

1966

GODHELMIAN

The Magazine of the
County Grammar School, Godalming

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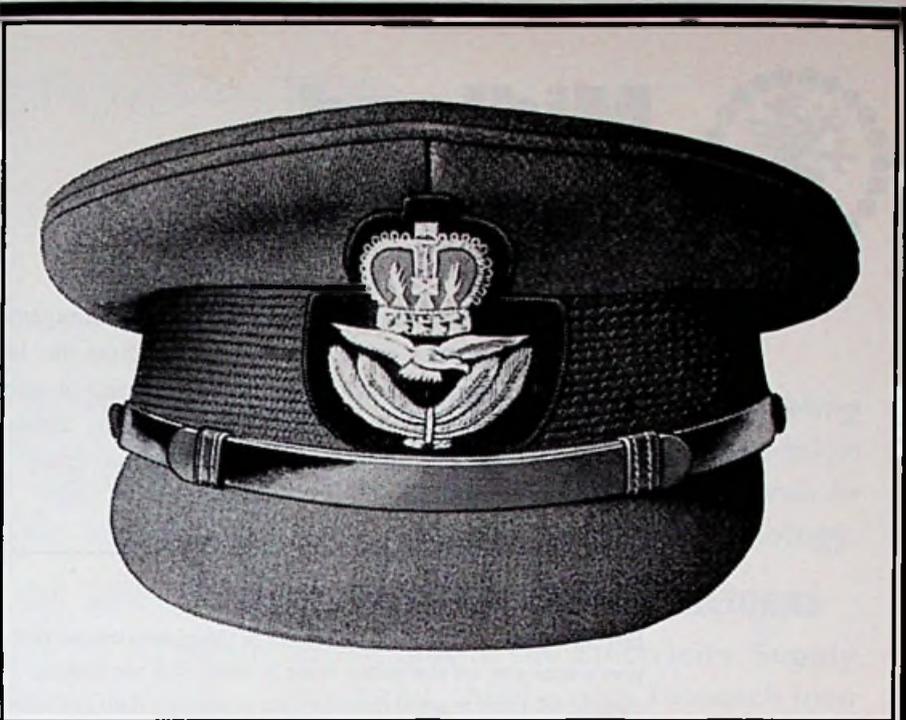
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Whose hat?

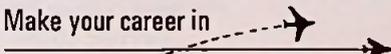
*Does it belong to
a pilot? a navigator? an engineer? a logistics expert?
a personnel manager? a ground defence commander?
an air traffic controller? a teacher?
or someone else?*

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1966

GODHELMIAN



Editorial

WITH THE school expanding rapidly every year, the need for increased accommodation is becoming desperate. The new geography room and library heralded the beginning of developments, and with the sixth form unit soon ready for occupation and plans under way for kitchens and a dining room, the 'housing problem' should be solved, at least temporarily. We have always found the school well run, friendly and happy. Let us hope that however its size may increase in future years, its atmosphere will remain unchanged. Our every encouragement should by all means be given to a programme of expansion, but at the same time we must remember that it is the staff and pupils, and not the buildings, which constitute a school.

Compiling enough material for a magazine would seem to be a formidable task; however, we found the school only too eager to contribute to the *Godhelmian*. Numerous articles were received, representing a wide sphere of interests, and almost all of a remarkably high standard. Much excellent poetry was also received, but through lack of space we were only able to print a small selection. The magazine has benefited for the second year running from Richard Greening's humorous and well-executed drawings. We trust that our magazine will give as much pleasure to those who read it, even if their connection with the school is minimal, as it has given to us in editing it.

HENRY JOHN LAIDLAW

October 20th, 1907—July 28th, 1966

BY W. M. W.

I NEVER discovered how Henry John Laidlaw became known as Jimmy, but that nickname speaks volumes of the affection his pupils felt for him. I remember my first meeting with him in 1936, and shortly afterwards recognised his portrait painted by one of his 5A and given a place of honour above the form's blackboard. The school pictures had just been labelled as, for instance, '16th century Dutch', and, to my amusement, the portrait was also labelled—'20th century English'. (The artist was Colin McIntyre.) There was no doubt of his form's pride in and affection for 'Jimmy', and his appearance in cricket pads to keep goal for the staff hockey XI was always greeted with a cheer.

I had not been Headmaster for long before one of the parents (subsequently Mayor of Godalming) told me 'My son could not get on with French until he failed his School Certificate and was put down to Mr. Laidlaw's set. Then he said that he began to understand it'. Everyone mattered to H. J. L. and he would go to much trouble to help the backward, often getting 'forlorn hopes' through their Ordinary Level French. How good a teacher of French H. J. L. was, was shown by inspectors asking if they could send young teachers and students to watch him teach. He began the teaching of German in the school, but had later to concentrate first on French alone, and then on French and Religious Knowledge. He was an equally good teacher of R.K., and here again outsiders were sent to watch. He was at pains to increase his scholarship, and studied successfully first for the Baptist Lay Preachers' Examination, and then for the London University Certificate of Proficiency in Religious Knowledge.

H. J. L. was educated at the Roan School, Greenwich, whence his two school friends remained friends for life. He went on to University College, London, took his B.A. degree, and while he was teaching worked on for his M.A., passing in five exams out of the necessary six. This disappointment for him was for us a blessing in disguise, for had he got his M.A., he intended to go on to be a lecturer at a Teachers' Training College.

Mr. Laidlaw's first appointment was to Wimborne Grammar School in Dorset, where, he told me, he was given a whistle and a book of rules and told to referee rugby football games. He continued to do this in early days at Godalming, where he was also master in charge of athletics. Since those days boys and girls have broken, I think, every record except



Mrs. Laidlaw, Ann, and Susan wish to thank all those friends who wrote expressing their love and sympathy in their bereavement.

It will be impossible to answer all the letters personally, but they were greatly appreciated.

one, but they have never surpassed the keenness of the House Competition as he organised it, or that of the teams he took to the Surrey Grammar Schools' Sports at Motspur Park and Imber Court. He was House Master of McKenna, which before the re-arrangement of houses included the boys and girls of Godalming proper, while Philips had Farncombe, Mallory had Haslemere and Freyberg the villages. Mr. Laidlaw took charge of school chess when Mr. E. W. Webb moved on. He led a number of school parties to France and Belgium. He was for many years Hon. Secretary of the Parents' Association and from 1951 its Hon. Treasurer. For his last year at school he was Senior Master and as much beloved by the staff as by his pupils.

Outside school H. J. L. played a considerable part in local life. At one time a deacon and secretary of Godalming Baptist Church, he subsequently became Lay Pastor of the Free Church at Dunsfold. He was one year President of Guildford and District Free

Church Council, and some years later of Godalming and District F.C.C. For many years he served on the committee of the Godalming Auxiliary of the British and Foreign Bible Society and recently became its secretary. He was a most helpful member of the local committee of the Feed the Minds Campaign. In politics Mr. Laidlaw cared passionately about two things: righteousness in international affairs, and in this country equality of opportunity for all.

All of us who knew H. J. L. have lost the visible presence of a friend, but our sense of loss is outweighed by thankfulness that we have known such a man and such a friend. Of no man could it be more truly said that 'He fought the good fight, he kept the faith, he finished the course'. We shall think of him when we thank God

For all the saints

Who from their labours rest.

From the Staff Room

AMONG THE most pleasing features of this year was the gaining of an Open Scholarship in Modern Studies to St. Peter's College, Oxford, by Michael Moore. This is a very considerable achievement; the just reward of hard work by pupil and tutors alike.

We also achieved our first M.P. with the news that R. C. Mitchell (1939-45) has won Southampton Test, and we immediately booked him for Speech Day, which, this year, is on Friday, October 14th, at 2.15.

Finally, we congratulate Keith Enever (1956-60) who has just been awarded his Ph.D. for research in problems on hydrodynamics.

Spanish is being introduced to the curriculum in September, and we have appointed Mr. James Merritt, B.A. Honours Spanish and Dip. Ed. University of Bristol, to teach the new subject.

Miss Evelyn Abrams, our librarian, is leaving to take up a Head of Department post at the Highfield School, Letchworth, and Miss Katherine Koch is moving to a more senior post at the Grammar School, Havant; the two vacancies in the English Department have been filled by Miss Janet Wiltshire, B.A. Honours English and Dip. Ed. Manchester University, and Mr. Malcolm Rollisson, B.A. Honours English and Dip. Ed. Leeds University. The new librarian is Miss Christine Bewley. Miss Margaret Cooper, B.A. English and Dip. Ed. University of South Wales, also joins the staff of the English Department owing to the expansion of the sixth form.

We also welcomed Mrs. Bailey who joined us in January replacing Mrs. Baggott, to assist in the teaching of French and German.

We were fortunate to obtain the services of Mrs. Sandra Dickerson to assist part-time in the History Department, and Mrs. Thilly Lensen to help with games. Mrs. Lensen unfortunately returned to Holland at the end of the summer term, and is replaced by Mrs. Wooderson.

We were sorry to lose Fraulein Margot Weinzierl, our German assistant and M. Jean-Yves Pigoury, our French assistant.

We are grateful to the Rev. H. Bettenson and to Mr. D. Utley, of Charterhouse School, for their help with Greek and Spanish respectively, and to Mr. Hurst for his help in the Woodwork Department.

We congratulate Mrs. Brenda Baggott on the birth of a daughter, Leonie, and are pleased that she is coming back on a part-time basis in September. Mr. and Mrs. R. G. H. Bloomfield are to be congratulated on the birth of a granddaughter, Heather Frances.

Marriage is the order of the day in the Mistresses Common Room; both Miss Hazel Laws and Miss Ann Eccott were married in the summer holiday, and we wish them both every happiness.

Mr. and Mrs. Wigfield have now moved from Ewhurst, and their new address is 16 Higher Beacon, Ilminster, Somerset.

Founders' Day is on Monday, October 17th and the service will be held in Godalming Parish Church at 2.30. The sermon will be preached by the Rev. C. Allingham, the Rural Dean of Godalming.



Senior Prefects

Linda Charlick
Vanessa Dunhill

Alan Hardiman
David Horsman

Prefects

Janet Atkins
Susan Barnett
Pat Barratt
Christine Brown
Diana Christian
Roma Clements
Susan Cross
Tina Fordey
Angela Harman
Susan Hawtin
Susan Mott
Sheila Robertson
Wendy Shuttleworth
Anita Sinden
Janet Trevail

John Anderson
Alan Baker
Michael Hubbard
David Knox
Roger Locke
Allan Plato
Edwin Puttick
Michael Smith
Patrick Amos
Simon Chamberlain
Guy Collister
Arthur Durrant
David Lewis
Alan Monger
Ian Piercy



Martin Hyman is an international athlete who has competed for England all over the world. For the last two years he has been Head of Biology staff at the school, and the account below comprises his personal impressions of a race run in South America in 1959.

Ten Thousand Miles for a Race

THE NEW Year's Eve 'Round the Houses' race in Sao Paulo, must surely be the most exciting athletic event in the world. Yet the first time I took part the excitement started before I arrived in Brazil. Our plane was delayed in Lisbon when an engine caught fire. A replacement engine being flown from England got lost in fog. I got food poisoning from some strange fruit at Recife, and then by the time our smaller replacement aircraft got to Rio it was so exhausted that it would go no further. After desperate bargaining I managed to get a place on a small local plane, and thus arrived in Sao Paulo four hours before the race, after four days' travel.

Some kind English residents met me at the airport and drove me to the hotel. While I snatched two hours sleep they searched for some glucose for an easily digested pre-race meal. I was then driven round the course whilst I ate my glucose and tried to memorise the route.

Sao Paulo is a mighty city, possibly the largest in the Southern Hemisphere. The streets crowded with jostling people, and often jammed with traffic, are walled in by huge modern skyscrapers. It is on the tropic of Capricorn where the New Year comes in

mid summer. In Brazil it also marks the beginning of 'Carnival'; two months of non-stop festivities which begin when the race starts, just before midnight. Runners come from all over the world, one per country, more from South America and hundreds from Brazil. Half a million gay and enthusiastic spectators line the course and add to the interest by throwing ticker-tape, confetti, thunderflashes, or whatever comes to hand.

The race starts in a great square with the runners lined up behind a rope. In theory the rope is raised when a starting gun goes after the playing of the national anthem. In practice short and excited runners struggle under the rope prematurely and the race is on. It is bedlam, with hooters, fireworks, massed bands and the wailing sirens of 50 police escort motorcycles.

The initial surge is terrific, but round the first bend the pace slows greatly and I soon moved through the field to the leaders just behind a vast fleet of reporters' cars and vans which preceded the race. The exhaust fumes were troublesome, but worse was the glare of two searchlights, mounted on vans, to enable television cameras to pick out the runners. Where the road was cobbled it was most unpleasant for the leaders who could see nothing at all.

The half way point is at the top of a long hill, and I was amazed and delighted to find that I had built up a good lead, for I did not judge that I had been running fast, and did not feel very tired. Soon, though, I did. Down the hill the other side my legs started to go rubbery, and with frightening suddenness I was near exhaustion. I had not allowed for the effects of heat, humidity, and altitude which make a cautious pace essential. With three miles gone, and two to go, my running became unsteady and I twice stumbled into escorting motorcycles.

Those last two miles live in my memory as an agony of noise, light, smoke, sweat and exhaustion. Incidents stand out; like the way radio commentators sprinted alongside for a bit holding portable transmitter microphones, for the listeners to hear the breathing of the leading runner! As the bells began to ring in the New Year I was passed by the Argentinian Oswaldo Sudrez on the way to his third successive victory. Then Doug Kyle of Canada came past me with a mile to go and I was powerless to stop him. Luckily the rest of the runners were too far behind to catch me as I struggled the final mile.

As I stood on the third step of the victory rostrum sweat poured from me and formed a pool at my feet, and I wondered if it had been worth travelling so far for so much discomfort. After a week of festivities I was resolved that I should come again, and that if I could manage a slightly less adventurous journey, I could perhaps win the most exciting race in the world.

Water Water Everywhere

The Village Pond

BY HELEN HAGGER, 2F

THE POND was situated in a small village. It was quite small, and very pretty. On top of the pond grew beautiful, white water lilies, and in the water lived small fishes, frogs, and many other creatures.

However, the pond was not the same all the year round. To begin with, in spring the frogs began to lay their frog-spawn. Masses of the jelly-like substance could be seen floating in the pond, and often the village children would take some home in a jam-jar, to watch it gradually develop into tadpoles.

Also, in spring, the sticklebacks would build their nests. They took pieces of straw and any odd scraps floating about, and wove them into a neat, cylindrical-shaped nest between the reeds. Then the eggs would be laid. The father sticklebacks kept watch outside their nests to make sure that no other creature came and found the eggs, and ate them.

At this time, the water lilies were almost open. The big buds were swelling, and it was obvious that some day soon they would burst into flower.

Down at the bottom of the pond, half-buried in mud, was the ugly cadis-fly grub. Hidden away in his house made of sticks and scraps stuck together with mud, and snapping up any small creature that

came near, he was altogether a very unpopular insect.

The weeks passed by, and soon it was no longer spring but summer. The sun shone down brightly, and the water-lily buds burst out into beautiful, white flowers which almost covered the top of the pond.

The frog-spawn and the stickleback eggs no longer remained. Instead there were little wriggling tadpoles, with four legs, and rapidly disappearing tails, and baby sticklebacks, swimming around rather shakily.

But the greatest surprise of all was the cadis-fly grub. One day it crawled across to a reed, and gradually crept up to it. This particular reed came right out of the water, and the grub climbed right out.

Gradually, very, very slowly, the grub shed its old skin, and stretched out a pair of wings! There it stayed for a few hours, drying its wings, and then off it flew, the summer sunshine glistening on the beautiful, shimmering wings of the fully-grown cadis-fly.

So the pond and its inhabitants changed. From spring to summer, and they would continue to do so for as many years as the pond remained, in the middle of the little village.

The River

LINDA STEVENS, 3J

CALMLY, UNHURRIEDLY meandering towards the ocean, it sparkles and gurgles and is glad to be alive. For alive it is, with blundering trout, and flicking gnats accompanied by minute protoplasmic animal life, drifting to wherever their water host leads them. Friends of the river, such as hovering dragonflies, surprisingly quick, and atrociously ugly, protect and inhabit their source of food and their playground throughout the day until the river sparkles no more with the sun, but dully glistens black, as it moves ominously, unobtrusively, onwards.

The Puddle

PINDER, 3F

IT LAY there, deposited by a recent storm, the sun making ripples on its surface and sending tiny waves from side to side.

A bird had disturbed the silt and the puddle was sullied, but slowly the mud settled, leaving the surface clear, marred only by oil patches, dripped from a passing car.

The Pool

BY SUSAN POTTS, 1P

ITS DARK lingering shadows revealed trout, large trout which swam lustrously in and out of the waving green weeds.

Like a bright green ribbon dotted with yellow the yellow flags fringed the banks of the royal blue pool. A water rat dived into the cool mirror spreading small ripples across the pond, gently touching the feathery green leaves of the overhanging willows. Then he swam between the reeds and was lost to sight.

The overcast sky suddenly started to shed its burden and the rains came. The puddle was full of ripples and splashes. Once again, it was disturbed and became dirty.

The clouds passed and the sun came out. The puddle seemed to greet it with a thousand winking eyes. The solitude of the damp day was reflected in this tiny pool of water in the middle of the road.

AROUND THE SOCIETIES

Debating Society

Autumn Term

President: Michael Smith
Vice-President: Colin Hill
Secretary: Vanessa Dunhill
Treasurer: Mr. Johnson
Ordinary Committee Members: Trevor Plumbley,
Linda Charlick, Malcolm Burrell and Guy
Collister
Fifth form representative: Paul Rich

Spring Term

President: Vanessa Dunhill
Vice-President: Trevor Plumbley
Secretary: Colin Hill
Treasurer: Mr. Johnson
Ordinary Committee Members: Alan Monger,
James Wheaton, Jill de Rusett, Catherine Lamb
Fifth form representative: Lesley Shurlock

THE SUCCESS of the Debating Society has been very varied: some debates and discussions attracted large numbers of people, others had only a small attendance and poor discussion from the floor. The main speeches were always of a high standard and it was very disappointing if they evoked only little response.

It was the lighthearted debates which attracted the greater audiences; to please the 'masses' we had several of these, the most successful of which were 'This House Believes In Letting Sleeping Dogs Lie', 'This House Cannot Stomach Christmas' and 'This House Prefers Carnaby Street to Saville Row'.

Debates which wavered between the serious and the comic were very successful, not so much in the audience they attracted as in the standard of speeches which they stimulated from the *sometimes* lazy and indifferent floor. Debates of this kind such as: 'modern artists are making fools of us', 'the family unit is out of place in the modern society', and 'in the opinion of this house, youth is being exploited'—provided enough serious matter to stimulate discussion, yet allowed for the flashes of brilliant wit at which this year's sixth form seems to excel.

However, the Debating Society was by no means incapable of turning its mind to really serious subjects, although, disappointing as it might seem at a grammar school, in the serious debates and discussions the speeches from the floor tended to be few and of a decidedly lower standard. But some fine and lively discussion was extorted on such questions as 'This House says Beware of Power for it leads to

Corruption' and 'This House deplores the American presence in Vietnam'.

For the main part, views on serious matters were aired in free discussion rather than in the more restricted form of a debate. Topics under discussion were: 'Man Against Animals', 'Technical Advance is Weakening Mankind' and 'Should the races mingle?' We again held a religious discussion, which although perhaps not as exciting as last year's bomb-shell 'Is there a God?' was very lively. This year Alan Monger and Alan Hardiman asked, 'Is religion a form of Cowardice?' One other discussion called 'Twenty years from now', suffered because of a power cut half way through. The meeting was carried on by candle light!

The staff debate took place in November. In it Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Leigh-Smith proposed and Miss Gill and Mr. Copsey opposed the motion that 'This House wants more time to stand and stare'. In the Top Hat debate members spoke on a variety of well chosen topics: Alan Baker on the Bread Strike, David Knox on the Police and the young driver, and John Huggins on the motion that 'This House should conform and get its hair cut'!

In the Cup debate the adjudicator Mrs. Davies, a school Governor, awarded the orator's cup and book prize to James Wheaton as the best speaker on the motion that 'In the opinion of this House, Present Measures against Crime and the Criminal are Unrealistic'.

Other events in the society's year were first an inter-school debate with the Royal Naval School, Hindhead. They are a girls' boarding school so, appropriately, the motion was, 'This House favours Co-education'. The society benefited from hearing new ideas and new voices.

The society also entered a team in the Speaking Competition organised by the Guildford branch of the English Speaking Union. Vanessa Dunhill, Catherine Lamb and Michael Smith reached the final round successfully.

Of course our gratitude goes out to the staff for helping, encouraging and organising the society. In particular our thanks are due to Mr. Johnson, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Leigh-Smith; also to the other members of staff who have helped us.

The Debating Society Excursion

All the planning of the winter months became reality when our coach left school on May 6th, and proceeded, via Windsor, to Hatfield House, home of the Marquis of Salisbury.

This interesting Elizabethan style mansion was built for Robert Cecil, the first minister to James I. The party spent over an hour touring the building, walking up a counter-balanced staircase, one of the earliest of its kind, and gazing at priceless antiques and jewellery. After an alfresco lunch, the coach left Hatfield and went to Cambridge.

Here the party split up. The technically minded amongst us visited Messrs. Pye and Co. who manufacture complex instruments for analysing chemicals. The remainder of the party admired the priceless treasures of Fitzwilliam Museum, and some of the more famous colleges.

Next morning, after completing the usual hostel duties, the party left in the coach for a brief visit to the modern Churchill College. We then toured on foot more of the town's colleges. We admired

the great courts of Trinity, and Wren's Library; the splendour of King's Chapel and the various vistas of college lawns and gardens and the quiet beauty of 'the Backs'. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Lewis each took a party, giving the benefit of their comprehensive knowledge.

The party split up for lunch and then enjoyed the town at leisure.

The homeward journey had then to begin. We paused at Kew for tea. The gardens, the river Thames and the small crowded cafes formed a varied scene.

By 7 p.m. we were home again.

Once again, the society wishes to express its gratitude to Mr. Johnson for his strenuous efforts in making the trip possible, and also to Mr. Lewis and Miss Saunderson for their kind assistance.

Student Christian Movement

Autumn Term, 1965

President: Gordon Cheesman
President-Elect: Simon Chamberlain
Secretary: Pat Barratt
Fifth form representative: Hans Retallick

Spring Term, 1966

President: Simon Chamberlain
President-Elect: Stephen Rowe
Secretary: Jennifer Bond
Fifth form representative: Hans Retallick

Summer Term, 1966

President: Stephen Rowe
Secretary: Catherine Lamb
Fifth form representative: Hans Retallick

DURING THE past year the S.C.M. has continued to meet regularly in the school. Most of the meetings have taken the form of discussions or talks by a variety of outside speakers. There has also been rather a marked tendency to the theme of modernising Christianity, and some of the meetings have been spent listening to recordings of church music both ancient, and more especially, modern. New members have helped to swell the society and have given a most encouraging reception to the guest speakers.

We have had a great variety of guest speakers. In the autumn term Mr. F. Tickle, a lecturer at Guildford Technical College, explained the link between feast days mentioned in the Old Testament and those mentioned in the New. Mr. D. Jarvis spoke about his missionary work amongst the Tzeltal tribe in Mexico. Mr. J. Nash, a Charterhouse master, showed the way in which Christianity is relevant to life. In the spring term we were addressed by Pastor Shultes who was held in a German concentration camp under

Hitler's régime. We were visited for a second time by Mr. Jarvis who showed us colour-slides of Mexico. The Curate of Cranleigh Parish Church spoke to us. In the summer term Rev. Chester of Cranleigh Baptist Church showed us slides of his journey from Cranleigh to the Holy Land and told us of his experiences.

In the S.C.M. we would like to see more fourth and fifth formers attending our meetings, and we welcome not only Christians but atheists and agnostics as well. In this way discussions can be more heated and more varied, and thus more interesting.

C.E.M. Conference

BY STEPHEN ROWE

FOUR OF our sixth form members, Susan Ball, Nigel Stroud, Gordon Cheesman and Stephen Rowe, attended a three days' conference for students preparing to go to university. It was arranged by the Christian Education Movement and took place at the University of Sussex. We arrived, by various forms of transport, at tea time on Tuesday, and were immediately impressed by the startling effect of the university buildings. We each had our own separate room; this was far better than we had expected of a university.

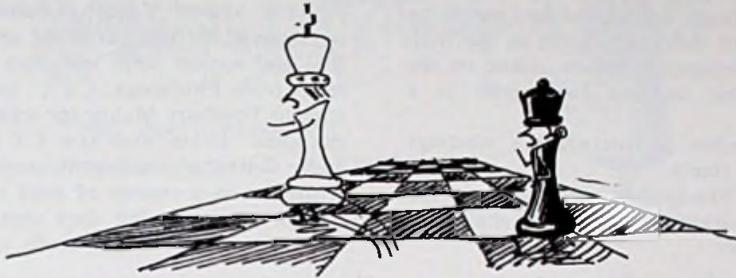
The conference got under way with discussion on the purpose of our universities. On Wednesday the subjects were 'Christian Societies in Universities' and 'The International Possibilities of University'. In the evening we had an interesting talk followed by very helpful discussion on the subject of 'Freedom and Responsibility'. This session and that of the following morning helped us to understand some of the problems which might face us if we go to university. Thus in its modern setting the conference proved very interesting and helpful to all who participated.

Junior S.C.M.

BY SUSAN BALL, L.6 LIT.

ATTENDANCES THIS year have been high, averaging about 20 first and third formers, although at one of Mr. Laidlaw's quizzes the numbers soared to 40. We have had one outside speaker, the Rev. R. Hyatt.

Chess Report



DURING THE past year the senior chess club has been very active, playing matches almost every week. A team entered for the *Sunday Times* National Competition and reached the third round before being knocked out by the Worthing Technical High School. Through this competition we met Seaford College, with whom we intend to have many friendly matches.

The Under 16 team also played against several schools and, although they did not win many of their matches this year, some of the players show great promise for the future. The girls' team has become an accepted part of the Chess Club, although most of the support comes from the sixth or the first and second forms.

Unfortunately these matches have left little time for ordinary club meetings and this has discouraged new members from joining; however, we hope to solve this problem for next season.

We should like to thank Mr. May for giving up so much of his time for our benefit and also Miss Saunderson who has very successfully taken on the running of the junior section of the club.

Teams

1st: Chisholm, Rowe (vice-capt.), Servian, Keel, A. Harman (capt.), Rich, S. Ross, Ward. Also played: Ellis, S. Ward, Brown, Foster.

Under 16: Keel (capt.), Rich, Ellis, Brown, Smith, Wilmott, Rowe, Barnes. Also played: Farmer, Mayne, Tiner, Stafford, Hill, Cousins.

Girls': A. Harman (capt.), S. Ross (vice-capt.), C. Dominy, S. Ward, W. Smith, K. Lamb. Also played: M. Woolven, L. Charlick, H. Sleeve.

curate of Godalming, and hope to have more next year.

Our greatest accomplishment this year has been taking some first form assemblies. We have tried to alter the form of service slightly but this is difficult in the time available. Everyone who has taken part is very eager to continue, and next year we hope to take some main assemblies for the whole school.

BY SUSAN ROSS

Junior Chess Club Report

THE CLUB met regularly on Tuesday evenings until the middle of the summer term. Throughout the winter, though, attendance was extremely good. The majority of the members were from the first form and, although a number of the children had not previously played the game, some reached quite a high standard by the end of the year.

We had one unusual meeting, when a fifth form player agreed to play against ten juniors simultaneously. Those who took part enjoyed this, although only one person actually defeated the older player.

In the summer term a knockout tournament was held, which resulted in some interesting games. One lasted for three weeks—only to end in a stale-mate draw. Fortunately, the replay was a much shorter game. The finalists were C. Freeman of 2P and P. Cousins of 1J. P. Cousins won the tournament, and is to be congratulated on his play throughout the year.

The Dolphin

JANE PIDGEON, 1P

LIKE A big black bird the dolphin leaped, sending showers of silver spray up in the air, where they shone like stars. Then he slipped silently away to the deep. The moon came out suddenly from behind a cloud and shone with its full glory on the open sea. A darker speck, the dolphin, rose again and for a moment was silhouetted against the darkening sky. Then he was gone, leaping over the moonlit waves.

The Literary Society

L. TAYLOR (*secretary*)

AS FAR AS numbers are concerned the Literary Society varies very little in size throughout the year and remains a small group, but it is hoped that there will be ample support for this relatively new society from this coming year's fifth and sixth formers.

Meetings have been varied and were of a good standard. In January Mrs. Derkow gave a full and interesting talk on the German playwright Brecht. A meeting held in February to read original work produced a number of good poems and it is hoped that more such meetings will encourage people to bring forward work of their own. Later in the term guest speaker, Mr. Christopher Leach, talked on the 'Craft of the Novelist' and his own career as a writer.

In addition a number of interschool's meetings have been exchanged freely.

Finally, we should like to thank Miss Abrams for her support and encouragement which we shall miss greatly when she leaves.

Poetry Competition

THE POETRY COMPETITION again attracted a large number of entries. The standard of the work contributed was high, which is both pleasing and encouraging. The prize in the Senior Section was awarded to Alan Monger, M.6. Lit., and Linda Stevens, 3J, won the prize in the junior section.

The Dragon

BY LINDA STEVENS, 3J

Breathing ominous clouds
Coloured purple, green and red.
Grotesque eyeballs
Madly rolling
All about its massive head.
And it moves!
It shivers, trembles.
All the reeds and rocks, expectant,
Quake and quiver.
Slimy creature
Moves with horrifying tread.
Shows its jaws
It roars!
Its claws
Grove feverishly for firmer bed.
But down, it sinks,
With one last roar.
The gruesome beast
Exists
No more.

Cross-Country Club Report

BY BRIAN M. BULLEN

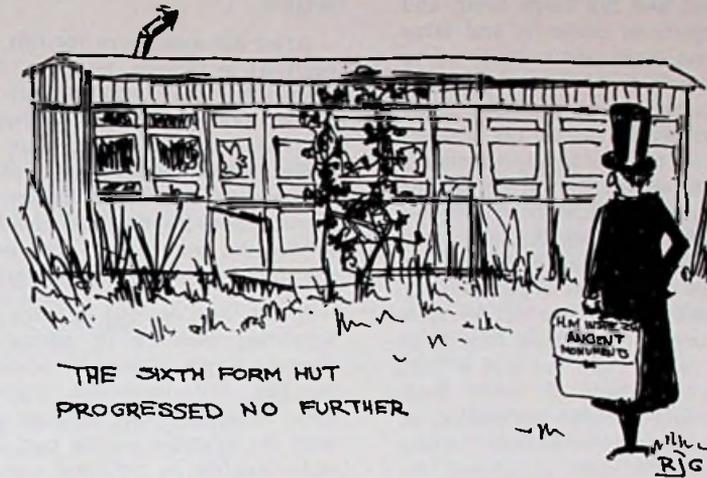
CROSS-COUNTRY CLUB continued to meet almost every Friday evening, usually under the supervision of Mr. Hyman, though while he was in Mexico Chamberlain took command. Attendance was fairly consistent, and special welcome was given to new first form members. Several new courses were proposed, but one was outstanding and after alien plants were removed it proved very successful. This was the 'Mankiller Course', and lived up to its name. In matches against Egger's Grammar School (Alton) we enjoyed victories at home and away, though the first and second form members were defeated by a team from Elmbridge. C.C.C. members enjoyed two trips to Timsbury Manor for training and recreational purposes. Those who saw C.C.C. running through snow drifts or wading through the Quarry Field when it was a swamp of mud and water may have thought us mad, but they should come too: they would find that running really is enjoyable.

Poem

ALAN MONGER, MIDDLE SIXTH

When the rain beats hard its liquid pellets against
the earth
And the warring clouds wage battle across the sky
with Valkyrian din,
Is when I long for the days of jig-saw puzzles and
coal-fires at dusk,
Is when I long for the days of joy-in-my-innocence,
days that are gone.
The days that are gone,
The days that are gone,
The days that are gone are a lie!
And the world of fun-and-games and fires at the end
of my telescope,
Faintly recalled, never belonged to me but was
borrowed from the sad pages
Of the Boys' and Girls' Own Annual 1954
And as I realise this I feel so cheap,
So cheap and worthless,
I wish I could surrender myself to the passion of the
storm
As a bribe for leaving undisturbed the made-up
memories of pathetic little people everywhere.

Headmaster to Staff 1967,



or The Change to the Incomprehensive System

BY L. F. R., MIDDLE 6 ARTS

IT HAS BEEN discovered that, owing to the malfunction of a slide rule belonging to an employee of the contractors, the temporary accommodation erected several years ago to house the library has been built two and five-eighths of an inch too close to the hard tennis courts on the reading room side, thereby endangering the lives of those in the sixth form private study and library lessons during the first form games. In order to eliminate this unnecessary hazard, the whole structure will be moved three inches away from the courts after the end of the Easter holiday. As a result Merv's Mission will also have to be moved two feet towards the main school building, to comply with County Regulations.

As those amongst us who previously sold insurance will be aware, this will in turn infringe the safety regulation which states that (in effect) no temporary building may be connected by an inflammable construction to any entry/exit of a building used for the meeting or convening of more than 36 persons at any one time (although not necessarily for any one purpose) if the said temporary building is nearer than 26ft. 6in. to the said permanent building on any two (or more) sides. Therefore the inflammable construction concerned, viz. the covered way, will be diverted from its original route connecting it to the hall, and will instead be attached to the main building at a point approximately in the centre of the outer wall of Room 5.

While the alterations are taking place, Mr. Needham's form and all his classes will be transferred to

the first form girls' cloakroom, and all the first form girls thus inconvenienced will be required of necessity to lodge their kit temporarily in the hut at present occupied by the first form boys' cloakroom.

It is anticipated that the boys will vacate their hut as and when the girls move in, and as there is nowhere to house them, it has been decided to amalgamate the first form boys into the second form for two years, thus effectively doing away with the need for a first form boys' cloakroom during that period. Those members of the Middle and Upper 6th hoping to read sociology at university will be encouraged to make a detailed survey, which it is hoped may prove useful in their future studies, upon the social activities and behaviour patterns following this change of (a) the first form girls, (b) the teaching staff and (c) the second form (i.e. first form) boys.

To cater for the temporarily enlarged second form, the county will erect extensive semi-permanent teaching facilities on the Lammas Land immediately behind Godalming Police Station. It must be impressed upon pupils that owing to the county's new training programme for police cadets, which is shortly to be promoted intensively in the Guildford/Godalming area, it is unadvisable to loiter with any intent whatsoever in the neighbourhood of these new school facilities.

The Education Committee has given its permission for the travelling fair which comes to Godalming annually to be held on the Quarry Field, as the

erection of buildings will render the Lammas Land unsuitable for that function. Despite its obvious educational value, pupils will not be permitted to visit the fair during break and the lunch hour, and the bringing of such objects as coconuts and large furry rabbits which are not conducive to study on to the premises will be expressly forbidden.

Those pupils whose games lessons are affected by the fair can be usefully employed during the relevant periods in excavating a hole measuring approximately 24ft. by 18ft., and varying in depth from 3ft. at one end to 7ft. 6in. at the other. This activity, which will take place adjacent to but at a safe distance from the sixth form hut, is to be supervised by a member of staff or a prefect at all times. It is hoped that the project will be completed and in use before it is discovered by the authorities, by which time it is anticipated that a word in the right ear and a little diplomacy will prevent the whole (or hole) from being filled in again. To ensure rapid completion of this scheme, three dozen cat-o'-nine-tails (Army surplus) have been surreptitiously purchased by

George the Ground for the games cupboard, which will in future be kept locked at all times, despite the possible inconvenience when Games equipment is needed.

After the machinery for this series of changes had been set in motion, however, it was brought to my notice that the whole project in all its intricacies, can be replaced simply and quickly by total abolition of the first forms, thus rendering first form games out of the question and removing all danger to the occupants of the library reading room issuing therefrom (with the additional advantage of minimising the number of nervous breakdowns among the staff which occur each year).

It has been decided to carry out this second, more simplified measure in addition to the aforementioned; which, although indicating superb depth of thought and incredible foresight, together with great ingenuity and obvious personal involvement with the problem on the part of the originator, will unfortunately be rendered superfluous.



'Watch it, Sailor!'

Mrs. Emma Hornet *Alwyne Taylor*
 Mr. Henry Hornet *Mr. D. Copsy*
 Shirley *Jenny Roberts*
 Albert *Andrew Browning*

Aunt Edie *Deborah Dunhill*
 Daphne Pink *Vanessa Dunhill*
 Carnoustie Bligh *James Wheaton*
 Mrs. Lack *Heather Bowmer*
 Lt. Commander Hardcastle *Alan Hardiman*

Aeroplane

BY ALAN MONGER

Ah-ha, I see you now
Silver needle:
Sliding silently
Mystic machine,
Carrying fifty or a hundred other Is
Simultaneously living.
Although I never credit the present with any other
place but here.
I have in my sight all that is happening now,
Here and everywhere.
There is just a sliding, silent, silver needle
And not four whining jets
With people moving and thinking.
For that is how I see and think
From here
Where I feel more sympathy for that snail the
sparrow is smashing on the concrete path
Than I would if the needle were to writhe
And break in the sky.

Rose-Ashes

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, 5P

Something there is
That makes me think of a rose
Of a past summer,
And the forgotten sorrow
Of no love,
Past and gone.
But I am grey with the dust of roses
And petals, scentless and dry
Are ashes in my memory.
Something there is
That remembers the hopeless pleading
And the dullness of grey earth.
And tears and a rose
Too young to grow old,
That withered and crumbled,
Tight secret still furled
Undisclosed.

Funfair

BY JOHN HUGGINS, MIDDLE SIXTH

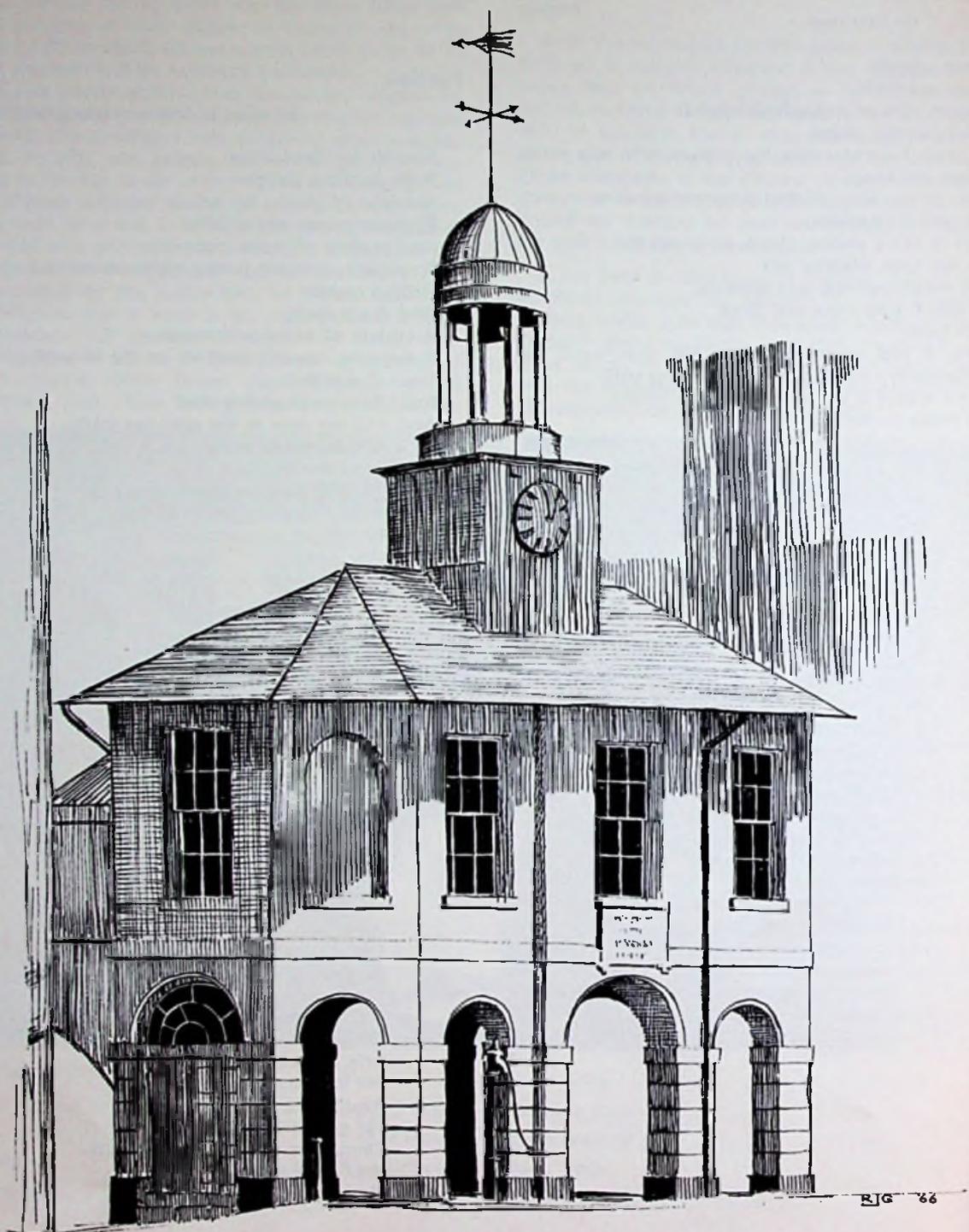
Hurrah for the funfair
With dazzling dangles
Spangles of plastic for prizes
Precious stones and goldfish
And packets of white cigarettes.
Screaming, stomach letting whips on the lash
Falling rockets
And dizzy mats
A curtain of music and voices—
A spinning musical sparkles on the riverside.
Once, I saw that ;
But I have since grown tired
And sold my eyes to the grey rag trade
Of a self deceiving mind.
So, behind the facade
I see the oily grasp of the mighty cogs
The patched faces behind the stalls
And the filth of the caravans.
Along the road
I took out my eyes and trod on them.

Man Alone

BY FRANCES WILSON, 3J

He sits
With legs apart, mute with grief.
His head hung with sorrow
And tears flow
Unresisting, from his eyes.
Alone with his misery
Darkness prevails.
The future is a black swirling mist
Of loneliness.
Life loses all, has
No love, no feeling,
And Death is happy.
He gropes but only finds
Despair in a black swirling mist
And tears fall
Unresisting from his eyes.

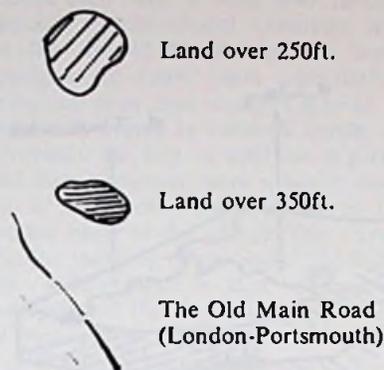
Godalming



"THE PEPPER-POT"

Where is Godalming ?

BY S. B. C.



Heavy black shading shows:

- 1 original town of Godalming
- 2 original township of Farncombe
- 3 Charterhouse School
- 4 Our own school

The pecked lines show
the approximate limit of present
housing development.

N.B. The railway follows a course
alongside and almost parallel to the
Old Main Road.



A SIMPLE answer to this question might well be: '34 miles south-west of London, 39 miles north-east of Portsmouth'. An accurate answer, but not an adequate one. There is far more than that to say about the geographical location of Godalming.

Our town lies, of course, in the south-west corner of Surrey on what was once the main London-to-Portsmouth road, but its position is intimately connected with that of neighbouring Guildford. Guildford guards a strategic gap in the Chalk Ridge of the North Downs; the Wey Gap. Godalming's position five miles upstream from this gap, on the Wey, has had an important effect on the town and its development.

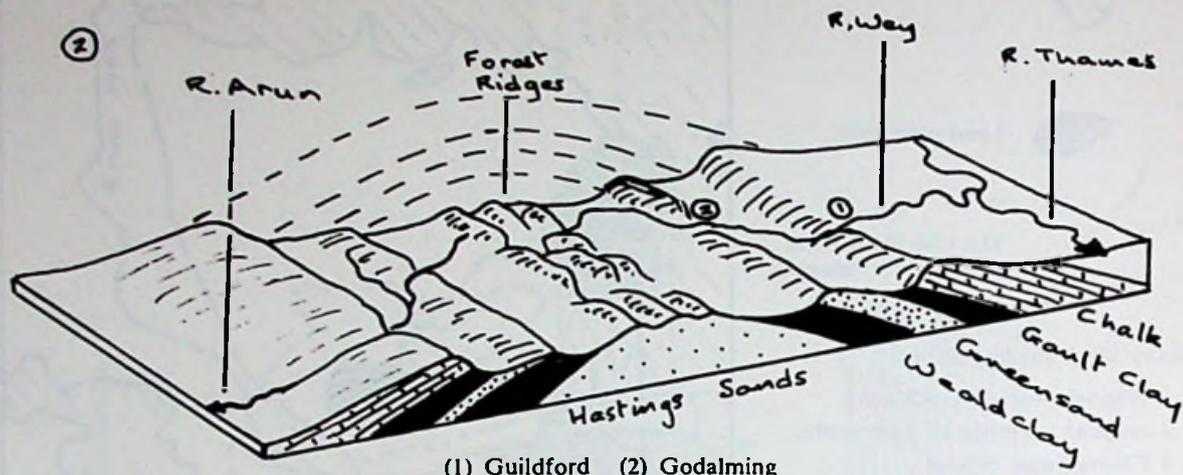
The valley in which Godalming lies is less than half a mile in width, and steep sided. The original town is strung out in a long line through Ockford Road, High Street and Bridge Street, more or less parallel to the river. Expansion has taken place up

the surrounding hillsides. It has often been said that Godalming lies on the River Wey. In fact, however, the old town is at least 200 yards from the river, and on rather higher ground. Even today water meadows (the Lammas Lands) are found alongside the river and form its flood plain.

It is impossible to say much about Godalming without referring to the River Wey. Yet at one stage this river flowed not through the little valley where Godalming nestles today, but from a source much further east, through Bramley, to be joined by a small tributary stream (the Godalming Wey) a few miles above Guildford. This, a subsequent stream, cut back powerfully at its head and eventually captured the main headwaters of the Blackwater (now the Alton Wey) at Farnham. Thus, today, the Wey drains much of the hill country west of Haslemere, and by the time it reaches Godalming is already exhibiting many of the signs of an old, or senile, river valley. Below Eashing it swings sluggishly in

wide loops and meanders, and in one place the first signs of an ox-bow are beginning to appear. It meanders fairly slowly through the Lammas Lands, its alluvial flood plain, drained partly by that

superbly named stream, 'Hell Ditch', and receives a small tributary named the River Ock, which actually drains much of the area immediately south of the town.

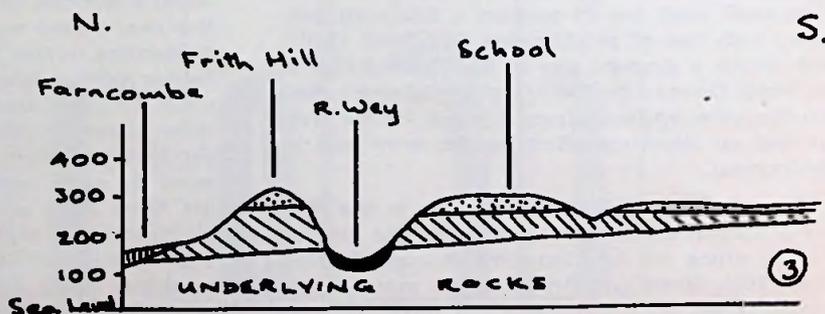


(1) Guildford (2) Godalming

Geologically Godalming lies on the edge of the Weald. This huge arched structure, eroded by numerous streams until only its base remains, covers most of south-east England. The block-diagram (2) shows that it is a sedimentary structure, of alternating sandstones and clays, capped by chalk, but now eroded until the harder rocks form ridges, and the clays form vales. The Hythe beds and Bargate stone of the hills around Godalming form part of the Greensand Ridge. This Greensand Ridge is far more broken than the Chalk Ridge a few miles to the north, yet Godalming is still, in a manner, a 'gap town' though less obviously so than Guildford. As the map (1) shows, its valley is in the form of a Y, with the Wey following one branch, the road the other, and Ockford Ridge between.

It is easier to understand Godalming if one studies its local geology. South of the Guildford Ridge there is a narrow clay valley, succeeded by the sandy Chantry's Ridge. Further south there is a low, clay area around Shalford, and an area of gravelly outwash terraces extending through Peasmarsch and Farncombe. Then comes the Greensand Ridge, with Hythe beds capped by Bargate. The Wey Valley, of course, is masked by river alluvium.

Thus, as one walks through Godalming the flat valley, the gentler (Hythe beds) slopes, and steeper Bargate capping on which stands Charterhouse, our own school, and some of the newer housing estates, are all in evidence. This is, of course, no more than a brief summary of the geography of the Godalming area, but I hope that it gives a rather fuller understanding of exactly where Godalming is.



What was Godalming ?

BY A. MONGER, M.6 LIT.

GODALMING HAS a long and interesting, if not dramatic, history. Local historians have estimated that the site of Godalming has been settled for approximately 1,400 years and that even earlier, during the Iron Age and pre-Roman times, it was periodically visited by nomadic bands.

Probably the first to establish a permanent settlement there, however, were a Saxon band of the late sixth or early seventh century led by Godhelm who gave his name to the village. There are two theories as to the meaning of the name 'Godhelm's Ing'. The most widely held is that it means 'Godhelm's Meadow' and the Lammas Lands are taken to be this meadow. At the the turn of the century, however, a local historian estimated that during this period the Lammas Lands would have been nearly 5ft. under water. The fact that the Domesday Book makes no mention of them supports his contention that the town's name originated solely from the name of its founder and succeeding generations of his family, 'Ing' being the Saxon equivalent of the Scottish 'Mac', the Irish 'O' and the Welsh 'Ap' and meaning 'son of'. Certainly the Saxons have left us with many place-names, usually dedicated to a heathen god, in and around Godalming. Even Mint Street is so called because these Saxons had a mint of their own in its vicinity during the tenth century.

Little else is known for sure about early Godalming, but at the time of Alfred the Great it was held by the crown. After the Norman Conquest, however, the Domesday Book reveals all the land had been appropriated by the conquerors. During the Middle Ages Godalming became part of the lands of the Bishop of Salisbury and grew up, under church control, into a market town. The market was a weekly one and was established in 1300 as was also an annual three-day fair at the festival of St. Peter and St. Paul. It was in this period that the town's quarrying, tanning and glove-manufacturing industries began to develop, although the woollen industry was already firmly established.

Who Were Godhelmians ?

BY D. C.

GODALMING ALTHOUGH small and provincial has had its share of interesting inhabitants. Owen Manning, vicar of Godalming for 37 years, was responsible for collecting large amounts of material for a history of Surrey. He also compiled a Saxon dictionary. However, one of his most remarkable achievements was surviving to do all this. While at

In 1541 Godalming reverted to the crown and in 1563 Queen Elizabeth I constituted it a market town by statute, the wooden market-hall standing where the 'Pepper Box' now stands. In 1601, however, the crown once again gave away the town, this time to Sir George More of Losely. But the seventeenth century was to prove a hard time for Godalming's woollen manufacturers who suffered from the crown's interfering, monopolistic policy and, it must be admitted, from the dishonesty of the manufacturers themselves. By 1749, however, the town's woollen industry had recovered sufficiently to make Godalming Surrey's leading clothes producer.

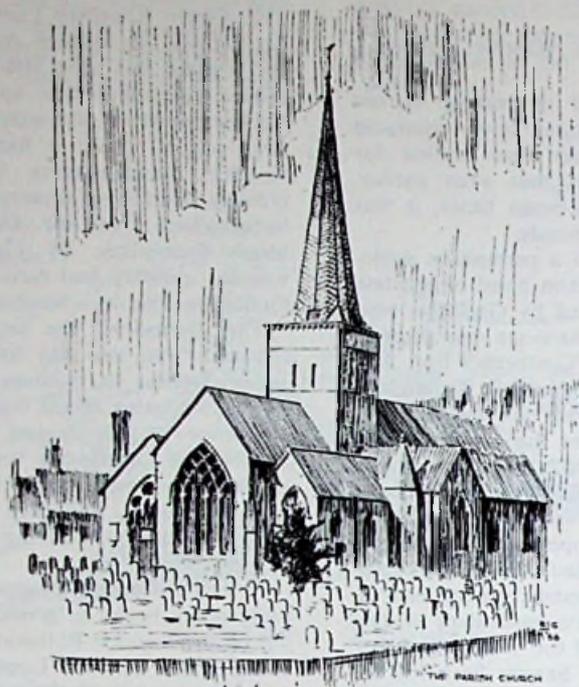
This period of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was also the time of Godalming's most active interest in military and foreign affairs. In 1745 Godalming raised the Godalming Company of Volunteers to fight against the Young Pretender and in 1843 the Godalming Volunteer Corps was raised in the Napoleonic Wars. In 1698 Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, stayed in the King's Arms on his way to Portsmouth during his Grand Embassy tour of Europe.

It was during the nineteenth century that Godalming really began to grow. As a result of the opening of the London-Portsmouth turnpike road, facilitating travel between London and the south coast, and the opening of the railway in 1849 many inns were opened including the Sun, Kings Arms, Great George, Little George, the Angel, White Hart and Red Lion. Another direct result of the improved travel conditions was that during the nineteenth century Godalming's population leapt from 3,405 to 11,356 so that by the 1835 Municipality Corporations Act Godalming was constituted a borough and given a mayor, aldermen and councillors.

This brings the history of Godalming up to the beginning of the present century which is within the living memory of some Godhelmians so it would be impertinent of me to say anything of Godalming's history since then. It has been by no means a comprehensive history but the picture that emerges is one of peaceful development for hundreds of years. Let us hope that all future development will be peaceful.

Cambridge, he was thought to have died of smallpox and was laid out for burial. Fortunately, his father clasped his hand in a last farewell and found that he was not dead after all.

One of his contemporaries was General James Oglethorpe, youngest son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe of Westbrook House, Godalming, now Meath



Home for Epileptics. Fearsome in battle, General Oglethorpe was also a man of high ideals which led him to found Georgia as a refuge for poverty-stricken Britons and persecuted German Protestants. There is a tradition that the Pretender was once concealed at Westbrook House in the time of the Oglethorpes and an even stranger story that one of Sir Theophilus' sons was substituted for the pretended Prince at his birth.

Many were the strange tales circulating in Godalming in the eighteenth century. In 1726, a certain Mr. Howard, a publicity-seeking surgeon claimed that he had delivered a woman of 'Godlyman', Mary Toft, of a number of young rabbits. This story was widely believed and a learned article about it was written by the royal anatomist, no less!

Two eminent sailors must be mentioned when discussing Godhelmians. Admiral Sir John Balchin was born 'of very obscure parentage' in Godalming in 1670. His naval career was successful, the one thorn in his flesh being a certain French captain named Duguay-Trouin who in 1707 captured the *Chester*. For this loss, Balchin was court-martialled. He was acquitted and in 1709 set off in command of the *Gloucester*. No sooner had he cleared land when he bumped into Duguay-Trouin and again lost his ship, was court-martialled and acquitted. In 1744, he was appointed Governor of Greenwich Hospital but was

soon sent to relieve Sir Charles Hardy whose fleet was being besieged by the French. Though the enemy was defeated, on the way home Balchin's fleet was caught in a storm in the Channel and his flagship the *Victory* went down with all hands. A monument to this brave man was erected in Westminster Abbey.

J. G. Phillips also went down with his ship. He was the heroic wireless-telegraphist on the *Titanic* and the cloister in the quiet public garden below the church is in memory of him. The garden itself was planned by Gertrude Jekyll who lived on Munstead Heath, Godalming. 'It has been said recently and with truth that no one except the Creator has done more to beautify the face of England than Miss Jekyll'. Gertrude Jekyll was an accomplished artist but it is as a gardener that she is chiefly remembered and in fact the sight of her gardening boots has been preserved for posterity in a painting by William Nicholson.

Another artistic citizen of Godalming was Thackeray Turner, one of whose works, a china bowl, is the prize exhibit in the old Town Hall museum.

No description of the inhabitants of Godalming is complete without a mention of some former pupils of one of Surrey's oldest 'public hives of puerile resort', Charterhouse. One of these was Lord Baden-Powell, victor at Mafeking and founder of the Boy Scout and Girl Guide movements. Another and more

recent one was Wilfrid Noyce who died so tragically in a mountaineering accident in the Pamiers, Central Asia.

In 1953, Noyce was chosen to accompany Sir John Hunt's Everest expedition. It was he that opened the route to the south col, the last stage before the summit and climbed to the col a second time in sup-

port of Hillary and Tensing when they made their successful ascent. If they had failed, Noyce and Hunt would have tried. He published two collections of poems as well as books with a mountaineering theme. In the *Springs of Adventure* he tried to analyse the motives that drive men to take risks in the knowledge that the odds are against them.

What is Godalming ?

BY S. B. C.

THERE CAN BE NO ONE answer to a question so brief and yet so searching. Godalming is many things, though it is often only in analysing the factors which, together, comprise 'Godalming today' that one becomes aware of the fact.

Even now, Godalming remains a country town. The town is set in south-eastern England, not far from London, but is still surrounded by woodland, wasteland, heath and farmland. It serves as the market centre for numerous surrounding villages: Hurtmore, Shackleford, Milford, Witley and Hascombe, to quote only a few. In fact, though the old 'market' is no longer held every week, Godalming remains a rural market centre. Shops of all sorts line the High Street, and it is mainly as a result of its function as a shopping centre that the two car parks in the heart of the town have had to be constructed. As a shopping centre Godalming has had to move with the times. Many small establishments have closed down during the last ten or 15 years and been replaced by new, modern shops and supermarkets. Many people have viewed these changes, and the resulting loss of personal service, with concern; yet they continue to take place. We can only hope that Godalming's inhabitants will be able to 'move with the times' and at the same time continue to preserve the character and dignity of the town.

Godalming can boast many fine, old buildings. The church is famous, the 'Pepperpot' unusual and well-known; remnants of the Godalming of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries can be clearly seen in the High Street, Church Street, and nearby areas. Godalming High Street remains attractive and interesting, despite yellow lines and the traffic chaos which often results from its narrowness. Overlooking the town on the northern side are the splendid buildings of Charterhouse School. With its three secondary schools, numerous shops, banks, garages, churches and public houses Godalming obviously serves a much wider area than the borough itself, the population of which is only 17,200. Its function as a local centre is important and evident.

Godalming, however, is more than just a rural

centre. Many people are astonished to realise that over 30 industrial establishments exist within the borough. 'Industrial Godalming' has been confined, as nearly as possible, to the Catteshall Lane area, and today two-thirds of its industry is found there. Light engineering is the chief industrial pre-occupation, and the huge Smiths (Instruments) concern has its Aviation Division in the town, along with the famous R.F.D. Engineering Company. Godalming has always been noted for its woollen industry, and today several manufacturers continue to operate within the borough. Timber firms, printers, food-stuff producers (e.g. Brazils), and the large chemical concern of British Drug Houses, are all to be found in the town. Overall, then, Godalming, whatever else it may be, emerges as a busy and fairly prosperous industrial centre, and is even attracting modern industries such as polystyrene manufacture.

Godalming has a third, very important, major function. Many of those who work in 'The City' like to make their homes 'away from it all'. The pulsating heart of London, our nation's greatest city, is all the time extending its suburban tentacles in every direction. Godalming remains a town set in the country, as yet beyond the reach of this urban sprawl; thus numerous commuters have come to live here. The station is on the main line; Waterloo is only 34 miles away, and few seem to mind the journey. Probably Godalming's industrialisation (a recent development in the main) is closely linked with the de-centralisation of London, but the commuters remain, and the town continues to expand.

Godalming's housing follows a 'figure 8' pattern. In the northern loop lie Farncombe, once an agricultural village, now a mass of interlocking housing estates extending north-west to Binscombe; and the much higher Frith Hill and Charterhouse areas. The space between the northern and southern loops is created by the green meadowlands of the Wey. South of the river lie the Old Town, the Holloway Hill residential district, and the new housing of the Aarons Hill-Ockford Ridge area. 'Industrial Godal-

ming' is separate, lying out on a limb, apart. Thus Godalming today is an attractive country town. A rural centre with a variety of light industry and a growing commuter population. A town which, since the last war, has changed and expanded almost out

of all recognition. It remains, however, a quiet, likeable town, and one can only wish, if rather hopelessly, that it may perhaps escape the throbbing, restless twentieth century mood which seems to be closing in so rapidly on every aspect of its life.

A Gilbertian Glance Around the School

BY A. G. H., M.6

Headmaster:

You do us proud, Sir. (Pinafore.)

Deputy Head:

Then I could speak of it to you
And you could speak of it to him. (Ruddigore.)

Senior Master:

Confidential Advisor to the greatest villain unhung.
(Ruddigore.)

Science Staff:

I believe you advertise a Patent
Oxy-Hydrogen Love-at-First-Sight Philtre.
(Sorcerer.)

Maths Staff:

About Binomial Theorem I am teeming with a lot
of news
With many cheerful facts about the square of the
hypoteneuse. (Pirates of Penzance.)

English Staff (on compositions):

It is easy in elegant dictions
To call it an innocent fiction
But it comes in the same category
As a regular terrible story. (Pirates of Penzance.)

Foreign Language Staff:

The particularly rapid unintelligible patter
Isn't generally heard and if it is it doesn't matter.
(Ruddigore.)

History Staff:

I know the kings of England
I can quote the fights historical
From Marathon to Waterloo
In order categorical. (Pirates of Penzance.)

Games Staff:

Poor children how they loathe me,
I have never seen anything like you in all my born
days. (Ruddigore.)
Congratulate me gentlemen I've found a volunteer.
(Mikado.)

Office Secretaries:

We embark without delay
On the business of the day. (Gondoliers.)
For Duty Duty must be done. (Ruddigore.)

Caretakers:

I didn't anticipate *that* when I first put this
uniform on. (Patience.)

School Teams:

We are but fallible mortals the best of us.
(Yeoman of the Guard.)

Prefects:

They are not members of the common throng.
(Pirates of Penzance.)

Sixth Formers:

These are the phenomena
That every pretty domina
Is hoping we shall see
At her Universitee. (Princess Ida.)

Fifth Formers:

Are you quite sure you have nerve enough to
carry you through the fearful ordeal? (Sorcerer.)

Fourth Formers:

See, I am no longer wild and untidy
My hair is combed, My face is washed.
(Ruddigore.)

Second and Third Formers:

Nearly all are wont to use their pocket-combs in
public places. (Ruddigore.)

First Formers:

I think that manner of things would be somewhat
irritating at first perhaps, but you would come
in time to like it.

Tuck Shop:

If anyone anything lacks
He'll find it all ready in stacks. (Sorcerer.)

School Kitchen:

Sir, we are not in the habit of puffing our goods.
Ours is an old established house . . . and every
assurance held out in the advertisement is fully
realised. (Sorcerer.)

Reactions to Meals:

I do not care for dirty greens by any means.
(Patience.)

Conclusion:

A truce to the tomfooling. (Yeoman of the Guard.)

An easy door marked exit

BY J. C. A.

I AM RUNNING down the corridor of my mind. How strange it is! No colour, no tones, no shapes; just a passage bearing forever to the right.

Yet I must escape! Now, I must escape! But from what? Not from life, for with a flash of the knife life is gone. I must escape from myself, from this despicable, cringing being that is my soul. And so I seek a door marked 'Exit', a door I can easily push open.

Here is a room! It is marked 'Hope'. Oh how sweet it is! Mists of tranquillity and the soft sounds of distant voices lull me, calm me, comfort me. Faraway through my dreams, I see the door I must open. But yet I could stay in this room for ever. The door, here it is. I reach out and feel bolts and chains and the shocking cold of steel. No, this is no easy exit; all try this door, but none opens it.

I cannot stay here, for every moment the pursuing footsteps become louder. Here, here is another door marked 'Faith'. It is very dark for the light comes only from a glowing lamp. Forms pass before my

eyes, some are hooded, some are veiled, and the heavy, persistent scent of incense comes to me on the wind. Dimly, I can see the door—but I cannot reach it! Hideous monsters lie in my path and their eyes burn, and their lipless mouths grin madly, crazily! I am dragged into a whirlpool of violent colour, shrieking sounds and the constantly changing shapes of hideous friends. At last, at last it is calm again, and here I kneel before the door, beaten down and crushed like a trembling fawn.

Fool! Have the tears blinded your eyes? Can you not see the bars and feel the locks? There may be a glimmer of light, but it is not for you. This door is more firmly bolted than the last.

On, then, into the silent corridor until I see in the distance another door, this marked 'Love'. Heat! White fires dance, leaping mountains high, white they burn through me. But I feel joy! I move. Cold! The numbness spreads, until I feel only the dull throb of pain as my blood freezes. My limbs are as white marble and there are frozen crystals on my face. But I feel joy! Over there is the door, and there are no bars, no bolts and no locks. I stand before it like a proud warrior and reach out my hand. With one push, the door opens.

Destruction

BY DEBORAH DUNHILL, 5P

Dead still air.
Only an insane fly
Moving through it.
The air is still and heavy
With only the flies
Slowly to eat up the dead
For the world has been suffocated
Painlessly and silently.
Everything has stopped
Except the flies
Slowly to eat up the dead.
Suddenly a crash
Ripping the sky, and
Bursting forth.
And wax-work bodies
Leap and bend—twisting,
Running.
Madly—pathless.
They were waiting.
They were slowly smothered
And were rent apart and shattered
The soul of a civilisation lying in fragments.
Mad flies circling round and round
Desperately faster and faster
With nothing beneath them
Nothing to live off—to suck from.
No existence. Just space.

Remorsefulness

BY C. HILL, L.6

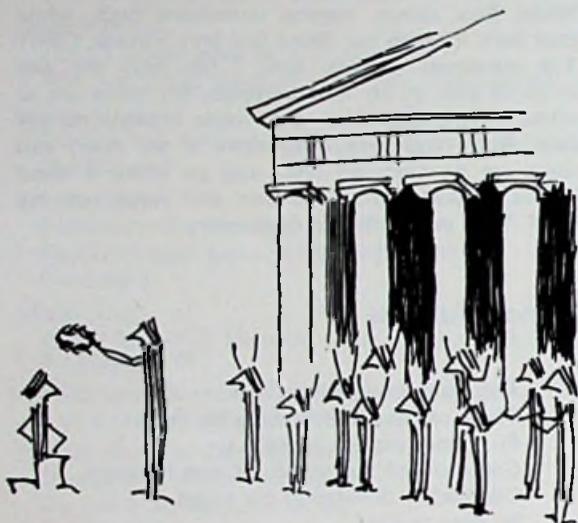
This young priest is so sure,
There can be no mistaking his faith,
Profound, explicit he fails to
Comprehend the minds of non-believers.
Completely devoted in his youth,
So near to God.
Why have I sinned?

Silence

BY JILL MARTIN, 2P

SILENCE:
The word whispers with ease
Nothingness, no noise
Peace, absence of speech
Care out of reach.
SILENCE:
Quiet, motionless
All a mass of darkness
Lonesome, in a train of thought
Tranquillity sought.
SILENCE:
Caught in a web of dread
Sleeping silently in a bed
Quiet darkness of the grave
Stillness of a cave
SILENCE.

SPEECH DAY 1965



THE CHAIRMAN of the Governors, the Ven. Archdeacon A. J. de C. Studdert, made the opening address, welcoming the visitors to Speech Day.

Linda Charlick, the Head Girl, gave a report on the school's activities during the previous year.

The Headmaster, Mr. E. P. Dewar, addressed the assembly before presenting the guest speaker, Mr. A. M. Baird, Chief Education Officer of the Surrey County Council. Mr. Baird presented the prizes, and then spoke on the controversial subject of comprehensive schools. The grammar schools, he said, play such a valuable role that we should consider very seriously any change in the educational system. Mr. Baird later praised our own school's plans for increased accommodation.

The Head Boy, Alan Hardiman, thanked Mr. Baird for an interesting and enjoyable speech.

PRIZE LIST

Form Prizes:

1F Helen Dedman	3F Adrian Barnes
Stuart Jefcoat	Jane Hibbert
1P Christopher Freeman	3P Malcolm Smith
Anthony Seakins	Peter Keel
1J Helen Graneek	3J Michael Bishop
Elizabeth Ginalska	Andrew Parvin
2F Philip Thomas	4F Lesley Jewell
Ian Taylor	Michael Burrell
2P Margaret Wheeler	4P Deborah Dunhill
Diana Raggett	Ronald Mayers
2J Trevor Edney	4J Linda Chitty
Vanda Cielewicz	Ann Fawcett

Milford Junior English Prize:
Christine Parr

Middle School Special Prizes:
Woodwork—Andrew Manock
Music—Deborah Dunhill

Senior Music Prize:
John Rawlings

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

Cheryl Dominy	Eric Lewis
David Duke	Jennifer Marker
John Hall	Susan Ross
Catherine Lamb	

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

Roger Brayshaw	Rosemary Ringe
Dheidre Brown	Stephen Rowe
Peter Dagnall	Claudia Watt
Graham Higgins	James Wheaton
Marion Johnson	Wendy Cordwent
Robert Knottley	Jill Forsyth
Peter Morey	Nigel Stroud

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

Susan Ball	Jennifer Roberts
Gordon Cheesman	Dalveen Wilkins
Jill de Russett	Mary Bezzant
Brian North	Michael Cresswell
Martin Fletcher	Eileen Thompson

Subject Prizes at Advanced Level:

Alan Micklam: Physics Prize
Richard Stevenson: Applied Mathematics Prize
Michael Welton: Pure Mathematics Prize
Alastair White: Chemistry Prize
Jennifer Barnett: Domestic Science Prize
Michael Moore: History Prize
Parry Sayer: Religious Knowledge Prize

Special Prizes:

Beaverbrook-Bennett Foundation Essay Prize: Simon Chamberlain

Special Progress Prize: John Payne

Amy Kaye-Sharland Memorial Essay Prize: Cheryl Dominy

A Governor's Prize for Service: Wendy Webb

Geoff Mills Memorial Prize for Reliability: Maurice Bloomfield

Old Godhelmian Association Prizes for Service: John Bingham, Jennifer Barnett

Lady Jekyll Memorial Grant to a First-year Student: Michael Welton

Jack Phillips Memorial Prizes for Service: Valerie Burgess (Head Girl), Malcolm Dale (Head Boy)

Some
of the
prizewinners

By kind permission
of the *Surrey*
Advertiser



We Was There

BY ALAN MONGER

I can't say what I mean
But you were there
And I was
And we were a single being:
A unit of love—a something perfect, anyway.
And that was all:
But you and I. Complete.

The fragility and rapid fading of happiness

BY ROSEMARY WILLS, LOWER SIXTH

Feelings are winged transparent things.
I tried to catch an angel of moving whiteness.
Dancing before my eyes in mingling hues.
But I failed to lock that being, or chain it to be my
slave.
I held only grey dust which trickled through my
fingers.

Photographic Competition

FOR THE second year running, the editors of the magazine have organised a photographic competition. The subject was 'Typical Britain', and entries were again few, but there were more than last year and the standard was high. First prize was awarded to Heather Butterworth, 3J, and the prize for the runner up to Malcolm Burrell, M.6 Lit.

1st Prize—
The Snowman



2nd Prize—
Haslemere High Street



"University Life"

THE FOLLOWING articles have been contributed by Old Godhelmians who are now at university: Jenny Ayloft, who is reading English and American studies

'All work and no play . . .'

BY JENNY AYLOTT

CANDYFLOSS ON A roundabout at 4 a.m. of a summer morning, breakfast in the Transport Cafe on the M6 in full evening dress at 6 a.m., and bed at 7 a.m. All this as the culmination of a night of dancing to six groups—two straight from the Top Twenty—at the University of Keele Summer Ball.

Of course, if you are more athletic and in search of attention, you can always 'happen' to go for a training run at 10 p.m., to coincide with that of the Rugby Club. You certainly feel wanted, being chased by 15 desirable bachelors. I can assure you it has been done—thank goodness they were not too fit at the time!

Mind you, there is a need for stamina. On the last weekend of term, from Friday to Monday, it was bed at 3 a.m., 3 a.m., 2 a.m. and 7 a.m. Life is very hectic, even the political societies are somewhat mad—20 members of the Labour Club enrolling in the Conservative Association for a term in order to vote in a chairman they felt would suit their purposes better.

Then, of course, there is Rag Day. Have you ever tried to smile for four hours in a bikini on the back of a lorry in rain, hail and snow, and getting cut by a flying penny for your trouble? Despite all this, £2,000 made by 1,000 students in a week, in a small area like the Potteries, is very worthwhile—even if it does mean another two nights without sleep, working by floodlight outside with class tests in the morning.

Some Reflections of a Leicester University Student

DISENCHANTMENT WITH something you expected to be enjoyable and worth while does not stop with the realisation that champagne tastes like fizzy pop. My interview at Leicester left me with vague thoughts of brilliant professors who would be only too eager to impart gems of original information, would lecture amusingly and knowledgeably in clean, modern, surroundings, to aware and enthusiastic young people, in a set up where the 'don't care' attitude would be replaced by one of 'We are tomorrow's leaders—we must know!' Books would be read avidly, essays would be written with a will

at Keele; Jill Hoffman, who is reading English, French and philosophy at Leicester and Martin Heptinstall, who is reading law at Hull. The editors wish to stress that the views expressed are purely personal ones, and are not intended as generalisations on all university life.

There is one small item that does tend to spoil this holiday camp atmosphere—work—there are a few lectures and tutorials to attend and never-ending booklists.

At Keele, if you study arts, then you must take a science subsidiary, biology, geology, physics, chemistry or 'Maths for Morons', the special class for those who haven't a clue; guaranteed to teach you something of applied maths and statistical maths however bad you are.

Then, of course, there are the Profs; Finel of politics: 'There are only two books to read on this subject, mine and my brother's . . . in that order' or Beaver of geography: 'I can't give you any references for this course, I haven't written anything yet'.

There will be plenty of memories when I leave, the six 21st birthday parties on succeeding Saturday evenings in one term; four of us having dinner with a bachelor tutor at 11.30 p.m. because when he went to get the chicken he had forgotten to turn the oven on; the singing after the St. David's Day dinner; the bagpipes by the lakes after the Burns Night supper; the camping weekend in Wales with 1½ in. of rain in one night; scrubbing a zebra crossing with a toothbrush for Rag; 'doing' two world wars in two hours for an exam.

Small wonder that I come home for a rest every ten weeks in order to recover for the next session. A strong constitution, and an ability to survive on little sleep is all that's needed—as long as you get a place. To quote a long-suffering mum—'You seem to have done nothing in moderation, except work'.

and delivered punctually—in order to get on to writing the next one! It would be fun to meet new people from all parts of the country—indeed, of the world—to be rid of dreary school uniform, and of parental control, to keep the hours one pleased, to converse wittily and intelligently with friends over endless cups of perfect-tasting coffee.

Now I was not so optimistic as Voltaire's 'Candide'—and not half so naive. This was just as well. For Leicester—like any university—contains students who are products of an age which tends to put material values and pleasure-seeking above any desire for knowledge. I certainly have met new friends and made scores of acquaintances—the sort with whom small talk to pass the time of day once, and there-

after give a furtive glance of recognition, knowing only too well that both of you have forgotten the other's name. Many opportunities are open to the student—social (the Saturday night hop, aptly described as the cattle market), sporting (anything from tennis to tiddlewinks) and intellectual (anything from politics to pop culture) and they are numerous enough to keep you occupied—if you want to be fully occupied! However, a large proportion of students (myself included!) are, or quickly become, so apathetic that only the 'social whirl' has any attraction and most activities which require any degree of imaginative thought or selfless effort find little support.

A prime aim of the university student is, in theory, to obtain a degree. Yet in reality the attitudes you had at school are unchanged—work is 'a bore' and 'a drag'. It is almost impossible to become enthusiastic about work, partly because to take it seriously is to cut yourself off from everyone else who reckons it's 'clever' and 'with it' to present work unpunctually and be an absentee at ten out of ten of the week's lectures. The lack of encouragement from above, you might think, is inevitable at a place where you are meant to think for yourself. But when it reaches the stage when your personal tutor cannot remember your name, when the wide selection of topics you expected to choose from is cut down to a narrow and unimaginative Hobson's choice and the lectures seem to be a carefully contrived course in boredom, your enthusiasm can be very easily dampened.

The third article *University Life at Hull* appears on page 45.

For Whom the Bell Tolls

BY NIGEL STROUD, L.6

CAMPANOLOGY, THE ART and science of church-bell-ringing, is a subject that few people know about. The majority, if asked for their impression would paint a picture of a short, fat monk, rising in the air on the end of a multi-coloured piece of rope, but if they were to venture into their local church belfry, they would be sadly disillusioned. They would find a group of men and women, of all ages and from all walks of life, happily engaged in their hobby.

In England, bellringing is carried out differently from the method employed on the Continent. A Belgian campanologist, for example, feels that the only way to get the best from a peal of bells is to hang them mouth downwards, and to play a tune on them. This idea makes the English bellringer cringe! To him the true music of bells can only be achieved by mounting the bells on wheels with their mouth upwards and, by use of the rope, swinging them through a full circle, thus producing a unique full round. He does not find any beauty in ringing tunes, but turns instead to producing mathematical combi-

So far my comments have seemed slightly bitter. Perhaps this is the fault of a developing university (which is a polite way of saying that Leicester is incomplete and disorganised, both in what you study and where you study it!). Yet more than this it is a question of attitudes. Far too much importance is laid on superficial qualities. Like the Duke of York and his 10,000 men 'when they were up they were up, and when they were down they were down'; but there is unfortunately no 'half-way up'. It seems a pity that people who wear the 'right' clothes and say and do the 'right' thing, who are 'in with the in-crowd', should be more admired than the quiet unassuming ones who are so often more likeable and sensitive, but, due to shyness or a small wardrobe, are practically ignored. The world of the university student is, on the whole, an unreal one and, it seems to me, a selfish, self-conscious and self-complacent world.

This is, as it were, the case for the prosecution. Away from the actual work, there are many aspects of student life which are enjoyable and valuable even to the most disillusioned—and I am by no means the only disillusioned student. What I really feel is that you have to try very hard to remain 'yourself' and not get swept along with, or swept under by, the people who think that what matters can be seen at a glance. It is worth preserving certain values, but at this stage of your life and in this sort of community it tends to be a good deal harder than you imagined.

nations, by various methods, rejoicing in such names as Antelope Doubles, Kent Treble Bob, Double Norwich Court, or Cambridge Surprise.

The actual physical process of ringing a bell is little harder than driving a car, but the scientific side of the subject is more difficult. It is fair to say that no ringer can know 'all there is to know' about method ringing, and even those considered to be experts are learning all the time.

For anyone who might want to learn more about bellringing, the school library has recently acquired a copy of a new book written by Wilfred G. Wilson, entitled 'Change Ringing'. Although much of the book deals with the mathematical aspects of campanology, the early chapters make interesting reading even to non-ringers. If something lighter is preferred Dorothy L. Sayers' detective novel makes very interesting reading, and contains quite a lot on bellringing.

If anyone would like to see bellringing being practised, they should contact their local vicar, who would arrange that for them. As ringers are few anyone wishing to take up the 'exercise' would be most welcome.

FEAR

BY LINDSAY WARD, 4J

WITH THE coming of night, fear spreads itself in the woods and fields. The air is damp and cold. owls flit across the betrayer, Moon. Without a sound an owl with claws outstretched swoops down on an unwary field mouse. Human beings can never know the fear and terror of the small animal when the deadly weight lands on its back, and cruel claws dig deep.

Deep in the woods the owlets wait restless for their food, little caring how it is procured. Fear's friends are callous. The parent bird alights on the branch and delivers its burden of mangled flesh.

The fear of the field mice for the owl is momentary. Every night they come out with the dusk until they are overtaken by their fate. One twist and it is all over, but how pitiful the remains.

The oldest and most deep-rooted fear is fear of the night. This is the fear shared by humans and animals alike. Who knows what evil walks in that dense blackness? Nothing is seen, sound is magnified, heat is dead. Even the owls quaver as they hunt. The little animals dart furtively in the long grass, the hedgehog plods, noisy in his fear, rustling the remaining dead leaves in the ditch for reassurance.

Fear of the night is a clutching, awful fear, by contrast the day's fear is bewildering and impersonal. A good example of this is the stranger in London, lost and afraid. Deafened by the traffic and dazzled by the neon signs. The fear of loneliness and insignificance hangs around him. With night, the fear deepens. The lights stand out more strongly, the noise becomes louder and merges into a troubled roar and rushing.

In the country, fear is a primitive instinct that has

been with man since his first appearance on the earth. It is an awareness of danger. Fear is a clammy thing that grabs its victims and disintegrates their sanity.

In the town, primitive fear is kept suppressed and hidden by a thick layer of sophistication and scientific discovery. This can be lost when the tortured soul realises the inhuman and mechanical life it is living. The pressure of modern living, pushing man to greater industrial and scientific achievements, gives no rest for the nurture of his soul. Then fear breaks through; crazy, distorted, hysterical fear. Twisted by its imprisonment. The fear of a town dweller is not easily overcome. It is a revenge for mistreatment. A country dweller's fear is a natural thing, a part of the emotions he expects to experience. He is helped by the simple beauty of his surroundings. Country fear is the fading of the light, the quaver of an owl, the rampaging of a storm.

In the town, fear is a piercing scream, the twisted wreckage of a car, the battered body of yet another victim of violence. After years of tight control, warding off fear, it gives way and is uncontrollable. Town fear is ugly, a taking over of the physical by the mental. Country fear is a natural part of the people who live there.

Fear is spreading as the towns reach outwards, swallowing all in their urbanity. The countryside becomes alienated from God; the life-giving earth, smothered by concrete and steel, the wonderful inventions of modern man. Fear spreads not only with the towns but also from country to country. The atom bomb and the hydrogen bomb, fling their ghastly shadows over the millions. Fear is a contagious disease poisoning the world. Where will fear end? It is up to humanity, by love and friendship, to overcome it.

The Weather Report

BY SUSAN POTTS, 1P

'It'll be an Indian summer', said the weather report,
'With hot days too long and cold nights too short,
The sky and the sea will be brilliant blue,
And the soft white clouds will be far and few'.
But when the Indian summer came
It did nothing but pour and pour with rain,
Just a chink of sky could be seen
And that was a horrid greyish-green
The clouds were cold, thick and black
From side to side and front to back.
So when you hear a weather report,
Give the matter second thought
And never plan your days or day
On what the men on TV say.

Bees

BY A. R. KIPLING, L.6

Buzz . . .
Buzz?
The sou
nd, o
fbee sin!
thei
rhive, isapl ;
eas? ureto thee
ar.
They, ma
ke thehon
eyforsu!

To Chloe

V. B. D., MIDDLE 6 LIT.

Vitas inuleo me similis Chloe,
quaerenti pavidam montibus aviis
matrem non sine vano
aurarum et silvae metu.
Nam seu mobilibus veris inhorruit
adventus foliis seu virides rubum
dimovere lacertae
et corde et genibus tremit.
Atqui non ego te tigris ut aspera
Gaetulusve leo frangere sequor:
tandem destine matrem
tempestiva sequi viro.

You avoid me, Chloe, like a little fawn
Running over the pathless mountain
To find its timorous mother, filled with
An imaginary fear of each wind, each tree.
For the merest rustle of spring has only to shiver
Through the quivering leaves, the green lizards
Have only to push aside the brambles, and it
Trembles in its heart, trembles at its knees.
And yet I am no enraged tiger nor
African lion, chasing you to kill you.
Now at last you are old enough for a man
Please stop clinging to your mother's side.

Horace: Odes 1. XXIII



Translator's Note: This is an attempt at a fairly literal translation, while not being too stiff and stilted. Needless to say, some parts of the Latin are almost untranslatable and the poem loses a lot of its charm, conciseness and delicacy in translation. The lines have been conserved as far as possible but I have not made any attempt at imitating the metre or instigated any rhyme scheme.

The Badger

BY SARAH WARD

The wood was silent, but
For shout of hidden stream
Rushing below.
I dared not move nor breathe,
Nor leave my silent watch
In the tree.
The setts were silent now,
But only for a while;
He would come,
For on the trampled earth
Lay traces of the beast's
Fresh tracks.

Then, suddenly, a nose
From the black hole peeping,
Sniffing, snuffling.
And a sleek striped head,
A long sinewy body
Emerging.
Blinking in the sun,
Bewildered by the light,
Dazzled.
He turned and gazed round
Suspicious and now wary,
Silently loped off.

Pastel

J. C. A., MIDDLE 6 LIT.

I love to look at you in your oval frames,
yellow portraits of beauties of a bygone age.
clasping in their hands roses, grown a little pale
as befits flowers a hundred years old.
The winter wind, brushing your cheek,
has made your carnations and lilies die.
You have nothing more than patches of dirt
and you lie, completely filthy, on the quayside.
The luxurious time of beautiful women has passed
by.

Parabère and Pompadour
would evoke only rebellious feelings,
and their kind of love is buried deep beneath their
tombs.
But yet you, old paintings that people have forgotten,
you breathe the aroma of your flowers that have no
perfume,
and you smile sadly
at the memory of the carefree elegance that is yours
no more.



J'aime à vous voir en vos cadres ovales.
Portraits jaunis des belles du vieux temps,
Tenant en main des roses un peu pâles,
Comme il convient à des fleurs de cent ans.
Le vent d'hiver, en vous touchant la joue,
A fait mourir vos oeillets et vos lis.
Vous n'avez plus que des mouches de boue
Et sur les quais vous gisez tout salis.
Il est passé, le doux règne des belles ;
La Parabère avec la Pompadour
Ne trouveraient que des sujets rebelles,
Et sous leur tombe est enterré l'amour.
Vous, cependant, vieux portraits qu'on oublie,
Vous respirez vos bouquets sans parfums,
Et souriez avec mélancolie
Au souvenir de vos galants défunts.

Translator's Note: As I can find no reference to 'La Parabère' I can only presume that together with Mme. de Pompadour she was one of the mistresses of Louis XV.

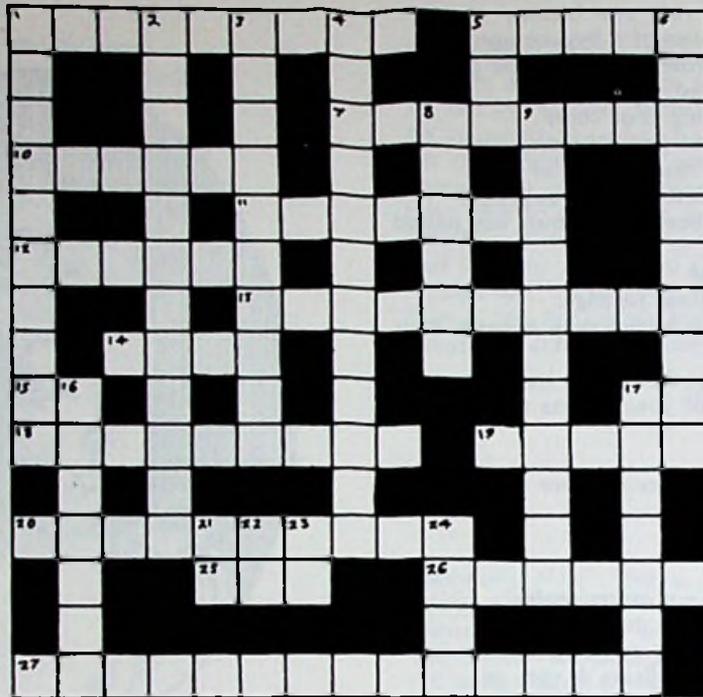
Théophile Gautier: Pastel

The Path from Fear to Hysteria

BY D. WILKINS, L.6

The world's so large ; so many people ;
So many individuals, but all alike ;
So many jobs but so few opportunities.
The sky starts to descend
Crushing space
The earth rises.
So many people ; so many more people.
Large people.
A shriek rends the air—no head turns!

Two struggle in conflict—but no one runs to help!
A girl is slowly smothered—but the oppressors
continue heedless.
No way to turn,
No one there,
No one.
Where?
Who?
No one?



Clues across:

- 1 Fault finder is briefly married for his judicious opinion. (9)
- 5 The joke is almost a ladle with short Friday ending. (5)
- 7 Perhaps you should glide the boat before you spread more canvas! (4, 4)
- 10 The Queen follows grain to find a nook. (6)
- 11 A rum uniform without the class is shattered to find a radio-active metallic substance. (7)
- 12 Department shortly in as experts. (6)
- 13 Places where indexes are hatched? No, sets of fitting furniture. (5, 5)
- 14 To be Latin. (4)
- 15 A year in France. (2)
- 17 5 Down beheaded. (2)
- 18 I comb bats oddly. That's pompous! (9)
- 19 'Shall quips and sentences and these . . . bullets of the brain awe a man from the career of his humour?' (5) 'Much Ado About Nothing.'
- 20 A is treated oddly with rays like a star. (10)
- 25 Worker is mixed brown colour. (3)
- 26 Admiration sounds like S followed by a gang of players. (6)
- 27 Large lizard-like reptile hurries along colloquially and shows hypocrisy. (9, 5)

Clues down:

- 1 Trap a hermit perhaps? and miss an oar-stroke! (5, 1, 4)
- 2 A planter boss, mixed up, can be inter-changed.
- 3 Turc sees to muddled joint managers of another's estate. (2, 8)
- 4 Last bison mum reformed sleep-walker. (12)
- 5 Rider Haggard heroine. (3)
- 6 A deliberate obstructor of legislation built fires badly. (10)
- 8 Short knight with mixed blood vessels stabs. (6)
- 9 Season with salt U inside and go head over heels. (11)
- 16 More inquisitive one with inside is louder. (7)
- 17 Rises eh! (She is going to become richer after all.) (7)
- 21 Abbreviated Rear Admiral. (2)
- 22 A shortened inch is at home. (2)
- 23 One who attends tends to be . . . (2)
- 24 'Pay Nature's . . . with cheerful countenance; To die Sweet Spenser therefore live we all'. (4) (Edward II.)

Please turn to page 50 for crossword answers.

Dear Sir . . . or Madam ?

BY L. J. C., M.6 SCI.

EVEN THOUGH the shortage of trained technicians is nation wide, it is still difficult for a woman to be accepted as an engineer. The objections to women engineers are steeped in traditional ideas such as 'the woman's place is in the home'. In many respects this is true and marriage is a very worthwhile career. But there are some girls to whom marriage is perhaps only a hope for the distant future, and whose main interests are elsewhere.

Many women in this group find acceptable careers in social welfare, as doctors and teachers or perhaps in the business world. But a woman engineer is, in general, considered to be a 'freak'. Indeed she is: less than 0.05 per cent of the engineers in this country are women.

To reach the fully qualified status in engineering anybody, whether male or female, must spend a long time training and gaining experience; for the most interesting posts are available only to those with wide experience. Employers maintain that the chances of a girl giving up her career for marriage are too great to warrant the money spent on her training. I know through experience that there is discrimination between the sexes.

This is partly due to the fact that male engineers object most strongly to women following their footsteps into their stronghold. In a recent survey about half the managers and technicians interviewed declared that a woman in their position would be a 'bloody awful proposition'. There were very few who had no objections at all.

All their lives boys are biased towards technical interests while girls revel in domestic science. As an example my brother and I have had normal educations. As a child, my favourite playthings were dolls but my poor brother had cars and trains. At primary school I made a needle case and he nearly cut off his thumb with a saw. Later I made an apron which I wore when preparing such delectable dishes

as cottage pie. But my poor brother has to contend with the dangers of the lathe and the forge.

Is it surprising that few girls even consider engineering as a possible career when they receive such an education? From our early days it is impressed on us that our role in the world is that of wives and mothers. Surely at a time when many more trained people are desperately needed, by continuing this sort of education and fostering Victorian viewpoints, we are wasting a valuable source of manpower; women.

Thus the attitude of girls of school leaving age is to avoid a career where the training is long and the pay is low. Only about 7 per cent of all girls take apprenticeships in anything: hairdressing, dress-making, floristry or engineering. Of those that receive some higher education and leave school at 18, a large number want to train for a career. Many of these see college as a market in which to find a husband and plan to marry soon after their training ends. However they intend to use their training again when their children have grown up. But in engineering a gap of perhaps 20 years is hard to bridge as new techniques are always being developed.

The final point I want to raise is the widespread objection from the British male that the work is not suitable for women. There are two ways to interpret this: firstly that the work is too heavy; and secondly that the grease and dirt are contrary to the male view of the opposite sex. There are strong arguments against both these points. In Russia about one third of the fully qualified engineers are women. This is because if any teenagers show aptitude for technical subjects they are trained to be engineers. Whether we agree or disagree with this education we must admit that to have this sort of manpower available to British industry would be a godsend.

The male assumption that a girl who is interested in engineering is necessarily less feminine than girls following traditional careers, can only be quashed by the girls themselves. Have courage girls, it's up to you!

My Grandmother

BY SARAH WARD, 3F

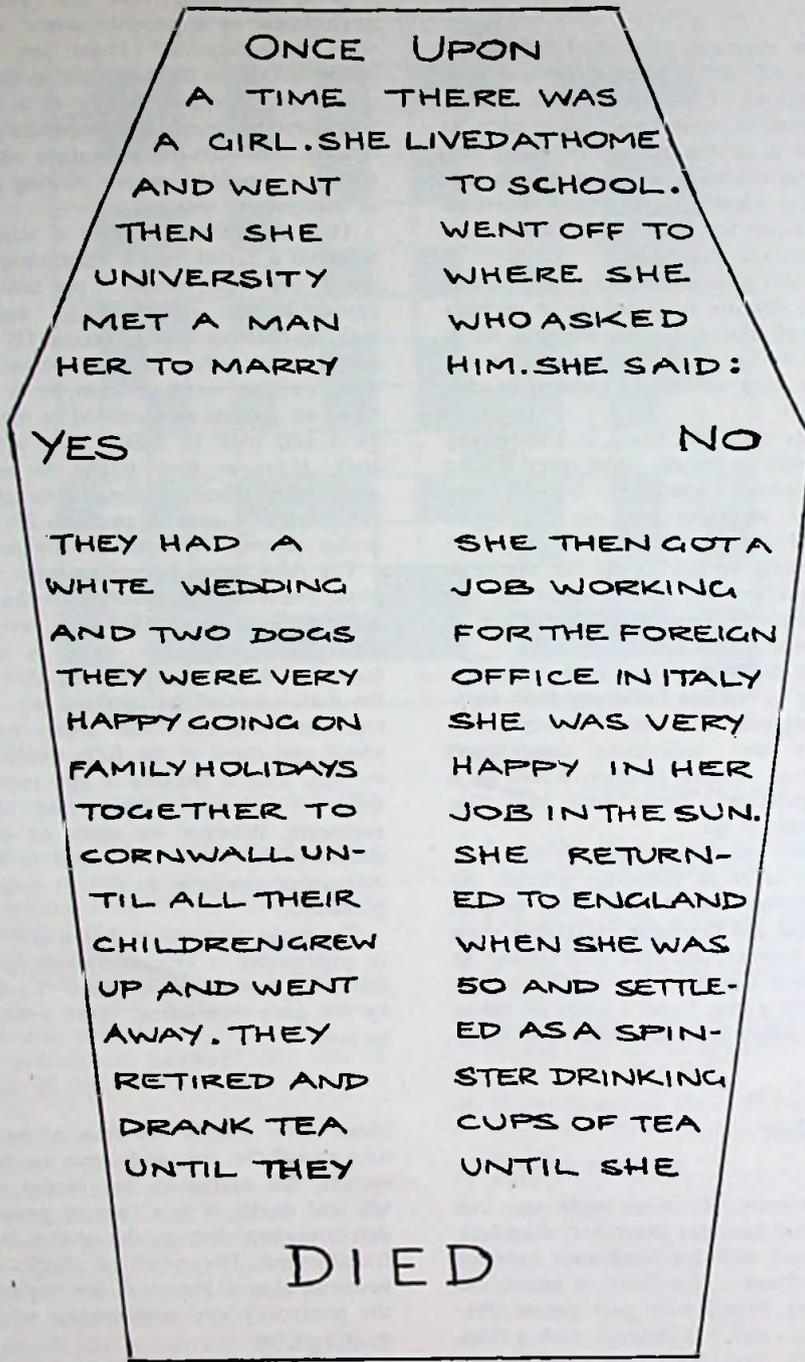
SHE IS A little woman, shrunken with age, her shoulders rounded and her legs short and shapeless. She sits in the armchair with her head sunk between her shoulders, and dreams. Her head is small and her hair is silver-grey tinged with pale ginger. Her features are also small and well-defined, with a firm, humorous mouth, and faded blue eyes hooded with age. The whole face is wrinkled, and her chin is folded and sunk into her neck as she sleeps. A

closer look reveals the lines of pain and sleeplessness round the eyes and down to the corners of the mouth, the marks of her recent struggle between life and death. It is a face of great will-power and determination, but as she smiles in her sleep, it is transformed. The wrinkled cheeks dimple, and she becomes almost beautiful, for her face shows plainly the generosity and unselfishness which are so much a part of her.

Waking slowly, she reaches out to her husband who sits dreaming as she stares into the fire, and their heads join.

The Inevitable Coffin

BY VANESSA DUNHILL



The Skin of Our Teeth

by Thornton Wilder

V. B. D.



LAST YEAR Miss Abrams and Miss Koch's production of 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' was said to be the school's first Shakespeare production for nearly 30 years. This year they produced 'The Skin of Our Teeth' again a 'first': the first production of a modern 'classic' play. Perhaps I should start by talking about the play itself. It is a play full of ideas, emotion and slightly sarcastic amusement. It stretches in time from the Ice Age to the Second World War, and as Sabina says:

'the author hasn't made up his mind as to whether we're all living back in caves or in New Jersey today'.

This timelessness was emphasised by the scenery. The set for the Antrobus' living room had on the walls pictures of, at one extreme, the Beatles and at the other the Mona Lisa and a map of the ancient Mediterranean. Sabina also says that the play is:

'all about the troubles the human race has gone through'.

The 'human race' here is exemplified by the Family Antrobus. There is Mr. Antrobus, the Universal Man, inventor of the wheel, the number 100, the father, the husband, the lover, the soldier, the statesman. Mr. Antrobus was played by Colin Hill who

skilfully brought out all these sides of the man's character. There is Mrs. Antrobus, the wife, the mother, the Universal Housewife, and inventor of the apron. Jill de Russett took this part. She acted with great feeling—both the heights of anger and the depths of depression. Their children Gladys and Henry Antrobus were played by Theresa Kreciglowa and Gordon Cheesman. They apparently remembered their younger days very well—for they both seemed completely innocent, childlike and playful. The moments when they began to show signs of growing up—Gladys wearing red stockings and Henry at the end of the war, despondent, adolescent, full of hate—were two of the most moving moments in the play.

Connected with this is Wilder's conception of Henry's once having been Cain; the continual references to the scar on his forehead, to his killing of his brother and Mrs. Antrobus' agonised calling for Abel are very moving indeed. Finally, there is Sabina, their housemaid. Perhaps the centre of the play is the character of Sabina and Alwyne Taylor made it no less so. Her brilliantly funny acting put her immediately on the side of the audience. And her remarks such as,

'I don't understand a single word of this play' may indeed have reflected the feelings of the audience.

I must too, mention the other characters although it is very difficult to do them justice in a short space without making them 'also-rans'. For the play incorporated numerous smaller characters, all of them were vital for they *all* added sparkle, liveliness and talent to the production, not one was bad or even indifferent. Nigel Stroud as the Announcer and Broadcast Official was rightly American loud-voiced. Howard Ritchings as the Stage Manager was authoritative and exasperated, the Conveners were gay and drunken, Roger Brayshaw was a delightful Telegraph Boy—there are just too many to mention.

I have only two criticisms. Firstly one in the form of a query—should the actors have attempted American accents? And secondly that among the school there were, I think, too many people saying 'But I didn't understand it, and therefore didn't like it' in querulous voices. Perhaps this is excusable for the first modern play at the school for years; obviously, though, as an audience the school seems only willing to sit and be amused, rather than to *think* about the ideas that the playwright puts forward.

The producers Miss Koch and Miss Abrams deserve all the congratulations we can offer both for this and last year's productions. The main feature of these productions has been the obvious enjoyment and spontaneity of the cast and the fact that it was the actors' play as much as the producers'.

Parents' Association

UNDER THE chairmanship of Mr. J. J. Brown, the following members of the committee were elected at the Annual General Meeting held on September 30th, 1965: Mesdames Barnett, Hall, Taylor, Ward and Webb and Messrs. Abbot, Bridge (vice-chairman), Watkins and Stafford. We were particularly pleased to welcome Mr. Stafford—an Old Godhelmian—and hope that he will be the first of many to return to the school in a new capacity. Mrs. Derkow, Mr. Hibbert and Mr. Laidlaw represented the staff. Mr. Laidlaw was once more asked to be Hon. Treasurer and Mrs. Barnett Hon. Secretary.

Sub-Committees were duly appointed to make the necessary preparations for the various activities during the year, all of which have proved most successful.

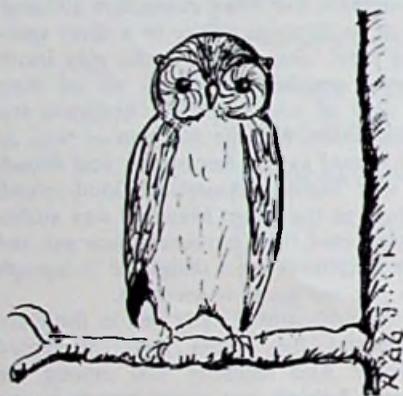
A jumble sale which included a 'Better Sale' held in the morning when good quality goods were priced and sold, made a profit of £53, our best result to date.

In March, we were pleased to welcome the Deputy Education Officer for Surrey, Mr. Steel, who had agreed to talk about future plans for education in

the county. This unfortunately was impossible at that time but the 200 members who attended were certainly not disappointed with Mr. Steel's enlightening résumé of the progress that Surrey has made with regard to education over the past 20 years.

During the year we helped to make life a little easier for the masters by installing air extractors in the Common Room and understand that the air is now less 'blue'.

The Old Godhelmians hope to raise sufficient funds to finally complete the Memorial Pavilion and we agreed that the proceeds from this year's Summer Fair should go to help them achieve this. The school provided added attractions by having exhibitions of work in various departments—always of great interest to all parents—cricket and tennis against the Old Godhelmians with vintage car rides, side shows, refreshments as well as the many stalls in the hall to provide a really enjoyable afternoon for all who attended. Under the chairmanship of Mr. Watkins, the sub-committee together with members of the staff, pupils and members of the Association, a great deal of hard work produced an excellent fair and a rewarding profit of approximately £230. Our sincere thanks go to all who helped us to achieve such splendid results.



The Owl

BY JENNIFER MARSH, 2J

HE GLIDES. A silhouette against the moon. Waiting. Expectant. A rustle. A rat creeps from the gloom, its whiskers twitching nervously, dazzled by the moon's light. The owl hovers for a moment and then swoops. The rat paws the air, looks up with wild, frightened eyes, to see a shape blot out the moon. The creature cringes as the owl pounces on him. The conqueror flies off with its prey, calling as he goes, in the eerie stillness of the night.

An Indian City seen from a High Hill

BY ROSEMARY BROWN, 3F

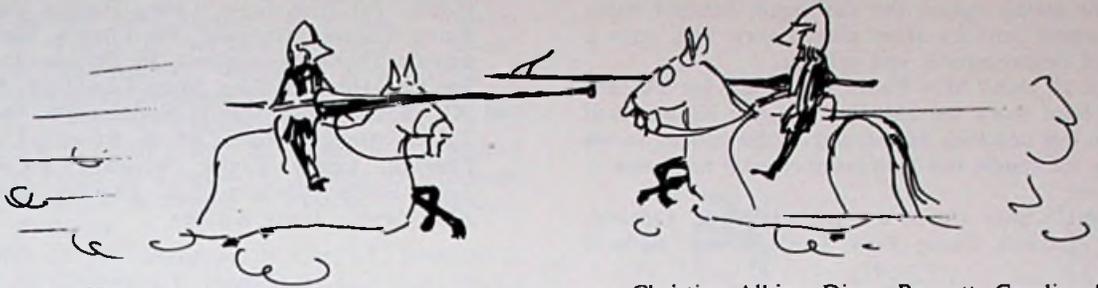
FROM THE great height the city looked infinitely beautiful. The sultry sun shone down on the flat-roofed houses making the brass and silver water pots sparkle. The small market in the city centre was busy with commerce. The canvas-made stalls, scorching in the sun, bore oriental fruits and brightly hued materials.

To the left of the market place stood a tall minaret, and from this a priest shouted loud incantations. The humble crowd below crouching on the ground, muttered, quietly, their responses.

Small, naked, brown children ran along the streets playing with dolls and balls or throwing stones at a filthy, undernourished dog. Beautiful women, expertly balancing waterpots on their heads walked under the crudely fashioned shades that sheltered the streets from the red disc that was now slowly sinking behind the mosques.

Night fell. Mothers called in their children from the dusty streets. The market place was deserted. All was quiet, and the day was over.

SPORTSTAND



Netball

BY P. NICHOLLS

Under 14:

v. St. Michael's	won	20—11
v. Priors Field	won	17—14
v. Royal Naval School	won	15—10
v. Tormead	won	28—2
v. Woking	won	20—3
v. Fulbrook	won	17—8
v. Farnham	won	26—11
v. Eggar's Grammar School	won	27—11
v. Merrow Grange	drew	13—13

Under 13:

v. St. Michael's	won	10—1
v. Prior's Field	lost	14—15
v. Royal Naval School	won	15—13
v. Tormead	won	14—1
v. Fullbrook	won	16—2
v. Farnham	lost	7—10

Under 12:

v. Merrow Grange	lost	4—7
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Members of the Under 14:

Irene Ankers, Pauline Nicholls, Susan Hanes.

Members of Under 13:

Angela Jennings, Carolyn Remnant, Angela Hall, Sheila Kirkham, Hazel Sydney, Christine Tebby, Penny Edgington. Reserves: Carole Clear, Caroline Walker.

Members of Under 12:

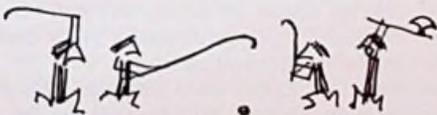
Linda Turner, Janice King, Helen Rejniak, Annette Pickford, Susan Hall, Wendy Munro, Sandra Collins. Reserves: Shirley Coleman, Marianne Hills.

All three teams played very well. Although the Under 12 lost its match, its spirits were not dampened and the game was good. Some of the matches were lost but everyone played their best no matter how badly the match was going for them. Most of all, the teams found all the games thoroughly enjoyable.

We would like to thank Miss Eccott for giving us so much of her time to help the teams during practices.

Hockey

BY DIANA WATKINS



THE 1ST HOCKEY team had an unsuccessful season, since we lost every match except one, which was drawn. As in previous years the bad weather reduced the time for practising and also limited the number of matches.

Only three of the members had played for the 1st XI previously, so most of the team consisted of new members and therefore the team was unsettled at first. After all the thorough coaching Miss Eccott gave us we soon played as a team, but a lot more effort could have been made, especially by the forwards when they were in the circle.

The 2nd XI and Under 15 teams were unfortunate in having very few matches; the Under 15 only played two, and the 2nd XI one. Although they did not have much success, they tried hard.

The match against the staff again brought much enjoyment and the team played very well, with a lot of determination, and courage.

We all thank Miss Eccott very much for the time and hard work she gave us. We had all benefited from this coaching by the end of the season, so we hope the results will be more successful next year.

Teams

1st XI: Sally Coppard, Jennifer Bond, Deborah Prudence, Susan Ross, Linda Chitty, Barbara

Bridge, Sheelagh Gale, Susan Barnett, Ruth Currie, Diana Watkins, Claire Whieldon. Also played: Lesley Shurlock, Lesley Higgins.

Under 15: Alwyne Taylor, Jane Hibbert, Susan Hawks, Pat Humphreys, Lesley Higgins, Sarah Jones, Maureen Habgood, Pat Church, Sharon played: Theresa Kreciglowa, Jill Broadway.

Spratley, Hilary Pelling, Mary Chambers. Also 2nd XI: Susan Cross, Wendy Shuttleworth, Susan Taylor, Annette White, Jill de Russett, Linda Charlick, Lesley Taylor, Vivienne A'Court, Anita Sinden, Christine Ede, Dheidre Brown. Also played: Jenny Kitchen

The Football Report

BY J. ANDERSON



THIS YEAR the 1st XI had a fairly successful season, winning 13 and drawing one of the 27 matches played. With four new players and several positional changes from the previous year's team it was some time before the team could settle down; and as a result, the first five matches were all lost. However, as the experience and confidence of the younger players increased, the standard of play of the whole team improved and subsequent matches were won.

Much credit for the team's success must go to the defence which in many games managed to remain unbeaten during long periods of sustained attack by the opposition. The full-backs Kipling and Sopp and centre-half Higgins, with good positional play and covering, saved many 'certain' goals. All three were awarded colours during the season and will form a solid foundation for next year's defence.

Several combinations of forward lines were tried during the season and as a result the forward line never settled down. In general the forwards lacked penetration, which was mainly due to the inability of the inside forwards to start creative moves in mid-field. The leading goal scorers were Durrant and Ralf but credit must go to Locke and Coombes who created many of the chances. Coombes and Durrant were awarded colours for consistent good play.

Team

Plato, Kipling*, Sopp*, Acton, Higgins*. Anderson (capt.)*, Coombes*, Locke*, Amos, Durrant (vice-capt.)*, Ralf. Also played: D. Blackwell, D. Mitchell, R. Marshall, C. Lean.

The 2nd XI had a poor season. The young team, including seven fifth formers, showed enthusiasm, but against some of the larger schools was completely overwhelmed. However, good wins were recorded over Collyers School, Ottershaw and Camberley. Cheesman, Hodson and Smith showed great promise during the season and should do well next year.

Team

Harrington, Duke, Smith, Cheesman, Curtis, Hodson, Lean, Marshall, Mitchell, Madgwick, Tomlinson. Also played: Davies, Lewis, Amos, Finch, Ryzner, Edgington.

Finally a word must be said in recognition of the services rendered by Mr. Webb to the football teams. An invaluable source of advice and help, he encouraged the teams and contributed a great deal of his spare time refereeing and coaching.

Anderson and Locke were members of the Surrey Grammar Schools' 'B' XI, and played in fixtures with the London Grammar Schools, and the Berks and Bucks Grammar Schools.

Lacrosse Report

BY ANITA SINDEN

Teams

1st: A. Sinden (capt.)*, S. Gale (vice-capt.)*, S. Barnett*, D. Christian*, B. Bridge, J. Roberts, L. Taylor, D. Watkins, L. Chitty, S. Hood*, L. Shurlock, C. Whieldon. Also played: J. Trevail, D. Prudence, E. Kingdom.

* Denotes colours

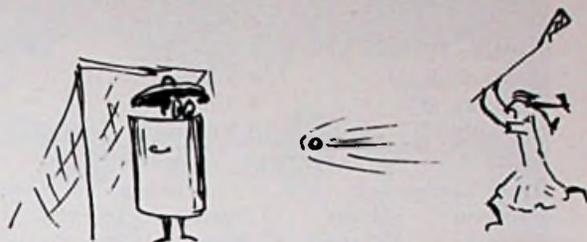
2nd: V. A'Court (capt.), H. Bowmer, S. Coppard, S. Cross, E. Kingdom, L. Palmer, D. Prudence, A. White, A. Dalton, C. Gower, L. Higgins, J. de Rusett.

Under 15: M. Habgood, S. Cant, T. Kreciglowa, M. Chambers, P. Humphreys, L. Higgins (capt.), J. Hibbert, J. Monger, J. Spandler, A. Dalton, S. Hawkes, A. Taylor. Also played: S. Wakeling, T. Royal, C. Tucker.

Victory over the Old Godhelmians in the first match of the season served as a morale-booster for the 1st lacrosse team. The standard of play was maintained in the tournament at Reading, where the team reached the semi-finals, and in future matches.

Success throughout most of the season was due to the increased number of practices and the marked presence of teamwork as opposed to individualism.

The Under 15 team contained a number of outstanding players who should help to form a strong 1st team for the future.



The Cross-country Report



THE CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM had quite a successful season this year, especially in the autumn term. Inter-school matches against Farnham, Eggars and Collyers all resulted in victories for the school, though, as last year, our match against Guildford R.G.S., was lost. In all four of those matches Hill and Chamberlain took the first two places. In the district cross-country races the school won the senior, inter and the junior events, Parish taking first place in the latter. In the Haskell Relay the school team finished 18th, our best performance since 1962.

The spring term started with a disastrous triangular event at Ottershaw, followed by victory over

Farnham again, but more defeats by Charterhouse and Guildford. Traviss did well to finish 6th, out of over 60 runners in the junior event of the Farncombe Road Races.

Throughout the season Hill, Chamberlain, Chitty, Weber and Amos—the latter winning colours—ran consistently well.

Pattison, Pringle, Debenham, Durrant, Kerry and Faulkner ran regularly for the team.

In the lower part of the school Bullen and Sage (4th), Parish, Traviss, Vidler and Garbett (3rd), Currie and Tiner (2nd), all show great promise, no doubt encouraged by the cross-country club.

House Cross-country 1965-66

<i>Seniors</i>		<i>Juniors</i>	
1 Chamberlain (P)		1 Parish (J)	
2 Hill (J)		2 Traviss (J)	
3 Durrant (F)		3 Garbett (P)	
4 Acton (P)		4 Drane (J)	
5 Debenham (P)		5 O'Rouke (J)	
6 Weber (J)		6 Hogen (J)	
7 Amos (F)		7 Curry (J)	
8 Marshall (J)		8 Sharpington (P)	
9 Bullen (F)		9 Tiner (J)	
10 Chitty (J)		10 Vidler (J)	

RESULTS

<i>Seniors</i>		<i>Juniors</i>	
3 Fearon	121 pts.	3 Fearon	167 pts.
2 Jekyll	100 pts.	2 Page	117 pts.
1 Page	85 pts.	1 Jekyll	44 pts.
COMBINED RESULTS			
3 Fearon	288 pts.		
2 Page	202 pts.		
1 Jekyll	144 pts.		

Cross-country Cup awarded to: Simon Chamberlain

The Boys' Hockey Report

BY D. MITCHELL

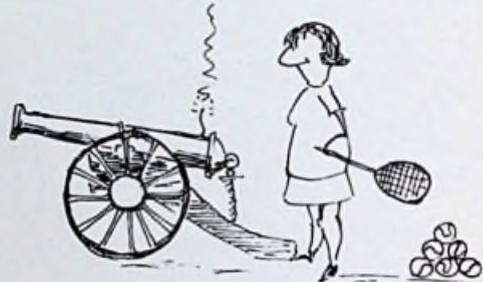
OWING TO THE help given by Mr. Copsey and the Headmaster, this year saw the emergence of a boys' hockey team. Although many fixtures clashed with other school sporting activities, games were played against Woking Hockey Club, Woking Grammar School, Park Barn and Farnham Grammar School (twice). All these games were lost, mostly due to inexperience, but morale was constantly boosted by frequent defeats of the 1st XI girls.

Team

A. Plato, E. Gibbons, D. Horsman, A. Durrant, T. Plumbley, D. Mitchell, R. Locke, G. Collister, D. Knox, A. Baker, M. Smith. Also played: R. Ward, N. Carter, R. Chitty.

Tennis Report

BY ANITA SINDEN



Teams

1st: A. Sinden (capt.)*, C. Gower (vice-capt.)*, A. Moore*, D. Watkins*, S. Gale*, E. Kingdom.
Also played: C. Whieldon, B. Loebell, L. Chitty.

* Denotes colours

Under 16: S. Coppard, I. Ankers, L. Higgins, J. Broadway, J. Hibbert, T. Kreciglowa. Also played: R. Johns.

Under 15: J. Broadway, J. Hibbert, J. Monger, L. Higgins, I. Ankers, T. Kreciglowa. Also played: P. Williams.

Despite the small number of matches played throughout the season, the enthusiasm among team members was not lacking. The keenness of the teams was proved by many voluntary practices. The 1st team reached the second round of the Aberdare Cup by beating three opposing schools.

Once again the school participated in the Nestle's Ladder Tournaments and as usual the younger players proved to be the keener.

An added feature of the standard school knockout competitions was the introduction of a mixed doubles event.



Cricket Report

BY ROGER LOCKE

THE SCHOOL 1st cricket team had a more successful season than in recent years, only losing one match against Surbiton.

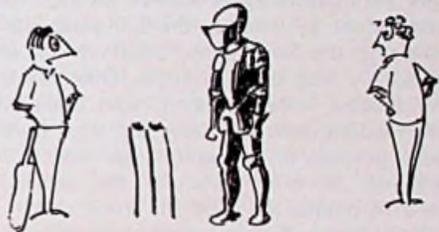
Baker was a great asset to the team, acting as captain for most of the games, while Locke was playing for the county. He was the most consistent with the bat, scoring very well during the middle of the season and acquiring an average of over 40.

The rest of the team included some very fine attacking batsmen in Davies, Durrant and Anderson and a steady opener in Ralf.

The school had great depth in its bowling including three seam bowlers, Ralf, Davies and Higgins, three spin bowlers Durrant, Collister and Baker. Ralf was the most successful, taking more than 40 wickets at an average of 6.

Plato kept wicket effectively throughout the season, but the rest of the fielding, though at times excellent, was not so consistent.

Next season the cricket team may lose as many as nine of the present side; but young players such as Wilmott, Gunner, Sage and Keel, who have been playing in the Under 15 team, should do well in the junior side.



RESULTS

Rydens: Won by 79 runs. Baker 31, Davies 41, Harrington 20; Ralf 7—17.

Wimbledon G.S.: Won by 40 runs.

R.G.S. Guildford: Drawn. Anderson 32.

George Abbot: Won by 10 wickets. Ralf 7—4.

Dorking G.S.: Won by 42 runs. Ralf 5—21; Baker 22, Durrant 24.

St. Peter's, Merrow: Drawn. Baker 53, Durrant 57.

Sunbury G.S.: Drawn.

Woking G.S.: Drawn. Baker 56, Davies 28, Anderson 20.

Surbiton G.S.: Lost.

Ifield: Won. Baker 75.

Farnham G.S.: Won by 113 runs. Baker 91 not out; Ralf 4—16, Davies 4—15.

Farnborough G.S.: Won by 7 wickets. Ralf 5—20; Baker 22.

Boys' Athletics Report

Captain: G. Cheesman

Vice-Captain: D. Horsman

THROUGHOUT THIS athletics season, one name has stood out to bring success to the school team—that of Patrick Amos. On Sports Day, held on May 25th, he jumped over 20ft. to win the senior long jump; he won the 100 yards and the 200 yards events for senior boys and, in the 440 yards race for the Tyreman Trophy, broke the record with a winning time of 53.4sec. He was also second in the senior high jump and was awarded the cup for the best individual performance. Other notable successes were by Chamberlain who won the three miles, the mile and 880 yards, and by Durrant who broke the long-standing high jump record with a jump of 5ft. 8½in. Jekyll easily won the boys' house cup with 294 points. Page was second and Fearon third.



At the Surrey Grammar School Sports held at Mootspur Park, Amos again showed his high standard of performance by winning the 220 yards open and also winning the long jump, breaking the existing record with a leap of 21ft. 10½in. Other athletes to achieve success were Marshall, who came fifth in the intermediate mile, and Durrant who finished in the same position in the senior high jump. Competing against 20 other schools, the school team achieved 16 points, the most for some years.

At the District Sports, good performances were given by Murfet and Miles who finished first and second in the Under 13 100 yards and who have run very consistently in the junior sprints this season. Other first places were gained by Tucker, Tiner and Mayne. None of the cups were won by Godalming but the junior boys did well in finishing third out of eight schools competing.

Towards the end of the term the traditional triangular match was held when the boys' team finished second to Woking, beating the Royal Grammar School, Guildford. Amos was in good form as usual winning all four events for which he entered, including the 440 yards in which he broke his own record, established on Sports Day, with a fast time of 52.6sec. Sage, Ralf and Crowe also won for the school and the junior sprinters won their relay.

Thus a fairly successful term's athletics has been achieved.

Girls' Athletics Report

EARLY IN THE term the school sports produced two new records by Sharon Spratley, who won the middle girls' long jump in a record length of 14ft. 5in., and Margaret Grimble, who won the senior girls' discus with a throw of 93ft. 1in. Diane Crick did well, winning both the 100 yards 16 plus and the senior girls' 80 metres hurdles for Fearon House. Jane Hibbert also achieved success, winning the senior girls' high jump and the Under 15 80 yards hurdles. The house placings for the girls were:

1 Fearon with 182 points.

2 Page with 153 points.

3 Jekyll with 136 points.

The aggregate points of both boys and girls, however, found Jekyll the easy winner. The Girls' Athletics Cup for outstanding performance was awarded to Lesley Taylor, and the standard throughout the sports was high.

On July 11th and 13th, a team competed in the District Sports and notable success were those by P. Nicholls who won the Under 15 long jump with a best jump of 13ft. 9½in., S. Spratley, who won the Under 17 long jump with a distance of 14ft. 6½in., V. Bagley, who won the Under 15 discus with a throw of 68ft. 8in. and Margaret Grimble, who did exceptionally well with distances of 94ft. 4in. and 28ft. 9in. respectively.

Towards the end of term, the annual triangular sports was held, in which a team competed against George Abbot girls and Guildford County. Margaret Grimble won the discus, and the 13 years relay team won in the record time of 57.3sec. The standard this year was particularly high and the team must be congratulated for their good all round efforts. There are many promising juniors and we hope next year for some more positive successes. All those involved with athletics this season would like to thank Miss Eccott for her help and encouragement.

Junior Cricket

THE UNDER 15 XI has matured during the season and has become a team comparable with the best Under 15 teams of the past. The team has included many young players of the with one and sometimes two more seasons in this age group.

Sage and Nash have been a fine opening pair, well supported by Wilmott at 3 and West at 4. The team was fortunate to have batting down to the last man.

West has kept wicket confidently and with occasional brilliance. Wilmott and Gunner are good and successful opening bowlers, both specialising in away swingers. Nash has bowled his inswingers consistently well. Readings and Sage have been useful supporting bowlers.

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The Literary Society Short Story Competition

DURING THE spring term, the Literary Society held a short story competition sponsored by Miss Abrams, who judged the entries and awarded the prize to Jill de Russett, L.6, for her contribution entitled 'A Change of Heart'.

A Change of Heart

HUBERT SAT down on a stool in the hotel bar and sipped a large Scotch. He felt he needed it. Everyone seemed to be eyeing him from behind their glasses; they all seemed to know, even the receptionist had given him a sympathetic, knowing look as he walked past earlier. Drinking like that in a bar! Whatever would his mother say if she could see him now. He sighed at the thought of his mother. She had never wanted him to come here on holiday in the first place. She said that poky hotels on the bleak Scottish moors were not for him, but Gracie had been so insistent, she did love Scotland so much.

His thoughts then wandered to Andrew. Poor Hubert had never suspected that there was anything between them right up until the last moment, when he had found the note and now he did not feel like fighting, he just felt like another drink. He had never had much 'go' in him; perhaps that was what Gracie had particularly admired in Andrew, his pugnacious spirit. Hubert rose feeling slightly sick and made his way rather falteringly to the door. The cool evening breeze brushed past him as he stepped outside and made his clumsy way up the path to the deserted top of the crag. He looked down and saw the full, shining moon reflected in the water below. He had come up here only three days before with Grace and they had frivolously discussed their future life together.

He had been so proud of her. They say that pride goes before a fall, he thought; but he had not just taken a fall, it seemed to him that he had crashed down in a falling avalanche. The hot tears began to sting his eyes as he drew out the little white crumpled note, lay on his stomach and deliberately dropped it over the edge. He watched it as it fluttered down and down and finally came to rest on the water with one little ripple which spread and spread and then disappeared. Hubert's sight became blurred as he desperately thought of his shattered life ahead. It would be completely empty without Grace. She had written on the note that she would never see him again and the worst part was that he had always felt that she loved him. How easy it would be, he thought, to follow that piece of paper. That innocent looking lake was a famous killer of desperate lovers, then Gracie would know. . . . He eased himself forward and instinctively opened his eyes to become aware of a figure kneeling beside him.

His sight was a little blurred but he soon made out a woman of a peculiarly ageless beauty; she could have been 20 or she could have been 50 years of age; he could not tell. He addressed her, his words sounded harsh and unreal in the still night.

'I was just . . . Who are you? Why are you looking at me like that?'

'I was just interested', she replied softly. 'You seemed very unsteady as you came up here and I was worried for your safety'.

'I can take care of myself'. He answered roughly.

They continued to look at each other in silence for some time. Hubert was vaguely aware that she knew what he was about to do. She then bent forward and gently took his hand, saying 'Yes, I do know, It's the coward's way out, you know. It's easy to end it all by suicide, but it takes a brave man to face life again and go on living with no feelings of hatred or revenge'.

'You may talk', he said, beginning to be roused by this strange woman. 'Gracie was all I had to live for, I loved her', he said softly. Suddenly he found himself talking all about Gracie; telling this total stranger about her little ways, her weaknesses and her strength. Finally he subsided and felt an indescribable relief. He had never spoken to anyone like this about Gracie before. They say that often one can talk better to a perfect stranger. The beautiful stranger continued in a sympathetic, yet direct, tone: 'If Grace were to hear that you had killed yourself', she said, 'she would look back on your relationship as something tragic and unreal, to be blotted from her memory; but now she will think back happily to the hours you spent together and remember you as a man she once knew and even loved, instead of remembering a terrible reason for guilt. Go back to London tomorrow and start again. Prove to Grace and the world that you are not a coward'.

Once again Hubert stared at the reflection of the moon in the water and his piece of paper which had now been blown across to the far side. Slowly Hubert realised the truth of these words. He eased himself up from the ground and took the slender white hand which was offered to him. It felt warm and soft as his fingers closed round it. They slowly walked back down the rugged pathway towards the twinkling light of the hotel. As Hubert walked he felt the hand grow colder and colder in his own. Then as he turned to look beside him he saw nothing, except in his hand a little bunch of white heather. He then began to run. He ran faster and faster towards the welcoming hotel lights, and somehow his heart felt a whole lot lighter.

G.C.E. RESULTS

Sci. 6

'A' LEVEL

ANDERSON*	3
BAKER	3
CARTER	3
L. CHARLICK*	3
CHITTY*	3
DEBENHAM*	3
GREENING*	2
HARDIMAN*	3
A. HARMAN*	3
HORSMAN*	3
HUBBARD	3
KNOX	2
LOCKE*	3
MITCHELL	3
PLATO*	3
PLUMBLEY*	3
PUTTICK*	3
SMITH*	3
S. TAYLOR	2
WARD*	3

Lit. 6

AMOS*	2
J. ATKINS*	2
S. BARNETT*	2
P. BARRATT	1
J. BOND	2
C. BROWN	2
BURRELL*	3
CHAMBERLAIN*	3
D. CHRISTIAN*	3
R. CLEMENTS	2
COLLISTER*	3
V. DUNHILL*	3
DURRANT	3
C. FORDEY	2
S. HAWTIN	1
HUGGINS*	3
LOWIS	2
MONGER*	3
S. MOTT	2
PATTISON*	2
PIERCY*	2
L. ROBERTS	3
S. ROBERTSON*	2
W. SHUTTLEWORTH	2
J. TREVAIL	2
M. WOOLVEN	1

* Passed use of English

'O' LEVEL

Lit. 6 (ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS)

LOWIS	1
PIERCY	1
J. ROBERTS	1

Lower 6

J. ANTONIAK	1
S. BALL	1

M. BEZZANT	2
BRAYSHAW	1
CRESSWELL	1
U. CZEPIŁ	1
C. DOMINY	1
DUKE	2
ELLIOT	1
C. GOWER	1
EVANS	1
HALL	2
HILL	1
M. JOHNSON	1
MOREY	1
NORTH	2
RICHINGS	2
K. ROSS	2
ROWE	1
R. SCANLON	1
SPOONER	1
WARD	1
WILSON	1
A. MOORE	1
H. WILSON	1

5J

J. BARBER	7
L. CHANDLER	4
L. CHITTY	9
L. CLARKE	5
CURTIS	4
A. FAWCETT	9
J. GOODCHILD	6
M. GREENFIELD	1
M. GRIMBLE	5
HARRINGTON	2
S. KENYON	3
B. LOEBELL	7
MACFADYEN	6
MANOCK	4
MARSHALL	6
V. MARSHALL	9
NEEDHAM	5
PAICE	5
PRINGLE	6
D. PRUDENCE	9
RALF	2
P. RIDGWAY	3
SERVIAN	7
L. SHURLOCK	7
SMITH	7
SOPP	3
S. WALKER	9
A. WEBB	3
L. WELLS	2
C. WHIELDON	3

5P

ACTON	7
J. BANKS	9
S. DALBY	5
D. DUNHILL	7
EDGINGTON	4
S. FINDLAY	7

Y. FRICKER	8
GILBERT	9
L. GLEED	7
S. HARDS	5
HEATH	7
L. HILL	6
E. KINGDON	5
LAWLER	2
LEAN	5
J. McVEE	3
MADGWICK	5
S. MASON	5
MAYERS	8
E. MORRIS	4
F. MORRIS	4
S. MURPHY	7
ONG	7
RICH	9
R. SIMPSON	3
J. SPURGEON	4
C. STRAUGHAN	6
TOMLINSON	2
A. WELLS	8
A. WHITE	8

5F

L. ALLEN	8
BANISTER	7
BARRETT	9
H. BOWMER	8
BROWN	9
J. BROWNE	5
BROWNING	6
BURRELL	9
S. COPPARD	5
R. COVERLY	3
D. CRICK	8
R. CURRIE	8
B. DEANE	4
DENYER	9
ELLIS	9
T. GRANT	4
HALL	5
S. HOOD	8
L. JEFCOATE	4
L. JEWELL	9
S. MALLETT	4
E. MURPHY	4
L. PALMER	9
POWELL	4
RETALICK	4
SANDERS	8
J. SIMPKIN	7
C. SMITH	8
STRUDWICK	8
M. WYE	3

5A (ADDITIONAL SUBJECTS)

H. M. SIDNEY	1
D. M. WATKINS	1
S. M. WESTON	1
READINGS	1

VALETE

Christmas 1965

UPPER SIXTH

- D. BLACKWELL, O.L. 5, A.L. 2. School prefect, 1st XI soccer team. Entered the Army Operational Research Establishment at Byfleet.
- J. CHISHOLM, O.L. 5, A.L. 3. Captain of chess, school orienteering team. To enter the University of Bradford to read civil engineering.
- M. DALE, O.L. 9, A.L. 4. Head Boy, athletics team, Debating Society (President), S.C.M. (President). Has obtained a place at St. Peter's College, Oxford, to read divinity.
- A. WHITE, O.L. 9, A.L. 3. To enter University of London, Chelsea Polytechnic to read chemistry.
- CAROL LONSDALE, O.L. 7, A.L. 2. Hoping to become a ground hostess with B.U.A.
- MICHAEL MOORE, O.L. 9, A.L. 3. School prefect, cross-country, Debating Society. To enter St. Peter's College, Oxford, to read P.P.E.
- G. PARR, O.L. 6, A.L. 2. To Mellersh and Lovelace, Solicitors, Godalming.
- SUSAN PARTINGTON, O.L. 7, A.L. 2. At present working in Geneva.

SUMMER 1966

MIDDLE 6th SCIENCE

- J. ANDERSON, O.L. 7, A.L. 3. School prefect, 1st football team* (captain), 1st cricket team. To enter Queen Mary's College to read civil engineering.
- A. BAKER, O.L. 7, A.L. 3. School prefect, 1st cricket XI, Debating Society. To enter Nottingham University to read mathematics.
- N. CARTER, O.L. 9, A.L. 3. Boys' hockey team. Hoping to enter Scientific Civil Service.
- LINDA CHARLICK, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. Head Girl, house hockey and lacrosse teams, captain of 2nd hockey XI, member of girls' chess team, magazine secretary, Debating Society (member), Literary Society (member), member of Meals Committee, match teas helper. To enter Queen Mary's College, London, to read mechanical engineering.
- ROGER CHITTY, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. Cross-country team*, cross-country club, boys' hockey team, Literary Society Treasurer, Debating Society. To enter Liverpool University to read medicine.
- L. DEBENHAM, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. Athletics team, cross-country team, Debating Society, member of school choir. To enter Liverpool University to read electronics.
- R. GREENING, O.L. 7, A.L. 2. Cross-country team, magazine art editor. Hoping to enter Kingston College of Art to study architecture.
- ANGELA HARMAN, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. School prefect, captain of chess*, Debating Society, County Hall, Kingston, as computer operator.
- D. HORSMAN, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. Deputy Head Boy, Jekyll house captain, past school athletics captain*, member of magazine committee, member of school choir. To enter Royal Free Hospital School of Medicine, London.
- M. HUBBARD, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. School prefect, Debating Society. To receive technical training in the R.A.F.
- R. LOCKE, O.L. 7, A.L. 3. School prefect, captain of cricket, football team*, boys' hockey team, Surrey G.S.'s cricket, Surrey G.S.'s football 'B' XI. To enter University College, London, to read civil engineering.
- D. MITCHELL, O.L. 6, A.L. 3. 1st cricket XI, 1st football XI, athletics team*, founder and captain of school hockey team. To enter the Northern Polytechnic to take a course in quantity surveying.
- A. PLATO, O.L. 7, A.L. 3. School prefect, 1st football XI, 1st cricket XI*, boys' hockey team. To enter Queen Mary's College, London, to read civil engineering.
- T. PLUMBLEY, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. Boys' hockey team, orienteering team, Debating Society (vice-President). To enter Bristol University to read physics.
- E. PUTTICK, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. School prefect, house cricket team, captain of 2nd cricket XI. To enter Birmingham University to read chemical engineering.
- M. SMITH, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. School prefect, boys' hockey team, Debating Society (President ex-officio). To enter a medical school.
- SUSAN TAYLOR, O.L. 6, A.L. 2. 1st and 2nd hockey teams. To be a medical laboratory assistant at St. Thomas' Hospital, Hydestyle.
- MIDDLE 6th ARTS
- JANET ATKINS, O.L. 6, A.L. 2. School prefect, co-editor of *Godhelmian*, Literary Society (secretary ex-officio), Debating Society (member). To enter Warwick University to read English and American literature.
- SUSAN BARNETT, O.L. 8, A.L. 2. School prefect, 1st lacrosse team*, 1st hockey team, Debating Society. To enter Guildford Technical College to take a bi-lingual secretarial course.
- PATRICIA BARRATT, O.L. 7, A.L. 1. School prefect, S.C.M. (secretary ex-officio), Literary Society. To work at the Raphael Home for six months, then to enter nursing at Guy's Hospital, London.
- JENNIFER BOND, O.L. 6, A.L. 2. 1st hockey team, house hockey team (F), Literary Society. To enter the College of Education, Bognor Regis.
- CHRISTINE BROWN, O.L. 6, A.L. 2. School prefect, school dance committee. To enter the College of Education, Bognor Regis.
- M. BURRELL, O.L. 9, A.L. 3. Debating Society, Literary Society. To enter Kingston College of Technology.
- S. CHAMBERLAIN, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. School prefect, Page house captain, captain of cross-country*, athletics team*, S.C.M. (President), co-editor of *Godhelmian*, Literary Society. To do voluntary work in Mexico for one year, then to McGill University, Montreal, to read geography.
- DIANA CHRISTIAN, O.L. 8, A.L. 3. School prefect, 1st lacrosse team, Debating Society, Literary Society. To enter Warwick University to read French and European literature.
- ROMA CLEMENTS, O.L. 5, A.L. 2. School prefect, school dance committee, wardrobe mistress for school dramatic productions. To Brooklands Technical College to take an advanced secretarial course.
- G. COLLISTER, O.L. 7, A.L. 3. School prefect, 1st cricket XI, boys' hockey team, 6th form unit committee, Debating Society (vice-President, ex-officio), Junior Dramatic Society Group leader. To enter a university to read commerce.
- SUSAN CROSS, O.L. 6. School prefect, 2nd lacrosse and hockey teams, S.C.M., member of school choir. To enter the college of Education, Bognor Regis.
- VANESSA DUNHILL, O.L. 9, A.L. 3. Deputy Head Girl, Debating Society (President, ex-officio), Literary Society, magazine committee member, took a leading part in school dramatic productions. To enter Sussex University to read French and philosophy.

- A. DURRANT, O.L. 7. A.L. 3. School prefect, 1st football team* (vice-captain and house captain), 1st cricket team*, athletics team*, cross-country team. To enter Customs and Excise.
- CHRISTINA FORDEY, O.L. 5. A.L. 2. Member of school choir, S.C.M., match teas helper. To enter Barnsley - Wentworth Castle - Teacher Training College.
- J. HUGGINS, O.L. 8. A.L. 3. Orienteering team, Debating Society, Literary Society (secretary ex-officio). Hoping to enter Manchester University.
- D. LOWIS, O.L. 6. A.L. 2. School prefect, member of school choir, S.C.M. (President ex-officio). To Redland Teacher Training College, Bristol.
- A. MONGER, O.L. 8. A.L. 3. School prefect, athletics team*, cross-country team*. Debating Society (committee member), Literary Society, magazine committee member. To enter Exeter University to read political history and government.
- SUSAN MOTT, O.L. 5. A.L. 2. School prefect, Literary Society. To enter Westminster College of Technology.
- H. PATTISON, O.L. 5. A.L. 2. Cross-country team, Literary Society, Debating Society (member). To enter hospital administration.
- I. PIERCY, O.L. 8. A.L. 2. School prefect. To enter Birbeck College, London University.
- JANET ROBERTS, O.L. 6. 2nd tennis team, S.C.M., member of school choir, match teas helper. To enter St. Osyth's College of Education, Essex, to study domestic science.
- LINDA ROBERTS, O.L. 7. A.L. 2. Member of school choir, stage manager for school dramatic productions. Working in the planning department of the Hambleton Rural District Council.
- SHEILA ROBERTSON, O.L. 8. A.L. 2. School prefect, Debating Society, assistant business manager for school dramatic productions. To enter Heriot Watt University to study commerce.
- WENDY SHUTTLEWORTH, O.L. 6. A.L. 2. School prefect, 1st hockey team, S.C.M., Literary Society. To enter Stockwell College of Education.
- ANITA SINDEN, O.L. 9. School prefect. 1st lacrosse team (captain). 1st tennis team (captain) 2nd hockey team. Debating Society. To enter Bulmershe College of Education, Reading.
- JANET TREVAIL, O.L. 7. A.L. 2. School prefect, 6th form unit committee, school dance committee, wardrobe mistress for school dramatic productions. To enter Brighton Training College.
- MARY WOOLVEN, O.L. 6. A.L. 1. Girls' chess team. To enter Bulmershe College of Education, Reading.
- LOWER 6th LIT.
- LYNNE GIBBONS, O.L. 5. Working at a bank.
- 5J
- LINDA CLARKE, O.L. 5. To be a medical receptionist/secretary.
- A. J. CURTIS, O.L. 4. 1st and 2nd football XI, Under 15 football team, Under 15 cricket XI. To enter an estate agency.
- JANET GOODCHILD, O.L. 6. Hoping to become a clerical officer at the Ministry of Agriculture.
- MAUREEN GREENFIELD, O.L. 1. To enter the W.R.N.S.
- C. HARRINGTON, O.L. 2. 1st and Under 15 cricket teams, 1st and Under 15 football teams. To enter agricultural engineering.
- I. D. MACFADYEN, O.L. 6. To do laboratory work in the Animal Virus Research Institute, Pirbright.
- R. MARSHALL, O.L. 6. Athletics team, cross-country team, 1st, 2nd and Under 15 soccer teams. Hoping to enter journalism.
- PATRICIA RIDGEWAY, O.L. 3. To be at catering assistant.
- F. D. SOPP, O.L. 3. 1st, 2nd and Under 15 football teams, 2nd and Under 15 cricket teams. To become an aircraft technician.
- SUSAN WALKER, O.L. 9. Transferring to Whitchurch Grammar School, Cardiff. Member of school choir, Debating Society.
- CLAIRE WHIELDON, O.L. 3. 1st hockey, lacrosse and tennis teams, house athletics captain. Entered the Police Force.
- STUART REFFOLD. To seek employment.
- HENRYK CZASTKA. To seek employment.
- 5P
- JACQUELINE BANKES, O.L. 9. To enter the Health Department of the Surrey County Council.
- SHARMAN DALBY, O.L. 5. To enter the Westminster Bank.
- DEBORAH DUNHILL, O.L. 7. Netball team, Literary Society, member of the school choir, took a leading part in school dramatic productions. Transferring to Dartington Hall School, Devon.
- C. P. LEAN, O.L. 5. 2nd football XI. Hoping to enter the Furniture College, London.
- T. F. MADGWICK, O.L. 5. Athletics team, 2nd football XI. Hoping to enter local government at County Hall, Kingston.
- JANIS McVEE, O.L. 3. Hoping to look after children.
- ELAINE MORRIS, O.L. 4. To enter the civil service.
- FRANCES MORRIS, O.L. 4. To become a bank clerk with the Westminster Bank.
- M. T. ONG, O.L. 7. To become an apprentice engineering draughtsman with the Central Electricity Generating Board.
- JUDITH SPURGEON, O.L. 4. To enter the Midland Bank.
- CHRISTINE STRAUGHAN, O.L. 6. To enter Barclays Bank.
- R. S. TOMLINSON, O.L. 2. House, 2nd and Under 16 football teams, house cricket team. Hoping to enter the Furniture College, London.
- ANNE WELLS, O.L. 8. To enter the Technical College of Lincoln.
- 5F
- A. J. BROWNING, O.L. 6. To take a course in business studies at Guildford Technical College.
- TANIA GRANT, O.L. 4. To Guildford Technical College.
- LESLEY JEFCOATE, O.L. 4. To become a clerical assistant with the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food.
- D. G. POWELL, O.L. 4. To become an apprentice with the South Eastern Electricity Board.
- MARY WYE, O.L. 3. To become a dental receptionist.
- 5A
- LINDA BARNES, O.L. 4. To seek employment.
- ANNETTE MOORE, O.L. 6. To take a secretarial course at Guildford Technical College.
- ANGELA SHERMAN, O.L. 6. Has taken a secretarial course at Guildford Technical College.
- 4P
- CHRISTINE TUCKER. Transferred to Horsham High School.
- JANICE VARNEY. To seek employment.
- 4F
- BRIDGET DADSWELL. To seek employment.
- SUSAN WAKELING. Transferred to West Norfolk and King's Lynn Grammar School.
- 3J
- EDWIN CHAPMAN. Transferred to Glebelands.
- PETER GLADMAN. Moved to Germany.

3P
 JOHN GREEN. Transferred to the High School for Boys, Worthing.
 JOHN HALL. Transferred to Chichester High School.
 SALLY DUKE. Transferred to George Abbot School for Girls.
 2J
 ANTHONY GLADMAN. Moved to Germany.
 KATHLEEN MUNRO. Returned to Canada.
 PAT REED. Moved to Edinburgh.

2F
 PHILIP DAWSON. Won a scholarship to Charterhouse.
 GORDON WATT. Transferred to Alleynes Grammar School.
 1J
 DAVID COATES. Transferred to Stockport Grammar School.
 WENDY MUNRO. Returned to Canada.
 1F
 BRENT HUTCHINSON. Transferred to another school.
 SUSAN HALL. Transferred to another school.

Degrees conferred on former pupils.

Strathclyde

W. BISHOP, social science, Class II, Div. II.

Oxford

N. FORDE, English, 3rd Class.

Manchester

R. FORTESCUE, engineering, Class II, Div. II.

R. VAUGHN, mechanical engineering, Class II, Div. I.

North London Polytechnic

I. GILLING, chemistry and zoology, Hons. Pass.

Bristol

D. GREEN, chemistry, Class I.

Sussex

P. GREGORY, physics, Class II, Div. I.

Newcastle

A. KINNAIRD, mathematics, Class III.

Leicester

J. TOPPER, sociology, Class II.

Keele

N. TINDALL, physics and philosophy, Class II.

Kingston Technical College

A. KING, London Ext., marine biology.

University Life at Hull

THE CONCEPT of a university at its simplest represents, as its name suggests, a universe, and it is perhaps this university which symbolizes life at these seats of learning. Mine is a personal view, and I make no apology for it being so; universities, unlike the peace of God, do not surpass all understanding but in describing a universe the view of a single member of it must necessarily be limited and circumscribed by that member's experience and knowledge.

Universality manifests itself in many ways; and the most important of these is firstly the number of courses open to the undergraduate either by themselves or as a joint course with another subject, secondly the nature and quality of his fellow students, and lastly the ways in which he spends his free time and with what results. It is this third consideration that bears closer examination.

On entering upon his university career, and thereby assuming all rights and duties that the title 'undergraduate' implies, the student faces three years of what must surely be one of the most stimulating and exciting periods of his life. Not only does he become independent to a degree, he also has very few responsibilities; there is no employer to work for, no taxes, and about five months of the year on vacation. He has an infinite variety of ways to spend his free time, i.e. time which is not spent in lectures,

tutorials, seminars, etc. There is, for example, the Students Union with its bars, common rooms, restaurants and societies, which together form the central place in the students' social life. Many indeed become what are known as 'Union Types', they usually spend most of their drinking time in the Union, become officials of some society or other (Hull Union was recently blessed with the formation of a 'Winnie the Pooh Society!') perhaps stand for a post on Union Council, and end up with a poor degree. On the other hand, the student could become 'the blinkered ascetic', attend every lecture, never go drinking, spend all his time in the university library, and probably get a First.

Most students, however, mindful of the maxim, 'incidit in Scyllam qui vult vitare Charybdim', manage to steer a middle course between the two extremes and divide their time between the rival claims, academic and social. It is a matter of personal organisation.

These then are my impressions of what university life is like; I hope that they will prove helpful. Some people tend to regard the undergraduate merely as the logical extension of the schoolboy, and attach no importance to the change in status, but this is not so. University life offers so much more freedom, more social life, a more receptive atmosphere for ideas and experiment, that it should be, as I have said, one of the most stimulating and exciting periods of one's life.

And the Sun Rose and He betrayed Him and was betrayed

BY JUDITH SPANDLER

THE LIGHT is gone with the flick of a switch and blackness closes in. Even my wide, staring eyes find no light and my body feels strange. My spine is being pulled down by a magnet and I am swallowed up. My arms are as lead but my legs make to rise, but are restricted. Pressure forces on to my ribs and breathing is difficult and more difficult. I pant and sweat and life is ebbing away. I snatch the air in gasps and choke. The wind blows around long, flowing robes and the light gently turns green. 'And they came to a place named Gethsemane. . . .'

There is a wall of white around me, pressing in. The crowd surveys the man at whose feet I lie, prostrate, trembling in anticipation. My gaze slowly passes up from the sandaled feet to the beard and the contours of the face. His brows draw together and His voice rings out like thunder, 'Judas, you are my betrayer, betrayer, betrayer!' The white wall takes up the chant. 'Betrayer, betrayer, Judas the betrayer!' Their shouting was pernicious to my throbbing head and a cry of anguish is torn from my throat.

Suddenly there is hope. A ginger head among the throng. I turn and scream, 'Help me, come to me, help me . . .!' The golden glow turned, pushed its way out of the mob and was gone, gone and I was left. I looked searchingly into familiar faces, pleading to be helped, but at my cries they were silent and turned away, away from me. They were gone, He was gone and I was left, friendless. Surely I had done some kind deed worthy of repayment by compassion, surely, surely I had?

I lay on the turf, my soul torn and bleeding, my conscience stricken and yearning for consolation. I was alone, to decide. I wept with heart-rending sorrow for the loss of my humanity after the decision. My spirit burned and I felt the seeds of misanthropy calmly disseminated in my soul. Now all help was gone that had been rightfully mine.

The turf turned, swayed, rose and fell: I was swept along and my emotions burned within me, bringing a blinding light before my scorching eyes. I looked up to the horizon and the orb of purity gazed unblinkingly back. I struggled to my feet; I walked through silent streets; I spoke to the curs for comfort. The sun shone, searching and probing. 'What is your reason?' cried purity from her blinding depth, 'where, how and who is your reason. . . .?' 'My reason, you wish to know my reason? My doubt, my mistrust. Is He really the Messiah? Why hasn't it been told to all? Why doesn't He fight for His so called Word? Why? Why?'

The court was in session, but my case did not

appear first. I sat waiting among pathetic imitations of existence in rags. My interview came, but the court was crowded with familiar faces, compassionless, fierce faces. 'Well, well Judas? Who do you betray today?' Sarcasm spilt from his lips as venom from the snake.

'Your honour, I betray one, Jesus of Nazareth. He has . . .'

'No more, no more! And whom do you betray, my friends?'

'Judas is a liar, a cheat, an informer, a murderer and, a betrayer!' said a voice.

'Betrayer? Me? Nay, not I. I am good and do good'.

'Liar!'

'Never cheated a man in my life!'

'Liar!' they scream, mouths agape, eyes wild. 'Liar! Liar!'

Pet Rabbit

BY LINDA STEVENS, 3J

Gazing blandly into space
Surveying the air.
It has a supercilious face
And thinks,
And listens,
To the wind and the birds.
The noise that is
Life
Outside the stinking wooden boards
And the mesh of netting
That is home.
Blurry-eyed,
It gazes, hypnotised,
At nothing
And thinks,
And listens,
And yawns.

You and I

BY ROSEMARY WILLS, LOWER SIXTH

And if my eyes like shooting stars
Could speed beyond those human bars
And whispering voice of mystery
That hides your silent self from me
Then, would a mirror flash before
My eyes and through that opening door
Myself, my image, cold and clear,
Accusing, startling there appear
And mock me with its empty stare,
Or would I see a stranger there
And shyly turn away my eyes
Confused! bewildered with surprise.
I would not like myself at all
But a stranger there behind the wall.

A Year to Wait

BY CHRISTINE ABBOT

COULD IT REALLY be me flying across the Atlantic Ocean in a Boeing 707 jet airliner to spend nine months working in the United States of America? Yes, it was me, and I still find it hard to believe, although now the nine months are almost up and I shall soon be returning home.

How did it all happen? It still seems like a miracle; 'A' level exams were drawing near and I was still undecided about my future. Eventually, I decided to go to college, but by then it was too late for applications to be completed for me to start the following September, so it was agreed that I should work for a year, and then go to college. To find a job for one year was not very easy, vacancies were either temporary, for a few weeks, or permanent. The Youth Employment Office could offer me only one job which was definitely for one year—to work as a mother's help for an English doctor and his family, who would be spending a year in the States. The prospect thrilled me tremendously, and when, after being interviewed at home and having stayed with the family for a few days, I heard that the job was mine, I was really excited, and also a little apprehensive.

I started work at the beginning of September. Having had no experience with children, and very little in the running of a household, I found the first few weeks rather confusing, but gradually, everything slipped into a routine which I now perform automatically. There are three children; Nicholas, who had his sixth birthday just after I started work; Jonathan, who was 2½ years old; and baby Juliet, just three months old. They are a delightful family and I get on well with all of them.

October 18th was to be the day of departure, but on October 17th, Nicholas came down with chicken pox, so instead of flying across the Atlantic, we jogged across the English countryside in a car—going home! Of course, the other two children also caught chicken pox, so it was almost four weeks later, on November 13th, that we were at last able to begin our adventure.

After a very smooth flight lasting 8½ hours, we landed at Dulles airport, 30 miles from the centre of Washington D.C. We then went to the little house where we would be living during our stay, in Bethesda, a town in the State of Maryland, but so close to Washington, it is considered a suburb of the city.

The actual city of Washington, the District of Columbia, is extremely beautiful. Set beside a wide sweep of the Potomac River, the site was chosen by and named for the first President of the United States of America, George Washington (1732-99) who chose the French engineer Pierre L'Enfant, to

lay down a plan for his city. L'Enfant produced an excellent plan, comprehensive and pleasing to the eye. This plan is engraved on L'Enfant's tomb, and is still adhered to today. The hub of the city is the Capitol, seat of the U.S. Government, a beautiful domed building atop a slight hill. Grouped around it are many government buildings, offices, libraries and the Supreme Court. Stretching away behind the Capitol is a wide, green avenue called the Mall, terminating in the Lincoln Memorial, from which the Arlington Memorial Bridge crosses the River Potomac. Between the Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial, is the Washington Monument, a 555ft. obelisk built in memory of George Washington. On either side of this monument, set back from the Mall, are the Jefferson Memorial, honouring the second President, and the White House, home of the Presidents. Thus the basic design is that of a cross. Along the sides of the Mall are the National Gallery of Art, and a number of museums which form the Smithsonian Institution. This was named for William Smithson, an Englishman who never visited the States, but who, when he died in 1829, left his fortune of £196,400, '... to found at Washington, under the name of the Smithsonian Institution, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men'. These museums are fascinating and it would take months to become thoroughly acquainted with everything that is in them.

The Federal Triangle, with its base on 15th Street and its apex at the intersection of Pennsylvania Avenue with Constitution Avenue, holds a collection of huge classic buildings in which are housed nine government departments, including the Post Office department, the Internal Revenue and the Department of Justice. The main shopping area is immediately to the east of the White House.

The height of all the buildings in Washington is controlled by law. I do not know the exact ruling on this, but it means that the skyline is always dominated by the Capitol and the Washington Monument, another factor which adds beauty to the city.

There are, of course, very many other museums and places of interest in and around Washington, but the centrally placed ones are the best known, and thanks to L'Enfant's plan, visiting them is easy and very pleasant.

The American people are wonderful. They have the same characteristics as the British, but they lack the reserve which is so much part of the British manner. Everywhere I go, people are spontaneously friendly and I find them very easy to talk to. There is also more respect by individuals for individuals, particularly noticeable between those who give the services and those who receive them. For example, the clerks and customers in a store, the bus drivers

and their passengers, and those who give out information over the telephone and their callers. The family unit is an important one, and young people have a lot of respect for their elders. Also American boys are more courteous than their British counterparts. Of course this is a very general view—there are good and bad as in any society, but the overall impression I have gained is one of warmth and mutual respect. I find it interesting to note that, when a friend of mine, an American, returned from a visit to England, he said he found the people reserved, but liked it, and he also thought that the British acted on a basis of sound common sense, which the Americans did not! Obviously then, the question of character is very much a personal one.

Working with three children, I have not had a dull moment. They are very lively, and always up to something. The worst occasion, which I will never forget, was when Jonathan ran away. As he is too small to be out in the street by himself, our gate is tied shut and he is watched closely when he plays in the garden. On this particular day Jonathan was in the garden and I was checking every few minutes to see that he was behaving himself, until once I went out, and he just was not there! He was not in the house, and I could not see him in the street, so while I made enquiries at neighbouring houses, his mother went further afield in the car. After half an hour, we had not found him, so the police were called, and three police cars joined in the search, which lasted for another nightmare half hour, ending when a neighbour told us that Jonathan was at the local shopping centre. How he got there safely is a miracle, because the centre is a good 20 minutes' walk away and he had to cross several quite busy

streets. After that ordeal, we all but put Jonathan under lock and key, but luckily he has not tried to run away again!

Another rather nerve-racking occasion was when I was left with the children for a weekend while my employers went away. A friend stayed with me to give me a much-needed extra pair of eyes, and everything went smoothly until Nicholas fell out of a tree. He was very miserable and complained that his arm hurt. The doctor diagnosed it as a sprain, but Nicholas was very unhappy all afternoon. Luckily his parents came home that evening, and the next day they took him to have his arm X-rayed, when it turned out to be broken. Not a serious break, thank goodness, but at least I knew I had not spent an afternoon worrying about nothing!

There have been other incidents, such as the time when Jonathan decided to polish his own shoes, and covered everything but the shoes with dark brown shoe polish, and it was Jonathan who drew on the sheets with his mother's lipstick, but these are minor incidents compared with the two episodes mentioned above.

It is now a very short time until I shall be leaving the family to return home, and by the time this magazine is printed I shall be studying occupational therapy at St. Loyes Training School in Exeter. I am looking forward to college and feel that I will do all the better because of the experience I have gained during this wonderful year. I shall always be grateful to those in England who made it possible for me to have such an opportunity, and to my friends in America who made my stay here such a happy one.

Junior Cricket continued

We look forward to next year when we shall start with many good and experienced players.

The team had a successful season and wishes to thank Barnes who has given support as 12th man and scorer.

The team has been:

D. Connelly, J. Readings, R. Dobson, T. Sage, P. Gunner, A. Seakins, P. Keel (vice-capt.), G. West, P. Mayne, D. Wilmott (capt.), T. Nash. 12th man and scorer, A. Barnes. Also played: B. Bullen, N. Hagen, R. Horten, T. Saddler, B. Tucker.

RESULTS

Rydens: Lost by 42 runs.

Wimbledon: Drawn.

George Abbot: Drawn. Wilmott 22, Keel 20 n.o., Nash 20.

Woking: Lost by 2 wickets.

Surbiton: Won by 6 wickets. Gunner 6—15; West 30, Keel 22.

St. Peters: Drawn. Connelly 26 n.o.; Sage 3—12.

R.G.S.: Won by 5 wickets. Gunner 6—22; Nash 28.

Elmbridge: Lost by 22 runs. Wilmott 27. Sage 25.

Glebelands Under 16: Lost by 6 wickets. Keel 23.

George Abbot: Won by 8 wickets. Readings 4—6.

Old Godheltmian 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, Mr. L. Fisher

Officers and Committee 1965/66

President: Mr. R. Westcott

Hon. Treasurer: Miss R. Mullard

Hon. Secretary: Mr. D. R. Morley

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

Committee: Mrs. J. Thorpe, Mrs. S. M. Morley, Mr. W. K. Norman (retire 1966), Mrs. M. V. Walker, Miss M. Kendall, Mr. P. E. J. Edwards (retire 1967), Mrs. R. Tusler, Mrs. P. Stedman, Mr. B. J. Parker (retire 1968)

March Secretaries:

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

Girls: Mr. S. Hynds—Sunbury Grammar School

Tennis Secretary: Mrs. P. Stedman

THE CHIEF concern of the Old Scholars' Association this year has been to provide amenities for the pavilion, notably a staircase, heating and curtains. To this end the association made a wide appeal to its members and friends of the school, and this realised over £200. The Parents' Association has very kindly devoted the proceeds of the Summer Fete to this same Pavilion Fund, and this was about £150. Work is being put in hand forthwith, and it is hoped that by the beginning of the autumn term the improvements will have been completed.

One little item of interest. Among the new children entering our second form in September will be the grandson of our first Headmaster, Mr. S. C. Nunn.

'... nobody there that I know!'

THE PAST YEAR has not provided a natural opportunity for a large scale Old Godheltmian get-together, but the informal gatherings known as Presidents Evenings are ideal occasions for O.G.s to meet.

These meetings, instituted in 1961, were held originally in the Kings Arms Hotel, Godalming, until in 1964 it was decided to meet in Haslemere, attracted for the large numbers of O.G.s in that area.

This year, at the invitation of Mr. R. Westcott, two President's Evenings have been held. The first, in December at the Swan Hotel, Haslemere, attracted over 40 ex-pupils, past and present members of staff. Almost every year of the school's history was represented and as is always the case there was plenty to talk about. The second meeting was held on March 5th at the Prince of Wales Hotel, Guildford, where a similar number of people gathered. A rather disappointing result considering that this was the first meeting in Guildford and the large numbers of O.G.s living in that area.

The plea that 'I'm not going, there'll be nobody there that I know' is often heard. But if you have not been to a President's Evening why not come along this year, bring your boy-friend, girl-friend, husband or wife and see if you can force the committee to find a new meeting place to accommodate the increase in numbers. Nothing would please them more and I'm certain you will find someone you know.

Concerning Old Godheltmians

1965 ENGAGEMENTS

OCTOBER 17	Margaret White (1962-64) to Arthur Moseley.
OCTOBER	Peter Thomas (1956-61) to Carol Mayers (1956-61)
DECEMBER 11	Judith Mary Crook (1960-64) to Robert Malcolm Elkington
1966	
JANUARY 1	Carole Ward (1959-65) to Robert John Sharpe
JANUARY	Brian P. Robinson (1945-51) to Susan Carolyn Bentley
FEBRUARY	Geoffrey Lucas (1951-58) to Jennifer Lee
MARCH	Elizabeth Hardiman (1956-63) to Derek Winstanley
	Duncan Hazelden (1951-57) to Diana Parrott
	Carol Baker (1955-62) to Dennis George Brehaut

1965 MARRIAGES

- AUGUST 21 Christine Warrington (1951-57) to Graham Unsworth
SEPTEMBER 4 Simon Feltham (1961-63) to Joan Hepworth
SEPTEMBER 4 Richard Maurice Titcomb (1955-62) to Susan Diane Uren
SEPTEMBER 11 Janet Feehan (1953-58) to John Edward Thorpe
SEPTEMBER 18 Irene Jean Glasse (1954-59) to Bernard Selmes
SEPTEMBER 18 Diane Searle (1955-60) to Thomas O'Looney
SEPTEMBER 25 Vivien Mary Hiscott (1956-63) to Denis Anthony Edwards
OCTOBER 2 Mary Christine Goodenough (1954-59) to Robert George Bundy
OCTOBER 9 Carolyn Darlow (1956-60) to Eric Simpson
OCTOBER 16 Jean Valerie Scillitoe (1960-61) to David Ronald Hart (1956-61)
OCTOBER 20 David Piper (1953-58) to Gillian Smart
NOVEMBER 13 Anthea Newton-Dawson (1955-61) to Edward Asprey
NOVEMBER Pamela May Brincklow (1952-58) to Dr. Charles David Baumber

1966

- JANUARY 1 Susan Laidlaw (1955-62) to Peter Mockford
JANUARY 15 Eileen Meadows (1953-60) to Dr. Ian Sykes
FEBRUARY 5 Boyd William Crauford (1944-49) to Janet Anne Read
MARCH Beverley Gilbert Cross (1957-58) to Peggy Lou Boswell
MARCH 26 Anthony Westwick (1954-60) to Josephine Cole
APRIL 9 Julia Harman (1958-63) to Paul Thomas Frederick Uiyett
APRIL 9 Coral Ann Buckingham (1955-59) to Anthony John Martin
JUNE 9 Jill Scott (1945-50) to Hames Herbert Bloom
Kathleen Thayer (1954-60) to Peter Buck (1954-60)

1963 BIRTHS

- JULY 26 to Doris (née Calver, 1948-54) and Robin Stallard (1948-56) a son, Julian

1965

- APRIL 5 to Albert Stenning (1930-36), a daughter, Michele, a sister for Patrick and Michael
AUGUST 26 to Hazel (née White, 1947-54) and Peter Freeston (1946-55) a son, James Andrew
OCTOBER 2 to Walter J. Wigfield (1938-45) a son, David John
NOVEMBER 7 to Anne (née Pinchen, 1951-55) and James Brunt (1944-51) a daughter, Francesca
Anne Louise, a sister for Mark and Paul
NOVEMBER 15 to Mark Prudence (1935-39) a son, a brother for Joanna, Jocelyn and Katherine
NOVEMBER 16 to Jean (née Whyman, 1944-51) and Derek Raper (1944-48) a daughter, Sarah
DECEMBER 1 to Beryl Heaton (née Pullen, 1952-57) a daughter, Amanda

1966

- MARCH 1 to Roger Smith (1953-58) a daughter, Suzanne
APRIL 4 to Pamela Stedman (née Phipps, 1944-49) a daughter, Sarah
APRIL 8 to Alan Gates (1951-57) a daughter, Sheila
APRIL to Patrick Stenning (1956-61) a daughter
MAY 2 to Sheila (née Freeman, 1945-51), and Ian Logan (1942-48) a son, David, brother
for Colin and Anne
JUNE 29 to Vivien Edwards (née Hiscott, 1956-63) a daughter, Nicola Jane
JULY 14 to Rita Stevens (née Goodship, 1949-54) a daughter, Karen Louise, a sister for
Alison Jane

DEATHS

- Mary Patricia Nolan (1938-44) on December 5th, 1965. at Hawkhurst, Kent

Crossword Answers

Across

1 criticism; 5 spoof; 7 make sail; 10 corner;
11 uranium; 12 adepts; 13 table nests; 14 esse;
15 an; 17 he; 18 bombastic; 19 paper; 20
asteriated; 25 ant; 26 esteem; 27 crocodile tears.

Down

1 catch a crab; 2 transposable; 3 co trustees;
4 somnambulist; 5 she; 6 filibuster; 8 knives;
9 summersault; 16 noisier; 17 heiress; 21 R.A.;
22 in; 23 at; 24 debt.

MR. B. L. BETTISON asks the Old Godhelmians to send their news to school, and any who are not members of the O.G.A. are cordially invited to join the association. Annual subscription 5s.; life membership £5. All school leavers honorary members for one year.

Standing dates for matches against the school are:

The *first* Saturday in the autumn term (when the Annual General Meeting also takes place).

The *last* Saturday in the spring term.

The *third* Saturday in July.

You may add your name to a *mailing list*, by which you can be informed of musical and dramatic productions in the school. The *object* of the association is to keep all former pupils of the County Grammar School in touch with the school, and thereby further the best interests of the school.

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

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

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

O.G.A. brooches 3s. 9d., by post 4s.

Ties: Douglas Sports Shop, High Street, Godalming.

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

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

The *subscription* is 5s. per annum; 10s. per annum with magazine, or £5 for *life* membership. All school leavers are honorary members for one year.

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

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

Mr. B. L. Bettison is *liaison officer* at the school and he will act for either.

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

NEWS

JOAN BAILEY (née Armes, 1946–50). Her daughter, Carolyn, is in the first form.

CAROL BAKER (1955–62) is still working for Guest Keen and Nettlefolds which she joined when she left Brooklands Technical College in 1963. She is personal secretary to Group Economic Adviser, and enjoys her work, which has compensations, in that she often meets people who are concerned with the government of the country.

ANNE BARBER (née Beadle, 1952–57) writes: 'I am now working at Odhams Press Ltd., Rochester, as a reader (we read and answer readers' letters about queries) and for the past two and a half years have been a member of the New Philharmonia Chorus in London'.

AUDREY BEAUMONT (née Rice, 1936–41) is living on the outskirts of New York.

DEREK BETTISON (1932–36) has for some time been working at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, as an engineer. He has two daughters, aged five and seven years.

KENNETH BIRBECK (1948–53) writes: I have been settled in Normandy for the last three years after two years in Paris and am working as an electronic engineer with a subsidiary of Phillips. You may be interested to hear that after all the difficulty the staff had trying to teach me some French

at Godalming, I now have a son, Francois, who is three and half years old and cannot understand anything but French'!

BRENDA BLACK (1952–58) did her nursing training at the Middlesex Hospital and at the Simpson Memorial Maternity Pavilion in Edinburgh. News received just too late for last year's magazine stated that she was a staff nurse in Boston, Massachusetts. She has recently returned to Godalming for a holiday.

DIANA BLAKE (1957–62) had a wonderful 10,000 miles trip across Canada and U.S.A. last summer. The journey took two months and from Toronto she went to Vancouver via Winnipeg, Calgary, Banff and Jasper and then on through Oregon, Los Angeles in California, Tijuana in Mexico, Las Vegas in Nevada, the Grand Canyon in Arizona, Zion Canyon and Salt Lake City in Utah, Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, the Bad Lands of S. Dakota, then Chicago, Detroit and back to Toronto. She intended to go to Australia in the spring—now, maybe, she is home in Godalming again.

FRANK BOULTON (1958–59) who was at St. Thomas' Hospital, is now a qualified doctor, and came to help with biology teaching in the autumn term 1965.

ERIC BRADBROOK (1959-63) works as a wages clerk at the R.F.D. Godalming. He has had a successful season with the Guildford and Godalming Athletic Club and competed in an all England junior event.

GRAHAM BRETT (1937-42) is now a branch bank manager at Woodbridge Hill, Guildford.

JOAN BRETT (née Nunn, 1930-36), daughter of the first Headmaster, has returned to Godalming. Her son, Alan, is now in the school.

DAVID BUTTERFIELD (1948-56) is a setter operator at Smith's Aviation, Godalming. He is living at Elstead and has three children, Susan aged 6, Hilary aged 4 and Martin aged 2.

JANE CARLTON (1958-64) who is nanny to racing driver Graham Hill's three children has been awarded the Wilfrid Noyce Personal Achievement Trophy for 'most meritorious action'. She gained this honour for her action in smothering, with a coat, a petrol pump attendant who burst into flames when a match caught his petrol soaked clothes.

FRANK CAVEY (1932-37) is a sergeant in the R.A.F. stationed at Tangmere, Chichester. He plays tennis regularly and enjoyed meeting other O.G.s at the Swan Hotel, Haslemere, last December.

MICHAEL CHADWICK (1946-53) has been appointed a reader at York University.

WINIFRID CHARMAN (Miss Sheldon, former staff) lives at Norton Lindsey, Warwick, where she is enjoying country life very much. She misses the Surrey hills and open spaces but is in very pleasant farming country and near Warwick and Stratford—two interesting towns. She still teaches on three mornings a week in Leamington and her husband (an old Sinjun master), who retired a year ago, is teaching part-time at Solihull School.

ALAN COLLYER (1953-59) is giving up his teaching of forgework at Christ's Hospital School, Horsham, and is taking the post of handicraft master at a residential school in Hertfordshire.

GEORGE CORK (1934-38) has just been appointed Chief Inspector and Superintendent's Deputy in the Police Force, Oxted Division.

BOYD HOLDEN CRAUFORD (1944-49) is an electrical engineering officer in the Royal Navy, serving in H.M.S. *Fearless*.

JACQUELINE CROOKALL (1957-62) is secretary to Terry Scott at Witley.

JOHN DAVEY-SMITH (1950-56) has a family of two and is living at Ash Vale, Aldershot.

PAUL DAVIES (1951-58) writes: 'Working for the Diplomatic Service I have had the good fortune to visit a number of foreign countries mostly in Africa. I spent three years in the Cameroons and was able to travel right up the West Coast on

my journeys to and from the Embassy there. I left the Cameroons in 1965 and came to Warsaw in November of that year'.

ANTHONY DOBSON (1954-59) is a sergeant in the R.A.F. stationed at Kinloss, Forres, Morayshire. DR. BARBARA DUGUID (1938-46) writes from Belmont, N.S.W., Australia: 'In fact there is much going on out here which is reminiscent of the days prior to 1939. The country has woken up to the fact that it ought to be doing more about defence and the Civil Defence is getting itself organised. We have just received notice of a course for medical officers, ostensibly in case of natural disaster or major accident'. She goes on to say that general practice is certainly a better proposition than under the National Health Service in Great Britain.

ROY FAIRHEAD (1951-58) has joined the staff of the Road Research Centre at Bracknell, Berkshire. He is well known in Guildford for his table tennis activities and he will be marrying in the near future.

JAMES GRANT (1958-64) is thinking of leaving his post with Woolworth's in London and entering a teachers' training college.

GERALD HARDS (1930-32) lives at Pollerton Castle, Carlow, Eire, where he has a skin factory. His son is now a second year student taking hotel management at Shannon College, and his daughter took her School Leaving Certificate this year.

PAUL HOLMES (1957-61) has passed his Second Mate's examinations and is with the Port Line.

VALERIE IRONS (1956-61) now married, is living in Torquay and is working as a secretary.

ALBERT KEELING (1954-61). Having obtained his B.Sc.(Eng.) at Queen Mary College, joined B.A.C. at Weybridge as a graduate apprentice. After reading the Plowden Report on the aircraft industry he thought his career prospects were limited so he obtained a commission in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. He has been posted to H.M.S. *Raleigh*.

ANDREW KINNAIRD (1956-63) has obtained a B.Sc.(Hons.) degree, Class III at Newcastle University.

ALAN KNIGHT (1947-51) is in charge of a firm in Farnham which specialises in the making of plastics. He is married and has a family of two.

LIONEL H. NICHOLS (1932-36) lives at Yeovil where he has a skin business. He is caught up in the export drive and 40 per cent of his production is exported. Last October he spent a week in Italy; in 1964 he got down as far as Uruguay and the Argentine and early this year he expected to be visiting markets in Canada and Austria. He has three children, Susan aged 12 years, Malcolm 10 years, and a younger daughter aged 16 months.

GEORGE LUCAS (1951-58) has re-opened Elstead's village smithy where he does ornamental iron and copper work and agricultural machinery repairs. He was previously teaching metalwork and engineering at the Mytchett County Secondary School.

R. C. MITCHELL (1939-45) is the Labour M.P. for Southampton. On the result of the General Election the school sent him a telegram congratulating him on being the first M.P. from Godalming Grammar School. Prior to this he had just been promoted Deputy Head at his school at Bartley, in the New Forest.

ROBERT MCARTHUR (1952-57) has emigrated to Australia and is within travelling distance of Perth. He is designing and making hand made furniture.

JOHN MCDERMOTT (1952-59) writes from North London: 'I am getting married on August 13th . . . I am terribly busy with functions at school which are taking a lot of time. I have undertaken the organising of the Southwark Primary Schools Swimming Gala this year for 17 schools—involving about 180 children and 600 pupils on finals night. Teaching isn't quite 9 a.m.-4 p.m. is it?!' He will be moving to South London shortly.

A. M. NOLAN (1939-45) who has been home on leave from the Far East was one of the O.G.s who attended the reunion at the Prince of Wales, Guildford, in March. He has been appointed manager of the Sibu Sarawak Branch of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation.

MR. S. C. NUNN (former Headmaster) has left New Barnet and returned to live at Godalming after 30 years.

JOHN OXBOROUGH (1948-53) became a Chartered Auctioneer in 1960. He is now to be congratulated on obtaining his B.Sc. (Estate Management) at London University last year. He is working at Westminster in the Valuation Department of the Greater London Council.

STEPHEN PARRATT (1957-64) who is at Shoreditch Teachers' Training College, is a regular member of the College Football XI.

ROBERT PAYNE (1951-54) is a partner in a central heating firm at Shalford. He lives on the outskirts of Guildford and has a small child.

CAROL PEARCE (1958-65) hopes to become an assistant scientific officer.

MICHAEL PITCHERS (1933-40) lives at Leek Wootton, Warwick and is still working at Courtauld's as a textile technologist on sales development. He is Rear Commodore of Warwick Sailing Club, sails a British Moth single hander racing dinghy, and expects to collect more cups this year. Both his children are at grammar schools, Robert, aged

13, at Warwick School, and 17 year old Julie is considering commercial art as a career.

ALAN PLEDGE (1953-59) now living in London, designs furniture for the well-known firm of Youngers. His son, Dominic is just about a year old. He is now L.S.I.A. and hopes the next step will be M.S.I.A.

DENIS RICE (1934-39) has returned to Guildford so as to be nearer his parents. He has two children and works at County Hall, Kingston.

FRANCES SEAKINS (née Berry, 1932-38) is working as a nurse. She has a son in the third form at school.

CAROLYN SIMPSON (née Darlow, 1956-60) trained as a pottery decorator at Kingswood Potteries, Brook, but is now working at Fine Art Engravers, Godalming. She is living at Thursley.

PAUL SKINNER (1956-61) works in the Godalming Borough Treasurer's Department. He is to be congratulated on passing, at his age and at the first attempt, the Intermediate Examination of the Chartered Institute of Municipal Treasurers and Accountants.

ROGER SMITH (1955-60) who now has a daughter, lives in Kampala, Uganda.

AIDAN SOAME (1956-61) has now passed 'A' levels in English, economics, economic history and British Constitution and he is reading special studies at London University.

MISS F. STALKER (former staff) retired from the teaching staff of Luton High School last July. She 'intends to enjoy a few years of pleasing herself before she gets labelled an "Old Age Pensioner"!'

ROBIN STALLARD (1948-56) is working in the radio department at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough.

PATRICK STENNING (1956-61) is still training to be an accountant and is now working at Bookwise Service in Catteshall Lane.

ANTHONY SUMMERS (1954-59) has moved to Boston, Lincolnshire, and was married some time in June.

JANET THOMAS (1957-64) is enjoying university life at Hull. She writes: 'I went to Florence this summer (1965) for a vacation course at the university and next year I shall be teaching for a year, probably in Italy, popping over to France in the school holidays!'

BRIAN VINCE (1952-59) has moved to Cornwall to take up a new teaching post. He is married and has a small child.

SUSAN WALKER (1956-61) is a book-keeper, receptionist at the Royal Exeter Hotel, Bournemouth.

MARGARET WALLACE (1953-59) teaches at the Wycombe Abbey School, High Wycombe.

CAROLE WARD (1959-65) has passed her W.R.N.S. examination with 81 per cent course average and

has been asked if she would like to be an officer. In April she was off to Lossiemouth on draft where she hoped to get some skiing.

PETER WARD (1954-60) has now completed his training at the Royal College of Art. After much thought he has joined a small firm in London as a design consultant.

ROGER WASTIE (1945-53) is working at the Rubber Research Institute, Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia.

TONY WERM (1957-61) who was well known in Guildford table tennis circles, emigrated to Australia in January of this year.

JOHN WESLEY (1937-39) is a dental surgeon practising in Ledbury, Herefordshire. He has three children, a daughter and two sons; one of the sons is very keen on rugger. John recalls his rugger days vividly but regrets that he now confines his activities to golf!

MARGARET WIGFIELD (1944-51) flew to Toronto last February where she has taken a nursing job to begin with.

MR. AND MRS. WIGFIELD have now moved to 16 Higher Beacon, Ilminster, Somerset.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS (1933-38) is joint owner of a general engineering firm in Catteshall Lane, Godalming. He has two sons and one young daughter.

DAVID WOODLEY (1931-38) who has been associated with Hawker Siddeley Aviation since leaving university, has now joined Automatic Products Associated, at Leamington. He is now a Fellow of the Royal Aeronautical Society, and has been for some time the chairman of the Coventry branch.

MORRICE WORTHY (1939-45) is Chief Methods Engineer at C. A. Parsons' works in Birmingham (electrical machine engines manufacturers).

JENNIFER YOUNG (1950-57) will be leaving Crawley to take a one year course at Liverpool University Department of Education—the E.S.N. Diploma course.

Two Old Godhelmians are directly concerned in the production of our magazine. KEITH FAIRBROTHER (1949-52) is the typesetter and ROY HACKETT (1947-52) is our printer.

Visit to a Geisha House

BY CHERYL DOMINY

THE STREET IS narrow and tortuous, its surface pitted with ruts, unseen in the clinging darkness. Everything is dark and mysterious; there are no lights save for the two shafts from the car's headlamps which feebly pierce the sinister shadows. A scrawny cat slides out of the glare into the shelter of a hidden alley. Suddenly the car jerks to a halt beside a low wooden house.

We climb a flight of steps and are welcomed by an elderly Japanese woman in a grey kimono. After removing our shoes, we enter and she leads us into a spacious room, which to the western eye appears rather strange. The walls and ceiling are built of greyish brown wood, whilst the floor is covered with faded rush matting. Instead of glass the windows consist of translucent rice-paper, wafer thin. From the fretted ceilings hang delicate paper lanterns which lend a pearly glow to the scene. On three sides of the room sliding wooden panels give access to similar rooms on a miniature scale. The complete absence of furniture increases the impression of width and airiness.

We sit cross-legged on the floor, as indicated by the woman, and in reply to a bell-ring, three geishas shuffle into the room, like exotic birds with their brilliant kimonos and elaborate, lacquered hairstyles. They create an air of grace and ethereality, decorating the bareness of their surroundings like fragile

porcelain dolls. Yet their moon-like faces are by no means beautiful, caked with talcum powder, and devoid of expression. Their mouths are nothing more than scarlet gashes, and their sharp black eyes lie like currants in a bed of suet. In the background hovers their watchful guardian, her wizened face and sombre dress a striking contrast to the artificial gaiety of her wards.

The place titbits and jars of hot rice wine on the floor before us; the wine is syrupy, and although extremely potent, has an innocuous taste. As we drink, two of the geishas perform simple dances to the strangled notes of a Japanese lyre. They giggle and chatter amongst themselves in shrill voices. The room becomes stuffy, and the air is heavy with the cloying scent of incense. The geishas' faces are flushed with dancing and dye-stained sweat trickles down their necks, shattering the illusion of china figures. We begin to play games, reminiscent of those enjoyed in kindergarten.

Now and again there is a pause in the music and laughter, and through the open window one can hear the sound of water, washing over pebbles and the blast of a ship's horn, reminding one of reality and the nearness of the water-front. After two hours we take our leave of the geishas, retrieve our shoes, and return to the dark world outside.



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