecorated. This exemplifies no doubt, the great spirit of individualism and self-sufficiency which has also found expression in varied suggestions for a use for Grant's Yard. These include a House Vegetable Garden, but the proposal was spurned by extremists, who demanded a House Elephant, whose actual purpose we have so far been unable to ascertain. Indignant, the more conservative element in the house suggested, in the nicest possible way, that the Housemaster be gassed. Elephant-lovers everywhere, however, rallied at once to his defence and despite the fact that we have, as yet, no elephant we are still the proud possessors of a Housemaster, who pacified all factions by quietly placing a television set in Ferney on Cup Final Day.



The revolutionary spirit has nonetheless broken out irrepressibly in other directions, even insinuating itself into the stronghold of House Prayers, by taking the form of modern hymn tunes and snare drum accompaniment with which on occasion our ears have been assailed. A House Tutor, too, broke with nationalist tradition, and celebrated Ascension Day by accompanying a party of sixth-form francophiles to Paris and back. Whether this exploit had any connexion with the winner of the Derby is dubious, but undeterred the house saw the innovation of a sweepstake; wherein, it might be added, that revolutionary element once again maintained its superiority and originality by drawing blanks, leaving the actual horses to those who indulged in such conservatism. As a whole, however, the house still steers along that rough and ready course between revolution and conservatism, right and wrong.

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## **I'm Growing Accustomed To That Face**

**F**INALLY at midday the man in the blue uniform saluted as we all stepped out of the aeroplane. Between his right hand and flashing smile the words "Jersey Airlines" were legible on the shiny peaked cap.

"Passengers from Dinard this way for passport control please."

The right hand dropped as he examined the passenger list.

"All non-British subjects on the left just to help us get things done quicker."

Without a word ten of us lined up on the left. Further down the queue sat the passport official. He was small but the large passport control desk gave him an added stature. He seemed encouraged by this, for he flipped energetically through a passport, brandishing his little rubber stamp like a bank clerk poised about to count a pile of notes.

Then it was my turn—wearing cuban heels I was just taller when standing next to him. I noticed for the first time his neatly thick and greasy hair, the small, searching black eyes, the thin slit of a mouth, the sharp profile.

"Foreign, eh?"

He went through my blue passport without looking up to see if the photograph corresponded with reality.

"Voo paarlay fransay?"

"Yes. English if you prefer it."

"We know everything today, don't we? Going on holiday are we?"

He spoke quickly without emotion. The smell of grease was overpowering.

"No I've been on holiday in France—I live in London."

He pushed the chair away from the high desk.

“ Yes I remember you on the way out—you were the one who turned up late, caused us no end of trouble.”

“ I’m sorry about that.”

“ Hm.” He looked up at me, three slits in his face. “ Where’s your police registration pass?”

“ My what?”

“ Getting cheeky now are we? You know you can’t travel to and from England unless you’ve got one and you’re over . . . how old are you?”

“ Sixteen.”

“ There you are. I could have you arrested. I could write to the Home Office and get you deported, just like that.” He snapped his fingers, then sat down. I could now see his eyes again. “ But I won’t. Now listen to me: when you get back to London, go straight along to your local police station and get them to give you that registration pass. Make sure you do that. I’ll write and tell them that you are coming. If you don’t I’ll see that you’re on the next boat back to where you belong.

A few minutes later through the windows of the waiting lounge I saw a tearful girl with a Swiss flag sewn to her anorak being led to the waiting black maria.

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## Imago Image

FROM the nettle it crawled—  
the plush and downy from the plush and downy crawled,  
nurtured with the nettle-down,  
with the same green crinkled,  
and the bristles of it.  
But when I stroked the nettle-down, it stung me.

It moved with grace—  
I liked the leisurely, filling and flowing grace,  
moving (for the winter is coming)  
to the darkest corner,  
to the shelter of it.  
And I followed it, it seemed so purposeful.

And now it is winter,  
and the wind is skidding over it,  
for now hard, and sharp-cornered,  
thus the casing of it—  
and though, now, it lies thus,  
stock-still, and in darkness,

Soon spring crawls out,  
and then, red and gold brilliant,  
an imago crawls out,  
leaving a crumpled, empty shell split.  
A moment's running of it—  
then off, up high on wind-light flutterings.

This they tell me  
but I had scarcely sat down here to write of it,  
when a famished sparrow darts in,  
snow-choked,  
so close to me I could have licked it.  
Then the mashing of its beak on the brittle shell,  
urgently breaking the chrysalis.  
But, finding it empty,  
the sparrow left and thought no more of it.

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## War Trilogy

### 1. THE CITY

THE tones of silken sunset have long been blended and swamped by night, black and neutral. Night falls over the city and it begins to live, to wake up, like all cities do, to darkness. Lights come on; people move towards the lights. The night is warm, so many stay outside, walking, sitting in street cafés or looking out over the river, the harbour, the lit and dirty ships. But tonight is different. On the pavements there is no more raucous laughter, no more happy silence. A furious worried whispering has taken its place, hushed but firm arguments and much sorrow. Last drink, last talk, last love. Goodbye to friends, lovers, servants. Departure. A parting which is a city's death, an era's end, but no-one cares about eras. It is all happening now and not looked back upon. Yet nobody hurries, not now. The present is sad, and the future holds only the fire, fury and fear, which will destroy the city. Fire in the harbourland, death and fury around the soaring towers of the doomed cathedral, fear in the cellars and crowded, crouched confusion. No more carefree friendship, all is tense, restrictive militarism. Sirens wail, their heart pounding knell. The first blackout begins. Down there in the streets figures hurry for the shelters or into their own basements. War has come to the city.



## 2. PRO PATRIA

THAT winter we came down from the hills with the fire of hunger in our bellies and the flame of hate in our eyes. We got one of them, guarding a few arms, which we took away. It was messy, four cartridges of a twelve-bore and he cried for his mother, but we could not use some of the ammunition. It was messy. They had not told us much about this part at school. We got away easily that time and left the double-barrel behind. It was no good to us now we had S.L.Rs. and Uzzis. I had to teach a few how to use them, but most had been taught at school. They were all very keen and they bayoneted a pig on the way back. City fools! It turned out to be a pregnant sow. It was very messy but we were hungry.

They knew we were hiding in the woods and sent out a patrol. We knew they were coming and ambushed them, enfiladed from both sides. They may have been raw troops then, but now . . . Well I will not go into that. Even an old-fashioned .303 bullet can go through three people and a ricochet makes a much nastier wound, which makes me think of how we shot them among the impassive trees. They taught me that at school and perhaps now I do think schooldays are the happiest days of one's life.

Our group was coming on very well and before we almost broke through to make contact with another further south in the hills above the mines and factories, we can only have been a nuisance to them. But now, no longer hungry, we wanted to molest and harrass and break their nerve. We spotted two of their platoons, presumably on a three-day patrol of the moors, clearing the old lead mines with their long, secretive shafts and flues. We followed and watched them pitch camp, cook supper, post sentries as we lay once more hungry in the heather. I sent the Bren group south into the engraving dusk while the rest of us moved up towards the camp in the red glow of the west. Four hours after the glow had gone and their mouths had eaten, talked, yawned and were shut or rumbled by snores, our three-man hammering from the southern ditches began. They were caught as we ran through their positions and their bodies, caught when we re-formed and did it again. Not much mess. Perhaps seventy-five per cent in an exam at school I thought, until their tents caught fire, flickering beacons in the cold night. My men said that perhaps a signalman had escaped, so we had to move. Away to the north-west it would have to be, because surely they would send troops from their strongholds near the coast. The situation must have changed, for they came from the west, but we held them until we saw the tanks and the planes. Just a few, very light, full of fire and gushing death. We lay hard, horror-filled in the heather as they made their first run. And now we lie in the smouldering hell of heather, dying because they did not tell us about the planes and tanks—at school.

### 3. STONE CIRCLE

**I**MAGINE a day, windy but so full of air and movement that wind is something tangible, a fluid, living substance upon whose life each step, each movement of your arm intrudes. See a hill, covered in bracken, making it round and soft like an eiderdown and here and there, where some giant's foot has dented the bracken coverlet, heather sprouts from the rocky earth. Watch the clouds fly past, patterning the patterned earth from Lakeland hills to sea-crashed coast. In front this small fawn hill; behind the ground rises sharply, darkly, mutilated by time and in its shadow lies oppression. It is a brooding inactive hill which has never done more than watch its playful, sunlit companion.

Walk away into the sunlight, into the rushing shadows, into the buffeting roar of the wind! It is much better here, more enjoyable to crunch through bracken, over heather and feel action all round. The ground rises suddenly and drops. A ridge of earth stretches right, stretches left like a natural contour encircling the hill. And here is another with a gap, a gateway. Ramparts. A camp, a whole prehistoric camp with inner rings and outer rings and central circles for fires and huts. Down on the more open side above the plain, two outposts project beyond the wall. They offer little shelter now. Here upon this windswept hill a whole community of men and women lived untroubled. But the hand of modern man has carved his silly name upon their sacred stone. His Roman letters cut across the simple cup and ring, the pattern of the unfurled fern, the channels of a river. Strife. The present is struggling with the past.

It is becoming hard to stand on the summit. Impossible to walk against the wind, only with it. With the wind is running, is living, is exhilaration. A high voice sings in the wind. A woman's voice, very real is singing on this moor. It can't be now. No-one is here. She only ever sang like that once. Not now, then. A long time ago, when this little camp within sight of the bigger, higher one over there, was almost the last. It was that time when the other men came, in different clothes, with different voices and better weapons, always more efficient weapons. Retreat. Up to the high Simonside Hills. Cut off and surrounded down on the little hill in the wind and darkness. Wait and sing in the wind and the darkness till dawn.

## Twice Returned

Down among the dead men  
down among the drear  
i hear the horsemen calling  
calling soft and clear

cold and hard the rain falls  
soaking sand and stones  
driving driving backwards  
away from sighs and moans

onwards as i trespass  
forgetting life and times  
the world it closes round me  
freedom never chimes

white and black together  
all in misery  
wailing crying singing  
moving on back past me

nothing at the end man  
nothing halfway there  
nothing right behind man  
nothing anywhere

friendship makes no sense here  
man nor girl nor beast  
all are toiling blackly  
looking for the least

the second coming hard now  
light for one brief hour  
but no man has his fears  
for no man feels His power

again the passage lightens  
witches bats are flying  
brushing past the innocent  
in life did all the crying

the mean the bad the wicked man  
hes really mad with care  
he wont mind about the bright end  
about the end thats never there

that talk about religion  
amusing at the end  
it doesnt mean much in the passage-  
where each one has no friend [way

all is dark and black here  
not what one expects  
waiting by the river  
crossing to the next.

hope theres none of that here  
faith went long ago  
and flitting through the dead men  
is satan base and low

nothing at the end man  
nothing halfway there  
nothing right behind man  
nothing anywhere

## Private View

**F**ROM the train-window I see the squalor of life as I pass along on my journey. South London where I and many others spend the night, only to be pushed back to work in the morning. I must get out at the next station, but many will go further along the line into the country. We do not see the real country—there is only a deserted park nearby—but they do, but they also see the slums and squalor of life. They see the washing hanging on the line only to be blackened by the smoke and grime of the passing trains; the tumble-down sheds at the bottom of the gardens where only a few tufts of scruffy grass can grow.

When I look around, I see the men and women who work out their existence in the hum-drum monotony of an ordered life. They neither know nor want anything better. I cannot now return to the better life I once knew. Shall I seek oblivion? It would be so easy; put my head in the gas oven, swallow a few aspirins too many—anything. No one would pay much attention. People would continue to live in their usual way. Some might think it easy to follow me, though most have neither the ingenuity nor will-power to do so.

The monotonous beat of the wheels on the joints of the rails slows down. I must get out of the train. The man opposite me will get out too. He has sat opposite me for a year now. Is it really a year? It seems like an eternity. There he sits, round-shouldered, smoking a smelly, tooth-marked pipe, meticulously folding and re-folding his paper. First the sports page, then the cartoons; perhaps a glance at the headlines. He has never spoken to me, never nodded his head in recognition. I spoke to him once, but he just curled up behind his paper. We will walk “home” on opposite sides of the street—he to his house, I to mine.

This house is no home; just part of the squalor of life. Shall I go home to oblivion?

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## Gypsies

**T**HROUGHOUT the British Isles one frequently sees encampments of some kind of travellers, known collectively by the name of Gypsies. These encampments are usually strewn with rubbish, swarming with grimy children and presenting a picture of general disorder to the eye of the unsympathetic observer. In short, the Gypsy is a social outcast.

However, the word “Gypsy” is used to designate various groups of people whose origins differ widely. The true Gypsy is of Romany ancestry and proud of his race, which is one of the tribes which migrated across Asia Minor towards western Europe from India, and the Romany language is very close to Sanskrit. Gypsies first arrived in Britain in the early sixteenth century, and in those early days frequently gained the trust and respect of people in important positions.

The position of the Gypsy in society began to deteriorate when others who were not of Romany blood took to a similar nomadic life, and the two separate groups became confused in the minds of house-dwellers who knew nothing of the Romany race and traditions. These non-Gypsy travellers go by a variety of names of which the commonest is the somewhat derogatory title of "diddikor." It is these people that have earned the Gypsy his bad name, for it is they who live in squalor: the true Romany takes great pride in his horse and caravan, or, as is more and more the case nowadays, his car or lorry, for this is his form of investment and represents his capital, and is his means of carrying on his trade in rags or scrap metal.

There are approximately 20,000 Gypsies in Britain living a nomadic life. It is the men who want to keep to the road, although the women in general long for settled homes in which to bring up their children. Both men and women would like permanent camping sites, such as are provided by a few local councils, as for example Ashford Rural District Council and Eton and Slough Rural District Council, but it is more often the case that local authorities object to their presence and move them on from one site to another, which usually results in their setting up camp on the verges of the main roads, which are outside the jurisdiction of the local district council.

This perpetual uprooting means that regular attendance at school is impossible for the children, and that the adults have no chance of regular employment. Under the Education Act of 1944, all children must attend school, but no real effort has been made to ensure that the Gypsies comply with this, except on the part of a small number of local authorities who have in their schools a number of Gypsy children whose parents are settled in permanent camping sites. On the whole, Gypsy children are of fairly high intelligence, except for those who are mentally sub-normal as the outcome of inbreeding. It takes them a little while to settle to the discipline and routine of school life, but they apply themselves with alacrity to all practical subjects, and show a consistent aptitude for arithmetic. It is essential for the future of the Gypsies in Britain that the coming generations should be literate, for it is the adults' illiteracy that, according to the Minister of Labour, is one of the chief obstacles that prevents the men from becoming long-distance lorry drivers—the one job they set their hearts on, as it gives them the chance to indulge in their two great passions, travelling and motor-engines—but despite their skill in handling lorries, they cannot cope with delivery notes and road signs.

Throughout their history, the Gypsies have been a persecuted race, and, indeed, during the second World War, the treatment they received at the hands of the Nazis was exactly comparable to that meted out to the Jews. Now, however, they are no longer being ignored, and greater efforts are being made to integrate them into society, although these constructive efforts are by no means widespread at present, and it will be many years before the Gypsy ceases to be a problem.

## Angling

THE winter cool at last has left the stream.  
The heat, flies, dry rustling of summer grass  
Are not yet here. With foam like curded cream  
Eddying round ankles, only to pass  
Into oblivion (the roaring weir),  
The angler casts with a glittering fly,  
Red shaft, with silvery stripe. From a deer  
Three gold-red tufts he chose, to try  
And rouse a weighty trout. A strike! With flash  
Of gaudy scales, white snapping teeth, out leaps  
A fish of massive girth, to fall with splash  
Of futile strain. Out screams the line. In deeps  
Where jagged rocks foul line, the fish attempts  
Escape, in vain. At last, with struggles weak,  
The Angler lands his catch. Now dead, with rents  
By dying passion gouged in flesh, a streak  
Of gore on silvery scales begs sympathy.  
Triumph or defeat?

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## Sommars Dröm

FRANZ Detlof, all were there,  
Doro and a mind so fair,  
Sitting there, gently thinking,  
Watching it now, slowly sinking,  
Scheming blindly,  
Dreaming kindly,  
“Purge, scourge, cleanse the earth,  
And give them back their rights.”

Franz stood up, had to go,  
Doro wondered, had to know.  
Together there in murky glade,  
Watching sunset slowly fade,  
Sanely moping,  
Vainly hoping,  
Purge, scourge, cleanse the earth,  
And give them back their rights.

Detlof there, now alone,  
Now carefree with tree and stone,  
Lying back closed his eyes,  
Felt amazement, less surprise,  
Sighing gladly,  
Crying sadly,  
“ Purge, scourge, cleanse the earth,  
And give me back my friends.”

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## **C.N.D. Easter March—A Survey**

*Richard Woolrych was one of those from Independent Peace Research Centre, Lancaster, who took part in the survey by interviewing the marchers.*

THE times and people's attitudes have changed much since the “Ban the Bomb” slogan was sufficient to make C.N.D. a mass movement. Its present state is partly a result of amorphous organization and internal conflict. Certainly at the moment its leadership (i.e. Olive Gibbs) is hardly impressive, but deeper than that is the fact that the political climate has changed.

People nonchalantly condone the Americans bombing North Vietnam and the use of napalm on the vague assumption that the present policy is right and inevitable. Earthquakes, famines, wars receive far less publicity than a smashed up telephone kiosk in Brighton. Will people be as apathetic and unresponsive if strategic nuclear weapons are used in a conflict? Is the deterrent theory an absolute political determinant? What will happen if the balance of power changes and the world becomes even more unstable? Of the 154 marchers questioned 74 per cent. believed nuclear war would be most likely to break out by extension of a limited conflict as opposed to 17 per cent. who thought it would be by accident.

It has been suggested that C.N.D. presented people with the horrifying facts about nuclear war and the myth of the nuclear deterrent. At one time it probably represented the majority, but it has yet to be proved in the long run that any of this has had a positive effect on people. When presented with facts or beliefs that threaten an individual's security or the acceptance of which is disquieting, his responses and reactions will be for the most part inadaptive. It is well known that most forms of life do not adapt easily or quickly. Consequently, put on the defensive the individual may suggest some illusory alternative. He may, however, reject what you tell him and be aggressive or he may retaliate with some form of dogma. Rarely will he be constructive.



The survey of the Peace Research Centre, Lancaster was designed to discover people's foreign policy opinions and their attitude to peace. It was taken on a random sample of the C.N.D. marchers on Easter Sunday. Much preparation went into it, based on the most modern sociological methods, though most of those helping were students from Lancaster and Leeds. It was in fact the first scientific survey to be taken on a moving column. Though each interview took at least half an hour it was successfully completed. Despite a last minute bureaucratic brawl which diverted the march and various unpropitious factors we managed to interview 86 per cent. of those marked.

As might be expected there was a strong anti-war feeling: 72 per cent. would refuse to do any armed service, though 21 per cent. would serve in an international force under the U.N. These and other questions suggested a level of commitment and questioning not found in the vague opportunist policies that acceptance of the deterrent promotes. If faced with occupation or defence with atomic weapons, only 3 per cent. preferred their use and 84 per cent. said they would prefer occupation. Also 90 per cent. believed we should pledge ourselves never to use bacteriological or chemical weapons which again shows use of moral criteria.

When it came to religion, however, only 10 per cent. believed and practised. A further 12 per cent. believed but did not practise, 59 per cent. neither believed nor practised, 19 per cent. of whom were opposed to all forms of religion. Two thirds of them had doubts about the value of marches. These doubts included disunity, ineffectiveness, misrepresentation and lack of influence. Though all were not of voting age (average age of marchers 24, most common age 19), 18 per cent. would refuse to vote, 55 per cent. would vote Labour, 16 per cent. would vote Communist but only 6 per cent. for the Liberals. This seems to suggest disenchantment with Labour policy in Vietnam in particular, despite the fact that only 7 per cent. mentioned this as their reason for marching. Only 12 per cent. were affiliated to any communist organization, whereas 65 per cent. were actual C.N.D. members. Other most popular affiliations were Anti-Apartheid and the Labour party. 98 per cent. would or have already marched against the American policy in Vietnam, 99 per cent. against nuclear bomb tests, 96 per cent. against South African Apartheid policy and 90 per cent. against N.A.T.O.

All in all the survey was very interesting, though hard work. In the meantime we will be finding out more about C.N.D.'s future policy at their conference in July. The results of the survey are still being analysed at the Oslo Peace Institute and at the Danish Peace Research Institute in connection with a similar survey carried out on the West German Easter march.

## SPORTS NEWS

### Athletics

THE house could hardly have had a more successful season, for every cup, except the two long distance team cups, eventually arrived on top of the lockers in Hall. Credit for this, however, must go mainly to a few individuals; especially Nick Harling who won four senior events and the George Bye Henderson cup for the outstanding athlete of the year. His triumphs included the Mile, 440, 880 and the long distance race, in which he broke the record, also finishing a good second in the 220. Medawar too did very well to win the Javelin, Shot and Discus. These two, backed by Green, Foster and Kemp, were the main athletes in Grant's Inter-House cup success. In the Colt's and Under-14 sections the house was not so dominant, Lascelles winning the Weight and Davies doing well in the Under-14 sprints.

Grant's won the Standard's cup, reputedly by a small fraction of a point. Here credit must go to the whole house, but specially to Paniguan, who amassed 21 points out of a possible total of 24 in the Under-16 section.

On the last Monday of term, Harling ending his term as Head of House Athletics in great style, was paramount in the House relay teams and the cup was won back from Liddell's. We were helped in this by our earlier victory in the Bringsty relay.

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### Football

UNFORTUNATELY an untimely lapse of form against Ashburnham cost us the cup. Before this match we were certain favourites. Under the captaincy of N. Harling we won all our matches except two. We started with a shaky victory over Rigaud's of 1—0, and were then lucky to beat Busby's 2—1 with goals by Kemp. This was followed by an easy win over College 4—1 (Kemp 2, Lascelles and Green), before our severe test against Liddell's, the favourites. Until five minutes from the end they led 1—0, when a hotly disputed goal by Kemp levelled the score. Liddell's claim, probably rightly, that Kemp was off-side. We then lost 2—1 to Ashburnham, after a good game; Smitham, P., was our scorer. Our last match was the most successful, when we beat Wren's 5—0 (Lascelles 2, Smitham P., 2 and Kemp).

Considering our lack of full-time 1st XI players we did very well. Our outstanding players were Craze in goal, Harling and Hollings in the half-back line and Kemp and Green among the forwards. The whole team, however, deserves much credit, especially Hornsby, Lascelles and Smitham.

The Juniors on the other hand did not fare so well. Abrahams was the most active player, but it was unfortunate that Harling, S., was unable to play, having injured his knee playing for the Seniors.

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## Fives

IN the school fives competition, Grants possessed a formidable team in the senior division in C. N. Foster and P. K. H. Maguire, the school's 1st pair, and R. C. H. Kemp and M. E. Lonsdale, two very promising young players. These two pairs, having reached the final, fought a long hard battle (12—14, 14—12, 12—9, 9—12, 12—3) in which our second string surprisingly beat our first, for which they must be congratulated. This brings the cup back to Grants for the second year running, and with Lonsdale and Kemp still here next year this is where it should remain.

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## Water

A GAIN this year there are four Grantites in the first VIII, R. Shearly-Sanders and R. G. C. Horsley who row bow and two respectively, N. McI. Johnson, the head of house water, who rows six and J. M. K. Lamb, who is cox. In the "Cadet" crew, a mixture of Colt and Senior watermen, there are three Grantites, R. E. Jones, the secretary of the boat club, A. H. K. Postan and W. M. Holmsten. We also have two watermen in both the third and Colt's VIIIs. However, apart from those people rowing in the first and "Cadet" VIIIs the general standard of Grant's water is low especially amongst the few Junior Colts in the house, who to say the least are apathetic. This is counteracted by the enthusiasm of this term's Novices, a few of whom show considerable ability and aptitude as far as propelling a boat is concerned.

Grant's superiority in water over the other houses would appear to be at an end. In the last three years we have won the Halahan cup outright twice, and we drew last year with Rigaud's. This year again it will be a three-cornered affair between Grant's, Rigaud's and Ashburnham. The Senior and Junior-Senior fours should be retained, and the Double Sculls should be within the capabilities of R. Shearly-Sanders and R. G. C. Horsley. The Junior-Senior sculls ought to be won by T. B. Williamson who was a finalist two years ago. We are however weak in the Senior sculls and all Junior events, but the novices should put up a good fight in the Novice sculls, which we could win. This year if Grant's wins the Halahan it will have been the house which wins and not a few notable individuals as in previous years.

## Skiing

THE spring afternoon was hot at Victoria,  
We gathered, waited, pile of luggage growing.  
Greetings were cheerful; countings; all here.  
We ambled, cheerful, up the platform, going,  
To Switzerland.

We've never been there before  
We've none of us skied before  
But the sight of the mountains  
As they stand aloof, craggy, dazzling white in the sun  
Sets us all counting  
The minutes and miles till we arrive and forget Sir Henry Lunn.

Eager early breakfast, then down to the nursery slopes.  
We'll all be experts without the instruction.  
In a few days anyway.  
(Meanwhile one has broken an ankle,  
Trying to do too much without the instruction  
We're getting today.)

We're learning fast.  
Or we will do, we're sure.  
It's always the first  
Few days that are poor.  
Besides, it's better to be cautions.  
(You know another ankle's bust,  
And a master's in bandages  
With a gash below his knee.)

Soon we go up the mountain,  
(There's more room to be cautious.)  
If we go slowly, we'll be  
Safe. Carefully, gently we must  
Go. Oh! Cries in different languages,  
He lies on the snow, broken in pain.

But soon he's hustling down the mountain side  
Safe, with a badly mangled leg; a ride  
In the blood-wagon, painfully rushing  
To the Krankenhaus, where he must stay  
Three weeks. Never mind, we're pushing  
On. Caution, and no more accidents today.

(For the one just approaching is almost a fake,  
Just ripped up his ligaments, not a real break.)

And although I can't really walk  
My leg's not half so bad  
It's just that I can't twist it,  
Or ski on it,  
Or anything.

Caution, he cried, as he swooped down the snow-face;  
Slowly, he yelled, as he raced down the slope.  
Follow me gently (but don't look behind you)  
If your position's O.K. there's still hope.

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My position's O.K.  
I sit down all day,  
Writing and reading  
And hoping.

## Old Grantite Club

THE annual dinner of the Old Grantite Club was held in the King Charles Suite on Friday, 28th May. In the unavoidable absence of the President, Lord Adrian, who was receiving an Honorary Degree at Stockholm, the chair was taken by Mr. L. E. Tanner, the Senior Past President. He welcomed as guests of the club the Housemaster, two House Tutors and the Head of House. In responding to the toast of "Grants," the Housemaster gave an account of the previous year and said how pleased he was to hear that at the Annual General Meeting in November the Executive Committee were proposing that Mr. Tanner should be invited back into the chair for one year as a special mark of the club's appreciation.

The following members of the club were present:—Mr. P. Bevan, Mr. N. P. Andrews, Mr. E. R. D. French, Mr. F. R. Oliver, Mr. C. M. Cahn, Mr. A. Adler, Mr. J. Levison, Mr. J. W. Winckworth, Mr. N. Mackintosh, Mr. B. E. G. Davies, Mr. J. B. Hart, Mr. R. P. Adler, Mr. A. R. Hadden, Mr. R. O. I. Borradaile, Mr. A. S. H. Kemp, Mr. V. E. H. Hallet, Mr. M. Patterson, Mr. L. Wilson, Mr. J. B. Levison, Mr. P. N. Ray, Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee, Mr. G. J. H. Williams, Mr. I. Bowley, Mr. J. W. P. Bradley, Mr. B. A. Clarke, Mr. G. S. Clarke, Mr. F. D. Hornsby, Mr. K. J. M. Kemp, Mr. J. C. Overstall, Mr. J. S. Woodford, Mr. N. M. W. Anderson, Mr. J. D. Noakes, Mr. J. A. B. Heard, Mr. A. Stranger-Janes, and Mr. H. Clark.