	**Price's Who's Who?, Part 2** **"I" Surnames**

Ibbs	Lt. (A/Capt) T.L., M.C. & Bar	
Inns	Nick	
Iredale	Mr. Eric	
Ivens	A.W.	-

Ibbs	Lt (A/Capt) T.L.., **MC & Bar**	Date	

"Lt. (A/Capt.) T. L. Ibbs, M.C., Monmouthshire Regt. This officer worked continuously for five days and nights without sleep, being largely instrumental in keeping the Battalion together during a critical time. When the troops in the front line retired in disorder, leaving a gap, he rendered valuable help in steadying the men, and restoring the situation. The next day, when the enemy broke through on both flanks, he collected stragglers to man a railway line, and held up the attack." (M.C.[bar] gazetted January 1st, 1918.)



Inns	Nick	Date	

Hi my name is Nick. I have been a potter and teacher for 38 years. I am pleased to announce that my new pottery collection will soon be available to buy. I've revisited some traditional slipware decorative techniques and I am creating a range of functional earthenware pottery. Follow this page to keep up to date with my work!

nickthepotter@hotmail.co.uk



See also: Lion Pride Chapter: Creative Priceans for a more expansive review of Nick's work.

Iredale	Eric	Dates	

Teacher of Physics. Oversight of the 1961 Shooting Club 1963 “Patience” Lighting control. 1964 “Gondoliers" Lighting control. 1970 “The Crucible” Lighting control. 1971 Sailing Club helper – organised the 19171 Hill Head race. As Lt., **O.C. CCF Naval section 1962** inaugurated.	

Ivens	A.W.	Dates	1931

At Cashmere Station, via Mt. Garnet, North Queensland.

9/22 (Avon Downs Station, Camooweal, Northern Territory, Queensland) writes that he has gone to a cattle station about 300 miles from the nearest railway at Dajaera. There seems to be a permanent wind blowing, cold in winter and hot in summer, and as there are no trees, there is not much shelter. His station he calls a small one of 2,500 square miles. The next one is 15,000 (!) and is 120 miles from Avon Downs. The natives, who are wild blacks, are of a very fine physique, seldom under seven feet high. Posts arrive sometimes, and letters, from fellows who remember him, would be welcome.
7/23 (Avon Downs, Camooweal, N. Queensland), is enjoying a lovely life out there, out in the open all day and all night. There are plenty of gins for society. He says: the nearest town of any size is Cloncurry, 250 miles distant, but one can reach the railway in 220 miles. The natives, though averaging seven feet in height, are all as thin as match-sticks. The out-back Australian is a fine type of man, and not one would dream of betraying a trust, a bit different from the average Australian townsman, who is undoubtedly the greatest crook imaginable. Occasionally a shark finds his way out here, and takes everyone in, but he does not want to stay too long after he gets found out, as he will find that the spin he gets is hardly worth his crookedness. [I shall be sorry to leave the people—I intend going inside to the coast this year and start doing farming on my own—though it is a “cow” of a country, with the heat, flies, beetles, mosquitoes ; in fact all the pests in the world: snakes, centipedes and scorpions. My mate got bitten by a snake the other night. He is not dead yet: so I suppose it was a non-poisonous variety, or perhaps he is immune to snake-bite, as he has been bitten several times. I woke up the other night with a 6in. centipede asleep on my face. He crawled off and got into my blankets, and I did not find him for a week. But far and away, the worst pest is the beetle, which gets in one’s ears and gives one the most awful agony. It is impossible to get him out, until he feels like getting out himself. But all the same Australia is a fine country, especially the North, and I would not leave it for the world.”

THE SHARK-FIGHTERS OF AUSTRALIAN BEACHES

Surfing in a country where, during six months of the year, the sun looks down with a scorching ferocity from skies ever a blue void, is naturally accounted one of the world's most irresistible pleasures. But attached to all things that seem to us most pleasant is a hidden snag. It would almost appear that Nature looked back regretfully on what she had achieved or made possible, and with a touch of spite, as a last act, transformed all beauty into evil decoys with which to attract self-willed life into a snare. So it is with surfing. Hardly a day passes without some gruesome tragedy on one of the many pleasure beaches along the Sydney and Brisbane foreshores.

If there is not a menace in the under-tow, a natural companion of the surf, which clutches a weak swimmer in its grasp to draw him out with a receding wave, to plunge him under the next breaker in water far out of his depth, there is one in that scourge of all tropical and sub-tropical seas – the shark. A cowardly pirate, the shark is always vigilant to grip in its sharp teeth an unwary swimmer who has ventured too far out to sea away from his kind.

To guard against these dangers that beset the Australian surfer, every popularly frequented beach has it Life-Saving Club, a purely voluntary organisation unsubsidised by the State in any way. The lure of danger is the incentive to its members, and the heroic and indispensable work performed ensures no depletion of its funds.

Rivalry is keen amongst the numerous clubs, and one of the features of a Sydney or Brisbane season is the annual life-saving competition. As a company on such as occasion, these life-savers represent the finest physique of the white world. Picked in the first place for stamina and prowess in the water, the sun has baked their skins to a deep chocolate brown, and continuous exercise in the salt water has produced rippling muscles and that abundance of hard flesh swimmers always seem to develop. It is the ambition of every young male to be received into one of these clubs, whose badge to them is the insignia that the Olympian garland was to the Greeks.

Overlooking every surfing strand is the live-savers' tower. From here there is ever an alert eye for bathers in distress or the fin of a shark. The pealing of a bell is a signal for everyone to leave the water, so as to make way for the work of rescuer or to be out of range from the sharks.

There is nothing more thrilling than to watch a rescue. The pealing of bell and the rush to the sea's edge with life-line and stretcher. The plunge of the leader with life-line attached to him into the surf. His swift, powerful strokes towards the harassed one. Another and another plunge in after him in orderly formation, to hold up the life-line so that it does not become a burden to the leader. The grasping of the drowning person, and then the struggle back to the shore; the life-line being slowly wound in, drawing rescuer and rescued to safety.

If a shark has found a victim, several accompany the leader, whilst others launch a surf boat. Seldom has a shark got away with its prey when the life-savers have been out, though often all they bring ashore is a mangled and bleeding copse.

When unarmed men attack a shark in the water, their weapon is bluff. The shark is a born coward, but even so I have seen a dozen men kicking and grabbing one before it will release its hold on a victim, and again, some will attack the rescuers if thwarted of their prey.

To be swimming some distance out in the surf when the shark bell rings is a nerve-racking experience. Once I went through this ordeal, and I shall never forget it. I thought I was the furthest out and naturally the one the shark most probably would attack. Though swimming my hardest for the shore, I seemed to make no headway, and every moment I imagined sharp teeth about to enter my legs. A dozen times I felt for land when still out of my depth, only to retard my progress. At last I felt the sand, and soon I was only waist-deep in water. Then I ventured to look round for the shark. I saw it about thirty yards away, but between it and me was another poor unfortunate swimmer,

who must have been further out to sea than I was. He was nearly exhausted with his frantic efforts to reach the shore, but up to then the shark did not seem to have spotted him.

He had hardly swum another three yards, however, when, with a dart, it made for him, its ugly fin rippling the surface. For some reason it missed its aim, perhaps it was in too much of a hurry, being so close to the shore, and in another second the swimmer was pulled, fainting to the beach.

There have been many valiant fights against sharks by other than life-savers. One of the pluckiest rescues, unfortunately in vain, was by a boy of fourteen, off an unfrequented part of the coast. With a friend he was out fishing from a rowing boat. The friend dived overboard for a swim, but he had hardly touched the water, before a shark had grabbed his leg. The other immediately jumped in to the rescue, attacking the shark with bare fists and feet. After a prolonged struggle the shark released its hold, and the two boys managed to reach the boat and get into it. But the victim's leg was half off and he died before the shore was reached.

A.W. IVENS 07/1931

From the Dec 1929 Lion magazine:

PROSPECTS IN AUSTRALIA.

Those contemplating settling in Australia would do wisely to cease their contemplations as soon as they leave school, and depart for the "Land of Opportunity" with as little delay as possible. A knowledge of Australian farming and stock raising methods can only be derived in Australia. Experience of English farming is useless, as conditions in the two countries are quite the anthisis of one another. The would-be settler would, however, be wise to obtain a knowledge of machinery before he parts, for Australian farming has become more mechanised than farming in any other country in the world. This has resulted from the high cost of labour in Australia compared to other countries. The dairymen use machinery for milking their cows, and for all other farm work for which machinery has been adapted; similarily, the wheat growers use machinery wherever labour-saving devices can be installed.

There are really only two branches of rural primary production that can be recommended to the settler with small capital: dairying, and wheat growing combined with sheep raising. For the former, North Queensland offers the greatest chances of success, and for the latter, West Australia. Dairying is undoubtedly a hard life, with little leisure attached to it, but the conscientious dairyman who knows his job is assured of a good income, and knows that after a few years "slogging" he can sell out to receive enough capital to commence a more leisurely life on a small sheep or cattle station of his own.

With wheat growing combined with sheep raising, the stakes are greater, and so are the risks. This branch of farming is engaged in on country where the rainfall is light and droughts sometimes occur, though in West Australia droughts are not of such common occurrence as in the Eastern States. During the pioneering stage the work is hard, but not as constant as dairying. The real risk is during the first year; and if a good harvest is garnered, the farmer is put upon his feet; if the harvest is a failure through lack of rainfall, he is ruined. A succession of good years will bring success to the wheat grower and sheep raiser quicker than to any other branch of farming open to the settler with small capital.

Australia is a continent with every variety of soil, and in which any known crop can be raised. Fruit growing is a big industry. Cotton, tobacco, peanuts, sugar, and many other crops can be grown successfully, but owing to the large amount of labour that has to be employed, the profits in these industries are not excessive.

Except in the professions of Law and Medicine, greater opportunities are to be met with in Australia in any walk of life than in the old countries of Europe. There is a distinct shortage of engineers of all kinds, surveyors and skilled artisans, but an abundance of unskilled labour. Unless a person intends to engage in rural production, or is qualified in some trade or profession, it is a mistake for him to go to Australia at the present time.

A. W. IVENS.