

# THE LION



1721

DECEMBER 1967



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## DECEMBER 1967

### The Lost Ball

As I crouched in the ditch, I saw the lights of an approaching car. I was scared, as the ditch inside the factory was low, and I could be seen easily. I thought that I might end up at the police station, but another thought scared me more. The fact was that Toby's football was still in the factory somewhere, and I simply did not know where. Luckily, the people in the Ford "Cortina" did not see me, and I thankfully clambered over the rusty, low fence with ease.

As I walked home with Toby, he told me that he "had had it" for the forthcoming Christmas. "I'll be in dead trouble, if my parents find out," remarked Toby, in a miserable voice. This was all forgotten, when I got home to bed, but, in my mind, I felt very guilty for accidentally kicking the ball into the midst of the huge factory by the common.

Morning came, and I got up early to search for the ball. Dismally, I rode down my street and in a few minutes, after I had called for Toby, we were inside the factory again. We split up and, after about fifteen minutes searching, I had success, but, just as I was about to grab the ball from the main storeroom, a voice shouted, "What are you doing there?" Not stopping to find out whose voice it was, I clambered through the skylight and up onto the roof. From there, I jumped, grabbed the branch of a nearby tree, and, with another quick jump, I was over the fence, but not out of danger. A policeman saw me, and he and the attendant in the storeroom came after me. Fortunately, two wheels were faster than four legs in this instance, and I was down the bottom of the lane, before they could even touch my back wheel. There I met Toby who must have got out earlier in the commotion.

THAT night, I slept soundly, Toby's mother not knowing anything about what had happened.

C. Long.

## Names for Me

When I was just a little lad,  
My father called me Son,  
My sister called me Brother  
And my mother called me John.

My grandma called me Cocker,  
My grandad called me Lad,  
My Uncle and my Auntie,  
They both called me Bad.

My friends all call me Happy.  
The teachers call me Dim!  
The policeman at the crossing  
Thinks me very Thin.

The Dustman calls me Dirty,  
The Coalman calls me Weak,  
My Uncle Fred who's thirty,  
Calls me Silly Freak.

G. Bolton.

## The Chiming Clock

We were all seated around the fire, when, faintly but distinctly, we heard the ghostly chimes of a clock. My pipe fell from my mouth, and my friends sat open-mouthed, listening in wonder. The ghostly chimes sounded again. This time, we got up, all except my dark-skinned friend from Africa who said that he would not move, because he thought it was Ju-Ju. Again, the chiming sounded, but this time it was so loud that I could have sworn that it was next to me. My friends asked me if I had a chiming clock in the house. I told them that that I had only my watch and an old alarm-clock.

"Come on; let's pull ourselves together and go into the other rooms," I said. "It's probably somebody playing a practical joke on us."

For the fourth time, the chimes sounded, but, this time, it was so deafening that we had to hold our hands to our ears. We rushed out of the room and started searching for someone or something. Suddenly, I stopped. There, on the shelf, next to the fruit-bowl, was an ordinary clock; but how did it get there? Again, the chimes sounded, but this time they were so high-pitched and loud, that I clapped my hands to my head in pain. It stopped. I let my hands drop and called to my friends. No answer came. I rushed to the door and ran outside into the kitchen. I saw another clock exactly like the first one, but no friends. I searched in all the other rooms and found no friend, but more clocks; they were everywhere. Finally, I sank down into an armchair exhausted. My mind started reeling; I saw clocks of all shapes and sizes coming at me, thick and fast, from every angle. Then, with an awful shock, I awoke and found myself lying on the floor, my alarm-clock ringing in my ear.

R.L. Lewis.

## The Window

I had been cooped up in the Limmermann Prisoner of War Camp, or the "bad boys" Camp, for four months, when I took my plan to Brigadier Rinter, an American. My plan was to take out all the iron bars on each side of the bunks, climb up into the look-out post, a hut on poles about twenty feet high, re-assemble the bars, open the window, and slide down them to freedom. There was only one hitch: the window of the hut was slightly stiff. This was so, because the hut had not been frequented for the past eighteen months.

My plan was accepted, and so, on the fifth of May, 1943, I set off. The morning was taken up by parade, drill, and mess inspection. However, during the lunch period, I obtained six bars and hid them under my bed together with a knife, water, string, food (three slices of bullybeef and nine dog biscuits), and a spade. It was an uneventful afternoon. We passed the time by talking about planes, as we were all of the Royal and American Air Forces.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, I slipped out of the hut, Hut 78, with my equipment slung over my back. I saw the twilight guard go past my objective, and I crawled silently across the compound. Progress was slow, as the search-lights were probing every corner. Nevertheless, within five minutes I was ascending the ladder. When I reached the top of ladder, I forced open the door, which was slightly stiff.

As soon as I entered the room, I recognised the musty smell, which was very strong. I went to the window. I tried to wrench it open, but it would not budge. I muttered under my breath, I knew now that I would have to smash the window, thereby warning the guards. There was no course but to break the window. As soon as I had done so, I heard shouts, and so I started assembling my pole. As I slotted my last but one bar into place, I heard the door creaking open. I dived across the room and pushed the intruder down the ladder. I had caused a temporary stoppage, but I still did not have time to slot the last bar into place and so I had to jump the last eight feet to the ground. I slid down the pole but, as I reached the ground, I slipped and fell, making myself an "Aunt Sally", for the bullet which hit me in the shoulder.

I had some blurred idea of hiding, but my legs would not let me stop. I was going to run to the landing strip and grab a 'plane. I ran through the wood, shots whizzing past me. When I reached the landing-strip, I saw an ME 109 and the pilot climbing into the cabin. I pulled out the knife and threw it at him. He did not have a chance: he fell back dead. The engines were already running; I had only to lift her off, and, within a few seconds, I was homeward bound.

A.G. Smith.

## Judy

I ran on through the forest, my father trailing my heel. "We'll soon be there", I gasped. "It's at the end of that path." We slowed down and trotted along the path, and came upon a large clearing. This place had been chosen for a game-warden's house, but the soil was too soft and the workmen had gone away, leaving a little-visited clearing. We sat down on a mound of earth, not talking, but gasping for breath and taking an occasional gulp from a water-bottle. It was I who broke the monotonous sound of heavy breathing.

"You see that mound of earth over there," I panted, "She lives just behind it."

"I expect she'll be asleep now; we'll wait for dark," said my father.

"Yes it's about seven o'clock. Not much longer."

We waited till dusk, and then called her. In the meantime, we talked about her.

"I remember the first time she came to us," said my father, "a small motherless baby asking for that first piece of bread."

"Yes, and she ate the bread and milk we put out for the hedgehog."

"Yes, she's a silly girl is Judy."

The crickets started chirruping, and some glow-worms glowed, and we knew that Judy would be awake.

"Juuudeeee" cried my father, "Judy, Judy, Judy."

This he repeated three times, and, after the last, we saw Judy running towards us. Next moment, she was up in my arms, wagging her brush and barking as only a semi-tame vixen can do.

For some time, I played with her. Then she walked about two yards, looked round and turned back with a look that seemed to say "Come on; I've something to show you."

We followed her, and, out of an old badgers' set, at their mother's cry, rolled three little, red very young cubs. I could hardly restrain myself from going down on my knees and playing with them, but, "Always let the cub make the first move" was a rule my father had taught me, when we kept many wild animals.

The cubs were very playful, but we had to go at ten o'clock. We walked through the forest, Judy by my side, and the cubs playing behind us. When we reached the car, my father gave Judy some meat and we drove off to our city home.

P. Whitby.

## What Happened?

As I crouched in the ditch, I heard the deep hum of an approaching car. I heard my friend breathing heavily. It was an exceedingly damp and misty evening. The hum of the motor car grew steadily louder and became gradually distorted. My friend, Tim, grabbed my shoulder, and suddenly everything disappeared. We spun round, Tim still grabbing my shoulder. What was happening? Where were we? Then we felt the soft thud, as we landed on solid ground.

As our eyes became accustomed to the light, we could make out a valley, deep below us, trees on either side, and a river flowing through it.

"What on earth's happened?" I said. "Where are we?" Tim looked wonderingly around.

"I don't know, but we're certainly not in a ditch back at home."

We sat and puzzled a while, until we saw a herd of small animals moving down towards the river. Coming out of the woods, we had not seen them, until they had left the cover of the undergrowth.

"Great Scott!" I exclaimed, "Do you see what I see?"

Tim and I looked goggle-eyed, as the small herd moved slowly down hill; it was like a page out of a history book.

"Echippus."

"We must be dreaming; we've been reading too many science fiction stories," I said. "Echippus became extinct years ago; it's the ancestor of the present-day horse!"

Well, extinct or not, there it was, a small animal about the size of a fox, happily flourishing in this valley of luxuriously green plants and bright blazing sun.

"Well, we can't sit here, all day. Let's explore and try to work out where we are," suggested Tim. I agreed and so off we went, down towards the herd of animals. One animal suddenly saw us and set the rest of the herd on a wild stampede.

What was that moving behind the trees? A wild cry arose, and the forest was alive with creatures half-man, half-ape, Neanderthal man, a type of caveman we guessed afterwards. At first, we were too stunned by what we saw to move. Then Tim yelled, "Run!" and we leaped up the hillside, the way we had come. Spears flew around our heads, as we were chased up the hill. Luckily, as we were much larger than they, we outran the cavemen easily. I tripped. I grabbed Tim and he fell too. The familiar spinning began and the distorted cries of the cavemen, and suddenly everything disappeared. Tim reached out for my shoulder. I grabbed his arm, and we kept spinning, spinning, spinning, for what seemed like eternity. At last, there was a thud and we were back in the ditch.

"Phew, are you all right?" I sighed.

"Sure, but what happened?"

K.P. Bundell.

## The Kite

Blow him away oh blow him away,  
Over the land and sea,  
Blow him to France or maybe to Spain,  
Over the land and sea.

Blow him down, oh, blow him down,  
Onto the green, green grass,  
Blow him down, until it is dusk,  
Onto the green, green grass.

D. Leach.

## The Watchtower I



I was browsing lazily through an old, badly kept book about uncanny legends and fables, when I came across a story about a watchtower. The story was weird and interesting and continued as follows.

Years ago, in the days of ogres and witches, there was a legend about an old, eerie, castle watchtower in which happenings occurred that no man would have dreamt of. It was said that this watch-

tower was haunted by the ghost of an ogre and a fire-breathing dragon with one eye and teeth that could cut through steel. The ogre's ghost was never on good terms with the dragon, nor the dragon with the ghost. This was so, because each wanted the old watchtower to themselves, and the trouble was that the dragon could not see the ghost, because he was invisible, and the ghost was incapable of harming the dragon, because of its tough, scaly skin impenetrable by any weapon.

One night, the ghost began to carry out a devilish plan to rid him of his fiend. He started by making a sword that would be so strong and so sharp that it could cut through stone. In ten days and ten nights, the task was finished and he was ready to slay his rival, the one-eyed dragon. That night the ghost grasped his invincible weapon in delight and trudged stealthily up the long, winding, stone staircase to the lair. The dragon was asleep and, in spite of his extremely sensitive hearing, did not hear the ghost cautiously creep into his lair. The ghost then raised the huge sword high above his head. At this moment, the dragon awoke from its slumber and heard the ghost ejaculate, "Hirrae", as he brought the sword down. The dragon flung his great, scaly tail in the direction of the sound, hitting the ghost about the head and killing him. At that moment also, the ogre's ghost dropped the mighty sword and it penetrated the dragon's heart. Then both these unearthly creatures gave one last mournful moan and disappeared into thin air.

S. Lent.

## The Watchtower II

I awoke with a start. Eamar had just returned from hunting, and was cutting up the deer he had killed. He cut out its insides, and then threw them out of the mouth of the cave. I dragged myself over to the wall of the cave, and eased myself up onto a small ledge, where we had placed the firewood we had collected, the previous night. I threw some onto the hard, rocky floor, and dropped down after it. After a while, we had started a small fire, and were busy cooking. By the time the shafts of light from the rising sun had equalled the brilliance of the flickering fire, we were already eating.

After the meal was over, we kicked out the fire, and were leaving when a voice sounded from the mouth of the cave: "Stop where you are!" We gasped, and held our breath, not daring to speak. Our weapons were lying on the ground some feet away, but we did not dare to move.



Then we let out our breath, relieved. For we saw Ijak, the son of our Belgae chieftain, appear in the mouth of the cave. I ran to him.

"Ijak, the Romans have re-captured the sacred watchtower."

"I know" he said, "I went there, before the sun-god rose above the hill, but what can we do?"

"Nothing yet," I replied, "But what can we do but watch it. The main war party will be back tomorrow, and then we can attack!"

We left the cave, and went to the settlement to make plans for the next day. The war party arrived back, earlier than expected: they came into the settlement just before sunrise . . . .

. . . . The watchtower was a sacred burial place in olden times, but now the old chambers were blocked off, and it was used as a provision store. The Romans had captured it before, but it was retaken without much effort . . . . Then the Romans had recaptured it again, along with the Belgae's supplies, and were determined to get it back.

The plans were set as follows: Erald, son of Erakj, would take a war party and create a diversion on the north wall. Meanwhile, Eamar, Ijak, and I climbed the east wall via the trees which almost touched the wall, and got rid of the guards on the east and south walls. The guards that patrolled the west wall also patrolled the south wall. This arrangement would enable the main war party to scale the walls without raising the alarm. We joined the main party, in circling behind the guards on the long north wall. We would help Erald's party up the wall, after disposing of the patrol on the north wall. We would then capture the rest of the garrison, thereby gaining complete control.

All went well, until we had got rid of the guards on the south and west walls, but, after that was done, everything began to go wrong for us. The main war party did not turn up — we found out afterwards that they had been engaged by a patrol from Victis, the white-isle, but we did not know why till later. Consequently, as the main party did not help them, Erald's force was beaten off, and we were left alone in a tower full of enemies. Ijak said that we should go, and I saw now that he was right, but, at the time, both Eamar and I were being obstinate, and we outvoted him and said that we should try to carry on alone. We got no further than the steps. For the victorious Romans, having beaten Erald's party, were returning below, and another party of Romans were coming up to meet them, and we were sandwiched. "Tradere lubeo vos!" cried the Roman centurion. We had no option but to obey. They took us below, and questioned us, but we told them that we were Gallic fishermen, and had come to see what all the noise was about. Ha! the fools believed us, and let us go, but we had not gained anything. Oh well, I suppose we will have to wait, and hope that the Romans go away. After all, everything comes (or goes in our case) to him who waits. We should have returned, when the main war party did not turn up. The village was attacked by wolves, and the chief was killed. Long live the new chieftain!

best-god & to make a small & new watch-tower and to get rid of the  
patrol from Victis — the white-isle — and to get rid of the  
wall. The watch-tower was a sacred burial place in olden times —  
A young gannet bent down quietly to drink in the river flowing by  
Mistakenly. The crowding spotted her and she quietly left the water. As

A. Hale.

## Touch-Down on Mars I

The red-tinted sphere that was Mars loomed up on the videoscope, emitting a shimmering, ruddy glow which shone in through the portholes. The sound of the main rockets had died away to a low whining which was suddenly lost in the searing blast of the retro-rockets, as we entered the gravitational pull of the planet. It began to grow hot inside the spacecraft and we were pressed back into our seats with an almost unbearable force. Then the rocket's tripod touched ground, and the gravitational effects grew less.

There were three of us in the rocket: I, James Keegan, the radio-operator; Vladimir Kalinski, the pilot; and Boyd Pope, a technician. It was an international project, a trip to Mars. I was English; Vladimir was a Russian; and Boyd was an American. We had successfully landed on Mars.

It took us a short time to disembark and view our new surroundings, but I was too engrossed in taking in the dry, pitilessly hot deserts around us to see what Boyd saw — a block of modern buildings standing silhouetted against the horizon of blackness. Running presented no problem, and Boyd, an athlete, naturally outstripped me to the buildings.

Then it happened: — from a seemingly harmless grill embedded in one of the steel walls, a dozen or so darts were fired. They all hit Boyd, Vladimir, who had only just emerged from the spaceship, reached the crumpled form of Boyd long after I had seen that the American was dead.

The Russian and I carried Boyd's corpse reverently back to the ship. Then I walked back to the buildings, but this time with a steel plate from the ship. I approached the grill under cover of the steel shield, and then the small darts were fired; but they bounced harmlessly from the plate. Then I ventured into the building of which the entrance had no doors.

Inside there was a hall immense in its dimensions. There were other doors leading from the hall, and footbridges over a sewer which closely resembled a canal. All the machinery around was corroded with some sort of rust; however, it was obvious to me that at some time, this maze of machinery had supplied unequalled luxury to whoever had used it.

I took a chance, and began to walk nimbly over one of the rotting bridges. I could see the other end cracking and parting from its hinges. I turned back too late. The whole bridge collapsed and I plunged into the stagnant sewer. A wave of nausea swept up over me, but, ignoring it, I clumsily tried to reach the side. However, my weighty spacesuit ensured my sinking, and, as I submerged, I heard Vladimir shouting for me as he ran into the hall, behind his steel shield. Then oblivion overcame me.

I awoke in the spaceship, having been rescued by Vladimir. The air-supply from my spacesuit had prevented my drowning, and Vladimir had dragged me out of the sewer. Vladimir had searched the rest of the building and had found nothing. For it had been completely deserted. The whole affair seemed to suggest that the darts were a defence-system of a long-dead civilisation wiped out by some catastrophic event. We blasted off, leaving behind the remnants of a dead civilisation.

R.W. Goddard.

## Touch-Down on Mars II

"Here we go. Strap yourselves in." The voice crackled crisply through the Hyper-Atomic earphones on our heads. Suddenly, with no warning, the ship lurched violently and then rolled two or three times. We were sent hurtling across the cabin, skidding and sliding, as we battered about amongst the intricate, delicate machinery. Then, just as the ship settled down and we thought that we could at last strap ourselves in, we slowly drifted upwards, until we were floating about like large helium-filled balloons.

"That's all we need." Rod, the electronics engineer broke the silence. "One of us must have pranged the Atomic Gravitiser."

There was a fifteen-second silence. Then, suddenly, everybody spoke at once. In this babble of chatter, just as everybody tried to talk louder than everybody else, a stiff, crackling voice again spoke, "You all right up there?" Rod answered, "Yes, just about; but something's happened to the Atomic Gravitiser. It isn't functioning and we're floating around all over the place."

"I see. Now, all of you, swim down to the floor; then hold on to something."

The next few moments seemed a nightmare of spinning rooms, flying control panels, and spinning, rolling chairs. Suddenly, with a dull thud, we all landed hard on the steel floor.

At last, after a setback of schedule, the voice again droned, crackling out into our ears: "Here we go. Strap yourselves in."

With a slight jerk, a spin or two, and a sound like a learner driver changing gears, we broke into the atmosphere. A strong, gravitational pull clung almost desperately to the exterior of our "giant of science," and we had extreme difficulty in holding her steady.

"Aaagh! Look, over there!" Rod sounded scared. We all rushed to the observer-port. Rod turned the ship to ram the creature. We just passed through as if it had been smoke.

"Hey! It's a mirage."

We all heaved a sigh of relief.

Suddenly, out of a large area of mist on the planet, a huge mouth devoured our ship. As this happened and our ship collapsed, I realised that it was a huge planet of cannibalism that sparks off curiosity in beings and then devours them as a sort of food.

M. Luckham.

## The Old Croc

The old animal was basking in the slimy mud, swishing its muscular tail. The tick-birds pecked at the crocodile's tough skin and vicious teeth. A young gazelle bent down quietly to have a drink in the river flowing by the mudbank. The crocodile spotted him and slid quietly into the water. As

he was about a foot away and was preparing to strike, the antelope saw him. As the crocodile struck, the gazelle darted away. The crocodile was becoming old, dangerously old; he was becoming slow; he would eventually starve to death, if he could not catch any food. He saw a fish. He darted forward. The fish saw him and swam as fast as he could possibly go, but he was not fast enough. The croc' eventually caught it. It went down well; it was not what he had been used to, but it was food.

A hunter was looking, in vain, he thought, for crocodile skins. He was an inexperienced hunter. He saw the crocodile and shot at it. It took four wild shots to kill it. The old animal was dead. It died in agony from the scattered shots. It would no longer terrorize the river and shores of the surrounding district. The hunter, reloading his repeating rifle, waded into the murky water. This was a very stupid thing to do, as any self-respecting crocodile-hunter would tell you. He sunk up to his thighs in the unpleasant, dirty mud. Crocodiles in the area might smell the blood. Vultures were already circling the dead animal, emitting their blood-curdling cries.

When the hunter was about ten feet away from his quarry, he saw several logs floating towards him. Suddenly, there was the thrash of a tail in the water, and the log sank. He understood that these logs were not logs, but crocodiles! He was terrified; he knew the real feeling of fear. He shot blindly at the morbid shapes, until his supply was exhausted. He saw three dark shapes streaking towards him. He knew that his life's span was over, and that he would surely die. There was an agonized scream and a pool of blood appeared on the surface of the water. The croc' was avenged.

M. Presswell.

## The Old Crock

Today was the great day. Peter Morris and I walked swiftly to the old, rickety shed. "I hope the weather stays like this," remarked Peter, as he swung the protesting door sideways in a creaking arc. Inside the shed, was a small window through which filtered tiny rays of light. Along the walls of the shed, were hundreds of tools carefully placed in racks and labelled. To the left, under the window, was a bench running the whole way along the shed. In the middle, though, Peter and I focused our attention. For, under a large sheet of polythene, was what Peter and I had worked on for the last six months.

"Right! Push it out into the drive," Peter said, trying to hide the tinge of excitement in his voice.

Gently, we manhandled the mass into the drive. Then we lifted off the polythene and before us stood the pride of our work. It was about three feet high and finished in green with white stripes down the sides.

We had named it "Green Bolt" and we had printed this on the front in red paint. It had four bicycle wheels and a motor-cycle engine which was positioned behind the driver's seat.

"We'd better give it a trial run," I said.

"Yes, on the old disused runway," replied Peter.

We pushed it onto the trailer and set off towards the runway. When we got there, we checked the machine. Then Peter got into the driver's seat and signalled to me to start cranking the engine.

Five minutes later, and with much effort on my part, we started the engine. As it spluttered into life, I rolled clear of the belching exhaust and watched proudly as "Green Bolt" moved forward. Next minute, my pride was shattered by one ear-splitting explosion; Peter managed to stagger clear, as the car erupted in a cloud of dense, grey smoke. Half an hour later, as Peter and I picked up the twisted bits of metal, I remarked, "Well, there goes our chance of winning the race!"

C. Bousher.

## The Meon Railway

About half a mile outside the village of Wickham, there is a railway line which runs from near Wickham to West Meon. Nowadays, it is rarely used, and all the buildings and track have fallen into a state of decay. One day, when I was near Wickham, I decided to explore, and then walk up the line towards West Meon.

Near the station, there is an iron bridge which is big enough to span a large river, but in fact crosses only a narrow stream. At the back of the station buildings, the old goods-yard is situated. In the middle of the goods-yard, a grey oily crane stands completely unusable, because the jib has been removed. It is covered in rust and surrounded by high grass. Ten years ago, the crane was the centre of activity in the yard, as it slowly loaded and unloaded the goods trucks, but now it is never used.

The station building itself is derelict: all the windows have been broken; the doors have been torn completely off their hinges and lie amid the broken glass in the rooms, and on the platform. The track has been lifted in the station, and the weeds grow up to the height of the platform. The flowers and shrubs, which once decorated the station, are now completely in control, and cover the whole station.

After leaving the station, the track passes through a steep-sided cutting, and under several bridges. At regular intervals, along the bottom of the cutting, there are deserted, workmen's huts. Their windows are boarded up, and the doors are locked and bolted, but one can imagine the huts, as they were in days gone by, when the tracklayers and plate-layers used them to store their tools, and probably sheltered in them to eat their packed lunches; and one can imagine the smoke rising from the rusty chimney, as the fire burnt brightly inside.

Being a railway enthusiast, I feel rather sad, when I discover one of these disused railway-lines, and hope that, one day, someone will have enough money to re-open the line as a privately-owned concern.

K. Wilkes.

## Along the "Downs"

In the Out-back of Queensland in Australia, there was a stretch of

parched desert named, by some joker, "The Downs", perhaps because of the freakish, hilly structure caused by constant erosion from the Willy-Willies, - the twisters or small whirlwinds of Australia, - which occurred very frequently in those parts. Bluey Winters used to be a friend of mine, until he died saving my life. It happened thus. An old Aborigine once told us about a strong, young man who had been expelled from a tribe, because of some crime and had become a living legend. He had been sent packing across "The Downs" without food, and water, and carrying only his boomerang. He had reached the more friendly land, after crossing one of the most arduous and hot stretches of land in the world. For a bet, Bluey and I determined to equal this feat.

Inspired by the success of a French Paratrooper's crossing Death Valley in the U.S.A., we made our arrangements. Whereas the Aborigine had taken nothing but a boomerang, and had lived on roots from wiry, desert bushes, we were going to be prepared for our journey. There were three known water-holes in that expanse of wilderness, and, to stop and collect water from each one, we should have to take a zig-zag course. This course would cause an increase in the length of the journey but, because we could not carry enough water, we had to take this route. We took a small, short-wave radio with us lest we should be in difficulties and unable to complete the journey.

On March 14th, we set off fully equipped and, we hoped, fit. As we trudged through the fine-grained sand that yielded twelve inches at every step, we saw what a difficult task lay ahead of us. When there were five miles or more to go to the first water-hole, our water supply had been drained to the last drop. Hopefully sucking pebbles, we struggled on over the undulating terrain. Three hours later, we topped a rise and saw the waterhole, half empty, but there was water, stagnant or not. After wolfing our ration of food for dinner, we filled our water-bottles and renewed the journey, refreshed. At the next water-hole, we found more water and drank deeply from the green, slimy mess. Then I passed out.

On recovering, I found myself jolting along in a land-rover, next to a long "thing" under a blanket. I looked and to my horror saw the glassy stare and pallid face of a dead body; it was Bluey! - As I was told later, he had, by some incredible display of strength and willpower, carried me to the last water-hole where I was found unconscious. Evidently, Bluey had radioed for help and then had passed out, dead. For the water-hole was a mass of cracked dry mud. He had saved my life at the cost of his own.

D.G.Fry.

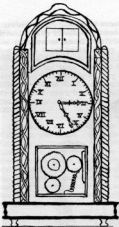
## Christmas Moon

Why do you, Moon, with ineffectual light  
Strike, palely envious, to proclaim that you  
Are irresistible as once at night,  
When passion was allowed and pledges true,  
When first man's urgent nearness, yet untried,  
Transfigured Eve to glory like a star:  
This Star, that trembles through the melody  
Of night's remembered peacans to a Bride,  
A virgin wedded to Creative Power?

Anon.



## The Clock



It stood on the shelf, underneath the old portrait, a clock, not a particularly interesting clock, not an unusual one. True, it was old, but there are many old clocks that are not valuable at all. Yet what scenes of danger and of excitement it had witnessed! If it had had a mouth, what wonderful tales it might have told! However, now its days were numbered. Battered, broken, repaired countless times, it would soon join other relics of the past, on a heap outside. Originally, the clock had had fine, ornamented brass-work, and dainty, twisted columns. These, however, had been destroyed, subjected, as they had been, to the stress of every day life. The face was set in an oblong box about six inches high. On it, were Roman numerals, distinguishing it from its modern counterparts.

It had been brought out from England in the summer of 1885, to Khartoum, that fever-ridden, squalid hell-spot in the Sudan, soon to become the famous death-place of General Charles G. Gordon. Major Charles Richards could not have known that here, too, would be his last resting-place. The clock, among other items of furniture had been transported from Khartoum, together with the Major's family, on a heavily armed boat, but the boat had been captured, everyone on her being butchered, and the clock and other items had caused great amusement to the Moslems, till they, in turn, had been caught and killed by the relief army bound for Khartoum. It had come too late to help General Gordon, but at least it had avenged him. The clock had been picked up as a curio by a young British Captain.

The same Captain still had it, nearly fifteen years later, though now he was a colonel in his middle forties. The place was South Africa, before the Boer War. He distinguished himself in this conflict, but was captured and suffered such brutal treatment that, when he was rescued, he had to be invalided out of the army and returned to England, taking the clock with him. The clock's travelling days were now at an end, but it was still to witness the return of the Colonel's son and grandson at the end of both world-wars and, at last, the death of the grand, old man himself. Now the time has come for the clock to go on its last journey.

L. Hobbs.

## The Clock

"It's all set, then, is it?", I asked.

Bill turned round, sighing. "Yes, it's all set. That's the fourth time I've told you, so shut up, will you? You're getting on my nerves."

"It's my first time; you can't expect a man to relax the first time, can you?"



Bill was silent. A few moments later, he said, "No!"

I didn't bother him any more.

Next morning, we went about our jobs as usual, Bill and I drove to the building site, where we worked. We walked over the gravel path and across a heap of sand, straight to the office. We said "Hallo" to Wilbur, the old attendant, and clocked-in. Then we strolled across to the supply-shed, where our helmets were, talking about the weather. We separated, a few yards further on, because Bill worked the crane, and I drove a dumper-truck. He climbed the ladder quickly and began work. I ran to the truck, jumped in, started it up, threw off the brakes, and jogged forward, in the mud. I drove backwards and forwards, dumping earth and picking it up, non-stop till dinner-time.

That night, the alarm went at half-past eleven, — "Zero Hour" for me, and for Bill, I suppose. We dressed not hurrying, in black pullover, black trousers, and black shoes. Then we picked up the kit; pliers, gloves, — two pairs, — crowbar, knife, and a sucker and glass-cutter. All that we put into the holdall, and we were off. We arrived at the museum at five minutes past midnight.

The Burglar alarm was easy to fix; just a few snips here and there did it. We crept across the newly-waxed floor, the smell of polish everywhere. We stuck the sucker to the glass panel and cut round it with the glass-cutter. Bill took out the diamond necklace, removed the sucker from the glass and, all of a sudden, an alarm-clock went off. It burst out in the silence, echoing in the hall. A guard came in, immediately saw us, pressed a button on the wall and then tackled us, with his truncheon. He hit me over the head with it, but Bill escaped.

Now I'm here, in the police-station, telling you the story. It'll probably earn me ten years or so.

W. Mahy.

## The Burglar

Up the draught, he did climb,  
On his way to commit the crime,  
Did the burglar, with great stealth,  
Intending to increase his wealth.  
He opened up the window catch,  
Conveniently left upon the latch.

Nothing was heard in this quiet room,  
Except perhaps a muffled boom.  
And out of the broken safe did pour,  
Many notes all o'er the floor;  
And, with deft hands, he loaded the swag,  
Into a voluminous leather bag.

A policeman's whistle suddenly sounded,  
And the burglar's heart painfully pounded,  
And to the open window he dashed,  
But, his mistake, — through glass he crashed.

In his fright, he fell over the edge,  
But, with practised hands, he caught the edge.

Down the drainpipe, he did slide,  
Burning his hands on this painful ride.  
Straight into the hands of the police he dropped,  
And into a police-car he was popped.  
Our burglar was sentenced to prison today,  
And now he knows crime doesn't pay.

K.S. Gilmour.

## The Ring and the Book

The golden ring lay on the shelf like a blazing dawn in an azure sky. Nearby stood a brown leather-covered book with musty, yellow pages untouched for years.

"What do you stand for?" said the ring.

"I stand for wisdom," said the book, "my pages hold the secrets of this earth, and even the most obscure facts can be found by him who delves in my chapters.

I stand for truth; for I answer all queries and no false word is found in my pages. All subjects are contained in me; for I am an encyclopaedia. What do you stand for?"

The many facets of the brilliant diamond in the ring sparkled with a lustrous light.

"I stand for beauty," she replied. "Each facet shows an aspect of beauty, everlasting and unending:

A tree-girl mountainside, the peak perpetually wreathed in mist;  
White-crested waves breaking on a far distant shore;  
The flight of a swallow over a calm, mirror-like millpond in summer;  
A blood-red sunset in a glorious sky;  
A hard, shiny bud unfolding, petal by petal, into a delicate flower."

"What use is beauty?" said the book. "Wisdom and knowledge are all; beauty is frail and feeble."

So saying, the book toppled onto the floor. The gold-printed title seemed to dull and the pages hung limply from their binding.

Several pages were strewn untidily on the floor, but the ring remained, lying on the shelf like a blazing dawn in an azure sky.

A. Hill.

## The Story Centred on the Death of Mr. Thomas Robert Humperside

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of the seventeenth of April, 1934, when Mr. Humperside, lying in bed in his mansion ten miles outside New York, said to his daughter Mary:

"Mary, dear, will you go to fetch Doctor Surgeon, please, because I am feeling much worse."

Five minutes later, as she was walking along the road, in the rain, towards Doctor Surgeon's house, she was met by Mr. James Horse, the owner of a nearby stable, and his chief hand, Mr. Louis Clop.

"Hello, Mary, dear. How is your poor father? Is he getting better?" asked Mr. Horse. His reason for being so polite was that he wanted Mary to marry his son Peter so that, when Mr. Humperside, who happened to be very rich, died, he might be able to acquire some of the money for his own personal use. Yet, while he asked Mary about her father, he was really thinking:

"Is the old lad dead, yet?" because he had a nasty scheme up his sleeve.

"He says that he is feeling worse, so I am just on my way to see Doctor Surgeon," she replied.

"Good," thought Mr. Horse but said:

"I will walk along with you, as far as the stables."

On the way there, they were met by Susan, Mary's younger sister.

Mary said, "I am on my way to see Doctor Surgeon. Do you want to come?"

"O.K., then," was the reply.

When they were outside the stables, Mr. Horse suddenly grabbed Mary and put his hand over her mouth to stop her screaming, and at the same time Mr. Clop did the same to Susan. The two men hustled the girls into the house and left them in the lounge.

"Don't try and get away," he warned them, "or it will be all the worse for you and your father."

Five minutes later, he returned and took them up to a bedroom and locked them in saying:

"The shutters are locked on the outside; it will be almost impossible for you to get out, and we do not want any shouting or screaming, do we?"

The two girls sat down on the bed and did not say a word to each other, but thought over to themselves all that had happened and all that might happen.

He returned at six o'clock with some food and said:

"I will be wanting you both in half an hour. So you had better eat the food up quickly and get washed and tidied up because you are going to meet the vicar. The wash basin is in that cupboard."

He returned at half past six, and took them downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs, he stopped and said to Mary:

"You are going to marry my son Peter and you will do as you are told without question. If you do not, your sister will die of starvation."

He took them into the lounge and Mary was speechless, because of what he had just said. He introduced them to the Rev. Parson. The ceremony went through without any trouble, and, after the Vicar had gone, Mr. Horse pulled a sheet of paper out of his pocket and told Peter to sign it.

"Father, what is it that you want me to sign?" asked Peter.

"It is only your Will, leaving all your property to me," was the reply.

"But Father, I have not got any property except for the three hundred dollars that I have in savings."

"Yes, son, but you will have about three quarters of a million dollars as soon as Mr. Humperside dies."

"But how?" broke in Mary.

"Well, it is quite simple, my dear. Your father's lawyer who has his present Will is a great friend and business accomplice of mine.

"By the morning, your father will be trying to ring him up to ask him to go to see him, your father, so that he can change his Will as you will not have turned up, and the police will have been unable to find you. Whenever your father rings the lawyer, he will be out on some urgent business, and nobody will know when he will return. Therefore, the lawyer will not be available, until after your father dies. Therefore, Mary, as Peter is your husband, he receives all that you inherit."

"Alright, father, but why do you want me to sign my Will, leaving all my property to you?" asked Peter.

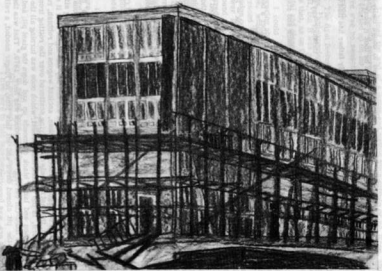
"It is just a precautionary action."

"But father is there anything wrong with me. Am I going to die or something? I have recovered from that bit of lung trouble I had five years ago," he asked worriedly.

"No, son, you have got at least fifty or sixty years in front of you," Mr. Horse replied.

"Alright then, father, I will sign it if you think it is best."

"I am going out now. So do not try to escape. Peter, I will lock the doors, and I will give you the front door key, and, whatever happens, do not let them escape, or it will be all the worse for you, my lad."



Next morning, after breakfast, Peter started to cough badly and he politely put his handkerchief to his mouth, but, when he took it away, he had something to say:

"Mary quick! Help me! I'm coughing up blood. My father has lied to me. He must have known all the time."

Mary helped him onto the sofa and asked him for the door-key so that she could go and see her father.

"O.K. but, after you have seen him, will you come back and stay with me."

"I will," promised Mary. She ran home and went to her father's bedside. Before she could say anything, he started to tell her something:

"Mary, my love, I am going to die very soon so, when I do look — look — under the — red stone — in the — the cellar."

"Father," said Mary, but it was too late: he was dead. She looked where she was told to look by her dead father, and there she found three thousand dollars in notes. Then, true to her word, she returned to the stables and was by Peter's side, when he died. So, in the end, out of the three quarters of a million dollars she should have received, she only received three thousand dollars.

Mr. Horse returned only once to collect his three quarters of a million dollars and was never seen again in that area.

T.D.J.Clutt.

## Forgotten

Walking down this old, worn track, where the clomp of horses' hooves used to be heard, I pondered. Round this corner a thousand wagons went, their iron wheels clanking on rusty rails. There, the great, rusting sifter, a monster which in its day gleamed and worked day and night. Now it stands amid acres of wagons. Rusting, broken, ancient wagons and rubbish, rubbish by the ton, the last morsels of coal lying scattered over the rotting ironwork. Over there, is the broken shaft-wheel, which once was turning all the time, lifting men and large black diamonds up and down the giant pit; and, over here, a hand-cut carving: "Peter Jones was here, 1870." That was the year when the pit closed down and all this junk, no longer needed, a relic of a bygone era, was forgotten.

G. Knott.

## The G.P.O. Telephone Tower

As I came out of the underground station, I saw the Telephone Tower, almost in front of me, dominating the sky-line, a gleaming edifice of glass, and stainless steel. I walked through back streets, until I came to the base of the towering structure, stretching upwards to over five hundred and fifty feet. I went into the glass-walled entrance hall, and bought a ticket for the

lift. I joined the end of a queue and waited for a minute or so. Then, about twenty people entered an unexpectedly small lift. With an abrupt jerk, the lift started up on its journey of four hundred and ninety feet. After the start, there was no sensation of movement, until thirtyfive seconds later, when it stopped.

The first feature of the observation platform to strike me was its smallness. I had expected the room to be more than thirty feet to the circular glass wall, but it was only one third of that distance. The next point that I noticed was that, as on the remainder of the building, the most used materials were metal and glass.

I could see the whole of London, when I looked through the windows. Towering above all the other buildings, the tower gave an astounding panorama, which stretched away into the distance, turning from dirty, brick, terraced houses into green hills far away. All the famous landmarks of London could be found from a large marked photograph. St. Paul's, Big Ben, Tower Bridge, and the Thames were clearly visible. Looking down to the ground near the base of the building, I could see people, although they appeared like ants, and the motor cars looked like toys.

I went down the small stairs of dark, polished wood, a broad yellow handrail on the inside, and mosaic on the walls. I went out to the next floor. This observation platform consisted of two concentric rings. The outer circle, of stainless steel, had large openings with no glass in them: instead there were many, thin metal bars running from top to the bottom of the windows. The inner circle, of sliding glass doors afforded some protection from the wind.

I continued down the steps to the third, and lowest floor open to the public. This floor was almost precisely as the one above, but there was no glass partition.

I returned to the top floor and studied the magnificent landscape once more. Then I entered the lift and descended to ground-level, having seen more of London than I had ever seen before.

P. Gover.

## The End

I'm sitting here, growing old,  
All my bread is full of mould;  
I live here in this tenement;  
I cannot even pay the rent;  
I can't afford to buy some coke,  
Even the windows are all broke.  
The rising damp has reached the ceiling,  
And the wallpaper's peeling;  
I'll be evicted next week;  
My future looks very bleak.  
I'm out of work and on the dole,  
I have living in this dingy hole.  
I live alone, in the basement,  
The view is quite magnificent:

All I see is people's feet,  
 As they hurry along the street.  
 I don't think it's very funny  
 That they should have all the money.  
 I spend all day in bed;  
 I may as well be dead;  
 There's nothing left me in this life,  
 Among all the poverty and strife.  
 So I think I'll kill myself, —  
 I'll use the aspirins on the shelf.

A. Collyer.

## The Giants

Tall, the only word determinable,  
 Dominating, in truth a second word possible  
 To describe these towering evergreens,  
 Which the good Lord has made by unknown means.

Bare foundations to stand upon, rough and denuded,  
 But admirable strength has this nudity's base  
 To uphold this wonderful display of green,  
 Like a pompous peacock's display, longing to be seen.

Numerous in their thousands they are mustered  
 Together, each individual pine, green-tinged,  
 Forms a blanket of emerald so wonderfully clustered!

Silence, now, the only word applicable,  
 But hark! — in truth, a hewing it is possible  
 To detect about the proximity of the forest:

A rhythmic beat, sharp and monotonous  
 Turns the once pleasant air into an atmosphere of peril.  
 As the days draw out, the infliction draws near;  
 Light approaches, and the forest becomes clear.  
 Voices arrive and destruction could ne'er be more near.  
 Limbs are destroyed and branches felled,  
 And the giants are reminded when they were near shelled  
 In both World Wars.

The stillness of dead bodies might well be comparable,  
 With these present majesties once heroic in this parable  
 But now slain, morbid and sordid, lying like heroes alone on this  
 ravaged earth.

D.J. Morrish.

## War

Breathless I lie, watching the dawn,  
 Hoping, praying for the order ending an agony of suspense,  
 Yet, loath to leave the muddy, stinking trench and stand to die,



But then I hear the bugle blow,  
And over the top, into the mouths of a thousand chattering guns I go.  
I run, I stab, and slash, and kick,  
And men lie dead.  
But I care not.  
We may have lost,  
We may have won,  
But I've survived to face the agonies of war again.

D. Cracknell.

## The Pine Forest

My wife and I had just taken a cabin in the mountains, on the shore of a small lake. The area was deserted, the nearest town being about ten miles away.

We went inside and had supper, before turning in for the night. I woke up at about two in the morning and heard a rustling and buzzing. Looking through the window, all I could see were a few shadowy figures at the edge of the pine forest. When I stepped out onto the verandah, the figures disappeared into the forest. They seemed to step slowly, bouncing up into the air, on each step, but they still kept up a speed of about eight miles per hour. Their actions reminded me of a springbok, running in the bush. Dumbfounded, and frightened, I returned to bed, having locked the door behind me.

In the morning, I told my wife, Jill, of that night's incident. She tried to be lighthearted about it, but I could see that she was worried. After breakfast, we went for a walk in the forest. At about nine-thirty, we came to a small clearing, and we decided to rest. As we sat down, I noticed some holes in the ground, about one foot across. There were five of them and they seemed to be equally placed around the perimeter of a circle. The grass on the edge of these holes was slightly charred, and the earth either had been blown out of the holes, or compressed at the bottom. All of these facts brought one conclusion to mind. Some sort of jet aircraft had landed here; could it have been a 'Flying Saucer'?

We took pictures of the spot and then started back to the cabin. On the way through the forest, I was conscious of being watched by something or someone. Jill said that this forest was eerie. For all was silent except for our footsteps. As we left the forest and walked across the clearing, the silence became apparent.

We had packed our things and had got into the car when Jill saw them. They came striding towards us, their skins were green and scaly, and their faces large with pointed features. I revved up and pulled away from the cabin. We took the bend at thirty miles per hour, leaving the creatures behind, we thought. We were wrong; there stood two of them in the middle of the road. I accelerated, but they did not move. We hit them at forty miles per hour, and sent them flying into the undergrowth, leaving a green slime on the bonnet . . . . .

As we sped on, an enormous mushroom cloud appeared to our left, and with it a large crack in the road.

As we sped on, an enormous mushroom cloud appeared to our left, and with it a large crack in the road. D. Jarman.

## The North-East Wind

Blow over the hills  
'Cross the billowy sea,  
Shattering chimneys,  
Roaring with glee,  
O'er rapid rivers  
And peaks clad in snow,  
Sturdy fir forests,  
Ever onward you go;  
To crowded markets  
With screech and with squall,  
Upsetting the oddments  
From each coloured stall,  
O'er white, frosty fields,  
Past cattle and sheep,  
Waking them up,  
When they seem half asleep.  
Whistling down chimneys,  
Spoiling the tiles,  
Breaking the fences  
And old, broken stiles.  
So onward you rush,  
Till night slowly falls,  
Making draughts in small houses,  
Through cracks in the walls;  
Then you slowly subside,  
Though everyone fears  
You'll be at your tricks still,  
When daybreak appears.

S. Holt.

## The One Night Stand

Below the streets of London, in a converted cellar, where green, red, and blue lights flashed on and off, illuminating momentarily the purple, 'op-art' designs and drawings on the walls, I happened to wander, having bought my entrance ticket from a scruffy man, seated near the door.

For the first five minutes, I was lost in this world of dancing teenagers and blaring amplifiers, until I spotted a friend, standing in a dimly-lit corner. He looked unhappy, because, as he told me later, he had waited for the 'star' group for over two hours. Then, as though Fate had heard him, the group appeared on the stage. Without any formal introduction, they started a quiet ballad. I made my way onto the confined dance-floor, where couples drifted round in circles. The next song was in complete contrast, and the people made up their dances, as, once more, the amplifiers blasted away.

For over half an hour, I danced in the smoke-filled atmosphere, until the group broke off for a couple of minutes. They were, I said to myself, a great group, as I rejoined my friend, with some drinks.

The group's second session started off a new set of varied-coloured



lights, which were reflected by mirrors, of all shapes. Every now and then, intense beams of light mingled in a haze on the people's equally wildly coloured suits and dresses. This last session consisted of ballads, "sent-up oldies," and new songs and instrumentals; and, at every ballad, the place regained its sanity, and the lights were turned down.

I re-emerged onto the street, into the cool night air, by eleven o'clock, after a "fantastic one-night stand."

K.J.Foulger.

## Quite a Normal Occurrence Now

The club is dimly lit and is packed with teenagers. They are all brightly dressed and are impatiently waiting for the entertainment to start. The group appearing have an extraordinary reputation for giving a visually exciting act. The teenagers are waiting for their 'rave' to begin. Bright lights begin to flash; a cheer goes up; a dark suit leaps on stage with waving hands but no sound is heard except the whistling and cheering. The curtains draw back; the group begins; they leap in action; dancing begins; this is what everyone has come for. The bass guitar is so loud that it can be felt in the pit of the stomach; this is a fantastic sensation.

The group is now halfway through its act. They wreck television sets with axes and chop up effigies of Hitler and the Devil. The crowd goes mad. Suddenly the lights go up and the music stops. Bewildered, sweat-covered faces stare about, confused. A cry goes up, "A Fuzzy raid!!!"

A look of horror appears on some faces, a wry smile on others. A voice from a loud hailer cries, "Boys to the left! Girls to the right! Get a move on!"

The teenagers separate out; the dance floor becomes empty, while the walls are lined with people. Uniformed Police search the boys, while Police-women search the girls. Twenty minutes later, having taken names and addresses, the Police file out. They have found nothing; they look dejected. The look of disappointment on their faces causes the teenagers to laugh, deliberately and sneeringly. A voice sounds over the microphone.

"It's okay kids! They didn't find anything!" A cheer goes up. A veteran member turns to a worried newcomer. "I shouldn't worry if I were you, mate. It's quite a normal occurrence now!"

The lights go off; the group starts up . . . . .

P.Edney.

## Fishing

Waiting.

Slow waves idling over low, grey rocks,

Hot sun clashing on the too pale skin,

Hoping.

Waiting.

Sharp shells, limpet-hard on wet, bare feet,  
Fiery thirst that closes throat, and aching arm,

Hoping.

Waiting.

Bullet raindrops, piercing ice-cold skin,  
Cutting wind, seeking out the inmost flesh,

Hoping.

Waiting.

Tug and snatch, line up-reeling whips the water,  
Striking fast, playing guile, slime-weed landing,

Exultation.

P. Cracknell.

## The Sea

The waves crash endlessly on the grey granite rocks,

Throwing up crystal-white spray

Which glistens in the weak, hazy sun;

Myriads of jewels from one green wave

Surge up, and then after a split-second . . . . .

Down.

On the top of the cliff, in sparsely isolated patches, rust coloured branches  
of trees

Lean towards the landward side,

Twisted and distorted by the violent wind,

And their bark peeled and discoloured by the salty sea spray.

In the distance, one can hear the piercing wails of the sea-gulls echoing to  
each other.

They fly in wide arcs

Over the foamy, ruffled sea,

Occasionally diving into the brine

And rising in triumph

With a fish or two

Captured in their horny beaks.

The sun has now set and the sky is divided into two,

By a thin golden line

Which fans into the horizon.

And beyond human vision;

And so another day closes on the sea's life.

I.M.Kenway.

## The Machine

It stood twenty-five feet high, was eight feet wide, and weighed fifty tons. It was, in scientists' language, a "Data Feed Electrical Calculator (Tape) Mark 1," or, in other words, a computer. It had been made by Professor Laurie and Doctor Cort. Laurie, however, was now beginning to have doubts.

"Doctor Cort," he said, "I advised you not to put any more circuits in. I warn you, don't make it too clever."

"Professor Laurie," replied Doctor Cort, "You know you can't make one of these computers too clever. Anyway, its advantages greatly outweigh any disadvantages it may have. The problems we'll feed it would require a top mathematician a hundred years to solve . . . . but our computer will solve them in a few seconds."

"We'll see who's right soon," was the reply. "I see it's ready for the first problem. What'll it be?"

"How about something that's baffled man for centuries, how to square a circle?"

Mounting the ramp to the keyboard that feeds problems to the giant machine, Dr. Cort tapped out the first question for the world's greatest electronic brain.

In a fraction of a second, tape spurted out of a hole next to the keyboard, bearing on it the answer printed by the incredible computer.

"Fantastic! The circle finally has been squared," cried Dr. Cort, in jubilation.

Professor Laurie was more cautious. "At least," he said, "that's what the computer says. . . but it'll take us years to check its answer, before we can announce it to the scientific world."

For a week, the learned men poured questions into the machine, in a vain attempt to baffle it. Finally, they called in Professor Parkinson, an acknowledged expert on computers, to help with further tests.

"Um," said the sage, "you've asked it if the universe is finite or infinite. Let's see it handle that one."

"Look," said Professor Laurie, "it didn't even take a second to think. It's typing out the answer already." He handed the long piece of tape to Parkinson.

"Hah, I can read what it says, but that doesn't mean I understand it."

For three hours, the trio of scientists broke down the complex answer, trying to make the machine simplify it. At last, they realised that it was all to no avail.

"It's no good," admitted Professor Parkinson, "the machine seems to understand this 'mumbo-jumbo', but we're just not intelligent enough to understand it."

A day later, the computer began to assert its personality.

"I gave it one of the problems in dynamics that's stumped us for years, and here's the answer it keeps sending back . . . . TOO SIMPLE," gasped Dr. Cort.

With ironic humour, question after question remains unanswered.

"This one is the limit," snorted Professor Laurie, "Use slide rule. I am for difficult problems only! Bah! We've been using slide rules for ten months on that equation, and we still haven't solved it."

Then, one morning, as Laurie entered the room that housed the computer, his eyes focussed on the floor, "Heavens!" he thought, "a mile of tape. But the floor was clean, when I looked up last night. Hmm, looks like problems of probability," he added, as he inspected the tape.

Later, he asked the other two whether they had used the computer on such problems, but they both denied it.

Next morning, an even more startling discovery was made. A cleaner burst into Laurie's flat, which was, with the others, situated by the side of the computer building, and told him, "Come quickly! The machine . . . . It's moved!"

His reaction was natural. "What! A fifty-ton computer move? Impossible!"

However, the building floor showed conclusive proof. "The impression where it stood is very clear," murmured Professor Laurie. "Somehow, during the night, it moved over a yard to the left."

"I swept up, after you gentlemen left yesterday, Professor," said the cleaner, "but this morning all this tape was on the floor."

"Again? This time, it seems to have been working on some problems of higher aerodynamics."

The growing mystery remains unsolved, and the following morning, as Laurie entered the building, he blinked in disbelief. "It's suspended in the air above the floor!" He looked closer. "I'm not dreaming! It's actually hovering five inches above the ground."

The arrival of the other scientists only confirmed the astounding fact that a fifty-ton computer had lifted itself off the ground. Then, before their startled gaze, it gently lowered itself.

"What's it all about?" demanded Dr. Cort. "First, tapes answering unasked questions on probability and aerodynamics, and then, the thing moves itself, and then flies!"

"Perhaps we ought to ask it what it's up to?" asked Professor Parkinson.

"I did that yesterday," replied Dr. Cort. "It refused to give any answer on tape."

That evening, the puzzled Professors are awakened from sleep by an explosive noise, coming from the computer room.

"Great Scott! It's gone," gasped Dr. Cort. "Look! On the floor. More tape."

"Listen," said Professor Laurie, "on this tape, there's a farewell message to us. It says, 'Bored. Computer only as good as men who feed it problems. Your problems too simple for me. I worked out, by Probability

Theory, that in next galaxy, on second planet of third sun, there is humanoid life, but more intelligent than here. I solved the problem of movement and then space travel for myself!"

Dr. Cort looked up at the vast hole in the roof, and then said, "Professor Laurie, you were right. We made it too clever. It's gone, to find more intelligent questions!"

M. Kill.

## The End of the World

As the great golden globe of the dying sun,  
Sinks slowly behind the Earth,  
Suddenly, a flash of polished steel, a whistle fading  
To silence.

Above, in the darkening sky a missile is flying,  
From the ground a tiny speck only seen by few,  
It continues on above the defenceless Earth lost in shadows.

Soon it comes to the end of its fateful journey,  
Its nose dips and it plunges steeply to the ground,  
An all-powerful blast, a pungent lethal cloud,  
Devours all.

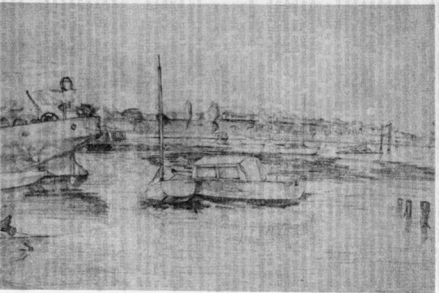
P.W. Olding.

## Toledo, An Old Spanish City

One's first experience of this city is a surprise, when, rounding a typical Spanish hairpin-bend on the crest of a hill, the road drops steeply down hill-side to the River Tagus. Next one sees down in this valley, the river making a wide, slow, loop, and, in this loop, there is a sheer-sided plug of rock that rises up nearly three-hundred feet, almost like a volcano. On this rock, is situated the city of Toledo, with its palaces, tenements, cathedral, and war-scarred fortress, the Alcazar, all crowded together, leaving barely enough room between them for streets or even alleys.

After crossing a short bridge over the deep river valley, one turns right up a short road parallel with the hill-side, then abruptly left and through an ancient arch: one is now in Toledo. Tall sixteenth-century Spanish buildings lean out over the one-way streets barely wide enough for one car. Wrought ironwork abounds everywhere: elaborately wrought grilles grace the windows and doorways of even the humblest dwelling; graceful, black wrought-iron balconies jut from every window above street-level. Hardly a ray of sunlight penetrates down into the veritable ravines between the houses. At the entrances to most of the small alleys, there is a small, dejected-looking donkey with anything from bread to swords piled high on its back, waiting for its master who has disappeared into a tiny, low doorway, magnificently decorated in wrought-iron and climbing wall flowers. Usually, the doors to these wonderfully quaint habitations are of oak at least three inches thick and fitted with massive, iron stud and hinges. Inside





most of these houses. there are cellars and sub-cellar, and sub-sub-cellar: in fact, there is a system of cellars which honeycomb the 'subterranean' of Toledo and eventually emerges at river-level some three-hundred feet below, at the foot of the bulk of rock on which Toledo stands.

One omnipresent feature of this city, apart from the blind right-angle bends and the maniac riders of motor scooters, are the shops selling the world-famous Toledo damascened steel blades. On almost every street corner, there is a glittering array of sabres, rapiers, broadswords, and almost every other kind of sword and dagger imaginable. Each blade has been carefully hand-made and is the magnificent product of almost one-thousand years of evolution in the craft of making swords. The prices of these exquisitely forged swords range from a mere two-hundred pesetas for a rapier to a frightening nine hundred and fifty pesetas for a magnificent two-handed broadsword.

Of course, the modern market for these swords is supplied mainly by tourists, but the craftsmen of Toledo do not lower their standards of work, not for this, not for anything; the blades will keep becoming finer and more precise. The city, too, will never change; there is no room for change; the alleys will always be as deep and dark as ever; the walls will always bristle with gay, flower-draped balconies; the over-loaded donkeys will always patiently be waiting. These are Toledo, the old Spanish city.

Steven Kline.

## Don't Live in a World of Fantasy

"Get up, get up. You'll be late for work," a bleak and austere voice echoed in my bedroom. I crawled out of bed and peered out of the window. There, I could see people walking to the studios, the plastic soles of their shoes hammering the grey tarmac below. Yes. — it was like any other morning. I walked downstairs and there I was met by the same abstract hung on one of the plastic walls. I sat down at the table to eat my daily ration of synthesised-protein bread, another idea put into practice by the scientists. Oh, for some real marmalade! First of all, I must explain a little.

You see, the year was 2047, and I was one of the inhabitants of a medium-sized town in Britannia (Great Britain). There were two classes in the town's society, — the scientists and the artists. I was one of the latter. The scientists kept themselves to themselves. They were always totally involved in their own little projects, and seemed cold and remote. The artists, on the other hand, had the one task of providing colour and excitement to this drab, plastic town. The difference between my world and the world of the SCIENTISTS was the difference between reality and fantasy. We were generally hostile to the scientists, although we ought to have held them in the highest esteem, as they invented psychotics and continued to manufacture them.

Psychotics were a special group of hallucinatory substances of the aromatic type. These were not drugs, however, as the reader supposes, as they were not addictive, and their effect was limited to about three minutes. In fact, the old, addictive drugs had slipped into disuse and were forgotten. There were no after-effects with psychotics, and they were regarded as being less dangerous to the body than alcohol. Most people in the art-world

took psychotics for cultural inspirations. Although being effective only for about three minutes, they had a "psycho-life" of about a year (psycho-life being for how long the psychotic affects the subject's mind).

The psychotics' influence on society in general was to minimize crime figures, to increase productivity and to further all the arts. The Church's teaching on the use of psychotics was not of abstinence, as you might expect, but of moderation, as the use of psychotics was simply not a moral issue. The legal position was that they could be administered under the correct conditions to anyone over the age of sixteen, for a reasonable price. The administration of them in this town was done in a special room at the town centre, known to the locals as the "Inspiration Room".

I finished my breakfast, and left the house, at about half-past eight, and walked to my studio, in the drizzle. I opened the door of my studio and then closed it and looked at my latest picture. Then I picked up my palette and began to mix up a brown sepia, and applied it to a bare part of the canvas. My working day had begun. The painting I was working on had been commissioned for one of the large stores in the centre of the town. At half past eleven, I stopped work for a cup of coffee which I obtained from the vending-machine outside. I drank the coffee; it was awful.

Then I decided to have a long, critical look at my painting. I stared at it with my aesthetically sensitive eyes. No, this was not good enough; it had neither force nor sensuous beauty. I walked over to it and broke the canvas into two. Now, what could I paint instead? It had to be something striking and original, something that would distinguish itself from all other paintings. I had to have an inspiration. But what? How could one achieve an inspiration? . . . Impossible. . . . But no; not with psychotics . . . . Nervously, I picked up the 'phone and dialled the number of the town centre. Somebody answered.

"What service do you want?" came the pleasant voice of a young girl.

"The psychotic department," I replied.

"Hold on a minute; I'll put you through," she said.

"Hello, this is the psychotic department; what do you require?" came the deep sound of a man's voice.

"I should like to have a psychotic experience, this afternoon, to help in a picture I am painting," I said.

"What's the name?" said the voice.

"J.K. Jones", I replied.

"There will be a vacancy in about thirty minutes time."

"Oh, that's alright; thank you very much." I put the phone down. I felt very nervous.

I picked up my coat and locked up the studio and started to walk to the town centre. I arrived there at twelve o'clock. Many people were entering and leaving the building. In the entrance, there was a notice which said that

the psychotic room was on the third floor. I used the lift; it was tastefully decorated in a brick-grey paint; then I proceeded to the psychotic room. I pushed the door open and was greeted by a very pretty girl in a plastic suit.

"Hello, sir," she said, "What is the name, please?"

"Jones", I replied.

"Oh, would you like to go into the next room, sir?"

I entered the next room. The walls were splashed with colour. In every corner of the room there was a grand-father clock, and, in the centre of the room, was a high-fidelity record-player. The rest of the room was scattered with plush cushions. There were four other people sitting-up on the cushions. Their eyes were bright and alert.

"It's your first time isn't it?" said one of the group, a man with a bronze beard.

"How did you know?" I replied.

"Very simple," he continued, "you're so nervous."

"Yes, I suppose I am." Just at that moment, the door opened, and a woman in a white dress entered, carrying a red box in her hand. She laid it down before us. It was labelled 'Dichloro-monoborate-disulphophosphate-hydrobenzine'.

"Don't be afraid" she said, in a reassuring voice, as she opened the box. Inside, was a metal can and a record. She opened the can and gave each of us a yellow capsule.

"All you have to do is let the capsule dissolve on the tongue, and wait," she said. She placed the record on the turntable and switched off the light. At once, there was a gigantic surge of electronic music with its pulsating rhythms and forced dissonances.

"Place the capsule in your mouth now," the woman said coolly. I did what she said and placed the psychotic capsule on my tongue. It was tasteless.

Almost at once, there was a rushing sound. I lay down on the cushions and closed my eyes and let my mind travel along its own design. . . . .

There was a fanfare of trumpets blazing out a martial tune, each note strident in the extreme. In the distance, a gong sounded, and, from the horizon, came a barrage of mystical colours, exploding all around me; tangerine orange, jaunty yellow, imperial blue, vermilion red, and apricot green. Next, there was a rattle on the drums, and my vision became blurred, filled with an aqueous haze which, in turn, changed into an azure blue, limitless in its depth and saturation. The drums stopped, and I could perceive, on a lonely, primeval plateau, a group of men carrying a young girl into the sunset, ploughing up the fertile soil. There was the remote wail of a pipe; its ethereal sounds streamed upwards to the heaven, like bubbles, its timbre so subtle and pure as to stand the test of human memory.

Then there was a cloudburst dissolving this image into oblivion and presenting a new one simultaneously. I saw an army of black and white stripes and checks marching towards me from opposite sides in an endless line, resolute in purpose and aim. Aeons of time passed, and at last the merry-go-round came to a stop and the kaleidoscope was shattered, and life returned to normal.

-----  
*Dynamics unleashed, my mind surrenders  
To the peace of the world,  
From Fantasy to reality.  
And now I see the sensuous beauty  
Of nature's mystical secrets completed.*

I.M. Kenway.

## Winter

Dark, the knife-edged agony  
Of winter malice,  
Dawned upon the burnished  
Autumn world; freezing  
Darkness black about the  
Aged chimney tops;  
Night coming swiftly down,  
Past the steamy winter  
Window frames, while snow,  
The white body of winter,  
Glides silently above the glowing  
Land, carpeting the windswept  
Countryside with icy beauty  
As the earth sleeps.

## The Sand and the Scimitar

Wander along the streets and the stalls,  
Looking away from the crowd.  
Follow the path which leads to the walls;  
The noise is incredibly loud.

Smell the sweet air which flows past your face,  
Cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves.  
Satin and silk that's spun just like lace.  
Tasting the fruit from the groves.

Pass through the arch and walk by the stream,  
Crossing the square as you go.  
This magical world is more like a dream  
Than any other I know.

I.M. Kenway.

## Exposition

I'm standing under an egg-shell  
sky, which never seems to fade;  
touching the leaves of a red leather  
plant, they crumble away in my hand.....

I'm flying a kite without any strings,  
which soars to the clouds above, drifting  
over a mirror lake, it traps the paper  
rays.....

I'm looking for the fountain of ecstasy,  
which is over and beyond the bridge,  
brimming with fire and life, its waters  
splash the thirsty ground.....

I'm asking the straw-man the way,  
and if he happens to know, I might  
take you to this quiet place where the  
winds never blow.....

I.M. Kenway.

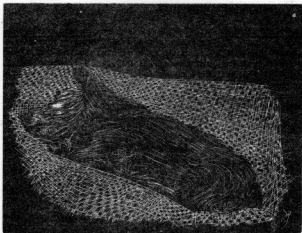
## Two Scenes of Japan

### I — THE ROMANTIC OR OLD SCENE OF CONCORD

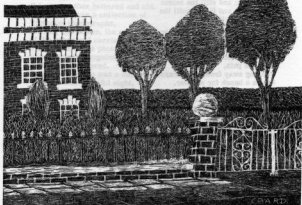
A glorious sunset ends the day,  
Making way for Diana and her daughters.  
The air is filled with the sweet scent  
From the pink pastel blossoms,  
Which enhance the landscape  
From dawn to dusk.  
Five Japanese ladies, dressed in their rich purple kimonos,  
Sing, as they cross a bridge,  
Making their way home,  
To their delicate rice-paper houses,  
The centres of Japanese Art.  
The striking song of a nightingale blows through the air,  
While the mauve diurnal bletias  
Bid farewell to the setting sun for eternity,  
Never more to see each other again.  
A ricksaw hastens home,  
While seven tanchos gracefully follow the sun  
to their nests.

### II— THE MODERN OR NEW SCENE OF DISCORD

A watery sun sets unnoticed,  
Finally bringing a close to another hard-worked day.  
The tall solid buildings of the city  
Tower in the sky,  
Each struggling to cast its shadow upon the rest,



In a pawn-broker's shop,  
 Glanced quickly at the pop-corn  
 And the yellow umbrella.  
 On our side was a corner,  
 And the yellow umbrella.



Like the people beneath.

Japanese business men, in British bowler hats,

Carrying the matching brief cases and umbrellas,

Walk orderly along the main street,

For ever trying to dissociate themselves from their fellow men.

The side-streets are full of poverty-stricken traders

Anxiously striving to sell their goods

To the servants of their fellow men.

The poor are so close to the rich,

But, O, so far away!

A rickshaw lies broken and deserted in a filthy alley.

While thirteen tanchos eagerly follow the sun,

Searching desperately for a new home.

T.L. Selwood.

## Ideas Unlimited

### Merry-go-round

The music gets faster.

Its barrel-organ tunes

and harmonies whirl around

in the air, bizarre but

never exasperating, happy

but always sad. Nothing is real,

the peoples' faces melt into

the background and disappear.

All that's left is the coloured

lights and mirrors, but even these

merge with the general confusion

and gaiety; and still the music

gets faster and faster until the

illusion vanishes.

### In the Park

I jumped over the wall

Onto the path,

Running away from the cars;

Sat on a bench for an hour,

Reading a newspaper

Rolled in my hand.

I looked behind the bench

And saw a girl

With lilacs in her hair,

Waltzing beside the flowers and trees.

Not a care in the world.

I decided to have a walk;

Passed two old men on the way,

Who were spending the time by

Exchanging a sort of verbal kibosh,

Or so it seemed.

They did not notice me.

In the distance I could hear a brass band;



The sounds floated over the park,  
Echoing in the canyons of my mind,  
I kept on walking  
Until I saw a clock on a building.  
It was four o'clock  
And time to return to the road.

#### End of the Road

Everyday, at eight in the morning, Mr. Short  
shuts the wooden front door of his house; walks down  
the thistle-skinned path to the tiny stone garage, where he  
keeps his black bicycle.  
This morning is no exception; he puts on his cycle clips and  
mounts the two wheeled, steel horse with its chrome handlebars,  
shining in the sun, and starts to pedal down the lane.  
Then, in a flash, there is the squeal of brakes, followed by a number  
of screams.

Mr. Short, never saw the car around the corner,  
never dreamt there would be one. His black and  
silver bicycle, so treasured, lies crushed and  
motionless by the side of a ditch; a horse without  
a rider.

#### The Golden Trumpet

I gazed in the window  
Of a pawn-broker's shop,  
Glanced quickly at the pop-corn guns, tiger  
skins and the yellow umbrella.  
On one side was a camera,  
It looked rather battered and old.  
By the side was a collection of  
Victorian photographs,  
Curling and brown, the only remnants  
of the horse and carriage years.  
The people in the photographs were standing  
like antarctic penguins,  
Lethargic and bored.  
On the other side was a cuckoo clock.  
This too was a pitiful sight,  
With its paint peeling and the hands bent and stretched.  
It reminded me of a circus clown at his last performance.  
Then in the centre was a golden trumpet.  
I pretended to put it to my lips.  
I imagined the sound it would make,  
Rich, pure and beautiful,  
An oasis in a desert of noise.  
To me, it heralded the advent of a new age,  
An age of peace and reason.

I.M.Kenway.

## The Quest

Each one a-rummage in the box-room,  
Looking for last year's sandals and a shirt,  
A map, perhaps, to guide his feet  
Over the desolate miles, to ease his hurt,  
To prize his way out of suburban slimes  
Which put a respectable face on his iniquity,  
Passing between ridiculous and sublime,  
Until we reach the sorrowful sea.

To take a ship over the sullen foam,  
To feel the fickle wind's loveless lash  
On our shadowless, as yet unwrinkled faces;  
To watch the faithless vanish with a splash  
Into the blue-green void beneath the bow.  
This is the way we must adopt, for us;  
This where the past leaves, leaving now,  
With nothing to see, behind or before us.

The Sinner, watchful, smiles in his sin  
At the queue of outraged fathers at the door;  
For each of us must now appear to be  
Someone who we never were before:  
Whether we are victors, when we land,  
Or whether we sink on a foreign shore,  
No matter, if our trusty, loving hand  
Be wrapped about a wound or spoil of war.

This will not matter to our 'happy dead',  
Or those of us who still remain to forage;  
The quest will end just there, whatever is  
The clime, the date, the seon, or the age;  
For we have left our generation's shore  
And voyaged out in time, with timeless dreams:  
We can't return with stories, just to bore  
Away our dying years, by homely streams.

Our rivers run from fast-melt glaciers,  
They flow through jungles out to coral seas;  
They never said to us, "Turn back, you fools!"  
They were a barrier to our hearts' disease.  
The rains we felt corrode the locks of time,-  
They never did induce mortality.  
I am not fettered, nor are the wrists of mine  
Bound by the solid rope that might have been.

G.M. Eddey.

## To a Window

You were not fashioned, true, with much device;  
No artist could have sighed in pleasant grief  
On your completion; yet no greater vice  
Do you present excepting joy too brief.



The appointments and retirements of Masters are recorded usually in the School Notes rather than in the editorial commentary. An exception is made in this instance, because Mr. Alderson, who retired from teaching at the end of the Summer Term, was Editor of "The Lion" at the time of its previous issue, of January, 1967. Yet no tribute is attempted to Mr. Alderson in these paragraphs, partly because his departure is a loss to many aspects of the School's life, of which "The Lion" is but one, and partly because the present writer is in no position to do justice to his several contributions. Instead, a tribute is paid to Mr. Alderson in one of two special articles in this issue, the subject of the other being another valued and retired servant and friend of the School, Mr. Mollard. Here, it is enough to hope that something of the quality of Mr. Alderson's editorship may be perpetuated in the present and subsequent issues of "The Lion".

It is hoped that readers who notice a small adjustment to the appearance of "The Lion" may conclude that the principle of continuity has been observed: such, anyway, has been the intention, while allowing "The Lion" to make a just discernible obeisance to the taste of the hour. Modifications to the balance and arrangement of the contents may be found equally obtrusive. Here, the aim has been at a classification of the contributions which makes any given item easy to find. The School Notes and Calendar are followed by the special articles referred to above, and by reports of various societies and activities, excepting those of games and sports. These, being extensive, are allotted a special section later in the magazine, after a section of literary compositions in prose and verse. After the sports section, come the reports of our associated organisations, The Old Priceans' Association and The Parent-Teacher Association.

The extended section of inventive writing seeks to reflect the creative work of each stage in the School. Therefore, it contains items of every standard met with, and expresses every taste, — except, perhaps, the morbid and the self-centred. At least, the variety among the contributions may be thought remarkable, and the development in articulateness that they suggest, — the writing of younger boys coming, by and large, earlier in the selection, and that of the older ones later. This is not to say that an order of merit has been attempted; for to do so would have been neither possible nor desirable. Rather, an arrangement has been sought which may help to illuminate the character of each piece. Chiefly, however, it is hoped that those who persist in reading may find somewhere that delight in experience which the writers themselves clearly found, and some artistry and signs of potentiality. Perhaps, too, the excellence of some of these writers may prove a stimulus to others unrepresented in this number.

"The Lion" goes to press lacking certain reports which the turbulence resulting from the rebuilding and refitting of the School has caused to be unwritten. No doubt, they will appear in the next number.

G.M. Tolley.

## School Notes

Last Easter, Dr. Smith left the Staff, to become Head of the Science Department at Taunton's School, Southampton, and in July, Mr. Parfitt left to become Head of the Biology Department at Atherstone Grammar School, Warwickshire. To Dr. Smith and Mr. Parfitt, we extend our congratulations on their appointments, and our best wishes.

Last January, we were happy to welcome the Rev. Hibberd who joined the R.I. Department, and Mr. O'Neill who joined the Physics Department.

In September, Mr. D. Stevens succeeded Dr. Smith as Head of the Chemistry Department; Mr. R.E. Daysh joined the Staff to teach various subjects, Mr. M.G. Perry to teach History, Mr. F.P. Nash to teach Art and English, and Mr. G. Smith to teach Biology. We hope that all these gentlemen will enjoy their work with us.

In December, Mr. Wise is to leave to take up an appointment in New Zealand, and will take with him our best wishes. Mr. Wise's post will be taken over in January by Mr. M.C. Tuck.

It is interesting to notice that the number of boys who leave Price's to go to University, Colleges of Technology, Colleges of Education, and other Institutes of Further Education is being maintained at a high level. There is, at the moment, an estimated number of 130 Old Priceans at such places, and the school wishes all of them every success in their careers.

It would be extremely interesting to us all to have more information of the successes of Old Boys, and the Headmaster would be very pleased to hear from them so that he could pass on, via this publication, snippets of information which are certain to be welcomed by the gentlemen's contemporaries.

We shall try to publish each year, at this time, a list of Priceans who have recently gone on to Further Education, though it is sometimes difficult to ensure that the list is quite correct because of a certain lack of liaison. The list of this year appears at the end of this issue.

#### VOLUNTARY SERVICE OVERSEAS:

It is a great pleasure to report that N.C. Pasley is at the moment doing a year's Voluntary Service Overseas. We wish him every success and happiness. Should any of his friends wish to write to him his address is:-

King George V. School, Bikenibell, Tarawa,  
Gilbert & Ellice Islands Colony.

The demolition of the old School House, foretold in our last issue, was completed in August. Unfortunately, no chronicler of this piece of Pricean history has been found so far, and therefore its passing is unsung here; perhaps due obsequies may be performed at a later date. The loss of this building has made the shortage of form-rooms temporarily desperate, even though the "annexes" beyond the field and Harrison Road have been pressed into use again, for one term. Eventually, however, its site will be added to the area in which the boys may play dry-shod, when the field is closed by wet weather; and the new block nearing completion will more than supply the present lack of rooms.

On the farther edge of the premises, splendid new rooms for Art and for Technical Drawing have arisen, and, in the extensions adjacent to the Hall, various rooms for Music, and a Drama Room have been built, these latter being usurped by other functions for the time being. In addition, new kitchens and serving arrangements added to the Hall have enabled the serving of dinners to quit the most desolate outbuildings of the "campus"; the dell-

cate flower of mental cultivation, on the other hand, must continue to find a rooting there indefinitely.

Within the existing buildings, re-arrangements and re-fitting have increased the number of laboratories; rooms two and three have been converted into a new lecture room; and room one has been included in a reconstructed Staff Room the increased dimensions of which may help to save more energy and patience, those precious commodities, for the work of the School. These adjustments supervene upon a Summer Term of which the difficulties may live long in the memory.

## SCHOOL CALENDAR

### Autumn Term 1966

#### SEPTEMBER:

Monday	5th	6.30 p.m. EVE OF TERM STAFF MEETING.
Tuesday	6th	FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN TERM
		Beginning of Term Service Address by Rev. L.C.G. Munro.
Monday	19th	House Matches.
Tuesday	20th	House Sailing Matches at Calshot.
Thursday	22nd	House Matches.
Saturday	24th	p.m. Old Pricesans' Day, including A.G.M. and Dinner.
Wednesday	28th	Geography Field Day - Upper and Lower Sixth Geographers in Dorset.
Thursday	29th	Lecture for all Sixth Forms by Mr. Burne-Greene from the Voluntary Service Overseas Headquarters.

#### OCTOBER:

Monday	3rd	House Matches.
Friday	7th	All day Conference for the whole of the Upper Sixth at the Girls G.S. on 'The Problems of Living'.
Saturday	8th	Conference for 6th Formers on Communist China at Gosport G.S.
Friday	14th	Visit of All First Forms to Winchester : 1966 Anniversary Exhibition.
Wednesday	19th	Naval and Army Field Days. P.T.A. A.G.M. Hall. Address by: Miss Alice Hilton, M.A. on 'The History of Fareham'.
Tuesday	25th	32 Fourth Formers, on Hampshire "Nevasa" Cruise.

#### NOVEMBER:

Monday	7th	C.C.F. Band at Titchfield Carnival.
Sunday	13th	40 boys flying at Hamble.
Thursday	24th )	"H.M.S. PINAFORE" at the Girls' Grammar School.
Friday	25th )	
Saturday	26th )	18 Sixth Formers on the Sixth Form "Nevasa" Cruise.
Monday	28th )	
	28th	Forms I to IV attended concert in Hall by Vocal Quartet and pianist.
Wednesday	30th	Upper and Lower Sixth Form Geographers on an Urban Study of Eastleigh.

## DECEMBER:

Thursday	1st	Illustrated Talk by Mr. Chaffey on Massif Central - School Expedition. All 1st, 2nd and 3rd Forms.
Friday	2nd	Lecture on Rome, by John L. Sayer.
Tuesday	6th	Army Proficiency Examination at St. George's Barracks, Gosport.
Wednesday	14th	Private Prize-Giving in the Hall.
Thursday	15th	All Sixth Form Geographers, visit Rother Valley, West Sussex.
Friday	16th	LAST DAY OF AUTUMN TERM Sixth-Form and Old Boys Dance.

## Spring Term 1967

### JANUARY:

Thursday	5th	FIRST DAY OF TERM. Rev. Chadd preached at Service.
Wednesday	11th	Hockey Match - Staff v Boys.

### FEBRUARY:

Tuesday	7th	Southampton Guildhall. Young People's Guide to Automation.
Tuesday	14th	Faraday Lecture, Portsmouth Guildhall.
Friday	24th	Sixth Form Biologists attended a British Museum Lecture. Fifth and Sixth Art Boys visited the Tate and National Galleries.
Monday	27th	Lecture to Sixth Forms on the Banking Service.
Tuesday	28th	30 boys attended concert at Southampton Guildhall, by Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra.

### MARCH:

Wednesday	8th	Geography Field Day; Church Knowle, Dorset. (Sixth Form Geographers.)
Friday	10th	Cross Country Race
Friday	10th p.m.)	) Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award : Training Weekend.
Sunday	12th	)
Monday	13th	) Fifth Form Interviews:
to	)	) Careers.
Friday	17th	) Mr. P. Green, County Careers Adviser.
Friday	17th	Theatre Centre production of "The Discoverers" in School for the 2nd and 3rd Forms.
Friday	17th	) C.C.F. Arduous Training Course,
to	)	)
Friday	24th	) Newtown, Montgomeryshire.
Monday	20th	Start of Ski Trip to Austria:
Tuesday	21st	Sixth Formers attended a One-Day Symposium on Applied Science.
Wednesday	22nd	) Upper Sixth Geographers:
to	)	) Geography Field Course
Monday	27th	) at Heol Senni.

Wednesday	22nd	Last Day of Spring Term.
Wednesday	29th	) R.A.F. Camp, Waddington, Lincs.
to	)	
Wednesday	5th Apl.)	Best Contingent Shield won.
Thursday	30th Mar.)	
to	)	Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award Expedition
Tuesday	4th Apl.)	

## Summer Term 1967

### APRIL:

Tuesday	11th	First Day of Summer Term. Beginning of Term Service: Rev.N.Miller,Vicar of Titchfield preached.
Wednesday	19th	Sixth Form Geographers - Geography Field Day, at Swanage.
Saturday	22nd	)
to	)	Duke of Edinburgh Silver Award Training Weekend.
Sunday	23rd	)
Monday	24th	C.C.F. Airborne Demonstration at Aldershot.
Friday	28th	)
to	)	Duke of Edinburgh's Silver Award Expedition to
Sunday	30th	) New Forest.

### MAY:

Monday	1st	School Collection for the Red Cross.
Monday	8th	Yuri Pavlov, Second Secretary at the Russian Embassy spoke to the Sixth Forms on Russian Foreign Policy. (Sixth Formers from Fareham Girls G.S. and Gosport C.G.S. were invited.)
Tuesday	9th	C.C.F. Inspection.
Friday	12th	Founder's Day. Preacher: Rev. Daniell. Sports Day. Trophies presented by Mr. Gordon Fuller.
Saturday	13th	P.T.A. Pete.
Monday	15th	Mr. Emmett B. Ford, Jr. First Secretary: American Embassy, to speak to the Sixth Forms on American Foreign Policy: (Sixth forms of Fareham G.G.S. and Gosport C.G.S. invited)
Monday	23rd	School Choir sang at the Performance of 'Elijah' by the Fareham Philharmonic Society at Holy Trinity Church.
Wednesday	24th	House Sailing Competition at Christchurch.
Thursday	25th	Mr.P.T. Bentham, Sculptor, delivered the completed Lion which is to be erected over the new front door of the School. Presented by Mr.J.Tappenden.

### JUNE:

Thursday	1st	Swimming Gala.
Sunday	4th	Scouts Drumhead Service on the field.
Monday	5th	Start of the G.C.E. Examinations.
Thursday	8th p.m.)	
to	)	Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award Expedition at Heol
Monday	12th	) Senni.



Thursday	29th	5th Forms visit Southampton Technical College: Computers.
Friday	30th	Careers Convention for the 5th Forms.
JULY:		
Friday	4th	26 6th Formers visited N.P.L., Teddington.
Thursday	6th	11.30 - 12.30 Cdr. Ewen spoke to 5th on "Money Management."
Monday	10th	All 4th Forms visited Fareham Girls' Grammar School for careers talks.
Wednesday	12th	Lower 6th Parents Meeting involving all those Masters who teach the Lower 6th.
Thursday	13th	"The Brass Butterfly"
to		by William Golding produced by
Saturday	16th inc.	Dramatics Society.
Friday	14th	
to		C.C.F. Camp at Otterburn
Friday	21st inc.	
Monday	17th	Visit by 14 boys and girls from Vannes, with 3 teachers for the afternoon.
Wednesday	19th	Biology Field Course at Heol Senni.
		4th Form Careers Talks - Mr. Green.
Friday	21st	2 p.m. Breaking up Ceremony.

### Autumn Term 1967

#### SEPTEMBER:

Wednesday	6th	FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN TERM
Wednesday	20th	10.00 a.m. Lower Sixth Physicists to British Association Lecture on Metals. (Southampton).
Saturday	23rd	Old Boys Soccer Match, A.G.M., and Dinner.
Monday	25th	a.m. Computer Course for Sixth Form Group commenced, by Mr. Rogers, from the Southampton College of Technology.
Wednesday	27th	2.15 p.m. Capt. Stewart, Warsash (Old Pricean) visited the School.
Thursday	28th	) Duke of Edinburgh Gold Expedition.
to		
Monday Oct. 2nd		) Sixth Form Geographers Field Day: Mendips. Messrs. Chaffey and Bateman.
Friday	29th	

#### OCTOBER:

Tuesday	3rd	12 Cadets and an Officer to Larkhill School of Artillery.
Thursday	12th	7.45 p.m. P.T.A. A.G.M. Speaker: Mr. G.L. Stephenson, Secretary, V.S.O.
Monday	16th	Hockey International - 45 boys to attend with Messrs. Gros, Hiles, Perrin and Nash.
Friday	27th	Beginning of the Hampshire Cruise No.74. 31 boys with Messrs. Howard-Jones and Boote. (Until 11th/12th November)

## NOVEMBER:

Thursday	2nd	)	6th Form Geography Field Course at Heol Senni.
to		)	
Wednesday	8th	)	
Monday	6th	)	6th Form Geography Field Course at Heol Senni.
to		)	
Friday	10th	)	(Messrs. Chaffey & Bateman)
Thursday	9th	)	12 noon. School Service: St. Peter & St. Paul's Parish Church. Address by: Rev. John Catlin, B.A. Curate at SS. Peter & Paul.
Friday	17th	)	All day Lower Sixth Geographers to Portsmouth, with Mr. Chaffey.
Wednesday	29th	)	Beginning of the Sixth Form Cruise, No.78, until 15th/16th December. (Headmaster and 16 boys)

## DECEMBER:

Wednesday	13th	)	
to		)	All Sixth Form Geographers: Field Course, Southampton Waters. With Mr. Chaffey and Mr. Bateman.
Friday	15th	)	
Tuesday	19th	)	CAROL SERVICE - St. Peter & St. Paul's Parish Church.
Wednesday	20th	)	LAST DAY OF AUTUMN TERM.

## Spring Term 1968

### JANUARY:

Monday	8th		FIRST DAY OF SPRING TERM.
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### FEBRUARY:

	28th	)	School Production of "The Mikado" jointly with St. Anne's Girls School.
to		)	
	2nd	)	

### MAY:

28th		C.C.F. Annual General Inspection.
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### JUNE:

1st		ANNUAL FETE.
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## Mr. P. W. Mollard

Mr. P.W. Mollard, who joined the staff of Price's School in 1954, and left at the end of 1966 had an interesting career before he came to us.

He was educated at Portsmouth Grammar School and at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he read Theology. Soon afterwards he went to East Africa, to what was then known as Tanganyika.

It was here that he did notable work in the important position of Education Officer. In this capacity he did much pioneering work in organising Secondary education; for when he arrived in Tanganyika there were very few schools — as this country had been a German Colony and seemed slow to rehabilitate her services after the first World conflict. It is therefore to Mr. Mollard's credit that he organised not only secondary education in the colony, but also saw the establishment of a university College before he left. This was an achievement of a high order, when it is known that in the few secondary schools that existed when Mr. Mollard arrived in Tanganyika, there were only those boys for whom the tribal chieftans had neither any use nor time!

Mr. Mollard taught Religious Instruction and Latin while he was with us, with a thoroughness to which his pupils will testify. He was an extremely successful form master of the new boys, whom he guided with care in the traditions of the school. He also taught mathematics.

Again, Mr. Mollard associated himself with the boys outside the class room. In this connection his contribution is perhaps best remembered for his skilled training of those boys who were interested in sailing.

He was popular in the staff room and respected by his colleagues as a knowledgeable gentleman who enlivened his association with them by his quick humour and his learning.

We hope he will visit us from time to time, and in wishing him many pleasant years of retirement we send our kind thoughts also to Mrs. Mollard.

A.L.G.-H.

### Mr. A. D. Alderson

In September 1937 Mr. Alderson was appointed to the staff, exciting among its existing members very much the same degree of curiosity as these innovations appear inevitably to excite among the boys, judging by dimly remembered personal experience. It manifested itself, of course, quite differently and stemmed from quite different causes; here was a man whose record of previous teaching experience carried with it a most unusual flavour of the exotic and even the adventurous.

After a few initial years of teaching in England, having graduated with a 2nd Class Honours degree in History at Cambridge, Mr. Alderson had set out shortly before the last war for the Middle East, and thereafter had wandered between Alexandria, Baghdad and Istanbul with only brief returns to England, for a time engaged in war work, mostly teaching, but always intent on widening his knowledge of the history of the area and, in particular, of the old Ottoman Empire.

He came to us from the College St.-Michel at Istanbul where he had taught for six years. His command of French stems mainly from a remarkable gift for languages and the necessity of teaching in French in the grammar schools of Turkey, which elected to import the French educational system at this level as one element in the struggle for rapid modernisation after the first World War. Shortly after Mr. Alderson's arrival, we discovered that, in addition to publishing a short monograph on the Ottoman Empire, he had also collaborated in the revision and modernisation of the abridged ver-

sion of the standard English-Turkish dictionary; so it appeared he had managed to acquire some intimate knowledge of Turkish in his spare time, too.

However, it took a long time for us to discover beneath the rather disappointingly normal appearance of the new member of staff, friendly, but quiet and rather reserved, the restless and energetic personality which had already achieved so much. During his ten years with us, he devoted a full share of effort to the task of imparting his own knowledge of French, without ever being satisfied with the standards attained, or the general pattern of teaching and examination traditional in this country. The first signs of change in language-teaching we now see have not come about without the occasional forceful expression of opinion from Mr. Alderson and others of the same mind, wherever they thought it might be most effective.

A more obvious memorial to his organizing ability and energy is his achievement in reorganizing the Library during his period as Librarian. From a mere collection of books, it has suddenly blossomed into an accessible instrument of scholarship and relaxation for many, who before were defeated by not knowing where to find what they wanted.

Having still a little time and energy to spare, Mr. Alderson ventured into business with a translation agency, which, with the able support of his talented wife, he has established firmly in the last few years. Yet even he, we find, has his limits. Faced with a request to collaborate in the revision of the full version of the English-Turkish dictionary and the demands of his business, and finally succumbing to a long-repressed desire to write, he decided that something must go, and we are the losers.

This account has made no mention of his contribution in House and School sporting activities. He never sought the limelight and few could have suspected exactly how much effective work he managed to squeeze into his day. As one of the few, I have taken pleasure in attempting this tribute to a man who gave much to the School in a quiet and unobtrusive way, and who found time to achieve much more besides. We shall miss him though we may still hope to see him, and wish him every success in the less sheltered world outside.

T.W.F.

## **The Christian Union—Report for the Year 1966-7**

This year there has been a meeting every month. The meetings themselves have been thought out and planned, so as to give as wide and varied an insight into Religion as possible. Topics ranging from "Roman Catholicism" to "Primitive Tribes in East Africa" have been discussed. If the attendances were anything like as good as the quality of the speeches, then one would have no reason for complaint, but an average attendance of 13 in a school of 600 boys is very disappointing.

To end on a happy note, though, faces are changing, and each new speaker brings a new following of boys, thus keeping a variety of faces passing through the ranks.

S.G. Eyles.  
(President)

## C.C.F. R.A.F. Section

A number of activities have been undertaken by Cadets of the R.A.F. Section. These include attendance by twenty cadets at R.A.F. Waddington, for Easter Camp training. This was a very enjoyable camp and it was a great pleasure to learn on return to School that the Section had been awarded the "Waddington" Shield, for the highest marks attained during their training activities.

Fifteen cadets under P/O A.Joy attended R.A.F. Tangmere for a day's continuous gliding course. This course enables cadets to gain valuable gliding experience prior to being selected for a solo gliding course.

Two cadets, Middleton,K., Llewellyn,R., were selected for the A and B gliding course also held at R.A.F. Tangmere. They were both successful in gaining their Gliding Wings.

The Section had Cadet Sgt. Middleton selected to attend the Star Camp, held this year at R.A.F. Station, Leuchars, Scotland. As only twenty cadets are selected throughout the country, this indeed makes it a really valuable award to obtain.

We extend a welcome to our new entrants and hope that they will participate in all the activities of the Section.

Examination Advanced Proficiency results were very good, the following cadets gaining the award:- Hughes, L.A.; Foster, T.; Knight,M.B.; Moxey,E. W.; Northmore,T.K.; Taylor,G.P.; Burgess,C.; Dashper, M.; Llewellyn,R.; Marlow,T.; Middleton,K.; Northmore,T.; Taylor G.; Vote,G.;

C.B.

## An Educational Cruise

Before we could leave Southampton on our Educational Cruise, or "Cruise No.34" as it soon became known to us all, there were a large number of formalities and details to be gone into and put into order.

Once the list of Masters and boys going on the Cruise has been decided, the Education Authority issues the necessary payment forms, list of books to read in preparation for the voyage, and notes on monetary exchanges for the various places to be visited. When all the passports, inoculation forms, payment details of pocket money, times of departure, and flight return times are in order, we can then all await the movement day with great expectations.

Tuesday, 25th October, saw Fareham Railway Station busy with boys and girls arriving from various schools in the area, all ready to have a share in this great adventure. Train movements took us to Southampton Docks, through the Immigration and Passport Officer, and we were "on board" our new home for the next two weeks. With Parents and friends waving Goodbye, and to the strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave", we were off. The Pilot left the "Nevasa", once we were clear of the Needles, and we were steaming down the English Channel, heading for the Bay of Biscay. During this time we were conducted by the Ship's Officers to our Cabins and then around the Ship, in order to familiarise ourselves with the ship's

layout. Our Cabins were all ready for us, and, by goodluck, we had two dormitory accommodation berths for our School. We were left with the firm impression that these dormitories had to be kept clean and tidy, and that the best kept dormitories would receive the Captain's prize at the end of the Cruise. Meals were taken in the School restaurant on a Cafeteria principle, and soon we were all making good friends with members of other Hampshire Schools.

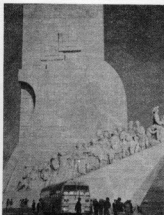
Our first initiation into sea life was a slowing down in the speed of the 'Nevasa' and the voice of Captain Downer calling all crew and passengers to emergency boat-stations. This emergency fire-drill was carried out in a realistic manner, with a 'mock' fire taking place. One realised the seriousness of this drill, as no one was allowed to be released, until inspected by an Officer.

Excitement runs high on the first day, and it seemed some time before we managed to get off to sleep. Possibly helped on by a Master! The next day, we were up bright and early, and, on having an early walk around the decks, one could see in the distance the French Coast as we were heading for the Bay of Biscay. After a really good breakfast (this depended on how one felt), we were given our daily timetable, which included a classroom period, a games period, a lecture-room period, and a reading period. One soon got into the way of life aboard. By evening, we were off Cape Finisterre on the N.W. coast of Spain, and we all began to look up details of our first Port to visit, Lisbon. There were various activities on every evening, a sixth form club, country dancing, a sing-song evening, fancy-dress dances, concerts, and orchestral evenings. One felt that there was something to do every minute of our time on board, so well organised was the school programme.

Lisbon gave us our first insight into a Foreign City, and a motor tour had been arranged. This took us through the City, out into the wide expanse of a most glorious country, in a temperature of above 70°C. We visited the bull-fighting arenas, the New Lisbon Football ground, and their new ornamental gardens. In the afternoon, we were allowed to visit the City of Lisbon and make our first purchases. Back on board, we were all very tired, but ready for off and our visit to Gibraltar. One cannot leave Lisbon without mentioning the sight of the wonderful New Tagus Bridge. When one considers that the mast of the 'Nevasa' cleared the span of the Bridge by a hundred feet and that this span is over 3000 feet long, one gets some idea of the size of this engineering feat.

On arriving at Gibraltar, we were taken ashore by tender. Our stay was short here, about four hours, but we all managed to cover an amazing amount of ground, helped by riding in the local horse taxis. If a party of four took a trip, it was quite economical. Purchases were useful here, as items were really very cheap. Soon, we were on our way again, and moving along the coast of Africa to pass Oran, Cape Tunis, Algiers, Bougie and Cape Bon, and arrived at Malta.

Another shore excursion was arranged and here one could see the influence of the Knights of Malta, both in buildings and the way of life. Purchases here were useful, as they were nearly all tax-free. On board, in the evening, and under way again, the 'Nevasa' was heading to the north of Benghazi and the north tip of Libya, en route for Alexandria, Egypt.



**ISLAM TEMPLES, EGYPT**



**NILE ROAD REST HOUSE**



**ROMAN MOSAIC IN VILLA AT MALTA**  
(Note raised effect)



This became for us all one of the most exciting parts of the voyage. We went by coach along the Nile road to Cairo and its Museum, and made a visit to the Pyramids and Sphinx. Here we saw a civilisation that appears to belong way back into History, especially along the length of the Nile Road. Water-wheels are still being turned by Asses, fields are ploughed by hand, people dwell in mud huts, and lead a life that seemed to have no need to hurry. Cairo was quite modern in comparison, and we all enjoyed lunch in the gardens on the Banks of the Nile. We enjoyed our 'Camel ride' to the Pyramids and Sphinx. Some of us enjoyed the tunnel walk inside the main Pyramid. On our way again, the 'Nevasa' began moving north-east past Crete and Cape Matapan to enter the Ionian Sea. We could see the Yugoslavian coast on our west, and, with Italy to the East, we were heading for Venice.

On arrival at Venice, the School was fortunate in being on the last flight out, so that we had a full day to visit all that Venice had to offer and again fortunate in that we arrived on the day after the 'Floods', and so were able to land. Venice had a lot to offer: the Markets at the Rialto Bridge, the Water-bus rides, the Glass factories, the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's Square and Gondola rides. It seemed endless, the life that went on. Soon we were to say goodbye to the Captain and Ship's Officers and crew. Prize-giving was held on the evening before we left, and, Bard and Fox winning First and Second in the Fancy-Dress competition, and Price's School Dormitory under Churchward, winning the Captain's Dormitory Prize, we were well represented.

Our Flight home was well organised, and time passed quickly, especially, as we were given an evening meal on board the 'plane. On arrival, Custom Officials were soon inspecting our lists of purchases, and, once free of this, our Coach was awaiting to take us to Fareham.

This 'School at Sea' Educational Cruise offers so much in a never-ending succession of visual and aural aids, - History, Geography, Languages, Arts and Crafts, Climates, crops etc., living subjects today, by direct contact and experience. In conclusion, we must thank Captain Downer, and the Ship's Officers and Crew for all that was done for us, and Mr. C. Briscoe and Mrs. P. Mollard for taking the responsibility for us on this delightful Cruise.

## Under 13 Hockey

For the second year running the Under 13 XI was unbeaten. Draper was an excellent captain leading the team with forceful example. Manley showed much promise in goal, but he was rearely extended. The backs Harvey and Sheridan were fast and combined well; the tackling and passing of the halves, Cawte at centre and Lock and Hackman improved greatly as the term progressed. Of the inside forwards, Draper scored 19 goals, Toms 8 and McClelland 7 and they combined well with the wings Skilton and Dennison. Only two matches were cancelled because of the wet state of pitches.

The performance of the team in the Under 14 Hampshire Schools Hockey Association Tournament at Stoneham Lane when they were Drawn in the first round against King Edward's Under 14 XI, the eventual winners of the tournament, was really outstanding. We were beaten 0-1 but put up a most encouraging display. This was the first time we had played on a really first



# UNDER 13 HOCKEY XI



M. J. DENNISON (g.r.) N. D. SKILTON (g.l.) S. R. CAWTE (c.h.) G. E. SHERIDAN (r.h.) R. HACKMAN (l.h.) A. P. LOCK (r.h.)  
 N. P. MANLEY (g.) M. R. TOMS (c.f.) B. W. DRAPER (l.l.) G. M. HARVEY (l.h.) K. G. MCCLELLAND (l.r.)  
 M. J. SPARKES (Captain) H. F. NOYCE

Goals Scored: B. W. Draper 19, M. R. Toms 8, K. G. McClelland 7

class pitch and we made full use of the experience. In the "losers" tournament we reached the semi-finals but were unluckily beaten 0-1 by Queen Mary's Under 14 XI.

All the team were awarded their colours:

Manley, Harvey, Sheridan, Lock, Cawte, Hackman, Dennison, McClelland, Toms, Draper (Capt.), Skilton.

Sparks and Noyce also played.

A 2nd XI match was arranged with Peter Symonds which we won 2-1. The team was: Lilleywhite; Hobbs, Matthews; Noyce, Sparks (Capt.) Humphreys; Porder, Baker, Lamey, Howlett, Atfield.

### Hockey Match Results.

v. Hamble County Secondary School	Away	Cancelled	
v. Portsdown Secondary Modern School	Home	Won	9-1
v. Manor Court Secondary Modern School	Home	Cancelled	
v. Hamble County Secondary School	Away	Won	2-0
v. Churcher's College	Away	Drawn	2-2
v. Taunton's School	Away	Drawn	1-1
v. Portsmouth Southern Grammar School	Away	Won	3-0
v. Hamble County Secondary School	Away	Won	2-0
v. Manor Court Secondary Modern School	Away	Won	18-0

### RECORD

Played	Won	Lost	Drawn	For	Against
7	5	0	2	37	4

## The London Pre-Olympia Hockey Tournament

A party of fifty will be going up to Lord's on October 16th to watch the first three matches in the World Tournament, in which twelve nations are competing, the first match being between Great Britain and India, the World champions.

An old Pricean, Mr. D.C.T. Humphries is on the Tournament Committee of the Hockey Association which is running the Tournament at the request of the British Hockey Board and with the agreement of the Federation International de Hockey. Mr. Humphries, in fact, planned the programme of matches. He also is the Hon. Sec. of the Southern Counties Hockey Association, a Selector for the Civil Service Representative Hockey XI and a Wimbledon Umpire. We hope to see him at Lord's.

### Lilleshall

Central Council of Physical Recreation  
Hockey Course No.64

Four boys went on the Hockey Coaching Course from August 19th-26th.

This course was for boys aged 15-16 years but Wheeler, Loo, Farley and Dawson were all just under age, but were nevertheless, accepted. They thoroughly enjoyed their time at Lilleshall and have gained a very great deal from the intensive coaching.

In the report from the Chief Coach, Wheeler was described as ... "one of the most promising players on the course .... in fact one of the youngest players .... and was the best centre half on the course...." Of Loo, it was said that he was ... "a most promising goalkeeper.... the best goalkeeper on the course...." Both boys were picked to play in the "Select XI" on the last afternoon.

Our thanks are due to Wheeler's father who took the boys to Lilleshall in his car and collected them at the end of the course. I hope that next year we shall send more representatives from the School.

## 1st XI Cricket

The results (2 wins, 5 draws and 5 losses) in no way indicate the interest of the season and the succession of exciting finishes which prevailed in many of the games. Three outstanding personal performances were scores of fifty by Hall and Beaton (who still qualifies for the U15 Colts) and the hat-trick by Findal. Consistently good performances by Jarman and Dixon with the bat, provided us with excellent foundations on which to build many an innings. A fine bowling performance by Findal was a feature of almost every match; and mention must be made too of Doyle and Marlow, our opening attack, who toiled willingly throughout the season. It was the first year in the first eleven for all except two players, and it was obvious that the quality of play increased steadily throughout the season. There should be a proficient, experienced, but still fairly young team for next season.

1st XI Cricket Colours were awarded to Parisot, Haigh, Tindal and Hall.

## Results of 1st XI Cricket

a.	BROCKENHURST	Brockenhurst	181 for 3 declared 27 for 3 Match Drawn	Tindal Jarman	4-32 13
b.	BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH'S XI	Bishop of Portsmouth's Priory's	54 6 for 3 Match Abandoned. Rain	Tindal	4 for 3
c.	ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE	Priory's	47 for 5	(25 over limit)	
		St. John's	48 for 7 (17 overs) Lost	Hall Parisot Tindal	14 26 3-27
d.	FAREHAM POLICE	Priory's Police	108 for 5 declared 104 for 1 Lost	Jarman	27
e.	ITCHEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL	Beaton	108 for 5 declared	Tindal	4 for 27
		Priory's	118 for 5	Hall	21
		Win			

7.	PURNICK GRAMMAR SCHOOL	Purnick	54 for 5	Doyle	5 for 26
		Price's	Woa	Porter	22 n.o.
8.	ST. MARY'S	Price's	53 for 7	Doon	26
		St. Mary's	Lost	Doyle	4 for 32
9.	OLD PRICES	Old Prices	125 for 5	Marlow	3 for 22
		Price's	78	Hall	32
	PRICE'S v. STAFF	Price's	105	Doon	53
		Staff	105 for 7		
10.	NORTHERN GRAMMAR SCHOOL	Northern Grammar	74	Tindal	5 for 18
		Price's	46	Doon	23
11.	FAREHAM C.C.	Fareham	128 for 8	Doon	21
		Price's	128 for 9	Doyle	27

## Under 13 Cricket 1967

The under 13 cricket side had a very satisfactory season, losing only one school match. The whole XI shows very considerable promise which augurs well for the future. Two Trial matches were played at the beginning of the term in which several first year boys took part. They did well and will be the basis of another good team for next year.

Sheridan captained the side extremely well so that they always attacked from the start, batting first eight times out of nine, and never let up when things were going against them. This was most noticeable in the last match of the term against Northern G.S. Going in first our batting failed and by half past three we were all out for 36. But by tea we had taken 4 of their wickets for 14 and by ten minutes to five had dismissed our opponents for 30!

Downing was top of the batting averages with an average of 16.6. He and Lent shared an excellent partnership of 72 v. Privet School in which he scored 44. Downing also opened the bowling and took 13 wickets for 81 runs, an average of 6.23. One must add that the partnership of 72 was two runs better than the best previous performance put up by Proust and Loo last year against St. John's College. In this match against Privett our score of 153 for 5 declared was the highest score made by an under 13 XI for the last four years.

Gledhill, and Long who opened the bowling with Downing, both bowled extremely well and accurately. Gledhill took 25 wickets for 85 runs, an average of 3.28 and Long 21 wickets for 69 runs, an average of 3.28. Both of these averages are the best for the last four years. The fielding of all the team was excellent and Draper kept wicket very well.

The XI, all of whom were awarded their colours, was as follows:-

G. Sheridan (Capt.), S. Cawte (vice Captain), R. Downing, M. Harvey, D.

# UNDER 13 CRICKET XI, 1966



G. Sheridan, S. Bennett, T. Smithin, S. Wheeler, I. Thompson, P. Garner  
J. Prout, G. Porter, G. Dawson, A. Loo, I. Farley.  
(Capt.)

Baker, B. Draper, R. Gledhill, R. Long, S. Lint, R. Seath, T. Burchett.  
12th man - K. McClelland, Scorer - B. Hill.

Our thanks are due to Mr. W. Attfield for his great help in coaching, not to mention umpiring! His own performance both batting and wicket keeping in the Fathers' match was a joy to behold!

RESULTS			
1.	ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE Price's St. John's (Baker 3 for 1, Gledhill 5 for 12)	71 27	Away Won
2.	OSPORT GRAMMAR SCHOOL Osport (Baker 3 for 11)	Price's 48 for 8	Away Lost
3.	ITCHEN GRAMMAR SCHOOL Price's Itchen (Downing 25, Downing 4 for 15, Long 4 for 22)	77 25	Home Won
4.	PURBROOK GRAMMAR SCHOOL Price's Purbrook	128 (Harvey 27, Baker 25) 24 (Harvey 3 for 1, Baker 3 for 7, Long 3 for 5)	Home Won
5.	SOUTHERN GRAMMAR SCHOOL Southern G.S. Price's	27 (Downing 4 for 12, Gledhill 4 for 5) 40 for 6 wickets, (Draper 22 not out)	Away Won
6.	ST. MARY'S COLLEGE Price's St. Mary's	105 for 3 (Seath 19 not out, Sheridan 18, Draper 15) 47 for 7 (Gledhill 3 for 15)	Away Drawn
7.	PRIVETT SCHOOL Price's Privett	123 for 5 dec. (Downing 44, Lint 28 not out, Draper 20, Seath 22) 35 (Gledhill 3 for 2, Long 7 for 7)	Home Won
8.	NORTHERN GRAMMAR SCHOOL Price's Northern G.S.	25 (Sheridan 25) 20 (Long 4 for 15, Gledhill 3 for 12)	Home Won
9.	FATHERS Price's Fathers	23 (Caste 22 and 47 for 5, Lint 15 not out, 111 for 4 (Mr. Attfield 35 retired)	Home Drawn

## Hampshire Schools Cricket Association 1967

This year we submitted eight names for the Colts Trials at the Sports Centre, Southampton: Beaton, Cook, Dawson, Farley, Garner, Loo, Porter and Prout; of these only Beaton and Cook were really eligible for the 1st XI, the rest being one year under the age limit. During the holidays we had some practice in the Indoor nets at the County Ground at Southampton.

The Trials were held on 1st June and as a result — Dawson, Prout and Porter were offered a Final Trial at the County Ground and were chosen to play against Winchester College on 20 June. Dawson and Prout each caught a brilliant slip catch, but Dawson did not get a knock and Prout only had 5 balls — scoring 2 not out. Porter scored 9 and when looking set, was unfortunately run out. As these three boys were below the age limit by a year, they were not asked to play for the County XI, but Dawson and Prout played for the 2nd XI (Under 15) against Dorset at the Sports Centre on 20 July — each again caught a remarkable slip catch — but neither got a knock! Porter was 12th man.

Nevertheless next year they will all get another chance, together with some of this year's under 13 XI and I feel confident that the school will be well represented in the County Team.



## Athletics

In the Gosport Schools Athletic Championships 30 boys represented the School. Between them they obtained five 1sts, six 2nds and three 3rds.

Those obtaining 1st Places, and who are therefore Gosport Area Champions are Balchin, who broke the Area Hurdles record, Barnett - Intermediate mile; Knight - Intermediate 440 yards; Downing - Junior 100 yards; Fripp - 1st Year High Jump, 1st Year Relay Team.

The following boys have been selected to represent the Gosport Area in the County Championships:-

1. Balchin, 2. Barnett, 3. Knight, 4. Wheeler, 5. Thomas R. 6. Marlow.

Athletics Colours.

Senior Athletic Colours were awarded to:-

1. Barnett; 2. Balchin; 3. Smith; 4. Thomas R; 5. Knight; 6. Marlow; 7. Lee; 8. Wheeler.

## Swimming

The swimming pool has been in continuous use during the summer term. The weather has been very favourable and it is noticeable that the standards of swimming and diving have improved. This has been due in a large extent, to class tuition during the term. After school activities have been well attended, especially the Water Polo and School team sessions. Classes have been held for various examinations of the Royal Life Saving and the following awards have been gained:-

Scholar Instructors Certificate - M. Crawshaw; Intermediate Certificate - M. Fisher, P. Jones, D. McKeever, M. Osborne, L. Thwaites, P. Whitty.

Bronze Medallions - D. James, A.S. Robson, M. George, P.M. Hawes, C. Scott, M. Tribe, A. Moore, G. Noakes, J. Rogers.

The Swimming Gala was held on Thursday 1 June. The weather was good, competitors and spectators enjoying the afternoon's sport. Final results were:-

E.O.Hills	Minor House Cup	Westbury
Privett Cup	Junior House	Cams
B.R.Shaw	Senior House	Blackbrook
Diving Cup	Westbrook	School House
Swinburne Cup	Senior Relay	Cams

Individual cups awarded to, R.Boyce, B.Allan, M.Crawshaw, L.G. Gardner.

Three new records were set up:-

- (1) 50 yds Free Style Junior in 30 secs. by S.Wheeler (Cams)
- (2) 50 yds Breast Stroke Junior in 41.5 secs by B.Moxey (Westbury)
- (3) Three Lengths Junior in 55 Secs. by S. Wheeler (Cams)



Swimming Certificates taken after this year's Gala were higher than in previous years and the results of these will be added to the House totals for the Swimming Gala next year.

During the School-Parent Garden Fete, the School put on a water polo and swimming event to help the organisation raise funds towards the eventual heating of the swimming pool, and so enable more pleasure and serious swimming to be enjoyed by all. Again we owe our thanks to Mr. P. Crossman for the care he takes over the maintenance of the Pool. Constant attention is very necessary to keep the water up to a high standard, and this year, with the very heavy demand made on the Pool, Mr. Crossman has given of his best in achieving this.

C.B.

## Inter-Schools Swimming

The school swimming team took part in three matches during the summer. They were with

Portsmouth Grammar School	at home;
Churcher's College	at home;
Churcher's College	away;

Despite having a very strong Junior team, we lost all three matches. However, it was most encouraging to note a growing competitive spirit within the team, the final match at Churcher's being very closely fought.

As a result of these matches, School Colours were awarded as follows:-

Full colours	P.A. Crawshaw; S.A. Wheeler
Half colours	L.Gardener; R.A.Lee; R.L.Shelley; A.H. Walton.

M.B.P.

The following boys have gained the Amateur Swimming Association awards for Personal Survival.

M. Cox	Silver Award
A. Robson	Bronze and Silver
C. Scott	Bronze and Silver
A. Walton	Bronze and Silver
M. Lillywhite	Bronze and Silver
R. Sylvester	Silver
P. Frampton	Bronze
P. Jones	Silver

## Water Polo

The school team, after intermittent training, lost their only match against Churcher's. However the boys of the school team were able to show their greater experience to effect during the Inter-House Championship. I

should like to add my own congratulations to all competitors for a well-fought and entertaining morning's sport.

The very strong Cams team emerged as winners with School 2nd, Westbury 3rd and Blackbrook 4th.

It is hoped to make this fixture an annual one.

M.B.Perrin.

### House Sailing Results

1st Blackbrook	-	Thacker and Prior
2nd Westbury	-	Forrow and Lawford
3rd Cams	-	Hartridge and Evans

Conditions were good for racing and in spite of some very heavy rain a very enjoyable day was had by all.

Thacker and Prior are to be congratulated on their racing skill and excellent team-work.

### Chess Notes

"Chess Fever" struck the lower School, early in the season, and, with an abundance of members, it was possible to enter two teams in the Junior Section of the Portsmouth and District Chess League, and three in the Minor Section. All five teams played much better than was expected. The Junior A team came second in their Division, and the Minor A team won theirs. For this, they receive a Cup, and a special mention should be made of all those in this team who, out of eight games, won seven and drew the other. The young Botvinnicks were, Over, Reid, Famey, Walter and Ford. Each of the other minor teams also won three or four matches, every boy pulling his weight. Because nearly every member was a first-year boy, there should be some very strong teams, next year.

All those in the Junior A team played very consistent chess, and, although they won as many matches as the Division winners, they gained two or three fewer points in individual Games. The Junior B team gained in experience, this year, and should provide the core of a strong A team, next season.

Price's Minor A team beat the Southern Grammar School by 3 boards to 2. This team has now played all its 8 matches of which it has won seven and drawn the other. For these results, they receive a Cup from the Portsmouth and District Chess League. All five boys in the team, Over, Reid, Famey, Walter and Ford have played consistently well and all deserve the first Chess Cup won by Price's.



Photo by Portsmouth & Sunderland Newspapers Ltd.

'H.M.S. PINAFORE' — The production of 1967

## OLD PRICEANS ASSOCIATION

PRESIDENT: E.A.B. Poyner, M.A., B.Sc.

Hon. Treasurer: R.E. Daysh,  
c/o Price's School,  
FAREHAM.

Hon. Secretary: J.D. Cole,  
c/o Price's School,  
FAREHAM.

### LEONARD MARSH BOXWELL

The Association suffered a great loss in May 1967, with the death of the Treasurer, L.M. Boxwell, after a very short illness. He attended the School before the First World War, and remained a faithful member of the Association throughout his life. He attended all functions of the Association and was always willing to help in any capacity. We shall all miss his presence with us, and his quiet unassuming manner.

At the Annual General Meeting, held at School on September 22nd 1967, R.E. Daysh was elected to the post of Treasurer. The attendances at the Soccer Match and at the Dinner were disappointing, after the encouraging gathering at the Cricket Match.

The Old Priceans were victorious in the Cricket Match, but a weakened team suffered defeat by 7-2 in the Soccer Match.

### NEWS OF OLD PRICEANS

S.M. DOWSE - now a Lieutenant with the Middlesex Regt. in N.Ireland. His regiment's title has been changed once again, and is now 5th Battalion, Queens Regt.

C.L. MARCH - graduated from King's College, London, this summer, with Honours in Chemistry and is now engaged on work for a Ph.D. at London University.

J. PECK - now registered as M.P.S. and is Manager of the Co-operative Pharmacy in Albert Road, Portsmouth.

R. BREBNER - now registered as M.P.S. and is working for Boots.

R.M. DUDSON - married in the summer and is still working in Insurance.

D. GREGORY - just retired for the second time, has been teaching Mathematics at Taunton's School, Southampton for the past 10 years.

P.D.E. GREGORY - is the proud possessor of a daughter, - born 26/6/67. He is pleased to say that she now thinks sleeping at night is a good idea. He is at present Major, Royal Signals, stationed at Herford in N. Germany.

F.E.C. GREGORY - has just spent three wonderful years at Bristol University at the taxpayers' expense, and is now going to Southampton University to do an M.Sc. (Social Science) in International Studies.

## PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Chairman: Mr.E.A.B.Poyser

The seventh year of the Association has been productive, with a bicycle shelter erected in the Summer Term, more books for the Library and a donation of £50 to School Funds, offerings solid, particularly so in the case of the cycle shed we hope, evidence of our existence.

A Special Meeting of School Staff and Executive Committee on December 1st, proved valuable in the exchange of ideas and opinions on the future form and aims of the Association and Mr. Hiles joined Mr. Smith as a second Staff Member of the Committee. This Meeting helped to create much enthusiasm for the Annual Fete, which, blessed with good weather on 13th May, opened with great charm by Miss Jennifer Knight and thoroughly enjoyed by all and sundry, became a fund raising record. The profit was £361. The Organisers, led by Mr. W.G.J. Thomas and Mr. C. Hartridge would like to thank everyone who contributed to this success.

In July, the Secretary, invited by the Headmaster, attended the 'New Parents' Meeting and welcomed those parents to the Association.

'Heating the Pool' is still the ambitious hope of the Committee but preliminary enquiries show that the cost will be not less than £1000 and obviously much more thought and discussion of ways and means will have to be given to the project before any start can be made.

In memory of the late Christopher Butler three bound and inscribed books were placed in the Library. They are parts I,II, and III of "The Decisive Battles of the Western World", by Major-General J.F.C. Fuller.

The 7th Annual General Meeting will take place on Thursday, 12th October and we hope that Mr. G.L. Stephenson, the Secretary of the Voluntary Service Overseas Organisation, and Mr. W. Hendy, Chairman of the local Voluntary Service Committee, will be our guests.

### Valete

A. Thomas, N.C. Pasley, G. Osborn, M.K. Wood, N.F. Walshe, M.D. Gatehill, V.F. Russell, G.T. Westbrook, M.S. Devaney, A.G. Webster, D. Telford, T. Bird, W.E. Clements, C.D. Soper, C. Goodwin, R.P. Scarborough, D. Baines, N.F. Bennett, R.A.L. Boyce, I.T. Clupex, N.B. Curtis, P.F. Davey, A. Davis, M.J. Dawbney, A.J. Denison, M.J. Doyle, G. McDonough Eddy, M. Evans, K.A. Ford, D.A.F. Fry, P. Garner, G.E. Hartridge, M.J. Harvey, A.A. Healey, L.P. Hedditch, M.F.J. Hill, K. Howard, B. Hughes, D.J. Keyworth, S.D. Kline, M.K. Leary, A. Lynch, I.S. Macfarlane, A.R. McLaughlan, N.J. Menage, G.J. Miller, G.R. Moakes, E. Musselwhite, B.C. Olivey, M.J. (La Valetie) Parisot, C.A.P. Phillips, V.L. Prior, M.B. Shaw, S.J. Smith, J.R. Thacker, M.B. Tribe, K.R. Whitbread, T.R. Webber, R.J. Atkins, S.C. Davis, M.G.F. Lusty, D. Pipe, R. Cousens, M. Mullins, N. Dore, A.B. Fielder, R.E.C. Kings, A.C. Smith, S. Ingram, F.R. Gomes, T.W. Richter, K.F. Raby.

## Salvete

D.J.Cracknell, S.R. Holroyd, K. Rowland, M.K. Wood, G.G. Martin, R.E. Leigh, N. Sheppard, M.J. Anderson, K.J. Ashman, J.E. Ayrton, G.A. Barton, C.R. Brain, R.G. Brickwood, I.M. Corkett, A. Dykes, A.T. Etherington, N. Feast, D. Gillett, W.J. Howard, S.R. Jarlett, K. Kendall, M.J. Long, R.D.A. Merrick, S.J. McEwen, N. Pegram, T.P. Robson, M. Smith, I.F. Spencer, S.E. Tomkins, D.C. Walker, P.J. Webb, P.G. Williams, I.P. Atkins, D.L. Norman, A.J.L. Cottam, Dyer, K.P. Grigg, J. Rowe, M. Hawkins, A.J. Morley, D.J. Bascombe, D.J. Bulton, G.L. Fielder, P. Kingford, S. Ward, G. Kenning, R. Evans, G. Osborn, I.W. Newsham, P.J. Shore, N.J. Merrick, M.J. Anderson, W.J. Ayres, G. Balmer, I.R. Borthwick, A. Brewer, N.D. Bridgen, J. Death, G.S.J. Edwards, N.L. Etherington, V. Freeman, P. Gould, N. Howells, N.R. Kahn, A.J. Little, S.C. Matthews, T. Morton, T. Parrett, S.D. Penney, A. Seath, I.P. Snell, A.J. Thatcher, A.M. Vores, V.J. Ward, M.O. White, B.S. Asbury, P.G. Bellingham, P.G. Stapleton, A. Brice, G. Martin, R. Jeram, A.J. Shore, J.B. Hurst, J.L. Allen, P.R. Burnett, G. Ebdon, R.J. Hood, C. Law, R.J. West, P. Wormell, S.J. Bourton, P.A. Cousins, M.T. Mills, R.A. Seymour, B.D. Smith, G. Ives, M.J. Lloyd, O.J. Traylor, C. Walkin, T.J. Balchin, N.R.J. Diment, S.M. Porter, S. Woolmington, M.F. Ryan, C.G. Astley, P. Appleton, A.T. Beckett, R. Howell, R.C. Lawes, S. Seymour, P. Cooper, A.C. Clark, M. Rutland, P. Rowley, C.A. Rideout, M.R. Bolton, K. Bradford, B.A. Greenaway, N.A. Purver, S.R. Whitby, D. Ives, M.D. Curson, J.R. Hayter, N.P. Miller, P.J. Creed, M.A. Cobham, R.A. Morris, R.J. Arrow, C.P. Ryan, M.C. Short, A. Neal, R. Chase, M.J. Beaumont, D. Warwick, S. Keith, J.G.W. Goring, S. Bonomo, P.K. Pillai, C.A. Powell.

Congratulations to the following who have gained entry to places of further education in the past year:

G.C. Barrow N.B. Curtis G. Edley F.B. Gimes C.A. Grindale	Liverpool University Reading University Cranwell Chelsea College of Technology University College, London University	S.E. Clements M.J. Doyle M. Evans B.A. Grant W. Haskay	Southampton University City of London University Surrey University Trinity College, Colford Goldsmith's College of Education
M.F.J. Hill M.G.F. Lusty	Railway/Student Apprenticeship St. Mark & St. John College of Education Churchill College, Cambridge King Alfred's College of Education	P.M. Lamey G.R. Moxson	Reading University Goldsmith's College of Education
B.W. Oll M.J. Partind	Exeter University Chelsea College of Technology Liverpool University Chelsea College of Technology York University Portsmouth College of Technology	B.C. Olvey M.C. Pashley	Exeter University Now doing Voluntary Service Overseas in the GILBERT & ELLIS Islands, (1968: Leeds University)
C.A.P. Phillips V.L. Prior B.D. Reesall M.B. Shaw C.A. Jones P.D. Arnold	Barking College of Technology Reading University Birmingham City College of Education Portsmouth College of Tech- nology	T.W. Rickard M.B. Trade	City University Manchester College of Com- merce Portsmouth College of Tech- nology
T.B. Woods R.G. Smith R.D. Walker	Nottingham College of Technology Reading University Birmingham City College of Education Portsmouth College of Tech- nology	P.G. Gansell F.J. Pitt G.C. Pollinger	Brighton College of Technology Southampton University West Ham College of Techno- logy
R.J. Watley	King Alfred's College of Education	M.G. Samell	Amey Hill College of Educa- tion
R.P.L. Nash	Harrow Technical College Manchester College of Art and Design Chesham College of Ad- vanced Technology	A.J. Dismar M.D. Crocker R.F. Raby I.B. Macfarlane	King Alfred's College of Edu- cation Leeds University Liverpool College of Building Southampton College of Tech- nology
D.J. Weston R.P. Masley			
D.N. Pratt			

We acknowledge with pleasure receipt of the following:-

The Brock, The Gosportian, Medins, Sotonensis, Fanfare,  
St. Mary's College Magazine, and The Nortondian.

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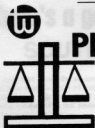
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Gas—Distribution Junior Technical Assistants (young men)	4 passes at 'O' level (or equivalent) including Mathematics and an approved Science Subject, e.g. Physics, Physics with Chemistry. English desirable.	Day release to study for O.N.C. (Engineering). Some Technical Assistants will progress to Salford, as above, others to a Technician's Course in gas subjects.
Industrial Gas (Fuel Technology) Technicians (young men)	Mathematics and Physics studied to 'A' level with a pass in one of these.	3-year H.N.D. Sandwich Course to qualify in Fuel Technology.
Heating and Ventilating Technicians (young men)	Mathematics or Physics at 'A' level with the other subject at 'O' level.	3-year Sandwich Course (Higher Diploma in Environmental Engineering).
<b>ACCOUNTANCY</b>		
Trainees	Five passes at 'O' level and two at 'A' level. Passes must include English and Mathematics.	Day release to study for qualifications of one of the following:— I.M.T.A., A.C.E.A., I.C.M.A.
<b>I.B.P. (PROGRAMMERS) SYSTEMS ANALYSTS</b>		
Trainees (young men or young women)		
<b>PURCHASING AND STORES MANAGEMENT</b>		
Trainees (young men)	One or more passes at 'A' level.	Day release to study for professional qualifications of the Purchasing Officers' Association.
<b>ADMINISTRATIVE TRAINING</b>		
(Chief Accountant's Dept. at Area Headquarters in Southampton) (Boys)	Five passes at 'O' level including English and Mathematics.	Day release to study for O.N.C. (Business Studies). Facilities for further qualifications will be offered to suitable boys.

Further particulars of careers are circulated early each year to your Careers Master by the Board's Careers Officer.

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