RICE'S ROLLEGE



19/8



Price's College Magazine

ISSUE THREE 1978



PRICE'S COLLEGE

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AT THE SIGN OF THE BLACK HORSE



Editorial

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, Labuntur anni.

The college year that is within sight of its close represents a landmark in Price's history because it sees the end of the main school. As a boys' grammar school, Price's has served the district well, and certainly has no need either to apologise for its past existence or to join in the now fading outcry against academic education. Last summer the fifth formers gained a record average of 6.2 "O" level passes at Grade C or above, and we are looking to the main school to exceed even that record and to finish this summer in a blaze of glory.

The present fifths have had the unenviable position of always being the youngest members at Price's, and it is only fair to record that their co-operation and cheerfulness despite this handicap have added a pleasing dimension to a difficult situation. To mark the passing of the main school we are publishing a few extracts from old Lion magazines in the editorial files, and we hope they will be of interest to all our readers.

While we are looking back, it is appropriate at this stage to record the special success of Martin Seeley, who was Head Boy in 1972. He obtained a first in Geography and an upper second in Theology at Jesus College, Cambridge, and is now holding an English Fellowship at the Union Theological Seminary in New York.

For our present sixth form students, the major event of the year has undoubtedly been the opening of the new English block, which also contains a large study room upstairs equipped with facilities for listening to tapes, and two lounge areas downstairs with a coffee bar between them. The provision of proper facilities has long been overdue, and it is noticeable how much they are appreciated and how quickly the sun lounge has become a popular resort for students. Particularly valuable is the octagonal drama studio which, with its projection room and lack of windows, constitutes an ideal cinema.

Contributions to the magazine have continued to flow in, especially from the Art department, and as usual there has been a considerable amount of high quality work. The prize for the cover design this year has been awarded to Mark Hudson, and Lucy Perry has the prize for the runner-up. We extend our congratulations to both and our thanks to all contributors, including those whose work has been crowded out. It is all a far cry from the editorial laments in some of the early magazines when the smallness of the school caused a dearth of material. Difficult as the task of selection may be, it is indeed a pleasure for the editor to be offered such a wealth of contributions.

R.M.J.

College Calendar 1977-78

May Lower-sixth geologists visit the Cotswolds and Malverns.

S Level chemistry students visit Portsmouth Polytechnic.

Faraday Lecture at Southampton Guidhall — "The Electron Rules the Waves".

Fifth-formers see film of "Romeo and Juliet".

Lower-sixth geographers spend a week-end on Dartmoor.

C.C.F. Annual Inspection.

Lower-sixth English students visit London to see "Salome".

Main-school Sports Day.

Lower-sixth chemistry students attend a conference in London. Lower-sixth physics students attend Bedales School for a lecture.

June Naval C.C.F. Field Day.

Lower-sixth geographers visit Portsmouth and Southampton.

C.C.F. cadets attend the Aldershot Army Display.

Vannes exchange.

July Lower-sixth biologists on Field Work at Sparsholt.

Evening of Mime, Drama, Music, and Poetry in the college hall. Form 4A attend the "British Genius is Alive" exhibition at Battersea.

Form 4C see "Julius Caesar" at the New National Theatre.

Lower-sixth economists visit the Ultra factory.

Challenge of Industry Conference.

C.C.F. cadets spend a week at St. Martin's Plain, Kent. Lower-sixth geographers visit the Brecon Beacons. Lower-sixth economists visit the Cyanamid factory. Lower-sixth historians visit Hampton Court.

September Key Studies lectures.

C.C.F. cadets go flying at Hamble.

5B, 5C and 5D attend Chichester theatre for "Julius Caesar".

C.C.F. Sea Training in H.M.S. Isis.

Lower-sixth geographers visit the South Downs. Dressmaking students visit London stores. Upper-sixth geographers visit London.

Sixth-form R.S. students visit the British Museum. Upper-sixth geographers visit Stratford-on-Avon.

October Geology students visit the Cotswolds and the Malverns.

Lower-sixth geographers visit the Dorset Coast.

5C and sixth-form students attend Sadlers Wells and Chichester theatres for

evening performances of mime.

Upper-sixth English students visit the Nuffield Theatre for an evening perform-

ance of "Othello".

November Lower-sixth geologists visit the Isle of Wight.

C.C.F. Field Day at H.M.S. Vernon. Upper-sixth geographers visit Eastleigh.

Sixth-form students attend the Schools' Prom at the Albert Hall.

Lower-sixth English students attend the Nuffield Theatre for an evening perform-

ance of "Hamlet".

Sixth-form English students attend a matinee performance of "The Importance of

Being Earnest" at Winchester.

December Sixth-form students attend the Faraday lecture at Portsmouth — "Let There Be

Light".

Music Hall performance staged in the College hall.

Prize Giving.

C.C.F. cadets visit St. George's Barracks, Gosport.

Christmas Concert.

January Key Studies Lectures.

Mock G.C.E. examinations.

Lower-sixth geographers visit the Rother valley.

February "Julius Caesar" in mime.

Lower-sixth geologists visit the East Mendips.

Fifth-form Parents' Evening.
Trident scheme begins operation.
Ski-ing party to Leysin, Switzerland.

Vannes trip (exchange visit).

March Leslie Norris holds poetry workshop in new studio.

Economics students attend conference at Portsmouth Polytechnic.

Upper-sixth geographers visit the Mendips.

Film "Wuthering Heights" for "O" level English students.

Lower-sixth geographers visit the New Forest. C.C.F. cadets on Ten Tors Practice Expedition.

April Film "Julius Caesar" for "O" level English students.



Clare Walker T.18

Acknowledgments

For permission to reproduce photographs in this magazine we are indebted to the following: Mr. J. Ellis for the team pictures and the News, Portsmouth, for all the others, apart from the photographs of the sixth-form prize winners, the three prospective engineering students, and Karl Evans, all of which were supplied by Mr. F. Hughes.

We also acknowledge receipt of two contemporaries: the Peveril and the Purbrookian. The editor would welcome magazines from other schools and colleges.

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G.C.E. "A" and "S" LEVEL RESULTS

"A" Level Key:

A Art, B Biology, BS Business Studies, C Chemistry, D Home Economics (Dress and Fabrics), E English Literature, Ec Economics, ED Engineering Drawing, ES Engineering Science, F French, FM Further Mathematics, FN Home Economics (Food and Nutrition), G Geography, Gl Geology, Gm German, H History, M Mathematics, Ms Music, P Physics, PM Pure Mathematics, RS Religious Studies, S Spanish.

"S" Level Key:

1 Distinction, 2 Merit.

S Zever Rey.	1 Distinction,
L. F. Abercrombie	Ec, H.
J. R. Allen	Ec, F.
	M.
P. J. Arnold	
R. Ayling	G.
N. D. Beckett	C, M.
S. R. Bingham	B, C, P.
I. G. Blanchett	B.
T. H. Bonsor	B, C, P.
C. R. Bradbury	Ec, G, Gl.
A. C. Brown	C, ES, M.
P. M. Buckingham	C, G, M.
P. M. Burridge	Ec, G, H.
C. J. Bussell	C, M.
M. R. N. Callen	C, M, P.
A. M. Cameron	E, F, S.
A. M. Cansdale	ES, FM, M.
M. Caruana	Ec, F, Ms.
I. C. Christie	A, B.
M. C. Coleman	G.
J. L. Connell	A, G.
M. F. Cook	E, Ec, H.
P. A. Davey	E, Ec, H 1.
J. W. P. Davies	C, ES, M.
R. J. Davis	Gl 2, M, P.
R. A. S. Dickson	B.
M. A. J. Dore	B, C.
J. Dubber	M.
M. H. Earwood	Ms.
J. Edwards	B, C.
J. P. Edwards	G.
M. P. Edwards	Ec, Gm, H.
N. Fekri	Ec, M.
S. Foster	Ec.
S. A. French	ED, M, P.
N. A. Frost	G.
J. C. Godfrey	G.
S. R. Godwin	Ec, H.
T. J. Grant	G, Gl.
C. W. Green	B, C, M.
D. M. Green	B, C, M.
S. J. Groves	Ec, FM, M.
M. R. Gunstone	FM, M.
C. N. Hall	ED, M, P.
S. F. Harris	Ec.
NA XXI TT	CMDO

M. W. Harrison C, M, P 2.

P. A. Harvey A. J. Hayward S. R. Higgs
A. J. Hayward
S. R. Higgs
A. E. J. Hollick M. Holliday
M. Holliday
P. W. J. Hooley
S. T. Horn B. Hough
C A Innes
C. A. Innes R. A. Jempson G. S. Jennings R. S. Kemp
G. S. Jennings
R. S. Kemp
M. A. Knight
R. W. Kohnert
R. W. Kohnert I. P. Lawes
S. A. Larson
G. Lawson C. J. Lawton
C. J. Lawton
R. M. Legg
P. A. Locke
C. R. Long N. A. Luckham
A. McKenna
D II Maiaman
K. W. Meredith D. K. Millen
D. K. Millen
A. K. Mott
S. G. Newberry
P. J. Norman
J. A. Norton P. D. Oatley M. G. Orford
P. D. Oatley
J. Parsley
D. V. Pearse
M. D. Phelps
D. J. Pike
P. N. Raby
P. N. Raby A. J. Race
K. R. Reid D. Rowe
D. Rowe
M. W. Rowe D. R. T. Sampson J. L. Sayer G. P. Search T. A. Seymour
D. R. T. Sampson
G. P. Sager
T A Seymour
1. 11. Seymour

A Harvey	B, C, M.	
A. Harvey J. Hayward	A, Ec.	
R. Higgs	E, F.	
E. J. Hollick		
I. Holliday	M, P.	
W I Haalan	P. 112 M	
. W. J. Hooley T. Horn	H 2, M.	
I. Horn	F, Gm, H.	
. Hough	E, F 2, S.	
. A. Innes	C, M, P.	
. A. Jempson	M.	
. S. Jennings	E, Ec, G.	
. S. Kemp	FM, M, P.	
I. A. Knight	FM, M 2, P.	
. W. Kohnert	F, Gm, M.	
P. Lawes	E, Ec, G.	
A. Larson	RS.	
. Lawson	ES, M.	
. J. Lawton	Ec, G, H.	
. M. Legg	Ec, G 2, H.	
A. Locke	B, C, BS.	
. R. Long	ED.	
. A. Luckham	C, M. P.	
. McKenna	A, E, F.	
H. Meisner	Ec, G, M.	
. W. Meredith	Ec, G, M. Ec, G.	
. K. Millen		
D Mott	M, P.	
. R. Mott	G, Gl 1.	
G. Newberry	B, C, M.	
J. Norman	B, C, P.	
A. Norton	B, C, M.	
D. Oatley . G. Orford	G, H.	
	E, G, Ms.	
Parsley	B, C 2, P.	
. V. Pearse	B, G, Gl.	
. D. Phelps	G, Gl.	
. J. Pike	C, M, P.	
N. Raby	A, G.	
. J. Race	E, ED.	
R. Reid	G, M.	
. Rowe	A, G, H.	
. W. Rowe	Ec, G, Gl.	
R. T. Sampson	B, C, P.	
L. Sayer	A, M.	
. P. Search	E, M.	
A. Seymour	G.	
J		

		D 1 E	E DC Ma
A. P. Short	A, E.	P. J. Evans	E, RS, Ms.
N. C. Sood	B, P.	J. E. Farley	F.
J. Southwell	Ec, F.	L. F. Flux	Ec, G, H.
T. Stokes	В.	P. Frazer	E, H, RS 1.
I. V. Staples	G.	J. R. Forde	E.
M. R. Taylor	E, BS.	L. J. Game	D.
K. E. Tinker	G.	G. M. F. Garden	B, C 2, P.
M. W. Tricker	C, P.	H. E. Godart-Smith	E, G.
J. M. Waight	G, Gl.	S. B. E. Hathaway	E, Ec, H.
A. F. Walker	C.	C. J. Haydock	D, E.
	C 2, M, P.	D. A. Hughes	E, Ec.
P. C. Walters		D. L. Hunt	G.
S. J. Ward	A, G.	J. Kearns	E, F.
A. M. Warwick	C, M. P.	J. A. Kimber	B, C.
P. S. Williams	E, BS, H.	J. E. Kirkby	E 2, H.
C. S. Wilson	C, FM, M 2.	-	E
M. R. Wilson	M, P.	H. A. Langridge	
C. D. Yandell	E.	S. M. Kirkham	E, H.
		W. Lee	E 1, Ec, H.
J. Avery	A.	A. E. Machin	A, F, Gm.
F. J. Barker	A, E, M.	L. C. Matthews	G.
J. A. Barnes	S.	M. A. McDowell	M.
A. J. Beadle	FN.	L. Milton-Thompson	FN.
M. Bodell	B, G.	L. M. Mitchell	A, E, H.
C. L. Boughtflower		C. Moore	A, E.
A. R. Briant	F.	S. J. Moreman	E. H.
V. C. Brook	G.	K. E. Moss	F, G, M.
N. J. Broom	Ec, F, M.	J. H. Norris	B, FN.
K. M. Brunger	E, G, H.	M. M. E. Paxman	FN.
N. E. A. Buick	F, Gm.	J. M. Prosser	E 1, H, RS 1.
N. E. A. Buick	B, C, P.	T. J. Purcell	E.
J. E. Burcher		A. K. Reed	B, C, M.
B. A. Burr	F 2, H, S.	C. E. Reed	BS.
G. A. Cane	A.	J. Reed	H.
N. A. Carew	B, G.	S. K. Reed	E.
S. A. Carless	B, G 2, Gl.	W. Riley	PM.
J. A. Carpenter	F, G.	R. M. Robinson	B, C, P.
L. M. Cartmell	F, Gm.		G, H.
J. Cleeve	A, E, G.	S. J. Rogers	BS, M.
A. M. Cole	B, E, F.	M. R. Sabine	
S. A. Cooper	B, E, FN.	E. R. Savage	E, H.
S. Z. Cooper	E, F. H.	K. E. Shepheard	B 2, E, H.
P. J. Cory	B, D.	D. A. Shorthouse	E, M.
Z. J. Croad	E, F, G.	J. P. Shrives	A, B, M.
S. J. Crumpton-Pra	att D.	L. C. G. Simmonds	Е, Н.
D. P. Curtis	B, FN.	D. A. Simmons	M.
A. M. David	B, E.	L. A. Sims	D.
LJ. Davis	D.	Z. A. Smallwood	E, H.
E. Derrick	E, F.	G. S. Smith	B, G.
C. L. Dewhurst	B, C.	G. M. Spencer	B, E.
L. G. Dixon	G.	A. J. Taylor	B, C. P.
S. H. Dunham	G.	J. M. Voller	B, C.
C. I. Edwards	G.	F. C. Walker	E, F. Marken D. H. M.
H. C. Edwards	B, C, M.	B. A. Walsh	G. 114 12
L. E. Edwards	F, G 2, Gm,	R. H. Walters	E 2, Ec, M.
	M.	J. A. Ware	B, Ec, H.
C. E. Etherington	IVI.		

C. S. Wastie	A, G.	L. M. Wells	E, RS.
H. E. Watts	G 2, H.	K. Y. Williams	G 2, Gl, M.
A. E. Webb	FN.	L. J. Wills	D, FN.
L. J. Weedon	B, G.	S. J. Young	E, Ec, G.



Neil Sprunt 5D

G.C.E. "O" LEVEL RESULTS

Number of passes at Grade C or above.

Fifth Forms

- 9 Passes M. R. Adams, K. J. Broadley, P. M. Castell, C. D. Cawte, N. F. Clay, I. R. N. Davies, N. J. Edwards, S. M. Hall, M. C. Jordan, J. W. Lomax, K. T. McDonald, A. L. Smith, M. Waldron, K. A. Woodnutt.
- 8 Passes M. R. Bascombe, G. R. Betts, D. A. Cadogan, G. N. Carter, J. D. Cosens, C. J. Davey, P. B. Doggett, R. C. Dunham, K. J. Evans, R. J. Frampton, I. R. Garden, T. R. Harwood, K. P. Lowe, C. R. McGhee, S. J. Moran, P. G. Newman, R. Palmer, G. N. Pike, G. M. Taylor, G. R. Thomas, B. J. Thompson, J. A. Tompkins, S. D. Wheatley, M. W. White.
- 7 Passes J. E. Arnott, P. M. Cooper, A. I. Craig, L. J. Davies, K. N. M. Evans, S. A. Ford, C. W. Gransden, S. W. Harris, P. D. Jeffery, H. A. Jones, P. D. Lang, S. W. Short, I. R. Tuppen, G. Wheatley.
- 6 Passes I. H. Ambrose, S. N. Cansdale, A. Q. Green, B. C. Letts, P. J. Lewis, G. D. Lucas, R. G. Manning, S. J. Marchant, J. S. Naylor, R. I. Rudgley, A. D. Smith, A. R. Spindloe, A. Wells, N. D. Williams, G. J. Witt.
- **5 Passes** P. A. Cornick, P. A. Goodman, R. C. Hall, R. S. Jempson, A. M. Pennycott, N. K. Thomas, J. A. Wassell, A. T. Wilson, V. C. Wilson.
- 4 Passes M. J. Kearns, J. J. Warren.
- 3 Passes S. Bennett, S. J. Edwards, N. F. Hammond, G. Jordan, S. R. Oliver, D. J. White.
- 2 Passes D. Bendon, B. L. Dennett, A. D. Edwards, G. M. Jacobs, M. K. Morgan, I. P. R. Sellars, J. R. Talbot.
- 1 Pass R. J. Gisborne, R. G. Lindsay, P. R. Osmond.

Sixth Forms (including additionals and re-takes)

- 4 Passes A. Bull, P. Franckeiss, A. F. Hedley, M. J. Ripper. B. E. Bullen, F.N.M.Mort, D. M. R. Pratt, D. L. Stringer, L. P. Taylor, S. Turton.
- 3 Passes M. E. Alridge, M. S. Hepplewhite, K. W. Kingswell, D. R. Powell, K. G. Rose, A. P. Smith, G. H. F. Stainer, N. A. Sutton. J. T. Crouch, B. J. Fearnley, A. K. Hall, L. A. Hamilton, P. M. Myers, A. Slowen, L. Weald.
- 2 Passes N. G. Chase, J. L. Connell, G. W. Crees, M. A. J. Dore, R. B. Eastwood, P. N. Flay, P. D. Oatley, M. A. Paine, A. J. Race, S. W. Rowntree, P. D. Sargeant, C. D. Yandell.
 P. J. Cory, S. J. Crumpton-Pratt, D. B. Curtis, E. J. Davies, P. A. Garratt, H. E. Godart-Smith, C. J. Haydock, K. A. Hadley, D. L. Hunt, E. Keys, J. E. Lane, Z. E. Leeman, B. Race, S. M. Saunders, L. C. G. Simmonds, E. A. Sound, C. J. Smith, W. S. Smith, A. J. Tabor, B. A. Walsh, C. S. Wastie, L. J. Weedon, M. Woolnough, D. G. Young.
- L. A. Abercrombie, S. W. Aplin, N. J. Barnett, R. G. Bowdige, K. T. Brown, 1 Pass P. Bullen, T. J. Butcher, A. S. Carmichael, J. D. Cary, M. C. Coleman, M. J. Cooper, M. M. Cooper, R. E. Day, S. P. Dennison, S. C. Dodson, J. Dubber, R. B. Eastwood, J. Edwards, J. P. Edwards, I. N. Forsdyke, S. Gainey, I. R. Gray, A. S. Gregory, S. F. Harris, S. P. Hendy, N. G. Holland, M. A. Hughes, P. A. Hutchinson, R. A. Jempson, D. J. Jull, A. M. Kemp, S. A. Larson, D. J. Libby, C. R. Long, R. S. Mackintosh, G. R. Mason, J. May, K. W. Meredith, A. R. Mott, D. V. Pearse, M. I. Pierce, R. E. Plater, T. Poll, D. R. Powell, T. A. Seymour, J. D. Shaw, F. Smith, I. G. Smith, I. M. Snell, J. F. Snook, N. C. Sood, I. V. Staples, C. F. Stobart, A. Tadevossian, R. H. Taylor, R. J. Thompson, S. J. Ward, C. R. Westwell, D. G. Young. K. Archer, S. A. Ashton, C. M. Avery, G. S. Bellamy, V. R. Bennett, G. Cane, A. M. Churchill, S. Clarke, N. D. Collins, D. L. Cooper, T. J. Crouch, J. L. Cummins, J. M. Daysh, L. G. Dixon, W. J. Easton, M. E. England, C. E. Etherington, P. J. Evans, C. A. Fielding, J. R. Forde, D. S. French, L. J. Game, T. Gaston-Parry, T. Gilbert, J. A. Grigg, J. E. Harkness, P. J. Heeley, S. Hiller, C. A. Jeffery, S. A. Keifer, J. A. Kimber, S. M. Kirkman, V. S. Lanham, H. L. Leadbetter, S. E. Lewry, A. Macdonald, K. I. Mason, S. L. Napthune, J. H. Norris, C. L. Pack, S. J. Phillips, C. J. Powell, H. J. Priest, T. J. Purcell, J. Purdin, A. J. Reucroft, J. R. Reynolds, D. A. Simmons, Z. Smallwood, D. L. Smith, G. J. Smith, B. D. Spence, G. M. Spencer, S. J. M. Stanley, S. C. Tunstall, K. L. Wakelin, A. L. Ward, S. E. C. Wayne, A. E. Webb, C. Whitfield, C. Williams, H. B. Woodcock.

C.E.E. RESULTS

Passes equivalent to an "O" Level pass at Grade C or above.

- **2 Passes** N. G. Holland, M. P. Paine, R. J. Thomson. B. A. Arthur, H. L. Leadbeater, E. A. Soundy.
- 1 Pass D. J. Libby, R. S. Mackintosh, J. F. Snook. C. M. Avery, S. Blair, S. Clarke, E. J. Goodchild, A. K. Hall, J. E. Hughes, S. A. Keifer, S. M. Kirkham, C. A. Legg, B. J. Race, L. M. Wells.

SECRETARIAL RESULTS

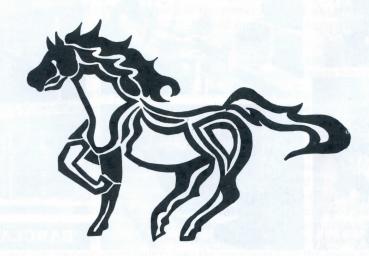
Secretarial Key:

PSC Private Secretary's Cert., P Pitman Shorthand, S RSA Shorthand,

T Typewriting RSA, SD Secretarial Duties II RSA. (D = Distinction; C = Credit)

Arabic numerals indicate shorthand speeds; Roman numerals indicate typing stage.

B. Arthur K. Ashton M. Aylott J. Barnes	S 50, P 60, T II. S 80, P 90. SD. S 60, S 80, S 100, T I, T II.	V. Lanham E. Leach C. Legg L. Mitchell	S 60, P 70. S 50, P 50. S 50, T II. PSC, S 100, P 110, T III, SD.
A. Bauckman	S 50, P 70.	E. Nicholas	T I.
S. Blair	P 50, T II.	M. Palmer	S 50, TI.
J. Bradford	T I.	M. Paxman	PSC, T II, SD.
A Briant	PSC, S 80, P 110,	S. Phillips	P 50.
A. Churchill S. Clarke D. Cooper W. Daniels	T II, SD. T I. S 60, P 70. S 60, P 80, SD. P 50.	W. Pond H. Priest C. Reed	T I. T II. PSC, S 80, S 100, P 110, T III, SD. T I.
E. Davies	P 80, T II, SD.	J. Reynolds C. Robbins S. Saunders	T I.
J. Daysh	S 60, P 70, T II.		P 50.
J. Dean	S 50, T I.		S 50, P 70, T II.
P. Earl	TI, TII.	J. Shaw D. Smith P. Spelling G. Smith	S 50, T I, T II.
C. Edwards	TII, SD.		S 60, P 90, T III.
A. Ford	S 50, TI.		P 80, SD.
C. Ford	S 80, P 90, SD.		S 80, P 90, T II,
V. Hawker P. Heeley D. Hewett L. Jeffreson B. Jones	S 50, P 50, T II. S 60, P 60, T II. S 50, T I, T II. S 80, P 110, SD. S 50, T I.	A. Taber T. Tew J. Thompson A. Tilbury	T III, SD. S 50, P 70, T II. S 50, P 70. T I. T II, SD.
H. Langridge	PSC, S 80, S 100,	S. Wheeler	S 50, T I, T II.
	P 110, T III, SD.	C. Whitfield	P 80, T II, SD.



Tania Bradshaw T.44

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BARCLAYS



A scene from "The Birthday Party"

The Birthday Party

By Harold Pinter

Presented by Price's College Dramatic Society in the College Hall from March 31st to April 2nd 1977.

Pinter's play "The Birthday Party" produced by Mr. Bell created as much controversy among staff and students as it did amongst critics nearly twenty years ago. In some it induced utter boredom and total mystification: to others it had the power to speak entertainingly both to the heart and the head, in spite of silences, daringly teased out to great length by the producer.

For some Pinter is not enjoyable: that is a big charge to level against an artist. For others he is both entertaining and disturbing. Perhaps those who do not find him entertaining dare not be simultaneously disturbed. Art is often a sugar-coated pill and its taste bitter-sweet.

The entertainment surely partly sprang from some excellent acting by the players, something conceded even by those who were bored. That is indeed a compliment to the student actors, most of whom were playing people way beyond their years. The exception was Lulu played by Celia Avery a little too melodramatically on the first night, but with more discipline and very good timing on the last. The movements of Petey, played by Peter Waite, and Meg, played by Susan Taylor, were convincingly sustained and helped convey the awful pathos of the sterility of their relationship and their differing needs for Stanley, their adopted drop-out 'son', quite beautifully played by Graeme Nuttall. Andrew Daubney as McCann, given a few pieces of humorous business, endeared himself to the audiences by his 'Irishness' and Sandy Cameron as Goldberg, the enigmatic Jew, made a valiant effort to capture the gestures and accent required for the part. Perhaps these two between them should not have been quite so endearing because they seemed to lack the menace of intruders into the cosy womb of the room where the action took place. On the other hand feigned bonhomie is just as menacing, if one thinks about it.

The set, put together with enormous care and toil was very effective and particularly well-dressed. The room as perhaps territory or symbolising the self is the basic image of much of Pinter's work. It is therefore important to get it right. The room in "The Caretaker" must convey a sense of chaotic clutter: that of "The Birthday Party" of a tawdry decaying boarding house, desperately clinging to a few vestiges of respectability. This was done, not least by those cliche flying ducks on the wall behind the tomato sauce-stained tablecloth.

We were allowed to look long and carefully at the set, drinking in the details. Did those who felt the opening silence too long notice the poetic significance of the caged bird; the picture on the right of the fox waiting outside the rabbits' hole? And later the producer's touch, in perfect keeping with the spirit of Pinter's ability to weave poetry from cliche, the disappearance in Act Three of a single duck from the wall, perhaps an anticipation of Stanley's forced departure to the living death of total conformity.

Considering the play is a comparatively short one its performance must have seemed very long, particularly to those unfamiliar with Pinter. Concession has to be made to those who have to catch last buses and to the playgoer's span of concentration. Nevertheless there were good artistic reasons for the length of the production. Firstly, silence is most important in Pinter's plays. The dialogue is constantly punctuated in the script by the direction 'Pause'. In performance it is a valid interpretation to have the words punctuating a silence. Silence is what modern man cannot stand, for in it he may be confronted with the horror of his own poverty of being and it is truly menacing. It was so in this production. Secondly, silence allowed us to study the sub-text, to discover the truth of a relationship or a situation which the words themselves denied or attempted to hide. Words may be social counters ('Are your cornflakes nice?') to be pushed around among people to fill a void; words may be used deliberately to obfuscate meaning; they may also be used as means of aggression, irrespective of meaning. In Pinter the silence is often more meaningful than the words. Also both the silence and speech are often painful and funny at the same time. This production gave us time to think in performance and encouraged us to think further by the excellent notes on the programme.

The scene between McCann, Goldberg and Stanley, in which Stanley is reduced to a wreck, and the party scene was brilliantly done, the staccato rhythm achieved meant to grate on our nerves. This might have been achieved to a lesser degree in other places and compensated the audience for some of the slowness in the first and last Acts. Nevertheless the awesome silence especially at the end after the departure of Stanley with Goldberg and McCann, whilst hard to take, was absolutely right.

The production will be remembered for the extreme thoughtfulness of its presentation; the fidelity of its acting; and the efficiency of its management. For as long as I keep the programme I for one will go on thinking about it.

A.R.J.





Curtain call for the Music Hall

The Old Time Music Hall

On the 8th, 9th and 10th December last, the College Dramatic Society staged a memorable Old Time Music Hall evening. That all available tickets were sold days before the first night indicates the eager anticipation of the event and none were disappointed at the feast of entertainment placed before them.

The wide variety of acts constantly had the audience lustily joining in, yelling for encores, laughing uncontrollably, or listening with rapt attention. It is difficult to say which acts were enjoyed most, all being of such a high standard. Certainly, Mr. Wilkie's "gymnastic" team nearly brought the house down with mirth. The highly talented singing of the chorus and solos by Nadine Chase and Robert Woods received thunderous applause — but so did every single act.

The audience participation, so vital for the show, was cleverly enhanced by Mr. Bell's seating arrangements, with tables for six all angled towards the stage. The sumptuous refreshments provided by Miss Image and a host of attractive waitresses gave us great pleasure at half time, as we drifted between the tables, chatting to all. The seductively-dressed bar wenches further encouraged just the right atmosphere.

To the producer, Miss Murphy, and Musical Director, Miss Jacob, must go the largest bouquet, for everything stemmed from their efforts and directions. We shall remember this, however, as a superb team effort by a large number of actors and extras, with Mr. Johnson, as Master of Ceremonies, in fine fettle and with impressive control of the lively audience — most of the time! Not only did everything go as well as we had hoped: it went even better — so well, in fact, that the audience didn't want to go home, and there could be no higher praise than that.

R.E.D.

Drama Report

The Music Hall production occupied the energies and talents of the College Dramatic Society fully, yet other ventures were embarked upon. These included two major productions. The first was a Travelling Theatre Group which visited St. Anne's and Brookfield schools to perform a selection of extracts from the O/A Drama set course for 1978. The ninety-minute production attempted to illustrate the development of Drama from Ancient Greece to the present day. The extracts included scenes from Sophocles' "Electra", a medieval play — "A Woman Taken in Adultery", Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" and "Richard II", and Tom Stoppard's "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead".

I hope that future O/A Theatre Groups will take similar ventures out into the feeder schools in order to show the kind of drama course which is possible in Price's College.

The second major production was during the Christmas term when a Travelling Theatre Group performed a children's play in Harrison Road Junior School. The play was devised, written, staged, and performed by a General Studies Group. It involved a handsome woodcutter and a beautiful princess in a tale of intrigue and horror, and introduced such characters as the Ugly Goblin, the Unhappy Dragon, the Good Fairy whose spells kept going disastrously wrong, and the Friendly Cat and Bird who brought the play to its eventual happy ending. The play used all the techniques of pantomine and seemed to delight the assembled multitude who reacted vociferously to the cue cards which instructed them to BOO, HISS and CLAP at the appropriate moments. The excellent costumes were designed and made by the non-acting members of the group.

Both of these ventures were enormous successes and I hope to repeat the same ideas, but in different forms, in the coming months.

In the future we have two productions. The first is a modern play decrying the hooliganism and mindlessness of the football crowd. It will be produced in mid-March and will hopefully draw a big audience: The second will be a studio performance of Noel Coward's "Fumed Oak". I also hope to have studio workshop productions and more one-act plays for those whose yearning is toward the performing arts. Everybody is welcome both to the audition and to the performance of any play which the college is producing, even if you have never done any drama before. Do come along — who knows what disguised talent may be lurking in the dark corners of the student population of Price's College?

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Unwelcome Visitor

Curse the day you were released from the ox-skin bag! Foreign visitor whose presence is not welcomed, You, whose short-lived penetrating gusts Cause gyroscopic dusts and hysterical litter storms.

Your extensive flows sweep unhindered across unsuspecting lands.

King Aeolus, control your subjects!

—For they do not abide by travel restrictions.

You are a bringer of misery: trees are afflicted with lumbago, Seas are driven into fits, and blossoms are impelled to nomadism.

You are not noticed but most welcome in your absence.

Clouds again patrol the skies at leisure and the winged life rejoices once more.

Oh bless the day you return to your ox-skin bag!

Robin Rees, T.30



Music Diary

1977

March Combined schools concert held at Price's. The main item was Vivaldi's "Gloria",

a marvellous occasion for schools to get together with an excellent orchestra. Music-writing competition — a weird and wonderful combination of instruments from the fourth year. Prize winners were Russell Armstrong, Marcus Adams and

Gary Connett.

April Opera trips to the King's Theatre, Southsea, including "A Night in Venice" by

Johann Strauss.

May Madrigal choir gave a lecture/recital at the Nicholson Hall, Gosport, and also

sang in full costume at a medieval banquet in a huge barn in East Meon —

Madrigals and Mead in May!

Yehudi Menuhin concert at the Guidhall, Portsmouth — a wonderful opportunity

to see this great violinist.

June Meeting at Crewe and Alsager College to discuss the possibility of a combined

arts course at Price's leading to a degree award.

July Highly amusing and entertaining open-air concert in the grounds of Beaulieu

Abbey by Atara's band. Priceans looked like pensioners compared to the average

age of the audience!

October Moving concert by the supreme master of the classical guitar — Segovia.

November Kent opera.

December Main event of the term was the Music Hall, superb entertainment in combination

with the drama department, ranging from weight-lifting Wilkie and his strongman troupe to Fareham's answer to the bold gendarmes, all held together superbly by

the cacophonous chords of the charming chorus.

Visited Knowle Hospital with excerpts from the Music Hall where we were

unexpectedly increased in number by the voluntary renderings of one of the

patients.

1978

February First concert in the studio. We hope this will give further opportunity to students

to entertain others.

Visit to the Northern Ballet's production of "Coppelia".

After the success of the last combined concert, I hope there will be even more support for our next, even more adventurous one in May, when the main item will be Faure's "Requiem". There are always cheap tickets available for all types of music, and we run a choir, orchestra, and lessons from peripatetic teachers. Most things are worth trying once!

V.J.J.



Kate Barker

Atara makes music fun!

"Interested in going to an open-air concert at Beaulieu?" I was asked. "Sure", I replied, and my name was added to the list. If only I had known what I had let myself in for!

We gathered at the college in early evening, with the sun blazing down. The "A" block provided shade for us, and we sat against its walls and waited. One by one we all arrived, most of us looking worn out before the trip had even started. Finally Miss Jacob and Mr. Avis arrived. We all squeezed into the minibus and set out for Beaulieu. The sun, which had been hiding all day, seemed to be making up for it by concentrating all its energy on us in the minibus. One by one cardigans and jumpers were shed, and in the case of Mr. Avis even his shirt came off!

We stopped for a few minutes in the village of Beaulieu and walked by the water, and looked at some boats. Soon we had parked the minibus in the Beaulieu museum car park and were walking to our seats in the open-air "concert hall". Some young children were giving away stickers and questionnaires for the other children going to the concert. A sixth-former in front of me looked at the sticker and questionnaire thrust at her, and gave them both a wide berth, as though she had some phobia for stickers and questionnaires. Others in our party took the stickers which said "Atara makes music fun" and the questionnaires which could be filled in throughout the coming performance.

The lights suddenly changed and from one side of the stage jigged a woman, with strawy blonde hair and a flute in her hand. She played a tune for a few seconds and then shouted into the microphone, "Hello boys and girls" and we all shouted back, "Hello Atara". I felt sick. To think of the money I had spent to come and see this! The instrumentalists then came on, one by one, each playing a solo as he or she did so. Soon we were all singing such songs as "The Grand Old Duke of York", "The Laughing Policeman" and other great classics. There was even a time when Lord Montagu drove in, in one of his veteran cars with a genuine bear in the back seat! And what a singer the bear was, too!

During the interval we had a vote as to whether we should stay for the second half or not. A second vote was also held to see whether we were to lynch Miss Jacob there or wait until we had returned to college.

We lasted through the interval which seemed unusually long, during which copies of "The Pink One" were for sale. This was not as you might think a special edition of the Financial Times but a long-playing record which had in it some of those "spiffing" songs we had been singing. The second half seemed rather an anti-climax after the first and left me rather cold; not surprising as I had left my jumper in the minibus.

In general I think it was a most enjoyable concert, and Atara certainly does make music fun!

Russ Armstrong, 5A



Russell Frampton T.7

In the wings

I wait in the wings
While the orchestra strings,
Tuning up, fill the threatre with sound;
While the dancers, all set,
Try a last pirouette,
'Midst the bustle that sweeps all around.

I wait in the wings,
Think of millions of things—
Of my steps, of my dress, of my cues;
Think of props, of the light,
That it's opening night,
That it's too late to relace my shoes.

I wait in the wings
As the last call-bell rings,
Then the slow-dimming house-lights are gone.
One more chord. Here I go!
Then I suddenly know
It's the moment I've longed for — I'M ON!

Stella Rees, T.21

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Prizewinners from 5A and 5B



Prizewinners from 5C and 5D

Mrs. 'Lyn' Pemberton

The retirement on 28th February, 1978 of Mrs. Pemberton from her post of Administrative Officer at Price's College, was for many people a sad occasion because we knew we had lost from amongst our community a friend who always performed her duties most efficiently and with human understanding.

Mrs. Pemberton came to Price's as the first full time Secretary in August 1959 and many generations of boys will remember her with affection. She always met every problem and every crisis with equanimity and solved them with calm expertise. Her professionalism was a great example to us all. I am sure I am expressing the feelings of all those staff and boys of Price's School and latterly the staff and students of Price's College who knew Mrs. Pemberton, when I say how much we came to rely on her in the sure knowledge that she was always there with her wealth of knowledge of the organisation of Price's, to offer advice and help to those who needed it.

We shall miss her very much indeed and would just like to say a most sincere "thank you" for the 18½ years she has devoted to Price's and to express the hope that she and her husband, Frank, will enjoy a long and happy retirement.

E.A.B.P.

The death of time

Zergoon-Sha looked around him. In the almost total darkness he could just make out the vague outlines of gnarled, twisted trees, fossilized on the long-dead planet. He turned and ran into the cave, his cloak billowing behind him. Inside the cave, all was still apart from an occasional drip of water from the roof of the cave, a long way distant. In the close air of the planet sound carried an incredibly long way.

"Lyn-Das!" he shouted. "Lyn-Das!"

There was silence. The blue cow-sized beast did not appear. Usually it was there almost at his calling, its fairly luminous tubby flanks being clearly visible against the darkness. This time, however, it did not come. Wrinkling his face with surprise, Zergoon-Sha wandered further into the cave.

Suddenly, ahead of him, there was a splashing, liquid sound, like someone sloshing around in a bath. Then a spine-chilling scream ripped through him, his eardrums seeming to flinch at the sound.

Drawing his broadsword from its scabbard at his belt, he ran towards the sound. He rounded several bends in the tunnel, and finally came to an immense cavern full of light. Glancing down, he was shocked to see the dead body of Lyn-Das, his faithful companion, at his feet. He looked up and beheld an immense creature, almost infinitely large, glowing with a dazzling white light. For a minute he stood, transfixed with awe at this shattering creature, timelessly old, from some mind-blowing dimension outside his own. Then, with a choking cry, he rushed towards the beast, whirling his broadsword above his head. The beast seemed surprised, and with incredible swiftness managed to jump to on side. The sword missed the creature by several inches.

Zergoon-Sha raised his head once more to look at this beast. It appeared to be one enormous mind, probably capable of the most incredible things. He studied its exterior. Faintly-coloured lights flickered across the surface of the creature, so large that he could not see the top of the creature or the cavern. He realised that this creature must have such an advanced intelligence that it was thinking hard enough to give off light all around its soft anatomy. Then a soggy flat projection appeared on the surface of the creature and moved towards Zergoon-Sha. Without thinking, he dived forwards and ripped his sword across the front of the creature. There was a deafening roar, and Zergoon-Sha heard no more. He was aware of being knocked an infinite

distance by an immense deluge of evil-smelling black liquid, of millions of different things occurring at once in exactly he same place, of rock flowing like water, of flying worms, and of all the laws of Physics being smashed to smithereens. He could feel the fabric of time being ripped like tissue paper, with strange figures appearing and disappearing almost simultaneously. Gradually time was ripped to shreds, and the shreds fell into liquid rock, and the atoms fell apart and formed new elements. He realised that what he had killed was something so intelligent that the sheer power of its mind was the thing that kept the universe and the universal laws constant. It was nucleus of eternity, and he had destroyed it.

He became a liquid and evaporated to nothing.

Matthew Hartley, 5B

The Curtain Draws

The curtain draws.

Plastic runners squeak on unoiled plastic track:
Cheap cloth, warped fabric.
A pause for rest, no more;
No sleep, for sleep brings death—
This is no death: surrender.
Why not release all talent
To achieve the greater goal?

I shall not fail; There shall be no question, No pondering, this time: I shall succeed. And yet it seems I am in luck, Winning this lonely mindful war; Yet sacrificing soul as tender trap I love.

Cut off from all reserves, stranded. To advance is to shrink—
The goal achieved, return is made And whole again, this side.
We shall advance.
To retreat is to unite—
Defeated at the front but whole Again in surrender:
Retreat in peace.

There shall be no way to crawl both ways— On torn hands and shredded knee, Through barbed wire and gas-stained spike— To gain both ends.

Alone this commander waits; his men Cry out and die.

The smaller force shall onward rush Or crawl again, diverting shot and shell With blood-stained pen and Tear-stained heart.

Forgive.

Ian Gouge, T.7

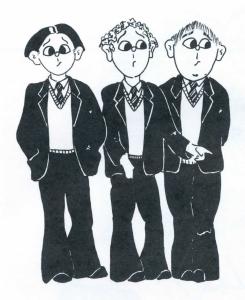
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Sixth-form prizewinners





Kate Barker T.14

Invasion

The possible preservation of the continuing existence of the present theoretical institution was a vain ideal which everyone now realises is inconceivable.

The invasion is upon us and can no longer be crushed. From the outset, these strange alien beings encroached upon our sacred territory, inhabiting the many constructions which were once considered ours. We are stood powerless, bound to accept the assault, being held back by the superior jurisdiction of the powers of the great masters.

Upon their arrival, many small rooms were built where they operated from, and soon afterwards a peculiar, irregularly-shaped building resembling a temple was built. Furthermore, the building was unforgivably been built upon our consecrated gaming pitches.

It has been realised that the invaders come in two variations, the second of which being a classification that had never before been encountered in our domain. These varieties were frequently observed to indulge in such practices that we would not dream of associating ourselves with. They have also enjoyed many privileges which we would not dare presume to claim. An interesting factor of these supposedly acute beings is their total lack of orderly costume, whereas we, the considered crass of the community, maintain uniformed garments, undaunted by the surrounding retrograde fashions.

However, our numbers are unavoidably decreasing, as our assailants ever multiply each year. As we advance in status through our domain, our previous positions remain unreplaced. Never will we have authority over juniors, as those before us did over us. Therefore the invasion has continued, leaving us as the last subjects of the once preferential policy. But we are now becoming ever more and more acclimatised to the situation. We have successfully infiltrated their congregations, and competed both with and against them in their recreations.

And so, as time passed by, we have unavoidably been drawn into them. It now seems evident that we will soon be totally phased out of existence, only to return in the ranks of the invaders.

Gary Connett, 5A

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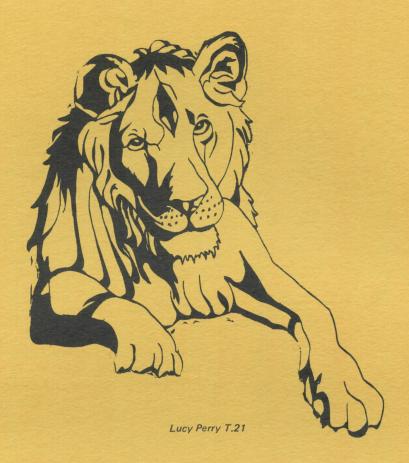
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The Sleeping King

Head poised majestically, Peaked with soft tickly ears mingled with matted fur, They flicker above deep gold marble eyes That stare at you competingly. His shallow breathing is heard in the shadowy dusk. Panting his lolling fat pink tongue, in and out Of his black lips and assorted teeth, Rhythmically like a pendulum, A double-fanged dracula Proudly poised, smouldering like a touch paper Ready to burst into flames.

A cool breeze wafts by Gently lifting the golden coat, Touching but leaving unstirred The heaving of his body Deep and strong Surrounded and camouflaged by The savanna grasslands where Dried grass seeds perch on stalks like little birds; Tiny insects float about in the breeze And where this king lies sleeping.

Pauline Blake, T.32



A Student's Deliberation

Oh why is homework such a bore?

— There's someone knocking at the door.
The telephone begins to ring;
Shall I go out for one last fling?
I was invited to a party
And to a disco run by Marty.
There's badminton and snooker too,
So many things I'd like to do.
There's such a lot I have to swot,
And all I've learnt I've quite forgot.
I think of every deviation;
Mum's frowning at my hesitation.
Dad's stamping up and down the floor
— Oh why is homework such a bore?

Peter Gwilliam, T.28

Depression

You sit alone, thinking,
Trying hard to forget your sorrow;
You listen,
Listen to the joyful voices of those
Without a worry, without anxiety.
How they tear you apart
With their laughing, singing,
And continuous contentment.
As times goes by, you sit in
A solitary place where no people
Speak to you, and you say
Nothing to them.
They don't understand you
And you don't understand them.
Richard Green, 5B

Don't

On this vacant earth we are;
We ask ourselves, "Why?"
The pondering kills our emotions,
Our loves, our freedoms, our fertile minds,
Which should travel elsewhere.
Don't question; it leads to distraction,
It makes jealous friends of us.
We are here and will remain until we die.
So live and love and enjoy
And don't ask, "Why?"

Anne McColl, T.18



C. Hackshall 5C

The Last Ride

Following a trail of smoke High above the Californian freeway Our gaze fell on a mass of shining chromium.

A dull rumbling filled the dusty air As a host of dull hikers swarmed over the desert-land To an unwelcoming city.

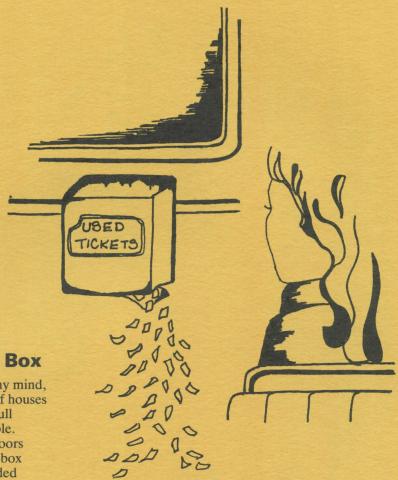
Wind blowing out their long matted hair, Peering out through blank eyes sheathed under antiquated helmets They drove in no direction.

The speed increased and smiles could be seen. The machines shook and rattled and throbbed, While their maniacal commanders laughed.

Then came a sudden, bright flash, Followed by another and the sound of grinding, splintering metal, And frail bodies lay twisted in the sand.

The race was over and the remainder slowed down, Leaving the dying losers as they would of course wish to be left, With the exultant memory of their last ride.

Andrew Simpson, 5B



Sally Kirkby T.40

The Used Ticket Box

Contemplation overcame my mind, Obscuring the silhouettes of houses Beside the stifling bus, so full Of smoke and endless babble. My eyes wandered to the doors And the small insignificant box Labelled for the well intended "Used Tickets".

Most travellers, leaving, dropped Their yellow piece of paper into that Small, insignificant box Which, then I saw, was broken. But still they went on And the tickets fell to the floor To be downtrodden, crushed By those unaware or uncaring.

So what is this ticket?
Unimportant, yes. Dropped
Into the box, unheeded, as
So many well-intentioned acts
Fall through life unnoticed;
It was the proof of right
To be there and, no longer wanted,
Proof is cast away;
But I hold my
Hand tight to the proof
That is my right to travel.

Emma Lochhead, T.7

Life

Life is a circle; It is without beginning or end. Life comes from life And life comes from death. Death, What is death but the decomposition Of a mortal body? From dust it was made And to dust it will return. The importance of the body Is equal to the importance of dust. Dust is small and has no use. Life is the love of life: Death is the hatred of life. Life is the supreme question, A question that cannot be answered, Only experienced. Life is experience of things good and bad. Life is the conqueror, The conqueror of all.

Martine McGuire, T.26

Motorway at Night

Ice cold sodium Cuts a straight trail, Each lamp Equidistant from the next Circumscribed by pools of light Reducing the indigo lines of the night To the monotone Of smooth tarmac. In damp fecund pastures Luminous rays Make tangible the mist Mingling with warm droplets of breath Of Frisians, Orange and black, Who breaks the blades Of shiny, sappy grass And shamble away into the gloom.

Celia Woolfrey, T.4



Martin Austin 5A



The Factory at Night

I have been long silent now, Dressed in darkness. My tired limbs stiff in a slow dying, I am helpless, Left for another day to wonder, wander. Why do they hate me? They curse in the heat of my labour. I am a mother, giving birth to new things. They call on gods to give them strength, But it is I who work, I who now lie motionless, Stricken by their curses, Unproductive. And still they curse! But I am content as I am, Though when abused in wakening I am a Tigress, Life and limb my prize. They curse, but respect; Only those who do not respect need fear. I am alone, Happily content, no murmur of dissent: I am the factory.

Edward Burton, T.6

Definition

He is the bended reed that inclines to the wind, then snaps to the ground in the grey light.

He is the smashed mirror that lies, still holding the reflection in its slivery fingers.

He is the stony beach that crawls under the sea by day and night.

He is the motorway accident that tears flesh and sinew and replaces fire and steel.

He is the painted clown that cries bitterly after his comic success.

He is the failed crop that stays withered in the earth, watered with peasants' tears.

He is the willow's hair that streams in the sun and holds up the black night.

He is the winter-killed leaf that lies shrivelled on the pavement, veins open to the sky-frost.

He was all these once; now—

He is not.

Lucy Perry, T.21

The Plague

The vulture sat, motionless, Silhouetted against the backdrop Of the clear dusk sky.

The hyena stood, and Its eerie cry echoed through The still cool air.

The zebra lay, still, Its appealing eyes still open, And died. The plague descended.

Paul Griffin, 5B



Richard Pirie T.25

The Sea of Love

Stormy seas of green and black
Rage under a ceiling of stolid grey,
And the crack and the clap
Send terror through the soul of the weather-beaten sailor,
Like the arrow of Cupid
Striking and severing the heart of the
Lonely lover.
A ship falls and rises swallowed up by the
Yawning of the cavernous waves or
Perched precariously on the gentle curve of the huge foaming white horse,
Just as a cork floats on the ups and downs
Of the surging torrents of the
Affections and flirtations of that same lover.

Michael Hughes, 5B



Julian Godfrey 5B

The Graveyard

The graveyard in its stillness lies, Each grey headstone with a tale To tell. Many generations of young and old Lie buried here, in tranquillity, With nothing to disturb their peace.

Richard Gibbon, 5B



Soldier Boy

Soldier, soldier, a gun by your side,
A sleeve full of stripes, a head full of pride;
Soldier, soldier, marching on by,
Your head is held high — high in the sky.

Soldier, soldier, all clad in brown,
Into the war now, that's where you're bound.
Soldier, soldier, whom no one can save,
The trench is so deep — as deep as your grave.

Soldier, soldier, all caked in mud,
Down in your trench, you would fight if you could.
Soldier, soldier, your head's in a spin:
Is this the place you're going to die in?

Soldier, soldier, all caked in mud,
Life is so short, you'd hold on if you could.
Soldier, soldier, pride's an empty shell,
You're frightened of death and frightened of hell.

Soldier, soldier, your clothes in a mess,
Scared of the bomb and scared of the gas;
Soldier, soldier, death's cold hand is nigh:
Your life will expire with a scream and a sigh.

Soldier, soldier, your clothes caked in blood,
Your life has been crushed as you lay in the mud.
Soldier, soldier, march to the sky;
Your head was held high — was it worth it to die?

Mark Harrison-Jones, T.36

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Stella Rees T.21

Radio Times

Young Tommy Parker brought a new radio and, filled with expectation, he took out his new toy and started to play with it. On consulting a newspaper, he found he could listen to three different channels.

Channel one: Caring for a baby. Channel two: Car maintenance.

Channel three: Special feature by Mahatma Bolly on jungle survival.

Like most youngsters of his age, Tommy wanted to listen to all three channels at once, so he changed channels frequently:

One: If you suspect that baby has a cold or other illness, this can be easily checked by . . .

Two: removing the cylinder head and greasing the valve seats with...

One: a clean dry nappy and plenty of talcum powder, taking care that...

Three: a full range of snake-bite serum is within easy reach...

Two: of the master brake cylinder. This should at all times be completely full of ...

One: rusks crumbled thoroughly into warm milk. These rusks are available quite cheaply from any branch of . . .

Two: a car maintenance shop. Here you can buy a six cylinder, twin carb...

Three: double-barrelled hunting rifle, which is absolutely essential when...

One: baby is teething, to ease the pain, and also regular doses of gripe water . . .

Two: in the carburettor will cure most fuel-feed problems. If there is any electrical shorting it is necessary to take the car to the . . .

Three: jungle trading post: these are found in the more accessible parts of tropical forests.

These trading posts have ample supplies of . . .

Two: spare parts for almost any car and if ...

One: baby is brought up properly... Three: the course of jungle survival...

Two: will be easy motoring.



C.C.F. inspection



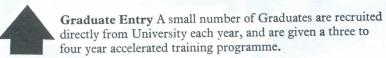
Karl Evans who has been awarded a R.N. reserve cadetship at Dartmouth



The first three girl students to be offered university places for engineering

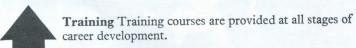
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The Mourner

"'E's kicked the bucket," the charwoman said, the cigarette drooping from the corner of her mouth responding to each spoken syllable with a jerk. "Poor old soul, still it's a blessing really—'e never 'ad good 'ealth." Her colleague ceased shining up brassware for a moment and contemplated death. "We all 'as to go somewhen," was the philosophy reached.

This was small comfort for the mourner, drowning in pools of solitude as the evening light descended. To know that death was a common occurrence and a release from pain for her husband did not fill the yawning chasm in her leaden heart. The black she wore without reflected that which she felt within and she picked restlessly at her skirt with twisted athritic fingers which had nursed and cherished and now lay idle. The silence in the room was loud as the damp and cold invaded her — no friendly firelight flickered in the grave. Her heart was weary but sleep had deserted her lending no peaceful respite, and the past called her relentlessly back until time had no track. Night drew a heavy mantle over the shadowy figure in the corner. She awaited the sunrise.

"Yes, it's just as well," agreed the cleaners as they switched off the lights and left the building, "just as well."

Debra Westlake, T.43

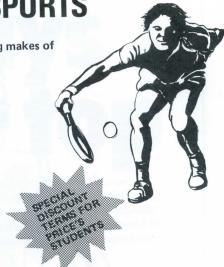
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First volleyball team squad

Summer Activities 1977

CRICKET

First Eleven

The First Eleven cricket side were very keen during the summer but unfortunately had to play their home matches on perhaps the worst college cricket square in the county. No resounding victories were recorded as many matches seemed to end in draws. Nevertheless, some good play by Phil Piper must be mentioned as must mature application by Martin Wilson. Hopefully the 1978 season should see an improved standard of playing surface and better results, as there are many good players now in the Sixth Form who will be available.

Under 15

The 1977 season saw the last main school team to represent Price's College. As in previous seasons, the team maintained a good standard, and won both the Gosport and Fareham League and Cup competitions. Only one game was lost and that was in the semi-final of the Hampshire Cup and to the eventual winners.

Throughout the seasons that the team have played together, Phil Mundie, Tim Hoskins, and Phil Voller have been excellent in the bowling side of the game whilst Mark Botterill (captain) and hard-hitting Glen Williams have been the mainstay of batting. All in all, the team have performed well and most of all have enjoyed their cricket. Special thanks must go to Mr. Harcus for running the side for four years.

TENNIS

Results at Senior, Under 16, and Under 15 level have confirmed a vintage year of excellent play throughout the College.

Although the girls' results have been somewhat indifferent, of the twenty-five boys' matches arranged only the very first match was lost—by the margin of 4 to 5. All three teams have won their age-group divisions within the S.E. Hampshire Schools' L.T.A. Leagues. Individual honours must go to David Butchart who won the Under 18 Singles S.E. Hants Competition and who partnered Paul Locke to win the Doubles Event. In the same tournament, Nicky Williams won the Under 16 Singles. We again had representatives at all levels in the County Teams and Squads and this included the notable S.E. Hants overall win in the County inter-area competition at Southsea.

The Senior Team achieved its best results ever (particularly with wins over Bournemouth and Poole) in winning again the Rawlings Cup for the most successful Hampshire school playing in the National Glanville Cup Competition. Price's has now won it for a record three times and congratulations must go to Paul Locke who captained the team an indeed to all players who have represented Price's College in their respective age-groups.

D.J.A.H.

Winter Activities 1977-78

1st XI HOCKEY—LADIES

So far this season, the ladies have not produced a consistent form, resulting in two matches being won, three lost and one drawn. The team contains some competent individual hockey players, but as yet, have not been able to link up their skills to provide a balanced attack. Enthusiasm is not lacking, however, and during the matches the players give a hundred per cent effort.

Sally Cook, who plays centre-forward, provides the spearhead of the forward line and was skilful enough to win a place in the Junior County Second Eleven this season. Fiona Jarman, left wing, and Teresa Gilbert, right wing, have also played very well for the team, Fiona showing her versatility by playing exceptionally well as goalkeeper during one match. In defence, Penny Earnshaw has proved to be invaluable and Caroline McFayden has improved tremendously and is one of the most enthusiastic team members. Jackie Emery and Jane Pole in midfield have played consistently in all matches and are the key-players in defence.

The rest of the season looks hopeful and the new members who have joined the team, especially Sally Goodall, should provide extra strength and depth to the squad. Thanks to Mr. Bowler, team manager, for all the hard work and effort he has put in.

1st XI HOCKEY—MEN

Hockey this year got off to a good start with some very close matches which tended to finish in draws. The best win was against Sandown which the college won convincingly by twelve goals. There has been some consistent play by the forwards although it has taken a long time for the backs to settle down. More positive play is called for and a determined effort by all players is needed if a successful winning side is to result. Nevertheless, of late, despite losing the last two matches, a greater team spirit and more thoughtful play is slowly developing and hopefully the team will find itself winning more games. Less individuality and more teamwork is the key to the future for men's hockey at Price's.



First eleven girls' hockey team



First eleven boys' hockey team

1st XI SOCCER

Following several disappointing seasons, there was a distinctive air of optimism in the opening weeks of the season with the feeling that the College could field a team not lacking in any department and with strong squad support. After settling for a 2–1 away victory in the opening league encounter with Purbrook, the team settled to a string of six easy victories in both cup and league, in which the standard of football played was very high. Then came the first of only two defeats this season so far; defeat by Farnborough in the Cup Semi-final and with it, hopes of a league and cup double. Smarting from that, the team then disposed unmercifully of the other cup-finalists Salesian College and then had to face the unbeaten league leaders, Queen Mary's College away. A last minute goal saw Price's sunk and Queen Mary's retain their unbeaten record. Nevertheless, since these matches, three more good victories have resulted and the chance of winning the league title is still on the horizon if this form can be maintained.

It would be unfair to select members of the squad for individual praise, but it is comment enough that captain, Neil Baynham and vice-captain, Mike Keaton, together with Aidan Forrester and Steve Moran, represent the county at various levels, whilst Steve Moran and Steve Greenwood are successfully pursuing careers with professional clubs. Thanks, finally, from all players to Mr. Ian Milford, for all the time and effort he has put in.

2nd XI SOCCER

This season the second eleven is riding high in the league and despite losing three regular players to the First Eleven, the team has continued undaunted in the quest for the champion-ship. Although twenty-two players have been selected during the season, there are only twelve regulars in the squad, eight of whom have had First Eleven experience.

The strength of the team lies in the defence, which to date has conceded only 16 goals in 13 games—a fine record by any standards. Caird Batcheler has captained admirably and his greater degree of self-control has resulted in his only being cautioned once. Mick Nash, Shaun Oliver and Richie Palmer have played consistently well in defence and are an inspiration to the rest of the team. In attack, Dave Bendon, Danny Powell and Phil Lawrence have played well together, making up for their lack of height by scoring profusely. In 13 games, 85 goals have been scored, a superb record. In midfield, play has been inconsistent, each player playing more in an individual way than as a team unit. Dave Jull is playing better than ever before, Alan Smith has worked hard and Regie Thomas is skilful but sometimes erratic.

Overall, the team has proved it lacks nothing in spirit and if it continues to play in the same vein for the rest of the season then league success could be imminent.

3rd XI SOCCER

There have been no regular matches for the third eleven team this season because there is no organised league and there is no member of staff prepared to assist with running the side. Nevertheless some matches have been arranged against colleges with teams and a good standard of football has been played. The enthusiasm and effort put in by the players under their captain, Steve Marchant, is pleasing to note and we look forward to being able to field a regular side in future seasons.



First eleven soccer squad



Under 16 soccer squad



First fifteen rugby squad

UNDER 16 SOCCER

The last main-school football team to represent Price's College has had a moderate start to the season with a small squad of loyal players. In league fixtures only about half points have been accrued but many more games have to be played and enthusiasm is high.

In the Hampshire Cup Competition, the squad reached the third round before being eliminated in extra time but hope is still high in the Gosport and Fareham Cup which still has to be played.

There have been some good performances by Mark Botterill, Neil Sprunt, Julian Auckland-Lewis, Julian Godfrey and Kenneth Anderson, whose enthusiasm and hard work is contributing to a good stable team. Thanks to Mr. John Tomlinson, team manager.

1st XV RUGBY

Until this season, rugby has been very limited at Price's owing to lack of players but now a squad has been formed from fifth and sixth formers and success has been achieved. Mr. Ian Wilkie has spent some time over the years training and taking the team to matches and thanks must be due to him for his time and efforts.

The first match, against Bridgemary resulted in an impressive 17–0 victory despite a nervous first half. The tackling of the backs and hard work of the forwards were the notable reasons. Against Bay House, confidence was shown and a victory by fourteen points to nil was achieved. The hardest game, against Brune Park, was drawn, but some good play by all players despite a lapse in concentration, bodes well for the future. More fixtures are arranged and next season, rugby will be offered on Wednesday afternoons. Anybody interested in playing should watch the notice boards.

BADMINTON

Once again the College Badminton Teams have had a very good season and all players have put in their best efforts. As a result we have had a number of very good matches, the most memorable of which being against Peter Symonds resulting in Price's College narrowly losing. The only other defeat was when the male side lost heavily to Brockenhurst, but some revenge was gained when the first ever female team to be fielded from College defeated Brockenhurst by six matches to three. The other seven matches have all ended in victory for Price's and some resounding results have been recorded, the most notable being 9–0 at Basingstoke and 8–1 at Havant. Not all matches have been won in such fashion, however and we did face tough opposition against Barton Peveril.

Teams, this year, have been selected to give as many people as possible a chance to represent the college and to give them experience for when they become regular squad members in the future.

NETBALL

Once again Price's netball has had another very successful season, many girls are in the County squads, the area tournament was won, and only one game has been lost to date.

In the National Schools' Tournament, we retained the cup for the third year in succession in the area tournament held at Bridgemary. The team then went on to meet the other Hampshire winners at a tournament in Redbridge before Christmas and did exceptionally well to be runners-up to Hill College, Southampton, thus winning a place in the second round. This was held in January, and the successful run was abruptly ended when losses were recorded against St. Joseph's, Reading and Wycombe High School.

In College matches, on Wednesday afternoons, we started with two teams keen to play and they were both successful, losing only one match each. However, as the season has progressed, the squad has been reduced to just one team with an apathetic response from some irresponsible students. This is a great pity since not only our keen players, but the opposition also, have been disappointed.

VOLLEYBALL

Until last year Volleyball was one of the sports that Price's provided for its students that was not played on a competitive basis against other schools and clubs. During the past year a volleyball team has emerged under the coaching of Mr. Tomlinson.

Our first games took place against a group from Portchester Further Education Centre during the summer months, in which honours were shared. In order to build a better team, regular practices, on a Monday evening, were started, which also gave the opportunity for evening games to be played. These sessions are enjoyed by all participating, as it gives people a chance to play a sport which they would not normally be able to play at a good standard owing to other team commitments during college time.

Our first game against another school was in November, when we played Mayfield, one of the better school sides in the area. Almost predictably we lost that game 3-0. However in January we played them again and a much improved Price's side avenged the previous defeat by beating them 3-0. Our latest game against St. Luke's reiterated our superiority with another 3-0 victory.

The team is predominantly male, and two players must be mentioned: Heitor, our Brazilian star, is probably the best player in the team having good control and explosive power when required, and Dave Bishop, who has captained us through the last year admirably.

D.J.A.H.

REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS

Netball—Hampshire under 18 team Price's, as last year, are the mainstay of the County squad with the following girls all playing throughout the season:

Christine Fielding, Susan Moger, Janet Smith, Lily Snell, Gillian Boswell, Lily Keys, Julie Hickling, and Barbara Snell.

Christine, Susan, and Janet were then selected to attend the South netball trials and both Christine and Janet were picked to represent the South and also to be sent to the final England trials. Christine went to the trials but was not selected and Janet was, unfortunately, unable to attend. Nevertheless, both represented the South of England in the National Tournament in February.

Sailing—Hampshire Schools' Sailing Association Annual Regatta

Individual Trophy — Jon Powell.

Wheatley Trophy — Jon Powell and Tom McDowell.

- James Wilkinson, Keith White, Glen Williams, David Walker, Charles Team Trophy

McGhee, and Karl Evans.

Badminton Steven Wassell — Hampshire Under 18 squad, Third Team Senior, England Under 16 Squad, Under 18 Squad, Southern Counties Under 18, National Champion Under 16 Singles and Mixed Doubles, and runner-up in the Men's Doubles.

Archery David Sharpin — Area Sports Personality of the Year.

Hockey (Ladies) Sally Cook — Hampshire Second Eleven (Junior).

Football Neil Baynham, Mike Keaton, Aidan Forrester, and Steve Moran are regular players in the Hampshire squads.

D.J.A.H.



Zoe Smallwood T.40



First seven netball team



First badminton side



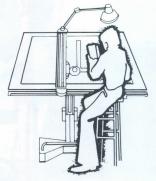
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Old Priceans' Association

1977 was a very difficult year for the Association. The Address List remains incomplete and many members may still not be receiving their copies of the College Magazine and letters containing news of the Association.

Mr. D. Hall raised a cricket eleven in July 1977 and after a good match the Old Boys scored a narrow victory. We also managed to field two elevens for the annual soccer match in September 1977. The first eleven won 4-1 but the second eleven were a little outclassed and lost 11-1.

I hope that we can keep the Association going for the benefit of those who wish to retain their links with Price's. Please contact Mr. Cole or Mr. Wilkie at the College if you wish to join the Association.

Any news of Old Priceans or items of interest will be gratefully received for inclusion in the Magazine.

J.D.C.

London Society of Old Priceans

President:
D. C. T. Humphries
53 Carshalton Park Road
Carshalton
Surrey

Honorary Secretary & Treasurer: M. C. Privett 'Clyde' Evelyn Road Worthing Sussex BN14 8AY

The Christmas Dinner was held on 2nd December 1977 at Bertorelli's Restaurant, Charlotte Street, W.1. and there was a gathering of sixteen members. Some members unfortunately could not be present, including Mr. Ashton who we were sorry to hear was in hospital—also Dudley Masterman, Brian Buckley and others sent their best wishes for a successful evening.

We were delighted to welcome from Fareham, Mr. Poyner, Mr. Foster, Mr. Cole, not forgetting of course Dr. Hollins, who, I believe, is the first lady to attend a dinner organised by the London Society of Old Priceans since its inception.

The President proposed the Loyal Toast and the toast to the school. The Headmaster replied, giving us a resume of the happenings of Price's College and told of the tremendous influx of boys and girls now. There are approximately 50 pupils and it is the last year for boys from the old school.

The dinner was excellent, there being many reminiscences about the old times at school and the whereabouts of various Old Priceans.

The President, during his speech, intimated that he was happy to relinquish his post as president in order that a younger member could take over.

A small number of us meet at the Albert, Victoria Street, on the third Tuesday in February and October at 6.30 p.m. and spend a convivial evening together. If you are in London on either of those dates please come along.

The next Christmas Dinner will be held on the 8th December 1978 at Bertorelli's. We hope that as many members as possible will attend as it will be the 50th anniversary since the founding of the London Society of Old Priceans.

Lastly, all members of the L.S.O.P. send their very best wishes to the College, to its present staff and pupils and to all Old Priceans.

M. C. Privett

Downs View, 38, Hurst Road, Hassocks, Sussex. Hassocks 3492 2nd November 1977.

Dear John Cole,

If there is still a space for Old Priceans in the college magazine I wonder whether it would be possible to put a small note in to the effect that I should be delighted to hear from any Old Boy who collects cigarette cards. I have collected cigarette cards ever since I left school and still carry on the old policy of swopping cards with other collectors as a means of increasing my collection and I have a large number of spares.

I am sorry to have suspended my visits to Price's but I suffer from severe hardening of the arteries in my legs and do not make long car trips any more.

Please remember me to any of the Old Brigade if you see some of them. I wonder if you staged a dinner this year.

Kindest regards, Yours sincerely, Edward Dean-Cooper (1916–1922)

Mr. A. A. May

The death occurred on Wednesday, 30th November, at his home—47, Newtown, Portchester—of Mr. 'Alf' May. He was 81 years of age.

He was born on 21st July, 1896, and began a life-long association with Price's School when he was 12 years old. His father, Eli, was Caretaker at the School and Alf joined him as boot boy in 1908, when Price's moved from West Street, Fareham, to its present site in Park Lane. Subsequently he took to looking after the games pitches and gardens, and eventually took over as Caretaker when his father died. Alf served throughout the First World War in the Field Artillery, mostly in France.

He retired in 1960, after an association of $51\frac{1}{2}$ years with the school, and many generations of Price's boys will remember him as a hardworking, loyal servant of the School, and a genuine friend-in-need. For many years Alf May bore his crippling arthritis with cheerfulness and great fortitude. His garden in Newtown was a joy to him and to passers by, and until the last he tended it using a stool and trowel with amazing results.

We extend our sympathy to Olive, his widow, and to his sons Michael and John. In his passing many people have lost a friend who, in his own unobtrusive way, was an inspiration to all with whom he came into contact.

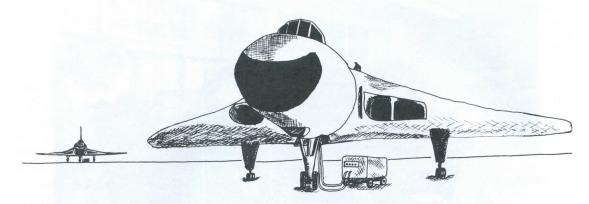
E.A.B.P.



The Bishop of Portsmouth with the Chairman of Governors on a college visit



Some of the students on the West Africa cruise



Simon Fletcher 5B

1977 R.A.F. Easter Camp

At Easter last year a party of fifteen set off for R.A.F. Waddington in Lincolnshire in the school minibus and Major Taylor's car. We set off at about 8.30 a.m. and arrived in the early afternoon, to the accompaniment of huge Vulcan bombers. The noise at first was annoying but as we settled into our billet we got used to it. The billets were substantial, to say the least, but we managed to get asleep the first night after a camp briefing and a good meal.

We awoke at 6.10 the next morning and went through all the cleaning, drilling, washing, and (most important) eating, before we could get on with the activities. The majority of mornings and afternoons were spent on three individual subjects around the base. These included air traffic control, viewing the Vulcan bombers, being shown around the armoury, watching films, and other pursuits. Along with this there were five main events. The first was the night exercise, which involved lunatics of various ranks running round a nearby airbase at midnight trying to blow up a top-secret minibus with cans of baked beans painted white. This was very much enjoyed by all and the laughter was added to on the way back to Waddington when someone knocked off the top of a large soup dispenser. The roads in Linolnshire that night were laced with tomato soup.

The second major event was the V.C.10 flight. This took place in an R.A.F. Vickers V.C.10 loaded with cadets. The flight was over England to Wales, and then a sight-seeing trip round Anglesey and North Wales. Next was the Chipmunk flight which I enjoyed, but my flight-sergeant, Dave 'Mother' Saunders, nearly killed himself with worry as I set off with a parachute too large for me in plane number 13. Obviously, I survived!

The following night was spent in Lincoln, which is a matter I will not go into. The morning after this night before was spent shooting. I didn't do very well. Finally, after an enjoyable week we set off back home in just the minibus. This was a little bit of a squeeze but after several hundred songs we arrived, exhausted, back in Hampshire.

David Ingram, 5B

Hello Mother, Hello Father...

I took part in the first YMCA Leadership Training course as part of the sixth-form General Studies programme at Price's and since then I've worked on many camps at Fairthorne Manor. Last summer I succeeded in getting a place in the U.S.A. Camp America, the organisation through which I applied, arranged the return flight, the nine weeks at a camp, and allowed us two weeks of self-financed (travel) time before returning—for which we paid nothing.

After an 8 hour flight from Gatwick to JFK we were taken en masse to a hotel in Times Square, down-town Manhattan. It was eleven at night when we hit the streets, all the stores were open, and it was 83°F—a crazy place. We had a guided tour of New York the following morning before travelling to our different camps. I went to a YMCA camp called Conrad Weiser in Pennsylvania, but I was not the only foreigner, for so too did a Dane, a Swede, a West German, an Austrian, and an Australian—but at least the natives and I had a common langauge—or so I thought!

The camp occupied a five hundred acre site on a wooded six thousand foot mountain, and it was a prestigious institution divided into six villages for boys ranging in age from seven to sixteen years, who seemed to return yearly. Before the kids arrived there was a week of staff training: the time was spent sprucing up the camp. I spent three days on a crew clearing thirty miles of horse trails. I was given the awesome titles of Assistant Chief of Cub Village and Head of Archery. There were thirty-five kids in the village in six beautiful cabins—not exactly wilderness survival! Each counsellor had about six kids to look after when he wasn't teaching his own particular activity. Our camp was organised so that the kids could come to one or more of the four fortnightly periods.

During my time at camp I had many new experiences, such as handling snakes, learning to water-ski, dressing up and performing fan dances, having doughnuts and cocoa for breakfast, and riding a roller coaster, to name but a few. Our village chief was a herpetology student who went off looking for rattlesnakes after thunder-showers, and he was seen to feed live baby birds to snakes. In addition, he organised 'edible food hikes' and had kids eating raw grasshoppers and roast chipmunk. He also surgically removed a tumour from a snake's nose and stitched and bandaged up two large green iguanas which had fought each other.

For travel after camp I'd bought an Ameripass which allowed me fifteen days unlimited travel on Greyhound buses. I had twelve days in which to see America. The journey to Denver took two days: the buses average about a thousand miles in twenty-four hours, with rest stops every once in a while. There was a coach change in St. Louis, and I was able to see the six hundred and thirty foot Gateway to the West Arch (part of the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial) which towers beside the Mississippi River. The four minute ascent inside the arch is as memorable as the view from the top. Beneath it is the museum itself which catalogues the years in which America was opened up. I spent two days touring Denver and the nearby Rocky Mountain National Park where you cross the Continental Divide twelve thousand feet up. From there I took an overnight bus to Salt Lake City, home of the Mormons, with the famous Temple and Tabernacle. From Salt lake where the temperature was a humid 95° I went North through Idaho to Great Falls in Montana—big sky country—where the temperature was only 45°. I wanted to see Glacier National Park so I decided to hitch: in fact it's illegal but not usually enforced. I had lifts from an incredible bunch of people: a combine-harvester driver who told me about a friend's encounter with a grizzly bear, an FBI agent, in the back of a pick-up across the Blackfoot Indian Reservation; an Indian railroad worker who'd been drunk the night before was looking for his work crew and gave me a lift, as did a lumber jack who'd shot a mountain lion and trapped mink and otter during the winter—a real-life Walt Disney character. I stayed in the park overnight and hitched through it the next day. The scenery was magnificent, glacial landscape with pine forests up to the treeline, mountain lakes, streams, waterfalls, and snow-capped peaks. From there I hitched on up into Alberta, Canada, and had a two and a half day bus ride along the Trans-Canada Highway to Toronto. I arrived at St. Catherine's, near Niagara Falls, at 1.35 in the morning, only to

discover I had nowhere to go or rather no means of getting anywhere. I went to the police station and asked to sleep in a cell overnight but I was taken to the YMCA where I slept on a couch for three hours until I was woken up and moved on at 6 a.m. Niagara Falls were magnificent, if a little over-commercialised. I returned to Pennsylvania where I visited the Hershey Chocolate Factory: in fact, the whole town smelt of chocolate, the main streets are Cocoa and Chocolate Avenues, and the street lamps are shaped like Hershey kisses—chocolate drops.

From Hershey I returned to camp to collect my suitcase and guitar, and then to New York City and eventually home.

It felt good being home after those three months but I shall never forget those ten days and six thousand miles on the road, sleeping on buses and washing in bus station rest rooms, nor will I forget the time I spent at Camp Conrad Weiser, U.S.A.

Charles Alford

Except

Except in time's immortal bounds
No life shall live this day.
Except through Eden's golden grounds
No men shall walk this way.
How peaceful can this vision be
To those of us who wait
Accepting greetings from afar
Beyond that hallowed gate?
Live on, o sadly mortal men
Within your house, your home:
Enjoy this day-long life you lead,
Be good, be kind, and roam.

Pat Lister, T.17

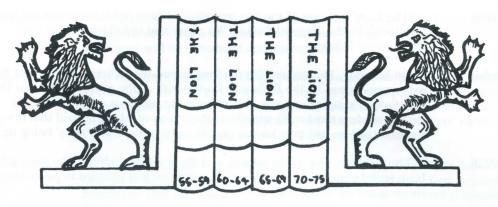
The Badger

Badger, badger, burning bright In the shadows of the night; Look out, voles, and look out, moles, Or anything that lives in holes. Nothing's safe when he's around In streams or even underground.

Timothy Reed, 5B



Sharon Allen T.2



Andrew Gordon 5B

Glimpses of the past

Extracts from file copies of 'The Lion' (the magazine of Price's School)

July 1923

In the last week of this term the War Memorial to Old Boys who fell in the Great War will be unveiled by the Headmaster of Winchester College..... What will it mean for the new boy of the year 1950 on his first attendance at morning prayers in the school?

(After winning the Junior Bowl in the Winchester Sports) For Price's School, however, the day was not yet finished, for first of all Cummins and Budden were carried shoulder-high through the streets of Winchester; and then along West Street, Fareham, and so to the school, where they handed the Bowl over to the keeping of the Headmaster.

December 1924

It is quite pardonable to pat ourselves on the back when we really deserve such an expression of pleasurable pride. We do so therefore when we remind our readers of the School's success in the Oxford Local Examinations last summer. There were 21 entrants for the Leaving Certificate; of these, 6 obtained Honours (including 5 exemptions from the matriculation exam.), and 14 passes. This is a record for the school.

July 1925

(A ride in a Gosport tram) There is now no need to spend two guineas on an exciting trip in an aeroplane; spend a few pence and enjoy a car-ride from Gosport to Fareham...of course, the service is not meant for those in a hurry; those in a hurry walk. Neither is it meant for comfort. Then it must be intended for a novelty, so a novelty let it remain.

April 1926

Many and varied were the hideous tortures conceived by the Spanish Inquisition, but did anyone ever device a more horrible means of inflicting pain than examinations mean to the average schoolboys?

- July 1926 'The Lion' was one of the few periodicals whose publication was not interfered with by the General Strike. We never had to fall back upon our Continental Edition.
- On Monday, December 12th the long-hoped-for additions to our new buildings were opened by the Bishop of Portsmouth...the whole school, for the first time in many years, was able to be in the room for a function...the Bishop made a most witty speech, in the course of which he said that it was the first time he had ever known people to be pleased at 'Prices' being up.
- July 1928

 The 180 boys now at the school, and the several hundreds who have left, have failed to produce a single article which we feel justified in publishing in this number of 'The Lion'.
- December 1930 We greatly regret that, owing to the action taken by the Government, all recognition of Cadet Units ceased on October 31st, and, if an attempt to carry on the Corps were made, it would be without the greater part of its activities.
- April 1934

 It was officially announced this term that the Headmaster was resigning at the end of the current school year....Mr. Bradby has been in charge since it was re-organised in 1908, and, to an exceptional extent, the school has reflected his personality.
- July 1934

 There must have been many in Fareham when the school started in its present form, who wondered if it would ever come to anything worth while, and Mr. Bradby himself, as he faced his school of 17 pupils on the first morning in 1908, must have wondered too.

From over 160 candidates, the Governors of the school have selected Mr. G. A. Ashton, M.A., as the future Headmaster.

- May 1952

 There have been a number of pleasant things to record in this issue of 'The Lion', in particular the increase in the number of classrooms by the adaptation of the old boarders' dormitories. This has done much to relieve congestion in the school and we are hopeful that the national emergency will not become an excuse for depriving us of our much needed Physics laboratory.
- January 1954 This term work has been carried on, without any undue haste, on the new laboratories. Surely they will be ready next term?
- September 1954 We had hoped to start on the new pavilion this term, but the estimates were unexpectedly high and beyond our range.
- September 1956 In the Autumn Term there will be two additions to the Staff. In particular we welcome back an old Pricean, J. D. Cole: there will be many who remember him and his prowess, academic and athletic, although it will be strange to see him on the premises unaccompanied, except on Old Boys' Day, by R. E. Daysh.
- May 1958 On Old Boys' Day this term the new Pavilion as officially opened by Vice-Admiral Sir William Agnew at a short but impressive ceremony.... Meanwhile a temporary building will be necessary to provide accommodation next year when our numbers will exceed 350.

September 1959 Mr. Ashton has retired and we welcome Mr. Poyner. Mr. Poyner has had a distinguished career and, under his guidance, we are sure that the traditions of the school will be continued and strengthend.

January 1960 To the North, phase one of the building programme has already progressed to roof level and will provide us, in two storeys, by September 1960, with a full-sized biology lab., a full-sized general science lab., two smaller advanced labs, an art room, a woodwork room, two classrooms, a prefects' room, new classrooms and lavatories, and an oil-fired heating system.

January 1962

The school seems just as overcrowded as it was before the new buildings opened a year ago. It is all the more regrettable, therefore, that 'someone has blundered' and that the schedule of the new buildings (hall and gymnasium) for this year is already three months behind.

December 1971 We celebrate this year the 250th Anniversary of the founding of Price's School. The frontispiece shows a boy of 1860 dressed in blue uniform with silver buttons. William Price, in his will, had ordered that the children "be yearly cloath'd with an upper garment of blew cloath of such goodness as the income of the estate should amount to." Dark blue is still the colour of our blazers and the new school flag.



Russell Frampton T.7

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