

GRANTITE



REVIEW

Messent of Beckenham Ltd

TAILORS and OUTFITTERS

SUITS TAILORED TO MEASURE

in our own workshops, all hand-tailored work

also

A fine selection of Ready-made suits and coats

by "Aquascutum" of London

Patterns available upon request

**8 THE BROADWAY, CROYDON ROAD
BECKENHAM, KENT**

Tel. BEC 1842

WS/HOU | 3/4/1/30/7

the grantite review

ELECTION TERM 1970

FOUNDED 1884

VOLUME XXIX No. 8

Edited by J. A. Rentoul

Advertising M. J. G. Robbins

EDITORIAL

HOUSE NEWS

HOUSE DIARY

DELUSIONS *J. A. Bell*

DEATH RATTLE *Anon*

NOSTALGIA *Anon*

NOTICE TO ALL PARENTS *Miser*

SONNET: TO VICTORIA *T. D. Gardam*

PREP CERT. X ?

NIHIL..... *N. E. H. Tiratsoo*

SEVEN DAYS *G. R. E. Keynes*

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

SPORTS REPORT: Athletics, Fives, Water, *Jock Haslam*
Cricket, Fencing

OLD GRANTITE CLUB

*The Editor is indebted to Mr. W. R. van Straubensee and M. J. G. Robbins
for their help in producing the magazine.*

editorial

AND so, by God's Grace, the *Grantite* reappears. Poor old *Grantite*: it has never known where it wants to go or whom it wishes to serve and it probably never will. Questionnaires and circulars produced no answers to the problems that have undoubtedly faced every Editor of the Review since time immemorial.

But although this year you receive much the same kind of magazine as you always have, some things have changed. The first and most important is that, unless there is a massive outcry against the scheme, the Review will appear but once a year. This will enable a better magazine to be produced by relieving both financial and creative strains. In the meanwhile, a highly organised advertising campaign has been launched and this means, in simple terms, more money to burn. More money means more fun and photos. I don't mean to tell you that the magazine in your pocket has been devalued, on the contrary, we are trying to build a better Review. On this edition there should be a reasonable surplus to carry forward towards a larger, yet glossier, issue next year.

The second important "happening" is that it is hoped to persuade Old Grantites to put pen to paper and produce for the Review. Although this hasn't been achieved this year the situation is under control and next year you may be more lucky.

I am firmly in favour of this, but I do believe the Review should for the most part cater for the present members of the House, who should be allowed to publish whatsoever pleases them provided it neither breaks the law of the land, nor brings the school into direct disrepute.

The third change is that, by popular demand of the Old Grantites, the House Diary has been lengthened.

So now you have been warned. More changes are in hand and with each new Editor or Housemaster you can look forward to a new shock.

FLOREAT

house news

LENT:

G. H. M. Niven was appointed Head of House.

The monitors were: N. R. Haslam, J. A. Rentoul, J. A. Mumford, N. E. H. Tiratsoo, J. D. E. Montague and S. G. de Mowbray.

M. J. G. Robbins was Head of Hall.

The dormitory monitors were: S. J. Earle, G. M. Fletcher, P. J. B. Hooper, B. F. E. Jenks and R. M. Shute.

ISTEN HOZOTT

N. C. Bell, R. E. Crawford, A. R. Hammerson, P. Hatton, G. R. E. Keynes, S. D. A. Killwick, P. A. Lennon, J. R. Morrison, R. J. Morrison, M. R. Parnwell, D. Selby-Johnston, C. G. Taylor.

Temporarily attached: R. S. Mawson, P. A. Schwartz, S. M. Waldman.

VISZONTLÁTÁSRA

C. H. Aggs, N. P. Dickson, A. J. Fforde, C. J. G. Forman, C. P. Kemp, P. D. V. Miéville, S. D. Nevin, J. Parry-Crooke, T. P. Ravenscroft, G. D. Royce, A. H. van Dalsen, C. R. A. Wilkinson.

ELECTION:

The monitorial remains the same with the addition of R. W. Orgill.

N. R. Haslam has been appointed a school monitor.

C. D. A. van Lynden is appointed a dormitory monitor.

ISTEN HOZOTT

T. M. Williams.

Temporarily attached: M. C. Batten.

Nobody could bear to leave.

The following colours have been awarded:—

- Football .. *Thirds* to N. E. H. Tiratsoo.
- Athletics .. *House Seniors* to M. G. A. Campbell, M. A. T. Deighton, I. C. Macwhinnie.
House Juniors to P. J. B. Hooper, A. P. Macwhinnie, R. M. Shute, N. E. Wates.
- Cricket .. *Pink and Whites* to I. C. Macwhinnie.
Junior Colts to A. P. Macwhinnie.
House Seniors to M. A. T. Deighton, T. J. Earle, A. R. Hadden, N. R. Haslam, R. J. H. Lascelles, A. P. Macwhinnie, J. D. E. Montague, J. A. Mumford.
House Juniors to R. J. Morrison.
- Fencing .. *Pinks* to J. A. Rentoul.

house diary

AS mentioned in the Editorial, for the interest of old Grantites, two windows and four chairs have been broken in Hall but the House has not yet been evicted. Mrs. Heard very kindly gave a bench in memory of her late husband, W. E. Heard (Up Grant's, 1923-28), which joins another, donated from the same source, in weather-proofed splendour on the roof-garden. Three deck chairs were bought from House funds and with flowers beginning to sprout in window boxes, (due to the tender care of Simon Woods and Tom Mason, the Grant's greengrocers), the roof-garden is becoming very popular.

The private side of the House has been very sensibly partitioned off, protecting both Housemaster and House. Mr. Hepburne-Scott is still very much available and the waiting room is often patronised, if only for the up-to-date issue of *Punch*.

A very welcome innovation is the Saturday buffet lunch which enables Grantites to depart just that little bit sooner for their weekends, as well as saving the maids work.

The school has paid for the Grant's plates to be replaced with new ones, which actually have a design surround: they are rumoured to be of G.W.R. origin. While the food remains as good as Old Grantites will remember it, the psychological gain obtained by using them more than justifies the expenditure.

Hall is now allowed to wear pullovers out of school hours as Shag during the week. This brings Grant's partially into line with other Houses, who allow their boys to wear what they like. This simply is not possible in Grant's where a storage crisis of yet more Shag would be critical.

Lit. Soc., the House Playreading Society, flourishes with Mr. Michael Brown (Up Grant's 1955-61) and various assisting Wrenites. Mr. Brown now teaches Latin and English in the school and is a Wren's House tutor. Mr. C. S. Martin, House tutor of the Brock regime, is to be the new Housemaster of Wrens at the beginning of the Lent Term 1971.

Several Grantites studying German in the Modern Languages VIth went off on exchange to the Rupprecht Gymnasium, Munich. The Germans who stayed Up Grant's were extremely nice and we enjoyed having them. The continent was invaded by the whole of Grant's on Guilds Day when the Housemaster arranged a B.R. day excursion trip to Boulogne. The Housemaster had to come back on the first returning boat after a Grantite was taken ill in the midst of the High Seas. The Head of House took command and brought the House back to the U.K., more or less sober.

There are plans afoot to split Hall into three sections, the idea being to convert the barn-like structure to more cosy day-rooms. Hall monitors no longer exist: they are now dormitory monitors and work in Chiswicks, which also houses the rapidly expanding House Library (run by P. Hooper, G. Fletcher and R.

Shute). Prep is now policed by a solitary House monitor. The absence of Hall monitors seems to have made very little difference.

The Westminster co-education Movement has not yet infiltrated the traditional bastions of Grant's. "No dollies" still seems to be the order of the day although Rigaud's, Ashburnham, Wren's and College have all fallen. A special exception is House Lit. Soc. where suffrage is permitted.

The Editor wishes to thank Old Grantites for their kind gift of a typewriter, of which this magazine is the first product. The Review has a stony enough path to publication without the difficulty of borrowing typewriters from private sources, however generous they may be. The new typewriter is an Olympia International SM Monica, complete with line space plunger and wire toothbrush.

delusions

"THIS way"! I was ushered into a dim but not too small room. There my guide abandoned me and I looked round vaguely for a chair; I pulled out one of those high backed, hard, wooden chairs which are meant to be antique, and sat down. Opposite me was a sombre grandfather-clock. It had a loud penetrating tick which filled the room. Its tick grew louder and then ceased. The hands of the clock moved rapidly backwards an hour or so and then stopped completely. Part of the wall at the end of the room fell in with a crash, and the beetles who inhabited that part of the wall marched off with a petition to complain about housing.

A metallic blue cow entered, followed by the remains of a battered brown brief-case, which was moving on large caterpillar tracks. The cow looked at me without interest and then took a bite out of the grandfather-clock: approving it, the cow then proceeded to devour the rest with relish. The clock showed its annoyance by striking thirteen o'clock.

I realised suddenly that some viscous liquid was rapidly rising through the floor-boards. The room was soon knee-deep in blood. I saw a small boy being eaten by a powerful magenta cat. The cat looked at me with its large green eyes, and then it dissolved into bright sparkling drops of water. The boy stood up and started to chase the drops around the room.

The cow turned to me and made several remarks about nothing-in-particular, and then proceeded to eat me, starting from the feet and working upwards. It didn't hurt, for every time the cow took a bite the flesh grew again. The cow

became bored and turned into a clockwork mouse which proceeded to make complicated manoeuvres on the lino. A seagull swooped out of nowhere and tried to tell me that I needed a holiday. I agreed, and so it went away into a dark corner and started to quote Shakespeare and Calculus to itself.

The door opened. " Will you step in here, please ".

I entered another room and sat down.

" Doctor ", I said, " I keep seeing things ".

death rattle

BROWN rat lying on green leaf
Sure to be dead by Monday
All the best.

Dead rat lying on green leaf
Should have been brown last Sunday
Like the rest.

Mould-rat lying on brown leaf
Summer will come back one day
From its nest.

Snow-flake lying on crisp leaf
Today's the dead rat's birthday
Never blessed.

Dewdrops lying on compost
Lying quiet in the sun's ray
Moving west.

Mayfly sitting on weed-leaf
Born and died on a Sunday
Like the rest.

Small rats playing in leaf-mould
Soaking the sun of May Day;
All the best.

nostalgia

I'VE always loved trains, real trains that is, trains with proper engines, and the engines with shiny boilers and polished domes, and wheels that can be seen to have spokes. They were very dignified the way they used to puff out of King's Cross and plunge headlong into the murky Gasworks Tunnel, their piping whistles shrieking defiance to the demons lurking within, before the regulator was

fully opened for the long pull up to Potter's Bar. It was at Potter's Bar that as children we used to watch by the line side and admire the heavy East Coast expresses pant northward towards Newcastle and Edinburgh, while others hurtling in the other direction seemed to be making their final all out dash to the capital down the gentle slope into the terminus. It was the streamlined engines we admired most, partly because they were streamlined though none of us would openly admit that our affections had been captured in this simple way, and partly because they had such lovely names—*Gannet*, *Kingfisher*, *Wild Swan*. Just occasionally we would see *Mallard* the record-breaker, that immortal locomotive which made its own contribution to Great Britain being really great by hauling a seven-coach train at 126 miles per hour sometime before the war. For those more than usually conscious of England's importance, there were reminders in the shape of *Union of South Africa* and *Commonwealth of Australia*, the former an Edinburgh-based engine which often found its way south on the non-stop "Elizabethan" express.

But there weren't only the streamliners. There were engines like *Flying Scotsman* and *Alcazar*, *Bongrace* and *Bois Roussel* which had ordinary boilers and ordinary chimnies, and then there were the unpronounceable ones like *Tagalie* and *Coronach*—I remember we used to have interminable arguments as to whether *St. Simon* should sound English or French. But the matter was solved by the History master at school who mentioned the name in connection with some political movement on the continent, and that decided it. Saint Simon it was, with the best Parisian accent we could muster. It was a surprisingly long time afterwards that I discovered that most of these locomotives with peculiar names were, in fact, called after racehorses that had won the Derby or the St. Leger; they were built at Doncaster and that was the connection.

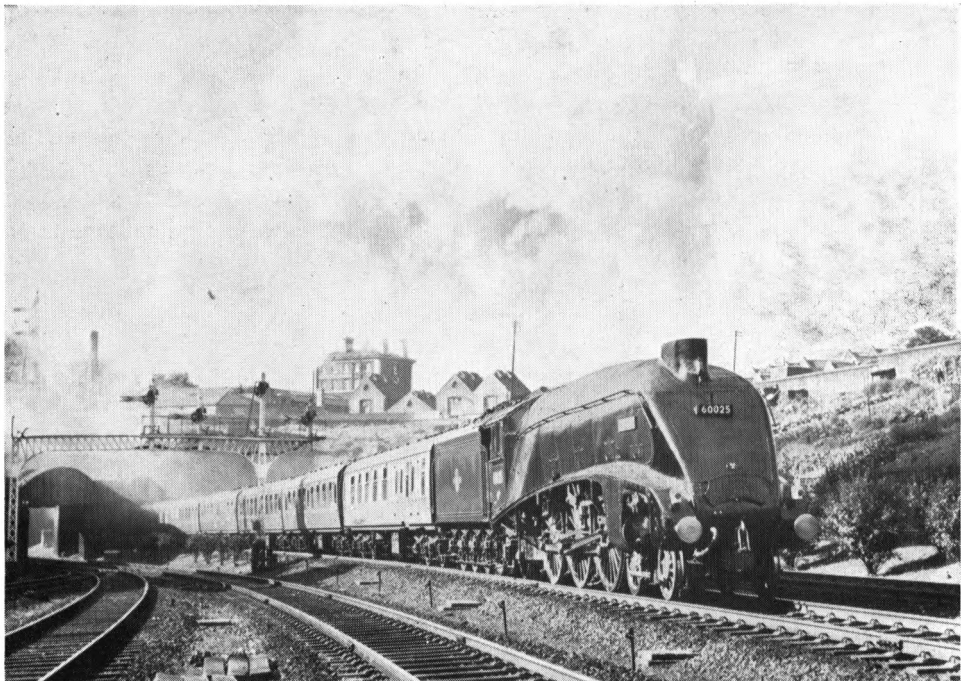
But we mustn't forget to mention the unnamed engines, recognizable as individuals by a large five-figure number both on the smoke-box door and the cabside. We got to know some of these very well and particular friends could be predicted on certain trains. Rather hum-drum jobs these engines were given, suburban stopping trains or what amounted to much the same thing in status, the semi-fast. But these had a charm of their own; it wasn't the glitter, because there was seldom much of that, and it wasn't in the uniformity of outline in the coaching stock, because that didn't exist either. But theirs was a kind of faded elegance in the antiquity of the locomotive, and wooden panelling on the passenger vehicles was redolent of an earlier age and it had stood up well to the exigencies of the war.

In those days, too, the goods trains trundled along in profusion, hauled by long powerful engines sitting squatly on rather atrophied wheels. And how the wagons clanked, and jerked, and shook and bounced backwards and forwards, even when the train was proceeding fairly steadily along the main line. We often used to wonder who would want quite so much coal, and how many life-

times it would last if it were all destined for one grate. And the bricks—it seemed that London could have been rebuilt several times over with what we saw going southward in one week alone.

And then those motley assortments of just ordinary goods wagons which might contain anything or nothing, marshalled together any old how, in trains of different lengths, varying speeds and at unscheduled hours.

But all that has gone, gone to the land from which there is no return, mourned and regretted. And what remains? Well, there are pictures on the wall and the photographs in the cupboard. And there is a sad sort of pleasure to be had in shutting out the present world, thumbing through those albums, flicking through those slides, and becoming enveloped in the past at Potter's Bar once again. But occasionally stronger reminders come from unexpected quarters; when walking into the choir of Westminster Abbey and wondering in which of the back stalls it would be best to sit a voice from behind whispered "Would you like to take Commonwealth of Australia"?



FEES have risen astronomically recently. Do you know the full Drama Probe Story Scandal Shock behind the price increases? Our political correspondent unearthed this from the Chairman's attaché case:—

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL

Notice to all parents:

Parents will possibly find it difficult to appreciate our reasons for announcing a post-dated increase in school fees to take effect from January 1st, 1970. The facts are that, as a syndicate, we have had an appalling season on the turf, and our associates have been singularly unfortunate on the High Table in the Chemmy Room at Crockford's. These circumstances, coupled with the desire of all of us to bring forward the date of our retirement by some ten years, compels us to swell our present high profits if the syndicate is to continue to live comfortably and to enjoy holidays in the Far East.

Parents will, however, be pleased to hear that our plan to provide a higher income for ourselves is not to be entirely borne by an increase in fees; staff will be drastically cut, whilst every effort will be made to achieve an appreciable drop in standard of food and equipment.

Notice to withdraw a boy from the school has been increased from one term to two years, and in lieu of such notice being given the usual terms will apply of course. In addition it has been found necessary to charge a de-registration fee of 60 guineas when a boy leaves, and since we do not contemplate any boy staying with us for ever, this amount will be added to the first term's account.

Extensive building work is being carried out on the premises during the holidays, and this will mean postponing the beginning of next term for a few weeks. As soon as this is completed, and tenants found for the new highly priced luxury flatlets, we hope to invite the parents to come along and observe their sons happily at work in Yard.

MISER.

(Lord Miser of Scunthorpe, Chairman W.S.G.B.)

to victoria

AS mellow evenings of sweet Summer days
Die slowly from the wind that Winter sends,
I wander through deserted woodland ways
And realise that my life, too, soon will end.
But even as I die my love for thee
Shall not depart but still accumulate.
My image from your memories will not flee
For we are one, and I die for your sake.
But when I'm gone, and memories remain
Scorn death yourself as final years fly past.

Death comes to all and feeling little pain
You leave cruel earth, and come to peace at last
Therefore rejoice when life comes to an end
Entice death on, no more your life defend.

“prep cert. x”

I WANT to tell you about this new game I have discovered, called Prep. I didn't know of the game until I became a monitor and the mysterious depths were opened unto me.

It is really quite easy to play and there are several variations on the same theme, rather like billiards and snooker. For instance, one night you can decide to create a new record for the maximum number of impositions and on another the minimum. The wonderful thing is the Quixotic dreams you may indulge in, the Mitty fantasy flashes which you may enact. Some nights Hall is composed of Turkish Cypriots waiting for interrogation under my personal supervision (I am General Grivas) and on other days the Hallites are Brownshirts and Adolf reigns supreme.

What you need to play this game successfully is a massive extrovert personality with considerable imagination. Apart from the thirty-five boys required as extras, the bleak atmosphere of the House and a whip, you may occasionally hit unforeseen problems, as is common in this kind of location work. One night I screamed and shouted at a boy (in German) that he was the lazy son of a dog. Normally this elicits no response, which is vital for the pudding face “dummkopf” part the extra is supposed to play. On this occasion, however, the boy gave a spirited and unprintable reply in German. He was one of our annual exchanges.

nihil

WHISPER “Help” and nobody hears you.
Shout it loud, and nobody cares.

. . . So in the end he took the ultimate sanction against society, and destroyed himself. It was only then, as he drew his last flickering breath, that he realised they didn't care.

In fact some would even enjoy it, as, later, they sat hunched over *The People*, or *The News of the World*.

In the end, all is never,
In the end, all is nothing.

seven days

The story so far:

God has decided that He is fed up with the present situation. He decides to build the Creation. But not everything goes His way . . .

EPISODE II.

THE Lord God Almighty, Creator, created in the last week of December, 4004 B.C. On the 26th He ordered that there should be Light and He ordered that in the midst of the seas there should be a firmament which He named Heaven. And He decreed that the waters should be Land (Eurasia) which He had created on Wednesday morning. The rest of the week till Saturday was spent creating animal and vegetable life and installing a light, (and a night-light). On Sunday He decided that He needed a jolly good rest from His labours. So He had a day off, which is now known as the Sabbath.

But God was lonely, so He created a man similar to Himself which He called Adam, and which He placed on an island to dominate and use all the animal and plant life there. But Adam in turn was lonely, and he wanted someone to play with, down at his own level. So God took one of his ribs and from it He created a woman, Eve, to keep Adam company.

The three of them got along very well together until the wicked black snake came along. Now, you see, there were two special apple-trees from which God alone was allowed to take fruit, and the snake, making mischief as usual, came along to Eve and said to her, "Look at those apples, Eve, don't they look absolutely scrumptious? Why should God be allowed one and not you? It's not fair. Take one just to see what it tastes like. It will probably be nasty anyway."

So she took one and ate it. It was delicious. Then she saw Adam coming towards her. So she called to him and said, "Hey, Adam, have one of these scrumptious apples. They're real good, man. God was just pulling our legs when He told us not to eat them".

So Adam took a bite. Then Eve said, "Put something on, darling. You're indecently exposed, in public!"

"So are you, dear", he replied. So they clothed themselves with some fig-leaves, which Eve managed to knock together in a few minutes.

"Not totally adequate, but better than nothing" as the snake said.

Then they met God and their consciences overcame them. God asked, "Why are you wearing those old plates? . . . Have you been eating from my special trees?"

And they confessed, and the Garden of Eden was put out of bounds to them and their descendants for ever, and they were sent to the Continent to fend for themselves.

Will Adam and Eve make it now that God has left them?

Don't miss the next edition of *Grantite* !!

letter to the editor

Ian Patterson sent this letter in some time ago. Is he right?

Dear editor,

I'M afraid i left my copy of the magazine at home and so i haven't got the actual questionnaire: & i can't remember the questions: but i can a few comments which might serve to correct a bias of views like those expressed by my father, which you probably can imagine or possibly have. which is to say i shall tell you what i like and what i think a grantite review ought to be and perhaps why, if i can. so: it ought to be a magazine in which people in the house can write what they want to write & which other people want to read if they do/and to put their poems in/and to show once and for all they really can be funny, and i laugh too, though that's not important. for when people get older and leave they write if they want to and publish it too sometimes and not in the *grantite* which *is* really for grantites, and if old grantites don't like it they can start their own magazine & what a drag it would be. and it doesn't matter what i think—it is you who are the judges. as for old grantite news what possible use can it serve except that sort of thing the news of the world does only you don't know the people? anyone you know, you know; and you know what he has done if you want to and if not and if he isn't a friend what the hell business is it anyway? it won't help you or mean anything . . . (& shouldn't) so should i get sent it? well being young enough to remember some people even *still*, that is pleasant, but YES i enjoy to read it for *it is alive* and however difficult it is to screw articles out of people they live and that is what is important, so important. And change is good if you want it & we all do it even as we grow older and older and think we don't. which is to say thank you and do what you think you ought to do and above *all* think no sense of obligation to old grantites who should get their enjoyment from other people being grantites not try to keep the world the same as it was when they were teenyboppers (which i doubt). so send me it if you want to —i like it, *but it is up to you*. theres not really much i want to fill my mind with less than whose got what colours for what, but on second thoughts its an achievement like writing and so they might like to see it written down? but i'm not sure i approve of it all the same.

regards to anyone who remembers me,
if they want them.

yours

ian patterson.

sports report

ATHLETICS

Athletics ceased to be compulsory this year, after it was realised that most people loathed it, and also that only five minutes in any hour's station was spent usefully. In its stead there was a choice of various options to be done full-time. The system was far more popular and the L.O. lists were drastically cut. Much as people may have enjoyed this, only six Grantites were left on the Olympic plains. This didn't matter much since there were no individual events.

In the long distance races the Junior team came first, while Wren's muscled in to share first place in the senior event.

The runners finished as follows:—

<i>Senior</i>	Deighton	4th	<i>Junior</i>	Campbell, M. G. A.	4th
	Hadden	5th		Hooper	5th
	Haslam	8th		Gardam	6th
	Niven	12th		Macwhinnie, A. P.	9th
	Robinson	28th		Wates	12th

We also won the Bringsty Relay (for the twentieth time since the event began in 1941); on this occasion by twenty yards. The fairly young team was: Campbell, M. G. A., Deighton, Forman, Gardam, Hadden, Hooper, Macwhinnie, A. P. and Shute. They all did well.

INTER-HOUSE RELAYS

These as usual took place on the last day of the Lent Term. Everyone previously mentioned ran with the addition of Crawford, R. E. and Williams, S. J. We won every Relay except for two in which we only managed 2nd place. Thus we won the overall event overwhelmingly. We would like to thank the Housemaster for his congratulatory party and the choir of Nick Tiratsoo and friends for their support.

FIVES

Three pairs represented Grant's in the inter-house Fives competition, although unfortunately none of these succeeded in reaching the second round. The pairs were: Montague and Hooper, Earle, T.J. and Brown, Mumford and Haslam. John Mumford, John Montague and Paul Hooper have all represented the school. Although John Mumford is a regular member of the 2nd pair, House talent seems to be lacking in depth.

WATER

The situation on the waterfront is improving and the old superiority, thought to be almost certainly lost with the end of the Sam Nevin era, will surely return. Twenty-two Grantites now row, although of these fourteen are juniors. For the first time in many years, the 1st Eight lacks a Grantite, but the House possesses the present Honorary Secretary, Vyvyian Kinross.

CRICKET

We have four members of the 1st XI cricket team (George Niven, the Macwhinnie Bros., and Mark Deighton) and the Grant's team have, perhaps not surprisingly, won the inter-house competition. Liddell's were beaten by five wickets and Ashburnham by 102 runs. Grant's proved to be too much for Rigaud's in the final. Fine batting performances were put up by George Niven, the brothers Macwhinnie, Jeremy Lascelles and Mark Deighton. The bowling was done by George Niven, Ian and Antony Macwhinnie, Abel Hadden and Ronald Morrison, who all took at least one wicket.

FENCING

In the way of fencers, Grant's as usual puts quality before quantity. We possess the present Captain, James Rentoul, and Andrew Wilson is a promising member of the Junior and 2nd teams. Apart from these, only two others practise the gentle art.

old grantite club

THIS year we held our Annual General Meeting on Tuesday, 27th January, at 2 Little Dean's Yard, and Mr. N. P. Andrews, the re-elected President, extended a very warm welcome to the new Housemaster, Mr. D. M. C. Hepburne-Scott, who was attending his first Club meeting.

We also re-elected Mr. W. R. van Straubenzee as Honorary Secretary, Mr. R. R. Davies as Honorary Treasurer and Mr. F. D. Hornsby and Mr. C. N. Foster to the Committee. Mr. van Straubenzee did however stress that this was his 17th year as Honorary Secretary and he really felt that by the next Annual General Meeting it would be necessary to have found him a successor. At the same time as proposing Mr. G. P. Stevens an Honorary Auditor of the Club the President thanked him for all the many years work he had done for us, and, after

announcing that Mr. F. T. Hunter had retired from practice as an accountant and so had asked to retire from the position of an Auditor of the Club, Mr. Andrews thanked him warmly for all his work. The President also announced that at the suggestion of the Executive committee he would like to propose Mr. D. E. Cunniffe (the Honorary Secretary of the Club whose energy and hard work after World War Two had got the Club on its feet again) as an additional Vice-President—this was readily agreed.

Mr. van Straubensee then reminded the Club that one of the most distinguished living Old Grantites, Lord Adrian, had celebrated his 80th birthday during the year and the Club's very best wishes had been sent to him on that occasion, and that Mr. L. E. Tanner, another very distinguished Old Grantite, would celebrate his 80th birthday shortly after the meeting and he would send the Club's warmest wishes to him too.

The Club were also reminded that Mr. Brock had retired during the year and that the Club had presented to him a complete set of one-inch maps of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, in an inscribed case, in appreciation of the many years he had looked after the House.

A brisk discussion followed James Rentoul's address to the meeting when he explained some of the problems facing the Review. Finance was inevitably one of these and he asked in particular that support should be given to the task of finding advertising revenue, and also that Old Grantites should write articles for the Review.

The formalities and business having been concluded we adjourned to drink sherry in the Housemaster's private rooms which he had kindly placed at our disposal, and we were then joined by the House Matron, Mrs. C. J. Fenton, at the special request of the younger members of the Club.

More than a wholesome sweet



a most valuable energy food

You can't buy these books

But you can get a free copy by filling in the coupon

And what are they? Two very important new publications for those interested in a career in finance.

A National Westminster career. A modern banking career with good pay and allowances, generous holidays, sickness benefits and a non-contributory pension scheme.

A varied career with opportunities in domestic banking, data processing, international finance, trust administration, corporate planning, financial control — to mention but a few.

There's one illustrated book for girls and another for boys. They give you all the information you want about a career with National Westminster.

Write for your copy today.

BOOK Please send me the one for girls/boys.

Name Mr/Miss Age

Address.....

I have/hope to get the following GCE (or equivalent) passes:

To: David Reygate,
P.O. Box 297, Throgmorton Avenue, London, EC2

**Advance into banking with
National Westminster **

'Roulette' by the famous Red Arrows



3ft. apart at 800 mph

**Flying today is team-work: it takes pilots,
engineers, logistics experts, personnel managers,
air traffic controllers, administration specialists ...
all the people we call aerocrats.
Perhaps you could be one of them.**

If you are interested, now is the time to do something about it. Ask your Careers Master for some RAF pamphlets—or get him to arrange for you to meet your RAF Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat.

Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain E. Batchelar, RAF, Adastral House (25ZA1), London W.C.1. Please give your date of birth and say what qualifications you have or are studying for (minimum 5 GCE O-

levels including English language and mathematics), and whether you are more interested in flying or ground management.

Royal Air Force Aerocrats



2 A-levels can lead to a degree and a career with Metal Box

Metal Box is the largest packaging organisation outside the United States, with over 80 factories in Britain and overseas. This fast-growing light engineering and marketing organisation employs graduates in company administration, factory and commercial management, production engineering, market research, and an 800-strong research and development team. You could be one of these graduates.

Metal Box sandwich courses

These courses lead to a degree in engineering, plastics technology or business studies. You must be under 20 years of age. You need 'A' levels in Maths and Physics for the Engineering course, one of these plus Chemistry for the Plastics course, and any 2 'A' levels for the Business Studies course.

At the end of the four year apprenticeship, you will have received a thorough grounding in your chosen field, and should have taken your degree, leading to membership of the appropriate professional institution. And you are paid while you work.

Write before March 1970 for entry in the following September to:
**Staff Division (Recruitment), The Metal Box Company Limited,
37 Baker Street, London W1A 1AN.**

Metal Box 

MB10-261

BARCLAY BROTHERS

(CATERERS) LTD.

NO ORDER TOO LARGE!

NO ORDER TOO SMALL!

Branches at:

3, DERBY GATE, S.W.1

DACRE HOUSE

DEAN FARMER ST., S.W.1

15, WHITCOMBE ST., W.C.2

BOARD SANCTUARY

REFRESHMENT CENTRE, S.W.1

DAVIES'S

GROUP AND PRIVATE TUITION
FOR
G.C.E. AND UNIVERSITY ADMISSION
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ENTRANCE
AND SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATIONS

Fully equipped Laboratories on the premises

55 ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1

Tel.: 01-834 4155/9

Principal: J. L. NORDEN, M.A. (CANTAB.)

and

47 CROMWELL ROAD, HOVE, SUSSEX

Tel.: Brighton 733160

Principal: ALAN MORTON, M.A. (CANTAB.)

SHORT SUMMER COURSES begin on or after 29th JUNE

ONE YEAR COURSES begin 1st SEPTEMBER

Early booking is advisable



HIGGS & CO., HENLEY