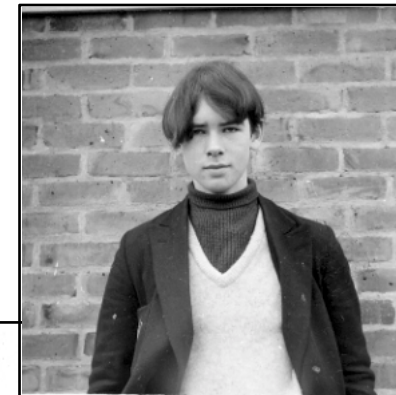


Our Glorious Grammar School in dear old Boggy, complete with its ditch, dividing us (except for snowball fights) from the William Fletcher crew, who we later joined in the Big Comp.



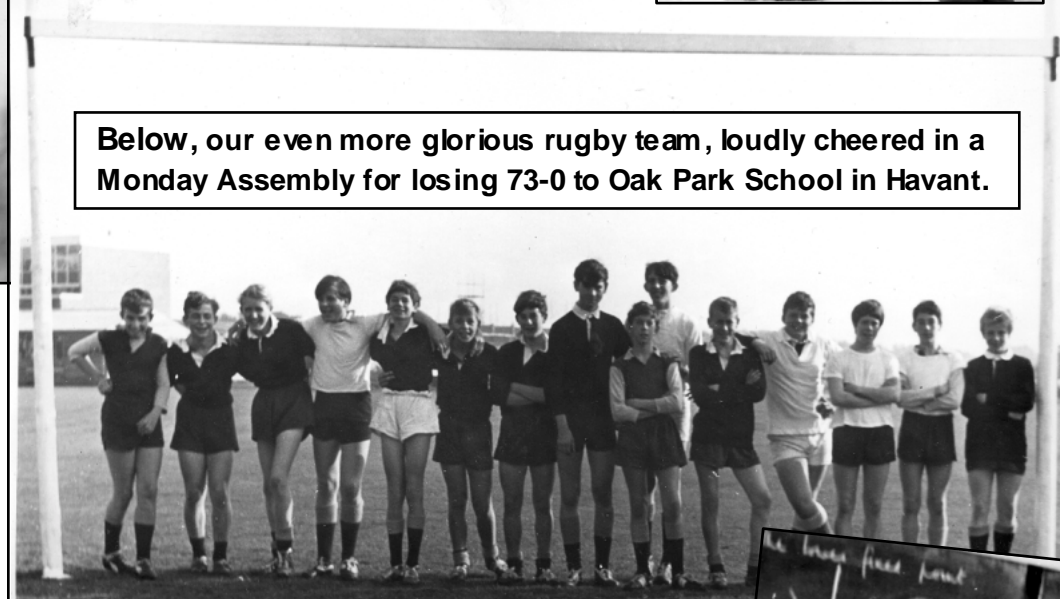
Ian King (right) who became the Queen Mum's personal bag-piper – here pictured as the Mod Candidate in the BRGS mock-general election!



Chris Jackson (left), who was sadly killed in a motor-cycle crash, after the death of his parents.



Below, our even more glorious rugby team, loudly cheered in a Monday Assembly for losing 73-0 to Oak Park School in Havant.



I'm Phil Blows and I'm going to manage the finances for the Rolling Stones

My name is Guy Brooks and I want to become a Chinese occultist

I'm Dave Goody – get me out of here and let me run Africa



Mr Smith (right), more widely known as Mister Magoo, just as he blew his top while pupil Keith Marner demonstrated to the class the melting point of a thermometer held in a Bunsen burner flame! Fond memories too of the then Father Trevor Huddleston's messages; Miss Carter having hysterics trying to teach music to the unbelievers, and Mr Houlding's barrage of chalk and blackboard rubbers hurled at sundry malchicks....there are many more tales that could be told...

