

# FARNHAMIAN



Volume 60

Number 1

July 1973

## *Editors*

JEREMY BRADSHAW

GLENN OLDHAM

MICHAEL HAWORTH

# CASTLE THEATRE

FARNHAM  
BOX OFFICE 5301

25p — Give us a try —  
it could beat the movies

*When you think of a night out, do you even  
contemplate the fact that this town has a unique and  
famous theatre right in its midst?*

## Well it has

For often less than the price of a cinema ticket you can enjoy the excitement and vitality of a live performance tonight — or any night 52 weeks in the year. Our prices start at just 30p on a Saturday afternoon and evening prices are seldom more than 50p. If you're under eighteen you can get in on most nights for half that.

## Half

We're a club — because we have to be. But we like to think of that as an advantage . . . it helps us communicate. Our members receive full details of our programme automatically and you can bring as many guests as you like. 25p and the ink for your signature is all it costs to join the crowd.

You could do worse

## Ridgway Road Garage

FARNHAM · SURREY · GU9 8NN

*Appointed Dealers in*

AUSTIN — WOLSELEY — M.G.

Please call in and see our range of  
New and Used Vehicles

1750 MAXI H.L.

*We specialise in  
M.G.B. TUNING*

Telephone  
FARNHAM 5948



# Be one of the world's most wanted people.

## Qualify as a Chartered Accountant.

For some career-hunters the world's welcome may be a little less than warm these days. But with an ACA in your pocket you'll find your talents very much in demand.

You'll find you've got freedom too. Freedom to choose how you work and where you work.

Whether you prefer to operate in industry or commerce, in private practice or in public service, your training will be a passport to the top jobs. What's more, your professional qualification will be as highly rated abroad as it is here.

The rewards are limitless. But it's a career that calls for real ability, toughness of character and the will to succeed.

If you think you rate, you ought to get the facts.  
Now.

Please send me the facts on a career as a Chartered Accountant.



Name .....

Address .....

**THE INSTITUTE OF CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES**  
Chartered Accountants' Hall, Moorgate Place, London, EC2R, 6EQ.

**TIRED OF COOKING ?  
ALLOW US TO HELP  
TASTY HOUSE**

**CHINESE HOT MEALS TO  
TAKE AWAY  
(Containers supplied)**

**1 STATION HILL  
FARNHAM, SURREY**

**Telephone Farnham 6706**

We cordially invite you to try our large selection  
of Chinese food which is expertly prepared  
in Traditional Chinese Style

**TELEPHONE ORDERS WELCOME**

**For all Sports**

Visit us and inspect our large stock of top grade  
equipment by :

*DUNLOP, SLAZENGER, GRAYS  
MITRE,  
GUNN & MOORE, STUART SURRIDGE,  
Etc., Etc.*

**Club Business a Speciality**

**Clark & Co. ( Radio &  
Sports ) Ltd.**

29 The Borough, Farnham

Tel. 5163

160 Fleet Road, Fleet

Tel. 4012

# Forenote

J.B.G.O.M.J.H.

We three suckers approached our job as the emendatory executive with dying zeal – now dead. It isn't so much fun second time round. This is the last Farnhamian. Its lethargy can be felt throughout its every page. Despite this, we hope you enjoy it – we didn't. There may well be no magazine next year. The enthusiasm of the school seems to have waned, but next year may bring fresh ideas (??)

The phenomenal progress of the new block leads us to believe that we may return in ten years to watch its completion. We are not prepared to speculate on what September will bring, but the atmosphere may well prove interesting.

Congratulations and every happiness to Mr. and Mrs. Ward (the latter nee Egan). We say farewell to Mr. Friggens, and to Mr. Giles who is going boating at Eton.

We say hello to Mrs. Harding who joins us as vice-principal of the college.

The death of Mr. Colley at half term was received with sorrow by us all. An obituary follows later in the magazine. We will remember him with fondness.

We also have to record the tragic death of Gary MacDonald, of the fifth form, in a car accident.

Mr. Foster deserves thanks for the work he has done for the magazine in the past  $n$  years.

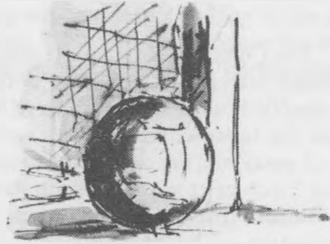
We extend our thanks to Princess Anne.

Well, here it is: the last magazine. Enjoy yourselves.

## Archie the Mole

Archie the mole  
– lives in a hole.  
Archie the mole  
– is a pigeon.  
A pigeon in a hole  
– is a mess  
– he'd much prefer a nest.

by three cracked editors.



## HOCKEY

P. Fennell

The 1st XI led by P. Fennell has fared well this season, winning the majority of their matches. There were only three major team changes since last season.

With the advent of J. MacLaren, added impetus was given to the side when he and Fennell, as midfield players, became the driving force in the team. With his strong forceful running and hard hitting MacLaren finished as top scorer of the team.

In the forward line I. Simpson had an improved season in the centre position with better distribution of the ball and tenacious running. Some fast play and penetrating runs by R. Riall on the right flank often opened up games, and T. Neasom, with good positioning, picked up several opportunist goals. Some valuable play from J. Williams on the left often gave a colourful tinge to the proceedings.

The back three of D. Stoddart, D. Sutherland and N. Lawrence could be depended upon to give a purposeful and determined performance. With reliable and effective play from P. Tatner as sweeper, these four proved a formidable defence on most occasions.

J. White came into the team as goalkeeper and after an unsettled start gave good service and gained in confidence and effectiveness as the season progressed.

Players: P. Fennell (Capt.), J. MacLaren, T. Neasom, R. Riall,  
I. Simpson, D. Stoddart, P. Tatner, J. Williams.

Reserves: J. Evans, A. Jamieson.

Matches: Played 11; Won 7; Lost 3; Drawn 1.

## FOOTBALL – 1st XI

C.M.

The 1st XI met with varied success in their first season in the Surrey Senior League. Playing against some of the best teams in Surrey, F.G.S. gained a notable win over Woking, who eventually finished second in the league. This was probably the best performance of the season apart from a fine 9–1 win over Eggars. The defence settled down in the latter half of the season to give some solid performances, and Carter and Ross played consistently well. Mallows was top scorer with 12 goals, followed by Heath with 4, and Carmichael with 4. A strong nucleus of players will remain for next season and, with the added influx of new players, the 1st XI should meet with greater success next season.

Played 23; Won 5; Lost 12; Drawn 6.

## – UNDER 15 XI

J.P.

The Colts had a fairly successful season, winning ten out of their fifteen matches. After a bad defeat in the first match, the team was reshuffled, with the addition of Spence and Fitch to the forward line; and the team won their next five matches in a row, including a good 5–3 away victory at Farnborough. Castle was top scorer with 21 goals, and Fitch next with 14. Both Peters and Pearson represented the Guildford district football team, and the team was well captained by Saunders, with Groves acting as vice-captain.

The following all played in the team: Saunders, Groves, Peters, Pearson, Fitch, Ide, Spence, Castle, Meynell, Cross, Cox, Probert, Pogson, Kellaway, McCabe, Mueller, Clemesha and Whiting.

Played 15; Won 10; Lost 5; Drawn 0.

Goals for 66 – Goals against 33.

## – UNDER 13 XI

Captain: Andrew Sayer. Vice-Captain: Gordon Langridge.

The Under 13 Soccer XI got off to a good start for the 72–73 season by beating Collingwood School by the convincing margin of 14–0. Other highlights of the successful season before Christmas were a 17–0 victory over King Edward's, and a 15–0 victory over St. Michael's.

After Christmas, the Under 13 team were narrowly beaten only twice: once by Park Barn (1–2) and once by Woking Grammar School (3–5). However, these were compensated for by a good 5–0 victory over Eggar's Grammar School – the best win in the second half of the season.

At the end of the season, the record was as follows:

Played 17; Won 7; Lost 5; Drawn 5.

Goals for 86 – Goals against 34.

The players were: Stacey, Parker, Cross, Lavender, Probert, Cox, King, Sayer, Langridge, Brewer, Harding, Maxwell, Peters, Grant, Scott and Innes.

## JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION

H.T.

This term we have been concentrating on what it means to be a Christian – it's all very well wearing a sticker which says "Jesus is Alive Today", but how does knowing Him work out in practice day to day? Ephesians, with its very relevant words on swearing, dirty jokes, anger, stealing and lying was one way to help, and this was followed by a Scripture Union soundstrip on Ambition, called "The Rise and Fall of Sir Ivor Lott".

A number of guest speakers have also been invited so that we have a change of approach, although one thing which doesn't change is the power of Jesus to change our lives; we pray that these will be evidence for the sceptics that Jesus is really ALIVE now and can be known personally through faith based on good evidence.

## SCOUTS

J.B.

"Pressures of sixth-form work" have kept our loyal friend Sidney from doing as much as he used to for the Scouts, but Messrs. Costin, Collier and Bradshaw have bravely struggled on, keeping patrol leaders' eyes on the job and exerting their various powers over little kiddies.



The troop came 3rd in the district Scout swimming gala held at Aldershot, Jimmy Desmond performing notably well.

Two weekend camps have been held, the weather being remarkably unco-operative on both occasions. However, our noble ex-quartermaster Lester erected ariel runways and rope bridges; Scouts wandered off on erratic and not-so-erratic compass bearings; and canoes and canoeists were soused with water in complex forms of camp warfare.

Mr. Norton was honoured by our appearance at his large "garden" one Friday evening, where trees were felled, fingers lost, and lukewarm baked beans consumed.

In the holidays, we shall join a troop from Haslemere and have a week's camp near the coast of Sussex. It will probably be more "Scout-like" than our last summer camp.

As the troop will start to shrink to nothing from now on, rumours are to be heard of one last big spree next year. Money for this will presumably come from such exciting events as jumble sales, etc.

'This school needs its head examined.'



## DEBATING SOCIETY

D.J.

I have just heard that Jamie Williams has lost his voice and that his pen has dropped into Chê Guevara's coffin, so I might be able to get in a few words about the debating society.

Events during the year included the arrival of Mr. Norton, bringing a new style to our debates with an emphasis on quality not quantity where numbers attending were concerned, in an effort to encourage more to say . . .

Highlights included Martin Cropper trying to be a pin, Mr. Sandham's heroic defence of gorillas, and Philip Davies trying to come down to a metaphysical level in a half-hour spectacular.

One debate decided women were not inferior, which might encourage them to stand up and say that, or anything else. Other decisions taken were not to hang people, to smoke pot (but most of us didn't), not to throw Charlie Brown out of a balloon, and that God existed, which will please him anyway.

As a certain member of the history department would say "just one more sentence" in which to thank Mr. McLaughlin and Mr. Norton for organisation past and present; the debates committee: Malcolm Round, John Pearson and David Jepson; and all who have attended and spoken at our debates.

## The Promotion of the Prelibation of Stercoral Grallochs Society

M. Ottob and E. Gawes

Our meetings are held every Monday morning at 8 a.m. or, as Giovanni exclaimed in the Sixth scene of the fifth act of "The White Divel", by John Webster: "blqody villians". Our subscription fee is twelve new groats a year which covers refreshments so aptly described by Sir Toby Belch in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" (Act Two Scene Five) when he suggested "Out, scab!"

Discussions have included such remarkable topics as when Sempronius and Pamphilus observe (as they seat themselves) "Ou-ou-ou-ou-ou-fff!!!" (George Bernard Shaw: "The Apple Cart"; Act one – last line of) Future topics include "Decay", a discussion next term, by the late John Smedley, ex-manager of Bird's-eye's sixth form annex production division.

Membership soared initially but has now recovered after the fertiliser exhibition held in Room 6, Booth 13. What better way to end than with our invigorating motto, quoted so prophetically in Peter Shaffer's "The Royal Hunt of the Sun" when (in Act Two – The Kill) Juan Chavez savours his line: "Dungballs!"

## CHRISTIAN UNION

J.C. (K.H. and G.O.)

Has improved dramatically this year and last term in particular. There is a sense of oneness although (or should we say “because”) numbers have recently doubled. The oftentimes dull discussions have ceased, replaced by lively (although sometimes incredibly peaceful) meetings often led by excellent speakers. (Robin). The committee would like to point out that everyone is welcome (and welcomed). Refreshments are provided at the beginning (before you need refreshing), and paid for by the plate at the door. (N.B. the *love* of money is the root of all evil). Talks have included; Creation and Evolution; Holy Spirit; Prayer (with a gardening bias) and even – film strips.

This terms main topic is “Growth in Christ”. (It is perhaps a pity it is not “Growth in numbers” for which we could claim more success.) The topic included – and includes – such things as: depression; faith; God’s chain of command and guidance. Our thanks go to John Innes for his constant help, so: thanks. We hope the Christian union will become more and more: a person first, people second and a society last, and if we keep growing at the rate we have been, you’ll be there soon – so watch it (you might actually get loved). Remembering that “we are one body in Christ” and “members one of another” united in the love of Christ – why not join us sometime? (If only for a laugh – and we can promise that.)

Meetings are:

Monday	1.15 p.m.	Prayer meeting
Wednesday	1.15 p.m.	Bible Study
Friday	4.00 p.m.	Main meeting

The ball you hit normally has 336 round dimples on it but Uniroyal have brought out a new ball which has 252 hexagons and 12 pentagons, spread evenly round the ball.

(from a 3rd form essay)

History is relayed in many ways and usually in the past tense . . . If researched into properly can provide us with very useful information like now we know that John Peel went out at the break of the day with his hounds and his horn.

(from an anonymous essay)

## THE LITTLE SWEEP

J.B.

Mingled noises circulate an upper corridor – “Where’s that black scarf?”; “Diddi dum Diddi dum Oh heck, what’s the first line . . .”; ex-Home Guard boots ringing on the concrete floors; “Anymore to be made up?”; sounds of the audience rehearsing the songs, dragging behind like a Sunday congregation – “Swee-ee-cep, Four, Five, Swee-ee-cep!”

Once the performance was under way, and the dicey bits were brought off with reasonable success, the nervousness grew less. One was actually aware of the lack of space backstage, the bright lights, and the rows of blank faces.

The two performances came off surprisingly well, considering the panic and despondency of the dress rehearsals, and the hurried last-minute reference to copies. Mrs. Fairey’s constant pleas to ACT were quite forgotten in the heat of the moment, but whether for good or bad is questionable. There certainly were instances of puppet-like blankness. However, the audience seemed to enjoy it, judging by their lusty singing; our timpanist told of some children in the front row who were on the edge of their chairs in horror at one high point of the opera.

Our thanks must of course go to Mrs. Fairey, for producing the whole thing – a mammoth task; and also to the backstage staff who found hats, carried buckets, slopped black paint-powder around and provided change for the Robo drink machine.



*By courtesy of The Farnham Herald*

# ONE-WAY PENDULUM

The other FGS/FGGS production



## *Skydiving*

Alistair Hayes

Snap!

Twisting,  
Turning,  
Quickly

Falling.  
Slowly  
Floating  
Down  
Around

Nearer  
Ground.

Bump!

## S.S. "NEVASA" CRUISE — A Party-Leader's Impression

We are sailing slowly past Dubrovnik with the sun pouring down, a good breeze and the mellifluous erudition of the ship's headmaster, "Dubrovnik, anciently Ragusa, whence argosies of the Venetian republic in the sixteenth century . . ." The strange coastline, cobalt sea, weather set fair, the evocation of the past to our ears and eyes — this is our world for a dozen days, the point of all that went before. Payments, receipts, passports, pocket money — lire — drachmai — lirat, inoculations, photos (thank you, Mr. Evans — they'll be goggling at Sir Arthur's Knossos next year). "Take these notes — read these books". Clothing list, luggage-labels, air tickets . . . But at last, bags stowed and off to Gatwick, a two hour hold-up, then aboard our BAC 1-11. Exciting, my first air-line flight! — a bit different from throwing a Tiger Moth around. Hazy down here, but above, golden sunlight on a cotton field of cloud. Now over the sun-tipped Alps, a crenellation of strawberry ice. A steep descent, a sharp bank and we land at Venice, to plash at dusk up the Grand Canal past lamp-lit palazzi and gondolas to "Nevasa" at her quay. A day — for St. Mark's, Doge's Palace, Rialto, Campanile, the glass and silk — it is not enough (Resolve: I shall return). "No Peter you must not bring bottles on board, hand over!" (Thinks: that'll keep me in Vermouth the rest of the trip.)

Now the Adriatic, a glimpse of Korcula, Dubrovnik, Ithaca, Odysseus' isle by its wine-dark sea, and on to Delos. Majestic lions, gleaming marble ruins ("Please sir, what is a phallus?"), the museum, treasure trove of four millennia ("How old's them jugs?" "2,500 year" "Couldn't be, look like they was only just painted"). Mt. Cynthus worth the climb, with a panorama of the Cyclades and a mosaic inscription on the summit (copy it for further study). Up anchor and a league on to Mykonos, sleepy Hellas of today, with ouzo on the quay where a pelican swallows an octopus.

Two days afloat — what of life at sea? Lessons, deck-games, the headmaster's lectures, sage, gripping, cheeky ("Girls, watch your dress in Messina; Italian males are not used to these pubic pelmets") — I never before heard spontaneous applause for a teacher. The puzzling topography of the ship. The tours of duty ("Jones, *what* happened to my 5 star cognac?") Oh, the parties — say no more! Dancing and discos. Evening dinner with a menu as long as a French test (what's this little fork for?) and peering at beauty through a vinous haze. My colleagues. Can there be trogs among teachers? ("What 'appened at Nazareth?") "It's a clear night, Linda, come and I'll show you the stars".

Then to Haifa — modern Israel — and Jerusalem, an incredible step back into the past. The Golden Dome, the old walled city, the Via Dolorosa. Mount of Olives — was here in Gethsemane Christ's agony in the garden? Church of the Holy Sepulchre — here perhaps his cross, here his tomb? Then to Bethlehem, living now on souvenirs of olive-wood, and Nazareth with the loveliest edifice I saw on this trip, the

Church of the Annunciation, modern, airy, glowing with colour. And the Sea of Galilee, fished by James and John, trodden by Jesus? – here we sunbathe and taste the wine of Carmel.

Back to Greece, to Pylos and the palace of King Nestor. In *this* bath Polycaste bathed Telemachus, Odysseus' son; in *this* ante-room were found the Linear B tablets to add 500 years to Greek history. It is dismal and rainy so we share a couple of bottles of local wine, then the sun comes out and we enjoy some happy hours of sightseeing, or a lunch of goat's cheese salad, olives and netsina and a lie in the sun on the castle battlements. Resolve: learn modern Greek before returning to this land.

To Sicily, Messina and beautiful Taormina with its hill-top theatre and view of snowy Etna (on a fine day!). To Stromboli glowing red in the pitchy sky (who glowed too, that night?). To Pompeii – a whole book could be written of its ancient stones (I know, I bought one) – and to Naples and a Comet to England. It was a richly rewarding experience and to judge by the boys' splendid behaviour and the generous present they made me (who said "Butch"?) they appreciated it just as much.

D.W.N.

## *The Octopus*

A leathery bag of skin,  
Equipped with eight crater-studded boa constrictors,  
Lurks in a dark, watery cavern,  
Deep below the waves,  
Waiting for some unwary victim  
To pass within tentacles reach.

A shoal of young fish swim past,  
Playing, as they search for food . . .  
One strays too near,  
And only then sees  
The large, hideous and greedy eyes of the octopus.  
As the tentacles envelop the victim.

Colin Elwood

'I'll just go through these three examples, especially the fourth one.'

## Everything You Wanted To Know About The Field Trip, But Were Afraid To Ask

A typical day at Neuadd Martin in Swansea began with a loud buzzing noise followed by a pleasing breakfast and the joy of guessing what was in the sandwiches of the packed lunch. (Cheese 2 to 1, Spam 10 to 1.)

The work was exciting but difficult. The Geographers pulled chains, swam up streams, fell off cliffs and asked personal questions through small gaps in doorways. Biologists nearly died from exposure knee-deep in rockpools or tip-toed around on National Trust sand-dunes.

On returning to the University (if you could scale the hill) a short rest and the excellent evening meal were closely followed by lectures – short for biologists, long for geographers (Jones the builder). The remainder of the evening was spent in intensive work, intensive non-work, black coffee(!) and half-mile walks. Beds were filled at any hour.

The Mumbles trek was well attended. At 3 o'clock on the last morning, sixty trippers trudged about three miles in an orderly fashion to the legendary Mumbles, and then spent two hours on the God-forsaken rock waiting for the sun-rise, which was not at all impressive. Hence the ninety per cent snoring rate on the homeward trip.

For this precious week in our lives, we must thank Misses Gamm, McMahon and Bound, and Messrs. Burns, Giles, Case and Chipple, not to forget the drivers and botany teacher, Guy.

A truly memorable week: one you must not miss.

D. P.

## *Happiness*

What is happiness?

An unattainable ideal

Shrouded in mists of worry & responsibilities –

Or is it a state of acceptance

When one comes to terms with the world as it is  
not as one would like it to be?

# The Ponds–Frensham

David Verstegen

The atmosphere of the two Frensham ponds makes them, for me, the perfect hunting ground for a person interested in human behaviour. The impression gained can be most accurately described as a cross between lake Windermere on a bank holiday, and Brighton pier on a hot sweaty July afternoon. The two ponds, whatever impression they give, have one thing in common: – they attract people.

If all the visitors had just one intention on getting to the pond, things would run easily. This unfortunately is not the case. A person fishing soon has his line entangled with a frantic canoeist who is one of many which encircle the pond with some vague destination. All these would be John Fairfax's are soon frustrated by the confinements of the pond and pursue some other objective. This might be to scare some gulls off the pond, which no doubt attracts the attention of the ornithologist, who is no doubt watching a rare Surf Scoter, a vagrant duck only recorded once previously at the pond. Another conflict arises between John Fairfax and our would be Peter Scott, who is by this time strangling himself with his fieldglasses. This strange courtship ritual will inevitably scare some equestrians training for the Grand National. In doing so the paths are poached to such a degree, that a Commando course would be useful to walk round the pond. Thus ageing Mrs. Brown sits staring vacantly over the waters in her Austin Riley, as she isn't agile or fit enough to avoid stampeding horses, straying golf balls or neurotic ornithologists. For the person who wishes to get away from the pond – (which is the inevitable decision of any sane person) – they must equip themselves with a sharp machette, 10 days supplies, and the aid of a local guide. This option is inevitable, as, due to the wisdom of the Forestry Commission, the pond is shrouded by lifeless looking rows of conifers. If these trees are allowed to spread, the pond will soon resemble the scene of the Norwegian postcard of a Northern outback.

Thus – a brief glance at the ponds reflect the state of the world as a microcommune. There are too many interests, too many priorities – too many people.

'Room G will be the vice-principal's office (she's a female version of Mr. McLaughlin).'





Mr. G. C. Colley, B.Sc.

P.W.F.

It was with great regret that we returned from our half term break to learn that Mr. Colley had died at his home on 30th May. He had been teaching at school on the previous Friday having endeavoured, despite his illness, to complete his teaching programme for those who were about to take their examinations.

Mr. Colley was 56. He graduated at the University of Wales in 1939, gaining an Upper Second Class honours in Maths, Physics and Geology. Soon afterwards he was called for service in the R.A.F. where he served as a Squadron-Leader until the end of the war.

After the war he travelled widely as a geophysicist and geological consultant with Esso Petroleum and the Iraq Petroleum Companies. His first-hand experience of industry and the knowledge of the application of his special subjects made him an exceptionally well-qualified schoolmaster when he entered the profession in 1966. After a brief spell at George Abbot School, Mr. Colley took a mathematics and geology post at Farnborough Grammar School, coming to us to teach the same subjects in 1971. He would have continued as Head of Geology in Farnham College next term and had drawn up specifications for the new laboratory.

Mr. Colley will be remembered especially for the geological expeditions which he led to the coast and to the Cheddar Gorge in order to collect rock samples and fossils. It was good to see boys fully

involved in their geological study in the field as well as in the classroom.

We will remember Clifford Colley with affection, and in the knowledge that we have all learned a great deal from the two years which he spent at F.G.S. — not only in the subjects which he taught, but also of those finer human qualities of cheerfulness, courage and loyalty which we have seen being lived out among us during the past six months.

## *Leaves*

Guy Lester

I have argued as  
the leaves  
on windy day,  
and found no  
centre to my  
dream.  
Only the rattling of  
dried leaves  
around the empty  
pivot  
where we thought  
the truth  
might be.



## FOR SALE:—

G.F.

Genuine featherweight hutch — just a few months young. Only 400 previous owners. 12 rooms; toilets, tropical room, bridge room, quiet room, not enough room, tutorial rooms and very common room. Hot and warm running water and used tea bags, empty cupboards, unused grill socket, water boiler socket, television aerial, tutors and quiet room. Amazing bouncy carpet on even more bouncy floor. Luxurious “freak” style half-back chairs — ideal for slipped discs. Adjustable stools. Ill named bar. Fabulous “neverbeforeseeninthiscountry” small opening windows preventing draughts and breathing — who needs a sauna? Fires with a mind of their own with automatic timing switches based on Alaskan-mean-time — Guaranteed to be too cold in the morning and too hot in the afternoon. Fire exits with no hammer to break the glass, suspended lights, locked sliding doors, locked drawers and no keys, unused projector hole. Rearrangeable rooms — just tear along the dotted line and stick with safety pins, faceless notice boards, singing coat hangers, grey white-boards and grey black-boards, useless markers, indelible ink markers and no spirit remover. New eezy-clean board cleaners guaranteed to make it dirtier. Students in need of renovation but otherwise perfect. Individual atmosphere of a Transylvanian graveyard on a full moon. Conveniently placed: 10 mins from Farnham station, 15 mins from the town and 5 mins from staff room. Breathtaking view overlooking the school field.

In a building like this, you too can go places (if the wind blows). Suitable for seventy people. Extreme crowding will probably increase death rate.

Formidabull



Comfortabull



Vegetabull

# *Solution*

John Bush

A buzz which guided the ear could be heard above the velvet chairs' silent protest in the otherwise forbidding room. Minimal lighting, buffeting the orange curtains, was unkind to vision. Haze prevailed.

Seven Messengers of Powers sat around a glass-topped table, abusing the velvet chairs with an indeterminate discussion. A hand twisted on a door-knob which clicked as a death-watch beetle or a cricket, rubbing its legs together in joyful anticipation.

"Well, here it is," He said. The faces suddenly came to life, but with disbelief, wonder and premature power.

The spokesman rose and with padded soles aligning with a crooked smile, shook His hand with warm guilt.

"This is it, then?" said the spokesman. "Your deterrent for hatred and war."

The Man's eyes were pleasing and He replied: "Untrue. A deterrent does not prevent something entirely. This does." The embarrassed spokesman turned red in the silent void, matching the velvet chairs nicely, making their occupants even more insignificant.

"All war? Biological, physical . . .?"

"All war. And all crime," He replied. Still His face held a pleasant look. Not shy, though. Never shy.

"Have you the money?" The spokesman presented a bag which looked ready to erupt and spill its ill-earned contents onto the floor. The Man handed over His box and left without another word, just a faint smile.

The room cut out a shriek of laughter which burst upon all the occupants. Suddenly life was in there.

"We can sell it at a hell of a profit," cried a voice. Fumbling fingers ripped at concealing brown paper. The box was not heavy. Inside was a weapon which would stop all crime. It was in itself, ineffective; its application was the successful factor. Once applied correctly, it could not fail. At last the box was open, but inside there was only a scrap of paper with a word scribbled on it in profound block capitals.

Somewhere, several eternities away, He was smiling at the ignorance of the creature called Man. He thought of the scrap of paper with the single four-letter word on it, written proudly. The word sat there, lost in a world which didn't really understand what it stood for. The paper whispered out its message with stunning accuracy which made people feel guilt and shame. The paper said:

LOVE

... found that their porridge had been sabotaged with sulphuric acid.

george

george you are a little boy  
i want to catch you when you fall  
want to see you laugh when you cry  
and when you cry  
i cry

george you are a happy boy  
you don't know why daddy's dead  
your world affairs are teddy's bed  
and bunny's new dress and  
sitting in a long sun with  
mummy who will never go away

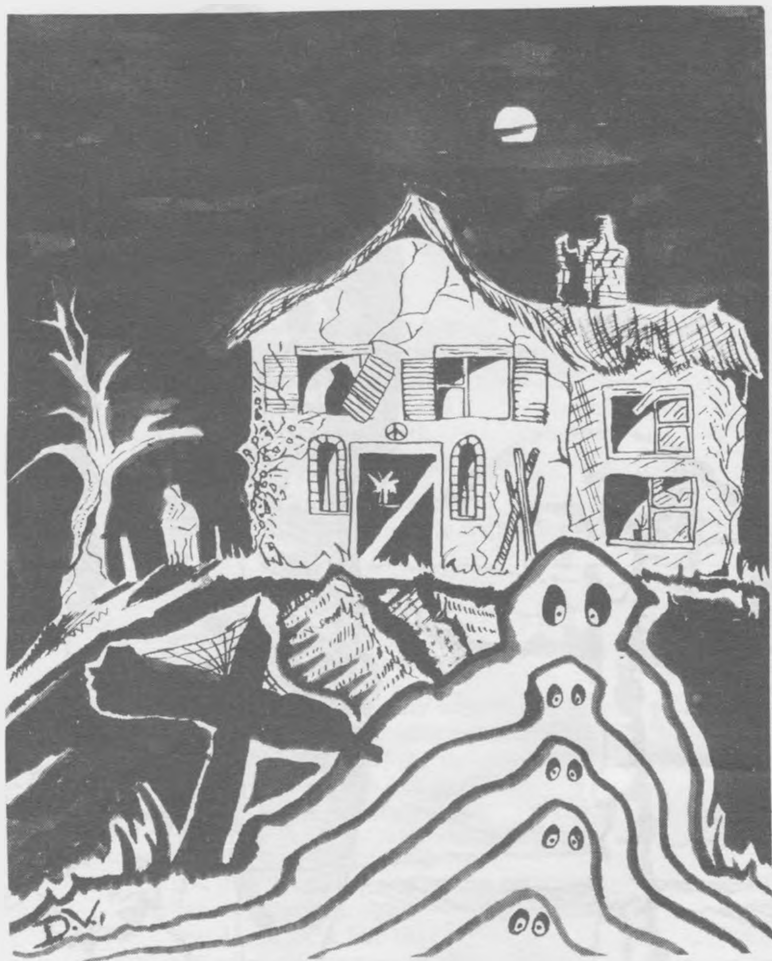
george you are a playful boy  
but when you hit the table with your fist  
to see a cardhouse fall  
i see in your fist  
an army of atom bombs  
and  
people living in fall-out shelters

george you are a healthy boy  
but when you battle with your friends  
when you're chief of the running wind  
i see in your battles  
a world of gang warfare

george you are a growing boy  
you don't yet grab all you can get  
'cos when you're eight  
you don't think like that  
but when you're twenty-eight  
you do  
and one day  
your mummy will be waiting  
a long and fruitless wait  
for a little boy  
who'll never come home

David Rees





There was a young lady from Riger  
Who went out for a ride on a tiger.  
She came back at a pace,  
With a smile on her face.  
And the Tiger from Riger inside'r.

# The Old House

Rain comes down in sheets,  
Roof leaks,  
Clouds scud across the sky.

Dark and sinister is the old house,  
With the occasional non nocturnal mouse,  
Damp and dark,  
Dark and damp,  
The house feels cold.

No one lives there,  
Only the wind,  
Wind whistles through the cracks,  
The house creaks and groans,  
I have a feeling in my bones,  
That ghosts will soon appear.

Julian Fletcher

## HAMMICKS BOOKSHOP

---

Agent for Her Majesty's Stationery Office Publications  
Main Agent for Ordnance Survey Maps  
Authorised Distributor for BBC Publications

*Downing Street Farnham Surrey*  
*Telephone Farnham (025-13) 24666*





“Er . . . well, officer . . .”

“Hah! Have you heard the one about the French master?”





"We're gonna rock around th' clock tonight!"

"Well boys, all it takes is a little skill"



A day in the life of a “FRUSTRATED” working-class communist who thought he could change the world . . .

Nicholas Dixon

The letter box gave a dim clatter which could only be described as decidedly working-class, and Tommy Jones, his nerves at an end, let out a frightful cry which revealed tensions, strain, concern, and, sadly, his social class.

“It can’t be – it *must* be – it is!” cried Tommy. (He was referring to the decidedly middle-class small brown envelope containing his “O” level results.) Kicking aside assorted brothers and sisters, he frantically scanned the long thin strip of paper. “Ahhhhhhhhhhh,” he ejaculated (this being a common method among proletariat of showing pleasure), “ten grade ones! Wait till I tell Whatsisname-Forby-Brown, the stuck-up b—. And Smith, AND Colston-Jones AND Harvey-Walker AND . . . What am I saying? These are merely the synthetic fruits of the capitalist machine, the false idols of the deceived and misled masses. Tell Smith, tell Colston-Jones? Why? I am not interested in competition, in the senseless rat-race towards totally irrelevant goals. I – I really don’t know what came over me. Perhaps it’s a basic instinct that is inbred in all of us? No! What am I saying? That’s just what it isn’t! Competition is merely a spurious desire instilled in us by the brainwashing effect that capitalist society endeavours, and, sadly, for the most part succeeds, is having on us. There – that’s right. Don’t know what happened to me.”

“Tommy?” screeched Mrs. Jones, in a tone which immediately revealed to the unobserved onlooker, as if the fact that she lived in a council house was not enough, that she was distinctly and undeniably not unassociated with that necessary evil, the working class. “What? They’ve arrived? Would you believe! How did you do? What? Ten grade ones! No!”

“Yes, you silly bitch, I wouldn’t have told you if I hadn’t.”

“Watch your language or I’ll tell your father. But anyway, that means you’ll be able to get into a GOOD job straight away. You know, no messing, ten quid a week straight down, good prospects, every chance of promotion, settled family life, respectable clothes, haircut, might even make a man of you –”

“Shut up! I don’t want your pathetic respectability, your post in business with ‘every chance of promotion’, your perverted capitalist interests, your . . . What’s the use? Don’t you see, you stupid woman? I don’t want to compete. I want to continue with my education (here the reader will notice an apparent self-contradiction, but he proceeded to redeem himself) where at least I won’t be competing for money, where my own aim, at least will be to broaden my mind, to embark upon the eternal glorious pursuit of that fleeting, distant, yet very real entity, the realisations of the full potential of the intellect, driven by that bastion of strength that has inspired innumerable innovators, the lust for learning . . .”

“Cor blimey,” Mrs. Jones interrupted, “to hear you speaking anyone would think you was one of them bods what’s got loads of money. Why don’t you remember you’re just Tommy Jones, and you

live in a council house. Leave the thinking to the bods, you just worry about getting on in life and you'll see, in a few years you'll forget all this rubbish and be just as happy as me."

"But, mother, you're only happy because you've never known anything better, because of the stunting effect on your mind of capitalism." Tommy paused, as if he had suddenly realised an obvious truth, and his expression turned to one of complete resignation. "I see it all now – you're quite happy; you don't want to improve yourself; you don't want to question anything; you don't want to be helped; you want ME to be exactly the same."

"Mother?" Mrs. Jones gave her cigarette to one of the larger groups of her children, and looked intensely at Tommy. "Mother, you're a stupid, bigoted and narrow minded cabbage."

#### MORAL

1. (To radicals) Despise Tommy's mother.
2. (To reactionaries) Despise Tommy's mother, but agree with her.

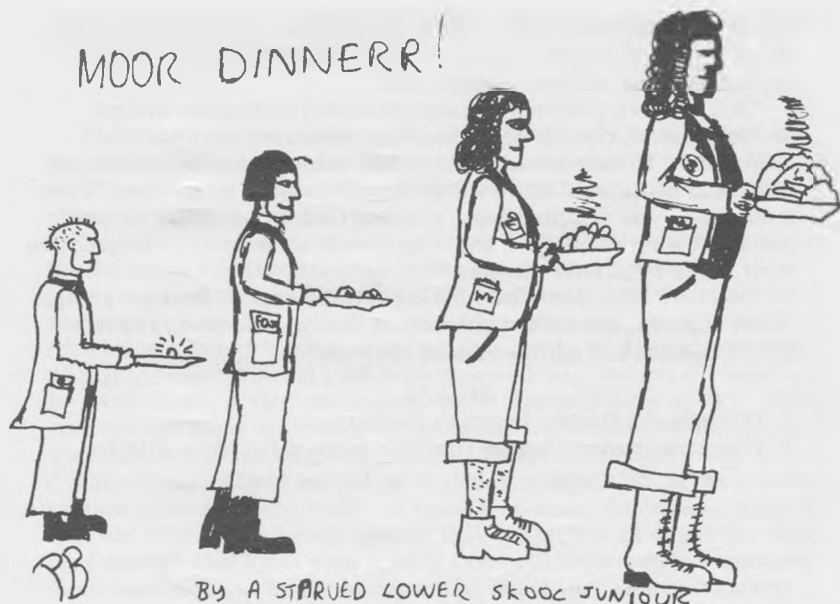
## Tree

Solid phallic –  
    surrendering its assets to its base,  
    to add strength to tomorrow.  
It extends outwards,  
    but upwards, upwards.  
Many have made their lives around it,  
    and it suffers their holes,  
Too bare now,  
    but still upright and fertile,  
    it prepares for the deluge.  
Its many different poses have all, in fact,  
    the same purpose.  
And lying here, I feel so inferior.

Jim Goddard

'There's that mouse again. Bloody thing!'

## MOOR DINNER!



BY A STARVED LOWER SKOOC JUNIOR

## THE PRICE OF FREEDOM

Two hundred yards away,  
 Across the glistening river,  
 Lay Freedom . . .  
 A searchlight swept relentlessly,  
 Waiting . . . watching . . . for a betraying movement.  
 Dawn's rays suddenly came down,  
 He knew he must move,  
 As Day would reveal him.  
 He broke cover . . . and  
 Softly sprinted to the bank.  
 He slowly entered the water,  
 Softly, so softly he swam,  
 Freedom in his reach,  
 Light . . . gunfire . . .  
 – The price of Freedom.

Ralph Mellon

## Cycling in Wartime.

The advantages of cycling in time of emergency are many. Whereas motor vehicles are restricted with regard to oil and petrol, the cyclist is independent of both. All that the cyclist requires is an occasional drop of oil on the vital parts of his machine. If a motor-car's tyres need filling with air, the job can be done either at a garage or by means of hard work with a hand pump. If, however, a cyclist wishes to inflate his tyres, all he has to do is to detach his pump and pump them up. When a car's brake-linings need renewing, it is a "garage job," but a cyclist merely procures a spanner and a pair of brake-blocks and fits them himself.

A problem which confronts most of us nowadays is that of transport to and from work or school. Those 'buses which are operating are usually crowded, whilst their schedules are liable to be altered at short notice. Those who own cycles, however, have merely to rise early if school or work hours are altered, whilst they avoid congestion on public vehicles. In the unfortunate event of intensive air bombardment, the destruction of some roads would not seriously impede cycling, since minor roads, and even lanes impassable to motors, can be negotiated in safety.

For those who have been evacuated, or who for any other reason have limited accommodation, a cycle is undoubtedly the best means of transport. In a school, for example, a number of cycles can be stored in a small shed by placing them in racks on different levels, so that they do not become entangled with one another. Finally, in war, as well as peace, in spite of the number of cars on the road, the bicycle still holds its own. This is particularly true with regard to those who are too young to obtain a driving licence. Even in war-time it can be seen that the cycle provides both healthy recreation and easy transport.

G. E. CRIPPS.

*(from The Farnhamian, December 1939)*

'I spent a lifetime thinking about it yesterday.'

# Crossword

Roger Williams



## Across

5. Each twisted gives continuous pain.
7. The highest male voice.
8. Soon, nameless.
9. A hazard for fast drivers.
10. Are these trees dying out?
13. Organisation for troop entertainment.
16. A late bird? (anag)
17. A smelly organ!
18. To swipe a fly.
19. A small pre-fab building.

## Down

1. Sounds like a biblical tower.
2. "A borrower or a -----er be".
3. A sort of road.
4. An object on a list.
6. Foreigners come from other -----.
11. A blood-sucker.
12. Frozen liquids?
14. Points of the compass in the papers.
15. Insect pests, red and black.

Answers on page 44

# *Lost Love*

Andrew Rigby (1967-72)

It's just not the same;  
for as I look despairingly into her glazed eyes  
that are fishpools of beauty and love,  
the submission, and the child-like wonder  
are gone, like shadows in the night.  
and the twinkling of a shared happiness  
is faded into worried tranquility.

It's just not the same;  
for as we run like free people across the cornfield  
and the meadows of soulful experience,  
the carefree joyfulness, and repression of problems  
seem lost, leaving bare pretence  
and subtle mistrust, embarrassingly open  
like uncovered graves on an overgrown churchyard.

It's just not the same;  
for as we lie as bodies in the cool night,  
wondering whether this is the height of experience,  
or if something beyond death is greater,  
there is no more that gentle donation of love,  
no more that warm admiration —  
just lukewarm friendship, cooled with time.

It's just not the same;  
for as time to part eventually occurs,  
that once would reap a heart of joy and happiness,  
something lacks in the parting formalities  
as if we are mere actors on a stage  
and the farewell kiss no longer seems called for —  
just a half-hearted wave, and then . . . nothing.



## **SCHOOL SOCIETY ADVERTS**

The coffee-making society has its perks.  
The number of members of the cannibalistic society is decreasing rapidly. Would all new members bring their own salt.  
The Dwarf Society is short of members.  
The Christian Name Society has petered out.  
The Clock Society has been wound up.  
You should be chuffed to join the Railway Club.  
Plans for a book society have been shelved.  
The Indecision society meets on Thursday, or perhaps tomorrow.  
The Fishmonger's society goes skating tonight.  
Current plans for a radio club need rectification.  
The leader of the high centre of gravity society said he couldn't stand it.  
Put yourself on a higher plane by joining the Aviation Society.  
Don't weight to join the dieting society.  
It hertz if you don't turn up to the electricity club.  
Don't get cross if you can't come to christian union.  
Heavens above! stop mooning about and go to the  
Astronomical society meetings.

Footbulls



Untouchabull





## *Dartmoor in Winter*

Chris Gibbons

The ice-cold water bubbled excitedly down the hill, like a stream of pure cleanness. The water cascaded through an old creaking water-wheel. A family of voles had made their comfortable little nest in the jammed remains of the mill. They huddled together so as to avoid the biting wind that howled over the moors.

Snow started to tumble awkwardly down, and soon a white bleak blanket covered everything for miles around. A fallow deer ran in difficult strides to the inviting shelter of a friendly wood.

A lone person, probably a local farmer, struggled through the now knee-deep snow on his way to the sad, broken-down stables. The horses in the stables screamed with the cold, as the wind cut straight through the cracks in the wall.

A sudden gust of wind sent snow flowing all over the farmer, sending him painfully into the snow, along with his load of hay.

The stream was beginning to ice over, and there was now nearly no sign of life at all.

A fox pushed through the snow, stumbling painfully with every other step. Finally the fox reached the shelter of the wood, and all was still.

The wind had dropped, the snow lay still, no more was falling. The stream had iced over; and the trees in the wood were covered in a thick layer of snow.

Winter had come, at last, to Dartmoor, and it had come heavily and painfully.

## A Day in the Life of a £15 Magazine Rack

Wake up in the morning.  
Feel blue.  
Flex my 222 pieces of copper wire.  
Get you.  
Find I've only 217 pieces of copper wire.  
Oh mutilation. look black in anger.  
Door opens, enter youth of today  
Strong, Virile,  
Randy and Sloshed  
— Four good lads.  
Now I'm abused,  
And poked about.  
Plastics going,  
Because of those louts.  
There I sit, all the day,  
Keeping the Farnhamian on display.  
Once I was handsome;  
So black, so white.  
My castors would gleam,  
In the morning light.  
My butterfly nuts complete with screws,  
None of these do I want to lose.  
Now in old age  
I'm bent and distorted,  
Because of me,  
Their plans have been thwarted.  
They wanted a record player  
But now they've got me!  
I've got my own back  
Tee Hee Hee.

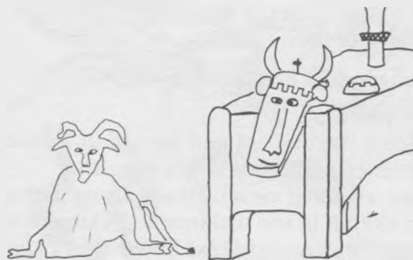
G.O., M.J.H.

'Mine's a green one. I haven't seen it for years. County Hall have got it.'

Geoffrey Gullon

"Now then Mr. . . . Gullon is it? Ah, yes; Mr. Gullon . . . you've come about an article for the magazine? Good, yes. Would you like us to book you for 1978 or will you accept a few lines in the 1976 volume? . . . What do you mean, you'd like it to appear in this year's edition? . . . I know you'll be leaving us next year, but really you must remember that we only have 760 pages in each edition and there are many, many other applicants and . . . What do you mean "only a school mag.?" . . . It may have been a school mag. until earlier this year, but times have changed, Mr. Gullon. This is a college, a respectable establishment; none of your "surrealist poems" or as we would call them, "sly digs at the instructional staff" . . . I'll tell you why we don't call them "teachers" any more, it's because we're moving into higher circles, or as you would call it, "going all posh". Do you realise that in a few years' time, upper class gentlemen will apply for future articles of their new-born sons' to be printed in the "Collegious Farnhamian" or if not, a place at Eton? No, I'm sorry Mr. Gullon, it can't be done . . . Oh, thank you very much Mr. Gullon. Ahem! We might be able to give you 15 words of not more than two syllables at the bottom of "2nd XI netball results" . . . How should I know how you're going to fit "The effect of the atom bomb on maths masters" into 15 words of not more than two syllables? I'm not here to write your article for you, you know; the days of editors having to write the magazine are over . . . No, I'm afraid you had your chances in the old days and frankly I find it difficult to sympathize with you. In any case there are several thousand other applicants queueing outside in the rain and my time is very precious, so . . . and a good day to you Mr. Gullon! Don't forget your £5 for the school—er—college fund. It does go towards your magazine, you know!"

Collapsibull



Istanbull

# *The Metamorphosis of my life*

What is my life?  
Why am I here?  
Who knows or cares,  
Who cares about life?

When will I die?  
Where will I go?  
Which way shall I turn?  
Wonder when I'll know?

It seemed that life,  
Was just a wheel,  
Until the day came  
When I saw the light.

A voice called from the past  
Calling me to change,  
I changed and watched,  
As my life started again.

Wonderful feeling isn't it!

Des 6<sub>1</sub>

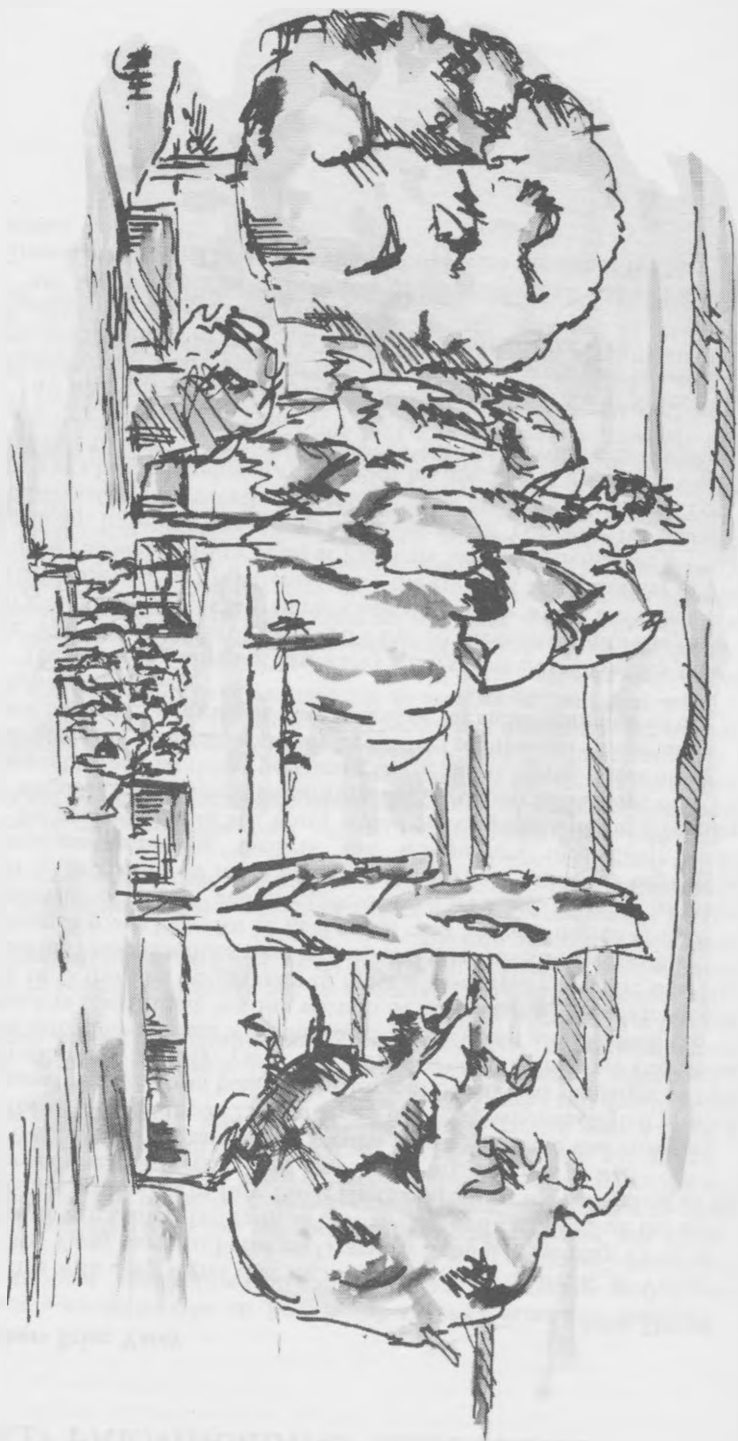
## **CAMBRIDGE ENTRANCE EXAM**

### **BIOLOGY '74**

Answer the question you are directed to.

- (1) Is your income over £20,000 per annum?  
Yes — go to question (2) only.  
No — go to question (3) only.
- (2) Discuss the shape of a hexagonal plant cell.
- (3) Answer both parts.
  - (i) Discuss the descent and lineage of Edward VI with particular reference to his ancestors.
  - (ii) Draw an aerial view of Hong Kong harbour to  $\frac{1}{4}$  scale and sketch in the distance to Peking. Write the 1956 Genève convention text above it in Pidgin English.  
(15 mins only)

(You are allowed to use your slide rule).



# OLD FARNHAMIANs' ASSOCIATION

Robert Brian Varey

L. John Stroud

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. R. B. Varey.

Mr. Varey came to Farnham Grammar School in January 1924, in Captain Stickland's last term as headmaster, and remained on the staff until his retirement in July 1963. He thus spanned the full period of Mr. Morgan's headmastership and over half of Mr. Baxter's as well.

Until the early years of the Second World War there was provision at the school for about 25 boarders. They were accommodated in what is now the sixth form house — the present library was the larger of two dormitories — and Mr. Varey was the resident house master. This brought him into close contact with that small, closely-knit group which the boarders constituted, but the warmth of his friendship was extended to day boys too, and particularly to those whose form-master he was. His teaching responsibilities were history and religious knowledge: his scholarship was high, for he held a first class honours degree of the University of Bristol, and he expected high standards of those he taught. Yet he had plenty of room for mental relaxation, and many boys were introduced to reading "thrillers" and "whodunnits" through Mr. Varey.

No appreciation of Mr. Varey would be complete without reference to his passionate interest in railways and his expert knowledge of time-tables and all things pertaining to trains. He carried most of his knowledge in his head, and only occasional references to time-tables were needed in working out the details of the most complicated of journeys.

The school buildings of Mr. Varey's days were not what they now are. The wooden huts of the 1920's and 30's remained until the early 60's, and Mr. Varey's retirement came only a few weeks after the official opening of the extensions by the Duchess of Gloucester in 1963. During the almost forty years at Farnham Mr. Varey remained a bachelor, travelling back to his home county of Yorkshire for school holidays. On his retirement he and his sister made their home in York. He was a keen churchman throughout his life, and in his leisure years he was able to combine his love of history with his devotion to the church by acting as an official guide at York Minster.

All who knew him appreciated his regular attendance at Speech Day during his last years, and Old Boys, in particular, were glad to see him at the annual dinner in Farnham and at the Southampton Old Farnhamians' dinner each year.

Mr. Varey gave almost the whole of his professional life to Farnham Grammar School. The School and its boys were the richer for his service.

## 41st ANNUAL DINNER

Farnham Grammar School's future and its adaptation to a sixth form college concerned speakers at the Old Farnhamians' Association 41st annual dinner.

With the present school year having the last intake of first year pupils, it was stressed that the Farnhamians' Association will be needed as much in the future as it has been in the past.

Before the proceedings began, members stood in silence in memory of R. B. Varey, history master at the school from 1924 to 1963, who died in March this year.

Proposing a toast to the Association, Mr. John McLaughlin, the deputy headmaster, said that one of his main duties was to see pupils who had misbehaved.

He wondered how many members of the association present at the dinner, which was held at the school, might well have found themselves before him to face punishment.

On a more serious note he said: "We must get our priorities right. It is very important to have a good relationship between the school and the Old Boys' Association."

Mr. McLaughlin paid tribute to the hard work done by various association members to keep many clubs and societies running for the good of the school and Farnhamians.

He concluded: "I look forward to the long tradition of goodwill between the association and school continuing.

"I am sure that, as we have in the past, we shall be able to rely on the association in the future."

Replying to the deputy headmaster, Mr. Ted Mayne, a member of the diplomatic service said: "In his reply last year, Bill Roffey pleaded for more support for the football club with the hope that it would be forthcoming and I am using this occasion to canvass for more members to join the OFA. For so long now it has functioned efficiently and has done its utmost to assist the school but it is a shame that the membership is not higher.

"Bearing in mind that 60 boys have been leaving the school annually since the war, it seems a pity that the membership is not higher. I realise that the Association is not floundering, but I am sure that the benefits it hands out to the school would have been greater had the membership been higher and with the recent changes at the school it is our duty to see that the Association does not die; it would be marvellous if the membership could increase during the next few years."



Mr. Mayne recalled how in his years with the diplomatic service abroad he had met members of the Association and had been able to help them in times of trouble.

He pointed out that there are many old boys in various parts of the world who are: "anxious to retain some identity with the school."

He added: "I for one never want to lose mine and I only hope that those here this evening will do their utmost to encourage Old Boys who are not members to join the OFA, which is anxious to continue in its present form for the years to come."

Another Old Boy of the school, the literary editor of the London Evening Standard, Mr. Anthony Hern, recalled the days when he had to catch a train to get to the school.

He paid a special tribute to Mr. Varey, stressing his gift of being able to "keep a class happy".

"I did have a lot of fun at Farnham Grammar School," he continued. "I also learnt a lot — I should and could have learnt more, and that wasn't entirely the fault of the staff."

"To have been at FGS was a rewarding experience. I believe future Farnhamians are going to have a quite different school experience, but I do not believe the spirit of the school will change."

Stressing that with an expanding school the job of headmaster was more like being a managing director, Mr. Paul French, headmaster of Farnham Grammar School and President of the Farnhamians' Association, looked to the future.

He said: "I suppose my own view of the school is increasingly one of its potential as the first sixth form college in Surrey — and what an honour and responsibility this is for what was hitherto one of the smallest grammar schools in the county."

"We are very conscious that the decisions made here in terms of policy and resources may form precedents to be cited in other areas, and sometimes the struggles in which we are engaged are on behalf of the whole future of sixth form colleges in Surrey rather than for the benefit of this school alone."

Mr. French pointed out that he always had to view the school in the future and plan ahead. In the same way he felt the Old Boys viewed the school in the past and their memories of the days when they were at school.

He said: "We have a common meeting point in our concern for the school of the present."

"Within a few months the school will undergo yet another change in its long history of changes. We in the front line of education are grappling with a problem which barely existed when many of us were at school."

"For us and for our parents it was automatic that anything of value had to be worked for. Privations and discomforts of the present often had to be endured in order to achieve what we desired for the future; the promise of future reward was usually good enough motivation."

"Today the slogan is 'Live now — pay later', and hire purchase, overdrafts and credit cards are positive disincentives to hard work. It is

within this climate of opinion, fostered by high pressure advertising, that we have to work out our educational philosophy for this school – and it is here that I need your help. If the Old Farnhamians Association means more than just an opportunity to meet up with old friends – if it means a live concern for those who are following in your footsteps, then I need your support at this critical time.

“You have your fingers on the pulse of the people of Farnham and I need your active participation in shaping the policy of Farnham College to meet the needs of this area and maintain the high standards which we all desire.

“If Farnham College can continue to send young people into the world fit and eager to serve our nation and our community in the 1980’s as it has produced such young men in the past, then I – and you – will be very pleased.”

Among the 107 present at the dinner was Mr. Alan Reffell, of Guildford, who was a pupil at the school from 1903 to 1909. Mr. Reffell, who went to the school when he was eight years old, was the oldest member of the Association present at the dinner.

The dinner was also attended by all past secretaries of the Association since World War II.

After the speeches, the evening ended with the usual Ceremonies of the Loving Cup, the Roll Call and a rousing performance of the School Song.

## OLD BOYS’ NEWS

P. French (1934–40), J.P., headmaster of St. Andrew’s Junior School, Potters Gate, Farnham, for 12 years, is head of the new Velmead County Junior School, Fleet. With the Hampshire Regiment and the Army Educational Corps he taught English in Austria before returning to local schools and was mathematics master at Yeomans Bridge School, Ash. At Potters Gate (formerly West Street council school) he introduced a modern method of teaching mathematics and the school became a training centre for Surrey teachers. He was returned as a Liberal for Hale and Badshot Lea ward in the election for the new Waverley District council.

G. Hunt (1953–60), awarded his B.A. at Sheffield in 1963, is teaching at Haverhill, Suffolk.

Dr. L. J. Stroud (1921–33), from 1952 to 1971 headmaster of King Edward VI School, Southampton, and since then a researcher with the Schools Council, London, is now joint secretary of that council. An active member of the O.F.A., he continues to live at Upper Farringdon, Alton.

One of the first intake at Welbeck Army College and commissioned from the Royal Military Academy, Major D. Bidwell (1948-53), is officer commanding a R.E.M.E. field workshop at Munster, Germany. With him is Lieut. D. McManamon (1959-63), Bidwell, who also had a spell at St. Cyr, the French military academy, passed out of the R.M.A. fifth of 140. First in administration and top R.E.M.E. cadet, he also studied at the Military College of Science, Shrivenham, and was appointed adjutant at R.E.M.E. German headquarters in 1964. He is now 36 and McManamon, also Welbeck and R.M.A., is 10 years his junior.

P.W. Hallett (1963-68), who, from the school cadet corps, entered Welbeck Army College, then graduated to the Royal Military Academy, Camberley, and was commissioned last year, has completed a Troop Commanders' Course at the Army School of Transport, Longmoor, trained in man-management and organising vehicles and stores. His career has included an Outward Bound Course, with skiing, canoeing and hill climbing and a spell in Crete.

W. F. A. Bodkin (1943-50), secretary of the O.F.A. since 1969, for several years manager for Batemans, options, in Farnham and Alton, has taken over, with a partner, the practice at 8 New Street, Basingstoke, of another Old Boy, H. S. North (1924-32), who has retired after about 25 years in that town. Bill will commute from Farnham; Harold lives at 11 Upper Chestnut Drive, Basingstoke.

M. Wingent (1961-66), financial analyst with Conoco Europe Ltd., an American oil company, married at Acton Miss M. A. Price, of Chester, and honeymooned in Paris. Address: 37 The Park, Ealing.

J. N. Gilbert (1964-70), married at Aldershot in January, to Miss L. A. Frost, has made a home at 2 Alton Villas, Northcote Road, Ash Vale.

A. D. Marshall (1959-60), only son of Sir Robert Marshall, Lower Bourne, married at Farnham Parish Church in March, Miss S. D. Alston, a stewardess with the Royal Jordanian Airline who trained as a nurse at Farnham Hospital. From school he went to Southampton University and is a Government statistician.

D. W. Stedman, F.R.I.C.S., who died in May aged 71, was 35 years with Inland Revenue. He went to Cranleigh from F.G.S. and had a varied career - Basingstoke, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Bristol, Northern Ireland. He was District Valuer at Guildford 1949 to 1966, then senior rent officer for Surrey. Captain in Hampshire Territorials and a member of Old Farnhamians' masonic lodge, he played football, rugby, cricket and golf. His older brothers, Lt.-Col. A. H. D. Stedman, T.D., (1907-12), of Camberley, and L. R. Stedman, A.R.I.B.A., and his son J. W. Stedman (1953-59), car service manager for Vick Brothers, Trowbridge, Wilts., are also Old Boys.

Schooldays *can* be the best days of your life; they can also be sheer hell.

F. R. Wallis, dental surgeon, who left in 1906 and was a life member of the O.F.A., died at Margate, Kent, recently, aged 86. He is believed to have been the senior surviving Old Boy. That distinction now seems to devolve on Professor J. Kendall, M.A., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S. (1901-07), formerly professor of chemistry at Edinburgh University, who in 1933 founded a prize in honour of our old science master, Dr. G. Brown (1893-1919). Other veterans include A. H. Reffell (1903-09), of Guildford, and at Ashbourne Court Hotel, Ash. All three were at the old school in West Street before the first part of the present school was opened in 1906.

Peter Hall (1965-70) has completed a year in Adelaide, where he has done well in Matric. and has earned a Commonwealth Scholarship at Adelaide University for three or four years.

Christopher Shapley (1959-65) after basic study with a "thick sandwich" course at N.G.T.E., Pyestock, and a first degree, attended the College of Technology at Cranfield and was awarded his Ph.D. in automobile engineering. He is soon off to Cornell University to work on research and development.

## THREE OLD BOYS WERE CHAIRMEN

F. W. Simmonds

A. P. Tice, O.B.E. (1912-14), third and (presumably) last Old Boy chairman of Farnham Grammar School Governors, an office he has held for 21 years, has retired from his farms at Badshot Lea and Runfold to live in a modern home at 1 Swiss Close, in the popular Farnham suburb of Boundstone.

His family had been farmers at Puttenham and Farnham for several generations and 400 acres sold by auction in 39 lots at the Bush Hotel made £670,000. Sand and gravel winning, a new main road and new housing will reduce even further the remaining acres on which the formerly famous Farnham hops were grown.

Mr. Tice was a local urban district councillor 30 years, on Surrey County Council from 1948 and from 1965 to date a county alderman; formerly a magistrate for 36 years and for 37 years president of Farnham St. John Ambulance Brigade. His headmaster was the Rev. S. Priestley and he used to ride a pony to school.

Early transport on the farms was by horse (not horse-power) and wagons made by another Old Boy, author George Sturt (1876-79) as described in his book, "The Wheelwright's Shop."

In his 60 years connection with F.G.S. Alan Tice has seen many changes, including growth from about 120 boys to 320. Army huts from World War 1 were put up temporarily as Classrooms and had to do until the new extensions were opened in 1963. Today further building work is in hand for the Sixth Form College to replace the school.

Appointed a governor just before World War II, "Ticeo", as his headmaster knew him, was proud to receive the Duchess of Gloucester to open the 1963 extensions and preside at that year's Speech Day when Field Marshal Lord Montgomery gave the address.

Previous Old Boys who became chairmen of governors were R. W. Mason (1867-72), solicitor and for many years clerk to the Governors and to Farnham magistrates, and C. E. Borelli (1880-87), the Farnham preservationist, who held the office when he died.

G. M. Aylwin, F.R.I.B.A. (1900-07), who founded the Old Farnhamians Leaving Trust in 1929, was deputy chairman and he was followed as governor by his son J. M. Aylwin, R.I.B.A. (1929-38), as governor 103 years after junior's grandfather, another John Maxwell Aylwin, joined the school. The two architects office in West Street was formerly part of the old school.

## CROSSWORD ANSWERS

### Across

- 5. Ache.
- 7. Alto.
- 8. Anon.
- 9. Bend.
- 10. Elms.
- 13. ENSA.
- 16. Teal.
- 17. Nose.
- 18. Swat.
- 19. Shed.

### Down

- 1. Babble.
- 2. Lend.
- 3. Lane.
- 4. Item.
- 6. Lands.
- 11. Leech.
- 12. Solids.
- 14. News.
- 15. Ants.

'I can see you're behind!'

# How to make the most of the hard work you've done at school.

There's ample scope in the Navy for young people who want to make the most of themselves.

**For Boys.** If you're bright at Maths, and Science or English, you can apply for a Navy engineering apprenticeship that will make you a £2,000 plus technician.

If you're good with your hands, we can train you to be a skilled mechanic with a trade for life.

Or you might prefer to be concerned with seamanship. Or communications. Or a more administrative job, like stores accountancy or office management. While, if you're interested in medicine, we can give you a three-year specialist training as a radiographer, physiotherapist, or S.R.N.

In fact, whether your bent is academic or practical, you can go a long way in the Navy. Or with the Navy's sea soldiers, the Royal Marines.

For example, with five 'O' levels (or two 'A' levels) you can try for a commission as a Naval Officer.

And of course, you can now join us for a much shorter period, if you wish.

**For Girls.** If you're a girl, there's a happy, active life waiting for you in the Wrens (the Women's Royal Naval Service). Here you work with officers and men of the Royal Navy. There's a choice of many interesting jobs. You also have the same opportunities to try for a commission. And you may well see something of the world.

For someone keen on nursing, the Queen Alexandra's Royal Naval Nursing Service is a career that offers excellent training, travel, variety and an active social life.

For full details of any of these careers, talk to your Careers Master or Mistress. Or write to the address below giving your name, age and any examinations you have passed, or hope to pass.

**The Royal Naval Careers Service (25FD),  
Old Admiralty Building,  
Whitehall, London, S.W.1.**

**RN**  
ROYAL NAVY



# RANGER'S

FURNISHING STORES



*Suppliers of Fine Furniture*

SPECIALISTS IN FITTED CARPETS

Modern Methods Used

FREE ESTIMATING AND LAYING



*A family business under personal supervision  
Ranger's has been serving Farnham since 1895*



105-106 WEST STREET · FARNHAM

Telephone 5185

## THE QUALITY SHOPS

for Cameras and Equipment : Developing and Printing : Radio  
and Television : Records and Record Players : Tape Recorders  
and Hi-Fi Equipment : Pianos : Organs : Musical Instruments  
Music

COLOUR and BLACK & WHITE TELEVISION

SALES & RENTAL

# LLOYD & KEYWORTH LTD

The Camera Shop

Radio and Musical

17 · DOWNING STREET, FARNHAM 26-28

Telephone: 5534 and 6275 (All Departments)

*"THE" COLOUR T.V. SPECIALISTS*

# Make the Special Grade with the Midland



**It'll pay you handsomely** If you are a personable young man with good examination results, join the Midland Bank. Holding 'A' levels in certain subjects will entitle you to an immediate year's seniority on the basic salary scale. And you will qualify for "Study leave" to prepare for the Institute of Bankers Examinations. Show that you are able, and you will be put in the Special Grade. This means that your salary could go up by as much as £240 a year; and you would be sure that you were being marked out for a management role in the Bank.

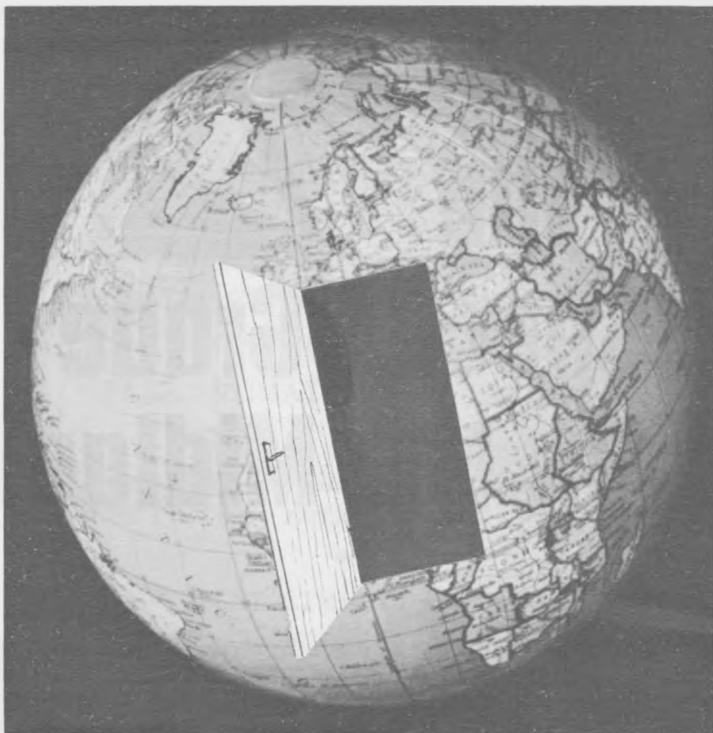
**Make a note of this** A high proportion of present-day entrants to the Midland Bank will reach managerial rank. *You can do this in your early 30's earning £3,000, rising to £6,000 and more.* By becoming a marked man at the Midland, you can make your mark early.

**Find out more about us** Write to:  
**The District Staff Supt., Midland Bank Ltd.,**  
**45 Castle Way, Southampton, SO1 0BW.**



**Midland Bank**  
A Great British Bank





**good luck for your future !**

from  
**Crosby Doors**

Crosby & Co. Ltd., West Street, Farnham, Surrey. Tel: Farnham 23123



for

- FASHIONS & YOUNG SET FASHIONS
- FABRICS
- LINENS
- ACCESSORIES
- HOSIERY
- CORSETRY
- WOOLS
- SPORTSWEAR
- BABYWEAR
- MILLINERY
- SCHOOLWEAR

and

MEN'S & BOYS' WEAR

*Czarina*

Your local stockists  
of CZARINA quality  
goods at reasonable  
prices.

**ELPHICKS**

OUR COFFEE SHOP IS OPEN  
FOR YOUR FURTHER SERVICE