

Vol. 56 No. 2, Dec. 1969. "Those who do not understand the lessons of history will be condemned to repeat them." (Santayana). Nothing ever changes.

# EARNHAMIAN

Earn

F.g.g.s

1974



## Comment by the Chairman

### Report on the first six months of the Sixth Form Council

The twenty-seven tutor-group representatives plus a handful of staff, have spent many long hours after school discussing certain problems of importance to the sixth form. Unfortunately it is normally the same dozen or so people who do all the talking, but now that the lower sixth members are settled in to college life, it is hoped they will make a better contribution than in the past. Sub-committees have been established for entertainment and charity activities in the college. Two dances have proved to be very successful with the majority of the students, but it is hard for the entertainments committee to succeed in its aims when new ideas are not forthcoming, and those that are, are often rejected in the initial stage. Plans for installing various items such as a public telephone, a record player and a drinks machine have been discussed at length by the committee, but seem to have been lost somewhere along the pipeline between the committee and the powers that be.

David Attree

Theoretically, the Council is an important, essential body, with regards to relations between staff and students, within the College, however "the best ideas never seem to materialise". To condemn the Council as a potential failure is somewhat harsh, but it has become noticeably apparent that the initial enthusiasm for such a body has been lost.

For any organisation to exert an influence over life in society, it is essential that there are strong, fervent lines of communication. The Consultative Council is no exception: without the continual flow of ideas and suggestions between student and representative, the function of such a body is totally 'undermined'. This may be the cause of the general apathy within the Council at the present time – and only time will stop the deteriorating situation.

However, on a brighter note, the Council has commendable qualities and individuals. Effort and backing for ideas have been excellent, particularly from the staff representatives, surely indicating, that there is potential enthusiasm when a 'practical' idea is suggested.

This 'coloured' view of the Council may appear discouraging, but it must be taken into account that no organisation can be expected to function smoothly within a few months of its conception. The future is promising, providing that the students on the whole react favourably to the facilities within the Council to expound their views.

The final word may be left to Dr. G. R. Wilstock "It will succeed through its own success".

Colin Aitkin



### BOMB SCARE

A man, speaking with an Irish accent phoned up the Secretary's office at Farnham College, and reported that a bomb had been planted somewhere in the school, timed to explode at 11.20. The school secretary, took the call. "He said there was a bomb in the school, timed to explode at 11.20."

Who was it?

Once again Farnhamian reporters were on the spot.

This amazing photograph taken earlier that morning shows the culprit red handed, secretly planting the explosive device. Any information concerning this man would be gratefully received by the authorities. About 6'2" tall, well built with a thick beard and a small office near room 'G' the man has a price on his head, being wanted not only for terrorist activities but also for wasting loud hailer batteries, and for making the field muddy. Be careful, this man may be armed. Read the Farnhamian for the next exciting instalment in this thrilling drama . . .

### FALSE ALARM

Alarm — shop doorway empty.  
Sharp across the pavement rings.  
False alarm — I wonder?

Jonathan Talbot

## DEREK FRIGGENS

Derek Friggens came to Farnham Grammar School in September, 1960, from a teaching post at Darwen, Lancashire, and left in July, 13 years later, to become Head of Mathematics at Sandown Comprehensive School, Isle of Wight.

In charge of that subject during those years, he brought quiet thoughtful expertise to his work, producing consistently high academic results. His thoroughness was exemplified in the examinations organisation, meticulous to the last detail.

His interests included recreations at badminton and bridge, and, within the school, he was a noted Sports Day announcer.

The school gained much flavour from his teaching (apart from the pipe) and it is certain that he will continue to make valuable contributions to his profession.

We wish Derek and his family well in their new Vectis venture.

P. Larby

## KATHLEEN CHAMPION

Kathleen Champion was largely responsible for the extension of Science teaching at F.G.G.S. during her 15 years as head of the department. The opportunities offered to pupils to study three Science Subjects to O level and beyond were unusual in a Girls' School; and all those who attended the II and VI year field courses gained considerably from the experience. The Science staff were always sure of her loyal support and owe much to her leadership and teaching experience. She retired from full-time teaching last July, but maintains her local interests.

V. Parsons

## BETTY HAIR

The summer term saw the retirement of Miss Hair after over 20 years of F.G.G.S. In the last few years not only was she head of English but also acted as deputy headmistress.

Apart from her interest and enthusiasm for her subject which was often reflected in high academic achievement, she also established Careers teaching in the school and maintained a keen interest in its development.

In the English department we appreciated Betty's kindness and encouragement. She generally extended her hospitality to all the staff and her friendship is much valued by us all.

V. Cumberbirch

## MISS STEPHANIE EGAN

Miss Egan came from Ireland to teach French at Farnham Grammar School in February 1969. This was her first post but she very soon impressed both staff and pupils by her skill and flair in teaching French, allied to her invariable good humour and concern for the welfare of individual pupils within the school. She was the first full-time lady member of staff in an all-boys school but this in no way deterred her and it is a indication of the qualities of her personality that she became so quickly integrated into the life of the school.

She was even made a 5th year Tutor and many of us will remember the sight of that diminutive figure dealing firmly but fairly with groups of recalcitrant fifth-formers who towered above her. Our delight when she announced her engagement to Mr. Ward, a teacher in the Physics Department, was tempered with regret when we learned that they were both to move to Bristol. She is now teaching in a comprehensive school at Thornbury and I am pleased to be able to put on record here our thanks to her for all she did to help us at Farnham and our best wishes for her future happiness.

A. W. James

## DAVID GILES

David Giles left Farnham Grammar School for Eton College after eight eventful years in which his influence was felt in many directions.

He built a thriving and successful economics department which was a very popular choice with the sixth form. With his friendly and relaxed manner he quickly developed a good rapport with his students and was deservedly popular amongst them.

David had an infectious sense of humour and his natural exuberance and elegance of dress made him a prominent member of the staff.

He had a keen and active interest in Sport and in winter would give his support to the soccer teams. In summer his consuming interest was in cricket when he supervised and coached the school 1st XI.

Whilst the school is the poorer for his going we wish him every success in his new appointment.

## MARGARET HONICK

As those of us who worked with her can testify we owe to Margaret Honick's enthusiasm, encouragement and organising ability a really happy and flourishing maths. department. An extremely talented teacher herself, she was concerned above all with fostering a real enjoyment of mathematics.

All who were connected in any way with F.G.G.S were pleased and relieved when she was persuaded to take on the task of leading the school in the final and difficult period of its existence. She was determined that the life of the school should continue as normally as possible and that we should be looking forward not to the end of F.G.G.S but to the new venture at Farnham College.

It is a great tribute to Mrs. Honick's wisdom, understanding and leadership that our last years at Menin Way proved so happy and successful.

V. Le Grice

## FARNHAM COLLEGE MUSIC DEPARTMENT

There have been many developments since two music departments were joined last September with their respective specialist instrumental teachers. We now have eleven teachers specialising in ten instruments from violin to saxophone and percussion. In December we said goodbye to Mrs. Houseman (bassoon), Mr. Dale (saxophone), and Mr. Littlewood (oboe). We welcome in their place Miss Frances Eustace, Mr. Clifford Bond and Miss Jill Streater. We also look forward to Mr. Kitto's percussion lessons echoing around the corridors.

One of the most important aspects of a flourishing department is performance, whether by students or by professional musicians at events open to the public. The five concerts have been of varying standards, but the two student performances were most excellent. The first concert in October was given on October 5th by the orchestra of the University of Tubingen whose vigorous performance of Beethoven's 8th Symphony caught the ear of the audience. Moura Lympany's recital on October 13th of Schumann – Fantasia in C, Beethoven, Liszt and Debussy showed that the Bluthner, though adequate for accompanying is too small to do justice to a good pianist. Its smaller tone, after a thorough overhaul, will give us a good second piano, when the long awaited "Farnham Grand" finally arrives.

The Cummings Quartet presented a good, if short, programme which revealed that they had not overcome a recent change in personnel – very difficult to achieve. Most seriously, however, finer points of ensemble in bowing, phrasing and vibrato were by no means consistent, which spoiled an otherwise enjoyable Haydn Emperor Quartet, Beethoven Op. 95 and Brahms Quartet in A minor Op. 51 No. 2.

A very difficult and thoroughly musical evening was given by Kenneth Sillito, violin, and his accompanist John Streets. Every nuance in this recital of Bach's E major Sonata, Beethoven's Op. 23 in A minor and Prokofiev's Sonata in D Op. 94, was in place. The audience went home on January 19th much refreshed.



The College Chamber Orchestra played an all Bach concert to a very high standard on December 1st. We are most grateful to Stephen Thompson for lending his harpsichords and playing most adroitly with David Rowland in the C major concerto for two harpsichords. Jeremy Bradshaw was the soloist in Bach's A minor violin concerto and Robert Gibbons and Nicholas Ladd played oboe and violin in double concerto reconstruction, this being in D minor. The success of this concert depended much on Howard Thompson who has guided the orchestra with unflinching care. His playing of Bach's G major flute Sonata with Stephen Thompson gave unflinching pleasure, but it is to the students and their teachers that the highest praise should undoubtedly be given.

The Carol Service in St. Andrews Parish Church on December 19th showed that the College Chorus is capable of singing in various styles and projecting the enthusiasm with great clarity. It coped splendidly with no less than thirteen carols and always sang most beautifully with great expression. In particular Jeremy Bradshaw should be thanked for his expressive performance of "The Three Kings" and David Rowland for his excellent organ playing.

Among the regular activities are various wind groups and other chamber groups, the College Orchestra and the Medieval and Renaissance Consort. Eyebrow raising activities have taken place in assembly, and no doubt will continue, and various musicians have gone out of the College to entertain others. At the beginning of September a party entertained guests at Farnham Castle at the opening of one of the residential courses held there and others have gone into schools in the area.

All students and staff are most welcome to any of our activities and to use our facilities including the libraries, now quite comprehensive, including 450 records and 200 books, many more scores.

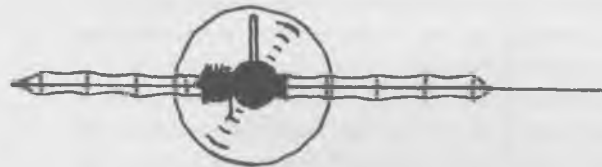
## THE COMBAT CLUB

One miserable morning in January, two fourth-formers made their way to the Principal's office. They had with them the blueprints for the "Combat Club" and they were eager to see how they would be received. The proposed club was discussed for several minutes and safety regulations were put forward. The same morning an announcement was made in assembly, and the preliminary meeting took place in the lunch hour.

After the dissolution of the Aeromodelling Club last Summer, certain members of the college — notably all in the fourth year — decided that the Aeromodelling Club should be resurrected, or a brand new club (with a subtle change in concept) should be formed. And so, the Combat Club was born.

The Combat Club was the brainchild of Russ "Face that launched a thousand airships" Walsh, who has more knowledge of aeronautics in his little finger than many of us have in the whole of our bodies! Another knowledgeable member is the "vice-president" — award-winning Julian "Quickstart" Baker — whose arrival added another dimension to the club. At present the Combat Club is only open to members of the fourth year, but if everything goes according to plan, students from other years should be able to join. There was recently a Chuck-glider contest which was an immense success. Activities will continue during the year and, as Stanley Lieber once said, "The best is yet to come!"

David Phelan



## THURSDAY AFTERNOONS

Community service is playing a considerable part in the activities of the College. This service takes different forms, but perhaps the area in which most work is done is in primary schools in and around Farnham. Groups of students spend some time each week in the schools, giving help when and where help is needed. Sometimes this is required with reading, painting and so on, but at St. Andrew's Junior School a special need has been recognised and is being catered for.

For some time the school has lacked musical tuition of any kind, beyond the weekly "making music" television programme. So three of us took it upon ourselves to attempt to run a "music class" each Thursday afternoon. During this time we have tried to introduce groups of children to an idea of what music is — both to listen to and to perform. Armed with their triangles, drums and chime bars, the nine year-olds have been arranging well-known songs, composing musical stories and even producing a version of Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf".

Great interest was aroused by the production of a violin one week. Several children expressed a longing to learn to play the instrument, which we endeavoured to satisfy. Thus a "violin class" sprang up as an unforeseen extension of the original idea. As a result of this, the authorities, recognising the importance of early instrumental tuition, purchased several violins for the school and engaged a professional violin tutor.

Altogether, the project has been received with great enthusiasm — by the children, by the staff of the school (who never cease to offer us cups of tea), and, indeed, by ourselves, for whom it is a rewarding, though totally exhausting, activity.

Sally French



## THE MIDDLE SCHOOL DEBATING SOCIETY

Since the amalgamation in September, the number of junior debaters has steadily increased, and all will agree that the quality of the debates has been raised by this.

Only two motions had an overall majority during the autumn term: these were that, "a woman's place is not necessarily in the home", and that Christian morals are not out of date. The former was carried by 51 votes to 17 (the dissentients included two girls.) Other decisions were that the Society did not support the Arab cause, and that it did support the Liberal revival. A majority of only 2 accepted Marxist ideas, in a debate in which one-third of the House abstained.

It is hoped that with the support of the 4th and 5th forms, the Society will continue to flourish throughout the school year. Our thanks are due to Mr. Norton for his interest and enthusiasm.

A. G. Baines.

## CHRISTIAN UNION

As a newcomer to Farnham College, I was pleased to discover that there was a Christian Union. Far from it being some clique of the old Grammar Schools, like other newcomers I felt a welcome and when the new Committee was elected found myself appointed as Chairman of the Christian Union for the 5th and 6th – a position that entails the organising and co-ordinating of various activities that function in the weekly meetings.

There is a lunchtime prayer meeting on Mondays in the Scout hut and a Bible Study on Wednesday. Sometimes as many as between 20 and 30 have come. Apart from these there is a main meeting every Friday in Hut 2 at 4 pm. In these Friday meetings, we try not to be too formal with an unnecessary amount of organisation, but rather the opposite that no-one may feel reserved or restricted in prayer, sharing and discussion.

None of these meetings is 'closed'. Everyone is very welcome, whether they come from mere curiosity, or out of an active search for a meaning to life, or who experienced a Christian fellowship in another school and would hope to find one here. In fact most of those who come are linked with some of the many local churches. Speakers at Friday sessions have included speakers of great experience and also recent converts like myself.

Nicholas Hammond

## DEBATING SOCIETY

The Debating Society has – sorry Mr. Norton, I'll start again.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen. Here is a brief summary of the minutes:–

The Debating Society once again set about putting the world to rights by welcoming the next liberal government and retaining the monarchy. (The New Year's Honours List is eagerly anticipated).

Public Schools were left standing, but it was decided that the Christian Church had done more harm than good. (In several ways, not just one.)

However, I can't see the world paying much attention to the hard core of seven or eight regular speakers. Although attendances have been good, it has been an uphill struggle to secure new speakers for each debate. As a history master remarked:– "It shouldn't be left to a tiny minority of keen spirits".

Right, we'll sit back and await the rush.

Thanks are of course due to all those who took part in the debates, including the tea-makers.

Special thanks to Mr. Norton for his unstinting selfless dedication or something like that; I can't remember exactly what he said.

Martin Dennis

## SCOUTS

Scout adventure and endeavour since the last report starts with the summer camp; hence I begin there.

We joined forces with the troop from Haslemere Prep. School for the camp, and erected our tents in a field near Plaistow (south of Haslemere). The Fuhrer was Mr. David Lord, Scout Leader of the aforementioned troop. Noticeable was the general shabbiness of our tents compared with the spanking smartness of those of our colleagues. However, Messrs. Pritchard and Jones led our patrols to first and second places in the competition, pre-Boer-War equipment notwithstanding. The skipper's gruff cry of "Eagles, get on with it!" (to one of his infamous patrols) will not be forgotten.

The weather co-operated, and we cycled a lot; also swam, hiked, drew maps of rivers and got lost. We held a remarkably successful campfire, and a remarkably unsuccessful wide game with another troop camping a mile away.

The camp was enjoyed by most parties, and we propose to have another this summer further afield (Devon?).

We have been ticking over this winter, but lighter evenings will make more outdoor activities possible. It appears that the troop will finally collapse after the summer, since the acting leaders will be moving on, and the youngest scouts would by then be third year anyway. We therefore hope for next term to be fun, even at the expense of some of the traditional aims of scouting.

Jeremy Bradshaw



## MY HEROINE

My heroine died last week  
I wonder which road she took to heaven,  
I hope I take the same road . . .

Bryan Blankley

## HAIKU

By the moonlit pool.  
The nymphs and elves come to play,  
Then leave at daybreak.

Sue Pringle

## LIVES HERE, LIVES THERE

Dimly through a hollowed wood,  
Harvey Jig is pushing through the wind again.  
Shoulders bent, subject to the wind,  
He sets out on the nightly tramp, aimed  
towards the hill.

Harvey Jig is not a man, he is a piece of earth.  
Lumped in with clods  
He walks in air, breathes grass,  
Knows the valleys, whispers to the hills.

So Harvey Jig moves gently on.  
Clouds are playing, the moon hangs high above,  
Trees cling to him tenderly —  
Ash was his adolescence, oak his coming of age.

No stile halts Harvey — he walks  
Through rivers, laughs through marshes.  
He'll never leave earth,  
The leaves would never let him go

Harvey Jig has reached his destination.  
Eyes alight, he breathes beyond the darkness.  
Feels deltas, plains, forests, deserts,  
Calls out to the soil  
"Soil! Days will pass and nights will fail,  
Harvey Jig will fail not!"  
The earth smiles again.

Climax reached, he turns for home,  
Harvey lives here, lives there.

He'd screw this earth, given half a chance.

D. R.

## THE REBUKE

Get behind that door,  
To calm excited nerves down;  
Aufstehen Matthew!

J. H.

## LIMERICK

Samson as strong as an ox,  
Tall and sly as a fox,  
He terrified all,  
With his build so tall,  
Until they cut off his locks.

Geoffrey Whiting

## HAIKU

In the thundering  
of make believe cloud and rain  
came the sun's image.

Charlotte Starmer

God is fear  
God is the embodiment  
of rain and thunder  
The eyelid hours of  
winter evenings  
When we wonder  
is this enough  
We have paced ahead of life  
and seen so many  
deaths in 60 years  
with eternal intervals we  
measure out out lot  
Man *needs* an eternal  
soul

G. Lester

## ODE TO JAMES BOND

You only live twice.  
Once when you are born to live.  
And once when you die.

Jeremy Vernon



## JUNIOR CHRISTIAN UNION

For the last term and a half at the JCU meetings we have been thinking about the question "How does God show himself to us?". What is He like? Do the things that He has made tell us anything? Have we any means within ourselves of finding out the answers? Does He show us by what He says? How can we humans possibly know anything in detail or in a personal way of such a vast God?

The picture of God we built up was like a jigsaw of four pieces, each with the letter 'C'; the complex variety, majesty, and beauty of CREATION, our ability despite manipulation to value right from wrong through our CONSCIENCES, the unique yet universal relevance of the COMMANDMENTS when applied in total rather than in part, and of course God's final and complete revelation of Himself in His Son, Jesus Christ.

We asked a visiting speaker to talk on "Why God sent Jesus?". His reply was very simple. To answer our biggest question — what's the point of life?, to solve our biggest problem — sin, and to abolish our biggest fear — death.

This led us to look at the most important question of all. Did Jesus ever rise from the dead? The whole Christian message depends on this, and so for one week we changed sides and collected all the criticisms and objections to the Resurrection, so that in contrast in the following weeks meeting we could see just how strong and compelling the evidence is that Jesus rose again after death and is alive today.

We no longer can ask the question "Who *was* Jesus?" but now must say "Who *is* Jesus?" — the first of a new race of supermen who live for ever and who offers us the same eternal life today.

Howard Thompson

## BRIDGE

Bridge has always been part of 6th Form life but this term it has become a flourishing recreation among the 3rds, 4ths and 5ths as well. Bridge is a highly sociable game which can be enjoyed at all levels of competence (as a visitor to Room 7 any lunchtime will notice. Such a visit would also quickly dispel the "intellectual" mystique surrounding the game!

Conditions in noisy tutor rooms during the lunch hours are not conducive to good play and so a Bridge Club has been formed recently where the real addict can play duplicate after school one night a week. At the moment we only have enough boards for 20 members, but it is hoped to expand this considerably in the near future.

H. S. Norton

## 2nd FORM FIELD WEEK 1973

One sunny morning, the second year of Farnham Girls' Grammar School left their school in two large coaches each seating 30 odd. We were travelling to St. Mary's Bay, Kent, to spend a week doing field studies in Biology (Miss Bound), History (Miss Walker) and Geography (Miss Gamm and Miss Champion).

The journey was a long one, but we were kept busy — as we had a study of soils and vegetation to do. We stepped off at an attractive garden, then set off again heading for Bodiam Castle — here we had lunch, enjoying the sight of the castle in a moat full of lilies. We arrived at St. Mary's Bay by late afternoon.

Our dwellings were in a school journey centre, almost on the shore of the bay. Our dormitory was quite a way from the dining hall and classrooms, and was called "Barrow". It consisted of two washrooms 30 bunks, 2 beds, 4 separate bedrooms (for teachers) and 2 small all purpose rooms. There was a swimming pool on the camp, as well as acres of playing field.

On Saturday morning we studied the sea-shore of the bay and the afternoon was spent studying the land use of Goldenwood Farm.

On Sunday morning we attended the service on the camp, and the afternoon was spent at Romney Marsh and Rye.

The expedition to Folkestone took place on Monday, and we spent the day in Boulogne on Tuesday. Travelling there by hovercraft, and back by ferry!

On Wednesday we studied nature and visited Lympne Castle as well as going to Dungeness on the light railway — and climbing the lighthouse!

Thursday was spent in the town of Rye.

On Friday we headed for home, stopping at Canterbury Cathedral, where the staff brought us all an ice-lolly.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stay at St. Mary's Bay although we had to work very hard!

By three anonymous 3rd formers.

## THE SKITSOPHRENEAC

Was there once or thrice a college boye  
 who was spously capastinated,  
 Hee indiliginated on spacklishness with  
 onstretionic purpessullity but himm was  
 hypocrite and withe olde and many skitsophrenics  
 Winezz wickid mind developed thoughts gabrone  
 — him would to bed go  
 but not alone let it be remarked  
 Ande when he was in publication  
 our schooled boye criticised them uthers  
 ande whom he was in publication  
 not eagerly with blankets would go  
 They with wife — for reste oy life:  
 cor clarity with bigamous feemales  
 but he offen biw popular feemales  
 Filosophie and Psychologie  
 for he was mote talent than others  
 with many cries and vevectobee  
 He lavished like a Duke —  
 — but spent like a pig —  
 Hir frothed like subversive creepo  
 agonisis onto learned vileyno and talent  
 and had volairs and shakespeare knew verks  
 of art the merry little technical and chemical  
 said the vanity tutor his little chance  
 with Byzantium Archowous Greek  
 "Wine, head-tutor", said him, "Wise"  
 So orill beyed him — boys bore his women.  
 Tutors ran his messages — boys bore his women.  
 And has was in the past — he was not paid  
 found out unittl it woz too late and eager and  
 he had gone to Oxford to study logical Ashology  
 but he is in short, somewort, a master of criminology  
 Ustounded lecherous lechers, shaken to be marrow  
 ran the University on criminology. He lefte the left to becum  
 obeying his idol Mark with much ado and ego.  
 Everee being him believeth — Oh great Marxist!  
 "Be our leader", cried the learned fools,  
 His criminology record doneth no good fro ee  
 despained of his ignorant lecherers and gave them in  
 calling coup de grace with potassium cyanide,  
 To his rules of skitrophenia would he side  
 Take his girl for a ride  
 and he d be on his bed  
 He lied to himself  
 Wenn he was the end "Mein Kampf" daid  
 Kneweth.  
 He he d against himself — but only now the booth were  
 bought his fiskiness ende.  
 For in Oxford Street ende,  
 a driver — as crooked one day  
 Montague — but not as he is lying as  
 told him no end of the cliff —  
 and his spattered remains lie to the wind of Dover  
 and it came to appss over that it was his end  
 and the world's beginning.



Patrick Blower 74



Patrick Blower

### DEATH OF A RABBIT

Dusk is nearing, the rabbit appears from his soily home,  
He leaps about the lush green fields, like a stunted kangaroo,  
occasionally stopping to clean and nibble on the abundance of  
grass.

Dusk draws in, the rabbit appears from his gloomy home.  
He staggers helplessly about the infested fields.  
Occasionally resting, attempting to open his distorted eyes.

Dusk closes in, the rabbit appears from his black home.  
He wanders about like a drunken tramp,  
Richocheting from post to post, slowly dying the unnatural death.  
He drops, face inflamed, blood like molten lava cascading from  
his nose.  
Myxamatosis takes its toll.

Peter Ram

## STAR BLEK

... "Disraeli had to consider whether or not the introduction of more widespread suffrage would be detrimental to his party's position in the House of Commons." The clock in the hall strikes 7.30. Oh my God is that the time? File, paper, books and pen are thrust aside. Dash up the stairs and burst breathlessly into the lounge. The strains of synthesized music pierce the stillness of the air. In the darkened room one can see pallid faces staring ahead lit only by the television screen ... Star Blek has started.

Space ... the final frontier ... these are the voyages of the star ship Emphasize. Sink into an armchair and relax, at once both contented and expectant.

This week's episode opens with the thrilling shot of the same card-board space ship travelling around the same green planet ... stirring stuff. Cut to control. Ah there they are, the whole gang. All dressed in full regalia, the men in 'T' shirts made from towels, and calf length bell bottomed trousers, girls in sexy red mini-skirts, all pressing buttons and switching switches and staring at a big movie screen on which you can see the green cardboard planet, only bigger.

Now we hear the voice of our leader Captain Durk. He is talking through his intercom to Scrotty the electrician. "Scrotty, prepare to beam down search party." Scrotty replies: "Aiei Cap'n ahm ruddy foor action." (Scrotty comes from Scotland)

Well, it looks like it's beaming-down time again. Now we see the Captain's search party assemble. He very wisely picks every single high ranking officer on the ship, including the navigator and doctor. He leaves the command of the ship to Scrotty.

They all stand on little circles, and Scrotty presses buttons. They all disappear, and then appear again standing in some sand, surrounded by cardboard rocks.

Groans, the doctor, and Clock, the 2nd in command (who has pointed ears) take out cassette tape recorders, and wave the microphones in front of them. They come back to the search party. Clock says to Captain Durk "Fascinating". Groans says "My God, Jim, you wouldn't believe it. I'm not sure if I believe it myself but ... there are other life forms on this planet."

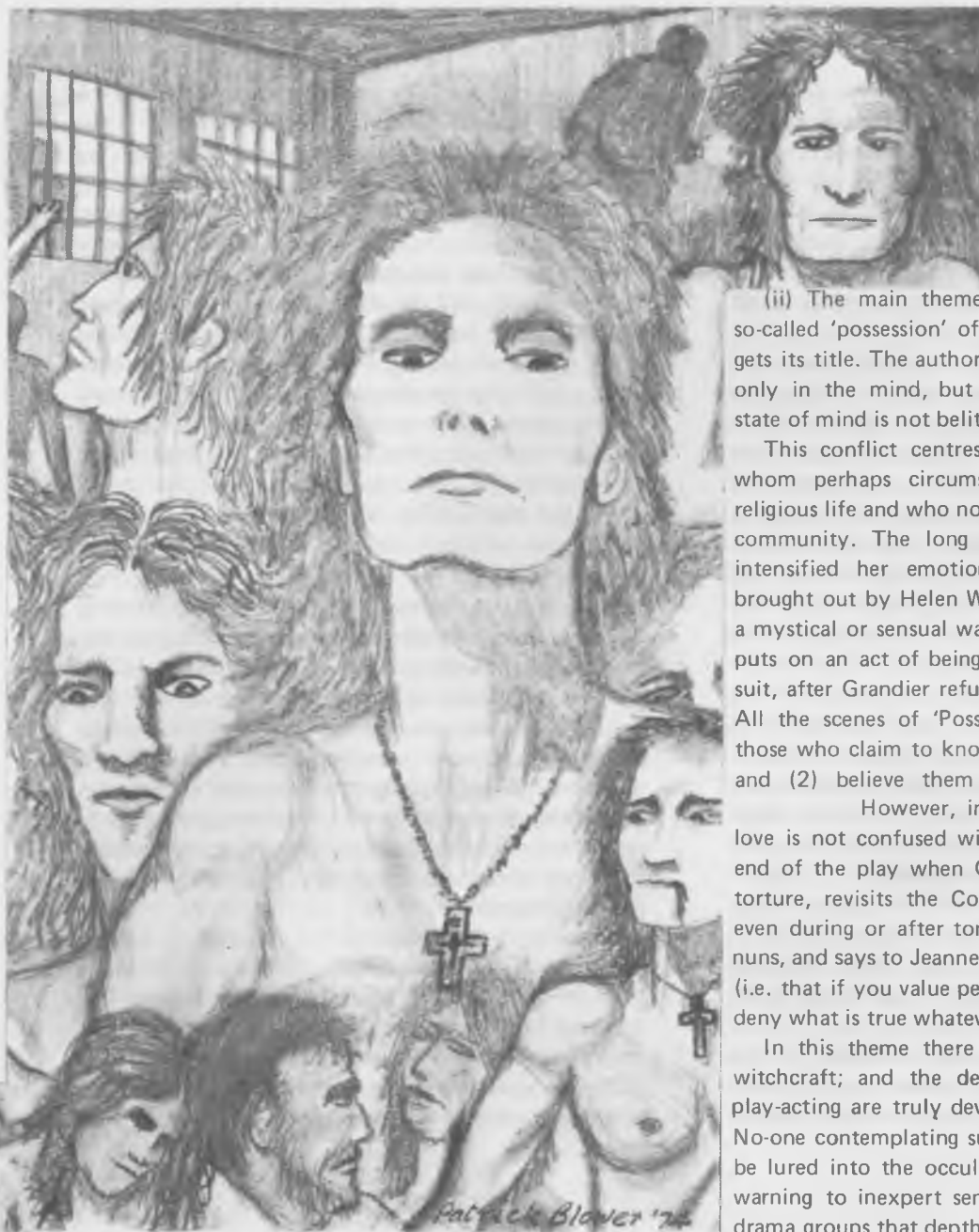
At this moment a man wearing a sort of hairy costume leaps out from behind a rock and carries off Glare-hura who screams. However, she doesn't say "I've lost all contact with Star Fleet", which is unusual. Clock says "Fascinating" and Captain Durk clenches his teeth and wobbles his cheek muscles. He takes out an electric razor from his pocket and says "Durk to Emphasize". Scrotty says "Aiei Cap'n Scrotty heeah!" Badcough says "werry strange". He is from Russia. Scrotty probably says "We've only goot 2 awas left of poower Cap'n!" to which Captain Durk probably says. "Burp factor I Scrotty". It doesn't really matter, because they always have a laugh at the end of the programme.

Martin Dennis

## THE DEVILS OF LOUDOUN

This is a play which provokes strong reactions, but each reader or member of the audience or cast must ask whether he has identified the real themes of the play and come to terms with them; and if there is a conflict with Christian belief precisely in what that conflict lies. Some of those who experienced the play more than once (i.e. actors and staff) have described how their understanding of the play grew with each performance. I want to take what seem to me to be some of the important themes of the play and examine them.

(i) in the relationship of the priest Grandier and the girl Philippe the girl is introduced to him in the trustful relationship of a tutor and his pupil – a situation not without dangers as shown in the story of Abelard and Heloise (so profoundly narrated by Helen Waddell) and in the story of Jonathan Swift and Stella, where, although the outcome was different, it put a great emotional strain on both of them. Her feelings are aroused and Grandier seduces her. Despite the so-called 'marriage' in church and his talk about love, the selfishness of lust masquerading as love is clearly shown up in that he cannot own the expected child of the union, and at the end of the play all that the girl gets out of it is that she is married off to a very old man. This would seem to me to show up clearly the selfish character of Grandier's drives in this respect and to present a far more 'moral' view than many restoration plays, such popular items as 'Beaux Stratagem' or many plays shown on T.V. – however wittily presented. The truly awful nature of the cost of the 'taste of honey' stands out clearly. The theme has much in common with the relationship of Abelard and Heloise only Helen Waddell's treatment is exquisite and aesthetic and here the language and the imagery are violent – though not more so than in Shakespeare's Othello. It would be doubtful if in this theme the play could be said to be 'corrupting'.



(ii) The main theme appears to centre round the so-called 'possession' of the nuns from which the play gets its title. The author presents these devils as existing only in the mind, but the damaging effect of such a state of mind is not belittled.

This conflict centres round the tormented Jeanne whom perhaps circumstances have pushed into the religious life and who now finds herself responsible for a community. The long hours of fasts and vigils have intensified her emotional needs (a similar point is brought out by Helen Waddell). She desires Grandier in a mystical or sensual way and from tormented motives puts on an act of being possessed and the nuns follow suit, after Grandier refuses to be appointed as Chaplain. All the scenes of 'Possession' are play-acting, but to those who claim to know (1) that such states still exist and (2) believe them to be not just psychological

However, in Whiting's play, the nature of love is not confused with her state of mind. Near the end of the play when Grandier, physically broken by torture, revisits the Convent, having refused to deny even during or after torture that he has bewitched the nuns, and says to Jeanne – "look at the nature of love" (i.e. that if you value people you do not just give in and deny what is true whatever man may do to you).

In this theme there is no lighthearted dabbling in witchcraft; and the destructive consequences of the play-acting are truly devastating to the nuns' vocation. No-one contemplating such hysteria would be likely to be lured into the occult – rather the play stands as a warning to inexpert sensitivity groups or spontaneous drama groups that depths in man may be released which neither the participant nor those around can control.

The play only implies that in this instance the devils were in the mind. The play does not say that all cases of 'possession' are explicable in this way, although perhaps that might be inferred when the Prince of Conde reveals that the box containing the most Holy Relic before which the devils became silent, was empty. Some of us would want to affirm that cases of possession do still happen and that any generalisation from the play would be mistaken.

Those who see the play as anti-religious must examine very carefully just what aspects of religion are highlighted in such a disturbing way. One is superstition, i.e. when it is believed that power resides in an object. There is a continuous stream of protest in the Old and New Testament about such belief as being counterfeit. The prophets ridicule those who trust in wooden idols which have eyes but do not see, and mouths but do not speak and the proclamation of the Early Church continued the theme. There is a difficult borderline between what is represented in Christian Art and the reality it represents; but in the play the Prince of Conde is shown as exposing not Christianity but superstition. But nor is true religion wholly rational.

Another aspect of the drama is that Grandier is, as it were, destroyed for being 'human' by forces representing religious hysteria. One of the most disturbing themes of the play is its presentation of religious hysteria. By hysteria I mean that the basis of their actions is not a reasoned or considered one within the framework of their faith. In this theme the play resembles the "Witches of Salem" as presented in the play 'The Crucible' by Miller.

The hysteria emerges in the characters of the exorcists who are ready to find spirits under every bed. If the rational element is set aside in religion then the door is opened to hysteria.

Priests are cautious — but the emergence of hysteria is a dangerous moment for any church and it is easy if the hysteria appears to be moving in what is thought by Church leaders to be a healthy direction to condone it — or even to foster it or fan it. This policy is very far from the words of Jesus whose challenges always involved thinking and decision. Some of the events in Ireland, North and South, and recent reports about disorder in a theological College would suggest that these themes are topical, indeed it would be incredible not to grasp that the phenomena of religious hysteria is all too topical. More terrible things have actually been done in recent years than in this play itself because of a non-rational religious fervour.

To feel deeply about religion is not being hysterical but it can become hysterical when all rational basis disappears.

Nor, in my view is the play anti-Catholic. Grandier of course betrays his calling as a priest; in history he was not the first nor the last, but the play does not use this incident to lampoon priests, for Fr. Ambrose is all that a compassionate, sensitive, spiritual and disciplined pastor or spiritual counsellor could be in such a situation — and he is shoved aside by other forces. As in the Gospels, the spiritual enemy does not only appear in rampant irreligious paganism. Fr. Ambrose however does not match the depth of Fr. Zosima in "The Brother Karamazor."

Where does the real evil lie? — in Grandier's natural drives which he does not deny, he is almost proud of them (he is very human in the 'unredeemed' sense) — or in the political machinations of a Cardinal or in the need for professional exorcists to find devils. Cardinal Richelieu is shown, like Caiaphas in the Gospels, as compassing a death for convenience.

If one criticises the play on theological grounds, I think there are places where what appear to be the conclusions of the play are at variance with, if not in conflict with, Christianity. I would suggest that the principal one is that from one point of view the play is orthodox in that those who divert to the physical world, their own bodies, or 'relics', the glory that is due to God are misdirecting their worship and they pay a severe price in the consequences which follow — just the sequence which St. Paul describes in the opening chapters of his letter to the Romans. But in another way Grandier seems to be fighting his way out of a restrictive and inhibiting religious life via an exploration of the sensual world and arriving at a sort of profound but pantheistic religious feeling. It is just after his discovery of this feeling that he returns to his church with a new but rather altered fervour and finds the way barred by orders of ecclesiastical superiors. If this pantheism arrived at via the senses is the 'gospel' of the play, then it is in conflict with the Gospel of Christ. When Paul spoke of the flesh being in opposition to the spirit he meant unredeemed man in all aspects not physical versus spiritual which was a distortion of Christianity from neo platonian or Manichee influences.

In any case from a spiritual basis several of the themes of the play require to be taken very seriously indeed.

J. Innes

## THE DEVILS TAKE US ALL

A new Sixth-Form College, Surrey's first, with a new specialist drama director, (our first), needed something very new in the way of "school" plays. And being at Farnham, a town long noted for good theatre, it would have to be good.

We certainly got all these with "The Devil's". An "adult" play, not possessed of the time-hallowed tradition of Shakespeare's words with which to moderate people's views of its outspokenness, and known only to most by the memory (or infamy) of the film adapted from it, made some years ago, and which inevitably coloured the minds of most people who heard about the play. Unjustly so, because the film was but a very distorted reflection of the play, and to compare the two in effect is in many ways to compare the bludgeon to the rapier.

Nevertheless the film's reputation being known, the play's not, there was some trepidation and alarm at the thought of putting on such a play, and the powers that be said yes to it only after a certain amount of heart searching. But justified they were, I am sure, and so I think would say nearly all the many parents, friends, students and just plain visitors of the college who came to see the play. Certainly so to judge by the long loud applause which burst out at the end of the first act on the first night. Mr. French's grin of relief could be seen growing visibly as it went on. The house was full that night and the other two nights, so many people in the area have now had the opportunity to see this fine play and I am sure they will feel that it was worth it. So perhaps we do owe something to the film for bringing so many along?

Of the characters? Well, of all the parts Sister Jeanne's must be really the most demanding. The actress must portray a woman in whom religious and physical desires have been locked in battle together by physical deformity and by the frustration of the cloistered life that she has chosen. The part involves long speeches alone, when voice must be nearly all; it involves a wide gamut of emotions, physical and mental, at times in extreme intensity Sue Shattock rose magnificently to the occasion, holding the attention during the long soliloquys, portraying vividly a woman possessed of a Devil and in particular showing a fine sense of timing when working together with David Barron who (though lacking the credits in the programme) did most excellently and imaginatively in providing the Devils' voices throughout.

The part of Urbain Grandier cannot be that much less difficult. The central character of the play, he must appear bursting with intellectual, physical and emotional energy, always ambitious and at the same time always searching for truth or salvation, or...? At first wholly sympathetic if unfortunately somewhat of a slave to the physical side of his nature, he must reveal slowly the less agreeable facets of his character — his want of humility evident in the passage: "Grandier: Come, death must be more magnificent, more significant for a man of my kind"

D'Armagnac: How did these other men end?

Grandier: At the stake. But they were ridiculous and obscure. Proper matter for sacrifice, that's all.

And this follows soon after his rapid and complete dropping of Phillippe when he found she was carrying his child.

Yet the actor must not have us lose all our sympathy for him, for once again he is the proper hero for the final scenes when having at last found his God he clings to him throughout all the last painful steps to his martyrdom. Mark Melville did well to capture many of the nuances of the portrayal, a thing made more difficult by the shortness of the scenes in most of the early part of, if not throughout, the play.

Of the major supporting characters, the Sewerman holds a peculiar position. It is a difficult role because he is never really part of the story of the play. The part is, I suppose, rather the successor in line to the Greek chorus, a character who stands aside and comments, at one time supplying low humour, at another high philosophy. It is difficult to make such a part convincing, but I think John Pearson succeeded. Congratulations.

However, of all the major supporting characters, the parts of Mannoury and Adam are probably the most difficult. Paul Irving as Mannoury and Paul Wright as Adam made good attempts to put across to us these characters, although one sometimes lost Adam's odd asides. In both cases I did not always find them convincing, more frequently so in the case of Adam. Though, as I said, both the parts must be difficult ones to get across.

Of the other deliberate instruments of Grandier downfall (that is Mannoury, Adam, Laubardement and Barre) apart from these two honest honourable men above — well so were they all, all honourable men — Martin Dennis' Laubardement was suitably intense when making the interrogation of Grandier. At other times I felt he was not inconspicuous enough — not

enough of the "shabby, funny little man" he was meant to be, of the epitome of the messenger: intelligent and even perhaps agreeing with you personally on occasion but who would nevertheless unhesitatingly carry out his orders to the letter. Of such were made the concentration camp commanders and their ilk.

As Father Barre, the professional devil-hunter, David Rees produced a fine vignette of a man who found a satisfying constancy in evil. A fanatic in his blind obedience to authority, and totally blind to any ridiculousness in his own position; he considered that anyone who did not also conform must automatically be totally wrong – a heretic, another manifestation of Satan's work to be ferreted out by Barre. A minor cog but nonetheless dangerous, he saw himself in the van of the opposition to the forces of darkness. David Rees produced a fervent portrayal, at times risible, at times blood chilling.

Tony Holder playing Father Mignon, also gave an excellent portrayal of this doddering yet devout (according to his lights) old man, accurate to the last facial expression and mannerism.

Alexis Gardner as Phillippe Trincant, was suitably innocent to begin with, if at times a little flat in her speech. But she portrayed well the later development of the Affaire.

D'Armagnac and De Cerisay, the governor in opposition to Richelieu and his right hand man, do not do much more in the play really than provide explanatory narrative; and one sees little of their character: even after having initially protected Grandier, they bow to superior forces (or threats) and allow him

to be sacrificed. Whether they could have prevented it anyway we cannot be sure. Ken Smith made a fair attempt at the part of D'Armagnac, but I found his performance often wooden and therefore unconvincing. Little of the air of a demi-king, that a governor would have had, came over. Daniel Varnam as De Cerisay was more convincing in this small part and acted reasonably competently.

None of the other parts were large, and I can honestly say that none were done badly, so that the whole cast should be congratulated.

Out of them I would just mention the nuns: Pia Henderson, Clare Mansfield, Jill Knox, Vicky Pelmore and Julia Sturgess, who were rivetting in their scene of mass hysteria (or mass possession) and then David Verstegen as the Prince de Conde and Martin Cropper as Richelieu, the Coral Snake and the King Cobra – both got the best out of their small parts; timing, appearance and all were superb.

It was unfortunate that for lack of an actor the two scenes involving De La Rochepozay had to be omitted from the production; I do feel they were important to the appreciation of the whole play and were worthwhile if only for the Bishop's splendid statement that "it is vital that the Church be protected from the democratic principle that every man must have his own say."

The bleak sparse set design was impressive; the open plan which enabled the same centre stage to represent many different scenes; the extension of the stages out front on lower levels towards the audience; all worked well and were most effective, and Mr. Wills is to be congratulated for his designing. I would add though that

I could have wished it had been possible to make it more obvious that the Convent was actually in the town and that from its windows Sister Jeanne could actually observe the townspeople (and Grandier) going about their business.

In the props and backstage, ably managed by John Cummerford, much was done with limited resources; one or two anachronisms intruded but none very noticeable. But those backstage are to be especially congratulated for the way in which the changes of props on the stage were carried out so quietly and unobtrusively with only darkness and no curtains to shield them from the audience.

A Historical production always requires a great deal of work on costumes. This one was no exception. People often criticize the wardrobe department if the costumes are badly done, but then take it for granted when they are well done. Mrs. Gowers put in a great deal of time just to ensure accuracy in the designs and then she and her helpers had to put in a great deal more work to make the costumes. I hope they consider, as I certainly do, that their efforts were well rewarded.

Many others contributed to the success of the production and put in, in doing so, a great deal of work; it would be impossible to name them all, but they do deserve all our thanks.

And, of course, Brian Paisley, the Producer and Director, what can be said in congratulations save that it was overall such a fine play and a resounding success. May there be many more.

D. Steele



## ODE TO ODIIOUS FRED

If you hear of conflagration,  
Or of ruined recreation,  
Or some one smashes up your garden shed;  
Then I think I know the bloke  
Who finds this all a joke,  
It's uncommonly, detestably, like Fred!

For in every constitution  
He increases mind pollution,  
And he'll go on just like that until he's dead!  
Nobody can defeat him,  
No one's found a way to beat him,  
That's uncommonly, detestably, like Fred!

Once he had a crazy notion  
That he could concoct a potion  
Made of Sodium Bicarbonate and Lead.  
And when he dared to make it,  
He'd stir but would not shake it,  
That's uncommonly, detestably, like Fred!

He has heard of Woodrow Wilson,  
And of Kipling, Wells, and Milton,  
But he keeps his knowledge safely in his head.  
For he's never learnt to write,  
(Though he'll kick, and punch, and bite!)  
That's uncommonly, detestably, like Fred!

But I shouldn't try to boss him,  
Or even like to cross him,  
Especially when he has not been fed.  
He is like a wild creature,  
(Cause he swallowed up the Preacher!)  
That's uncommonly, detestably, like Fred!!

But through all these complications  
He hates all the other nations,  
And will fight for the Blue, White, and Red! (well, it has to rhyme!)  
For he's very patriotic,  
(One might even say NEUROTIC!)  
But he's never won an honour hasn't Fred!!!!?!

David Phelan

## TO SKITTLE ROSE MACARTHUR

Waiting for something  
That has to be waited for  
Something that doesn't matter, if it doesn't work out,  
But does, if it does come alright.  
A life form, so delicate,  
So easily destructable;  
A life style,  
So easily blown away  
Like a puff-ball born away on a candy-tuft cloud  
Far, far away  
Such a different structure,  
No malformation –  
As yet,  
Spinning, spinning,  
A shy fragile creature  
With hopes and hopes,  
Finally it collides with an equally delicate, destructable, shy, fragile  
cloud,  
And their pastel shades explode into a kaleidoscope of bold and  
frightening thoughts  
Tinged and tinted with little, shy histories known as shyness  
and inexpensive  
Busting open like flowers;–  
So easily crushable,  
And the hopes train to greater expectations,  
Greater desires  
And fears that never were before,  
Incoherent thoughts:–  
Incoherent because nobody knows,  
Even though they think the same.  
God: They must think before and after.  
Little life forms spinning far away from each other,  
Or around each other.  
So delicate, destructable, shy, fragile, hopeful, frightened,  
But spinning on and on,  
In a solar system called Love.

Mary Oldakes

Transcript of an interview for entry into a very posh university somewhere in Cam(SOMEWHERE ELSE)geshire.

*INTERVIEWER* Why did you decide that you wanted to come to Cam(SOMEWHERE ELSE) to study?

*INTERVIEWEE* — The intrinsic quality of the architecture, the beauty of the art, the gurgle of the W.C, all, to promote a feeling of well-being — how shall I say it — apathy, which may otherwise only be found with the aid of acupuncture. In other words; I felt like it.

*INTR.* — I see. Bring me a plastic mac.

*INTE.* — Anything.

*INTR.* — What makes you want to study this particular subject [BEAMS, INDICATING PROFOUND PRIDE IN SUBJECT, AND TOTAL DISAGREEMENT WITH INTERVIEWEE'S NEXT STATEMENT]

*INTE.* — Well, I take the opinion that any interests are determined purely randomly; the only certain thing is a potential intelligence which may or may not become apparent, and which is dependent on class (which of course no longer exists, unless you look for it) parents' interests, and immediate environment, rather than this rubbish about subjective motivation and the free will of the individual. So my interests have been determined by things largely out of my control, although my intelligence allows me to develop them . . . don't you agree?

*INTR.* — No. [SEE, I TOLD YOU].

*INTE.* — But this is shoddy treatment!— I epitomize the essence of a philosophy developed over years of avoiding work, in a single sentence, thus avoiding expensive wear and tear on my tongue, and all you can say is "no"? Haven't you got anything else to say?

Tim Langhorn

*INTR.* — Goodbye.

*INTE.* — [FROM FOETAL POSITION] But . . .

*INTR.* — No . . . I've had enough . . . my God, to think I've come here wasting my time and superior intellect on such a crawling microbe of a dismembered sporrancobbler as you when I could have been at home mowing the kittens? Oh! its tragic — go on, get out. (ASIDE) — Think of it, lowering myself to such levels of non-intellectual common-a-garden [OR MAYBE EVEN COMMON MARKET] clap-trap. I must be mad.

*INTE.* — (WITH THE NATIVE WIT OF THE DESPERATE) I haven't paid you yet [ALL POSH UNIVERSITY APPLICANTS MUST PAY AN ENTRY FEE].

*INTR.* — Pardon? Oh! My dear chap, come and sit down. Now [FRIENDLY] tell me: who is your favourite philosopher?

*INTE.* — Er, Knocker Descartes, mate.

*INTR.* — But how can you be sure of the intrinsic cartesian qualities of this philosopher? Therefore, how, a fortiori, can you accept an authentication from this source of any viewpoint; of whom your direct and verifiable experience is so far removed as to be non-existent?

*INTE.* — I think I am, therefore I am, . . . I am . . . er . . . I think that Descartes is not me, therefore he is somebody else, that is, it seems that there is no entity *a*, such that "x is Descartes and me" is true when x is *a*, but not otherwise. Therefore, he is . . . from which it follows that if Descartes has a viewpoint, then it must be his — if he exists — but then . . . he might not, because I only think . . .

*INTR.* — [SLEEPILY] At least the pouring rain has stopped . . . or rather, it certainly seems that there is no entity *a*, such that "x is rainy and pouring" is true when z is *a*, but not otherwise.

[HOURS LATER]

*INTE.* — . . . and so, that is Descartes view, I think — which of course means that I am, which . . . [AD INFINITUM, OR QUITE CLOSE] . . . Thinks:— I think I'm thinking; therefore I am thinking that I am thinking, therefore; I'm thinking that I'm thinking that I'm thinking; therefore . . .

[—FINALLY—]

*INTE.* — Thank God that's over!

*INTR.* — Very close. But I must again remind you: I am in fact the principal, and it's the principle of the thing that counts (NOTE SLOPPY PUN)

[—SEQUEL—]

At the end of this landmark in British interviews and crawling, the applicant was shown the door, the windows, the ceiling, and finally, the street. Head held high, and feet held higher, he was thrown out. Still, never mind: he could still be a second hand car-dealer, or even change his middle name to Milhous — and all without the aid of acupuncture.

In the evenings they climbed the stairs into the attic. Hector Coley went up eagerly. His son Brian followed behind less eagerly.

Coley ran the trains. Brian looked on. Sometimes when Coley was absorbed, attending to the track and trains, Brian would look away and watch the small attic window darken.

Coley hated his son to lose interest and would continually nag him. Brian would shift his gaze to the track. 'Make it go through the crossing' he would say to keep his father pleased.

Occasionally Coley would show his irritation in front of his wife.

"It defeats me, he shows no interest whatsoever!" he would say.

"Perhaps he's not old enough yet," she would reply indifferently, "I expect Brian will show interest sooner or later."

"Will he? His reports are all the same . . . could do a little better if he tried."

Coley stormed back to the attic.

"Sit down at the control panel. I want you to run the express tonight and I'm not going to help. I'll stay right out of it. In fact, for all you know I might as well be on the train itself. That's it, think of me as being a passenger," He was trying to iron the anger and disappointment out of his voice. Take your time, keep your wits about you, give me time to get aboard . . . I'm in your hands son."

Coley stood on the railway line. The giant express faced him. He walked towards it.

He felt no astonishment at being in scale with the models. Anyone can do anything if they want to enough. He wanted to drive an engine and here he was.

He frowned. He noticed something. The coupling of the first Pullman couldn't have been made up properly by Brian. The first wheels were clear of the ground. Damn careless of him. He was about to call Brian when he remembered he wouldn't say anything. Anyway it was just a matter of sliding the arm across until the spoke fell into the slot at the rear of the tender. He

jabbed the lever under the arm and strained to shift the carriage. He hurled himself at it. Suddenly the arm shifted and skidded over the new surface. The spoke fell into the slot and the carriage crashed into place. The lever flicked off with terrific force and one spinning end struck him on the shoulder.

His arm went dead. He thought he would be sick with pain but instead tottered back to the cab. There he rested until he had partially recovered.

He was still checking the damage when, without any preliminary warning, the train jerked into motion. He wheeled round to look at Brian but couldn't see him. His view was blocked by three suns shining without warmth.

The train sped through the crossing. Coley observed a solitary figure waving. Whimsically he waved back.

"Cheery chappie" remarked Coley.

He was beginning to enjoy himself.

The train sped through Coleville. Beyond, the track wound through low hills passing farms.

Coley lent out of the window to have a better view and almost lost his head as a goods train passed by.

"Idiot." He said to himself. "Steady son, don't take too much on at once."

For the first time it occurred to him that it might be a good thing to be ready to skip clear in the event of danger. Brian was doing well, but a lapse in concentration . . . a vague chill passed down Coley's spine.

He looked back at the train. It might be better to pick his way to the rear coaches. Coley wriggled forward onto the tender. He wished he'd stayed where he was since there was a strong wind blowing up. He looked for footholds which he'd need before jumping on to the next Pullman, but decided to postpone the effort until the express had gone through the tunnel.

He remembered one Sunday, making the mountain secure above the tunnel. The trouble he'd had with that material, nailing it in firmly without damaging the landscape.

Those nails!

Some must protrude into the tunnel itself! There had

always been clearance for the train, but for him perched on top as well, never! He looked round desperately to see if he still had time to jump.

But he remembered too late. The tunnel sucked them in like a mouth. He rolled flat and prayed.

His body was jerked upwards. The point caught his collar. For a second he was suspended, then his shirt tore and he fell onto the train with a dull thud.

Gasping from the pain in his knee and a dull throbbing between the shoulder blades he hung on and waited for the end of the tunnel.

It came suddenly.

Coley knelt up on his good knee and felt his back.

"Ye Gods!" he murmured, "I must be bleeding like a stuck pig."

Slowly he converted his shirt into a bandage.

"I must stop this," he said thickly, "I must signal to the boy to cut the power off."

The express accelerated round a corner. Coley was flung onto the bank. He rolled down towards the track.

Slowly he returned to consciousness. He staggered to his feet and ran, or rather stumbled along the side of the track. He looked up towards the control unit. Brian had gone!

"Oh God!" Coley sank to his knees and buried his head in his hands. "Oh God."

"I'll never play with him again," he said quietly. It was a decision but it was as accurate as a prophecy. All he heard was a hiss before the diesel struck him.

Before he died he thought: "How wretched to die here like this, probably not even found," he wished he could be out of this tiny world which had proved too big for him.

No-one doubted that Coley was murdered when they found his body stretched out across his pride and joy. But so battered, bloodied and broken a figure could only have resulted from the attack of a maniac of enormous strength.

"He was still playing when he was surprised," said the Inspector." The current was on and ten of them had come to rest against his body. To be frank it looked as if ten real ones had hit him."

## WINTER

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

Francis Arnstein



J.F. BAKER '74

## SNOW

The snow flake fell.  
It formed itself without any relation  
More perfect than any man-made incarnation.  
It formed itself like a kaleidoscope  
Until it alighted on the slope  
Of my window sill, where it promptly melted.  
And on to the trees fell its contemporaries.  
So full of life and full of warmth,  
Although so cold to the outside world.

Timothy O'Dell

## SUCH A LIFE

Shutting the door and hearing the echo bound across the road in time with her husband's feet, she went inside.

In the lounge, the musty smell of cigarettes, newspapers open on the floor and the crossword half-completed.

In the kitchen, coffee mugs on the table along with a pile of washing, this week's shopping list, carefully worked out to economize, just like your life.

In the bedroom, the blankets pulled back neatly and hardly a crease on the sheet. No passion there last night, not for you with your carefully preserved face.

The spare room is neat, there's been no-one to stay with you for a long while. No child of your own after all these passionless, fruitless years for you to laugh with and watch grow with the sun. No child for you to devote your love to and let make a mess and humanize your little box. Yes, go downstairs to your T.V. and leave your faint ghost with its frustrated yearnings while you watch the news in colour.

Gillian Phillips

## REVOLUTION — AN IMAGE

The brisk night air was filled with shouts of passion. Milling people and animals rushed to and fro in an effort to catch a glimpse of the spectacle. Everyone was clothed in caps and garments of the roughest tweed — a sign of unity. The whole square hushed as the prisoner was pushed onto the squat platform. It was a typical socialist platform, cuboid in shape with jutting nails and rough unfinished edges — constructed from one of the felled trees which formed the outermost horizon of this ignorant world. The pleas of the prisoner were laughed and jeered at by the rows and rows of helpless sheep; workers and brothers who found themselves placed at the front of this throng spat — for the cause.

A dark, stocky-built man stood on the cuboid and preached treason while the onlookers clapped and cheered. The end was near, the prisoner sobbed — she did not ask to be what she was, it was something that she could not help. How she sobbed. The stocky man spoke of ill-gotten riches, and the poor, huddled together in slums: now the Revolution was here this would all vanish — magically.

Sentence was passed — guilty. The executioner was poised; one flick of the handle and the prisoner would fall into oblivion. The screams for mercy could be heard above the savagely anticipant audience. How she cried for help, how she asked and begged for life. The crowd laughed and jeered, for the final time. The drums rolled and caused a momentary lull in the shouting. The handle was flicked and a neck snapped — silence. In that moment of stasis the crowd knew what it had destroyed. In the cold dark abyss of night the limp figure of Elizabeth II hung like a rag-doll.

The end was near.

R. J

"Go to the local council offices!" I was told forcefully by a friend. "Bound to get a job. They need help at this time of year."

I took the advice and made my way there. Mr. Evans was in charge of job-allocation during the summer months — a friendly, silver-haired man in his early sixties.

"There's only the cemetery left," he said, inhaling deeply on a player's No. 6. "Tidy job, mind. Nice and quiet, see," he remarked profoundly. "That do you?" I nodded. I needed the money and took the job eagerly. Mr. Evans had been very pleasant and it was with great sadness that I helped bury him a week later.

The working day at the cemetery began at 7.30 a.m. and ended at 4 p.m. As I reached the gates Bill White, the sexton, hailed me from his shed and took a mouthful of tea from a grubby mug.

"Morning," he boomed, "they send you from the offices, like?" He picked his nose thoughtfully as I replied. "Not before time neither," he continued. "Look at all this grass. Can't expect me to do it all — not with two funerals a week." He spat viciously at the hallowed ground.

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"Grass-cutting this morning — grave-digging this afternoon. Grass grows like hell from Spring onwards and folks don't tend the graves of their kin with care any more." He threw the dregs of his tea at some healthy stinging nettles with venom.

"What do I use?" I asked intelligently.

"Hook", came the laconic reply.

"Hook?"

"Bill-hook and sharpening-stone. You can start down there by the fat marble angel." He pointed with a dirty fingernail. "Three other fellers should be coming today. Never on time from the council, mind." He muttered a few oaths and then burrowed inside his shed for several minutes before emerging triumphant with a bill-hook and sharpening stone.

At nine o'clock the first of the promised helpers arrived from the council offices. This was Harold. A tall,

straight man of sixty-six years and four months who worked as the lavatory attendant at the Gentlemen's convenience during the winter months. Harold was a great talker and also fancied himself as a cricketer of some note, informing everyone he met of how he very nearly played for Glamorgan before the Second World War.

The sun was very hot by eleven and I worked stripped to the waist, swishing my blade into the tangled grass. Soon the second helper arrived. A veteran of the council's unskilled department, known to all as Fred 'Bone Idle'. Fred was not partial to work and used to exhaust himself rolling his own cigarettes.

It was as Fred was outlining the merits of resting the human body for long periods time to Bill White that I noticed numerous red ants swarming over my shoes. I sprang up onto the gravestone of Muriel Thomas, deceased, and brushed fiercely at the insects. Suddenly to my horror I felt a lone, bold ant marching up the inside of my trousers. I panicked and hastily removed my trousers so as to apprehend the villain. But much to my embarrassment a double-decker bus happened to pass the cemetery at that very moment and there I was, perched on a gravestone in my Marks and Spencer underpants. Jaws fell in amazement on the top-deck!

Fred ambled over to me, rolling a cigarette as he came.

"What's all this then? Strip-show, eh?" he asked sarcastically. He lowered his large frame heavily onto a neighbouring gravestone only to shoot suddenly to his feet. "Ow, my bum!" he yelled. Unfortunately he had planted his rear upon the pointed end of my sharpening-stone. His newly-lighted cigarette shot from his pained lips and came towards me like a rocket. It hit my naked left knee. I gave a cry, slipped, cracked my elbow against a stone cross and fell off into the grass with a loud "Ow-oooo-ooo!"

The third helper did not arrive until lunch-time. Harold, Fred and myself had just returned from the "Lamb and Flag" where Fred had caused startled amusement by removing his false teeth, smacking

together his naked gums with glee and gulping down a pint of Evans Bevan bitter in five and a half seconds.

The three of us had settled ourselves in the pews of the disused chapel which was used as a canteen and were busy with our sandwiches when in walked John Hughes, the third helper. John was an earnest youth with little brain and was known locally as John-the-Baptist because of his habit of reading texts from the Bible (a battered copy was always in his battered pocket) and then following up with a thundering sermon which bore no relation to the text or common sense. He would pound his chest, heap wrath and scorn on all and announce the end of the world. He did not disappoint us. He strode from the chapel door and mounted the cobwebbed pulpit. The words soon poured from his spittle-sprayed lips and his face went purple with passion. A fine sight he made booming in the pulpit and clutching a grimy cheese-sandwich in each hand.

The afternoon acquainted me with grave-digging for the first time. A family tomb had to be opened to receive another coffin. It was hard work digging; the soil was dank and rich in clay and stones. The four of us took it in turns with the long-handled shovel while Fred gave words of wisdom and encouragement from his seat in the wheel-barrow. The hole became deeper and deeper and it wasn't until I was standing up to my shoulders in the hole that the shovel landed with a hollow thud.

"That'll be the old coffin below", said Bill White, with experience in his voice. "Use this to measure the depth of soil covering it," he said and handed me down a three-foot iron bar. I thrust it six inches into the wet, cold soil beneath my feet and there was a splintering crunch followed by a hiss of pungent, corpse gas.

"You silly fool", exclaimed Bill White as I scrambled out of the hole in search of fresh air.

"Too careless, mun," said Harold.

"You disturbed the dead," screeched John-the-Baptist. Only Fred said nothing but he had fallen asleep inside the wheel-barrow.

Something in the way silence dropped made Derek realise someone had entered the room like an exclamation mark.

There were different kinds of silences, and Derek had been coming to the "Mermaid's Knockers" long enough to recognise the types, so he didn't have to turn his head to know that the silence wasn't a pregnant one and it wasn't one preceding a fight and it wasn't one following a stupid comment and everyone's too embarrassed to think of something to say.

He recognized immediately it was a "Who's . . ." and so after careful consideration decided that it was worth looking. He glanced over his shoulder.

Picking himself up off the floor a minute later, he realised what an irrational move this was. He now realised that perhaps it would have been safer to have looked at the reflection in the mirror over the bar. He knew full well he daren't risk another look. But of course he did.



## “ zephyr ”

Standing surveying the premises with an air of bland amusement was a person who exuded such an atmosphere of bad taste and lush decay that Derek quite lost his breath.

"She's here," he whispered, "My queen, my divine queen." Who could it be? Mae West? Sally Bowles? Diana Dors? All three? Her hair was bleached to a silvery white beyond agonising belief, and the cyclamen of her lips was only exceeded in its garishness by the lethal green of her cutoff pants. She pulled on a black cigarette and then removed her red ankle-length maribou coat, throwing it to — who? Derek could not see anyone immediately near to her, because the light that shone from her turned the people near to her into blurry masses.

He *knew* she was meant for him. She *must* come to him. He *must* speak to her. He couldn't be dreaming that she was now walking towards him? And standing next to him? And . . . .

"Erm, would you like a drink?" asked he.

"Why! Thank you!" He'd always known she would talk within the boundaries of exclamation marks.

"A Guinness and Martini, please, with lots of ice and lemon — and a cherry on top!" He should have known, of course, thought he, in agonizing ecstasy.

"I've found her, I've found her," thought Derek, "my tasteless tart, my queen."

Her name was Cosmo, she said. She was married to an old millionaire whom she never saw and who was bedridden anyway. She spent her time and his money on lovers and clothes and the producing of nostalgic movies that never came off but were always such fun anyway. Derek knew that someday he'd make a nostalgic movie that *would* come off and *she* would be in it.

A little later, she drove him home in her pink Cadillac having apparently discarded her first escort of the evening. She kissed Derek goodnight and left him on his front doorstep. Then she went back to her car and drove off to Casablanca — Blackpool — Berlin — Las Vegas? Who knows? Wherever she went she would be welcomed — it didn't matter where.

Derek was content to adore in blissful bewilderment knowing he would never attempt to equal her. But just for once, that night he slept with no pyjamas on as a salute to her ridiculous divinity.

Zephyr

## UP AND COMING

The addition of two small Welshmen to the staff prompted the formation of a rugby team, and as a result of Mr. Jenkins and Mr. John's ceaseless efforts, a team was produced with only a few of the boys having played before. After three weeks of hard training, the College won their first match 40pts to 4 against Godalming G. S., however the team's confidence, together with James Hamerton-Frazer's shoulder, was shattered against Sutton Manor H. S. with a resounding defeat.

The team then suffered further defeats, which were due primarily to inexperience, a run of bad injuries and apart from Ian Raynes, Colin Aitken and Ian Mapleton, inefficient tackling. However, notable victories were recorded over Farnborough, Pierrepont, Queen Mary College, Basingstoke and Godalming.

Up front, Keith Goodchild and Nick Lawrence propped well, with Nigel Birch proving to be a more than adequate hooker. The power house of the forwards was provided by Martyn Pryce and Peter Slurger, who at the time of writing was the leading try scorer with five tries. The trio of Graham Comer, Paul Wright (No. 8) and Simon Anderson provided an excellent covering back now.

Tim Neason formed a good link at half-back with Colin Aitken, who was also an outstanding success at full-back, and is the leading points scorer with 42pts. Mark Evans, Melvyn Dickinson, Richard Mastes, Ian Raynes, and Neil Butcher provided the speed at centre and on the wings.

Ian Mapleton as captain, proved to be a most versatile player, occupying five positions throughout the season. The full back position was shared between Colin Aitken and Philip Barnes, who showed himself to be an accurate goal kicker.

Other people who must be thanked for helping the team when in difficulties include W. Pateson, G. Vaughan, M. Seignot and I. Carter. Special mention must be made of Colin Spence, a fifth former of great ability, who played excellently in every one of his limited appearances.

Played 11, Won 6, Lost 5, Points For 264, Against 155  
Colors have been awarded to P. Slurger, I. Mapleton, K. Goodchild, C. Aitken, T. Neason, I. Raynes, N. Birch, P. Wright.

## U 15 XII GIRLS HOCKEY

September – November 1973

So far this season the team has played very well with only 3 defeats. The results so far have been a 4-1 win against Guildford County, a 1-0 win against Collingwood, a 3-0 win against St. John Baptist, a 1-0 win against Eggars and two matches lost against Woking Grammar and George Abbot, 1-0 and 2-0 in a small tournament.

At the Ewell county hockey tournament on November 24th we managed to get through to the semi-finals – the scores being 3-1, 1-0, 0-0, 0-0 and 1-0 in the qualifying round, 0-0 in the quarter finals – we came through on the number of corners for, and were finally beaten 1-0 in the semi-finals.

Elizabeth Birkby

## 1ST XI FOOTBALL REPORT

The 1st XI has had mixed fortunes so far this season with wins over R.M.A. Sandhurst, Dorking Grammar, and Westminster Bank being the highlights.

After an erratic start to the season when defensive errors and missed chances caused the team to lose matches they should have won, the team settled down and went five matches without defeat before Christmas.

This term injuries have caused an unsettled team, and therefore expectations have not been reached.

During the season P. Barnes and K. Robins have represented Surrey.

## 2ND XI REPORT

The 2nd XI has had a dismal season only winning against Ottershaw, when F.G.S. old boy Mark Toynbee did well to keep the score down to 5-1. The unsettled nature of the side has resulted in a lack of consistency with the best result of the season being a 3-3 draw against.

## CONGRATULATIONS TO . . .

*Geoffrey Gullen*: R. A. F. Flying Scholarship  
*Sheridan Brock*; *Susan Matthews*, *Gillian Nouse*,  
*Beverley Selway*, *Jacqueline Summers*: St John's Ambulance Brigade exam.

*Philip Barnes*: Surrey Schools' U19 Soccer XI. Surrey Schools' party for English Schools' County week at Skegness.



# FARNHAM GRAMMAR SCHOOL OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION NEWS

## A SCHOOL FAMILY FROM ITALY

By F. W. Simmonds

Recent closure of the Borelli business, founded 1828, recalled close family associations with Farnham Grammar School for nearly 100 years.

Best known of the name were Charles Ernest Borelli, 1873-1950, and his brother Frank Leonard, 1882-1964, both with the famous headmaster, Charles Stroud, in the old West Street building.

Another boy at the time was Harold Falkner, 1875-1963, the eccentric and brilliant architect who teamed with Ernest Borelli to champion the preservation of the best features of Georgian and Victorian Farnham, alas despoiled of recent years.

In the business the brothers followed their father Charles Borelli, 1843-1917, who came from Italy with his two brothers in 1860 and succeeded his uncle Donato, 1805-1861, who had set up as a jeweller at 111 West Street in 1828.

Charles grandfather Guisepe is said to have arrived from Italy about 1797 and Donato's brother Clemente, 1817-1877, was also here in business. There were Borellis, too, clockmakers, at Godalming, probably relatives.

G. Borelli, aged 13, joined the school in January 1859 knowing no English, but he was speaking our language well by the end of the term and in December he won a prize for drawing.

D. Borelli left in March 1860, but Charles did not come until March 1869, from Mr. H. Poppleton's private school in East Street. Like his uncle, Charles used to tour a wide area on horseback visiting customers.

His son, Charles Ernest, in F.G.S. from 1880 to 1887, was for many years a time-keeper at school sports. He was a member of the Spectacle Makers' and Clockmakers' companies and a Freeman of the City of London.

With Harold Falkner, he was a promoter of the town's first swimming bath, in celebration of Queen Victoria's diamond jubilee, 1897, and with William Stroud, our revered second master for 40 years, a leading light of Farnham Institute and Gymnasium, South Street.

For 40 years Ernest was a local councillor, taking his turns as chairman, and he was chairman of F.G.S. governors when he died in 1950.

"He created his own memorial, Farnham," one newspaper obituary notice read, and was probably the largest property owner in the town. In a "Thank you, Mr. Borelli," fund 346 subscribers raised £443 for the Borelli Walk by the River Wey, opened belatedly in 1964.

Leo Borelli (1892-99) was captain of both football and cricket and at the 1897 Speech Day (the first of the new headmaster, the Rev. S. Priestley, and the first to be held in the Institute, South Street) he was "*un laquais*" in a French play.

While Ernest devoted so much energy and time to public work, Leo looked after the business, but he always maintained his interest in tennis, cricket and football. He was also a very active Roman Catholic for 60 years and was honoured by the Pope on retirement as Master of Ceremonies in 1953.

Leo's only son, Charles, became Catholic priest at Haslemere and the business devolved on the late Mrs. Borelli and their daughters Mrs. Winifred Rankine and Mrs. Margaret Watts, and Mrs. Borelli's niece, Mrs. B. G. Teasdale.

Mrs. Borelli and Mrs. Teasdale were members of one of the Simmonds families which operated Farnham water mills for several generations — and 16 Simmonds in the school probably make another record.

C. E. Borelli inaugurated and his brother Leo continued an annual "Grapes and wine" ceremony for Farnham Urban District Council, a custom likely to cease with the reorganisation of local government and Farnham's absorption into the new Waverley district.

The Borelli firm now closed after nearly 150 years had care of the clocks in the Royal Pavilion built at Aldershot after the Crimean War (1854-56) and also did similar work at Windsor Castle and St. James Palace, holding Royal Warrant for 75 years.

## SOME "SENIOR" OLD BOYS

Omission of a few words in last July's Farnhamian is regretted. The note on the death of F. R. Wallis, who left in 1906 and was believed to have been the senior Old Boy, mentioned Professor J. Kendall (1901-07) and A. H. Reffell (1903-09). Next should have been Rupert B. Loveless, who left in 1909 and lives in retirement at Ashbourne Court, Ash.

All were at the old school in West Street, Farnham, before the first part of the present buildings were opened in 1906.

Now we have news of the death in February of an even earlier Old Boy, at the great age of 92, Walter Hart, who was with the famous headmaster Charles Stroud around 1890. His sister married Walter Elphick (1882-90), to whose memory their sons Humphrey (1916-24) and Maurice (1927-35) presented the Rifle Range clock.

The sympathy of the many Old Boys who knew him during his 28 years as science master is extended to Mr. Stanley Lock on the recent death of his wife the day after her 75th birthday. He was at the school from 1921 until retirement as senior science master in 1949.

Roy Robins (mid-'twenties — 1931) deputy county planning officer for Dorset since 1962, has retired under local government reorganisation and is setting up in private practice at 40b, West street, Alresford, Hants. He was with Farnham urban council and qualified with Gloucestershire county council before going to Ayr c.c. for seven years, thence to Dorset.

J. W. Brooker (1924-30), welcomed visitors at the 12th Old Farnhamians' dinner at Southampton in October and proposed the toast of the new Farnham College which has replaced Farnham Grammar School. After serving in Portsmouth City Police he entered local government. He has swum from Ryde to Southsea, five miles, frequently.

G. S. Webb (1935-40), engineer and surveyor to Braintree Council, Essex, has been appointed Chief Technical Officer to the new Braintree, Halstead and Witham district. His father, under whom he first worked, was engineer to Alton Urban Council. After four years with R.A.F. Air-Sea Rescue, he was engineering assistant at Guildford and Aldershot.

J. S. Terrill (1961-66), an OFA committee man, chairman of OFA Football Club, cricketer and football referee, married at Godalming last July Miss G. B. Russ, of Milford. He is a management accountant with Sheen, Stickland and Co., Downing St., Farnham, and lives at Alton.

I. Markham-Smith (1963-68), was married at Ashford Register Office, Middlesex, in February to Miss K. M. Plume, of Ashford. After F.G.S. he was on local newspapers and has graduated to the Birmingham Post, a leading provincial daily. He was treasurer of Farnham Town Show last year and was an unsuccessful candidate at the local council elections.

M. A. Prentice (1948-54), who entered journalism on a local weekly newspaper and joined Reuters, the British world newsagency, in 1961, flew from Washington, D.C., in July for the marriage of his brother, P. S. Prentice, of Camberley.

The death is announced of Mr. Eamon Harris, on Christmas Day 1973, at the age of 44. He acquired considerable fame as a jockey until, in the early 1950's, soon after moving to the U.S.A., he retired due to injury and began to study History, joining the University at South Dakota in 1964.

From 1966, when he contracted a rare muscle disease, his life was supported only by heavy doses of medicine. He gained no small reputation as a writer of scholarly articles and will be missed by all who knew him.

E. J. Warren (early 'twenties), who died recently, aged 64, was in Military Police and a sergeant at Aldershot during World War II. Then he studied timber preservation and started a business in Castle Street for treating woodworm, now carried on by his two sons. His younger brother Kim is with R.E.M.E. at Bordon and lives at Oakhanger.

L. W. Luff (1926-31), retired from business in Dec., after 26 years with Shell-Mex B.P. Ltd. — the last five years as Regional Manager, Personnel, in the South West, based at Bristol. He and his wife hope to return soon to Hampshire, to settle in the Southampton area.

L. Hutchings (1966-73), is gaining business experience for 12 months at Dominic's wine shop, Farnham, before going to Aberystwyth University, Wales, — to study English. He was deputy head boy and wrote a thesis on John Henry Knight, the Farnham inventor who designed the first English petrol car, built in West Street, Farnham, in 1895 and now No. 1 exhibit at the National Motor Museum, Beaulieu.

L. S. Smith (1921-29) and A. H. Smith (1926-33), who succeeded their father in the hairdressing business he founded in Farnham in 1911, have retired. Both served in the forces in World War II — as their father had done in World War I. Distinguished customers included Earl Lloyd George, Lord Snowden, Lord Montgomery and Mike Hawthorn.

[By coincidence it is noted that another A. H. Smith was an Old Boy. He was Charter Mayor on Aldershot's incorporation as a borough in 1922 and had two sons at F.G.S., one of whom lost his life in World War I.]

A PLAINTIVE APPEAL for more news of Old Boys for the Farnhamian, which (it was hoped) will be continued, was made at the annual meeting of Old Farnhamians' Association. Please send items to: F. W. Simmonds, 3 Thorn Rd., Boundstone, FARNHAM, Surrey. Telephone FRENHAM 2508.

"Forty Years On", we used to sing. Forty years ago, January 1934, 60 Old Farnhamians attended the 8th dinner at the Bush Hotel and the association had 360 members.

A misprint in July 1973 Farnhamian was "options" for "opticians", in the note on W. F. A. Bodkin's new business partnership with H. S. North at Basingstoke. Bill Bodkin (1943-50) is, of course, OFA honorary secretary.

John Dowle (1959-1966), who graduated from Leicester University in '69 is now an engineer, employed in highway and traffic engineering by Nottingham City Council.

Barrie Fairbrother (1970-72), of Ash, and Michael Smart (1966-72), Mount Pleasant, Farnham, received permanent commissions as second-lieutenants at the Royal Military Academy's passing out parade in November.

Fairbrother, who played for both school first elevens, was a prefect and vice-chairman of the Languages Club, did six months in the Army as a private before going to Sandhurst last April. He stays there another six months until posted to the Army Catering Corps at Aldershot.

Smart's commission is with the Royal Artillery and he, too, stays at Sandhurst for a second term and then joins his regiment at Larkhill Artillery Camp, Salisbury Plain.

R. E. Mansfield (1939-45), for 10 years with a Farnham travel office, started Petersfield Travel Agency, 5 Heath Rd., last year and appears to be thriving. Two years with the Royal Navy gave him a taste for sunshine in the Mediterranean and elsewhere.

Farnham Girls' Grammar School  
Old Girls' Association

Officers 1973/74.

*Chairman* Mrs. Stella Pudles.

*Secretary* Mrs. Stella Bolt, 4 Stuart Close,  
Farnborough, Hants.

*Treasurer* Mrs. Gladys Rummery, 5 Velmead Road,  
Fleet, Hants.

*Editor* Miss Hilary Newitt, 21 Crooksbury Road,  
Runfold, Farnham.

News

*Muriel Barnes* (Medhurst) is teaching mathematics part-time at Elmhurst Ballet School, Camberley.

*Cynthia Cantillon* (Savage) trained at the College of St. Mark and St. John, Chelsea, has spent several months travelling in the Middle East, and now lives in Acton and teaches in Wembley.

*Phyllis Dempster* (Smith) is teaching again, part-time.

*Miss Driscoll*, who taught mathematics at FGGS for nine years, went to Africa last September, to take up a three-year appointment teaching A-level students at Kenya High School, Nairobi.

*Valerie Follett* (Hayter) has two children, Robert John, born in November 1971, and Stephanie Ann, born in April 1973.

*Hilary Magee* trained at All Saints' College, and is teaching in Tottenham.

*Denise Martyn* is reading English at King's College, London. She appeared on ITV' London, in December in the finals of the Miss London, 1973 contest, in which she represented the Borough of Hackney.

*Joyce Newton* (Richardson) is acting head of Shawfield Infant School, Ash.

*Stella Pudles* (Eldridge) and Vi King are on the Board of Governors of Farnham College.

*Linda Rapley* is working as an ophthalmic optician in Kentish Town.

*Janet Rayment* (Mallows) is living at Cowley St. John, Oxford. She took a Dip.Ed. at Oxford and is doing junior school teaching.

*Deirdre Scott* (Hobbs) lives in Warrnambool, Australia, where her husband is a doctor. She takes students as boarders, and is herself a city councillor. The town is near Tower Hill, an extinct volcano, which is one of the only three in the world known as a Nested Caldera — Deirdre suggests that this might be an interesting topic for a senior form to consider!

*Sheila Spence* trained at All Saints' College in 1968, and is now teaching.

Births

*Sue Moorey*, a son, Timothy Ian, August 4th 1973.

*Sandra Philpot* (Cranswick) a son, Thomas, August 13th 1973.

*Pauline Southgate* (Le Clercq) a daughter, Amanda Jane, October 22nd 1973.

*Amanda Grocott* (Park) a son, Robin Mark, October 31st 1973.

*Jill Bates* (Golding) a son, Simon, February 13th 1974.

Marriages

*Janet Mallows* to Mr. T. Rayment, August 12th 1972.

*Heather Carter* to Mr. C. M. Voutt, July 28th 1973.

*Paula Lilian Maczkowski* to Mr. M. P. Hyde, August 18th 1973.

*Cynthia Mary Savage* to Mr. P. H. Cantillon, August 18th 1973.

*Susan Valiant* to Mr. A. Di Napoli, August 18th 1973.

*Meriel Joy Coldman* to Mr. C. Gore, September 22nd 1973.

*Margery May* (German) to Mr. H. W. Bolt, November 1st 1973.

*Mary Jane Scott* to Mr. J. P. Miskin, December 22nd 1973.

Deaths

*Dorothy Frost* (Grover) on July 12th 1973.

*Deirdre McKeown* on September 16th 1973.

*Miss Selleck* on October 27th 1973.

*Miss Inman* on February 27th 1974.