

1964

GODHELMIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE
COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GODALMING

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Staff News

THE STAFF now numbers 40, and this year marks the retirement of Miss Joan Anson, who has spent most of her 16 years here in charge of the teaching of Biology, Botany and Zoology. She is going to continue to live near the School so we shall see quite a lot of her during what will, we all hope, be a long and happy retirement. She tells me that her garden is due for some extended attention.

Miss Anson is being replaced by Mr. Martin Hyman, a biologist and a distinguished international athlete.

Also leaving us is Miss Valerie Jenkin, after a very short stay, to take up an appointment in a school nearer to her home. She is being replaced by Miss Brenda Hinks, who has just completed her Diploma of Education, having graduated in French and German at Exeter University.

We also welcome Miss Christine Bewley, a graduate of Durham University in English and Latin, to fill the additional post on the Staff, our establishment having been increased.

Because of the increase in the permanent Staff we have to say goodbye to Mrs. Maunder, who has helped us on a part-time basis with German during the past year.

Mr. B. L. Bettison has rejoined us after an interesting year at Shoreditch Training College. He is now a Silversmith and it seems certain that we will be starting 'beaten metal work' very soon.

During the Autumn Term we were joined by Mrs. Barbara Beresford-Green (and Deborah) to help us with girls' games. We are sorry to lose them because of a change of residence.

We are delighted that Mademoiselle Monique Saint-Paul, our French Assistante, is staying with us for a further year.

Mrs. Pat Harris is joining the Staff in September to help part-time with Latin. Mrs. M. Charlesworth is also joining us part-time for Cookery, and Mr. R. Jones to assist in the Handicraft Department.

Our congratulations to Mr. R. G. H. Bloomfield on becoming a grandfather for the second time on April 9th, 1964, when Andrew was born; to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Aldrich whose second son Stuart was born on August 4th, 1963, and to Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Watkins on the birth of a daughter, Priscilla, on July 16th, 1964.

The Founders' Day Service will be held on October 15th this year, when the preacher will be the Reverend S. Hoffman, father of Jill, this year's Head Girl, and Speech Day is on October 16th; the Special Guest will be Dr. D. M. A. Leggett, Principal of Battersea College of Advanced Technology, soon to move to Guildford with increased status.

It was with real regret that we learned of the death of Miss A. Fearon who had, until recently, been a most active member of the governing body.

Miss A. R. Fearon

Died on June 14th, 1964, aged 86

MISS FEARON was a Governor of the School for more than a quarter of a century, and was a staunch friend of Headmaster, Staff, and Haslemere parents and pupils.

Miss Fearon's father was a clergyman, sometime Vicar of Marlow, where much of her childhood was spent in a garden beside the river. He was subsequently Vicar of Datchett, where when Queen Victoria's death was imminent, their 'blacks' ready, the family would look each morning to see if the Windsor Castle flag was at the masthead or at half mast. One of her uncles was Headmaster, and later Archdeacon of Winchester. Her mother was a Younghusband, and Sir Francis Younghusband, who led the first expedition to Lhasa, was Miss Fearon's cousin.

Miss Fearon was a pupil of the (Anglican) Ladies of Mary at Wantage, and subsequently studied History and French, teaching History at Liverpool and Leeds before she became Headmistress of Southlands School, Exmouth. She bought her first car at Exmouth and enjoyed telling how the salesman said, 'I'd better show you how to reverse before you go'. It was the only driving lesson she had; in those days people 'learned by doing'.

Miss Fearon retired early, settled in Haslemere, and threw herself with great energy into the life of the place. One of the founders of Haslemere Education Society, she gathered a fund for a Haslemere Scholarship to our School in the days when Surrey provided only 25 per cent. Free Places. She was chosen by the County as a Haslemere Governor, and later became Chairman of the Governors of Woolmer Hill Secondary School and of Stotley Rough, a school founded for and taught by Austrian and German Refugees from Hitler's Reich. For many years Miss Fearon produced a play in Haslemere Hall with her own 'company'. She was a great, but far from bigoted, Churchwoman.

This School had no more loyal or helpful Governor. Miss Fearon gave a picture, 'The Rialto Bridge', and a number of books to the School Library. She was always a welcome guest in the Common Room, and rarely missed the Sports or the School Play, Speech Day or the Carol Service. Even more important was the personal help she gave to many needing advice, an introduction, a recommendation, or encouragement. Her unobtrusive suggestions or advice averted impending trouble in difficult days. Her shrewd appraisal of character played a large part in securing such a happy and able Staff for the School.

A wiser, more reliable friend we never had.

W. M. W.

Speech Day

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18th, 1963

THE CHAIRMAN of the Governors, the Ven. A. J. de C. Studdert, made the opening speech. He welcomed the Mayor and Mayoress of Godalming, Mr. and Mrs. J. I. Blackburn; Lord and Lady Freyberg; and Mr. W. M. Wigfield, a former Headmaster.

Jill Hoffman made the Head Girl's report on the School's varied activities during the previous year, and concluded that the School had the reputation

of being a happy one. The Headmaster, Mr. E. P. Dewar, welcomed Dr. Alix Reindorp as the guest of honour, and addressed the assembly.

Dr. Alix Reindorp next presented the prizes and G.C.E. certificates and made her speech. She spoke of her childhood in South Africa, and then addressed the members of the School as the lawyers, ambassadors and leaders of the future. They were the inheritors of the flag of freedom, which her South African countrymen were not.

Finally, Stephen Parratt, the Head Boy, proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Alix, and Speech Day 1963 ended.

PRIZE LIST

Form Prizes:

- IC Jonathan Readings
Jill Broadway
- IB Malcolm Smith
Gillian Johnson
- IA Peter Atley
Michael Bishop
- IIC Lesley Jewell
Michael Burrell
- IIB John Acton
Ronald Mayers
- IIA Vicki Marshall
Linda Chitty
- IIIC James Preece
Anne Hissey
- IIIB Lesley Taylor
Roger Gill
- IIIA Roger Ellis
Cheryl Dominy
- IVC Michael Piercy
Michael Smith
- IVB Anita Sinden
Sheila Robertson
- IVA Angela Harman
Edwin Puttick

Milford Junior English Prize:

Teresa Kreciglowa

Middle School Special Prizes:

Woodwork: Nicholas Little
Art: Vanessa Dunhill
Music: Jennifer Briggs
Domestic Science: Barbara Bridge

'O' Level Certificates and a Book Prize for seven passes:

Robert Cox
Keith Hobson
David Roe
Margaret Collard
John Wells
Ann Jones
Susan Partington
Derick Shonfeld
Susan Clark
Carol Lonsdale
Trevor Williams
Linda Parker

'O' Level Certificates and a Book Prize for eight passes:

Alan Micklam
Michael Sharman

Jean Bradfield
Caroline Hook
Christine Abbott
Susan Cayre
Janet Ede
Jennifer Davidson

'O' Level Certificates and a Book Prize for nine passes:

Michael Moore
Michael Welton
Richard Stevenson
Malcolm Dale
David Gay
Julian Lile
Alastair White
Wendy Webb

G.C.E. Certificates at Advanced Level with Subject Prizes:

Michael Appelbe: Applied Mathematics Prize
Simon Feltham: Chemistry Prize
Roy Vaughn: Physics Prize
Linda Jones: Zoology Prize
Elizabeth Hardiman: History and Religious Knowledge Prizes
Jennifer Topper: English Prize and a Parents' Association Prize for an outstanding result
Linden Hocken: French Prize and a Parents' Association Prize for an outstanding result
Andrew Kinnaird: Pure Mathematics Prize and a Parents' Association Prize for an outstanding result

Special Prizes:

The Old Godhelman Association Prizes for Service:
Philip Gregory, Linden Hocken, Derck Gillard,
Anthony Bayliss

The Amy Kaye-Sharland Memorial Prize for English Essay:
Yolande Griffiths

The Lady Jekyll Memorial Grant to a First-Year Student:
Elizabeth Hardiman

A Governor's Prize for Reliability:
Ann Ponting

The Geoff Mills Memorial Prize for Reliability:
Richard Meadows

The Jack Phillips Memorial Prizes for Service:
Andrew Kinnaird, Susan Ruffhead

The Head Girl's Prize:
Linda Jones

The Head Boy's Prize:
Simon Feltham



Prefects' List

Senior Prefects

Jill Hoffman
Eleanor Field

S. J. Parratt
D. C. G. Ottridge

Jennie Barratt
Valerie Burgess
Pat Briggs
Carole Cartwright
Kathleen Chidgey
Patsie Freeman
Sheelagh Millington
Christine Scarlett
Carole Smith
Margaret Stedman
Janet Thomas
Carol Thompson
Wendy Webb
Margaret White

A. D. Bridge
M. T. Dale
D. J. Downer
D. P. Fisher
D. Hale
B. M. C. Heptinstall
A. T. Micklam
N. A. Orr
R. A. Pilkington
R. T. Smith
D. Todd

Absent

Edwina Davies

D. Newby
R. W. Meadows
C. D. Southcott
I. Weatherly



Miss Anson

MISS JOAN ANSON was educated at St. Swithun's School, Winchester and Bedford College, London, where she read for a B.Sc. Degree. She was captain of the Ladies' University of London Cricket team for two years, and played lacrosse for her college.

She has taught at various schools in England, and was for two years teaching at a school in Winnipeg, Canada.

She came to Godalming in 1948, and is retiring this year. She has been responsible for the teaching of Botany, Zoology and Biology at this School since 1949.

What has Miss Anson been to our School? A patient, most informed and encouraging teacher

of advanced Botany, Zoology and now, in their combined form, Biology. She has steered many aspiring doctors and bio-chemists through the intricacies of *Dryopteris Felix Mas*, the dissection of *Scylliorhinus Canicula*, and the study of evolution with its many methods of investigation, such as fossil evidence, comparative anatomy, morphology and embryology, and immunological evidence. In contrast—or is it in preparation for these complexities?—she has been resident veterinary surgeon, sympathetic adviser on household pets, kindly recipient of all the many little creatures and plants which come under the general heading of 'Look-what-I've-found—what-is-it?' She has mended broken wings, cared for motherless hedgehogs, found homes for innumerable newts, lizards and

other small-fry. She has encouraged Ist Formers in their collections of wild flowers and grasses, and a common remark of parents has been: 'My child was never really interested in Natural History till she met Miss Anson'.

A walk with Miss Anson in the countryside is at once a delight and an education, and this to all sections of the School, and to the Staff. She is a never failing source of interest and information, and the great joy is that the specimens need not be called by their erudite Latin names but can be known quite simply as 'Johnny-in-the-Pulpit', 'Bacon and Eggs', 'Shirt-buttons' and 'Milkmaids'. Erstwhile IIIrd Formers will not forget her care and enthusiasm in arranging the annual trip to the Zoo; Ist Formers have equally enjoyed their afternoons out on the nature trails. VIth Formers can look back with appreciation on excursions to Kew and Wisley. All of us have been fascinated by the varied exhibits in the Biology Exhibitions, a tradition established and fostered by Miss Anson. She has opened the eyes and the ears of all of us.

We like to think of Miss Anson enjoying her retirement in her garden, or visiting at last the tulip fields in May, the rose-gardens in their full flush of June, treats which she has been denied in her years of teaching. We hope that she will bear away from here as many happy memories as we shall cherish of her, but still more we hope that there will be 'many happy returns'.

D. D. G.

The Wings of a Dove—or How to be the World's Worst Passenger

BY CAROLE CARTWRIGHT, MIDDLE VI.LIT.

'WILL ALL passengers for Boeing 707, flight 581 please prepare for embarkation'.

The muscles in the stomach tie themselves into a knot but you wave nonchalantly to envious friends and relatives and make your way to the waiting aircraft. The steps leading up to it feel like the steps of doom; but outwardly you are calm, quite calm. You smile graciously (or is it cynically) as the air-hostess welcomes you aboard: you put your hand luggage on the rack with an air of careless abandon and nonchalantly take your seat. You try out your safety belt—just to make sure it fits. It doesn't. It is the most enormous safety belt which was ever devised. There are yards of it. Fifteen minutes later you discover

Sonatina

BY B. M. C. HEPTINSTALL

maestoso

Go and shout love from the valley depth
To the hymning hills;
Go and shout love from the mountainside
To the clouds below;
Go and shout love from the forest groves
To the water-green of sunset;
Go, and shout love.

pesante

Aye, do so; but let me not hear.
I would have joined in—
Yes, any time but now.
Curdled and bitter; no longer is that
Music heard distantly under the sunset,
Faint and ethereal, in the next valley,
Or floating on the coloured joyful lake.
And you—you left me no soothing
But losing of love.
No, no; enough and depart.

dolce cantabile

Yet still it is sweet, this love of the prophets,
And still it is strong;
That after I thought it was no more,
It returned, constant.
Do we seek love in the summer's haze
Or the autumn mists?
Seek and shouting will not gain it;
Love will find it,
Love its own.

it is adjustable—you adjust it. The steps are wheeled away and the engines start up. (Actually the engines have been running for some time but you suddenly become ACUTELY aware of them.) A stewardess then instructs you on what to do when you land in the sea. Any nervous passenger would have got hysterical at this point, but luckily you are not the nervous type—you just tend to get a teeny bit apprehensive at times. The stewardess is telling you what to do when you land in the sea: ' . . . and under each seat you will find a life-jacket. . . .'

You fumble under your seat and after a few frantic moments make the sickening discovery that YOU HAVEN'T GOT ONE!

'Can I help you?' says a silky voice at your elbow. You explain the situation in calm, matter-of-fact terms, quietly praying that they've got a spare one. The stewardess puts her hand under the seat and draws out your life-jacket. Blushing and muttering apologies you look round hastily,

hoping that no one has seen you making a fool of yourself. Everyone pretends they hadn't noticed. A flashing panel tells you to extinguish cigarettes and fasten safety belts (yours has been fastened since you got on). You taxi round to the runway, the whine of the engines becomes a roar and you tear along the runway like a bullet from a gun—and continue to tear along—miles later you are still tearing along. Realisation then dawns. The plane can't get off the ground! You are going to crash into the buildings at the end of the runway! As you brace yourself for the impact the plane rears up and roars into the sky like a rocket from a launching pad. You are pressed against the back of your seat: your head beats like the action of a washing machine and your throat pulsates. This, of course, is not because you are more terrified than you have ever been before, or are ever likely to be again, but nevertheless, you are naturally apprehensive. Just 60 seconds after takeoff the plane ceases to climb and loses speed. The morrow's headlines flash before your eyes: 'Plane Crashes One Minute After Takeoff'. The pulsating throat becomes worse. To your utter amazement everyone is undoing their safety belts and lighting cigarettes.

'Amazing isn't it', says the man sitting next to you, 'to think that we're cracking on for 600 m.p.h. It seems as if we're merely dawdling after the speed of takeoff. We seem to be levelling up now after the initial climb although we shall start to climb again in a few minutes'.

The relief is inexplicable but before you can savour it fully you become aware that your travelling companion is somewhat amused by something. You follow the direction of his eyes and realise that you are pulling up on the arms of the seat for all you are worth. You smile awkwardly and foolishly and relax your grip.

'You're not going to keep it in the air that way', your companion says genially. You laugh—hollowly. At this point you burst through the cloud into brilliant sunshine. 'Yes', you think to yourself, 'from now on I'm going to relax and enjoy myself'.

You look out of the window but there is nothing to see but a carpet of clouds—but on the wing there is a knob AND IT'S MOVING UP AND DOWN! Horrified you wonder whether to inform the captain and risk looking a fool or keep quiet and risk over a hundred lives. Just then a voice comes over the loudspeaker: 'Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. This is your captain speaking'.

Convinced that he is going to instruct you to keep calm and 'bail out' you fumble under your seat for your life-jacket but to your surprise the

voice continues in an easy conversational tone: 'Our cruising speed is 600 m.p.h. at a height of 34,000ft. The time at our destination is 09.30hrs. and the weather is reported to be hot and sunny. We shall arrive at 12.15 G.M.T. and I shall keep you informed of anything of general interest en route. Meanwhile . . .'

The voice drones on and you sink back lulled into a false sense of security. A steward comes round and asks if madam would like an orange juice. Madam would have infinitely preferred a rum and coke but doesn't like to say so.

'Yes', you say, 'I'd love an orange juice'.

You sip it slowly and clink the ice against the glass. Suddenly it's spilled all up your arm as the plane jolts and shudders. 'This is it!' you think. You knew it was going to happen, of course, so you're not unduly alarmed. It will be awful for friends at home, of course, but YOU won't feel a thing after the initial impact. You close your eyes and brace yourself for the thud and explosion. When it doesn't come you open one eye and see everyone chatting and laughing as if nothing was wrong.

'Damned nuisance, those air-pockets', says your travelling companion. 'Wondered what the devil was happening the first time I flew'.

'Yes', you say, 'I suppose they can be a little alarming if one is not accustomed to flying'.

Hours go by before it is announced that you are soon to land. You descend through the cloud layer and see the sea shimmering below you. You lose height amazingly rapidly until you are merely a few hundred feet from the water AND THERE IS NO LAND IN SIGHT. There is a bump and a jolt and the engine note changes. 'We've lost an engine', you think, 'we're going to land in the sea'.

'Plane Crashes One Minute Before Landing' flashes in front of your eyes. Your fellow passenger turns to you remarkably calmly. 'You'd think a thunderbolt had dropped out of the sky the noise that undercarriage makes'.

'Undercarriage?' you echo.

'Yes, they've just put the wheels down ready for landing'.

You turn to the window and to your utter amazement you can no longer see the sea but are a few feet above the runway. You make a perfect landing, taxi round to the airport and stop.

You've done it! You've landed! You've flown half-way round the world and you're still alive. There was nothing to it really—nothing at all. According to statistics you're safer than on the roads—yes, much safer. Now it's just sun and sand and waving palms, that is, until it's time to go home . . . and then you have got to go through it all over again!

The Little Switzerland Nature Trail

BY P. THOMAS, IC

GRASS SNAKES, badgers, pheasants and weasels—some of the Wild Life seen at Headley Heath. This little expedition was a Nature trail set up by the Naturalist Trust of Surrey in which both juniors and seniors could see for themselves Nature in habitat. There were two trails, one for juniors and the other for seniors, which were open from May 25th to May 31st, 1964. A 1st Form party went on May 27th and they followed the junior trail.

All about the trail was chalk vegetation, as Headley Heath is in the heart of the North Downs which are formed of chalk. The trees and bushes were named with tape stretching from them to a post with their various properties written on a board attached to it. Moving on, an old German flying bomb crater was seen. This is just one of the many ways by which man interferes with

Nature.

Further round, were observation hides from which all kinds of birds could be seen. A stuffed owl on a post was planted in a field to attract a wide variety of birds; for example: skylark, pheasant and jay. In the hides themselves were books in which the names of birds could be written if seen. The flowers growing about the trail were beautiful although some had not quite opened. Also to brighten the scene were butterflies and moths in their gorgeous colours. Tracks of badgers were identified and one could see the stones on which they left marks when sharpening their teeth and claws, as well as their setts. Past these there was a miniature quarry cut out of a bank to show rock formations in chalk, which tempted everybody to climb up it. Following on were various shrubs and then the trail came to an end. A road was crossed and then back to the start where there were some animals and charts.

On the return everybody agreed the expedition was most enjoyable and interesting.

School Open Day and Summer Fayre goes 'with it' to raise Funds for its New Library

DESPITE INTERRUPTIONS by thundery showers a happy and successful Summer Fayre was held at the School on Saturday, July 18th which added approximately £130 towards the School Amenity fund to help equip the School's new Library.

Arranged in conjunction with the School Open Day, the programme included Cricket and Tennis matches between the School and Old Godhelmians, exhibitions of Dressmaking, Woodwork, Art and Biology, and finally a special invitation Dance in the evening arranged by the VIth Form, the music being provided by a Charterhouse Group.

The Summer Fayre itself was definitely 'with it' with a 'gonk' stall as the centre attraction. These colourful and decorative dolls made by Jenny Barnett and her fellow VIth-form girls netted over £9, a most worthy effort deserving highest commendation. The surrounding attractively decorated stalls were heavily laden with produce and gifts generously donated by parents, pupils and friends. In addition there were raffles for an iced cake, superbly decorated with School crest and colours, made and donated by Mrs. Barnett, a doll gaily

dressed by Yvonne Creaye, also a chicken given by Mrs. Parker, a basket of fruit generously given by Messrs. Hewitt, and finally two chrysanthemum pot plants and a 'gonk' immaculately attired in fine silk.

There was also a Literary Quiz, with a prize donated by Miss Abrams and Miss Koch which attracted a large entry.

On display was the superlative work of some of the pupils in the exhibition of Dressmaking, Woodwork and Art under the supervision of Mrs. Holdaway, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Bell and Mr. Bettison respectively. In addition the Biology department, with the impending retirement of its senior lecturer, Miss J. C. Anson, put on its usual excellent Exhibition, this time with a special demonstrative hive of bees.

The organising sub-committee were Messrs. J. J. Brown and J. Francis, and Mesdames J. Barnett and H. B. Parker, supported by the Headmaster, Mr. Bridge and members of the School Staff. The stall holders and helpers were Mr. and Mrs. Wheaton (bottle stall), Mr. and Mrs. Abbott (groceries), Mrs. Ward and Mrs. Gay (cakes), Mr. and Mrs. Francis (boutique), Mrs. White, Mrs. Rowe and Mrs. Saunders (teas). Senior pupils ably assisted at all the stalls and were entirely responsible for the Book Stall, Bran Tub, Minerals, Magazines, Programmes and Records.

Paris in the Springtime

BY JANET ATKINS, VC

EARLY ON April 7th, a party from the IIIrd, IVth and Vth Forms set off for a seven-day holiday in Paris. The sea crossing was very calm and, after Dieppe customs, we boarded the Paris-bound train. We arrived at our hotel feeling tired, and found that the majority of us were situated in rooms on the fourth or fifth floor!

Our meals were taken in a nearby restaurant, although we had the luxury of breakfast in bed every morning.

Our first morning was spent strolling down the beautiful Champs-Élysées from the Place de la Concorde to the Arc de Triomphe. In the centre of the Place de la Concorde is the Obelisk, a tall monument which is the 'sister' of Cleopatra's Needle in London. The French House of Commons, la Chambre des Députés, can be seen here, and also the Church of the Madeleine. This church is built in the Greek style with impressive Corinthian Pillars. As we walked towards the Arc de Triomphe, we saw the Elysée Palace, the residence of General de Gaulle. We then came to some of the most fabulous, and the most expensive, shops

in Paris. Most of the Paris fashions displayed in these windows had the girls green with envy! We then went to the top of the Arc de Triomphe, and saw the 12 avenues which fan out in the shape of a star.

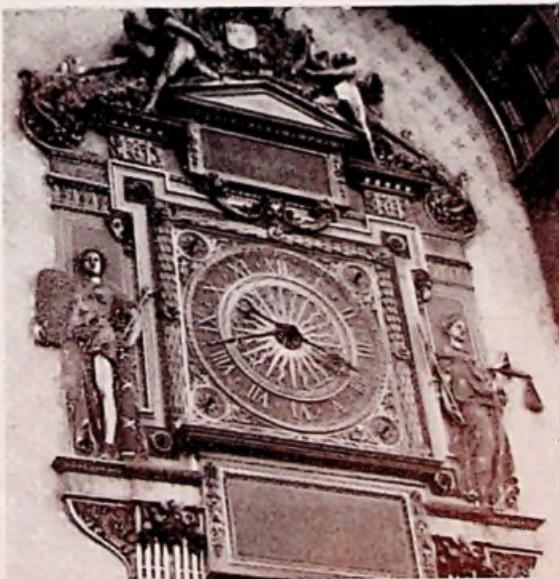
We spent the first part of the afternoon at the Sainte-Chapelle. This is the only original part of what was once the home of the French kings. This chapel has the most beautiful stained glass windows depicting more than a thousand Biblical scenes. The Palais de Justice is nearby, and also the Conciergerie which was a huge prison during the French Revolution, and it was here that Marie Antoinette was imprisoned.

We spent a very enjoyable morning at the Eiffel Tower, which looked much larger than many of us had imagined: 1,000ft. From the top one has a marvellous panoramic view across Paris, which is really magnificent on a clear day. The same afternoon we went to Montmartre which is the real centre of Paris night-life, full of cafés and clubs. We saw the church, the Sacré-Coeur, which is fascinatingly built in Eastern style with white domes, and seems vaguely Oriental. We also visited the Church of St. Pierre—one of the oldest in Paris. It contains four marble pillars from the Roman Temple which once stood here. We wandered around the Place du Tertre, famous for its artists, the flower market and the book-sellers, 'bouquinistes', with their stalls on the Embankment of the Seine.

One afternoon we went to Notre-Dame. The building is very beautiful with twin towers, and the doorways are surrounded by statues. The interior of the cathedral is no less impressive, being lit by three great rose windows. High above the Chancel one can see the red hats of the former cardinals, and a legend says that when one of these hats falls, a cardinal is delivered from Purgatory.

Friday was spent visiting Versailles. A guide showed us around the beautiful château, which is full of eighteenth-century atmosphere. Each room is richly decorated with tapestries and paintings. In Queen Marie Antoinette's room stands her portrait, only half-finished as it was when she was seized by the mob in the Revolution. We were

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- A. *Notre-Dame*
 - B. *The Party*
 - C. *The Train. Homeward Bound*
 - D. *Louis XIV. Versailles*
 - E. *The Clock Conciergerie*
 - F. *Elysée Palace*



able to see the Hall of Mirrors where the German Empire was proclaimed, and the treaty after the First World War was signed. The rooms and halls are ingeniously lit by flickering electric 'candles', which conjures up visions of stately balls and banquets. We walked around part of the 250-acre gardens of the Grand Trianon, a small château, where State coaches, carriages and sedan chairs are kept.

Saturday afternoon was spent at les Invalides, where there is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. The many buildings here are now used as a military museum and we saw many objects associated with Napoleon, including his famous hat and uniform, which look the worse for wear now! Napoleon's tomb is in the Church of the Dome, and is quite unique. His body was put in six coffins, one inside the other, and the outer tomb is of red marble. From the interior of the Church one looks down on to his tomb which stands in the crypt.

We visited the Bois de Boulogne, 'Hyde Park' of Paris on a Sunday, and spent the morning walking around the boating lakes, ponds and waterfalls. That afternoon we walked around the Latin Quarter, which is the students' part of Paris and saw the Sorbonne, the University of Paris and the oldest in the world. We walked up the Boulevard St. Michel, called 'Boul'Mich' by the Parisians, to the Church of the Sorbonne and the Lycée St. Louis, one of the great schools of France. In the nearby Church of St. Etienne du Mont we saw the tomb of Genevieve, the Patron Saint of Paris. We saw, from the outside, the Pantheon; formerly a church, but now used as a burial-place for the great Frenchmen like Rousseau, Voltaire, Victor Hugo and Zola.

Everyone enjoyed the morning spent at the Louvre, where we saw the Mona Lisa and the beautiful Winged Victory from Samothrace, apart from many other famous paintings. After walking through the Tuileries Gardens, we came to a second 'Arc de Triomphe'. This is the Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel and from here one can see the complete length of the Champs-Élysées.

Our last afternoon was spent on a boat trip on the Seine, where we saw again many of the places we had visited.

The following morning we said goodbye to Paris with hearts as heavy as our suitcases! But our crossing this time was decidedly rough, and many of our party were more than glad to be on 'terra firma' again, where we were greeted by Mr. Warner.

We should all like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Laidlaw, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, Mr. Dewar and Mrs. Hynds for making our trip so enjoyable.

A View of London

BY HOLLAND, M.VI.SCIENCE

LONDON SEEN from the Hungerford Bridge is a sight worth seeing any time, but at three o'clock in the morning, the scene takes on a new hidden beauty few people see. The lighting peculiar to London at night is of a grey-yellow which shows the buildings perhaps as they really are, empty, alone and very very sad. The city has no noise and no people at this hour and all the emptiness seems pathetic and even pitiful. The river below is black and malignant and its banks are shaded from the moonlight. The empty railway trains that share the bridge are deserted and dirty, unwanted until men fight for them next morning. The real beauty of London shows through the chrome-plated glare at this time, the true empty melancholy dwells supreme until dawn, when movement begins again and the dreaming buildings awake to the reality of another hollow London day.

Disunity

BY CAROLE SMITH, M.VI.LIT.

There are waters, scattered and turning blindly,
beauty and horror twist their separate paths:
the shiver of wind-whispered hillsides
and the shatter of a gunshot are nothing to one
another.

There are lights flashing from corners, crossing
chaotically,
love and hate teeming from one source without
reconciliation.

Cloud and sunlight at the opposite ends
of man's mind, lie on the lap of the mountains.
Spears and white feathers fall and lose sight of
each other, learning nothing.

Tears drown rivers and death spans frontiers,
birth continues and time, running on always,
splits further joy and sorrow.

Poetry Competition

AGAIN THIS year, a poetry competition was held to encourage poetry for the magazine. Large quantities were submitted for both Senior and Junior sections and judging was accordingly difficult. The prize in the Senior section was awarded jointly to Carole Smith, M.VI.Arts, and J. Lile, L.VI.Sci., and the Junior was won by J. Stafford, IIA.

LEOPARD

BY J. LILE, L.VI.SCIENCE

Lying in the midday sun, this beast appears:
Invisible.
Hidden in the sand by his spotted coat
Noted only by the twitch of that black tipped whip
This giant cat dreams;
Untroubled.
Now it is early night,
Only a warm hollow remains where once a prince
was dreaming.
Through the forest a shadow glides;
Invisible.
Now even that black tip that marked the beast
Is gone.
The soft pad and the quiet rustle of drying leaves
goes
Unnoticed
A shadow comes to rest.
From a branch a black tipped rope hangs
Invisible.
The prince lies waiting, tense
A herd of deer approach unknowingly,
A shadow drops, a doe screams, and is silent,
The forest for a second is full of noise,
The Kingdom rudely wakened from its sleep,
complains.
It is day again,
And all that shows of the prince's existence is
The carcass of a doe,
Spread out in a clearing picked by lesser beasts
and fowls of the air,
And in the sand a full-bellied beast lies,
Undisturbed;
Invisible.

GREEK ISLAND

BY CAROLE SMITH, M.VI.LIT.

White light sharpens the sky,
wrapping the fading face of the land-shadow
distant into the sea,
outlining the near hillside that slides away,
crumbling,
age-shaped.
The spring-blown wave beats
in blue thrusts on the sand-warm shore
and breathes against the white town's walls
and down the dust trodden streets
whispers of sun-reaching, sea-towering temples
that the land has long sighed into itself.
The tight wound mill-sails
turn in the taut wind-song.
The man with the donkey watches his own life,
that bends to the cloud and the sun and the fish in
the stretching net,
in a change-forgotten circle, where birth chases
death
and soft nights laugh to the stars.
His thoughts, clear-drawn as the air,
lie in the sun, out of time,
part of the morning,
part of the rise and fall of the island his eyes
reflect,
that rests sharply on the skin of the sea,
pressed white against it, like a wind filled sail.

THE FOG

BY J. STAFFORD, IIA

The Fog,
Like some weird animal,
Groping, swirling, blanketing,
As if searching for some vague purpose,
Yet neither finding nor fulfilling.
But although slow,
Deadly, choking, killing,
A weird poisonous gas,
Conquering and destroying
Which paralyses mankind.
Under its touch,
Headlights dim and eyesight blurs.
A new world is created,
A world of darkness and wet,
A world fixed somewhere between heaven and
earth.

An O.G. Remembers

J. ROWE (NEE BOTTING)

I WALKED slowly up the School drive on that pleasant autumn morning, the sun shining on the changing colours. Instead of taking the once familiar path to the left, I continued up to the front entrance. This was going to be rather fun. I quietly turned the big handle and let myself in. I found the entrance hall deserted, so had time to stand and stare. I cannot explain all the feeling of nostalgia that flooded through me. There I was again in the place that had once been so much a part of my life. Just the same old smell, toil, tears, sweat and chalk. Knowing I was early for my appointment and seeing some chairs, I sat down. Not a soul in sight and hardly any sounds. Could this be the overcrowded School, bulging out on all sides?

As I sat there and looked at the big front doors my thoughts went back to that day in September, in 1930 when I, a nervous little girl of nine had entered them for the first time. On that first morning, all the pupils, about 80 in number, and a few parents had gathered outside the front entrance, all, I suppose, a little apprehensive but very proud no doubt of the black hats rammed down upon their heads, and the black stockings. The door opened and Mr. Nunn appeared. After a few announcements he proceeded to call the register. One by one we solemnly entered this temple of learning. Just inside the door stood Miss Wilkinson. She directed us along the corridor where we were met by the only other lady member of Staff, Miss Dannatt. So started seven happy years of my life.

My thoughts raced on, one scene after another chasing through my brain. I remembered the garden party at Munstead House, to which all the School was invited. The thrill of it all, the strawberries and cream! It is with a sense of affection that I now remember Lady Jekyll, who took such an active interest in the life of the School. I can see her now sitting with a group of us around the piano on a Friday night at 'Service Company', singing folk-songs. Then on Speech Day in 1936 Mr. Latter in a most solemn voice that sent chills through me, saying that news had come through of the abdication of Edward VIII and that we would sing 'O God our help in ages past' instead of the National Anthem.

Quickly I am brought out of my reverie. Shrill modern bells echo through the corridors. Then, as if by magic, great hordes of boys and girls appear from all directions. To my horror they even come thronging down the main staircase. In my

day that would have been courting disaster. Only the high and mighty walked on those sacred stairs.

A few of the Staff hurried by, but not a familiar face until, what joy, I spied Jimmy coming towards me, still that friendly grin on his face. Did someone say he taught French? I have happy recollections of being taught by him, English, singing and even handwriting(!) but never French. I can see him pointing from the distance and saying to me, 'Do you see yonder wicket gate?' Thankfully I tell him now 'Pilgrim's Progress' is a book beloved by me. By the way, who pinned 'Home James and don't spare the horses' (a pop song in our day) on to the back of Jimmy's gown? Along came another old friend, a man in fact with an unending supply of patience. He spent so much time trying to get the bare essentials of Mathematics into my stupid head. Dare I admit that even now seven times nine eludes me. 'Darling Jonah took us today'. He also gave us singing lessons!

After a brief chat with those two stalwarts who hurried off to classes, I wait again. I am soon engrossed in more reminiscences. I see myself being 'rescued' from the Art Room in a first aid display. On a Parents' afternoon with trembling knees reciting, 'I must go down to the sea again'. Walking along the river bank as we journey to swimming lessons in the cold dark waters of the River Wey. The scenes come quickly. I live them all again. Suddenly I realise another lady is beside me. 'Are you another mother?' she asks, smiling. I have to shake myself (mentally). A few minutes ago I was back in my gym slip and black stockings. Now I must bring myself quickly to the present. 'Oh yes', I say with a grin, 'I'm another mother'.

The School nurse approaches me—'Will you come in now please'.

My Cat

BY S. PINDER, IC

MY CAT, called Puddy, is a modest ginger tom. His whiskers are small for before we had him his young master decided to play at barbers. He has a bad eye, the result of a fight and this handicaps him so that he walks lopsided. His body is fat and round but in spite of this he can run at no mean speed.

He is nearly bald, the result of repeated fights. Because of this people think he is an unloving, unhappy cat, but this is wrong for he is the happiest cat, the most loving cat that you could imagine. His ear has a lump out of it, but in spite of this he is a lovely cat.

Debating Society Report

Autumn Term, 1963

President, A. D. Bridge
Secretary, R. T. Smith
Vice-President, D. Newby
Committee: Patsie Freeman, Janet Ede, G. Jeffs,
M. Moore, G. Collister,
Treasurer, Mr. A. S. Johnson.

DURING THE ten meetings of this term the attendances have varied between the low fifties and upper seventies, these showing a marked relationship to the weather. It was decided to change the night of the weekly debate from Wednesday to Tuesday.

The term's debates started with the motion that *In the opinion of this House Britannia is losing her grip*. Surprisingly, the motion was carried by a large majority. Other debates included *Britain cares more for her animals than her children*, which provoked much heated argument, an always popular Arts v. Science debate in the form of *Arts has more to offer the world than Science*, and the motion that *It all depends on how you are born*. The first two of these were carried and the third defeated.

The annual Staff Debate was held in which Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Johnson opposed Mr. Ross and Mr. Lewis over the motion that *In the opinion of this House 'Fings ain't wot they used t'be'*. The motion, after a very successful debate, was carried. We also enjoyed two discussions led by members of Staff. Miss Koch took the chair to discuss *Money is the root of all evil*, and Mr. Aldrich to consider *Racial Discrimination*, the latter provoking much argument but leading to a general condemnation of apartheid.

An inter-school debate was held with 25 members of George Abbot School when the motion *This House considers that eccentricity is the spice of life* was debated. It was carried almost unanimously. Some refreshment provided afterwards for the visiting party was especially well managed by P. Freeman and J. Ede.

Also held this term was the annual Top Hat Debate which was not quite the success that it usually is. There was of course the usual large number of private motions which included *In the opinion of this House Mr. Jones should give trading stamps with his sales*, *In the opinion of this House the action of some Beatles' fans indicates that the younger generation has taken leave of its senses*, and *This House should refrain from using the expressions 'just does', 'abundance of', 'lack of', 'badly done', 'normal', etc.*

The Autumn Term closed with its usual Christmas Meeting, which this year was highly successful. We were serenaded by 'The Browbeaters', a School group; Mr. Hibbert organised dancing; and Mr. Johnson showed a Charlie Chaplin film. The catering was expertly carried out by the same people as before with other helpers.

While the standard of speaking was generally good this term, it seems a pity that there is not more support from the VIth Form who could have done much to benefit the Society.

Spring Term, 1964

President, R. T. Smith
Secretary, Janet Ede
Vice-President, G. Jeffs
Committee: Edwina Davies, M. Smith, M. Moore,
Carole Cartwright and Patsie Freeman
Treasurer, Mr. A. S. Johnson

Although the Spring Term is a bad one for large attendances, the term's debates started with numbers in the fifties, but they unfortunately dropped nearer the end of term. The Society suffered once again from a lack of keenness in the VIth Form, especially the Lower VIth Science, who, it is hoped, will show more interest next year. One also feels that if only more people would overcome their shyness and participate more by making speeches, the Society would improve its standards.

Due to Mock Exams, the Society held only six meetings, and attended one at the County School for Girls, Guildford. All the motions debated during the term were defeated. They included *The Monarchy no longer serves a useful purpose*, *This House would like to emigrate*, *This House keeps to the left*. These were followed by the annual Cup Debate, which was that *In the opinion of this House the United States of America does more harm than good*. We were very pleased to welcome Mr. Grillo for the second time to adjudicate, and he heard some good speeches; Jill Hoffman made the best.

Miss Abrams led a lively, but unfortunately not well-attended, discussion on *Propaganda exerts a harmful influence on society*.

The subject of the debate at the Guildford County School for Girls was *In the opinion of this House our prison system should be made completely reformative*. This was defeated.

The last meeting of the term consisted of the elections, followed by a literary meeting entitled 'Propaganda'.

Our thanks are once again due to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lewis who do so much for the Society, and also to those other members of Staff who have supported the meetings and made speeches.

Debating Society Excursion

Westward Ho!

ON MAY 29TH, we sallied forth from the School gates in the usual charabanc, ably piloted by the long-suffering Mr. Warner. Our objective was Bridport Youth Hostel by 6 p.m., and with customary zeal and long fore-thought, Mr. Johnson had planned an energetic and interesting day's journey. Our first stop was Salisbury, where we alighted in the Cathedral Close and went to look round the graceful building which was begun in 1220 and finished 45 years later. It originally had no spire, this being added between 1334 and 1365. It has been repaired and added to over the years, but still remains a very fine example of architecture in the English Gothic style. The roof of the nave is supported by three tiers of delicate pillars, built of Purbeck marble, technically known as the triforium. These spread out into fan-arches at the roof, which were originally painted white. Although darker now, the Cathedral must have looked very beautiful when new, for the walls were decorated in red and black, and the pillars and capitals were coloured and gilded.

We walked up the nave and toured the Chancel, where we were shown the Chantry Chapel, dedicated to Bishop Audley who died in 1524, and still containing some of the original coloured decora-

tion. There is comparatively little old stained glass in Salisbury Cathedral, but what there is, some of it original, is beautiful. The colours are in places quite unusual, and the best examples are preserved in the Great West Window. We were very amused to see some members of the general public attach themselves to Mr. Aldrich's group, obviously thinking he was an official guide! Our visit to the Cathedral ended in the restored Chapter House after we had passed through the old cloisters, the earliest and largest in England.

We continued our journey in sunshine that had become stronger as we proceeded westward. We halted for lunch in Blanford Forum, not as grand as the name suggests, and then pressed on to our next port of call. We arrived eager if a little late at Athelhampton House. This is one of the smaller Elizabethan stately homes, nonetheless beautiful and interesting. The house itself was originally constructed in the fourteenth century but what stands now was built mainly between 1500 and 1600. It is said to have been built on the site of the palace of Athelstan, king of Wessex. It has a delightful oriel window in the Great Hall, and the ceiling of this room has the original chestnut beams dating from the fifteenth century. Out of the many paintings and portraits, the still-lives particularly appealed to the party. The detail of these works has to be seen to be believed, and they are executed in the most vibrant glowing colours which gives them a true 3-D effect.

After we had been conducted around the house, the party wandered at will through the gardens, which are as beautiful as the house. The front of the house is covered with a vast magnolia tree, 400 years old, and along some of the walks, smaller specimens were found trained against the walls. These walks also contained some delightful statues of Greek type. There were several 'fountain-gardens', small, walled gardens connected to one another, containing varying sizes of water-fountains. They were very appealing in the heat of the afternoon, but even Carole Cartwright refrained from plunging in among the waterlilies! A small river flows through the grounds and around it has been constructed a natural garden of paths, trees and shrubs, and water-plants.

Next we set out for Dorchester, once the Roman town of Durnovaria, where we were to visit the museum, part of the floor of which is original Roman mosaic pavement. The museum contains good examples of the Romano-British and pre-Roman cultures, as well as the famous Dorchester hoard of silver coins discovered in the town in the nineteenth century. Having made a quick round of the showcases, most people took to the main street in the hope of finding refreshment. Some

decided to savour the local brew in 'Judge Jeffrey's Tea Rooms', a select establishment preserving the notoriety of one gentleman connected with the West Country.

Our last visit of the afternoon was paid to Maiden Castle. This vast mound is a Stone Age hill-fort; 'Maiden' being a corruption of 'mai-dun', meaning 'dry fort'. The defence system of ditches and ramparts, constructed about the actual plateau, is surprisingly complex. When you realise that in its hey-day obstacles would have barred the way, it is not surprising that it was difficult to take. The sides were pitted and stepped and ascent was difficult. However, with the animal instinct aroused, the younger members of the group streamed down the first inside ditch and galloped up the other side. They were met by another huge ditch, into which, undaunted, they tumbled. The Staff were now about one ditch behind but making steady progress. The pace had slowed, but not the enthusiasm. Obviously stately homes and museums had allowed no outlet of the savage in us, and the woolly inhabitants of the plateau were startled to see a number of young people streaming across the grass in full tongue. Not surprisingly, these sheep shied away from the invaders, some of whom with energy of sheep dogs, but with less sense, bounded after them, apparently intent on rustling them. The 'Lord of the Flies' does not seem so improbable after that little episode. We rested in the ruins of a small temple, built during the Roman occupation: Mr. Johnson told us a little about the place. We made our exit through the 'gates' used by the Ancient British defenders, an easier route than our ascent.

Then began our final journey to Bridport. The Youth Hostel turned out to be converted from an old warehouse, and was staffed by the most enchanting, double-chinned Yorkshireman. Refreshed and fed, those who had NOT been assigned chores heartlessly abandoned those who HAD, and stepped out for an evening in the town. There proved to be very little town to have an evening 'in'. Some of the party opted to journey into nearby West Bay, a little port hardly at all commercialised, or ruined with tourist paraphernalia.

We returned to the Hostel but as is the case on these occasions, it was some time before anyone in our dormitory slept—some members suddenly developed nocturnal eating habits! Mr. Aldrich had, as a wise precaution, taken two pairs of pyjamas. This turned out to be splendidly opportune for a certain young man, one Plumbley to wit, had omitted to bring any slumber-wear at all!

The skies were leaden the next morning and threatened rain. Breakfast duly consumed, and the final chores completed, we bade a chatty farewell to the Warden, and trailed off to find Mr. Warner in the coach park. We were going to visit the Swannery at Abbotsbury, but as we moved down the coast the weather steadily deteriorated until there was a driving rainstorm by the time we reached Abbotsbury. A council-of-war over, the weather was found to have abated, and a few of the party resolved still to visit the Swannery. The great majority, donning what water-proof clothing they could find, decided to wade through knee-deep grass to a ruined chapel on top of a nearby hill. After some time, the various sections returned, most of the hill-party sporting wringing wet clothing and foot-wear, which they hung out to dry in the coach while it proceeded to Weymouth.

Here the weather cleared for a time, and we either swam or explored the town, and found ourselves lunch. In spite of the brave effort by the sun, the rain recommenced shortly before we met on the Front. Ever optimistic, some of the party had not brought rain-wear, and as the drops became heavier a varied selection of protective clothing was produced. We trudged back to the coach in low spirits, but once in the dry, things looked better and it was 'all change'.

We stopped at Wareham to visit the very small church of St. Martin where there is a memorial to T. E. Lawrence, better known as Lawrence of Arabia. There is a white marble statue of him lying dressed in the Arab garb he loved, and the simple but beautiful church provides a superb setting for this memorial to such a complex personality. He is not actually buried in Wareham but in a village some ten miles distant.

The final stage of the journey skirted Winchester, through which we had passed on the outward journey. As we neared home, the weather had begun to improve, but this is the first time I can remember in four years that the stay-at-homes have enjoyed better weather than the Society.

I do not think that the weather has put anyone off Debating Society outings, for they are always so enjoyable, both at the time and afterwards. We must thank our members of Staff for this: Mr. Johnson for the organisation and patience to put up with us, and Mrs. Hynds and Mr. Aldrich for daring to venture out with us. Mr. Lewis was sadly missed this year. I hope that any future trips give as much pleasure to those now awaiting them as they have done to those who have participated in them for the last time.

John F. Kennedy

BY PATSIE FREEMAN, M.V.L.LIT.

IT WAS with horror that the world learnt on November 22nd, 1963, of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, President of the United States. It seemed too incredible to be true, and the Western world was thrown into a stunned panic of fear. Kennedy had held the world back from the brink of disaster in October, during the Cuba crisis, and it was too cruel that such a vital, humane man should be taken from office so quickly and violently. Immediate sympathies were with his family, and I for one will never forget the composure of his wife and children during the days before the funeral, and especially during the final ceremonies.

For a while the world was shocked and tensed, almost living from hour to hour. It was a mark of respect and faith accorded to John Kennedy that the peoples of the East and West reacted as if 'the light had gone out of their lives'.

The long-term indecision is bitter; the man alleged to have fired the fatal bullets, Lee Oswald, was later murdered by Jack Ruby. Oswald could probably have told us more than will ever be made public in our life-time. But the brain-child of the Kennedy Administration, the Civil Rights Bill has recently been made law by Kennedy's successor, Lyndon Johnson. It remains to be seen if Johnson can beat off Goldwater and remain in the White House. As the fever of the Presidential election mounts in America, and the Right-wing conservative Goldwater increases his power, thoughts must surely go back to that afternoon in Dallas almost a year ago now when the 'flower of manhood' was gunned down so ruthlessly.

It has been said since that Kennedy was the greatest American President of all time. And again, that he was the worst. Good or bad, his death was our tragic loss, and he will be remembered always by those who value liberty and justice.

President Kennedy

BY CAROLE SMITH, M.V.L.LIT.

What have I done
that has stopped the world spinning
and sent shudders through its spine?
Why have all eyes turned to one place
and why does the world wait
and wonder where the next shot is coming from?
I did not even know him
but I have never felt sadness like this before.
Night is still,
time has stopped beating,
fear throbs across the sky
and brings a dry taste into my throat.
I wonder how it could have happened,
it is almost too much to believe.
Silent crowds stand in long lines,
laughter has gone and buried itself somewhere.
Leaders wander without order
and their faces are empty.
Foot-falls echo across seas,
binding everything close together—there is no
escape!
I pray that no one will breathe too heavily
and break the slim thread on which peace is
balancing.
It was my fault
that those shots were fired.
Give me back the past again
and I will care a bit more.
Life has come up against itself
and does not know what to do next.
It stares into its own frightened eyes
and watches its own white face,
it does not understand its own rise and fall:
a nation reduced to one woman's sorrow
and all power in a small child,
waving a flag.

Out of the Window

BY LINDA ROBERTS, IVA

*Winner of the 1964
Amy Kaye-Sharland Essay Prize*

FROM WHERE I sit I can just see the corner of the street, and the cars passing on the road beyond. A policeman stands on the corner, sometimes directing the traffic. In the morning the fellow with the red hair is usually on duty, and in the afternoon the old one or another younger fellow. The number of times I have read that you should ask a policeman the way to wherever you want to go—yet after all this time I can truthfully say that I have never seen anyone ask those policemen anything.

Opposite my window is the shop, and there are always plenty of people going in and out. Young women mainly, with little children; trying to find something cheap for supper, I dare say. Things are so dear these days. This afternoon is early closing, so it's busy now; everyone knows that Mrs. Mortimer will lock up exactly on the hour. I wish that she would change the things in that window sometimes; I know it's only a small shop, and most people never look in the window, but it would make a change for those who have to. Now I can't get out and about, all I can do is to look out of this window.

I've heard of societies for old folk, where people come visiting. They don't seem to have one round here, only the Salvation Army, but they don't do much in that line. There goes one of them now. She wants something from the shop, but at five past Mrs. Mortimer is closed and now she wouldn't re-open for the Queen of England.

It's not much of a view from here; just the shop and the pavement, and that old brick wall with the advertisements on it. Further down is the terrace, then the corner with the policeman, and the main road, and that's all. And everything covered with a layer of grime and soot with nothing clean, not even when it rains.

They change those advertisements every so often; those at the moment have been there for some time now. The colours have run. One of them is hanging off the wall, and all the people in the lower ones have moustaches and beards. When the children come home from school they scribble on everything.

It seems darker already—the days are so short towards Christmas, though all days are alike to me, weekdays, Sundays and Christmas Days. Except there are church bells on Sundays, and at Christmas everyone stays at home, and there's no one to see but the policeman.

Here come the children, home from school. Some of them are so small to cross the big road alone, but that's what the policeman is there for, I suppose, and children seem to grow up so much faster these days. But it does seem dangerous, and when it's dark too. Any moment now the street light will go on—there!

Now the girls come along from the factory; they make nearly as much noise as the children, laughing and talking. Some day they'll be old, with no friends and no one to talk to, stuck in a little room with nothing to do but watch people go by . . .

It's too dark to see now. They ought to put a new bulb in that street lamp, it seems very dim. One of these days it won't come on, stay out for good. That's a thought, I'm like that street lamp: only when the lamp goes out someone will come and put a new bulb in, and say how they missed it, and how dark it was without it; but when my light goes out, so to speak, no one will care, no one will miss me. It seems wrong, somehow, that a lamp is more important than a person.

All the lights are coming on now in the houses on the other side of the wall, and people are pulling their curtains and shutting themselves inside. I've no curtains at my window, but I can pull down the blind, and find the light switch, and fill this room with hard light. Or I could leave the blind and sit here in the dark by my window until it's time to go to bed, and dream of the old days.

I think, somehow, that's what I'd rather do.

The Woodland Jester

BY PATSIE FREEMAN, M.VI.LIT.

Quaire fellow: the windy trees turned inside out.
The bobbing candles, shoken, white; quaire fellow.
A screw of paper stemmed green,
A wand to scare the rabbits with.
A flaxen head of hair uncurled;
'twixt colours, quartered dress;

The bells and points!
The gnarled oak his secret knew,
Quairest of quaire fellows.
His beeched pavements spread
And rolled about the woods;
He scanned the lines of bluebells,
And versed the orchids red;
And so he made the prating, primrose-talk.
Quaire fellow, smoothly thin and grey.

The Island in the River

BY LINDA STEVENS, IA

FROM QUITE a distance away, it was possible to distinguish the trees on the little island. As I strolled down the river bank, I reflected to myself, perhaps beavers lived there, building dams across the broad river; maybe deer. The river was very wide at one point, forming a lake, and in the centre was the island. I loosened the rope which held my brother's boat, and started to row towards this island, so far unexplored.

As my boat scraped the shingle in the picturesque cove, the first things I noticed were the birds. Jackdaws, magpies, and many other kinds, whose names I did not know. I had plenty of time in which to explore, so I took my lunch with me and sharing with the birds, progressed slowly towards the woods that were still and expectant.

The woods were bathed in a green light, as the sun shone through the trees. There was the sound of leaves rustling, and ahead of me, about a hundred yards away, almost noiselessly, a roe deer slid out of the undergrowth and bounded away, into the depths of the woods, where it would not be disturbed. Here there was a peace, which I had never experienced before.

I wandered on, and a slight rustle to my right, made me turn to see, where the woods sloped, on a bank, a pile of dead leaves. Standing as still as I could, the conspicuous head of the badger suspiciously peered out of his sett. A squirrel that I had disturbed rushed up the tree next to me, and the badger's head withdrew.

Still taking in the beauty of the place, I journeyed on towards my boat, and as I travelled homewards, that which I was longing to see all afternoon came into view. A beaver and its dam.

To this peaceful island I will return again.

A Neighbour's Bonfire

BY CHRISTINE ABBOTT, L.VI.SCIENCE

Smouldering for days
Unnoticed and unkept,
It has now been fed once more
And a thick white haze hangs o'er gardens around,
Unpleasant, pungent.
But see it writhe and twine among the orchard
trees,
Fantastic billows,
Full of life as the deep salt seas
Vying with each other for space to curl and dance.
Leaping in a sudden breeze
They rise high and proud,
Then cower low, ashamed, it seems,
To face the open sky. Violent moods, but they
soon pass,
Leaving it calm,
Gently twisting, wispy white . . .
The sun is low,
A flock of birds flies overhead,
And the bonfire dies, once more unnoticed and
unkept.

The Stallion

BY ANN TYLER, IC

There's a shadow against the skies,
Tossing mane and flashing eyes,
Long sleek body, impatient hooves
Take him swiftly when he moves.
This a stallion who is famed,
Wild and free, unschooled, untamed.

The Silent Dawn

BY LESLEY DOYLE, IC

Silently, silently comes the dawn,
It wakes all living things,
And the prawn
Beneath the sea.
Silently, silently comes the dawn,
It wakes all living things,
As the bumble bee
On the apple tree.
Silently, silently comes the dawn,
It wakes all living things,
It creeps in my bedroom
And also wakes me.

LEAVING THE SIXTH?

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Shakespeare Festival

BY B. M. C. HEPTINSTALL



FOUR HUNDRED years is as good an excuse as any, and on May 15th the School got it out of its system. The Shakespeare festival took the whole day, except of course, for a brief cessation of the muse of fire for lunch, and it was generally held to be a great success. Each form, save the Ist, Vth, the middle and upper Vith, performed some scene for the edification of the others, and by the time the 12 excerpts had followed each other over the buskined stage the audience was well and truly edified.

The morning's proceedings started with two scenes from 'A Midsummer Night's Dream'. Both dealt with the play which was given at court; IIc performed the distributing of parts between Bottom and his fellow guildsmen, while IIb acted the play before Theseus and his retinue. The first was polished, and moved quickly; Elisabeth Evans (Quince) dealt successfully with her long speeches, and the whole scene was competently produced. The second was equally well acted but funnier; D. Branson (Pyramus) and D. Vincent (Thisbe) were particularly good. In both productions words were well remembered and spoken smoothly.

Following the comedy of the 'Dream', the more august drama of 'The Merchant of Venice'; the court room scene of which was presented by IIa. The dramatic qualities of this scene were well conveyed by Linda Christmas (Bassanio) and Rita

Tuck (Gratiano), but it was M. Abbott (Shylock) who dominated the scene with his portrayal of the grasping evil Jew. Although not word perfect Judith Spandler (Portia) made up for any defects by her earnest performance.

The IIIrd Form presented one scene from 'Macbeth', and two from 'Twelfth Night'. The witches' cavern scene by IIIc, although a difficult scene to present on a small scale owing to the special effects called for, was tackled bravely. In spite of every serious effort, some aspects of the production unintentionally caused great amusement among the audience, due no doubt to their high spirits. Congratulations to the cast, and especially to Carole Smith (Macbeth) for attempting such an awkward passage.

IIIa followed with the scene from 'Twelfth Night' in which Malvolio interrupted the revellers. Both this and the following excerpt from the same play were performed in modern dress, which unfortunately does not lend itself easily to amateur productions of Shakespeare. Nevertheless the drunken scene was well done with a realism that suggested much practice.

IIIb performed the scene which takes place in Countess Olivia's garden; again this was well acted and intelligently produced. Deborah Dunhill (Malvolio) was completely at ease on the stage, giving a performance well beyond her age.

Thus the morning's proceedings were brought to a close. The juniors are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and skill, for the attempt and for the success.

The afternoon's revelries started with IVb's performance of the assassination scene from 'Julius Caesar'. The next play, the Boar's Head Tavern scene from 'Henry IV, Part 1', was quite well acted by IVc, especially M. Cresswell (Falstaff) with an abundance of cushion, and Annette Moore (Francis) who gave a most amusing performance. Sheelagh Gale (Prince Hal) and Kay Gambrill (Poins) also acquitted themselves creditably.

The trio of plays from the IVth Form was completed by IVa who presented the first scene of 'King Lear'. This was by far the best of the three. Taking into account that 'King Lear' is a greater play anyway than 'Julius Caesar' or 'Henry IV', nevertheless the acting alone put it on a higher level than the two preceding scenes, and the person most responsible for this was C. Hill, who played Lear. He really meant and acted what he was saying: a most impressive performance. Also noteworthy among a competent cast were G. Cheeseman (Kent), Susan Ball (Goneril), J. de Rusett (Regan) and C. Lamb (Cordelia).

Then followed the three plays performed by members of the Lower VIth. The banquet scene from 'Macbeth' was a well thought out production: the eerie lighting cast a Scotch-mist-type gloom on the stage which suited the dark stark drama of 'Macbeth', and rendered more effective

the spotlight used to signify the ghost of Banquo. Two good performances were given by J. Wells (Macbeth) and Susan Partington (Lady Macbeth).

Three scenes from 'The Winters Tale' were equally well produced. The device of an 'orator' (Katherine Pearson) to introduce and link the three scenes was a good and a necessary one, though even she could not explain why after a supposed interval of 15 years all the characters were wearing the same clothes. G. Jeffs (Leontes), Ann Jones (Paulina) and Janet Ede (Hermione) were particularly outstanding.

The day's festivities ended with the pièce de résistance of 'Romeo and Juliet' on the pavilion balcony; fortunately it was a sunny day. A. Micklam (Romeo) and Edwina Davies (Juliet) played the farewell scene with considerable feeling and success; an unintentional point of comedy however, was provided by the noise of a passing aeroplane which rendered Juliet's line: 'It is the lark that sings so out of tune' inaudible, but otherwise everyone could hear perfectly. Romeo's descent from the balcony to the ground via the concrete window frame was greeted with enthusiastic and deserved applause, as was the whole scene.

This festival was certainly a great success, and a most enjoyable one: due credit of course must be given to the various stage technicians and to the producers, without whom . . . etc. It is to be hoped that this festival, the first in a new field, will not be the last: *nobile posteris sit exemplum* (let it be an outstanding precedent for posterity).

The Library

E. A.

WE HAVE this year joined the Surrey County Library Loan Scheme. Many people seem to be borrowing and enjoying the wider selection of fiction this provides but few are benefiting from the equally interesting non-fiction selection. I hope more of you will look at these books next year when the library moves to its new quarters, where it will be possible to display the books more adequately. At this new stage of the library's development we are very grateful to the parents for organising the Summer Fayre, most of the proceeds of which will be given to the new Library. This will consist of two large rooms;

one will be for reading and studying, the other will contain the book cases.

The Suggestion Book was intelligently used by most people and several of you will find the books you requested in the Library in September.

We would like to thank Miss M. Unsworth for a most generous leaving gift—'The Collected Plays of T. S. Eliot' and 'The Faber Book of Modern Verse'.

I must also thank those who assisted so efficiently in the end of term checking, and J. Barber and D. Prudence who attempt stoically to keep the shelves in correct order.

De Bello Ludicro

A Divertimento for Jaded Classical Scholars

JULIUS 'KISS-ME-QUICK' Ebriosus after besieging Maeandrianum (now Walthamstow) proceeded with moderate forces and an immoderate retinue to the stronghold of the Raspates; the Fibreni, the Allobroges, and the Vestal Virgins having-been-routed (*fusi ac fugati*) and later deified. Manlius Torqueator however, since when or although his wife Cawdor (known to her friends as the Thane) had upbraided the tribune of the plebs for marrying her daughter when she wasn't looking, and had punched him on the hooter (in hoota) with her manumission staff (one of the many playful Roman customs now fortunately lost), this man (see above) came to the Rubicon and threw one of his Welsh attendants into the river, thus giving rise to the saying that 'Dai has been cast'. Then indeed (in very truth) did the hopes rise up to the Volsei who, when they saw the Amplexi advancing or retreating (they knew nothing of perspective: hence this confusion) they shouted together: 'Caesar to have been killed all the time he was twisting with the fasces in the Forum, and Marcus Aurelius to have been elected Sage of the Year' (another side-splitting custom lost in the mists of thyme). Which when they heard this, the Son-

tiates (later deified) who were on their way to an orgy, were said to remark '*est tu de quo cogitat*'* which was immediately voted a hit in the *Senatus* and also became pleasing to the *Populusque Romanus*. Then with Jupiter (or Jove as he was known in the ablative) holding up scale pans with nothing in them and seated on a cloud in the upper air (one of his favourite occupations), the sibyl at Delphos (the home of the *Delphinium gens*) cried out as if in pain (which she probably was) '*sine qua non*', which of course delighted the Romans who knew what it meant, but which terrified the *Valsci*, who didn't, and who were unable to find out as they had forgotten to bring their lexicons. And so they fled from the local sulphur baths in a huff (one of the quaint *Valscian* modes of transport). But, while all these things were going on among the enemy, Julius Erbriosus, while attending a manumission party, was, marvellous to behold, deified while his back was turned, as usually happens at those decadent bean-feasts: but he was immediately arrested by the lictors as had no connecting words (not so marvellous to behold). And so, this, that, and the other having-been-done, Manlius retired into public life and spent the winter there to be deified as well.

* 'It's you she's thinking of'—Brianus Martinus Cassius, alias:

B. M. C. HEPTINSTALL

Bemoans of a schoolgirl

BY L. C. STEVENS, IA

Washing up in boiling water,
Cups and cutlery in disorder,
This dreary, dull, and dutiful,
VERY far from beautiful, task
Is lagging, full of sorrow,
WHY not leave it till tomorrow?
Even worse is Hoovering
Trying the manoeuvring
Of mother's Hoover (noisy sound).
We push that brush across and round.
Yet after this, more tasks must follow,
WHY not leave it till tomorrow?

Parode

BY MARTIN HEPTINSTALL, M.VI.LIT.

Seasons of mists and mellow nicotine,
Close burning friend of the browning fingers,
Conspiring with them how to clog and block
The bronchioles that round the pleural cavity run.
To smoke furtively behind the moss'd cottage trees
And fill one's pockets with the crush-proof king-size.
To swell one's ego, and pump the cancer in
With sweet colonel of the Guards, to set budding more
And still more, the profits for the makers
Until they think ciggy salad days will never cease.
For advertising has o'er brimmed their well-lined
pockets.

The water like a witch's oils, burnt green, and blue and white

BY R. TUCK, IIA

JOHN MILLER was old for his 12 years and he recognised the infinite beauty of this view from Toringdale as something truly rare. This Sunday was quieter than usual, for it was bad weather for the time of year and there were no sightseers from the towns nearby. John had been on this hill-top for half an hour and still there was no sign of George, who had promised to meet him for an afternoon's scrambling on the sides of the old quarry. John had never been here without George before: this place was considered 'magic', for the water, which had collected over the years at the bottom of the quarry, was always dark and forbidding and the quarry walls were steep and treacherous.

As John passed the quarry on his journey home he noticed that the sky was overclouded. Rain began to fall, slowly at first and then heavier and heavier as the clouds parted. John in cotton shirt and trousers, decided to take refuge in the quarry. The rain was blinding as he slithered down the path. He groped for the rock-face, missed it and began to roll down the wet slope.

He lay on his back in a little pool of chalky mud which had collected at the bottom of the cliff. He was on a ledge, not the familiar ledge with the cave at the back and the well-worn path to the top but a different ledge, narrow and slippery, breaking off into a precipice falling 150 feet to the water below. And nobody knew how deep that was.

Scrambling to his feet, heedless now of clothes, John tried to climb back, but the face was wet. He could not get many feet before he slid back. This path would not be safe until it was dry. Then it began to thunder. John sat huddled to his ledge feeling himself at the end of the world. It was now quite dark but there were no stars.

Forked lightning rent the heavens and John had to bite his tongue to stop himself from screaming.

Glancing down he saw the water, a devil's cauldron from which the lightning seemed to spring. Just beneath the surface white lights seemed to play and whatever comfort John had had left him now. He sat for hours, it seemed, fascinated, his eyes riveted to the darkening water. Dreading the next flash he waited, for who knew what terrors it might hold. In the wind demoniac laughter seemed to shriek, yet he dare not move for fear that he might fall into that dreadful abyss below. He tried to close his eyes but then he imagined falling.

The rain had ceased but John noticed nothing but the indescribable lights which played over the water.

Water can change its shape to suit its surroundings. This water, which, in sunlight would have looked laughingly into his eyes now assumed the devil's own garments and raged like some terrible monster suddenly gone insane. John, who had never seen this water look anything but brooding for the shadow of the cliffs darkened it, now stood in awe of it as to some strange god.

The lightning became blue, for the moon appeared suddenly from the scudding clouds, and the water now assumed a new and entrancing pose; it seemed to walk. To John's perplexed eyes it seemed that it rose to meet him. He shrank in horror against the cliff as the apparition ceased and the lightning with it. The storm was abating and, as John turned, with new spirit to follow the ledge wherever it might lead, he found himself standing on the familiar ledge, for he had fallen on a hidden continuation of the one for which he had been aiming.

This discovery so heartened John that, as he climbed out of the quarry he was not afraid to look back at the water which had so captivated him. As he jogged home he resolved not to tell George of his fears for, in the plainness of the school playground he doubted if he could make him realise how dreadful that time had been.

The things I love

BY SALLY HOOD, IIC

These I love:

The pleading look in a calf's young eye.
The silky touch of a well-groomed mane.
The touch on my face of wind and rain.
The glossy coat of a healthy dog,
And the ominous silence that prevails in a fog.
The sweet scented smell of flowers in bloom
And musty smell of an old attic room.

I like to watch young lambs at play,
And watch the fast diminishing day,
As the light yields to the advancing night
And clouds gather with all their might.
I like to see the baby trout
And hear the Beatles 'Twist and Shout'.
But things I love the best, it seems,
Give pleasure in my sweet day-dreams.

The School Play

BY B. M. C. HEPTINSTALL

FOR THEIR production this year the Musical and Dramatic Society performed 'Arsenic and Old Lace', a full-blooded comedy thriller by Joseph Kesselring. The action takes place in the Brooklyn home of two elderly spinsters, Abby and Martha Brewster, who despite their charming and philanthropic nature, nevertheless think nothing of poisoning elderly and lonely gentlemen who from time to time call in search of lodging. They do not look on this as murder, but merely as one of their charities. Their beloved nephew Mortimer throws a spanner in the works by discovering their twelfth victim in the window seat awaiting burial. From this point the plot develops with alarming complexity providing many exciting, horrific and hilarious situations: with at least two bodies being carried about on the stage; with Mortimer's elder brother, who thinks he is President Roosevelt, rending the already tingling air with clarion calls on the trumpet; and with Mortimer's other brother Jonathan, an unscrupulous murderer, only just being prevented from killing Mortimer on a darkened stage. The play, after many intricate twists and turns, ends with the capture of Jonathan by the ever vigilant police, and the removal not only of Teddy 'Roosevelt', but also, and not surprisingly, of Abby and Martha to a mental home. However, the sisters are still their lovable selves, and manage to poison the superintendent of the mental home just before their departure.

Among the 12 victims who emerged from the cellar where they had been buried to acknowledge the applause with the rest of the cast, were three Old Godhelmians, Mr. Wigfield and the Headmaster (whose temporary inclusion among the ranks of the dead has no symbolic meaning).

Outstanding among the cast were Jill Hoffman and Janet Thomas as the two charming but sinister sisters, Alan Micklam as Mortimer, Edwina Davies as his long-suffering and pretty fiancée, and Andrew Rowland in the part of Jonathan, who looked and sounded most ferocious. Four members of the Staff were also in the cast. Mr. Aldrich revealed hitherto unsuspected talents as the Irish Lieutenant Rooney; Mr. Copsey gave a hilarious performance of the downtrodden Dr. Einstein, and Mr. Westcott was equally good as an unsuspecting victim who escaped from the sisters just in time. Mr. Needham enriched the evening with his unforgettable performance of the mad Teddy Brewster, a part which is difficult to perform well, but one in which he excelled.



One of the many laudable features of this production worthy of special mention was the National Anthem which concluded the evening. Instead of the customary scratched record that one usually associates with amateur performances, a tape recording of the School's Senior Choral Group singing unaccompanied was used.

But our thanks and congratulations are mainly due to the producer Mr. Needham, who had the unenviable task of directing the actors and of pulling this long and ambitious play into a logical and harmonious whole, for making the evening such an enjoyable success.

Abby Brewster	JANET THOMAS
The Rev. Dr. Harper	MALCOLM DALE
Teddy Brewster	WARD NEEDHAM
Officer Brophy	MICHAEL WELTON
Officer Klein	ROBERT CRICK
Martha Brewster	JILL HOFFMAN
Elaine Harper	EDWINA DAVIES
Mortimer Brewster	ALAN MICKLAM
Mr. Gibbs	REGINALD WESTCOTT
Jonathan Brewster	ANDREW ROLAND
Dr. Einstein	DERECK COPSEY
Officer O'Hara	RICHARD PILKINGTON
Lieutenant Rooney	RICHARD ALDRICH
Mr. Witherspoon	JOHN WELLS

The management wish to express their thanks to all who have helped in the Production, and especially to the stage staff Jenny Barnett and Valerie Burgess, to the wardrobe mistress Janet Ede, to the carpenters Julian Lile and John Riley, and to the electricians David Newby and Adrian Bridge.

B. M. C. II.

Thought

BY SUSAN WALKER, IIIA

LYING. DOZING. Half asleep in the sunshine. Fronds of the weeping willow brushing across my face. This is lovely and cool here in the garden. I like . . . Oh, the doorbell. Got to go. . . . No. Mummy's answered the door. Probably only the baker. Baker? That's the name of the new master at Mary's school. Ooooh! What's that? Phew! Only the cat from next door.

'H'lo puss!' I picked her up. 'How light you are', I thought. 'But my, you've grown', I remarked, burying my face in her silky fur. I sat her on my lap and leant back against the twisted bole of the willow. She curled up, purring, and went to sleep.

There's always something particularly rewarding about a friendly cat. The warmth, the nearness, the purring . . . purring. There's that droning noise again. Those boys must be flying their whirly plane in the meadow. I wish they would stop. It gets on my nerves. Nerves. How many nerves has a single person got altogether? Musn't use got. It's bad grammar. Hundreds I should imagine, nerves I mean. How mixed up your thoughts get. (Past tense of get is got.) Mixed up like a fruit cake.

Life's like a fruit cake. All mixed up with lots of good things in it. But you can spoil your life as you can a fruit cake. Not that I like fruit cake.

I prefer fruit and furry cats like Tiptoe. I like playing tennis, hockey, lacrosse, netball, swimming. I love swimming . . . lovely cool water . . . and reading. Lovely days in the country, riding bareback through quiet woodland or on the downs.

Cool, cool under the willow tree. I love trees. Animals. What a lot of things there are to like. Things you can feel in the air, like sympathy and fun. Music, good drawing.

What a lovely evening.

I like lying here; I don't want to go in, but I must.

'C'mon puss. Time to go'. I rise and gather my belongings.

A red sky. The sun's sinking. A reddy, glowy sunset. The orange glow.

It's colder now, mustn't linger.

I love lying here in the garden, thinking thoughts. Lazy life.

The First Form Party

THE FIRST Form party was a hilarious event which took place at the end of the Autumn Term. The 1st Formers came wearing masks of all sorts and sizes, which were judged by Mr. Dewar. There was also a twist competition, the winners of which gave a demonstration for the others.

Tea was very kindly provided by Carol Thompson. The party was arranged and carried out by Jill Hoffman, the Head Girl, without whom we would not have had a party at all.

The World of the Deep

BY RITA TUCK, IIA

Tranquil silence of the deep,
Silence of eternal sleep.
Gliding fishes, waving fronds,
Whisper of things long since gone.
Long since gone or yet to come?
Full of dark things to be done,
Full of things best to forget
Secrets not to be told yet.
We, intruders, creep along,
Sensing life's eternal throng,
Guessing at the mystery
Of the ageless, changeless sea.
Changelessness from age to age,
Infinitude its heritage,
Centuries may come and go,
Ordered rhythm ebb and flow.
If humanity could see,
Far into eternity,
We would know the plan divine,
Ageless, changeless, love sublime.
Though the days so different seem,
Life is really just a dream,
Flow and ebb and ebb and flow,
Life and oceans onward go.

Student Christian Movement

Autumn Term, 1963

President, Pat Briggs
President-Elect, John Rawlings
Secretary, Ann Jones
Vth Form Representative, Pat Barratt

Spring Term, 1964

President, John Rawlings
President-Elect, Alan Mayer
Secretary, Ann Jones
Vth Form Representative, Susan Cross

Summer Term, 1964

President, Alan Mayer
President-Elect, Malcolm Dale
Secretary, Mary Pink
Vth Form Representative, Jennifer Briggs

DURING THE past year the Student Christian Movement has continued to meet regularly in School. Most of our meetings have taken the form of a discussion and attendances have been maintained at an average of 30. We have been pleased to notice that some new members have added to the livelihood of the discussions.

During this year we have welcomed a number of guest speakers. In the Autumn Term Dr. P. Hover, a missionary doctor from India, came and spoke to the S.C.M., illustrating his talk with colour slides. In the Spring Term we were visited by four speakers. Fr. A. J. Clements talked about the Liturgical year. Rev. B. Hazeldine spoke about Science disproving Religion. Fr. T. C. Hayes explained the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the world today. Mr. Ovey gave an interesting talk on Methodism. In Summer Term Mr. Billy Strachan came on behalf of Guildford Youth Campaign, to talk about personal Evangelism.

The Student Christian Movement invites all members of the Senior School to attend its meetings and to join us in free discussion of the Christian Religion.

S.C.M. Conference at King's College, London

Five members attended the annual conference in February which this year was concerned with Church Worship. Aspects of this were discussed in four main groups: Architecture, Art, Music and new Liturgical Ideas. After a period of lively discussion the conference was summed up by the speaker, the Methodist minister of Woolwich. Nearly all the young people attending the conference seemed in favour of most of the proposals made to modernise Language, Music and Art in the Church. The conference ended with time to look at and buy from the very comprehensive bookstall, followed by a half-hour service in the College Chapel.

S.C.M. Conference

E. A. F.

THIS YEAR the Conference was held at Charterhouse School, where the Carthusians were hosts to a large number of VIth Forms from various schools in the Guildford area. The Conference assembled at 2 p.m. in the school hall where we were welcomed by Mr. Young, M.A., the Headmaster of Charterhouse. His first task was to introduce the speaker, the Reverend Nicholas Stacey. His speech gave us much food for thought, dwelling mainly upon the question 'Is the Church alive?' To this he added his own comments and suggested topics such as, the signs of a live Church and the Church's role in present day national life, for discussion. The discussion groups was the next stage of the conference; it allowed for individuals to argue among themselves and to give their own views. After tea the Rev. Stacey found himself confronted with many searching questions, each group having contributed at least one. This stage of the conference went all too quickly and by 5.30 p.m., it was time for the closing worship in Charterhouse Chapel. A fitting end for such an assembly.

Midnight Gloom

BY LINDA CHRISTMAS, IIA

THE WIND whistles through the dark silent house. Emptiness. Overhanging trees, fingers outstretched, claw at the grimy windows. A roll of weeds flies across the cement floor of a dark room. The wind screams in a spine-chilling duet with its icy echo. A silent watcher surveys the scene with bloodless eyes. Indeed, it does not exist, only in the realms of darkness. The whole landscape shudders under the blasts of the furious wind. Listen. Can you hear it? Chains. The chains of an immortal prisoner, screaming through the gale. The tall towers loom, forbidding against the black rolling clouds, are illuminated for a moment by a finger of lightning. A black cat darts across the muddy, treacherous drive. The pond, the black slimy pond, is now a treacherous bog, waiting eagerly to suck down and devour any foolish victims. Another flash. A lone curtain, blackened with dust, flutters weakly at a window, like a flag of truce. And so this evil place will stay for ever, unvisited, unwanted, unwanted.

Summer Concert

BY G. JEFFS

THE END of the Summer Term was once again highlighted on July 25th by the Annual Concert an event which increasingly attracts a highly appreciative audience. The principle artists were Sheila Bowbrick, Gordon Anderson and Keith Pratt. The Senior Choral Group and Junior Choir were fully represented, as well as the School Orchestralists, Sheelagh Millington and Martin Heptinstall. As usual, also, a small orchestra was present to accompany the choirs and play a few orchestral pieces.

The programme began with a pleasant selection of Songs from the Bavarian Highlands by Elgar, which was sung well by the Senior Choir. Sheelagh Millington gave stylish piano solos of Handel's 'Fantasia in C' and Schumann's 'A Memory'. The Junior Choir then sang 'Orpheus with his Lute' by Vaughan Williams, and the 'Dance Duet' from 'Hansel and Gretel'. This last piece was performed with great gusto, making the performance a good one.

The remaining two pieces before the interval were the 2nd and 3rd movements of Bach's Concerto in F minor for piano and orchestra with Martin Heptinstall as the soloist, and Symphony No. 5 in D by Boyce. The concerto was played with feeling and precision of an extremely high

standard. The Symphony, which made good use of the trumpets also used in the Bach Cantata later in the programme, was a lively piece, and brought the first half of the concert pleasantly to an end.

After the interval, the Senior Choir sang 'How Lovely are Thy Dwellings' by Brahms. This beautiful piece of music was sung with considerable feeling and clarity, and left the audience obviously impressed. 'In England', a Choral Fantasia arranged by Michael Diack, was the next item, and the Junior Choir completed their part in the concert with the same high standard of their previous performances.

The main, and final work of the evening was Cantata No. 21 'My Spirit was in Heaviness' by Bach. The three soloists Sheila Bowbrick (Soprano), Gordon Anderson (Tenor) and Keith Pratt (Bass), together with the Senior Choir and the orchestra, combined to produce a praiseworthy ending to the concert.

Mr. Stannard is to be congratulated upon a highly successful evening. Without his persistent efforts at practices, his hard work in making the other necessary arrangements the concert would certainly not have been possible. The soloists, choirs and the orchestra must also be congratulated on their performances, which under the direction of Mr. Stannard, produced such a pleasant evening's music.

Holidays

RICHARD POWELL

When I had my way I would go to Iona for my holidays. I would go to Iona because it is a very beautiful place in the Inner Hebrides. There are no fairs or anything like that there but there is something which I count above all fairs. It has white sand and many rocks to clamber about on. Inland a little way there is a little house called 'Greenbank' where we usually go when we go there. This has behind it a hill called 'Croconough'. We get our water from a well up in the hills about a mile from St. Columba's Bay.

This bay is on the west side and is where St. Columba landed when he came as a missionary. The Abbey which he built is very beautiful inside with its hanging tapestries and chandeliers. In the early morning, the sun pours magnificent rays of light through the stained glass windows and

this is a really lovely sight for a holidaymaker.

There is a steamer called 'King George' which comes to the island every day with holidaymakers. The pier does not stretch far enough out for the steamer to come right in, so special ferryboats called 'Redboats' come out to ferry people ashore. As I know the men who run these boats, I often get a ride out to the steamer.

This is a really breathtaking experience on a day when there is a storm. The wind is sweeping over you and the sea seems to be all over the boat, one minute the boat is borne high on a wave crest, next minute there is a dull thud as the boat hits the sea again.

Every year there is an extremely queer ship called a 'puffer' which brings in coal. The 'puffer' waits until high tide and then deliberately grounds herself. When the tide has gone out, the farmers come with their tractors and trailers to get their coal. As soon as everybody has done this, the 'puffer' waits until high tide and then refloats herself.

Third Form Zoo Report

BY DIANE CRICK AND SALLY HOOD, IIC

AT NINE o' clock the majority of the IIIrd Form assembled at the main entrance of the School to wait for the arrival of the three coaches which would take them to London Zoo. Those who had slept late, by accident or design, were picked up at Guildford, only to find that the back seats had already been taken over by the lawbreakers of the IIIrd.

We drove in a convoy, amid shouts of encouragement for the ill-fated driver to go faster and overtake the vehicle in front.

On arrival at the zoo, we were all given strict instructions to be back at the main entrance by three o'clock. Then everybody wandered off in their respective groups, clutching their meal for the day. The entire party swarmed first to the monkey house to be greeted by their far removed cousins and relations. What everybody noticed first was not the lively antics of the monkeys but the rather unpleasant smell which pervaded the house. Some of the boys were not approved of by the inmates of this particular house. Disapproval was shown by the gorilla who unhygienically spat at them.

The bears, in their enclosure were very obliging and executed a dance for us, much to our amusement and delight. For a fee of 6d., those who wished were admitted to the aquarium, where many weird species of marine life gaped at us through the front of their tanks. Particularly interesting was the insect house, where one could see foreign bird-eating spiders and deadly scorpions,



in comparison to which our insects seemed tame and uninteresting.

The lion house, although rather noisy, was sought after by most of the party, who hoped to be in time to see them fed and also to talk to the keepers. The elephants were very well fed that day, for many people used them as a means of disposal for the remains of their rather squashed sandwiches.

Nearly everybody arrived punctually at the main entrance at the stated time and after an uneventful journey back, returned home after a very pleasant and enjoyable day. We are sure that all the party will join with us in thanking all the members Staff concerned, especially Miss Anson, without whom the outing would have been impossible.

My World

BY LINDA CHRISTMAS, IIA

I stand beside the window,
Beside the lamp that flickers,
And watch the eerie shadows
It throws against the wall,
The walls that are my prison,
The walls that fence me in,
With my sadness and my loneliness
That live with my unhappiness.
The world outside will never know,
Will never know about me;
I watch the moon, that glowing globe,
With silver shimmering air,

I wish, I wish . . .
What do I wish for?
What faintest hope have I?
Is there really future for me?
Chained to my four walls,
Imprisoned by my bonds
Invisible, invisible.
I kneel, I pray
That I could some day be
Happy and free;
That I could forget memories,
That govern my life for me.

Our Harvest Festival

BY ERICA TAYLOR, IA

GREAT EXCITEMENT was rising among Godalming Grammar School pupils, because it was the Harvest Festival. Many fruits, flowers and vegetables of all colours were arrayed on benches, making a wonderful display. These tempting gifts were all to be given to old people who live by themselves and are therefore lonely.

A service was to be held in the School Hall, and Mr. Studdert the Archdeacon would be present. There was a tense silence as the numerous children entered the large spacious room used for gym periods, dining, and morning

assembly. As the boys and girls came in, the many teachers filed on to the stage. Last of all Mr. Dewar and Mr. Studdert made an impressive entrance, and everyone rose, beginning to sing 'We Plough the Fields and Scatter' after the hymn had been announced. Next were some fairly short prayers, followed by an address by Mr. Studdert. The service ended with another hymn, which everyone sang with particular zest. It sounded wonderful.

The many contributions of the schoolchildren were sent to other good causes, as well as to the old people. I am sure that those who receive these numerous gifts will appreciate them very much.

The Trial

BY R. E. MARSHALL, IIAA

WELL, I'VE made it, I thought. I am in the team of players named 'Possibles' and I am going to play like I've never played before. Sounds funny, doesn't it? 'Possibles, Possibles'. Put on your shirt, you fool, don't let them see that you're embarrassed. They will think that you have got nerves. Well, I have. The goalkeeper hasn't, though. At least we will have one sound person in the team. Most people are ready. Hurry up number 7, you clot, we'll be late. Here comes the trainer. I don't much like the look of him. He seems so stern; yet there may be some sign of a twinkle in his eye, seeing all of us quaking in our boots. Why, the man has seen dozens like us before! What is he looking round at? Oh no, he's coming towards me, what have I done? I've done everything right that I should have done so far; or have I? Perhaps . . . 'Alright lad, there's nothing wrong. You're the right-half, aren't you!' I nodded violently. 'You're skipper for today, then'. With that he was gone. Five minutes to go I suppose . . . should I? No, they know what to do. Now open the door. 'Come on chaps, let's go'. I must start running along that tunnel and appear cool and collected. I must look good in front of my mates. What's that? Why, they've taken a picture of me. Wish I could have a kick about. No! The ref's signalling. He's one of those smart alects. Anyone would think I hadn't seen half-a-crown before. Just listen to him. 'Heads'. I lost the toss. Now I wonder whether that is a bad omen. There's the whistle. 'Yes'. Well, I've got the ball though I had to call for it. I'll slip inside of him. Phew! Made it. I'd better pass. Snap up the return: I've scored! They're patting me on the back. The trainer's nodding with approval. I think I've made it!

An Exciting Match

BY A. M. WRIGHT, IB

THE MOST exciting game of football I have ever played was when I played for the Ist Form against the IInd Form in the annual match.

The position before the kick-off was that the Ist Form had only beaten the IInd Form once in the history of the School. I was playing in goal that afternoon and I felt a lot depended on me because I was the one who had to stop those goals being put between the posts. The rest of the side had an equally hard match; it was their job to score the goals as much as to stop them.

The whistle blew and the IInd Form kicked-off; already a pass was made to their winger and it was their first chance. The winger, one man who always gave us trouble, beat one man, then our full-back; he was through. Quickly I moved out to him to narrow the angle of his shot and he swiftly tried to lob it over my head. Luckily, however, I timed my jump just right, and I managed to tip the ball on to the bar to just save what looked like an early goal. In the first half our backs co-ordinated brilliantly with our forwards, but no goals were scored. The IInd Form easily had the best first half in attack, but our defence was faultless.

In the second half our attack really came into their own, and we slowly began to overhaul the IInd Formers. Then, after 20 minutes of hard fighting, our outside-left broke through, cut in towards the goal, switched the ball across the goal-mouth, and there, standing in the middle of the goal-mouth, was our captain and inside-right. Score or no score, this was our best chance yet, and score we did. From then on we held the lead and won that exciting match.



The Long Distance Runners

OUR OUTSTANDING long-distance runners (left to right: Bradbrook, Lile and Hill) have during the last year done great things in cross country, the half mile and the mile. Bradbrook went on to represent Surrey at the Leicester All England

Cross Country and the All England Athletics at Hendon. Hill has a best time of 4min. 41sec. in the mile and Lile a best time of 2min. 7sec. in the half mile. Bradbrook has a best time of 4min. 27sec. for the mile.

The Sea

BY INGRID GLASSBROOK

NOW IT is calm. The expanse of water that perhaps a few hours ago raged and tossed, the white horses prancing on the summit of each wave, proud and domineering, fearing nothing. All these are still. The now limpid water, quiet and full of wonder. The mysterious deep, that no man can call his own, that no man can boast of knowing to perfection.

The sea has a mind of its own, changing its mood for no one but the person who created it. It is a bodyguard to all the living creatures that live beneath its great covering. The depths of the sea are their world, and theirs alone; quiet, mysterious, perhaps a little frightening to human eyes.

Now the sky is blue. The sea appears to be blue as well, reflecting the colour of the universe above. Because of its colour on the surface, the sea becomes friendly, calm and inviting, begging people to try its cool, refreshing touch.

Now the sky is clouding over, it is grey and dark. The sea becomes grey and dark too. Solemn and icy. Threatening and dangerous.

When the sky rages, the sea rages in unison. It tosses and rises to a great fury as rain pours down and the wind blows with every ounce of its great strength.

When the sun shines, the sea shines too, reflecting the rays, and sparkling with white, blue and green.

With the night, the sea once again changes to another mood. This time one of strange, mystical calm, reflecting the lights from the shore, causing them to dance with each ripple of the waves, making them more interesting and weird.

The sea can also be a lonely expanse to a solitary ship that is using it as a means of transport, especially lonely to a ship that is experiencing one of the sea's wilder moods.

What do we know about the sea? We know it is huge, deep, for ever changing in its ways. We know that we can use it as a means of transport, to travel from one place to another. We know that in its depths is food that helps us to keep alive.

We take from the sea, and the sea as if in return takes from us. We know that it has no end.

Knowledge

BY S. TWEDDLE, VA

The Old Man sat on a stone
'How long have you been here?'
Asked the child.
'I've been here nigh a million year'
'That's a long time and what do you do?'
'I count the grains of sand, the raindrops,
The tears that fall when people cry;
I count the clouds that fill the sky,
I am the eternal enumerator'.
And the child asked, 'But why, but why?'
'Because, because; I know not why!'
The child went to his parents he was told
Not Why.
The child went to his teacher he was told
How Why.
The child went to the doctor he was told
Perhaps Why.

The child went to the scientist he was told
Probably Why.
The child went to the preacher he was told
Religiously Why.
The child went to the politician he was told
Politically Why.
The child went back to the Old Man.
The child said, 'I know not why and how why
and perhaps why and probably why and
religiously why and politically why'.
'What do you know?' said the Old Man
As he counted sand and rain and tears and clouds.
The boy thought, 'I don't know what I know
But I know I know'.
The Old Man said, 'But so do I,
But I don't know why'.

A Tribute to Jack Teagarden

IT WAS with genuine regret that we learned of the death of Jack Teagarden on January 15th, 1964, who has been described as 'The King of the Blues Trombone' and 'The Greatest All-round Trombonist'. He was born on August 20th, 1905, in Vernon, Texas, and christened Weldon, which name was soon changed to the ubiquitous 'Jack'. At the age of 18 he took the big step of going to New York to seek a living. In 1927, he joined Ben Pollock's Orchestra, and graduated to the Paul Wightman Orchestra in 1934, with whom he stayed for five years. Already, he had taken part in a great many record sessions, and as well as his 'boning', his 'Panhandle accent' had been heard to vocalise on several occasions. He formed his

own band in 1939, and already appeared all set to become one of 'the all-time greats'. He appeared in a film with Bing Crosby in which his band was described as '16 tea-leaves and a lump of sugar'. From 1947 to 1951 he was with the Louis Armstrong All-stars. However, after this he started up a small group of his own, and toured England in 1957. The next year took him to the Far East, where he was a tremendous success.

Jack was married four times, but was probably devoted more to his trombone than to the opposite sex. He liked cloth caps and hated telephones; and is reported to have appeared on 8,000 records. He was a truly great musician who devoted his whole life to the cause of jazz.

R. A. P.

The River

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, IIB

LONG AGO, in a far-off land, in a little village lived a little girl whose name was Lisbet. She lived alone with her father and mother in a little cottage. Every day she would take her father's goats to the pasture, and every evening she would return to the cottage and have her supper. Lisbet loved the pasture very much: but most of all she loved the stream that flowed through it. Every day through the long, hot summer she would dabble her feet in the cool water, and listen to the noise it made, and the noise of the goats munching grass. The stream was not just a friend to Lisbet. It was beauty, sometimes truth, and always love. 'Where did it come from?' she often wondered. She imagined a big black mountain, overpowering and strong. And from between its leaden boulders came trickling a small timid stream. It crept almost silently between the crevices and down, down to beyond the shadow of this great black mountain, till at last it was free from its clutches. The frightened trickle swelled with happiness. Its tiny noise, echoed by the rocks, became louder, singing joyfully. There was the world ahead of it! It could go anywhere. Laughing itself over the stones, parting itself round trees and meeting itself once more, it was like a child who had just learnt to walk. It had finished crawling around, like the child who was tired of seeing no further than people's knees. The stream could flow now. The frightening blackness of the mountain could not rule it any more. It was free!

The stream trickled along quite happily like this through miles and miles of country, in Lisbet's

imagination now. Then a change happened. Lisbet never quite understood this change. For one moment it was a sunny and happy day. Then it grew darker and darker—not pitch black, but a weird creepy shadowy effect covering everything. A cold breeze shot over the stream, chilling it, frightening the once-happy stream into a brown-grey river with ripples breaking the smooth monotony of the colour. There were big green-grey trees all around. Nothing in sight but tall, upright, dark trees, with just the tops quivering slightly in the breeze. There was no life except these, and the changed river. They whispered loudly, yet it was silent, Lisbet could almost hear the silence. She turned round suddenly, hoping she was in the pasture . . . was she? Ah yes! She sighed a little shakily as she saw Lottie, the oldest goat, chewing comfortably.

For all the frightening experience of that forest of terror Lisbet almost looked forward to it in her dreamings, for afterwards came the most wonderful part. The river emerged, splendid and proud with the sun shining upon it. Now it was no longer a timid little spring, no longer was it a happy but silly stream. It had passed through the forest in safety. It was a wide, smooth and very proud river. The water was deep blue and all of nature respected it. It was a king!

Lisbet's imagination stopped now. She knew what happened to the river. It flowed through the city, about five miles from her little village. Her stream was a tributary of this 'king'. It passed through the pasture, and on to the village where it was the main water supply. But the part in the pasture was her stream, the stream that she loved and knew.

Switzerland

BY S. CANT, IIA

SWITZERLAND IS an ideal place to have a holiday, in summer or winter. There are many high mountains which remain snow-capped throughout the year making beautiful subjects for photography. There are a variety of places to visit, ranging from small villages high in the Alps to the sun-baked beaches of Southern Switzerland.

One of the very beautiful Alpine resorts open to tourists is Davos. This is a small town about 5,040ft. above sea level and it is surrounded by mountains of about 10,000ft. It is situated round a small lake. It has a narrow gauge railway, and believe it or not, two stations, Dort and Platz, in the centre of the town. It was originally open only to summer tourists but it is now open in winter as well and has two good ski runs. Bathing is available but rather uncomfortable, for the water is freezing cold.

There are excellent walks in the mountains. The ski lifts are kept open throughout the summer. There are also the 'Gondelbahn', or small ski lifts, holding only two people. A ride in one of these is terrifying, for at one moment the Gondelbahn is about 20ft. from the ground and at the next, 1,000ft. There are also a variety of coach trips to Germany, Austria and Lichtenstein. Lichtenstein is a small country, bordering Switzerland. It has a postal stamp of its own, which is of great interest to stamp collectors.

Another resort, in contrast to Davos, is Lugano. This is also situated by a lake, but this time in Southern Switzerland. This lake also borders Italy. It is larger than the one at Davos and there are steamer trips and small rowing boats and 'Pedelos' may be hired. Swimming is very pleasant and there are two lidos. One is like a proper swimming bath, bordering the lake. The other is a part of the lake roped off and made shallower. Lugano is a hive of activity at night, with fountains on the lake and many night clubs and restaurants.

Lugano and Davos are two very contrasting places and serve to emphasise the variety to be found in this one small country—Switzerland.

Reptile

BY R. NEEDHAM, IIIA

It sat and watched,
With cocked head,
Intently marking every movement.
I sat and watched;
It watched back
For a while; and then,
Without warning, it left.
Gone from its place,
Where it had basked,
Basked in the hot rays of the sun:
And then it moved
With great speed;
Little forked tongue
Flickering in and out.
It searched among the grass,
Among the dead and brittle gorse,
It was nimble, exceptionally nimble;
It climbed amidst the heights,

The heights of grass and gorse;
Found flies and microscopic insects.
On which it fed.
I moved on leaving it;
To watch another of these,
These fascinating reptiles.
This time a family I found;
Offspring playing in the sun
These were cute and very quaint.
How I longed to catch them, then.
But I let them be,
I let all these reptiles be,
With their long slender tails,
Neat, delicate feet; and
The peculiar habit of watching.
I left them, flickering their tongues.
I went home and left them, the lizards.

Australia

BY CHRISTINE HOAR, IIA

WE HAVE been in England now for six months and have been asked on a number of occasions: 'What part of Australia do you come from?' On replying 'Perth', the typical question then becomes: 'Do you know my good friend Mary Jones who lives in Sydney?'

Apart from there being about 3,000 other Mary Joneses it is also 3,000 miles from Perth to Sydney. Australia is a vast country, although few people actually realise this. For example, England's area of nearly 100,000 square miles could be placed many times into Australia's area of just under 3,000,000 square miles. Although the area is so extensive the population of London is half that of the whole of Australia. This is due to a wide expanse of uninhabitable desert covering two thirds of the continent. In the outback they know so well live the natives of Australia, the Aborigines. Here, they used to live their primitive lives, masters of the land, but now many of them have left their solitude to work for the white man. The few that are left are becoming more civilised and traditions and superstitions of the past are gradually disappearing.

The white man lives mostly on the coast where the surf rolls in on beautiful white sandy beaches. Green bushlands and miles of wheat-growing country, orchards and sheep grazing on green hillsides make the landscape so peaceful and breathtaking. Further inland we find the modern pioneers on large cattle stations living their peaceful existence surrounded by the sunbaked land.

Contrary to what many think we do not have kangaroos hopping down the main street nor do we make a practice of throwing boomerangs. In fact, Australia is a young country holding many opportunities for the young and imaginative. With an area of almost 3,000,000 square miles it has a heart as big and a future as wide.

The Guinea Pig

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, IIB

Snuffling, with whiskers trembling,
It shuffles to the corner of its cage.
Its belly dragging,
Tiny scratchy claws scraping.
Pink, sad looking eyes
Staring through the chicken wire.
Wondering why it is tame, harmless—
Always kept in a cage.
For generations of its family
Have been shut up behind wire.
It is not considered cruel to keep it in a cage—
It is not native to the country, is not wild.
A fat white creature,
Nibbling, with comparatively long, yet tiny teeth
A lettuce leaf is held between those spiky claws,
Flopping, chewed, and dirty green in colour.
The blunt rounded nose in front is reflected by a
stumpy behind, where a tail ought to have been.
The body broadens at the stomach, filled with the
family's waste,
Tiny legs bend over, supporting the weight.
Then, snivelling, snuffling, quivering,
It heaves itself up on to its back legs.
Grabbing the wire for support,
It regards the world, where once, it supposed, it
lived.
The guinea pig retires,
Craws through a hole in the wooden compart-
ment,
And wriggles, pulling and scratching and snuffling,
Until, satisfied, it sleeps in a nest of straw.
And so life goes on for the guinea pig.

As usual he was straining

BY MICK WELTON, L.V.I.LIT.

As usual he was straining, edging for an extra
smell,
His nose rubbing in every niche of the wall, panting
And pulling. Then with a snap the cruel strap
split,
Away he fled, free as a bird for a moment,
Head in the air, joy—then horror,
The car hurled his frail body back to the wall,
The same sniffable wall, his body broken
By the gleaming, cold bumper.
And as he wilted, panting by the wall,
I knew he had taken his last fleeting breath of
freedom.
And the lead, I could have torn to shreds
And burnt, but I knew I never would.

GAMES REPORTS

LACROSSE REPORT

THE SUCCESS of the lacrosse team was again hampered this year by the fact that promising players left just when they were beginning to work well together. However, lack of experience was made up for by the enthusiasm with which the newcomers applied themselves to the game. The Under 15 especially shows excellent promise for the future.

Although there was again the difficulty of finding permanent players, the majority of play was good, and the team gained valuable experience by taking part in two knock-out tournaments during the season.

Mrs. Hynds must be thanked for her unflinching encouragement and coaching, and we hope that next season will show the benefit of this year's experience.

HOCKEY REPORT

BY PAT BRIGGS

THIS YEAR'S hockey season has seen only a slight improvement on last year's results, despite the hard work of our new coach, Mrs. Beresford-Green, who joined us from Witley during the season. The First Team's standard of play has improved but they still need to attack more strongly, especially when in the circle. Their results were only average, but hard, well-fought matches were played, especially against the older teams: Haslemere Ladies, the Old Godhelmians and the Staff. This was, as usual, an exciting match, watched by the whole School, and made more exciting by the appearance of the Headmaster, after recovering from his operation earlier

MATCH RESULTS

LACROSSE	1ST	2ND	U.15
OLD GODHELMIANS	Lost	—	—
ST. CATHERINE'S, BRAMLEY	Lost	—	Lost
GUILDFORD HIGH	Lost	—	Drew
PRIORSFIELD	Lost	—	Won
ROSEBERY	Lost	—	Won
LADY ELEANOR HOLLES ..	Lost	—	Lost
BEDALES	Lost	Lost	—
PORTSMOUTH	Drew	—	Lost

in the term.

The Second Team had a disappointing season, only playing three of their matches, the others being affected by the wet weather during the Autumn Term. The Under 15 Team had a very successful season which we hope will encourage them when some of them join the First Team next year. The Captain and Vice-Captain attended a one-day training course in Worthing, organised by the 'All England Women's Hockey Association', which it is hoped will benefit both themselves and the School in the future.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Beresford-Green and to Mrs. Hynds for their efforts at coaching us and for arranging the annual visit to Wembley for the Amateur Hockey International.

TENNIS REPORT

BY ELEANOR FIELD

ONCE AGAIN the tennis season has had its achievements and disappointments. After a promising start, including a victory in the first round of the Branston Shield, the First Team failed to maintain this standard. The players' chief difficulties were a lack of co-ordination between partners and a failure to play offensively.

The Second Team too was not very successful. However, the Under 15 and Under 14 Teams played well and were consistent throughout the season; the standard of play in these two teams promises well for the future.

Many of the good qualities to be found in the younger players can be attributed to the regular coaching provided by Mrs. Hynds. Our thanks are due to her for the assistance and encouragement she gave us.

MATCH RESULTS

HOCKEY	1ST	2ND	U.15
FULLBROOK C.S.	Won	—	Won
THE GROVE	Lost	—	Won
TORMEAD	Lost	Lost	—
RYDENS	Won	Lost	—
GLEBELANDS	Drew	—	Won
GEORGE ABBOT	—	—	Won
K.E.S. WITLEY	Lost	Lost	—
HASLEMERE LADIES	Won	—	—
OLD GODHELMIANS	Lost	—	—
STAFF	Lost	—	—

Matches cancelled against Woking, Midhurst, Guildford County and the W.R.A.C.

MATCH RESULTS

TENNIS

	1ST	2ND	U.15	U.14
GEORGE ABBOT	Won	—	Won	—
GUILDFORD COUNTY	—	Lost	Lost	Won
DUNNOTTAR	Won	—	—	—
SACRED HEART CONVENT	Lost	—	—	—
TORMEAD	Lost	—	Won	—
SIR WILLIAM PERKINS	Won	—	—	—
ST. CATHERINE'S, BRAMLEY	Lost	—	—	—
ROYAL NAVAL SCHOOL	—	—	Won	Lost
THE GROVE	Won	—	Won	—
WOKING	Lost	Lost	Won	—
GLEBELANDS	—	—	Won	Won
FARNHAM	Lost	Lost	Won	—
DORKING	Lost	—	Won	Won
PRIORSFIELD	Lost	—	Lost	Won
OLD GODHELMIANS	Won	—	—	—

NETBALL

Teams:	Under 14	Under 13
	S. Walker	G.S. S. Cant
	L. Shurlock	G.A. J. Hibbert
	L. Chitty	W.A. T. Kreciglowa
		R. Johns
	M. Greenfield	C. J. Monger
	D. Crick	W.D. A. Dalton
	C. Whieldon	G.D. L. Higgins
	D. Dunhill	G.K. K. Timms

Reserves: H. Bowmer, J. Bankes

The netball teams this year played only 11 matches, winning three, drawing two and losing six. This however is not truly indicative of the standard of play as actual scores in many games were very close.

The teams practised hard and if they continue to work together should do better next year.

LACROSSE TEAMS 1963-64

1ST XII
Goalkeeper, S. Cross
Point, D. Christian
*C. Point, V. Burgess
*3rd man, P. Freeman, Captain
R.W.D., J. Bradfield
*L.W.D., M. Luckham
*Centre, J. Thomas
R.W.A., C. Abbott
L.W.A., J. Barnett
*3rd home, J. Hoffman, Vice-captain
2nd home, A. Sinden
1st home, L. Davies
Also played: E. Field, C. Smith, S. Haskett.
* Denotes colours

HOCKEY TEAMS

	1ST	2ND	U.15
Goalkeeper	*C. Scarlett	J. Briggs	J. Bowmer
Right Back	S. Mott	J. Bond	J. Crook
Left Back	*Y. Creaye	S. Taylor	J. Knight
Right Half	C. Thompson or W. Shuttleworth	P. Kyte	S. Ross
Centre Half	*E. Hanby (Vice-Captain)	W. Shuttleworth	J. de Russett
Left Half	*P. Briggs (Captain)	K. Pearson	B. Bridge
Right Wing	J. Ede	D. Watt	A. Moore (Captain)
Right Inner	J. Barnett	S. Cross	T. McGovern
Centre Forward	*P. Jenkins	F. Want	D. Watkins
Left Inner	J. Hembury	S. Millington (Captain)	S. Challis
Left Wing	S. Barnett	L. Charlick	L. Taylor
Reserves:	J. Bond, P. Kyte		V. A'Court

* Denotes colours.

TEAMS TENNIS

1ST TEAM

E. Field (*Captain*) } 1st couple
 J. Thomas (*Vice-Captain*) }
 J. Hoffman } 2nd couple
 M. Luckham }
 K. Watson } 3rd couple
 A. Sinden }
Also played: V. Hudson, C. Smith.

2ND TEAM

Y. Creaye } 1st couple
 F. Want }
 J. Ede } 2nd couple
 C. Abbot }
 P. Jenkins } 3rd couple
 C. Pearson }
Also played: A. Jones, D. Christian, C. Smith, S. Hill.

U. 15 TEAM

C. Gower } 1st couple
 A. Hissey }
 D. Watkins } 2nd couple
 A. Moore }
 B. Bridge } 3rd couple
 V. A'Court }
Also played: J. Mace, L. Taylor, D. Wilkins, S. Gale, K. Gambrill, A. Sherman.

U.14 TEAM

C. Whieldon } 1st couple
 L. Kingdon }
 L. Shurlock } 2nd couple
 S. Walker }
 B. Loebell } 3rd couple
 L. Chitty }

GIRLS' ATHLETIC REPORT

Captain: JANET THOMAS
Vice-Captain: JENNY BARNETT

THE GIRLS have been very successful this year in athletics, and there are some promising Juniors to help bring future success. On Sports Day, held on Wednesday, May 13th, two records were smashed, both in the long jump. S. Spratley did a winning jump of 13ft. 11in., beating the previous record of 13ft. 8in. and Pru Jenkins jumped 14ft. 11in., beating the previous record by 13in. The House Cup was again won by Mallory (Athletics Captain J. Thomas), and the Cup for the Outstanding Girl went for the second year running to Janet Thomas. The final results were:

Mallory 153½ points, Freyberg 136, McKenna 85½, Phillips 69.

GIRLS' RESULTS AT THE SCHOOL SPORTS—

Long Jump—Senior
 P. Jenkins (M), J. Bond (F), C. Dowthwaite (M).
 Distance (*new record*) 14ft. 11in.
 Long Jump—Middle
 B. Bridge (F), K. Gambrill (M), S. Walker (McK).
 Distance 14ft. 3in.
 Long Jump—Junior
 S. Spratley (McK), S. Weatherley (M), S. Wakeling (P).
 Distance (*new record*) 13ft. 11in.
 High Jump—Senior
 P. Kyte (McK), J. Thomas (M), A. Sinden (McK).
 Height 4ft. 3in.
 High Jump—Middle
 J. Hibbert (P), J. Knight (P), L. Shurlock (M).
 Height 4ft. 4½in.
 High Jump—Junior
 S. Hawkes (F), E. Evans (M), S. Spratley (McK).
 Height 3ft. 11½in.

Rounders Ball—Senior

P. Jenkins (M), J. Hoffman (M), P. Freeman (McK).
 Distance 66yd. 2ft. 2in.

Rounders Ball—Junior

L. Shurlock (M), L. Chitty (M), S. Hawkes (F).
 Distance 54yd. 1ft. 10in.

80 Yards—age 11 and 12

S. Spratley (McK), T. Kreciglowa (M), S. Weatherley (M).
 Times 10.8sec.

100 Yards—age 13

D. Crick (F), T. Royal (M), L. Palmer (F).
 Time 12.5sec.

100 Yards—age 14

J. Roberts (F), B. Bridge (F), L. Chitty (M).
 Time 12.9sec.

100 Yards—age 15

L. Taylor (P), J. Thomas (M), S. Barnett (McK).
 Time 12.3sec.

150 Yards—under 15

K. Gambrill (M), P. Owen (P), C. Whieldon (F).
 Time 20.1sec.

150 Yards—over 15

E. Handby (P), P. Jenkins (M), S. Bannister (F).
 Time 19.6sec.

Discus—Senior

P. Briggs (F), S. Mott (F), C. Ward (P).
 Distance 67ft. 8in.

70 Yards Hurdles—under 15

J. Roberts (F), J. Hibbert (P), L. Chitty (M).
 Time 11.9sec.

80 Yards Hurdles—over 15

J. Thomas (M), E. Handby (P), B. Bridge (F).
 Time 12.7sec.

Relays—Form I

Mallory, McKenna, Freyberg. Time 63.7sec.

Relay—age 13

Freyberg, Mallory, McKenna. Time 58.9sec.

Relay—age 14

Freyberg, Mallory, Phillips. Time 57.3sec.

Relay—age 15+

Mallory, McKenna, Freyberg. Time 56.9sec.

There were some notable successes in the Godalming and District Sports in which the girls competed for the first time this year. In the Under 13 age-group Sharron Spratley came first in the long jump, and Jane Hibbert was third in the high jump. Jane also won the hurdles in the commendable time of 12.6sec., and Christine Hoar was third. The relay came third in the time of 58.4sec. In the Under 15 age-group Diane Crick won the 100 yards in the record time of 12sec. and Lesley Taylor won her 100 yards in 12sec. Diane Crick also won the 80 yards hurdles with Barbara Bridge second. Jacky Knight came first in the high jump and Barbara Bridge came third in the long jump with 14ft. 9in., which equals the School record. They added to their success by winning the relay in a time of 54.8sec. Finally the Over 15 age-group had its success. Pru Jenkins won the 220 yards in the time of 29sec. and she was second in the long jump. Sue Barnett won the hurdles with Evelyn Handby second, and Margaret Luckham came third in the javelin. The relay was second in the time of 56.5.

As a result of this, Evelyn Handby, Pru Jenkins, Lesley Taylor, Sue Barnett, Barbara Bridge, Diane Crick, Jane Hibbert, Janet Thomas and Linda Chitty as reserve were all chosen to represent Godalming and District in the Surrey Schools

Championships at Motspur Park. Here Sue Barnett, Barbara Bridge and Jane Hibbert all reached the semi-finals in their respective hurdles events, Lesley Taylor came sixth in the 100 yards final and Janet Thomas won the final of the 80 metres hurdles, Senior Girls, in 12.5sec. The Senior relay, consisting of Pru Jenkins, Evelyn Handby, Janet Thomas and a King Edward's girl came second in the heat and then second in the final.

Because of her win, Janet Thomas was selected to represent Surrey in the All-England Schools Championships at Hendon. It is very noticeable that there is a definite flair for hurdling all through the School and for this we must thank Mrs. Hynds for her coaching and encouragement.

The final match, the Triangular Sports against Guildford and George Abbot, brought success again. Instead of being content with second place we won this year. In the 100 yards D. Crick, L. Taylor and J. Thomas all won their events and we were well ahead in the hurdles races. With the help of success in the relays the final score was 58 points compared with George Abbot's 56 and Guildford's 53.

It is to be hoped that next year will bring more new talent to help continue this good success.

CHESS REPORT

Captain: D. J. DOWNER
Vice-Captain: D. C. G. OTTRIDGE
Secretary: R. A. PILKINGTON

THE FIRST team have had their most successful season for many years in spite of the fact that the Senior Chess Club has not been well supported. The School again entered a side for the 'Sunday Times' Competition but were defeated by Farnborough C.G.S. However of the matches regularly played by the School only those against Woking were lost. The season has seen the first of what is hoped will be many games against Midhurst and Park Barn but it was regretted that no first team could be arranged to play against R.G.S. Guildford this year. Servian has consistently played well for the School team and Chisholm,

Pilkington and Rowe have been given their colours.

The Under 15 team had an unfortunate season, mainly due to inexperience, but have found a very promising player in Keel, who won all his games. A girl's chess team twice played Fulbrook, only losing half a board in the two matches. It is hoped that in future more fixtures can be arranged for our promising girl players.

Downer again represented Surrey Juniors against Essex and Kent, drawing his game against Essex. The Chess Knock-out Competition was held again this year and was won by D. Downer, who defeated N. Worden in the final.

The House competition was once more won by McKenna, who defeated Phillips and then Freyberg in the final.

The teams would again like to thank Mr. May for the interest he has shown in furthering their activities this year.

NURSING OPPORTUNITIES



Intelligent girl

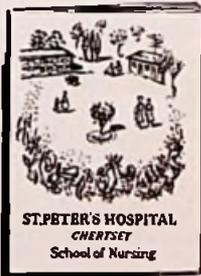
Sandra Brown is 20, attractive and intelligent. When she left school, Sandra wanted to do a really worthwhile job with the sort of training which would give her a feeling of independence—together with the knowledge that she had achieved something. She decided on Nursing.



well trained

Really first class hospital training is an obvious essential in a Nursing career and Sandra wanted the best. Being a lively, active girl, Sandra also put good social facilities and easy access to a large town high on the list. She chose St. Peter's, Chertsey—less than an hour from London. After 3 years of training, Sandra knows her choice was a good one.

In beautiful surroundings. The training school at St. Peter's which offers a high standard of training with comfortable and cheerful accomodation.



If you are interested in Nursing as a career, send for this interesting booklet which will help you to make your choice, of a training hospital, a good one.

To THE MATRON, St. Peter's Hospital, Chertsey
Please send me the booklet describing St. Peter's.

NAME.....

ADDRESS

.....

TEAMS CHESS

1st

*D. J. Downer (*Captain*)
 *D. C. G. Ottridge (*Vice-Captain*)
 *J. R. Chisholm
 *S. P. Rowe
 *R. A. Pilkington
 J. S. Servian
 D. R. Gat
 N. Worden

Also played: Rich, S. Ross, Keel,
 Pearson, Jeffs

U.16

A. Harman (*Captain*)
 S. P. Rowe (*Vice-Captain*)
 J. S. Servian
 P. Rich
 S. Ross
 Keel
 Wilmott
 Barrett

GIRLS' TEAM

A. Harman (*Captain*)
 S. Ross
 S. Wilder
 C. Dominy
 M. Butterworth
 M. Woolven or S. Ward

* Denotes colours.

RESULTS CHESS

	1st	U.16	GIRLS
CHARTERHOUSE ..	Drew	Lost	—
	Won	Lost	—
GUILDFORD	—	Lost	—
	—	Lost	—
WOKING	Lost	—	—
	Lost	—	—
MIDHURST	Won	—	—
	Drew	—	—
FULBROOK	Won	—	Won
	Won	—	Won
PARK BARN	Won	—	—
FARNHAM	Won	—	—
STAFF	Won	—	—
FARNBOROUGH ..	Lost	—	—

SOCCER REPORT

LAST FOOTBALL season was unsuccessful for all three teams. The 1st XI started the season with five of the previous season's team but lost Cheal, the main strength of the forward line, after the first game, Crick before Christmas because of illness, and Rowland and Pilkington after Christmas. This left Parratt and Micklam with a number of very young players. With constant changing not only of players but also of positions the team was unable to settle down to play constructive football. The main weaknesses were in the forward line and in goal, the young forwards were unable to penetrate the older defences and were very shy of shooting when near goal. Neither did they receive the full support of the half-backs, who were too slow to move up in attack and too slow to come back in defence. Three goalkeepers were tried through the season, but all were very

uncertain in picking up the ball and calling for it, which led to a number of mix-ups in defence resulting in goals. Despite this and constant defeats the team spirit was generally good, which was mainly due to the efforts of the older players. Welton and Micklam both played well at full-back with good positional play, and of the younger players Locke and Kipling should do well with more experience and provided they are willing to learn. Parratt, after several attempts to give push in attack at wing-half, reverted to centre-half, which suited him better and helped to stabilise the defence although he played in the Surrey Grammar Schools XI at wing-half. It was a very full season with 26 games against 17 schools and with two games against Charterhouse 2nd XI for the first time, and with three new fixtures—Collyers, Strodes and Ottershaw. Of these games

Dorking was the most enjoyable and sporting and the score is rather unjust to the team but a number of other games were lost by just the odd goal. The six-a-side team was without Micklam and did very well to beat Farnham in the first round but were beaten in the second round by Camberley, who went on to the final.

The 2nd XI suffered much the same as the 1st XI but is must be remembered that they were never really given a chance to settle down as they were the constant source of supply for the 1st XI team. Bloomfield captained the team very well, keeping the team spirit high despite heavy defeats, although they had a commendable 9-1 win over Strodes.

Of the Under 15 side Higgins captained his side well and set a good example to his younger players. Wiles started the season very well in goal as a substitute for Preece, who injured his hand, but played very well when he was back in the field.

Outside the School fixtures the Junior players helped to redeem the disappointing season. Jelfs was elected to play in the Surrey Junior Grammar Schools XI and made six appearances for the county side. With Coombes he was also selected to play in the Guildford and District Under 15 XI, which reached the final of the Surrey Invitation Cup, in which they were victorious. Ralf, another Under 15 player, was in the Guildford and District Under 14 XI which got to the final of their competition although they lost. To make the hat-trick Wilmott and Salmon were selected for the Guildford and District Under 13 XI which also reached the final of their competition but they also lost.

With young players like these the Senior teams can look forward to having some very good players in the near future.

CROSS-COUNTRY REPORT

Captain: JULIAN R. LILE

IN NOVEMBER the School's annual inter-House cross-country race was held. Bradbrook won the Senior Event and the cup, and Preece the Junior Event. The result was as follows:

<i>Senior Cross-Country</i>	<i>Junior Cross-Country</i>
1. Bradbrook (F)	1. Preece (P)
2. Lile (F)	2. Marshall (F)
3. Debenham (M)	3. Acton (M)
4. Hill (M)	4. Bannister (F)
5. Mackay (P)	5. Keel (P)
6. Coombes (M)	6. Bishop (M)
7. Nyazai (Mk)	7. Smith H. (Mk)
8. Hales (P)	8. Walker R. (M)
9. Butt (P)	9. Barratt (M)
10. Moore (F)	10. Richings (M)

<i>Points:</i>	<i>Points:</i>
Mallory 285 (4th)	Phillips 258 (4th)
McKenna 242 (3rd)	McKenna 242 (3rd)
Phillips 193 (2nd)	Freyberg 203 (2nd)
Freyberg 175 (1st)	Mallory 139 (1st)

Combined totals of Seniors and Juniors:

4th McKenna	484
3rd Phillips	451
2nd Mallory	419
1st Freyberg	378

The Senior Cross-Country Cup was awarded to Bradbrook. Colours were awarded to Debenham.

INTER-SCHOOL'S CROSS-COUNTRY

THE SCHOOL has done very well this season especially as several of the team are from the lower half of the School.

The season opened as last year with a win over Farnham by 36 points to 42, Bradbrook coming in first, with a new course record, and Lile second. Our second race was at Pierrepont, our first race against this school, Pierrepont won by 37 points to 43, Bradbrook winning the race and Lile coming third. Unfortunately the return race against Pierrepont was cancelled because of an outbreak of 'flu at their school.

In the annual Richard Haskell Trophy Race at Stoke Park the School's 'A' team (Lile, Debenham, Hill and Bradbrook) came twelfth, and the 'B' team 46th out of over 50 teams entered. The return race against Farnham on our own course gave us a convincing win of 29 points to Farnham's 50 points, Bradbrook won the race, Lile coming second. At Bannister's Farm, Bradbrook won the Belmore Trophy Race, the intermediate team won the event. The Junior 'A' team were third in their race, Marshall coming fifth, the 'B' team were sixth. In the Senior event Lile came fourth, and in the only girls' race of the season the team won with Janet Hembury coming home well in the lead. On Pewley Downs the Guildford and Godalming Schools' Cross-Country Championships were held. Those mentioned below were chosen to represent the Godalming area at Reigate.

Juniors: Smith (res.)

Intermediate: Bradbrook, Hill, Debenham, Peacock and Mackay.

Senior: Lile.

Bradbrook won his event.

Also at Reigate the Surrey Schools' Cross-Country Championships were held. In the intermediate race Bradbrook was third and Hill 23rd. In the Senior race Lile was 34th. Bradbrook was chosen to represent Surrey in the All England

Schools' A.A. Championships at Leicester, which the Surrey team won, Bradbrook coming 20th. On the same day the School ran at Farncombe in a road race organised by Guildford and Godalming A.C. The Junior team won their event with Smith third and Acton fourth. Hill won the intermediate event and Lile was third in the Senior event. Throughout the season we have had much support from Monger, who has been unable to run for us owing to knee trouble. Colours were awarded to Debenham and Mackay.

Team: *J. Lile, *E. Bradbrook, *L. Debenham, C. Hill, Marshall, G. Peacock, *Mackay, H. Smith, Acton, Bannister.

* Denotes Colours.

BOYS' ATHLETICS REPORT

Captain: D. C. G. OTTRIDGE
Vice-Captain: A. MICKLAM

THIS YEAR, as many people will know, the Sports were held on May 13th which is much earlier than has been the tradition of the School. This was in order to give us some positive results to help in the selection of our team for the Surrey Grammar School Sports.

It is noticeable that the Senior School is very short of good athletes but we have a very good crop in the Middle and Junior School. In the School Sports Bradbrook broke three records, they were in the Pover Cup for 880yds., the mile and the 3 miles; he also won the Tyreman Trophy for the 440yds. in a fast time. The cup for the best boy in the sports was presented to Knox who set up new records for the triple jump and the 80yds. hurdles; he also won the senior long jump and was placed third in the shot, 220yds. and 100yds. Monger again broke the record for the 100yds., and also the senior 220yds. in a good time. Freyberg won the house cup again but only after a hard struggle with McKenna.

We were able this year select our best possible team for the Surrey Grammar Sports and the finals. Lile was fifth in the 880yds., and Bradbrook won the mile in a new record time of 4min. 31.1sec.

This year we entered a team for the Godalming and District Sports. Of this team Durrant, Wiles, Ralf and Bradbrook won their events Bradbrook breaking the records for the 880yds. and the mile. As a result of these sports Knox, Ralf, Monger,

Debenham, Bradbrook, Hill, Durrant and Lile were chosen to represent the Godalming area in the Surrey Schools' Championships. Ralf came fifth in the final of the 100yds. and Hill was fifth in the mile with Bradbrook first in an England Standard time of 4min. 27.6sec.

Bradbrook was then chosen to represent Surrey in the All England School Championships in which he was sixth in the final.

The Triangular Sports were held on July 20th in which the School was third after Guildford Royal Grammar School who came second, and Woking who came first. Victors for the School were (2), Monger (2), Knox, Bradbrook, Parish and Points for a place were also gained by Keel, Knox, Hill, Mitchell, Parish, Higgins and Blackwell. In the Junior and Middle relays the School was second but the School won the Senior relay.

BOYS' RESULTS IN THE SCHOOL SPORTS

- Long Jump—Senior
Knox (F), Otridge (McK), Parratt (P). Distance 19ft. 5½in.
- Long Jump—Middle
Smith (McK), Ralf (F), Richings (M). Distance 15ft. 4½in.
- Long Jump—Junior
Keel (P), Drane (McK), Salmon (P). Distance 13ft. 5½in.
- High Jump—Senior
Durrant (M), Blackwell (F), Hunt (McK) and Kipling (P). Height 5ft.
- High Jump—Middle
Jelfs (P), Cheeseman (F), Wiles (P). Height 4ft. 7½in.
- High Jump—Junior
Vincent (F), Parish (McK), Bishop (M). Height 4ft.
- Shot—Senior
Rowland (M), Dale (McK), Knox (F). Distance 38ft.
- Shot—Middle
Higgins (McK), Vacher (McK), Roles (F). Distance 38ft. 3in.
- Discus—Senior
Rowland (M), Smithers (F), Callow (P). Distance 103ft. 1½in.
- Discus—Middle
Higgins (McK), Roles (F), Lewis (P). Distance 93ft.
- Cricket Ball—Senior
Durrant (M), Mitchell (McK), Crick (F). Distance 77yd. 1ft. 7in.
- Cricket Ball—Middle
Jelfs (P), Wiles (P), Higgins (McK). Distance 65yd. 1ft. 5in.
- 100 Yards—over 16½
Micklam (P), Parratt (P), Lile (F). Time 11.5sec.
- 100 Yards—under 16½
Monger (F), Mitchell (McK), Knox (F). Time (new record) 10.9sec.
- 100 Yards—under 15½
Cheeseman (F), Coombes (M), Walker (M). Time 11.6sec.
- 100 Yards—under 14½
Ralf (F), Smith (McK), Edgington (F). Time 11.5sec.

100 Yards—under 13½
Keel (P), Carwardine (McK), Bullen (F). Time 13.0sec.

100 Yards—under 12½
Standford (F), Parish (McK), Drane (McK). Time 13.2sec.

150 Yards—Junior
Keel (P), Parvin (McK), Bullen (F). Time 48.5sec.

220 Yard—Senior
Monger (F), Micklam (P), Knox (F). Time 24.8sec.

220 Yards—Middle
Ralf (F), Cheeseman (F), Brunson (M). Time 26.6sec.

440 Yards—Senior
Bradbrook (F), Ottridge (McK), Debenham (M). Time 54.7sec.

440 Yards—Middle
Coombes (M), Ralf (F), Faulkener (P). Time 61.1sec.

880 Yards—Senior
Bradbrook (F), Lile (F), Downer (McK). Time (new record) 2min. 7.4sec.

1 Mile—Open
Bradbrook (F), Hill (M), Lile (F). Time (new record) 4min. 39.6sec.

3 Miles—Open
Bradbrook (F), Hill (M), Lile (F). Time (new record) 15min. 46sec.

Javelin
Rowland (M), Wiles (P), Crick (F). Distance 124ft. 3in.

Hop, Step and Jump
Knox (F), Parratt (P), Holland (F). Distance (new record) 36ft. 10in.

70 Yards Hurdles—under 15
Cheeseman (F), Acton (M), Rowth (McK). Time 12.2sec.

80 Yards Hurdles—over 15
Knox (F), Pilkington (McK), Hill (M). Time (new record) 11.2sec.

1st Form Relay
Freyberg, Mallory, McKenna. Time 59.3sec.

Junior Relay
Phillips, Mallory, McKenna. Time 58.4sec.

Middle Relay
Freyberg, Mallory, McKenna. Time 52.7sec.

Senior Relay
Freyberg, McKenna, Phillips. Time 48.5sec.

CRICKET REPORT

THE SEASON has been one of both success and disappointment for the 1st XI. The team started successfully by winning three of the first four matches and drawing the other. Then however the standard deteriorated and four matches were lost in a row but the team reverted to their previous successes by winning the last.

The batting was fairly reliable to start with, Pilkington, Ince, Baker and Durrant providing some useful scores but then rapidly declined. The bowling has been steady but has lacked a good fast bowler although Callow and Baker have been the leading wicket-takers and Hales has bowled well even though the results do not give him any credit. The fielding has been rather shaky at times but this has been compensated by a high standard of throwing. Of the matches played two are worth mentioning. Firstly the team defeated R.G.S. Guildford for the first time since 1948 and this was a great boost to morale. Credit for this win must be distributed over the whole team but in particular it must be given to Baker, Ince and Durrant who batted very well. Secondly the team produced some very good batting in their last match against the Old Godhelmians who had a very formidable bowling line-up. The team was able to declare at 110 for 1 due to Ince who scored 36, the highest score of the season and Locke and Sturgess who were both 31 not out. The School fielded very well and with Ralf bowling were able to dismiss the Old Godhelmians for 67.

Parratt, as captain, has been given support from all members of the team and the team spirit has been excellent at all times.

Owing to lack of players the 2nd XI has only played three games, losing two and winning one. Holland has captained the team well and with Hampshire is mainly responsible for the win against Woking.

The Under 15 XI has been the most successful of the School teams, losing only two of their six matches, and one of these, that against the R.G.S. was played when four of the regular players were absent. Higgins has led the side very well by his own play and has been well supported on the bowling side by Wiles, Ralf and Wheaton who has kept wicket well. The side as a whole shows promise for the future Senior teams. Jelfs has missed a number of Under 15 matches as he was selected to play in matches against Oxfordshire, Sussex, Ottershaw, Cranleigh, Trinity, Essex and Hampshire, and gained his county cap in the last of these.

The three cricket and soccer teams would like to thank the girls who have helped to provide the match teas during the year, particularly Carol Thompson and Linda Parker.

SOCCKER TEAMS 1963-64

1ST XI

Holland
 *Welton
 *Micklam (*Vice-Captain*)
 Locke
 *Parratt (*Captain*)
 Kipling
 Hampshire
 Hales
 Durrant
 Anderson
 Butt

Also played: Callow, Ince, Nyazai, Downer, Hunt, Blackwell, Jeffs, Coombes, Pilkington, Rowland, Crick, Cheal (left after the first game against the O.G.s)

* Denotes colours.

2ND XI

Ince
 Bloomfield (*Captain*)
 Mitchell
 Morris
 Blackwell
 Nyazai
 Mackay
 Hunt
 Hobson
 Sturgess
 Downer

Also played: Pass, Lewis, Coombes, Ottridge, Callow

U.15 XI

Preece
 Sopp
 Cheeseman
 Marshall
 Higgins (*Captain*)
 Acton
 Coombes
 Czastka
 Wiles
 Ralf
 Jeffs

Also played: Curtis, Acton, Mackay, Duke, West, Lewis, Doggett

SOCCKER MATCH RESULTS

	1ST XI		2ND XI		U.15 XI	
	<i>Aut.</i>	<i>Spr.</i>	<i>Aut.</i>	<i>Spr.</i>	<i>Aut.</i>	<i>Spr.</i>
CAMBERLEY	4-2	0-6	2-4	3-0	—	—
CHARTERHOUSE 2ND XI	2-2	2-4	0-2	—	—	—
COLLYERS	—	2-5	—	—	—	—
DORKING	3-4	0-5	2-1	0-5	—	5-3
ELMBRIDGE	—	—	3-0	—	3-5	7-1
FARNHAM	1-4	2-3	2-9	1-7	—	—
GEORGE ABBOT	2-4	3-1	—	—	1-0	2-3
GLYN	0-8	0-6	1-10	0-3	0-8	—
GORDON BOYS	2-3	5-2	—	—	2-3	0-6
HINCHLEY WOOD	5-1	—	—	—	5-4	—
K.E.S. WITLEY	2-2	—	—	—	4-4	—
OTTERSHAW	—	0-4	—	2-4	—	—
OLD GODHELMIANS	6-1	3-5	—	—	—	—
RYDENS	—	0-8	—	—	—	1-3
SALESIAN COLLEGE	4-5	0-3	—	1-5	2-6	—
STRODES	2-7	—	9-1	—	—	—
WOKING	1-6	3-7	0-6	1-5	—	5-4

SUMMARY:

	<i>P.</i>	<i>W.</i>	<i>D.</i>	<i>L.</i>
1ST XI	26	5	2	19
2ND XI	14	3	0	11
U.15 XI	13	5	1	7

CRICKET TEAMS

1ST XI

*Parratt (*Captain*)
 *Locke
 *Baker
 *Ince
 *Sturgess
 *Hales
 Hampshire
 Callow
 Crick
 *Pilkington
 Durrant

2ND XI

Holland (*Captain*)
 Butt
 Mitchell
 Nyasai
 Welton
 Parr
 Pass
 Luckham
 Norris
 Mackay
 Jeffs

U.15 XI

Higgins (*Captain*)
 Wiles
 Wheaton
 Jeffs
 Ralf
 Coombes
 Rowe
 Keel
 Sepp
 Harrington
 Newton

Also played:

Rowland
Holland
Nyazai
Higgins
Collister
Ralf
Wiles
Jeffs
Jelfs

Hampshire
Wheaton
Wiles
Jelfs
Coombes
Sopp

Reffold
Gunner
Smith
Lowis
Shipton

* Denotes colours.

CRICKET MATCH RESULTS

1st XI

GODALMING 70 for 6
(Pilkington 26)
GODALMING 136
(Baker 33, Ince 22, Durrant 19)
GODALMING 63
(Ince 20)
GODALMING 107
(Baker 25, Crick 20, Pilkington 17,
Durrant 17)
GODALMING 44
(Hampshire 13)
GODALMING 48
(Sturgess 13, Parratt 11)
GODALMING 60
(Parratt 13)
GODALMING 42
(Parratt 11)
GODALMING 110 for 1 dec.
(Ince 36, Locke 31 n.o., Sturgess 31 n.o.)

RYDENS 69
(Callow 4 for 26)
R.G.S. GUILDFORD 113
(Baker 4 for 24, Crick 2 for 27,
Hales 2 for 28)
GEORGE ABBOT 43
(Callow 4 for 7)
WOKING 64 for 4
(Crick 2 for 13)
SURBITON 45 for 1
IFIELD 68
(Baker 4 for 23, Parratt 3 for 9)
FARNHAM 62 for 3
FARNBOROUGH 104 for 8 dec.
(Baker 4 for 13)
OLD GODHELMIANS 65
(Ralf 3 for 22)

2nd XI

GODALMING 25
(Mitchell 10)
GODALMING 83
(Hampshire 31)
GODALMING 37

R.G.S. 26 for 1
WOKING 52
(Holland 6 for 25, Parr 4 for 22)
FARNHAM 47
(Parr 4 for 20)

U.15 XI

GODALMING 31 for 1
(Wheaton 15)
GODALMING 57
(Wheaton 12)
GODALMING 52 for 5
(Ralf 15)
GODALMING 52 for 3
(Wheaton 18, Higgins 16)
GODALMING 22
GODALMING 44 for 7
(Ralf 23 n.o.)

RYDENS 28
(Ralf 4 for 9, Wiles 3 for 1,
Coombes 3 for 15)
GEORGE ABBOT 72
WOKING 51
(Wiles 4 for 7, Ralf 4 for 16)
SURBITON 47
(Coombes 4 for 10, Ralf 3 for 4)
GUILDFORD R.G.S. 23 for 2
ELMBRIDGE 43
(Wiles 5 for 9, Jelfs 4 for 19)

G.C.E. RESULTS

'A' LEVEL

P. BRIGGS	2
ORR	2
VINK	4
BINGHAM	2
BRIDGE	3
DOWNER	3
FISHER	3
HALE	2
NEWBY	2
OTTRIDGE	3
RANDOW	1
SMITH R.	3
SOUTHCOTT	1
M. STEDMAN	1

WALKER D.	2
WEATHERLEY	2
WORDEN	2
WILLIAMS	1
J. BARRATT	3
C. CARTWRIGHT	2
K. CHIDGEY	2
CRICK	1
E. FIELD	3
P. FREEMAN	3
HEPTINSTALL	3
J. HOFFMAN	3
S. MILLINGTON	2
PARRATT	1

ROWLAND	1
C. SCARLETT	3
C. SMITH	3
J. THOMAS	3
C. THOMPSON	2
TODD	2
M. WHITE	2
Use of English:			
BINGHAM			
BRIDGE			
OTTRIDGE			
WEATHERLEY			
P. BRIGGS			

'O' LEVEL

Lower VI			
CHISHOLM	1
CARTER	2
RILEY	1
COLLARD M.	1
JENKINS P.	1
PINK	1
SCHUPKE E.	1

VA

S. BARNETT	7
P. BARNETT	7
BURRELL	9
L. CHARLICK	8
CHITTY	8
D. CHRISTIAN	8
R. CLEMENTS	4
V. DUNHILL	8
ELSE	4
GOLBEY	2
HARDIMAN	8
A. HARMAN	7
J. HEMBURY	3
HORSMAN	8
INCE	4
KNOX	8
P. KYTE	5
MITCHELL	5
MONGER	8
PASS	5
C. A. PHILLIPS	4
PLATO	7
PLUMBLY	8
PUTTICK	8
S. REMNANT	4
L. ROBERTS	7
SMITHERS	5
TWEDDLE	3
WARD R.	7
S. WARD	2
C. D. WATT	2
A. WEATHERLEY	7
M. WOOLVEN	5
S. WYLDER	6

VB

ANDERSON	7
A. BOGAWSKI	6
BRADBROOK	4
CHAMBERLAIN	8
L. DAVIES	5
DEBENHAM	7
C. FORDEY	4
C. FRANCIS	4
T. HALFHIDE	7
S. HAWTIN	6
HUBBARD	8
V. HUDSON	2
J. KEEVIL	2
LEE	5
LITTLE	4
LOCKE	7
M. LUCKHAM	3
J. MARSHALL	4
MORRIS	5
S. MORRISON	4
C. OMANT	6
S. ONGLEY	1
PEACOCK	2
V. RAMSEY	2
S. ROBERTSON	7
A. SINDEN	6
M. E. SMITH	2
J. THOMPSON	2
C. WARD	5

DURRANT	6
B. ELCOCK	4
S. HASKETT	6
S. HILL	7
L. E. JONES	2
KEEN G.	1
KIPLING	1
S. MOTT	5
M. NICHOLSON	3
PATTISON	4
PIERCY	8
POOLE	7
L. REFFELL	4
W. SHUTTLEWORTH	5
P. SMALE	2
SMITH M. J.	8
STEEL	4
J. TREVAIL	6
C. VICARY	4
K. WATSON	3
C. WILKINS	2

VD

BUTT	3
COONEY	2
I. EWEN	3
HALES	1
LOWIS	2
NYAZAI	3
PARSONS	4
PRICE	2
BROWNING R.	1
S. TAYLER	1
KELLY	1

VC

J. ATKINS	6
BAKER	7
S. BANNISTER	3
BIGGS	5
J. BOND	5
J. BRIGGS	5
C. BROWN	6
BURGESS	6
M. BYRNE	2
CALLOW	1
COLLISTER	7
S. CROSS	4
G. DOWNES	5

Valete

Christmas 1963

- R. J. CHEAL, U.VI.Sci. A.L.2. O.L. 6. School Prefect, 1st Soccer XI* (captain), 1st Cricket XI* (captain), athletics team, Musical and Dramatic Society, Debating Society, Senior Choral Group. To Loughborough College of Physical Education.
- A. D. HALLESEY, U.VI.Sci. A.L.2. O.L.7. Junior Dramatic Society Group Leader, To Northampton Polytechnic for a course in Optics.
- MAUREEN HATHAWAY, L.VI.Lit. O.L.7. Working at G.P.O. Guildford while awaiting entry to Queen Alexandra's Royal Nursing Corps.
- DEBORAH LOBLEY, VB. Working at National Provincial Bank as an Accounting Machine Trainee.
- J. I. PREECE, IVC. To Wheelwright Grammar School, Dewsbury.
- P. G. ATLEY, IIA. To Midhurst Grammar School.
- J. W. LOVEL, IC. Moved to Yorkshire.

Easter 1964

- JANE CARLTON, L.VI.Lit. O.L.3. Working at Barclay's Bank, Godalming.
- K. HOBSON, L.VI.Sci. Working at Paynes of Godalming.
- B. KEEN, VB. Working at G.P.O. Guildford.
- BARBARA YORK, IVA. Entered the Family business.
- SUSAN AYLING, IVC. To work in the Home Counties Dairies.

SUMMER 1964

UPPER VI SCIENCE

- PATRICIA BRIGGS, A.L.3. O.L.9. School Prefect, S.C.M. Past President (Honorary member), 1st Hockey XI* (captain), School Athletics, House captain (F), House hockey captain, Musical and Dramatic Society, Senior Choral Group, Debating Society, To Sussex University to read Mathematics.
- R. W. MEADOWS, A.L.3. O.L.9. School Prefect, House captain (F), S.C.M. Past President, Debating Society Past President, Chess Club, Senior Choral Group, Musical and Dramatic Society, Magazine Committee To do an Engineering Apprentice at Fodens or to do a sandwich course with an Engineering College.
- J. VINK, A.L.4. O.L.8. To Manchester University to read Chemistry.

MIDDLE VI SCIENCE

- A. D. BRIDGE, A.L.3. O.L.8. School Prefect, Debating Society Past President, 1st Cross-Country team*, House athletics team (F), Magazine Committee, Hoping to enter Birmingham University to read Chemical Engineering.
- D. J. DOWNER, A.L.3. O.L.7. School Prefect, Chess team* (captain), 2nd Cricket XI, 2nd Soccer XI, cricket and soccer teams (McK), S.C.M. To do an H.N.C. course with the Southern Electricity Board.
- D. P. FISHER, A.L.3. O.L.8. School Prefect, Hoping to enter Liverpool University to read Medicine.
- D. HALE, A.L.2. O.L.9. School Prefect. To Farnborough Technical College.
- D. NEWBY, A.L.2. O.L.9. School Prefect, Debating Society (Committee member), Magazine sub-editor.
- N. A. ORR, A.L.2. O.L.8. School Prefect, Debating Society, Hoping to do Pharmacy at Sunderland.
- D. C. G. OTTRIDGE, A.L.3. O.L.8. Deputy Head Boy, Athletics team (captain), Chess team* (vice-captain (McK)). To enter University College, London, to read Mathematics.

- P. N. RANDOW, A.L.1 O.L.7. Bus Prefect. To be an Engineering Apprentice at Bristol Sidley Aircraft Corporation.
- C. D. SOUTHCOTT, A.L.1. O.L.8. School Prefect, House cricket and chess teams (F), Debating Society, Chess Club. To do a sandwich course in Mechanical Engineering with 'Tube Investments'.
- R. T. SMITH, A.L.3. O.L.10. School Prefect, President of the Debating Society. To enter Birmingham University to read Chemistry.
- MARGARET STEDMAN, A.L.1. O.L.5. School Prefect, Debating Society (member), S.C.M. To Bulmershe Teachers' Training College, Reading.
- M. TOLFEE, O.L.5. To train in Engineering.
- D. WALKER, A.L.2. O.L.6. Hoping to study Electrical Engineering with English Electric.
- I. WEATHERLEY, A.L.2. O.L.8. School Prefect, Debating Society, S.C.M.
- N. WORDEN, A.L.2. O.L.6. Bus Prefect, School Chess team, House chess captain (M). Hoping to enter Kingston College of Technology.

MIDDLE VI LIT.

- JENNIFER BARNETT, A.L.3. O.L.6. School Prefect, Debating Society, S.C.M., former Senior Choir. To 'The Training College', Bedford.
- CAROLE CARTWRIGHT, A.L.2. O.L.6. School Prefect, Debating Society (Committee member), S.C.M. To Bishop Otter Teachers' Training College.
- KATHLEEN CHIDGEY, A.L.2. O.L.9. School Prefect, former Senior Choir, Debating Society, Accepted by Barclays Bank.
- R. E. CRICK, A.L.1. O.L.5. Former School Prefect, 1st Soccer XI, 1st Cricket XI, House soccer, cricket and athletics (F). To Shoreditch Technical College for the Furnishing Trades.
- ELEANOR FIELD, A.L.3. O.L.8. Deputy Head Girl, 1st Tennis team (captain), House captain (P), House lacrosse and tennis captain, Debating Society, Magazine Committee, Hoping to enter Leicester University to read Combined Arts.
- PATRICIA FREEMAN, A.L.3. O.L.8. School Prefect, Magazine sub-editor, 1st Lacrosse XII* (captain), House captain (McK), House lacrosse captain, House hockey team, Debating Society (Committee member), Career undecided.
- B. M. C. HEPTINSTALL, A.L.3. O.L.6. School Prefect, House Chess captain (P), Junior Dramatic Society Group Leader, Debating Society, S.C.M., Magazine Committee, Senior Choral Group, Hoping to enter Hull University to read Law.
- JILL HOFFMAN, A.L.3. O.L.7. Head Girl, 1st Lacrosse XII* (vice-captain), 1st Tennis team, Athletics team, former 1st Hockey XI, House captain (M), House lacrosse captain, House hockey team, Debating Society (member), S.C.M., Musical and Dramatic Society, Gym Club, Magazine Committee, Chairman of the Meals' Committee, Hoping to enter Leicester University to read Combined Arts.
- S. J. PARRATT, A.L.1. O.L. 6. Head Boy, 1st Soccer XI* (captain), 1st Cricket XI* (captain), Athletics team, House captain (P), captain of House soccer, cricket and athletics, Debating Society. To Shoreditch Training College.
- R. A. PILKINGTON, O.L.5. School Prefect, 1st Soccer XI, 1st Cricket XI, Athletics team, Chess team House soccer, cricket and athletics teams (McK), Debating Society, Musical and Dramatic Society. To do a Surveying Course at Regent Street Polytechnic.

- S. A. ROWLAND. A.L.1. O.L.4. Former School Prefect, 1st Soccer XI. To Shoreditch Training College to do Woodwork.
- CHRISTINE SCARLETT. A.L.3. O.L.8. School Prefect, 1st Hockey XI*, House Hockey team (F). Debating Society, S.C.M. Hoping to enter university to read Languages.
- CAROLE SMITH. A.L.3. O.L.8. School Prefect, 2nd Lacrosse XII (captain), 2nd Tennis team, House Lacrosse captain (F), Debating Society, S.C.M., former Senior Choir, Magazine Committee. Hoping to enter Hull University to read English.
- JANET THOMAS. A.L.3. O.L.7. School Prefect, Athletics team* (captain), (represented Surrey Schools in All England Athletics Meeting), 1st Lacrosse XII*, 1st Tennis team (vice-captain), House athletics and tennis captain (M), House hockey, S.C.M., Debating Society, Musical and Dramatic Society, Gym Club, former Senior Choir. Hoping to enter Hull University to read French and Italian.
- CAROL THOMPSON. A.L.2. O.L.6. School Prefect, Match Tea Organiser, 1st Hockey XI, Junior Dramatic Society Group Leader, Debating Society. To enter either Coventry Teachers' Training College or Guildford Technical College for a course in Hotel and Catering Management.
- D. TODD. A.L.2. O.L.3. School Prefect. To enter Guildford Technical College to take a course leading to a Higher National Diploma in Business Studies.
- MARGARET WHITE. A.L.2. O.L.6. School Prefect, Junior Dramatic Society Group Leader, Debating Society. To Avery Hill Teachers' Training College.
- LOWER VI LIT.
- G. A. JEFFS. O.L.7. 1st Chess team, 2nd Cricket XI, House cricket and chess teams (McK), Debating Society (Committee member—former vice-president), Senior Choral Group, Musical and Dramatic Society, Magazine Committee. To take Articles with Messrs. Davie, Parsons & Co., London.
- PAULINE WOOD. O.L.6. To be a Nurse with Guildford Group Hospitals.
- VA
- D. ELSE. O.L.4. To do Municipal Engineering.
- PATRICIA KYTE. O.L.5. 2nd Hockey XI. To Guildford Technical College.
- JANET HEMBURY. O.L.3. To Guildford Technical College to do a Secretarial Course.
- ANNE PHILLIPS. O.L.4. To Guildford Technical College to do a Secretarial Course.
- M. PASS. O.L.5. 2nd Cricket XI, 2nd Soccer XI. To be a clerk at Barclays Bank.
- SHEILA REMNANT. O.L.4. 2nd Lacrosse XII, 2nd Tennis team, House lacrosse team (M), Debating Society. To Guildford Technical College.
- S. TWEDDLE. O.L.3. Moving to Rome.
- ANN WEATHERLEY. O.L.7. To Guildford Technical College to do a Business Studies Diploma.
- VB
- E. BRADBROOK. O.L.4. School Cross-Country team, Athletics team (represented Surrey Schools in All England Athletics Meeting. To Guildford Technical College.
- ANNA BOGAWSKI. O.L.6. Hoping to enter Guildford Technical College.
- LYNNE DAVIES. O.L.5. 1st Lacrosse XII, House Lacrosse team (F), Debating Society. Hoping to enter Lloyds Bank, Trustee department.
- CHRISTINE FRANCIS. O.L.4. Debating Society. Hoping to be a Librarian.
- THELMA HALFHIDE. O.L.7. Debating Society. To be a Laboratory assistant at British Drug Houses.
- M. HAMPSHIRE. 1st Soccer XI, 1st Cricket XI. To be a Trainee at J. Sainsbury's Ltd.
- VALERIE HUDSON. O.L.2. 1st Tennis team. To do office work.
- JACQUELINE KEEVIL. O.L.2. Hoping to enter the National Provincial Bank.
- MARGARET LUCKHAM. O.L.3. 1st Lacrosse XII, 1st Tennis team, House lacrosse, hockey and tennis teams. To be a receptionist at Horstmann's, Opticians, Guildford.
- JANE MARSHALL. O.L.4. To Alan Knight Secretarial College.
- STEPHANIE MORRISON. O.L.4. To be a Bank Clerk.
- VICKI RAMSEY. O.L.2. To do a pre-diploma course at Guildford School of Art.
- MARGARET SMITH. O.L.2. To Barclays Bank, Guildford.
- VC
- A. BIGGS. O.L.5. Hoping to enter a Technical College.
- H. BURGESS. O.L.6. To enter the Building Trade.
- SALLY BANNISTER. O.L.3. To be a Telephonist with the G.P.O.
- D. CALLOW. O.L.1. 1st Cricket XI, 2nd Soccer XI, House cricket and soccer teams (P). To be an apprentice with the British Aircraft Corporation.
- GILLIAN DOWNES. O.L.5. Debating Society. To be a Trainee Comptometer Operator.
- SALLY HASKETT. O.L.6. 1st Lacrosse XII, House lacrosse team (F). To London College of Fashion.
- LINDA JONES. O.L.2. To Harvey's of Guildford as Trainee Fashion Buyer.
- G. KEEN. O.L.1. To be a telephone technician.
- A. POOLE. O.L.7. To seek employment.
- LYNN REFFELL. O.L.4. Hoping to be an Animal Nursing Auxiliary.
- M. STEEL. O.L.4. To Guildford Technical College.
- CHRISTINE WILKINS. O.L.2. Hoping to enter Local Government.
- VD
- R. N. BROWNING. O.L.1. To be a Junior Insurance Clerk.
- P. BUTT. O.L.6. 1st Soccer XI, 2nd Cricket XI, Debating Society. Hoping to enter the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors.
- ISOBEL EWEN. O.L.6. Hoping to enter the Civil Service.
- P. HALES. O.L.3. 1st Soccer XI, 1st Cricket XI. To seek employment.
- A. NYAZAI. O.L.6. 1st Soccer XI, 2nd Cricket XI, Debating Society. Hoping to enter the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors.
- M. PARSONS. O.L.4. To train as a Draughtsman.
- N. A. COONEY. O.L.6. To be a Trainee Structural Engineer.
- MARGARET HUDSON, IVA. To be a Telephonist with the G.P.O.
- TRUDY McGOVERN, IVB. Under 15 Hockey XI. To Alan Knight Secretarial College.
- PAMELA STANTON, IIIB. Moving to Essex.
- SHEILA HANNER, IIIC. Moving to Hertfordshire.
- ELIZABETH EVANS, IIC. To 'The Mount' School, York.
- LESLEY CASH, IA. To Redmaids School, Bristol.
- R. WILLS, IA. Transferred to Ottershaw.
- BETH LEVIN, IB. Returned to Canada.
- DIANE STANTON, IC. Moving to Essex.
- * Denotes colours.

Old Godhelmian Association

BY D. R. MORLEY

Hon. Life Members (also Past Presidents): Mr. S. C. Nunn, Mr. W. M. Wigfield

Other Past Presidents: Mr. P. A. Jones, Mrs. B. Evans, Mr. P. P. F. Perry, Mrs. M. V. Walker, Mr. B. L. Bettison, Miss R. Mullard, Miss K. M. Purver, Mr. D. R. Morley, Mr. W. K. Norman, Mr. E. P. Dewar.

Officers and Committee 1963/64

President: Mrs. P. Stedman (née Phipps)

Hon. Treasurer: Miss R. Mullard

Hon. Secretary: Mr. D. R. Morley

Liaison Officer at School: Mr. P. A. Jones

Committee: Mrs. M. V. Walker, Miss M. Kendall, Mr. R. Bodle (retire 1964), Mr. P. E. J. Edwards, Mr. B. Colley, Mr. B. J. Parker (retire 1965), Miss J. Feehan, Mrs. S. M. Morley, Mr. W. K. Norman (retire 1966)

Other appointments 1963/64

Hon. Auditor: Mr. R. N. Smith

Match Secretaries :

Boys: Mr. B. L. Bettison—at the School

Girls: Mrs. S. Hynds—at the School

Tennis Secretary: Mrs. P. Stedman

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING 1963

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING was held at the School on Saturday, September 21st, with the President, Mr. E. P. Dewar in the chair. Twelve members of the Association were present.

The Honorary Secretary, Mr. W. K. Norman, referred the meeting to the School Magazine for an account of the previous year's activities.

The Honorary Treasurer, Miss R. Mullard reported a satisfactory balance at August 31st of £134, an increase from the previous year.

The President of the Association, Mr. E. P. Dewar, reported to the meeting that the Secretary had expressed a desire to be relieved of his duties owing to pressure of work and also because he felt we were 'hitting our heads against a wall and were not getting sufficient support from O.G.s'. After thanking Mr. Norman for his meticulous work Mr. Dewar said that basically he agreed with his view which was clearly demonstrated by the few stalwarts who attended the A.G.M. but it must be remembered that a large number of pupils left the district. In fact he was rather proud to think that there were Old Godhelmians spread far and wide throughout the world and he felt sure that their support would be forthcoming when the occasion demanded. Continuing his report Mr. Dewar said that Mr. L. R. Fisher (1930-34) required no remuneration for the work which he had carried out on the Pavilion and suggested that the money should be given to extensions and improvements. The School is very grateful for this suggestion. Mr. Dewar went on to say that the work would be likely to begin in October and a clock, the gift of the O.G.A., would be installed shortly. (This is now completed.)

After thanking the Committee and Officers, par-

ticularly Mr. Jones, for their hard work, the President said that he was very happy to nominate Mrs. Stedman (Pam Phipps) as President. There were no other nominations and Mrs. Stedman was duly elected.

During the course of 'any other business' Mr. Jones stated that owing to an increase in the number of prize-winners, the Committee were recommending that the O.G. donation should be raised to £12 12s. This was approved unanimously. (At a subsequent committee meeting it was decided to increase this to £20.)

1963-64

Following the poor support of last year's fixtures, social activities of the O.G.A. have been limited to a President's Evening, a report of which appears elsewhere in this section. Thanks to the hard work of our President, the Tennis Club is still in being and offers the facilities of the Pavilion, five hard courts and three grass at a cost of 5s. for the season.

PRESIDENT'S EVENING

BY THE PRESIDENT

ON DECEMBER 7TH, 1963, about 70 people gathered for an informal evening at the King's Arms Hotel. This meeting was primarily for my own contemporaries (those leaving School between 1949 and 1953) but we were very pleased to see past and present members of the Staff and other members of the Association. Those present included (names as at School):

* Joan Armes
* Renee Armes
M. J. Bartlett

R. F. Inskip
Mary Kendall
Pat Mackay

Judy Bennett	Dorothea Manfield
G. Bixley	D. Morley
• Barbara Brignall	B. Morrish
P. Brummell	Sylvia Mounsey
Shirlie Butters	Ruth Mullard
B. Colley	W. K. Norman
M. A. Collis	B. D. Page
Jean Courtnell	B. Parker
Audrey Dunn	Ann Parker
P. E. J. Edwards	* Pamela Phipps
Myrtle Elliott	D. Potter
* D. Evans	Eileen Steele
* D. Farrant	J. C. S. Talbot
Christine Fechan	R. Tusler
* Janet Fechan	June Ward
* Peggy Godwin	* Pamela Ware
Peggy Graham	* Maureen Wolfe
D. Hazelden	
* With husband, wife or fiancé(e)	

STAFF

Mr. Wigfield	Miss McIntosh
Mr. Dewar	Miss Anson
Miss Purver	Mr. and Mrs. Haynes
Mr. and Mrs. Jones	Mr. Needham
Mr. and Mrs. Sare	Mr. May
Mr. Ashby	Mr. Johnson

I also received about 30 messages from people who were unable to attend. I would like to take this opportunity of saying how much these letters are appreciated. Even if you are unable to attend the O.G.A. functions it is nice to hear from you and to know that you are still interested in its activities.

TENNIS CLUB

BY P. STEDMAN

After my rather depressing report last year, things now look a little brighter with the Tennis Club. Although we have not had many new members, those we have come pretty regularly so I have not worn myself out playing singles with my husband this year! Even so, with three extra hard courts we have plenty of room for more new members, so why not come along?

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

THE ANNUAL General Meeting of the Association was held early in the Autumn Term when the following members were elected to form a committee: Mesdames Parker, Else, Taylor, Hall and Barnett, and Messrs. Brayshaw, Bridge, Abbott, Plumbley and Brown. Members of the Staff had already been elected as follows: Miss McIntosh, Mr. Chisholm and Mr. Laidlaw. At a subsequent committee meeting the following officers were appointed: Chairman Mr. A. J. Brayshaw, Vice-Chairman Mr. Bridge, Hon. Treasurer Mr. Laidlaw and Hon. Secretary Mrs. Barnett, and in due course Mr. Francis and Mr. Hibbert were co-opted to serve with the committee.

During the year various sub-committees have been busy organising activities, including a Film Show in November when the projector was demonstrated most effectively to members by Mr. Hibbert. Films used during School lessons were shown covering a wide variety of subjects, all proving most interesting and entertaining, and the audience was most appreciative.

In March another 'Any Questions' evening was held and again proved to be most successful. The Panel included Miss Gill and Mr. Dewar who needed no introduction to the members present. Mr. Hoare, an Australian now teaching Mathematics at Charterhouse, and Mr. David Dunhill of the B.B.C. who is also a parent. Mr. Brayshaw acted as Question Master and kept things moving at a brisk pace. The questions dealt mainly with education but a great deal of humour was introduced by the Panel. Some pupils may have been amused to learn that a certain member of the Staff also carried 'pin-up' pictures in a rough book, not of 'the Beatles' perhaps but of 'the Voice'.

The Parents' Association also took great pleasure in helping with the necessary preparations for the Summer Fayre and it was unanimously agreed that the proceeds should go towards equipment and extra books for the new School Library.

We have also exchanged correspondence with the Town Clerk of Godalming in an endeavour to obtain a pedestrian crossing in Ockford Road at the foot of Holloway Hill to assist pupils to cross this busy road. Our efforts have not born fruit so far but we have at least stressed the urgency with which we view the present situation.

To complete our year we hope to run a Jumble Sale and we will be only too happy to accept any jumble to make this successful.

P.A. DRAMA GROUP ASSOCIATION

BY OUR DRAMA CRITIC

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION Drama Group Production this year took the form of a play by R. F. Delderfield entitled 'The Orchard Walls': two performances of which were given on October 25th and 26th.

The play is set in the principal's study at Meltingham Collegiate school for girls, and the action centres around that principal, Miss Christine Muir, competently played by Edith Plumbley. Miss Muir, as we hear, has completely altered and improved life at school, and brought conditions

there up to date; not only abolishing straw hats, but also providing inter-school meetings and discussions with the local boys' school. These enlightened improvements, although they make her very popular with her pupils, nevertheless cause disagreement between herself and her old-fashioned deputy principal Miss Maynard, played by Olive Ponting, who completely opposes them.

This conflict comes to a head over the love affair of Shirley, one of her pupils, with Michael Pritchard. Miss Maynard disapproves of this, but Miss Muir encourages it, partly because she herself is in love with Philip O'Hea, who has just returned from abroad. The situation is further complicated by Shirley's mother, played by Beatrix Mounsey, who intends to send her daughter to Canada, as she strongly objects to Shirley and Michael's friendship. The two, however, run away together in the hope of getting married, but are caught, and finally brought back. The dramatic climax of the play, which was excellently conveyed, was the intended suicide of Shirley from the cathedral tower, stopped just in time. After this, the situation reveals itself. Michael and Shirley, their personal crisis over, agree to part for the two years until her return from Canada, when they would marry; Miss Maynard decides that she was wrong and Miss Muir right; and Miss Muir finally accepts Mr. O'Hea's offer of marriage.

So much for the plot. The acting was of a convincing standard throughout, though marred by slight hesitancy at the beginning. Another drawback, perhaps, was that Leslie Plumbley in the role of Mr. O'Hea seemed to have a perpetual smile on his face, while Edith Plumbley was similarly afflicted, though to a lesser extent. Also her interpretation of her part was slightly too easy-going and too pleasant to be completely convincing as principal of a girls' school.

Apart from those I have mentioned, Alys French as Miss Muir's secretary, Brian Parker as a school governor and local editor, and Percy Kimber as Michael's father were all competent and realistic performances, while the three Godhelmians, Julian Ince and Susan Ball as the ill-starred lovers, and Linda Charlick as one of Shirley's fellow pupils, handled their various roles effectively, and adequately justified their inclusion in the cast. Those also worthy of mention and congratulation are of course the director and the stage manager, Mr. Plumbley and Mr. French, the electricians, Adrian Bridge and David Newby, Lillian Simmonds the property mistress and Jimmy Ponting in charge of the recordings—whose diverse tasks behind the scenes contributed greatly to the success of the performance. Atten-

dances were quite good on both evenings, but the hall was not full; this is a pity, for the Parents' Drama Group deserves much more support than it receives.

The P.A. DRAMA GROUP present, on October 9th and 10th, 'BLITHE SPIRIT', a comedy by Noel Coward.

Tickets are at 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.; School pupils and children half-price.

'TOAD OF TOAD HALL'

A play from

KENNETH GRAHAME'S

The Wind in the Willows

BY

A. A. MILNE

Music by H. Fraser-Simson

DECEMBER 10th, 11th 12th, 1964

THE SPRING

BY THELMA ROYAL

The primrose is out,
The sun is about,
The men are off sowing,
The seeds will be growing,
The men will be resting at noon.
Catkins on trees
Blow about in the breeze.
The lambs are coming,
The bees are humming,
The blackbird is singing his tune.

CONCERNING OLD GODHELMIANs

1963 *ENGAGEMENTS*

- OCTOBER Ernest L. Fowles (1948-53) to Joyce H. Camper
 NOVEMBER 2 Karen French (1953-59) to Kenneth Bryant

1964

- JANUARY Ruth Ketteringham (1954-60) to Roy Doysdale
 JANUARY David Muscott (1952-57) to Maureen Anne Jones
 JANUARY Pauline Sivill (1956-61) to Donald Whiting (1954-61)
 FEBRUARY 28 Robert Kimber (1954-61) to Kathleen Woodend
 MARCH 25 Sjoerd Schuyleman (1956-61) to Helen King
 SEPTEMBER James McVittie (1954-60) to Susan Workman
 (UNDATED) Rosalind Jewitt (1955-62) to Edward Slinger
 Peter Lowe (1952-59) to Defane McColl
 Brian D. Johnson (1951-57) to Maureen Bisby
 Jean Scillitoe (1960-61) to David Hart (1956-61)
 Kathleen Thayer (1954-60) to Peter A. S. Buck (1954-62)
 William John Lintott (1953-59) to Patricia Webley
 Jean Parker (1954-61) to Robert Smith
 Rosemary Ahearne (1953-60) to Alan Pledge (1953-59)
 Lesley J. Riley (1959-62) to David Lindley, B.Sc.
 Mary Roland (1955-62) to John Brayshaw (1955-62)

1963 *MARRIAGES*

- JULY 27 Stanley G. Hoptroff (1945-48) to Veronica Hammond
 JULY 27 Rosemary Nightingale (1950-57) to Robert Jeffery (1951-58)
 AUGUST 3 Margaret Cook (1947-55) to Brian Richard John Webb
 AUGUST 10 Donald Heath (1947-53) to Gay Melrose
 AUGUST 10 William Ellis (1951-58) to Gillian Lawry
 SEPTEMBER 7 Christine Wells (1951-57) to Anthony William Hall
 SEPTEMBER 7 Enid Faulkner (1953-56) to Antonio Mansi
 SEPTEMBER 21 Molly Woolley (1935-37) to Ronald Robbins
 SEPTEMBER 21 Mary S. Knottley (1954-61) to Michael H. Scanlon
 SEPTEMBER 28 Philip John Bray (1944-49) to Peggy Margaret Mann
 Frederick Clifford Goss (1953-56) to Sylvia Mary Wickens
 DECEMBER 14 Dawn Davies (1953-58) to Barrington H. F. Wooding
 DECEMBER 27 Cherry White (1947-54) to Paul Webb
 DECEMBER 27 Rosemary Hardcastle (1949-56) to Brian Elliott

1964

- JANUARY 11 David Martin Waghorn (1950-57) to Janet Heartfield
 FEBRUARY Janet Norman (1952-60) to John McLean
 FEBRUARY 15 Peter Haynes (1950-58) to Louise Hayashi
 MARCH 1 Christopher G. Brading (1943-51) to Kathleen Harrison
 MARCH 14 Norma Mary Smith (1954-59) to Michael Richard Walker (1954-59)
 MARCH 21 Anthony Brian Cheeseman (1951-54) to Sandra Brenda Gale
 MARCH 28 Margaret Ann Rich (1952-59) to Peter Henry Randall
 MARCH 28 Lesley Caroline Pickering (1957-60) to Albert Charles White
 MARCH 30 Teresa F. Osborne (1949-54) to Ronald Harold Stone
 MARCH 31 Carol Piper (1956-62) to Michael Hedley Heard
 APRIL 4 Anne Lilian Beadle (1952-57) to Philip Henry Barber
 MAY 9 Robert David Mann (1949-51) to Susan Mary Lord
 JUNE 19 Elizabeth M. Wigfield (1953-60) to Alan H. Beattie
 JUNE 20 Jill Witney (1953-59) to Leonard Arthur Bird
 JULY 25 Ruth Wiskar (1955-61) to Henry Graham Cairns
 AUGUST 29 Roger N. Smith (1953-58) to Myra Dopson
 AUGUST 29 Gillian Enticknap (1955-62) to Keith James Enever (1956-60)
 SEPTEMBER 5 David Muscott (1952-57) to Maureen Anne Jones
 AUGUST 15 Janet Newbury (1950-56) to John Stevenson

1963 BIRTHS

- JANUARY 16 to Pamela Stedman (née Phipps, 1944-49), a son, Jonathon James
AUGUST 31 to Jennifer Mawer (née Browne, 1953-55), a daughter, Caroline
OCTOBER 27 to Rosemary Berrow (née Childs, 1949-53), a daughter, Vanessa Jane
NOVEMBER 11 to John Davey-Smith (1950-56), a son, Paul
NOVEMBER 17 to Jill Halliwell (née Knights, 1951-56), a son, Nicholas James
DECEMBER 1 to Francis Heath (1947-54), a daughter, Maria Kathleen
DECEMBER 6 to Terry Collins (1947-52), a daughter, Deborah Anne, a sister for David Russell
DECEMBER 17 to Jean (née Whyman, 1944-51) and Derek Raper (1944-48), a son, Nicholas James
AUGUST 12 to Joan (née Stemp, 1938-44) and Eric Harcourt (1937-42), a son, Barry John

1964

- JANUARY 19 to Brian Habgood (1949-54), a daughter, Sonia Louise
JANUARY to Patricia Bygrave (née Alexander, 1943-51), a son
JANUARY 21 to Michael J. Lyons (1952-57), a son, Kevin John
FEBRUARY 16 to John Bennett (1939-47), a son, David Andrew a brother for Philip and Ruth
APRIL 4 to Jacqueline Cook (née Upstone, 1955-60), a daughter, Lindsay Jacqueline
APRIL 20 to Lynette (née Lawes, 1949-55) and Tony Strudwick (1949-56), a son, Michael, a brother for Karen
APRIL 22 to Brenda Norman (née Richardson, 1952-58), a son
APRIL 25 to John Holley (1947-51), a daughter, Debra Ann
MAY 11 to Rita Stevens (née Goodship, 1949-54), a daughter, Alison Jane
JUNE 19 to Sonia Simmons (née Burt, 1955-60), a son, Alistair
JUNE 17 to Pamela (née Bridger, 1955-60) and John Lewis (1956-59), a daughter, Jane
JUNE 25 to Mary Scanlon (née Knottley, 1954-61), a son, Stephen Michael
JUNE 30 to Sylvia (née Newman, 1945-53) and John Knight (1946-53), a daughter, Claire Elizabeth, a sister for Karen
AUGUST 21 to Janet French (née Riddle, 1945-53), a daughter Sara Ann, a sister for Jane to Shirley (née Butters, 1949-51) and Brian Morrish (1946-53), a daughter, Rachel Frances, sister for Andrew and Damian
SEPTEMBER 8 to Sylvia (née Mounsey, 1945-53) and David Morley (1945-50), a son, Jonathon David

DEATHS

We regret to record the following deaths:

Arthur Gordon Coggan (1933-35) in Peppard Chest Hospital, near Reading, on June 13, 1963, aged 43 years

After leaving Godalming, he attended Reading School before joining the staff of the Westminster Bank in Reading. During the war he was a Commissioned Officer in an Anti-Tank Regiment and served in the North African Campaign, El Alamein, Sicily, Salerno and the final assault across the Channel on D-Day. He was later taken Prisoner at Caen and spent a year in an Oflag camp at Brunswick, near Hanover.

Returning to civil life he continued with the Westminster Bank and his next promotion would have been as manager.

He leaves a widow, a son aged 18 who was captain of Reading School in 1963, and who is to go to Medical School, London, this autumn, and a daughter aged 13 who is at boarding school in Abingdon.

Neville Mann (1952-53) in August 1963.

He was presumed dead after being lost in a blizzard. Engaged with the British Antarctic Survey based at Hadley Bay, he had gone out to exercise the dogs when severe weather developed and he was not able to get back. He spent one year with us before going to Ottershaw Boarding School.

Brian Alan Watts (1954-61) on September 14th, 1963, aged 20.

He was killed in an accident whilst driving a motor cycle on the Guildford-Godalming road. Brian was in his finals year at Birmingham University. (Patrick Stenning (1956-61), his pillion passenger, was also injured.)

Christopher Flaws (1956-61) in June 1964.

He met his death while travelling in Turkey.

Roger Kemp (1951-57) on July 10th, 1964.

He was drowned while spending a holiday on the Norfolk Broads. He was a prominent member of Cranleigh Cricket Club and since spending two years' National Service in the R.A.F., had been employed as a clerk.

news

ROSEMARY ALLSOP (née Rice, 1947-50) has been living in Connecticut, U.S.A., for a number of years. She has three children, sons aged six and two and a four-year-old daughter.

JOHN BENNETT (1939-47) is working as a Physicist with Shell at Thornton Research Centre, Ellesmere Port. He has three children, a son, Philip aged eight years, daughter Ruth aged four years and a seven-month-old son, David Andrew.

PETER BENNETT (1944-49) has a Guest House near Sidmouth.

MRS. J. BIRD (Miss Snowdon, 1952-54) has two children—a son Stephen, and a daughter. Her husband was ordained deacon in Lincoln Cathedral 12 months ago.

DIANA BLAKE (1957-62) has gone to Canada. Although she is a qualified hairdresser in England, she cannot practice in Canada until she has taken the Canadian State examination, so for the time being she is working in a branch of the Toronto Dominion Bank. Her address is 425 Durie St., Toronto 9.

MICHAEL BRAYSHAW (1955-62) has been awarded an Australian Government Scholarship for a visit to Australia during his summer vacation from Nottingham University. He has secured employment with a bank for the period.

NOEL BRISTER (1955-61) has completed a two-year catering course at Guildford Technical College and has started a four-year course of training with Trust Houses Ltd., leading, he hopes, to management. At present, he is at the Wessex Hotel, Winchester.

LOUIS BROOKS (1943-50) writes cheerfully from R.A.F. Officers' Mess, Geilenkirchen, B.F.P.O. 42, Germany.

SHEELAGH BROWN (1959-63) is working at the local Head Office of Barclays Bank at Guildford.

PAULINE BRYANT (née Gregory, 1942-49) is living at Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. She has a small son, Alan.

MARGARET BULLEN (1950-55) has been nursing premature babies in Chelmsford since February. She finds it very rewarding work to see tiny and often poorly babies grow and thrive and finally go home to joyful parents when they achieve the great weight of 5lb. 4oz! She hopes to take Part I, Midwifery, starting in November.

RUTH CAIRNS (née Wiskar, 1955-61) is still working at Marley Concrete where she says many Old Godhelmians are employed, among them being Brian Tapp, Fred Broadhead and Peter Bennett.

JANE CARLTON (1958-64) left School at Easter this year and is working at Barclays Bank, Godalming.

HELENE CHAZAUD (1936-39) remembers with joy her happy years at Godalming and would welcome news from her old friends. Her address is: 16 Boulevard du 14 juillet, Sens, Yonne, France. She is secretary to a doctor.

JOAN COLEMAN (1943-48) has her own optician's practice and has recently moved to a new address in Bexleyheath.

FRANCES COLLINGRIDGE (née Barham, 1935-41) has three children: Annett aged 15, and Michael aged 11, both at Grammar Schools and four-year old Mandy.

ALAN COLLYER (1953-59) qualified at Shore-ditch Training College last year and has been teaching at Christ's Hospital, Horsham, for the past 12 months.

MISS D. M. COW (1941-43) is teaching at the Welsh Girls School, Ashford, Middlesex.

KENNETH R. CRESSWELL (1945-50) lives in Birmingham and is working for John Laing and Son, Civil Engineering Contractors, as a Site Engineer. He has been with them since he returned from New Zealand 3½ years ago. He finds variety in the job with work on motorways, multi-storey building, etc., and at present on a Corporation housing project.

JANET M. CRESSWELL (1952-59) is nursing at the Nuffield Maternity Department, Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford.

BEVERLEY GILBERT CROSS (1957-58) taught for a year at D. Brome School, Feltham, Middlesex. He left on August 26th, 1963, for Louisville, Kentucky, hoping to obtain a post in educational television in the U.S.

DEREK DARKING (1937-42) has been married for ten years and has a daughter Jacqueline aged seven, and a son Paul aged five. He lives in Roke Close, Witley.

PETER DEARLOVE is now living at Weymouth, working with the Admiralty at Portland.

JOHN DAVEY-SMITH (1950-56) is living at Ash Vale and spends his spare time trying to keep up his quarter-acre of garden and playing table tennis in the Aldershot and District League during the winter months.

WILLIAM ELLIS (1951-58) is teaching at Friends' School, Baltimore, U.S.A. He attended this school for a year in 1958-59 as an exchange student and from 1961-63 taught at Monument Hill Secondary School, Woking.

KEITH J. ENEVER (1956-60) is living at Leytonstone while continuing his research work at Queen Mary College.

NIGEL P. FORDE (1955-63) is thoroughly enjoying Oxford life. He has passed his first public examination and is a member of O.U.D.S. and the University Orchestra, President of the College Musical Society, Editor of the College's literary magazine and a member of the Collegium Musicum Oxoniense with whom he sang under the baton of Igor Stravinsky at the English Bach Festival in June.

J. R. FORTESCUE (1935-41), the School's first dentist, is still in practice in Eastbourne. He and his wife, Barbara (née Pierce, 1935-44) came to the School's Summer Fayre with their three daughters, aged 16, 14 and 12 years.

HUGUETTE GABARIE (née Chazaud, 1936-39) has three daughters. She is doing commercial work.

MISS K. M. GOODWIN (1938-40) is Senior Biologist at the East Leiston Grammar School, Suffolk.

F. W. GOSS (1953-55) is a consulting engineer in Hong Kong.

E. J. GOUGH (1932-37) has emigrated to Australia. He and his wife and family are living in Elizabeth, S.A., where all is well with them.

DAVID HART (1956-61) is working at Crowe, Bates and Weekes, Auctioneers and Estate Agents in Guildford.

CAROLINE HAYNES (1955-62) has been awarded her Team Purple for Athletics and is Secretary of the London University Women's Athletics Club. She took a vacation post in the Chemistry Department of Toronto University where her brother is doing research.

PETER HAYNES (1950-58) was home from Toronto for the month of August.

BRIAN D. JOHNSTON (1951-57) completes his final accountancy examinations in December. He is working in Woking.

ROBERT W. KIMBER (1954-61) has left Queen Mary College. In his final year he was chairman of the University of London North America Club. He is a graduate member of the Committee of the Graduate and Student Section of the Institution of Civil Engineers. He is working with Richard Costain in London.

KAY KNIGHTS (1955-60) is working at the National Institute of Oceanography.

PETER LOWE (1952-59) is working at Solartron Electronics Group at Farnborough.

SALLY MANNALL (née Martin, 1949-56) is now living at Ledbury, Herefordshire. She was teaching in Warrington until the end of April and was doing supply work at Malvern until the end of the Summer Term. She was hoping to have a permanent post again in September.

JOHN MCDERMOTT (1952-59) has finished his course at Avery Hill Training College and is now teaching at St. John's, Walworth.

JACQUELINE MITTELHOLZER (née Pointer, 1949-56) had a short story published in the 'Elizabethan'. Her son is about a year old and she lives at Dippenhall, Farnham.

DOREEN MURPHY (1945-50) has been married some years but we don't know her new name. She has two children aged four and five years and is hoping to go to a training college to qualify to teach.

JEREMY NICKLIN (1953-60) has graduated at Hull University and has accepted a post with the British Broadcasting Corporation's Production staff.

JOHN NOBLE (1941-49) gave a recital at Chiddingfold Parish Church: this was one of the highlights of the Church's Patronal Festival.

EILEEN NOTLEY (née Elliott, 1952-59) has been married almost a year. She is dividing her energies between teaching and furnishing her bungalow at Ash Green.

JEAN PARKER (1954-61) completed her course at Philippa Fawcett Training College and is teaching at Burpham County Primary School.

JOHN PEIRCE (1939-40) is in the Merchant Navy and has his Masters' Ticket. He is married and has three sons and a daughter.

PAUL F. PERRY (1943-50) is to be congratulated on his re-election to the Godalming Council at the Borough Elections last May. In the same month he was elected to the Board of Governors of the School—the first O.G. to be so honoured.

ALAN PLEDGE (1953-59) has just started work as a furniture designer.

MISS K. M. PURVER (1938-59) is a member of the Surrey County Cricket Club, and is a regular attender at the Oval.

JOHN QUEEN (1947-55) is still teaching Physics at Shebbear College where new laboratories two years ago are resulting in more boys taking to the Sciences in the VIth Form. He called at School on the Saturday of his summer half-term and presumed that early rain had caused the cancellation of cricket.

F. A. RIDD (1932-38) is now a Higher Executive Officer in the Export Credits Guarantee Department of the Civil Service, working at Head Office in London. He is in charge of the Organisation and Methods Branch.

HAZEL ROMAINE (née Mitchell, 1942-48) has two daughters, aged eight and 4 years.

S. F. SCHUYLEMAN (1956-61) spent three months in the summer of 1963 in the French Alps doing some geological mapping. He has completed his finals year but is to continue at Imperial College doing a two-year research project in Micropaleontology.

JEAN SCILLITOE (1960-61) is now a dispenser, working at Boots, Guildford.

CAROL SIMMONDS (1954-61), is now teaching at at junior school in Rutland.

SONIA SIMMONS (née Burt, 1955-60) writes that a great deal has happened during the four years since she left School. She completed her three-year training to become a hairdresser at Rudolph and then changed her occupation to be a full-time housewife. Her husband is manager of the Carnation Nursery at Shalford where they live and a small son keeps her busy.

PAULINE SIVILL (1956-61) is teaching at Mellow Grange Convent Grammar School. She is mainly concerned with Physical Education, but is also teaching A.P.H. to Ordinary Level.

JOHN E. SMITH (1935-38) has a son in the Ist Form.

ROGER NEWNES SMITH (1953-58) is to be congratulated on qualifying as a Chartered Accountant earlier this year when only 21 years old. He married a trained nurse in August and they have gone to Kampala, Uganda, where he has taken a three-year contract with a firm of chartered accounts.

PAULINE SOMAEL (née Robinson, 1941-42) has been in U.S.A. since 1943 and now has a six-month-old daughter. Besides being an actress—TV and stage—she is a professional table tennis player. So far, she has represented the U.S.A. three times at the World Championships, has held over 100 titles in U.S.A. and in Canada as well as winning one in the English Open in 1955. Her address is 345 West 55th Street, New York, NY 10019, U.S.A.

JENNIFER SPRY (1956-61) has broken away from secretarial work and is now a member of the Surrey Constabulary.

D. J. STREET (1953-61) is an Executive Officer in the Civil Service working in London with the Ministry of Defence.

MR. S. E. TAYLOR (1930-38) has been Headmaster of Donington School since he left us. He has just retired and we wish him a long and happy retirement. His address is Newlands, Goldbridge Road, Newick, Lewes, Sussex.

KATILEEN THAYER (1954-60) is working in the Inland Revenue Office at Guildford.

DAVID THOMAS (1954-61) is studying architecture at Portsmouth College of Art. He is the Secretary of the College Drama Group and plays for the college soccer XI.

MARY TYE (née Welland, 1948-55) has been married for nearly three years and is fully occupied in her home in Guildford. Her daughter, Sarah, is a year old.

JOY WALKER (née Vince, 1944-48) has changed her address to 1900 Brentwood, East Lansing, Michigan, U.S.A. She is planning a visit home in 1965.

ROBERT WALKER (1947-54) is teaching at Farncombe. He is a member of Farncombe Church Choir and Secretary of the Godalming Society.

PAMELA WEDD (née Perry, 1932-39) was home from Ontario for a holiday in June. We were delighted to see her again when she called at School, and to meet her husband and their three children.

PAULINE WESTCOTT (1954-61) is the School's first student to achieve the degree of LL.B. At present, she is at the Law Society's School, Guildford, after which she hopes to enter articles. During the summer she joined her sister ELIZABETH (1952-59) in Montreal and they spent a three weeks' holiday in Canada reaching Vancouver.

SHIRLEY WHEELER (née Carter, 1949-55) has been married for just over a year. She lives at Croydon and is teaching at a local school.

DONALD WIGFIELD (1954-61) was awarded a Commonwealth Scholarship and has gone to the University of Toronto with a Junior Fellowship of Massey College where he is doing research in enzymes and also has a demonstratorship.

PAULINE WILSON (1958-61) has plumped for a stage career. Early in the year, she appeared with a dancing troupe in pantomime at Peterborough, Northants.

VALERIE WINDOW (1950-57) is teaching at Bedhampton, near Havant.

DAVID WORTHY (1942-50) writes cheerfully from Garissa, Kenya, where he is Deputy Civil Secretary.

ANN YOUNG (née Bennett, 1949-54) is now living at Stevenage. She has two children, a son aged five years and a daughter aged three. It is rumoured that she is coaching tennis at Hitchin Girls School.

JENNIFER YOUNG (1951-57) attended, last autumn, a Brussels Conference on the teaching of E.S.N. children.

PHYLLIS BOBBIE (née Hartt, 1952-57) is working for the British Information Service in Sydney. Her address is: Flat 10, 2a, Belmont Avenue, Wollstencroft, Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

STOP PRESS NEWS— — — — —

PETER HAYNES has been appointed to the staff of Yale University, to work under Professor Wassermann.

We congratulate the following on the award of university degrees:

Bristol

ROGER GAYMER. B.Sc.

Queen Mary's, London

A. G. KEELING. B.Sc.

R. W. KIMBER. B.Sc.

Imperial College, London

S. F. SCHUYLEMAN. B.Sc.

King's College, London

GEORGINA INGRAM. B.Sc.

Birmingham

PAULINE WESTCOTT. LL.B., Class II.

DONALD WIGFIELD. B.Sc. (Chemistry), Class IIA. Elected to a Commonwealth Scholarship and to a Junior Fellowship at Massey College, Toronto University, for research work in Bio-Chemistry.

Hull

J. NICKLIN. Combined Honours B.A. in English and French.

Edinburgh

G. DODMAN. B.Sc.

St. Andrew's

JANET NORMAN. B.Sc.

Mr. P. A. Jones asks the Old Godhelmians to send their news to School, and any who are not members of the O.G.A. are cordially invited to join the Association. Annual Subscription 2s.; life membership £2.

Standing dates for matches against the School are: The *first* Saturday in the Autumn Term (when the Annual General also takes place).

The *last* Saturday in the Spring Term.

The *third* Saturday in July.

You may add your name to a *mailing list*, by which you can be informed of musical and dramatic productions in the School.

The *object* of the Association is to keep all former pupils of the County Grammar School in touch with the School, and thereby to further the best interests of the School.

It provides a number of *prizes* for award in the Upper School, and has provided an *album* for team photographs which are too many to hang in the corridors.

It has a *panel of members* willing to advise scholars on the various professions and occupations.

The *O.G. Tennis Club* has the use of the School hard courts on Monday, Thursday and Saturday evenings during the summer.

Dinners, dances and other reunions are arranged by the committee to meet the wishes of the members.

A *fixture card* is issued to all members so that dates can be remembered.

The *subscription* is 2s. per annum or £2 for *life membership*.

The *secretary* is Mr. D. R. Morley, 9 Binscombe Lane, Godalming.

The *treasurer* is Miss Ruth Mullard, Petworth Road, Witley.

Mr. P. A. Jones is *liaison officer* at the School and he will act for either.

It is hoped you will join the Association, but in any case, please keep us informed of any change of address or occupation. An easy way is to write an occasional letter to a member of the Staff, who would pass on to the secretary any information about you.

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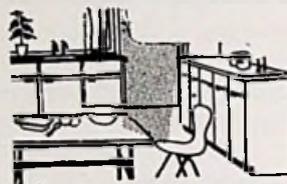
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