



FARNHAMIAN FARNHAM COLLEGE MAGAZINE 1975

# EDITORIAL

## Fire, Flood and Overcrowding

Mr. McLaughlin managed a resolute smile in spite of it all. He seemed to be taking it in his stride and was, in fact, quite cheerful. I was asking him for ideas on real *newsworthy* content for a magazine editorial, as opposed to the traditional, singularly uninformative, pattern. Of course, I could have written — without his help — a couple of paragraphs declaring that printing costs have risen since last year, or explained that the magazine would have been a better piece of work had more people written for it, but these seem things which hardly need saying. Instead, I was seeking to exploit, sensationally, the year's events.

*Temporary classroom burned to a kipper-smelling, charcoaled hulk on a quiet Saturday in September. Water ankle-deep in the corridor on a very wet Friday; hundreds of pupils sent home. Overcrowding on a scale never dreamed of by the founders of a two-hundred-strong Boys' Grammar School, quietly situated in residential Farnham. Trouble with the sewers.* Ideal headline material, all of it.

Was there another side to the coin? What about the year's successes? The future? Perhaps the headlines for this might be as easily sensationalised as those of the past:

*Multi-media resources centre. Exciting new courses. New staff. Close circuit television. Whole new music centre...*

At least one of the functions of the magazine is to reflect and comment on past and future events, to be a "brief chronicle of the time". Exactly the style in which this might be done presents a problem, but to take it all in one's stride does not seem an altogether bad idea.

## Readership

A brief chronicle of the time — a rag magazine — a school magazine — a literary colossus — what should the college magazine be or hope to say? If it is to reflect the way of life at Farnham College it has certainly set itself

a mammoth task. And it has a truly comprehensive readership to appeal to: over three hundred readers of the now defunct "Etcetera", "Farnhamian" and "Polyglot" (the Boys' and Girls' schools' magazines); over four hundred sixth form students; over three hundred old students; staff and "friends of the college".

Whatever we have achieved — and a lot of people have worked very hard with these problems in mind — I am quite sure we will still not totally have pleased anyone.

## Flexibility

Communications Skills, European Studies, Design Centred Studies and Science and Technology are the four main areas of C.E.E. (the one year course for the Certificate of Extended Education) which will be developed in college as from September 1975.

As Mr. Warwick explains,

"Young people leaving Farnham College this year are likely to be forced into changing jobs something like four times during adult life. More importantly, they are likely to have to change their basic skills four times. C.E.E. is taking the curriculum in the direction that will help them in this."

The courses are designed to break down the traditional subject barriers where necessary, and students are awarded their grades on the strength of their teachers' assessments.

## Events

Last July saw two open days — a Friday and Saturday — planned as a prize-giving, music-making and sporting event. Bad weather precluded any outdoor games, but the rest went as planned in the afternoon. A newly-wed student collected her prize in her wedding dress. She was married that morning!

The two-day introductory course at Moor Park for new students was an innovation. It will now be an annual event — three days are planned for July this year.

Fifth form activities have flourished this year, so much so that it seems impossible even to list them all.

Here are some of them: a theatre visit, youth hostelling, inter-form tournaments (in a range of "sports" including bridge, hockey, scrabble and cross country), disco, work for Woodlarks charity, revue, carol singing, old folks Christmas party, barbecue...

The fifth former who compiled the list from which the above is taken commented: "So much has been done by everyone in the fifty year... we are of the common opinion that these are the best years of our lives." And that's in spite of O levels!

## Extensions

Everyone in college is aware of the extensive building work going on. Of the new resources centre, Mrs. Kerslake, the librarian, says:

"This is more than a library — it is an altogether broader concept than a place for the storage of books. It is multi-media. A separate resources area is planned, not only for storing but providing for the use and viewing of films, slides and close circuit television." Our mini studio is the first of its type to be installed in Surrey.

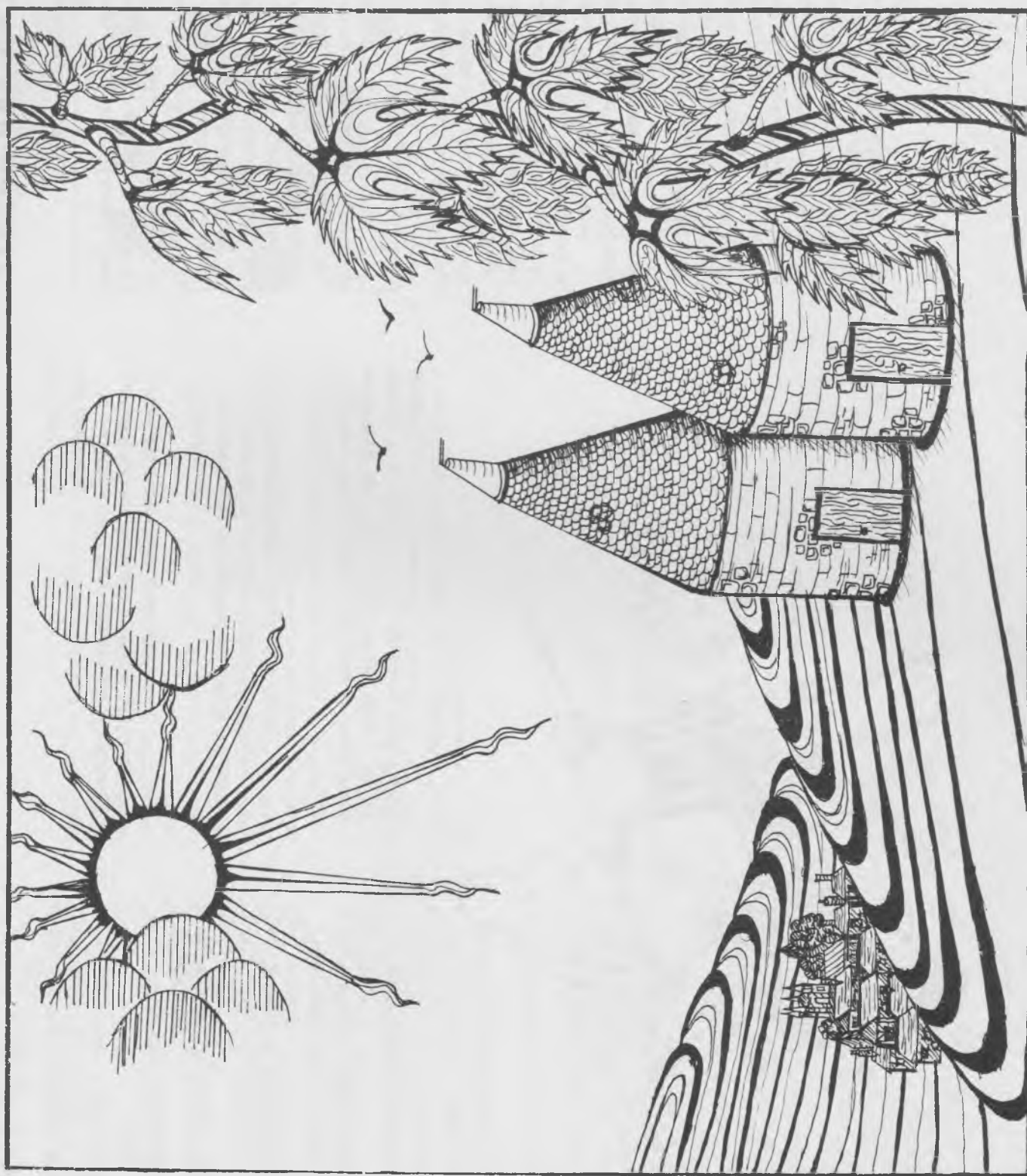
Work on the new music block is also well underway. There is news of this elsewhere in the magazine.

## The workers

Finally, thanks to Stephen Barton, Patrick Blower, John Bush, Hilary Christmas, Jill Clark, Martin Dennis, Geoffrey Gullon, Jeremy Hardy, Ashley Jones, Stella Love, Frances Matthews, Gill Phillips, Martin Pratt, Keith Ryan, Hilary Smith and Cherry Watts for their painstaking work on the magazine production team, Mr. Foster for coaxing our advertisers into supporting us, and our advertisers for agreeing to do so; Miss Gamm for great help with the editing, and our printers, EntaPrint of Cranleigh for their unstinting helpfulness.

And thanks to all who submitted articles for publication — far more were received than could ever be made use of, there was simply not enough space for much excellent material. Please do not be discouraged — and carry on writing!

J. R. Hoyes



# STAFF NEWS AND GOSSIP

(plus, minus and interesting)

## PLUS

On the credit side we welcomed sixteen new members of staff:— Mr. L. A. Barnard (History), Mrs. P. Barraclough (Textiles and Dress), Mrs. V. M. Blanks (English), Mrs. I. Carter (Home Economics), Mr. R. J. Cowley (Chemistry), Mr. S. Custance (Technical Studies), Mr. D. A. Ellenden (Mathematics), Mr. M. Gorman (Physical Education), Mr. K. Harvey (Geology), Mr. J. R. Hoyes (English), Mrs. J. Kerslake (Library), Mrs. J. Lightfoot (Drama), Miss E. Mills (Mathematics), Mr. D. Page (History), Mr. I. Wilson (Careers), and Mr. R. J. Wolverson (Chemistry). Miss Cox left to return as Mrs. Mongkol

## MINUS

We lost eleven members of staff to greater things between Easter and Christmas 1974. Mrs. Cumberbirch left to become Head of English at Court Moor School, Fleet; Mrs. Williams moved to Glasgow where her husband lectures at Jordon Hill College of Education; Mr. Widlake undertook further study and Mr. Paisley is adding a Canadian brand of drama to his repertoire.

The Chemistry department lost Mr. Costin who took a teaching post in Hong Kong whilst Mr. Evans half retired and became part-time.

Three members of the Maths. department left: Mrs. Wolstenholme, to have a baby; Mr. Larby (an old Farnhamian who taught at his old school for eighteen years) is now Head of Maths. at Eggar's Grammar School, Alton; and Mr. Moyes left at Christmas to Head the Maths. department at Sheen Sixth Form College.

Mrs. Stoner (Home Economics) retired to "practise" what she "preached"; Mr. Jenkins (Geology) left in the Summer term for the North Sea where he is applying his Geological skills to oil drilling.

## INTERESTING

*Last heard of...*

In September 1974 Mrs. Melling took up teaching in Nairobi where her husband is managing a hotel; Miss Hair returned safely from a world tour.

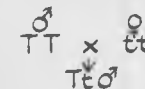
*Congratulations...*

Congratulations are due to Ms. Priestley who has won a Kennedy Memorial Scholarship, entitling her to a year at Harvard University as a special student.

*Announcements...*

It seems to have been a good year for additions to social class (5?) since the stork got loose from the Biology Prep. Room and the following offspring are announced:

to Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapple: Michael David 11th Sept. 1974



"F<sub>1</sub> is Diploid Heterozygote Manifesting Hybrid vigour in the phenotype."

to Mr. and Mrs. P. Stevens: Robin Edward John 23rd Aug. 1974

"His energy is not yet equal to MC<sup>2</sup>"

to Mr. and Mrs. H. Thompson: Jeremy Mark 25th Sept. 1974

"Hasn't written any symphonies yet."

to Mr. and Mrs. R. Britton: Christopher Noel 22nd Dec. 1974

"It would have been more economic to have twins."

S. Gamm



# sports

The honorary award of **orienteer of the year** goes to Caroline Foster for outstanding and unstinting contribution.

## MEN

**Cricket.** In 1974 the 1st XI played 6; won 2; drawn 2, lost 2.

**Basketball.** A team was entered in the S.W.Surrey Schools' Basketball U19 league for the first time. Final results: 3rd place in league. Played 10, won 5, lost 5.

**Soccer.** The College 1st and 2nd XI's had a mixed season with victories scored over weak opposition but found themselves unable to raise their game against stronger sides.

## LADIES

**Tennis.** Carole King-Hele reached the final of the Seaford under 18 singles and the semi-final of the ladies' singles.

In the Cranleigh Tournament she was defeated 6-8, 3-6 by a rank 9 player in the 4th round

**Athletics.** In the Surrey County Sports, Helen Cooper was 1st in the Senior Shot, Ruth Barton 1st in the Intermediate High Jump, Sarah Egan 1st in the Junior 100m and Karen Ellis 2nd in the Junior 800m.

**Swimming.** Kay Conway is the Ladies Captain of Guildford City Swimming Club.

**Fencing.** Fiona Gray was awarded the Surrey Proficiency Certificate.

**Trampolining.** Hilary Smith and Stella Love were awarded the Surrey Proficiency Certificate.

**Hockey.**

In the Surrey Tournament the 1st XI came 4th in their group winning 2, drawing 3 and losing 1 match. The Junior Tournament was called off as the playing fields ground staff were on strike.

The 6th form have played three matches, including a mixed team against Godalming College in March.

**Badminton.** The Sixth form mixed team have played 3 matches, losing 2 and winning 1.

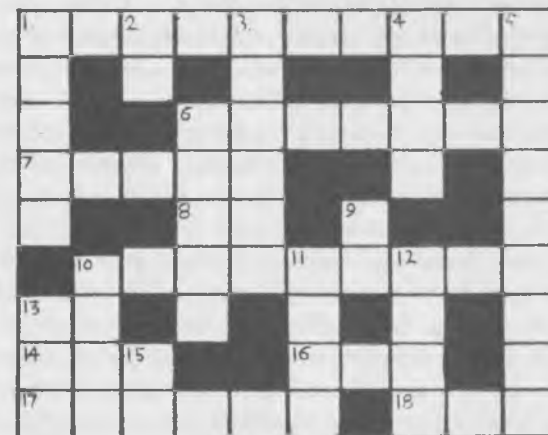
**Volley Ball.** A mixed 6th form team played Frensham Heights winning the home match and losing the away match.

**Ski-ing.** The school team, Janice Pooley, Heather MacLaren and Helen Douglas won the Aldershot Area Schools Competition in November. The following represented the area in the Southern Region Competition of Southampton in December.

*Seniors* — Yvonne Dance, Janice Pooley, Charlotte Foster.

*Juniors* — Heather MacLaren, Helen Douglas and Julie Bullock.

In the Inter-regional Championship in March, Heather MacLaren and Helen Douglas have been selected to represent the Southern Region.



# crossword

## CLUES ACROSS

1. Germany never carried this out. (10)
6. Large seabirds. (7)
7. Subjects of many a mirage. (5)
8. Not yes. (2)
10. Head? (9)
13. Expression of gratification. (2)
14. Plump. (3)
16. Alcoholic beverage. (3)
17. Kate went through this. (6)
18. Constricting neck-garment? (3)

## CLUES DOWN

1. Automaton. (5)
2. Male Ma. (2)
3. Logic from a snore? (6)
4. Concept. (4)
5. Emotion evoking the past. (9)
6. A faithful servant in a handy container. (5)
9. Mathematical fodder? (2)
10. (2) twice. (4)
11. Crooked hands clasp this. (4)
12. Commoner. (4)
13. Add up - - or down it! (3)
15. Registered? (abbr.) (1, 1)

## MUSIC

The last 12 months has seen a growth in the quantity, and especially the quality, of public music making. The Music School nears completion and we look forward to the day when all our activities can be concentrated in a purpose built centre.

The Chamber Orchestra has given a wide variety of concerts in schools and churches. Their growing confidence in every section is continually rewarding and the result of much work by the players and their teachers. Especially memorable was a concert in Frensham Parish Church in July in 1974 when Sally French played Telemann's Viola Concerto in G and David Rowland performed a Handel Organ Concerto which we have since heard in its other version with harp solo. More recently we welcomed back Jeremy Bradshaw as a soloist with Nicholas Ladd, Sally Brundan and Barbara Crouch in Vivaldi's Concerto for four violins. Anthea Huntingford was partnered by Frances Daley of Woking in a clear performance of Bach's Concerto for 2 violins in D minor. In the last twelve months congratulations are due to David Rowland on his organ scholarship to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, following in Michael Overbury's footsteps; to Sally French who is going up to Lady Margaret Hall to read mathematics and not least to Howard and Paula Thompson on the birth of their son Jeremy. We are most grateful to Stephen Thomson for playing his harpsichords and making them available to us and for his great care in teaching many of our pupils.

We rely greatly on our instrumental teachers preparing their pupils for examinations and concerts. Bryan Slocombe and Christian Rutherford have been teaching brass instruments since January 1974, Jill Streater teaches oboe pupils and Elizabeth Collins has taken many flautists under her wing. Recently we were very sorry that Barbara Crouch found pressure of work forced her to reduce her teaching load.

Last Summer younger members of the College gave a delightful concert which included a wide range of solos and duets and the second and third forms performed "Captain Noah and his Floating Zoo" by Michael Flanders and Joseph Horowitz.

The College Chorus goes from strength to strength and after our second Carol Service since we became a Sixth Form College a really musical sense of line and phrasing has been added to the exceptional clarity and rhythmic strength already present. In March 1974 the sound of trumpets and drums rang out as we performed two of Handel's magnificent Coronation Anthems, "The King shall rejoice" and "My heart is inditing". Helen Baker and Kathleen Harding were the soloists in a strong performance of Vivaldi's Gloria. A Leaver's Concert in St. Andrew's Parish Church in July 1974 featured solo items by Keith Howard — tenor, Janet Byford and Sue Gibbons — flute, who were admirably accompanied by David Rowland, and by Philip Davies — piano. A vital performance of Haydn's "Nelson Mass" completed the evening, a result of very considerable hard work done in the examination term. As the critic of the Farnham Herald wrote "Every second was alive with continually renewed interest." Much credit is due to the Chorus for treating the music with care in all its details. It was very good that Vivienne Le Grice was our contralto soloist, her rich sound filling the Church with grace. Shirley Winton danced through the virtuoso soprano solo and Morys Davies and Iain McGlashan sang with their usual fluency and dignity.

We look forward to the opening of the Music School and to the growth of chamber music, both instrumental and vocal, which forms the basis of our natural musical activities. The new building has a small recital room and a room which will house the harpsichord which we have commissioned Dennis Woolley to make. In his workshop at Churt he will produce an instrument based on one by the great Flemish maker Dulcken. It has a beautiful resonance and will be an instrument identical with one which has just been completed for the University of Lancaster.

Outstanding events since September 1974 have included George Malcolm's harpsichord recital, featuring his well known colourful performance and two more of very high musical quality but poorly attended. Both the tenor Ian Partridge and cellist Moray Welsh gave intensely musical performances which deserved better and bigger audiences. Too many stay away from the unknown and miss hearing real artists at work. Next year the Music Club moves to the Maltings where a number of very exciting concert series have been arranged.

*C. Hand*



*College production of "Messiah", 1975*



## SIXTH FORM CONSULTATIVE COUNCIL

The Council is a group of dedicated nutters who strive, despite overwhelming apathy, to get things done for the good of the students; it is an active body and has achieved a great deal.

One of its major functions is to have your views aired — at council meetings where all tutor groups are represented and some staff are present, and also by meetings with the Principal in person. Several of the activities undertaken by the Council have been in the form of "Ye College Discos" (remember — only your Council gives away presents at Christmas discos!) which have been a lot of fun. Profits from these have gone to the minibus fund, which is also supported by plastic collections and in other ways — remember the fund raising day. The Council was also responsible for the installation of the 'phone booth hood.

Among issues discussed with the Principal have been affiliation to the N.U.S. and the possibility of a smokers' room, which is now a fact.

Don't forget it is YOUR council, so use it to the fullest.

Love  
Mark Craven  
(Chairman)

## CHRISTIAN UNION

The first main aim of the Christian Union is to provide an opportunity for Christians to study the Bible, pray and examine our faith in fellowship. We do this using discussion, speakers and hopefully this term, films.

This does not mean, however, that the Christian Union is exclusively for those with fixed ideals and beliefs who call themselves "Christians". If this were true it would defeat the *second* main aim of the Christian Union, which is to provide those who are seeking for something that is deeper and more realistic than, for example materialism, with some insight into the Christian faith and its relevance to the 20th century.

I hope that non-Christians within the college will continue to use the Christian Union in this way. Our scheduled meetings are on Friday in H.3. at 4.00 p.m. until about 5.00 p.m., and will be publicised.

S. Pallant

## SCOUTS '74

First may we welcome Mr. D. Page as Scoutleader. Rumour has it that he only agreed to lend us his services on the offchance that the troop may become a mixed unit! This rumour may also account for the departure of Mr. Costin and his wife to Hong Kong, we wish them every success in their new life there and thank Tod for the work he did for the troop. Also departing last term were Jeremy Bradshaw, John Collier, Lester Caine and others.

Briefly, here is an account of our past year's activities. In April we held a camp at Tilford during which a streaker is believed to have appeared — but we only have his word that this unscoutlike deed took place. Nuff sed. Later in the year one patrol of 4 members entered for the District Camping Competition. Here we came 8th out of 13. Our low position is due to the very small size of the patrol and the extraordinary number of competing patrols. Last year we came 3rd and there were 5 patrols. In 1972 we came 2nd and 4th and there were 4 patrols. In 1971 we won.

In September we again camped in Plaistow with the 1st Haslemere troop. Evidently our camp had greatly modernized their equipment. This year we sunbathed, ate, hiked, haybaled and got lost frequently. Lack of female company was a severe strain on more than one member of the patrol. The future seems even brighter than before for the remaining 7 scouts.

"*Few in numbers, Great in Spirit*" sums up the year's activity.

D. T.

## JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION

Rumbling stomachs are the problem for a dozen or more members on a Monday lunchtime who have asked for a bible-study *before* lunch. Their keenness to see what Jesus can say to them through Mark's Gospel has been so encouraging, as also the numbers at JCU main meetings on a Thursday lunchtime — an average of 45 or so (replete in post-prandial bovine contentment however — early lunch notes being the clue!)

Various subjects have been tackled this term. "Do all religions lead to God?" — David Pawson, "New Life, New Lifestyle" — Brian Thorne (a somewhat apposite title since our own Jeremy Mark had just been born), and "Brass Tacks" — Lionel Clargo talking about essentials for Christian living.

We also had a filmstrip about five missionaries, who in their twenties were killed trying to reach a tribe of Auca Indians in Ecuador by small plane. Our first "real" film was shown later in the term with the same emphasis on flying — "Signposts Aloft", showing how faith in one's instruments is essential for safety in the air just as trusting Jesus is necessary for spiritual safety.

Towards the end of term we thought about relief work of TEAR Fund in Bangladesh and decided to try to support regularly a child under their care. Just a few pence a week and with enthusiasm spilling over outside the JCU we now are raising £10 a month which is enough money totally to support two orphan boys, and we will be getting details of names, photos, and a chance to write to them personally to show our FAITHACTION as James puts it!

The last meeting of term was somewhat different — a visit by two Gospel guitarists calling themselves "Peculiar Lucan Sauce", who not only played to us in the lunch hour but stayed on to give a performance for everyone in the school at 4 p.m. in the hall.

H. T.

## community service

At the beginning of every term we have the usual rash of posters appearing on the walls, inviting us to participate in anything from Model Railway Making to the mysterious PLINTH, whose identity no one seems to have fathomed.

Amongst the posters are usually one or two advertising Community Service which, curiously enough, remain undefaced and whole — perhaps there **are** some finer feelings around! The outcome of the posters is a wide-ranging organisation involving 136 Students of which 114 are Sixth Formers and 22 Fifth Formers.

In the main activities are involved with Hospitals, Old Folks visiting and helping in 21 First and Middle Schools and E.S.N. Schools in the area. Various characters are emerging — one resident of an Old Peoples' Home has weekly discussions on Metaphysics with a Sixth Form Student, while another has a voracious appetite for dominoes and others for Bridge. It has been noticed that one or two Students even help some of the Old Men to watch the racing on telly!! The

ability of some of our Students to converse in French and German is much appreciated and Students' skills in Weaving and other crafts are a great help at Woodlarks Residential Home for the handicapped and in Occupational Therapy at the Hospital. It is hoped that the opportunities on Boundstone Ward of the hospital will expand over the next year — recuperating old people gain enormously from having young faces around them, and judging from comments during a recent survey, the pleasure seems to be mutual.

We also provide some service to elderly people resident in their own homes, in the town, mostly as gardeners, even to the extent of watering plastic flowers on request! Various "one off" jobs come up like the "Chop-in", when a hastily assembled group massacred a log collection one Sunday morning and others shifted scenery for the Redgrave Theatre at half term, whilst a further group put up Christmas decorations in the Wards on Merit Half. *Please note there is an S.O.S. space on the Notice Board for these occasions!*

Community Service subscribes to the idea of charity beginning at home, and College itself benefits from our activities — help is given in the Office for instance, and various painting jobs have been carried out giving a positive "new look" to some of our darker areas!

There must be hundreds of school children in the district — to say nothing of their Teachers! — who look forward to their weekly visit from our Students. The children range from the "just-out-of-nappies" ones of Nursery School to the "just-into-everything-else" ones of Middle School. No matter what their age they do love to have young people come to help them and the help can be really valuable. Regardless of how capable a Teacher may be (and of how inadequate you may feel) having someone else to help the slow readers, help with an experiment, music lessons, recorder groups or taking football or other games, can make all the difference to the children and the Teacher. Some small schools without a male teacher for example, would not know what to do without their weekly visit from a 17 year old Don Revie.

*So why keep your talents to yourselves? Why not share them with the local community whose appreciation will be so warm and open! Mrs. Gowers, Mrs. Morris and Mr. Britton, who run the Community Service Scheme, would not let me finish this article without the usual plug — and so here it is. If anyone is interested in taking part in any of the diverse activities please contact Mrs. Gowers, Room F.*





## CHRISTMAS PARTIES

A Christmas Party given for Old Folks is now a tradition at College. It is held on the evening of the last day of term and includes a sumptuous tea of goodies made by the Students, a Nativity Play and a Review, ending with a community Sing Song and a visit from the most loyal of Father Christmases! As a new undertaking for this year's Fifth Formers it was a great success though we finished up with one less guest than we started with! However, a quick dash through the town, accosting elderly gentlemen, eventually solved the problem!

Also now by tradition, the Fifth Form Community Living Group provided a feast for the children of Ridgeway Handicapped School. As in previous years the amount of food provided by generous parents and culinary experts amongst the Students proved sufficient for children and Students to forego their evening meal at home!

Sincere thanks to all those involved in making these occasions such delightful "happenings".

*Collated by Gill Phillips, (VI Form)*

ANSWERS ACROSS	1. REPARATION	6. GANNETS	7. OASES	8. NO	10. PRINCIPAL	13. TA	14. OPT	16. ALE	17. TAMING	18. BOA		
ANSWERS DOWN	1. ROBOT	2. PA	3. REASON	4. IDEA	5. NOSTALGIA	6. GENIE	9. PI	10. PA PA	11. CRAG	12. PLEB	13. TOT	15. T.M.

## ALL BECAUSE I WROTE AN ESSAY ...

Every year, details are available in college of the Barclays Bank Essay Competition. Competitors are asked to imagine they work in a bank branch at one of five given places and write an essay of about 1500 words describing the customers they meet.

Last year Sixth Former Jill Knox entered this Competition and was one of the fifty sixth-formers from all over the country to win a three week tour of Europe. She has written a fascinating account of her adventure for the magazine, which space unfortunately does not allow us to print, save in extract.

*"I chose the market town of Farnham for my essay," says Jill, "and I am indebted to members of staff who unwittingly provided useful character studies." Of the holiday she writes:*

*"It was a holiday of a lifetime experience — London, Paris, Brussels ... where we walked through some of the eighteen miles of Moet and Chandon cellars in which the bottles of champagne are stored, selpt for the next sixty miles ... Amsterdam, Germany — the Black Forest, The Rhine, Heidleberg — rowing and swimming in Lake Zurich on an idyllic Summer day, then snow high up in the Austrian Alps at Oberguryl. Venice (for me the most memorable city of the tour), the Italian Riviera, Rome."*

*"We were left with a feeling that we must go back some time and see it all again."*



## OLD FARNHAMIANs' SCHOLARSHIP

Old Farnhamians who need assistance in meeting costs of books, fees, or equipment in connection with their studies, can be helped in a modest way with grants from the Old Farnhamians' Leaving Scholarship Trust Fund.

Income from the Trust comes from insurance commissions on the O.F.A. agency. Let us conduct your insurance and help the Trust Fund grow.

For further information on grants and insurance write to J. M. Aylwin, A.R.I.B.A., (a governor), at 26 West St., Farnham. He can advise confidentially.

# POETRY COMPETITION

THIRD YEAR

It might have been better had someone said at the beginning "A poem does not *have* to use rhyme!" We had a wealth of entries — but a lot of rhyming doggerel.

There were a number of very imaginative poems, however. The winning entry is by Emma Anderson of Form 3B.

## old man

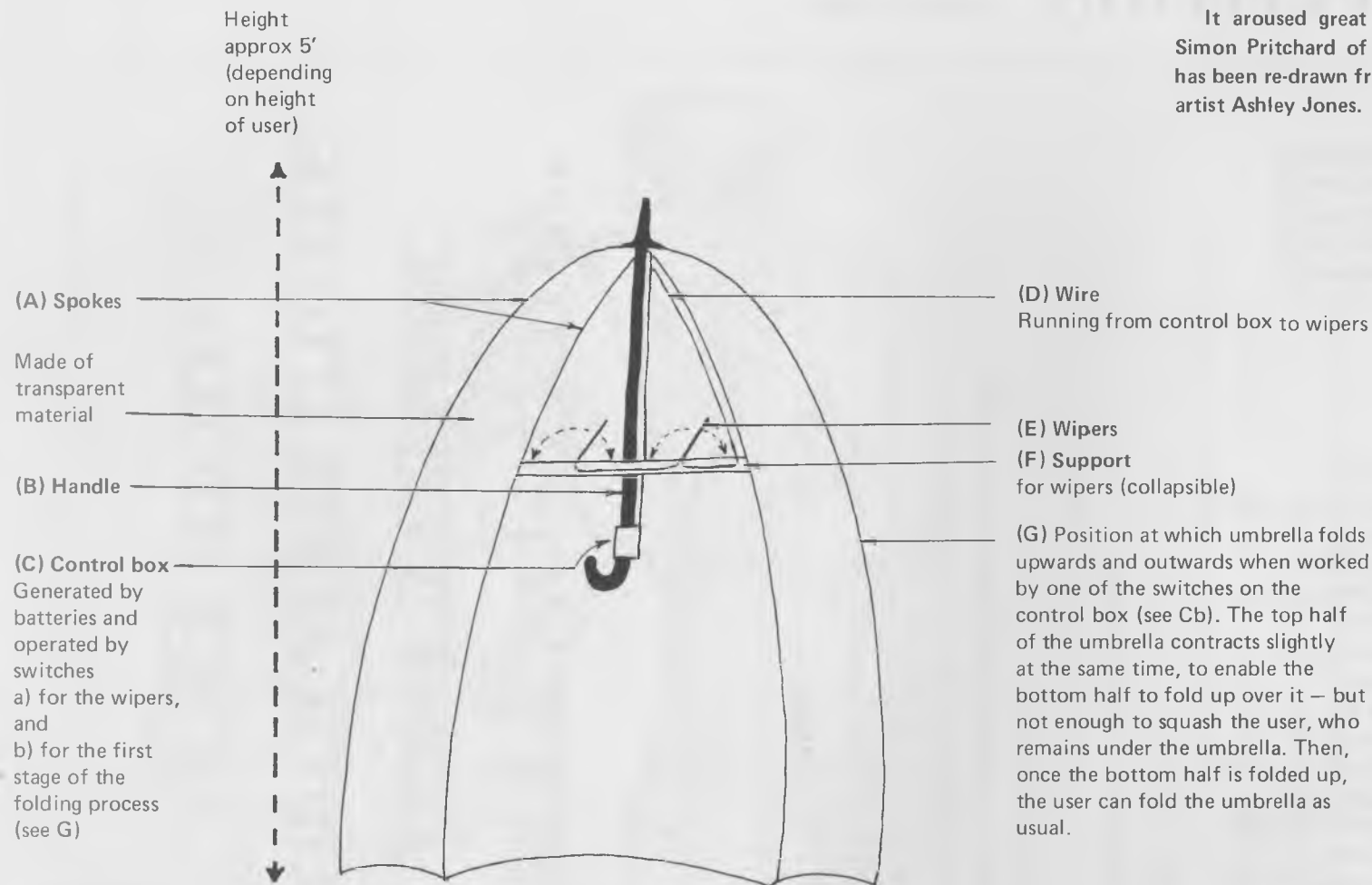
Sitting alone on the  
Solitary,  
Park bench,  
Reflecting away,  
Dreaming away  
Your last few  
Years.  
Old man.

Puffing your soggy  
Cigarette.  
Letting the wind  
Rush  
Through the holes in your  
Shoes.  
Your cap,  
Old, dirty and amiable  
Sitting comfortably  
On your greying head.  
Old man.

Wrinkles  
Map out your face  
With contours.  
Reflecting,  
Past happiness, and  
Sorrow,  
Worrying and  
Laughter.  
Old Man.  
Why then  
Will you not answer  
My thoughts?  
Ah! But you cannot  
Answer.  
Never again can you  
Answer,  
Old man.  
Your troubles have gone,  
Like the thin grey smoke of  
The cigarette,  
And have vanished,  
Into the cold morning air.  
Old man.



# INVENTION COMPETITION



## FULL-LENGTH UMBRELLA WITH WINDSCREEN WIPERS

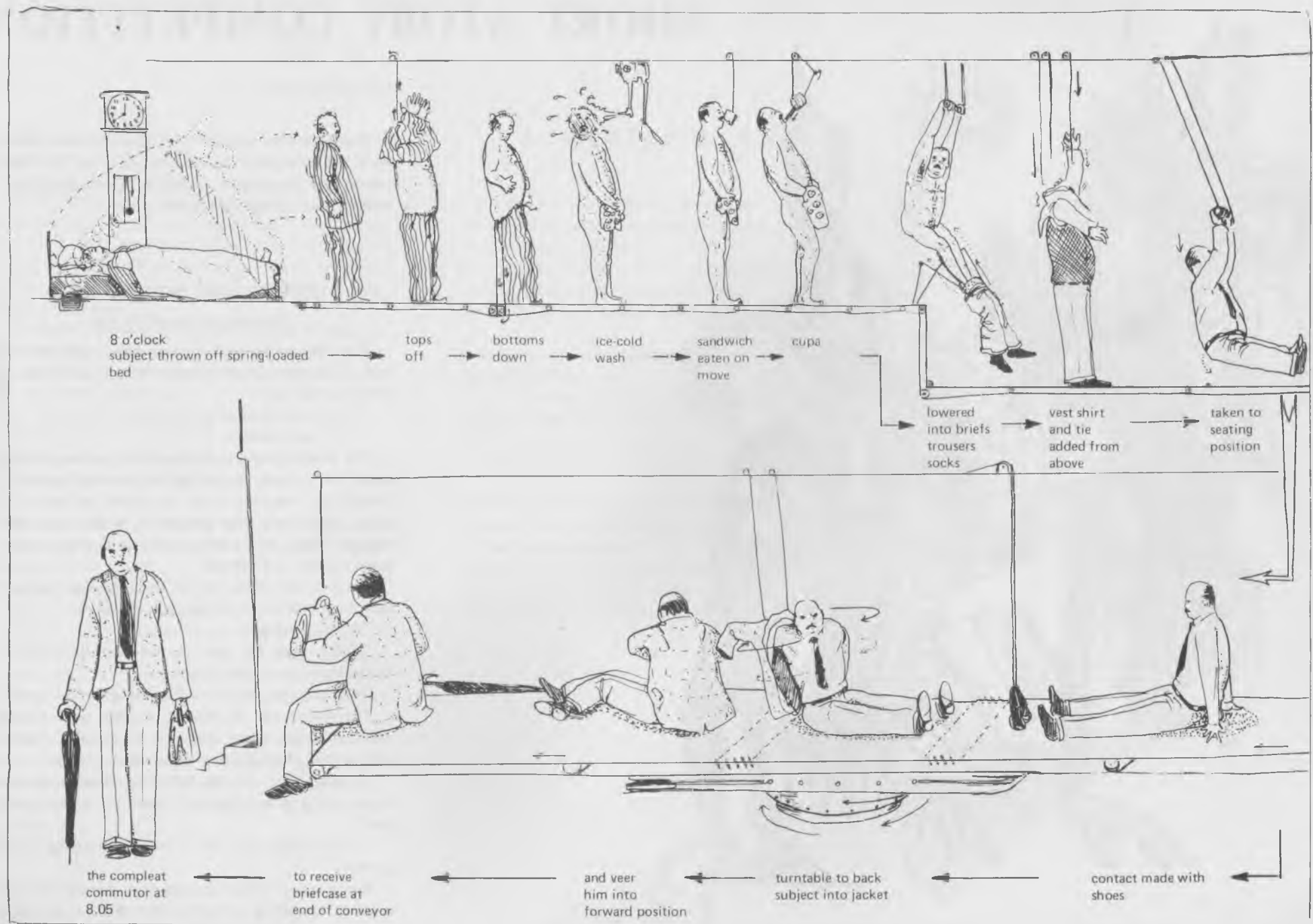
*This is a must for people who wish to see where they're going in the rain without getting their knees wet.*

The runner-up. Invention by Elizabeth Holder, VI Form. Re-drawn by sixth form artist Andrew Rowley.

The competition rules simply stated: Invent the most useful or useless machine or object you would or would not want in the house, kitchen, or anywhere else for that matter.

It aroused great interest. The winner was inventor Simon Pritchard of Form 3T. His remarkable machine has been re-drawn from his original design by sixth form artist Ashley Jones.

## THE GET-UP-LATE, ARRIVE-ON-TIME MACHINE



# SHORT STORY COMPETITION

## FIFTH YEAR

There were few entries — but those received were of very high standard. The winning entry by Tim Young shows how thoroughly a carefully controlled piece of writing can hold and compel the reader.

### CLOCKS AND SITTING MEN

*Illustrated by Patrick Blower*

The fire glowed redly in the grate, lighting up the faces of the men hunched round the old black range in a flickering half-light.

"Have to get some more wood in."

"Aye", and he left.

The ancient oak grandfather clock ticked and ticked away the minutes; regulating the whole house with its sombre but resonant noise. An ember fell out of the grate, and a heavy boot ground it into the blackness of the slate floor. The clock wound its inevitable way to seven o'clock, and chimed.

The old dog stirred in her fitful sleep on her settle and rolled over on to her back and sighed.

"Time's getting on."

"Aye", and he gave a threatening ember an extra-vicious prod with his poker.

"Kill that pig tomorrow. Black pudding for supper."

The silence was punctuated by the clock and the wind whistling at the gables. A cheap willow pattern plate settled in the big pine dresser with a creak.

"David Evans says he took his calves back home from market rather than sell them, the prices were so low."

"Is that a fact now. Glory be! How much hay has he got left?"

But it was a hollow conversation, and the two men returned to staring at the fire with their hands clasped round their knees, leaning forward in the settle towards the heat.



A fox howled its evil scream, and both men looked up at the battered gun above the mantelpiece, but it was not a time for shooting foxes.

"Better shove some wood on the fire, I s'pose," and the flames shot up throwing everything in the kitchen into a stark relief for a brief instant; the sides of bacon hanging from the floor joists, the dirty crockery, cobwebs and rainsoaked coats with a bundle of baler twine under the sink.

The flames banished the gloom for a brief instant, as the doom was banished in the hearts of the waiting men. And then the silence came back, a stillness which threatened man to interrupt.

The clock struck eight.

"Getting late. Time I went to bed really."

Neither man moved, waiting for some sign.

"He won't be back tonight."

"I know."

And they stayed where they were, thinking of past, present and future, of all things under the sun, but some things more than others.

"Well, I must be gone."

"I'll stay down a little longer."

"Do what you will, but he won't be back tonight."

As the heavy steps creaked up the stairs, the other man sat and waited. He knew his father was right, and as a chill feeling gripped him, he guessed that his son would not be returning, perhaps for ever. But he remained seated there, a tired bent figure leaning towards the fire, a man alone with his thoughts and his conscience. And the old clock ticked on in the darkened silence, quietly, inexorably pacing out three generations of human life.

## a winter's tale

A cunning wind blows leaves, blows leaves.  
Shrunk man, back bent, bows in homage.  
The earth, an empty skull, leers up;  
A fierce frost, starkly stubborn, model of perversity,  
Laughs loudly, mocking seeds and bulbs,  
Heralding an age of logic, cruelty, depression.

I, walking here, hands clenched  
in instinct of survival,  
Vainly search for warmth and light,  
A peace so recent, yet so lost.  
Humiliated by despair, I cry out  
'I love only happy memories and August skies.'

Sickened by travel brochures of escape  
I wander, then stumble on a spot where  
ice has shattered a pond's illusion.  
Perceiving hidden similies, I break out into a  
realisation of the next spring, coming,  
Recognition of a new love, growing.

*David Rees*





## just a tree

*From a drawing by W.H.A.*

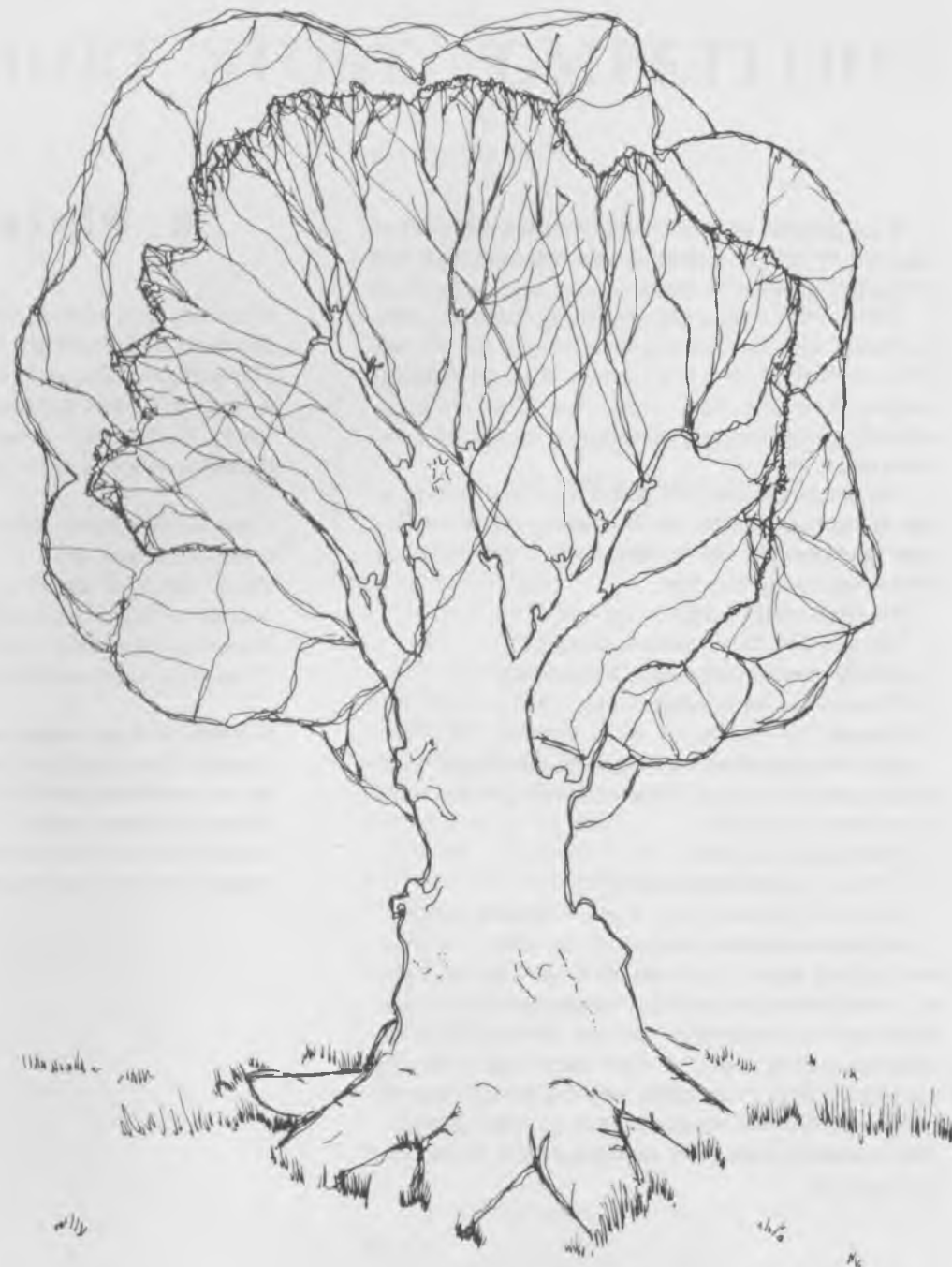
Twisted and gnarled with age, it is just a tree.  
But no — Look more closely,  
It is not just a tree,  
It is a proud and mighty living thing,  
Tossing its ancient boughs to the carefree Autumn winds.

And look again, it is not just a tree.  
It is a place for children to play,  
A place to shelter from the sun and rain.  
And when evening comes  
It is a home for the birds that roam the heavens.

Standing there surrounded by the crisp brown grass,  
It is a figurehead,  
Dwarfing all the other trees,  
Dwarfing the rushing river that hisses and bubbles over the smooth polished stones,  
Ever dwarfing the mighty mountains  
Which stand high above,  
Shrouded in the mists of time.

For generations this tree had stood,  
Watching the world go slowly past,  
Surveying the peaceful countryside,  
And for generations to come it will still be standing.  
A place to play,  
A place to shelter,  
Yes, it will still be standing as it has stood for decades,  
Not just a tree  
But a beautiful living thing for all to see  
For all to admire.

*Michael J. Eddey*



Asb'75

## salesman

The Tailor's shop dares the sun to enter in but declining the challenge it decides to keep the rest of the world warm. But he who has just opened the door, piercing the fragile cobweb barrier which when broken destroys a seal that has kept man, material and a mode of life locked in time, spoils the virginal cash sheet of a new day's trading. The wrenching return to the present was made not by the brash stride of the customer but by the pungent scent of his suit's synthetic weave. The odour of wool, in which the shop breathes and itches, quickly retreats to the tired suits from where it came. Among these tired suitings that hang limp and special for a customer yet unseen, shuffles an insomniac being who strains at weak seams.

He is lost in a shop where he has worked for "many years". In the "browsing" time all salesmen encounter, he finds himself suddenly staring into the mirror image of his "half day closing" mind. He does not see in the pen-umbra of his reflections the gradual but severe ageing of his "many years", leaving its victim life-scarred and mature. But adjusting his tie and brushing a hair from the shoulder of his funeral-black jacket, worn in mourning of a prematurely receding hair line, he returns to the solitary stillness of his plinth (a window model brought to life only to breathe the shop's stale air). Pretending to tidy the lightly creased lengths of cloth he dares to look out of the window flooded with the everyday light of local commerce.

He mouths a silent speech of resignation.

"Salesman!" the reverberating hall of his brain continues. "The suit sir? A beautiful fit. And the trousers sir? They are being worn more that length nowadays. (Look at mine, they don't fit either)."

The daily reflections upon his life, following the same course as the day before, are cut short by the snip of scissors and the assured, fashion conscious voice of youth.

"Can I help you sir?" a well-practised inquiring whine.

But more to the point, can we help him?

*Stephen Barton, VI Form*

## morning

Night's tide is on the neap.

The weary stars dim their lamps, and fade.

Under the cloudy jetsam of the sky,

Light gilds the wet sand, and crests the rippling foam.

Stripped of its dark, the shivering sky uncurls,

And stretches misty vapour to conceal

The everlasting touch of sea and air.

Not breaking the windy silence, but

Floating on its folds,

Gulls cry, and drift, and catch the sea-sharp light,

Cold, crystalline upon their dazzling backs,

Then scatter it from frosty, wheeling wings.

*S. H.*

## MNEMONIC FOR ROMAN NUMERALS

**I**f you multiply **1** by **5**

**V**ery definitely you'll get **5**

**X**traordinary how you get **10** after that

**L**eading on to **50**

**C**limb aboard for number **100**

**D**on't forget to find **500**

**M**ost of you will reach **1000**

**I V**ow that you'll remember **4**

**I X**pect that **9**'s not difficult too

**X L**ent! We've reached **40**

**X C**eedingly nice to get to **90**

**D C**eived and shattered by **600**

**M C C** won't score **1200**

But at least they'll know their Roman numbers.

*David Bathurst, 4M*

# HOLIDAY AND PART TIME JOBS

*At first, it seemed as if the "Holiday and Part Time Jobs" idea was a good one. The magazine team would interview a number of staff and students, and felt sure of a good response.*

*There were snags, however. Not everything they were told was possible to print. Interviews with staff took place, were recorded, forgotten about and never written up. Student interviews never really got off the ground. For a time it looked as if the whole idea would have to be forgotten.*

*Stephen Barton (Sixth Form) salvaged the whole operation. He came up one morning with what he called an introduction and one or two drastically condensed reports of interviews.*

*We worked from there. We forgot about the students' jobs or rather, perhaps, postponed them for a future magazine and concentrated on the jobs teachers did when they were students. Some third formers provided illustrations. Finally, we put the whole thing together and just hoped for the best . . .*

## INTRODUCTION: Interesting Things to Do

A short series of one article for the bored sixth form student who wishes to put his or her fourteen private study periods to good use. If it is wet and the J.C.R. is full of the usual non-entities do something constructive. This week . . .

### Bribe a Teacher

(a) Firstly gather some chums together and a young English teacher who will believe anything you tell him and say that you would like to help him produce a college magazine. When he asks you what you would like to do, sit on the floor in the corridor, staring into

space giving the impression of being in deep meditation. This could last up to five or six hours depending on the examinations you have been entered for in the coming months. Suddenly jump into the arms of the master shouting "I've got it" and you have. He will appear to be a little dazed at first when you suggest writing an article on "Holiday and Part-time Jobs". If he should faint when hearing the news, immediately take the temperature of his wallet or purse.

(b) When he agrees to the project which he will if you point out to him that no more essays will be handed in until he does (this always works because he soon realizes that he will die of boredom with nothing to do in the long winter evenings), the next stage is to locate your victim . . . er . . . I mean teacher, by going through the attendance registers and noting any peculiarities e.g. none of the attendance columns totalled, a collection of absence slips for his or her favourite pupil hidden in the back, grubby finger marks on the pages and anything that could be used against them. N.B. It is important that a careful selection of interviewees should be made as if the bribe does not work there should be at least something to tell the Principal.

(c) To make the whole proceedings of the interview (for the college magazine, remember!) more plausible return to your tame English teacher and request the use of a cassette tape recorder belonging to the school and a blank cassette. There should be no difficulty in obtaining this vital piece of equipment if you threaten the English master with telling the rest of the staff where he buys his shoes. Armed only with a cassette recorder, a few sheets of paper of various dimensions and a sharp H.B. pencil you can start the interviews.

## INTERVIEW NO. 1

### A STRIPPER AND A FATHER CHRISTMAS

Interviewers: (Stephen Barton and Geoffrey Gullon) We are doing an article for the college magazine . . . *(plugging in a cassette tape recorder)*

Mr. B. I know — Holiday and Part Time Jobs . . .

Int. And we wondered — in fact we've heard a rumour that you were once . . .

Mr. B. A stripper in a British Cardboard Box Factory and a stand in Father Christmas *(Interviewer puts microphone under his nose and signals him to go on)*

Mr. B. Well *(a long drawn out recollection of thought, really, rather than a word)* W-e-l-l. Let's take the stripper first. I was given a large pile of cardboard, a hammer and a chisel, and told to get on with it. It was very boring actually — except for the fact that every day you had a bonus scheme whereby you had to estimate the cubic footage of work you'd done. But, because everybody lied about the cubic footage, the management continually made bonuses more and more difficult to get. Eventually, even the minimum bonus was an impossibility to do in one day. At the end of the day we used to double — at least double — what we had done, if not treble it.

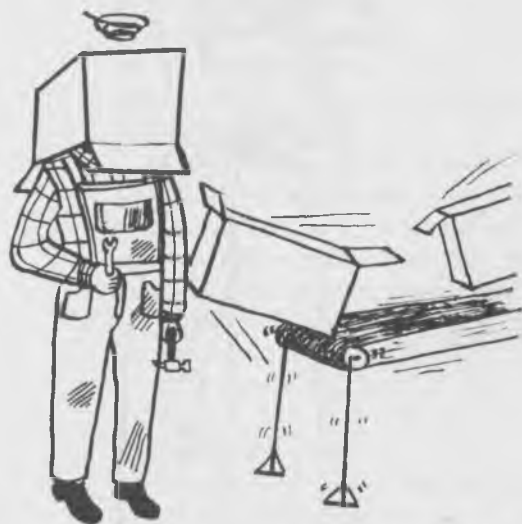
Int. Like we do at college, really. Did you do any other jobs in the factory?

Mr. B. They put me on a cardboard making machine — the stuff came off a belt which started slowly but speeded up to the rate of two sheets a second. If you missed one it flew through the

air and hit you in the middle of the chest and all the next ones would come flying through and you were flailing your arms around like mad and ducking your head. Eventually one would knock over the pile you had built up. It would fall down and they'd scream out for Joe to stop the machine . . .

Int. Did they ask you back to work there again?

Mr. B. Oh no, no, no.



Lucy Hamilton 38

*They'd scream out for Joe to stop the machine*

Int. So you became a Father Christmas?

Mr. B. Well I went to ask for a job at a large store in Kensington High Street. It was Christmas time. They said that the only job that they'd got was taking people to Fairyland. I said show me what it is . . .

It was to be in this absolutely magnificently built sleigh which went up and down all the time, and in front of you you saw reindeer heads which kept popping up and down. The side panels carried on going round in a circle so they kept going past you and gave you the impression of moving all the time. It was all dark except for the lights at the side, and you could see snow falling in front of the reindeer. My job was to take children in there with their parents, put them in the sleigh and talk to them nicely. I met one or two famous people as well — I took Derek Nimmo and his daughter there, and Ken Dodd . . .

Int. Where does the Father Christmas bit come in?

Mr. B. That was when the official Father Christmas had his lunch. I took over as Deputy Father Christmas. Little girls and boys came and sat on my knee — some used to scream their heads off.

Int. Did they give you a padded costume?

Mr. B. They gave me a white beard and a costume that didn't suit me at all. In fact I couldn't even move in it.

Int. Did little kids come up and pull your beard?

Mr. B. Most were terribly shy actually.

Int. The question we've been told to ask you is do you think this experience added to your knowledge of life and people as a whole? Are you glad you did it?

Mr. B. Put it this way. After these jobs I went to teach in a very difficult school. If I hadn't had knowledge of the outside world — other than just education I mean — would never have survived.

*Stella Love and Hilary Smith went out next to interview Ms. R. She had worked in a factory of a well known cosmetics firm.*

## INTERVIEW NO. 2

### THE FACTORY THAT SMELLED

I worked on a conveyor belt mostly, putting face creams into boxes and that sort of thing. It was mainly women working for pin money although the factory had by law to employ a certain number of mentally handicapped people.

#### Pinching

There was a great dread of the management — although people on the shop floor were quite rude about them behind their backs. The floor supervisor, Ivy, tended to be more for the management than for us. Even so there was a lot of petty thieving. One lady had been sacked for stealing and gone to work for a rival company. She obviously carried on stealing — she would visit us regularly with her goods and take orders for more. And goods would be exchanged in this way, all stolen, of course.

#### Smell

The first thing that hit you walking into the factory was the terrible smell. And you went home smelling — at home they would recognise me coming from the next street. If anyone is wearing one of the firm's scents I can tell immediately which one it is even now. They take it as a great compliment, of course. I'm not so sure.

#### Come Outside

One of the great things you had to get used to was the use of euphemism. The toilet break was called "going outside". Of course, you didn't go outside at all.

"Just going outside now, Ivy", they would say, and this puzzled me for a while. Everyone seemed to be going there. Ivy kept saying to me, that first day, "Do you want to go outside, love?" or "Aren't you going outside?" and I cheerily thanked her and declined.

Eventually — because you *had* to take these breaks — she actually *told* me to go outside, and out I went. I was sitting on a bench outside the factory when the manager came along. He did not understand at all when I said Ivy had sent me out, and I think he liked it even less when I said,

"Anyway, your factory smells."

#### An Achievement

There was a number of us students. Whilst we were there, there was an Italian girl working for the firm. She was ostracised really — nobody could speak or wanted to speak to her. Well, as some of us knew Italian we got into conversation with her and became good friends. Then the rest got to know her so that by the time we left she was fully integrated in the community.

#### Some Tricks of the Trade

I can tell you for a fact that it is *real silk* in the firm's silk powder. We saw bales of it being brought in to be ground down. All the processes are very secret, though, lipstick especially. There are special people who work in the lipstick room, and it is very difficult to get into. Some things aren't what they seem, however. There was a face cream — one type for normal skin and one, an extra special one, for dry. We were working on this one day and we got them the wrong way round — the wrong stuff in the wrong bottles.

"Go on", said Ivy, "It's all right, go on". *But we've made a mistake, we protested.* "It's quite all right" she said, "go on", and then explained there was no difference between the two. Exactly the same stuff went into them both. As she said, because the extra special is extra special then the normal doesn't matter if it's extra special as well . . .



*Finally, Stephen Barton displays his talent at drastic summary — in this case reducing a one hour interview to one hundred words and thirty-three dots of unintelligible brevity. Apologies to Mr. W — if he feels he wasted his time.*

#### INTERVIEW . 3

#### THE JOB THAT WAS NO HOLIDAY

We talked to Mr. W. He worked in a well known holiday camp . . . Colditz . . . I mean Blutnitz . . . Sorry. Butlins . . . nearly had the brown shirts here . . . he spent many happy weeks, rising in the early morning to the strains of "Oh what a beautiful morning" blaring through the Tannoy . . . he had to take a complete rest . . . in Kent watching peas . . . he spent his day picking out the bad ones . . . spent nearly 84 hours wiping dishes from a washing-up machine . . . must be a world record . . . I hope you are reading this Ross and Norris.



## ONE NIGHT

On a calm, clear night you can see the oil-works, majestic with its tall, flaming candle burning the excess oil. Tonight it is gone, lost to the grey, swirling rain which descends the mountain, shrouding the valley in a dismal blanket of never-ending wetness. Bedraggled cows chew at sodden grass, green and coarse; while across Darren field old Thomas Hurd battles with the wet, rebellious evening. Mud squelches over his well-worn boots, spraying his damp trousers in a shower of brown spots. Nearby the adolescent stream grows in stature, slowly swelling with pride. Its brown waters begin to swirl, bowling rocks and stones before it in a new-gained confidence.

At the "Lamb and Flag" people are content, singing joyfully as beer continues to flow. Smouldering wood spits in the iron grate, its sensual smoke curling gently upwards and merging with the alien fug of cheap cigarettes. Mrs. Johnson, on her sixth milk stout, sways uncertainly as she aims a well-used dart at a battered, blurred board.

"It's a wicked night".

"Aye".

"Double top to win".

"Have another, Dave?" asks young William Dunning.

Outside the telephone wires whine and young sycamore branches whip and thresh, driven by the raging wind. Overhead the dark heavens crash and hail begins to pound the earth in a savage frenzy. By the bank old Thomas Hurd slips and tumbles forward; arms, hat, legs and boots are swept away by the swollen, muddy waters. Mrs. Hurd sits in the warm kitchen of her farmhouse, softly singing as she knits, not knowing that the night has made her a widow.

*Anon.*





# DRAMA

## THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

The quick-witted and brilliant comedy of Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew" was an excellent choice for a College production, which Mr. Trotter's large cast handled extraordinarily well. The pace never flagged and the words were well spoken by actors who not only obviously understood what they were saying but were enjoying it too.

As a production it was very polished, almost to a fault: there was nothing coarse-grained or raucous, and some of the more picturesque effects were, I felt, a little too stylized for Shakespeare.

The stark simplicity of the setting made its point and — although there was perhaps a little too much shifting of the well-designed set piece, which was pushed into corners rather more than it deserved — the idea of the play's being but "a play within a play" was never lost sight of. It came across most powerfully at the end: Sly's awakening was most movingly presented. Nor was this by any means the only profound moment in what was generally a very thoughtful production.

Great credit must go to the company who brought such vigour and enthusiasm to their parts. So much so that most of the time it was difficult not to believe one was at a professional performance. Sue Shattock — whose performance as Katherina we will remember for a long time — writes here her thoughts on taking part —

"One thing that did emerge after the many weeks of (often) tiring rehearsals was a cast that worked together as a group with the one single aim of entertaining the audience: anyone who was backstage during a performance seeing the response of the cast when someone in the audience actually laughed would not dispute this. People from the audience whom I talked to after the performance all seemed to have enjoyed it and also seemed to feel the same enthusiasm that the whole cast and producer felt.

"Since I have been given the opportunity, I would like to thank all the people who really made the play run smoothly. For example, the dressmakers (who worked tirelessly not only to ensure that the clothes didn't fall off us halfway through the performance but also tried to make them look as authentically Elizabethan as possible. I don't know whether they were but I certainly FELT it.) The lighting crew (who, I might add, all seemed very professional and gave the performance a bit of atmosphere, I hope.) The long-suffering people who made the coffee (I can truthfully say that, without them, the show just wouldn't have gone on). The producer and all the people who advised us, who fired us with enthusiasm in the first place and who kept us going even in the worst moments of despondency. Lastly, everyone connected with the play, including the audience, for being so nice.

*"Acting may have been going on for centuries but this production, for me at least — and I think I speak for others as well — was an exciting, refreshing experience."*

## "OH, WHAT A LOVELY WAR"

At the time of going to press, Mrs. Lightfoot's production has not yet taken place. We print below, however, sixth former Martin Dennis' note on the play from the programme.

"Oh What A Lovely War", conceived and written in 1963 by Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop is the Great War in miniature. The product of extensive research into diaries, memoranda, letters and newspapers of the day, the play sets out to give an insight into the lives, events, and feelings bound up in the war. Through the use of traditional music hall and pierrot show dance and song, and brief, snapshot glimpses of actual and imaginary events, "Oh What A Lovely War"

presents a compact chronicle of the first world war, conscious of the humour, but never forgetting the horror.

We hope that you will leave tonight feeling closer to the spirit of 1914. We hope you will understand better what Wilfred Owen called "the undone years, the hopelessness . . ." The futility and the waste of war.

*"Shall they return to beatings of great bells  
In wild train-loads?*

*A few, a few, too few for drums and yells,  
May creep back, silent, to village wells  
Up half-known roads . . ."*

## letter to the editor

Dear Editor,

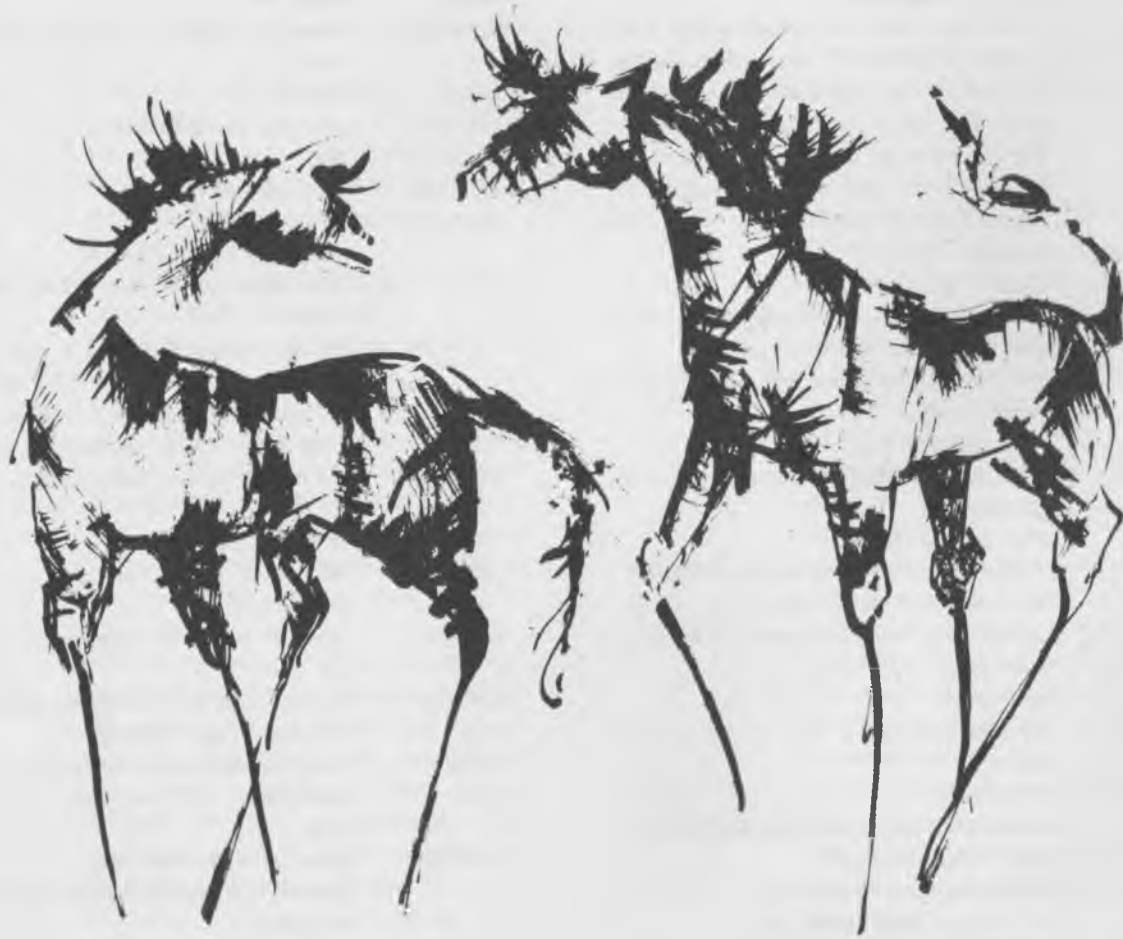
Though I have the certitude, as unpretentious a juvenile and as enthusiastic a protagonist of humility as ever became a constituent element of the scholastic edifice to which we acknowledge allegiance, I have always harboured literary aspirations and bethought myself to possess certain definite qualifications favourable and inferential to the successful construction of imaginative narratives. It is all the more surprising, dear editor, to apprehend that such examples of my authorship as I have transmitted to you for journalistic publication, which, I might asseverate, comprise tragedies and comedies of the animal and vegetable world of immeasurable dramatic significance, have invariably suffered the humiliation of editorial rejection. Is this logically explicable?

Yours in disapprobation,  
*The majority of would-be lower school contributors.*

## WINTER

The white Snow brightly,  
In the white snow floating on,  
Piled up upon Snow.

*Francis Arnstein*



## HAPPINESS

Hammersmith Bridge hangs heavily  
In the sunset,  
Spanning the wily waters with ugly splendour.  
And as the blushing sun slides from the sky  
It tints your raven hair  
Which softly lifts and falls  
In the fragrant, evening air.

Silhouetted oarsmen scull upon the river  
Like water-boatmen  
And sunset-voices, wet with beer,  
Drift downstream for miles.

Black night descends,  
But will never win;  
Your kiss beckons the colours of sunset  
And I taste happiness.

# something dark and sinister

A fourth year play competition was the brainchild of Martin Pratt, 4th Form. His imaginative range of suggested titles inspired many excellent entries.

"Something Dark and Sinister" was perhaps the most popular subject.

This treatment of the theme by forth former J. Tone Young, shows an unusual aptitude for dramatic technique. A playwright is not judged solely on the literary merit of long speeches but on his presentation of character and development of situation. This short play displays these qualities remarkably well.

## "SOMETHING DARK AND SINISTER

by J. TONE YOUNG

### CHARACTERS

ROBERT EVANS	a tall, well built man in his early twenties.
SUSAN ALLISS	his girl friend, slightly shorter, attractive.
PAUL MICHAEL	a slight youth in his late teens.
EVA MICHAEL	his sister, a small, unprepossessing girl, in her late teens.

*The curtain rises on ROBERT, SUSAN and PAUL. At the back of the stage is a tall gothic window thinner than a human body. Various 15th and early 16th century hand weapons, including a mace and at least one dagger, are arranged along the back, and part way up either side, of the stage, on small tables or in show cases. A large cupboard, the size of a wardrobe, with a heavy door which must not sway noticeably during the play, stands at one side. Four duffle bags are heaped in a corner.*

*ROBERT and SUSAN are standing at one side of the stage. One of ROBERT'S arms is linked through SUSAN'S; with the other, he holds a catalogue they are studying. PAUL is at the back, with his back to the audience, looking at the weapons.*

*Enter EVA. She glances, half disapproving, half wistful, at SUSAN and ROBERT, then walks over to PAUL and taps him on the shoulder. He does not respond; she taps him again. He half turns to face her.*

EVA	Paul, can't we go now?
PAUL	Look at this! What a beautiful dagger! I expect it once went through someone's throat.
EVA	Don't, Paul. Let's go.
PAUL	I wonder how long it takes to die when you've been stabbed in the throat?
EVA	Oh Paul! I don't like this place. It gives me the creeps.
PAUL	I wonder how much it hurts?
EVA	(turning to ROBERT) Robert! Can't we go now?
SUSAN	Mm, what is the time? (ROBERT glances casually at his watch. He tenses suddenly, stares at it, shakes his left arm, holds the watch to his ear.)
ROBERT	Good God!
SUSAN	What is it?
ROBERT	It's gone half six.
EVA	No!
SUSAN	Oh, Lord!
PAUL	(unaware of what is happening) What? (Exit EVA, running)
PAUL	Now what's wrong with her?
SUSAN	Oh, Paul. Look what you and your ancient monuments have got us into now.

PAUL	What've I done?
ROBERT	(irritated) Nothing.
PAUL	Well, what's wrong with Eva?
ROBERT	It's twenty-five to seven.
PAUL	Oh.
ROBERT	For Christ's sake, you moron, the place closes at six o'clock!
PAUL	Oh dear.
ROBERT	Oh dear?
PAUL	Yes.
ROBERT	Well, aren't you worried?
PAUL	Okay.
ROBERT	(trying to keep calm) What's okay got to do with it?
PAUL	Not a lot.
ROBERT	Are you trying to be funny?
PAUL	No.
ROBERT	Well shut up then.
SUSAN	Ignore him. (Re-enter EVA, running)
EVA	The doors are locked! Both doors are locked!
	(SUSAN grips ROBERT'S arm. There is a pause in which ROBERT tries to think of something to say and EVA tries to keep calm. PAUL displays no emotion.)
ROBERT	We'll have to . . . sleep here . . . tonight . . . then. (EVA shudders.)
SUSAN	What fool could have left us here and locked up?
ROBERT	It's ridiculous. Unprecedented. Disgraceful.
SUSAN	Are you sure both doors are locked?
EVA	Of course I am! Positive!
ROBERT	Well, we must make the best of it.
EVA	(nervously) It'll be dusk any moment now.
ROBERT	Switch the light on, Paul. (PAUL is studying the weapons. He does nothing.)
ROBERT	(shouts) Paul!
PAUL	Eh?

ROBERT Switch on the light.  
(*PAUL does so, then returns to the relics.*)

ROBERT We must keep calm.

PAUL (*looking round*) I am calm.

ROBERT (*angrily*) I know you're calm! You wouldn't notice if your hair caught fire! (*He pauses, recovers himself.*) Some-one must know where we are.

PAUL No one knows where I am.

EVA Paul and I didn't tell Mummy and Daddy where we were going.

ROBERT Oh hell. Well, of course, I've no one to tell.

SUSAN I spend so many nights out, no one'll be surprised.

EVA Oh dear. Mummy and Daddy'll think we've spent the weekend with you, Robert. We've done that before.

SUSAN So no one'll miss us.

ROBERT (*feigning nonchalance badly*) Well, it's only one night; it isn't bad.

EVA This place scares me. I bet someone died here.

PAUL Most certainly. A great fortress, this was, once. The private armies of various barons, I suppose, did battle here once. The attacking force would lay siege . . . Can you imagine it? Huge rocks winging over from enemy catapults. A hail of arrows hurtling over the battlements.

EVA Don't, Paul!

PAUL (*without hesitating*) Then the enemy's immense long ladders are leant up against the wall. And the ladders are thrown back by defendants, and hundreds of men crash hundreds of feet to the ground. The switch of swords, the clang of metal on metal, the screams of the wounded and dying — it must have been dramatic! In this room, let me see, there would —

(*He breaks off as the lights are suddenly cut to semi-darkness. Only at the front of the stage or near the window should the character be clearly visible. EVA screams.*)

SUSAN What on earth —

ROBERT Of all the times to have a power cut!

EVA Oh, a power cut. Of course. Thank heaven.

ROBERT Well, that's that. We shall have to lie down now, and go to sleep.

PAUL It's not that dark. A good moon — I bet it's a lovely night. (*He crosses to the window and looks out*) Of course, they'd shoot arrows through here.

ROBERT (*firmly*) Lie down!  
(*ROBERT and SUSAN lie side by side opposite the cupboard. EVA curls up beside it in a dark part of the stage.*)  
(*PAUL grunts, stands pensively a while, then exits unobtrusively in the dark. Silence for some time. EVA begins to whimper; then to moan.*)  
(*quietly*) Robert. (*louder*) Robert!  
(*waking up*) Uh? What?  
Sh! Listen.  
(*EVA'S moaning sounds eerie in the dark.*)

SUSAN What's the noise?

ROBERT (*undisguisedly afraid*) I don't know.  
(*They hold one another. EVA sniffs.*)  
(*Releasing his hold on SUSAN; loud and confident.*) Oh, it's Eva! What's up, Eva?  
(*EVA stands up and walks over to them.*)  
(*shakily*) I'm scared. I'm miserable.  
(*Pause*) Where's Paul?

ROBERT Oh, he's . . . (*he glances round stage.*)

SUSAN He's . . . (*she stands up and walks round stage. All start hunting round stage.*)

SUSAN My God, he's not here! He's gone! He's disappeared!  
(*EVA clings to ROBERT for support.*)

ROBERT Don't worry. There must be some . . . logical . . .

SUSAN Oh, shut up about logic! You get on my nerves!

EVA Where's Paul? Where's Paul?

SUSAN Don't be such a baby. He must be . . . he must be somewhere.

EVA He's gone. Paul's gone. He's been taken. (*She wanders about, moaning.*) Where's Paul? (*She moves to the centre, facing the cupboard; then screams and leaps back.*) The cupboard door moved! (*She tiptoes cautiously round the cupboard and tries to see, through the crack where the door is ajar, from a distance, and from various angles. Then she squeals again, rushes to the other side of the stage, and holds on to ROBERT'S arm. SUSAN looks crossly at her.*)

EVA There's something in the cupboard. Something dark — and sinister.  
(*ROBERT and SUSAN look at one another. Then ROBERT smiles and snaps his fingers.*)

ROBERT Of course! It's that fool Paul! What an idiot! Come out, Paul!  
(*Re-enter PAUL through darkness at back of stage. The others, watching the cupboard, do not notice him.*)

PAUL Somebody want me?  
(*All swing round suddenly to face him.*)

ROBERT Paul! Where are you?

PAUL Mooching about the castle. I went up to the keep. It's a glorious night. There's a strong wind and a full moon; it's quite light, really.

ROBERT You weren't in that cupboard?

PAUL No, just exploring the castle.

SUSAN Something's in the cupboard.  
(*PAUL does not respond, but returns to his study of the weapons.*)

SUSAN Paul!

EVA Oh, forget him. He'll only make things worse.

SUSAN You probably saw a — suit of armour or something.

EVA I tell you the door moved.

ROBERT A draught.

EVA No. There are no draughts.

ROBERT Your imagination.

EVA *(angry, frightened)* No! No, I tell you! Something's in there!

ROBERT Well, if you're that worried, we'll have to go into another room.

EVA No! It might get out and — and start hunting round the castle. I want to be sure where it is.  
*(ROBERT and SUSAN move away while EVA gazes in terror at the cupboard.)*

ROBERT *(aside)* She's getting completely wrapped up in her fantasies.

SUSAN How do you know it is fantasy? How do you know? Suppose there is something in there.

ROBERT Don't be silly, what could there be?

SUSAN Something we don't understand. Something beyond our understanding!

ROBERT For heaven's sake, be reasonable.

SUSAN No! This thing isn't reasonable. Why must you think everything's so understandable and logical? This isn't natural.

ROBERT Oh, don't start that again.

SUSAN But what if Eva's right? What then? Just forget logic and answer me that.  
*(Suddenly, a heavy mace comes skidding across the floor from the darkness, heading directly for ROBERT. He sees it just in time and leaps to one side, knocking SUSAN over and falling himself. ROBERT gives a cry of fear as he leaps and SUSAN one of pain as she falls. Brief pause.)*

SUSAN *(gasping)* There, Robert. There! What caused that?

*(ROBERT gets to his feet, shaking violently. SUSAN remains sitting on the floor, nursing her arm and glancing nervously round the stage. Another short pause; then PAUL appears from the back, looking vaguely apologetic.)*

PAUL Sorry. I did miss you all, didn't I? Okay, Susan? Good. It must have been incredibly difficult to wield those things with armour on.

ROBERT Paul, was that you?

PAUL Yes, but I didn't mean to. I was swinging it about and it slipped out of my hands.  
*(grabbing him)* You bloody fool, you nearly killed me! Zombie! Just use a little common sense!

ROBERT Well, a fat lot of good you've done with your common sense, Robert. All you do is bellow logic, logic, logic ... what good's it done us?

SUSAN And there is something in the cupboard.

EVA What a fuss ...

PAUL *(ROBERT pushes PAUL away violently. PAUL, slightly shaken, contemplates a sword.)*

ROBERT How many more times? *(Shouts)* There is nothing in the cupboard!

SUSAN Prove it.

EVA No! Leave it alone!

SUSAN *(getting up)* Go on, Robert. Open the cupboard.

ROBERT You're upsetting Eva.

SUSAN Are you scared?

ROBERT Of course not, but —

SUSAN Then open it!

ROBERT But — there's no point.

SUSAN You're scared!

ROBERT So are you.

EVA So am I! Don't open it!

PAUL *(looking round irritably)* I can't hear myself think for you lot shouting.

ROBERT Oh, shut up!

SUSAN Be quiet, you!

EVA Idiot brother!  
*(A pause. All glare at one another except PAUL. Each' except PAUL, flashes an occasional glance at the cupboard.)*

ROBERT *(trying feebly to sound brave and in control)* Listen. We mustn't get upset and argue —

SUSAN Huh!

ROBERT Listen. Let's just forget these silly ideas about ghosts — it's just baby talk, and half of it's because Paul keeps scaring us. So let's all, including Paul this time, sit down or go to sleep or whatever ... After all it's only one night and we're all adults ... I don't see why you're all scared ... I ... Well, anyway, we'll be let out tomorrow, it won't be long, so if we can all be sensible and keep our heads and just act our ages ...

SUSAN How you do waffle!

ROBERT And stop bickering! We'll be out tomorrow.

PAUL It's Saturday today.

SUSAN *(contemptuous)* Oh, sound the trumpets, he's got something right and it wasn't even a morbid subject.

PAUL *(unconcerned)* Does this place open on Sundays?

ROBERT *(gasps)* Oh my God, no! Oh, no! *(His voice rises to a shriek. EVA, horrified, stares at the cupboard, SUSAN stares at the unconcerned PAUL.)* No! No!

CURTAIN

# FG.G.S. OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

## News

*Sara Bridger* (Skinner) is a colour processor at a photographic laboratory in Aldershot.

*Lesley Culwick* (Roberts) is teaching in London.

*Rachael Dingle* (Haydon) her husband and their two younger sons farm in Cornwall. Their eldest son is working for the F.A.O. in Mauritania on the southern edge of the Sahara.

*Rita Downham* (Stone) works as ward receptionist in a hospital.

*Madeleine Fullerton* (Benson) took a degree in theology at the University of Exeter.

*Rosemary Morgan* (Bean) teaches at Ravenscote School in Camberley.

*Lesley Morris* (Cairns) works in London as an interior designer.

*Jean Parratt* (Bowdery) gives classes in sewing and "Toymaking from Scraps" at local schools.

*Frances Petit* (Hurdle) lives on the outskirts of Toulouse, has two children, and is teaching English.

*Pamela Poulter* is Head of Religious Education at a large comprehensive school in Hampshire.

*Birginia Ragless* is a Tax Officer in the Civil Service.

*Wendy Reed* (Merson) is teaching in London.

*Jenny Revell* is teaching at an Army school in West Germany.

*Avril Rickard* took a degree in mathematics at the Open University.

*Judi Waller* teaches P.E. and mathematics at Petersfield County Secondary School and is a county umpire and hockey player for Sussex.

*Jennie Wilkins* teaches in Hemel Hempstead.

*Wendy Williams* is in charge of the Orthopaedic Clinics at a hospital in the Midlands.



## Farnham Girls' Grammar School OLD GIRLS' ASSOCIATION

### Officers 1974/75

<i>Chairman:</i>	Mrs. Stella Pudles
<i>Secretary:</i>	Mrs. Stella Bolt, 4 Stuart Close, Farnborough, Hants.
<i>Treasurer:</i>	Mrs. Gladys Rummery, 5 Velmead Rd., Fleet, Hants.
<i>Editor:</i>	Miss Hilary Newitt, 21 Crooksbury Rd., Runfold, Farnham.

## Births

*Pat Lambert* (Virgo) a second son, Richard, January 6th 1974.

*Carol Richards* (Cairns) a son, Simon Peter, October 1974.

*Cynthia Cantillon* (Savage) a daughter, Victoria, November 9th 1974.

*Marion Golding* (Haynes) a second daughter, Natalie Clare, November 14th 1974.

## Marriages

*Rosemary Bean* to Mr. K. M. Morgan, August 4th 1973.

*Karen Worcester* to Mr. G. McCartney, July 13th 1974.

*Lesley Cairns* to Mr. B. H. Morris, July 20th 1974.

*Sara Skinner* to Mr. P. A. Bridger, July 27th 1974.

*Madeleine Benson* to Mr. J. Fullerton, August 3rd 1974.

*Hilary Magee* to Mr. D. W. Gould, August 3rd 1974.

*Lesley Roberts* to Mr. I. M. Culwick, August 10th 1974.

*Wendy Merson* to Mr. I. Reed, August 17th 1974.

## Deaths

*Janet Gullet* (Balls) April 10th 1974.

*Sheila Walker* (Ruffle) May 10th 1974.

*Enid Ball* September 7th 1974.





# OLD FARNHAMIANs' ASSOCIATION

AIMS: To promote good fellowship among Old Boys and to perpetuate the spirit and traditions of the School.

Life Membership £10.50. Annual subscription 75p. Honorary Secretary: W. F. A. Bodkin, 70 Upper Hale Rd., Farnham, Surrey. Honorary Treasurer: J. E. Goddard, 2 Tor Rd., Farnham. Membership Secretary: D. R. Garrett, 11 Stream Farm Close, The Bourne, Farnham.

New members please give names, school dates, full address, telephone and occupation.

G. Maurice Elphick (1927–35), has been installed as Master of the Old Farnhamians' Lodge in succession to J. S. Mitchell (1942–47).

The Lodge meets on the second Saturday in January, March, May and November. Information may be obtained from the Secretary, L. F. G. Wright (1925–27), 18 Vine Lane, Hillingdon Village, Middlesex or from A. Fordham at Farnham College.

## Old Farnhamians' Association

### A message from the President

Unfortunately it has not been possible to include in this issue of the magazine the customary snippets of news about Old Boys, which, I know, many read with interest. The opportunity is, however, available for this letter, and I hope members of the Association will not be too disappointed at the substitution.

A word of explanation about the change of President is called for. About 50 years ago, when the Association was established, the constitution provided that the Headmaster of FGS should be President of the OFA. Mr. Morgan was the first President, and he was followed, in 1953, by Mr. Baxter. In 1974, when Mr.

French became Headmaster, he, in turn, followed Mr. Godsil, who had been Acting Headmaster for a term. Now that FGS has been succeeded by Farnham College, with a Principal, rather than a Headmaster, Mr. French thought it better that he should not continue as President of the OFA. This does not indicate any diminution in his interest in our affairs, and we are delighted that Mr. French has accepted an honorary life Vice-Presidency of the Association and membership of the Committee. We are deeply grateful to Mr. French for his four years as our President, and look for his help and guidance to the OFA in the future.

I find myself, then, as the first Old Boy President of the OFA. It is to me a great honour to be elected to this office. The Association is next in my affections to the School itself, and I will bend all my efforts to furthering its objectives. The decision to break with tradition over the Presidency gives the Association a chance to review its policy in this matter. Whereas I willingly undertake my duties, I do not believe the President in the future should be a semi-permanent figure, as was inevitable in the past. The office should be held for two or three years, perhaps, and then should pass to another. There are many Old Boys able and willing, and the honour should be shared around.

A primary purpose of the OFA is to preserve friendship among those who were at School together, and to encourage friendships among Old Boys of different generations. This purpose was fulfilled at the annual dinner held on 12 April: perhaps those who have not attended Old Boys' dinners in the past might be encouraged to come in the future, for I am sure they would enjoy it. In any event, I send my personal greetings to all Old Boys, and particularly to those who were at FGS between 1921 and 1933.

*L. J. Stroud (1921–1933)*



(an incomplete, unofficial, non-representative, statistically unsound survey, the collated results of which might not be published after adjustment in the College magazine).

*-as circulated in November-*

For each question tick the answer that is closest to the truth in your case. If the truth does not fit our questionnaire please give details in the blank box.

*Here is the result given in percentages and based on 80 replies, plus a few of your comments and comments on your comments.*

### SECTION 1.

Time at private study.

1. Do you do any? 

No	0
----	---

Yes	100
-----	-----

	0
--	---

(That one was to enable the authorities to do some weeding out. If your answer was No hand back the questionnaire and follow the emergency procedure. Step 1. Report to your Tutor .....)

2. Do you spend your private study periods working?

always	18
--------	----

sometimes	70
-----------	----

	12
--	----

*!!!? →*

*and in the lunch hours too?*

3. Do you regard 3 hours private study per evening

the bare minimum.	10
-------------------	----

other	49
-------	----

a sick joke	41
-------------	----

*We know you work hard really - you just went for the phrasing of this answer*

4. Are you on the whole apathetic towards private study?

No	65
----	----

	17
---	----

too apathetic to say.	18
-----------------------	----

5. How much private study do you do in the holidays?

as much or more than during the term	13
--------------------------------------	----

some but less than during term	52
--------------------------------	----

	35
--	----

*ie. none*

6. Do you consider that you personally do

too little work	51
-----------------	----

too much work	1
---------------	---

enough work	48
-------------	----

7. Do you study with

efficiency	31
------------	----


half dreaming	37
---------------	----

<i>...moronic mindless resignation ... books ... difficulty</i>	32
---	----

8. Do you develop a guilt complex if you fail to do any college work for any one evening?

No	40
----	----

Yes	47
-----	----

	13
---	----

### SECTION II Preferences and Priorities in work

1. Do you give priority to

an overdue essay.	58
-------------------	----

a favourite TV. program.	20
--------------------------	----

<i>... Fred ... pleasure</i>	22
------------------------------	----

2. If you did not tick the first box for question 1 What do you do afterwards?

hurry to catch up	71
-------------------	----

let it go	22
-----------	----

forget it	7
-----------	---

3. If you have several pieces of work to give in the next day do you

do them all quickly	30
---------------------	----

do one properly the rest briefly	41
----------------------------------	----

keep going into the night until they are all done thoroughly	27
--	----

do none at all	2
----------------	---

4. Do you have several pieces of work to give in the next day because of . .

your fault	38
------------	----

The staff's fault	21
-------------------	----

an accidental coincidence	41
---------------------------	----

*6 of one and half a dozen of the other*

5. Do you get the same amount of set work from each of your - 'A' levels/'O' levels?

Yes	17
-----	----

more from one	71
---------------	----

	12
--	----

*naughty norty (printed with permission)*

6. Are you reaching the same standard in each of your 'A' levels, 'O' levels?

No	63	yes	21		16
----	----	-----	----	--	----

7. Tick any of the following which make you work harder in a given subject

*the geography staff have taken this personally so instead of the next field trip they are going on a razzle*

pure enjoyment	63	The personality of the teacher	41	The relevance of the subject	35
The degree of success you have achieved previously	40	The fascination of the subject	56	opportunity for expression	16
practical work	15	opportunity for creativity	15	imposed external discipline	15
				Expectation of exams	7

8. If you fail your exams will you be

bitter	18	remorseful	34	complacent	3
satisfied that you have learnt something	14	<i>... a shop assistant ... not surprised</i>		31	

### SECTION III Place of Work and Method

1. Do you use the library

yes	64	no	36
-----	----	----	----

2. Do you find study easiest in

a locked, sealed air-conditioned sound-proofed room	31	please specify		in front of the box	12
		<i>... in the bath</i>	43		
in the kitchen	5	in public social gathering place	3	in bed	6

3. Do you prefer to study

where other people are studying	16	on your own	76		8
---------------------------------	----	-------------	----	--	---

4. Do you find somewhere satisfactory to do private study at school?

no	29	yes	59		12
----	----	-----	----	--	----

5. If you have difficulty with a subject do you

<i>twenty-one old women</i>	do nothing and get frustrated	21	refer to books for help	43	ask your friends	52
	Discuss with staff	32	<i>... give it up ... cry</i>	11		

6. Are you acquainted with the subjects you are studying

yes		no		<i>a nodding acquaintance</i>
-----	--	----	--	-------------------------------

7. Do you ever read books about education and learning

yes	19	no	72	9
-----	----	----	----	---

*please enquire for bibliography*

8. Do you organise a private study programme for yourself that will give momentum to your work and be enjoyable

yes	14	no	82	4
-----	----	----	----	---

P.S. There is a nil correlation at 0% confidence levels between the length of this questionnaire and its value.



*Cover design by Ashley Jones, Sixth Form*

*Illustration on Facing page by Anne Smith, Sixth Form*