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Lord Balfour of Burleigh

THE news that Lord Balfour of Burleigh is to be the next chairman of Lloyds Bank could be misleading. He has a long connection with the City; he is now (among other things) chairman of the National Bank of New Zealand, a director of the Standard Bank of South Africa, and a director of the L.N.E.R.

He has flown 50,000 miles about the world on banking business. But to think of him as primarily a City magnate would give a wrong picture of a many-sided man.



Take another view and you see a Representative Peer for Scotland, Deputy-Lieutenant and J.P. for Clackmannanshire, laird of the ancestral estate of Brucefield, some time chairman of the Hill Sheep Committee.

A third view shows the public servant: chairman of the Medical Research Council, chairman of the Board of Land Tax Commissioners for the City of London, member of the Central Housing Advisory Committee, a Kensington Borough Councillor, a frequent speaker in the House of Lords.

And one more view shows an expert skater and curler; a golfer who twice won the Parliamentary handicap from a single-figure mark; a sportsman who used to shoot and stalk more than he does now.

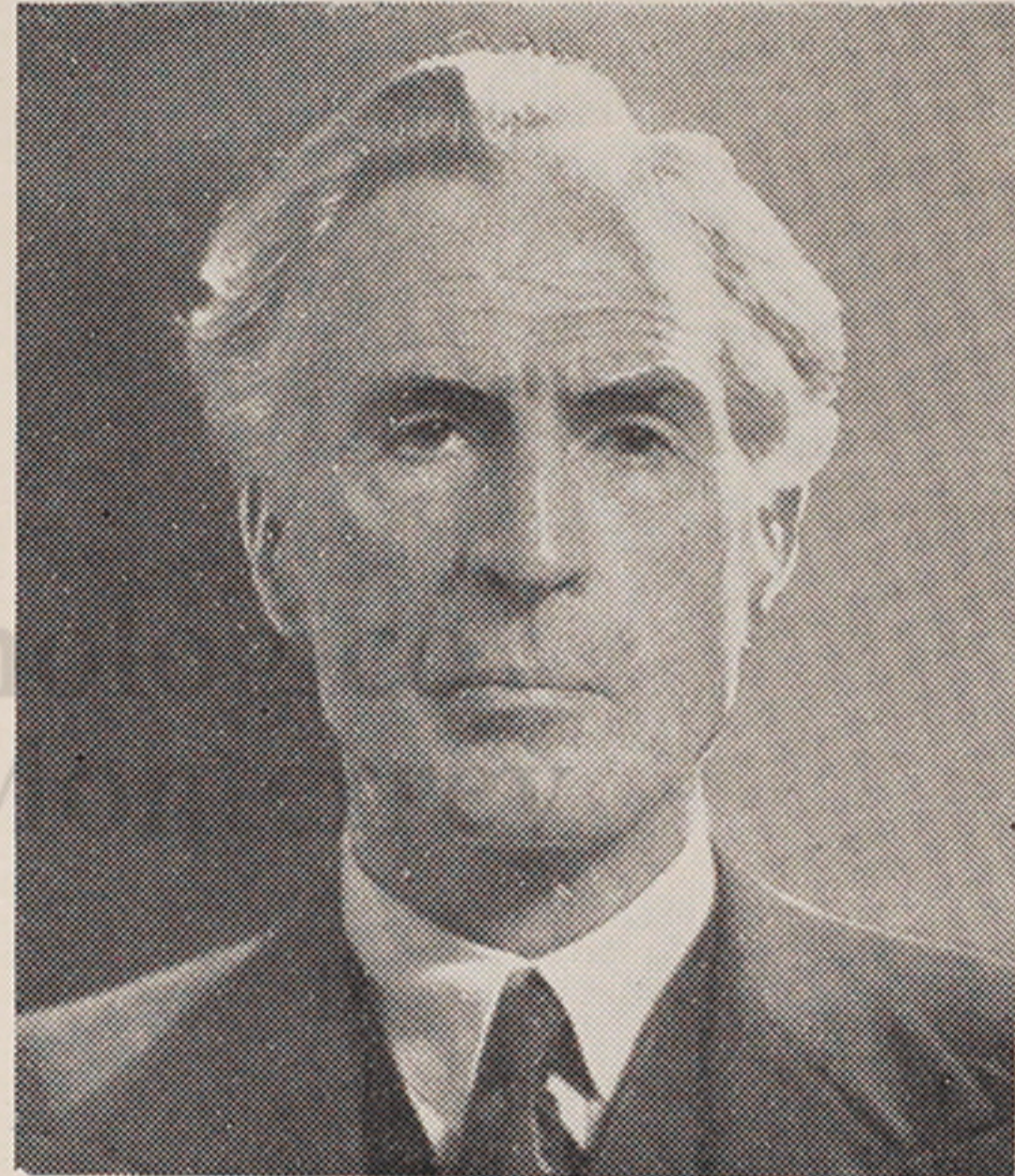
Aged 62, he is tall, thin, long-limbed, inclined to stoop. His white hair looks as though it were ruffled by a breeze; his face is clear-cut, aquiline; the deep-set eyes are sharp and almost black. There is a touch of youthful impetuosity in his manner: the manner of one who wears his distinctions lightly and quickly forgets himself in the flow and free gesture of his speech.

His career is the more remark-

able for having begun with disappointments. At Eton the young George Bruce was small and frail, good at books but not pre-eminent, poor at games. After a while a lung weakness interfered; it compelled him to spend the winters in Switzerland (the origin of his skating prowess) and stopped him from going to Oxford. This was a bitter blow; he complains that a lack of solid education has troubled him all his life. Another blow was

failure in the entry exam. for the Diplomatic Service; the French paper, rather surprisingly, brought him down.

So he went into the City, a junior insurance clerk with the Alliance at £90 a year. Marked for advancement, he moved to Edinburgh for training in the various departments and returned to London, aged 27, as manager of the West End branch. It was a fine post for a young man, but he



Portrait by Howard Coster.