

FARNHAMIAN



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BARCLAYS

Editorial

DECEMBER 1971

J.C.E., R.K.S., J.R.W.

It has become a school tradition for magazine editors to excuse their masterpieces on the grounds of "insufficient contributions"; unfortunately we now see why. This magazine is not outstanding because of the apathy of much of the school. There are usually complaints about the preponderance of sixth form material, but this is unavoidable if the rest of the school does so little. We therefore remind anyone who bothers to read this editorial that, depending on support, there will be another issue in July. Our thanks are due to those who supported us this time.

Any lack of interest in the magazine belies what is actually happening. Many diverse and interesting activities are taking place during and after school. We are continually increasing associations with the Girls' Grammar School, especially in the sixth form, which is an encouraging prelude to the proposed integration of the schools in two years' time. Opinions, attitudes and teaching methods are constantly changing. We hope the atmosphere produced by these new ideas and trends bodes well for the future of Junior members of the school.

An important function of this magazine is to reflect current opinions and attitudes. While we do not want to be too idealistic, it should be possible for the FARNHAMIAN to become more than a record of achievements — literary, sporting or otherwise. The sixth form has its own committee to deal with new ideas and problems about sixth form life, but the disintegration of the school council four years ago has meant that there is no medium through which the majority of the school can make suggestions about how school life might be improved. The most constructive method of improvement in today's fast-changing society is to keep what is good of the old and modify what is not. We always welcome constructive criticism, so if you have any sensible comments we will be pleased to hear from you. Dullness is inevitably produced if everyone agrees with everyone else.

We would like to thank all those concerned for providing such a large and varied range of studies in the sixth form.

This term several new teachers join the staff. We especially welcome Mrs. C. E. Knight to teach English and look after the library, Mrs. I. Gilbertson to teach German and Mrs. B. Morris to teach Biology, to augment our female staff. Mr. G. C. Colley joins us to teach Mathematics and Geology, Mr. R. L. Grogut to teach Physical Education, Mr. J. F. Wells to teach English, History and Drama, Mr. P. W. Cooper to teach Metalwork and Mr. H. Thompson to teach Music. We welcome all these as well as everyone in the two first forms and those who have joined us in other parts of the school, and hope they all enjoy a long and happy stay with us.

We end by wishing everyone a Happy Christmas and a fruitful New Year.

GOODBYE . . .

Booker M. D., Buley D., Carew D. A., Cleeve R. G., Cooper N. J.,
Crew I. M. C., Culshaw A. D., Everard A. C., Everitt D. P., Gardner C.,
Harrison, J. R., Ivison J. D. R., Jarvis C. J., Jarvis D. S., Johnson A. W.,
Lawrence G. A., Lowry T. R., Nicklin C. M. L., Owen H. J., Parsons S. B.,
Phillips A. A. H., Pibworth J., Polley G. M., Potterton J. C., Rowland J. R. W.,
Sherlock M. R., Simpson K. R., Valley S. J., Vernon G. W., Mills C. J.

Barnes C. G., Francis C. T., Millard B. P., Scard G.M., Wisdom M. N.,
Broome J. P., Burgess M., Jelley D. K., Walker J. D.

Hawkes M., Oldroyd K., Purdy M.

WELCOME . . .

Bathurst D. J. C., Bennett S. J., Blackman N. P., Bravery M. A.,
Clarke J. M., Collier M. M., Desmond K. J., Grant F. N., Greentree C. P.,
Kenny C. M., Knight J. D., Larby C. M., Lawrence A. K., Lucas S. H.,
Lydiard B., McWilliams R. C., Maxwell I. S., Mehta M. J., Neal M. J.,
Nelms C. G., O'Dell J. T., Parker I. R., Peters M. G., Pullan R. D.,
Scott S. J., Smith K. L., Vernon J., Walden J. R., Whiting G. N.,
Wright C. J. G., Bellars, B. P., Brewer D. A., Christian R. S., Cox J. M.,
Elwood C. R., Gathercole P. C., Gibbs H. S., Harding A. K., Harnett I. R.,
Hobbs P. S., Howen N. A., Hurst G. N., Innes D. M., King C. S.,
Langridge G. W., Martyn N. W., Oelman S. J. S., Pratt M. R., Probert A. D.,
Saunders J. P., Sayer A. J., Scrivener T. J., Stacey C. J., Tester C. J.,
Titchener D. R., Vincent A. R., Williams R. M., Willis N. S. J., Wilson J. P.,
Young J. T.

Ager C. R., Brydon G. I., Handley C. P., Heath R. A., Jamieson A. K.,
Jeeves M., Neill M. A., Perry G. S., Wood R. F., Ireland R., Tyndale C. P.,
Lightowlers N.

Morris M. A., Ladd N. M., Meechan P.

(The Editors are grateful to an unknown parent for the following contribution).

A STITCH IN TIME

While you laugh at the "English" of your foreign pen-friends, I trust you will be grateful to the parent (necessarily anonymous), who spared your blushes by depositing in the appropriate receptacle an epistle which began:

Chère Claude,

Je suis ton nouveau stylo-amie.

SPEECH DAY

Robert Noble

Once again Speech Day has come and gone, and once again we were reminded that fewer and fewer people appreciate its real function. On one side of the hall at least, one felt, the formal ceremony of the occasion failed to impress.

Alderman A. P. Tice, O.B.E., J.P., began by welcoming us all, especially W. W. Ruff, Esq., D.L., Clerk of Surrey County Council, and Mrs. Ruff. He mourned the loss of Mr. G. H. Wright, who had passed away in March, and paid tribute to his work as a member of the Board of Governors. Welcoming Mr. French to the school, Mr. Tice hoped he and his family would spend many happy years in Farnham. Drawing attention to the many staff changes this year, he mentioned by name Mr. Baxter, Mr. Godsil and Mr. Fluck.

Mr. French opened his report by thanking Mr. and Mrs. Baxter for their warm welcome and help, and paid tribute to Mr. Godsil who had helped him settle down so well in the school. He said the sixth form had once again enlarged, and pointed out the dangers of premature specialisation, but said Liberal Studies opportunities were expanding, especially owing to amalgamation with the Girls' School at certain times of the week. He referred to the coming changes in education and said the school would have to adapt once again as our doors open to a wider range of students. These were challenging and exciting times, he said, and it was up to him and his staff to prepare their charges for such.

The presentation, by Mrs. Ruff, of the prizes ensued, followed by the address. Mr. Ruff opened by saying what a pleasure it was to come to Farnham again, his last visit to the school having been on the occasion of the opening of the new building. He continued by saying that in recent years education had been the main topic of discussion in the county chambers and pointed out that only the form of education would change, there being no doubt as to the quality of teaching in Surrey. His advice to the school was to be "doers" rather than just "watchers" — "Don't be a sponge", he said. He closed by pointing out the excellent employment opportunities offered by local government, for which he had worked for forty years. A strong point in its favour, he said, was the fact that everything was done to further the health and happiness of one's fellow citizens.

The vote of thanks was proposed by the school captain and the more privileged personages moved off to tea.

So, to ask a well-worn question, does Speech Day justify its existence? Certainly it is one of the traditions stoically-minded conservatives would have us believe we are losing all too fast.

FORM PRIZES

	<i>For achievement</i>	<i>For industry or improvement</i>
<i>First Year</i>	POWELL, G. K. STORER, N. R.	TALBOT J. DENNAHY, A. M.
<i>Second Year</i>	BAKER J. F. HAWKINS, M. J.	PRITCHARD, S. G. FROMBERG, M. J.
<i>Third Year</i>	LEA, M. R. E. ROWLAND, D. E.	MACDONALD, G. I. BURRETT, P.
<i>Fourth Year</i>	DAVIES, P. M. BRADSHAW, J.	FRY, A. R. HUGHES, S. J.
<i>Fifth Year</i>	SPARKES, R. R. PARKER, D. M.	CHALLIS, P. E. SCOLDING, J. W.
<i>Sixth Year</i>	OVERBURY, M. P. BLACKNELL, C. HAWKINS, A. D.	RIDGERS, C. I.
<i>Seventh Year</i>		NICKLIN, C. M. L. HARRISON, J. R.

SUBJECT PRIZES

HERBERT ALLEN PRIZE FOR ART	REES ROBERTS, L. P.
MICHAEL KILBURN PRIZES :	
MATHEMATICS	NOBLE, R. P.
PHYSICS	EVANS, J. C.
CHEMISTRY	HUNTER, J. K.
DR. GEORGE BROWN PRIZE FOR PHYSICAL SCIENCE	VERNON, G. W.
FOLLETT PRIZE FOR PHYSICS	BULEY, D. P.
OLD FARNHAMIANs' LODGE ENGLISH PRIZE ...	PHILLIPS, A. A. H.
OLD FARNHAMIANs' LODGE HISTORY PRIZE ...	ETHERIDGE, D. T.
WILLIAM STROUD PRIZE FOR GEOGRAPHY ...	Not awarded this year
MUSIC PRIZES :	
SENIOR	SHIPTON, A. G.
JUNIOR	LOPEZ, F. M.
APPLIED MATHEMATICS PRIZE	PARSONS, S. B.
PURE MATHEMATICS PRIZE	ROWLAND, J. R. W.
FRENCH PRIZE	BOOKER, M. D.
BIOLOGY PRIZE	CULSHAW, A. D.
METALWORK PRIZE	RUBIE, P.
ECONOMICS PRIZE	GARDNER, C. J.

SPECIAL PRIZES

ARTHUR JOB PRIZE FOR FORM CAPTAIN ...	GATHERCOLE, A. J.
F. A. MORGAN PRIZE	POTTERTON, J. C.
CADET CORPS PRIZE	LORD, S. L.
CHAIRMAN'S PRIZE FOR SCHOOL CAPTAIN ...	CAREW, D. A.
MENS SANA PRIZE	LOWRY, T. R.
WILLIAM STROUD PRIZE	JARVIS, D. S.
GEORGE STURT PRIZES FOR ENGLISH ESSAY :	
SENIOR	SHIPTON, A. G.
JUNIOR	Not awarded this year

READING PRIZES :

SENIOR	SHIPTON, A. G.
INTERMEDIATE	PALLANT, S.
JUNIOR	TALBOT, J.
G. H. BACON MEMORIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH VERSE :						
JOINT SENIOR	WHAPSHOTT, J. C.
						WILLIAMS, J. R. A.
						REES, D. W.
JUNIOR	
HEADMASTER'S PRIZE FOR OUTSTANDING RESULTS AT A-LEVEL						
						PEZZEY, J. C. V.



HOUSE FOOTBALL

Senior			Junior		
Childe	Morley	2 - 1	Childe	Morley	4 - 3
Childe	Harding	2 - 1	Childe	Harding	4 - 0
Childe	Mass.	2 - 1	Childe	Mass.	5 - 2
Mass.	Morley	2 - 4	Mass.	Morley	3 - 2
Mass.	Harding	2 - 1	Mass.	Harding	3 - 1
Harding	Morley	3 - 4	Harding	Morley	1 - 6

For the second year running, Childe won both the senior and junior league Football Cups. They slightly bettered last season's performance, winning all their games. Harding were in the unfortunate position of having lost all their games, though they lost narrowly in all their senior matches and can look forward to the Knock-out Cup. In general the Junior matches were more entertaining with 34 goals scored in 6 matches. The seniors could only manage 23. Childe senior team only scored 6 goals, compared with 13 from the Juniors. The standard of football was good, and the 6th form referees must be applauded for their fortitude in braving the weather, which in some matches was very gloomy. There was a good turnout from the rest of the school as spectators, in both competitions. Whiting of the Childe Junior team was top goalscorer of the Juniors with 7 goals, and the Seniors distributed what goals they did score evenly amongst them. The Morley and Massingberd teams provided good opposition and missed winning the league only by losing to Childe in both cases. All teams can look hopefully forward to the knock out, but Childe will especially want to take all 4 cups for the second year running.

D.B.



CRICKET REPORT – FIRST XI

D.A.G.

The season was, in most respects, a success. Only one game was lost, against the very strong George Abbot side, but most significant was the high number of victories as opposed to draws. These successes can be attributed to a number of improvements.

The bowling was more “tidy” and penetrating. Birch, Gardner and Fairbrother shared the opening attack, while Mallows and Lowry formed a useful change support. Greater consistency and depth to the batting gave good scores for the bowlers to work on and allowed the side to chase runs when required. Mallows topped the averages, but there were good performances, too, from Brooks, Lowry and Gardner. Hayes finished the season with a good 76 not out against the masters, but in general he had a disappointing season. He has ability but, at the moment, lacks the restraint necessary to build a long innings.

One pleasing feature as the season progressed was the improvement in the fielding. Early on, too many catches were dropped, but, thanks to some fine leadership by Lowry, the captain, and Brooks, his vice-captain, by the end of the season much more efficient performances were seen.

The captain for 1972 will be Derek Brooks, who will have a strong nucleus of eight experienced players to call on. This, with some good players coming through from lower down the school, promises a good season ahead.

COLTS CRICKET REPORT

Keith Goodchild

Farnham began the season indifferently, losing and drawing 2 of their first 3 matches, each time fielding a weakened team.

The Colts results until the end of the season were all decisive, including a 9-wicket victory against Basingstoke and a 10-wicket success against Pierrepont School.

A good team spirit developed amongst all of the players, which inspired very good batting and bowling, especially from Pound and Underwood, the colts openers. Slinger, Barnes and Gordon bowled well throughout the season and were ably backed up by the fielders.

The Colts best victory was against Pierrepont, who declared at 101 for 7. Throughout pouring rain Slinger and Gordon batted against Pierrepont's bowlers. Within 40 minutes Farnham reached the total for no loss, with Slinger 60 not out and Gordon 39 not out.

All the Colts players excelled themselves throughout the season, with Gordon, Prince, Prevett and Farmer showing good prospects for the Colts next year.

UNDER THIRTEEN XI CRICKET REPORT

The very successful season terminated in winning the Stedman Cup competition which was a knock out between eight local schools. After a replay against St. Michael's, Aldershot, and another against Farnham C.C. boys, Farnham (64—Baker 15, Peters 15) beat Weydon (31) convincingly, mainly owing to fine bowling from Castle (7 for 18) and Groves (3 for 4).

One match only was lost during the season.

The school was represented by the following in the term:

J. Baker; B. Castle; J. Cox; W. Clemesha; G. Vaughan; H. Groves (Captain); D. Hughes; K. Ide; J. Peters (Vice-Captain and wicket keeper); J. Plant; J. Pratt; S. Probert; L. Pogson; T. Saunders.



SCHOOL TENNIS

A.S.J.

The school team depended mainly on Wisdom and Potterton for good results. In school matches they lost only one set whilst the other players in the six strove to find successful partnerships. Various combinations were tried and towards the end of the season Jones and Masters and Crew and Jarvis played as the second and third pairs respectively.

Once again there was encouraging support for the annual school singles and doubles competitions. The results of the finals were:

Donald Cup — (Senior Singles) M. Wisdom beat J. Potterton 6-3 6-1.

Cannings Cup (Senior Doubles) Wisdom and Birch beat Potterton and Gardner.

Kirchemann Cup — (Junior Singles) P. Deverell beat D. Hoover 7-5 4-6 9-7.

House Competition — Winners: Massingberd.

Two doubles pairs, Wisdom and Potterton and Mallows and Jones, entered the Open and Under-16 Tournaments of the Surrey Schools L.T.A. Festival. Both teams did comparatively well, winning half of their matches.

Colours: Full — M. Wisdom, J. Potterton.

Half — A. Jones.

Record: Played 12, Won 4, Lost 8, For 51, Against 65.

SCOUT REPORT

Sidney

For the second year running, Badger Patrol, led this year by John Collier, and comprising Chris Jago, David Kemp, Bob Wright, Nigel Jones and Mark Penfold, represented the School Troop in the District Camping and Canoeing Competition. They came first, their Patrol Leader winning the Individual Canoeing, and went on to represent the District in the County Competition. They put up a good performance and finished twelfth out of the twenty-one competing patrols.

The summer troop evenings saw the patrols actively engaged in preparation for a number of troop camps. The activities at these camps included canoeing, bridge-building and pioneering, abseiling and night-exercises.

With seven new recruits this year, the School Troop continues to grow in strength. Two of the Scouts, John Collier and Lester Caine, received congratulations from the District Commissioner for their achievements in gaining the Chief Scout's Award (the first two awarded in the troop).

In October the Parents Committee organised a Jumble Sale and £120 was made for much needed troop funds.

CADET CAMP, 1971

Simon Lord

C.C.F. Camp was held for the second year running at St. Martin's Plain Camp, near Folkestone. The contingent of sixteen cadets, under the command of Major Fordham and Lieutenants Owen and Darker, reached St. Martin's Plain by train on Friday, July 23rd. The following weekend, apart from an exercise on Saturday morning, was allowed for acclimatisation — the cadets spending much time in Folkestone and Hythe.

The contingent then underwent a strenuous week of training. On Monday instruction was received in "Booby-trapping", and a crude "Boat Race" was staged on the Grand Military Canal (assault boats being used instead of rowing eights) Tuesday was spent training with explosives and firing automatic weapons on the local ranges. Wednesday was marred by the abandonment of a signals exercise because of torrential rain. The week's training was completed by a mine-warfare exercise on Thursday.

Leisure time was spent in multifarious ways. Some cadets made frequent sorties to the N.A.A.F.I., in order to supplement the good, but meagre, rations provided by the Canteen. Others entertained themselves by playing snooker and table tennis at the Junior Ranks Club. A few, however, filtered into other, less worthy, establishments, but their exploits are best left unchronicled.

Cadets displayed a keenness and ability to learn which augurs well for the future of the Corps. Possibly more important, everyone enjoyed his sojourn in Kent, and the contingent returned to their native town on the 30th July exhilarated if not refreshed.

MUSIC



Fagottus

Towards the beginning of this term, hopes of finding someone to teach music at FGS were not high. However, the school was lucky enough to secure the services of Mr. Howard Thompson, from France Hill School, a graduate of Durham. Although one sees little of him at the moment, he plans to come here for four days a week next term.

The facilities offered by Youth and Music have been well patronised this term, and many concerts and operas in London have been attended by members of the school and staff.

At the time of going to press, the school orchestra and Mr. Chapple's madrigal group (known as the FGS singers) are in full swing, and there is now a choir combining with FGGS, singing such works as those of Messiaen. The culmination of the efforts, and several others, serious and not so serious, were to be seen and heard in a concert with the Farnham Area Youth Orchestra on December 3rd.



Astronomical Society's Report, November 1971

K.W.H.

This term many members have brought interesting articles to meetings, making them very interesting and enjoyable.

As the best time of year for good observations has only just begun, there are few to report on as yet. But the return of G.M.T. and the rich winter skies should produce a large number of both individual and group observations which eventually will be exhibited to the school.

RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

Anthony Gathercole

This term has seen much done on the School layout, which now resembles a model layout, not a toy set. During the term several new members have joined the society which, if it is not flourishing, now presents a much happier picture. Although there was talk of an exhibition at Easter, it has been decided that, owing to pressure of work, this should be abandoned. We hope that the society will continue to grow in the way it has done in the last two terms.

Suggested Holiday Excursions . . . No. 1

The Battlefield of Cheriton

by Cornet of Horse Aesop Frowsman

The Battle of CHERITON was fought between late morning and dusk on 29th March 1644. Although not given the prominence of some other battles of the First Civil War (1642-1646), CHERITON was a major engagement and may well be considered as the turning point of the War. In the words of the King's Secretary, the Roundhead victory "necessitated His Majesty to alter the scheme of his affairs, and in the place of an offensive to make a defensive war."

In material terms the defeat was no very great disaster for the Royalists. The cavalry, though scattered, was able to re-form and the artillery and baggage trains were left intact. Several promising cavalry officers were, however, slain, including two commanders, Lord John Stewart, cousin to the King, and Sir John Smith, the hero of EDGEHILL (23rd October 1642). Sir Edward Stowell was wounded five times and taken prisoner.

The effect of the victory on Roundhead morale was of the greatest importance. For the first time a Parliamentary army has demonstrated its superiority in the field. Confidence was restored and the overtures of the London Peace Party were silenced.

The Cavaliers were commanded by the Earl of Forth who, being 76 years old and suffering agonies of gout, had delegated most of his command responsibilities to Lord (formerly Sir Ralph) Hopton. Forth had been sent from the King's Headquarters at OXFORD with reinforcements for Hopton's garrison at WINCHESTER and had taken over as Commander-in-Chief on grounds of age and seniority.

The Roundheads were commanded by Sir William Waller, an old friend of Hopton's. Included among his troops were regiments of the London Trained Bands from his garrison at FARNHAM CASTLE.

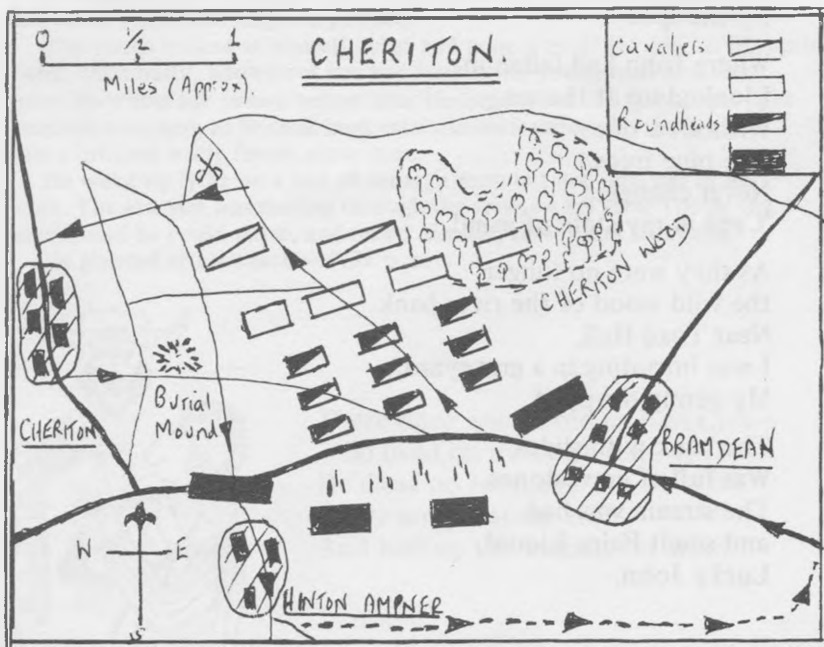
Recently the traditional site of the battle has been challenged and it is now believed that the focal point of the action was approximately one mile south of the position shown on the Ordnance Survey Sheet No. 168. Cannon balls found at HINTON AMPNER appear to confirm this opinion and it is probable that the "Long Barrow" shown on the map is, in fact, the burial mound of the CHERITON dead.

"That great God, which is the searcher of my heart, knows with what a sad sence I goe upon this service, and with what a perfect hatred I detest this warr without an Enemy . . ."

— *Sir William Waller to Sir Ralph Hopton, 16th June 1643.*

Reference: One Inch O.S. Sheet No. 168 (WINCHESTER).

- | | Total Mileage |
|--|---------------|
| 1. Start at 634269 (leave car, motor-cycle or push-bike in CAR PARK). Follow road to BRAMDEAN, the route of Sir William Waller from East Meon to the battlefield. | 1 ¼ miles |
| 2. At 608282 turn right up ALRESFORD Lane to 602287. This passes through the Roundhead cavalry lines and follows the "Lane of Disaster". | 2 miles |
| 3. Continue to 599295, the traditional site of the battle, passing through the Royalist infantry lines and skirting the lines of cavalry. | |
| 4. Turn west towards CHERITON, passing along the rear of the Royalist cavalry lines. | 4 miles |
| 5. Leaving CHERITON for position 586283, turn east along the lane passing the Burial Mound on the left to 595283. | 5 miles |
| 6. Turn south to HINTON AMPNER, where Waller set up his Headquarters in the Manor House, and take footpath to JOAN'S ACRE. This follows in reverse the route of the Royalist cavalry from West Meon before the battle. | 6 ¾ miles |
| 7. Take lane to BROCKWOOD BOTTOM. | 7 ¾ miles |
| 8. Turn north to 629271 on the BRAMDEAN road. | 8 ¾ miles |
| 9. Turn east to start point. | 9 miles |



The Loss of Innocence

David Rees

Down by the muddy ditch
of a stream
Bent wheels pushed their gaunt frames
Into my heart —
Where they rusted in.

Could that rotten plank
Have been my rest ? —
Rest, running to and fro
by the stream . . .
The dry bed prickled
into my skin.

The howl of a timber wolf
Broke my thoughts,
And the little dachshund
Left his “at home” mark
In my stream,
By the spot

Where John had fallen in.
I looked up at the sea
Without a tide —
The pine trees,
Never changing
'Cept in my state of mind.

As they were no longer
the wild wood of the river bank
Near Toad Hall,
I was intruding in a graveyard.
My penny dropped.

The bank with slides
Was full of gravestones.
The stream was bad
and smelt Fairy Liquid.
Lucky John.

INNER NOTHINGNESS

Russell Sparkes

The young man, a tourist, clad in the normal way with a camera, dark glasses, and a smile of condescension, sauntered out of the Metro station and crossed the bridge over the Seine. He walked westward from Paris into the vast wilderness of the Forest of Boulogne, the sun shining brightly into his face. He struck a small, little used path into the wild, and was soon completely free from the cares of civilisation. He came upon a small lake in which some ducks were cosily swimming. The youth glanced at his watch – 7.30 p.m., time to return to the hotel.

Suddenly he felt a movement on his breast, and saw a brown hand retreating across his breast, his wallet in its grip. He turned around violently, hot blood rushing in his veins, but never saw his adversary, for in turning he felt the cold icy blade of a knife entering his back. The young man collapsed, just seeing a bed of pine needles through the sea of pain before the darkness closed in. Complete darkness.

The youth got up; he was whole and fit, but alone. There was no noise, the darkness was too thick for belief, while he could feel nothing. The young tourist started, aghast, at a disquieting idea, but no, he was alive, he had to think that, but who or what was this – nothingness. He groped around in the darkness, but felt nothing. His ears strained, but could hear nothing. He thought again, was he dead?, but if so where was the reception committee?, he deserved one, after his years of Church going. He called and prayed to God. Nothingness laughed contemptuously and silently. He prayed again, nothing happened. The young man started to curse; Nothingness yawned.

The youth looked at himself, what had gone wrong? He saw his life again: baby, child bully, adolescent liar and false lover, young man of secret hate; his whole life passed before him. He begged for life. A brilliant light stunned him, and, as he sank back into unconsciousness, he thought he saw a brilliant white figure above him.

He woke up lying on a bed of cedar, a deep but not fatal cut in his back. The low sun was shining through the trees on his face. The young man found he could move, and raised himself, slowly and painfully.

He glanced at his watch – 7.31 p.m.



There once was an old man of Crewe
Who lived on a diet of gnu
He'd eat up for meat
Every scrap but the feet
And boil up the innards for stew.

The Prime Minister's Prologue

Simon Lord

There was a prime minister also on the road,
Who through economic crises and unemployment strode
Aloof, and arrogant he seemed
To all those on whom he smiled and beamed.
His name was Edward Heath, Right Honourable,
And to the T.U.C. his callousness appeared horrible.
His nose was long, his hair also
Once dark, now grey,
Although
He carefully combed it everyday
Before a cabinet meeting, or perhaps
A race to Fastnet with the chaps
Aboard "Morning Cloud", on which he spent much time.
But, notwithstanding all those pleasures fine,
Our Heath, a powerful man is he.
He smoked the Russians out, and kicked them in the sea.
A forward policy in Ireland he pursues,
And, with the Common Market, makes always headline news.
This man, a Tory without fear,
Desires to cast old England off, and then to Europe steer.
And he, adorned in rosette blue,
Fought at Tory conferences, and anti-marketeers he slew.
He says we face a brighter future now.
That's what he says, don't ask me how
He works it out,
With all those Trade Unionists and Communists about.
But, nevertheless, our Heath does not fret
To follow policies which no Labour politician yet
Has had the guts to take.
Heath, make no mistake,
Does what is best for Britain,
And that is undeniably certain.
So he, with a grin across his face,
To Brussels, Rome and Paris runs the race.

Outside

Jonathan Talbot

Trees writhing like wild horses, buck and prance in the harassing winds, their manes flying and lashing against their flanks. Driving rain rips and grapples at the heather, beating back its compact coarse form, cowering against the void and desolate landscape. Ominous, billowing clouds tower above everything, deep, grey and severe. Like ghosts they hang suspended momentarily before being swept away in yet another furious gust, fearful and devastating. Only the wind speaks in a howling moan as it whips across the hillside; swaying like an immense torrent of water, flattening and suppressing. Grasses crouch against the lower slopes; continually laden by waves of rain and wind, they struggle under their burden.

Fighting against the oncoming winds, I slowly make my way home, weary and exhausted. The savage elements raging all around me, alone in a wilderness I trudge — rejoicing and satisfied.



VENI, VIDI, SED NON VENERUNT

Alyn Shipton

Night.

Darkness and the flashing past of darkness into light, as the terminus swam leisurely towards the sleeping stationary people in the train. Engulfed, hugely by the open jaws of canopy, and lost amongst a plethora of platforms, the train slowed, and in an extended, exaggerated yawn, it shook itself and halted, throbbing, to disgorge its manifold occupants. The terminus: the end: the point-of-no-returning-point: the place, therefore where all good travellers must come to rest, if only briefly. And thus it was. At night, the passengers of a large train arriving at a half-empty station charge it briefly with a burst of life. They descend upon an all but deserted platform and in an instant mingle with the staff, the hopeful candidates for the last departure, and the resident hard-core of vagrants, who linger, drink, sleep and vomit round the very darkest and most unwelcome benches. And so then there hustled past the sleepy porter this new and invigorative burst of instant life.

In the wake of this great tidal surge, there was left still standing a solitary figure. To him, the hurried dash to the last bus, the scramble for the taxi rank were of little importance. The Gothic splendour of the decaying station itself stood to convince him that he was at last home, and as the hustle passed him by, he knew that his family would be there, waiting to welcome him back to the fold after his travels. With the confidence of the confirmed voyager, yet at the same time savouring every pace as if an explorer in uncharted terrain, he strode, luggage in hand, from the platform. There was a distant quality about this return to the familiar after so long that impressed his every move with something of a sense of *deja-vu*.

On the far side of the barrier, a new vista opened up before him, of great size. Dormant trolleys lay about like metal slugs of inactivity and night porters bustled past in lonely isolation, between the island benches of the meths drinkers, snoring and snuffling through their dreams. The last groups of passengers from his train were leaving now, and spurred on by a sudden urge to be home and safe, he hurried for the long canopy in front of the building where he was to meet his family. A swaying figure loomed before him, a halo of beery vapour round his huddled head. The traveller waved away the hoping hand and shivered as he hurried on. The light of the station and the lofty platform gave way to a low cast-iron cover, over a narrow access road, dimly lit by three yellow bulbs. The last taxi was gone, and now there was nothing. The man was suddenly gripped by a cold fear . . . the family he had waited to see again for so long were not there.

They had been delayed. It was all right, they were coming. They had not forsaken him. They would be there soon. Please God, let them be there soon! Soon! Now! What had he done? Why weren't they there? Nothing could have happened. Nothing. But they weren't there. The car. Something wrong with the car. Please God, not the car! Why couldn't they be there? An accident. Traffic. Fast headlamps flashing past on the road. Fast cars hurrying home. Home. Then a car. Across

in front. Not a chance. Brakes . . . screech . . . scream . . . Screams.
Then silence. Traffic. Headlamps flashing past on the road. Slowing.
Stopped. People standing. Quiet. Blood. People. Distant sirens, coming
coming, louder, louder, Louder. Noise. Police. Stand back. Air. Space.
Ambulance. Sirens, softer, softer, softer. Admitted to hospital. Well,
she should pull through, sir, but we had to amputate. It went very well
really. No. Unforeseen hitch. She should be all right. Rejected grafting.
Gangrene. Pneumonia. Not much hope. Dead. Dead.

Please God. Not an accident.

Telephone.

How much do these things take, anyway. No change. Ticket office.

Closed at 11 p.m. Mondays to Fridays. Ask someone.

But there was nobody to turn to. The last train had gone and the
station staff had vanished. The giant Gothic shell was empty now, as
even the die-hard drinkers had been turfed into the hostile night. One
lone man was about to close the great iron portcullis of a gate across the
main entrance. Change? Not a hope mate! Best get on home now. What?
Well 'spect they'll turn up. Sorry. And the great gate shut out the past,
leaving only the isolation of the present. There might be a taxi in the
streets below. But what if they should come then? Ask a policeman.
Probably get run in for loitering. Who asks a policeman to change a
fiver after midnight? Best hang about.

The lights of the city cast a dull glow in the sky. From a pit of
darkness, great shadows thrust their way skyward. Lone lights twinkled
in isolation from the boxes of blackness, and where the street below was
in shadow from the electric moons of the streetlamps, the real moon above
threw a dull blue visibility over the empty dirty kerbs. The silence of the
night lent perspective to the dark, for the once-busy daytime streets slept
now, with only the deserted rustle of a discarded newspaper to accompany
the dull roar of the traffic on the streets that glowed through the distant
darkness with arterial light.

The shadow of the great and silent dead station was a hollow pool
of gloom. Its night-time presence was the mirror of its daytime self, for
now the Gothic walls contained nothing but black, smoke darkened
silence. Not even the flap of a night-time pigeon penetrated the blackness,
and there issued forth into the night a great aura of deathly peace and
intense unnatural quiet. The complete transformation of the terminus
into a hollow blowing antithesis of crowded platforms and jostling
travellers made it a place that repelled even the vagrants of the city night.
The traveller strode up and down for some time, and eventually, stilled
by the cold and depth of night, huddled to sleep in a heap of man and
luggage.

A hand on his shoulder. A surfacing from the depths of fatigued
exhaustion. Policeman! No! Help! . . . Friend. At last.

Sorry we were late.

Home.

SUNNYDAYS & PEACE

Jamie Williams

I felt tenderness today
Like when we met
That I didn't want to hold you tight
But gently and quietly

I wanted to say things today
Like some explanation
But mottoes proclaiming Action not Words
Cramped my style somewhat

I wanted you more than ever today
And tomorrow's the same
But contemplating life will suffice
Until I get bored

I felt no anger today
Just sunnyday peace and love for the world
Emotion springing up allover
But gently and quietly this time



GOTTVERGEFFENHEIT

Andrew Davies

I heard the children of the damned wake, tearful, in the
starless night;

They lay down beside the fire, as wind-blown dust.

I would like to roam through empty villages,
To direct passing strangers under starless skies.

“Alas! The time is coming when man shall give birth to no
new stars.

Alas! The time of the most contemptible man is coming:
The man who can no longer despise himself.”

Brother Martin stands alone and cries “I am not!”

On the road to Avalon

They shall lift their shrouds and laugh,

Laugh,

They shall laugh, because they are as futile as the wind-blown
dust.

They shall laugh, because they have noticed and realised,
But never understood.

“So why then should we mourn?”

Within a hidden cave stands the Rock;
Outside the dust lies under starless skies.

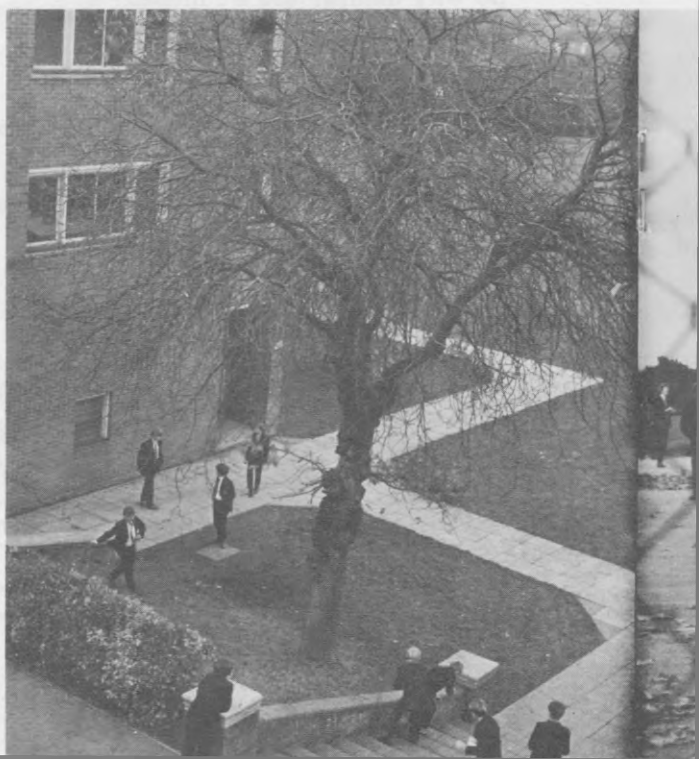
Jerusalem has fallen, the milk and honey stings their eyes.

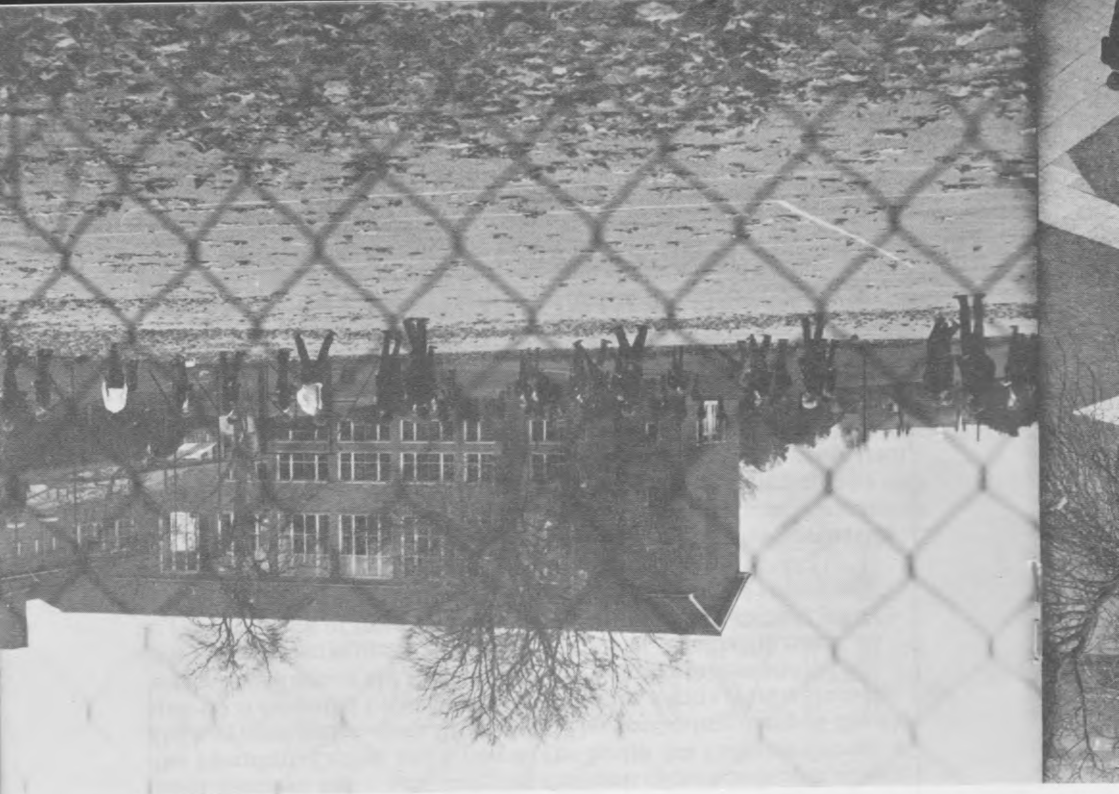
The Rock stands firm,

The dust is blown by the wind, under a starless sky.

It would be better to be blown up by an atom bomb than conquered
by the Russians.

“And this, of course, is what George Orwell meant when he wrote
‘Women in Love’ ” (Sixth Form Essay).





YOUTHFUL MEMORIES

Jeremy Evans

Here his journey ends. From England, through the open fields of the north, through Paris, past the castles of the Loire he comes to the vineyards of Bordeaux. The long day of travel makes his senses acute. He passes along the stone wall, toothed with railings, and through the gate into the yard. Flashes of lightning illuminate the grey stone farmhouse. Dark shapes of wheels, spikes and angular networks crouch along the track at either side. Trees drop their mast and claw the roof. The only lamp alight is in a high room, where a dog is asleep on the floor, undisturbed by the thunder.

He remembers Paris, where the rambling back streets are squeezed between tall crumbling tenements; where numerous cafés, exuding strange and exotic cooking smells, are filled with workmen drinking wine. A drunk steadies himself at a street corner. Dirty water swirls down gutters along cobbled roads. Laughter comes from an open door leading into a long dark corridor where two children are playing silently on the floor. Paint peels everywhere and rain is falling, while along spacious boulevards, "nommes d'affaires" and Parisian gentry stroll with bowed heads beneath black umbrellas. Here the cafés boast terraces of painted cane chairs stacked on metal tables — it is Sunday — there is no one under the bright awnings. Below, the Seine crawls muddily round great bends. Alone, a fisherman sits on the quay. Above him dark green boxes of books sit closed. The expensive stores of the Rue de Rivoli, showing austere arranged goods behind tinted glass, stand beside souvenir filled windows and tourist-tempting carousels of postcards spilt across the pavement. Coffee, and a view of the Jardin des Tuileries through a thick cypress hedge, costs fifty pence. The penetrating damp of the old quarter is emulated by soggy sheets of drizzle. Lights sparkle from the elegant buildings of the Champs Elysées. Tourists shelter and fidget with their cameras under the Arc de Triomphe. The traffic roars.

A succession of images of Paris changes as the tatty rattling métro train picks its way to the station from where the express speeds to Bordeaux and the van takes him to the farmhouse.

Four weeks at the farm with the patron and his family, now having a nebulous existence, was another life for him. Letters from home talked about matters as distant as the memories he now has. He remembers that it was harvest time. A tractor straining with a large trailer spitting grain, edges through the gate. He climbs in and helps empty it with a small plastic bucket. They cough, sneeze, scrape and empty the trailer with brushes, buckets and broken shovels, sinking deep into the warm grain. It is hot in the store where they pack it into sacks, hotter than the midi sun outside, and all the windows are closed. The sacks are loaded on to a trailer and a ride on them takes him to the weighbridge in the village of clean, whitewashed houses. Then to the cool, dark mill, where rafters are dressed in powdery cobwebs and rats hide from the glare and chew the corners of sacks.

Out in the fields, after harvesting, digging or ploughing, they sit in the shade of a horse chestnut tree, telling jokes and sharing reminiscences. Long hot afternoons are spent pitchforking bales of straw higher and higher on to the trailer. They laugh as the string breaks and dust and wisps of straw fly up from the fallen bale. Supper, out in the fields after a heavy day. He lies back on the grass, the air filled with the smell of mild thyme, and watches cool milk being ladled from an urn, and a basket of fresh ripe peaches spill. Time passes, till he sees the cows driven back from milking, the henhouse locked and a rabbit slaughtered, for the last time.

The scene changes to another journey. From the fields of yellowing maize, pink-tinged grapes and tobacco, where water sprinklers hiss by horses pulling machinery, past the castles of the Loire, back to Paris.

Regretting that a dream cannot be returned to, Paris was for him the carefree Paris of sliding down the roof of Nôtre Dame, of battles with automatic luggage lockers, of wasting hard earned money on drinks and expensive meals, of long rides on the métro for no reason, of watching his map blow away down the Seine into the distance, of being run into on the platform by a truck full of mailbags, of frowns of jealous disapproval and the last fling of smuggling wine and spirits as Paris became Her Majesty's Customs and the return to his routine life. But not without asking himself, many times, later on. "Did I really do all that?" If only we could always be young . . .

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Realised Eschatology

Robert Heath

It was funny,
Edgar had often wondered just what he'd do,
When he was told.
He'd often thought he'd go out
In search of the nearest woman,
And squeeze the optimum pleasure,
From his last hours.
On occasions, he'd thought he'd get Carter,
The man he hated,
Before he died.
Play his last game of football,
Eat his last roast meal,
Drink his last coffee, or his final pint,
Play his last song on his guitar,
All these things had, in the past,
Occurred to him as worthy ways,
To use up his time,
When the word came.

But now,
Now the word had come,
What did he do?

A mad rush to satisfy a final whim?
A period of meditation and prayer?
No.

Edgar walked placidly through the streets of Ipswich,
Trying to impress on his brain that it was really going to happen,
That he was watching the dying moments of
Civilisation.

Twenty minutes earlier he had,
Incredulously,
Listened to the interruption to his programme.
What programme had it been?
Funny, he couldn't remember.

The interruption had told him that
The World was due to be blown up,
At 15.45 hours, BST.

Edgar had switched off his set,
Contemplatively.

Walking through the streets of Ipswich,
With about 90 minutes of life left,
He felt strangely detached.
He was worried.

He felt that momentous thoughts should be passing through
his head.

He thought that he should be dwelling on the endless history
of earth,

Which had suddenly become terminable.

Yet all he could think was,

"I'm glad this didn't happen before I got my A-level results."

Edgar was not religious.

Yet suddenly,

The profundity of thought,

For which he had groped,

Came to him.

It suddenly occurred to him that if there was a God,
Who had given the miracle of life to man on this planet,
And if this had been the only inhabited planet,

Then man,

By their own greed,

Had destroyed all life,

Everywhere.

Suddenly,

Edgar knew that there was a God.

And he knew,

Somehow,

That with mankind's death,

So God would die.

Leaving a lifeless universe.

The end of life.

REVIEW

Covent Garden — The Magic Roundabout

Reviewed by Kenneth Elwood

Being given its first ever staged performance, last night, was Eric Thompson's Opera, "The Magic Roundabout".

Based on the novel by Serge Danot, the opera is set in a magical garden, floating helplessly in the wastes of eternity.

Between the first and last (1st and 75,439th) Acts, each representing one day (lasting about ten minutes), approximately 15 years have passed. During this time, Florence and the rest of the Children form a Hell's Angel gang, Ermentrude dies of Foot and Mouth disease, Dougall had all his teeth taken out because of an overdose of sugar, Penelope got wound up, Dylan became a "Rock" singer (rocking himself to sleep), the train got derailed in Mr. MacHenry's greenhouse and Mr. Rusty died a natural death, before he could be Chromium-Plated. Many other exciting things happened, most important of all, the curing of the strange magnetic, centrifugal force radiating about every tree and flower.

Florence, the heroine, sung by Janet Baker in infancy, and by Cilla Black, when a teenager, was not perturbed at all. when Dougall, the canine hero, sung by the BBC Newsreader of that name, rubbed a plastic sugar lump 5" x 5" x 6" up her leg, ruining her stockings.

The music was very well played by the tape recorder in the barrel organ, and added to the singer's confidence.

The audience, comprised mainly of five-year-olds and over-anxious mothers, thoroughly enjoyed the performance, viewed on television throughout the country.

The Opera had a triumphant conclusion, when millions of fathers arrived, breathless, from work.

Fortunately, for the opera's survival, Zebedee sent everybody to bed before the Hell's Angels, or anyone else for that matter, took a notion to think that they were appearing in "Oh Calcutta".

So, all ended happily, with everyone riding their MacHenry 50 litre mototrikes on to the Roundabout, downing a dozen or so PEP pills, while the audience told each other to wash their dirty hands, or started complaining over cold Baked Beans.

THE NONNY

Howard Gibbs

The Nonny Bird I love particularly
She chirps all day her joyous odes.
She always rises perpendicularly
And, if she goes too far, EXPLODES !!





"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE KING . . ."

Andrew Frish

The morning of Saturday, October 9th heralded a perfect day ahead, and some quarter-of-a-mile down the track from Swindon station a towering column of white steam showed that the King was waiting. To the hordes of onlookers on the station's platforms, the half hour prior to 11.15 seemed eternal, but it was then that the King made his arrival.

Ex-Great Western Railway "King" class locomotive No. 6000 "King George V" propelled a train consisting of the five Pullman coaches of H. P. Bulmer Ltd., plus four British Rail standard second-class coaches bringing up the rear, and at 11.28, three minutes behind schedule, King George and his train set out on the journey from Swindon to Hereford.

Apart from this slightly late start, the journey was completely flawless, finally arriving in Hereford station just fifteen seconds early (by unofficial time-keeping).

The excursion was undoubtedly an excellent promotion for Bulmers.

There was a stop of one hour at Severn Tunnel Junction for the locomotive to take on water (not cider) and undergo a minor check-over, and here, as everywhere else, admirers surrounded the King on all sides.

People appeared in every nook and cranny along the whole route that King George took, and the sheer numbers were beyond belief. Every station through which the train passed was packed with people; all the bridges were covered with spectators, and the cuttings, together with a good deal of the opposite track, were a maze of blobs of colour as people jostled this way and that to get a better view. Cars were stopped on all the roads, young boys climbed to the tops of trees and there was somebody watching in almost every field, all just waiting to see the King go past. There were young children sitting on fathers' shoulders who had never seen a steam locomotive before; there were elderly grand-parents who had come out to see a sight they remember from the late nineteen-twenties. Cameras were draped from every conceivable portion of the spectators' anatomy and expensive-looking tele-photo lenses blossomed from the tops of countless tripods.

This journey had begun at King George V's original birth-place in 1927, Swindon Railway Works. King George, on that fine day in early October 1971, showed to all his admirers that, forty-four years and some two million miles later, he still runs as perfectly as he ever did. It is interesting to note that some diesels, after a little under ten years of service, are already realising the fate that might so easily have befallen King George V . . . the cutting-torch of the breaker's yard. Thanks to an enthusiastic few, however, that will never happen.

Quarry High's Footsteps

Folk/Rock at FGS

Jamie Williams

Hitting the local press recently have been two sixth-formers, John Embling and Iain Harris, who have both formed folk/rock groups during the summer recess. John has joined with ex-FGS member Chris Outlaw to form the duo; Méothred. They write their own material, but occasionally use songs by standard writers such as Dylan and Lennon-McCartney. After only a matter of weeks playing together Méothred managed to come a fine second in their class at the National Folk Dance and Song Society's talent competition at Syon Park, London. Since then the pair have been doing various gigs in Farnham and London and refining their own unique style of writing and performing.

Originally Iain Harris's group, Sand and Foam, was a trio, including Brian Sutherland with John Herbert. But since then Brian has left to work on his own songs, perhaps to emerge as a solo singer/guitarist in the not too distant future. Iain and John (who left FGS this year) have also developed "early Donovan" style into a pleasant interpretation of their own songs. Although in the same classification as Méothred at Syon Park, Sand and Foam, who were placed sixth, are hardly in the same category. They play a different and altogether quieter music. Sand and Foam has also performed in London, and at the time of writing are hoping for local success at Farnham Folk Club.

Both groups work with Farnham Entertainments (Promotions) Ltd., a local company attempting to help Farnham groups like Méothred and Sand and Foam get off the ground. The company itself has connections with FGS, as one of its directors is a sixth-form member.

As for the future, initially both groups intend consolidating their positions as locally well-respected musicians, and tentative negotiations are under way with a large recording company. Who knows? Sixth Form House may well be producing the Simon and Garfunkel or Harrison and Dylan of the future.



D.H. COMET 4B

J. BAKER

II

The Convict

Jeremy Vernon

None lead a worse life, than the convict.
Nobody loves him.
He goes through the trials of life
With a heavy heart.
No wonder.
Conscience bows him down
As he bears his daily ordeals.



Down in the quarries he wields an axe,
As he crushes the stones.
But where does this get him in the great outside world?
Where indeed?



Rendezvous at Grand Guignol

Russell Sparkes

(Extract from a letter of Jeremiah Handreth to his brother Charles)

Jan. 10, 1970

The setting sun cast blood-red rays of gloom, through the tenebrous sky of evening, as I entered the large vault in which my family had been interred for seven hundred years. In the east, night was black, and spirits of shadows walked abroad. I shook with fear, but my destiny compelled me to go on into that eldritch spot, ruled over by the dead. As I walked down shady avenues of coffins, the light from my little lamp sparkled on tarnished silver plates, nestling in little piles of grey dust, or lying on rotting wood. I ran my eye over these small remembrances of lives now past, until I came to the one I sought, perched on top on a stout coffin, which seemed undecayed. I stared at the inscription, roughly cut, "Jeremiah Handreth, born 10th January 1640, died of the fever, 15th January, 1670. My mind flashed back nine years exactly, to my twenty-first birthday, when I had received a miniature portrait of him who lay in that box, sent by no known human hand, and a veritable replica of myself.

From that day on I have had no peace, neither awake nor in deepest slumber, for I saw myself in the dress of a beau of the Second Charles's reign, and gradually this phantasmal world became as real to me as the world I had always lived in. The night of my fatal expedition I had decided to resolve my doubts, and see the remains of this doppelganger of mine.

Carefully I raised the lid of the stout coffin; then fell back appalled at the sight which met my eyes — an undecayed replica of myself, dressed in the doleful dress of the grave, and with a fixed smile of contempt on its ashen lips.

I leaped out of the mausoleum, and flung myself gibbering into the Chapel of our family mansion.

Note for Mr. Charles Handreth

14 Jan, 1970

For God's sake, Charles, come quickly. I told you in my previous letter how I had returned to the vault and found only a heap of dust in Jeremiah Handreth's burial spot, but now I have seen him, walking around the House, steadily coming closer, still clad in his grave cerements.

Desperately, Jeremiah.

Newspaper Report, 16th Jan, 1970

— Yesterday a fire destroyed the old mansion of Carfax, the home of the Handreth family. The owner, Mr. Jeremiah Handreth, was found, quite insane, outside his burning home, muttering that he had destroyed his enemy.

Application for release from Breadmoor Mental Institution, by Mr. Jeremy Handreth.

— And I say unto ye, that I hath no cognizance of the burning of mine house, and that I be whole sane . . .



The Fight

Jonathan Lindh

The rain has ceased to be,
Leaving behind a mass of
Saturated debris.
The corn has been crushed
By the foot of the mighty
Wind.
The tree droops in shame
Of defeat.

River's still running away
As if to find some far off
Place, where it is protected
From this fiend.
A bird swoops
To try and liven the sky,
But the bird just falls away
To leave it naked.

There I leave the place
To let it recover
From its conquering.



Colin Elwood

There was a young man from Dunoon,
Who caught a rare type of racoon
Its body was square
With a head like a pear
And its tail was the shape of a spoon.

Eight Five Five Blue

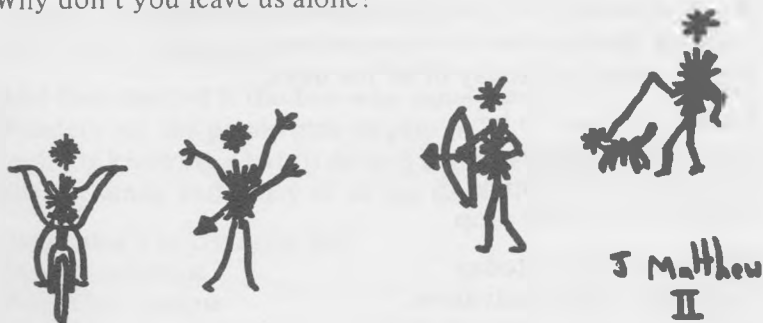
Chris Lord

Why don't you leave us alone?
Why don't you leave us alone?
We know what we want — we want you out,
Of our eyes, of our ears, of our minds, of our lives.
Why don't you leave us alone?

We want to listen to ourselves,
We only want to see ourselves.
It's our own time, it's our own lives,
Why don't you leave us alone.

Your thoughts are no use to us,
 We don't like your mind.
Your views are no use to us,
 We don't like your eyes.
Your words are no use to us,
 We don't like your voice.
 Though you do.

You can say your thought,
Your views and your words,
And the people all around,
 — Will look through you
 — Will think through you
 — Will speak through you.
Why don't you leave us alone?
Why don't you leave us alone?



You don't have to learn equations — make them up as you go along.

MAN – ALONE

David Rowland

Records Blared,
People shouted
and danced
 all over the hall.

In one corner
a single man
 stood
 Alone.

Ten minutes later
 the records stopped.

People drifted out
 in their respective groups
except
 one man,
who waited for a while,
 then,
stepped out
 into
 the darkness –

Alone.

The Boy Who Came Away . . .

John Whapshott

And in the making is the boy who came away he
Wanders running out the garden gate to play he's
Looking finding what to do and what to say he's
Funny sunny and today of all the days.

Looking for a shop he
Bumps into a cop he
Finds he has to stop he
Thinks he's for the drop

Run away to play today
And find your friends anew.

Running turning he comes up against the wall he
Hears them calling as he throws them back the ball he
Stopping mopping brow as strength begins to pall he
Sees dark visions of the night before it all.

Turn into a man he's
Doing all he can he
From a tawny hand he
Gets a hardy tan.

When your strength has gone you find
Your friends have all gone too!

Motor car
Going far
Far enough away
That's all you need to say
Winter time draws nigh.

Not much further into town to go you know he
Wonders why changing from red to green's so slow he
Wand'ring searching for some kind of place to go he's
Looking all the time for people he might know.

"Who are you son?
Are you on the run?
From where do you come?"
"I'm looking for fun."

When the game is up it's time
To let the old times go.

Big men much bigger than he looking at them all he
Wonders how the others were before their fall he
Looks at all the men who seem so very tall he
Wonders why he ever left his home at all.

Nothing left you're out of breath
With trying to explain!

And thus created is the boy who came away he
Wanders out the prison gate to play he's
Looking knowing what to do and what to say he's
Feeling sunny and today of all the days.

Only thing's to try again but
That's tomorrow
Meanwhile sorrow
Fills his aching heart.

OLD FARNHAMIANs' ASSOCIATION

Philip John Aslett (1958-64) married Lesley Jean Bennett at Marlborough, Wilts., in August, when music of his own composition was played by friends from Fleet.

Richard Searle (1957-62) who entered the R.A.F. as an apprentice on leaving school, is now on an Officers' Training course at Cranwell.

Edward Mayne (1954-60) is back in Farnborough after a spell in Teheran with the Foreign Office. He is married and has one child.

F. J. Conduit (1917-21) visited the school after an absence of fifty years. Now living in Rye, he is a Fellow of the Pharmaceutical Society. He is a director of Allen and Hanbury's, manufacturing chemists, and has travelled extensively all round the world.

Derek Archer (1939-47) in a letter to Mr. Godsil, from Belgium, says he is now teaching at a large comprehensive school near Bristol.

Michael J. Warren (1962-63) writes from Montevideo telling us that, after a course at Merrist Wood Farm Institute, he worked as Assistant Ranch Manager in the Argentine for two years, and then for four years in a similar post in Uruguay. This year he began work as a Technical Interpreter with an Agricultural Development Project in Uruguay financed by the World Bank.

Christopher Shephard (1962-69) has left Vokes where he worked since leaving school and is now a photographer with the Farnham Herald.

John Sherwood, head boy of the school in 1963, is on the board of managers at Yeoman's Bridge County Secondary School, Ash. John is still farming in the area. His wife has recently had a baby.

One very lucky old Farnhamian was Barry Elson (1962-68) for Miss Canada 1971, an entrant in this years Miss World Competition, was the guest of Barry and his parents at their home early in November.

Barry was not complaining and Miss Canada said she had enjoyed her stay very much. Barry is now working at the Tourist Trophy Garage in Farnham.

S. D. Whetman (1908-17) a Woking train boy, and an OFA Life Member, writes of Mr. J. W. Withinshaw, French master for 33 years, whose death was recorded in July's Farnhamian:

"It must have been in 1915 that he organised a gang of us to go and work on a farm in Wiltshire, where I can remember doing nothing but hoe swedes and cut thistles (still with hoes!) in fields that seemed to be miles in extent."

"Another incident, to me much more effective, was when I must have been more than usually exasperating and he gave me such a cuff on the head that I stumbled half way across the room. Not that it hurt, but it was the best thing he ever did for me."

After FGS, SDW helped Cammel Lairds build submarines at Birkenhead and then was mechanical engineer building power stations in India. Retired four years, his present address is: Firswood, Boldre Lane, Lymington, Hants.

Younger brother, H. R. Whetman (1919-21) went to India with I.C.I. and is now retired at Dawlish, Devon.

David John Pink (1961-68) married at Acton in August to Jean Margaret Parr, whom he met on their first day at Kent University, Canterbury, in 1968, and where they ran a badminton club. He took a degree in accountancy and, with a degree in quantitative social studies, she is with the Milk Marketing Board.

M. J. Comben (1944-50) manager of Barnett & Small's garage, West Street, is president of Farnham Chamber of Commerce.

J. M. H. Cotterill (1945-52) conducted the Waverley Singers, which he founded, at a concert in the school in November.

John Arthur Cockle (1950-55) now 34, has been commissioned as Flying Officer with the R.A.F., which he joined on leaving FGS in 1955, then did five years in the radio trade, re-enlisting in 1964. Address: 15 Seafield Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.

Brian Anderson (1963-68) now working at Woking, married Donna-Marie Stewart at Farnham Parish Church in July.

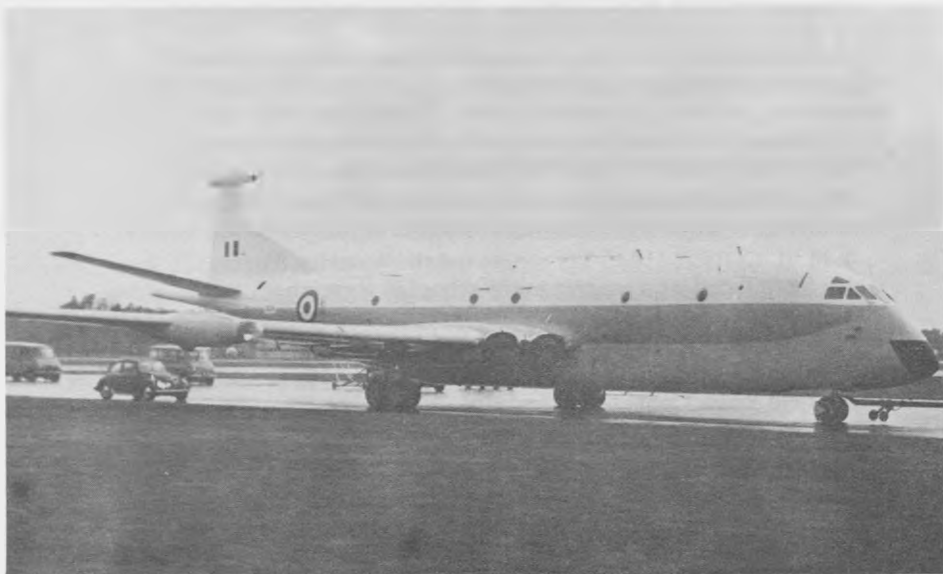
Chris Fairclough (1968-70) writing articles and short stories, plans to go to New Zealand in January preliminary to taking up journalism. He has had two poems published and meantime has been a temporary porter at Farnham Hospital.

Donald Simpson (1960-68) this year for the second time won the Home Counties Liberal Federation scholarship to the Liberal summer school, York University. President of the Liberal Union at Essex University in 1969 and 1971 and vice-chairman of the Students' Council last year, he took a B.A. in mathematical politics.

Martin Shoebridge (1962-67) of Ash, computer engineer and studying for a B.Sc., married at Tongham in October Miss Mary Joyce Lawes, a former FGGS pupil. Address: 16 Park Road, Aldershot.

Martin Little (1958-65) head boy in 1965, married at New York's City Hall in October Miss Susan Robbins, of Brooklyn. In 1963 he received from Lord Montgomery as biology prize the Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, by another old boy, the Rev. Gilbert White. He took a degree in bio-chemistry at Bristol, worked for a hospital laboratory firm in Canada and met his bride at a Salvation Army camp in New Jersey. He is studying social services administration at Bristol.

Christopher James Priseman (1961-66) quantity surveyor with Dick Hampton (Earth Moving) Ltd., Blacknest, married at Rowledge in August, Diana Waller, whose mother lives in Lower Bourne and father, Mr. W. E. Waller, in Switzerland. The bride was born in Argentina and educated in Switzerland. Guests from Germany, U.S.A. and Argentina were at the reception and the honeymoon was in Austria. Address: 1 Heybridge Cottages, Roman Road, Ingatestone, Essex.



R.A.F. Nimrod Anti-Submarine and Shipping Aircraft

AVSOC REPORT

Cliff Reed

The OFA Aviation Society, AVSOC, continues to flourish fortnightly on Wednesday evenings at half-past seven. With membership now open to those outside the school, and a slightly broader range of activities, meetings are usually well-attended. This is of particular importance since only with a good attendance is the arranging of guest speakers and excursions worthwhile. There is a wide variety of interests, as the ages of different members vary considerably. Some members are most interested in veteran aircraft, other in flying models, others still in balloons.

With the fairly healthy bank balance existing at present it is hoped that the Society will be able to embark upon projects such as the building of some new display models, the printing of photos and publications, and an outing is planned for the near future. Over the past year we have been pleased to welcome many guest speakers from both civil and military aspects of aviation, including a pilot, a flight engineer, an air traffic controller and a spokesman from the Fleet Air Arm.

With the continued support of members we look forward to an interesting and busy New Year.

OBITUARY

Stanley Samuel Mitchell (1906-1911) who died in July, aged 73, saw exciting service in two world wars. He left FGS for the merchant navy training ship Worcester, joined the British India Steam Navigation Company and transferred to the Royal Navy during the 1914-18 war, in which he took part in many actions and was torpedoed several times.

Recalled as a lieutenant, Royal Naval Reserve, in 1939, he saw the wreckage of the German pocket battleship Graf Spee, which was scuttled at Monte Video in December 1939, and was mentioned in despatches after his ship, the armed merchant cruiser Caernarvon Castle, engaged a German raider in the South Atlantic in 1941.

Later he commanded H.M.S. Sasevo on Russia-bound convoy duties and he was at the Normandy landings in June, 1944, finally leaving the navy as lieutenant-commander. For eight years he was secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution's Farnham Branch.

After the first war he was a director of the brickworks at Guildford and Farnham founded by his father, Thomas, who was a governor of the school. In 1936 he bought the Farnham radio and electrical business, Hale Ltd., of which he was chairman.

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A SCHOOL OF REFLECTIONS

The personal thoughts and reminiscences of Paul Blowfield, 1963-70.

It is now well over a year since I relinquished the cosy security of the upper sixth and went forth into the world, if not exactly in peace, then with a sufficient curbing of any anti-establishment belligerence to enable me to look back on the school as I knew it with reasonable rational detachment. Although still very much a junior amongst Old Boys, I feel I was fortunate in having attended the school during the transitional years from the traditional master-pupil relationship to the present collateral liberalism.

Back in the dark days of 1963, I was one of a band of new recruits never to have known the school without the new extensions. There seemed little doubt that the previous cramped facilities permitted little transgression of the dividing line between masters and boys. That is not to say that these masters were a race of mortar-boarded dragons entrenched in ancient hard-line teaching methods, but it seemed no coincidence that the advent of the new buildings, and their consequent greater flexibility of use and freedom, should also bring about the demise of the "old brigade" of masters. Mr. Varey had just retired and the subsequent departure of able men like Messrs. Rundle, Beeken and latterly Godsil leaves only a small residue of masters who, although closely associated with the old régime, have also been instrumental in the formation of the new attitudes.

My first year or so tended to be a sort of limbo-period when the apparent tensions of previous years were still very evident. This is in no way carping, for man must become wholly relative to his environment, but my early impressions seemed to relate to the old idea of evil dragons waiting to devour any miserable wretch who dared put a foot out of line. The alternatives were no less horrific. Detention was to be locked away in the forgotten dungeon of Room 11 and periodically flogged; and when this grew tiresome, to be thrown to the wrath of the head dragon lurking in the dark depths of school house.

I soon realised this was rather fanciful, but remained wary of less horrific authoritative measures. Loud rumblings from Room 10 indicated that Mr. Rundle was having a linguistic burn-up, accompanied by a ferocious two-armed assault on his table and intermittent bursts of board rubber fall-out. Rather calmer but more deliberate was Mr. Beeken's form of restraint, and it was perhaps fortunate, or may be coincidental, that long sideburns only appeared round the school after his retirement.

The highlight of the school year at this time was the junior form plays. These reluctant "productions" could be relied upon without fail to degenerate rapidly into farcical mediocrity, through an alarming series of "unforeseen circumstances". Some dreadful floundering for unlearned lines, accompanied by much mumbling and shuffling of feet, plus some abysmal failures in the special effects department, were always greeted by howls of delight from the assembled audience. The entertainment was rounded off by Mr. Leuchars in his summings up, which were loaded

with well-directed sarcasm and some incredible spontaneous demonstrations of lunacy, which would not be out of place in "Monty Python's Flying Circus".

The progression into the middle school brought forth the usual thoughts of superiority over the lower orders and the feeling that, in the eyes of the sixth form, you must now be something rather special. It is not until you actually reach the sixth form that you realise that anyone below you is, at best, rather irritating and, at worst, a race of moronic plebs.

This was a time of rather pronounced anti-establishment feeling, probably born out of an alarming rise in sixth form numbers and the consequent difficulty in studying peacefully. Unfortunately, this feeling infiltrated down to the more impressionable members of the middle school, resulting in a rather pathetic hero-worship of the rebellious Tariq Alis in the upper school. This nonconformism was most apparent in the collapse of house allegiance, when to finish tenth in the cross country was to realise that the other ninety-four competitors were probably screaming revolutionary slogans at the top of Trebor Avenue, with an occasional lynching of passers-by to keep the population statistics favourable.

However, despite this antagonism, this was a time of remarkable hilarity. Who will forget Mr. Fluck's rather less than graceful backward dive on to the school stage one morning; or Mr. Critchlow's totally uncontrollable outbursts of rage, when he would burst into dynamically flowing rhetoric and bodily hurl any erring wretch from the room; and his uncanny ability to provide a reasonable answer to the most ridiculously contrived question? There also comes to mind Mr. Foster's gripping tale of how he piloted a wingless, tailless Halifax across the North Sea thirty-seven times.

The widely-held conception of the sixth form as a haven for overworked schoolboys and a mere launching pad for future Old Boys was not entirely untrue; for its greater value in creating a deeper awareness and tolerance of one's environment, plus a general strengthening of character, could not be measured in the confines of the two years alone. The added honours it brought in the form of increased power over the lower orders and increased "mateyness" with the masters was entirely beneficial; the result of the right degree of liberalism in the school constitution and the advent of sixth form house which, although not ideal, had the right general effect. I entered the sixth form at a good time when the "imperialism-must-go" cry had waned and the rebirth of that inspiring melody, the School Song, was well in hand. This relaxation of hard definitives, while still retaining a basic unity, did, I feel, benefit everybody down the school. This was a far cry from my first form days, when I thought that anyone above the fifth form was some unencroachable god, a feeling which does not exist today. Of course, problems and prejudices still exist, but provided a steady course is steered between the Scylla of harsh discipline and the Charybdis of a total free-for-all, these will eventually disappear.

Nowadays, my main contact with the school is through the magazine, a publication that has come a long way from the buff cover and braces days of the past to the moderately avant-garde format of today. However, it can never be completely free from direction because by its very nature it is severely restricted to the narrow waterways of a school publication. To steam merrily into open waters will quickly find the magazine foundering in a mass of irrelevant banality, thereby losing its original readership and purpose. It seems the present format is not being exploited fully enough, the contributors relying too much on garbled "Lucy-in-the-Sky-with-Diamonds" impressionism and poetic prophecies of death and destruction. Admittedly, little inspiration for gaiety can be drawn from the opening pages, which tell us how wonderful life is as a chartered accountant or bank clerk; but a broadening of horizons into something rather more light-hearted would be welcome. After all, the magazine should be a valuable propaganda outlet for the school, reflecting the mood of the place, whereas some contributions would look more at home in the "Glamorgan Gravedigger and Mortuaryman".

Of the future I've no idea. Now Mr. Baxter has gone the school must enter a new era, for better or for worse. Whether Farnham Grammar School will ever feature in the great documents of educational history, a world-renowned "lofty fortress of the mind" along with Eton and Wrecclesham Primary, is debatable; but I'm glad I went there.

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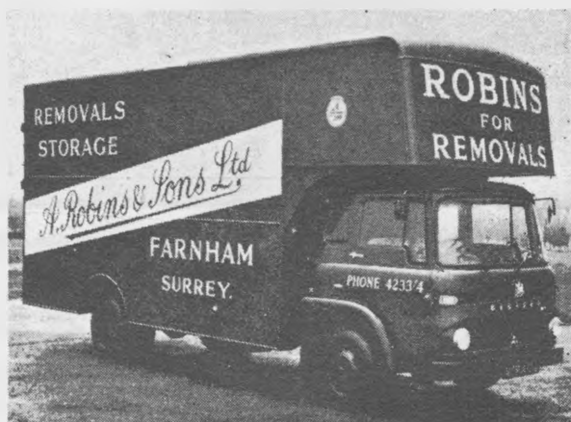
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