



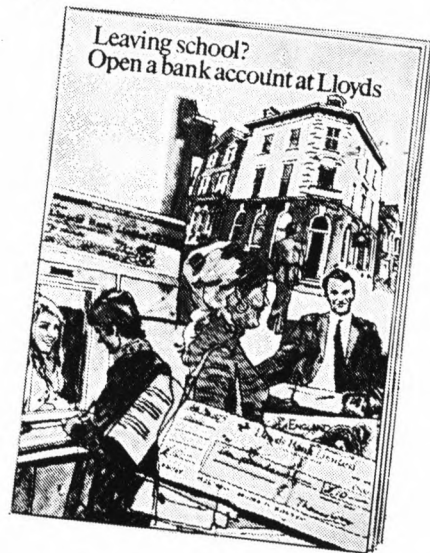
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# the grantite review

ELECTION TERM, 1974

*Editor: Roger Oliver*

*Assistant Editor: Anthony Everington*

*Advertising Manager: Keith Lipert*

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*Photographs by Mrs. Fenton and Martin Parnwell*

*Once again we thank the Old Grantite Club for its generosity in helping to pay for the magazine*

## house diary

THE most obvious change in the last year has been the attempt to brighten up Grant's. Any casual visitor could not but be impressed by the originality of the new colour schemes devised by the high command. The most unmistakable signs of this transformation are the painting of the Downstairs Japs (now known as Mangoland), Top Floor studies corridor and the Housemaster's new bicycle. Plans are afoot to paint the bottom corridor as well.

Once again a House tutor has left Grant's. Mr. Scott, a sharp shooting mathematician from Australia, returned home after a one year visit to this country. He will be followed out there by fellow house tutor, Mr. Michael Brown, who will teach there for a year. We wish Mr. Brown the best of luck with his athletics in Australia. Mr. Hugill is the new house tutor. He was formerly Headmaster of Preston Grammar School and Whitgift.

It was a successful year in the Oxbridge exams with all eight candidates from Grant's getting places. In fact three of them won awards of one kind or another. Even the 'O' level results were exceptionally good. However one should not conclude from this that Grantites are any more hard working than before. In many cases the opposite is true.

No fires or floods this year but the oil shortage caused a "minor crisis" at the end of the Play Term. It seemed for a short time as if The House would have to do without hot water but crisis was averted in the nick of time by a delivery of oil.

"Romanoff and Juliet" was the house play (reviewed elsewhere in this issue) which was performed in the lecture room at the end of the Lent Term. Since the "Youth and Music" scheme was introduced in the school more people have been going to concerts, and in the last few months a large number of people have been attracted to the various house expeditions. But all these activities have not changed the life-style in the house. Life just trundles on as if the outside world did not exist.

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## house news

ELECTION TERM, 1973:

Departures! Julian Bell, Peter Lennon, Edward Wates.

PLAY TERM:

Andrew Wilson was Head of House.

Antony Macwhinnie was Head of Hall.

Robin Griffith-Jones and Tim Gardam were appointed school monitors.

The Dormitory Monitors were: Simon Tenison, Peter Everington, Robert Lupton.

The Monitors were: David Bernstein, Tim Gardam, Robin Griffith-Jones, Anthony Hammerson, Andy Orgill.

Arrivals! E. C. W. Adams, N. J. Barrett, J. S. Berman, C. A. Cranleigh-Swash, R. J. P. Howard, A. M. Marris, G. J. J. Rackham.

Departures! David Bernstein, Tim Cawston, Tim Gardam, Robin Griffith-Jones, Anthony Hammerson, Antony Macwhinnie, Simon Williams, Andrew Wilson.

#### LENT TERM, 1974:

Andrew Orgill was Head of House.

Timothy Woods was Head of Hall.

Andrew Orgill and Timothy Woods were School Monitors.

The Monitors were: Dominic Grieve, Greg Keynes, Simon Killwick, Roger Oliver, Tim Williams.

The Dormitory Monitors were: Tim Barrett, Tim Gardom, Simon Tenison.

Arrivals! W. J. M. Carr, B. L. Cooper, C. D. Croft, C. J. Harrison, D. M. D. Street.

Departures! Philip Hatton, Andrew Orgill, Tom Robertson.

#### ELECTION TERM:

New Monitors were: Robert Crawford, David Selby Johnston.

Arrival! V. W. Lavenstein.

The following colours have been awarded:—

Water .. Tim Williams, Captain of Water.

*Half Pinks*—James Morrison

*Colts*—Peter Rolt.

*House Seniors*—Tim Williams.

Football .. *Colts*—Paul Shinnie, Chris Tiratsoo.

Athletics .. *House Seniors*—Charles Taylor.

*House Juniors*—Eddie Adams, Tommy Cooper, Tim Brow.

Cricket .. *Colts*—Matthew Fforde.

Judo .. *Half Pinks*—Chris Quayle.

Fencing .. Flint is secretary and Head of House Fencing.

*Half Pinks*—Johnathan Flint and Tim Gardom.

*Colt*:—Tim Barrett.

Squash .. Anthony Everington, Captain of Squash.

*Pinks*—Anthony Everington.

Swimming .. *House Seniors*—John Bevan.

Golf .. *Thirds*—Chris Hunt.



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### the old man

THERE he sits,  
Huddled on the bench,  
His tattered coat drawn up around his neck,  
As he peers out on to the cold desolate dawn.  
The leaves swirl about his feet,  
Whisking about his boots as they hurry by.  
No-one to look to,  
All his friends and relations gone,  
Nothing but memories of better times.  
The pale sun peeps over the smokey chimneys,  
A faint ray of hope.

J. BERMAN.

## **time for a cuppa — a tribute to all those who died at the battle of agincourt**

**T**HINKING back over my experiences in the last war, there's one incident that comes to me particularly vividly. It was the summer of '44; I'd just left my old mate Sergeant Catt lying dead in a ditch, and I was wandering along a deserted country road, admiring the greenery and listening to the birdies, when who should come along but an old man dressed in a dirty Land-Rover. He sidled up to me and said in a querulous voice: "Achtung! Himmel! Britischer!"

"No," I replied casually, as if I had barely understood what he meant. And, in point of fact, I hadn't understood what he meant at all. After that, we started talking about various things, such as opinion polls, the Eastern Question, etc. My new acquaintance could speak eight languages fluently, including Italian and Portuguese.

"What do you do for a living?" I asked, on impulse, so to speak.

"Och aye!" he replied (for he was Scottish), "I'm Prime Minister."

"Rubbish," I said, not wishing to tolerate any nonsense. "You can't be Churchill is."

"Don't be so impertinent, man. What do you know of who is Prime Minister of our great and glorious mother country?"

"A lot more than you, so it would seem."

"I think you're an inconsequential little tyke who should be put in his proper place. Going around pretending to be God, as if you owned the place. Look! You haven't got any socks on!"

To start with, I had been only mildly surprised at his strange behaviour, but I was dashed if he was going to get away with insulting me like that. Quick as a flash, I had pulled out my Very pistol.

"All right," I said coolly, "Let's stop the silly fun and games, shall we? Are you or are you not Prime Minister of Great Britain and the Western Isles at this moment in time, and if so, what are you doing walking along a deserted country road in blood-torn Germany, clad in the eccentric garb of a Chelsea Pensioner?"

"I am Winston Spencer Churchill, in person. And if you dare insult me again, I shall recite "The Charge of the Light Brigade," by Alf, of the same name as the famous manager of Ipswich and England football teams."

"You're a loony. There's no doubt about that."

And there wasn't any doubt, was there? It should have been fairly obvious from the line when he says, "Och aye, I'm Prime Minister."

Now, all these years later, sitting here as I am in my two-tier retractable easy-chair, listening to "Slade Alive" on the grammy-whammy, while watching George Sewell starring in "Special Branch" on T.V., and chewing a Rowntree's Jelly Tot in my mouth, I hardly know what to think. The outcome of the whole thing remains a mystery, 'cos the next thing I remember was waking up in a hospital in Brasilia next to a portrait of the national football team (great footballers, these Brazilians), and after that, it's all history. If anyone doesn't believe me—i.e. thinks I'm making it all up, they can quite easily go and check at the Public Records Office, 4 Finchley Terrace.



## an interview with dr. lawrence tanner

ONE day in May the editors went along to see Dr. Lawrence Tanner who has lived most of his life in the vicinity of the school. Dr. Tanner's father was housemaster of Grant's and he was up Grant's from 1900-09. He was made Head of House in his last year and after his time in Cambridge became master of the history sixth and remove. Twelve years later he was offered the post of librarian and keeper of the Abbey Muniments. Although now in retirement he still takes great interest in the school and the Abbey which, in the case of the latter, he is well able to do as Librarian Emeritus. After giving us tea Dr. Tanner talked to us about his time up Grant's.

I was born up-fields for my father had a small house in Vincent Square but within a month of my birth he was offered the housemastership of Grant's. Grant's was then a very different place to what it is now. It had altered very little since the days of Mother Grant whose family had been the Dames in charge of the house for nearly 100 years. They first came to the school in the middle of the eighteenth century but moved to Grant's around 1770, and I know of no other case where the name of a house has remained the same for so long.

At the back of the house there were three rooms known as Chiswicks, and they joined on to the Hall, which stretched almost to the door into College Street. There were no buildings at the end of the yard in those days, and the yard itself was very much bigger. The outer Chiswick was the first you came into when you left Hall, and then you proceeded in due course to middle and finally to inner Chiswick, which was reserved for the Head of House and the monitors. There was the big dormitory which stretched right across the house and which I think has now been subdivided. There was also a six bedder, which is now called Chiswicks, and a small room where the new boys slept, immediately on the right at the top of the stairs. Higher up there were two more rooms as well as the sick room. Where the Grant's lived in their day I can't imagine because our part of the house, that is to say the housemaster's part, on the first floor, had names in nails of past Grantites in the floorboards indicating that these rooms were used by the boys.

Life up Grant's was, I think, considerably harder than it is today. We had early preparation at 7 a.m. in the summer, and 7.15 in the winter. When we eventually went to bed (small boys at nine, big boys at ten), the only light we had was a small brass candlestick with a tiny little wax candle in it which was called a "tolly." They lasted exactly half an hour and if you were not in bed by the time they went out, you had to go to bed in the dark. There was no electric lighting—my father put that in gradually. He managed to install a few modern conveniences such as a couple of bathrooms. Otherwise each Grantite had a small hip-bath of cold water which was placed at the end of his bed.

I fancy that the head of house these days is not quite such an important person as he was in my day. My father always chose the head of house and the monitors





with great care, and left practically the whole internal discipline of the house in their hands. The monitors and the head of house had considerable powers, although the housemaster was always in the background. It would hardly be believed that when I was head of house I had no fewer than five fags. One was supposed to clean my table, one took my shoes down to be cleaned, one brought my books down from school at the end of latin prayers (we were too great to carry our own books) and one made toast for me which was usually black and entirely uneatable. What the fifth one did I have no notion, but I have no doubt that he felt he was being very hardly used.

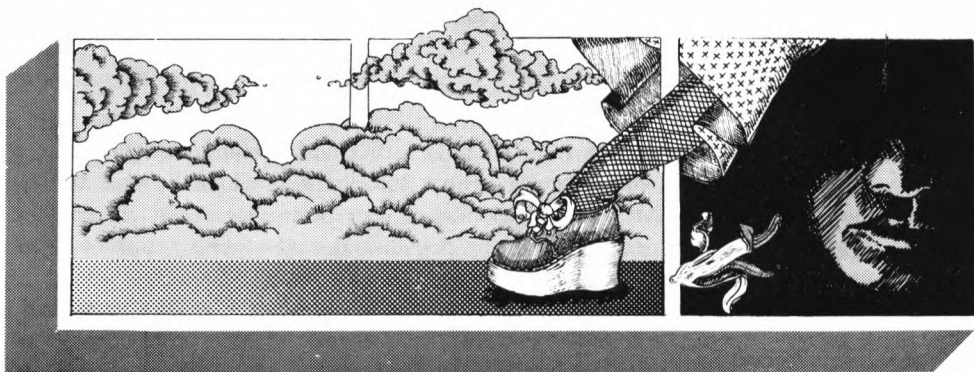
We had luncheon in Hall, then we had a sort of high tea at 6.30 and preparation followed at which a monitor presided. At nine o'clock we had prayers. After this, if the head of house shouted "hall," the fag had to go to the head of house and find out who was wanted for a possibly beating. The boy was given every chance of excusing himself, but all the precautions which were made to ensure that he was justly treated added to the general horror of the proceedings. If you had done anything wrong earlier in the day, or even the night before, you had the whole day to think of the likelihood of you being "had up" or not, for the execution took place at nine in the evening.

On the whole we were very well fed. My father had a small cottage at Oxted in Surrey, which had a very large vegetable garden from which he was able to feed the whole house. My father was always very particular about carving the joint himself. He could not bear that any boy should have a great chunk of meat. Beer was always provided for those who wanted it for lunch. Breakfast was quite simple—just ordinary eggs and bacon. In the evening at high tea, the Chiswickites took it in turn to supplement the rather meagre food by providing eggs or something. The phrase was "whose sport is it tonight." Even a rabbit was shot and provided by one Grantite.

The whole establishment consisted of the matron, Mrs. Thresher, "tic" as we knew her, who might well have been the last of the Dames. She was a most kindly person as long as we did not go to her on the day the washing came back. Then we had a manservant, a page, a dormitory maid, a cook and various housemaids. I suppose there were 8 or 9 servants one way or another. As boys we did none of the washing up or such like duties, they were all done by the manservant or the page boy.

The housemaster was in supreme command and one took all one's difficulties to him when one was head of house. He kept his hand very much on the helm although he allowed one to believe that one was doing it all by oneself. One must remember that there were far fewer people to look after in those days because the whole house numbered about fifty. The entire school in those days was only about two hundred and fifty boys, and there were only five houses: College, Grant's, Rigauds, Ashburnham and Home boarders.

I am delighted to hear that the Grantite is still flourishing. Indeed, I was once editor, because it had been part of my duties as head of house, so I know all the difficulties of editing that great magazine. But I must always regard it with affection, for it was the first place I saw my name in print. That was a very wonderful moment although the article I laboriously wrote was extremely dull. I am inclined to think that the Grantite must be one of the oldest house magazines in any public school for it is nearly 100 years old. I must say in my day it was a dull publication; there were very long accounts of past house matches and literary societies, who took what parts and so on. However it still embodies the history of the House and gives great pleasure to many old Grantites like myself."



## the sad tale of johnny b.: a cautionary tale

NOW Johnny was a foolish lad,  
A made-up mind he never had,  
He moaned and groaned and thought all day  
About his work and lack of pay.  
His brother Nic did much despair—  
“Just look at John with all his hair!  
For if he does not get it cut  
He will not pass with “why?” or “But . . .”  
His driving-test that comes so soon  
Nor his interviews in June!”  
But Johnny with his youthful stance  
Thought nothing of this song and dance  
And told his brother rudely so  
“Why should I my locks forego  
When all around are growing theirs  
And deal not in stocks and shares?”  
“Ah! There’s the Point!” said Nic with speed  
“The very crux of it indeed!  
For in this world where wealth abides  
Fivers have short, back and sides  
So to this style you must conform  
Or be a deviant from the norm.”  
But John’s good-will was not obtained  
So shoulder-length his hair remained  
And this is where his downfall starts  
Which I shall relate—in parts.

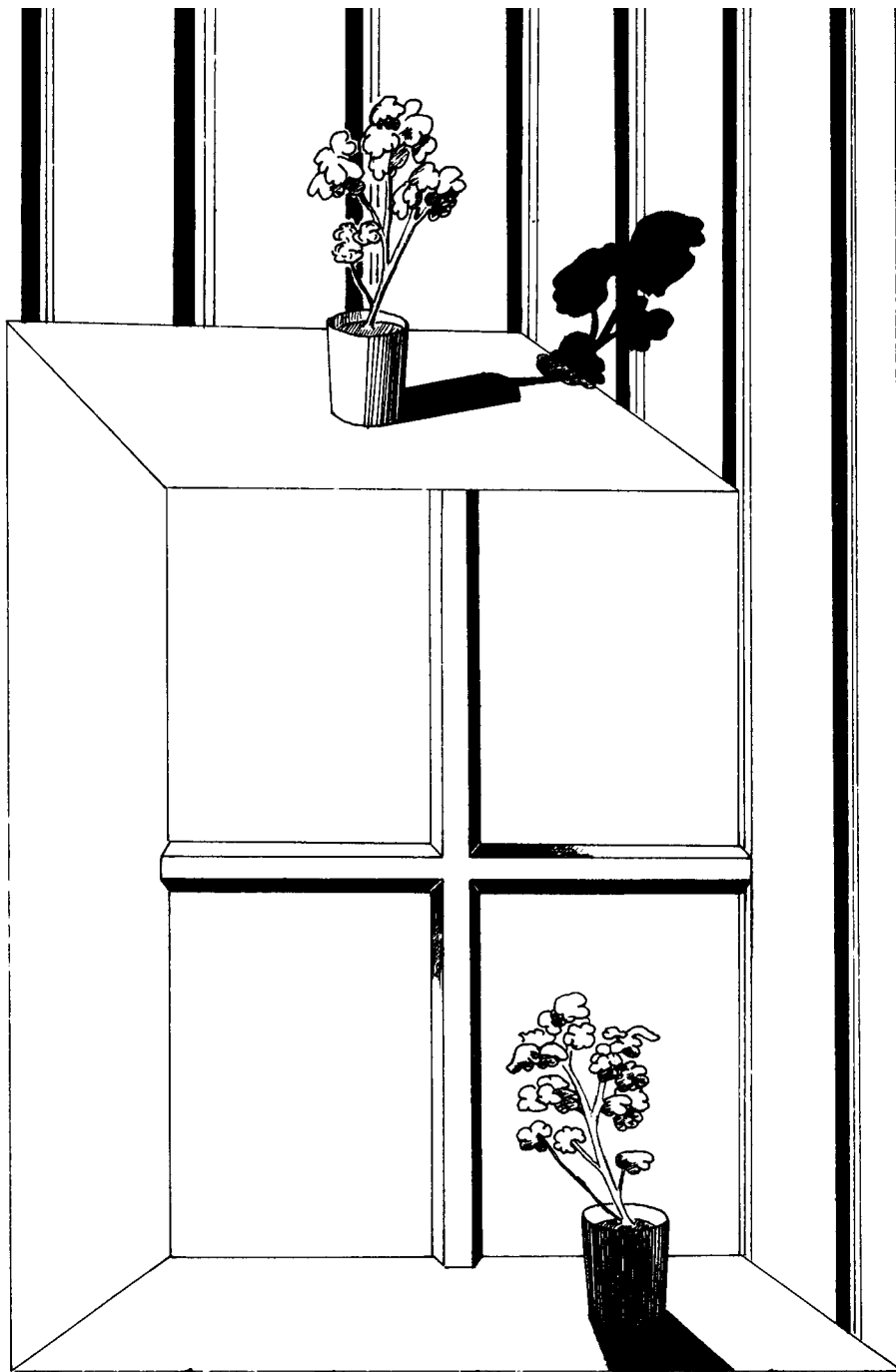
### Part 1: The arrival of social pressure.

Now when the sun shone one fine day  
And Johnny sat amused at play  
A lad arrived whose name was Pete  
(He came from up the village street!)  
His motor-bike was such a sight  
That Johnny cried out in delight  
“I must have one just like that!  
So with my mother I must chat.”  
Now Johnny’s mother was amazed  
That little John should be so crazed;  
She sat bolt upright in her bed  
And very firmly shook her head.  
The infant boy was not put off  
But at Mama did loudly scoff.  
“My great unsatisfied aggression  
Results from childhood suppression!”  
But Mother was not taken in—  
She asked forgiveness for his sin  
That he might learn in later years  
Not to cause such frightful fears.

So Johnny never got his toy,  
For care was taken that the boy  
Had not the capital to spend  
On toys that break and never mend.  
But thus frustrated, none the less,  
John by Pete was much impressed,  
And Pete brought influence to bear  
One little Johnny unaware.  
For Pete toiled not at public school,  
But lived his life without a rule,  
And this to Johnny seemed just fine—  
Blow the ruler, blow the line.  
So Johnny toiled less and less  
To become a big success.  
It seemed that ‘levels’ he would fail  
If Mum and Nic banged not the nail  
So bang and bang and bang they did  
And hearily blew off Johnny’s lid.  
So he, feeling like a mouse  
Crept off to brother David’s house  
To shelter from the stormy blast—  
It seemed that peace would come at last!  
But Dave, a vaguely conscientious man  
Would gently nag him, and began  
To take the view that John had heard  
So often when he had first erred.  
So to the cottage in vexation  
Went John for peace and relaxation.

### Part 2: The cottage.

Now John began to feel at home  
And in the garden he would roam  
Examining the wondrous plants,  
Ignoring all the “don’ts” and “can’ts”  
Many phone-calls he received  
But Nic and Mum were not believed—  
Why should he go back to school?  
He was obstinate and very cool.  
“It is June” cried Nic and Mum  
“So up to London you must come.  
To take your big exams and pass  
Instead of sitting on your donkey.”  
But Johnny B. was past all reason  
Happy in the summer season.  
Dave made not a dance or song  
Although he said that John was wrong.  
And all-night fishing they went together  
Not to miss such lovely weather.



But when the nasty winter came,  
 Nic and Mum were not to blame.  
 But the wind blew hard, and draughts were  
 bold,  
 And John began to feel the cold  
 So on went fire and stove and lamp  
 And all on full to stop the damp—  
 John did not think when it was icy  
 That such commodities were pricey  
 So by and by a note arrived  
 To say that he would be deprived  
 Of all these things—to his dismay—  
 If he failed to find the means to pay!  
 He talked to Mum he talked to Nic  
 But they replied extremely quick  
 “If you will not take advice  
 You will have to pay the price;  
 So get a job and make a start  
 To mend your mother’s broken heart.”  
 So to a farmer John did speak  
 And got a job paid by the week.  
 He went to see his Mum on Sundays  
 But it was back to work on Mondays!  
 “Back to nature every day!”  
 His little intellect would say.  
 But John grew bored and very tired  
 And one cold night damn-near expired.  
 He then began to see solutions  
 In industrial revolutions.  
 When nature’s cycle turned to summer  
 John saw that he had been a bummer  
 All his family ties were broken—  
 To brother Nic he’d hardly spoken—  
 And thus it was he felt ashamed  
 Of what he’d done to those he’d blamed.  
 This guilt he had got worse and worse  
 Until to live became a curse,  
 So first of all he took to gin  
 And then to smoke did John begin—  
 Such a fate on John did fall  
 That it will truly you appall!

### Part 3: John’s fate.

By now a little time had passed  
 And John thought fit to cut the grass  
 In his garden experimental  
 (Though to his health ’twas detrimental!)  
 A nice big bundle John did score—  
 He left the cutting by the door  
 But oh! how foolish to leave such plants  
 Open to every sideward glance!  
 Now P.C. Poop, the local bobby  
 Had noticed Johnny’s gardening hobby,  
 And being himself a planting man  
 Had hit upon a kindly plan—  
 To go to Johnny’s house and ask  
 If he could help him with his task.  
 So when John saw him at the gate  
 He was almost certain of his fate  
 But when old Poopy saw his hair  
 He hurried off—he said “Beware!”—  
 And dropped his former goodly plan  
 Of being a kindly gentleman.  
 John thought his hair had done the trick—  
 His conclusions should not come so quick!  
 For on the advice of P.C. Poop  
 Another bobby had a snoop  
 And noticed (with a sideward glance!)  
 Rows of Johnny’s little plants  
 Alas! to jail was John confined—  
 He couldn’t pay what he was fined!  
 Even Dave could not avail  
 In getting Johnny out of jail.  
 Two whole years he spent in there  
 Wishing he’d never had long hair!  
 While he was in they cut it off,  
 He didn’t mind he wouldn’t scoff  
 He had resolved without a doubt  
 To go to London when he was out  
 And get an honest low-paid job  
 And not to moan or cry or sob.  
 Now he’s lift-boy for the V.I.P.’s—  
 His brother Nic he often sees  
 When in the lift he gives him rides  
 Both with their short backs and sides.

J. BEVAN.

## “romanoff and juliet”

**T**HIS year's House play was Romanoff and Juliet, a comedy by that illustrious Old Westminster Peter Ustinov. Directed and produced by Dominic Grieve, the cast was taken almost entirely from the junior part of the House and it is much to the credit of the director that the production was so enjoyed by the two large audiences who saw it.

The play itself can only be described as embarrassingly soft, indulgent and sentimental and thus the producer was certainly justified in bringing out the melodramatic element rather more than I suspect the author originally intended. The theme, a simple one of love transcending national barriers, takes place in and around the embassies of the



United States and the U.S.S.R. Most of the characters are caricatured stereotypes of the two respective nations and illustrate their prejudices and mannerisms. High above them, dwelling in an almost supernatural environment, are the inhabitants of Concordia, of whom we see two soldiers, the Archbishop and the General. It is the General who is the controlling force, a magical puppet master who pulls strings which set in motion an inexorable chain of events ending with the occupants of both embassies being converted to the Concordian view of life, one of peace and love. Timothy Gardam handled this difficult part with great assurance, capably capturing the character's gentle sophistication, whilst perhaps failing to come to terms with the strength of will which Ustinov is trying to portray. His assistants in his devious schemes, the two soldiers played by Rupert Stubbs and Alexander Munro-Fauré supported him well, though in the scenes when they were alone they sometimes lacked the pace and necessary slickness to make their double act as street sellers successful.

Gina Rosenwald and Robert Lupton as the two lovers had in many ways the most difficult parts, having to sustain love scenes within a few feet of the audience without degenerating into farce. In this they were successful, Gina Rosenwald conveying well Juliet's romantic innocence whilst Robert Lupton, though possibly too dispassionate as her lover, maintained a constant standard and was amusing at times.

Three of the female parts were done in drag and unless one has the versatility of Danny la Rue, this is inevitably very difficult to carry off. On the whole, the

performances by Edward Adams, Colin Cranleigh-Swash and Nicholas Barrett were of a high standard, being both competent and amusing.

Simon Tenison as the Russian ambassador was unfortunate in having to portray Ustinov's weakest character. He did this conscientiously, with good voice delivery but was unable to exploit fully the few good passages in his part. The same might perhaps be said of John Blakesley, who had some difficulty in maintaining an elderly image in a part which, according to Ustinov, is meant to portray an Archbishop some 85 years older than himself. His mere presence on the stage however, dressed as he was in such an incredible costume, provided entertainment. So did the two saints, Arthur Marris and John Severn.

The evening's star performance, however, came from Timothy Barrett as the American Ambassador and John Hamilton as the K.G.B. spy. Timothy Barrett, helped by an excellent American accent, had all necessary drive and incisiveness demanded by this ex-Princeton university graduate who had strong words to say about "Commies." John Hamilton had quite a different role to play and used facial expressions and gestures to the full, thus presenting us with the richest characterisation of the play.

A word of praise must go to the extremely impressive set built by Anthony Everington and David Selby Johnston to Robert Crawford's design, which fully utilised the awkward lecture room stage. Our final thanks must go to Dominic Grieve who gave so much of his time and energy to the production and who was largely responsible for making the evening such a success.

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## hell

AS the car rounded the corner that feeling of ensuing hell grew inside, so did the feeling of unmerciful boredom and fear. Sure enough, the first thing I saw was a green luminous sign—MARKS AND SPENCER. Upon further inspection I could make out other small signs, such as "Grand Sale" and "We accept Yen travellers' cheques."

I gulped, blinked and marched forward . . . forward to hell. I entered the subterranean world of oven hygiene, neon lights, white coated devils rushing about, drooling counters ready to devour the innocent and the nauseating sound of stillette heels on polished tiles. I looked about and having located a particular . . .

"Mind where you're going, son!"

"Don't touch that"

"Bloody kids"

"Can I help you ducks?"

"No thank you . . . very much" (Ducks indeed). . .





I strolled gently to the counter for woolly vests. What could be simpler than buying a woolly vest? However . . .

“What do you want?”

“Vests please, a woolly vest”

“What type do you want?”

“What kinds do you have?”

“Stereo compressed, nylon lined, wool lined, fire tested, impervious, bullet-proof, inflatable, stringed, strapped on or of course plain.”

“Well, thank you but . . . plain please.”

Having made my purchase, I proceeded over to the baked beans shelf—Heinz, Hertz, Campbells, Blundell, Vesta, St. Michaels, Salisbury, Sainsbury, Safeways, Tesco . . . Its the first time I’ve ever got lost in the baked bean section of a single shop.

“Get out of it”

“It’s that bloody kid again.”

Anyhow, having been jostled, jolted, hammered, tempted, shouted at and countless other things, I finally arrived in the presence of Satan himself,—The Cash Register—

Articles whirl by

5 pound a quart

Tomatoes, good economic price

7 pounds of butter

No deposit on the beer  
2 yogurts  
Sell by 2nd March, 1974  
Woollen vest . . . plain type  
Shoes Clarkes, size E1029  
Grand total—ten pounds ninety-four pence  
Mr. Jones from the back needed to carry belongings  
Hope you come again.

Free at last, away from the stifling smell, the buzz of critical conversation, the vests, the processed non-fat coca-cola. Free at last. Free from hell!

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## new to westminster

HOW difficult it is to strike the right note. Most articles in *The Elizabethan* and the *Grantite Review* are so forbidding in their carefully contrived, or perhaps genuine, lack of enthusiasm—expressed for the most part in such admirable prose—and I don't feel like that at all. Nor can I hope to achieve anything except the kind of prose acknowledged by the Bourgeois Gentleman—just talk. Then the editor kindly suggested a topic (the house system) about which I honestly have no views at all. Poets these days often write poems about not being able to write a poem and Sunday paper humorists effortlessly produce five hundred humorous words about the difficulty of writing amusing articles but I have neither wit nor style to cover my nakedness.



These, then, will be random reflections on Westminster as seen by a newcomer after a mere eighteen months. If they fail to conceal my genuine enthusiasm it will not be because I am more percipient than the critics but because we have different standpoints. To be a pupil at a school involves the obvious risk of finding that the institution does not shape itself to one's own outlines. Even if it does, liking will not inhibit the kind of criticism that seeks to improve what one likes. On the other hand to come here as a master, as a matter of personal choice, with some knowledge of what one is in for, implies a fairly strong predisposition to like what one finds. Frankly I do.

Many years ago, as a young teacher at a very scruffy grammar school in the East End of London, housed in a late Victorian "three-decker" building which can only have been improved by the bomb-damage it sustained, I got permission from the then headmaster of Westminster to bring some of my pupils to see the place. They expressed great surprise over the general scruffiness of the classrooms . . . Of course the state of morale in their own school, which was high, was not in the least affected by the atrocious nature of their own surroundings. Equally I believe that the absence here of some facilities that are taken for granted in many other schools matters little. All that really counts is that the right sort of relationships prevail. By that test, Westminster emerges with credit in comparison with most schools I have known.

Teaching boys of ability is of course pleasant. I have no knowledge of how Westminster reacted to the wave of anti-intellectualism that spread down from universities to schools in the late sixties and seems now to be a permanent attitude amongst a substantial minority at all universities. To one who believes that the business of a school like this one is the sharing of knowledge—and it is odd that one still has a slight feeling of defensiveness in saying so—it was nice to find that this does in fact appear to be the unspoken shared assumption here.

Teaching boys of ability who are also tolerant is good for the teacher, as it usefully lowers his own conceit of himself. After a number of years at the job it is all too easy to harden into condescension in one's attitude to pupils and to adopt a "de haut en bas" posture. To find, as I do, that so many of my pupils here are more perceptive, better read and generally better educated than I am is curiously agreeable.

If the reader wonders whether I have any criticisms to make the answer is yes, of course, but as I said earlier there are plenty of articulate critics around. Off the cuff, only two things occur to me that make me want to scream . . . but they can be had on personal application only. And Grant's? Well, there's a phrase in one of John Keats' letters (written, incidentally, when he was lodging temporarily just round the corner, in Great Smith Street) where he referred to the atmosphere in the house where his sister Fanny was living—the residence of her guardian, Mr. Abbey—and spoke of "the silence kept in his house." Obviously there is literally plenty of noise in the place. But is it perhaps metaphorically a bit sotto voce?

MICHAEL HUGILL.

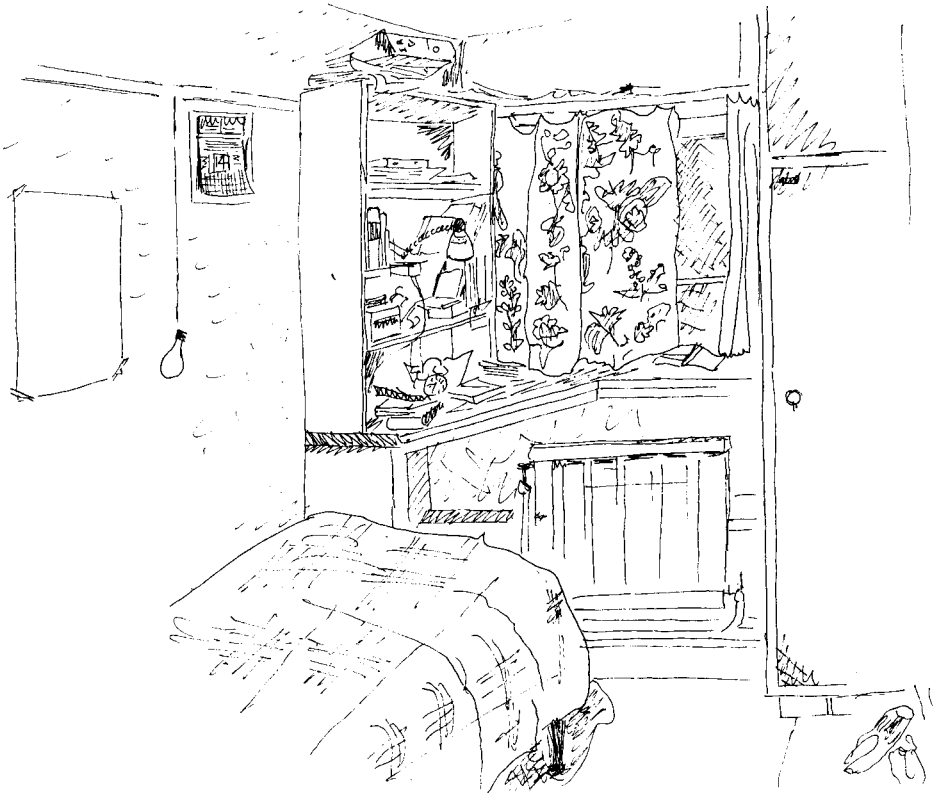
## art in grants

ART has never flourished Up Grants, neither does there seem to be much general support for it in the school. Were it not firmly embedded into the academic cycle, insisted on by parents as somehow necessary for a full education, it would surely have disappeared years ago. This atmosphere of declining interest however is caused more by its present academic status and tarnished image than by any conscious desire to abandon it. Art lessons are seen as an enjoyable (if sometimes rather tedious) respite from intellectual pursuits. Art masters must try to contain rowdy pupils who either chatter ignoring him or pester him with inane questions as they splash away with their paints content in their ability. There is some attempt to give historical or aesthetic instruction but this is infrequent and rarely successful. The Art-room itself is to blame for part of this. It is clinical and nearly everything from painting materials to books are locked away out of sight. It would certainly be more conducive to artistic creation if the walls were covered with past achievements and if objects to sketch were left out and more encouragement was given to sculptural creation. Incentive could be added by having form exhibitions on certain themes.

The main obstacle to be overcome however must be Art's image. It should be given a better academic position and not a subsidiary cultural status. There should be a greater emphasis on Art history which could be taught away from the Art-room as any other optional academic subject. If this side of Art were presided over by other senior masters (such as the H.M.) more interest would be promoted on a general level—which is after all what one hopes for. There could be prepared talks, projects, special lectures, detailed examinations of specific periods of Art discussions and debates that would involve everyone, and visits to exhibitions (which are often free to a school party) and individual works of prominent artists and designers.

On the practical side there would be smaller classes where improved tuition could be given to those who really want it. More interest in general could be inspired by introducing a greater range of visual arts. Pottery should be less exclusive, perhaps even moved to the Art-room. There should be less painting—the basic diet of Westminster Art,—and more pottery, sculpture and design, which create the impression of a workshop rather than a classroom.

THE PRESENT APATHY is most apparent Up Grants. The modern angular building with long corridors, box-like studies, unrelieved concrete stairways, and completely bare communal area is psychologically unconducive to any art interest or artistic creation, and at best produces a dull intellectualism. There are few reproductions of paintings, sculptures, or historic buildings and the best furnished room is perched at the top of the House. The cream, white, grey and orange decor (with blue radiators in Hall) up Grant's is a stunning combination. In general Grantites prefer physical to mental stimulation and the two-colour televisions are their only form of artistic media.



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## we say

**I**N the last edition of the *Grantite Review* an author ruthlessly attacked the notion that it comes naturally to every Grantite to regard Grants as infinitely the most superior house in the school. We, as upholders of the Grantite tradition, would like to reassure those Grantites who may have felt themselves slighted, that it is by no means a universal view. We would even go so far as to say that some people believe this to be the truth. It should be realised that our's is not a destructive attitude, for Grants, and the majority of the other public school houses, have existed on this belief for a long time. Perhaps it may have been the cause of antipathy on the sports field, but we cannot believe that it has broken up any beautiful friendships. In our opinion it is a creative force which can strengthen the relationships between members of our community. So we offer it to you, the

Grantites, that outbursts against what we would like to term "House Patriotism," should be quashed, although we are sure that they are merely indications of adolescent anti-conventionalism.

To other people the Wilby men may seem nothing more than a part of the establishment but to me this dedicated squad of post-war, pre-old age pension ex-convicts are more than this. I prefer to regard them as brown coated cherubs; cloth capped heralds of the day. No one knows where they come from or where they go when their herculean tasks are completed. But one thing is quite certain; without them this great institution would never be able to function. I would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to them and hope that their cigarette butts and cloth caps will be with us for a long time to come.

TIM GARDOM.

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## sports report

### WATER :

We are now very strong in the senior section of the house with seven senior squad members—but most of the juniors seem to prefer the less energetic sports. Last term Tim Williams and Peter Rolt rowed in the 1st VIII, coxed by Hamish Reid, while Robert Crawford, James Morrison, Simon Tenison and Peter Everington were in the 2nd VIII. Apart from the novices our only representatives in the junior part of the house are John Hamilton and Stratis Porfyratos, who made up the engine room of the junior colts A.

Unfortunately the watermen were again unable to win an event in last year's regatta, but there were finalists in the senior IVs and Colts sculls. The senior IV, consisting of three seniors and a colt, were narrowly beaten by Busbys, and Charles Taylor, after leading at the start, had to retire from the sculls final due to a broken rigger. Our great hope in the senior sculls, James Morrison, was also plagued by bad luck and capsized after 10 strokes in his first heat.

With seven seniors to choose from this year, Grant's are in a very strong position for the regatta and hopefully the next report will contain news of success.

### CROSS-COUNTRY RUNNING :

This year was another jolly successful one for Cross-Country running up Grants. But all signs suggest that it will probably be the last successful one for many a year for all the strong men in the team are leaving and in the Junior part of the house there is a scarcity of talent. In the Cross-Country races the Seniors won both the individual and the team events. The dynamic duo, Tim Toddler Woods and Tiny Tim Gardam, ensured a victory for the team by finishing first and second respectively. The two front runners were followed by the old dogs of the team Tim Williams, Charles Taylor and Rog Oliver who strained their guts out with little to show for their efforts. Among the juniors Isaac (Ian) Reid showed great tenacity and well deserved to finish fourth just a few yards behind the winner.





Grants won the Bringsty relay yet again but the competition was more closely fought than usual for Rigauds finished only two hundred yards behind. Paddy Holford, Ben Cooper and Philip Bowers had superb runs and kept Grants in the race. It was only in the last lap that Grants took the lead with the “Toddler” who, starting a few seconds after the leader, streaked past his opponent and finished no less than two hundred yards in front.

Other notable events on the running calendar were the cross country race for under 14½s and the sports days. The cross-country race was invented by Mr. Michael Brown in order to discover new talent. This it succeeded in doing. Rory Howard finished sixth and showed that with time he will be a force to reckon with. Sports day was not so successful for Grants—only Dave Ray, the long legged intermediate athlete, and Tim Woods—had substantial success on the track.

It is a nostalgic moment for cross-country running in Grants for it stands on the brink of disaster. In fact it seems that the golden age of Grant’s athletics is drawing slowly to a close, but one can never tell.

#### FOOTBALL:

Once again it was a season of mediocrity. The climax was reached in a performance in the House Seniors Tournament against College (truly wholesome opponents for any team). Despite the frailties of the goalkeeper our defence withheld the onslaught of many a strong-legged opponent. Anthony Hammerson and Tim Woods, both still makeshift players, showed remarkable cohesion in the backline and received support from the seasoned veterans Paul Shinnie and David Bernstein. The virtuoso play of the midfieldmen Benj Tiratsoo and Antony Macwhinnie led to the first goal. Si Williams, the versatile golfer, moved as nimbly as a cat in leather boots amid the turmoil of the College goal to strike the ball home with his right club. In the second half ‘Bucket’ Cranleigh-Swash (the only new stock in the squad) revealed magnificent ball skills as he laid on number two for Matthew Fforde. The other matches in the house seniors tournament were unimpressive, losing heavily to Rigaud’s and Busby’s.

The Six-a-Sides were even more of a fiasco. Apart from the midfield duo, Benj Tiratsoo and Paul Shinnie, there was no real understanding between players. Not even Dave Ray’s strength and Chris Morgan’s quick touch could save the day. In short five defeats were followed by a draw in the match against College. In the house juniors a bye (Mr. Brown did the draw) gave us the only success of the tournament for a defeat followed in the second round. Don’t lose cheer chaps, there is just a glimmer of hope.

## CRICKET:

Despite our enthusiasm and spirit we failed to get to the final of the inter-house competition. We worked our way into the quarter-final with a bye, to brush College aside with an artful innings by Anthony Macwhinnie and some destructive bowling by the same. It was in the semi final that we met our match, with Antony Macwhinnie going early all seemed lost, but Matthew Fforde (42) and Paul Shinnie (37) got the total to the respectable target of 137. Wrens struggled against the bowling of Antony Macwhinnie (five wickets) and James Morrison (four wickets) till the last ball of the match when their last batsmen needed one to win. This they got with a thick edge through the slips for four.

This year with four Grantites in the 1st XI squad and a few promising juniors, we have high hopes of reaching the final.

## JUDO:

Despite the sorry loss of a truly great captain Grant's have continued to maintain the high standard set by last year's team. Chris. Quayle—will he manage to fill Julian Bell's zori?—impressed us all with his aerobatics and technical ability, while Paddy Holford seems to have developed his individually stylised technique still further, to the despair of his opponents. Meanwhile it is fair to say that newcomer Billy Carr provided us with unanticipated surprise because of his enthusiasm and genuine talent. It is with a certain complacency that we look forward to the next inter-house tournament.

## HOUSE FENCING:

I would like to thank my colleagues for their satisfactory achievement in maintaining the long established Grant's contingent of fencing station. Although not reaching the dizzy heights of last year when captain, secretary, and armourer resided at the hallowed No. 2, we have, at the time of writing, three out of our knightly quartet in the school team, and we retain the secretaryship. All being modest fellows, I know that they would like to see their names in print, but of the three without doubt the most deserving of praise and recognition is that great, perhaps superlative, swordsman, my friend Jonathan Flint. What can I say to adequately extoll his genius (sadly neglected) for although the Pen in mightier than the Sword his manual dexterity and lightning reflexes defy description. Be that as it may, Timothy (Perfect-Parry) Gardam and Timothy (no-relation) Barrett, contenders for the title of best sabre fencer in the school, are an invaluable asset for any house. Grant's is no house to tangle with in the fencing salle.

## old grantite club

THE 1974 Annual Dinner was held on Tuesday, May 14th, Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. Lord Rea presided and the guests of the Club were Dr. J. M. Rae (Headmaster), Mr. L. C. Spaul, the Housemaster, Head of House, Head of Hall and the Editor of the *Grantite Review*. The Club are indebted to Mrs. C. J. Fenton for providing a really superb meal.

The following members attended:—A. R. Argyle, C. A. Argyle, E. T. Argyle, His Honour Judge Argyle, q.c., R. O. I. Borradaile, J. W. P. Bradley, D. S. Brock, M. B. McC. Brown, R. W. Brown, H. A. Budgett, H. H. Clark, Dr. D. N. Croft, D. F. Cunliffe, G. D. Everington, q.c., M. G. Everington, D. L. B. Farley, F.R.C.S., N. C. Fergusson, C. N. Foster, F. H. Gimson, F. N. Hornsby, M. J. Hugill, Dr. V. B. Levison, A. J. S. Negus, M. L. Patterson, R. Plummer, C. H. Prince, P. N. Ray, Viscount C. M. G. Samuel, The Hon. P. E. H. Samuel, J. R. B. Smith, V. J. G. Stavridi, V. T. M. R. Tenison, W. R. Van Straubenzee, M.P., G. J. H. Williams, J. M. Wilson, L. A. Wilson, A. N. Winckworth, J. S. Woodford, J. P. Hart, M. I. Bowley, J. K. Morrison.

After dinner, the members enjoyed a showing of the film "Up Grant's," shot by members of the house and reviewed elsewhere in this issue. We were told by the Housemaster that it took four years to make and involved 130 Grantites, 70,000 centimetres of film and 14,000 seconds running time!

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## "up-grant's" — a film

A NEW Grant's film, "Up Grant's" (the last one was made in the early 40's) has been on the go for nearly three years. This may seem an abnormally long time for a twenty minute black and white film, but losses in equipment and changes in the filming team have led to long delays.

The film was started by James Robbins and company, who with a certain amount of expertise completed a lot of the ground that the film was going to cover. They were able to record what was to be one of the last House Prayers, as well as new improvements in the house, such as Chiwsicks. However, with the disappearance of the camera, the production of the film was halted.

Nothing was done for a year, until James Morrison and Martin Parnwell decided to try and finish it off. With much interest and no experience, they dived into the mystical realms of cinematography. After a few mistakes, the end product finally seemed to take shape and following much rigorous editing the film was finished, though unfortunately without sound.

I would like to thank all those who have helped, on and behind the scenes, to complete this film and the Grant's House Fund, and the Headmaster's Fund, which have supported such an expensive project financially.

MARTIN PARNWELL.

# Report on Brian's first year with National Westminster

Brian joined us straight from school with 4 'O' levels. What decided him to go NatWest was the interview, "They talked my language" he says. Brian admits that his first fortnight was quite an eye-opener, "From being fairly senior at school I was suddenly the most junior person in the place". And the intricacies of bank procedures took a little time to fathom. But a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated.

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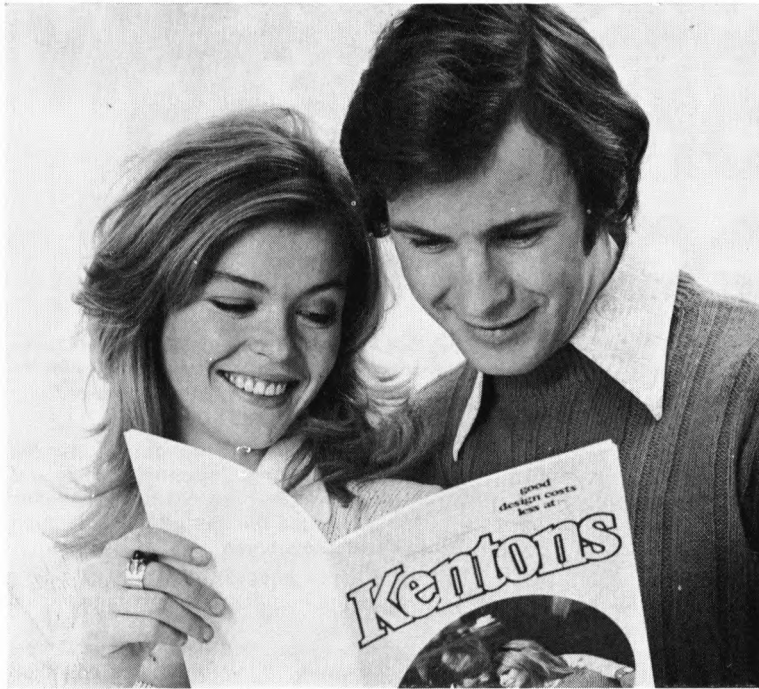
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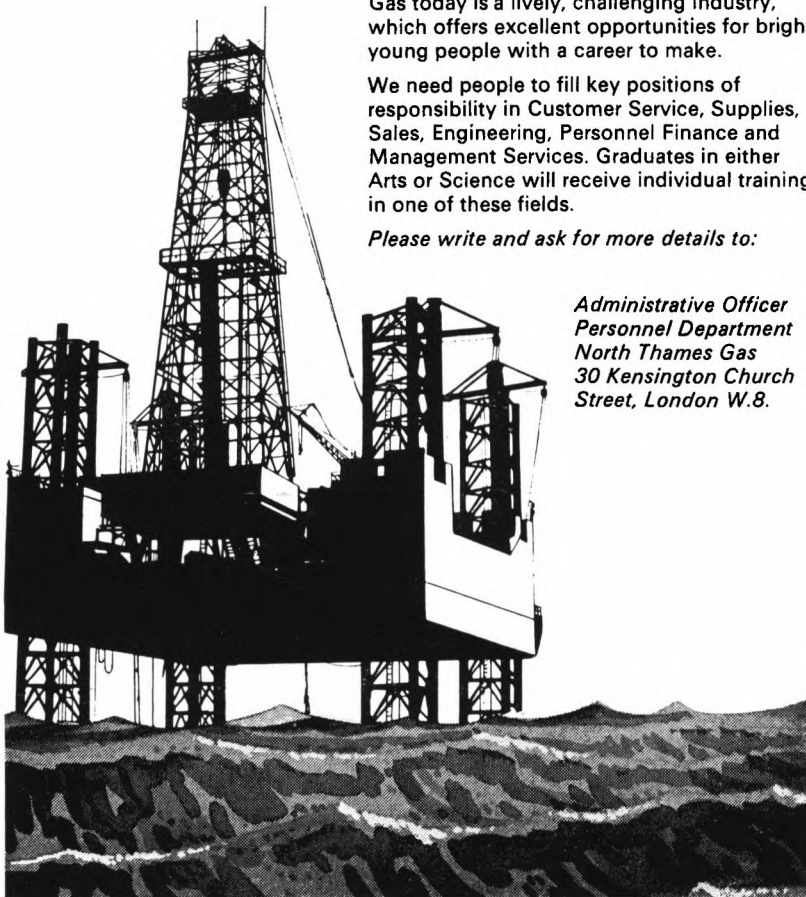
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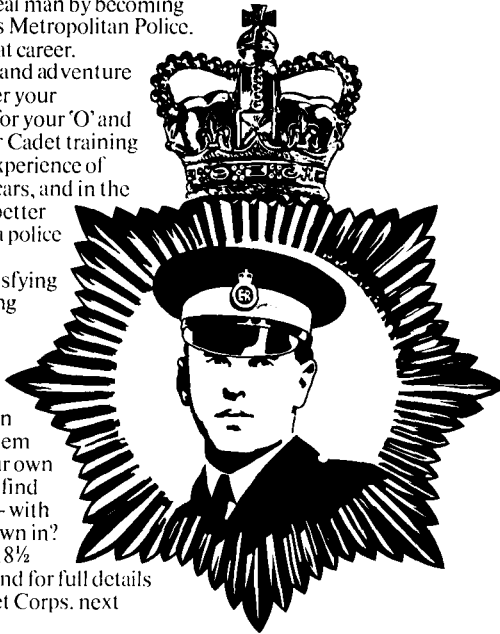
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