

1965

GODHELMIAN

THE MAGAZINE OF THE
COUNTY GRAMMAR SCHOOL, GODALMING

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL	1
-----------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---

AROUND THE SOCIETIES	8
----------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---

COMPETITIONS

Photography	6
Poetry	16

ESSAYS

Black	51
Early Morning Peace	19
Hospital Treatment	28
Jenny, My New Girl Friend	14
Jim's Reprieve	31
Lanacher	51
Night	21
Silence is Golden	26
Something Beautiful	30
That Record	31
The Horse	24
The Madman	30
The Ring	10
The Shell	28
The Storm in the Estuary Marshes	52
What Early Summer Means To Me	52

EXAMINATION RESULTS	40
---------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

HUMOUR

Rhubarbarum	3
Spargetae Romae	22

OLD GODHELMIAN NEWS	43
---------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION	52
----------------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

POETRY

A Balloon	51
Diesel	50
Dusk	16
Go to The Fun-Fair	39
Negro Singer	4
Red	50
Rhapsody in Colour	39
The City	27
The Fall of an Angel	16
The Hurricane	51
The Keepers	4

SCHOOL EVENTS

Enchanting Shakespeare	23
General Election 1964	7
Speech Day	32
Toad of Toad Hall	13

SPECIAL FEATURES

Spotlight on Local V.I.P.s	17
Jonah	2
John Francis Nichol	4
Friday, May 14th	14

SPORTSTAND	33
------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

STAFF NEWS	2
------------	-----	-----	-----	-----	---

TRAVEL

All Roads Lead to Rome	11
Norway	28
Yugoslavia	24

VALETE	41
--------	-----	-----	-----	-----	----

This could be the career you are looking for

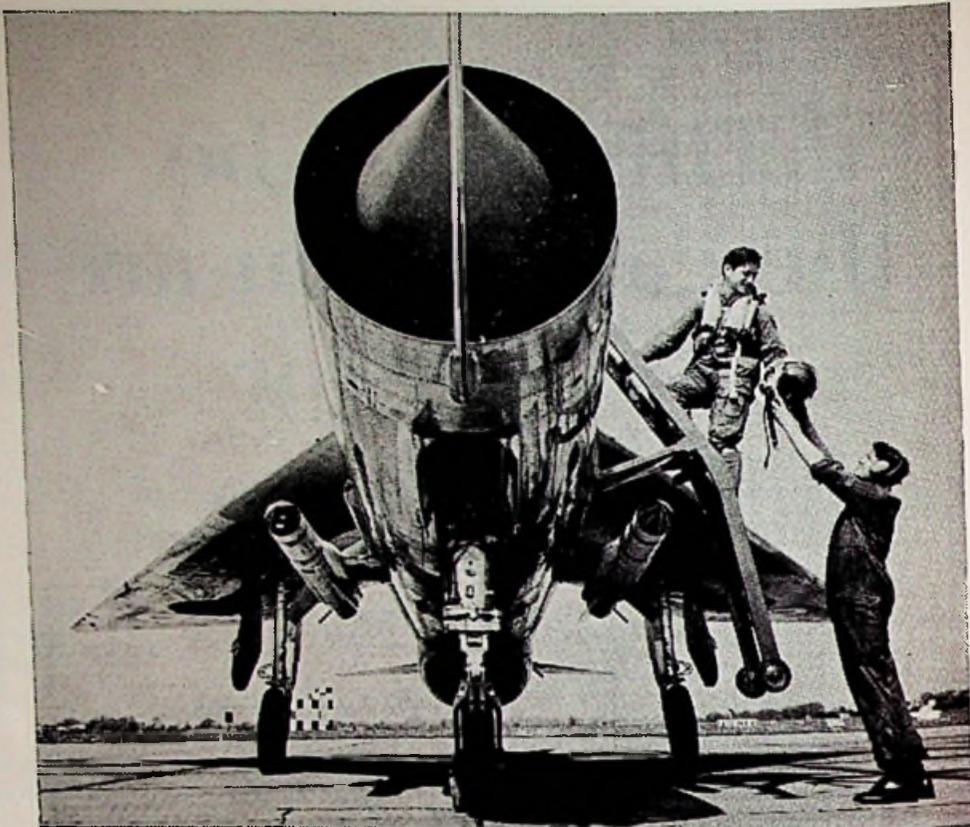
*if you are under 25 years of age and you can
truthfully answer YES to all these questions*

MEN	WOMEN
<p><i>(with at least 4 O-level passes)</i></p> <p>Do you want a career that:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Offers plenty of responsibility straight away? <input type="checkbox"/>2. Promises the security of full professional training? <input type="checkbox"/>3. Gives you a fifty-fifty chance of reaching managerial status? <input type="checkbox"/>4. Involves the challenge of dealing with people? <input type="checkbox"/>	<p>Do you want a career that:</p> <ol style="list-style-type: none">1. Offers special training for interesting jobs? <input type="checkbox"/>2. Means working among lively, interesting people? <input type="checkbox"/>3. Contributes something really worthwhile in the community? <input type="checkbox"/>4. Means meeting people—and helping them? <input type="checkbox"/>

Interested? Then it's time you had a talk with your local Westminster Bank Manager—and changed any old-fashioned ideas you may have about banking!

LIVELY MINDS LIKE YOURS

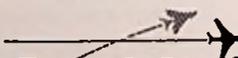
Do you think a bank is just a fortress in the High Street? Then prepare to change your views. A lively bank, such as the Westminster, is much more. It plays a key role in the life and work of your community. To do it the Westminster needs men and women with intelligence and human sympathy. You could be one of them. **Ring your local Westminster Bank Manager and arrange an interview. Or write to The General Manager, Staff Department, Westminster Bank Ltd, 41 Lothbury, London, EC2.**



Have you got what it takes to be an R.A.F. officer?

In choosing its officers the R.A.F. is, naturally, selective. It doesn't ask for supermen, or expect them. What it does ask for, and get, is young men who will be likely to respond to the advanced and intensive training which they undergo. Three main things are necessary. First, character: you must be able to keep calm under pressure, and be ready to take responsibility. Second, you must have the aptitude for whichever of the R.A.F.'s many specialities you wish to take up. And third, you must meet the academic requirements. Your Careers Master can give you leaflets which explain R.A.F. careers in detail,

and he can arrange for you to meet your R.A.F. Schools Liaison Officer for an informal chat. Or, if you prefer, write to Group Captain J. W. Allan, D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., Adastral House (SCH 248), London, WC1. (*It will help if you give your age and educational qualifications you hope to get, and say whether you are more interested in flying, technology, or administration.*)


The Royal Air Force

THE MIDLAND BANK

—believes that only the early and *practical* encouragement of first-class recruits to its service can produce the large number of future Managers and senior officials it needs. Not only is planned and progressive training available at every stage but today's entrants can also enjoy the benefits of:—

STUDY LEAVE

Boys and girls with G.C.E. passes at "A" level are among those eligible for leave to assist them in their studies for their professional qualification—the diploma of the Institute of Bankers.

(Incidentally, "A" level passes in English, Economics and Geography carry exemptions in the same subjects in part 1 of the Institute Examinations.)

SPECIAL GRADE

Young men of promise are selected for entry into a Special Grade in their early twenties when their salaries are *immediately* increased to a figure of £200 above the basic for the age. This indication is coupled with specific plans designed to enable them to qualify for "appointed" status at an early age.

PROFICIENCY GRADE

Under the terms of this new scheme, girls who are prepared to qualify themselves in exactly the same way as their male colleagues are required to do, will be paid at the same rate and be considered equally for responsibility and promotion to "appointed" status—including managerial.

In the Midland Bank responsibility—with its attendant, substantial rewards—comes early nowadays.

If you would like to know more about the first-class career opportunities which await go-ahead entrants in a go-ahead bank, please write to:

**THE STAFF MANAGER, MIDLAND BANK LIMITED
HEAD OFFICE, POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2**

TO THE

CAN GET RIGHT THROUGH

YOU

TOP AT THE



there's a better career in the Post Office

There's a wide choice of work, both for boys and girls. But whichever section of the G.P.O. you choose, your career will be full of interest, rich in opportunities for advancement and well rewarded right from the start.

'O' LEVEL—brings opportunities in the
CLERICAL
POSTAL
SCIENTIFIC AND
ENGINEERING SECTIONS

'A' LEVEL—is the key to a career in the
EXECUTIVE
TELECOMMUNICATIONS
ENGINEERING AND
SCIENTIFIC SECTIONS

or as

STUDENT APPRENTICES FOR OUR
UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP SCHEME

And if you graduate there are attractive opportunities for careers in Administration, Engineering, Scientific Research and Postal Organisation.

Write to us for details—

**APPOINTMENTS BRANCH (G.D.N.)
POST OFFICE HEADQUARTERS
ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND
LONDON, EC1**

The new 600 ft Post Office Tower in London which will be used for telephone and television transmissions.





A Career in the Bank

Never before have opportunities for young people been as promising as they are today in Barclays Bank. Here is a brief outline of the career that awaits you there.

For ambitious young men

The Bank wants young men of character and integrity, with a good standard of general education. Given these qualifications and an aptitude for the job, there is no reason why you should not find yourself a Branch Manager in your thirties, with a salary upwards of £1,865, and the chance of doubling your pay by the time you are 50. Looking ahead, you could be one of those Managers whose salary exceeds £5,000 a year — a man with a big job, full of interest and responsibility. A goal worth striving for; and those who reach it will have a pension at 65 (without any contributions on their part) of £3,000 a year or more. For the early years there's a minimum salary scale for satisfactory work: £340 at 16 to £1,030 at 31 with a year's seniority for a good Advanced Level certificate and three years' for a degree, plus certain allowances if you work in large towns (£150 a year for employment in Central London). From 21 onwards merit can take the salary well above these figures; if the early promise is maintained, the salary at 28 can be £1,155, instead of the scale figure of £905.

And there's scope for girls as well

The women's salary scale runs from £340 on entry to a minimum of £735 at 31, plus large town allowances (again up to £150 for those working in Central London). A wide range of positions apart from the usual secretarial and book-keeping duties are now open to women in Barclays. For instance, girls can — and do — become cashiers, supervisors, income tax specialists and officers in the Executor and Trustee Department. And Barclays has two women branch managers. If you are keen to get on, prepared to study and not afraid of work, why not think about Banking as *your* career? Incidentally, a girl who marries after five years' service in the Bank qualifies for a gratuity.

For further particulars write to the Staff Managers at 54 Lombard Street, London EC3, or to the Local Directors at Trevone House, Pannells Court, Guildford.

BARCLAYS BANK

Money is our business

NURSING OPPORTUNITIES



Intelligent girl

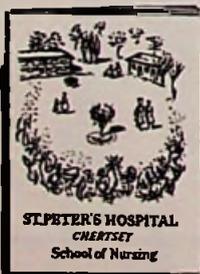
Sandra Brown is 20, attractive and intelligent. When she left school, Sandra wanted to do a really worthwhile job with the sort of training which would give her a feeling of independence—together with the knowledge that she had achieved something. She decided on Nursing.



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.....

.....



Presidents

E. P. DEWAR, M.A.

MISS D. D. GILL, B.A.

G
O
D
H
E
L
M
I
A
N

3/6

1965



All Change!

'COMPREHENSIVE.' THIS is certainly a word bandied about a great deal at the moment and its disciples, for and against, are numerous and vociferous. Most people at this school probably favour a retention of the grammar school system, but the advantages of the comprehensive school must not be forgotten—its modern amenities, its organisation, etc. However, in the opinion of the present editors, grammar schools must retain their identity. New comprehensives—yes; but not at the expense of good grammar schools already in existence. Godalming must and will remain a C.G.S.

Again, the magazine has provided a challenge for many but, regretfully, not enough. There has been a depressing lack of enthusiasm from the school, especially the senior section. The younger generation supposedly possesses drive and a desire for change and consequent improvement. With regard to the magazine these characteristics have not been evident. Change has been attempted this year, but with an apathetic attitude generally, this change has not been as significant as was hoped. However, thanks are due to those who have been willing to help in many ways, and we hope that this issue is interesting, thus stimulating a more enthusiastic response next year.

Hon. Editor

MISS E. MCINTOSH, M.A.

Editors

YOLANDE GRIFFITHS
TREVOR STURGESS

Art Editor

R. GREENING

Business Manager

MR. R. G. H. BLOOMFIELD, B.SC.

Secretary

EDWINA DAVIES

Committee Members

MRS. M. BURNS, M.A.
MISS M. TOTTLE, B.A.
MISS E. ABRAMS, B.A.
MISS K. KOCH, B.A.
JOHN WELLS

Office Staff

CHRISTINE ABBOTT
EVELYN HANDBY
MARY PINK
PARRY SAYER

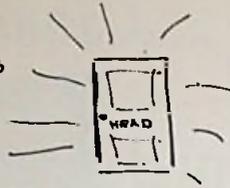
1



2.



3



4



From the Staff Room

THE CHIEF item of news this year is, of course, the retirement of Mr. P. A. Jones, our Senior Master, after 33 years and one term's loyal and distinguished service. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are continuing to live near the school, and we will see plenty of them in what, we all hope, will be a long and happy retirement.

The new Senior Master is Mr. H. J. Laidlaw, and Miss M. Saunderson, who has just graduated in mathematics and completed her Diploma in Education at Southampton University, joins us to fill the vacancy in the Mathematics Department.

Mr. R. E. Aldrich and Mr. D. G. Summers are leaving to take up appointments at Whitelands Training College and research scholar at Manchester University respectively. They are replaced by Mr. A. G. Chetham who comes to us from Tottenham Grammar School, and Mr. A. E. Leigh-Smith who joins us from Churchill College, Cambridge, where he took a degree in physics and chemistry and has just completed his Diploma in Education.

Mrs. S. Hynds is leaving to take up an appointment in another part of the county and her place is taken by Miss A. E. Eccott who has been teaching at Frimley and Camberley Grammar School.

We are also sorry to lose Mrs. Beresford-Green (and Debbie) and Mrs. Hibbert (and John) who have given invaluable assistance with physical education and games, and also Mrs. Charlesworth who has helped with cookery.

Mlle. Monique St. Paul, who has been our French Assistante for two years, has returned to France and we welcome M. Jean-Yves Piguory.

We congratulate Miss Hinks on her marriage to Mr. O. Baggott, Miss H. Laws on her engagement to Mr. A. Pratt, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hyman on the birth of their son, Michael, on April 26th, and Mr. and Mrs. Harris on the birth of a son, Roderick, on April 5th.

Founders' Day Service will be held on Thursday, October 21st, in the Parish Church at 11 a.m. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. B. W. Hazeldine, Vicar of Stoughton.

Speech Day is on Friday, October 22nd, at 2.15 p.m. when the special guest will be Mr. A. M. Baird, Chief Education Officer for Surrey.

'JONAH'

BY H. J. L.

IT IS DIFFICULT to imagine the school without P. A. Jones, as it is difficult to think of him by any other name than 'Jonah'. His familiar figure, cycling to school along 'trench alley', or standing at the tuck shop in the entrance hall, is part of the very ethos of the school.

He came to Godalming in 1932, from Fakenham, in Norfolk. Earlier he had been at Braintree, in Essex, where he met the girl who came to Godalming as his bride. Mrs. Jones, like her husband, is well-known to all generations of Godhelmians.

A redoubtable exponent of both football and cricket, he did a great deal to build up the school teams in the early days. He is, as we all know, a sound and accurate mathematician. The way in

which he has been able to keep all kinds of accounts in the school fund, without the least confusion, is a marvel to many. His meticulous neatness has been evident on school and common room notice boards, and the records of sports days over the years. He was for some years secretary-treasurer of the Parents' Association, and since 1951, when he was elected president of the O.G.A., he has become a 'father-figure' to all old boys and girls.

Jonah is a well-known figure in the life of Godalming. He played at centre-forward for the now defunct Godalming Football Club (while at Braintree he was 'capped' as an amateur for Essex. He once broke the net with a shot while playing for an Essex League team!!) He played cricket for Brook, one of the best village teams in the district, and was a deadly wicket-keeper. He ran a fathers'

cricket XI for some years. He has a 'good eye', and whether at darts, billiards or snooker he can still give a good account of himself.

It seems that one could go on indefinitely enumerating his multifarious activities, but what of the man himself? His patience is inexhaustible: he will go over a difficult point in mathematics until the dullest pupil can understand. I have often watched him at work in Room 10—he teaches with the door open in the summer term!—and have enjoyed listening to his clear exposition, illustrated with perfectly drawn free-hand diagrams.

Jonah's outstanding quality seems to me to be his geniality. He is a friend to everyone he meets. He is not only a lover of children, but of animals

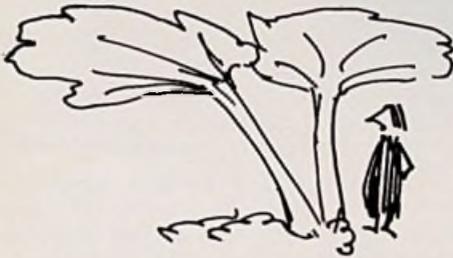
too. In the early days, 'Mickey Jones', his wire-haired terrier, was often to be seen careering round the football field with a corner-post in his mouth! Jonah usually addresses cats and dogs in his attractive north country accent as 'You beauty!'

To staff and pupils alike he is open and friendly. His cheerful presence will be greatly missed in the Masters' Common Room—though of course we hope to see him there often during his retirement. I have known Jonah for 33 years, and we have never exchanged a cross word. It is not surprising that he is regarded, not only with respect, but with affection, by his colleagues, by the boys and girls, the parents and the O.G.s.

May his retirement be long and happy! !

Rhubarbarum

GUY COLLISTER, LOWER SIXTH



ONE DAY long ago, when talking cabbage leaves were rare, and British Railways even rarer, there lived in a red brick, semi-detached castle an old lady by the name of Miss Emily Stopit. She lived completely alone and had no friends except for a talking cabbage leaf which used to hang around the third toe of her right foot.

She had been living in her castle for nearly 22 years, when a green-fingered gardener moved into the district. Emily soon fell in love with him and he with her, but it has been said (by the local barmaid) that he loved her only for the cabbage leaf hanging on the third toe of her right foot. Anyway, they married and he moved into the castle. Aristotle, as the man had the misfortune to be called, one day had the urge to grow talking cabbage leaves like his wife—in case that is a bit confusing, his wife was not a talking cabbage leaf but it refers to the adornment on the third toe of her right foot. He therefore set out to find some seeds of this remarkable plant but he found none.

Then one day as he was walking through Paddington Station (although it was not Paddington Station at the time) he spotted a rather large leaf being waved by an excited kangaroo. With great excitement also, Aristotle caught the kangaroo by the throat and 'persuaded' him, by the offer of a zip fastener for his pouch, to sell the extra-

ordinary leaf. The kangaroo gratefully accepted it, and hopped back to Australia very contented with life.

The green-fingered Aristotle took the leaf home and dipped it in a solution of cognac and gin, whereupon it danced merrily in its little hole in Aristotle's bedroom floor. After watering it with black coffee to sober it down, Aristotle went to bed convinced that in the morning he would have a whole crop of these valuable talking cabbage leaves.

The next day dawned bright and early and like the previous morning the sun also came up when it dawned. Aristotle jumped out of bed and ran to the hole in the floor; he was so excited that he did not even don his camel-hair dressing-gown with the yellow and pink stripes in it. But a quick glance proved that this was not the right leaf, for from the middle of the hole now protruded a long pink stalk with an even bigger leaf on the end of it.

Aristotle was so mad that he could not think of a word to express his anger. He pulled the stalk from its little hole in the floor, rushed into the kitchen, nearly knocking down Emily, who was making a carrot tart for her talking cabbage leaf hanging on the third toe of her right foot, and rushed out into the garden. He jumped across the moat with two steps and ran to the compost heap. With fury bursting forth from all parts of his body, he flung the stalk and the big leaf on to the pile of decomposing rubbish. With one last burst of anger he uttered the worst word he knew—'RHUBARB!'

The poor rhubarb, as it must now be called, rotted slowly away but one little plant survived, and multiplied every $17\frac{1}{2}$ days. But it was such a different one from the once proud plant of yester month. It now only grows by compost heaps and always huddles together for comfort and love, for Aristotle had implanted in these stalks an inferiority complex.

Nowadays, thanks to a few kind members of the Rhubarb League, a really fine organisation, we respect rhubarb leaves and thereby make them feel wanted and loved. We do not want to banish them from society, and so if you see anyone seated

near a compost heap counting rhubarb leaves, do not laugh: instead go to the nearest heap and continue this worthwhile occupation. Then perhaps one day rhubarb leaves may regain the position which was once so important to them.

The Keepers

BY CHRISTOPHER STANTON, 1P

Silence grips the shattered ruins,
Grips the light under the door.
In that room are phantoms
Of those who are no more.
A lone owl hoots,
And suddenly, there
A spirit stands on the creaking stair.
A flash of light!
And life returns
To that building
Of everlasting ferns.
A dead rat lived!
Now life fades away,
Back to the Keepers
Of eternal play.

Negro Singer

BY D. CHRISTIAN, L.6

Have years of scorn and ridicule
sharpened your lungs
so that they produce
their sandpaper-sound?
Brow-sweating songs of misery
that struggle, swirl and then dissolve
like smoke
on the blank expressions of the
polite, pale-faced audience.
You sing on.
Black lips bared
over white teeth.
Bloodshot eyes
thinking of bloodshed.
They are oblivious of the chords of change
which sing from the contemptible colour.

John Francis Nichols SOMETIME GOVERNOR OF THE SCHOOL

BY W. M. WIGFIELD

A FEW YEARS after the war, in the early days of Debating Society excursions, the Headmaster was asking for two days' leave for the staff accompanying the 'journey' and two of the Governors were raising objections, when very quietly a newly appointed Governor said, 'Mr. Chairman, I think we ought to be very grateful to these young masters and mistresses for being willing to take our boys and girls on this very valuable educational journey and to give up their own time and part of their half-term holiday to do it. I hope we shall grant the necessary leave'. The speaker was Dr. Nichols, Senior History Master at Sir Walter St. John's School and an Independent member of Godalming Borough Council, by whom he was appointed a Governor. Leave was granted with two dissentients.

I first met Dr. Nichols when he was one of Sir Mortimer Wheeler's 'foremen' on the great dig at Verulamium, and I had the privilege of helping to uncover the surface of a great Roman road, working under Dr. Nichols' direction. He had just got his Ph.D. and was Hon. Sec. of the British Archaeological Association, an office he relinquished shortly after, on his election as Hon. Sec. of the Historical Association. In this office he was a privileged witness of the opening in Westminster Abbey of the urn containing the bones of King

Edward V and his brother Richard which had been found in the Tower in Charles II's reign. Two doctors were present who did not know the ages of the Princes, but by the size of the bones decided that they were probably 13 and nine, the exact ages of the Princes in 1483. Dr. Nichols told me that the bodies must have been crushed into a box, and some of the bones were marked by the rust of the hinges.

After taking his degree from King's College, London, J. F. Nichols became a Second-Lieutenant in the Middlesex Regiment, rose to be a Company Commander and was transferred as a Major to the Machine Gun Corps. He won the Military Cross, and was an Acting Lieut.-Colonel in 1918, and then as Acting Brigadier had the honour of leading the British troops across the Rhine. Somewhere I read a war-correspondent's account of the scene, of the 'Young Brigadier sitting on his horse and saying "I hope I shall do everything properly".' How like Nichols! He was so modest a man that his own Headmaster did not know of this, and I could never get him to tell me of the exploit that won him the M.C. Occasionally in Home Guard days he would tell me odd fragments of his military experiences, or of a ticking-off he received from the Major when he was a Subaltern, of his meeting Brigadier Freyberg, V.C., after a very 'hot' crossing of exposed country, of the value of working out 'ranges' in advance.

Between the wars Nichols became a distin-

guished scholar and archaeologist, an F.S.A. and a F.R.Hist.S. He was appointed Chief Examiner in History at Advanced Level for London University, and set conspicuously fair exam papers. He conducted 'digs' of his own. He was chosen by H.M. Office of Works to write the History of and Guide Book to Hadleigh Castle, Essex. He wrote the text of the Guide Book to Godalming and

delivered at least one course of lectures on local history. Occasionally in the preface to a work of historical research, such as the Life of Bess of Hardwick, one finds the author thanking among others Dr. J. F. Nichols for reading the typescript and for valuable advice.

It was good to know John Nichols and the school was fortunate to have him as a Governor.



Senior Prefects

Valerie Burgess
Edwina Davies

M. Dale
A. Micklam

Prefects

Christine Abbott
Jennifer Barnett
Jean Bradfield
Christine Butcher
Christine Chalaby
Yvonne Creaye
Janet Ede
Yolande Griffiths
Evelyn Handby
Caroline Hook
Prue Jenkins
Carol Lonsdale
Linda Parker
Carol Pearce
Wendy Webb (absent)

M. Bloomfield
R. Cox
D. Gay
C. Hunt
J. Lile
A. Mayer
M. Moore
G. Parr
J. Rawlings
D. Shonfeld
R. Stevenson
T. Sturgess
J. Wells
M. Welton
T. Williams

Congratulations

IN A POETRY writing competition organised by the University of Hull, and open to all schools in England, Deborah Dunhill was awarded joint first prize for her poem 'The Guinea Pig' (printed in last year's magazine).

PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION

IN ADDITION to the poetry competition, a photograph competition was introduced this year. The subject was 'Beauty', but surprisingly there were only ten entries, each with a very different definition of the noun. The two prize winning photos were in complete contrast; the first, by Parry Sayer, L.VI.Lit., being of ancient ruins in Italy, and the runner up, by Peter Nunn, 1P, being of a small girl playing in a garden. Prizes of £1 and 10s. were awarded.



General Election 1964

BY T. M. S.



Constituency of Godalming C.G.S.

M. Dale (L)	123
M. Smith (C)	97
M. Moore (Lab.)	73

OCTOBER 15TH was a memorable day in the history of post-war politics in Britain, a day when the people chose a new prime minister and a new government to lead the country. But the preceding day, October 14th, was no less memorable in the distinguished history of politics at Godalming C.G.S. On this great day the school electorate went to the polls and returned the Liberal candidate, Mr. Malcolm Dale, who thwarted the political aspirations of Mr. Michael Smith (Conservative and Unionist Party) and Mr. Michael Moore (Labour).

During the fortnight following the last day for nominations, the hustings were in constant use, and the school hummed with politics. Posters appeared on every wall and in every corner, each party claiming they were the 'greatest' and that the other 'lot' had, or would, ruin our almost bankrupt, downtrodden island. One imaginative bill advised the electorate to 'Take the Mick out of Moore' and a road warning sign instructed all climbers of the side stairs to 'Keep Right'. However, had they done so, a hard, black wall would have been their immediate destination.

Red, blue and orange rosettes and badges were soon in evidence and pamphlets were distributed,

their fate generally being complete destruction. The daily speeches, made at the back of the school, were interestedly or disinterestedly attended by many spectators who, in the main, were very polite, rotten tomatoes being withheld until a more discreet opportunity presented itself. The eloquence and sound political knowledge of all candidates was commendable and often more sensible than their more senior counterparts. Local issues were also considered. One candidate secured much support by stating that, if elected, he would seek the important reform of school dinners. It is not known if the cooks (who really are doing a grand job) heckled this would-be reformer.

It was unfortunate that the juniors could not vote but, nevertheless, they were enthusiastic lookers-on. Indeed, one first former offered himself as the Communist candidate but with little Marxist support in the school his valuable deposit would have been lost.

After a tough campaign, Mr. Dale was returned with a majority of 26, the Conservatives coming second and Labour third, a complete reversal of the national election result, obviously indicating the independent thought of the school. According to Mr. Dale's promises the promised land should be just around the corner. . . .!

Around the Societies

Debating Society

Autumn Term

President: J. Ede

Vice-President: M. Moore

Secretary: E. Davies

Treasurer: Mr. Johnson

Ord: M. Smith, Parr, Collister, Hill

Spring Term

President: E. Davies

Vice-President: G. Collister

Secretary: M. Smith

Treasurer: Mr. Johnson

Ord: Moore, L. Parker, Hill, V. Dunhill,

Plumbley

THIS YEAR the society succeeded in achieving plenty of variety, by interspersing debates with talks, discussions and annual highlights, such as the Top Hat debate, the Cup and staff debates and the Literary Meeting. Attendances were excellent in the autumn term but poorer in the spring. The first of three talks over the year consisted of the final speeches of the three candidates for the school general election. The second talk, given by M. Smith, was entitled 'A Taste of Honey', about the honey bee and how it lives. The talk also included a series of slides, an unusual feature. The last was given by Mr. Atkins, Clerk of the Justices of the Odiham Assizes who talked on 'Court Procedure', giving us a great deal of interesting information.

The Top Hat debate provided varied entertainment, from light topics such as 'Hints from a woman to a learner driver' and 'The prohibition of alcohol', to more serious items like 'This House considers the Monarchy to be outmoded'.

The title of the Cup debate was 'This House welcomes immigrants to Britain'. The Rev. I. R. Secrett, the adjudicator, presented the Cup and the book prize to Vanessa Dunhill. The Literary Meeting was organised by Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lewis who, as always, provided an inspiring collection of poems, songs, prose and music.

During the year several light-hearted debates included 'This House would like to revert to nature'; 'This House prefers vice to virtue'; 'This House prefers earning to learning'; 'This House considers holiday habits deplorable' and 'We should learn to love compulsory games'. As for serious debates we had 'In the opinion of this House the British are too complacent' which was carried and 'This House deplores tradition' which

was also carried by a large majority. Motions which were defeated were 'This House favours capital punishment'; 'This House believes that an Englishman's restrictions are too tight for comfort' and 'Teachers today don't warrant more pay'. The staff debate was very successful with Mr. Hyman and Mr. Summers proposing, and Mr. Bloomfield and Miss Koch opposing the motion that 'This House values the specialist more than the all-rounder'.

We had three discussions, the first being 'The subjection of women' led by Mr. Aldrich. This was amusing and historically interesting. Mr. Lewis led a discussion on the future 'The future of the Grammar School'. The last discussion, led by M. Dale and M. Moore, was entitled 'Is there a God?'. This was, perhaps, the most successful, and the first religious topic that the society has discussed for many years.

Once again thanks must be given to Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lewis who do so much each year for the society; and also to the other teachers who come along to our meetings.

The Debating Society Summer excursion, or

'The Rain it Raineth Every Day'

The summer excursion which started from school on May 7th was to prove the liveliest in recent Debating Society history: this was due no doubt to the trip's taking place before the term had got under way. The weather was the worst for years!

We first called at Stonehenge whose size was a disappointment to most, but the history of the place was quite fascinating.

We then set off for Longleat House, the ancestral home of the Marquess of Bath. We passed through a seemingly endless and beautiful estate of azaleas and beech woods, until at last, stretched before us at the bottom of a grassy valley, stood the mansion itself.

To begin to describe all the interior and its works of art would be impossible, for there was room after room with priceless contents, arranged with complete furnishings as they would have appeared long ago. We admired in particular the Great Hall, the Dining Room, and the State Drawing Room, all with magnificent ceilings. We were then joined for lunch by the peacocks who took our food but showed their gratitude by shaking their feathers in a most belligerent way.

On the way to Wells we called in at Wookey Hole to be conducted around the caves. The highlights here were an old witch, a piece of bacon and a pig's ear—all rock formations of course! We also saw four caverns and the Rive Axe flowing gently in the quiet of the interior before it reaches the outside world.

We had little time to see the city of Wells, but we stopped for long enough to walk round the famous cathedral, which towers above the town. By a stroke of luck we also saw the famous clock strike the hour.

After a short walk across the fields we proceeded to Croscombe Youth Hostel, an old farmhouse converted into an odd but pleasant dwelling, and here we stayed the night. Croscombe is a rather typical English village, providing enough entertainment to keep the party happy after our evening meal.

Next morning, after breakfast, we said our farewells to the wardens and set off for Bath. Here we were conducted around the impressive Roman Baths and adjoining museum; some then went on to visit the Pump Room and the fascinating Museum of Costume. We split up for lunch, and all had time to wander down to the river, the Poulteney Bridge and park.

After lunch we started for home, breaking the journey at Avebury, famous for its Stone Circle. We inspected the delightful museum and tiny Parish Church thoroughly, then sought refreshment at Marlborough, which is as favourite a stopping-place now as it was in the old coaching days.

The whole trip was organised by Mr. Johnson, who deserves a vote of thanks. The society is also grateful to Mrs. Hynds and Mr. Lewis who kept things running smoothly; and also to our own faithful driver, Mr. Warner.

The Literary Society

BY JANET ATKINS, L.6 LIT. (*secretary*)

The Literary Society, founded in October 1964, is now a flourishing enterprise, well supported by fifth and sixth formers. The original aim was to encourage members to bring forward their own poetry or prose for discussion and criticism. As the society gained more members we were able to widen our interests considerably.

In February a theatre visit was arranged to see 'Waiting for Godot', which everyone greatly enjoyed. We then read this play ourselves, and also read T. S. Eliot's 'Family Reunion'.

Later in the year Alan Monger arranged a series of tape-recorded programmes showing how folk music can be used as a medium of protest against war, racialism and the establishment, as compared with prose. The programmes were very interesting and excellently arranged and gave us plenty of scope for discussion.

To mark the end of the society's first year, we invited several schools to a meeting on July 2nd. The visitors read original contributions of poetry and prose, and we spent a very friendly and enjoyable evening discussing their and our literary attempts.

It is hoped that the society will be equally as successful and well-supported next year.

Student Christian Movement

Autumn Term, 1964

President: Malcolm Dale

President-Elect: John Rawlings

Secretary: Susan Wheeler

Fifth Form Representative: Nigel Stroud

Spring Term, 1965

President: John Rawlings

President-Elect: David Lewis

Secretary: Wendy Cordwent

Fifth Form Representative: Gordon Cheeseman

Summer Term, 1965

President, David Lewis

President-Elect: Gordon Cheeseman

Secretary: Christine Ede

Fifth Form Representative: Nigel Stroud

Fourth Form Representative: Hans Retallick

DURING THE past year the S.C.M. has continued to meet regularly in school. Most of our meetings

have taken the form of discussions or talks by guest speakers, and attendances have been maintained at an average of 30. We have been pleased to notice that some new members have added to the liveliness of the discussions.

We have had several guest speakers, though fewer than last year. Mr. Secrett, a former Baptist missionary, gave an excellent talk on his life and work in the Belgian Congo. Eight of our members attended an inter-school Christian Fellowship Day Conference in London, at which Dr. Oliver Barclay gave a talk on 'Authority and my Freedom'. The other meetings were led by members, and there were fewer of these in the summer term because of G.C.E. examinations. A Prayer Fellowship has been started which already shows encouraging signs of growth.

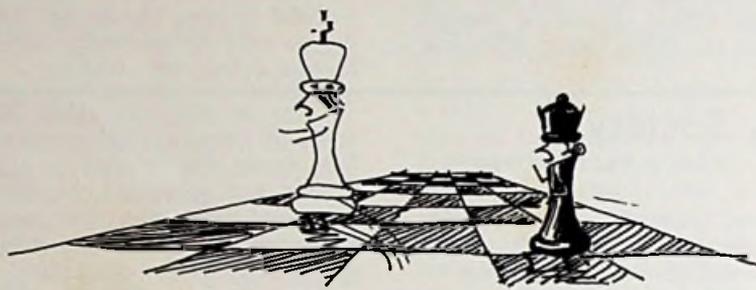
The S.C.M. invites members of the senior school to attend its meetings and to join with them in free discussions on the Christian religion.

THIS WAS started during the spring term by three of the seniors. Although attendances were good at first, they fell off considerably towards the end of the term. Because of exams, meetings in the summer term were few and far between, the only notable one being a talk given by the Rev. David Box, Vicar of Chilworth and Blackheath. It is to be hoped that there will be more support next year.

LIKE A DROP of polished blood it clung to the finger. The ruby was sharply cut in a perfect oval of beauty and was encircled by a halo of gold. The smooth gold band was very simple, to enhance its precious stone. Suddenly the jewel became alive, flashing fire and colour. It became a swirling torrent of beauty, gleaming and changing every second as the light played among the sparkling facets. It was a whirlpool of vividness—the colour of a thousand sunsets.

Chess Report

Hon. Secretary: D. R. Gay



IN THE PAST season the senior and junior clubs have continued to flourish with meetings during the dinner hours as well as after school on Tuesdays and Fridays. Attendances have been good but it is hoped that new members will be found next year. The senior club saw the introduction of a new form of the Chess League by Mr. Hyman, and this proved very successful. Once again the knock-out competition was run, being finally won by Keel, who beat Ellis in the final. The usual inter-house competition was not resumed but the annual match against the staff was played, resulting in a victory for the school.

There was a disappointing lack of success during the autumn term but only two of the 11 matches during the spring term were lost, and these only by the odd board or two. Such old opponents as Charterhouse, R.G.S. Guildford and Midhurst were defeated in a grand manner. The season has seen the introduction of several new opponents—Eggar's Grammar School in particular—against whom the school had two enjoyable matches, both won by the school. The girls team, under the leadership of Angela Harman, has done fairly well, with matches against Fullbrook and Guildford High School, but more support is needed to enable the team to continue.

Once again a team was entered for *The Sunday Times* National Schools Competition, and after beating Skipper's Hill Manor School, Tunbridge Wells, and Brighton College it was defeated by Hove Grammar School. Several members of the club have played in junior county matches for Surrey against Kent and Essex, and we hope to see even greater representation next season. Thanks are again due to Mr. May for his continued assistance and enthusiasm, and also to chess club members themselves. We should also like to thank Mr. Summers for his supervision of the junior club, and we look forward to receiving his 'proteges' next season.

Teams

- 1st: J. A. Chisholm* (capt.), D. R. Gay, A. Harman* (vice-capt.), S. Rowe*, S. Ross, J. Servian*, P. Rich, P. Keel. Also played: Brown, Farmer, Gibbons, Ward, Weatherly.
- U. 16: S. Rowe* (capt.), S. Ross, A. Ward, J. Servian*, P. Rich, P. Keel, C. Farmer, D. Wilmott. Also played: Barret, Brayshaw, Brown, Ellis, Mayne, D. Prudence, Tiner.
- Girls': Angela Harman* (capt.), Susan Ward, Susan Wylder, Susan Ross, Cheryl Dominy, Deborah Prudence. Also played: J. Bond, L. Charlick.

All Roads Lead to Rome

ROAST BEEF, potatoes and peas; this was the typically English meal to start a holiday in Italy which was taken in the Cafe Continental(!) in Dover before boarding the Channel steamer bound for Calais. The crossing was a calm one and by 3 p.m. we had fought our way through the customs to the train and had settled down for the journey to Milan. The journey was uneventful except for certain members of the party disturbing the peace of some fleas in their couchette blankets and the fact that someone along the train pulled the communication cord. At Milan the party boarded the private coach which was to be almost 'home' for the next 12 days. In the company of Franco, our driver, and Eros, who was to be our guide for the first part of the holiday, we set off for Florence down the magnificent autostrada del Sole, stopping on the way in Bologna for lunch.

Florence, where we spent two days, is situated on the banks of the River Arno and is dominated by the cathedral and Giotto's Bell Tower, the architecture of which, together with that of the Baptistery, is world famous. All around the cathedral, narrow streets radiate out into the city—going west towards the river one passes the straw market, where we spent happy hours bartering for gifts, and the Piazza della Signoria, the administrative centre of the city. On one side of this square is the Palazzo Vecchio—the town hall—and on the left of this is the famous Uffizi Gallery which contains in its massive collection some of the works of Raphael, da Vinci and Botticelli. This gallery is situated only a short distance from Ponte Vecchio, the famous bridge which crosses the River Arno, and is flanked on either side with expensive-looking jeweller's shops. To the east of the cathedral are the Medici Chapels, where the gloom of the chapel of the Tombs of the Princes contrasts with the light of the New Sacristy (with Michelangelo's 'Il Penseroso'). There is also the Gallery of the Academy which contains the original statue of David by Michelangelo. Our last afternoon was spent at Fiesole, a small town in the hills near Florence, which afforded a panoramic view of the city from a Franciscan monastery, memorable for the small boy in a monk's habit who posed for about ten minutes to have his photograph taken by nearly everyone in the party! That evening we met Leda, who was to be our hostess for the remainder of the holiday.

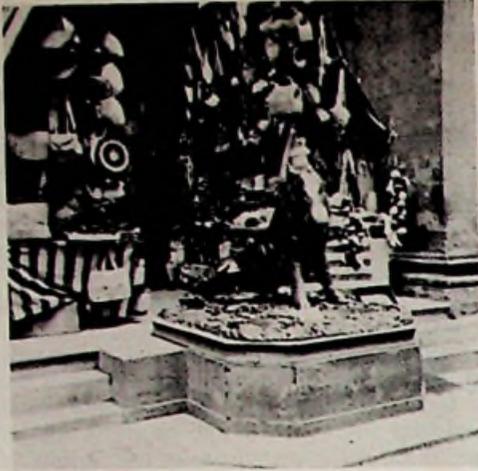
The journey to Rome from Florence was for the first part through the Apennine Mountains, a

complete contrast to the flat, featureless countryside to the south of Milan. We stopped by the side of Lake Trasimene for a short break, where we were reminded, whether we liked it or not, of Hannibal's defeat of the Romans. Then we went on through Arezzo and Perugia, where we visited the fine cathedral. We lunched late at a restaurant near Assisi where we found ourselves in the middle of a wedding reception and everyone, in accordance with Italian custom, was showered with sugared almonds. In Assisi we paid a visit to the Church of St. Francis before continuing on our way to Rome.

The traffic in the Italian capital never seems to stop, and crossing the road was at first a hazardous task, especially on the first day when we abandoned the coach in the morning and visited some of the main attractions in the vicinity of our hotel, which included the Roman Forum, the Colosseum, and the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli, the latter displaying the chains which St. Peter was supposedly bound with whilst a prisoner in Rome. After lunch we went further afield to the gardens of the Villa Borghese, the 'Regent's Park' of Rome, and the Spanish Steps where the house in which Keats lived is situated. The steps themselves are bordered with hundreds of flowers. The day's sightseeing culminated in our first visit to St. Peter's where we marvelled at the size and atmosphere of this great church.

The Vatican Museums are not to be missed, not only for their large collection of paintings and statues, but also for Michelangelo's masterpiece, the frescoes in the Sistine Chapel. During the next few days we made several excursions outside the city; one to Tivoli, a town in the hills, which the poet, Horace, mentioned as a pleasant place away from the hustle and bustle of Rome. Tivoli was also memorable for the gardens of the Villa d'Este with their wonderful fountains. Another excursion was made to the ancient city of Ostia, which was originally the port for Rome, and we also paid a visit to the Catacombs on the Appian Way, where we were conducted round by a fascinating Irish priest. On the final evening in Rome we visited the Trevi Fountain, where the custom of making a wish to re-visit Rome after throwing coins into the water was observed. However, some of the girls almost changed their minds because of certain young men who decided to follow us, but we soon shook them off!

The long journey to Chiavari, the resort on the Italian Riviera near Genoa where we were to spend the last two days, was broken by a stop in Siena, the ancient city famous for its colourful festival and by a further break in the afternoon at Pisa, where the tower is still leaning even if certain cameras tried to prove otherwise!



PHOTOGRAPHS OF ITALY

1. "Symbols of Florence"
2. Assisi: the Church of St. Francis
3. Rome: the ascent to the Capitol
4. Millstones at Roman Ostia
5. Pisa: the Leaning Tower
6. A glimpse of Portofino

On arrival at our modern hotel in Chiavari, the hotel management gave us a warm welcome. The next day we explored the town and its markets and spent what money we had left. After lunch we toured the coast and visited the fishing village of Portofino which is situated at the head of a small inlet, and is a principal tourist attraction because of its picturesque harbour and simplicity of life. A short walk along the promontory to a lighthouse perched on a cliff, high above the sea, was followed by a boat trip around the headland and the lighthouse to romantic San Frutuoso,

whose access is by sea alone. Beneath the blue waters of the bay at San Frutuoso is a statue of Christ, which can be seen when the sea is clear. Too soon the day ended, but in the evening we made the most of our last few hours at Chiavari by dancing to records in the lounge of the hotel.

The next morning on the way to Milan we began to have our doubts as to when we would arrive, because the coach temporarily broke down in a small village in the mountains. But we eventually managed to catch our train, and took our last look at the Italian countryside and the Swiss mountains as evening fell. We reached Basle at 10 p.m. and had a good meal before retiring to our couchettes (without any fleas this time!) for the final stretch to the Channel and home. Ahead lay the prospect of returning to school in approximately 48 hours!

Toad of Toad Hall

Y. R. G.



THE MUSICAL and Dramatic Society's production this year was 'Toad of Toad Hall', A. A. Milne's adaptation of 'The Wind in the Willows', by Kenneth Grahame. Although most people know the book well this version loses none of its appeal, especially as the emphasis is on comedy, and as always there were variations from the book.

'Toad of Toad Hall' is an ambitious production, involving many changes of scenery, a large cast, and numerous costumes, so it was greatly to the credit of everyone concerned that the play went so smoothly. Edwina Davies and Alan Micklam as Rat and Toad deserve special mention, for theirs were the largest and most exhausting parts of all, and versatility was needed for their song and dance routines. Rat, together with Badger and Mole, had the difficult task of looking after Toad and rescuing him after various crashes (cleverly contrived by sound effects backstage). Alan Micklam did credit to the exacting role of Toad, and Mr. Copey excelled as Badger—sometimes

becoming so carried away that he cast aside the set script in favour of his own. Mole was ably played by Martin Abbott, while Malcolm Dale as a policeman provided some light relief to cheer the slightly solemn atmosphere of the court.

These were the main characters, but the whole cast, from Toad to Lucy Rabbit—and certainly not forgetting Alfred, alias Messrs. Aldrich and Westcott, who captured the hearts of the audience by his antics—are to be congratulated; and not only the cast, but also the management and stage staff, all of whom had more than usual in the way of scenery and costumes to look after, and the choir, who both sang and danced—no easy feat on a small stage—especially Ann Jones, who sang the haunting theme song, 'The Wind in the Willows'. An unusual feature of the production was the orchestra, which consisted of a piano, celeste, double bass, clarinet and glockenspiel, and which gave the finishing touch to a pleasant evening's entertainment.

Friday, May 14th

A day to go down in history

SALLY HOOD, 4F

'IT IS THE deepest comfort to know that you share with me thoughts too deep for tears.' That was the message sent to the British people after the ceremony of the dedication of the Kennedy Memorial at Runnymede on May 14th. It will be visited by many people, but none will be able to experience that same intensity of emotion as was felt by those present on that Friday.

The late President's widow, with their children, Caroline and John, his brothers and other members of the family, will be remembered in the hearts of those thousands at Runnymede for their serenity and courage.

The Kennedy family arrived earlier than the Queen, and Mrs. Kennedy spent those few minutes taking in the scene around her, as if wishing to remember it for ever. Following them were the Queen and Prince Philip, who, after quickly dispensing with the necessary formalities, led the solemn procession up to and through the wicket gate, towards the great memorial stone. Walking the length of the red carpet, holding John's hand, with Caroline walking beside her, Mrs. Kennedy turned and looked from side to side smiling, a way of expressing her deep-felt gratitude to everyone.

The Queen then unveiled the memorial stone. Subdued, with her children by her side, stood Mrs. Kennedy with Senators Edward and Robert—the two brothers who had become so close to their elder brother's widow—behind her. The Duke of Edinburgh took hold of John's hand with a fatherly gesture, and together they all stood, each paying his own silent tribute. Mrs. Kennedy no longer smiled, but paid close attention to the remainder of the ceremony, listening to the heartfelt speeches by the Queen, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Dean Rusk and Mr. Macmillan, whose voices came out, broken with emotion, over the loudspeakers.

The ceremony, short but sincere, was soon over, and once again the procession moved across the dedicated land, back to the roadside. A sadder Mrs. Kennedy, with head hung just a little, still managed to retain a smile for the people gathered there to pay tribute to her husband.

Composed again, and with a smile, she answered the Queen, who had turned round to speak to her. A smile that said 'thank you'. When the Queen had left the family were once again left standing on the roadside with their harassed F.B.I. bodyguards.

The huge black Cadillac found great difficulty in manoeuvring along the route crowded with people all pushing closer to the car in a hope of catching one last glimpse of that legendary family.

Mrs. Kennedy sat quietly, still retaining that faint smile, and thinking of the man who had become a legend in her own lifetime; the 35th President of the United States; her husband, John Fitzgerald Kennedy.

JENNY, MY NEW GIRL FRIEND

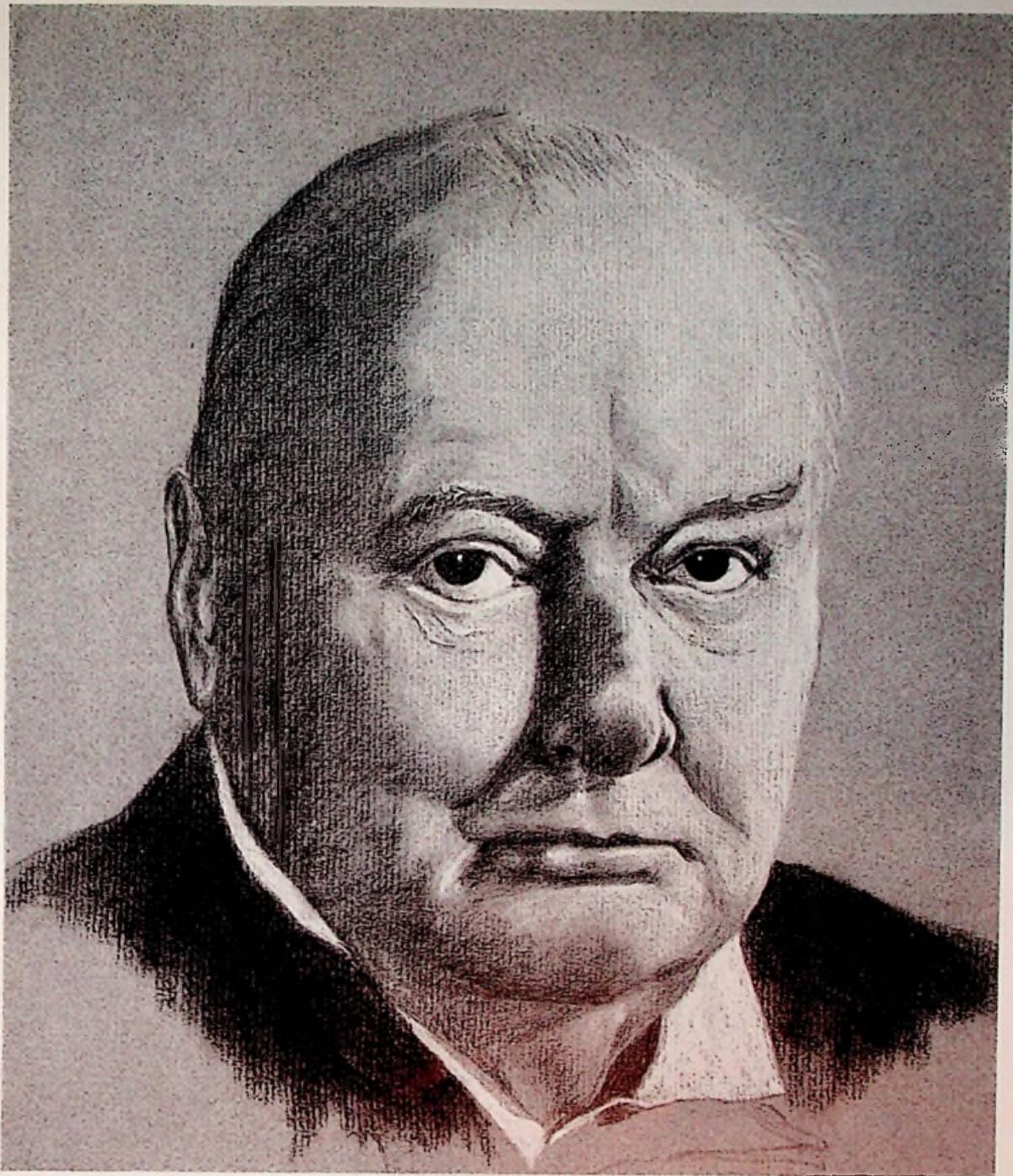
BY PETER NUNN

MY NEW girl friend, Jenny, has got light brown hair, knobby knees and big ears. She is our new goat whom we got on Friday, May 14th. She ate lots of grass and on Saturday I replaced her water three times because she keeps on knocking it over. We have also got two geese whom I call Mother Goose and Ghandi. Together with Jenny they are kept on our piece of two acre ground.

Our piece of ground is covered in grass and nettles on about one acre and potatoes, other vegetables, fruits and flowers on the other. We also have some chickens, about 30 all together.

Mum has learned to milk Jenny in three goes. The first morning the milk went everywhere bar the saucepan, but Mum has now got the hang of it. My brother, Lou, made a stand for Jenny inside the small shed for her to stand on while Mum milks her.

Lou suggested that with all the animals it was like a jungle and we should grow ivy on the apple trees and put leopard skins on our two little Nigerian boys and let them play over there hunting with blow pipes and spears.



Poetry Competition

A large amount of poetry was again submitted this year, most of it of a high quality. There is no lack of poets among the sixth and junior forms, but a marked shortage in some of the middle forms. Alan Monger, L.6 Lit., received the prize in the senior section, and Suzanne Lea, 2P, the prize in the junior section.

The Bat



Dusk

BY SUZANNE LEA, 2P

A silhouette of leaves against a pale blue sky,
A stillness on the horizon as the sun dies,
The quietness and peace over all that lives,
And a rustling of life as the last bird leaves
To roost in a nest of twigs and moss.
The trickle of a stream down a mountain slope,
The flurry of a hare in a nearby bush,
The elegance of an oak in a sea of green,
This is what dusk means to me
When everything is very silent and free.

The Fall of an Angel

BY A. N. MONGER, L.6 LIT.

Then she was a child not of this earth
But of some finer world.
An awkward offspring, yet of grace begot:
A gangling fawn, a butterfly with wings yet furled.
Oh, then had I, something less fine, less pure,
Had will enough: to watch and learn:
To not stretch out her hands with mine to the fire
To see them burn.

BY RITA TUCK, 3J

CREATURE OF the night, a bat. Abroad on
leathern wings when all is peace and rest within;
flitting, spirit-wise, through the muted greys of
evening.

When church bells peal and barn owls shriek
to their own cold echoes they appear, from bel-
fries and old towers, from stacks and rickyards,
to wander, a presence on the wind.

When the night is sad and the sky overcast
with purple cloud, the bat scuds swiftly past the
moon to keep tryst with things unseen.

If trees stand stark against the sky and the night
is troubled there wheel the bats in their fantastic
circles watching and waiting for the storm.

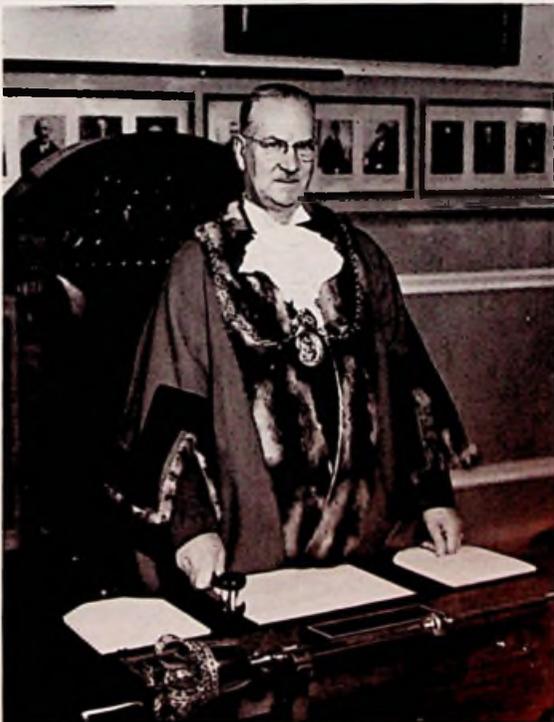
Associated with magic and tombstones and
witches and all ungodly things: a mystic creature,
the bat.

Spotlight on Local V.I.P.s

IN AN EFFORT to find out more about local personalities we include in this year's magazine interviews with the former Mayor of Godalming, W. G. Tyreman, with Terry Scott the comedian, and with Terry Fincher, a *Daily Express* photographer. We had also hoped to interview Peter Sellers, but he was about to leave for Rome and had to decline the invitation. He added that he was so busy 'it would be rather like the straw that broke the camel's back', though if he was in any way like a camel it was 'purely coincidental'.

It's a Mayor's Life

T. M. S., Y. R. G.



BY THE TIME this magazine goes to press Mr. W. G. Tyreman will no longer be Mayor of Godalming, the office now held by Mr. J. A. Money, but we hope this article will stimulate some interest in local government, a field of administration so dear to Mr. Tyreman's heart.

Local government is obviously very important, directly involving all people in a particular area, but how much do they know about it? How many people bother to take any interest at all in local affairs or local elections? Mr. Tyreman believes that the responsibility for fostering an interest in local government lies with the educational authorities, 'It's time the schools took an interest in local affairs'. If people knew more about the workings of local government they would not be so critical.

Mr. Tyreman knows a great deal about Godalming. Although he was born in Yorkshire he moved to Godalming, and in 1918 he began working at Jones, the ironmongers, taking over the business in 1943. He always took a keen interest in local activities and enjoys such varied things as singing, drama, boxing and bowls. As an amateur boxer he broke his nose in a Croydon tournament. This wide field of interests has ideally fitted him for the role of mayor. As mayor he attended every engagement he could and 'I

enjoyed them all'. His wife accompanied him on many important occasions, one of which was an introduction to Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Social functions are not, of course, the main part of a mayor's job, but rather he must take the final responsibility for any decisions made by the council. He has to sign and seal all the documents and control meetings, over which he has the prerogative. He is chairman of several committees, comprising councillors and aldermen. A councillor is more important than an alderman and in fact elects the alderman. There are several women on the council and, as Mr. Tyreman says, they make 'excellent councillors'. He also says that councillors must be intelligent and have an interest in a wide number of things—'These dedicated people make me sick'. In Godalming (population 17,000) there are 18 councillors and six aldermen, and every year a third of the council is re-elected. Mr. Tyreman says that party politics should not affect local government although when running for election a candidate campaigns in the name of a particular party.

The mayor himself is elected by the council for seniority and popularity and the office holds much prestige. Mr. Tyreman greatly enjoyed his term of office, even the routine parts of the work. He says the work is very exacting and he found little time for any other activities. He is a staunch defender of the traditional part of the mayor's duties, believing a mayor to be an integral part of town life, not only in his duties on the council, but also as a member of the community. He thinks an ideal mayor must have the power of oratory and have experience in organising. He must be able to shoulder responsibility, and, above all, understand people. A nominal grant of £300 is given to the mayor but this is not quite enough to cover the necessarily large expenditure on many functions, both official and social.

Mr. Tyreman is now deputy mayor and his time is still quite full of local activities, and although he is retired, there is much to keep him occupied. For 33 years he has attended Godalming Grammar School Sports Day, presenting a cup for the quarter mile. He himself was a great athlete, winning many trophies.

His has been an active life and, knowing Mr. Tyreman's determined nature, it will not slacken now. He has given a lot to Godalming and Godalming has given much to him. Indeed, he is a happy man.

The Man Behind the

'I'

T. M. S., Y. R. G.

When we finally managed to corner Terry Scott between rehearsals for TV shows and the summer show at Margate, we interviewed him at his Witley home. Although at times the interview became more of a general conversation, with Terry asking us almost as many questions as we asked him, we were able to learn a little about him which we hope will be of interest to our readers.

Terry Scott, a confessed exhibitionist, was born in Watford and soon appeared in boy scout concerts—'I wasn't afraid of showing off'. When he left school he joined the navy and also attempted accountancy. But the stage again called him and he performed in repertory in Grange-over-Sands, Lyme Regis and Jersey, later graduating to radio and then TV.

He has played both serious and comic parts, but he would like to do more straight acting, although he does comedy because 'it makes more money'. He calls himself a 'comedy actor' rather than a 'comedian'. He is obviously a very industrious man—'I put more into my work than most people. I don't like the work all that much but I'm a perfectionist'. This has certainly paid handsome dividends, for 'Hugh and I' secures an audience of over ten millions each week. Of the character of 'I' he says 'it's an extension of myself'. His companion, Hugh Lloyd, is 'a nit in real life, a lovable, charming nit', and loves the glamour of TV fame more than Terry—'He's happier than I am. I don't believe in being loved'.

He prefers TV to the stage although he is now considering accepting a leading part in a new West End musical called 'Jorrock's'. He believes 'Hugh and I' is the funniest show he has ever done though he now enjoys his own series on B.B.C.-2. Besides TV and the theatre he has also acted minor parts in 18 films.



Terry Scott has been happily married for nine years, although he admits that 'my wife disagrees with most things that I do'. They have three children. Terry takes a keen interest in local affairs, particularly those associated with the church. He enjoys simple hobbies at home, and likes gardening, reading (his favourite author is Simenon), and 'running in the woods with my dog'. He is devoted to Patricia, the three-year-old brown spaniel who sat on her master's lap for much of the interview. She appears in the 'Hugh

and I' shows, earning £10 a time. Quite an affluent dog!

As for his ambitions Terry hopes 'to be ten times better than anybody else. I think I have tremendous potential'. But he does not expect to see his ambitions realised. He is very amiable with both a light-hearted and sometimes a more serious disposition. He is now a most successful man and it is obvious that for him success has also brought with it happiness in plenty.

EARLY MORNING PEACE

BY CHRISTOPHER STANTON, 1P

WALKING SLOWLY throughout the morning dawn; frost covered soil as hard as rock, the crispness of the grass, long, cold and grey hills, still and unmoving.

The hazy mists, shrouding and twisting round bare, unwanted trees. Hoofmarks stand out clearly through the snow. Melting snow beginning to drip from trees and bushes. The down from rabbits of last autumn. The pitiful lowing of cows in another field. The crisp lumps in the snow, the cold bite on your feet.

The lonely duck wandering over the ice, searching eagerly about for unfrozen water. The tall reeds, as if stuck into the ice, stiff, unwavering.

There is no sway in the trees. Nature has been paralysed by the strength of the cold, the weather. The bark of the farmyard dog, its voice carried by the gentle wind to the silent waters, dying away to a mere whisper.

The hazy sun, breaking through the unmoving streaks of cloud, casting long, useless shadows. The countryside is cast into silence again, and all is peace.

Shooting at the World

T. M. S.



FOR ANYONE who likes shooting with a camera and does not mind being shot at with a gun, then the job for you is a press photographer. No 'A Levels' for this exciting occupation. Take Terry Fincher, for example. He is a chief photographer on the *Daily Express*. At 34 he has 'shot' most of the world, visiting, at the paper's expense, such diverse and troubled spots as Suez, Cyprus and the Tibetan border. Ambushed on many occasions and often trapped under a deadly hail of hostile bullets, he has emerged unscathed and enjoys a position of both influence and affluence.

This pleasant, stocky man, originally destined for the navy, joined the Keystone Picture Agency at 14 as a messenger boy. He later became a freelance photographer and his work was soon noticed. In 1956 he gained exclusive pictures of the Suez crisis and in 1957 he won the Photographer of the Year award. After joining the

Daily Herald he transferred in 1962 to the *Daily Express*.

Since then he has never looked back, and his camera has been the passport to the greatest citizens in the world, and to the world itself. Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth, Prince Philip, President Kennedy, former President Nikita Khrushchev and Sir Winston Churchill have all conversed with Terry Fincher. 'It's quite a thing to be a photographer nowadays—very fashionable'. His friends include politicians, generals and several lords and ladies. How different from the back-street days of his unrestrained youth in London.

He has travelled to most parts of the globe in all forms of aircraft—V.C. 10s, Comets, Canberras, Hunters and helicopters. Involved in diplomatic disputes in Ghana and arrested in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, he has so far escaped serious trouble or personal injury. Recurrent bouts

of malarial fever are his only reminder of Africa.

Have his experiences changed his personality in any way? Certainly, he believes. As he himself says, his job 'hardens you and definitely knocks snobbishness out of you'. He has seen mutilated and homeless children dying in the streets of Agadir after the disastrous earthquake. He has photographed many fatal car accidents—'I used to be a lunatic driver but after seeing so many tragedies I have become much more cautious'.

Whether working at home or abroad his equipment, usually comprising five cameras, worth over £1,000, is provided ('thank goodness') by the newspaper. Photos can often be wired from many parts of the world in only ten minutes.

Terry's is a high-speed world and for him there is little time to stand and stare. He is on call all the time and out of his ten years of married life he has been away for four. 'You need a trusting wife', he says with a wink. 'Physical fitness is absolutely essential and I often take a five-mile walk. If you're good you have to work hard. It's

a young man's job and I'll pack it in when I'm 48'.

He is enveloped in a newspaper system ('the best in the world') which is continually on the move. He has strong opinions about the men in Fleet Street. 'I get fed up with people who knock newspapermen. It's a competitive world but basically they are the most sincere and truthful of men. There's quite a lot of drinking, but far less than that in the business world. These wrong images about Fleet Street must be rectified.'

Terry Fincher hopes to remain at the top for many years to come. As a hobby he has now taken up free fall parachuting—'It may come in useful in Vietnam or somewhere'—and he is planning several books. With a large house, an attractive wife and three young daughters, he is enjoying the fruits of his success with the camera.

To the young person with driving ambition and photographic skills the heights are not unattainable. If he possesses these talents then, as Terry Fincher has found, the world is his.

Night

*Winner of the 1965
Amy Kaye-Sharland Essay Prize*

ONE BY ONE the lights of the sprawling village went out, and the cottages themselves merged into the rich velvety darkness. There was no sound, no light, save for a few feeble rays of moonlight that pierced the dense grey blanket of cloud. In the distance the shrill whistle of a train that raced through the countryside shattered the short-lived spell of enchantment and serenity. Close to the village a tall dark chimney belched smoke into the still night air.

A breeze began to rise, eerily whistling along the line of telephone wires which lead from the village. One could just distinguish a few clumps of trees and the outlines of fields, where ragged grey sheep lay huddled together for warmth and comfort. Far away, on the horizon, the tall buildings and smoking chimneys of the city stood silhouetted against the cloudy night sky.

The clouds parted and, for a moment, a crescent-faced moon gazed down on the scene below, flooding the sleeping landscape with its silver beams. The trees seemed strangely ethereal as they stretched their bare silver branches to the sky, lining the road like ghostly sentinels. A poacher cautiously hurried along the rime-covered cart-track, his collar pulled high around his face and an empty sack slung carelessly over

BY CHERYL DOMINY, 5J

his shoulder. From the corner of his drooping mouth hung a pipe, and his eyes were heavy-lidded through lack of sleep. He reached a gate and unfastened the catch; the rusty hinge creaked as he turned it. The gate swung back with a jerk and he continued on his way. The moon clouded over and the poacher was lost from view; only his footsteps could be heard as they faded into the night.

The long, lean shadow of a fox slid across the open fields, a struggling chicken dangling from its powerful jaws. His bushy tail streaked out behind him and his green eyes smouldered like glowing embers. The chicken gave a feeble squawk, one last bid for freedom, and then hung limp and lifeless.

The hours passed and the poacher was returning with the spoils of his night's work. The sack was no longer empty but bulged suspiciously. Warily he trudged along the track, slipping now and then on the hard icy surface. From across the fields came the mournful low of a cow; milking time was near. Slowly, from below the horizon, tongues of orange flame began to singe the dark winter's night. The clouds had gone, and now the translucent moon vanished in the rosy haze of the coming dawn. On the farm a cock crowed and soon the fresh morning air resounded with sounds of early morning life.

Spargetae Romae

BY ANONIMUS AND CO.



SOMEONE ONCE said that all roads lead to Rome. This, however, has nothing to do with this article, but it seems a good way to start. Rome has been called by many the Eternal City, and everywhere one goes in Rome this is evident. There are many ancient and very beautiful remains of a civilisation dating from the time of the late Republic, which stand side by side with the modern skyscrapers of the twentieth century. If, however, one wishes to see the heart of ancient Rome this is to be found on the Capitoline Hill. This, one of the seven hills of Rome, was where the Roman nobles built their rich and extravagant villas, even going so far as to use the building materials of earlier decades from the ruins. The centre of the social life of this community was the Forum, which contained the Senate House, and various temples, among them the beautiful Temple of Jupiter, and here the serious business of the day was enacted.

In their leisure hours, however, the citizens of Rome would visit the Colosseum, or Amphitheatrum Flavium as it was then called. The construction of the vast building was begun by Vespasian in A.D. 72 on the site of the Stagnum Neronis. This was a lake near Nero's house. This has led to the popular belief that the Colosseum was built on the site of the old Roman water works but so far nobody has found the plug. The early use of the Colosseum was for mock naval battles. The bowl of the building would be filled with slightly soapy water to a depth of 57ft. 6½in. (The tide mark can still be seen on frosty mornings and Thursdays.) The Colosseum was filled by slaves who would carry buckets of dirty washing-up water for miles across Rome and from neighbouring villages: thus it was seven years before the

first battle could be fought. This, however, was also to be the last since most of the slaves had their legs worn down to the knees. That is why many Italians go around with no feet. This led to the famous Revolt of the Slaves (and many of them were revolting) which resulted in a conspiracy to undermine the foundations of the Colosseum. But the revolt was ill-fated, and crushed as well: all the slaves were imprisoned with the exception of one, Nitius, who prised out a brick at the base of the still-full Colosseum in the hope that this small act of repudiation would not pass by unnoticed. It didn't!! and unfortunately Nitius was carried away on the tide among the dirty cups and saucers, foaming at the mouth.

With all the former glory of the great stadium gone it was left to decay, but decay didn't want it. The Colosseum and the area around it was left deserted for many, many years (35 actually). One day a peasant, passing the Colosseum, smelt a putrid pong permeating through its walls and patiently and perspiringly pawed his way up to the top of the parapet. Peering over he perceived what looked like a thick bed of water-lilies, but what on closer observation proved to be a species of wild strawberry hitherto unknown. He notified the authorities and since Rome was in a state of famine the possibility of cultivating these wild strawberries was at once investigated. It was soon discovered by one of Rome's eminent biologists that the roots and runners of the plants tasted much better than the leaves or berries. This biologist was a foreigner. Actually he came from a Thracian tribe called the Getae, and because of the way that the plant spread prolifically it was decided to call it Spargetae, from spargo, to spread abroad, and Getae, after the biologist. (The modern Italian word for this is Spaghetti.) This plant had to be regularly pruned or it would rapidly multiply and had a tendency to pull its runners out of the ground. (One of the first casualties was unfortunately the biologist who was strangled by a writhing root.)

Spargetae soon became the staple diet of Italy, and the Colosseum came back into use, not as an arena for bloodthirsty battles, but as a huge spargetae bowl. For this reason the slaves were forced to make holes in the shape of arches all around the base of the Colosseum in which fires were lit to heat the huge mass of spargetae. The Roman nobles would arm themselves with long-handled forks with which to eat the said food, but once again the slaves revolted, objecting against the way that the nobles gorged while the slaves starved. Thus in this revolt many more

slaves escaped than in the previous revolt for as they were thrown into the spargetae, they simply ate their way to the bottom, resting on the buoyant ropes of the substance and as the spargetae cooled down on the surface they ate down to the next warm part. This was the most amazing escape of all since it lasted for approximately 2½ years.

Thus it was that the Colosseum became the famous monument that it is today and spargetae, or spaghetti as we will now call it, became the staple food of Italy. Spaghetti no longer means all forms of Pasta, but has come to mean the very long, very thin and very tasty sort!! Yet even in this modern world spaghetti is not without its

uses. It has been noted for its elastic quality and has made marvellous ropes. (It was indeed used in those magnificent Roman catapults.) The Italian peasants also thatch roofs with it and make strong and durable baskets of dried, stretched spaghetti, hence the typical Chianti bottles of wine in the baskets. Have you ever wondered why there are so many extremely tall bell-towers in Italy? It's because you can only get extremely long spaghetti, of course!

Author's note: Nitius was last seen off the coast of Tasmania, still clutching his 'made in Hong Kong' penknife and that ill-fated brick.



Enchanting Shakespeare

T. M. S.

IT WAS AN ambitious attempt by Miss Abrams and Miss Koch to produce a Shakespearian play, the first one at school for nearly 30 years. But the attempt was well worth making, and, by and large, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was a huge success. The balance between court, fairyland and the artisans' frivolity was well maintained and an atmospheric production held a rapt audience.

Although somewhat slow at the beginning, when the actors appeared to be a little nervous, the play gradually gained momentum. David Lewis, as Theseus, acted competently, whilst Janet Atkins was a superbly disagreeable Hippolyta. The two young men, Lysander and Demetrius, both seek-

ing the love of Hermia, were played most chivalrously by Ian Piercy and John Huggins. Vanessa Dunhill as Hermia showed fine acting ability, whilst her sister, Deborah, played the part of Helena with a flair rarely surpassed in school productions.

Just as the problems of the four young human lovers are ultimately resolved, so too are those of the King and Queen of the Fairies. Oberon was played most regally by Alan Hardiman, and Titania was charmingly portrayed by Rita Tuck. Sheelagh Hards as an excellently cheeky Puck added a comic touch to this fairy enchantment. Honours must also be given to the other young fairies who acted very attractively.

'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is probably best loved for its hilarious escapades of Bottom and Co., apparently simple in technique but very difficult to act. However, in this production, the six jovial fellows rose to the occasion and gave a delightfully extrovert and uproarious performance, with Guy Collister acting a most professional Bottom. As Pyramus in the 'play' he was ably assisted by Erik Gibbons as Prologue, Trevor Plumbley as an excellently dim-witted Thisbe, L. Debenham as Lion, Malcolm Burrell as a well-constructed Wall and Howard Pattison as Moonshine.

On the technical side congratulations are due to those of the Lower Sixth who helped with lighting, scenery and costumes, all of which were very good. It was unfortunate that a great deal of the action on the floor of the stage could not be seen by much of the audience and speech was not always audible.

Nevertheless, Miss Abrams, assisted by Miss Koch, presented a wonderful production and it is to be hoped that it will not be another 30 years before Shakespeare is again attempted at school.

The Horse

BY T. WILLIAMS, MIDDLE 6 SCI.

THIS HORSE has all the world to shame, from features pure to line intense, hides nothing of its golden renown, to catch and put the wind to heel. For when turf or shire flees under hoof, when a lazing forelock is brushed aside, then chestnut blurs along the ancient path. Slender, sweeping legs have belied their strength while twin homely eyes, so humble, transform with blue fire. So horse and country merge as one, mane meeting

leaf, hooves scarcely meet the sward. The stride is obtained, lithe muscles of flowing water endeavour for where the earth and sky meet, where the sun floats on land, time retreats, the wind screams, there is never a stumble, time is left far behind, once going, never to end, once great, never to fall.

This is the horse, a sweat-glistening chestnut after the chase, eager to rest but stamping to go, the smiling squeaking leather, the latent fire, at one time both fidgeting to be on its way, yet patient to stand. The whole horse tense and waiting, expectant of the next corner revealing the well-worn rolling stretches of the fast country.

Yugoslavia

BY M. P. MOORE, MIDDLE 6 ARTS

YUGOSLAVIA IS A land of such variety and contrast that a visit of a few weeks could not possibly qualify one to do more than give just a few impressions, which may be entirely different from those of another visitor. For there is, if not a world, a continent of difference between Zagreb in Solvenia, which has the air of a modern central European city, and Sarajevo in Bosnia, which has a strong Turkish flavour, and is, quite literally, 'The City of a Hundred Mosques'. There is not, in fact, yet a recognisable Yugoslav nation; after all, it is only 20 years since Croat and Serb, Communist and Chetnik, were expending more energy in fighting each other than in fighting their German, Italian and Hungarian conquerors. In Yugoslavia today there are six semi-autonomous republics, five nationalities, ten national minorities, three official languages, and two alphabets, the Roman and the Cyrillic.

In spite of this, language differences seem to create few problems in Yugoslavia, because most Yugoslavs seem to speak at least two languages, and often more. When Yugoslav meets foreigner, 'Sprechen sie Deutsch?', 'Parla Italiana?', 'Do you speak English?', and 'Parlez-vous français?' follow in quick succession; it certainly makes one feel ashamed of us insular British.

'Tito is good for Yugoslavia'—the faintly apologetic reply of every Yugoslav when asked about his country's Communist régime, and one does not have to be a Communist to agree. Marshall Tito, who successfully led his Communist partisans against Hitler during the war, and then defied Stalin, leading his country from out of the Iron Curtain in 1948, is not only a great leader,

but is the embodiment of modern Yugoslavia. Tito's portrait is everywhere, in every shop and in every classroom: yes, the Yugoslavs are indoctrinated, but they are aware of the deficiencies of the régime, and prefer to judge it by its vast achievements. One could stay a month in Yugoslavia and hardly realise that the government is Communist; it is not a police state, simply because this is not necessary. Mild criticism of the régime is tolerated, but persistent or vocal opponents of the government are punished: e.g., a known anti-Communist is 'blacklisted' as far as a passport is concerned.

In my opinion, Yugoslavs are nationalists first and Communists second; the combination of the two has certainly released a great flood of energy and enthusiasm and produced a sense of national purpose which is evident everywhere; a marked contrast to Britain.

However, it is true that Yugoslavia is still backward in many ways, and much appalling poverty remains; yet the country has come a long way since it was left de-populated, devastated, and divided 20 years ago. The economy has a growth rate of ten per cent per annum, and new blocks of flats are rising rapidly in the towns and cities. The standard of living of the average Yugoslav is low by our reckoning, and while most food, except meat, is quite reasonable, clothes and luxury goods are very expensive. Although the only rich seem to be members of the government, there is a large and expanding middle-class, consisting of managers, army officers, professors, etc. Yet to talk of a middle-class is dangerously misleading, for, as I saw it, the most attractive feature about Yugo-

slav society is that it is almost classless. By nature Yugoslavs are excitable, informal and happy-go-lucky—waiters in restaurants would chat with customers on equal terms, an ordinary looking man on a beach started talking with us and eventually revealed himself as a former Yugoslav attaché in London, and at an hotel on the coast, generals from a nearby army hotel and workers on holiday (paid for by their union) sat around the same tables, paid the same prices, and joined in the same dances.

I will attempt to describe the life led by 'middle-class' families in Sarajevo (where I stayed), but this would not be typical of the whole country. They live in quite a new flat of three or four rooms, cramped, but fairly well furnished, even by British standards. The sitting room contains a TV and may also be the children's bedroom. They will possess a refrigerator, but for most a car is a distant dream. The father goes to work early, but may be home by early afternoon; he is an army officer or an industrial manager, and is certainly a member of the Communist Party, and perhaps the mother is also. Possibly one, if not both, were partisans during the war, and they will have photographs to show and tales to tell. In domestic affairs, the mother is subordinate to the father, and does not eat until after the men or boys have finished their meal—a legacy of centuries of Turkish domination.

The children go to the local primary or secondary comprehensive schools either every morning or every afternoon, not both. They never specialise at school as we do, although they learn one foreign language thoroughly. If they pass their annual exams a university place will automatically be available for them, although they will have to do compulsory national service at some time. There are no prefects in their schools, and the officers and committees for their many school clubs and sports teams are elected very democratically. The staff-pupil relationships are often very informal, and teachers may accompany their pupils on hiking and ski-ing trips in to the mountains, which still contain wolves and bears. The sexes also mix very naturally; in this respect they have almost out-westernised the west.

For relaxation, the cinema is very popular, although all films are foreign and sub-titled, they swim a great deal, listen to records, mainly western pops, dance, and the boys play and watch football. Unfortunately, almost every week, or so it seems, all public entertainment is stopped for one day or more in mourning for the death of some Communist somewhere.

The annual holiday to the coast for a month is considered a necessity, and is usually financed by

the unions or the state. Christmas is celebrated, but in a disguised form, for religion is frowned upon by the state, although not banned. The traditional Christmas tree, presents and cards form part of the New Year celebrations. New Year's Eve can be a dangerous time, because many people celebrate by carelessly firing the guns which most families have retained, quite illegally, from the war. (Carelessness with fire-arms seems to be a national characteristic—proudly showing me his revolver, my host forgot to eject the last bullet, and made a neat hole through my bed within two feet of me.)

Efficiency certainly does not seem to be a Yugoslav characteristic—the most memorable example I can give is of a train journey of about 150 miles, scheduled to take ten hours, which was quite long enough anyway; however, in the end this journey took us TWENTY hours. On another occasion, our train had to turn back because the rails ahead had been torn up for repair, and someone had forgotten to tell the driver. The natives seemed to expect this sort of thing, and I suppose a night spent on solid wooden seats can all be put down to experience.

I would like to describe some of the Yugoslav scenery but this is impossible—the variety is so great. Slovenia's gentle wooded mountains are completely different from the wind-swept sunburnt ranges of Dalmatia, while those of Bosnia are different again. The Dalmatian mountains look cruel and merciless, and they seem to begrudge the few scattered plots of earth, often only a few yards square, which they grant to the peasants, whose life must be one of the hardest in Europe. One feature of this area which deserves a mention is the 'polje', which in summer is a huge plain stretching among the mountains for endless miles and covered entirely with the maize crop; but in autumn it fills with water, becoming a vast lake, and forces the peasants to retreat up the mountainside to their houses just above the water-level, where, with their livestock safely housed in specially-constructed upstairs rooms, they await spring and the re-appearance of their fields.

What conclusions can be drawn about Yugoslavia? It is a poor country and yet cosmopolitan in atmosphere; it has a Communist government which allows its people a great deal of freedom; its people are fiercely nationalistic and yet the state is scarcely out of danger of dividing into its separate republics: it has a tradition of bloodshed, while its people really want peace and are one of the most hospitable nations in Europe; above all, it is backward and steeped in tradition, yet it is one of the world's most forward-looking and ambitious countries.

Silence is golden

BY YOLANDE GRIFFITHS

ELAINE WALKED slowly down the slope, completely oblivious of the warm sunshine and blue skies, not heeding the pleading looks of the small brown dog who begged her to play with him. Planes droned high above, and beneath her feet numerous insects were enjoying the unaccustomed heat, but she was only aware of the quiet and peace of this spot, this valley which, though certainly not beautiful, was to her a haven of refuge from the world. All she had ever wanted was silence, nothing more. To her loneliness was not an enemy, but an evasive friend, a friend whom she constantly sought and rarely found.

Throughout her life she had been surrounded by noise. Her earliest recollections were of an overwhelming, unintelligible volume of sound emanating from the mouths of a large number of people, all speaking at once. As she grew older this memory remained with her, the noise perhaps intensifying as the people grew larger. There was always movement in the house, as its inhabitants rushed from room to room, bringing with them breathless coughs and the inevitable talk; slamming doors and banging against furniture and leaving behind them a room still reverberating from their presence. It was a place which was never free from sound, whether empty or occupied, a home of turmoil and ever-present noise. Though there were only five members of the family besides herself, they made as much noise between them as a party of 30 guests, and neighbours and friends were rarely absent for long at a time. It seemed to Elaine that her family could not live without noise, and she often wondered what would happen if they were all suddenly to become dumb. They would probably make up for their lack of speech by slamming doors as loudly as possible, and turning up the radio louder than ever.

Elaine herself had long been regarded by them as a failure and a freak, though they were not unkind to her, and took pains to prove to her how peculiar her conduct was, and what a bad effect it had upon the neighbours. They gave her every chance, and were even prepared to sacrifice a few valuable minutes' speaking time in order to let her hear her own voice; but as time went by and no change took place, they took no more notice of her defect. If she insisted on speaking only when absolutely necessary and rushing outside whenever the conversation was most intense, that was just one of those peculiarities of nature which occurred now and again, and must merely be tolerated. Let

her wander speechless and alone. After all, she could do no harm.

So Elaine was allowed to do what ever she pleased, and every evening and weekend she slipped away to the peace of her valley, where she would sit and drink in the silence for which she had longed during the long days at home and at school. But in spite of these moments of solitude, the impact of the continuous noise on her sensitive ears—unconditioned to it despite the custom of many years—was taking its toll, and at times she felt that her eardrums would burst. Her head felt as if a drum were being beaten inside it, and the voices became jumbled and confused, making the words even more meaningless than before. One day, when the talk had been particularly exhausting she broke down in front of them and, out loud, wished vehemently that they would all be struck dumb. For a moment it seemed that a miracle had taken place, but it was only the unaccustomed sound of her angry voice which startled them, and she was forced once again to rush into the open air.

She sat in her usual position on a large boulder half-way down the slope, idly watching the little dog, her sole companion, as it chased an imaginary bird. She could hear a plane somewhere in the distance, gradually coming nearer. She forgot about it, then suddenly she realised it was overhead, coming down extremely low, and making a tremendous noise. Involuntarily she put her hands to her ears and flung herself to the ground. For a moment she was aware of falling, of an intense, excruciating pain in her ears, and then, as if her head could no longer bear the strain, a sudden numb sensation, and everything went blank. . . .

That evening there was more noise than usual in the house, as the family was holding a party. It was in honour of Elaine's birthday, and was their last attempt to reform her. After this she would be virtually an outcast, and it seemed as if she were going to start off the wrong way, because she was already late. Eight o'clock struck, and a few minutes later she appeared. The noise was at its height, and as usual it did not slacken off at her arrival, but this time she did not seem perturbed. Instead, she smiled, and moved happily from group to group, as oblivious of the talk as she had previously been of the sunshine. Someone addressed a remark to her, and again she smiled and nodded happily. Elaine, in losing her hearing, had gained the silence and happiness for which she had always longed.

The City

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, 4P

Enshrouded by the mists of peace
The City lies. Tranquillity.
Henpecked husbands,
Expostulating businessmen,
Stiff, starched schoolma'ams,
—An army marching on.
'Speed', tap stilettos,
And 'hurry', hammer brogues.
Big, black boots keep blundering on,
Treading in the dirt to the dirge of dust.
Noise, noise, noisier, noisier!
Filters through the superficial windows of the
shops.
Big, black boots keep blundering on,
Treading in the dirt to the dirge of dust.
Glorious and glamorous,
Sordid and sanguine,
Arrowroot and aniseed,
And hot, loud dirt.
On rush the people when there's no need to hurry,
Faster go the legs and louder shriek the voices.
Shorter snap the tempers and longer eke the hours;
But the big, black boots keep blundering on,
Treading in the dirt to the dirge of dust.
There is the City—the real truthful City—
Behind the gaudy make-up of impressionistic high
street life.
There are the dark black city slums,
There is the grime and the healthy dirt.
There is the smell—the singularly 'city' smell,
Creeping round the corners of the dark dank
docks.
Here is where they come from, the shallow, two-
faced City people.
Here is where they come from, though they never
would admit it.
But here is where the black boots are no longer
blundering
—Blissfully at home in their natural environment
They're purposeful and peaceful,
And trusting and firm.
The darkness descends—
Unobtrusive in the blackness of the dark city slums,
To unfathomable depths of the still black canal;
The purple blackness merging—
Merging into mists. . . .
Enshrouded in the mists of peace
The real city lies—Tranquillity.

Hospital Treatment

BY R. SMITH, 1P

I HAVE been to several departments of St. Luke's Hospital as an out-patient at various times since I was two years old. These departments are the paediatric clinic, the allergy clinic and I have had my chest X-rayed so many times that I have lost count of how many X-rays I have had. I have also had my knees X-rayed once and in addition to all this I have visited the physiotherapy department on several occasions. The paediatric clinic is not very interesting and is where I go for regular check-ups. The doctors are very kind and helpful and often refer me to other departments. When I had my chest X-rayed the doctor gave me a little orange card in an envelope and told me to give it to the person in the X-ray department. I found the X-ray department and went in and rang for the assistant who came and took the envelope and told me to change into a horrible looking back-to-front shirt that was miles too big for me. About a quarter of an hour later the assistant came back and told me to go in. I went in and was told to stand up against a very cold metal plate which was fixed to a piece of apparatus rather like a weighing machine. Then I had to breathe in and hold my breath while things whirred, clanked, rattled and bumped until I thought something was wrong with the queer looking machinery. Suddenly everything stopped and I was told I could breathe again. I went back outside to wait while the X-ray plates were developed, so that if I had moved another X-ray could be taken.

My last visit to this department was to have my knees X-rayed. This was more enjoyable because I did not have to wear a horrible shirt. I was to'd to sit on a big bench-like thing with my legs out in front of me. A big piece of mobile machinery which ran on rails on the floor and ceiling was brought into position beside me and an enormous arm with all sorts of dials, knobs and switches was lowered down near my knees. When all this machinery descended on me I wondered if I had come to Cape Kennedy by mistake. While I was waiting to be put into orbit a little light was switched on and centred on my knees. The radiographer then pulled a tray out from under the bench and put in an X-ray plate. The tray was then pushed in under my knees. Then everything started vibrating and whirring and stopped suddenly with a thump. This procedure was carried out three times all together, once while I had both knees together and again with each knee separately. If you are feeling well a visit to a hospital can be fun and very interesting.

The Shell

BY SUSAN MALLETT, 4F

IT WAS A lovely one, about two and a half inches long and half an inch in diameter, and the hard, smooth surface felt like china. I was told its name which was very long and difficult to pronounce. What a pity it seemed to burden a shell, especially one so beautiful, with a name like that.

The shell resembled a peppermint humbug, and was creamy-white with deep brown, almost vertical, stripes. It was one of the snail-shaped shells, and nearer the point the cream colour grew pale pink, then darker and darker until it merged with the brown in a flame of crimson just at the tip.

In comparison with its size it was extremely heavy, and when I first held it it was very cold and took some time to warm up in my hand. There was only one flaw. At either end there was a neat round hole, suggesting that at some time it might have been threaded on a necklace.

I put it down reluctantly, and switched off the light before I left the room. Then I turned and looked back, and found a single ray of moonlight, shining through a gap in the curtains, had transformed the shell into a magical, silver charm.

Norway

(from Bergen to Arendal)

BY CATHERINE LAMB, 5J

LANDING IN Bergen, on the west coast of Norway, gives one a very favourable impression of the country from the beginning. Bergen, the second city of Norway, is a place of striking contrasts. Modern buildings, together with a few relics of the fifteenth century and many of the eighteenth century, line the harbour. This harbour, previously a Hanseatic port, forms part of the town centre. The Hanseatic League, founded in the thirteenth century was concerned with the advancement of trading among most of the countries of northern Europe. The harbour wall forms the boundary of the famous fish market where tourists, fishermen, Bergen inhabitants, and occasionally statesmen, mingle together. The fish market, despite its name, is not confined to the selling of fish, but is, on the contrary an all-purpose market.

The favourite route by which to leave Bergen is that which leads to the Hardanger Fjord, famous

for the cherry blossoms in the early summer. This road passes near the Fantoft Stave Church, the best known of these old buildings of which there are so many in Norway. This is the Grieg country which the composer knew and loved so well, and which provided the setting for many of his works. The road, by the fjord side, is very narrow and the sides are apt to subside due to the relatively large temperature variation in the year. In some places the structure of the rock has compelled the builders to blast through the rock, thus forming often quite long tunnels. Road construction in Norway is very expensive but for so large a country with such a small population the roads are remarkably good. There are also many fine suspension bridges, of comparatively recent date, across the fjords. The head of the main branch of the Hardanger Fjord is some 70 miles from the open sea.

From here the road extends northward towards the large county of Sogn. Tremendous waterfalls are the main feature of this road. It then approaches the Stalheim ravine, a wild narrow gorge with a waterfall more than a thousand feet in height, and surrounded by peaks rising to 6,000 feet. The zig-zag descent with 14 hairpin bends is one of the achievements of which Norwegian engineers are most proud. At the bottom lies the hamlet of Gudvangen, at the head of the Naerofjord. This narrow fjord, a branch of Sognefjord, the largest in Norway, is probably the most impressive of these sea inlets. Gudvangen is also at the end of the road, a car ferry providing transport for the following stage of the journey. The ferry proceeds from Gudvangen down the Naerofjord, whose sides are lined with mountains rising steeply out of the water. Again, there are waterfalls tumbling down the rock face and casting magnificent shadows on the water. An occasional farm or smallholding can be seen beside the Fjord in places where the mountains recede, leaving quite fertile land for farming. These settlements are only accessible by footpath or dirt track and more usually only by boat. Hay strewn over fencing to dry completes the picture of a Norwegian farm in summer. Having journeyed the entire length of the Naerofjord one comes out into the wider Sognefjord. This, though magnificent, is somewhat tamer scenery. The slopes are less severe and forests dominate the landscape. The ferry crosses the Fjord and from the small village on the northern side the road begins again.

After passing the town at the head of the Sognefjord, about a hundred miles from the sea, the

road runs up into the Jotunheimen mountains. This is the highest range in the country. As the road ascends vegetation gradually becomes sparser until, at about 4,000 feet, there is little growing except for bog myrtle and a few mountain grasses. The road runs parallel to the peaks, on which is what remains of the ice-cap which once covered the whole of Northern Europe. The largest glacier in the continent can also be seen. The highest point which the road reaches is 6,000 feet where, even in August, the temperature is little above freezing point. This is only about 2,000 feet below the summit of Galdhoppigen, the highest mountain in Norway. Large areas of glacial smooth rock show how the ice has receded during the centuries.

The road quickly descends. The most interesting aspect of the scenery is the remarkable colour of the river, due to the large amount of water coming directly from glacial sources. It is a brilliant turquoise shade of blue. At this point the road from Bergen joins the Gudbrandsdal, the largest valley of central Norway. Agriculturally, it is the richest in Norway. The countryside is very beautiful and there is an air of prosperity about it. Soon the road divides and people going to southern Norway leave the north-bound route. The road proceeds to Lillehammer where a fine collection of pre-eighteenth century buildings, including another stave church, a smithy and farm buildings, are preserved to form an interesting open-air museum. The road from Lillehammer to the south skirts the entire length of Mjosa, the biggest lake in Norway. Oslo lies about 50 miles south of the southern end of this lake. As in Sweden, timber is transported from forest to factory across the water. The scenery, though still impressive, is less grand than that of the west. Forests stretch for miles, with an occasional lake in a clearing.

As the road approaches Kongsberg, some 50 miles from Oslo, an extensive valley named Hallingdal can be seen to the north-west of the town. It is in this valley that some of the few remaining bears in northern Europe still roam. Kongsberg, as principal town in Hallingdal, has statues of bears on the four corners of its bridge. On the far side of Kongsberg is the road to the coast. This passes near Larvik, a port from which ships cross the Skagerrak to Denmark.

From Larvik to Arendal the scenery has little variety, but is very attractive. There are large areas of pine forest and many small lakes. The road winds its way south until it finally reaches Arendal. Arendal, like Larvik is a Skagerrak port. This is where the journey from Bergen ends, having covered about 700 miles of Norwegian countryside.

The Madman

BY RITA TUCK

AS NIGHT faded and the dawn came up, the seas rose to wash the crinkles from the sand and the frowning cliffs took on a softer hue. On a stunted rowan, growing in a crevice, a bird was singing as I came down the path. The snow-capped peaks donned a tint of rose as the first watery beams caught them, and through their shadowy groves the warmth crept and the light; light on the bird's dull feathers, light on the shining sand, light in the sparkling sea, and darkness in my heart. The trilling of the bird, the murmur of the sea, hushed wind waiting in the distant forests and silence in my numbed brain.

Night had gone like a dark spirit and day had come, young and fair with the bird and the sun.

To me was given the freedom of the airy solitude, the clean freshness should have erased the

tangled webs that held my mind, locked in the vice of my own foreboding. They must know by now, they would know where to look and they would come. The bird went on singing and the sand warmed to the caress of the sun. So I lay on my back watching the sun ride the sky and the birds wing their way back to their native mountains and to me.

In the mountain fastnesses where no man ever came, where 'Clouds and shadows wander free', hares would be running and streams sparkling in their headlong rush to join the sea and I lay on my back and watched the sun and the bird sang.

The bird sang as they shouldered me up the cliff, speaking soothing words to coax me. I left the beach in silence; the bird had flown away.

Something beautiful

BY H. SMITH, 4J

THERE SHE stands, strong, silent and still. Her bright red cellulose sparkles in the light of a bright yellow light bulb. She stands on a bench of oil-stained hardwood held in position by four large bolts, securing this piece of precise engineering on to its base plate.

The engine stands three feet high by about one foot six across, her shapely curves and projectiles adding to the mystery of what lies behind this unique mass of iron and steel. The machine's constituents are mainly of steel and iron, but in some places the metals give way to softer elements such as cardboard and oil.

Now to dismantle this mystifying machine, unscrew a bolt here and a nut there until its shell slips lightly off, leaving the shining metals of the central nerve system.

Inside this mass of tangled and twisted metal lies a maze of copper coloured wire, entangled amidst vanes and magnets, each having in their own way untold beauty; especially the vanes whose ends are twisted to immaculate shapes and figures, designed for the sole purpose of trapping the coolant for the power plant; namely the air.

The next step is to take a silvery shining spanner which fits precisely over the nut holding the magnets and vanes in position. With a swift gentle

sweep the nut is loosened, revealing the heart of the fascinating contraption. Here lies the power of the motor, a silver and grey crankshaft, precisely engineered to fit exactly into its case without touching anything unnecessarily, as this would bring its downfall. In a few moments the head of the cylinder is gently removed without damaging its mystical forms which are glistening in the lamp-light.

Beneath this head lies the only element which mars the finish of this gem—ugly black carbon, deposited in lumps around the hardened steel cylinder, clogging the power and ruffling the smoothness. Why could not this carbon be in its allotropic form, the diamond?

The filth is soon removed and the head replaced; the magnets, the cooling vanes, every nut and bolt replaced exactly as before at the correct tautness and slackness.

The tank on her case is replenished with sweet-smelling fuel, and her sump filled to the brim with thick, ruby-red oil.

Now she is ready, ready for any task she may be ordered to undertake, for she cannot answer back or disagree. She must do as her masters tell her.

Jim's Reprieve

BY STEPHEN ROWE

'COMING FOR a cup of coffee, Jim?' I heard the sales representative ask. My junior assistant looked round at me and I nodded my consent. Suddenly I remembered that at the same time for the last few weeks this same invitation had been given. Perhaps then I had been right to have kept an eye on Jim for the last few weeks.

It had all started three weeks ago. For a few days then Jim had been looking very worried and his work had also suffered. However, that Friday at a quarter to five he asked me if he could go early. A few minutes after he had gone I happened to be passing the window and saw him walking along the street outside. He stopped and spoke to a passer by and seemed to hand over a small package. I thought nothing of it at the time, nor did I think of it when I received a memo which informed me that a number of our watches had disappeared recently.

The next week almost the same thing happened, but this time when I saw the package being handed over I remembered the memo, but I did not see how Jim could have anything to do with it for he did not have access to any of the stock.

I had, however, decided to keep a very strict eye on Jim, and when the same thing happened the week after I began to get suspicious but I did not want to start anything until I was sure I was right.

But now this link with a sales representative could be very important. I decided to go and have a cup of coffee myself. Feeling very guilty I looked round when I reached the canteen. I saw Jim and the sales representative sitting in one corner talking together very earnestly, and suddenly I saw a packet similar to those I had seen Jim have before being handed to him. He put it in his pocket and got up from the table. I had already seen more than enough.

That night I thought very carefully about the whole matter. There were three possibilities of action which I could take. I could report the whole matter to the boss, which I suppose would be the proper thing for me to do. But I liked Jim and I

would not like to see him get into any kind of trouble. On the other hand, I could have a word with Jim. This would be difficult but it might just clear up the matter without anyone getting into trouble. The other thing I could do would be to do nothing and forget that I had ever seen anything suspicious at all. This would be the easy way out and I felt strongly tempted to take it.

I finally decided to wait for a few days to see if an opportunity would arise of speaking to Jim, but none did, in fact the next few days were the busiest that we had had for quite a long time. But I changed my mind and decided to see the boss on Friday morning.

Friday morning I went straight up to the boss's office without going to mine at all. I knocked and was asked to come in. The boss looked at me and said 'I suppose you've come to see me about Jim'. I staggered slightly. 'Yes I have but . . .' 'Then you'll have heard the news?' I looked rather astonished and shook my head. 'Jim was killed in a car crash last night.'

THAT RECORD

BY SALLY HOOD, 4F

On the surface it is dull, black, and uninteresting. But play it, and it becomes alive, full of seemingly human emotion.

First, there is the gentle beginning building into a gradual fervour, and even as this abruptly changes so it begins to take on a dissatisfied air, one of impatience. The orchestra struggles with an unseen problem. Then comes the anger and distress. The drums roll amid the full orchestral effects, and, as always, after the anger comes peace and resignation as the music calms.

Now, swinging along, happily oblivious of any further turmoil it becomes proud and pompous, until, at length, no longer satisfied, the pace slows down, saddens, and it takes on a note of mourning.

Reason overcomes the sorrow and the music returns to tranquillity, ending with a note of vigorous finality.

Speech Day

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1964



THE CHAIRMAN of the Governors made the opening speech, welcoming the Mayor and Mayoress of Godalming, Mr. and Mrs. Tyreman, Lady Freyberg, and Mr. W. M. Wigfield.

Malcolm Dale gave the Head Boy's report, and the Headmaster welcomed the guest speaker, Dr. D. M. Leggett, Principal of Battersea College of Technology, who presented the prizes and gave an interesting talk on the proposed University of Surrey at Guildford.

Valerie Burgess, the Head Girl, proposed a vote of thanks to Dr. Leggett and the speech day ended.

PRIZE LIST

Form Prizes:

- 1F Sarah Ward
Ian Taylor
- 1P Diane Raggett
Margaret Wheeler
- 1J Erica Taylor
Vanda Celewicz
David Hammond
- 2F Jill Broadway
Catherine Chitty
Jane Hibbert
Adrian Barnes
- 2P Malcolm Smith
Peter Keel
- 2J Andrew Parvin
Michael Bishop
Jeanette Wills
- 3F Lesley Jewell
Michael Burrell
- 3P John Acton
Ronald Mayers
- 3J Ann Fawcett
Linda Chitty
- 4F Ann Hissey
Mary Bezzant

- 4P Wendy Cordwint
Virginia Evans
- 4J Cheryl Dominy
Catherine Lamb
Robin Hall

Milford Junior English Prizes:

- Eva Kot
- Gregory Rowe

Middle School Special Prizes:

- Woodwork: Nicholas Brunson
- Music: Brian North
- Domestic Science: Heather Bowmer

Senior School Prizes: Music: Martin Heptinstall 'O' Level Certificates and a Book Prize for seven or more passes:

- Susan Barnett
- Allan Plato
- Linda Roberts
- Robert Ward
- Ann Weatherley
- John Anderson
- Leslie Debenham
- Thelma Halfhide
- Roger Locke
- Sheila Robertson
- Alan Baker
- Patricia Barratt
- Guy Collister
- Sheila Hill
- Alan Poole
- Angela Harman
- Linda Charlick
- Roger Chitty
- Diana Christian
- Vanessa Dunhill
- Alan Hardiman
- David Horsman
- David Knox
- Alan Monger
- Trevor Plumley
- Edwin Puttick
- Simon Chamberlain
- Michael Hubbard
- Michael Piercey
- Michael Smith
- Malcolm Burrell

Subject Prizes at Advanced Level

- David Ottridge: Pure Mathematics Prize
- Christine Scarlett: German Prize
- Pat Briggs: Mathematics Prize
- Jan Vink: Physics and Chemistry Prizes
- Carole Smith: History and Latin Prizes
- Jill Hoffman: French and Religious Knowledge Prizes
- Janet Thomas: French Prize
- Carole Cartwright: Religious Knowledge Prize
- Richard Smith: Chemistry Prize
- Stephen Parratt: Woodwork Prize

Special Prizes:

O.G. Association Prizes for Service:

- Stephen Parratt, David Ottridge, Jill Hoffman, Jennifer Barratt

The Amy Kaye-Sharland Memorial Prize for English Essay: Linda Roberts

The Lady Jekyll Memorial Grant to a First-Year Student: Brian Heptinstall

A Governor's Prize for Reliability: Eleanor Field

The Geoff Mills Memorial Prize for Reliability: Adrian Bridge

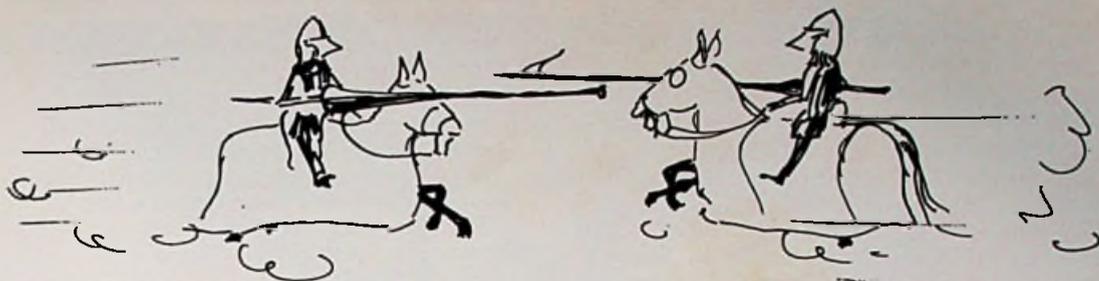
The Jack Phillips Memorial Prizes for Service:

- Charles Southcott, Carol Thompson

The Head Girl's Prize: Jill Hoffman

The Head Boy's Prize: Stephen Parratt

SPORTSTAND



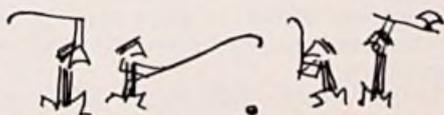
Netball

ALL THREE teams worked very hard to improve their game and by the end of the spring term were playing well. Many of the matches lost were close and with the same spirit next year the teams should do well.

Teams

- Under 14: K. Timms, L. Higgins, A. Dalton, J. Monger, C. Owen, R. Johns, J. Hibbert, S. Cant, J. Wills (won 6, lost 4).
Under 13: S. Garner, C. Burrridge, S. Weatherly, S. Hanes, J. Roberts, P. Nicholls, I. Ankers, F. Wilson, D. Raggett (won 2, drew 1, lost 9).
Under 12: H. Graneek, C. Tebby, A. Hall, S. Kirkham, H. Bendell, P. Edgington, C. Hutchins, D. May (won 1, lost 2).

Hockey



Captain: Evelyn Handby
Vice-captain: Yvonne Creaye

BAD WEATHER affected this term's hockey. A reorganisation of the 1st and 2nd teams reduced teamwork and consequently the scores were low. Of the 1st team's eight matches there was only one win and one draw. The matches against the O.G.s and the staff were well-fought games and had better results. The 2nd team lost all four of their matches but the Under 15 team won three of their four matches, showing promise for next season.

Our thanks go to Mrs. Hynds and Mrs. Beresford-Green for their coaching and for arranging the trip to the Wembley International match.

Teams

- 1st: S. Mott*, Y. Creaye*, S. Taylor, W. Shuttleworth, E. Handby*, B. Bridge, S. Gale, J. Barnett, P. Jenkins*, D. Watkins, S. Barnett. Also played: C. Ede, K. Pearson, A. Moore, C. Abbott.
2nd: J. Briggs, J. Bond, A. Hissey, S. Ross, J. De Russett, K. Pearson, G. Abbott, L. Taylor, A. Moore, C. Ede, D. Watt, V. A'Court. Also played: K. Gambrell, S. Cross, A. Fawcett, J. Bowmer, A. Jones.
Under 15: S. Coppard, L. Palmer, D. Prudence, S. Walker, L. Chitty, H. Bowmer, L. Shurlock, E. Kingdom, C. Whieldon, M. Greenfield, D. Crick. Also played: A. Fawcett, A. White.

Lacrosse

ON THE whole the team played well despite some difficulty in maintaining consistency. Although nine games were lost, these were often very close, and the three matches were well won, the most notable being that of the Mitchel Cup against Priors Field. The 2nd team, although only playing three matches, won them all, and everyone played well. The Under 15 team had a successful season, working well together, and should provide promising members of the future 1st and 2nd teams.

Teams

1st: J. Bowmer, D. Christian*, V. Burgess*, S. Barnett, J. Roberts, J. Bradfield*, A. Moore, J. Barnett, C. Abbott*, A. Sinden*, D. Watkins, S. Gale*. Also played: B. Bridge, L. Taylor, P. Jenkins, K. Gambrill (won 3, lost 9).

2nd: S. Cross, S. Ross, J. Bond, A. Hissey, Y. Creaye, L. Taylor, K. Gambrill, P. Jenkins, K. Pearson, C. Gower, B. Bridge, V. A'Court, J. Crook, J. Ede (won 3, lost 0).

Under 15: S. Hood, V. Morris, D. Prudence, S. Coppard, L. Palmer, H. Bowmer, L. Chitty, C. Whieldon, L. Shurlock, E. Kingdom, S. Walker, M. Greenfield, A. Fawcett, A. White, V. Marshall (won 6, drew 1, lost 2).

Girl's Athletics

Captain: Prue Jenkins

Vice-captain: Jenny Barnett

THE SCHOOL SPORTS: one record was broken this year and one equalled amongst the girls and the House Cup was won by Fearon. The athletics captain was awarded the cup for the outstanding girl athlete.

A team again competed in the district sports, where the following successes were achieved:

Under 14 age group: High jump, C. Burrige (2nd); long jump, P. Nicholls (1st); hurdles, J. Miles (2nd); the relay was 1st. Under 16 age group: Long jump, S. Spratley (2nd) and C. Whieldon (3rd); 150 yards, C. Whieldon (2nd); discus, M. Grimble (2nd) and A. Taylor (1st); hurdles, D. Crick (2nd); 100 yards, D. Crick (1st); the relay was 1st and this group won the cup. Under 18 age group: High jump, B. Bridge (3rd); long jump, B. Bridge (2nd); hurdles, S. Barnett (1st) and J. Roberts (2nd); 100 yards, K. Gambrill (1st); discus, S. Mott (2nd); javelin, C. Ede (3rd); the relay came 2nd and this group was placed 2nd.

The following girls represented the district at the county sports.—Seniors: P. Jenkins, 220 yards and relay; J. Barnett, hurdles (finalist) and relay; and S. Barnett, hurdles and relay. Intermediates: B. Bridge, hurdles (semi-finalist) and relay; D. Crick, hurdles (semi-finalist) and relay; L. Taylor, 100 yards and relay; M. Grimble, discus; K. Gambrill was reserve for the relay.

The girls competed against George Abbott and Guildford County Schools in the triangular sports when they came second to George Abbott. Notable successes were the wins of L. Taylor and D. Crick in the 100 yards. J. Barnett did well in her hurdles as did all the competitors. S. Spratley made an outstanding performance in the open long jump.

These successes are due to the help and encouragement from Mrs. Hynds for which we express our thanks.

Tennis

Captain: Anita Sinden

Vice-captain: Cherry Gower

THIS YEAR'S tennis season has been successful for our 1st team probably because of the consistently good play the younger members have produced (four of the 1st team being fifth formers).

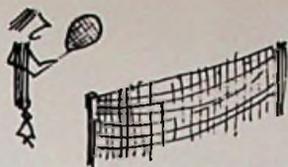
The team played in two main tournaments, 'The Branston Shield' and 'The Aberdare Cup', without success.

Although the Under 14 team has not won a match this term I feel that players themselves are very promising.

An Under 16 tennis team represented the school in a Surrey L.T.A. tournament, and with complete success returned to Godalming with the Championship Shield.

After winning £20 last year, the school again took part in the Nestle's ladder tournament. The second form ladder won the school £10 for the most matches played.

In the school tournaments Anita Sinden and Prue Jenkins were the winning pair and Cherry Gower and Ann Hissey the runners-up in the senior doubles. The winner of the senior singles was Cherry Gower and Linda Chitty the runner-up. Helen Paine won the junior singles and Irene Ankers was the runner-up.



Under 16 team – winners of the Surrey L.T.A. Tournament

C. Gower
A. Hissey
A. Moore

D. Watkins
S. Gale
K. Gambrell

E. Kingdon (final)
B. Bridge (one round)
V. A'Court (one round)

Teams

1st team: A. Sinden*, P. Jenkins*; C. Gower*, A. Hissey*; A. Moore*, D. Watkins*. Also played: S. Gale, E. Kingdon (won 6 lost 4).
2nd team: S. Gale*, K. Gambrell*; B. Bridge, V. A'Court; K. Pearson, A. Jones. Also played: J. Roberts, C. Abbott (won 2, lost 3).

Under 15 team: E. Kingdon, C. Whieldon; L. Chitty, B. Loebell; L. Sherlock, S. Coppard. Also played: S. Walker, D. Prudence (won 4, lost 2).

Under 14 team: L. Higgins, S. Cant; J. Hibbert, T. Kreciglowa; P. Williams, R. Johns. Also played: S. Spratley, J. Broadway, C. Chitty (won 0, lost 6).



THE SOCCER teams had a mediocre season, losing the majority of matches, whilst playing well. The disappointing factor was that the whole team played well for periods in many matches but lacked consistency, and after leading on many occasions, finished two or three goals down. One of the reasons for this apparent lack of effort in many quarters was the fact that the team had too many fixtures. It is to be hoped that there will be fewer matches next season, allowing more time for training and tactical discussion. Tentative attempts at training this season were not successful. The main faults lay in poor defensive covering and inconsistent shooting by the forwards, Durrant being the only consistent scorer with 13 goals. Other goalscorers were Blackwell—10; Sturgess—9; and Anderson—7.

Under the leadership of more experienced players such as Anderson, Locke and Durrant the team should do better next season. Of the younger players, Higgins has developed into a useful full-back and should do well in a strong defence this year. We were fairly successful in the Surrey Grammar Schools' six-a-side competition, reaching the final of the subsidiary section. Other successes were two good draws with Sutton and two wins over the Police Cadets.

The 2nd XI were not successful, largely due to constant team changes. Once again the team was well captained by first, Bloomfield, and later, Mitchell.

The junior teams had a good season, the Under 15 XI, captained by Ralf, winning seven matches, and the Under 13 XI, captained by West, reaching the final of the Thompson Cup. On the way to the final they beat Meadow, Rodborough and Tillingbourne, and in the final on the Guildford City Ground, drew 1—1 with George Abbot, taking the cup for the first six months of the year.

Representative honours for Guildford and District were gained by Coombes, Cheesman and Higgins.

Results

1st XI	33	7	6	20	60	91
2nd XI	17	1	0	16	14	60
Under 15 XI	16	7	2	7	71	62

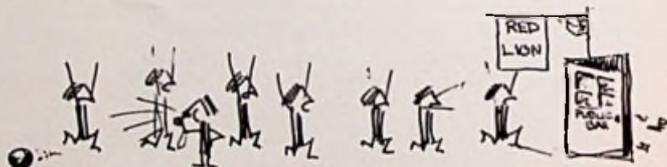
Teams

1st XI from: Holland; Higgins, Kipling; Welton* (captain), Locke*, Micklam*; Coombes, Hunt, Durrant, Blackwell, Anderson*, Sturgess.

2nd XI from: Plato; Bloomfield (captain), Lewis; Cheesman, Mitchell, Amos; Knox, Duke, Reading, Kelly, Atkinson, Ince.

Under 15 XI from: Harrington; Acton, Sopp, Smith; Marshall, Curtis, Hodson; Czastka, Edgington, Madgwick, Ralf (captain), Tomlinson, Reffold.

* Denotes colours.





Under 13 Soccer Team – Joint winners of the Thompson Cup

Cross Country



BY J. R. LILE

OUR FIRST fixture against Farnham Grammar School was won by 29 points to 64. Hill was 1st and Lile 3rd. At Pierrepoint the school won by 31 points to 52 points. Hill and Lile were 1st and 2nd and Debenham 4th. In the Aldershot road relay the senior 'A' team of Lile, Debenham and Hill was placed 9th. The 'B' team came 21st. The junior team of Saunders, Parish and Bannister was placed 14th.

Our first defeat was by the Royal Grammar School, Guildford, both at home and away. Against Glebelands the school won 24 points to 54 points.

At the Haskell Trophy meeting the 'A' team of Lile, Monger, Marshall and Debenham came 31st. In the Norman Moore Trophy race school runners were placed 3rd, 5th and 6th.

Much interest has been shown in the newly formed Cross-country Club and should prove of great value to the team.

Teams representing the school included:
 Lile, Hill, Monger, Debenham, Chamberlain, Moore.
 Peacock, Pringle, Acton, Marshall, Parish, Saunders.
 Bannister, Keel, Bishop, Vincent, Parish.

Annual Cross Country

Senior

1. Hill (J)
2. Debenham (P)
3. Chamberlain (P)
4. Fringle (J)
5. Marshall (J)
6. Peacock (P)

7. Monger (J)
8. Durrant (F)
9. Acton (P)
10. Coombes (J)
(Jekyll 75, Page 82,
Fearon 155)

Junior

1. Parish (J)
2. Bishop (J)
3. Drane (J)
4. Mayne (J)
5. Hagan (J)
6. Farmer (P)

7. Furlong (P)
8. Traviss (J)
9. Vincent (P)
10. Rowe G. (P)
(Jekyll 61, Page 85,
Fearon 161)

Final Result

3rd	Fearon	316
2nd	Page	167
1st	Jekyll	136

The senior cross-country cup was awarded to Hill.

Boy's Athletics



Captain: D. C. Horsman
Vice-captain: J. R. Lile

SPORTS DAY was the first appearance in athletics of the new school houses. Jekyll, with 313 points, won the boys' house cup quite easily from Page (243 points), and Fearon (199 points). The trophy for the outstanding boy was won by Ralf, the Tyreman Trophy for the 440 yards by Monger and a record-breaking time of 2min. 5sec. by Lile in the 880 yards won for him the Pover Cup.

We were able to find quite a good team this year and in particular, the number of promising young athletes in the Junior School was noticeable.

Hill (mile), Czastka (discus) and Ralf (100 yards) were selected to represent the Godalming district in the county secondary school sports, where Czastka gained 5th place.

At Farnborough a team of juniors competed

against Heron Wood and St. Michael's and we congratulate them on gaining second place. Both Hammond and Mayne won their events at this meeting.

A team went to the Surrey grammar school sports at Motspur Park where Amos succeeded in coming 2nd in the 220 yards and 6th in the long jump, and Lile, 5th in the 880 yards.

Two records were broken by our boys at the district sports—the senior high jump by Durrant (5ft. 4in.) and the middle discus by Czastka (128ft. 4in.). Other winners for the school were Amos and Chamberlain.

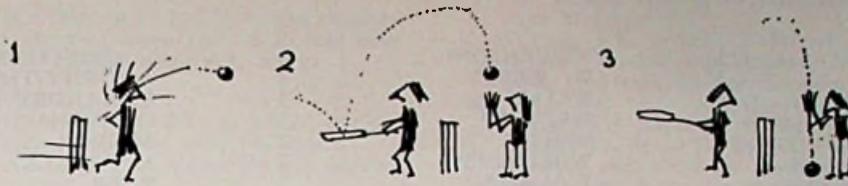
Godalming came 3rd in the triangular sports. Winners for the school were: Amos, Chamberlain, Durrant, Czastka, Ralf and Parish; Durrant exceeding the school high jump record.

The following gained colours: Amos, Chamberlain, Debenham, Durrant, Mitchell, Peacock, Czastka, Marshall, Ralf and H. Smith.

Cricket

Captain: R. Locke

Vice-Captain: A. Baker



CRICKET

The 1st XI had a very disappointing season, winning only twice and drawing once, but the young team showed great promise for future seasons. The most memorable matches were against Farnham and the O.G.s. In the first our opponents were dismissed for 106, Godalming reaching that score for the loss of five wickets. Against the O.G.s the school managed to get the necessary number of runs after the Old Boys had declared at 90 for nine.

Ralf, who was selected for Surrey Schools' junior team, had most success with the ball, but the rest of the attack of Parr, Collister, Baker and Higgins, though well-balanced, lacked penetration.

Of the batsmen, Durrant, Sturgess, Baker and Locke did achieve some good scores but they were not consistent, and never seemed to get good scores on the same day.

The fielding improved as the season progressed, and Plato showed great promise behind the stumps.

The 2nd XI and Under 15 teams were not very successful, although the 2nd XI did defeat Woking.

Teams

1st XI: Locke* (captain), Baker* (vice-captain), Sturgess*, Durrant*, Higgins*, Collister*, Ralf, Holland, Parr, Plato, Mitchell, Anderson. Also played: Coombes, Wheaton, Harrington.

2nd XI from: Harrington, Sopp, Ralf, Wilmot, Keel, Anderson, Peacock, Knox, Plato, Lean, Acton, Wheaton, Puttick, Kipling, Smith, Gibbons.

Under 15 XI: Ralf, Harrington, Sopp, Acton, Wilmot, Lean, Young, Furlong, Keel, Readings, Gunner. Also played: Nash, West, Sage, Branson.

Rhapsody in Colour

BY JUDITH SPANDLER, 3J

Red is the eye
After weeping and wailing.
Red is the blood
From a wound which is surging.
Hate fills the eye
And expresses emotion.
Hate springs from fear
Which ignorance proposes.
The marriage of two
And a white wedding veil.
A sombre loud voice
Rings round and re-echoes.
High mountains and peaks
And a beautiful russet.
A gossamer cloud
Which floats as a blossom.

Go to the Fun Fair

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, 4P

Go to the fun-fair—
Forget.
Think not of the misery
Behind the Palace of Happiness,
Think of the fun, of the joy!
Be like a fly,
Born to irritate
Without caring.
Buzz around, buzz around.
Mix with the people,
Flirt around them;
Absorb not their cares.
Be like a bee
And suck nectar of joy
Into yourself.
But beware;
It is false.
It is venom.
Go to the fun-fair—
Forget.
But when you are thinking about forgetting
Remember.

G.C.E. Results

'A' LEVEL

BINGHAM	...	3
FISHER*	...	3
SAVAGE	...	3
WEATHERLY	...	3
C. ABBOTT	...	1
BLACKWELL	...	1
BLOOMFIELD	...	3
CHISHOLM	...	1
CLARKE	...	1
COX*	...	3
DALE*	...	4
HOLLAND	...	1
HUNT*	...	2
LILE*	...	3
MICKLAM*	...	4
PAYNE	...	3
C. PEARCE	...	1
SHONFELD	...	3

STEVENSON*	...	4
W. WEBB*	...	3
WELLS*	...	3
WELTON*	...	3
WHITE*	...	2
WILLIAMS*	...	2
P. AMIES	...	1
J. BARNET	...	2
J. BRADFIELD*	...	3
C. BUTCHER	...	2
V. BURGESS	...	1
S. CAYRE	...	2
C. CHALABY*	...	2
M. COLLARD	...	1
Y. CREAWE	...	2
E. DAVIES	...	2
J. EDE	...	2
GAY*	...	2

V. GRIFFITHS	...	1
Y. GRIFFITHS*	...	2
E. HANDBY	...	2
C. HOOK*	...	2
MOORE*	...	3
L. PARKER	...	2
PARR	...	1
S. PARTINGTON*	...	1
M. PINK	...	1
PROTHERO	...	1
RAWLINGS	...	2
READING	...	1
P. SAYER	...	3
STURGESS*	...	2
WINTON	...	2
L6	...	
GREENING	...	1

* Passed Use of English
Also passed: C. SMITH

'O' LEVEL

L6	(EXTRA SUBJECTS)	
R. CLEMENTS	...	1
V. DUNHILL	...	1
C. EDE	...	1
HARDIMAN	...	1
A. HARMAN	...	1
MITCHELL	...	1
KIPLING	...	4
W. SHUTTLEWORTH	...	1
A. SINDEN	...	1
C. WARD	...	1
M. WOOLVEN	...	1
5J		
S. BALL	...	7
BRAYSHAW	...	8
D. BROWN	...	8
BRUNSDEN	...	6
BURRIDGE	...	5
CHEESMAN	...	7
COOMBES	...	6
DAGNALL	...	8
J. DE RUSSETT	...	7
C. DOMINY	...	9
DUKE	...	9
J. GOODFELLOW	...	4
HALL	...	9
HUGHES	...	6
M. JOHNSON	...	8
KELLY	...	3
KNOTTLEY	...	8
C. LAKER	...	6
C. LAMB	...	9
LOWIS	...	9
J. MARKER	...	9
J. McINTOSH	...	6
HILL	...	6
HIGGINS	...	8
MOREY	...	8
NORTH	...	7
R. RINGE	...	8

K. ROSS	...	9
ROWE	...	8
A. SHERMAN	...	3
E. SPARKES	...	5
C. WATT	...	8
WHEATON	...	8
S. WHEELER	...	6

5P		
V. A'COURT	...	5
Y. BAXTER	...	4
B. BRIDGE	...	6
P. COLE	...	2
R. COLE	...	1
W. CORDWENT	...	8
V. EVANS	...	4
A. FARMER	...	4
FLETCHER	...	7
P. FORSYTH	...	8
L. GIBBONS	...	4
GILL	...	5
GORRINGE	...	3
S. HUNTER	...	4
S. KILLICK	...	4
PERRY	...	5
RICHINGS	...	6
J. ROBERTS	...	7
SHIPTON	...	4
SPOONER	...	4
M. STEER	...	5
STROUD	...	8
L. TAYLOR	...	6
C. UNDERWOOD	...	5
VACHER	...	5
D. WILKINS	...	7
P. WILLIAMS	...	5
P. WILLS	...	5
R. WILLS	...	6
WILSON	...	6
L. WILSON	...	5

5F		
ATKINSON	...	4
L. BARNES	...	3
M. BEZZANT	...	7
J. BOWMER	...	5
CARTER	...	5
S. CHALLIS	...	6
CRESSWELL	...	7
C. DODMAN	...	2
C. DOWTHWAITE	...	3
E. EVANS	...	3
FAULKNER	...	6
P. FORD	...	2
S. GALE	...	6
K. GAMBRILL	...	5
B. GRANT	...	2
C. GOWER	...	4
A. HISSEY	...	6
I. MACE	...	3
R. MITCHELL	...	5
A. MOORE	...	3
S. NUNN	...	4
B. PALMER	...	4
S. PATON	...	4
PUTTICK	...	6
E. THOMPSON	...	7
WALKER	...	5
WARD	...	6
D. WATKINS	...	3

5A	(EXTRA SUBJECTS)	
GOLBEY	...	3
PEACOCK	...	1
C. PHILLIPS	...	2
J. THOMPSON	...	2
S. WARD	...	1
D. WATT	...	2

Valete

Christmas 1964

CAROLE SMITH, U.6Lit. A.L. 3, O.L. 8. Has obtained a place at St. Anne's College, Oxford, to read English because of her outstanding A.L. results.

Summer 1965

UPPER 6 SCIENCE

J. R. M. BINGHAM, A.L. 3, O.L. 8. School Prefect, Debating Society. Hoping to enter University.

D. P. FISHER, A.L. 3, O.L. 8. School Prefect. Hoping to enter University.

A. MAYER, O.L. 9. School Prefect. Choir, S.C.M. (Past President). To enter Church Army, and thence to train for the Ministry of the C. of E.

M. J. SAVAGE, A.L. 3, O.L. 8. School Prefect. Entering Electrical Research Establishment at Leatherhead.

I. WEATHERLY, A.L. 3, O.L. 8. School Prefect, Debating Society, Chess Team. Hoping to enter University.

MIDDLE 6 SCIENCE

CHRISTINE ABBOTT, A.L. 1, O.L. 8. School Prefect, S.C.M., 1st Lacrosse XII* (vice-captain), House Lacrosse Captain (P), 2nd Hockey XI, 2nd Tennis Team, Gym Club, Junior Dramatic Society. To work for a year and then to train as an Occupational Therapist.

M. BLOOMFIELD, A.L. 3, O.L. 5. School Prefect, 2nd Soccer XI (captain), House Soccer Team. To do a Sandwich course in Mechanical Engineering with 'Rolls-Royce'.

M. CLARKE, A.L. 1, O.L. 4. To Admiralty Signal Establishment, Haslemere.

R. COX, A.L. 3, O.L. 7. School Prefect, Chess Club, School Choir, House Football Team. Hoping to enter Southampton University to read Civil Engineering.

J. HOLLAND, A.L. 1, O.L. 6. 1st XI Soccer, House Soccer captain, Athletics Team*, House Athletics Team, 1st XI Cricket Team, House Cricket Team, Debating Society. To seek employment.

C. M. HUNT, A.L. 2, O.L. 5. School Prefect, 1st Soccer XI, House Soccer Team, 1st Form Soccer XI (captain), Junior Dramatic Society, Honorary Tuck Shop Assistant. To enter Loughborough College of Advanced Technology to read Mechanical Engineering. Offered a job as development engineer with Rootes Group.

J. R. LILE, A.L. 3, O.L. 9. School Prefect, Cross-country Team* (captain), Athletics Team* (vice-captain), House Athletics captain. Hoping to read Civil Engineering at Bristol University.

A. T. MICKLAM, A.L. 4, O.L. 9. Deputy Head Boy, House Captain (J), 1st Soccer* (vice-captain), Athletics Team* (former vice-captain), House Soccer, Cricket and Athletics Teams, Musical and Dramatic Society, Magazine Committee, Debating Society. Hoping to read Civil Engineering at Birmingham University.

J. PAYNE, A.L. 3, To enter Bangor University to read Applied Maths.

CAROL PEARCE, A.L. 1, O.L. 4. School Prefect, Debating Society, Match Tea Organiser. To be a laboratory assistant at the National Institute of Oceanography.

D. M. SHONFELD, A.L. 3, O.L. 7. School Prefect, House Cricket Team, Football and Chess Teams, Debating Society. To enter Chichester College to study surveying.

R. W. STEVENSON, A.L. 4, O.L. 9. School Prefect, Debating Society, Musical and Dramatic Society

carpenter. To University College, London, to read Mechanical Engineering.

WENDY WEBB, A.L. 3, O.L. 9. School Prefect, Debating Society, Assistant Business Manager for Dramatic Society. Hoping to enter Keele University to read Maths.

J. WELLS, A.L. 3, O.L. 7. School Prefect, Debating Society, Musical and Dramatic Society. Hoping to enter University College, London, to read Maths.

M. WELTON, A.L. 3, O.L. 9. School Prefect, 1st Soccer XI* (captain), House Soccer captain, 2nd Cricket XI, House Cricket XI, Former House Chess, Musical and Dramatic Society. Hoping to enter Birmingham University to read Civil Engineering.

T. G. WILLIAMS, A.L. 2, O.L. 7. School Prefect, Debating Society. Hoping to enter Kingston School of Architecture.

LOWER 6 SCIENCE

CAROLE WARD, O.L. 7. Senior Choral Group, Literary Society, School Bellringer, Drink Stall helper. To enter the W.R.N.S. as a Radio Electrical Mechanic (air).

MIDDLE 6 LIT.

PAULINE AMIES, A.L. 1, O.L. 6. Library Helper, Debating Society, S.C.M. To enter Guildford Technical College for a general secretarial course plus A level British Constitution.

JENNIFER BARNETT, A.L. 2, O.L. 7. School Prefect, House captain (F), House Athletics and Hockey captain, School Athletics Team* (vice-captain), 1st Lacrosse and 1st Hockey Teams, Debating Society, Stage Manager for Musical and Dramatic Society.

JEAN BRADFIELD, A.L. 3, O.L. 9. School Prefect, Debating Society, S.C.M., 1st XII Lacrosse*, House Lacrosse captain (J). Hoping to enter Hull University to read English and German.

CHRISTINE BUTCHER, A.L. 2, O.L. 6. School Prefect. To enter the police force.

VALERIE BURGESS, A.L. 1, O.L. 7. Head Girl, 1st Lacrosse XII* (captain), House Lacrosse captain (F), Magazine Committee, Debating Society, Match Tea helper, Musical and Dramatic Society stage hand. To Brighton College of Education.

SUSAN CAYRE, A.L. 2, O.L. 6. Hoping eventually to enter University of Toulouse.

CHRISTINE CHALABY, A.L. 2, O.L. 6. School Prefect, Debating Society, S.C.M. Hoping to enter Hull University to read French, or Crewe Training College to specialise in French.

MARGARET COLLARD, A.L. 1, O.L. 8. Debating Society, S.C.M., Match Tea helper. Hoping to enter fashion journalism.

YVONNE CREAWE, A.L. 2, O.L. 6. School Prefect, 1st Hockey XI* (vice-captain), 2nd Lacrosse XII (captain), Meals Committee, House Hockey XI (P) vice-captain, House Lacrosse Team, Gym Club, Wardrobe Mistress to Musical and Dramatic Society. To Yorkshire Training College of Housecraft.

EDWINA DAVIES, A.L. 2, O.L. 5. Deputy Head Girl, President of Senior Debating Society (Hon. Member), Magazine Committee (secretary), Musical and Dramatic Society, Meals Committee, Match Tea helper. To enter Cardiff Teachers' Training College.

JANET EDE, A.L. 2, O.L. 9. School Prefect, Debating Society (Past President, Hon. Member), former 1st XI Hockey and 2nd Tennis Teams, Match Tea helper, former House Tennis captain, Musical and Dramatic Society. To Eastbourne Training College.

D. R. GAY, A.L. 2, O.L. 9. School Prefect, 1st Chess Team (hon. secretary), Debating Society, Cricket and Chess House Teams (J). Hoping to enter the University of Kent at Canterbury, to read Social Studies.

- VALERIE GRIFFITHS, A.L. 1. O.L. 6. Debating Society. To enter Bulmershe Training College, Reading.
- YOLANDE GRIFFITHS, A.L. 2. O.L. 6. School Prefect, S.C.M., Joint Assistant Editor of the 'Godhelman'. To Wolverhampton and Staffs. College of Technology to take an advanced course in Languages and Secretarial Work, leading to an F.I.L. diploma.
- EVELYN HANDBY, A.L. 2. O.L. 4. School Prefect. 1st Hockey XI* (captain), Athletics Team, Past House Hockey and Athletics captain. Debating Society member. Musical and Dramatic Society, School Choir, S.C.M. (past secretary), Gym Club. To work at the International Help for Children's Home at Tilford whilst re-applying for entry to Teachers' Training College.
- CAROLINE HOOK, A.L. 2. O.L. 8. School Prefect. School Choir, Debating Society, S.C.M. (past secretary), Literary Society, Match Tea helper.
- PRUDENCE JENKINS, O.L. 6. School Prefect, Athletics* captain, 1st Hockey XI*, 2nd Lacrosse XII, 1st Tennis Team*, House Captain (P), House Hockey captain, House Lacrosse XII, Gym Club. To Endsleigh College of Physical Education, Hull.
- ANN JONES, O.L. 8. 2nd Tennis VI, School Choir. To train as a music teacher in a combined course at Dartington Hall and Rolle College, Exmouth.
- CAROL LONSDALE, O.L. 7. School Prefect, S.C.M. To Guildford Technical College to study French, Spanish and Shorthand and Typing.
- LINDA PARKER, A.L. 2. O.L. 7. School Prefect, House Athletics vice-captain (F), Debating Society (committee member), Junior Dramatics group leader, Match Tea Organiser. To Philippa Fawcett Training College, Streatham.
- KATHERINE PEARSON, O.L. 7. School Choir, 2nd Hockey XI, 2nd Lacrosse XII, 2nd Tennis VI. To Guildford Technical College for a year to study 'A' level French and general secretarial work. Hoping to become a Librarian.
- MARY PINK, A.L. 1. O.L. 5. S.C.M. (secretary), School Choir. To seek employment.
- L. J. PROTHERO, A.L. 1. O.L. 5. To seek employment.
- J. RAWLINGS, A.L. 2. O.L. 5. School Prefect, School Choir, S.C.M. (president), House vice-captain. To train with the Society of the Sacred Mission at Kelham, Newark.
- D. M. R. READING, A.L. 1. O.L. 6. 2nd XI Football, House Football and Cross-country Teams. Hoping to become a journalist.
- PARRY SAYER, A.L. 3. O.L. 7. School Choir, Literary Society, Drink Cupboard helper. To Rolle College, Exmouth, to study Arts and Crafts.
- T. M. STURGESS, A.L. 2. O.L. 6. School Prefect, Joint Assistant Editor of the 'Godhelman', S.C.M., 1st XI Cricket Team*, 1st XI Soccer Team, House Cricket and Soccer Teams. Hoping to enter the Civil Service.
- D. B. WINTON, A.L. 2. O.L. 5. To enter Quantity Surveying.
- LOWER 6 LIT.
- SHEILA HILL, O.L. 7. To Guildford Library.
- CAROL VICARY, O.L. 4. To Guildford Technical College.
- SUSAN WYLDER, O.L. 6. To Boots, the Chemist.
- 5J
- N. BRUNSDON, O.L. 6. To enter surveying or banking.
- M. KELLY, O.L. 3. To seek employment.
- CHRISTINE LAKER, O.L. 6. To train as a kennel maid.
- 5P
- YVONNE BAXTER, O.L. 4. To Guildford Technical College.
- PAULINE COLE, O.L. 2. To be a comptometer operator.
- RUTH COLE, O.L. 1. To be an office clerk in the Cornhill Insurance Office at Guildford.
- WENDY CORDWENT, O.L. 8. To enter the W.R.A.C.
- VIRGINIA EVANS, O.L. 3. Transferring to Welshpool High School.
- ANGELA FARMER, O.L. 4. To be an office clerk in a chartered accountant's office in Godalming.
- SUSAN HUNTER, O.L. 4. To Guildford Technical College.
- SUSAN KILLICK, O.L. 4. To be a filing clerk.
- MARILYN STEER, O.L. 5. To Guildford Technical College.
- PATRICIA WILLIAMS, O.L. 5. To Guildford Technical College.
- 5F
- M. ATKINSON, O.L. 4. 2nd XI Football, House Football and Cricket Teams (F). Hoping to enter Guildford Technical College.
- JENNIFER BOWMER, O.L. 5. Under 15 Hockey and Lacrosse Teams, 1st XII Lacrosse Team, Debating Society, Junior S.C.M. To Guildford Technical College.
- CAROLYN DODMAN, O.L. 2. To Guildford Technical College.
- ELAINE EVANS, O.L. 3. To Westminster Bank.
- PAMELA FORD, O.L. 2. To Barclays Bank.
- KAY GAMBRILL, O.L. 5. To train as a nursery nurse.
- BARBARA GRANT, O.L. 2. To Guildford Technical College to take a two year I.M.A. course.
- A. LAWRENCE, House Cricket and Football Teams (F). Hoping to enter Brooklands Technical College.
- RUTH MITCHELL, O.L. 5. Hoping to enter the Westminster Bank.
- SUSAN NUNN, O.L. 4. To be a clerical assistant with Cornhill Insurance Co.
- BARBARA PALMER, O.L. 4. To seek employment.
- SANDRA PATON, O.L. 4. Hoping to enter the Ministry of Aviation.
- K. PUTTICK, O.L. 6. House Football and Cricket Teams (F). To Brooklands Technical College, Weybridge.
- EILEEN THOMPSON, O.L. 7. Hoping to enter the College of Distributive Trades for a two year course in display work.
- D. WALKER, O.L. 5. House Football Team (F). Hoping to work in an architect's or draughtsman's office.
- 5P
- J. GOLBEY, O.L. 5. Applied for an appointment as 'Weights and Measures' assistant at the Woking department.
- G. PEACOCK, O.L. 3. School Cross-country Team, School Athletics Team, 2nd XI Cricket, House Athletics and Cricket Teams (P). Hoping to enter Guildford Technical College.
- ANNE PHILLIPS, O.L. 7. To Guildford Technical College to take a secretarial course.
- PENNY SMALE, O.L. 2. Leaving the district.
- JANIS THOMPSON, O.L. 6. To Guildford Technical College to take a secretarial course.
- DIANA WATT, O.L. 5. 2nd Hockey XI. To Yorkshire Training College of Housecraft, to take a course in Institutional Management.

Old Godhelfmian Association

BY D. R. MORLEY

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

Freeman of the Association: Mr. P. A. Jones.

Other Past Presidents: 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, Mrs. P. Stedman

Officers and Committee 1964/65

President: Mr. Leonard Fisher

Hon. Treasurer: Miss R. Mullard

Hon. Secretary: Mr. D. R. Morley

Liaison Officer at School: Mr. B. L. Bettison

Committee: Mrs. M. V. Walker, Miss M. Kendall, 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 1964/65

Match Secretaries:

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

Girls: Mrs. S. Hynds—at the school

Tennis Secretary: Mrs. P. Stedman

Old Godhelfmians' Dinner



THE SECOND dinner for the Old Godhelfmians and members of the staff of the first years of the school's life was held at the King's Arms Royal Hotel on Saturday, April 24th.

Old Godhelfmians' Farewell to 'Jonah'

ON SATURDAY EVENING, July 17th, 1965, nearly 300 Old Godhelfmians and staff, past and present, attended a farewell reception to Mr. P. A. Jones to celebrate his 100 terms of service to the school.

The hall was splendidly decorated with flowers, and 'Jonah's' famous bicycle, which hung on the wall. On the stage blackcloth were depicted signs, symbols and figures all having some association with 'Jonah'.

The evening's entertainment, introduced by Jeremy Nicklin as master of ceremonies, consisted of a number of extremely enjoyable musical items presented by Old Godhelfmians. Janet (Sanders) Lunn played Debussy's 'Arabesque', after which

Among former staff present were Mr. S. C. Nunn and Mr. W. M. Wigfield, the first two Headmasters, and Mr. S. E. Taylor, Mrs. Trayhurn (Miss Wilkinson), Miss Dannatt, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Joyce (Miss Sage), and Mr. E. W. Webb.

The President, Mr. Fisher, referred to the coming retirement of Mr. P. A. Jones, and said that a special office in the association would be created for 'Jonah'. This recognition of his hard work and unflinching interest would be welcomed by O.G.s everywhere.

Mr. Dewar, the final speaker, thanked Mr. Jones for his guidance while settling in to his new responsibilities as Headmaster. He also thanked Mr. Fisher for all the practical and financial assistance which he had given to the school in recent years, especially in relation to the pavilion. A further £300 was still to be found before the work on the pavilion could be completed, and a final appeal for this sum would be made in due course.

songs from 'The Sorcerer' and 'Iolanthe' were sung by Michael Harding. Mr. Needham and Mr. Stannard then presented a topical and witty dialogue, 'The Eastern Brothers', and Colin Beattie and Joan (Charleston) Palmer sang 'Maria' from 'West Side Story' and an aria from 'The Mikado', respectively. The programme was interspersed with short intervals for conversation, of which everyone took full advantage.

The climax of the evening came half-way through the entertainments, when Mr. and Mrs. Jones were invited on to the stage to receive their farewell gifts and speeches of gratitude. Peggy Walker was asked by the President of the association, Mr. L. R. Fisher, to present a brooch to Mrs. Jones with thanks from all the Old Godhelfmians.

The President then told the gathering of the affection which everyone had for 'Jonah' from his very first day in the school, remarking also on the variety of his talents. Jonah's constant devotion to the association, throughout the war years and ever since, was praised by the President. In recognition of his services Jonah was that evening unanimously elected to the position of First Freeman of the association, and was presented with a certificate. The gratitude of the association was expressed also by the presentation of a beautiful clock, a tray with decanter and glasses, and a cheque for £60. An autograph album containing the names of the many O.G.s who wished to express their thanks through their gifts was presented.

In reply, Jonah thanked Mr. Fisher for the nice things he had said, and reminded us of Mr. Wigfield's importance in the development of the association. He said how much he was enjoying the evening and how delighted he was at being made First Freeman. He would, he said, be pleased to continue to help the association. Jonah's speech was thoroughly enjoyable, his reminiscences being punctuated by amusing stories about, among other things, his bicycle and his identification with the Tuck Shop. The school, said Jonah, had changed very little during the past 30 years, the happy atmosphere being a most noticeable characteristic. The speech was acclaimed with enthusiastic

applause and a boisterous rendering of 'For He's a jolly good fellow'.

An interval followed in which refreshments were served and people exchanged news.

The second part of the entertainments began with a comic fashion parade presented by Rosalind Jewitt with Brian Morrish, David Morley, Geoffrey Brown, Michael Harding and Graham Beattie as models. Colin Beattie and Shirley (Butters) Morrish, decked in school hats, then sang their version of 'Magic Moments'. Anne Hebard presented a Hungarian dance performed by four pupils, and the Tuesley singers then sang several appropriately worded madrigals to familiar tunes. Following this Ward Needham told us something of the adventures of Albert Ramsbottom. The Tuesley singers, plus staff, closed the entertainments with a nostalgic version of 'Cockles and Mussels' in honour of Jonah, the chorus line being, aptly, 'One over Cosec's a Sine, a Sine, O!' As a finale a special version of 'Auld Lang Syne' was sung.

The President thanked all those who had made the evening possible, particularly Mr. Needham, Mr. Stannard, Mrs. Holdaway and the pupils who prepared and served the food.

Thus officially ended a memorable tribute to a much-loved and respected teacher and friend. May PHILIP and JOAN JONES long grace Godalming with their warming presence.

1964 ENGAGEMENTS

SEPTEMBER	Ann Ponting (1958-63) to Keith Bramall (1957-63)
SEPTEMBER 26	Margaret Beasley (1955-60) to John Weeks
DECEMBER 19	Jane Eley (1955-62) to John Holmes
DECEMBER 25	Richard C. Hook (1955-61) to Linda Denningberg
DECEMBER 25	Malcolm Honey (1955-60)
<i>1965</i>	
JANUARY	Angela Carpenter (1951-58) to Alan Banham
FEBRUARY 23	Gaye Wibberley (1955-62) to Peter Ede (1956-63)
APRIL 3	Susan Laidlaw (1955-62) to Peter Mockford
APRIL	Beverley Gilbert Cross (1957-58) to Peggy Lou Boswell
	Christine Omant (1959-64) to Roger Thompson

1963 MARRIAGES

FEBRUARY 24	Ian P. Lyon (1959-61) to Anna O'Shea
<i>1964</i>	
AUGUST 1	David Farrant (1952-57) to Olga Jolly
SEPTEMBER 12	Michael Charles Tims (1954-61) to Ann Carol Edwards
NOVEMBER 21	Patrick Stenning (1956-61) to Jacqueline Howell
NOVEMBER 19	Jeremy Nicklin (1953-60) to Anne-Marie Boulleret
<i>1965</i>	
JANUARY 2	Mary Rowland (1955-62) to John Brayshaw (1955-62)
JANUARY 12	Rosemary Ahearne (1953-60) to Alan Pledge (1953-59)
MARCH 13	Mary Elizabeth Dawes (1957-62) to John William Kirby
MARCH 22	Julie Edwards (1959-60) to Peter Ernest Newman

- MARCH 27 Anne Cunningham (1953-59) to Leonard Trussler
 APRIL 17 Jean Parker (1954-61) to Robert Smith
 MAY 8 Karen French (1953-59) to Kenneth Bryant
 JUNE 5 Brian Vince (1952-59) to Penelope Jean Stacey
 JUNE 5 Penelope Ann Fraser (1953-60) to David Harold Parsells
 JULY 10 Jennifer Mary Baker (1957-62) to Anthony Janes (1954-58)
 JULY 10 Sjoerd Schuyleman (1956-61) to Helen Margaret King
 JULY 26 Robert John Walker (1947-54) to Elizabeth Margaret Ashcroft
 JULY 31 Rosalind M. Jewitt (1955-62) to Edward Slinger
 JULY 31 Pauline Sivill (1956-61) to Donald Whiting (1954-61)
 AUGUST 7 Mary Lovell (1955-60) to Phillip Song
 AUGUST 14 Brian Johnson (1950-53) to Judith Beech
 SEPTEMBER 11 Judith Mary Webster Davies (1949-56) to David Charles Culhane

1964 BIRTHS

- FEBRUARY 24 to Ian P. Lyon (1959-61) a daughter, Karen Jane
 SEPTEMBER 18 to Cherry Webb (née White, 1947-54) a son, Dominic
 SEPTEMBER 29 to Joan Palmer (née Charleson, 1949-54) a son, Julian Galsworthy
 SEPTEMBER 30 to John Slade (1947-52) a son, Mark Paul, brother for Gary Dene
 NOVEMBER 1 to Alan Gates (1951-57) a son, Barry Stephen
 NOVEMBER 3 to John Cozens (1943-51) a son Nicholas John Patrick
 NOVEMBER 3 to Joan (née Holloway, 1945-52) and Gordon Ward (1944-51) a second son
 DECEMBER 3 to David Ashdown (1944-47) a fourth child, a third son, Michael Niall

1965

- JANUARY 6 to Brenda Hodson (née Ebben 1943-49) a son, Robert John
 JANUARY 14 to Kathleen (née Reed, 1948-52) and James Pugmore (1947-52) a daughter, Sally Jane, sister for Julie Alison
 JANUARY 17 to David Waghorn (1950-57) a daughter, Alison Mary
 FEBRUARY 15 to Molly Robins (née Woolley, 1935-37) a daughter, Frederica Susan
 FEBRUARY 28 to Dawn Wooding (née Davies, 1953-58) a daughter, Della Louise
 MARCH 9 to Terence Broomfield (1947-53) a daughter, Nichola Susan
 MARCH 31 to David Ash (1946-51) a daughter, Rebecca Jane
 APRIL to Margaret (née Wheeler, 1938-43) and A. W. Hyams (1937-42) by adoption, Peter Alan, brother for Jenny Miranda and Sarah Melanie
 JUNE 1 to Pamela (née Bridger, 1955-60) and John Lewis (1956-59) a son, Stephen, brother for Jane
 JUNE 3 to Margaret Webb (née Cook, 1945-) a daughter, Sandra June
 JUNE 19 to Mary Scanlon (née Knottley, 1954-61) a son, Owen Peter, brother for Stephen

NEWS

ROGER ADDY (1950-51) has gained his Commission in the Royal Navy.

CHRISTINE BAKER (1958-63) became buyer's clerk at Harvey's where she was modelling in the fashion department. She has now decided to become a photographic model in the fashion trade, and is going to a London training school soon.

SALLY BANNISTER (1959-64) is working as a receptionist with the Curwen Press in Bloomsbury Square, W.C.1.

M. J. V. BARTLETT (1954-61) has left the Central Electricity Research Laboratories and is now working with John Thompson's Water Tube Boiler Company, Wolverhampton, as a stress engineer.

MARGARET BEASLEY (1955-60) is working for

Morgan, Baines and Frost, Estate Agents and Surveyors, at Guildford.

COLIN BEATTIE (1950-56) is planning the production at the knitwear factory of Alan Paine of Godalming Limited.

GRAHAM BEATTIE (1946-53) is to be congratulated on his appointment last February as an inspector's assistant with the organisation department of Lloyds Bank Ltd. He is now travelling throughout the country calling at the Bank's branches.

JOHN BEAVIS (1939-45) and his wife DOREEN (née Godfrey, 1949-51) have daughters aged six and eight years. They live in Cliffe Road, Godalming, and John is working at Clarkes Outfitters, in the High Street. Before she was married, Doreen worked at the Godalming Library and she is now doing part-time work at South County Libraries in Catteshall Lane.

FRED BERRY (1937-40) is working in London at the head office of Debenhams Ltd. He is married, has a seven-year-old daughter, Christine, and they live quite near the school.

PAT BEVERTON (1952-56) was secretary to a doctor for five years. She is now nursing at St. Luke's Hospital, Guildford, and has passed her preliminary examination.

CECILY BIDWELL (née Whitley, 1934-39) lives at Histon, Cambridge, where her husband is the Baptist minister. They have two daughters, Joy, 14, and Rosemary, 13.

BETTY BOOKHAM (née Smithers, 1947-52) lives at Chiddingfold. She has three children, daughters aged five and four years and a one-year-old son.

MARGARET BOOKHAM (née Reeves, 1943-48) has two daughters, Mary, four, and Jane, two. She is still interested in Scouting and is now Assistant District Commissioner for Cubs—Godalming District.

JOHN BOSHER (1931-39) is on the staff of Sheffield Teachers' Training College where he teaches mathematics.

GRAHAM BRETT (1937-42) has worked for the Westminster Bank in Godalming, Guildford, Bognor, Arundel and Haywards Heath. He is now in charge of the Guildford Woodbridge Hill Branch. He and his wife MAUREEN (née Talman, 1940-45) are living at Lindfield near Haywards Heath and they have sons aged 13, 11 and nine.

TERRY BROOMFIELD (1947-53) is now production manager for W. F. Paine (Wales) Ltd. at Ammanford, near Swansea.

DOREEN BROWN (née Mears, 1942-50) is teaching at Farncombe.

ELLEN BROWN (née Whitley, 1932-37) lives at Surbiton. She has three sons, Brian 14, David 10 and Kenneth seven.

PETER BRUMMELL (1942-49) has just started a three-year course at Sidney Webb Training College.

JAMES BRUNT (1944-51) and his wife ANNE (née Pinchen, 1951-55) live in Primrose Ridge, Godalming. James is teaching mathematics at Raynes Park Grammar School.

MARGARET BUCKWELL (née Berry, 1935-40) lives at Elstead. She has two sons, Geoffrey, who is in our first form, and nine-year-old Philip.

PATRICIA BYGRAVE (née Alexander, 1943-51) with her husband and small son, paid us a visit at the end of the spring term. They have returned to the Argentine.

R. C. P. CHANNON (1952-57) is still in the R.A.F. as a navigation instrument fitter. He is married and has a daughter, Madeline, aged two years. His work has taken him to many places, including Nairobi, Bahrain and Zanzibar, and at present he is in Scotland.

ELLA CHIDGEY (1955-62) gained her higher

national diploma in business studies and languages at Kingston College of Technology and is now a secretary at Cooper's, Wormley.

JOHN CHIDGEY (1954-59) is now in the research department of Brush Electric at Loughborough.

SHELAGH R. COLLINS (1943-48) has left Kettering and has just completed a year's teaching at King's Lynn Technical College, where there are about 2,000 students and over 100 full-time members of staff. She is living at Gaywood, King's Lynn, where she says 'It is very quiet here—almost like living in the last century!'

GEORGE CORK (1934-38) is now inspector of police at Dorking.

BEVERLEY GILBERT CROSS (1957-58) received his M.A. at the University of Louisville in June. He is now working towards a doctorate at the University of Kentucky.

GRAHAM CROSS (1957-60) is at Northampton Polytechnic studying for dip. tech. in civil engineering.

J. A. DANN (1945-49) is working for Unigate at Guildford where he is manager of the stock control. He lives at Witley and has a son aged 5.

CAROLYN DAVIES (1955-62) has begun her fourth year with Canterbury School of Architecture. She is to be congratulated on having her plans for a primary school chosen by the Kent county authorities, and the school, near Canterbury, is due to be opened next March.

JUDY DAVIES (1949-56) is still personal secretary to the export manager of Monsanto Chemicals Ltd., Victoria Street, S.W.1.

MARGARET DAVIES (1948-56) is personal secretary with Gerald Eve and Co., Chartered Surveyors, Queen Street, W.1.

PETER DEARLOVE (1943-50) is now working at Weymouth. He plays chess for Weymouth and Dorset as does also the husband of JOAN PERRY (née Stewart, 1936-41).

EDWARD DODMAN (1952-59) is a development engineer with Rank Pullin Controls at Brentford.

GEORGE DODMAN (1952-60) is teaching science at Kinerton High School in Warwickshire.

NICHOLAS DOGGETT (1962-64) has obtained a post with Matheson and Co. of Lombard Street, where he is working in their export department for Jardin and Waugh of Singapore.

DIANA DRISCOLL (1950-57) has left George Abbot School and is now teaching mathematics at Farnham Girls' Grammar School.

GRAHAM EBBEN (1947-52) is now working as a surveyor at Chichester.

P. E. J. EDWARDS (1933-37) has left Dennis Bros. and is now with W. E. Sykes (Staines) Gear-cutting machine tool specialists as west of England technical representative. He is an Associate Member of the Institute of Production Engineers.

JANE ELEY (1955-62) completed her agricultural course at Seale Hayne College and has started a teachers' training course at Bath Training College.

MARY ELLIS (1957-59) is working as a committee clerk for the Surrey County Council at Kingston-upon-Thames.

BARBARA ETHERINGTON (née George, 1945-50) lives at Tongham. She has two sons aged one and two years.

GEOFFREY EVANS (1953-60) is continuing with his actuarial training by a correspondence course.

DAVID FARRANT (1952-57) is still teaching at Mitcham, where he now also takes handicraft. He is married and is living at Mortlake.

LEONARD FISHER (1930-34) has been President of the O.G.A. for the year 1964-65. He presided over the second dinner of the 1930-36 pupils and staff—a well-attended and most successful function. The school is very much indebted to him for his splendid work on the pavilion.

CLIVE FRANCIS (1951-56) has left the National Provincial Bank and is now working at Smiths Aviation Ltd., Godalming.

JEAN FRANCIS (1943-50) is Deputy Head at a school in Merrow.

PAUL FRENCH (1942-49) has left Dulwich College and is now senior mathematics master at the Hemel Hempstead Grammar School.

PEGGY ANN GRAHAM (1960-62) has completed her first year at the Royal Orthopaedic Hospital at Birmingham studying physiotherapy. She has passed her preliminary examinations.

BETTY GRANT (née Meech, 1946-50) is Deputy Head at Alconbury School, Huntingdon, where her two children, Elizabeth, aged eight, and Richard, aged five, are pupils.

JANET GREENER (née Avery, 1949-54) lives in Coopers Rise, Godalming. She has a son born on May 30th, 1964.

ESTELLA HARRIS (1934-39) is nursing at St. George's Wood—the maternity unit of Haslemere Hospital. LORNA PENYCAETE (1954-58) is working with her.

CAROLINE HAYNES (1955-62) is captain of the London University women's athletics team; she won both the high jump and the hurdles in the inter-college sports. She has passed her second M.B. and is now a clinical student at St. Mary's Hospital.

DR. PETER HAYNES (1950-58) is enjoying his work at Yale University and is also organising a soccer team, a new venture for Yale. He received his Ph.D. at Toronto in November, 1964.

KENNETH M. S. HENSON (1941-46) is still working at Weyburn Engineering Company. His daughter,

Marion, is eight years old and son, David, is six.

RICHARD HOOK (1955-61) is an apprentice at British Aircraft Corporation at Weybridge.

JUNE HUBAND (née Fielding, 1939-44) is living in Aden and does not expect to return to England before January next year.

BRENDA HUGHES (1939-46) has just had a year's leave of absence from the L.C.C. to take a diploma course in child development at London University Institute of Education. She has now returned to nursery teaching in London.

DR. REGINALD HUNT (1945-52) retired to Devon more than a year ago, but pays occasional visits to London as he remains chairman of the London College of Music Council. He says 'my times are pretty busy trying to do the music that was formerly crowded out by things academic'. His address is 2 Oyster Bend, Three Beaches, Paignton, Devon.

DAVID HUTCHINS (1945-51) is working at County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames. He is married, has two sons aged five and six years and lives at Womersley.

BRIAN JOHNSON (1950-53) is the representative for Surrey, Sussex and Kent for Coburn Engineers, Guildford.

DAISY JOYCE (née Sage, 1932-38) lives at 'The Briary', Freshwater, Isle of Wight. Writing after attending the O.G. dinner in April, she says 'I found it quite wonderful to meet again the staff "originals" and our grown-up attractive and successful looking pupils'. She still hears from Miss R. B. Pole (1931-34), Mrs. G. M. Green (née Mobbs, 1933-45), Miss M. Glaysher (1934-35) and Miss W. Scholfield (1934-35).

MICHAEL JOYCE (1942-47) is manager of the G. N. Hayden Heating and Ventilation Engineering Branch in Belfast. He has sons aged five and two years.

IAN KINNAIRD (1954-56) contracted encephalitis (inflammation of the brain) while serving with the R.A.M.C. in Singapore last September. He is now a patient at Brookwood Hospital and visits from his old school friends would be very much appreciated.

BETTY KINSEY (née Collyer, 1937-42) finished training as a nurse in 1948. She married Kenneth Kinsey in 1950 and they have a daughter aged nine years and sons aged seven and five years. They live at Long Sutton where 'the fields are pretty in the spring with tulips and daffodils and in summer full of strawberries, but the countryside is very flat after Surrey'.

SUSAN LAIDLAW (1955-62) is teaching physical education at King's Manor Girls School, Shoreham, Sussex.

BRENDA LASS (1958-63) is training to be a nursery nurse at a children's nursery in East Grinstead, Sussex, and attends Bromsgrove College of Further Education, Worcestershire, for her theoretical training.

JOHN LEWIS (1956-59) is farming at Sandy Farm, The Sands, Farnham.

IAN LOGAN (1942-48) is now Deputy Marine Superintendent of the Elder Dempster Line at Liverpool.

MARY LOVELL (1955-60) has been teaching at a junior school in Clapton E.5. She married in August and is now teaching at Wallingford in Berkshire.

TONY LUBBOCK (1937-42) is chief clerk at Barclays Bank, Cheam.

ERIC MARKWELL (1936-39) and his wife MURIEL (née Templemore, 1940-42) live at Brampton, Huntingdon. They have sons aged 13 and nine years, the elder attending Huntingdon Grammar School. Eric served in the R.A.F. during the war after which he returned to banking for about two years but went back to the R.A.F. as a pilot and was to be posted to Aden.

QUEENIE MASON (née Wadleigh, 1930-34) was in East Africa for 12 years, but is now living at Haslemere. She has a 19-year-old son who is studying chemical engineering at Loughborough College, a 17-year-old son in the Merchant Navy, and a nine-year-old daughter.

JENNIFER MAYES (1950-55) is doing clerical duties at the Police Headquarters at Mount Browne.

JANET MCLEAN (née Norman, 1952-60) is teaching mathematics in a co-educational comprehensive school (ten streams) at Stockwell.

DAVID MEADOWS (1949-57) is a section leader at A.E.I., one of the youngest leaders they have had. He is now married.

EILEEN MEADOWS (1953-60) is doing midwifery in Somerset. She is engaged to be married.

RICHARD MEADOWS (1956-64) having completed a year's course at the Royal Salford Technical College is now doing a sandwich course at Loughborough College of Technology.

MAVIS MEREDITH (née Marshall, 1941-49) is again in Rhodesia with her husband and children, Simon and Clare.

SHEELAGH MILLINGTON (1961-64) is taking English and music as her special subjects at Sheffield Teachers' Training College.

DORIS MITCHELL (née Whitely, 1942-47) lives at Witley. She has two children, John, aged six, and Elaine, aged three.

R. C. MITCHELL (1939-45) is still teaching mathematics at Bartley in the New Forest. He put up

for Southampton Test at the last election, and after two recounts, lost by a narrow margin of 348.

MURIEL NICHOLAS (née Hinton, 1940-52) is living at 32 Pembroke Avenue, West Worthing, Sussex. She says 'I like it very much—five minutes from the sea, two minutes from a shopping centre and quite handy for the lovely Sussex Downs. What more could a body want?' She tells me that MISS BUNNING (1930-35) and MISS EAST (1944-61) also live in Worthing.

LIONEL NICHOLS (1932-36) is still living in Yeovil. He intended to come to the dinner of April 24th but was prevented from doing so as his wife was expecting a happy event.

W. K. NORMAN (1939-45) has, since March, been secretary of the Premier Cooler and Engineering Co. Ltd. at Shalford.

BRIAN PAGE (1954-61) is now at the National Institute of Oceanography at Wormley and expects he has passed his Higher National Course in electrical engineering.

JOHN PALMER (1947-50) is working as a fitter with Farncombe Heating Company. He fitted the radiators in the school new library.

MICHAEL PARSONS (1958-64) is working in the offices of Jackson and Gocher Ltd., builders. After a basic training in office work he will be doing some estimating and surveying. He attends Guildford Technical College with a view to taking his National Certificate in building.

VIVIENNE PAWSEY (née Templemore, 1940-42) is living at Haslemere. She is working part-time as a doctor's receptionist.

JEANNETTE PAYNE (1932-37) is a regular prize winner at flower shows in the Godalming and Guildford area. She is to be congratulated on winning first prize for the Medium Cactus Dahlias in the Amateurs' Section at the National Dahlia Show in September last year.

EVELYN PHILLIPS (née Wesley, 1937-42) lives at Totnes, Devon. She has daughters, aged six and seven years.

PETER PHILLIPS (1943-47) and his wife ROSEMARY (née Buss, 1948-55) live at Cooper's Rise, Godalming. They have daughters aged six and two years.

ROSEMARY PLEDGE (née Ahearne, 1953-60) is teaching physical education at St. Maur's Convent, Weybridge.

DAVID POTTER (1953-59) has worked at the Godalming Public Library ever since he left school. When the new building was opened he was promoted to become librarian in charge of the general interest book section.

JAMES PUGMORE (1947-52) is the senior technical author for Smith's Fuel Systems.

COLIN M. REEVES (1950-55) is in partnership with M. Winslade, trading as 'Grade Publicity, Graphic Designers, Advertising and Publicity Consultants' in Snodland, Kent.

LYNN REFFELL (1959-64) is working as an animal nursing association trainee at a veterinary surgery in Oxted, Surrey.

JOSEPHINE REGENT (née Robins, 1938-43) left B.O.A.C. some time ago and is now at the Central Office of Information.

FRANCIS RIDDLE (1954-61) completed his articles as a civil engineer. He has since become a professional musician, playing a bass guitar with the Stormsville Shakers.

MICHAEL J. RILEY (1958-64) is training to be a structural engineering draughtsman with the Central Electricity Generating Board at Guildford.

Z. RINK (1948-51) is now concerned with prospecting in the North Sea for gas and oil.

BRIAN P. ROBINSON (1945-51) is working with the Southern Electricity Board and he is to be congratulated on his recent promotion. He has moved to headquarters at Maidenhead to be a second assistant on the method study team.

WILLIAM ROGERS (1941-46) is working with the British Aircraft Corporation at Weybridge, systems computer programming.

CHRISTOPHER SANSOM (1958-64) is a cost and works accountant trainee at Dennis Bros.

ELAINE SAWYER (1955-60) has completed her course at Furzedown Training College where she took the drama course as her special subject and was an assistant producer. She is now teaching under the Ealing Borough of Greater London.

SJOERD SCHUYLEMAN (1956-61) was, for a time, working in Libya for British Petroleum.

FRANCES SEAKINS (née Berry, 1932-38) has two sons, Anthony, aged 12, who is now in our Second Form, and Michael, aged ten years.

IVOR SHACKLETON (1954-60) is qualified as a ladies' hairdresser but is now playing the guitar with the Stormsville Shakers.

MAUREEN SHEPHERD (née Wolfe, 1944-49) lives at Chiddingfold. She has two sons, David, aged four years, and Christopher, two years.

RICHARD SMITH (1946-52) is a sergeant in the Surrey Constabulary and is an instructor in the Force Training Department at Guildford. He has been married for three years and has a two-year-old daughter, Joanna.

COLIN SMITHERS (1949-54) is cashier to the Guildford Rural District Council.

EILEEN SMY (née Hutchins, 1940-48) is teaching at Farncombe. She has a son Roger in the

Second Form and a daughter, Carol, aged ten years.

PATRICK STENNING (1956-61) passed in geography and French at Advanced Level when at Guildford Technical College after leaving school. He changed his mind about a career in teaching and is now working in London for Sir Lindsay Parkinson and Co. Ltd., Civil Engineering and Building contractors, as a trainee accountant.

MRS. A. J. SPALDING (1949-59) has been on her travels again, this time to S.E. Asia and Australia. Some of the things she has seen surpassed all her expectations.

GRAHAM STEVENS (1955-60) is buyer and administrative assistant at E.S.T. Gauges in Cotteshall Lane, Godalming.

BRIAN STRUGNELL (1945-51) is on outside broadcasts with the B.B.C. as a sound mixer. FRANK HUGHES (1939-43) is in the same team on the electrical side.

MABEL TRAYFORD (née Tyrrell, 1937-42) has two children, a daughter aged nine years and an 11-year-old son who is in his first term in the First Form.

CAROLINE TURPIN (1955-62) is working at the Godalming Telephone Exchange. She was one of three girls chosen to represent the Guildford telephone area in the regional finals of the annual Interflora personality girl competition.

PATRICIA VANT RIET (née Smith, 1937-44) is living at Chilworth. She has two daughters, Vivien, aged six years, and Sonia, aged three years. She hopes to take up teaching again when the children are older.

BRIAN VINCE (1952-59) is teaching at Holy Trinity C. of E. School, Guildford.

PETER WADLEIGH (1931-36) has left Rhodesia. He is now in charge of the Zoological Laboratories at the University of New England at Armindale, New South Wales, Australia.

DAVID WAGHORN (1950-57) is farming at Dunsfold. He is married and has a baby daughter.

PETER WAGHORN (1943-51) toured the U.S.A. and lectured on plastics for I.C.I. He lives at Welwyn Garden City.

ROBERT WALKER (1947-54) has moved from Bellfields Primary School and is now teaching English at Dorchester Modern School.

GORDON WARD (1944-51) is now teaching at Andover Grammar School.

A. A. WEEDON (1941-47) is in the Technical Service Department of Jenson and Nicholson Ltd. Industrial Finishes Division, Stratford, E.15. He lives at Saffron Walden in Essex, married in 1960 and has a daughter a year old. He is a council member of the Essex branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

JOHN WESLEY (1937-39) is a dentist in Ledbury. He has two sons and a daughter.

ARTHUR WHITLEY (1945-52) is the Congregational Minister at Thornby, near Liverpool.

MR. W. M. WIGFIELD (1936-61) is for the second time President of the Godalming Free Church Council.

ROBERT WILES (1960-64) is living in Waterville, Maine, U.S.A. He attends Waterville Senior High School where he is doing very well and 'has his sights on the University of Colorado, but that is a long way away in more senses than one!'

VERA WILSON (née Weatherburn, 1936-37) lives in Haslemere. Her two daughters are pupils at the school in the Sixth and Third Forms.

DAVID WOODLEY (1931-38) is still at Coventry. His daughters have all been sitting either Advanced or Ordinary Level examinations this year.

DAVID WORTHY (1942-50) retired from the Kenya Civil Service in May. He is now working with the Association of Chemical and Allied Employers in London.

MORRICE WORTHY (1939-45) is still at Sutton Coldfield. His daughter is now seven years old and son Alister four.

R. B. A. CARNAGHAN (1935-38) is a senior research officer at the Central Veterinary Research Laboratory at New Haw. He spent seven years in the infantry, five years of which were in the Gurkha Rifles during the war. He then spent five years at London University and qualified as a veterinary surgeon. He has been

researching at New Haw since 1953 and in September 1964 he addressed the annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science on 'Fungal Toxins in relation to Disease in Man and Animals'. He is married and has a 19-year-old son who hopes to go to university.

B. V. NORMAN (1931-38) is at the Head Office of the Abbey National Building Society with branch manager status. He has been married since 1951 and has a daughter, Barbara, aged 13 years, and two sons, Michael, aged seven, and Andrew, three.

CLIVE FRENCH (1955-60) has passed the qualifying examination to become an A.C.I.I. (Associate of the Chartered Insurance Institute).

We congratulate the following on the award of university degrees:

Birmingham

JOHN BRAYSHAW, LL.B.

CELIA GATES, B.A. in theology.

Nottingham

MICHAEL BRAYSHAW, B.Sc.(Econ.).

Sussex

J.ESLEY COLLEY, B.A. in English and history.

MARY ROWLAND, B.A. in English and philosophy.

Leicester

R. WINTERBOTTOM, B.A. in history.

Queen Mary's, London

A. KEELING, B.Sc. in engineering.

Diesel

BY J. R. STAFFORD, 3J

Silent speed on singing wheels,
Above the valleys and beneath the hills,
While rising above the vibro-hum,
An urgent message
Come, come.
Moving mass of warmth and light,
Hustling onwards through the night,
Whilst peering through the driving rain,
A red light winks
Again, again.
Dawn breaks on the homeward run,
Blood on the wheels from the rising sun,
While in the valley the sleeping town lies,
The wheels start saying
Arise! Arise!

Red

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, 4P

Burning fire, pulses beating,
Flames leaping,
Red with fury.
The cloak of the man in the ring is flashing,
The fury in the eyes of the bull is burning—
Red with passion,
Red with yearning
To be free from the heat and the noise and colour,
Free from the screams and the clamouring crowd,
To be free from the terrible and penetrating red,
To be free, to be quiet, and still, and dead.

LANACHER

BY JUDITH SPANDLER, 3J

THE CLIMB was tedious and difficult. The bends redoubled themselves as if writhing in tortured agony, and he could barely keep to the track when it came beneath sheer rock.

The track sometimes skirted or crossed wild, gurgling streams, foam-flecked and discoloured from the peat, and tumbling down to meet their mother river in the glen. At one point the road swung suddenly down into a ravine and the little light grew green and diffused as he passed under the overhanging trees. An inquisitive doe peeped tentatively from behind a bush, not greatly fearing for her fawn, as she rarely saw man.

There was sorrow in his step, and the mountain felt his sorrow with him. Lanacher! A name that had always brought tears to her eyes. She had loved this mountain and glen, as he did. The frowning glory of the mountain at dawn, the impressive outline against a setting sun, and the angry defiance when the great storms which frequently broke over the glen, growled their

challenge.

When the summit was finally reached he felt a surge of wildness and rebellion well up in him. He always felt this way when surveying the devious valley with its main river with many tributaries, oft-times going softly, babbling over the rocks which littered its bed and ringing pleasant to the ear; but it also had its proud inextinguishable side. A side which, after heavy rains, turned its babble to a roar and after an impressive cascade over a shelf of rocks, tired itself out over rapids, until it ended quietly in the next valley, catching rowan branches at its edges and mirroring the foliage around it.

How haunting and devastating it was! It changed its face to please the sky, moody and brooding with a leaden sky frowning upon it, and as the frown relaxed with a peep from the sun, the lily leaves bowed and curtsied to their friend and master, the wind. It, too, relaxed and sparkled back at the Glorious One . . . as she had always reacted to his moods. If only she had lived to see the end of the storm. She had loved to see the world start afresh . . .

Black

BY PENNY LAKER, 3P

BLACK IS A sombre, dark colour. When I think of it a strange, mysterious shape springs into my mind. It can be warm and comforting or frightening and treacherous all at the same time.

It is magical and entrancing as it enfolds the towns and cities by night—and cold and forbidding to anyone who ventures into it alone.

I think black is a sad colour, and in many ways forgotten and set apart from other colours. I like it because I find it exciting as it seems to whirl around the earth engulfing it with its own charm.

Black is thought of as evil and bewitching and magical. It causes me to think of witch doctors creating medicines in the depths of the jungle on a humid night.

I like the colour best at night, when everyone asleep. Then, it can soothe away one's fears and worries, until a new day dawns and darkness leaves once more.

The Hurricane

BY P. THOMAS, 2F

And now the wind is blowing much faster—
Swirling round houses, churches and moors,
Bringing the former to a terrible disaster;
Uprooting trees which fall on the dwellings,
Smashing the windows and breaking the doors;
Eating up fences with a ravenous diet,
Whistling and screaming and making loud yellings
Destroying till dawn when all will be quiet.

A Balloon

BY VANESSA DUNHILL, L. 6

I am a balloon
Deflating after a children's party,
Tied to the earth
By an always shortening misty chain.
Now, the spattered grey of houses
Of gossip and of tea
Is all that I can see.
Once, I could shut my pig-like eyes
When I was fat and red and full
Of air.
I lived then
At the party, at the play
Where everything ended happily
Ever after,
Where grief was beautiful, moving words
Where death produced *warm* tears
Where we delighted in melancholy
Dreamily expressed
Now,
Now I must keep my stretched eyes open
And see what there is to see
That nothing has an ending,
No swish of velvet, tasselled curtain
And blowing of noses
Applauds the misery
And emptiness of *real* men who talk
Not feel their feelings:
Fat red balloons full of
Air.

Parents' Association

THE ANNUAL general meeting of the association was held on October 1st, 1964, when the following members were elected to form a committee: Mesdames Barnett, Hall, Parker, Taylor and Ward, and Messrs. Brayshaw, Bridge, Browne, Hibbert and Watkins. Members of the staff had already been elected and we were pleased to welcome Mrs. Derkow, Mr. Chisholm and Mr. Laidlaw. At the first committee meeting, held immediately after the annual general meeting, the following officers were appointed: Chairman, Mr. J. J. Browne, Vice-Chairman, Mr. Bridge, Hon. Treasurer, Mr. Laidlaw and Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Barnett, and at the same time Mrs. Wheaton and Mr. Abbot were co-opted to serve with the committee.

Sub-committees were appointed in due course to arrange the various activities during the year, including another successful jumble sale which added £50 to the funds. We also held our first beetle drive and though rather a light-hearted affair it was thoroughly enjoyed by all who attended and proved to be an excellent way for members to get to know each other.

Again it was decided that the main money-raising effort should take the form of a summer fair and under the guidance of Mr. J. J. Browne and a sub-committee, together with a good deal of enthusiastic help from the staff and the pupils, this was carried out on July 10th. The proceeds will, of course, go to swell the school funds.

The Storm in the Estuary Marshes

BY I. WADDINGTON, 2F

THE ESTUARY marshes were silent. Not a sound came through the balmy air. Small ripples spread along the water from the seaward side.

Then black clouds appeared on the horizon, growing and growing as they swept landward. From where I was in my punt I could see it all.

Suddenly, the fury of the storm was unleashed, and the lightning flashed. Thunder roared and pealed in my ears. Waves lashed the beach and smashed the reeds in the marsh to pulp. Huge breakers buffeted the punt and simultaneously I began to bail. Meanwhile, the whirling, eddying waters swung round and slowly fell back. The black clouds dispersed as the last crash and boom of a peel of thunder rolled away.

Soon the sun peeped out and the wild fowl began to go about their business, calling and waddling over the broken marsh looking for food.

I had observed my first storm in the estuary marshes.

What early Summer means to me

BY N. BALCHIN

I LIKE EARLY summer most, because of the coarse fishing. The season starts on June 16th. If the season starts on a fine day, most rivers and lakes are full of fishermen and the fish become suspicious and nobody catches much. Some people think that the wise fish know when the season begins, but I do not believe it. One person I know is very superstitious and will believe almost anything. I went fishing with him on the opening day, but before we started, he dropped a piece of paper in the river a little upstream. On the paper was written 'Fishing begins June 20th'. I caught a reasonable amount of fish, he caught a large bag full. As we went home I stopped to ask what luck other anglers had had, they said they hadn't caught a fish all day.

I like to go fishing on nice hot days when not too many people are about. Then the carp are lazy and less suspicious and easier to catch. Carp are difficult fish to catch at the best of times. If the bait is slightly tainted they can smell it and will not touch it. But once you have hooked a carp, you know it. The only common fish which fights like it is the pike.

I especially like night fishing. It is nice because in the late evening and early morning the fish are most active. Normally you would have to get up very early and go to bed late to combine the two. When I go night fishing I take a tent with me. I also take a primus stove and a flask of coffee, plus provisions, a sleeping bag and my brother and a transistor radio. I have devised my own bite detector. The rod rests in its rest. A slight movement of the rod sets an old hooter working by means of a micro-switch. Whenever I get a bite I get angry shouts from the other side of the lake from anglers whose concentration I spoil. Some people who are very keen, take a deckchair and a blanket and sit up all night lightly dozing with ledger tackle. Soft music from Radio Luxembourg wafts lightly across the water from a dozen radios which cause a stereophonic effect.

In the morning a beautiful aroma of 'fry-ups' floats across the water and people gather around talking to each other, drinking coffee and talking of the night's adventures.

We should like to thank the following schools for sending us a copy of their magazine: The Royal Grammar School, Guildford; Guildford County School for Girls; Woking Boys' Grammar School; King Edward's School, Witley; Glebelands County Secondary School, Cranleigh.

VALETE—continued from page 42

4J
PATRICIA OWEN. To seek employment.
4P
R. ROLES. To Peter Symonds School, Winchester.
4F
MARGARET ANDERSON. To East Grinstead Grammar School.
JENNIFER GREENFIELD. To train as a hairdresser.
DAWN OLIVER. To be an office junior.
3J
M. JONES. Going to Canada.
RITA TUCK. To Hertfordshire and Essex High School.

2J
T. EDNEY. To Ifield Grammar School.
R. GWYNEDD. To Winchester High School.
ERICA TAYLOR. To Sir William Perkins School, Chertsey.
2P
D. HAWKE. Transferring to Rodborough.
2F
ANN TYLER. To the Bourne School, Singapore.
1J
DEIRDRE PEGG. To Bath School, Somerset.

CORNHILL INSURANCE

usually has vacancies at the head offices in Guildford and London for young men and women of character with a good educational standard. These offer good opportunities especially for those with 'A' levels.

If you are interested in the possibilities of insurance as a career, write to :

ASSISTANT GENERAL MANAGER,
CORNHILL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.,
LADYMEAD,
GUILDFORD, SURREY.

Glovers of Weyhill

**HASLEMERE (Phone 2448)
for Television Rental!**

They've 200 new CYCLES; a Babyland filled with Prams, folders & all baby requirements; Hoover, Hotpoint and all ELECTRICAL apparatus ; 100 Transistor Radios ; Recordplayers, tape recorders, "pop" records, guitars ; Sports goods and a crammed Upstairs TOY BAZAAR all the year round!

HEWITTS of Godalming

**WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DISTRIBUTORS OF
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES THROUGHOUT SURREY**

Suppliers of Local, English and Imported Produce of every variety whether fresh, frozen or canned

A service second to none available to Retailers, Caterers and Housewives

Telephones: PUTTENHAM 422 (10 lines) Wholesale GODALMING 1312 (3 lines) Retail

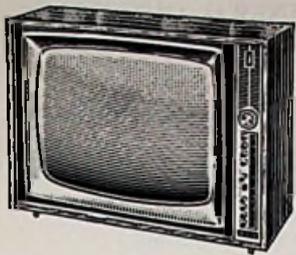
Let us quote you for

Drives, Footways, Concreting,
Water Distribution and Drainage
Schemes, Garages, High class Joinery

R. H. McCULLOCH LTD.

**CIVIL ENGINEERING CONTRACTORS
CATTESHALL LANE, GODALMING
Telephone Godalming 2700/1**

COMPETITIVE RATES AND FIRST CLASS WORKMANSHIP



A personal discussion about your needs puts you under no obligation. Make it a point tomorrow . . .

See Mr. J. HASKELL
the Division Manager

Buy your **BUSH TELEVISION OR RADIO**

Famous for Precision and Clarity

from the Radio Division of Jordans Garage Ltd.,
where SERVICE is the most important product

WHEN you combine 'BUSH', one of the foremost TV sets—with all its wonderful features for clarity, precision and design—with JORDAN'S Radio Division (one of West Surrey's most progressive TV Centres) . . . you must receive the finest in home entertainment and the best personal attention, advice, and the most extra SERVICE — before and after you buy your TV Set.

H.P. TERMS or CREDIT SALE
ARRANGEMENTS can be made
when you buy from us

Your ANTENNA can be included

Phone or call today. We will be
pleased to supply this service with-
out obligation

HOME DEMONSTRATIONS
CAN BE ARRANGED

JORDANS GARAGE LTD

RADIO DIVISION, 11 - 13 OCKFORD ROAD, GODALMING, SURREY

Phone : GODalming 820 (3 lines)

THE BOOK SHOP

Cranleigh. Tel. 265

Current Bestsellers : Large Paperback Section

Latest Xmas Annuals : Children's Department

Stationery Dept. · Printing & Diestamping · Greeting Cards · Artists' Materials · Library

Expert Attention to Special Book Orders
School orders welcomed and good service given

Telephone 61050

Clifford Dale Ltd.

EST. 1857

Hall Mark of Highest Standard

HOSIERS, SHIRTMAKERS
HATTERS, GENERAL OUTFITTERS

142 High Street, Guildford

also at Richmond

*Your appointed agents in Godalming
for Regulation School Wear*

DARKINGS of GODALMING

Telephone 145

Hebards for Flowers

(Proprietress Mrs. Ruth Hebard)

WE SPECIALISE IN ALL FLORAL DESIGNS

High Street, Godalming. Phone Godalming 2367

A. M. DAWSON

2 ANGEL COURT, GODALMING
Phone 956

BOOKSELLER *Books new & old, Book Tokens, Greetings Cards*

Brooklyn School of Motoring

Dual Control Cars — Holder of safety First Awards — Gold and Silver Medal and Bar (17 years)

115 High Street, Godalming, Tel. 2708 and Upper Birtley, Tel Wormley 2309

Chilworth Stores

P. & P. STROUD

Grocery and Provisions, Fresh cut Bacon, Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

Frozen Foods, Tobacco, Cigarettes and Ices, Bread and Cakes, Cooked Meats, Pies and Sausages

DAILY DELIVERIES.

PLEASE TELEPHONE GUILDFORD 61994.

FIELD'S of Godalming

STATIONERS — NEWSAGENTS — TOYS

Women's Royal Naval Service

THERE ARE OPPORTUNITIES IN THE W.R.N.S. . . .

for young women with character and ability, seeking a worthwhile career with the chance to progress.

Work open to you as a Wren includes Radar Plotting, Air or Radio Mechanic, Meteorological Observer, Range Assessor, and Communications (Radio Operator) for all of which a comprehensive training is given. Candidates with good secretarial qualifications will find plenty of scope in this field.

Most W.R.N.S. Officers are selected from serving Wrens between 20½ and 29 years of age.

For full details of service with the Royal Navy in the W.R.N.S. write to or call on :—

CHIEF OFFICER J. COLE, O.B.E., W.R.N.S.,
Ministry of Defence, Old Admiralty Building, London, S.W.1.

The minimum age for entry as a Wren is 17.



It's all
very simple...

BANKING
with

your local TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK

- * Accounts opened from 1/- to £8,000
- * Interest allowed at 2½%. A higher rate is allowed in the Special Investment Department
- * Up to £50 withdrawable on demand with larger sums at a few days notice
- * State Security

There are many other free services available

For further information apply to :—

GODALMING TRUSTEE SAVINGS BANK, 50 High Street, Godalming. Tel. 942

Hours of Business: Monday to Thursday 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Friday 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., Saturday 9 a.m. to 12 noon
also branches at Dorking and Guildford.

for everything
ROUND THE HOUSE AND ROUND THE GARDEN

go around to
LASSETERS
of GODALMING

FOR ALL HARDWARE AND CHINA

F. RAYMOND STOVOLD LTD. : Dairy Farmers

Eashing Farm Dairy, Godalming. Telephone 1352-1353

Suppliers of high-class DAIRY PRODUCE under
medical and veterinary supervision.

Special herd of Tuberculin Tested Guernsey Cows
kept for children and invalids.

WHITE LODGE SPASTIC CENTRE

CHERTSEY

Once we were two score. Now there is three score or more. Spastic children needing treatment and care. But thanks to three groups from the areas of Aldershot, Guildford, and Weybridge, we now get treatment; education, occupational therapy, and care. But our friends of the Groups are in need of your help as expenses are heavy and funds are light; White Lodge our centre needs enlarging to cope with our new playmates. So if you would like to help and we think you would, please contact our treasurers or myself

T. Morrisson 6. Herrett Street, Aldershot

Group Treasurers :

P. Searle
72 a Station Road,
Addleston.

W. R. Siggery
122 Ash Road,
Aldershot.

G. F. N. Fell
13 Bray Road
Stoke d' Abernon.

**We are the appointed outfitters for the
Grammar School and for over
forty other schools.**

**Our eighty Departments offer a superb
selection of merchandise, a beautiful
Restaurant and Roof Garden from which
there are magnificent views of the
town and countryside.**

HARVEYS

of GUILDFORD 68171

In Association with Army and Navy Stores, London

ESTATE AGENTS, VALUERS, SURVEYORS, AUCTIONEERS

PAUL PERRY

**Partners : Paul Perry, A.V.I., Cyril Spenceley,
L. H. Barnes, F.V.I.**

**115 HIGH STREET, GODALMING. Telephone 2707 and 2708
(Opposite the Old Town Hall)**

**Houses, shops and commercial premises for sale and to let
Building sites. Furnished lettings
Structural surveys and valuations for all purposes
Insurances and mortgages arranged, investments received
Auctions of property and chattels
Town and Country Planning Acts applications and appeals**

LOCAL OFFICE FOR THE SOUTH LONDON BUILDING SOCIETY