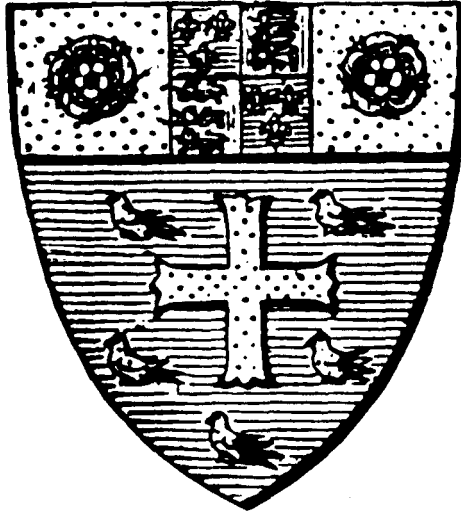


The

Grantite

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PLAY 1980

LENT 1981

ELECTION 1981

VOL. XXX, No. 4

FOUNDED 1884

# **THE GRANTITE REVIEW**

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## EDITORIAL

The most positive move made by the regime this year was the abolition of the Lagging Test. The initial aim of the Lagging Test was for the New Boys to learn many useful facts about the school, which they would then be tested upon. Unfortunately the commendable aim of the Test was perverted, and the whole affair reverted to a situation which was reminiscent of the relationship between Monitors and New Boys in Victorian Public Schools – the New Boys were open to unlimited humiliation from the older boys.

Grant's doesn't need this. It is detrimental to the genuine house spirit and identity in Grant's. What right do the Monitors have to humiliate someone whose only crime is to have arrived four years later than their good selves? They are still Grantites, after all. And the idea that it is a good 'Initiation Test' is ludicrous – the real initiation test is passing the entrance exam, and being approved by the Housemaster.

So the Lagging Test is gone, and few will regret its passing. Hopefully it will never be re-introduced, and future generations of Grantites will be able to take their place in the House without being subjected to this enforced humiliation by the Monitors.

Mat Bernstein

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## HOUSE DIARY

It has been another busy and varied year for both Grant's and Grantites. Firstly, the long overdue 'invasion' happened, with the admission of three girls into Grant's. The pioneers – Caroline Rutt, Sheila Ter Laag and Jane Wilson integrated very well into House Society, and Jane Wilson (the First Lady of Grant's, who was only here for the Oxbridge term) left triumphantly with an exhibition.

This year's Oxbridge results disproved the idea that all Grantites are "thick". Six out of the eight candidates got places, and four of these were awards: and the two who didn't get in were extremely unfortunate not to get places. This is a remarkable achievement, and it shows that Grantites have the ability to reach academically high standards.

Jason Morell and Paul Jepson's production of Ben Jonson's 'Volpone' also deserves a mention. Attempting a very challenging play, they brought it off beautifully, receiving a fine review in 'The Elizabethan'.

In the Lent Term, Grant's library was finally established (see Correspondence). It is only necessary to say that this fully functioning library will be of invaluable service to Grant's and Grantites in the future.

But it is a different library that is proving to be the latest threat to Grant's. Plans have been revealed to convert the bottom floor of Ashburnham House into a complete library for the school. However this would mean that food could no longer be served in Ashburnham House, and the intention is to turn Hall into a cafeteria for half of the school at lunch time. This poses many problems – security from entry into the upper floors of Grant's is an obvious one. Whatever the

outcome of the negotiations, Grant's is certainly going to change.

Finally, Chris Torchia's remarkable feat of winning his Pinks in only his second term at Westminster must be acknowledged. This is a particularly fine achievement, and is yet another demonstration of Grant's all-round superiority in the school.

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## HOUSE NOTES

### ELECTION TERM 1980:

Departures: Budd, Green, Jones, Levan, Lyons, Moore, Papas, Stone, Wood R.

New Monitors:— Horne C.G.B.

### PLAY TERM 1980

Service was Head of House

King was Head of Hall

Dormitory Monitors:— Donovan, Guppy, Satchu

Arrivals:— Harrison, Kendall, King AC, Leeming, Pennington, Raynes, Rubens, Caroline Rutt, (VI Form entry), Sheila Ter Laag (VI Form Entry), Twyman (VI Form entry), Jane Wilson (VII Form entry).

Departures:— Croft, Cumming, Doxat, Jackson, Lipman, Service, Vickers, Jane Wilson, Wrathall.

Monitors:— Bernstein, Croft, Cumming, Jackson, Jepson, King, Lipman, Loose, Love, Moberly, Morell, Odgers, Service, Vickers, Westaway.

### LENT TERM 1981

King was Head of House

Love was Head of Hall

Dormitory Monitors:— Brittain-Catlin, Kunzler, O'Hara.

Arrivals:— Brand, Horne, Japhet (Remove entry from South Africa), Torchia, Winter.

New Monitors:— Japhet, Paglierani, Twyman.

### ELECTION TERM 1981

New Monitors:— Cuddeford, Dawbarn.

The following colours have been awarded:—

G.C. Baddeley	House Juniors, House Seniors, Colts
A. Brand	House Juniors
J.N.Y. Dawbarn	Colts, Pinks, House Seniors
L.F. Earle	House Juniors
J.P.H. Harrison	House Juniors
C.G.B. Horne	House Seniors
F.H.K. Jago	House Juniors
A.C. King	House Juniors
J.M.H. Love	Pinks
A.R. Mackay	House Juniors
J.P. Melvin	1/2 Pinks, House Seniors
C.J.A. Morrell	Colts

## Colours awards cont.

J.P. O'Hara	Colts
P.V. Paglierani	1/3 Pinks, 1/2 Pinks, House Seniors
M.D.F. Pennington	House Juniors
P.A.H. Skarbek	House Seniors, Colts
B.R.J. Sullivan	House Juniors
C.C. Torchia	Pinks
N.R. Wood	House Seniors
P.N. Wood	1/3 Pinks

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**WINE SOCIETY: (1980–81)**

Gathering an ever-increasing membership from the senior school, the Grant's Wine Society has proved a very successful enterprise. In addition to the interesting talk on White wines given by Richard Stokes, a renowned wine connoisseur, we were lucky enough to be able to invite Mr Charles Cotton, of Layton's wine cellars, to give us a gentle preamble through Loire, Bordeaux and Burgundy white wines. Richard Jacobs then provided us with a wonderful opportunity to understand Claret, at the end of the Election term. (The role of the society is, I hope, clear – to provide a means whereby one can personally discover one's individual taste, and then stick to it without being persuaded by other peoples' tastes, all be they equally important).

I wish the Wine Society great success in future years, and would like to extend my appreciation to Mr and Mrs Baxter, without whose kind help the society would never have been as successful as it now is.

Tim Odgers

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## OBITUARY

### Denny Brock

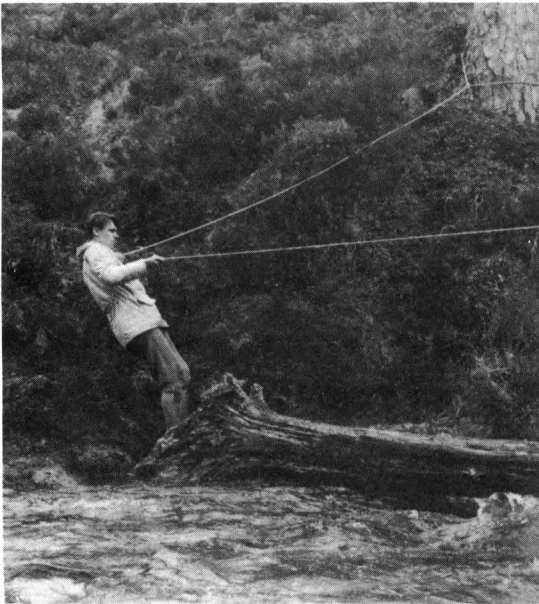
It was my great good fortune to follow Denny into a number of appointments, though in each case there was always the daunting realisation that it would be impossible to match the efficiency and devotion which Denny manifested in everything he undertook. Others have written in 'The Elizabethan' of his life at Westminster, and I merely wish to dwell on some of the activities in which his life and mine coincided. Denny was tutor to John Wilson during part of John's illustrious housemastership at Grant's. What a partnership that was, with housemaster and tutor combining great efficiency with a real understanding of boys. Yet they found time to relax in a number of pastimes, and how many now remember Denny, the expert in French wines, or his drives late at night in an open coupé with colleagues screaming out their favourite hymns. Indeed, one of Denny's cars – registration number 364 – was called the 'Prostrate Angel' (see English Hymnal). When I took over as tutor in Grant's, I was made well aware of the affection in which Denny was held. He then moved to do a full ten years as housemaster of Ashburnam, refusing during this time all offers of other appointments, because he believed that too often day housemasterships were used as stepping stones to something greater, and that day boys needed continuity as much as boarders. Denny took enormous pains in handing over Ashburnam to me before he moved to Grant's on John Wilson's appointment as Registrar.

As a boarding housemaster, Denny revealed even more strongly his unswerving devotion to duty, and the standards he set were high indeed. During term he seldom left the house in the evenings, not because he feared for the discipline or because he was a pedantic or repressive housemaster – far from this – but he knew that any evening a boy might come to discuss something – be it an academic problem, a family problem, or just because he wanted a reassuring chat. It was sad that his time up Grant's came in the sixties when boys became scruffier, grew their hair long, and called into question all the principles and standards that Denny cherished. He felt a loss of contact with the boys, though they never felt the same of him. The strain began to tell because he continued to give a great deal of his time to his teaching, and he played such an active part in so many other activities, such as Fencing, and later Athletics, the Corps and Shooting.

Those who were lucky enough to go on Arduous Training with him, either in Wales or the Cairngorms, will never forget his mountaineering, and who other than Denny could have designed the "Coot Factor" in tribute to the then Head Master, John Carelton! (Cloud On or Over the Tops). The weather conditions could be severe, and it was always to Denny that one turned when the mist clamped down, and such was his skill with map and compass that never once did he make a mistake.

Then there was the bitter night at Loch Builg on the eve of the three day exercise, when Denny sat up all night going round the tents whenever the gale removed pegs or snapped guy ropes, quietly replacing or mending them so that others could catch some sleep. On top of Ben Macdhui his name was given to a concoction of snow and Compo Jam – 'Bombe Denise' – but he himself could not eat ordinary rations, and he was often physically weak, and certainly emotionally drained at the end of ten days, and perhaps the good safety record of Westminster's has been due to the training of others who have followed in his footsteps. He was also the mastermind behind the C.C.F., whether it was the re-enactment of the Battle of Spion Kop on Salisbury Plain, or in working out the details for the Duke of Gloucester's inspection – details as precise as those for the Royal Wedding. All who took part in shooting either on the miniature range – in those days a bleak spot in winter in Ash-

burnam Garden – or at Bisley, will remember his patient coaching and the comforting words if a shot went into the Outer instead of the Bull, and of course he donated a series of Land Rovers for the use of the 1st VIII.



As Denny's time at Westminster wore on, his eyes looked more frequently towards Scotland and a quiet retirement among the lochs and hills of his choice, and who can forget those Lochinver holidays for parties of masters and boys at the Culag Hotel after the rigours of the Cairngorms. Or his comment one evening as the sun set over Loch Assynt: "This is what we shall remember next term when we are teaching V.A. last period on a Monday." On Denny's 50th birthday in April 1972, four of us climbed his favourite mountain in Sutherland – Stac Polly – a mountain which he had painted so well when he took up art when housemaster of Grant's. It was agreed that the same party would climb the same summit in 1982. Alas, this was not to be, and it was tragic that Denny's well-earned retirement at Nab Camas was cut so short.

Denny was one of the great influences on post-war Westminster, and he never lost faith in the future of the school, despite the worries of housemastership, and the fundamental changes taking place in the school – changing attitudes in the Common Room, loosening of discipline, the introduction of girls and the abolition of the Corps. His whole life was rooted in sincere Christian principles, he was a man of compassion and integrity, and he never spoke ill of others, or in anger. Above all, he was a great listener and counsellor, and all those who came into contact with Denny, whatever their status, have reason to be grateful for his life of service to others.

Major E.R.D. French

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## WHY I SHOULD NOT MISS MY LAG

There are very many reasons why I should not miss or be late for my lag (called 'fag' in ALL other houses), which I shall attempt to outline in the following words.

Prime reason one:— it is not very nice for the studyites. Although my life is \*\*\*\* (expletive deleted) — working in Hall, doing lags, being bossed by monitors — I must do everything possible to make studyites life even more lax.

Prime reason two:— To avoid one hundred, two hundred, three hundred and 'biggee' four hundred word impositions (impo's or even imp's for short). These are always on remarkably boring titles such as this. Indeed, I shouldn't be doing this now — I should be working, but I won't be back in time from station to do it.

I think that people that set impositions are very cruel — it wastes my time. You may say I shouldn't have overslept, but it is only fair that I should once in a while — it shows I have been working so hard that I woke up late due to exhaustion. Studyites that overslept without me waking them up would do so every day if they did not have me or an alarm. Alas, I do not have an alarm, and yet still manage to jump out of bed and get up to do my lag the moment I wake up.

Another thing is that CERTAIN MONITORS have forgotten what it's like to do an imposition, and thus give them out carelessly — at first two hundred words, then three hundred then four hundred — who knows how long it will be before five hundred words will be the standard punishment?

I hope in this brilliant masterpiece I have outlined a few of the problems of us down-trodden lags. The question I ask myself is 'Is it worth it?' I sincerely hope so for if it is not then I shall have to commit suicide — off Grant's roof into Little Dean's Yard — spectacular, eh?

'Oscar' Raynes

## IN MEMORIAM: A PROTEST AT THE DEMISE OF A GREAT HOUSE

Is there no end to the indignities that are to be thrust upon us? Has the world lost all sense of pride in its great establishments? What is Westminster coming to?

'Up Grant's' this has been a year of shocking change, none of it for the better. We have seen the demise of a great 'time-honoured' and traditional Grant's event: the 'Lagging Test' is no more. Hark! Can you not hear the cries of 'shame', the gasps of horror and the splutterings of shock that arise from our rightfully outraged readership? How else are our new boys to recognise the half-pinks, in or out of season, Rigaud's house seniors, and other such ties? How are they to have any chance of survival in the cruel, bitter world for which we prepare them without this and other such vital knowledge? What else is the Head of House (All Hallowed be His name) to do in those long evenings at the beginning of Play Term, now he has no taxing questions to invent? Is he to be reduced to working perhaps? Not 'Up Grant's', surely?

I say 'he' blithely, but only a fool or 'Liddellite' would ignore the threat that comes from within. Members of the Old Grantite Club who have recently visited the house itself may have noticed two



FEMALES (!) (sic) around the premises recently. These were not, as they might have been forgiven for thinking, here to 'entertain' the monitorial, but are rather future possible members of the O.G.C. Originally, there were three such infiltrators into this, one of the last bastions of male superiority, but a certain Miss Wilson was suitably dispatched after one term.

A great threat also comes from without. There are plans to destroy 'Hall', that ancient focal point for Grant's life, of fine architectural beauty. This is so that we might be used as a 'cafeteria' for half of the rest of the school. All this merely that the school might have a new library. I put it to you; what use has your true Grantite got for a functioning, educational library? Any financial help in this matter would be greatly appreciated, and should be sent to; The Treasurer, Grants Monitorial Lubrication Fund, Study 15, Grants, Little Dean's Yard etc., or The Westminster Arms during opening hours.

Members, we must unite before our Great and Wonderful house falls irrevocably into the hands of the educated liberals.

N.M. TWYMAN

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## A BALLAD

### CHARLES AND DIANA

Before the happy couple met,  
 The Queen, the public, they did fret  
 As to whether Charles would ever marry  
 And in his arms an heir to carry.  
 He played his games and had his fun  
 Until at last he chose this one.  
 The Royals nurtured such a fear  
 "Psst! Lizzie, is Charles queer?"  
 When Charles had exhausted foreign stock  
 The public him began to mock!  
 He couldn't go Catholic by English law  
 So he slumped it and went for the girl next door.  
 Charles is committed to his plight  
 At least he'll have a good first night  
 Diana's figure shines with style  
 And to Charlie's face she brings a smile.  
 Some say that she's a bit flat-chested  
 But that I'm sure the Prince has tested.  
 The marriage is still two months away  
 Yet the pressmen hound them night and day.  
 Let's hope that Charlie's got it right

Against a cancel she will fight  
 The dress, the ring — they're all planned out  
 At nursery school loud jeers they'd shout —  
 Aren't you good enough in bed?  
 Or has he by the maid been led?  
 But now onto a brighter view  
 When all the proceedings are well through  
 "The bride and bridegroom may now kiss,  
 And may you live in eternal bliss."  
 Then long after, while on the phone  
 Charles to Lady Di will moan  
 "What were our wedding presents, petal"  
 "A mansion, some nappies and a 'Phillips' kettle"  
 "The middle one is very apt..."  
 "Hush my dear, the phone is tapped".

Jason Rubens

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As the guide told everyone there would be a lunch break of about an hour, John left the party, knowing that he should never have come. He sat on the bank that faced the ruins of the school, much of which had yet to be uncovered. He had hated the inevitable historical lectures about the abbey and the school .... The museum had been slightly better, especially when he had learnt that one of the 'Housemasters' had had almost exactly the same name as him, only his middle name had been Stephen, not Simon. But he quite liked this place, he thought: he could imagine people using it five hundred years ago.

As he sat, waiting for one of the helpers to bring him lunch, John began to trace his finger through the remains of the rooms and corridors that he could see. He pictured the boys rushing to and from lessons, and marvelled that they could have lived and worked in such small studies. There were theories that there had been other houses all around here that had formed a square-walled .... Dean's Yard was it? But he didn't care about that. All that mattered were the ruins in front of him which he could see and understand.

As he sat trying to separate the egg and cheese sandwiches that someone had dropped in his lap, he began to play with the idea that this place had been a sort of island in the middle of those millions of houses. It had managed to remain separate from that mass of people until the people themselves had seemed to lose interest and moved elsewhere. And now all that remained of those thousands of boys that had gained almost everything they knew here were a few crumbling bricks, and their names in tattered archives in the museum. It seemed a shame somehow.

But in a way, they had not gone yet, nor ever would. He could still see someone leaning out of the window finishing an orange, or another trying to finish an essay in the dying moments of his free time. They were all still here, it just was more difficult to see them. This house had saved them from the destruction that the millions outside had suffered; or had it trapped them so that they couldn't slip away even if they wanted to? He wasn't sure, the sun was too hot for him to think clearly.

Nowadays things were done differently. This primitive method of forcing children to learn, and separating them from their families had been outlawed for centuries. They should be cajoled, asked to work, and if they refused they were made into heroes or martyrs. But men still fought and were cruel to each other, so did they have any worse method of teaching than us? And this place was still here; dead, admittedly, but what would our civilization look like in five hundred years?

John's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by the grating voice of the guide telling him that the break was over, and that he should follow him to look at the site by the river. John looked over his shoulder at the ruins for the last time. He had liked the place, but he'd found it five centuries too late. He wouldn't return.

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## GRANTS POKER SCHOOL

This term saw the birth of Grant's Poker School. Its purpose was to conquer pre A-Level tension, and it did just that. Many carefree hours were spent in friendly rivalry over the poker table. Owing to the many interpretations of the laws of the game put forward by the participants, Grant's is proud to boast its very own set of rules. Throughout the games, the stakes were high, and there were many swings of fortune, with Mat Bernstein triumphing over all.

After much thought, the committee (Garth Japhet and James Love) has decided to bestow life membership on its founder members Garth Japhet and James Love.

It is sincerely hoped that the spirit of fair play and friendly rivalry will continue to exist long after the present members have left.

Garth Japhet

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## CORRESPONDENCE

Grant's  
2, Little Dean's Yard,  
London, S.W.1.  
July 9

Dear Editor,

*I would like to express my gratitude to those who very kindly contributed to the re-foundation of the Grant's library. Firstly, I would like to thank the anonymous contributor, whose gift of fifty pounds enabled us to get the library off the ground with a selection of books ranging from classics to thrillers. From there the library has expanded due to generous gifts from A. Mehta, J.P. O'Hara and L. van Til, and many other contributors who have helped to build the library to its present size. A. Mehta not only contributed many books, but gave a lot of his time covering them.*

*I would also like to mention the 'Punches', which have been sorted out and put together. They give an invaluable view of history from about 1840 to 1931.*

*Lastly, I am sure that all Grantites will agree with me that the Encyclopaedia Britannica performs an invaluable function in aiding studies – it forms the nucleus of the library. I would like to thank the parents of Struan Reid for this very generous contribution to Grantite culture.*

*Yours sincerely,*

*R. Unger (Librarian)*

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## STATION REPORTS

### FOOTBALL

#### House Seniors

Last year's promise became this year's excellence as Grant's beat all the opposition to win the House Seniors. Guided by their joint captains (Nick Croft and Marc Lipman), their game flowed in a way that made nonsense of the term's "scratch sides" and "school football". Beating the favourites, QSS, 2–1 on the first day and then conceding only two more goals in five matches, Grant's had a 100% record in points and a goal tally of 17 for, 3 against, by the end of the competition.

Congratulations must go to the whole team, especially Paul Wood, Paul Skarbek (a demon defender), James Love and the new boys, Mark Pennington and James Harrison.

Nick Croft and Marc Lipman

#### House Juniors

Once again Grant's swept away the opposition to win the House Juniors. The captaincy of Paul Wood (strongly supported by Gary Baddeley) ensured us a strong team which contained 1 first eleven player, 3 Colts, 1 Junior Colt and 4 under fourteens.

In the first round we won a tough match against Rigaud's, whose team boasted the Head of Football, beating them 4–2. Our semi-final opponents, College, never troubled us, and were justifiably trounced 9–1. Spurred by our success, and aided by goals by Tom Hornsby, Nick Wood and Paul Wood, we ran out 5–1 winners in the final against Ashburnham.

#### Six-a-Sides

Having won the six-a-sides cup last year, we were very eager to hang on to it. In our eagerness on the day, we seemed to forget how to play six-a-sides, which is a completely different game from the normal eleven-a-side. We played so badly that we didn't manage to pass the first round.

This will be a day to forget, and hopefully we will have learnt something that will come in useful in next year's competition, when we aim to return the cup to its rightful position in Grant's showcase.

Paolo Paglierani

### CRICKET

Grant's retained the cricket cup this year, due to a marvellous performance — by the weather! The sheer volume of rain throughout the 'summer' combined with the proximity of major examinations for half the school, allowed only one round to be played before the whole competition was called off, and the cup awarded to Grant's, the holders.

So why did we get this favourable weather? Was it the result of the alleged voodoo practices in study 15? Or is 'The Man in Charge' really an old Grantite? Whatever, it must be said that in the one match we did play, we showed good enough form to win the competition, even if we had had good weather. Drawn against Busby's, we chose to bat. There followed a 91 run opening stand, with Eddie Clarke (28) proving a worthy Geoff Boycott figure, while at the other end, James Love (Grant's answer to Graham Gooch) hammered 60 off an undistinguished bowling attack. C.J. Morrell announced his arrival by hitting a four off his first ball, and then proceeded to score at the rate of two runs a minute before falling to an excellent ball, with his score on 18: The rest of the batting was undistinguished as batsmen sacrificed their wickets in an attempt to increase the run rate, and we finished with 149 for six wickets off our allotted 25 overs.

Busby's battling was never equal to the task, and after some very tidy bowling by Mark Pennington and James Love, Anthony King (4 for 25), and C.J. Morrell (5 for 16), killed off any hope Busby's (supported by the awesome figure of Mr. Jones-Parry) retained. They were all out for the paltry sum of 69 runs – and so we won by 80 runs.

So Grant's have won the cup twice in a row: can we do it a third time? I'm sure that you (like me), will all wait with bated breath for the result of next year's competition.

Mat Bernstein

## ATHLETICS

Once again, as last year, we were unfortunate to come second in this closely fought duel with Liddells. Our juniors failed to respond to the occasion (overawed by it all), although the enthusiasm was there, so much so in Andrew Brand's case that in his excitement he missed the mat on the far side of the high jump, and landed side-first in the concrete. Despite this, within ten minutes he was back jumping, complete with a nasty set of cuts and bruises.

In complete contrast to the juniors, our intermediate team kept their composure and walked away with their cup. The Woods (no relation) made a clean sweep of the sprints, with Nick winning the 100 and 400 metres, and Paul winning the 200. Satchu, Donovan and Whittam-Smith kept the points coming in steadily in the other events, and the relay teams took close second positions in their races.

Our senior team showed great strength in their events, and in the end came an extremely close second (again!) to Busby's. Christopher Horne showed the way forward by winning the 100 metres. Garth Japhet held a respectable position in the 200 metres, and Paolo Paglierani came second in the 400 metres. Even on a bad day, Adriaan Baars managed to come second and third in the 800 and 1500 metres respectively.

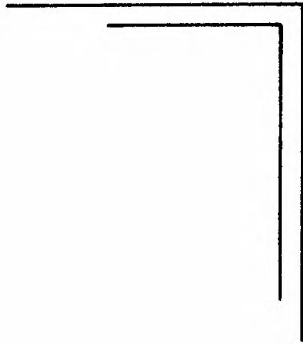
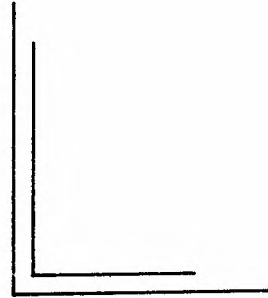
The culmination of the afternoon was the relays when our teams (Horne, Japhet, Baars and Paglierani) showed everyone how a relay should be run. We won both in great style, and left Parliament Hill Fields hoping against hope that we had just managed to win. But, alas, it was not to be.

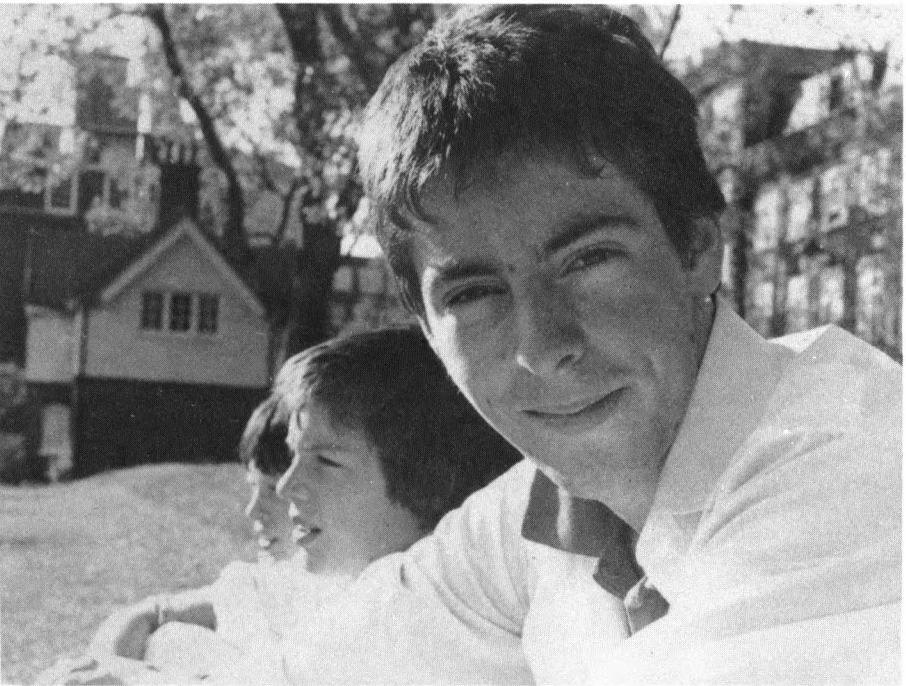
So, we look forward to next year, when maybe it will be third time lucky; who knows?

Paolo Paglierani

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UP GRANT'S











## THE OLD GRANTITE CLUB

The Club was represented at Denny Brock's funeral and memorial services.

The 1980 Club Dinner was held Up Grant's last November, by kind permission of the Housemaster. 30 Old Grantites attended.

The 1981 Annual General Meeting and Sherry Party was held on Tuesday, January 27th, 1981 Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. His Honour Judge Michael Argyle presided.

The following members attended:—

	Mr. M. Brown
	Mr. D.F. Cunliffe
	Mr. D. Farley
	Mr. T. Harris
	Mr. P.G. Hollings
	Mr. F.D. Hornsby
	Mr. G. Illingworth
	Mr. H.C.E. Johnson
	Mr. M. Patterson
	Mr. A. Rentould
	Mr. S. Rodway
	Mr. J.R.B. Smith
	Mr. V.T.M.R. Tenison
	Mr. A.M. Winckworth
	Mr. C. Williams
	Mr. G. Williams
	Mr. J.S. Woodford
Housemaster —	Mr. J.S. Baxter

Preliminary notice was given that a Drinks Party, with ladies invited, would be held in the summer of 1981.

After the meeting, members adjourned to the Housemaster's rooms for sherry, where they were joined by the Housemaster and Mrs. Baxter, the Head of House, the Head of Hall and the Editor and Business Manager of the Grantite Review.

Mr. G.B. Patterson has written to tell us that he did attend last year's A.G.M., but his name wasn't recorded. We are pleased to be able to make the appropriate correction.

**Leavers, address changes, etc.**

N.M. Croft	37, Sheen Common Drive, Richmond, Surrey.
N.S. Cumming	22, Charlton Place, London N.1.
J. Doxat	27, Princes Road, Weybridge, Surrey
K.G. Jackson	Braywood House, Drift Road, Windsor Forest, Berkshire.
M.C.I. Lipman	The Dutch House, 77a, Fitzjohn's Avenue, Hampstead NW3 6NY
N.A.McF.D. Service	47, Boundary Road, London NW8
J.E.J. Vickers	16, Moor Crescent, Gosforth, Newcastle on Tyne 3 NE3 4AP.
E. Jane Wilson	3, Conway Road, London SW20
W.J.P. Wrathall	13, Highgate Close, London N6.

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**NOTICES**

We repeat last year's appeal to the readership to contribute to the Granite Review. We would be most grateful if any of them could print the Review at cost price, and we would welcome their advertising.

Business Manager: Alykhan Satchu

Photographs: Tim Odgers

Editor: Mat Bernstein

The Editor emphasises that views expressed herein by contributors are strictly their own.

All correspondence to be addressed to them at 2, Little Dean's Yard, London S.W.1.

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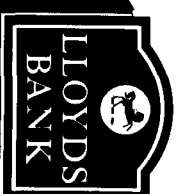
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