

THE GRANTITE REVIEW



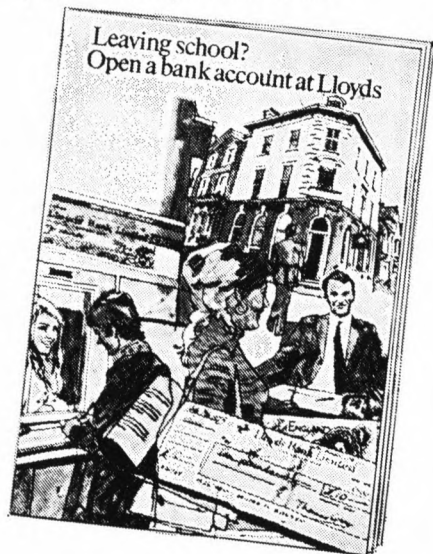
One of the great things about leaving school is managing your own money.

Whatever you're going to do – start work, go on to college or university – one thing's certain, you're going to have to look after your money more carefully than ever before. We think that you'll find a bank account very useful.

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the grantite review

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Additional artwork and inspiration from Hamish and Ian Reid, Christopher Quayle and Martin Parnwell, and Timothy Brow.

Our thanks once again to our anonymous sponsor for paying half the printing costs



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we welcomed

PLAY TERM 1974—

Henry Arnold-Baker	Simon Batten
Richard Blaksley	Tim Brittain-Catlin
James Gardom	Daniel Godfrey
Richard Ray	Struan Reid
John Urquhart	

LENT TERM 1975—

Paul Connell	Paul Denny
David Heyman	Sean Kavanagh
Simon Mayle	Robert Metrebien
David Nutting	Nicholas Service
Stephen Squire	

ELECTION TERM 1975—

Alasdair Callum	James Hamilton
Christopher Williams	

Head of House

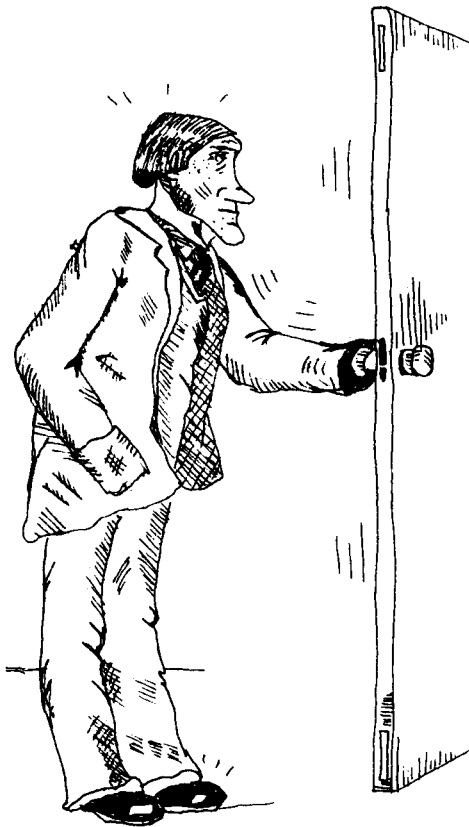
Martin Parnwell

Head of Hall

Peter Rolt

Monitors

Robin Fergusson
Christopher Quayle
Hamish Reid
Adrian Le Harivel
Daniel Lewis
Peter Everington
Jonathan Flint



we said goodbye to

PLAY TERM 1974—

Timothy Woods	Simon Killwick
John Bevan	Dominic Grieve
Tim Williams	Charles Taylor
Ranold Morrison	Matthew Fforde
William Wates	

LENT TERM 1975—

ELECTION TERM 1975—

Patrick Holford	Daniel Lewis
Keith Lipert	Martin Parnwell
Chris Philcox	David Ray
Simon Morgan	

(See In Memoriam Page)

heads of grant's sports and awards

Head of Football: P. Shinnie (thirds, house seniors).
 Head of Water: P. Rolt (Pinks, house seniors).
 Head of Athletics: D. Ray (half pinks).
 Head of Fencing: T. Gardom (Pinks)
 Head of Golf: C. Hunt (half pinks).
 Head of Tennis: M. Parnwell (house seniors).
 Head of Judo: C. Quayle (house seniors).
 Head of Basketball: A. Le Harivel (house seniors).
 Joint heads of Swimming: S. Morgan (H.S.) and R. Carr (H.S.).
 Head of Cricket: C. Tiratsoo (Colts).

Other awards: D. Tanner (House seniors)—Football.
 C. Cranleigh-Swash (House seniors)—Football.
 H. Reid (Pinks, House seniors)—Waterman Rtd.
 V. Lavenstein (J. Colts)—Water.
 R. Howard (J. Colts)—Athletics.
 I. Reid (Thirds)—Athletics
 N. Barrett (Thirds, House juniors)—Tennis.
 C. Morgan (Colts, House seniors)—Swimming.

the granite diary

FLOODS.—Not wishing to lag behind in the current spate of disaster epics, Grant's recently produced its own spectacle, "the study bathroom flood" —subtitled Noah II, caused by a misunderstanding over who should turn off some taps. Mrs. Fenton quickly rallied a disaster force and all waders were requisitioned. Water was soon streaming everywhere including into Hall, where it narrowly missed the billiard table. There were several people who expressed concern at the ease at which Fernie's concrete was penetrated, but they were told that there was no danger of the floor collapsing. Is another disaster imminent?

THE MUSIC COMPETITION.—We came last with 69 points (the winners had 600+) but Simon Batten came first in the woodwind section, and Ben Cooper second in the junior strings.

SILENCER.—On study floors, tests are being conducted in an attempt to

make the swing doors at the end of the corridors shut more quietly. Although the door-break theoretically slows down the door, in fact it always bounces off the frame. Sellotape is now being experimented with, and is acting as a temporary measure. Baize lining is being considered for cost. Few Granites remembered to celebrate May-day this year, and some even forgot to say "Rabbits" on waking. Only two were spotted rolling in the dew and dancing around a tree in St. James's Park at dawn.

VENUS FLY-TRAP.—As a new horticultural venture, a studyite has been growing a Venus fly-trap on his window-sill. Unfortunately it has died, killed not by him, but by the cold.

RECORD PLAYERS.—There seem to be more of them than ever this year; one to every two studies. Most of them are a stereo system, and it is harder than ever to hear Radio 3 in the morning.

to x and y

L ONELY people with lonely faces,
far-off worlds with far-off places,
happy children with their happy looks,
learned scholars with their learned books.

Calls from the wilderness and calls from the wild,
the elated mother with the elated child;
courageous men with their courageous deeds,
useless people and their useless needs.

Unfeeling machines with their unfeeling drone,
bewildered lovers, all alone;
speaking through the memory of their mind,
they try *so* hard to look and find.

DANIEL LEWIS.

PERSONAL COLUMNS

GENERAL

ESTABLISHED JOURNAL requires new editor.—Apply to 2 Little Dean's Yard.

IN MEMORIAM

HOLFORD, P. J.—"He that speaketh flattery to his friends, even the eyes of his children shall fail."

LEWIS, DANIEL née PETER Monitor since Lent. Tended to keep himself to himself and not surprisingly was Head of SAN, as far from noisy stereos as possible.

LIPERT, K. S. He was certainly sincere in most of what he said and as a result never achieved much in the House itself, but quite nice and friendly all the same.

MARTIN, R. H. of H. since Xmas '74. Well known photographer. Devoted much of his time to societies, especially Wine Society. Will be greatly missed by some.

PHILCOX, CHRIS. One of the beer set, his departure was quiet and unobtrusive.

QUAYLE, CHRIS. Only one phrase is suitable: Out of the ordinary. A person who seemed to lead two lives, but one could never be sure.

S.A.C. Never achieved anything material, but will be remembered for bringing life to Buckenhill with his *joie de vivre* and revolutionary ideas.

RAY, DAVID (PINKS)
"Happy in the summer season
Dave made not a dance or song."

ANNOUNCEMENTS

ROMAN CITY WESTMINSTER

Volunteers required to help excavate a Roman city in Dean's Yard. No previous experience needed—bring your own trowel.

GLYNDEBOURNE AT WESTMINSTER ?

COME Opera Chorus singing every Wednesday.

100 MILES of taping. One Phillips tape-recorder for sale; doesn't look good: but is.—Apply Box 14.

ONE CASUALTY ONLY.—One solid oak Nelging Racket for sale—already claims one opponent's tennis racket.—Apply C.Q., No. 17.

TROWEL AND ERROR ? . . .
Archaeological dig needs diggers. See above.

CENTRAL London *piéd à terre*: 1 room, communal bathroom, colour T.V. and cooking facilities. Must let during August and 1st week of September, only £10 a week—RUSH your application to P.O., Box 25.

WELL ?—Take a health cure; see U.K. holidays.

LANGUAGE PROBLEMS ?
French Lessons given. Personal callers only.—Write to P.O. Box 7.

BUNKUMS.—Happy Birthday darling. Not long now—ever yours, DIZZY.

E.E.C. this Summer? SEE Holidays and Valet.

U.K. HOLIDAYS

HEALTH CURES

CONVALESCENCE in health-restoring room, with the centre of London only a few bustling paces away. The adjacent roof-garden ensures complete tranquility. Our personal attention is unequalled, and our rates competitive.—P.O. Box 2.

HOLIDAYS AND VALETS

PARIS, ROME, VENICE, DUBROVNIK, ISTANBUL, TASHKENT, SAMARKAND

Join our overland trek by tandem. We'll find you a partner and supply all the maps. Our 6-10 month tour leaves every Monday.—Contact Box No. 5

VALET HOLIDAY BARGAINS

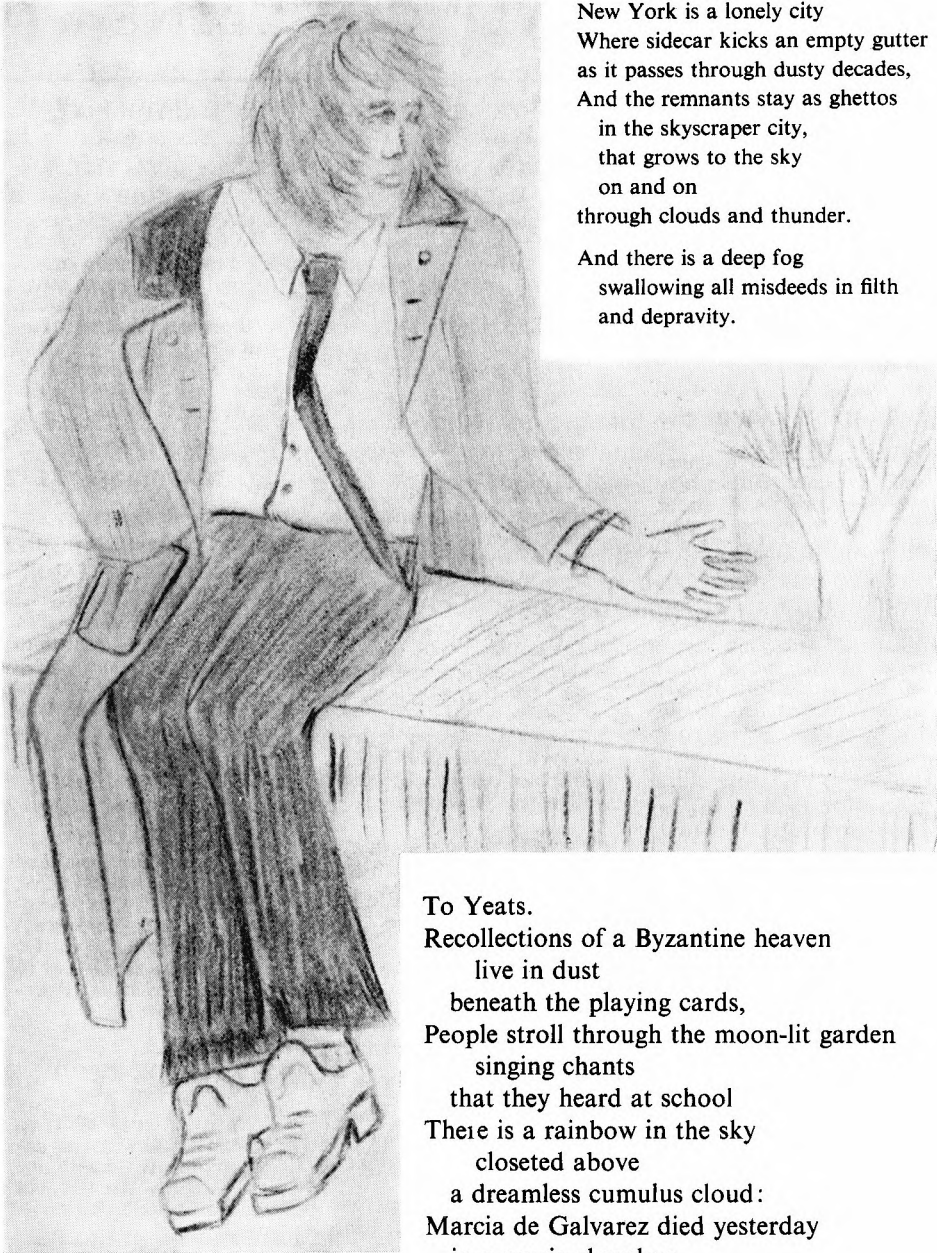
Be waited on hand and foot in a virtual Paradise, surrounded by unpolluted seas and stunning panoramas. Send for our brochure today, to Siberia Holidays, Piccadilly.

PLEADE CHICK YOUR AD.

We make every effort to avoid errors in advertisements. Each one is carefully checked but mistakes don't occur.

Advertise in the
GRANTITE
where your money goes further.

"Let brotherly love continue"—
Hebrews 13: 1.



Daniel
by H. La M.R.

New York is a lonely city
Where sidecar kicks an empty gutter
as it passes through dusty decades,
And the remnants stay as ghettos
in the skyscraper city,
that grows to the sky
on and on
through clouds and thunder.

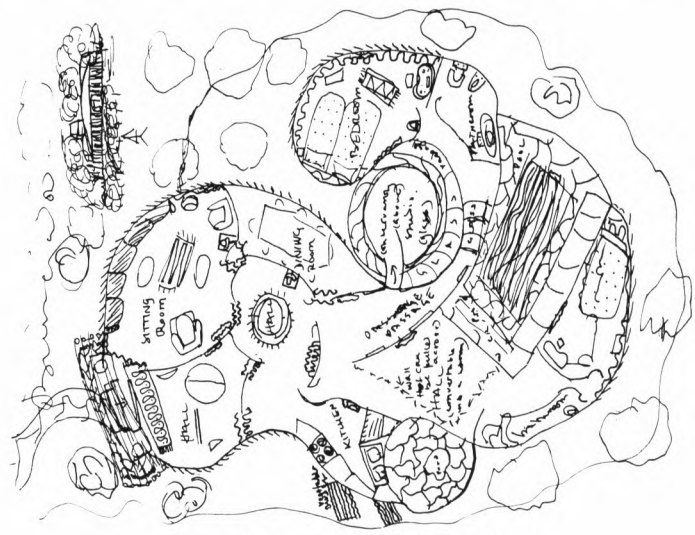
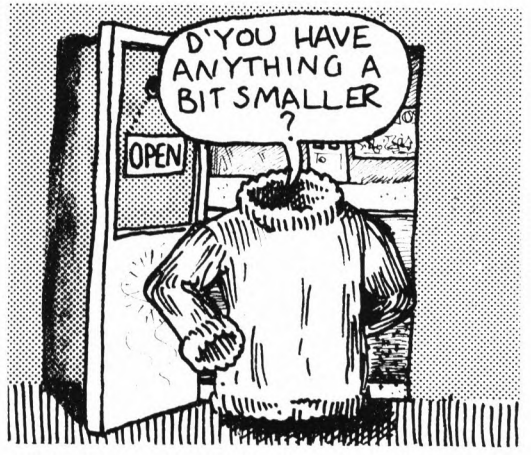
And there is a deep fog
swallowing all misdeeds in filth
and depravity.

To Yeats.
Recollections of a Byzantine heaven
live in dust
beneath the playing cards,
People stroll through the moon-lit garden
singing chants
that they heard at school
There is a rainbow in the sky
closeted above
a dreamless cumulus cloud:
Marcia de Galvarez died yesterday
in a music chamber
to the sound of Tschaikovsky.
In the cellars of time,
a rat nibbles
at the closeted vault.—Daniel Lewis.

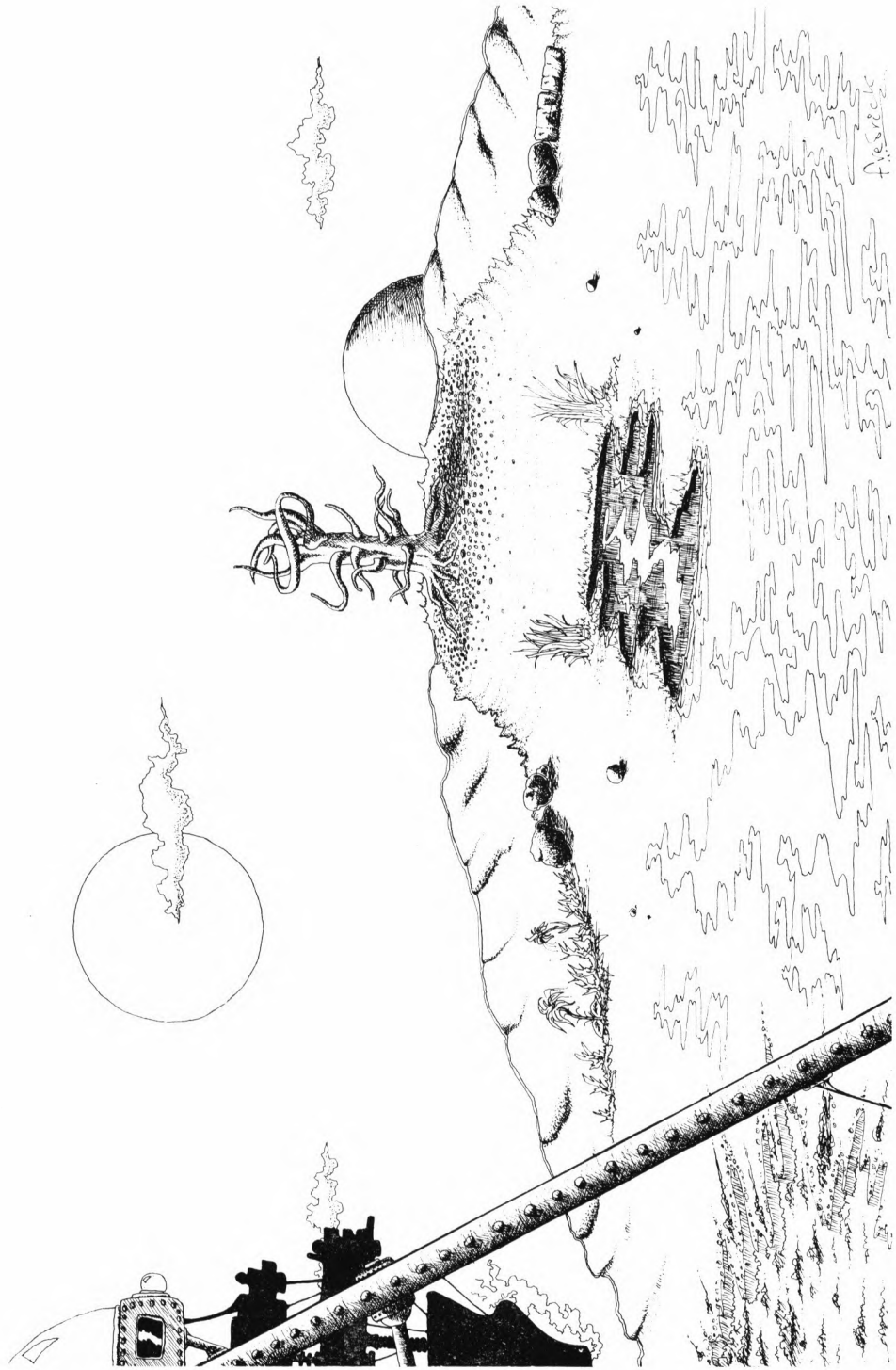


Mithra's Passion—the so-called "Dying Alexander"

intermission



Class Doodle (T. B.-C.)



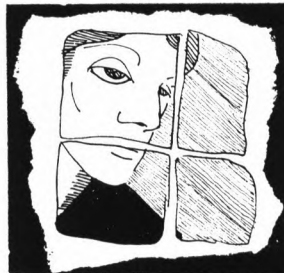
Landscape—by Frederick

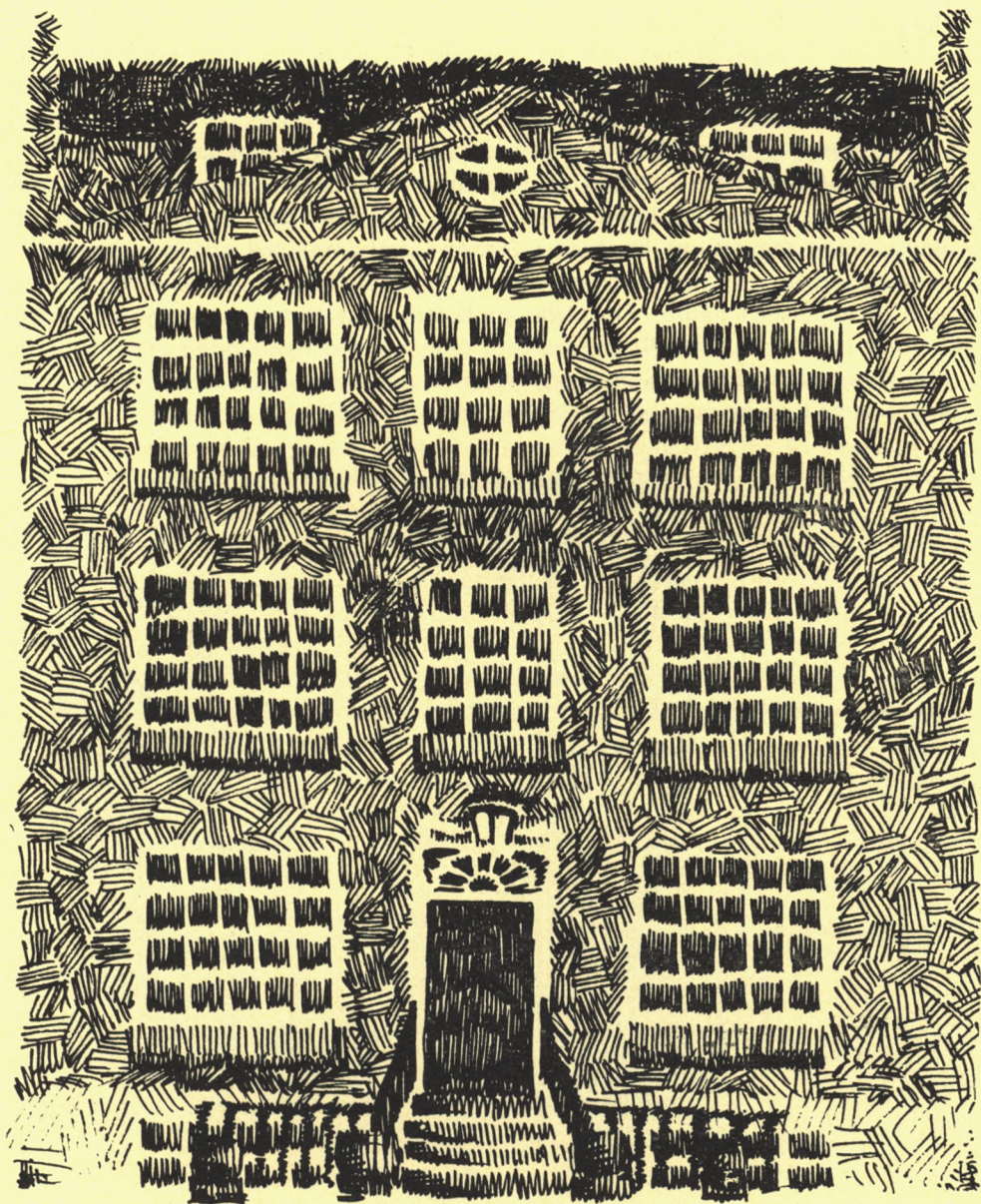
thoughts from my window

THERE'S a blue-bell fading in a port glass in front of my window—or at least the lower part—that looks out onto a garden, walled in on every side, where only trees and mown grass seem to sprout. The oak has reared up with summer impetus and its thin branches cascade with a thousand static shades of green. The light strikes the leaves with a cold glare—thin paper-sculpture burning in the intense light: yet they slowly creep, extremities brushing against the roof. It's darkening. The sky is monotone grey, the only pattern on it the dust stuck on my window. The blue-bell is reflected—blurred black fingers. Well-lit parts of the room stand out. My hair glistens. Grinder and coffee are vague against the alien grey slate beyond. The window only swings open: older ones have sashcords and let you sit under them: I can only grope at that world beyond the reflection of this one.

Back in the garden the children are playing, swinging from a sodden rope, clambering up an inclined tree to a rough tree-house; two planks and a nail. The gnats are gathering spinning in silent patterns. A cat darts behind a tree but does not re-appear. Swoop of a bird, Big Ben strikes, a black shape looks up the tree almost wagging its tail as it ascends in nervous jerks. The yellow garden furniture is inert, caked with dirt and rain, its colour clashing with the mute grey flagstones which frame the grass; incongruous against the grey plastic drainpipes.

The wind has come, The nearest tree tosses its skirt of leaves, the lower ones glare, seeming immovable without the sun to slip between them, turning them to coquettishly catch one's eye with their half-lights. The gnarled tree stands out menacingly, the thin overlay of green barely covering its ugly forms. Outside the bells are ringing—they are so self confidently happy that one is uplifted: even the leaves sway and shake in agreement as they tingle with excitement from the breeze. The sky is turning to blue and the trees become silhouettes as darkness magnifies their height. Now the sky is purple-grey, purple dots fleeing as a black wash swamps them.

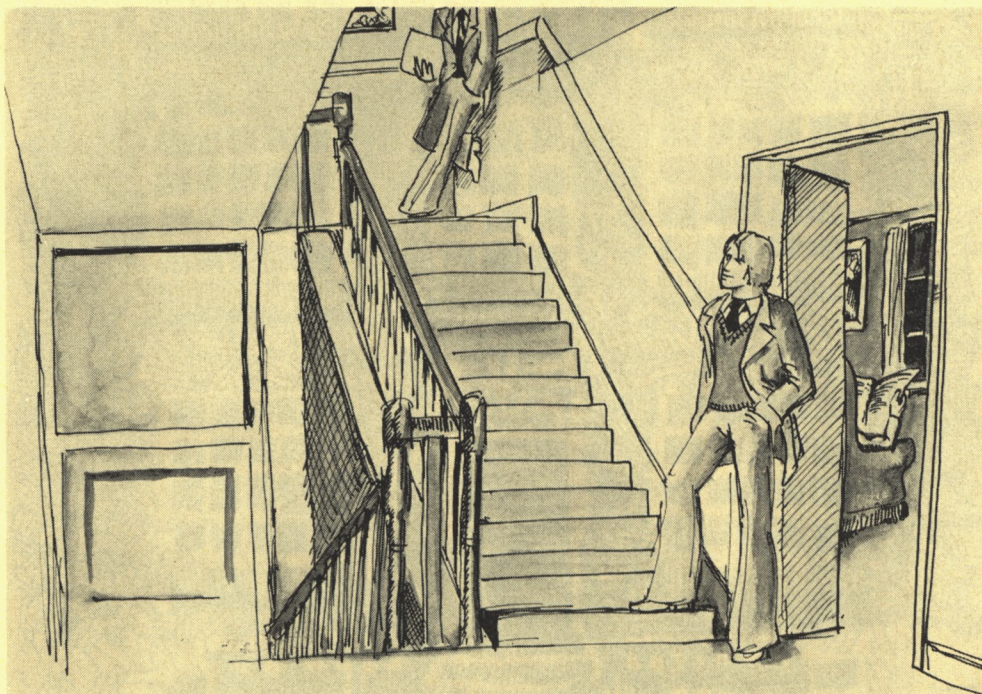




Grant's of Westminster

MOST people considering application will have some knowledge of *Grant's*: this circular is intended as a guide for those desiring application as members. It makes no claim to be exhaustive, but it is hoped that the information which it contains will be useful.

The House of Grant's has for many centuries been synonymous with the society of some of the oldest families of England. The Central Committee exercises particular care in considering applications to ensure the continuation of its longstanding reputation: vigorous interviews are conducted and it is helpful to be seconded by an ex-member, or at least brought forward for recommendation by a distinguished figure. Once the application has been passed by the Board, the new member is formally invited to a time-honoured ceremony celebrating his admission where he is symbolically received into the arms of the community. At the same time he may ask to see the rooms in which he is to reside.



During the initial weeks of his membership he is as a rule presented to an older member to whom he is free to address any personal matters or questions concerning his new role in the community. When experience has seasoned his understanding of the House he may well be called on to perform the same duties for a future member. In this way mutual assistance, so much a part of the *Grant's* tradition, is achieved, and the essential continuity is preserved.

But why choose *Grant's*? Of course it is situated in one of the most beautiful cities in England amongst superb architecture; it is at the centre of cultural affairs and is almost completely surrounded by parks although at the centre of London—Parliament is only a short walk away. Its position allows the soaring

profile of London's Westminster Abbey (where a section is permanently reserved for members) to set off its facade—a 19th century adaptation of Wren, that dominates the spacious courtyard below—which is in itself carefully landscaped to suggest an extension of the Abbey's unique tranquillity. But these should not be the only, or even the main, reasons for choosing *Grant's*. Behind a severe facade no money has been spared to temper 19th century comfort with modern utility. One example is the relaxing atmosphere of the Chiswicks Reading Room, favoured by the literary minded (who recommend its good coffee and the fine library encompassing broad interests) where one may sit by a window and watch the deepening sunset and the activity far below.

All this affords no clash with the 1954 extension to the premises, comprising a severely classical neo-Inigo Jones "Cube Room," with extensive accommodation above. The Medieval scullery in the South Wing has been completely modernised and advanced culinary aids have been installed. By either the Sanatorium or the Grand Staircase one ascends to the two storeys of private apartments, designed in an attempt to recreate the monastic ideal of small private rooms, most of which look out on to the charming private garden. Although the first impression is one of austere simplicity, each room comprises versatile working space along with a fitted cupboard, bookcase and shelves. The luxurious comfort of the beds is disguised so as to remain in keeping with the spartan appearance—individual soundproofing ensures a silence unparalleled in London and combines with the benefits of ascetic styling to provide a unique study-inducing habitat. Of course should a more informal flavour be desired, a change of decor is easily arranged and naturally each room has its own central heating, enabling every member full scope to express his character or lifestyle.

Back downstairs the Cube Room with its handsome display of old silver,



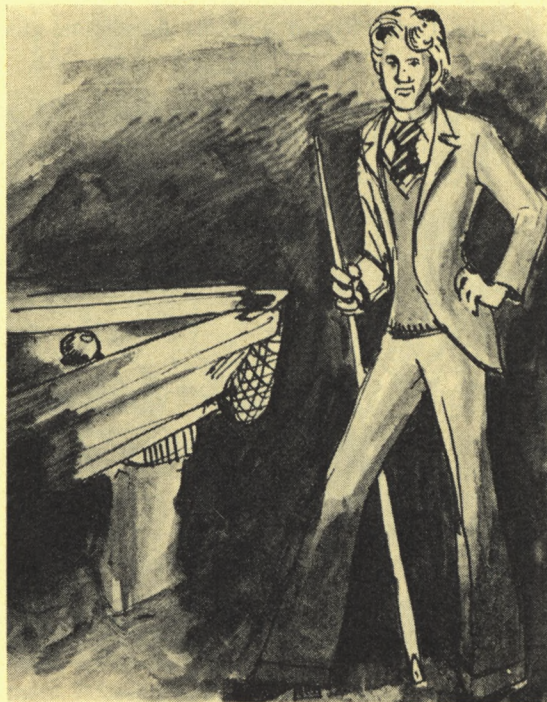
A section of the "Cube Room".

was built in the manner of the Medieval Great Hall, and it serves as a communal meeting place; its simple moulded lines and mustard, leaf-green and cream walls, the perfect backcloth to any occasion.

At the foot of the Grand staircase there is an air-conditioned Colour-television Room, and there is also a colour television in the lounge of the first floor apartments, but this is reserved exclusively for senior members. Public speaking is a much favoured pastime and enthusiasts may reserve rooms.

Sport too plays an important part in our programme and energetic members are invited to choose from a wide selection of activities which could take them from our out of town grounds, to distant encounters. Watermen go to the boathouse at Putney. Those who fence, do so in the Yard, and one may obtain extra exercise in the Fives Courts.

The Grants Day has been arranged so as to give maximum flexibility to members. Full English Breakfast is taken in the 14th century dining-hall of the Abbots of Westminster, and the range of morning papers suits every taste. A Morning Service is always available at nine. Light refreshments are served at eleven and Luncheon is at one (or 1.10 on certain days to allow time to arrange one's sporting programme) and it is a tradition that the whole community should gather for it in the Cube Room. An informal tea is available from 4—4.30, but members may reserve personal attention according to their requirements. A light supper is prepared for 6.30, as most members prefer to eat out in the evening. At nine, the popularity of bedtime drinks necessitates prompt attention and members are then free to play a game of billiards or take a bath before retiring.



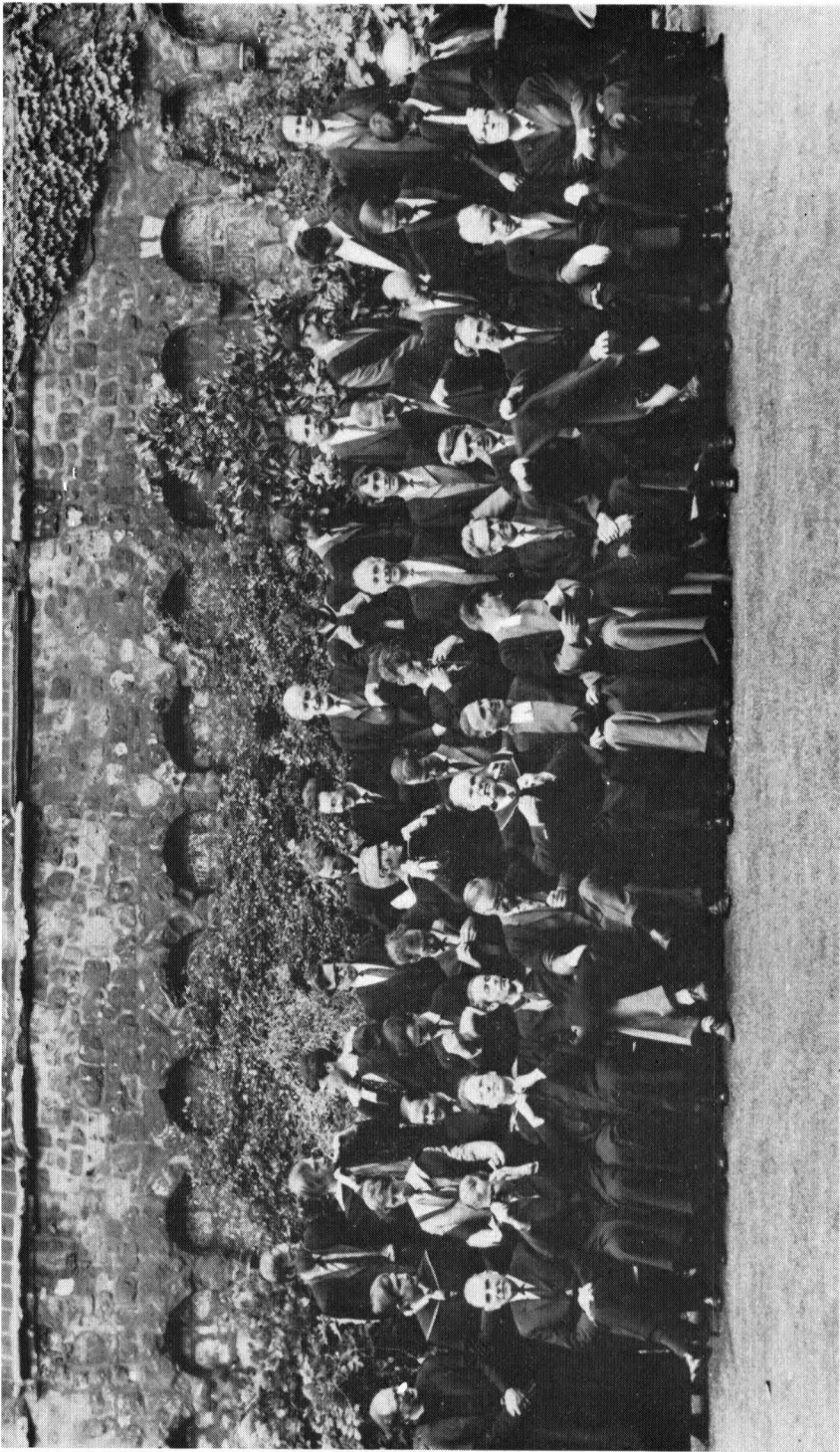


G. Rackham winning the Greaze for Grant's

guess the beautiful baby

Answers at back





Informal Group

The story printed below is the winning entry (out of 5) in this year's "Scrooge Short Story Competition." The Winner received a bottle of Champagne, a plastic trophy and anonymity in The Grantite.



tension

THE moon flitted behind some straggling clouds, and as if it was arranged, the lights began to be extinguished in the little town, until the whole town became peaceful. The drinkers finally collapsed in the roads; the gamblers, tiring of shouting, stumbled home; and the brothel owners put away their profits satisfied, a little amused that many would not be able to pay their taxes the next morning.

For the first time the town seemed to blend with the listless sand, which though it had destroyed whole dynasties, seemed uncertain whether to drown this pointless obstacle that stood defiantly in its way. On the hills above the town the contented shepherds lay talking until only the glow of their dying fires showed that they were even there. The Roman sentries awakened by the sheep, looked up to see if any rich merchants were approaching, but seeing none, they spat on the settled dust, pressing themselves into corners to sleep, and left the travellers to fend for themselves.

Nobody moved in the town, not even the woman who sat cross-legged, her face lit by a mocking candle, which continually distracted her from her worries. She shivered, and pulled her thin robes around herself. Her expression became uncertain, and she began to feel afraid.

At that moment the moon came out from behind the cloud, and for the first time she could be seen to her best advantage. Her hair which was beginning to grey, seemed silver, and her softly rounded chin seemed even more graceful and refined. She stared down at the creature that lay at her feet, almost hidden in the rustling hay. The baby turned its face towards her and for a moment she could almost feel some pity; then he rolled his defiant eyes and began to play alongside the ox, who lay, its worn brown face betraying no surprise at the child, content to watch the events that were going on around him. Jesus wept.

For a moment Mary couldn't understand what the noise was, and it was several minutes before she realised that he was crying. She moved to comfort

him, but she hesitated, unsure as to how he would react. She sat, leaning forward, her mouth half open, as if she expected him to speak and give her instructions on how to treat her precious guest.

He continued to cry, and lay there on the ground, beating his little fat hands against the moist straw, his face wet with tears of disillusionment and despair. Mary realised that at that moment she was alone with her child, and she picked him up and held his face tightly against hers, mixing her tears with his, stroking his head, and whispering words that forged the final link between them.

Mary thought she was dreaming, and that she would wake up and find her husband lying beside her, and her eyes red from crying for this frail body, who had been sent unprepared into a harsh world. Joseph stood by the entrance to the stable, unsurprised by the events going on inside. He had grown accustomed to not asking questions, and had decided to wait until things were explained to him.

“Mary” he almost whispered, awed by the atmosphere of the stable. “We have some visitors to see our—” he faltered. Mary smiled and her whole face radiated with happiness, “our baby” he continued.

He ushered them in. Mary held Jesus in her arms—tightly.

mirage

ONCE again the sun burns. Once again I know I have to trek on to an ultimate destination that I do not wish to reach. The chains are cutting into my ankles, my wrists and my whole body are so weak that I can no longer concentrate on where I am going, or where or on what I am stepping. I don't see the scorpion leaning on the rock ready to sting; I don't notice the snake sliding through the sand towards my bare foot, already dazed by the stones, and with the skin peeled off by the heat of the sun.

Once or twice I glance up, but all I see in front of me is the never-ending line of yellow parched sand. But now, when I look up, I can see a city, with a deep sea at its side. I sink to the ground in admiration, only to be brutally picked again by the traders. Once again I look up and still before me lies the crystal city, with the water flowing, and the food being eaten. The crystal city; the city I longed to see, yet feared most of all. My destination was reached. There is fear, yet a distant longing. Is this the city in which I am doomed to spend the rest of my life? I think briefly of this, but then my mind wanders back through my dreams and aspirations. I see myself running down to the edge of a moonlit ocean; bathing my ankles, my wrists, my face. I dream of drowning in this skylit sea, but one cannot drown in a desert. My city still lies in front of me; the white towers, and the imperial gates; the cobbled streets and the vendors in the market place. This is my dream! Maybe it is a mirage. No, for I can still see the city and it still stands the nearer that I get to it. Go away city! I do not wish to see you. You are my future. I must not reach you! Yet you are beautiful and autocratic, and you seem to beckon me on . . . But city! Where are you? Don't go fair city! You are mine—don't disappear. I am on the ground again, and my

city has whispered away. I am suddenly cold with fright. Why have you left, crystal city? Have you rejected me?

I am no longer frightened. I am hot and I am thirsty. My city has gone into the sand, and my ocean has dried up. Goodbye dream—the fear is still to come.

DANIEL LEWIS.

grant's sport report

THIS year has not been a good one for sport up Grant's. We lost the Bringsty relay, having won it since anyone could remember (admittedly our coach Mr. Michael Brown was away in Australia). Having won the School Regatta last year, we will certainly lose it in a month's time, due to a drop in the number of watermen up Grant's. We did, however, win the first school golf competition (whose cup turned out to be the old croquet cup no longer used), symbolic of how Grant's can both introduce and win a new sport. Basketball continues to flourish, and a strong potential team is ready to show itself, should the need arise. Swimming in the school now seems to be run entirely by Grantites. There are few tennis players in Grant's—we have quality rather than quantity. We have several renowned fencers in Grant's, but there have been few matches of any interest. Both study floors seem to have been taken over by Judo enthusiasts, and now there are few people up Grant's who are afraid to walk the streets at night!

Our Cricket team has yet to be seen, but at Grove Park, where a pool of talent is always on tap if needed, the rounders contingent has reached a new all-time high, even with the noticeable absence of Mr. Hugill, one of the best coaches that we have yet had.

“Nelging ye fluhne” is still part of the national heritage of Grant's, and as always we are supreme, still not having lost a single match (a biased referee who is all powerful, superior teams, and rule number nine which forbids us to lose, perhaps explaining this phenomnom).

football

ONCE again it was a season of mediocrity. The less said about the House Seniors the better. After leading the grossly superior College team, for some five minutes, in the final House Seniors match, we were destroyed by two swift goals, and finished the season without a win. In the six-a-sides, the following term, however, lead by P. Shinnie (whose mind never wavered from his ambition to uphold the Grant's tradition), we put Ashburnham, Liddells and College to confusion, with Busby's only just forcing a draw with us. Against Rigaud's, however, we had no chance, due to their superior team, combined with the fact that we were not at full strength due to various injuries. At this point we were standing in second place in the competition, but we finished fifth because of a disastrous match against Wren's, when although the ball was fielded well, our shooting accuracy was at low ebb.

old grantite club

THE 1975 Annual General Meeting and Sherry Party was held on Tuesday, 28th January, up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. Lord Rae presided.

The following members attended:—R. P. Adler, His Honour Judge Argyle, Q.C., D. Brock, Dr. J. Brostoff, J. D. W. Brown, T. M. Brown, J. H. D. Carey, Dr. D. W. Croft, D. F. Cunliffe, M.C., R. R. Davies, C. N. Foster, E. R. D. French, K. Gilbertson, D. Grieve, T. G. Hardy, J. G. S. Harris, A. S. H. Kemp, T. M. Murray-Rust, P. N. Ray, S. R. W. Rodway, C. T. Sims-Williams, J. R. B. Smith, V. J. G. Stavridi, W. R. van Straubenzee, M.B.E., M.P., V. T. M. R. Tenison, A. G. Walker, J. M. Wilson, L. A. Wilson, A. Winckworth, J. Woodford.

After the meeting members adjourned to the Housemaster's rooms for sherry, where they were joined by the Headmaster, the House Tutor, the Head of House, the Head of Hall, the Editor of the *Grantite Review* and Matron.

The 1975 Annual Dinner was held on Tuesday, May 13th, Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. F. N. Hornsby presided and the guests of the Club were Dr. J. M. Ray (Headmaster), Mr. C. Wightwick, the Housemaster, the Head of House, the Head of Hall, and the Editor and Business Manager of the *Grantite Review*. The Club owes a special debt to Mrs. C. J. Fenton for once again providing a really superb meal.

The following members attended:—

His Honour Judge Argyle, Q.C.	E. Argyle	R. O. I. Borradaile
J. W. P. Bradley	D. S. Brock	T. W. Brown
J. H. D. Carey	B. A. Clare	Dr. D. N. Croft
D. F. Cunliffe	R. R. Davies	E. R. D. French
D. Grieve	J. P. Hart	T. G. Hardy
F. N. Hornsby	M. J. Hugill	G. Illingworth
H. S. E. Johnson	E. G. Jones	Dr. V. A. Levison
L. Lipert	Dr. J. K. Morrison	M. L. Patterson
P. N. Ray	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. M. Winckworth	J. S. Woodford

After dinner, Judge Argyle announced that the Club's 50th Anniversary Dinner would be held on Tuesday, April 13th, 1976, in College Hall, by kind permission of the Headmaster. He further announced that a special Appeal would be launched with the aim of donating to the House commemorative gifts of curtains for Hall and a set of encyclopaedias for use by Grantites.

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ.—Boy on the beach—Adrian Le Harivel. Boy in a pram—Christopher Quayle. The girl on the right—Mrs. Fenton.

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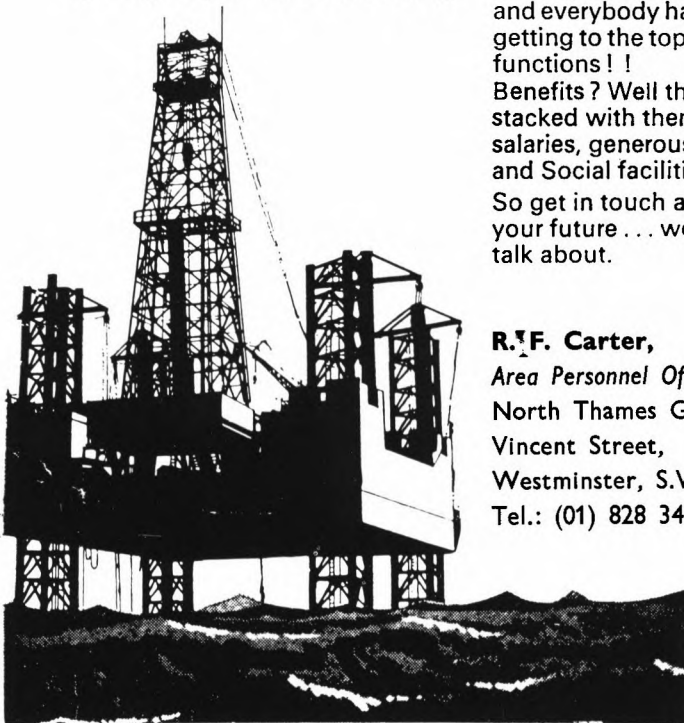
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For those entering Sandhurst after graduation entry is either via University Cadetship tenable whilst reading for a degree or graduate entry after graduation. In both cases entrants are Commissioned on joining. They attend shorter training courses at Sandhurst starting in September, October or March. Applicants for Special Regular Commissions attend the full one year Cadet Course at Sandhurst.

School Entry. Candidates for a Regular Commission aged between $17\frac{3}{4}$ and 20 on 1st day of the month of entry. They require five passes in GCE (or equivalent examination) two of which must be at 'A' level. Candidates will however be considered for direct entry for Special Regular Commissions who offer 'O' level passes in 'A' level papers in one, or exceptionally, two subjects. Subjects must include English language and Mathematics and either a Science subject or a foreign language.

Army Scholarships. Fifty

scholarships up to the value of £385 a year are granted to boys between 15 years 5 months and 16 years 5 months who are at schools which have facilities for educating up to the standard of Advanced level GCE or equivalent. They may either join the Army through the Cadet entry to Sandhurst or, they may compete for University Cadetships and, if successful, join that way.

University Cadetships. These may be awarded to students who have gained a place at university, polytechnic or college of technology to read for a degree.

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Applications. Further details and application forms for all forms of Officer entry should be requested from:

**Schools Liaison Officer,
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01-930 4466 Ext. 494.**



Army Officer