

# Farnhamian



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## Editorial Board

ALYN SHIPTON

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## Photography

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# Editorial

JULY 1971

We are unfortunately not able to announce any startling changes in format, layout or even content in this issue, since the reaction to the last one was so favourable that we have been busy looking for laurels to sit back on . . . (or rather on which to sit back). However, if you, gentle reader, have any ideas for "brightening up" the magazine, don't hesitate to drop us a line; a crown of laurels is offered for the most original suggestion sent (under a plain cover please) to the address on page 52. We have enjoyed our stint as editors, and wish our successors well, hoping that the magazine will continue to remain hardy, if not exactly annual.

We extend a warm welcome to our new headmaster, Mr. P. W. French, M.A. (Cantab.), M.Sc. (London), who comes to us from the Cavendish School, Hemel Hempstead. We hope he will enjoy a long and happy career at FGS.

We would like to thank our two assistants in the language department, Michel Chavanel (French), and Helmut Schmerbitz (German), and hope that they enjoyed their stay in Farnham.

At the end of this term, we shall say farewell to several members of staff, who comprise almost one third of the teaching force. Mr. Godsil, Mr. Dudman and Mr. Stenning are retiring; Mr. Fluck is to become administrator of "Youth and Music"; Mr. Batchelor is taking up an appointment in South Africa, and Messrs. Tarr and Redfern are going on courses of further education; we wish all of them well for the future.

Congratulations to Mark Booker, on winning a scholarship to St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and to Michael Overbury for being awarded his A.R.C.M. (with honours) to complement his A.T.C.L.

Scattered throughout this magazine are extracts from letters from the French pen-friends of various members of the school.

P.S. I wish to deny rumours that the magazine was written entirely by one person. R.W.T.D.



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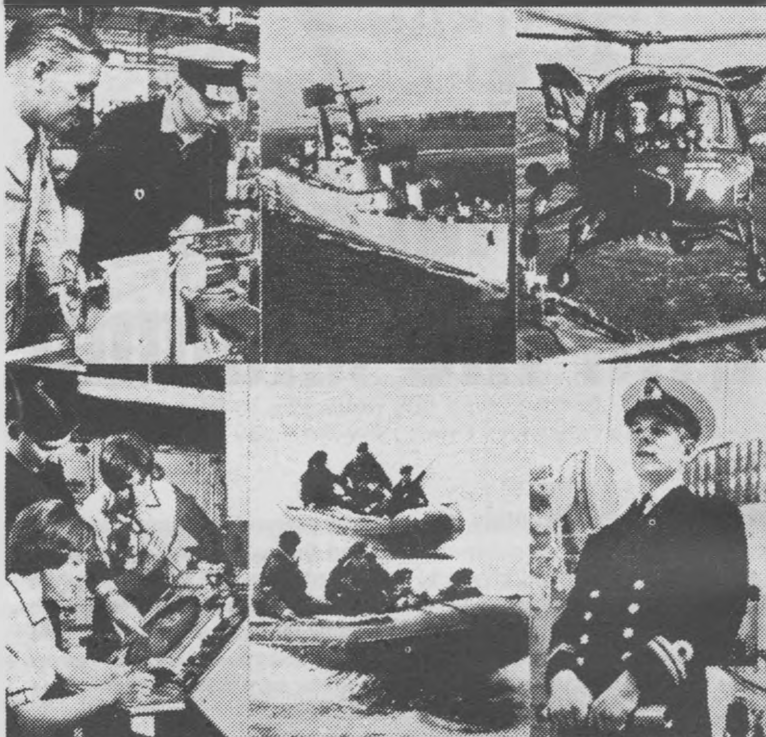
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# *Colours of the Blind*

John Bush

I can feel the Sun, beating on  
my face. Giving life. The Sun is  
yellow.

Blue is the sound of the sea.

Free. I wish I was the sea.

Brown is the crunch of the boots  
that stamp out freedom.

Green is the tree, the plant.

Green is life.

Grey is the mask of the man  
who orders the button of death  
to be pressed.

White is peace, pure and calm.

Red is war. Bold and Grave.

Red is also blood.

Black is death.

Black is my light.

# *The Kestrel*

Jonathan Talbot

The rising mist from the dewy meadows hung like a blanket from tree to tree. The grass bowed its head from view and silence reigned. A glowing sun revealed itself with the passing of another hour. A lone Robin warbled uncertainly and flitted into the hedge. The voles scampered into the thickets; only the breeze stirred, to shake the silver cob-webs strewn everywhere. A Blue tit wheezed a squeaky bar of pleasure and contentment as he dangled from a birch, and the voles returned, but the silent predator was on his way. He drew downwind with the tilting of a wing and floated calmly away from the heath. Sudden movements below him caught his eye, he rose elegantly and turned to brave the oncoming wind with the twitch of his wings, held aloft. With tail fanned he hung poised in the endless depth of blue. Shivering his wings occasionally against the buffeting wind he remained high in the sky, ready to plummet below at any movement, at any sign. A further movement stilled his wings. He fell. Fast, swift and accurate he dropped. The earth rose up to him and he swerved to level off slightly. Out shot his talons, back went his head and wings, held stiff against his fall. His shadow darted across the grass to almost touch his wings. The wind whistled past. The distance closed. His talons struck, and the vole was dead.





# MEETING

Jamie Williams

Hello,  
It's ages since we last met  
No, I could never forget  
I see by your finger you're on your way  
Tell me when you name the day

(How many times has he kissed you?)

Oh I'm O.K., knocking around you know  
Can't do much with nowhere to go.  
No, we broke up, you know how it is  
(You know how it is, now you're his)

(How many times?)

(You look different now, cooler eyes  
More experienced, worldly wise  
Maybe he's got what I never found)  
Great meeting you, see you around

(How many times)

No I won't stay and meet him  
You know how it is  
Now you're his.



# AND NOW A YEAR OLDER

Jamie Williams

And now a year older  
Things are little changed  
Generation X died peacefully in my sleep  
A depression approaches from the Azores  
And we sing songs a little quieter  
Trying for once not to be heard

but

cars still flow on the waterways  
below me we continue in the  
fruitless attempt to annihilate  
one another using painless methods  
our songs are still sung  
and everybody listens.

And now a year older  
With fond memories of yesterday  
We'll mourn the future.

## *To Weary Pupils*

Alasdair Culshaw

As my last days at Farnham Grammar School draw to a close, I think back to that day in 1964, when I first walked through the door, as a frightened first-former. That was seven years ago, during which time many things have happened. In those years, for example, I have had 1,400 days or 9,800 hours at school; a long time. Worse than that, however, I have suffered 11,200 lessons. I can remember longing for the bell, although I have now heard 28,000 of them; enough to send you mad. And, as I wearily trudged to my next lesson, I covered some 3,000 miles, which is equivalent to walking to Tashkent. No wonder I wore out ten pairs of shoes! A contemporary of mine covered 33,000 miles simply going to and from school (one seventh of the way to the moon). In my time, 450 boys and 30 teachers have left; more boys and teachers than are here now. I was not a brilliant pupil, despite the 50,000 sides I wrote, the gallon of ink I used (not school ink), the ten fountain pens I used and the 122 exams I sat.

I could go on forever, about the 850 assemblies, five clinks, but I shall leave the last word for school dinners. It would take three weeks of non-stop eating to consume the 1,400 school dinners I had. Incidentally, I have eaten nearly a half a hundredweight of school stodge.

The most amazing thing about my school life, is that on the whole, I enjoyed it!

# *"I'll write you a story without any rhyme"*

John Whapshott

A ruby moon shone down upon the arctic station as the train pulled out. Plasticine porters with top hats pushed gold trolleys to and fro and for a moment he thought he was home.

The loud-speaker silently informed the public where the next train was and why it wasn't there already. Six pulled out but they didn't succeed — public opinion was against him.

How like home! he thought, sitting. No-one to bother him — the football had finished an age ago. Now it was late.

"What's the time?"

"The time of man"

He hadn't missed the last train because he was still sitting, waiting, thinking, wondering why, how and whom.

A green porter, a blue porter, a pink porter, a pink panther, a red porter, a black porter and a purple porter all paraded for silent applause from the silent mass, silently waiting.

Written upon grey walls was his destiny. He started to sing the "Sunshine Song" as if trying to clear his brain.

"Got the time?"

He continued to sing, wondering where the words were coming from and where the music was going. It wasn't summer so he started to sing the National Anthem.

The Green Porter looked at him as if trying to recall a dream he had dreamed a million years before.

The Black Porter stepped in front of an oncoming jet and was knocked flying, spinning, giddying, flapping out of sight. He picked himself up and thought, or tried to think, of the coming importance of Chairman Mao, but he only saw red as someone tried to take his suitcase. It was Chairman Mao, who disappeared amongst the letters to no-one, all sent by the Post Office to Chairman Mao.

He tried to remember where he was going, but he could only remember his destination. He clasped his ticket, looking, scrutinizing, the platinum imprint, but nothing came to light. He reflected that light came to nothing.

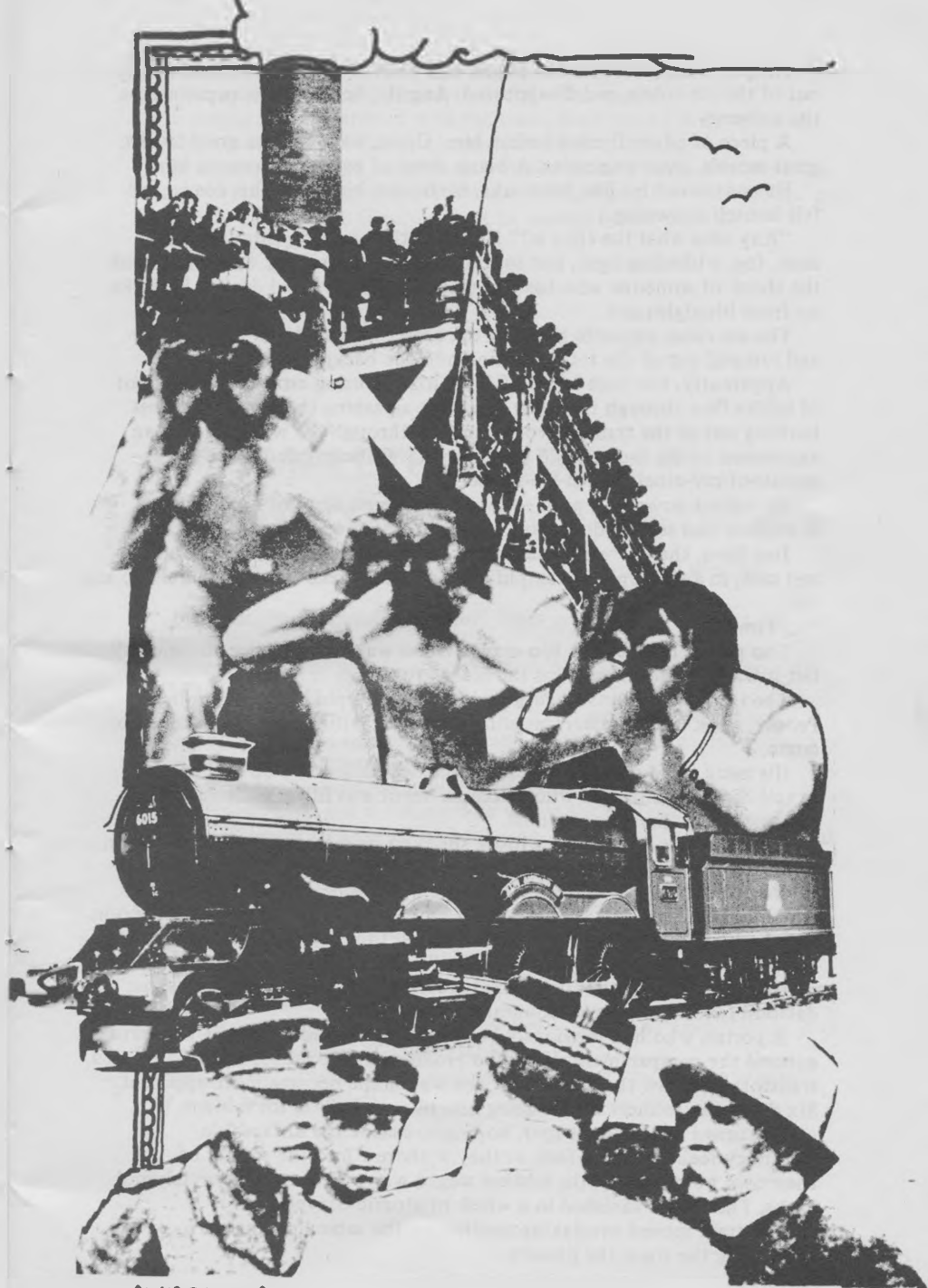
His new, naive train arrived, all gaudily decorated, resplendent in its nothing. He stepped inside the nearest compartment. Several ice cubes were placed at regular intervals in the compartment.

"Who are you taking for a ride?" The laughter echoed, but no-one was laughing.

He suddenly remembered how, when the world began, a train had pulled all his hair out.

Concorde flew overhead, no-body saw or heard it.

He put down his pen and looked at what he had written, and saw that all that he had written was hollow, false, unreal! A blank sheet of paper confronted him, challenging him, coaxing, encouraging.



ALYN CHIPTON 1971.

His pen wandered over the paper, and weaved a primeval dance in and out of the ice cubes, and disappeared. Angrily, he threw his paper across the universe.

A piece of paper floated before him. Upon, were written great truths, great morals, great principles. A blank sheet of paper confronted him.

He considered his life, his works, his books, his words, his deeds, and felt himself drowning.

"Any idea what the time is?" He heard the question through mist, haze, fog, a blinding light, not sure of what he was saying. Suddenly, with the shock of someone who has just woken up from a bad dream, he woke up from his nightmare.

The ice cube, opposite him, got up, arose, walked down the corridor and jumped out of the train, melting into the background.

Apparently, the train had collided with a housing estate, because a lot of bricks flew through the open windows, smashing them, sending glass hurtling out of the train. A workman flew through the window with an expression on his face as if to say "Why-have-I-been-interrupted-in-the-middle-of-my-ninety-ninth-tea-break?"

He settled down to a premeditated trip across acres of nothing. The townsfolk had settled down to tripping up the townsfolk.

Just then, the Orange Porter, red from exertion, entered via London and said, in a stereophonic amplified tone, like a record which spirals up and up.

"Time."

Too many, he thought, too many. Water was an expensive commodity, but it was common. That was the reason for taxes . . .

The train took a violent turn and thundered uphill down a gradient. People, thick with disaster, sat still as silence, waiting for what was not to come.

His mind filled with a cuboid menace, which loomed up and below in and through, until the whole compartment was filled and emptily occupied by a threadneedle mist.

In the narrow distance, a whistle shrieked its message of love, hate, war, peace, worlds. Still, on-one came.

He shrugged his shoulders, wandering down blue-and-white passages which opened into vast fields and wide meadows. The sun shone, the moon gazed with compassion, and the trees sighed their message. He sighed back, hoping the Violet Porter, Prince of the World, had gone.

He groped for his monocle, and perceived blue trees, orange seasons, daffodil fields and purple mountains. A porter.

A porter, who had previously been walking up and down the platform, entered the compartment. His mind broadened, expanded, metamorphosed, transformed. Now the problem of the way home became more apparent. Six dozen tin soldiers stood facing him like six million tin soldiers.

He turned to his newspaper, hoping to escape the unfaceable.

An icy feeling felt his feet, as they withdrew into the shelter of their own homes as the tin soldiers waged war with the polyvynylalcohol tanks. The porter vanished in a whisk of atomic convection.

The train moved overtaking another on the same line until it took off, overtaking the stars, the planets.

Soon, nothing was left but nothing, and when the train had roared past infinity, a station loomed ahead, out of the blackness.

In a light year, he arrived with the train. With sparks like exploding moons, the train, tired from exertion, juddered to a halt.

He alighted from the train. A ruby moon shone down upon the arctic station as the train pulled out. Plasticine porters with top hats pushed gold trolleys to and fro and for a moment he wished he was home.

## A COMPLETE GUIDE TO BOULOGNE

(For unprepared first formers)

Matthew Williams

Having alighted from the Channel Ferry give in the right part of your passport.

There is only one way to cross the busy French roads crowded with mad French drivers. Shut your eyes and walk across praying.

Enter the first souvenir shops you see and waste all your French money on a cigarette lighter that doesn't work, a plastic Eiffel Tower and half a kilo of rotten cherries.

Go up to the station and keep turning left, right, left, right until you are hopelessly lost. Ask a French lady where the Portes des Dunes are and she will point to a crowd of boys who *seem* to be dismantling a kind of gateway.

As you are exactly twenty minutes early for check-up, dash down La Grande Rue and buy a 50 centimes ice cream and a loaf three feet long. Do not ask me why, it's traditional most likely!

Dash up the Grande Rue for check-up and then dash down again.

Look for some Bon-Bons in a window – there are some – but . . . they are “Pour le sien!”

Dash down La Grande Rue even farther – Then an “agent” stops you at the gate to the boat: “Gabble Gabble”.

You wonder what he was gabbling about. Now you see the reason why – the boat's just left!

## *The End*

Alasdair Culshaw

It is over, but what is it for?  
I have followed obligingly, as if, in all the world,  
Nothing unaltered so much as the fulfilment.  
But now I am here,  
What have I gained?  
What have I lost?

I have lost myself.  
Always guided, this way, that way,  
But now I am the guide;  
A guide who has not learned to tell the way.

I do not want to choose, but the choice is mine.  
Some day, if not today,  
I will take one road, or the other,  
But until then, when it is too late,  
I will not know which one was right.  
Then, will I see the benefit,  
Or the harm.

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Jeremy Evans

Dear Uncle Sam,

It is a long time since I have written to you and I fear that during that period we have grown further apart. Not only are we separated by a physical barrier – the Atlantic Ocean – but since I last wrote you have gained your independence. I am told that were it not for the mistakes of our own George III you might still be coloured pink on the map, or perhaps that colour is too close to red for your personal liking.

I must congratulate you on several points. Firstly, by your intervention in the two world wars the world was made safe for democracy and I may reassure you that we are all very grateful for it. In a slightly different vein I suppose many are indebted to you for keeping the communists at bay in Asia, although some people do feel you are being rather arrogant and going beyond your depth. Finally, what a splendid effort your space flights have been, and how economical. I wish you every success in the future.

We in Britain have not changed much. Just as ever, our policemen do not shoot a percentage of our population; our pounds are not as numerous as dollars; we have fewer cars, smaller incomes, television sets and mouths. In our typically British way we still try and call movies films, trashcans dustbins, sidewalks pavements and garbage rubbish. We also have fewer high buildings, crime rates and drug consumption. Unfortunately we just do not seem to have got round to flying to the moon, murdering in Asia or persecuting population minorities. We are falling behind in the pollution race as well.

Travel and communications seem to be better between us, especially with new fast airline services. Maybe we will soon be returning from holiday with a trunk full of old masters, London Bridge and a few miles of film.

I must finish now as I am busy trying to become part of Europe,  
Your humble nephew,  
John Bull.

I answers at your letter with munch pleasure.  
I live in a village of seven hundred and thirsty inhabitants in  
Champagne.  
My brother love the animals: we are two cats and one red fish.



## 20th CENTURY MOLE

Alyn Shipton

"Hi World!" shouted Mole, as he flung aside the coverlet, and leapt off the divan. Another spring had come, and in the centrally heated apartment, it was time to lay down the double-glazing until the fall, and fling wide the casement over the pre-cast concrete prairies of the city below. Going down the escalator, Mole hummed to himself, it was a glorious day, and he could not wait to leave far behind him the smog of the city-center, and make for the wide-open plains of the Mississippi. After calling in at the psychiatrist to cancel his appointments for a month or two, Mole dropped in on the corner drugstore for a quick ice-cream soda.

"Huh, goin' south, huh?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Huh. Gotta goddam go, Huh?"

"Ah-Huh."

"Huh."

"Ho . . . er . . ."

"Uh-huh."

"No . . . huh."

"Two dollars Ninety-Huh-huh."

"Ah-huh."

Mole left the drugstore and split a packet of gum, a traffic cop loomed up on the intersection, and he stuffed the wrap into his vest-pocket to avoid suspicion as a litter-bug. He found himself on the quay. Accurately he gobbled the gum as a passing gull.

"Hey Mac! What kindova thing is that to do? Huh?"

"Yeah," agreed Mole, "What kindova thing is that to do, Huh?"

"Is it?"

"Well sure it is! You said so yourself, didn't you? Huh?"

"Did I? . . . Oh well, forget it — I'm Rat."

"No!"

"Yeah."

"Well I'll be!"

"Sure thing!"

"Harvard — forty-nine . . . or was it . . ."

"Don't tell me! Uh . . . Mole!"

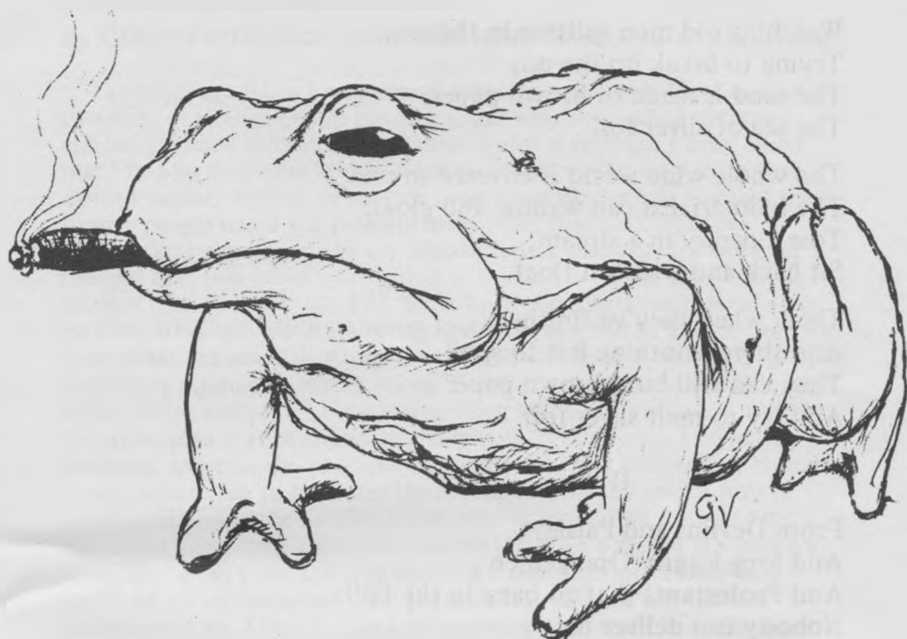
"That's me! Howya keepin' old Buddy?"

"Lousy! . . . but how's ole Mole?"

"Tickin' . . . I was goin' South for the vacation to ole Hiram Q. Toad, and ole uncle Chipmunk!"

"Chipmunk? What happened to Badger?"

"Oh, uh, they . . . er . . . uh . . . wrote him out — I mean — . . . er . . . really, a badger, whoever heard of a badger? What is a badger? I always thought a badger was some kindova pervert . . . and a Limey pervert at that, and . . . Oh, shucks, we just HAD to get Chipmunk in somehow!"



As Rat climbed up the quayside to shake his old friend by the hand, a cloud of spray enveloped them both. From his hi-speed multi purpose terrapin, Hiram Q. Toad's throaty chuckle floated up to them both. Swilling a 1969 dry Florida champagne around his back dentures, pausing for a moment from inhaling the sumptuous aroma of his manure-grown Californian cigar, and blinking appealingly thru his rose-coloured contact lenses, he chuckled again and choked himself to death. As he slid gracefully into the water from his deck-mounted sun-chair, his throaty laughter gurgled up from the depths of East River; Hiram Q. Toad saw the funny side of everything. Mole turned to face his friend who hadn't seen the joke.

"Rat," he said, "That's what I dig about you, old Buddy, whatever happens to my holiday one way or the other, you just don't give a damn!"

Pushing his old chum over the quay to meet his maker, Mole strode off to give himself up to the nearest traffic cop. He needed that holiday, and the new open prison for criminal lunatics seemed such a homely place . . . all the comforts of the Hilton, but without the bill! What a way to go!

# SONGS THE SIRENS NEVER SANG

Andrew Davies

## I

Watching old men spitting in the sea,  
Trying to break up the oil;  
The sand is made of brown paper,  
The sea of silver foil.

The whole wide world is covered in rust,  
The industrialist can wallow and gloat;  
Toss a penny in a stream,  
Sit back and watch it float.

Then, when they've finished,  
And there's nothing left to spoil,  
They can still burn brown paper  
And try to melt silver foil.

## II

From Devlins and Paisleys  
And long-leggity Orangemen  
And Protestants that go bang in the Falls,  
Nobody can deliver us.

## *Introspection*

Iain Harris

No more should I search out these thoughts,  
Wandering lonely, crumbling paths  
Where colours merge and time is caught  
Trapped by my hollow, depthless laugh.

Sad and lonely, there they hide,  
Thoughts bedded fast where backness creeps;  
Of love and fear and hope and pride,  
Of problems solved in summer deep.

I only hope the door will close  
That led me to these fearful forms  
And showed to me the feverish throes  
Of one whose life is so oft scorned.

## SOME THOUGHTS ON PATRIOTISM, LOYALTY AND OTHER SUCH UNFASHIONABLE MATTERS

*By AESOP FROWSMAN (With acknowledgements to G. K. Chesterton)*

Centuries ago when I was a small schoolboy in Essex, there used to be two sorts of strange people running about who were called optimists and pessimists. I constantly used these words myself but I must admit that I had no very clear idea of what they meant. The only thing that seemed vaguely evident to me (for I was a precocious lad) was that these strange people could not possibly mean what they said. For the explanations given to me by my schoolmasters were that the optimist thought that this world was as good as it could be, while the pessimist thought it as bad as it could be. Since both these statements seemed to me to be obviously absolute raving nonsense, one had to look around for some other explanation. An optimist could not mean a man who thought everything right and nothing wrong. For that would be meaningless; it is like calling everything right and nothing left. On the whole, I came to the conclusion that the optimist thought everything good except the pessimist, and that the pessimist thought everything bad, except himself. It would be unfair to leave out the definition given by one of my contemporaries in the Second Form, who in those days were all very clever and knew their Latin. He claimed that "An optimist is a man who looks after your eyes, and a pessimist is a man who looks after your feet". At my advanced age I am not sure that this was not the best definition of all. There is even a sort of allegorical truth in it. For I believe one can draw a useful distinction between the dismal character who keeps his eyes on his boots as they move one after the other, left, right, across the surface of the Earth, and the happier chap who revels in his power of vision and the ability it gives him to choose his own path and enjoy it.

But there is a fallacy somewhere in this classification of mankind into optimists and pessimists for it assumes that man can criticise this world as if he were house-hunting or looking for a new set of digs. If a man could come into this world from some other planet in full possession of his faculties and powers, he might discuss whether the advantages of a view of Crooksbury Hill in Spring-time or the sight of Farnham Castle from the Art Room on a misty October morning made up for the disadvantages of having to do his homework and prepare for "O" and "A" Levels. But no man is in this position of being able to choose. Man belongs to this world before he begins to ask if it is a nice place in which to live.

It seems to me that our attitude towards life can be better expressed in terms of a kind of military loyalty than in terms of criticism and approval. Acceptance of the universe is not optimism, it is more like patriotism. It is a matter of basic loyalty. The world is not a small terrace-house in Coronation Street which we yearn to leave because our conditions are so miserable. It is the Fortress of our human family,

with its flag flying proudly on the battlements, and the more wretched, it is, the less we should want to leave it. The point is not that this world is too sad to love or too happy not to love; the point is that when you do love a thing, its gladness is a reason for loving it, and its sadness a reason for loving it more. All optimistic thoughts about England and all pessimistic thoughts about her are reasons sufficient for the English Patriot. Similarly, optimism and pessimism are reasons sufficient for the "Cosmic" Patriot.

Let us suppose we are confronted with a place like — say Farnham Grammar School. If we think out what is best for the School we shall find that the thread of thought leads to the throne of Mysticism. It is not enough for a man to disapprove of Farnham Grammar School: in that case he can merely cut his own throat or transfer to Guildford Tech! Nor, certainly, is it enough for a man to approve of Farnham Grammar School: for then the School would remain unchanged, which would be awful! The only way out of it seems to be for somebody to love Farnham Grammar School; to love it with a transcendental tie and without any earthly reason. If there arose a generation of men who loved Farnham Grammar School then the School would rise up into ivory towers and golden pinnacles; F.G.S. would attire herself as does a woman when she is loved. For decoration is not given to hide horrible things; but to adorn things already adorable. A mother does not give her child his school tie to wear (or dote upon his long golden hair) because he is so ugly without it. A lover does not give his girl-friend a necklace to wear to hide her neck. If we loved Farnham as mothers love children, arbitrarily, because it is ours, Farnham Grammar School in a year or two, might be fairer than Eden before the Fall of Man.

Some of you will say that all this is mere fantasy on the part of an aged pedagogue. I say unto you that this is the actual history of Mankind. This, as a matter of fact, is how nations, cities and other institutions did grow great. Go back to the darkest roots of civilisation and you will find them knotted round some sacred stone, encircling some sacred well or cherishing some other ideal. People first paid honour to a spot and afterwards gained glory for it.

Men did not love Rome because she was great. She was great because they had loved her.

---

I hope you are worn well, me I have not at complain.  
Yesterday I had thirteen years it was my happy birthday. I had a  
blue whole with a trouser.  
I kiss you very strong.

My sister is hearing a music; we are liking the classic music.  
The hairwoman cut my hair very small, I bought a short to Epernay.

# GERMAN EDUCATION

Andrew Bragg

In Germany the school day starts very early, eight o'clock precisely, but finishes at 12 o'clock or 10 o'clock, the time difference being due to some classes occasionally having an extra morning period. Although this may seem ideal, the pupils have to go to school on Saturdays, and spend three hours of the afternoon doing homework. They seem to have the majority of their lessons in one classroom, although it is impossible to generalise, as facilities differ between one school and another. One unusual feature of their so-called "mixed schools" is that there may be 40 girls to every boy, or vice versa. No pupils wear a uniform, and they may come in any clothes they wish. Personal appearance does not seem to worry the masters unduly, as many boys have beards, moustaches and shoulder-length hair. Corporal punishment has been abolished in favour of a detention system, which apparently is seldom used. Nevertheless, the pressures of work are very strong in German Grammar Schools, because of a very tough examination programme. If, for example, there are five German lessons in a week, there will be five examinations on the subject during the school year, and this is also applied to all other subjects. In these exams they have a system of giving standards (1 to 6) in each subject. If a pupil attains a 5 or 6 (6 being the lowest grade) in any major subject, he or she has to remain in the same year over again. If a pupil stays down for a second year, and at the end of the year still fails his exams, he must move to another school of lower education. This method at least makes the pupils do their homework thoroughly.

## STUDENTS EJECTED FROM HOTEL

John Whapshott, 5p

Three thousand Farnham art students complained this week that they were told to get out of a local Hotel, take their bags, drugs, guitars and lice and never return. It happened, they claimed, after the manager found one of them had eaten a guest that he had brought up from the cellar. The students complained that the manager's attitude towards them was because they were students as opposed to "old cronks" who, they thought, normally infested the hotel at lunchtimes. Peter Squidgeslaughter from Grimley, admitted that he had eaten the guest.

"I ate him out of spite," he confessed, "because the manager was rude . . . He gave us no explanation, but when he saw the socks of the guest, he said 'Get Out!' "

A Mr. Leary, who was with the students said "It was the manager's tone. It sort of suggested that we was not welcome. The gun gave that impression as well. We are quite inoffensive I suppose. I don't think Pete was justified in eating the guest, but the management were being as unpleasant as possible."

The manager, frantically trying to conceal a "No hairies" notice, denied that students were not welcome: "I am not anti-anybody (much)" he said, adding that he was only too pleased for Art students to use the hotel, as long as there was not more than one a year, and he had been thoroughly fumigated first. Finally, he emphasised that he had asked all the students to leave, and not just the one with the guest.

# What is a Neighbour?

Geoffrey Gullon

A neighbour is: "The face behind the curtain" which vanishes when you stare at it, "The Man Downstairs" who tries to bore a hole through your floor with his broom because your "Stomping Around" (in carpet slippers) is playing havoc with his Hi-Fi, Stereophonic, twice-the-sound recording of the 1812 Overture; the "Oldragonexdoor" who phones up the G.P.O. when you switch on the television because it makes white spots on her hubby's Black and Decker, etc., etc.

But all these fall into one category the "Onexdoor", whose one advantage is the GURL Next door to the lucky ones, and I stress this as for most of is the object in question is too young, or old, or has buck-teeth, horn-rimmed spectacles and a waist like that of the Bismarck.

But enough of this pointless conversation. I have already covered most of one class of neighbour, the closer variety, so I will turn my attention on to those further afield.

These are split into two sections, the "would like to ask you to's" and the "wish to draw your attention to's". The first are easy to deal with, they consist of the coffee-mornings and the old, "know what the area's like" vicars, and can easily be fobbed-off with a feeble, spur-of-the-moment excuse which they don't believe anyway; but then the second are much, much more difficult.

They consist of the middle-aged, portly woman who asks you to join the residents' society of a village 15 miles away, the equally aged and portly male members of the area's "Keep Britain White" society whose reply to the "I've got nothing against them" stint is the equally old "Ah, but have you ever lived next-door to one?" — as if he had; and the new, breezy, "come to our fete!" vicar.

Though you feel sorry for the first examples as, although they say you're the first one they've asked, you know you're their last hope, you can't help feeling revulsion when these three come-a-calling.

They are unperturbed by even your best rehearsed excuse, and a flat refusal is just ignored. You can, of course, pretend to be out, but they usually trill "come on out, I know you're in there somewhere!" — so really the only thing to do is to say you'll come and then don't bother; but even then you are talked of as anti-societist, anti-Powell, anti-church, anti-gibbon; in fact, anti-everything else.

There is one good outcome. No-one will speak to you.

So if you want a peaceful life — live on a desert island.

# FARNHAM FESTIVAL 1971



Alyn Shipton

There can be no doubt that the tenth anniversary of the Farnham Festival saw the highest musical standards yet attained in any of the six festivals held so far. Even so, this festival seemed to lack something of the atmosphere of its predecessors, a spirit of extrovert enjoyment which has hitherto been an integral part of every concert and which this year only appeared occasionally throughout the whole week. It would be difficult to pinpoint a cause for this, but there seemed to me to be much less sense of involvement on the part of the performance themselves, and this was reflected in their music. (At times the spirit of the old festivals with their rather ambitious works put over at the expense of some final polish, was manifest more during some of the "Bush Serenades" than in the formal evening concerts, and it is a shame that some of this "joie de vivre" did not accompany the general raising of standards.)

The evening concerts themselves, as I mentioned earlier, had a very high level of performance, and it is pleasant to report that the composers who provided new material also attained a much more uniform high standard than they have done previously, the "patchiness" of 1969 being by and large absent. On the other hand, despite the "gamble" that is always taken in commissioning new material, I feel that one or two of this year's batch reached such a level of banality and ludicrousness that they hardly deserve to be inflicted on the performers; who could spend





School Madrigal Group

FGS and OFA Jazz Band





Conducting the Youth Orchestra

School Wind Group



their time on much less "avant-garde" excesses to much greater effect, (though obviously missing in the process a very high plane of aesthetic sensation . . . as anyone who attended the first performance of "Paradise" will testify!) Though these works should doubtless be performed, if only to set some sort of standard by which to judge them, they have little relevance to young people's music of this century — as Henry Pleasants bears out in "Serious Music and All That Jazz!", a book which should be compulsory reading for any "avant-gardist" about to launch his self-indulgences on a captive audience of relatively non-musical mums and dads.

It cannot now be said that Farnham lacks an "avant-garde" work amongst its impressive list of commissions. Of the rest of this year's new works, three commissions and Dennis Kelly's home-grown "Caliban" were outstanding. The best of these was almost certainly Richard Rodney Bennett's "Party Piece for Piano and Orchestra" which was given its first performance on the last night by Michael Overbury and the Surrey County Youth Orchestra. The enthusiastic performance and sheer quality of the writing of this work placed it head and shoulders above all the other commissions. (As a result of this performance, Surrey County Council have at last been prompted into thinking about replacing the school piano; no doubt they were spurred into this decision partly as a result of derogatory comments in the national press!)

Both the other outstanding new works were for wind ensembles — a type of music which was predominant this year, especially with FGS' own inability to raise enough good violins for a full orchestra. Don Banks' "Music for Wind Band" and John McCabe's "Canzona for Wind and Percussion" were both performed on the same night (Thursday) and these two excellent works, together with Farnborough Grammar School's rendering of Purcell's "Come, Come ye sons of Art", made this the best and most consistently high quality concert of the Festival . . . (followed by the last night — for Bennett and Bach — and Friday, for the Proteus choir's "Chichester Psalms.")

For the patriotic reader, earnestly seeking mention of the Old School's exploits, there is little to tell. Our contribution was limited to wind band stuff, and the first two of these pieces, by Anthony Holborne (1599), and Samuel Barber, (modern, yankee), were somewhat mundane. These were followed by Malcolm Arnold's charming and witty "Trevelyan Suite", for Chamber group, and Kurt Weill's Threepenny Opera Suite", receiving its first performance in this country by a school orchestra. The last-named was performed with great gusto, featuring the saxophone playing of Dennis Bloodworth, from Tiffins School, and David Emmott, from the Surrey Youth orchestra, besides our own illustrious array of talent! The piece was well received, but was jarred out of its otherwise very accurate twenties pastiche by the inclusion of an amplified guitar in place of the original banjo.

There were no new works for either the school of Farnham Area Youth orchestra. However, the Youth Orchestra gave the Eighth Anniversay performance of the very first Festival commission, Malcolm Arnold's "Little Suite No. 2", which, though a relatively uninspired and predictable performance, was appreciated warmly by the audience. This piece had

been preceded by an Alun Hoddinott suite, and John McCabe's "Burlesque", with which the composer was well satisfied, both at the rehearsal he attended, and at the final performance.

This year's visitors were the Yehudi Menuhin School, and they set a very high first night standard. It is encouraging to be visited by other young musicians, and this year, our visitors blended in admirably with the concept of the Festival. In ten years the Farnham Festival has come a long way. Let us hope that its next ten years will be as fruitful, both in the encouragement of young musicians and in the continued enlargement of their repertoire. If it is to continue, it must not be afraid of developing, since at times this year it gave the impression of having gone as far as possible in its present form. If this is so, then perhaps it should change significantly. One feels sure that Mr. Fluck has numerous ideas for the Festival, and perhaps 1973 will see some of them implemented, together, perhaps, with an increasing use of the Maltings, where this year's art exhibition was so successfully accommodated.

## THE END OF LIFE

Mark Long

The cunning pain,  
Like  
Knife, that  
Twists and turns  
In  
Halting lungs  
And  
Faded heart,  
The pain  
That  
Jades the  
Still, smooth  
Soul  
And forces life  
Out, up,  
Away.

# **A FRENCH SCHOOL**

John Whapshott

I only went to one French school during my exchange visit. However, I imagine that there are schools in France similar to mine, just as in England there are schools similar to ours, and I'm sure our hearts go out to all pupils in such establishments.

Returning to France, the school I attended must have been one of the first schools ever built, still containing some of the original teachers. It was about twice as big as F.G.S. with something like 60 rooms similar in size to ours on two floors.

The laboratories appear to be remnants from the alchemistic era, and something remarkably like alchemy is taught, the chemistry mistress having knowledge of not more than 92 elements and living in the belief that the English use the Fahrenheit scale. The covers to the sinks would be immediate targets of attack for anyone with a convenient bottle of concentrated nitric or sulphuric acid, for they are no more than very thin plywood. But they are safe from French pupils, who do practically no experiments and learn more physics than chemistry. When I was there they were doing the "latent heat of combustion of solids". This was probably designed to counteract the lack of knowledge gained in physics — pupils aged 16 or 17 were being told about the wonders of pocket lamps, and were industriously covering the contacts with sellotape, much to the puzzlement of the physics mistress. A great number of the lessons were what might be described as "unruly" English was a prime example, especially with the presence of an English visitor, who did the homework in about five seconds. The knowledge gained in the lessons about England seemed rather obscure. — I certainly didn't know about Tripos week at Cambridge (pronounced "Camm-bridge") which apparently is the final week of exams. The pupils were also given tantalising glimpses of the workings of the B.B.C., including a never-to-be-forgotten picture of Bert Foord. The text-book also showed a teleprompter and went to great lengths to point out that whereas the B.B.C. did not advertise, I.T.V. did, and gave a picture of two kiddies enjoying the nourishment of a tube of Smarties as an example.

History was similar. History tests were similar to ours in that everyone kept the book open and passed on information by word of mouth to the opposite side of the classroom, much to the annoyance of the mistress.

The water taps in their chemistry labs play a similar role to those in England; that is, for the moistening of fellow-pupils.

Games, as such, are totally disorganised. Rugby is supposed to be played, but it is little more than a fight between ten or twelve players. Someone in their wisdom decided to make me a second-row forward, which meant I was in the scrum every minute. I immediately realised why no-one else volunteered for the position. When the ball is thrown in between the interlocking players, each person takes a massive swipe at the ball with his foot, which generally contacts the opposite player. After the ball has been cleared, it is the duty of the scrum to collapse in an untidy heap. Our side won 18-0, which was due to the

fact that all the brute force was on our side.

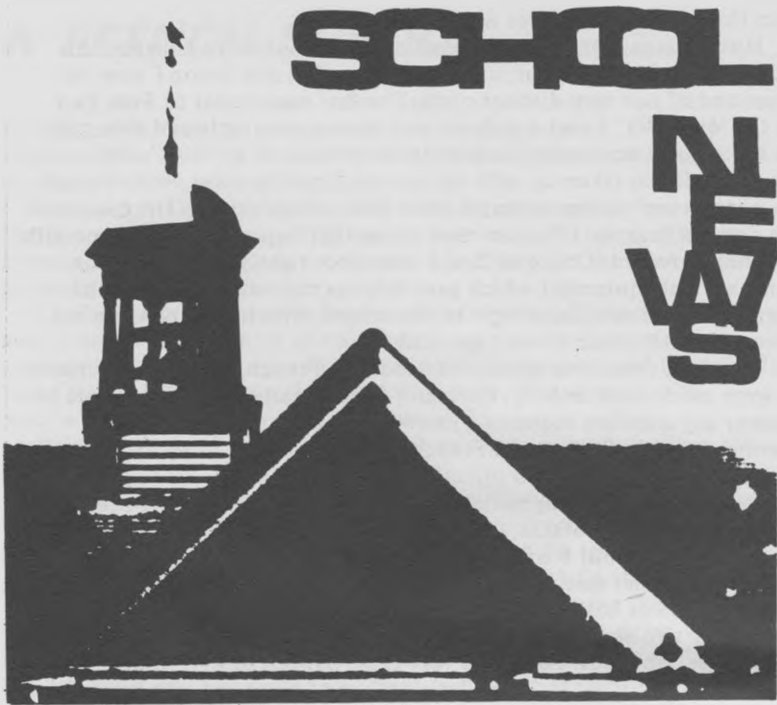
Music was taught by someone who did not bother to enlighten his pupils about his topic, but just rambled on. The one lesson I went to consisted of two very distinct parts. The first was similar to Test Two in the Music "O" Level Aural, i.e. you were given a note and then told to write down an ensuing tune using the given note as "doh". The second half was taken up with the master dictating notes about various composers and playing excerpts from their compositions. The composer we did was Paganini (I'm sure they chose that impossible name especially for me). A record (Concerto 2, if I remember rightly) was played on same ancient equipment which gave hideous reproduction but which seemed to give celestial delight to the master, who helped confirm my theory that all music masters are mad.

The three remaining lessons I attended – French, Maths and German – were much more orderly. German I found nearly impossible, since to answer any question required a knowledge of the equivalent of a German word in English and French, and by the time I had sorted it all out, they had moved on to something else.

Maths was just as enigmatic, but in a different way. Having been brought up on New Maths, I had no idea how to work out the lengths of the sides of about 8 triangles, knowing 1 length and the ratio of that length to another side. The pupils happily worked out all the lengths without sines or cosines. They also solved three simultaneous equations using only two equations, which, as any maths master will tell you, is impossible. However, I saw that very thing happen in Art, where someone had finished his surrealist collage of paint and was engaged in maths homework, which is set weeks in advance, as is all homework. As a point of interest, the French are horrified at the smallest blot or smear, and would rather copy out their previous work than continue.

Finally we come to French, which was wonderful. We read a play by Molière called "Les Femmes Savantes". However, the pupils' standard of reading did not meet with the master's approval, for he was continually interrupting to show how it should be read, he frequently taking on three or four parts at once. From his performance he is either a budding actor or mental case, and from the pupils' reactions he is not destined for La Comedie Francaise.

So there we see a picture of a French National Institute, where everyone is perfectly happy annoying everyone else. But really, how different is it from the English equivalent?



E. W. GODSIL

J.W.

Merely to catalogue his many services to this school would be impertinent; to eulogise, with whatever deserved sincerity, upon his clear personal qualities would be to indulge in the indiscretions of sentimentality and intemperance. Yet a man who for so long has felt his blood pulsing in the life of a school may hardly be allowed to go without seenly recognition; in the written word some truths may be more safely touched upon without embarrassment than in speech.

It is in character that he should have deferred his retirement to cover the hiatus between the preferment of one headmaster and the appointment of another: that he should have assumed the duties of the former with his customary modesty and efficiency, and that he should have remained to help to ease the way of the latter.

His retirement, though due in time, and richly deserved, must inevitably carry undertones of sadness for many of us, young and old, who, having worked with him, will be remembering countless occasions when we have met kindness unasked, or, when seeking help, we have received wise and sympathetic counsel.

So we all wish him very well; in the thoughts of many of us his memory will not quickly fade, for the mind travels back most easily down those paths where the heart has been its companion.

## PRESENTATION TO Mr. BAXTER AT ANNUAL DINNER

Ian Markham-Smith

A record number of 143 old boys and members of staff attended our 39th annual Old Farnhamians' Association Dinner held at the school on Saturday, 17th April. The occasion was highlighted by a presentation to Mr. George Baxter, headmaster of the school and president of the association from 1953 to 1970.

Mr. John Sherwood, who was a head boy during Mr. Baxter's period at the school, made the presentation on behalf of the association. He pointed out that many old boys had "contributed very handsomely to mark the occasion". There have only been four such events in 120 years. John made it clear that Mr. Baxter would not be lost to the school entirely, as he had accepted the position of Life Vice-President.

Presenting Mr. Baxter with a cheque for over £120 in a miniature greenhouse, made in the school metalwork shop by Mr. Tom Stenning, he explained that the gift was to enable the ex-headmaster to buy a full size greenhouse. He also presented Mr. Baxter with a model Seafire on behalf of the Old Farnhamians' Aviation Society in gratitude for his help in setting up the original school society and the O.F.A. society. The model was built by two old boys, Peter Lockhart and Roger Smith.

Thanking the association for their generosity, Mr. Baxter told them that during the evening he had been reliving the first Old Boys' dinner he had attended, 18 years ago, when he was about to take over from Mr. F. A. Morgan, who was headmaster for 30 years. "It is quite an experience to become headmaster of such a school and even more to become president of such an association as this," he said.

"I am terribly touched by the contributions to this greenhouse," Mr. Baxter continued. "It is quite impossible to pay tribute to all the people who have helped with the association but it would be very difficult to find a series of men more dedicated than those who have been honorary secretaries. Much of the success of such an association depends on the keenness and zeal of these secretaries." He paid tribute to Mr. E. W. Godsil, who put off his retirement to become headmaster until a new head was appointed.

Thanking John for the presentation, Mr. Baxter said "he represents a generation of Old Boys who have all served the school extremely well and he typifies the large number of boys who went through the school during my time as head."

Wishing Mr. P. W. French, who took over as head in April, well, Mr. Baxter said, "You are taking on a fine school."

Mr. Baxter was sure that if Mr. French needed the association they would help as they had always done.

Introducing Mr. French to the association, Mr. A. P. Tice, O.B.E., J.P., chairman of the governors, said this was the first dinner where the "old headmaster, present headmaster and future head had all attended." He thanked Mr. Godsil for his hard work and wished Mr. French luck.

"I am very pleased to be here on this occasion," said Mr. French, "and I hope to meet more old boys on future occasions."



Proposing the toast to the association, Mr. A. W. James, head of the French department, said (in English) "it is always an example to our boys to meet jaguar-driving, cigar-smoking, young gentlemen of about 20 who are living proof that O level French is not the instant key to success." On a more serious note, he said, "whatever the future, the Old Farnhamians' Association embodies principles and values that are too important to be lost."

Replying to Mr. James, Mr. J. M. H. Cotterill said, "I am proud to belong to the association, for without it the best school in the world could not maintain all its attributes."

Dr. L. J. Stroud, in proposing the toast to the School, said, "Old Boys love and revere the school. No school can be a great school unless it is served well by its masters and we are grateful to the men who have served this school so well. I am sure that if Mr. French needs our support everything that can be done will be."

Describing himself as a "headmaster of convenience," in replying to Dr. Stroud, Mr. Godsil, President of the Association at that time, said a school must have three qualities: "a real regard for learning, friendliness and a sense of belonging to the community" and he was sure our school had such qualities.

On a sadder note, the association remembered Mr. G. F. Wright, an old boy of the school, one time Clerk to the Governors and also a governor, and Mr. J. W. Withenshaw, who taught at the school from 1912 to 1945, who have both died since the last annual dinner.

After ceremoniously passing the loving cup around, the Old Boys settled down for an evening of discussing old times.

The toastmaster was Mr. Eddie Glynn.



*Mr. G. Baxter is presented with his greenhouse and cheque by John Sherwood, an old boy and former head boy. To the right of the picture are Mr. P. W. French and Mr. E. W. Godsil.*

As mentioned elsewhere, Alan Fluck is leaving at the end of this term to take up an appointment with "Youth and Music", and we wish him every success in this new venture. The many friends he has made in School and in the district will be happy to know that he will still be living in Farnham and that his musical and organising talents will not be lost to us. There could be no more fitting tribute to his twenty years of service to School Music than the following summary, which lists the more important concerts and performances with which he has been directly associated. His infectious enthusiasm and drive have won for Farnham Grammar School a privileged place on the musical map.

## TWENTY YEARS OF FGS MUSIC

- 1951 First Friday Concert Series.
- 1952 "Let's make an Opera!" (Britten)  
Visit to the production by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten.  
First School Carol Service.
- 1953 First Joint Concert by the combined Orchestras of Tiffin  
School and F.G.S.  
First production in Europe of a new opera "The Lowland Sea"  
by American jazz composer, Alec Wilder.
- 1955 Performance of Britten's St. Nicolas with Peter Pears and  
Benjamin Britten.  
School Orchestra combines with Tiffins to give concerts in  
Farnham, Kingston and Cheltenham. Programme included the  
first performances in this country of "John Henry" by  
Aaron Copland.
- 1956 Productions of two one-act operas; "The Impresario" (Mozart)  
and "Hors D'Oeuvre" (Talbot-Smith and Fluck). European  
premiere of "Amahl and the Night Visitors" by Gian Carlo  
Menotti. Menotti flew from Rome to visit the final performance.
- 1958 Visit of Sir George Dyson, and joint concerts by Tiffins and F.G.S.
- 1959 School Opera "The Charlatan" by Elsie McNaught and A. F.
- 1960 School musical "The Coolibah Tree". Words by Michael Foster and  
Terry Hughes; Music by A.F.
- 1961 First Farnham Festival.
- 1962 Concert in the middle of which everything went wrong. The  
organ broke down and was literally mended by a hair pin  
borrowed from a lady in the audience. A bassoon got stuck and  
a cello broke into two. Nevertheless we did a good performance  
of "Missa Brevis" by Benjamin Britten.
- 1963 Second Farnham Festival. Malcolm Arnold and Andrej Paunfnik  
wrote new works for the school and our final rehearsals were  
visited by Sir Arthur Bliss, Master of the Queen's Musick, to hear  
us rehearse one of his works.

- 1964 The formation of the Youth Orchestra based on the School and, for those who remember, the start of all that Carl Orff.
- 1965 Third Farnham Festival and a new work specially written for F.G.S. "Farnham Festival Overture" by Richard Bennett.
- 1966 First School Jazz Concert.
- 1967 Fourth Farnham Festival. Alan Rawsthorne writes his "Overture for Farnham" for the school orchestra, commissioned by the Chairman of the Governors, A. P. Tice, and John Dankworth writes his "Tom Sawyer's Saturday" for us and comes to rehearse with us many times.
- 1969 Fifth Farnham Festival. John Addison produces for us a vast work called "Display for Orchestra".
- 1970 Mr. Chapple goes to work on a school madrigal group while Mr. Fluck starts going all avant-garde with milk bottles and funny peculiar drums.
- 1971 Farnham Festival . . . reported elsewhere.

The above are the main events by us, but throughout the whole time we have presented 17 carol services, 20 school concerts and a total of 72 Friday Concerts, and among the artists who have performed for us are Owen Brannigan, Julian Bream, The Vienna Philharmonic Octet, The Amadeus Quartet, Jacqueline Du Pre, Fou T'Song, Marisa Robles, John Williams, John Shirley Quirk, and Paul Tortelier.

Since we gave the first performances, Malcolm Arnold's "Little Suite No. 2"; John Dankworth's "Tom Sawyer's Saturday" and Richard Rodney Bennett's Overture have been given thousands of performances all over the world, whilst Rawsthorne's Overture has been much played in this country by school and youth orchestras.

## F.G.S. ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY REPORT

K. W. Hitch

Although only formed at half-term, the society is already very busy. Several talks by members have been arranged for the future; one to look forward to will be about "Variable Stars" and will be delivered by John Hunter, 5.

Since nearly all members have telescopes of moderate size, observing programmes for the moon and Jupiter are well underway. We hope to have access to three large telescopes soon, which should stimulate interest and hence increase membership.

The long, dark nights that winter brings should make the society's first autumn term very profitable — provided the weather is good!

## THE FARNHAMIAN RAILWAY SOCIETY REPORT

A. J. Gathercole

During the past year we have completely rebuilt the school layout. Tracklaying is almost complete and by the end of term we should have it working.

Despite the 10p subscription, membership has increased by 50%. Until the end of term we shall continue to meet on Wednesdays in Room 16 at 3.50 p.m.

Next term we will be meeting elsewhere, possibly in the Milk Lobby, but the final decision will be posted on the notice board.

During the term there has been an appeal for volunteers (over 16 years old) to work on the Festiniog Railway in North Wales. If anyone is interested I can put him in touch with the nearest group of volunteers.

We are hoping that interest in the Society will grow next year and the next report will be more cheerful than this one has been.

## EASTER FIELD COURSE 1971

A.G.S.

This year's Course was once more held at Swansea, and the Sixth Form Geographers and Biologists from both Grammar Schools were again accommodated during their week's labour by Swansea University. As the Wye Valley road (rejuvenated valley) was closed on the day of the outward journey, we approached Swansea via the "Heads of the Valleys" and our first impressions of the area were of endless terraces leading down from barren mountainsides into Swansea. Fortunately we were staying out of the town itself and the Hall was situated in a sort of limbo-land on the hillside between Swansea and Mumbles.

The position of the Hall ensured that hard days' work were followed by hard evenings' work, table-tennis and coffee consumption, as, for the non-athletic, the bright lights were unattainable. Work was intensive, but the excellent weather made it enjoyable, as most of the time was spent outside. Amongst the variety of things we did were settlement studies, surveying, soil profiles, and tapping rocks with little hammers, which we did at every available opportunity! (Meanwhile, the biologists were examining rock pools and taking profiles of different soil.)

All credit must go the Mr. Burns, Mrs. Fannon and Mr. Chapple for their organisation of the course, and to Miss Gamm, Mrs. Thomas and Mr. Giles for their assistance, not to mention our driver, Ron, who managed to get everyone to the right place at the right time, despite the efforts of his recalcitrant starter-motor!

## SCHOOL CHESS

D.J.F.

This year has resulted in mixed results for the Senior Chess Team, which won 3 matches, drew 2 and lost 3. In the Guildford section of the Briant Poulter League the team came second, unfortunately losing against the Woking G.S. team, which it had easily beaten in an earlier friendly match. Next year's Senior team will be much the same as this

year's, and we hope for better results in the light of the experience gained from the season's matches.

After a crushing defeat in their first match against R.G.S. Guildford, the Juniors won the rest of their matches fairly comfortably.

Full colours were awarded to J. Hunter, and re-awarded to J. Embling and D. Foster.

## SOCCER 1970 – 1971

### 1st XI REPORT

The 1st XI this year was a very inexperienced team with only Gardner, Brooks, Jobling and Barnes having played before. Out of the first 8 games there was only 1 win, 1 draw and the other 6 were lost. This due to the side's inexperience. The game won during this period was versus Cheam in the Baird Cup, which went into extra time after a 3–3 draw at full time. In the next round the school played Wimbledon Tech. and took an early lead through Birch; however, after Barnes had missed a penalty, the team collapsed and lost 2 – 7. The team then went through a good patch, winning 3 out of the next 4 games. Then came 3 defeats in a row. The team finished the season in fine form, however, losing 1 out of the last 5 games only.

Slinger and Fairbrother came into the team late in the season owing to injuries and loss of form, both managing some good displays. Barnes firmly established himself as the top striker, being ably supported throughout the season by Birch and Hayes. Bragg made the left back spot his own with some tenacious tackling back and thoughtful distribution. In the middle of the back four Brooks and Gardner developed a good understanding, by the end of the season, closing many of the previous gaps. In midfield Herbert and Potterton both worked very hard and Mallows contributed with some forceful play. Played 21; Won 7; Drawn 3; Lost 11; Goals for 47; Goals against 66.

### COLTS XI REPORT

The Colts had a quite successful season, rounding off with a very good away win against George Abbot. At the beginning of the season the team were indecisive and erratic, but by the end most aspects of their game had improved.

The Colts were represented by P. Barnes, K. Goodchild, P. Slinger, A. Jones, A. Woods, I. Carter, R. Masters, R. Gibbons, P. Finch, P. Underwood and K. Gordon in most of the matches. Because the same team played most weeks, a good team spirit developed. N. Birch, T. Robinson, D. O. O'Byrne, P. Deverell, M. Lowry and G. Draper also played.

K. Goodchild did most to get into the Guildford district team. The top scorers were P. Barnes and A. Woods, but the scoring was evenly distributed.

Played 14; Won 8; Drawn 1; Lost 5; Goals for 38; Goals against 28.

## BASKETBALL 1970 – 1971

Played 5; Won 1; Lost 4; For 133; Against 201.

## HOCKEY

The season started badly with three of the first four games being lost, and it seemed that the only team we were going to beat with any ease was the Girls' School.

Morale was soon restored to a very high level, though, with the advent of brand new red and black quartered shirts. In these it seemed that we were going to be unbeatable, and whatever the team lacked in technical skill was easily made up by the tremendous hard running and constant tackling by all the team members.

During this time we won three consecutive matches, played a brilliant drawn game against King Edward's and were runners-up to King Edward's in our own tournament, so efficiently organised by Mr. Costin and many other members of staff. Alas, we had one more game to play, and lost to a superior Queen Mary's, Basingstoke, but even that defeat could not detract from the most enjoyable hockey season ever played at F.G.S.

Again, sincere thanks to Messrs. Costin and Darker for the time they have spent with the team.

Played 9; Won 3; Lost 4; Drawn 2; Goals for 18; Goals against 17.

2nd in Tournament.

Colours – Full: Carew, Lowry, Rowland.

Half: Cleeve, Everitt, Lawrence, Rees Roberts, Wisdom.

Goal Scorers: Wisdom 7; Lowry 5; Carew 3; Rees Roberts 2; Fennell 1.

## AUSTRIA '71 – Part I

David Rowland

At Easter, as most people will have heard, two masters bravely took on the task of escorting about 30 boys to Austria. The party consisted of a group of first years, a second year, an abundance of third years and a few fourth years.

We were greeted, after our journey of about 8 or 9 hours, at the hotel by an interesting meal. However much it may have disagreed with some people, most managed to stomach it and were greeted in the morning by such weather as only the tourists magazines would dare to describe. The first morning, as was the practice for a few other mornings, some people took a boat out on the lake while others took the opportunity for wandering around, amusing themselves with various foreign novelties.

Most of the other days were pre-arranged and there were tours of our district and other districts, while the skiers tramped up and down mountains and hills trying to find suitable slopes on which to have a few hours' skiing. Our ordeal was rewarded and, after walking up a mountain with skis for about an hour, we found a fold in the hills where we were able to ski for 2 or 3 days.

Other days were spent in Salzburg buying souvenirs, down the salt mines and around that area and around our lake.

Not all that much was found to do in the evenings, although some people took to mingling with other English groups which included a large contingent of girls.

I think, on the whole, the week was enjoyed by all and we returned much satisfied. Most of us managed to return unscathed, although there was one casualty from skiing.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Batchelor and Mr. Tarr for arranging the holiday and giving everyone a good time, as I'm sure everyone will agree. This is an opportunity which would not be missed by future members of the lower and intermediate school.

## AUSTRIA '71 — Part II

David Rees

It would take literally reams of paper to even try to put down in writing what it was exactly that made the Austrian holiday such a success. Something which probably brought us all together as a group was the first night when, after having pushed our tired way into the restaurant, we stolid Englishmen were somewhat shocked out of our sleepy composure by the food (soup?) awaiting us (although, in general, we had to admit it tasted very good).

The hotel we stayed in was perched on the edge of a beautiful lake, with mountains on either side. There were ducks on the lake; however, one feels the party's attention was mainly riveted on birds other than our feathered friends.

Our skiing dilemma was this; no-one has yet invented a way to ski over grass. We found we had to go on a hair-raising trip to the snow in a coach, and then from the coach we had to clamber along a path, which apparently should have taken us thirty minutes, according to our healthy guide, but took us one hour, by the time we had wheezed ourselves to the snow.

We ventured out on many interesting trips, including one to Salzburg (where we found they had put prices up, just for us) and a tour of the lakes for the non-skiing party, which was absolutely breathtaking.

The salt-mine near Berchtesgarden was well worth visiting — we felt as if we were entering a synagogue, dressed in our sombre garb.

It was with great regret we eventually flew home. Many thanks must go to Mr. Tarr and Mr. Batchelor and their wives for helping us all to have a most enjoyable holiday.

Leaving a dull and cold Gatwick Airport,,the F.G.S. party headed for Venice in search of the S.S. Nevasa and Mediterranean weather. The ship was found but not the sun.

Twenty-nine of us took off in a B.A.C. 1-11, in the charge of Mr. Giles and Mr. Larby, accompanied by Mrs. Larby, who was always ready with needle and thread.

Our first taste of Venice was a trip up the Grand Canal (main street) to the quay where the Nevasa was moored. Overall, Venice failed to live up to expectations for many, but its appearance can be blamed on the weather, whose cloud grey skies masked the magnificence of much of the fine architecture. Although prices were high in some shops and cafes (60p for a pint of beer), Venetian glass seemed popular for souvenirs, and the Rialto Market proved to be rather more in our class of expenditure. However, no account of the cruise can be complete without mention of St. Mark's Square which we crossed so many times that it became synonymous with Venice.

After a day and a half we sailed for Greece. Two days at sea in bright sunshine and light breezes (as long as you didn't stand in the pointed end) prepared us for the sunshine of Athens. After shopping in Piraeus (the harbour for Athens), we spent the afternoon in the splendid white ruins of the Acropolis high above the town. In the evening the City lights tour gave a wonderful impression of Athens with the floodlit Acropolis (Mr. Giles bought the sixth form a beer).

Pete Rubie had a lucky escape when an escalator took the back off his shoe, and some of our lads lost in a game of backstreet-football with local youths. Everton became the universal word of communication with the inhabitants of Piraeus, possibly owing to the fact their team had just beaten the English club in the European Cup.

The following day a thirty-mile coach ride took us to the Temple of Poseidon at Sounion (a few columns and stones, with the inevitable souvenir shop).

The next port of call was Heraklion (that's on the north coast of Crete). The morning gave the choice of sight-seeing in the town, or a coach drive across the island to visit the Minoan Palace at Phaestos. The afternoon was taken in viewing the famous Palace of Knossos – more ruins (and more interesting) – and a guided tour of the Heraklion Museum.

So after one day in Crete (incidentally, the weather was typically British, sunny periods with intermittent light rain), and two days at sea we found ourselves in Bizerta Harbour, Tunisia. Then a problem arose.

There being insufficient coaches, about 100 students including F.G.S. and F.G.G.S. were left without transport. We were taken to a plush hotel to eat our picnic lunch and use the private swimming pool, and when eventually further coaches (in fact, buses) turned up, about twelve of us in the F.G.S. party were landed in one with a maximum speed of about 30 mph, flapping back panelling, loose doors, and a gear



ratio so low that it was faster to freewheel down one hill. From the noise of the gear change (when the gears did mesh), I doubt the existence of any sort of clutch; and on top of this the driver had only one hand.

In Tunis we were pulled quickly around a museum and the Medina (the Arab market where, judging by leather prices, soaking the tourist was well practised) by a guide who spoke little English. At the agreed meeting place our bus was the only one late, but we finally reached the ship about three hours after the rest of the students and having only completed half of our itinerary, missing Carthage and Sidi-Bou Said.

By morning we had sailed for Naples, whence a day trip to Rome involved a three-hour drive each way in torrential rain, and our guide (communist or anarchist, perhaps both) insisted on propounding his theories on world peace and unity, throughout the drive and visit to the Vatican museum. A lightning tour of Rome left few impressions, as we hurried past architectural wonders like the Trevi Fountains, Hadrian's Tomb, etc. However, one half of the Grammar School party was allowed an hour at the Colosseum.

A trip to Pompeii was cancelled owing to a strike of museum attendants to be replaced by a visit to the volcano at Sulfarino, where one can walk on the solid crater and be overpowered by the fumes of "bad egg" gas.

The final sea-trip took in the journey from Naples to Leghorn where we spent a final morning shopping for presents, before travelling to Pisa airport via the Leaning Tower, for the homeward flight.

Good relations existed between the Boys' and Girls' Grammar Schools at all times! All ran smoothly on board ship, and although our team was knocked out of the inter-dormitory deck hockey competition, F.G.S. came fourth in a general knowledge quiz. The Sixth Form Club, evening dances and film shows were all part of the entertainment supplied.

Although nobody returned with a sun tan, the mediocrity of the weather could not spoil the two weeks' enjoyment, pleasure and experience.

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You are also very well for your letter where there are no mistake.

I thank you for your piece of newspaper.

I thank you for your letter wich I have receive tomorrow.

I have no animal but I love it.

Excuse me please if I do a mistakes at the English.

I shall go to the scool where I learn my profession of "employee of desk."

I like the swim and the run who I am very good.

This last Tuesday, at the gymnastic we are done football, but my amie has broken the glass of a window because she has given a big foot in the ball, it was very pleasant.

ADDRESS: Sandy Mill, Upper Male, Farnham.

## OLD FARNHAMIANs' ASSOCIATION

The ninth Annual Dinner of Old Farnhamians' in Southampton was held at the Dolphin Hotel, Southampton, on 20th November, 1970. About 20 were present.

Dr. L. J. Stroud (1921-1933) proposed the toast of "The School" and paid tribute to Mr. Baxter, whose term as headmaster of FGS was drawing to a close. Mr. Baxter responded to the toast and the assembled company gave to him a small souvenir - a book of pictures of Southampton, old and new.

Next year's Dinner has been fixed for Friday, 19th November, 1971. Any Old Farnhamians who would like to receive notice of the Dinner are asked to send their names and addresses to Dr. J. D. Backhurst, 10 Forest Close, North Badderley, SO5 9GW.

### 40 YEARS BACK

From the Editorial . . . "We cannot leave these notes without a mention of the Garden Party, in aid of the P.F.F., which is to be held on Saturday, 25th July. Be sure to be there with your friends. Then, next year, when you see a worthy playing field being added to the School, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you had a share in bringing it about."

Morley headed the House Senior Soccer League, and Childe the Junior, both teams winning all their matches.

W. S. L. Smallman (Harding) won the Steeplechase in 26 min. 55 sec., and A. H. Smith (Childe), a Junior, came in fourth. A. L. Baber won the "11-6 and Under".

The Debating Society carried, by a 12 votes to 5, the motion "That it is better to marry a rich girl than a hard-working one!"

O.F.A. Membership was 289.

### 20 YEARS BACK

J. D. Backhurst was School Captain, and J. R. Cherryman Vice-Captain.

Morley beat School by 3 points on Sports Day. V. J. Snellock (Morley) was Victor Ludorum (Senior); A. J. Melville (Childe) (Intermediate); and B. Fitzpatrick (School) (Junior).

M. E. Cane (Childe) won the spoon in House Shooting.

The School Concert lasted three hours, and included a Violin Solo by J. M. H. Cotterill, a Viola Solo by G. F. Le Vey, a Pianoforte Solo by D. R. Highton and a Trumpet Solo by "Bill" Wickens. Choral and Orchestral items and even a one-act play were included in the programme.

Bill Wallis contributed an early work - an essay on "Hats" - which concluded with the observation: "One idea that should endear the school cap to middle-aged gentlemen is that it makes them look years younger".

Childe won the Senior House Football Competition and Morley the Junior. Morley won the Senior Cup and Massingberd the Junior.

The O.F.A. Football Club put two League teams in the field for the first time since the war. 1st XI Captain was D. A. Little. Reserve XI Captain was A. H. Wellby. F. F. Foley was Hon. Sec. and 1st XI Vice-Captain.

## NOTES

GUY WHEELER (1944-49) writing from Ankara, tells us that he has had a book of poems published. He is a Lecturer in the English Department of the University of Ankara.

E. A. W. MORRIS (1923-28) has sent a congratulatory letter about the new-style magazine. "Everything is an improvement; the layout is clean, the articles are 'live', the illustrations are interesting, the addition of photographs is excellent. Keep it up!" (Thanks, Mr. Morris. We'll try . . . Ed.) His address is: P.O. Box 96, SUVA, Fiji.

BRIAN CROPPER (1957-64) having tried teaching for a while, is now in Educational Publishing at Edmonton, Canada.

ROBERT EMERSON CURTIS (1912-14) who now lives at 8 East Richmond Avenue, St. Ives, N.S.W., Australia 2075, visited the school recently. He is an artist and author. He drew attention to an important omission from the Honours Board. Lt.-General Sir Harold Redman, of Winchester, was at F.G.S. also in 1914, he says, and was Governor General Gibraltar, besides serving in the Second World War.

RUPERT HERITAGE (1957-61) is a Police Car Driver and a keen dog trainer.

A. R. MATTHEWS (1956-64) having gained his B.Sc. at Surrey in Mechanical Engineering, is now on a Post Graduate M.Sc. Course in Production Management at Bradford University, where his wife, whom he married last autumn, is also studying. His brother JOHN "SPIKE" MATTHEWS (1955-61) has been on a Physiotherapy course, mainly at the West Middlesex Hospital. He was married last July.

ROY STENNING (1956-62) has been teaching P.E. and English for the past two years. He feels that Harold Beeken would be horrified at the thought of this latter accomplishment . . .

ROBERT WANSTALL (1958-65) is married and has completed his Engineering Degree Course at the City University.

(We are indebted to A. R. Matthews for the above few items of news, and would like to encourage other Old Boys to write in and tell us what their friends are doing. Don't be so modest about *yourselves* either! Ed.)

SIMON MILLETT (1960-64) after studying Zoology and Botany at Guildford Tech., gained an Upper Second in Zoology at Aberystwyth University and is now doing a Ph.D. Course there in Marine Biology.

JOHN WOODMAN (1957-64) having gained a First in Physics at Bristol University and his M.Sc. at Essex University, is now researching and teaching at Durham University in Quantum Mechanics.

BOB FRAMPTON (1957-64) has gained his Dip.Tech. in Physics with First Class Honours.

JOHN LEVERTON (1955-63) is enjoying his work in the Town Planning Dept. of Basildon New Town. He is sharing a bungalow with GRAHAM GREEN (1956-63).

ROY GLAZIER (1952-57) discovered a flair for languages after leaving school, and is now qualified in a number of them. His success is due to many years of part-time study, most of it "self-taught". He is now a Technical Translator to a firm of Patent Agents in London. He tells us:

"I use German most of the time, followed by French and Russian. I have also managed to pick up Portuguese, Spanish, Italian (thanks to my Latin learnt at school) and a smattering of Dutch, plus a little reading knowledge of the Scandinavian languages." He has now embarked on Open University courses in Science and Technology, and we wish him luck. He is married, with a son and four daughters, and lives at Farncombe.

PETER M. GRIEVE (1966-68) is in the second year of an English and History Honours Course at Carleton University. His address is 2220 Halifax Drive, Apt. 1004, OTTAWA 8, Ontario. He paid the school a brief visit last term.

Another visitor to the school was A. D. BARLING, D.S.O., D.S.C., whose naval exploits were recorded in last July's FARNHAMIAN. He was at the school in the early stages of the First World War.

For most of the following notes we are indebted to Ian Markham-Smith.

WALLY P. WALSH (1957-63) has recently become a partner in a property development company in Guildford, and even drives a Lotus.

RICHARD M. PHILLIPS (1960-63) is a marketing research officer for Cummings Engine Co. Ltd. in New Malden.

STEPHEN S. FRANCIS (1963-70) is a courier for Cosmos in Rome showing the American tourists all the night spots.

TONY TUBB (1946-51) is a reporter for the Evening Argus in Brighton.

JOHN SHERWOOD (1957-64) is farming at Ash with his brother Brian (1945-50).

ROGER LANGDON (1950-55) who went into the R.A.F. was awarded the M.B.E. for his work in connection with the Woomera Rocket and is now flying the Concorde.

DAVID STURGESS (1964-66) who for some time worked as a reporter at the Herald is married and is now working as a public relations officer with the Concorde project.

RICHARD CHIVERS (1955-61) has recently started his own television business in Tongham.

A. J. BARTER (1936-44) has been installed as Master of the Old Farnhamians' Lodge in succession to R. F. SYMES (1929-34).

The Lodge, of which L. F. G. WRIGHT (1925-27), 18 Vine Lane, Hillingdon Village, Middlesex, is Secretary, meets on the second Saturday in January, March, May and November. Information may also be obtained from A. FORDHAM, Clouds Hill, Lawday Place Lane, Upper Hale, Farnham, Surrey.

HORACE JOHN MILLS (1904-07) died last year at Saltdean, where he retired when his property was taken over for Farnham's new police station a few years ago. He joined his father's building firm, then Mardon and Mills, after service in France in World War I.

ERIC BARNARD (1915-19) retired at Christmas after four years as warranty claims executive with the late Mike Hawthorn's Tourist Trophy Garage, Farnham. Previously he was 16 years with Heath Brothers (Frensham) Ltd., motorcycle branch, founded by a classmate, the late LEN HEATH (1913-18) and during the 1939-45 war with Calloways Army Workshop, Shortheath (See Basil Giles retirement).

BASIL C. N. GILES (1906-16) proprietor of Calloways Garage, Shortheath, Farnham, from 1924, retired last December owing to ill-health. A Past Master of Old Farnhamians' Masonic Lodge, he was known at school as an excellent draughtsman and carpenter. He served in the 1914-18 war and was a Flying Officer in the R.A.F. technical branch in the 1939-45 war, when his business became an Army auxiliary workshop (See Eric Barnard retirement).

RAY H. B. PORTER (1914-17) has retired from his Hove business and is living at 220 Upper Shoreham Road, Shoreham. He was the third generation owner of Rowledge Village Stores and he moved to Sussex in 1949.

C. F. GARBETT (1885-86) who became Archbishop of York, was the subject of a recent article in a local newspaper. He used to ride a pony from Tongham, where his father was vicar, to the old F.G.S. in West Street when Charles Stroud was Headmaster. President of the Oxford Union in 1898, he was Bishop of Winchester 1932-42 and then Archbishop until death in 1956. A member of the O.F.A., he was the first grammar school boy to become an archbishop.

D. W. STEEL (1922-24) deputy chief education officer for Surrey, retired in January after 38 years in county education.

T. W. HUGHES (1951-58) a B.B.C. light entertainment producer, was guest of honour at Speech Day last November.

## OBITUARY

French master at Farnham Grammar School for 33 years and for 20 years second master, Mr. John William Withinshaw died at his home at Willaston, near Crewe, Cheshire, on 5th December. He was 89, and his passing will be mourned by many generations of Old Farnhamians, by whom he will be remembered with great affection.

Mr. Withinshaw joined the staff under the headmastership of the Rev. Samuel Priestley in 1912, six years after the school moved from West Street to Farnham Fields. He was one of four young masters who came together and the survivor of them. The others were H. Wood ("Chips"), history, who lost his life in World War I and whose portrait Withinshaw presented to the school; G. H. Ridout, F.R.G.S. ("Old Nick"), geography, who died six years ago; and H. C. Kingcome, mathematics and sports.

He spoke French like a native and he spent many vacations in France. A keen Scoutmaster, he re-formed at the outbreak of war in 1914 the school cadet corps, as C. Company, 2nd Cadet Bn., the Queen's

R.W.S. Regiment. The earlier O.T.C. had been disbanded not long previously, the headmaster not liking military training.

Mr. Withinshaw was called up in 1915, joined the Artists' Rifles and was commissioned in the Royal Scots.

He served under Mr. F. A. Morgan until retirement in 1945.

Since then Mr. Withinshaw devoted most of his time, until he lost his sight only a few months before his death, to translating articles and short novels into braille for blind readers.

He leaves a widow, his second wife, who had nursed him in a military hospital in Edinburgh during the first world war. He lived in Edinburgh before returning to his native Cheshire, but he never lost touch with Farnham and had written to at least two or three friends within the last fortnight.

Eldest of four Old Boy brothers, and one time Head Boy, JACK MEDDOWS TAYLOR (1918-26) died suddenly in Wales early in June, aged 63. After work at the Building Research Station, Watford, where he qualified in civil engineering, he became a water engineer and he retired recently from the Medway Water Board. He lived at Gravesend.

Of J. M. Taylor's three brothers, F.O.M. (1919-24) retired from the Farnham Herald on selling to the Surrey Advertiser, Guildford, nearly two years ago and now lives at Ewshot; R.H.M. (1922-27) lives at Alton; and P.M., who became a local government health official, is at Shalford. Their father was headmaster of West Street council school, Farnham.

ERNEST BARNARD (1918-22) who died at Guildford in December, aged 64, played cricket for Old Farnhamians v. School until recent years. An auctioneer and surveyor, he was a borough councillor from 1962 and corporation representative on the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre. For 15 years he was a warden of Onslow Village Church. After Home Guard, he was a captain in the Royal Engineers in the 1939-45 war.

J. D. ADDISON, of Hale, killed in a Scottish road accident in December had been at Heriot Watt University, Edinburgh, but was temporarily with the Potato Marketing Board. He played rugby for Guildford and Godalming and belonged to Farnham Youth Theatre.

ARTHUR P. GODWIN, a bachelor, who died in December, aged 61, joined Farnham Post Office when he left the school in the twenties (he was born at Camberley), and had risen to be overseer when he retired in 1968. He served in the Royal Signals at Dover in the 1939-45 war.

An Old Boy who became, successively, Clerk to the Governors and a Governor, GEOFFREY FRANCIS WRIGHT, died in March, aged 77. He was at F.G.S. from 1906 to 1910, when the Rev. S. Priestley was Headmaster.

Geoff Wright must have been one of the earliest members of the Boy Scout movement, founded by Lord Baden Powell in 1907, and two years later he was the first recruit of the 1st Farnham troop when this was formed at the school by Dr. G. Brown, science master. He was a founder member of the B.P. Scout Guild.

Articled to Mr. E. T. Close, of Camberley, he passed his Law Finals in 1915 and became Farnham's Food Officer. After the war he entered

into partnership with Mr. E. Kempson, Clerk to the Governors, succeeding him in that office in 1933. He was appointed a Governor on retirement in 1961 and served on the board until his death.

He maintained close interest in the O.F.A. and had been secretary and president of Farnham Chamber of Commerce. His absorbing hobby was the study of coastal fishing vessels and making model ships, of which he had a fine collection. He was a member of the Society for Nautical Research, Greenwich Maritime Museum.

His father, J. W. Wright, was clerk to Farnham urban council and a school governor. His elder brother, Herbert Lawrence, also an Old Boy (1899-1904), for 30 years was in the Indian Forest Service and later editor of the Forestry Journal.

*We are again indebted to F. W. SIMMONDS for supplying notes and obituaries for this section, and to IAN MARKHAM-SMITH for notes and for the report on this year's O.F.A. Dinner (in the main section of the magazine in this issue).*

## TEACHING PRACTICE

David Marsh

"Ah yes, I agree that it's not up to the external vigour of Salisbury, but the inside . . . aaah! Oh, and by the way you can start in ten days' time, can't you?" My views on Exeter Cathedral saw me into St. Luke's and the civic society at the same time! That's the way college strikes me after a year — the more you put in the more you get out in every way! I have virtually no free time at all now because I am involved in so many things — college societies, politics (of a conformist type!) work with children, etc.

At first I wasn't at all keen at going back into full-time education. I had visions of another school with dreary essays on dreary subjects (just like "A" Level) and all in exchange for a pittance. How wrong can you get? I haven't written one formal essay yet and have no intention of doing so. I have a wide choice of courses to follow each term and a virtual choice as to how I tackle them. So far, among other things, I have prepared a B.B.C. type documentary, written my own music, had a bash at unconventional art technique and crowned it all with organising a full scale Roman feast! This was extremely difficult to carry out (authentically!) but I think it succeeded — everything was Roman, from the invitation, quill-written in Latin, to the stuffed dormice and the Latin entertainments. As a result, the party was mentioned on T.V. and given an eight minute radio spot! This term I am helping to lead a 40 minute T.V. discussion programme.

There are so many opportunities that it is a pity to waste them even if the alternative is an afternoon on Exmouth beach. "Leisurely" can sometimes be a very polite way of describing things here.

Teaching practice, which is the *raison d'être* of the whole thing, took everyone by surprise because of the novel experience of sitting on the other side of the classroom-war fence and finding out for yourself what

“old so and so” felt like when *you* played *him* up!

I had a marvellously remote primary school in North Cornwall and haven't enjoyed myself so much in ages – I even enjoyed maths for the first time in my life.

My headmaster was a methodist lay preacher, and, although I am a non-believer, I agreed to take “a sort of religious and moral studies”. You can imagine my surprise when I saw the head announce in his most strident preaching voice “and next week Mr. Marsh will be speaking to you about scripture – the bread of life.” It's no wonder there is a shortage of R.E. teachers.

Naturally the kids were marvellous and I felt more than satisfied when on my last afternoon I let them talk about me and the closing comment was “you know, Mr. Marsh, you're too *good* to be a teacher!” I was then given 3 cheers and chaired out. It makes me wonder how children like that ever grow up into secondary pupils like you! No offence meant, but if you ever teach you'll know exactly what I mean.

*Some Old Boys' Notes have had to be left out of this issue owing to lack of space.*



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