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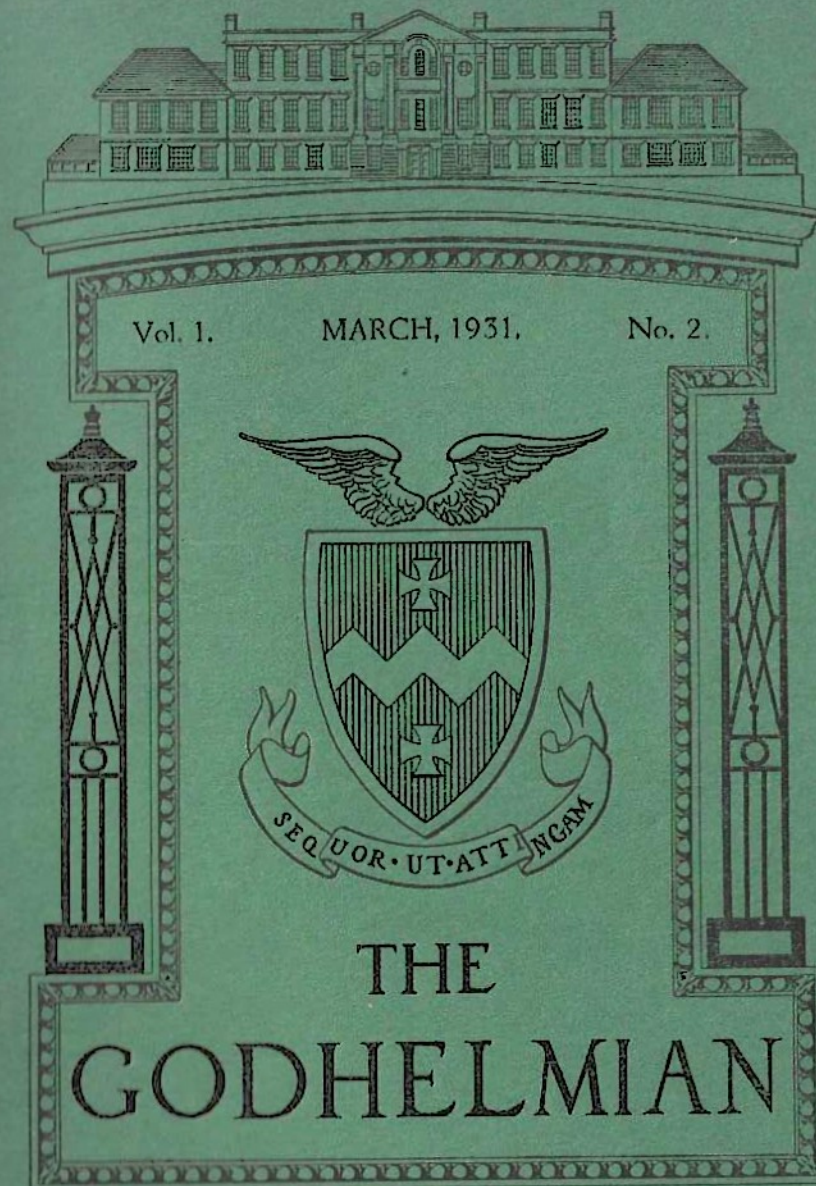
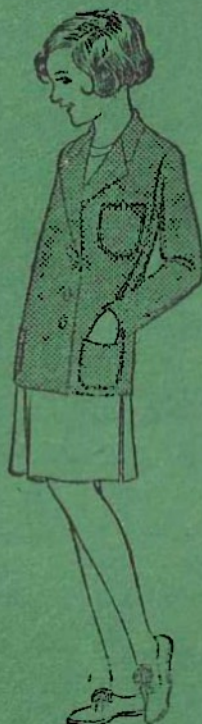
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THE GODHELMIAN.

Editor—W. E. WILKINSON.

Vol. I.

March, 1931.

No. 2.

Editorial.

"ONE to be ready, two to be steady, three to be off!" It is the old formula of our childish athletics meetings not held under the auspices of the A.A.A. This is our "two to be steady" term. The heady excitements of the very beginning of the adventure filled last term. It would seem natural that this term should be by way of a quieter prelude to the next, when we shall be really "off" into the stride and swing of the School's race.

This is a Janus-headed term in more ways than one. For one thing, it looks upon both winter and spring. Taking its name optimistically from the latter it yet brings us many days when our teeth clack as we pass an open door, and rather fewer when the sun's rays rival the radiators. For another, it looks both back and forward—to Christmas and all the activities connected with it, as though loath to be dissociated from them: and to the peculiar joys of the summer term. By the exigencies of printing, late activities of last term are perpetuated in this Magazine so that we carry our past times very obviously with us.

Not that this term has not its own value or has been dull. It may have begun quietly with a word of determined concentration on the daily round and *common* task. But we soon added other interests to those of the class-room and now the 25th and 26th are looming before us with its varied enchantments. Joyful is the task of an editor who has these activities to register.

Lastly, as to the glorified way in which we face the world this term. We owe and offer to Mr. Taylor our sincere thanks for the wonderful cover he has given us—for the beauty of the design itself, and for the fact that it will remind all of us in the future of the place where our work was done.

We wish to thank our numerous advertisers for their kind help. Without their assistance the magazine would cost the pupils more than three times the price charged now. Even as it is the magazine is produced at a loss, which is being met

by calling upon an undue proportion of the life subscriptions so kindly sent by members of the Governing Body. We hope, therefore that the advertisers will find the advertisements productive of business.

Our Contemporaries.

We are very glad to acknowledge the receipt of copies of the "Gaytonian" (the Magazine of the Harrow County School), of the Oxted County School Magazine, and of the Ipswich Secondary School Magazine.

School Notes.

Thank you—

To Mrs. Hopwood for the beautifully worked School Badge on the reading desk cloth.

To Mr. R. D. Mansell for teaching metalwork to some of the senior boys.

To Mr. B. G. Hards for the arrangements made for, and personal conducting of Form III.'s visit to Messrs. Pullman's Leather Works. We are all sorry that, at the moment of writing, Gerald Hards is seriously ill, and we hope that by the time this appears in print, Gerald will be well advanced in convalescence.

To Lady Jekyll, D.B.E., J.P., for a bountiful parcel of books for the library.

To the following gentlemen for their help with morning services this term:—Rev. J. F. Douglas, M.A., Rev. J. M. MacAnally, M.A., Rev. T. Knight, A.K.C., Rev. F. Symes-Thompson, M.A., and Rev. E. H. Hardy.

To the following parents, who have given of their time freely, rehearsing or making scenery for the play at the end of term:—Messieurs Boxall, Dare, Emerson, Hopwood, Pye, Rowe, Westbrook and Mesdames Boxall, Dare, Fisher, Waters.

To an even longer list of mothers, who have attended the Wednesday afternoon sewing parties. We have not called the roll then, so that we are unable to give an accurate list, but we have been glad of their interest and help.

To the London and North Eastern Railway, the Great Western Railway and Colwyn Bay, for the loan of sets of lantern slides.

To Mr. Taylor, senior for help with scenery making.

To Lady Victoria Fisher-Rowe, Mr. and Mrs. Macleod Laurance, Betty Smith and Kathleen Patrick for library books.

To the many others who are helping the School in big and in little ways, from the boy who gives us a cocoanut in its husk, to the Chairman of the Governors who has sent us an invaluable contribution to this number of the magazine.

We need:—

More books for the Library.

Contributions to the Games Fund.

Trophies for Sports.

Parents' Meeting. On Wednesday, January 28th, the Headmaster gave a lecture on "Geography in the Curriculum," illustrating his remarks by use of epidiascope. An interesting and useful discussion on school matters followed, before the community singing and light entertainment took place.

The Value of Biology in the School Curriculum.

An Address delivered at the County School, Godalming, to the Parents of the pupils on December 3rd, 1930, by Oswald H. Latter, Chairman of the Governors.

That every child in the course of its education should receive some instruction in biology is now almost universally admitted. It is not long since prospective medical students were the only pupils to whom the opportunity of learning about living things was given in schools. For that is what biology is—the science that deals with living things of every sort, whether plants or animals. No one has yet succeeded in concisely defining Life; but we know that all things that are alive have the power of feeding, of growing, of respiring (breathing), of "noticing," or being sensitive to circumstances around them, and, sooner or later, of producing young.

There are many reasons why every one should have at least an elementary knowledge of what these essential vital processes really are. Foremost among those stands the fact that we ourselves are animals, subject to the same Laws of Nature regarding the chemistry and physics of our living bodies, to the same Laws of variation and of heredity, and to the same process of evolution as are what we are pleased to call "lower animals." It is therefore important that each of us should learn how to live the "animal part" of our lives aright, to the best advantage both of ourselves and of our fellows. Briefly this means that the structure and working of the human body, and the proper care of that "fearfully and wonderfully made" machine with which each of us is for

a few years entrusted,—technically, Human Physiology and Hygiene—form the foundation stone of a school course of biology.

On this foundation can naturally be built up a super-structure embodying the elements of chemistry, physics, botany and zoology. For example, to understand the processes of feeding and digestion there is required a knowledge of the chemical composition of our own bodies, and of the foods that make good the wear and tear of our tissues, and from which we derive the energy for carrying out all we do. Thence we are led on inevitably to the study, both chemical and physical, of how green plants secure their food and build it up into forms available to animals, and store up in these substances energy derived from the sun.

Again, breathing cannot be understood without knowledge of the chemical and physical properties of the atmosphere. The movements, too, of our limbs demand for their appreciation acquaintance with the principles of levers. These are but a few of the numerous instances that might be adduced to show how closely linked together the sciences are, and how biology includes the others.

In rural schools much practical work in biology can be done in connexion with the school gardens. The conditions necessary for the successful cultivation of various crops may be investigated; the chemical foods best suited to each ascertained; the life-histories of the fungal and of the insect pests that attack them carefully recorded, and remedial or preventive measures devised. Work such as this is not only important educationally; it has also a definite vocational value; for it affords to each pupil opportunity to find out if he, or she, is interested in work "on the land,"—agriculture and horticulture—or perhaps in following out the life-cycles of the various pests that inflict such enormous damage on human produce—economic biology, as it is called. To those who "find themselves" in either of these directions there are prospects of congenial careers in later life. Those to whom the cultivation of gardens and the care of animals make a strong appeal would probably develop into successful farmers or market gardeners; perhaps in this country, perhaps in some Overseas portion of the Empire where there is yet ample room for emigrants from the home country.

On the other hand, to the budding biologist there are, when he has completed his training, numerous well paid posts open; in fact, the demand for men for such posts is considerably greater than the supply,—good posts "go begging" every year

from lack of suitable applicants. Some of these jobs are in forestry, others in plantations of rubber, coffee, tea, etc.; while some are in dockyards, warehouses, or granaries, and the like. Wherever the produce of human labour is being cultivated or stored, there enemies in the form of insects or fungi carry on their destructive work, and there the economic biologist has useful tasks on which to exercise his wits and energy *pro bono publico*.

Our County School, situated as it is, has splendid facilities for the development of biological training. Of course, not all our pupils are going to become doctors, or farmers, or economic biologists; but it is right that every one of them should be granted the opportunity of ascertaining if it is in him, or her, to find life's work in one of these callings that are of such immense value to the community. Others whose vocations are not concerned with living plants or animals may take up some recreative biological hobby; while the lives of all should be fuller and happier for the ability to appreciate the wonders and beauties of the living world around us.

Parents' Page.

I've no time—It's always the cry,
I've really no time to spare.
'Tis hurry and bustle, turmoil and tussle
Each day, so full of care.

I get up early, sit up late,
Yet there's only time to do
Everything—anyhow, any old thing—
But the thing I *want* to do.

But perhaps to be busy, to answer, to call,
To work, to do, to dare,
Is better, really, after all,
Than castles built in air.

LOUIE MILLS.

What's in a Name?

There are so many place-names which have interesting meanings that it seems a pity that the significance of the names should be forgotten. For instance, the familiar picture of Beachy Head sometimes makes us wonder about the "Beachy." The name is a corruption of the French "beau chef" (beautiful

headland). Wireless enthusiasts, familiar with the name of Daventry, will note the aptness of the true name "the dwelling on the two rivers," while those who think that Wigan is funny will be surprised to know that the name used to be Wibigga, "the holy building." Gentlemen who favour Homburg hats will be glad to know that Homburg means "the high hill fort." Bungay is not as pleasant as its original form Bongué, "the good ford," and Moneybeg, in Ireland, hardly suggests "the little shrubbery."

There are cases, of course, in which a pleasant name hides an unpleasant meaning. Lichfield is much nicer than "the field of corpses"; Grasmere is a beautiful name disguising its real meaning, "the lake of swine"; and Fulbrook does not mean what its name suggests, but signifies "a dirty stream." There are many other examples of this, such as Ben Macdhui (the mountain of the black sow) and Merton (the marsh dwelling), but Hounslow has not improved much on "the dog's hill." Pernambuco, on the other hand, is much more comforting than "the mouth of Hades," and Tezcuco (Mexico) is better than "the place of detention."

Biblical names like Bethlehem (the house of bread), Bethsaida (the house of fish), Bethany (the house of dates), Bethesda (the house of mercy), belong to the very interesting group of "Beths," and one might suggest Bethpage and Bethjekyll!

Haslemere appears to mean "the hazel tree marsh," but perhaps the question of the meaning of local names may be left to a contributor to next term's issue of "The Godhelmian." [This is a challenge—*Editor*].

P. A. RENT.

A Journey to Kimberley, S. Africa.

ON the 17th of February a few years ago we set sail for Cape Town, South Africa, leaving Tilbury Docks, London. We soon had cause to regret that we embarked at London instead of journeying overland to Southampton and joining the boat there next day, as our first night on board was a very stormy one.

Our first few hours on board were spent in finding our way about, discovering the exact position of our cabin, and in being allotted places in the dining room—of which we hoped to be able to make full use. We spent a few quiet hours in the harbour at Southampton, where we took on a number of other passengers, and rather hoped that the storm had sub-

sided; but much to our dismay we ran into far worse weather later on. Leaving Southampton we again found it quite rough, but this was calm to the storm we met in the Bay of Biscay. For the first week on board practically every passenger remained in the cabins, or rather in their berths, for the continued tossing of the ship flung cabin trunks from side to side, rendering it unsafe to venture to the floor. During this week by far the busiest person on the boat was the doctor.

However, the morning before we reached Madeira the storm abated and the sun made a very welcome appearance. Many white-faced passengers gradually found their way to the deck and soon excitement knew no bounds, for in the distance land was to be seen. As we gradually came closer to the island we had a magnificent view, the white buildings looking so beautiful against the slopes of green and edged with the deep azure of the sea.

The moment we stopped the boat was surrounded by small craft in which were native merchants with their various wares, and innumerable small native boys who held us fascinated by their prowess in the water. They would dive from the rigging of the vessel into the sea and pick up in their mouths coins thrown in by the passengers; and in fact appeared to be as much at home in the water as on land.

One of the things which we noticed on coming nearer the Equator was the gradual diminishing of twilight until it is absent altogether and night falls suddenly upon the sun going down. The wonderful sight of Table Bay, surmounted by Table Mountain, somewhat lessened the sense of disappointment we felt at the ending of the voyage and the departure of friends in various directions, for on board we had been to all appearances one large happy family.

Everything was now bustle and excitement, but until we were through the Customs department we could not believe ourselves really on land. We stayed a few weeks at Cape Town, which we found very much like an English city except for the presence of the natives. We endeavoured while there to see all that seemed interesting, and found the suburban districts very beautiful, reminding us to some extent of the English lake district.

After this we journeyed by train to Kimberley, which occupied us somewhat over two days, and crossed the Hex River Mountains, winding round and round amid gorgeous scenery, rendered even more beautiful as we saw it by the light of a tropical moon. Nearly the whole of the day after this was spent in passing through the uninteresting Karoo

district. Further on still we were very interested to pass an ostrich farm close to the railway, and were very much amused by the antics of the birds and astounded by their speed.

Eventually we sighted Modder River and knew we were nearing our destination, and on arriving at Kimberley we had our first glimpse of the town which was to be our home for the next few years.

H. M. HOPWOOD.

The End of the Christmas Term.

It seems late in the year to be thinking and writing about our Christmas festivities, but the memories of them are vivid enough. First there had been the Parents' Social and the Sale of Work. Then came a short breathing-space which was used to fit up a stage so as to augment the meagre proportions of the hall platform. Who can say which corner of the school building was not pressed to contribute? Desks and tables proved to be of exact platform height. A common room carpet unified the surface. Netball posts, jumping stands, horse and buck, electric lamps from various places, curtains from windows, all served, and all went back a little sadly to homelier tasks after their "hour of glorious life."

In secrecy—more or less—but not in silence, the Houses had practised at opposite ends of the School. Now was the moment when, with Miss Mounsey's music sounding delightfully in the hall, they waited in the "make-up" room to pass forth to judgment. What that judgment was is recorded elsewhere, but there was much good fun in all efforts.

Then came an interval when the audience sang carols and a certain liveliness in the make-up room transformed an American dame into a farmer's boy and a drill instructress into a princess for the purposes of the Dramatic Society's performance of "Hobyahs," a fairy-tale thriller with all the necessary ingredients of witch, ogre—though in top-hat and frock-coat—stolen princess, black demons and stalwart hero, king and courtiers.

Two days later, that great evening was followed by one almost more delightful—the party for children in the neighbourhood. A little army of parents cut bread and butter and made sandwiches in the afternoon. A larger army appeared a little later to look after the tea-tables. Those tea-tables! A Christmas cake to each with cherries on it and plates of gaily-coloured small cakes, bread and butter, sandwiches, a pile of delicious new rolls with golden butter-pats

to put on them. And crackers! Our guests came and did their best with the provisions. Then to the hall, where some of the House concert items and "Hobyahs" were again performed.

All the time, waiting at the back of the hall was an enormous Christmas tree—the adjective is not exaggerated, because it has to be an outsize tree that is not dwarfed in our spacious hall. It shimmered with tinsel and coloured glass and held a hundred promises of toys and parcels. Only one individual could do justice here, so Father Christmas himself appeared and loaded each of our visitors with a parcel of groceries, sweetmeats, and a toy. Further parcels of clothing were distributed on the way out, to say nothing of the oranges and the paper bags containing what just would not vanish from the tea tables; so that we almost feared to see the streets near the school littered with good things that tired arms had had to let fall.

And so we were alone again for the last day of our first term. The school dinner rose to wonderful heights of turkey and sausages, plum pudding and mince-pie. We were glad to thank our chef and caretaker for all their services to us during the term. We pulled crackers and made noises with the things therein. In the afternoon we had a service, too sincere to be described by the rather pompous term, "impressive," followed by a little talk by the Headmaster on the spirit of things during the term. Marks for Cock House were announced, rewards given to a few individuals who had won them. Report books were given out, and then we assembled to enjoy our own private tea party and the games which followed.

Service Company.

There is no doubt that the two hours after school on Friday are the brightest hours of the week. The change from community singing to folk-dancing was all to the good, and under Miss Wilkinson's keen direction the beginners are learning quickly, while the experienced dancers are improving. This gives an appetite for tea which the tea-orderlies can now prepare very efficiently and rapidly. With two buns and a cup of tea for a penny we feel that the margin of profit must be small. Drill soon corrects any tendency to obesity however—and we are good at drill! When we disappear to our sections for work we may sometimes wonder what the other sections

are doing. The first-aid sections no doubt will be repairing broken limbs, the girls' woodwork section can be heard quite distinctly, and a nose will soon detect the camp cooking section. The quieter sections like the shoemakers, the boys' sewing section, the entertainers' section and the surveyors' section, may be seen sometimes, but they are usually far too busy to be interested in any other section. Of course there have been amusing results in some cases, and in the case of cooking the result has sometimes been——. But it has been good fun, hasn't it? O.C.

The Service Company.

On Friday nights when lessons are done,
Our Company meets for work and fun;
Boys and girls taking their places
With eager expressions upon their faces.

First we sing or do country dancing,
Our feet of lead so gaily prancing;
Then comes drill in neat platoons:
The corporal's voice it coaxingly croons.

After enjoying two buns and tea
There's cooking for some or carpentry;
While others carefully darn a hole,
Or to a slipper attach a sole.

From half past five to six o'clock
We play at "Tag" or "Postman's Knock;"
Then to our homes we all must flee
Shouting "Three Cheers for our Company."

B. STEVENS.

The Houses.

Munstead House. Colour : Blue.

We welcome Joan Weller to our house this term.

At the end of last term our energies were fairly evenly divided between examinations and the House Concert Competition. As far as the former are concerned, we take second place to our friends and rivals, Page House. In the latter, too, Page were successful, and we extend them our hearty congratulations. In the concert, R. Emerson, G. Mills, Stevens and J. Beagley made an amusing introduction, I. Dare acted the strong man, J. Matthews and N. Pratt danced, and

several other members of the House grouped themselves for a "Ghost Walk" and a jazz band.

In the Hockey match played at the end of last term Page were successful by 1 goal to 0. Seven of our girls played in the School Hockey Eleven this term.

In the Netball match this term, Page won by seven goals to four.

In the Rugby match this term the boys beat Page House by 49 points to 4. Each team lacked two of its best players. Our boys contributed eight members to the School Rugby Fifteen.

Our numbers in the ranks of the Service Company have reached 31. We took part in the Treasure Hunt at the beginning of the term, when No. 2 Section (Page) beat No. 1 Section (Munstead) on the post, both sections seeking the treasure in the same room.

We have not done so badly, and will do better.

I. DARE, *Captain*.

Page House. Colour : Red.

We are glad to welcome D. Garnett to our ranks this term.

We look back to the end of last term for our news and find that Page House was successful in the Concert Competition. Many members worked hard to make this successful, so that we can truly look upon this as a House success. Our "Drill Squad" deserve however a special mention. Incidentally, by winning this competition we became Cock House for the winter term, just beating Munstead by 2 points.

We should like to see more members of the House in the Page Platoon of the Service Company. Perhaps our bell ringers of Section 2 can attract you! Most of our games time this term has been taken up with practising for the matches against Oxted. Of our members, I. Wright (Captain), P. Holloway, E. Mackey, and K. Patrick were chosen to play in the Hockey Eleven, and T. Castleman, H. Dowsett, J. King, A. Pamment, C. Roe, and R. Woolley in the Rugby Fifteen.

K. PATRICK (*Captain*).

Cock House Results Last Term.

Games	Munstead 1, Page 1 (equal)
Conduct	Munstead 2
Work	Page 3
Service Company	Munstead 1
House Concerts	Page 2

Frost.

'Twas on a gleaming winter's night
 And the old, old moon was shining bright,
 When master Jack Frost came along this way
 Looking so artful, jolly and gay.
 First of all he surveyed the land
 Looking for hillocks on which to stand;
 Then he began to cover the height
 With a jewelled mantle of sparkling white.
 He touched the twigs of the trees so bare
 Using dainty brush and palette rare;
 And then to the pond and mere he pranced
 And chuckling merrily, o'er them he danced.
 Then off to the houses quickly he sped
 While the boys and girls were still in bed;
 White pictures to paint for them on the panes
 Of ships and seas, of roads and lanes.
 Oh what joy for the boys in the morn
 As they run about, to keep themselves warm;
 As they slide, and skate, and jump on the ground
 And thank Jack Frost for the fun they have found.

H. MADGWICK.

The Societies.

Dramatic Society.

THE Society made its first big effort last term when it performed "Hobyahs." We feel we might describe the actors as "So-and-so" and "So-and-so," and an All-Star Cast.

This term we have been learning to mime. We divide into groups, think of something we would like to practise on—a proverb, a poem, or a story,—and then each group in turn entertains the others with silent converse and exaggerated gestures.

We have a miniature stage, too, with changeable scenery. This is very exciting. We represent certain characters in a play, learn our parts, and fixing tiny models of ourselves into tin spoons, stand behind the scenes and push the little figures about the stage while saying the parts.

On the 25th some of us will be seen at this amusement,

and others rehearsing a little play, "Elfin Hill," which will not see footlights for many months.

P. HOLLOWAY.

First-Aid Society.

AN important and useful thing we have done this term is to organise the Society into sections, each under one of the committee members. The section leaders are R. Emerson, C. Maule, G. Hewett and G. Hards, and R. Herrington takes an absent leader's place.

We have been learning much new first-aid work. For one thing, we have obtained poles and rope and managed to make a stretcher. That means we are learning the methods and rules of lifting a patient with a broken leg or thigh. Stretcher work is difficult to learn, because unless great care is used there are possibilities of doing much harm to a patient.

We are now getting ready for the great day on March 25th when we hope our demonstration of our work will please people.

R. EMERSON, *Secretary*.

Science Society.

It was decided at the first meeting of the term that, as the School was to have its own experimental garden, we should do some research into the constitution of the soil and the conditions for the successful growth of plants. Some very successful and quite interesting experiments have been done. At the moment of writing we are busily preparing to show these experiments in working order to the visitors we hope to entertain on March 25th. Next term our activities will probably carry us out of doors, as there will be plenty of work to do on the various experimental plots.

I. DARE.

Travel Society.

Two parties have now visited Farncombe Signal Box, where Stationmaster S. J. Webb and Signalman Mills have very kindly given us pleasure and instructive hours. We have acquired a new interest in tail lamps now that we know that if one is missing from the train which passes the box it is the order to give nine rings to the next box. After hearing so many rings of the "three and a one" sort (for the meaning of this please refer to members of the T.S.) we feel impressed by the nine. Some of our ideas were corrected when we found

that the distribution of the lamps on the engine showed whether the train was Portsmouth Harbour or Portsmouth Town, and so on. We know too what a lever collar is, and that the distant signal levers are yellow while the others are red, black, or chocolate, according to their uses. One member has declared that the signalman's work is worse than mathematics, and all decided that when they travel by train they owe much to the many signalmen in the boxes along the line.

Visit to Guildford Locomotive Department.

One day I went with the Travel Society to the engine-sheds at Guildford. These are very large and it took us over an hour to see them. We first saw some old tank-engines, which are used to pull trucks about the yard. We next saw the oldest engine they have, which dates over fifty years back. It has a very long funnel, as was usual in those days.

We next saw a snow-plough, which was last used in 1923. This snow-plough is large and is usually used on a large engine. Near to this was a crane which could lift anything up to thirty tons. Both the crane and the snow-plough are within fifty yards of the North Downs, whose chalk cliffs tower up and look down upon the engine-sheds.

We returned to the engine-sheds and saw how the engines worked. We also saw how men go into holes in the ground in order to repair the engines. The engine-driver allowed us to have a ride in an engine, which looked one of the Pacific Express type. While we were having this ride he showed us what all the levers were used for. We crossed a moving bridge, which is used when various engines change to various tracks. We then climbed on to the front of the engine and saw the "works" inside. Then we went into a small workshop and saw a smith twisting iron into the shape he wanted. In another larger workshop we saw some woodwork tools which are used to clamp pieces of iron together.

We came back on the 5.12 train to Godalming, very black but very happy.

C. ROE

Visit to the General Omnibus Company's Works at Chiswick.

On Friday, December 12th, the first School Journey took place. Twenty-two pupils of the Travel Society, or guests invited by them, adequately guided, went to the London

General Omnibus Company's Works at Chiswick. Godalming, Guildford, Waterloo, Charing Cross and Gunnersbury was our route, and all its interests, from cuttings and embankments to escalators, from the flight of birds to the movement of the indicators' arrows at Charing Cross were noticed by the ardent "travellers."

At Gunnersbury, the wide portals of the Works were open for us and we made steadily for the buildings in the distance, hoping to reach them before being run down by the heavy lorries and petrol waggons passing swiftly out. We had a glimpse of the canteen, which we were to know better later, before our guides came and took us in two groups to explore the mysteries of the sheds.

A year is the life of an omnibus on the streets. Then back it comes to the Works, is completely re-conditioned, and returns to the streets, to all intents and purposes, a new bus. So we saw first the bodies being lifted from the chassis by cranes; then chassis and upper parts went their own ways.

In the carpenters' shops—enormous sheds—men and machinery co-operated to make new bodies for the buses. Wood was planed and shaped with incredible speed, so that the boys gazed and wistfully wondered why they had to push planes so laboriously in the workshops at School. Separate parts were bathed in varnish and hung up to dry and to drip. It was fascinating to watch the screwing up. Someone walked all round the partly fitted framework making the marks where the screws had to go; another punched small holes for the screw-tips to go in; a third put the screws in, knocking each on the head with a hard hammer; a fourth completed the process with a screw-driver that was a little machine in itself and did not have to be hand twisted. Dozens of screws had gone tightly home in the time it would take normally one person to deal with one screw.

Gradually the upper parts of the buses took shape before us, until in one shed they stood in serried rows waiting to obtain their final glories of red paint and gold-leaf. Our two groups shared the pleasure of this, for the one saw the paint being poured on from watering-cans, while, coming along a little later, the other saw the gold-leaf name transferred.

And so we went into the engineering sheds, where for a great part of the time it was difficult to hear our guide's explanations and our own comments upon the grimness and strangeness of the work. Two processes take place. The first is the taking to pieces of the old motor engines, their cleaning and perfecting. The second is the building up of all these

parts into new engines. It was the smoothness and speed of all the work that amazed us. Every worker fitted accurately into the whole great scheme and carried out his task unerringly towards the ends of renovation and completion. In their allotted spaces, this and that part of the chassis were removed. Then at the long lengths of benches each was made fit again. A furnace belched forth its heat to show how parts were scoured clean by fire. Under enormous pressure solid tyres were fitted over the wheels. Brilliant flashes showed where the sparking plugs were being tested. Electricians were watching the work the batteries were doing.

The making of the new chassis with the renovated parts took place along a wide band travelling slowly but with an almost frightening inevitability the whole length of a huge shed. At intervals along its course were the parts to be added at the given moment, to the slowly growing bus. No hesitation, no undue hurrying; yet here as we stand at the beginning of the band is nothing but a centre bar and axle supports while there at the far end is the driver just climbing on to the seat to test the engine before letting it go triumphantly through the big doors.

The performances on the greasy circle had just ended so we had to imagine the skidding. It was time for us to go back to the canteen where we shared one part at least of the workmen's experiences in getting our tea and buns at the canteen counters. For their generosity to us in that matter, and for their kindness in letting us visit the Works and see the most interesting processes which take place there, we owe and record our sincere thanks to the L.G.O.C.

Visit to the Tannery.

THIS term we had a very enjoyable visit to the tannery in the town, where we saw all the processes by which skins are changed to leather, ready to be made into gloves, bags and parts of clothing.

When the skins arrive at the mill, some are wet with salt as a preservative, while others are in a dry condition. They are taken to a sorting room and put into three piles according as they are worm-eaten, or have been gashed in the flaying, or have tears caused by thorns and brambles.

The splitter, with the aid of a splitting machine, divides the skin into two parts. The upper or outer part, the side

upon which the wool grew, is the grain, and it goes to a tanner who dresses and dyes it for bags, book-bindings, etc. The under part of the skin then goes to the lime pits until it is soft enough for the surplus inside of the skin to be removed. Then it goes again to the lime pits until they are ready for "frizing," a highly-skilled hand operation by which the pieces of fat on the outer side of the skin are pushed or cut off. This fat is the purest known and is used for making face creams.

After "drenching," the skins are ready for oil-tanning. Cod oil is pounded in by huge, machine-driven hammers. It is not a single operation, for the skins are taken out and hung up in varying degrees of heat several times until they generate their own heat. The process takes about ten days.

The skins are now leather. They are put into cleaning drums, which clean them as they are revolving. Having been cleaned they are hung up to dry in long ventilated drying sheds, where a fan drives hot air on to them so that they quickly dry. Some skins are bleached by sun, and then they are all taken to the dusting machine, where all dust collected from the drying sheds is removed. The skins are then stretched, some by hand on a stretching iron, and others on a stretching machine. Each skin is measured and cut to size according to the purposes for which it is required.

Some skins are now ready to be converted into gloves, hand-bags and book-bindings. These skins are dyed to the desired colours. Stronger leather is powdered with pipe clay and made into army requirements such as straps, belts, cases, guards' gloves and riding breeches. The articles made go to all parts of the world.

Skins are obtained from the national parks of England and Scotland, from South China, India, Australia, New Zealand, Brazil, Barcelona, Canada, South America and Spain.

J. BEAGLEY.

Games.

Soccer.

On Saturday, December 13th, the School soccer team met Dorking in a return match and Dorking were able to take their revenge for their previous defeat. On the whole the School played well, moving well about the field, but they lacked that last bit of dash which makes all the difference between "pretty" and effective football.

The School lost the toss and Dorking were quick to attack, but the immediate danger was averted by the steadiness of the School backs. Similarly, School attacks were brought to naught by the Dorking defence. At half-time no goals had been scored. The first goal came when Dorking's left-wing gave an opening to the centre-forward. Then the School attacked and J. Wright was unlucky not to score, the Dorking goalkeeper just managing to clear. An attack by Dorking resulted in a penalty as one of our halves instinctively knocked the ball out of goal after our goalkeeper had been beaten. The penalty was converted, bringing the score to 0—2. The School followed up with an attack; J. Wright centred to G. Mills, who shot; the Dorking goalkeeper almost cleared but Mills followed up his shot and managed to knock the ball into the net. No further score resulted and play for the rest of the game was pretty even. The School team was as follows:—I. Dare, goal; R. Woolley (captain) and R. Worsfold, backs; A. Pamment, J. Wright and T. Castleman, halves; R. Jelley, G. Hewett, G. Mills, R. Emerson, and J. King, forwards.

The Rugger Match at Oxted.

The team left the school by char-a-banc just after 9 a.m. It was quite a bright morning. On the outward journey we did not encounter any snow, but on the return we did. When we arrived at Oxted we found the ground to be in an exceptionally heavy state. It was very awkward to keep a footing, and there were a large number of puddles. We won the toss and played with the wind at our backs in the first half. Play opened up on the Oxted left wing, when after a few minutes they scored an unconverted try. From the kick-off we attacked strongly but were repelled. Oxted attacked again and they scored another unconverted try. From the kick-off we attacked again, managing to carry the ball past their twenty-five line, but there we lost it. Oxted carried the ball up as far as fifteen yards from our goal, when they were awarded a penalty kick, from which they scored. From the kick-off play was carried over the centre line, only to return to our half again. From a breakaway Oxted scored another try which was converted. From the kick-off play opened up on the Oxted right wing, which resulted in their scoring another try, which was converted. From the kick-off we carried the ball over the half-way line. Just inside the Oxted 25 line it went out of play. Oxted took the throw-in but it was a foul. A scrum then took place. The ball came out on our side and Mayers tried to break through on the blind side, he was tackled by three

opponents. Luck was against us when Beagley placed a drop-kick on the wrong side of the upright. Oxted seemed to make headway on their left wing, the ground on that side of the field was much better than any other part. Before half-time Oxted scored four more tries which were all converted. We crossed over (6 goals, 2 tries and a penalty goal) 39 points down.

After two minutes' interval Oxted kicked-off; Wright gathered the ball and after beating several opponents he was brought down. Oxted soon got going and they scored three more tries, which were converted. From the kick-off Beagley and Pamment tried to get through but failed. Again luck stood between us and a try when Mills dribbled the ball over the Oxted goal line, but he was beaten for the touch-down. Oxted scored three more tries, which were converted. Just before the whistle was blown for time Oxted got another try, which was not converted. The final score was:—

Oxted (12 goals, 3 tries and a penalty goal) 72 points).

School

The team consisted of:—*full back*, Dare (captain); *three-quarter backs*, Beagley, Pamment, Wright, Mills; *half-backs*, Dowsett (scrum half), Worsfold; *forwards*, Woolley, Jelley, Emerson, King, Castleman, Roe, Mayers and Fisher.

Wagger accompanied the team as reserve.

Hockey.

Our hockey practices this term have been a preparation for our first school matches, those against Oxted County School.

Choosing a team was not an easy matter. Though we are fortunate in possessing a reliable hard-hitting defence, and one or two others who show individual promise, our forward line is weak. Players must realise that however good an individual may be, success can only be achieved by combination. The job of a forward is not to provide a shield for the goalkeeper—who needs no such protection—but to carry the ball into the opposite team's circle and score. This can only be done by persistent tackling and scientific passing. Our complete weakness in these respects was all too obvious when we played Oxted on February 28th. That the score against us stood at 9—0 was not by any means due either to the greater experience of our opponents or to the muddiness of the ground: it was caused by our lack of practice in tackling and combining. That the score was not doubled was due almost entirely to good hard work on the part of backs and goalie.

The return match a fortnight later showed considerable improvement. The team is to be congratulated on having reduced the score to 2—0 against us. The game was a good one, but the weakness of our forward line was shown time after time. We continually failed to score because the player who had the ball was not supported by the others. The defence again played splendidly.

Those who did not secure a place in the team can do their share by playing their very hardest and thus keeping everybody up to a high standard. Whoever you may be, O hockey enthusiast, never let anyone else do as she likes with the ball. Watch for your chance of taking a pass neatly; do not keep the ball to yourself; and finally, Tackle! Tackle!! Tackle!!!

Netball.

MOST of our practising this term has taken place on a full-sized grass court. The grass is a disadvantage, but the size has allowed the players to show what they can do. On the whole, play reaches a very good standard, though some players still seem to have too much lead in their feet. The shooters are erratic; that must be changed by daily practice. Teams must be able to feel that they can rely on the shooters when hard fighting has sent the ball to their hands.

On March 28th we send a senior and junior team to Oxted. There will be much competition for inclusion in those teams. House matches will also have taken place by the time this Magazine is out, so that the results of keen practice will be evident.

Form Notes.

Form III.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! how hateful, shocking,
I can't, I can't—hang up my stocking.

No, that is wrong and out of season, and shows to what a pass the need for a rhyme can bring one. So I leave verse, but must record that it is hateful, shocking, that we no longer have our own corridor. Form II. has disturbed the peace. Carrying their furniture came they walking soberly (no running allowed). We had moved on ahead and within shorter walls tried to make ourselves feel smaller than we really were. Familiar ink-stains and works of art were left behind. No

longer do we benefit from the calm induced by pleasant pastoral scenes, cows and fishermen and donkeys, but have to reckon with three silent watchers, most annoying of them the so-called "Laughing Cavalier" who insolently smirks at us, and while some murmur the present of "donner" and others the future, thinks of all the Latin and Greek he knows, to say nothing of the French and German. But our consolation is that any room will be "Form III. Room" so long as Form III. is in it. J. Weller joined us this term and has soon become one of us.

There have been one or two intellectual disasters this term. Someone decided that a locus was an insect. Another confused "trois" and "treize"—a serious matter when it concerns sisters! Of physical accidents, Rugby football and a hard head stand equal as causes, while one of our actors dies regularly twice a week with blood-curdling groans, but sits up to watch the rest of the fun.

We add to our accomplishments. The girls do less damage than might be expected to themselves and the workshop on Friday evenings, and their labours will be evident on the stage. The boys sew during the intervals between threading needles and sucking pricked thumbs. Now Mr. Mansell is teaching them metal-work, and has their sincere thanks. They thank Mr. Douglas, too, for his gym. lessons on the Fridays when he comes to school.

Both the boys and the girls of the form were well represented in the School Rugby and Hockey teams.

Form II.

At the beginning of the term we went West! Don't be alarmed, reader. It only means that our form room was henceforth to become the School picture palace; we and all our belongings had to move to the old Form III. room, while they moved a little closer to the tuck-shop! Nay, don't be alarmed. We are indeed very much alive—you have only to look at our daily report sheet to see that.

D. Garnett has joined us, so that now we number thirty-five. You have no chance to feel left out in the cold when you are with us.

While the girls still play hockey, the boys have taken up Rugger in place of Soccer; the first School matches in both games are events of the term. Memorable? We should think so! Was it muddy? Ask L. Fisher and R. Jelley and D. Mayers. How many goals did we score in the hockey match?

Ask E. Mackey or G. Barnard—only look out when you ask them! Don't even mention points to the Rugger team: rumour says they lost count. Never mind, better luck next time.

Several pleasant interruptions have relieved the common round. We all know now how the tea gets into the tea-pot; and the Headmaster gave us an interesting talk on the run of the Flying Scotsman. Travel Society members have been lucky in paying various visits. Who likes cod liver oil?

By the way, did you know that a "fallacy" had something to do with a publican? And who said that a bird's body feathers and tail feathers were different because they were different? Maybe some of us suffer from descending aorta on the brain! Or is it just a simple case of tabula rasa?

Form I.

Life in Form I is like one of the Travel Society's most exciting expeditions: nobody is ever quite sure what will happen next. This term we have been exploring a whole new world inhabited by gods and giants, heroes and queer beasts; sometimes after acting lessons, we have had to rub our eyes to make sure there were not really five hundred and forty doors in the room, or rainbow bridges leading us out of the window. We have spent a good deal of our time being stage carpenters, trying to make a theatre with all its scenery and the characters. In our spare time we just love lending others a helping hand. We all know the best cure for an inkwell suffering from mouldiness; we could each make you a weather report and guarantee its accuracy; while even the boys could darn that hole in your stocking. If you have forgotten how many fifths there are in an inch, ask A. S. When you cannot decide whether a cube is "the one that goes up to a point" or "the one that's square all round," B. S. will solve your difficulty. Are you interested in the cat family? We can supply you with the latest information! If the spelling of M. s. p. t. m. . . (a country in Asia) has proved that you too have your moments of weakness, R. H. will come to the rescue; while should you be thinking of visiting so distant a country, A. L. C. will tell you what you must take for the journey . . .

But one thing disturbs our happiness: there are ten in Form I. and twenty-five desks. Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the fun?

A Strange Visitor.

(With memories of "Gulliver's Travels").

AFTER prayers one morning the Headmaster told us that he had a strange announcement to make. A tiny animal such as had never been seen before in this country, had been picked up on the coast, and a kind Governor had brought it to the School for our inspection. He then brought in a little box and laid it on the table. A small door in the side opened, and out jumped a tiny animal.

From where I was I could plainly see the strange creature. It resembled in every way a human being, except that it stood as high as a school rubber turned on end. This creature wore a brown overcoat and riding breeches to match. He had a tiny cap made of cloth. His shoes were brown and well polished. The master beckoned to him and he came forward, bowed, raised his hat and stood looking at us. Of course we all burst out laughing, so that the tiny creature retreated behind his box. However, he soon recovered and spoke to us in his own language, which we could not understand.

No serious accident befell him, but when we came out one by one to look more closely at him, one boy nearly blew him over with his breath.

Then this animal departed and we went to our classrooms meditating on what we had seen.

E. COOPER.

Our Dogs.

Gypsy and Patch are their names. Gypsy is the cattle dog and helps Daddy. It is wonderful how she seems to know what to do as she brings the cattle together to drive to the farm; if they have to go through a gate she waits behind until it has been opened and then drives them through. Patch is a fox-terrier. Though he cannot drive the cattle like Gypsy, he is useful, for he stays at home and guards the yard. He barks at anybody he does not know until we go out to see who it is. He loves rabbit hunting and sometimes goes with Daddy. He follows very quietly behind until Daddy shoots and then he runs for the rabbit. If Daddy goes without him, he will sit on the top of his kennel and howl until he comes back. I often take them for a run when I am at home. They love a race across the park. Patch cannot run as fast as

Gypsy, so he hangs on to her shaggy coat. They both get very jealous if you make more fuss of one than the other. When it is very hot in the summer Gypsy likes to swim in the lake. Patch gets very cross because he cannot swim. He sometimes jumps in, siezes hold of Gypsy's fur, and lets her pull him along.

JOYCE BIDEWELL.

Easter Vacation.

Good-bye to the desks,
Good-bye to the stools,
To the notice-board,
With all the games' rules.
The hall is deserted,
The tuck-shop is closed,
The school is converted
To quiet repose.

I. DARE.

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