

**THE
GRANTITE
REVIEW**

the grantite

Election Term 1976.

Editor: Nick Barrett
Assistant Editor: Derm Tanner
Advertising Manager: Bill Upton

	Page.
Editorial	1
House Diary	2
House News	3
Parramatatta 1975 Michael Brown	4
The Water Simon Tenison	7
Snow Plough Nick Service	8
The Stones Ed Adams	8
Achievement James Gardom	9
An Answer to Rubbish Tim Gardom	10
Slow Realization Anton Rocksov	12
Hitch hiking or something . . . Tim Barrett	13
Old Grantite Club	15
Cover and Drawings Rupert Stubbs	

* * * * *

editorial licence

The economic crisis was bound, at some time or other, to hit the Grantite. Gone, alas, are the days of hot lead press, glossy pages, endless photos and a mile long queue of willing advertisers. The simple fact is that the Grantite can no longer raise the money to sustain its former image. Instead, readers will have to accept a lower standard of appearance in the Grantite, but we hope not a drop in the quality of the contents.

To some people, who see the Grantite as the embodiment of house spirit, what is most important is that there is actually a Grantite printed, regardless of the visual attractions of the magazine.

The editor of this style of the magazine is closely involved with its preparations and whether or not this is an enjoyable experience, it is inevitable that he will inflict upon it at least part of his personality. The contributors will do the same and it must also be presumed that at least part of their personality will be derived from the House.

The Grantite is not designed to reflect world or even school opinion, but it aims both to unite Old Grantites and to give a taste of the life and a flavour of opinions Up Grant's 1975 - 1976.

It should be judged accordingly.

house diary

Early on in the Play term Grantite loyalty was put to the test when the Studyites were called upon to defend Bottom floor studies from a mass of bees. Grants' gourmets were licking their lips at the thought of honey for tea, but they were to be disappointed. The militants, led by Matron and armed with Brut (yeah yeah yeah) and paper clubs, repulsed the enemy totally after a two day battle.

It was about this time that we became aware of another more threatening enemy - that of the new day-boy house. Petitions, protests, banners, debates and outright accusations have been of no avail and for the first time in Grantite history we will have to abandon our isolationist principles and surrender half of Hall to an alien species. Obviously quite the most serious victim to fall to House 'X' will be hall footie. Indeed, it appears that the age of hall footie is drawing inexorably to a close. The past season has been highly successful and it will be tragic to see the game die just as it is enjoying a fresh peak of popularity. There is the real danger that with no occasion allowed for Grants to be en famille without its 'paying guests', house spirit and esprit de corps will suffer.

Grants really has been under fire this year and no sooner had we resigned ourselves to House 'X', than Grants survived yet another onslaught in the form of an article in the Rigaud's House magazine (oh my God!). An attempt to rebut the writer has been made further on in this magazine.

Our passage through the year certainly has been extremely rough, but doubtless we will always find a way to emerge as victors. After all, one only need look at Rule nine of Knelging ye Fluhne for confirmation of that fact. To date we have had two fine knelging victories over Wrens and over 'the girls'. The latter fixture was directly responsible for the total upstaging of the Remove Parents' Party as Yard became the scene of the largest scale mass riot for many years. Some female dignity may have been dampened in the fountain and a few elegant ankles battered, but then the age of Chivalry was killed by Women's Lib anyway.

If we failed to make ourselves heard that way, we undoubtedly succeeded when Grant's became the centre of no less than two private radio stations. At one stage almost every commercial station was blocked out and it was a veritable miracle that the police have not called to drag away various members of the Establishment.

house news

Play Term 1975

Head of House : A. Le Harivel.
 Head of Hall : P.D. Everington.
 Monitors : R.Carr, R.J. Fergusson (san),
 J.F.R. Flint, C.J.W. Hunt,
 R.H. Lupton, P.C.F. Shinnie,
 S.G. Tenison.

Arrivals : C.T.A. Campbell came from Wrens.
 P.L. Cranleigh-Swash, C.G.R. Dawson,
 P.A.H. Everington, C.M.P. Howard,
 P.M. Longford, G.Miller, J.H. Moss,
 S.R.M. Tyrrell.

Departures : R. Carr, P. Everington, R. Fergusson,
 J. Flint, C. Hunt, A. Le Harivel,
 P. Shinnie, C. Tiratsoo, R.H. Lupton.

Lent Term 1976

Head of House : S.G. Tenison.
 Head of Hall : T.H.P. Gardom.
 Monitors : T.M. Barrett, J.C. Hamilton C.J.C.Morgan,
 I.M. Reid, D.A.B. Tanner, W.D. Upton.

Arrivals : N.P. Budd, A.J.B. Clay, D.S. Green,
 L.C. Levan, D.P. Lyons, T.J.B. Odgers,
 H.C. Papas, P.M.H. Stone, R.R. Wood.

Election Term 1976

The Monitorial remained the same.

Nobody wanted to arrive.

Departures : J. Chalaby, T. Gardom, G. Jenkins,
C. Morgan, D. Street, S. Tenison.

Parramatta

Immediately Play Term 1974 had ended, my wife, five month old daughter and I flew out of a cold wet London to land twenty-four hours later in a hot and steamy Sydney. We were met on arrival by John Scott (House Tutor 1973). John, Sheelagh and baby Timothy have settled back happily to life in Sydney, but looked with nostalgia on their year at Westminster and asked after many Grantites. John is now Head of Mathematics at Barker College and they have a spacious home in St. Ive's, one of Sydney's many garden suburbs, growing their own oranges and lemons among other cultural pursuits.

Our first impressions on seeing Sydney in daylight (we had arrived at night) were of brightness, colour and space, impressions heightened no doubt by the contrast with the winter we had just left, but one does have the feeling in the Southern Hemisphere that the sky is larger, the atmosphere clearer. This sense of space increased as we drove into the King's School, Parramatta, a school which, though only seventeen miles from the centre of Sydney, is fortunate to own three hundred acres of bushland. Waddy House, where we occupied the Housemaster's house (Michael Smee, our exchange, being the Housemaster) is in the heart of this bushland and for a year we were privileged to enjoy the luxury of a roomy bungalow in rural surroundings, a refreshing change from our third floor flat in Eccleston Square! At this point the reader's imagination is doubtless conjuring up kangaroos bounding on the doorstep, but honesty compels me to admit that the urban sprawl round the school had driven them further afield. Snakes and Kookaburras though were

more than evident and it was rumoured that the Headmaster's wife was planning to start a colony of Koala bears, only special eucalyptus trees had to be planted first.

In describing life at the King's School in general, and Waddy House in particular, it is difficult to know where to begin and I apologize in advance if my ramblings lack coherency. One is always asked to make comparisons and yet right from the start I was struck by the ease with which we settled into life "Down Under", assisted by the marvellous hospitality we received, and the absence of real differences.

Superficially the contrast was striking. Although the oldest school in Australia, the King's School moved recently from the centre of Parramatta to its present site three miles away, so none of the buildings are more than fifteen years old, apart from the chapel which was moved brick by brick. To balance this glass and concrete modernity the school has retained what is possibly the oldest school uniform in the world, a military outfit of striped trousers, heavy braid jacket and slouch hat, which provided its wearers with a distinctive individuality they did not entirely relish. In keeping with the uniform there was a very non-Westminster military flavour about certain aspects of school life, though traditionalists could be heard muttering that things weren't what they used to be. Parades, pack-drills and roll-calls featured regularly and columns of boys marched into assemblies with remarkable precision. A professional sergeant exercised a powerful influence on the discipline of the school and in my first lesson I was somewhat surprised to be told by a boy that he had to leave the class for a hair-cut on the sergeant's orders (he wasn't pulling my leg!). However beneath this orderly exterior I was relieved to discover that the boys could be as lively, cheeky and refreshingly engaging as anywhere else in the world.

An obvious difference lay in the fact that boys could not normally go home at weekends and I felt that their enjoyment of school life was the fuller for this uninterrupted sojourn (unpalatable though this may be to the average Grantite). The climate and location

assisted here, for the majority of boys would happily spend their spare time outdoors on one of the many sports' fields. A feature of the weekend was the Sunday barbecue lunch which the boys cooked for themselves outside each boarding house (meat prices were such that the school could afford steak and chops!). Predictably the emphasis on sport was more pronounced than at Westminster, but probably no more so than at an English country school in a similar situation. Rugger dominated and it was intriguing to hear soccer being hotly defended as an "acceptable" minor sport. The school achieved excellent rowing results despite rowing for only two terms in the year (Westminster take note!) and yet other Sydney schools muttered complaints about excessive professionalism.

The end of our house made up one side of a courtyard formed by the boarding house and this proximity enabled us to play a fuller and more rewarding part in the life of the house than is possible Up Grant's. Boys arrived at an earlier age (some were still eleven) and many came from very far afield, so homesickness was a real problem at the beginning of the year. My wife frequently found herself sharing lunch with a boy who suddenly found everything too much of a strain (this involvement probably stopped her feeling homesick!). Coming from country properties the boys tended to be very skillful with their hands. Such pursuits as leatherwork, candle-making, pottery and gardening flourished and it was impossible not to be drawn in. The highlight of the House's year was an "At Home" for the parents, at which the boys cooked a barbecue dinner, put on an exhibition of art and crafts, performed a concert and produced a play, all in the space of four hours, despite an uncharacteristic deluge that did its best to flood us out.

I will conclude by reassuring readers that we did manage to see something of Australia besides the King's School; in fact we travelled extensively, ranging from Adelaide to the Great Barrier Reef, staying with many friends and relative. We returned after a thoroughly worthwhile year, convinced that it is to everyone's advantage for such schoolmaster exchanges to take place far more frequently than is at present the case.

the water

The first thing I would like to say is that we took them all. Grants, contrary to the forecast in last year's Grantite, did win the school regatta by a margin of 42 points to 20 over 'the house next door' (not the subsidised hotel; the other one). Last year, the sports report was written by some ignoramus from Grove Park. Thus the prediction was up the creek.

The house had a strong contingent in the senior squad. Three seats in the 1st Vlll and three, including the cox, in the 2nd Vlll. The Junior section was also fairly well infiltrated with Grantites.

We won the Senior 1Vs against Rigauds with, bow; Peter Everington, John Hamilton, Peter Rolt, stroke; Simon Tenison, cox; Rory Howard. Grants also won the open pairs, again against Rigauds, very surprisingly, with Simon Tenison and Peter Everington. The Grants finalist in the Senior sculls lost abysmally, by about 60 seconds, to the eccentric scholar Humphrey Birley, who was defending his title.

The colts were not so well represented and Grants had no finalists. The Junior Colts did well winning the 1Vs against Wrens, but our sculler lost in the final. The novices lost their 1Vs in the final, but we had two sculling finalists. Paul Connell was the winner, with Sean Kavenagh second.

Finally, all that need be said is that with twenty four out of ninety nine oarsmen, three 1st Vlll and two 2nd Vlll seats, prospects look good for this summer's school regatta.

* * * * *

snow ploughs

The snow-ploughs carve their way along the side of the road, followed closely by a lorry collecting the snow which shoots out of the pipe at the back of the plough. Fountains of snow cascading over the cab of the lorry. Wherever you look there are snow-ploughs noisily battling with the snow, a long fight raging all over the city.

Vague white roads snake down the avenues of trees, passed and across the frozen river, moving ever forward. On, passed the silent houses of green and white, red and orange, or merely red bricks. Houses, just cardboard backdrops, standing stiff against the sky. That dark navy blue cap with the light yellow rim, a blanket after all.

Trees wave like palm fronds, lacing complex patterns on an ever lightening sky. Bare, grey but beautiful, tassling the breeze from branch to branch and from tree to tree. A cold dry place, water everywhere but nothing is wet. On go the snow-ploughs, always working, never stopping.

the stones

Ladies and Gentlemen - the Rolling Stones!

"The Stones - I luv the Stones!"

"Just can't get'em outta mi mind"

"They're incredible, mind-blowing, you name it brother".

Grant's is a house both enthralled and captivated by the Rolling Stones. The whole house constantly vibrates to the exquisite sounds of "Brown Sugar", "Satisfaction", and "Rocks Off". Their music is of such a high quality that it seems to generate an hypnotic, even overpowering influence over us trendy Grantites. Of course, not quite every resident experiences this

intoxicating sensation each time the harsh and rough notes of Mick Jagger's lyrics and Keith Richard's music reach their aural organs. Indeed some have actually admitted that they do not own a single record by this hallowed and divine band. Fortunately such unbelievers are far and few between and there is very little likelihood at this present moment in the fourth dimension that their numbers will enlarge, or for that matter hopefully even remain at their present far too high level.

P.S. 1,000,008 of the best tickets in the house are being given away if you can answer these simple questions:-

"The Stones have often been associated with rocks and nuts. Why?.."

"How long have the Stones been together, 30,40 or 50 years?"...

Write to:- The Sun, 25 Bouverie Street, Bognor, Tahiti.
Please state Stones Tahiti.

MICK AFTER A REALLY
TUSS 9/19

achievement

It comes, a boon, a blessing earthwards sped
A paragon of virtues all sublime
Of Man's achievements evidence most strong
And of his science vindication True
A wonder To The humblest now bequeathed!
Who is There such that he cannot obtain,
By artifice or murder, one of these?
What now is left for Mortal Man to find?
What Target now remains for him to set
For when The Lord of all destroys the world,
What better words his headstone to adorn
Than "Man, Triumphant, found the ball point pen!"

an answer to rubbish

The Oxford Dictionary tells us that rubbish is "waste or worthless matter, litter, trash, nonsense, absurdity; of no value; not worth considering". It was Mr. Hoskyns's article, "The terror of the exposed imagination" (The Major, March 1976) that prompted me to look up the exact meaning of this word. The article was a mixture of assertions, abstractions, and unprovoked personal attacks, and I feel that I cannot be alone in finding it both alarming and mystifying. A detailed analysis would mean quoting Mr. Hoskyns at length, an unreasonable imposition on any readership, but I should like to take issue with one or two of his wilder claims.

I would like to question his brusque dismissal of the Elizabethan as a magazine that "has set itself up as a sort of patron of the numerous Westminster traits, especially Apathy and Cynicism". I would like to question his assertion that there is a substantial proportion of the school who think that "everyone would be happier if they were the same" and who have "a festering resentment of anything not directly connected with the normal pattern of their lives". I would question his claim that he is not "out to stir a one-man-battle against Grants". I would question his statement that he has "friends in Grants".

I also feel it my duty to speak out in defence of the last editors of the Elizabethan. Mr. Hoskyns said that MatthewCox's "self-conscious, unamusing and laboured" article "in no way show(s) us how to put words together in a pretentious manner"; a claim that seems dubious in view of Mr. Hoskyns's own obvious abilities in this direction. In the event however any possible pretentiousness in his article was amply disguised (as was the overall message) by its extraordinary verbosity. The longest sentence for example contained ninety one words while another had no less than nine sub-clauses.

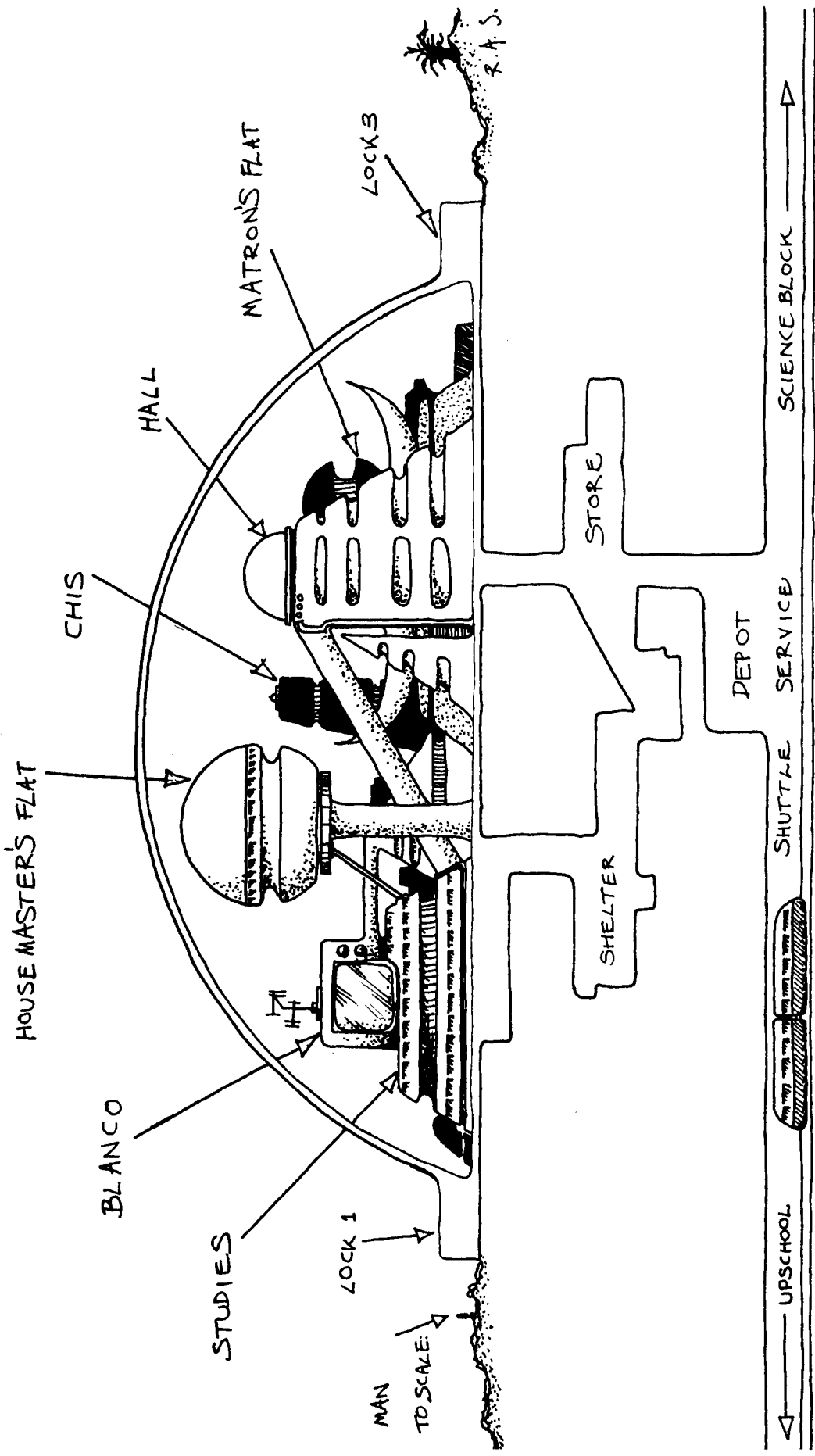
When Mr. Hoskyns stated that "Grants has succeeded magnificently in making it quite unfashionable to indulge oneself in any form of cultural activity whatsoever; it

is an organisation almost puritanical in its deliberation", (It was this sentence, one of the shorter ones, that opened his final paragraph), I read avidly on. I was certain that such an enormous claim was sure to be backed up by powerful evidence: hideous stories of Grantite picture slashings, book burnings, violence towards English masters, and the like. I was astounded to find that not only did Mr. Hoskyns fail to provide sensational proof of this kind, he declined to give any reason at all for his assertion, other than his rather hazy feeling that the Grants Expeditions Society was not visiting the sort of films it ought to. It falls to me therefore to state the real facts of the case; to answer prejudice with proof.

One third of the house belongs to the Youth and Music organisation, while over half have been to at least one concert or theatre during the course of the (Lent) Term. I am deliberately not including any visits to films, since Mr. Hoskyns seems to attach little importance to this art form. On average eleven Grantites every week go to a theatre or concert. Grants have also won half of the school Art prizes for the last two years.

These figures are interesting in themselves, but what do they really mean? They mean certainly that Mr. Hoskyns was wildly wrong in what he chose to say; his claims are untrue and demonstrably so. They mean that Grants, despite its share of the diehard Philistines that exist in any school, remains one of the more civilized houses, whatever some people might like to think. Hence, while not doubting that Mr. Hoskyns actually believed what he said about Grants (saner people have believed stranger things, after all), it would only be the most shallow and uninformed view of the house that could possibly lead one to agree with him.

* * * *



GRANT'S 2001

slow realisation

The glass shattered and I stumbled to the floor, clawing at my eyes as if trying to lessen the piercing pain. I heard a pile of cans fall noisily to the supermarket floor. Suddenly a feeling of dizziness overcame me and my consciousness faded.... .

I woke up to find myself between starched hospital sheets. There was a bandage around my eyes and I could feel various plasters hugging my chest. I reached out for the button which I knew had to be there and rang for the nurse. I was hungry and thought of pasta and cream cakes. The nurse finally arrived.

"Good morning, how are you feeling Mr. Palmer", I heard her say as she opened the curtains.

"Hungry. Could I have something to eat please nurse?" She went out and ten minutes later came back with breakfast. She told me that my mother would be around to see me before very long and then left.

"Nurse", I said when she came back to collect my tray, "Why can't I see?"

"There's a bandage around your eyes", she said, stating the obvious.

"For how long?"

"A few days. You were very lucky".

She left the room and I called after her. I heard her footsteps move along down the corridor. I realized that I was now blind, that I would never see again. For a moment I rested quietly in my eternal darkness but then I started to sweat like a pig. I was absolutely helpless. I shuddered. My mind was spinning round. How could I live in this infinite oblivion?

* * * *

hitch hiking or something

...If you are going nowhere slow, then sit on the outskirts of Las Vegas on your pack and try for a lift. Always sit on a pack because the sun boils the sand and there is no shade for, maybe, the next fifty miles - and that's only the Greyhound bus sign for those who want to get off into nowhere. The heat has probably killed off the lice in your greasy hanks of hair and your companion has a bad case of sunburn. He fell asleep yesterday and you forgot to warn him. You have been there for eighteen hours and maybe will be for another eighteen. The cars drive in and out of town, those who have won are scared you will rob them and the rest don't want to know. The guy in the Bugazzi is afraid you will dirty his Gucci leather upholstery, but he stops and tells you in a friendly way that maybe you had better walk. Finally a little old lady in a beat up something-that-might-once-have-been-a-Ford, going the wrong way, says she will drive you to the Inter-State junction thirty miles away, where maybe you will get a lift....

The narrator in this passage is trying to represent the passive attitude and language of the true hitch-hiker who takes the attitude that he is not there to get anywhere on time, but rather to "be" there and "maybe" get somewhere. He has accepted the dramatic realism of the road and the importance of the word "maybe". Maybe I will get there today - maybe I've got dysentery. The real hitch-hiker is on the road for the experiences that are inherent. Maybe he will sleep under a bush or maybe he will be picked up by a farmer who will take him home, let him have a bath and feed him the biggest T-bone steak he has ever seen, watched by his wife and ten children in denim overalls, straight out of pioneer folklore and ordered from the Sears Roebuck catalogue. If however he is inhibited by a sense of time and place, he will remain a traveller through the world - not a traveller "in" the world.

There is a story of the Buddha holding up a flower

and asking his disciples to say something "relevant" about it. All but one tried to out-do the others in the profundity of their answers. The one remained silent and smiled an almost imperceptible smile. He had seen the true Zen nature of the flower, how it held the secrets of all life within it. Similarly to sit by the road, being picked up occasionally by different people, never interlectually analysing the situation, just allowing yourself to become part of the flow of life, that too is pure Zen.

Back on the road.....just emerging from the river, scrambling up the slope and over the buckled aluminium guard rail. Wearing only jeans, the rest of your clothes are hung on your pack to dry and slap damply on its sides. It gets dark around seven here as the mountains are high and the silver birches bend over the backroad to cut out the red sunset. Your partner thinks you are in Vermont, so you sit by the side of a road leading to the sunset, because that is west. The dust is so fine you close your toes around it and imagine a carpet, but no carpet is ever that soft. Cars pass slowly, ignoring you, packed with paunchy executives and their families. They have been boating on Lake Champlain and Junior's hungry and his clothes are damp, so he screams. Smile imperceptibly. A camper doing sixty scuffs to a halt in the roadside dust. A drunken invitation to squeeze in. "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die!" - it may be a lot sooner if we shove ourselves up the backside of that truck ahead.....

Some of this happened to me, some to my friends, some I've heard or read about, and the rest not at all. Which is which is largely up to you.

* * * *

old Granite club

The 1976 Annual General Meeting and Sherry Party was held on Tuesday, 27th January 1976, Up Grant's by kind permission of the Housemaster. Lord Rea presided and paid a moving tribute to the late Noel Hornsby. The following members attended:-

R.P.Adler, His Honour Judge Argyle Q.C., P.B.Ashbrooke, A.Bostock, Dr. J.Brostoff, M.B.McC.Brown, J.H.D.Carey, R.Carr, G.Chichester, Dr.D.Croft, D.F.Cunliffe M.C., C.N.Foster, E.R.D.French, K.Gilbertson, J.G.S.Harris, R.P.C.Hillyard, P.G.Hollings, F.D.Hornsby, M.J.Hugill, H.C.E.Johnson, A.S.H.Kemp, G.Pope, P.Ray, P.Rolt, S.R.Rodway, F.M.Rugman, J.Smith, J.R.Smith, W.R. van Straubenzee M.B.E., M.P., V.T.M.R.Tenison, G.Williams, L.A.Wilson, A.N.Winckworth, J.S.Woodford.

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

It was announced that the 50th Anniversary Appeal had so far raised over £500 and that there had been over 80 acceptances for the 50th Anniversary Dinner.

We have to record the untimely deaths of Andrew Abdela and Sebastian Pollitzer. The Club extends its deepest sympathies to their relatives.

REPORT OF THE SPEECH OF W.R. VAN STRAUBENZEE, M.P.,
AS PRESIDENT OF THE OLD GRANITE CLUB AT THE 50th
ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE CLUB IN COLLEGE HALL ON
TUESDAY 13 APRIL 1976

The president started by making special reference to the recent death of Noel Hornsby, which if it had not

occurred would have meant that Mr.Hornsby would have been presiding over that particular dinner. Against a background of sympathetic applause he sent to Mrs. Hornsby and the family the affectionate regard of all Old Grantites.

He next asked to be permitted on behalf of the whole Club to send a special message of affection to Mr. L.E.Tanner who, owing to infirmity, was unable to be present. He recalled that Mr.Tanner had presided over the 25th Anniversary Dinner in 1951, when he made the notable presentation to the House of the portrait of Mother Grant. He also made mention of Mr. Ray Plummer for so many years the indefatigable Honorary Treasurer of the Club but who owing to ill health was not able to be at the dinner. In both cases he was warmly asked to send messages from their fellow Old Grantites.

The President next welcomed the Head Master, thanking him for permission to dine in College Hall, and Simon Tenison who was the present Head of House. He said it was particularly pleasant to welcome Simon whose Father, Michael Tenison, had been responsible for all the detailed arrangements of the Dinner and whom he thanked warmly on the Club's behalf. He added that the death of the President in Office, the arrangements for the appeal and of the Dinner, had imposed a very special burden on James Woodford whom he thanked on the Club's behalf.

He then went on to say that two members of the Club were specially welcome. All those Up Grant's from 1935 to 1948 were particularly delighted to see Mr.T.M.Murray-Rust looking, as the President remarked, almost unchanged from the days when he was Housemaster. The second most welcome member present was Mr.J.M.Wilson, Housemaster from 1948 to 1964. The first had seen the House through the War years and the second through the post-war years and the rebuilding. In both cases he sent warm messages of good wishes to their respective wives who had been such a tremendous support during their period as housemasters.

The President said that the origins of the Old

Grantite Club were sometimes disputed. Some said that they had their origins in the Moth Club, where 'Moth' was pronounced to rhyme with 'Both'. The rules of the Club were that it should have an Annual Dinner at which a Vote of Censure should be passed on the Head Master. What was beyond dispute was that the first dinner of the Old Grantite Club as such was held on Shrove Tuesday 1926. The First President was Sir Villiers Forster, Baronet, who was chosen because he was probably the then oldest living Old Grantite, having entered the House before 1860. It was quite common for him to come straight to dinners from the hunting field although he was then well over 80. It was a matter of particular comment that no less than four of the House Monitors of 1926 were themselves present at the Dinner.

The President said the Club wished to record the 50th Anniversary by making a presentation to the House of curtains for Hall, and expressed the gratitude of the Club to Judge Argyll who had organised the appeal. It had been very generously responded to. The President added that the full amount had not quite been subscribed and he would be very glad to receive any additional contributions.

The President concluded by proposing the health of the Club coupled with the name of the Housemaster who, he said, had never failed to support the Club in all its activities. The toast was received with acclamation.

* * * *

WHATEVER YOU'RE GOOD AT -

HERE'S YOUR CAREER!

Languages
Mathematics
Economics
Engineering and
other Sciences

If any of these is your
subject, or if you're an
all-rounder - Stewart
Wrightson offers you a
career.

Our business is insurance broking - and insurance is
everyone's business.

We advise businessmen and private individuals on how
to protect themselves and their property - how to
manage an important part of their business.

STEWART WRIGHTSON LIMITED,
1 Seething Lane,
London EC3.

Incorporated Insurance Brokers.

The way ahead



University Sponsorship Outstanding 'A' level recruits, after one year's accelerated training in the Bank (on full pay), take part in a sponsored three-year degree course in banking and finance at Loughborough University. That course is then followed by a two/three-year accelerated training programme prior to first executive appointment.



Study Leave Staff with G.C.E. 'A' levels or in some cases 'O' levels (or equivalent), are among those who could qualify for Study Leave, to assist with their professional qualification, the diploma of the Institute of Bankers.



Special Grade Potential in men and women is recognised by selection in their early twenties for Special Grade. This scheme, open to all recruits, ensures additional financial remuneration and appropriate career planning of staff who have both the character and the personal attributes for top management.



Training Training courses are provided at all stages of career development.

Responsibility and challenge come early. An executive appointment can be reached in the mid-to-late twenties and a managerial position in the early thirties.

If you want to know more about a rewarding and worthwhile career, please write to:

**The Staff Manager, Midland Bank Ltd.,
Poultry, London EC2P 2BX.**



Midland Bank

A Great British Bank
and a great place to work.



Lloyds Bank can help you be more independent when you leave school.

When you leave school, you may feel you don't need a bank account. Well, not yet anyway.

But think for a moment—think of the freedom it can give you.

Very soon you will be getting a wage or grant and probably for the first time you will have to look after your money a lot more carefully.

If you open an account with Lloyds, we'll help you by giving you a cheque book to deal with day-to-day expenses.

We'll also send you regular statements, so you can keep an eye on the balance of your account.

If you're thinking of saving money, open a savings account on which we will pay you interest.

And if you have regular bills, like club subscriptions, we can arrange to have them paid by standing order.

So come along to your local branch of Lloyds Bank and have a chat about what a bank account can do for you. While you're there, pick up our leaflet 'Leaving School!'

Make the sign of the Black Horse the first sign of your independence.



**A LOT MORE THAN MONEY
AT THE SIGN OF THE BLACK HORSE**

