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Editorial

J.B., G.O.

We three suckers approached our job as the emendatory executive with zeal, launching into a vigorous and almost useless advertising campaign. We are indebted to Mr. Wills for giving us such vast quantities of paper for this. Nevertheless, we feel that we have received an adequate response to our appeals. The legendary "first form enthusiasm" exceeded expectations and ensured that the articles from that department which appear in the magazine are of a high standard.

We struggled to prevent this from becoming a sixth form magazine, although it came dangerously near to being a lower sixth magazine. We feel, however, that it should appeal to most people, if only because of the short comments therein.

Next year heralds the 60th anniversary issue of the Farnhamian, and the term following sees the beginning of the gradual disintegration of Farnham Grammar School. We don't want to be sentimental, but surely this is a good reason to help make Volume 60, number 1, a magazine to remember.

We extend our thanks to the Queen for giving us a day off on November 20th.

Last term we said goodbye to Mr. Darker, Mr. Ward, Mrs. Knight and Mr. Cooper. We wish them well for the future. This term we welcome Mr. Commerford to teach Physics, Mr. Widlake to teach English, Mr. Case to teach Geography, Mrs. Wolstenholme to teach Mathematics, and Mr. Appi to teach Metalwork. We hope they survive their first year here at least. We also welcome Mlle. Labat and Frl. Koger to teach French and German for a year. We trust, too, that they will find it enjoyable and profitable.

We would like to congratulate Russell Sparkes (late editor) on his receiving an unconditional offer for a place at Hertford college, Oxford.

Many thanks to Mr. Foster, the man in the middle.





TENNIS

R.M

The tennis team had a reasonably successful season, winning about as many matches as it lost.

The three pairs who competed in the Surrey Festival were very successful. They were N. Carmichael and C. Callow, A. Jones and D. Hoover, and D. Cross and N. Storer.

The team players were: A. Jones, R. Masters, D. Hoover, C. Callow, N. Carmichael, S. Lord, M. Jeeves, T. Neasom and R. Gibbons.

SENIOR HOUSE FOOTBALL

C.M.

The House Football League was won by Harding, who gained 5 out of a possible 6 points. Childe and Morley shared second place with 3 points and Massingberde came fourth with 1 point.



Morley were unfortunate to draw with Massingberde but can blame themselves rather than anyone else. Harding deserved their draw with Morley even though it was gained in a rather lucky way; Childe should have taken a point from Harding but never showed enough finishing power. Thus the league finished in a predictable form:-

	Played	Lost	Drew	Won	Points
1. Harding	3	0	1	2	5
2. Childe	3	1	1	1	3
2. Morley	3	0	3	0	3
4. Massingberde	3	2	1	0	1

Where're my three drunken men? — Playing ruddy basketball again?



CRICKET – 1st XI

C.M.

The 1st XI had a very successful season and ended the term with a fine win over the Masters. There were some solid batting performances from Barnes and Brookes, with the majority of wickets falling to the pace bowling of Slinger and Mallows. Hill kept wicket well and the fielding in most matches was of a high standard. The hardest game was against Woking G.S. in which the team just managed to force a draw. So the final figures were:—

Played 7; Won 4; Drew 3; Lost 0.

– COLTS XI

N.L.

Almost 50% of our matches were rained off. How well the team can remember struggling to a rain-sodden pitch to find that half of the opposition had gone home.

Our first game was against Pierrepont, where the opposition was dismissed for a total of 30 runs. The match was won by 31 for 5.

The next match was against Woking. It was a draw, though not altogether uneventful.

We were defeated by Collingwood in a limited overs match where our shortage of bowlers showed. The final match, although wickets again fell early, ended in the second victory, helped by Lopez and Gordon.

In this short season the emphasis fell on the bowling, especially that of Lopez and Groves. However, our seemingly strong batting side never really got off the ground, though not for want of practice.

Played 4; Won 2; Drew 1; Lost 1.

– UNDER 13 XI

J.B.

The season began with a resounding defeat of Heath End, in the first round of the Steadman Cup, by 9 wickets. A subsidiary match against Woking G.S. was lost; 7 out of 11 batsmen were caught out. However, the team managed to draw with Farnham Cricket Club in the semi-final

of the Steadman Cup. We were successful in the replay, and won by 25 runs. This put the team in the final.

Two other matches were played against Collingwood School and Queen Mary's, Basingstoke. The former was won by 81 runs, Storer scored 60. The latter was lost by 4 wickets.

The Steadman Cup final against Weydon was lost by 60 runs, putting our team second out of 10 entering.

Of the bowlers, Cross, Webb and Cox show great promise, and Storer is doing very well as a batsman.



ATHLETICS

R.L.G.

The 1972 season can be remembered both for individual and team success and endeavour. Not only were district and county meetings entered, but also a number of inter-school fixtures were undertaken.

The season opened with a triangular match v. Collingwood and Fernhill, both considerably larger schools. While Fernhill won three of the four age groups, F.G.S. took the U 15 group with ease and beat Collingwood in all four groups.

In a buoyant spirit the school met Mill Chase, Richard Aldworth School and Heath End in a match held as two separate meetings, track and field. Richard Aldworth School took a narrow lead in the track events but the following week F.G.S. easily won the field events and came out comfortable winners overall.

As usual, we were strongly represented in the District Athletic Championships and individual winners were K. Gordon, U17 400M; P. Deverell, U17 100M hurdles; P. Wright, U17 H.J.; P. Slinger, U17 shot putt; N. Clark, U15 H.J. and shot putt; T. Saunders, U15 L.J.; P. Fennell, U20 110M hurdles; C. Mallows, U20 shot putt and Javelin.

The school entered the Surrey Grammar Schools Athletic championships held at Motspur Park. In the face of fierce competition notable performances were K. Gordon, 3rd U17 800M; C. Mallows, 5th U20 javelin; P. Slinger, U17 shot putt.

The inter-house sports produced some good competition and resulted in Childe 1st, Massingberde 2nd, Harding 3rd and Morley 4th. 2 new records were set and one equalled.

The season ended with a 6-sided match held at Winston Churchill school. A number of firsts were gained and several personal best performances achieved against good competition.

With a high all-round standard in the junior forms and a growing number of athletes in the senior years, I look forward to another successful season in 1973.

CHRISTIAN UNION

A.G.

The Christian Union is flourishing as usual, with an excess of ten members each week, drawn from the fifth and sixth forms from here and from the Girls' School.



Discussions have been wide and varied; topics this term have included Youth Work in Farnham, Publicity for Oxfam, Philosophy and Religion, and other more general topics.

So if you are in the fifth or sixth forms, why not come along and find out more one Friday? Absolutely anyone is very welcome.

RAILWAY SOCIETY



A.G.

Last year was a most successful one. Our membership is again up and this has prompted us to start on a new layout. It will be in 00 n9 and measure approximately 2 metres by 2 metres. Any help towards building this layout will of course be greatly appreciated. Next Easter we hope to hold an exhibition and offers of help from Old Boys in the way of layouts or stands will again be welcomed. Please contact me (Anthony Gathercole) via the school.

So we look forward to another improving year. Meetings are held on Thursdays after school.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY



D.P.

It would appear to me that our small membership is composed of 'loner' astronomers, as there appears little enthusiasm for group project work. Nevertheless, we arranged a summer holiday project, observing variable stars. We called a meeting where the results were assessed.

We shall again be starting regular meetings after Christmas; and surely there must be more astronomers in the school who would like to attend our meetings.

J.B.

Under Big A's command, the summer camp was held at Dockenfield. It was enjoyed by most parties, in spite of some illnesses which not only required removal homeward for some hapless victims, but also robbed us of our chief for a short period. However, Sidney strode in and took charge before hurrying away to Sweden.



The night hike was a complete disaster, while Alasdair reclined by the fire and recounted anecdotes from Monty Python. Mr. Phil Dunford's Honda did sterling work looking for various lost scouts. They were not found, but turned up later demanding fair punishment for Russell, who was responsible for the fiasco.

Mark Penfold and Stephen Pritchard distinguished themselves in canoeing competitions, and Mr. Farley performed heroic feats that would make Tarzan tremble.

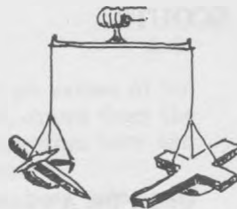
A patrol competition was run through the week; the idea of inspection at 9:15 regardless was very amusing to Alasdair. Apart from that the programme was very relaxed, basically because we couldn't think of many activities.

The troop is now settling down and running itself again, with new patrol leaders, and recruits entrapped into our grasp by Sidney's excellent persuasive methods.

We apologise for the withdrawal of the article "Blood guts and assorted gory deaths" owing to its being slightly soiled, inadvertently, after first reading it. Eds.

I haven't got X-ray ears, you know.

JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION



H.T.

A junior Christian Union was started this term and has been well supported by 1st to 4th years. Since it was a new group we took as the theme "Newness" – New Life and New Birth – for our first few meetings, in which we studied Jesus' interview with Nicodemus in John's gospel. This we followed with a talk about "Stickers" and a tape of Arthur Blessit as well as a concert one lunch time by a Christian pop-singer – Graham Kendrick. The future programme will include outside speakers, a bookstall and book review, a brains trust and a film strip.

AEROMODELLING CLUB



J.P., C.E.

After two well attended flying meetings last term, the club has settled down with a steady attendance of 30 people a meeting. One of the club's attractions are the huge discounts it can offer on aeromodelling materials – up to 80% less than the normal prices. It has a wide variety of activities, such as films, speakers from other clubs, excursions, competitions etc., as well as flying days, planned for the future.

Members are being encouraged to take an active rather than a passive part in the meetings, and have already decided by vote on subscriptions.

More than any other school club, the aeromodelling club is virtually independent and so relies on the support of its members to be successful. As with any other club, the more support we get the better it will be, so any newcomers are especially welcome.

Can't you find *anything* sensuous in this poem?

CAPTURED . . .

Stephen Abery, Jonathan Appleton-Jones, Nicholas Ashby, Richard Bayliss, David Bowsher, Sohail Butt, Clive Elsworth, Richard English, Steven Everett, Philip Hambly, Jeremy Hardy, Peter Hollands, Christopher Hunt, Peter Kent, Wayne Lavender, Michael Loveridge, Paul Madelin, Gary Mills, Simon Mould, Ian Nicholson, David Oram, Jonathan Parr, Michael Parker, Graham Rapley, Paul Slinger, Simon Trimarco, Thomas Tweedy, Adam Willis, Mark Young.

Jonathan Ainsley, Matthew Arcus, Andrew Ashton, Graham Bartlett, Simon Broome, Philip Cross, James Desmond, Kevin Griffin, Sydney Hardy, Richard Hodson, Christopher Horsefall, Stephen Jackson, Ian Jory, Simon Jowitt, Martin Laker, Gary Meek, Mark Norman, John Oram, Simon Pritchard, Stuart Rogers, Christopher Rowe, Jonathan Smith, Simon Stedman, Andrew Turner, Graham Viles, Ian Waterston, Christopher Wilson, David Wright, Richard Young.

Francis Arnstein, Nigel March, Colin Spence, Vincent Wright, Colin Bird, Martin Dennis.

David Attree, Simon Hockey, Keith Howard, David Verstegen, Clive Boniface, Richard Brebner, Azeem Butt, Ian Napleton, Colin Aitken, Andrew Bisset, William Paterson, Robin Riall, Keith DaCosta, Richard Evans, Hugh Mendes, Martin Millett, Malcolm Rhoades, Nicholas Dixon, James Hammerton-Fraser, Guy Lester, John Watson, Michael Welham, Timothy Hack, John MacLaren.

RELEASED . . .

Rodney Birch, Malcolm Bond, Derek Brooks, John Brydon, William Cleeve, David Collett, Robert Dabney, Lawrence Daniell, Andrew Davies, Ralph Dickerson, Guy Edmondson, John Embling, David Etheridge, Barry Fairbrother, David Foster, Edward Futch, John Gee, Robert Gill, Nigel Hague, Ian Harris, Fred Haughton, Andrew Hawkins, Kim Hitch, Graham House, Andrew Jobling, Robin Kaighin, Paul Marsh, Michael Overbury, Alexander Park, Ralph Pegram, Christopher Piggott, Anthony Poll, Christopher Ridgers, David Roberts, Mark Rochester, Peter Rubie, Robert Scott, Alyn Shipton, Michael Smart, Phillip Sturgess, Brian Sutherland.

Michael Edwards, James Gleeson, Robert Harnett, Robin Ireland, Afan Jones, Colin Levy, Philip Love, Michael Lowry, Edward Maheady, David Moll, Mark Padwick, Andrew Rigby, Trevor Robinson, Edward Savage, Peter Still, Christopher Tyndale.

Grahame Goshawk, Ian Goshawk, David Hoover, Robin Horsefall, Alexander Howen, Nicholas Howen.

Autumn

Jeremy Hardy.

Americans run for their plane.
Chased off by the close of the Tourist Season
And by realism, the truth, in the form of Autumn.
Autumn.
Destroying Summer illusions,
American's illusions of Buckingham Palace and Soho.
They are protected by the walls of the Savoy.
Now the truth,
The horrible truth of Winter is introduced by Autumn.
What is Autumn?
For the old and poor, Autumn is the wait;
The torturous wait for the cold and maybe death,
Who knows?
They don't care, it doesn't matter.
Yes, Autumn is more than the Harvest Festival.
For farmers is the gap between Summer and Winter,
In which they must gather their crop.
Their eager hands snatch up the apples
They mill around and under the trees like ants.
This is their last chance to reap the corn.
In their little spare time they wonder if their hurried efforts are
worthwhile
For the child, Autumn is piles of leaves to roll in —
The ignorant child shielded from Autumn's horror.
For the Electricity Board, Autumn is the wait for the piles of
Money.
Money to line their pockets all Winter.
Money to hide behind,
From those who couldn't pay the bills.
Those whose light and warmth were taken,
Those who will suffer.
Whose fate lingers.
Autumn the introduction.

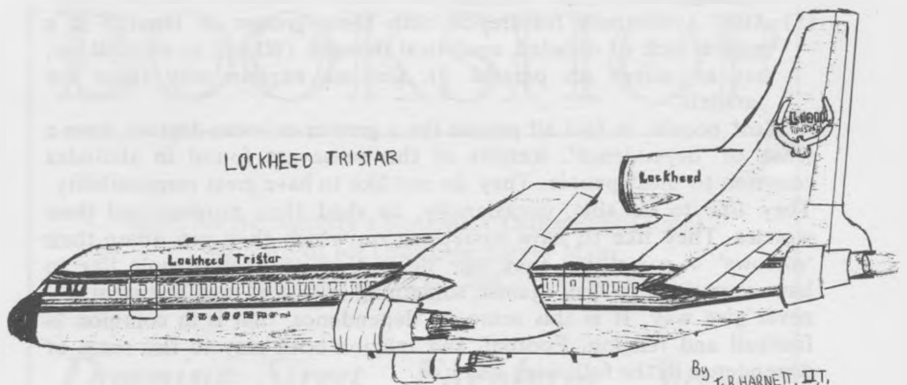
This poem won the Junior Verse Prize.

SIXTH FORM CODE:-

No Smoking
No Coffee
No Free-time
No Haircuts
No Detentions
No Fire Alarms
No Easy Work
No Slacking
No A-Levels
No School Uniform
No Advantages over rest of School
No Yobs
No Day-Trips
No Parking outside Sixth Form House
No Chance

— But it's a man's life.

Des 6₁



Football and Religion

I would like to air some observations I have made in the field of football (notice the deformed pun), with particular reference to the fans thereof. I would like to expound some thoughts I have on the parallels that I have found between Football and, believe it or not, Religion!!

Most people in our society refrain from any extensive, deep and profound thought. Most people never think about their own "spiritual" existence and even dismiss it as non-existent. Consequently, they believe that other people's thoughts on it or similar subjects, to be "vague", "abtruse" and "obscure". However, their refusal to accept the existence of anything beyond a material/emotional plane does not alter the fact that their metaphysical existence, or their lack of it, is exemplified in everything they do or say. Amongst the people that do not "think" (to any great extent) there exist striking parallels between their attitudes and reactions to everyday life. I would now like to look at one set of parallels – between attitudes of the religious fanatic and the football fanatic.

Here are some elementary parallels (taken from History, in one case) that do exist. After stating them I will explain them: –

- (1) Going to a church service is parallel with going to a football match.
- (2) Arguments between football fans (about teams or players) are parallel with 'religious' people of differing denominations.
- (3) The violence caused by fanatical football fans after a game in which their team loses, is parallel with the violence of the counter-reformationists (yes . . . it's the Spanish Inquisition!)
- (4) The effects on society of both religion and football are very similar, strikingly so.
- (5) Also, a common feature of both these groups of fanatics is a general lack of detailed, analytical thought. (Which, as we shall see, has an effect on parallel 2). Let me explain why these are parallels: –

Most people, in fact all people (to a greater or lesser degree), have a sense of 'dependence'. Results of this sense are found in attitudes common to most people. They do not like to have great responsibility. They like to be able, occasionally, to shed their burdens and their worries. They like to have something on which they can dump their 'sorrows' – something they can 'depend' upon. Most people like to have something to lean against, something as firm as rock so that it will never give way. It is this sense of 'dependence' that is in common in football and religion. Football and religion both play to this sense of dependence in the following ways: –

(1) Religion

Religion creates a God that is omnipotent and omniscient. What is more, we are told, God is Love. The sense of dependence is directly involved, to the extent that some religious people say, "I couldn't stand alone in this world without God behind me."

(2) Football

Here the situation is more complex. The football fanatics stick dogmatically to the ultimate superiority of one team or footballer. The team, or the man, becomes the rock that is immovable. Then, in the second step, by subordinating everything to football he creates his own "absolute".

In both situations the people are creating dependable "absolutes". Because they are "absolutes" they cannot be argued about, hence the inaccessibility of such people. They remain completely dogmatic.

The parallels I stated much earlier are now seen in a clearer light: Parallel (1) is the act of dependence itself; Parallels (2) and (5) are linked — the dogmatism drowns proper argument and prevents any form of objective, analytical judgment. (3) is a result of the thwarting of their ideals and (4) is the mass media effect of both football and religion.

How far these parallels are significant I do not know. However, true or false, significant or irrelevant, they remain interesting, and, to the more observant, rather striking.

P.S. I would be glad to enlarge to any interested party and I am openly inviting criticism. (Says he, carefully forgetting to sign the article!)

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Mens Lib in Corpore Sano

O what can ail thee Master of Arts,
Anything in particular?
I've been with teachers, bless their hearts,
To discuss the New Curricula.

I met a damsel by the way,
She stamped her foot and wept.
Hey Ho! thought I, that She, one day,
Might be my Head of Dept!

I woo'd her 'neath a cypress tree,
Made garlands for her head.
"Push off! with your feeble pass ... degree,"
In wood-notes wild, She said.

I heard sad scholars cry aloud,
Pale co-eds unisexual,
"La Belle Dame Sans Merci hath ploughed
A red-blooded intellectual!"

So I seek a post for Old Time's sake,
With a manly, scholarly ring;
And She can jump in the sedge-wither'd lake
Where birds no longer sing!

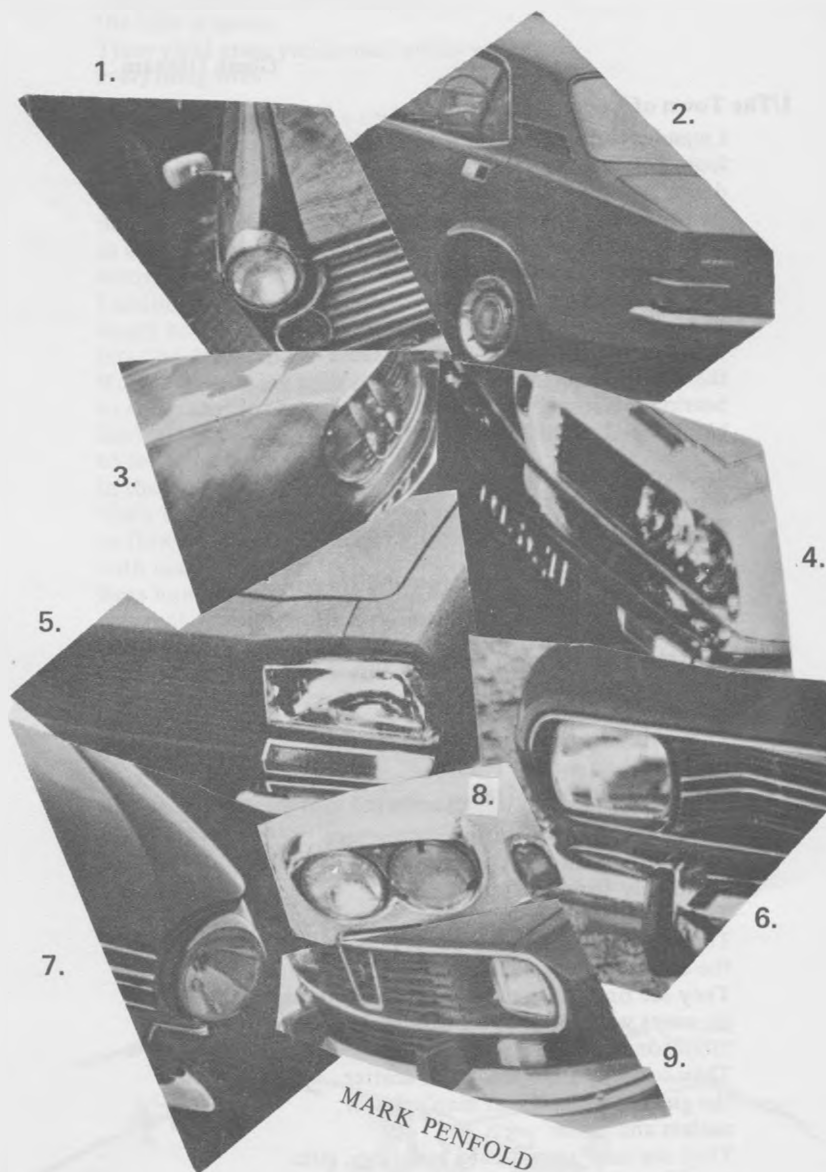
Autumn Term, 1972.

Aesop Frousman.

Overheard during Biology experiment: "O.K. you can stop breathing now".

Now we'll square our flies' legs.

CAR QUIZ



Answers on page 38.

TWO FACES OF LOOE, CORNWALL

Glenn Oldham

1/The Town of Looe:

I wander through the narrow streets, formed
from Pale houses – frozen in their tumble
down the steep valley sides.

At the front deckchairs flap frantically
on their sandy runway,
Imprisoned in seething costumes
rushing, ebbing with the clawing sea that
sucks the shore.

Boats cough and choke angrily across
the wind-ploughed water,
bearing screaming children and
blank-faced adults.

Tobacco smoke, fish signatures diffuse heavily
through the sea wind.

Shops indulge in their perpetual ingestion
of customers.

Funnelled past the counters and displays
I hear them laugh raucously
at postcards.

I see them glassy eyed amongst the
flesh-coloured bookstalls,
tentative in their glances.

They wind through penny arcades that
swallow their money readily,
unthinkly cold and dead.

They pass blind a painting shop where
the subtle beauty of the Heron calls
plaintively from its frame.

To no avail

They fail to see the rock pools pulsing with life,
the craggy beauty of the rocks.

They see only the gaudy ice cream van disgorging
its wares with hideous uniformity,
monotonously.

They see only the speed-boat scatter
the gulls in a display of man's power,
useless and futile.

They see only man, boats, buildings, gifts
impurity
Transcient.

II/The estuary of Looe:

I wander down the estuary,
The all-pervading wood clothing
the hills in green.
Trees yield grass yields mud yields water,
everything lives.

The Heron stands in the rivers melodic silence,
motionless, taut, ready to dart
should a fish glide
beneath him.

Squabbling waders, wheeling, turning
as one, like streaks of brown and white paint
across the scene.

Landing on the mud they probe it with
finger beaks, delving
into the dead mud to reveal its life.

Worms – writhing coils of interest
to those that look.

Butterflies race by, tugged by invisible strings
to settle on stones
in the sun.

Their dazzling colours revealed they flit
to flowers, caressing them
with needle tongues.

Bees hum busily flashing their buff tails
efficient, throbbing with vigour.

Gulls scream, waders whistle, trees sing,
a robin warbles soothingly.

Flowers, birds, insects both excite and
tranquilize the eye.

The fresh air cools the lungs, invigorates,
purifies yet pacifies.

The river slides silently between its
fern covered banks

I see nature's perpetuity.



III/A combination in the town:

The solid stone stands unchanged, unmarred
by the surrounding confusion of the town.
I enter, escape, release
from time, rush, care.
The church lies open.

The great roof, expansive yet enclosing
gives freedom yet security.
The glass windows coloured with radiant
serenity, life, beauty.
The organ silently proclaims peace
in its empty corner.
Flowers stand in vases, pillars stand tall
the altar lies in intricate simplicity
at the head of the aisle.
Gently carved wood challenges yet lulls the eye.
The sameness of pughes echoes the
uniformity of fields and trees.
Peace — alone together in a haven
from man and his insecure
narcissism.

This poem won the Senior Verse Prize.

There was a young lady from Austeria,
Who suddenly and mysteriously losterear,
She cried out in vain,
'Ear, come back again'.
The loss of that article costerdear.

Nicholas Willis

PRACTICAL COW DISSECTION (For Idiots) Part One:—

Procedure:

(a) Chop it up into little pieces. In Part two (next 17 issues): How to fit them back together.

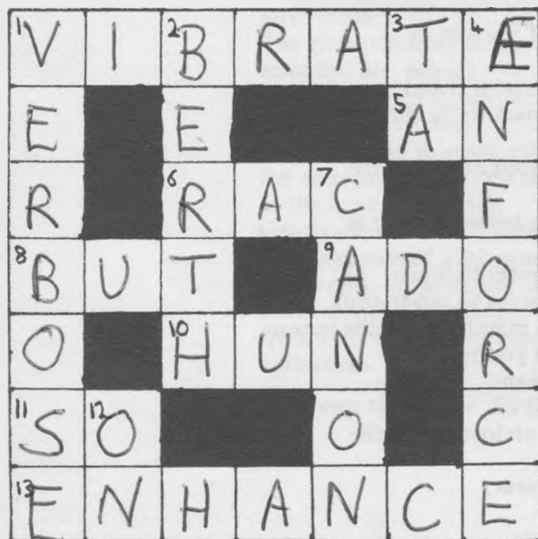
School is:

- Lockers with no handles.
- Attempted murder on a spirometer.
- Cutting dogfish to pieces on an empty stomach.
- Waking up at the end of a lesson in time for the homework.
- Banging on the floor in room G and seeing how long it takes Mr. French to fly through the door.
- Not letting masters in front of you in the dinner queue.
- Sharing one hymn-book between sixty in assembly.
- Counting down the minutes to lunch.
- Counting down the minutes to ten-to-four.
- Not counting down the minutes to maths lessons.
- Forgetting which house you're in.
- Playing for the wrong team.
- Playing chess in football kit.
- Discussing religion and philosophy in the shower.
- Talking out of turn in class.
- Not talking in turn.
- Lynching nasty little kids.
- Lynching all the other little kids.
- Joining all the societies for a "good confidential report".
- Not joining them and not having "CREEP" on your report.
- Peeking into the staff room.
- Peeking into a dustbin and getting the same impression.
- Rearranging all the library books and being banned for a year.
- Walking in next day and doing it again.
- Smiling in the school photograph.

Glenn Ford,

Thank you very much.

Answers on page 38



Across

1. Swing high, swing low. No, faster than that!
5. Not a very definite thing.
6. In reverse it might sport the badge on the front.
8. Apart from.
9. Fuss.
10. German soldier.
11. For that reason.
13. Intensify qualities.

Down

1. Too many words.
2. Somewhere to sleep.
3. Thankyou.
4. The north easterly reversed with strength.
7. Sounds military but is of clerical nature.
12. Turn the negative.

THE PERILS OF INTROSPECTION:

The Girls

The girls are coming here next year,
And with them new rules I fear.
Chatting, screaming, brushing their hair,
How can we concentrate?
Its just not fair.
Skipping around with pig-tails flying,
Whilst we poor boys are trying,
To make this a more peaceful place,
But with them around you need an ace.
But I suppose though they annoy us dearly
Maybe they're not so bad, really.

Adrian Harding





Now playing for England under 17's.

"What d'you mean? Course he won't mind!"





Memories.

ad!"

"What's that funny thing on his head?"



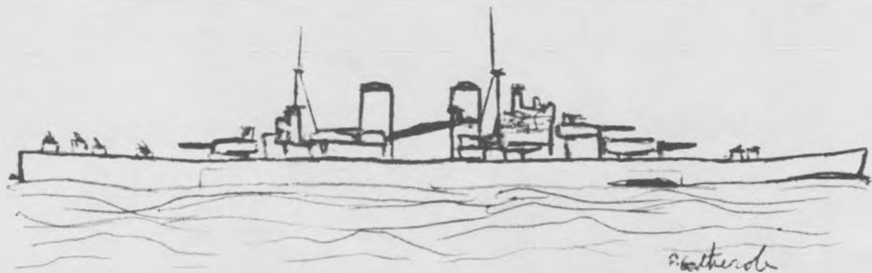
HINTS ON CYCLOTRONIC INSTABILITY CURVES — GODMJR

The problems of writing with a beam of neurons

The art of getting an article printed in the magazine is a simple one if you bear in mind the method of selection is this: the article is thrown at a wastepaper basket and, if it misses three times in succession, it is accepted. Here are some non male scouts to get your article in.

1) The title *must* be accurate. 2) Anti waste paper basket magnets are detectable — don't use them. 3) Good articles are aerodynamically unstable hence miss the basket or, conversely, special aerodynamics may be used e.g. a boomerang in the article. Boomerangs are detectable so — like boomerang — make your article bent. This should come easily to most pupils. 17) What makes an article unstable? The answer is bed pans or bad puns so make your article puny (this, again, will come easel-ly if written on a blackboard). 691) Your ahh tickle must make sense so add some herbs. 691a) Never elaborate on a joke — that makes scents. 721) Resist the temptation to utilise polysyllabic and multitudinous written symbol combinations or permutations. 720) Never mention the name of a master e.g. Mr Thompson. 719) Never use the same type of joke over and over again (691a see). 718) Never use numbers in the wrong order. 9) Americanisms are out (such as "money"). 10) A boring article will be accepted since yawning detracts from aiming at the basket. 11) A shy article tends to hide in the basket — self-rejecting itself. 3) This article is only in the magazine for two reasons. a) It hasn't been rejected. b) It's written by an editor and two lower sixth. c) It's printed on easily rippable paper for complainants to rip out (last year's mag had no such paper and several sprained wrists resulted). d) It self destructs in five seconds should you decide to accept it. The other reason is Richard Masters.

Final tip: don't read this article. You have! Oh well, bang goes next year's magazine.



Death's Hillside

The soldier
Sits in a trench
On the hill that has to be held
For three days
And at all costs.

Around him
His brave comrades
Who have died a hero's death.
He looks
And is silent.

The radio
Strapped to the back
Of a bullet ridden operator
And suffering
The same fate.

The evening
Brings darkness
And no-one thinks of the soldier
Who survives
On the hill.

The enemy
Must take
The hill before dawn to be sure
Of complete
Tactical advantage.

The attack
Is in force
The soldier defends as is his duty
And speeds
Many to death.

But soon
His position
Is overrun and he is dead
His carbine
In his hands.

The hill
Has been held
For three days with negligible costs
The soldier
Mentioned in dispatches.

The enemy
Curse the men
Who held out for so long
Against so many
So loyally.

The incident
Is forgotten
The hill bears no traces of
One of
Death's rich harvests.

Peter Garry



On Your Marks

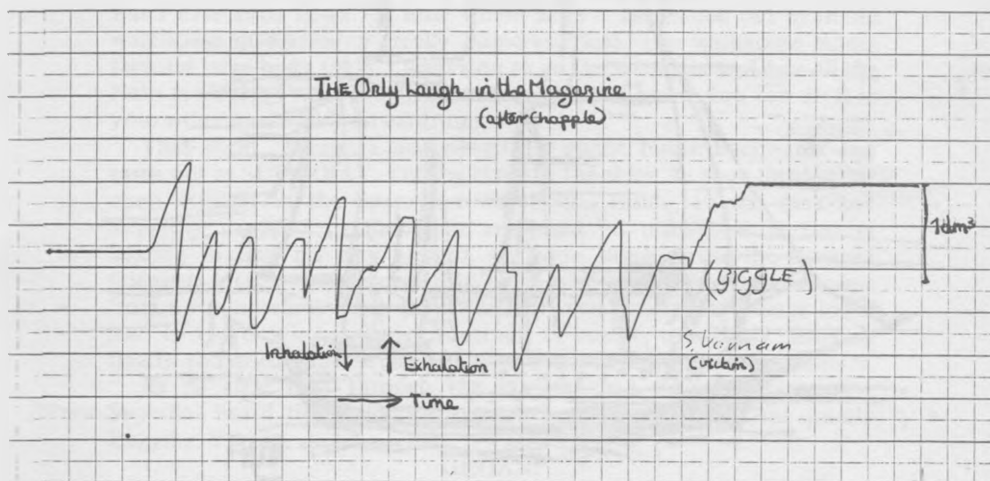
So the lights are going out,
Not fading out,
But blowing out,
Blowing out with old headlines.

Everyone's reclining,
Reclining in shadowed sunspots,
Starting the orgy and
finishing the bedtime story.

The spring is recoiled;
Held by a thread of cotton,
Waiting for the frustrating fuse
to end, at last.

Boots are being polished,
Positions being taken;
Preparing for tomorrow's
great, new, exciting rape.

David Rees.



THE HULK

As the dense fog lifted, the black and daunting shape of the hulk appeared.

Shrouded in mist and surrounded by mud, the ugly form of bleekness showed its hideous face.

Below the tarred and woodwormed planks lay the convicts, thin and miserable; with faces long and drawn, they stared into the light-less void around them.

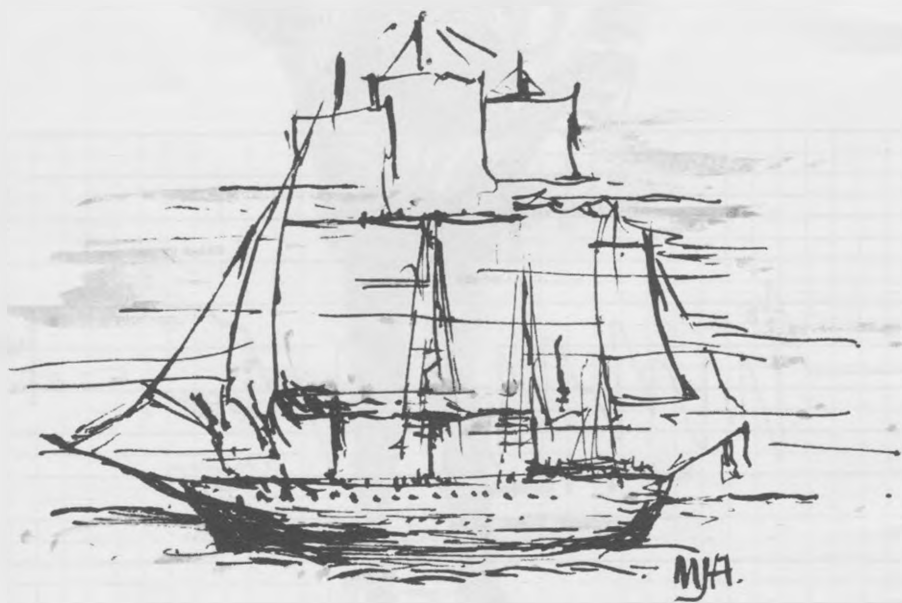
Black bread and muddy water is all the government affords them, and as they devour the crusts, they think on happier times, when stew and beer they ate.

Fettered to the rickety hulk with strong chains with no weak link, they ask themselves, Why me? Why not the others, Elzevir and Tom or John and David? They were in the gang also.

Why? Why? Why? Why?

But still they lie fettered to the old hulk and there they will stay.

Rupert Pullan



Another Life in the Day of Superbat

Lunching in the newly named Vampire State building, it suddenly struck Tabrepus, intrepid goody-goody, that something sinister was going on. In the background, the orchestra was playing 'Fangs ain't what they used to be' and 'I left my grave in Transylvania'.

Tabrepus had put his hand into his pocket and had come across something gooey. Pulling it out, he found that it was a Bronchial Tree, formerly owned by NATO'S top atomic scientist. The thing that suddenly struck Tabrepus was a policeman's truncheon. From then on he thought that something black was going on.

Waking in a police cell, Tabrepus had no trouble proving that the Bronchial Tree had been planted(!) on him, because the superintendent of police was none other than his old school chum, Medical Dictionary.

"How long has it been now?" asked M.D. smiling from molar to molar.

"Yes, toes were the days", replied Tabrepus, remembering M.D.'s love of medical terms, "I must hand it to you, you've done well".

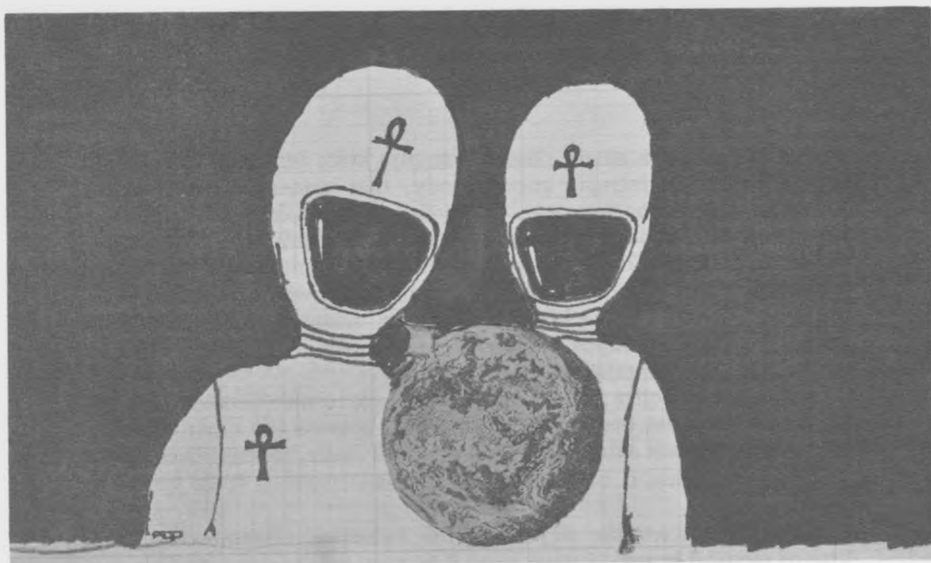
"Yes, I have. I started off selling muscles on the beach, but my ankle on my mother's side offered to buy me into the police force. He had to foot the bill. I even won a medulla two during the war. My father, bless his kidney, decided to sinus out after it was over. But enough of this frivolity, back to business. Whoever planted that tree on you must have had some nerve. By his style, I'd say he was a pupil of Iris the Eye (this story gets cilia) or even one of Len's. I'm sure I know the mastermind behind this. It can only be the infamous Doctor Frank Enzyme, that nasty swab. (blast on the trumpet) (Forsooth, this could not be cornea) Ever since he had escaped from prison, the early happenings had begun. But I have good news — I nose where he is — he's holed out in an old warehouse in Kneesdon (really humerus, this). The warehouse manufactures large body parts. I want you to go there tonight and free all the Nato scientists Frank Enzyme has kidnapped. I know you can do it in your other guise. (roll on eardrums).

That night, Tabrepus walked into a phone booth backwards and came out as SUPERBAT. Flitting through the skies, he soon located the open skylight in the Spare-Part Warehouse. Inside, all was dark and Superbat dropped to the floor and used his ultra-sonic perceptive hearing to find his way around. He soon came across the drugged scientists locked in a rib-cage, but as he was freeing them a noise came from a room nearby. Out came Frank Enzyme clutching a large lower jaw. In the ensuing struggle, Superbat, of course, won easily. Enzyme finally collapsed under a pile of bones. The police sirens became louder.

As he flew high through the skylight and into the night sky, Superbat heard the police inspector below him — "Come out quietly Enzyme. You are under a wrist.

GROAN!

Glenn Ford.



And the sky People returned, as they said they would.
As they promised, many thousands of years ago.
To the peoples whom they had created.
To see how they had progressed and to see if
The experiment was worth continuing: or whether
They should eradicate another mistake,
As they had done many thousands of times
All across the universe, all over the cosmos.
They saw bad and they saw good.
They saw famine and they saw abundance.
They saw war and they saw peace.
So much did they see that they were forced
To deliberate for a long, a very long while.
And finally, they decided to leave the Earth
For another ten thousand years or so,
And then return again to decide its fate.

A.G.D.

THE GRIM COLUMN

The GRIM Column:— 2nd in a series on one.

The following prizes were awarded at the 1984 Speech day (see last issue).

- (1) The Anony Mouse prize for obscurity . . . John Smith
- (2) C.J. Creep prize for best apple crop . . . refused and donated to headmaster.
- (3) The Ab Sentee prize for most persistent truant . . . waiting to be collected.
- (4) The Ivor Cough prize for smoking beyond lung capacity . . . on display at Milford cancer hospital.
- (5) The Mrs Constant Fatigue prize for sleeping in class . . . winner did not come when called.
- (6) The I.M.A.Mute prize for not talking in class . . . Ivor Tight-tie (later found to be dead).
- (7) The Bernard "Smudger" Stamp prize for alertest librarian . . . this prize has been stolen.
- (8) The Mrs Ima Worrier prize for the best nervous breakdown . . . (Ed's Notes: I've not yet recovered).
- (9) The R.U.Stingey prize for Economics . . . prize traditionally thrown to winner to save shoe-wear.
- (10) The Mrs Tenta Four prize for getting away on the bell . . . this prize was not collected since Speech day ran late.

Glenn, Richard, Michael.

A: I can't see the point of *anything*!

B: What's the point of you not seeing the point of anything?

A: There isn't one! — That's the point.

MASTERS, O'BYRNE, HUGHES. (The editors wish to deny that R. Masters, D. O'Byrne or S. Hughes have bribed them and that's the truth (Dammit).

Shut up!

Old People Waiting at a Bus Stop

Thoughts: "where's the bus" and
"it's getting colder" and
"must get home to the warm soon"
And then: creeping round the corner, the bus;
eagerly their trembling shrivelled hands
take the strain — lift the basket.
Now the legs: "I'm not as fit as I used to be."
the kind old gentleman
helps his wife in old age,
(for better or worse),
with a pathetic push.
Tonight, god permitting,
they will ease gently into bed,
and dutifully and silently thank god,
ignorant of whether it will be the last thanksgiving;
and only too aware of it.

Jim Goddard



Bayonet Thrust

David Kemp

Twist,
Gurgle,
Crimson Blood.
Intestines Flow,
Eyes Goggle.
Death
Envelopes.



SPEECH DAY

by our own reporter.

This year's Speech Day took place on a rather frosty 15th of November. By 2:30 the hall was filled with local dignitaries, parents and an unbelievably tidy mass of well-behaved school-boys, and at precisely 2:35 the guest speaker, the Right Reverend K.D.Evans, his wife Mrs. Evans, the Chairman, the Governors, and Mr. French entered the hall to begin the hour long school tradition.

Alderman A.P.Tice, as Chairman of the Governors, staged the opening remarks aided by an unusually co-operative microphone. began by welcoming Reverend Evans and his wife Mrs. Evans, headteachers from local schools, retired staff (especially Mr. Godsil) and gave a special welcome to Miss Morgan. Sensing the school's hostility to all persons over the age of twenty, he informed us that the Right Reverend K.D.Evans was once a keen cricketer, and, hearing the sighs of relief, continued by reminding us that we were attending the very last Speech Day as members of Farnham Grammar School because, by next September, it will be the new Farnham College. He finished by assuring us that we are indeed fortunate to be educated in an environment which inspires conviction and purpose.

The headmaster's report seemed to be almost too short. It is a custom of Speech Day to give a short speech and let everyone out on time, but this year the remarks from Mr. French were the warnings for our future.

Mr. Wills was praised for aid in times of stress, and Mr. McLaughlin for being a 'tower of strength'. Mr. Case was thanked for offering to teach for a short time before moving on to a research post, and Mr. Larby for taking responsibility for the first forms who will be juniors throughout their school life.

He expressed concern about the housing problems of teachers and outlined the numbers to be catered for in the new college. Then, making sure computers had been mentioned, he restated his view that education was for the improvement of the quality of life and not just for passing exams – and his speech was finished – almost, one felt, before he had the chance to say all that was needed.

The prizes were presented by the very charming Mrs. Evans and the main reason for a Speech Day was over. Only the address remained.

The Right Reverend K.D.Evans, Lord Bishop of Dorking, took the stand after long speeches about the school and immediately took our minds off it by telling a joke. Having thus gained our attention, he asked what would be the headlines which would endure until 1982 and decided on 'environment', 'Europe', 'leisure', and 'peace'. Having delivered this rather interesting speech to an enthralled audience he obediently finished at three-thirty, the time which only the foolhardy dare exceed, and received appropriate applause.

Formalities ended with a vote of thanks from the school captain, Jeremy Evans (no relation), and those lucky people who had a blue card or admitted owning sixth-formers moved off for tea and chatter. Thus endeth not only one of the best, but also the last of Farnham Grammar School Speech Days.

FORM PRIZES

<i>First Year</i>	...	ELWOOD, C. R. CLARKE J. M.	VINCENT, A. R. SMITH, K. L.
<i>Second Year</i>		HYMAN, J. N. STORER, N. R.	REEVES, S. A. CROSS, D. R.
<i>Third Year</i>	...	MEYNELL, K. S. LYDIARD, P.	JENKINS, C. J. WEEDEN, T.
<i>Fourth Year</i>	...	INGLESANT, P. G. HOOK, I. M.	BOX, N. F. FORD, R. C.
<i>Fifth Year</i>	...	MASTERS R. BRADSHAW, J.	PEARSON, J. R. W. RIGBY, A. C.
<i>Sixth Year</i>	...	SPARKES, R. R.	HUTCHINGS, L.
<i>Seventh Year</i>	...	ETHERIDGE, D. T.	HARRIS, I. R.

SUBJECT PRIZES

HERBERT ALLEN PRIZE FOR ART	SHIPTON, A. G.
MICHAEL KILBURN PRIZES :			
MATHEMATICS	LANGHORN, T. J.
PHYSICS	FORD, G. R.
CHEMISTRY	OLDHAM, G.
DR. GEORGE BROWN PRIZE FOR CHEMISTRY			HAGUE, N. J.
FOLLETT PRIZE FOR PHYSICS	PEGRAM, R. W.
OLD FARNHAMIANs' LODGE ENGLISH PRIZE	...		SHIPTON, A. G.
OLD FARNHAMIANs' LODGE HISTORY PRIZE	...		DAVIES, A. N.
WILLIAM STROUD PRIZE FOR GEOGRAPHY	...		BLACKNELL, C.
MUSIC PRIZES :			
SENIOR	OVERBURY, M. P.
JUNIOR	WILSON, J. P.
APPLIED MATHEMATICS PRIZE	FUTCHER, E. J.
PURE MATHEMATICS PRIZE	FOSTER, D. J.
FRENCH PRIZE	FAIRBROTHER, B. N.
BIOLOGY PRIZE	CLEEVE, W. H.
METALWORK PRIZE	GRIMES, D. J.
ECONOMICS PRIZE	DICKERSON, R. W. T.
PHYSICAL SCIENCE PRIZE	HAWKINS, A. D.

SPECIAL PRIZES

ARTHUR JOB PRIZE FOR FORM CAPTAIN	...	LEA, M. R. E.
F. A. MORGAN PRIZE	...	ROUND, M. J. H.
CADET CORPS PRIZE	...	SWAN, M. C.
CHAIRMAN'S PRIZE FOR SCHOOL CAPTAIN	...	SHIPTON, A. G.
MENS SANA PRIZE	...	BROOKS, D. J.
WILLIAM STROUD PRIZE	...	MARSH, P. N.
GEORGE STURT PRIZES FOR ENGLISH ESSAY:		
SENIOR	...	SCOLDING, J. W.
JUNIOR	...	TALBOT, J.
READING PRIZES:		
SENIOR	...	REES, D. W.
INTERMEDIATE	...	VAUGHAN, G. M.
JUNIOR	...	WILSON, J. P.
G. H. BACON MEMORIAL PRIZES FOR ENGLISH VERSE:		
SENIOR	...	OLDHAM, G.
JUNIOR	...	HARDY, J. J. M.

Speech day survey:—

The following times have been recorded (in minutes) for the last two speech days. A starting time of 14.20 has been assumed.

Event	1971	1972
Masters Enter	9	5
Governors Enter	3	8
Opening remarks by Chairman	11	6
Headmaster's Report	19	23
Presentation of Prizes	12	10
Address	15	7
Vote of Thanks by School Capt.	2	1
The National Anthem	1	1.08
Finishing remarks	—	8
Total:	72	69

Answers to Car Quiz

1. Morris Oxford
2. Morris Marina
3. Triumph 2000
4. Triumph 1500
5. Peugeot 504
6. Chrysler 180
7. DAF 55
8. Rolls Royce
9. Renault 12

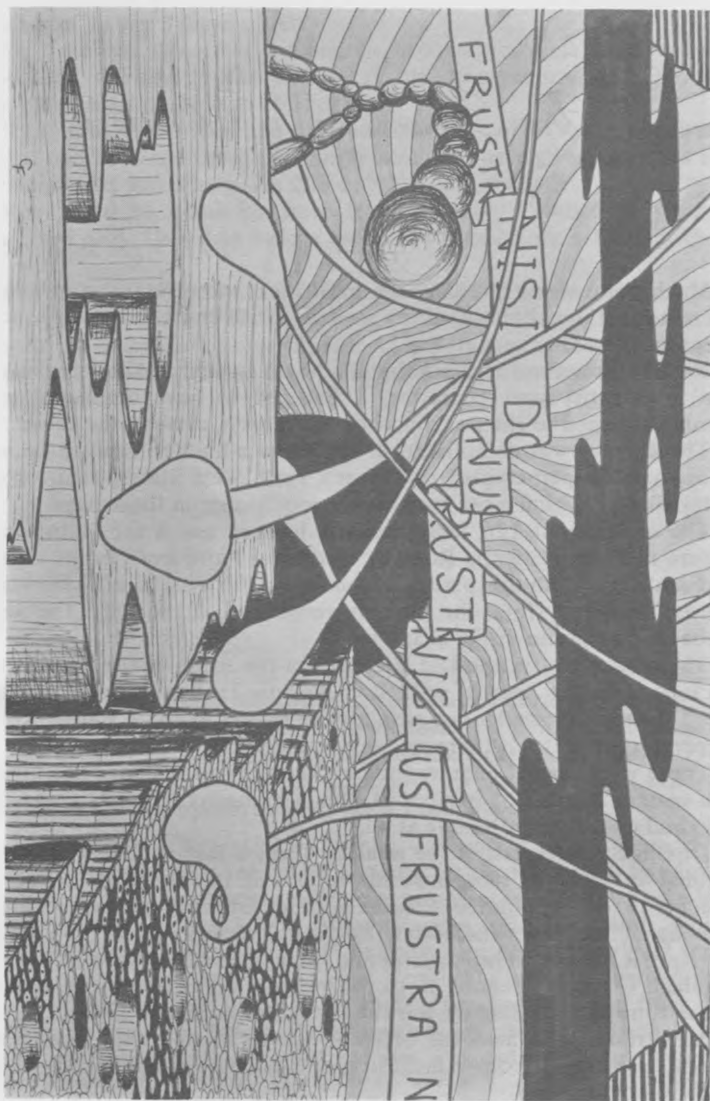
Answers to Crossword

Across

1. Vibrate
5. An
6. R.A.C.
8. But
9. Ado
10. Hun
11. So
13. Enhance

Down

1. Verbose
2. Berth
3. Ta
4. Enforce
7. Canon
12. On



I hate argument by analogy. It's like . . . well . . . you know.

OLD FARNHAMIAN ASSOCIATION

The School in a Chantry

By F. W. S. Simmonds

Much controversy raged in the local Press recently about proposals to erect functional buildings for Farnham parish church, next or near to the gaunt tower at the west end.

No one, however, recalled that Farnham Grammar School, soon to lose its identity and character, is believed to have originated in a chantry attached to the north wall of the church, close to the tower.

The chantry was demolished in 1758 and a builder, Edward Beaver, whose name is perpetuated in Beaver's Yard, West Street, paid for the materials £42, which must have been a goodly sum in those days.

The arch, about 12ft wide, can still be seen and is the feature of a picture in Father Etienne Robo's "Mediaeval Farnham". In his history of Farnham's Catholic parish, Robo gives the names of 17 French priests, refugees from the French revolution, buried by the wall, probably on the site of the chantry.

The school met in the Old Vicarage to the south of the church (the Rectory is to the north), until it moved to 25 West Street, into the house Bishop George Morley gave for the master in 1679. Father Robo, however, is doubtful if there was any connection!

There were several endowments and conditions included the tuition of a certain number of free pupils. One headmaster refused to take free boys and ended up with none at all.

Dr C.R. Summer, last of the wealthy "Prince Bishops" of Winchester, decided in 1849 to reorganise the school as the Diocesan School of Winchester. He appointed Charles Stroud, one of the most brilliant scholars of the new Winchester Diocesan Training College, to succeed the Rev. R. Sankey as headmaster and the name was changed in 1853 to Farnham Grammar School. Both the vicarage and the rectory were let at the time and Mr Sankey was the last rector to live at 25 West Street.

Mr Stroud, who held the office 47 years, started with three boys, whom he brought from Winchester, and ended with about 90. There were 30 boarders.

Mrs Stroud had kept a private school in West Street, Beaver House — continued by her sisters and daughters — and later two daughters and two sons graduated from F.G.S. pupils to pupil teachers. The eldest son, William, was 40 years second master and acting headmaster twice, after the deaths of his father and the Rev. S. Priestley.

There was rebuilding in 1872 and 1895. Surrey County Council, in cooperation with local authorities, took over in 1893 and an art and science department was added.

First portion of the present school was built in 1906, when the young Farnham Girls' Grammar School moved to West Street, followed years later by the School of Art.

So Farnham Grammar School, to become co-educational under a new name, did have at least two girl pupils just a century ago. They had a private school on Station Hill for many years.

William Stroud's wife had been headmistress of St Andrew's church school and between them the family seems to have given the town and a wide district something like 250 or 300 years of education.

Boys used to come by train from Bagshot, Camberley, Woking, Guildford and Aldershot before secondary schools were built in those towns.

J.M.Aylwin (1929-38), architect, who in 1968 succeeded his father, G.M.Aylwin (1900-07) as a school governor, strongly opposes any attempt to build in the churchyard. At a Farnham Society meeting he spoke out plainly against a second proposal submitted to Farnham Urban Council.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

A.P.Tice (1912-14) has retired from the presidency of Farnham Division, St John Ambulance Brigade, an office he held for 37 years. He was chairman of Farnham Urban Council when appointed. He became a serving brother in 1960 and an officer of the Order of St John in 1963. He has been chairman of the governors for 19 years, and this year celebrated his 21st appearance on the Speech Day platform.

S.N.Wiltshire (1923-1925), M.B.E., was one of two holders of the George Cross who flew from New Zealand for the reunion in London of the V.C. and G.C. Association. He was youngest of five brothers whose father opened Farnham's first motor business. Like the eldest, William Percival, he joined the R.A.F. W.P., who used to arrive from West Street on a motorcycle, served in the First World War and afterwards joined New Guinea Airways, like S.N. later. The two brothers had their own reunion in Farnham before flying south again, Bill to a South Pacific island retirement hide-out. Sidney was a squadron leader with the Royal New Zealand Air Force.

F.W.Simmonds (1913-18), retired journalist, has married his cousin, Mrs Ivy Bilcliffe, who was the "Miss Robins" to whom another Old Boy, George Sturt (1876-79) gives credit for the drawings in his book, "The Wheelwright's Shop."

Sub-Lieut. D.M.Lancaster (1961-68), had a guard of honour of brother officers when he married, at Portchester, Miss L.F.Bowen, of Fareham, and the honeymoon was in Ibiza. After Dartmouth, he was a middle in H.M.S. London and in the ship's rugby team. Now he is studying law at Southampton University.

N.H.L.Temple (1936–42), who wrote “Farnham Inheritance” and “Farnham Buildings and People,” and is an art lecturer at Cheltenham, has designed a Georgian-style wall plaque for attachment to old buildings restored by Farnham Trust. A cottage at the Maltings, Bridge Square, has one.

Richard Baker (1958–65), Ph.D., is in India with the Institute of Technology, Powai. An exhibitioner at Churchill College, Cambridge, he achieved the rare distinction of earning a First in each of three years and was then with the Cavendish Laboratory Research Group working on medium energy particles.

David Watkin (1952–59), Ph.D., a Fellow of Peterhouse College, Cambridge, Librarian of the Fine Arts Faculty, Cambridge, is now the university's lecturer on the History of Western Art.

R.G.Chivers (1954–59) married Miss P.M.Phillips, an F.G.G.S. Old Girl, and is now a police constable at Dorking, after several years in television. Mrs Chivers has moved from Farnham Public Library to Surrey County Council's sub-headquarters at Dorking.

A.G.Chuter (1954–59), who plays for Old Farnhamians football XI, married Miss M.E.Stenson in County Monaghan, Eire, and had a touring honeymoon there. He is an insurance broker at Farnborough; she, a London hospital sister.

P.L.Turner (1958–64) married Miss K.McNally, of Hatfield, Herts., and honeymooned in Paris. He took an honours degree in law at London University, is a member of the Institute of Management and is studying to be a solicitor.

Douglas G.Pitt, a boarder from Godalming, who left about 1915, died on November 10th, aged 72. He was a retired civil servant. Younger brother Ivan, also a boarder, is still active, travelling for SCATS (Southern Counties Agricultural Trading Society).

West Surrey College of Art and Design (formerly Farnham School of Art, which succeeded F.G.G.S. in the old Farnham Grammar School,

West Street), contemplates publishing a biography of the school and town's most distinguished architect, Harold Falkner, F.R.I.B.A. He was a brilliant scholar under the famous headmaster, Charles Stroud, and gained his appreciation of art from Herbert Allen, visiting art master. In 1890 Falkner carried off prizes for bookkeeping, Euclid, drawing and English. He was articled to Sir Reginald Blomfield and was an official, with another Old Boy, C.E.Borelli (1880–87), the Farnham preservationist, at the first sports when the new school was opened in 1906. He died in 1963 aged 89.

L.H.Starling (c.1907), former surveyor for Farnham Council for 26 years, has been chairman of the Farnham and Bourne Music Club since 1949 and R.J.Ayling (1915–20) its honorary treasurer since 1943. The Club recently celebrated its golden jubilee and has held several concerts in association with F.G.S. Music Club in the new school hall. Starling has also been closely associated with Farnham Operatic Society since 1928.

B. Main-Smith, former technical editor of Motor Cycling and now running a publishing business at Leatherhead, has published his first book, Super Bike Road Tests. All 16 machines reviewed are said to be capable of 100 m.p.h. Co-director is his wife, formerly Margaret Scarff, F.G.G.S.

Clifford Foster (1957-61), footballer, was married at Aldershot in June and is living at 78 Boxalls Lane, Aldershot.

M.J.Grimes (1958-63), for five years in Australia, was married in April at Parkdale, Victoria.

Mike Battisson (1962-69) graduated recently in Maths with Aeronautics at Southampton. He is taking up a job with a shipping insurance firm at Croydon whilst deciding on a more permanent career. He enjoyed an interesting three months' working vacation in America and Canada.

F.J.A. Sherward (1943-49) is currently the Senior Contract Manager with Roberts Construction Co., the largest constructors in the Southern hemisphere. He has been in South Africa for nearly eight years, is married, and lives at 363, Ontoekkers Rd., Florida Park, Transvaal, S.A. Visiting the school with his wife this term, he mentioned Angus Campbell (1927-32) who is a member of his golf club, and who wishes to be remembered to his old friends.

For most of the O.F.A. news items we are indebted to the painstaking, invaluable work of F.W.Simmonds (1913-18).

Memoirs of a Militant

(Nov. 1972)

The transformation had been almost instantaneous, painless, One moment one was marching on to the square staring fixedly at the back in front, the mind dully concerned with straight arms, gleaming boots, the size of the knot of one's tie. The next, one was marching off again, an officer. It was you who was being saluted, for you that the squad of men was slamming to the 'shun. It all seemed perhaps a little more worthwhile - the agony, the blood, the panic, the dull, passive acceptance of everything, the incredible desire for sleep, the sleep that never came. Perhaps it had achieved something, something more than the shine on the boots one would never wear again, more than the blind hatred of the officers training you, more than the respect for the sergeant, who had become for three everlasting weeks the earthly incarnation of both God and the Devil. . .

It was the bark of a jackal that brought me back from the barrack squares of Aldershot to reality. I lay on a hillside, high up on a plateau in central Africa, with the night-sounds of the bush all round me. England was seven thousand miles away and the radio beside me only spluttered hopefully as I tried to make contact with occasionally blaring dance music from somewhere across the frontier. It had all seemed very strange at first — from the moment the Halifax bumped to a halt and the doors swung back to reveal a horde of people. Row after row of black faces, white teeth, huge eyes — these were the images that were to be with us for the next few months.

Within a fortnight the bare expanse of wind-swept plateau had been transformed into a town-ship — a reservoir, electric lighting, hot showers, underfloor central heating in the messes, helicopter pads, landing-strip, workshop, medical centre; an amazing complex that was to become the most visited spot in Malawi during the next weeks. There were two hundred of us to build a few miles of road, hundreds of miles from civilisation — and the nearest woman many miles away! The stresses were great; working from seven in the morning to five or six at night, six and sometimes seven days a week, in conditions of extreme heat, with freezing nights; operating machines on near vertical surfaces; laying explosives high up on rock faces where the baboons would sit and squabble. All the while, beneath the veneer of complaints and obscenities which all soldiers adopt as a matter of course, lay a genuine pleasure in doing a tough job and of doing it well; of seeing the road start at the top of the drop and slowly wind its way down the escarpment, overcoming everything that lay in its path, adopting an identity of its own, an independent existence. Above all there was the knowledge that the benefits of the exercise would be real, that an area was being opened up that had, until now, been neglected; the real pleasure of the local people that something was being done for them.

They came from a huge area to see the camp, some walking a hundred miles for work, to earn what seemed to us a pitiful salary. A marvellous people: quiet, dignified, reserved, with a great warm smile always ready to flash out, given the opportunity. In a few days the "characters" became evident — one Tennyson, an old NCO in the King's East African Rifles, who would amuse during the lunch-break with his immaculate if slightly rusty drill, performed with a broomstick for want of anything more aggressive. There was the huge Walrus who would work for hours, unceasingly, in the misguided belief that he could compete with the 'dozer working alongside him; "Pop", a deaf mute, who stubbornly refused to ever remove his red safety helmet issued in the first week and who could be seen proudly walking around in it back in his village when he disappeared for one of his frequent "holidays"; wild-eyed Watson, who would consume vast quantities of anything, sporting a battered naval officer's cap, obtained on some long-forgotten expedition, who was liable to leap off into the bush in pursuit of a Black Mamba or Cobra, real or imaginary; and Hubert — the venerable Hubert, who helped in the mess. There was no need for an alarm clock to wake one at six a.m. — Hubert would enter the tent

with a steaming cup of tea bringing with him an indescribable odour of woodsmoke, maize, and African bodies, guaranteed to remove one from one's sleeping bag in ten seconds, whatever the alcoholic excesses of the night before. Hubert, fifty-five if he was a day, dutifully visited his four wives once a month, scattered over an area of about one hundred and twenty miles and was forever bewailing the trials of polygamy – instead of only one new dress one has to buy four.

It is difficult to remember, from the comforts of modern England, the hardship under which the people live – the primitive economy where money is a rarity, where one has as large a family as possible in order to cultivate a little more of the barren soil, where a wife is worth nine cows and can be purchased for such (an expensive bargain, one might think). This is a country where the man will ride a bicycle, leaving his wife 150 yards behind him with burdens on her head, staggering under the weight; where women never speak unless spoken to and then only in monosyllables; a country where men are laughed at for suggesting that man has landed on the moon, a fact considered quite incredible. There are villages where people have never seen a motor vehicle, let alone helicopters, terrifying machines; people amazed by the idea of moving pictures, let alone the reality – where the films they saw revealed an alien world; people who cannot envisage a two-storey house.

And yet beneath the superficial poverty, are we so much better off? No one there is starving, all have clothing; there is disease, but progress is being made in combating it. Primary education is being developed on a large and impressive scale, with modern methods and a refreshing willingness to learn. They have a culture expressed in dance, music and art which is very much alive and which will not be allowed to die. They have a system of local government which is effective, a belief in their leader amounting to love, a desire to live in peace – in other words, everything we appear to have lost.

Now the plateau is bare once again, "Nyika City" is no more, the men have returned to England, the Malawians to their villages; modern technology has disappeared and left them in peace. But the road is still there, and, with the road, memories I will never forget – the packs of baboons squabbling in the trees, the piercing green of a leopard's eyes caught in the headlamps of a Land-Rover, the sight of a herd of elephants thundering into the bush, the hooting of hippos, black-chested eagles soaring and swooping their love-dance in the African sky, magnificent eland leaping the road in a single bound, the rear of a scorpion's tail. I will never forget the natives singing their tribal songs as we drove back to camp after work, the road workers "gate-crashing" the official reception, piling food into their pockets as the guests stared horrified. "Pop" still sporting his red helmet – the dust, the sweat, the sun setting over the mountains, range after range vanishing into the Zambian distance; dawn on the lake, spear-fishing in dug-out canoes – Memories of Malawi and an unforgettable three months in the land of the lake.

David S. Jarvis
(1964–71)

Report on Brian's first year with National Westminster

Brian joined us straight from school with 4 'O' levels. What decided him to go NatWest was the interview, "They talked my language" he says. Brian admits that his first fortnight was quite an eye-opener. "From being fairly senior at school I was suddenly the most junior person in the place". And the intricacies of bank procedures took a little time to fathom. But a talk with his sub-manager soon reassured him that he was appreciated.

Brian is now number 2 in the Accounting Section at his large branch. He has also attended a special three-week course in London. Brian has benefited from National Westminster's general upscaling in salaries. And has collected a merit rise, and birthday increase into the bargain.



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