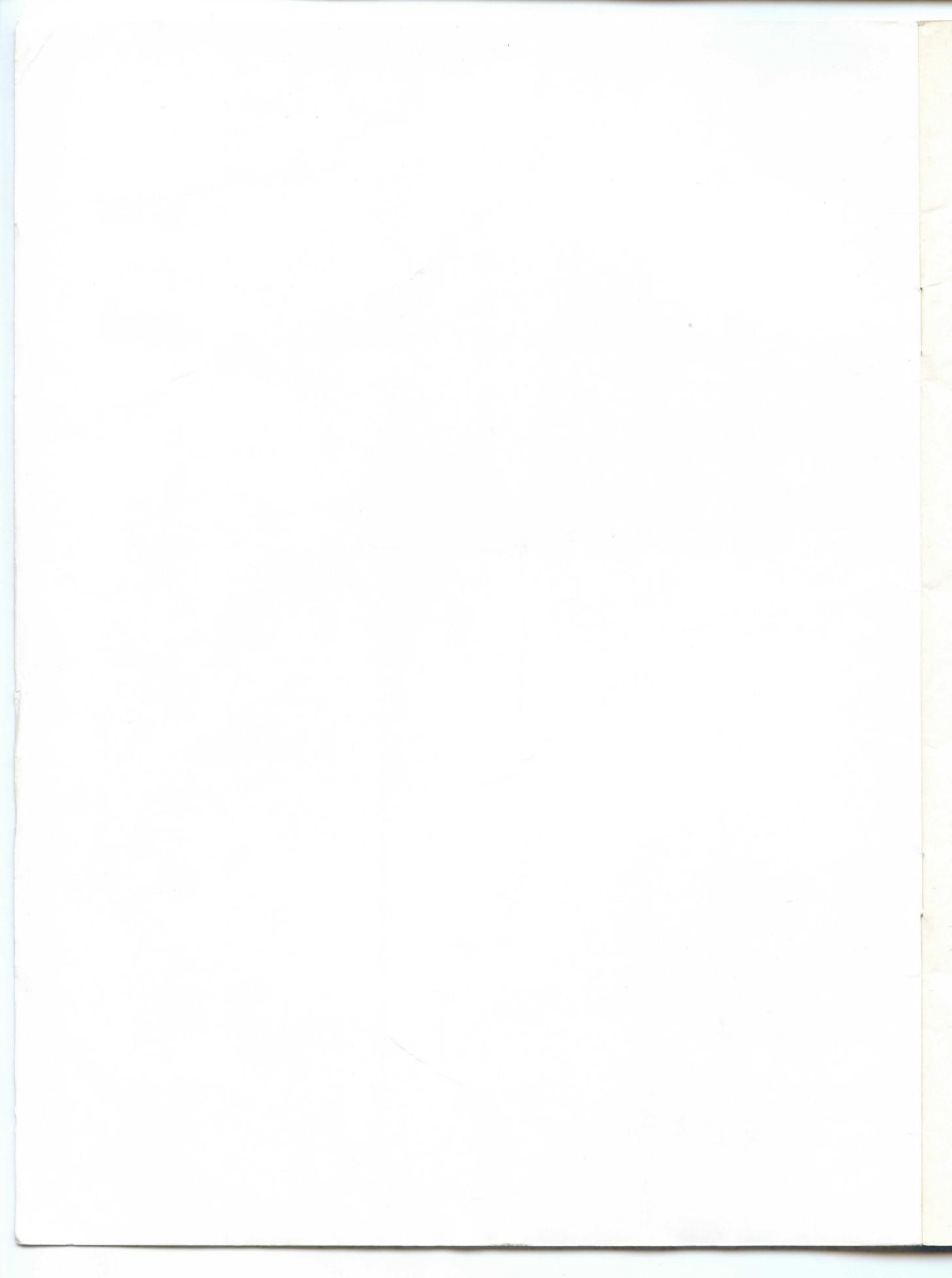


PRICE'S COLLEGE



1976





Editorial

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

Last December's issue of "The Lion" was declared to be the final number, and the appearance of this new magazine in no way contradicts that decision. The old magazine faithfully portrayed the life and interests of a long-established boys' grammar school, and we owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Daysh for the hard work and enthusiasm he displayed during his tenure of office as editor.

Now that we are in the process of developing as a sixth-form college with the sixth form fully co-educational, it is clear that a different type of magazine is needed to reflect the broadening horizons of our new educational role. The aim is to cover the wide range of activities and interests of all students, and the new enlarged format is symbolic of the change that is taking place. Printing has been abandoned in favour of lithography, which allows the editor full control over layout and it also permits the Art department of the college to make a valuable contribution to our pages. In this connection, we take the opportunity of congratulating Elaine Flack who has won the prize offered by Mr. Poyner for the new cover design used in this issue.

A further change concerns the date of publication. It has been decided to publish annually in May, since this is the latest point in the school year before the onset of public examinations. This means that this issue of the magazine contains no lists of G.C.E. examination results and no details of former students going on to further education, since all this information was given in the last issue of the old "Lion". In place of all this, we have an article by Mr. Feber on a new type of public examination for which the college will be entering students in 1977.

We offer the new magazine in the modest hope that it will meet with general approval. To all our contributors we tender our sincere thanks; to those who were unlucky we express our regrets, and hope they will not be discouraged in the future; and to those who offer adverse criticism we suggest they may feel impelled to submit contributions for our next issue. The magazine must offer a comprehensive review of college life, and we depend upon our readers to provide our material. We now look forward with confidence to our next year's issue.

R.M.J.



Gary Meek, T.21

Message from the Principal

We are now coming towards the end of our second year as a sixth-form college and I am delighted to say a word of welcome to our new college magazine. It seems appropriate that we should change from the traditional grammar school "Lion", excellent though it was, to what we hope will be an interesting and exciting publication slanted more towards the older age groups. My hope is that many students will wish to contribute articles and illustrations to the magazine and that the new publication date in May each year will ensure that all students will receive copies relating to the larger part of their stay in College. While we have boys below the sixth form I trust they will play a full part in making the new magazine a great success.

Some years ago I wrote a short article for the Lion entitled "I Choose Optimism!" This was at a time when many people were in great despair over the manufacture and proliferation of nuclear weapons. I chose to be optimistic then because of my faith in the young men with whom I was associated at Price's, the quality of whose lives was high indeed and who, if they represented the future leaders of this country, would ensure that peace and international understanding would be pursued patiently and diligently.

I should like now to reaffirm my optimism in the future, because during the past year and a half I have become even more convinced of the high calibre and integrity of the young men and women of today. We are enjoying a thrilling metamorphosis at Price's in which the students play an increasingly important role. If we all continue to pursue excellence in every aspect of our life together, when Price's College is fully fledged there really will be no other college anywhere with happier relationships, higher academic achievement, or greater cultural and social standards amongst its Staff and Student body. Let us all work together towards that goal.

E.P.

Obituary

The Reverend Arthur Harold Watkins, M.A.

It was with great sorrow that we learned of the death on January 15th, 1976, of Arthur Watkins, vicar of St. Peter and St. Paul's Church, Fareham, and Chairman of the Governors of Price's School from 1952 until 1965.

Graduating from Queen's College, Cambridge, in 1930, he was made Deacon in 1931 and went to St. Alban's, Luton. He became a Priest in 1932 and in 1938 moved to Welwyn Garden City. In 1948 he came to Hampshire as vicar of East Meon until 1952, when he came to Fareham.

During his ministry here he became extremely interested in the younger generation and his Easter conferences were always well-attended, happy occasions. He never spared himself when anyone of any age needed his help. One of his delights was his association with the schools and, as far as we were concerned at Price's, we benefited from the warmth of his personality and his concert for the welfare of the school.

When he went to Igham in Kent in 1965 we knew we had lost a friend but in fact he had always maintained a keen interest in the development of Price's over the years.

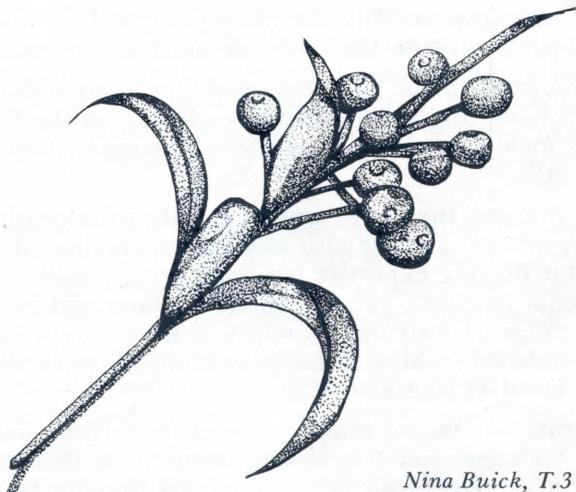
All of us who knew Arthur extend our sympathy to Dorothy his wife and Christopher his son. May happy memories of their lives together with Arthur bring back a measure of contentment to temper their sad loss.

E.P.

College Calendar 1975-76

- September** Sixth-form geologists visit the Isle of Wight.
Old Priceans' Dinner.
Lecture for Upper Sixth geographers at Portsmouth Polytechnic.
Sixth-form English students visit the Nuffield Theatre, Southampton, for an evening performance of "Death of a Salesman".
Lower Sixth geographers visit the Dorset coast.
- October** English students visit Salisbury Playhouse for an evening performance of "Measure for Measure".
Fourth-formers visit Cherbourg.
C.C.F. cadets visit H.M.S. Daedalus.
English students visit Nuffield Theatre, Southampton, for a Play-Day performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest".
Upper Sixth geographers visit the Mendips.
Lower Sixth English students visit the Nuffield Theatre, Southampton, for experimental drama: "The Next Stage".
C.C.F. cadets attend a week-end camp in the New Forest.
Lower Sixth geographers visit Cranborne Chase.
French and geography students attend Dr. Bateman's lecture "Paris and its Planning Problems".
P.T.A. Ball.
Sixth-form English students visit the King's Theatre, Southsea, for a performance of "Pride and Prejudice".
- November** Music students attend "Schools' Prom." in London.
C.C.F. Cadets go to Hamble for flying.
Evening Disco.
Lower Sixth geographers visit the New Forest.
Sixth-form Spanish students attend a meeting at Southampton.
Sixth-form Art students visit London museums.
Upper Sixth parents' evening.
Meeting for parents of fifth-formers.
Upper Sixth Chemistry students visit Southampton University for a lecture: "Infra-red Spectroscopy".
5D attend the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, for a performance of "Henry the Fifth".
Sixth-form geologists visit Studland and Durlston Bays.
C.C.F. Cadets go to Hamble again for flying.
P.T.A. Jumble Sale.
- December** Sixth-form Physics students attend Dr. Baldwin's lecture: "The Origin of the Universe".
Concert by Michael Garrick Jazz Trio.
5A and 5B visit the Young Vic Theatre, London, for a performance of "Macbeth".
Lower Sixth Chemistry students visit Portsmouth for a lecture: "Fluorescence".
Main School Prize Giving.
Lower Sixth parents' evening.
Folk Concert.
L.S.O.P. Dinner.
Christmas Concert.

- Fourth-formers leave on Mediterranean cruise.
Plays presented by 3C and the Sixth Form.
Astronomers visit the Science Museum and Greenwich Observatory.
- January** Lower Sixth geographers visit the Rother Valley.
College examinations.
Sixth-form Economics students visit the Stock Exchange.
Lower Sixth English students visit the Nuffield Theatre, Southampton, for an evening performance of "Othello".
- February** P.T.A. Winter Warm Up.
Health Education Film.
C.C.F. cadets visit R.N. Aircraft Yard, Gosport.
Lower Sixth geologists visit the Eastern Mendips.
Cambridge Old Priceans' Dinner.
Sixth-form physics students attend a lecture on "Scientific Satellite" at Portsmouth Polytechnic.
- March** Lower-sixth geographers visit Portsmouth shopping centre.
Fifth-form Parents' Evening.
Sixth-form physics students attend a lecture on "The Origin of the Universe" at Portsmouth Polytechnic.
Mr. Chaffey's lecture "Earth Sciences in the 'Seventies'".
Sixth-form geologists visit the Cotswolds.
Dr. Riley's talk "Urban Geography in the Benelux Countries".
C.C.F. R.N. Section Field Day.
- April** Rock Opera "Mr. Mack Beth".
Sixth-form geologists visit the Cotswolds.
Vannes trip.
Lower-sixth geographers visit Dartmoor.



Nina Buick, T.37

Acknowledgements

We must express our indebtedness to the following for permission to use photographs in this issue of the magazine: "The News", Portsmouth, for pictures of the Mini-bus, the prizewinners, the Public Speaking team, and the interior of the new technology block; to Mr. K.C. Walters for the shots of the caretaker and the prospective nurses; and to Mr. F. Hughes for all the other photographs.

Music's "Noteworthy" Year

"Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow"* finally came for the Music Department! We are talking, of course, about our joint production with the Drama Department "The Rise and Fall of Mr. Mack Beth" (April). Without doubt, it was our most ambitious enterprise to date . . . all we borrowed from Shakespeare was the rough idea. The dialogue, the songs, the music were all created by us. From idea to opening night took a lot of time and hard, yet pleasurable, work. But there were also more opportunities than ever in the department for making this our most musically rewarding year.

Numerous concerts, operas, and ballets were attended, and it was a pleasure to welcome students from other disciplines on these occasions. The intention was to hear and see played as wide a range of music as possible. Listing them would take too much space, but it is worth noting that we saw operas ranging from the very early up to the twentieth century. Elsewhere we attended such important works as Haydn's "Creation" and Britten's "War Requiem", both performed by the Southampton Philharmonic Choir; and the first staging of the Schools' Prom in London's Albert Hall. Alas, this time we were only part of the audience at the Schools' Prom. But some students did have the opportunity to show off their talents to a wide public when they appeared on Southern Television, conducted by the departmental head, Miss Jacob (as she then was), in a week-long series of carol broadcasts.

In college, the extra-curricular activities are also going strong. Carols were again well to the fore with an ambitious Christmas concert staged by the Music and Drama Departments that broke with the traditional "Nine lessons and carols" formula, giving more scope to our musicians. One feature of the concert was the performance of the winning entries from the carol-writing competition. This competition and the Spring Term's general composition contest — open to all students and started only two years ago — attracted some interesting entries, but it would be pleasing to see even more entries in the future.

Among the valuable extra-events fostered by the department over the past year have been lecture visits by musicians, notably the Mike Garrick Jazz Trio who gave insights to an area of music which is outside the scope of most classrooms.

Miss Isaacs joined the department last year, enabling us to widen our horizons even further. One result has been the considerable broadening of the General Studies programme which now includes keyboard harmony, chamber music and guitar, plus the established orchestra.

Another established feature, the choir, gained greatly in strength through the year, building up a varied repertoire, and we also saw the emergence of another type of choir for madrigals. Our playing expertise has been greatly aided by the tuition of seven visiting instrumental teachers, two of whom — piano and percussion — we welcomed this year. The range of instruments which is now taught covers most of those of the orchestra, and students wishing to learn or continue with an instrument are advised to contact the Head of Music.

Already, many students not taking music as an exam subject find participation in our general activities a welcome and stimulating break from their own courses. And it is for the benefit and enjoyment of all Price's students that the Music Department is planning even more extra-curricular activities and events for the coming year.

**From Shakespeare's "Macbeth", Act 5, Scene 5.*

Drama Report

Drama in the main school got off to a good start with the third year's improvised version of Barry Hine's novel "Kes" which concerns the adventures and misadventures of a young urchin, Billy Caspar, from a Yorkshire mining town, who, finding it difficult to make his mark with his peers and his elders, strikes up a vital relationship with his pet Kestrel, Kes. The play, performed and stage-managed by 3C, ran into four performances, and was seen not only by other thirds, the fourths, and fifth years, but by a number of the Sixth form and Staff as well.

The Upper Sixth General Studies Drama group presented a studio production of Peter Shaffer's "Black Comedy", an hilarious farce about the goings-on, mishaps, and cases of mistaken identity which befall a group of Kensington flat-dwellers during a mains fuse.

Robert McNab deserves particular mention for sustaining a devious and acrobatic role which involved him in being tangled in a telephone wire falling downstairs, and having his face slapped when he accidentally grabs the wrong girl-friend. Paul Birch too deserves credit for taking a great deal of the production work as well as that of stage management.

The play which ran together with a short film based on the story "The Road" by James Hanley, photographed and recorded by another Sixth-form General Studies group had another showing for parents and friends in the evening, and, after a further showing in the Spring Term, "Black Comedy" will transfer to the Cricklade Theatre, Andover, forming part of a festival of work from Sixth Form Colleges, Technical Colleges, and Youth Groups.

The Christmas Term ended with the customary carol concert, but this year saw a change of format. Music and drama combined to give the old story a new look combining madrigals with pop and carols, and the Bible and Betjeman with Dickens and Dylan Thomas.

Meanwhile the College has been engaged since the beginning of the year in creating a Rock Opera out of "Macbeth". With songs written and composed by the Music Department, choreography worked out by the talented Cheryl Tripley, and the dialogue improvised and finally scripted from a synopsis transposed into twentieth-century Scotland from the original Shakespeare, the production looks like drawing its talents far and wide, and with talk of devolution for the Celtic fringes, what could be more topical?

Rehearsals are in full swing for a production planned at the end of the Spring Term, which sees two Fareham Drama Festivals, firstly the schools' festival in which a group of third years will enter for a morning informal session, and possibly two groups one from each part of the school, will contribute towards the evening's entertainment.

Then there is the town Drama Festival in which individuals enter poems, duologues, and readings. Last year all seventeen entries gained a certificate, and three-quarters reached merit or honours standard. I feel sure this year will be even better.

5A have plans for up-dating "The Ancient Mariner" with their own musical accompaniment; another one-act play "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie", an improvised play by the fourths based on Wilfred Owen's poem "Dulce et Decorum Est", and a main-school production of "The Servant of Two Masters" are all in the pipeline.

We have been no slouch with theatre visits either: groups have been to "Macbeth" "Pride and Prejudice", "Othello", "Theatre Machine" (improvised drama), the Rock Opera "Pilgrim" at the Roundhouse, and the Schools' Day talk-in and performance of "The Importance of Being Earnest". As I write, trips to "Dracula" for the thirds, and "Sergeant Musgrave's Dance" (another A Level play - aren't we fortunate?) are cur-

rently being arranged, as is a visiting company to the college from the Theatre Centre, London.

One way and another there is a lot going on in the field of Drama which justifies the smart new Drama Studio, new lighting system, and sophisticated sound equipment, not to mention that carpet! Thank you, too, to Mr. Mallatrat and his two splendid stage-crew teams who not only decorated the Studio and make all our own props but also take all the technical chores off the poor harassed producers' hands. Just two pleas: please learn your lines, and don't cut rehearsals, or much of this will never happen. A high percentage of the cast of the County Youth Theatre's production of "Marat/Sade" last summer were Priceans. Let's keep the college on the map!

M. M-G.

The End of an Era

While listening to the radio this morning in a vain search for academic inspiration, the piece of paper before me staring me blankly in the face, a fact struck me squarely and uncompromisingly between the eyes (metaphorically speaking, of course). I realised that those balmy, carefree school days — which all my seniors had said were the best of my life — were over. Obviously the transition from "Best Days" to "Relatively Commonplace and Mediocre Days" had been accomplished so painlessly that I had not noticed the difference, until now when I considered that all the rest of my life would seem a pathetic deterioration from those idyllic years spent at school.

This realisation led me to reflect nostalgically upon the joys of school life — to sift reverently through those multitudes of fond memories I had collected of those days which were, alas, departed and gone.

No longer do we clatter around our educational emporium in sandals which are parting company from their soles, in blouses with frayed cuffs and ventilation underneath the arms, and skirts held together with safety pins, rejoicing in our St. Trinian-like appearance. Though ostensibly rebelling against the compulsory wearing of a uniform, we secretly enjoyed the anonymity and sense of belonging it engendered. We thought nothing in those days of wearing our flowing tresses in two tight tufts at the top of our heads, and spending all lunchtime playing imaginative and character-developing games such as "Three Bad Eggs", "Consequences", or even "Queenie, Queenie, Who's got the Ball?" Another means of livening up the lunch hour was listening to the radio which was banned in school, so we would huddle into a sort of rugby scrum on the wet grass at the far end of the field in an effort to hear the Top Twenty.

Gone are the days of surreptitiously passing notes scrawled on tattered blotting-paper during examinations, turning our waistbands up to make our skirts shorter, wearing grey knee-length socks which always ended up in wreaths around our ankles, putting wet dishcloths down each other's necks at dinner time, collecting conkers from the tree at the bottom of the field, and having to do P.E. in our underclothes because our kits had gone home for their once-a-term wash!

Yes, the Golden Age is over. We have entered upon our period of decadence, decline, and deterioration. Never again will we reach those heights. We have had our taste of youth and honey. Nothing will ever be the same again — and if it wasn't slightly blasphemous I'd say, "Thank the Lord".

Kay Shephard, T.12

Some Achievements of the First Price's Girl Students



A group of the first girls taking up nursing



The first two girls to be offered places at Cambridge



Timothy Woodward T.11

The Astronomy Society

The Astronomy Society has now been running for a good number of years and there are various projects being undertaken by members at present.

These include the construction of an 8½" reflecting telescope which will be available in the forthcoming years for observational work by members. There is also a project which involves recreating the problems of space travel inside a capsule simulator. This is being built at present and the layout is based on the American "Mercury" Spacecraft which had one Astronaut as the pilot.

Regular repeat showing of BBC's series "Sky at Night" is also available on video and there have been talks on subjects such as Black Holes and the Red Spot on Jupiter by members in the past. The Society has got close connections with the British Astronomical Association and their circulars of current events will be available free of charge to members.

Finally, meetings are held after school on Wednesdays in Lab. B2 and all interested in Astronomy are welcome.

Robin Burston, 5C

New Courses for 1976

For some time it has been felt that 'O' Level is not always the ideal examination aim for a one-year Sixth Form course. Experiments have centred on the Certificate of Extended Education (naturally to be known by its initials as the C.E.E.) and, starting in September 1976, Price's will be joining the Pilot Scheme for this new examination.

The main idea is that the courses will be designed by the teachers running them, in order to match the needs and interests of the students; and an attractive feature for many will be that most of the assessment will take place during the year, instead of depending entirely on a final examination. The hard-working student who finds traditional once-for-all examinations difficult will thus be given credit for sustained effort. The top three grades in the Pilot Scheme will be equivalent to an 'O' Level pass.

Courses planned for 1976 include:

- Film appreciation and thematic study
- Drama and Language in use
- Children's literature with drama
- War and Society in the 20th Century
- Materials Science
- Mathematics (including statistics)
- Earth Sciences (mainly geology)
- Art and materials design

Students will be able to study one or more of these courses in any combination with 'O' Levels provided that four subjects in all are taken. Two-year Ordinary and Advanced Level courses will be unaffected by this development.

D.F.



The Christian Union

The College Christian Union is made up of about fifteen sixth-formers and main school boys. As committed Christians we meet together for fellowship and the sharing of our thoughts and ideas. During the last year we have met on Thursdays after lessons in Room C.12. Our meetings have included Bible studies, discussions, a tape, and a number of outside speakers including a Royal Navy chaplain from H.M.S. Daedalus, Mr. Peter Smith, Liberal parliamentary candidate for Fareham, talking about Christianity and politics, Colin Holmes on 'Who is Jesus?', and Andy Read from the group Freeway. Our main event in 1975 was the Out of Darkness Coffee Bar which we held at the beginning of May. In the week leading up to the Coffee Bar, Mr. Richard Wright came into the college and took the assemblies and some R.E. lessons. During this week several people came to know Christ and many more were challenged to think about Christianity.

The members of the Christian Union realise that there are more than fifteen Christians in the college and we would welcome anyone who would like to come along to our meetings.

Mary Pike, T.18



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**THE FAREHAM
TRAVEL AGENTS**

Old Priceans' Association

President: E.A.B. Poyner, Esq., M.A., J.P.

Special Meeting Report

This was held on Saturday, 3rd January at 7.30 p.m. in the Principal's study at the College. The following members were present:

The President, R. W. Goddard, S. G. Eyles, T. Hancock, M. Seeley, A. Hill, A. Croker, J. Death, A. Head, B. Tooke, T. Jagger, M. Cawte, M. Privett, P. J. Ellis, M. Bayliss, K. Harrison, D. C. Williams, J. D. Cole.

The meeting took the form of a discussion on the future of the Association and members were invited to give their views on how they saw the future of the Association. M. Bayliss suggested that there may possibly be a new Association called the "Price's College Association" and that the present Old Priceans' Association should be linked to it. Then as the O.P.A. numbers slowly declined the remaining members would be integrated with the College Association. K. Harrison was in favour of a mixed Association as this would then give an opportunity for wives to come to functions such as the Annual Dinner. M. Cawte raised the problem of students only staying at Price's for two years but it was felt that they would form associations and friendships which they would wish to continue after they had left.

Maurice Gardner wrote apologising for not being able to attend but personally welcoming the continuance of the Association on a mixed boys and girls basis. The general feeling of the meeting seemed to be that we should continue as the Old Priceans' Association and merge with a Price's College Association when one was formed.

Letter

Highfields, Cripple Hall, Didmarton, Badminton, Glos. GL9 1DZ
Telephone 045 423 659

Dear Mr. Cole,

My brother gave me a copy of the December 1974 issue of the Lion and some of the names mentioned brought back so many memories that I felt it was time I renewed my acquaintance with old friends.

I can provide one or two answers to the questions posed on page 63 of the Lion:—

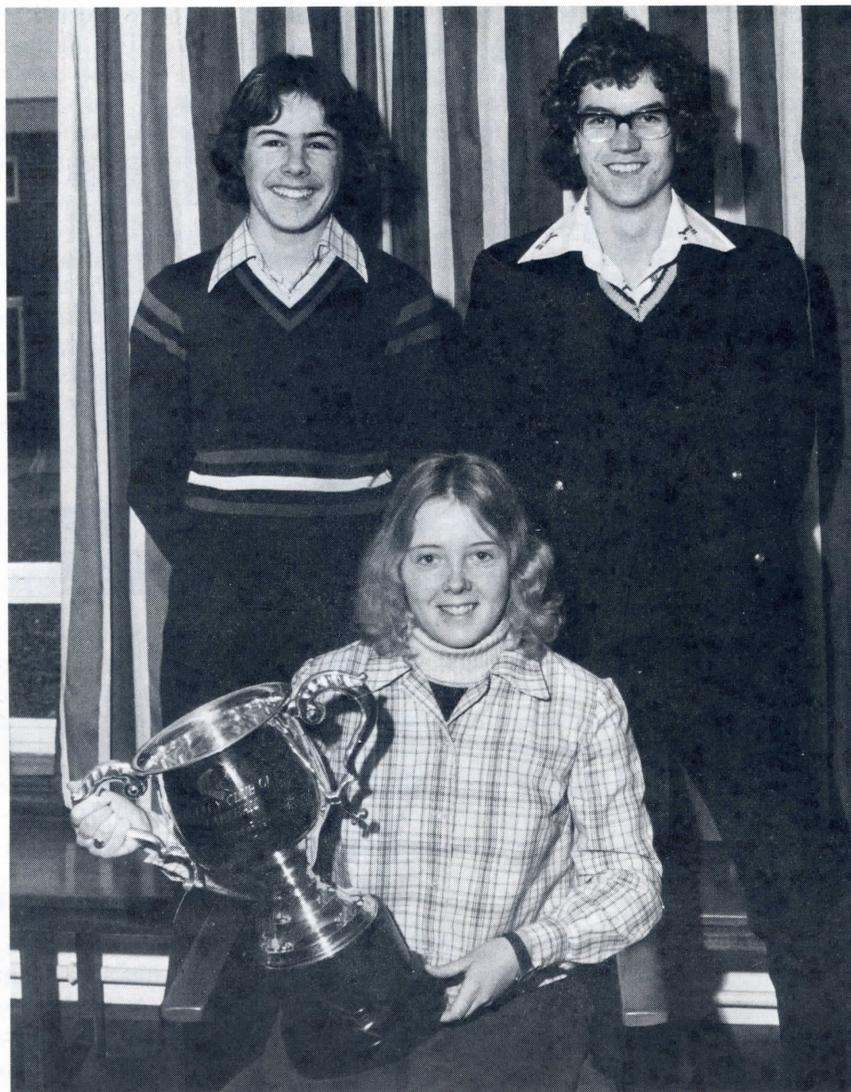
HILLS 1	is Dudley Hills my cousin but whereabouts not known.
HILLS 2	was my brother Michael. Shot down over France in April 1944 and buried in that country.
HILLS 3	is my cousin Clive address not known.
HILLS 4	is my brother Patrick living near Bishops Waltham.
SCOTT	Harry Scott. Killed while serving in the R.A.F.
AMOR	Geoffrey Amor. Still serving in the R.A.F. as a Wing Commander (I believe).
TITHERIDGE	Eric Titheridge living in Canada.
KNOTT	Tim Knott. Working for British Leyland in the Midlands.

Sincerely,

P.L. Hills (1932—37)

I shall be pleased to receive new of Old Boys for inclusion in future issues of the magazine.

J.D.C.



The winning team in the local Public Speaking Competition

Public Speaking Competition 1976

Once again Price's entered some strong teams for the "Youth Speaks" competition run by the Rotary Club of Fareham, and we have again won the Mac Rogers Memorial Trophy Cup.

To an appreciative audience, Alexander Cameron spoke on "Non-verbal Communication" and explained how gestures and clothes reveal the mood and personality of people. Ably backed up by Andrew Brown as Chairman and Kay Brunger as Proposer of the Vote of Thanks, the warmth and humour of this Lower Sixth team easily carried them into first place. In the area finals they did well to finish third in a year when, as the adjudicator remarked, the standards were exceptionally high.

Special praise must also be accorded to the Fifth-form team who gained a good second place in the local competition. Andrew Cogan spoke on "The Romans in Wessex" with John Buscombe as Chairman and Graham Nuttall as Proposer of the Vote of Thanks. Although this might have been considered a serious, if not dry, subject, it was in fact enlivened with touches of humour and successful improvisations that were well received by the audience. This team is obviously one with a promising future ahead of it.

An unexpected by-product of all this was a request from the B.B.C. for some Sixth-formers from the college to be included in a television panel to question a leading figure of the day, in this case Mrs. Mary Whitehouse. The event was not altogether satisfactory from our point of view, since most of the questions from Price's were scheduled at the end of the programme and the earlier questioners more than outran the time limit. Nevertheless it was an interesting experience for the team consisting of Alexander Cameron, Julie Evans, Kay Shephard, and Philip Walters.

R.M.J.



New Building Phase

By the time this magazine appears, a start should have been made on the latest phase of our building programme.

Architecturally, the new building is more attractive and interesting than some of our recent additions. It will occupy a site to the east of the staffroom and south of the new technology block, and will make use of the slope of the ground to provide a split-level arrangement.

On an L-shaped ground floor will be a most attractive student centre with a coffee lounge and common room separated by a fully-fitted kitchen servery capable of producing endless supplies of coffee and snacks. The common room has large windows, including a French window onto a terrace looking south and east over the playing fields towards Portsdown Hill. Coat, locker and lavatory accommodation is provided adjacent to the common room.

In the angle of the 'L', a few steps up from the ground floor give access to a mezzanine circulation area from which leads off an octagonal lecture theatre seating over 100. This is to be fitted with full projection facilities and adjustable lighting on a variable track system: it will be invaluable for small-scale dramatic productions as well as drama within the curriculum, for film shows and lectures, for television viewing and to ease the pressure on the gym in examination periods.

On the first floor of the L shaped block we are planning a suite of rooms for English teaching, with full blackout facilities and arrangements for recording and playback and film making available in the area. There is a special room for the Head of Department, with a book and equipment store alongside.

Last but not least is a private study room with carrels and tables, to supplement the hard-pressed accommodation we have at present in the Library. In addition, the room will have listening booths for study of music, plays, etc. on tape.

If building starts this spring, it should be complete in about a year's time, certainly being ready for the term beginning September 1977.

D.F.



S. Boon, 5D

Burial Ground

Old burial ground by time's suns grayed and browned,
What gunsmoke spells your history, what bloodstains rust your ground?
Only tombstones show where ghostly gunmen meet,
And recall memories of danger on Old Front Street.
And in this quiet graveyard with days of gunsmoke past
Old memories can rendezvous in ghostly peace at last.

Gavin Betts, 4A

Mediterranean Cruise

After having been held up at Heathrow for an hour, we eventually arrived in Athens at 3.25. It took us about twenty minutes to get from Athens to Piraeus where the ship was docked. We were shown to our dormitories by the Master at Arms. We spent an hour waiting for our luggage to arrive, had our evening meal, and then went to bed, but not to sleep.

Our first port of call was Rhodes where we docked early. In the morning we went into the city of Rhodes. There was a remarkable contrast between the old city of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem and the bustling new city. In the afternoon we went to Lindos, a small town dominated by a tremendous cliff, on the top of which stood a temple dedicated to Poseidon, which had been fortified by the knights of St. John. This was a superb island.

Our next stop was Alexandria. The port here was absolutely full, except for our berth. Having got through Customs, we were mobbed by Arab salesmen trying to sell cheap goods at high prices. Eventually we drove off towards Cairo along the newly-opened road. When we arrived, our faces fell: the filth was everywhere. Our first stop was the Cairo Museum, where we saw the Tutankhamen treasures under a thick layer of dust. We were rushed round the Museum by our guide who couldn't speak very good English. Next stop was the Cairo Mosque and everyone was overawed by the beauty of the interior where the acoustics were fantastic. Our guide went through his prayer motions. The last stop of the day was the Pyramids and they were indeed a most impressive sight in the sunset. It was here that we had our expensive camel rides. It was an eerie feeling travelling back through the desert at night.

The next place to be visited was Port Said. We were to have gone ashore here but it was decided unwise, so instead we spent the morning bartering with salesmen in their boats which came from nowhere and flocked around the ship. In the afternoon we took a boat trip up the Suez Canal. There was a vast contrast between the Israeli-occupied side and the Egyptian side. The former had no green to be seen on it, whereas the Egyptian side was almost overgrown.

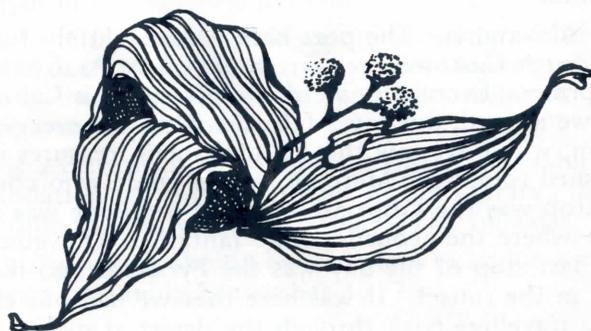
At Haifa we were frisked as we left the ship. We drove straight to Bethlehem where we saw the Church of the Nativity. Here was a star that marked the birth-place of Jesus. Our next stop was Jerusalem, where we walked through the Christian quarter and went to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Garden of Gethsemane was visited and we saw the tomb of Jesus. They were not completely certain about this, but they have many reasons for thinking so. One is that the Bible tells us that the place of the Crucifixion was called Golgotha, which means the place of a skull. The hill that was called Golgotha has the appearance of a human skull as a result of the formation of the rocks.

We visited the Western Wall, better known as the Wailing Wall, where if Moslems want to write letters to God they write their message on a piece of paper and place it folded up in a crack in the wall. Consequently the wall is full of pieces of paper. At Nazareth we saw the Church of the Annunciation and visited Capernaum where there is a church built over the stone where the feeding of the four thousand took place. A kibbutz is a communal settlement, and some of our boys were challenged at soccer. We accepted and lost!

Then we put to sea and sailed to Santorini, a small island about forty miles north of Crete. Santorini was a volcano which erupted and sank. The edge of the crater has crumbled away, letting in the sea, and so we sailed right into the crater which is thirty-seven miles across. A vast underwater volcano is occasionally erupting and it is this tumultuous past which has made people suspect that Santorini is all that remains of the lost continent of Atlantis. On the southermost side of the island was a Bronze Age town of some thirty thousand inhabitants which is slowly being dug out of the pumice. When we reached the jetty by our lifeboats we were met by mules to take us up the five hundred and eighty-seven steps. We walked to the quarry and picked up some pumice stone.

We sailed back to Piraeus and went to the Acropolis at Athens by train. It was a fantastic sight and we spent a long time there. We saw the old theatre that is still in use and can seat five thousand. On the final day we went round Piraeus and there we saw Jacques Cousteau's boat which was complete with a miniature diving submarine and helicopter. After some delay we left our ship for our flight home. We arrived at 01.00 hours and were met by Mr. Poyner. Now we are wondering how Mr. Johnson ever managed to put up with us for two whole weeks!

Richard Dunham and Simon Bennett, 4A

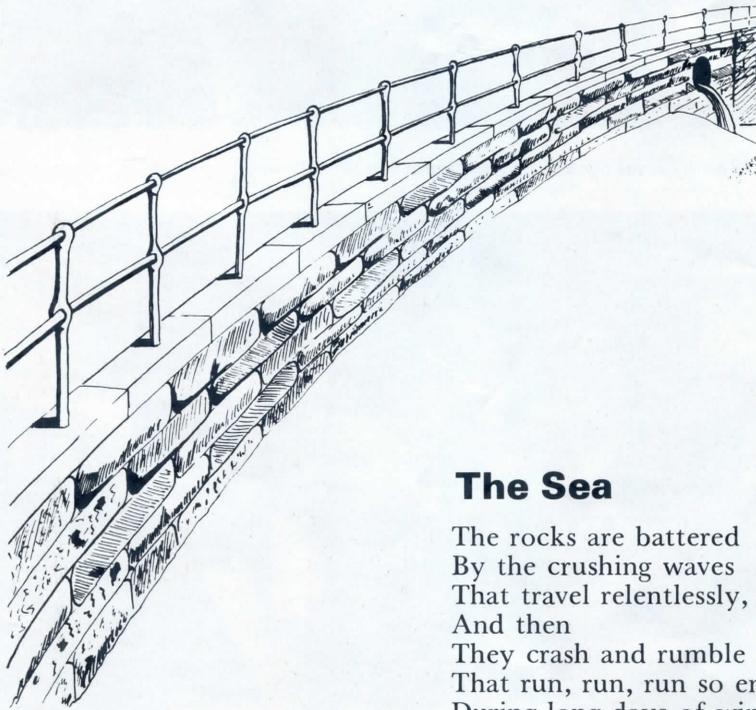


Alone in a Boat

All alone in a boat we were,
Suffering from famine and thirst;
Dying of a fever we could not cure,
Wondering who would go first.
All we could drink was sea water
Which made us go bad in the head;
All we could eat was raw fish
Which made us feel better off dead.

Oh what a mess we all were in;
To see land, that was our plea.
All were wailing and crying aloud,
But fog was all we could see.
How could we possibly be heard?
How could we possibly be seen?
How would they see where we'd detoured?
How would they know we'd been?

Ian Ambrose, 4A



Peter Davey, T.32

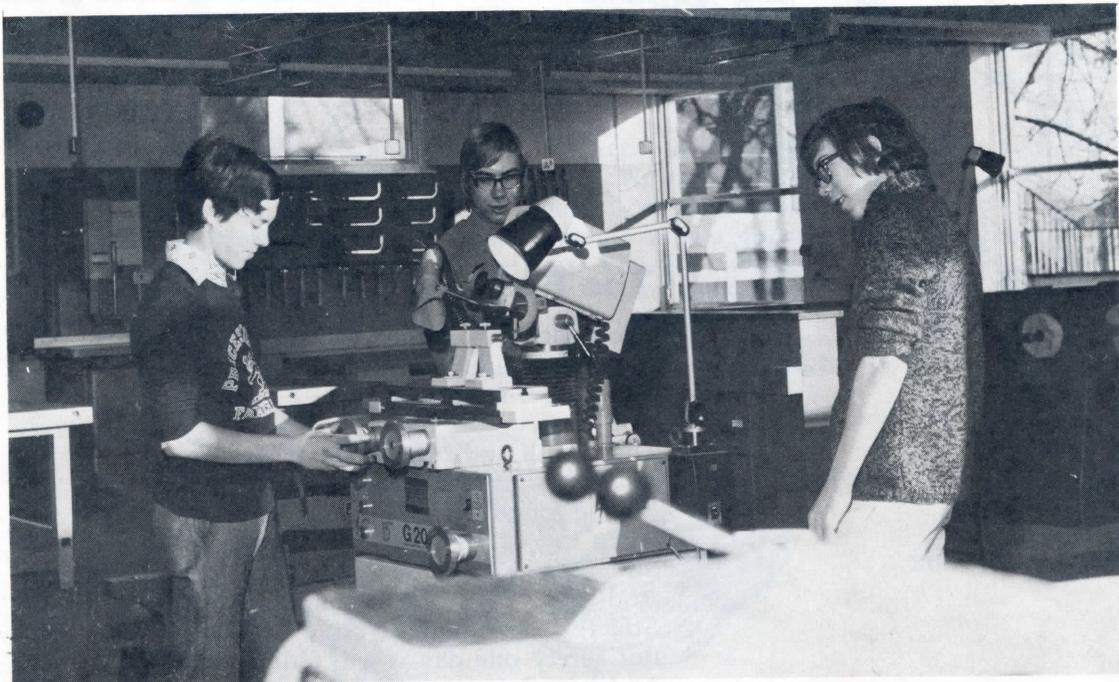
The Sea

The rocks are battered
By the crushing waves
That travel relentlessly,
And then
They crash and rumble for miles
That run, run, run so endlessly
During long days of winter,
When the wretched winds, winds
Sweep the creamy foam from the water's surface,
And then into sweet summer,
Still the sea does not rest,
But surely one day it will fade and die,
And be calm.

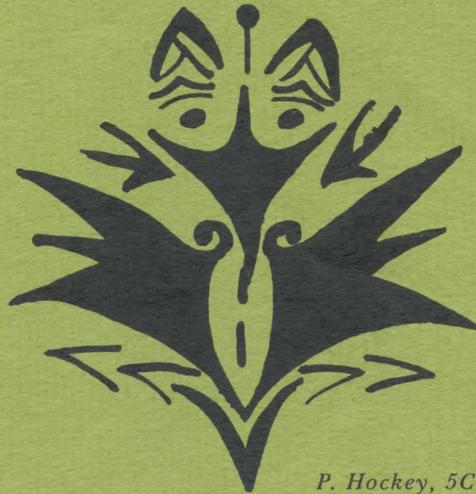
Vincent Glavin, 5B



The official opening of the new block



Work in the new technology block



P. Hockey, 5C

Grizzle the Golfing Cat

After the style of T.S. Eliot

On the eleventh tee our Grizzle sat,
For he was the famous golfing cat.
His appearance now was very neat,
From well-pruned whiskers to golf-shoed feet.
His coat was brown with a touch of grey,
And golf was the game that he could play.
"Your drive, Grizzle," said his partner Scrub,
So Grizzle took out his wooden club.
With a mighty swing the ball went high,
Just a spot up in the sky;
Two miles up and then the fall,
It hooked to the left and 'Fore!' was the call.
Grizzle approached with club in hand,
A fine-looking figure, smarmy but grand.
At last he reached his lillywhite ball,
And saw the result of his late call.
A man lay unconscious on the ground nearby,
Four teeth smashed and one black eye.
"I'll need to take a four wood here,"
Said Grizzle talking with no fear.
His body just swayed to and fro,
He swung his club and let it go.
The ball is heading straight for the Pole.
Kittens alive! It's dropped in the hole.
Grizzle miauowed a loud miauow,
Which reached the ears of a nearby sow.
So far this year he's won a lot;
In the Supermeat Open he proved too hot.
Here he shot a fine sixty-four,
Beating the Irish cat Paddy le Gore.
Grizzle his name, golf his game,
This is the sport that gave him fame.

Steven Moran, 4B



Simon Fletcher, 3B

Waiting in the Dark

A silence dawns on the fading landscape,
The trees blow silently in the gentle breeze,
And I wait among the darkened forest
For a light to appear in the distance.
A dog's bark echoes across the land
And night sets in upon the earth.
I feel a sense of loneliness
As everything lies still.
And while my thoughts wondered
I did not notice the faint speck on the horizon
Drawing nearer and nearer.
Finally I heard the sound of an engine
As a car pulled up beside me.
I got in and disappeared into the night.

Richard Green, 3B

Valentine's Day

My life is empty, dreary, flat;
I'm unattractive. That is that.
In fact it's worse than I suspected
To be unwanted, quite neglected.
Perhaps the cost of stamps (inflated)
Is why I'm feeling so deflated.
Oh, I know that can't be true
Myself. I posted thirty-two.

Trudy Purcell, T.23

Thoughts

Within a room
Within a mind
Where all your memories died with time,
Through the tears, your eyes, like misted windows, stare.

As the years move slowly by
Each chance like flesh decays
And each night the shadows sway
Of trees upon the wall.

Each darkened corner of your mind
Holds many secrets for you to find
But as the relics of your past
Are pushed behind
We wonder who is in your mind.

George Daysh, 3B

When I Die

When I die,
I'd like to lie, my head against a tree;
I'd like the roots to creep and crawl
And slide all over me.
I'd like the roots to slither and slide
Between my aging bone,
For I don't want to lie dead all alone.
I'd like insects to nibble my flesh
For it is no use to me
As I am dead,
And here I lie,
My head beneath a tree.

Kevin Fry, 5B



R. J. Millen, 3C

Dawning and Yawning

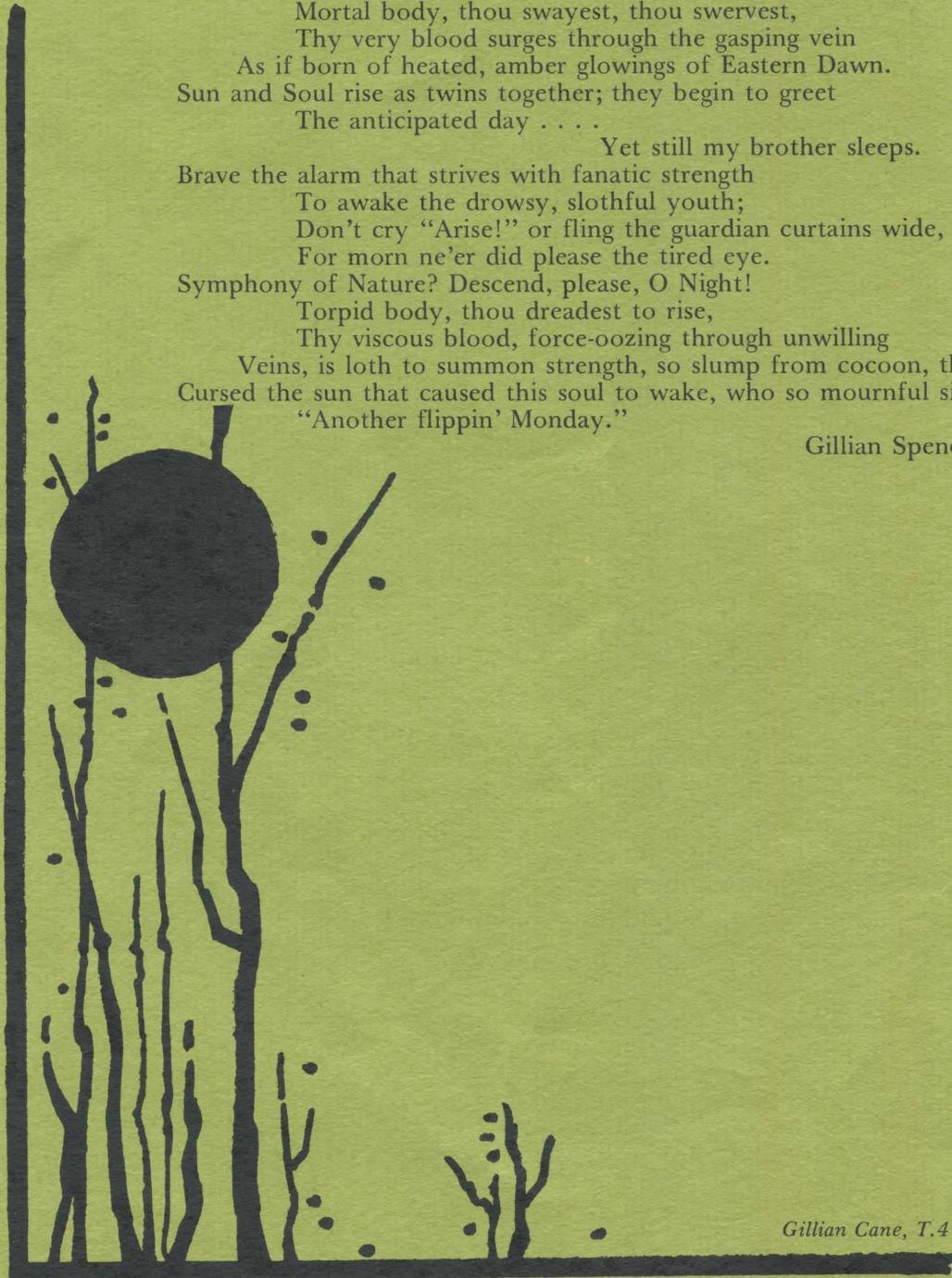
Fain, I attempt to suppress the frantic urge
To awake the stupid, sleeping World;
To scream and cry, announcing new Creation
For relief engulfs my gladdened breast.

Symphony of Nature! Descendant of Night!
Mortal body, thou swayest, thou swervest,
Thy very blood surges through the gasping vein
As if born of heated, amber glowings of Eastern Dawn.
Sun and Soul rise as twins together; they begin to greet
The anticipated day

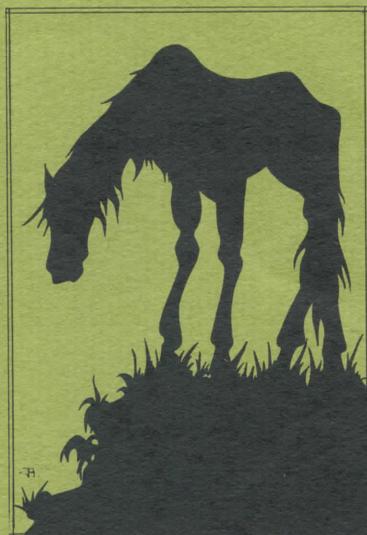
Yet still my brother sleeps.
Brave the alarm that strives with fanatic strength
To awake the drowsy, slothful youth;
Don't cry "Arise!" or fling the guardian curtains wide,
For morn ne'er did please the tired eye.

Symphony of Nature? Descend, please, O Night!
Torpide body, thou darest to rise,
Thy viscous blood, force-oozing through unwilling
Veins, is loth to summon strength, so slump from cocoon, thy bed.
Cursed the sun that caused this soul to wake, who so mournful sighs
"Another flippin' Monday."

Gillian Spencer, T.9



Gillian Cane, T.4



Josephine Morrison, T.9

A Winter's Evening

The wintry twilight smudges the horizon with mauves and blues.
The trees are bare, raised fingers to the sky as if in prayer.
No sound is heard apart from the distant growl of a car.
The wiry pylon stands tall against the darkening sky.
Houses with chimneys belch out smoke.
A telegraph pole, silhouetted, looks like a tall giant.
Horses neigh to far-off friends who are chomping grass in another field.
Another winter's evening, I think idly, as I bend over my homework.

Andrew Green, 4A

A Frostscape

The wind whistled in the ice-bound trees, gnarled leafless giants transfixed into the ground, cold. Ice-drops jangled and fell from their branches, noiseless on to the virgin snow. A solitary robin, his red-breast glowing in the fiery sunset, sat motionless on the twisted fence which surrounded the field. His piteous warble echoed dimly across the frozen world, and nothing stirred.

The wind bit into the earth, and a man, crunching the ice under his weatherbeaten boots, trudged across the empty barren field and gasped as the wind cut him like a knife, sharp-edged and blue-cold. Jack Frost danced crazily over the lakes and hedges and covered them with fragile lady-like crystals which shimmered and glinted in the last wintry light of day.

And deep down in the depths of the earth the sleeping snowdrops shivered and waited — for the promise and beauty of Spring.

Joanne Reed, T.18



Andrew Simpson, 3B

Loneliness

Loneliness, the bitter cold existence of life,
The time that lingers, waits for eternity,
The truth of the soul and the heart that pumps
Its way around the body of an empty carcass;
The being eaten away and devoured by fear,
Anticipation and hunger for companionship.
The only solution lies in the trickling rain
That runs its taunting games against the window pane.
It has more vigour, more vivacity in its short-lived pace of birth.
Its death is quick, sharp, and immortal,
As again it will return to play the game of fortune.
But a human's loneliness is the inevitable bed of pain,
The unavoidable element that is the axle upon which her world revolves.
It is strong, like a turret with circular walls enclosing her,
Not allowing her feeble body to escape its boundaries,
Shutting out the shadowy forms that seek even her pitiful pleas for love.
She is alone, preserved on a decaying world that time toys with,
But we all know the solution that exterminates this vermin.
And there she lies:
Peace at last, the plague of loneliness riddled through her body,
But her soul and mind has escaped its icy hold.
Death was her resort.
The quiet serene death that kills the tormenting pest
Of time that slowly ticks the existence out.
Death was the answer to her being,
And loneliness is again allowed to wander,
To pick out its next victim,
To prey upon the reckless emotions which control our dangerous path.

Sharon Owen, T.22

Futile Love

Stomachs cry, raw, from the cutting hunger,
Voices shriek dead from throats numbed by the dust of infinite memories.
Hunger is satisfied by the torn limbs from Memory's body,
Thirsts quenched by blood from futile, strangled sounds.

Stinging eyes burst burnt from empty sockets,
Hearts feel truths and die;
But eyes see through blindness,
And hearts feel lies and are re-born.

Pregnant pain produces you.

Margaret Whitcher, T.29

Room

A shrine of stillness and slow hours,
An intimate caress of pastel-shaded peace;
Shimmering warmth in silky folds
And sunny haze of dizzy opium.
Oh animal stretchings and voluptuous yawns,
Slow dropping of lids and melting of limbs,
Surrender into oblivious embrace and liquid sleepiness
In this my room, my adolescent womb.

Alison Wells, T.26

Michael McGlead



Christopher Grimmert, 3B

The Stickleback

It is a drowsy day
By the river.
The sun beats down
On the river.
Nothing stirs
By the river.
But look
In the river.
A flash of light
In the river;
A tiny fish
In the river.
Its beauty
In the river
In its symmetry
In the river
Is incomparable
In the river.

This lonely fish
In the river
Is king
On the river
Of the terrain
Beneath the river.
It gulps
By the river
Some floating crumbs
On the river
From my bread
On the river.
It darts away
Down the river
Leaving me
By the river
Skipping stones
On the river.

Alan Hood, 3B.



A display of cakes in the cookery room



Dressmaking in progress

The Trouble With Fred

Fred came to us at the age of six weeks, a sky-blue ball of feathers, with a long slim tail and a wary expression. Budgies are very gregarious, and so am I, and thus it came about that, in no time flat, Fred and I were on a splendid footing, he being convinced that either I was a very large deep-voiced budgie, or that he was a tiny feathered human. Entertaining? — he could ring the changes all the way from chattering high-spirited idiot to drunken Archbishop, complete with side whiskers, bleary eye, and a slight list to starboard. He could also talk, although for a long time it was only “You’re a greedy gannet.” I called him that the first time I saw him going at a spray of millet — it put me in mind of a demented woodpecker — but it was his only fault. Many an evening we spent together, he almost asleep on my shoulder, I almost the same before the T.V. murmuring back and forth at each other, “You’re plastered.” — I prompted by Fred’s Archbishop act, and he by the aroma of whisky emanating from me. Sometimes he was right, too. It was as charming a domestic scene as you could wish for.

About this time I started to work on the Great Aunt Millie Scheme. My Aunt Millicent is well fixed financially, and while being as hard as nails in most respects — notably where attempts to part her from her loot are concerned — she has a soft spot for all forms of animal life. I began to have nebulous visions of her making sweeping changes in her will. These changes — if the Great Aunt Millie Scheme was any good — would occur shortly after her annual week-end visit, during which time she would be softened-up, if not downright seduced, by Fred. I worked on the scheme, polishing it with loving care; then I took it to Fred and we got down to business. We spent hours together, muttering back and forth in cooing tones. He learned “Give us a kiss”, “Pretty budgie”, and half a dozen other phrases, all verging on the nauseous. All of these were delivered in a soft croon and, in a moment of pure inspiration, I got my wife to teach him a silvery, tinkling laugh, which helped no end to relieve the unadulterated syrup then being dispensed. In no time at all he’d got his part weighed off. He now regarded a shoulder as the only proper place for a budgie, and he never pecked. I just couldn’t see how anything could go wrong. I pictured Fred sitting there on the old Aunt’s shoulder, chatting her up, and increasing my expectations in direct proportion to the rate of flow of mush.

Aunt Millie arrived bang on schedule. Although she’s well into the eighties she still has a presence. This comes about, I think, because she has shoulders like a bull, a ramrod-like back, and a pair of legs either one of which would do for mooring a ship. I once saw her summon a London taxi just by looking very hard at it. Yet she can get quite maudlin over a horse or a kitten.

I had planned to get the old girl in a mellow frame of mind before exposing her to Fred, and the best way of doing this is to get a good meal into her. She likes her food. To say that she’s a good trencherwoman hardly covers it. Her idea of hors d’oeuvres would leave me bloated for three days, perspiring gently and calling weakly for the bicarb. My wife, enthusiastically partnering me in the enterprise, began leaping into and out of the kitchen, bearing succulent dishes and pressing extra helpings on Aunt Millie. I thought she overdid it a bit when she clicked her tongue at the Aunt’s refusal of a third helping of turkey — at this time there was about only a third of the turkey left — but the old girl didn’t seem to notice it. At that moment I suddenly remembered something: like a lot of people of her age group, Aunt Millie is more than a little deaf. I worried about this for some time, wondering if, when Fred got down to the big seduction scene, she would be able to hear what he was saying. I reassured myself with the thought that Fred would be sitting on her shoulder, three inches from her ear, and she would be bound to get the gist. All the same, it was a factor I had neglected in my calculations, and I found it a little disquieting. My wife, primed and rehearsed to perfection, mentioned at the coffee stage that we now had a budgie, and why didn’t

we go into the lounge where he was flying free so that Aunt Millie could meet him? Aunt Millie, true to form, was off like a shot.

Fred's reaction to our entrance was normal. He made straight for my shoulder, landed, and we went through the passing to and fro of compliments, bowing and scraping and general fussing which he seems to find essential on these occasions. This over, he visited my wife's shoulder, inspected her hair-do, and then there followed an exchange of baby-talk and other rather feminine slush. All of this Aunt Millie watched with glowing eyes, dreamy smile, and interjections of "Ooh!" "Aah!" and so forth. The preliminary bouts being over, Fred took off, Aunt Millie bound. As he was signalling his downwind and finally it came to me that there were actually two factors missing in my calculations. Like many deaf people, Aunt Millie is inclined to speak up a bit, possibly to hear herself. We had never spoken to Fred in other than normal conversational tones, and it came to me that Aunt Millie's approach might shake Fred up a bit. It was too late to do anything about it by then, so I just sat back and hoped that Fred would understand and make allowances. He landed on the old Aunt's shoulder, gave the runway a quick once-over and prepared to assure our future. The script called for him to stroll over to a point just south-west of her starboard ear, fluff up a couple of times (which always seems to get the womenfolk into a fairly mushy state), and then shoot her a sweet nothing or two while she was still reeling. He was half-way through his second fluff when Aunt Millie beat him to the punch. "There's a pretty budgie", she murmured. Aunt Millie's murmur achieves a sound level which compares favourably with the kind of thing one associates with a Guards' Drill Sergeant.

I'll give Fred his due; he was game. With his claws dug into Aunt Millie's costume, he waited with his eyes closed and head averted while the blast roared over him. When the echoes had died away and the room had stopped reverberating, he managed to get in with his two cents' worth: "Give us a kiss," he said. It sounded a bit like a twig rustling after an oak had been felled. "Is he saying something?" asked Aunt Millie. She had her head turned to see Fred, and he found himself at ground zero, so to speak. You've got to hand it to these Australians for tenacity. He dug in his beak as well as his claws, bellied down to reduce drag, and twisted his beak round slightly in order to watch the odd feather swirling away in the slipstream. It might have been the feathers he was losing that put him off his stroke but, whatever it was, he lost his place in the script. "You're a greedy gannet!" was his next contribution. It wasn't really the sort of thing I'd had in mind for the scheme, but I did notice one thing: he'd caught on to Aunt Millie's deafness and was projecting very nicely, thank you, bringing it up from the diaphragm and so on. Aunt Millie heard and understood all right although Fred had spoken when both my wife and I were trying to answer her question. There was a detectable iciness in the air and her tone when she asked, "Did that bird call me a greedy gannet?"

I did my best to get it all straightened out while my wife went next door to have a word with the neighbours, who had started to bang on the dividing wall. I was doing quite well, really, and had just got the old girl convinced that I would never train a bird to insult guests in my house when Fred returned to the attack. I don't know how he did it, but the silvery tinkling laugh he produced had a definite sarcastic quality. Perhaps it was because he was pitching it a bit strong — my wife heard it in next-door's kitchen with four walls between. Aunt Millie certainly heard it, and it was another half-hour before we got her soothed down again. We might never have done it had not my wife remembered the old Aunt's fondness for a good whisky and brought her a generous glass. All this time Fred had remained on her shoulder confining himself to perfectly innocent demands for a kiss, and repeated avowals to the effect that he was a pretty budgie. None of this helped, of course, but it didn't do any harm, either.

All misunderstandings having been cleared up, Aunt Millie, still an animal lover, turned again to Fred. Now it might have been that Fred felt he'd had enough of these

North-East Monsoons which must have seemed to him to be terribly prevalent in the area of Aunt Millie's shoulder, or it might have been simply that he wanted first service. Then again it could have been the whiff of whisky from Aunt Millie when she got set to see his tail feathers off but, whatever it was, Fred was ready for her. As she turned to him he told her straight, "You're plastered." He meant her to hear it, too. I reckon he had the idea by then that, to get anything over to Aunt Millie, it had to be delivered at an intensity bordering on the threshold of pain.

The neighbours started banging on the wall again, and they were still at it when the front door slammed behind Aunt Millie. My wife was standing up to it all quite well until Fred went into the silvery tinkling laugh bit. No laugh at ninety five decibels can decently be called silvery or tinkling, and after two minutes of it my wife announced her intention of going off for a quiet week-end at her sister's just off the end of the runway at Gatwick.

We've put out peace feelers through the cousins and other aunts, but there's no chance while we still have Fred. We've got quite used to him now, really, and the neighbours are being very decent about the whole thing. The trouble with budgies is that they're so imitative, you see. You can usually find a home for a budgie, and it's easier still if the budgie can talk, but nobody in his right mind is going to take Fred off our hands. After all, who wants a talking budgie whose conversation alternates between "Give us a kiss" yelled at the top of his voice, and an interrogatory "Eh?" It's not so much Fred pretending that he's deaf, but this business of cupping a claw behind his ear is just ridiculous.

Robert Herbertson, T.17

The Tyrannosaurus Rex and its Prey

It strode across the sandy, rocky terrain, clawed feet scraping, gripping the dusty ground. All was silent, in submission to the awesome beast. Even the terrifying Triceratops, with its horns of death, sidled off into the shadows, in fear.

Its huge torso was supported by two pillars of bone and knotted muscle, with a twenty-foot long thrashing tail which crushed any shrub or tree that dared to defy it. But in comparison, its forelegs were weak matchsticks, used only for gripping prey. Resting on the apex of its rock-hard neck was the head, the nerve centre of the body. The eyes were searching, exploring the surrounding landscape, penetrating every rock or shrub. Its ivory-like fangs were bared as a warning against all foes, with the long slithering tongue occasionally protruding from inside the mouth.

Suddenly, its nostrils caught the scent of an unsuspecting prey. About one hundred yards away stood drinking from a stagnant pool an Aviatosaurus, unaware of its present danger. In a flash, the massive limbs carried the predator towards its goal. In gigantic strides the beast ate up the ground. The Aviatosaurus reeled round, saw its enemy and broke into a fleeing run. But it was too late: in a couple of moments the immense jaws had closed on the prey, with teeth sinking slowly in the neck. Its forelegs had gripped the thrashing animal whose neck by now was almost severed, and soon all was over.

The Tyrannosaurus began to eat its prize, crunching and chewing everything, bone sinew, and flesh. Finally, satisfied, the monster strode away, only to return another day famished, searching for food.

Kevin Bradley, 4A

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RAF officer

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and a great place to work.

New-Style Newsheet has begun to Provide Open-Door Service

By early February 1976 Price's sixth-form college, as opposed to the old grammar school, was well into its second year. The examination results of the newly-initiated one-year "O" Level courses, almost all of which were returned by the external sixth-formers to join the college, were good, and already many of the early administrative problems had been resolved with what many observers described as a surprising degree of success. Sixth-form students were for the first time enjoying the winter benefits of a common room which, though rated small for a group comprising over four hundred people, generally satisfied popular demand. The Staff-Student Committee, now renamed the Price's College Committee and under the Chairmanship of Brian Thorpe-Tracy, was, in his own words, "getting things done."

Despite the efficiency of the committee, however, and gradual undermining of the void that separated students from the hierarchy of the college, the circulation of reliable and accurate information around the sixth-form tutor groups remained a problem. An establishment so dependant as a college upon the promotion of good relations between all its various factions could not, it was felt, be allowed to tolerate the presence of ill-founded rumours and half-truths. What was needed became obvious. Thus, in the closing days of January 1976 the official college news-sheet was restructured and re-launched under the second board of editors.

A news-sheet had been produced by the College Committee since late October of the previous year. Paul Birch and M.A.T. Smith, both of whom were of course tutor-group representatives on the committee, and their typist, the Head Librarian and Secretary of the Debating Society Ian Shields, had indeed provided students with a much-needed source of information. All these students, however, were fast approaching their final terms of "A" Level studying, and restrictions on time made the production of a weekly publication a difficult task. When therefore M.A.T. Smith resigned from the committee and Paul Birch left his post as joint editor, replacements were quickly found. Two committee members, Richard Taylor and Christopher Yandell (Smith's successor) volunteered their services and were duly appointed co-editors.

The first edition of the re-vamped news-sheet appeared early on Wednesday 28th January 1976. Public opinion was encouraging. Aided by Suzanne Cooper, the two students, by employing a journalistic style of writing, providing detailed and interesting news coverage, heading the stories with headlines more common in nature to newspapers, and by including up-to-the-minute fixture lists and "Sports Report", began to satisfy student calls for some sort of medium to be established within the college.

The editors responded quickly to praise and, more particularly, to criticism. Valuable interviews were conducted with the Principal, Mr. E.A.B. Poyner, who, after only a fortnight of the new editors' taking over, sent them a letter of congratulations applauding their efforts. "May I please say," he wrote, "that this venture has my whole-hearted support." He agreed that future historians researching the early years of the college might need to refer to old copies of the news-sheet for contemporary material. Feature items were included, often supplying a base on which student opinion-polls were conducted the following week. Reports of committee meetings and debates were carried, as indeed were analytical reviews of the various sports teams that represented Price's. Tireless efforts by the editorial team and especially by the staff of the Resources Centre (without whose enthusiasm and invaluable help the production of the news-sheet would have been impossible) established the paper as a respected addition to the services provided by the college. The rumours and half-truths began to step quietly back into the shadows where they belonged.

It is now May 1976, and over fourteen editions of the news-sheet in the present format have been researched, written, typed, printed, and distributed, each within the limiting period of just one week. Our original aim is unchanged. With every story that contributes to an edition we try to provide not just a crucial service but an open door through which all factions of the college can pass to meet and enjoy British democracy in its most mature form.

Christopher Yandell, T.20, Richard Taylor, T.33 and Suzanne Cooper, T.5



A familiar figure since 1960 – the caretaker just before his retirement

Winter Night Incident

It was a cold and misty winter's evening. Night was beginning to fall. A crimson ball of fire had just set but its red and golden rays could still be seen away to the west.

In a large house in the suburbs of Plzen, a party was beginning to die down. "Jan! Natasa and I have to be going now. It's been lovely seeing you all again; you must come down and visit us some time. Well, thank you very much – be seeing you all. Natasa darling, let's be off then," said Jin Holecek.

They stepped out into the cool evening air, climbed into their small family saloon, and started on the long road to Ceske Budejovce, their home in the Bohemian mountains. The party atmosphere was still in their blood and they both talked merrily about the pleasant evening that had just passed. Time went by quickly and the distance between them and Jan's party grew. Then ahead of them in the road Jin noticed some flashing lights. As they drew nearer they could see a red notice-board with a white arrow underneath with the words "Opas nast Preprika" (Danger: Road Up), "Umleitung" (Diversion). They stopped.

"Damn it! I was hoping to get home early tonight. Oh well, I suppose we have to take the road through the Jihecersky forest." So saying, Jin turned the car to the right into the gloomy forest. A few kilometres after they had gone in, Natasa noticed a garage which seemed closed down and in ruins, yet a gas-filled light still shone in the office and the sign said "Otroveno" (Open).

She started talking again. "Do you remember darling? When we were still engaged and came here, ooh years ago. Then the sun was always shining and the birds always singing. Aah, those were the days." She ended with a deep sigh. Jin was quiet.

Suddenly, the car slowed down and finally came to a halt. "What is it darling?" asked Natasa.

"I don't know. I think we have run out of petrol. Hang on, I'll check," Jin said as he opened the car door and got out. "Yes, I was right; we're out of petrol," he called back. He then walked to the boot of the car and took out a plastic container. "Darling, pass me my coat. I'll just walk back to that garage we passed. It can't have been more than three or four kilometres back. Lock all the doors and pull up the windows. I shan't be gone for more than three-quarters of an hour." He kissed her and began to walk away. Natasa did as he said, lay back in her seat, and slowly she began to fall asleep.

She woke with a start and looked at her watch. It had stopped, but Jin must have been gone for more than a couple of hours. She heard something: Tap . . Tap . . Tap. She thought she imagined it, but no: she heard it again, more distinct this time: Tap . . Tap . . Tap. She was beginning to get frightened. Outside, all was dark and the silence was complete, apart from the sound of the wind through the trees. Just then a car went past at great speed. Its headlamps for an instant lit up the whole interior of the car.

A few metres ahead it stopped, and three uniformed men ran out, and Natasa noticed that they were policemen. Two of them were holding shotguns and the other a megaphone. The latter put it to his mouth, and a loud crackling voice said, "Mrs. Holecek, this is the Police. Please open the door gently and get out carefully. Without looking behind you walk slowly towards me."

She was astounded and confused but above all she was frightened. So, trembling slightly she opened the door and got out. She managed to walk towards the policeman without turning back. She was within a few steps of the policeman when she stubbed her toe and fell down. One of the policemen made towards her to help her up. As she got up she glanced back.

There, on the roof of their car was perched a man dressed all in black. In his right hand he was holding a hatchet; in his left he was holding the bloody, severed head of Jin Holecek

Nader Fekri, T.29



Girls' Games Report

In many ways this has not been a very satisfactory season. Attendance at practices fluctuates quite considerably and, whereas at the start of the season there was an abundance of names on team lists, these have gradually dwindled so that neither team is able to practise properly at this stage. The small nucleus of girls who have attended regularly should be congratulated on their loyalty and I hope next season they will be rewarded by a full and successful playing season.

Secondly, timetable difficulties have meant that teams for Wednesday afternoon matches are not true representative college teams and consequently the results have not been very good.

Hockey As yet the college First Team have not played any matches: several have been cancelled and the rest are at the end of the season, so we wish them every success. Two girls attended the Hants Junior XI trials; one has since left the college but the other, Jacky Stoneham, has worked up from Second to First XI and was one of five girls from Hants selected to go to the South trials in February, and she should be congratulated on her selection as reserve.

Hockey First XI — A. Beadle, L. Flux, L. Edwards, J. Weller, B. Burt, J. Stoneham (Captain), S. Clark, E. Davies, K. Bungler, G. Gardner, Z. Smallwood. Reserve — C. Boughtflower.

Netball The college First VII has had a very good season so far, being successful in all their matches and also winning the Under 18 tournament. At the second round held at Reading on February 14th, they played extremely well to finish third in their section.

Five girls attended Hants netball trials and all gained places in the Under 18 squad and were joined later by another three, making eight Priceans in all — E. Derrick, C. Waistie, B. Burr, A. Webb, S. Clark, A. Cole, Z. Smallwood, and J. Evans.

Ann Webb was one of two girls from the Hants squad selected to go through to Southern area preliminary England trials. She was one of ten girls selected at those trials and then attended the final trials in January. Although she did not make the England squad, she should be congratulated in getting so far.

Netball First VII — E. Derrick, C. Waistie, S. Clark, A. Webb (Captain), A. Cole, Z. Smallwood, J. Evans. Reserve — B. Burr.

P.J.E.



Boys' First Eleven Hockey

This season has been much the same as last, results-wise, but we have had one major difficulty to overcome, players. Because of the restructuring of the lower-sixth timetable we were left in the position of relying on the lower-sixth players being timetabled to allow them to play on Wednesdays. We started the season with a large pool of twelve players which was reduced to eleven after Christmas, so more often than not we have been struggling to raise a full side.

Despite the trouble in finding eleven players every week, the games themselves went surprisingly well, mainly owing to the large percentage of Fareham Hockey Club members. Once again we lost only two matches but we drew rather a lot. Andrew Bascombe distinguished himself by scoring eight goals.

Andrew Pursey, T.21

'Rites' and Wrongs of Cricket

They came in their thousands to the sacred shrine at Lord's. This was, however, not the famous Lourdes in France but the even more renowned site in St. John's Wood Road, London N.W.8, the scene of a more fanatical form of worship. These devotees to the religion of cricket had come to observe the annual rites performed by the ancient descendants of the Druids and their rivals, the formidable priesthood of the Aborigines of Australia.

The site was actually the shrine where the mystic M.C.C. worshipped, but they had willingly acted as hosts to this duel of the giants. The sacred turf was glistening with morning dew and the crowds packed the terraces to capacity. Then the big moment came and down the pavilion steps walked the two officials, usually known as umpires, clad in long white robes, with the teams following dressed in brilliant white apparel. The umpires checked the altars, comprising three stakes, commonly known as wickets, at either end of the field, separated by a distance of exactly twenty-two yards.

The high priests of both sides had earlier come out on to the pitch, shaken hands, and performed the customary ceremony of tossing a coin to see who would start the religious spectacle. The Pontifex Maximus of the England side had won the toss and chosen to be the first one to try to knock down the ten altars required. Two Australians who had been appointed to defend their sacred wickets to the last came out attired in their characteristic white kit and each carrying a bat, one of the sacred utensils always used in religious rites. The umpire handed a red shiny ball to the bowler who took a quick run up from behind one of the wickets and then hurled the ball as hard as he could, seemingly at his opponent. To the uninitiated, cricket may seem a pointless game but if one carefully observes the age-old ritual and traditions as they are practised by the devoted servants to the cause, one can appreciate the finer points of the game.

For example, after each ball passes the batsman a figure decked in protective clothing who stands behind the wicket raises his hands to the heavens and shouts 'Howzat!' at the top of his voice. Of course, any ardent cricket supporter could tell you that this is so that all the saints of the religion such as W.G. Grace, the patriarch of the modern form of the sport, can look down with favour upon the ceremony. There are also differences in the tone with which wicket-keeper, for that is the technical term for such a player, calls out this magic word. At the beginning of the match, the calls are more in hope than for any other reason, later on when a team is losing by fifty runs or less he calls in the hope of driving the umpire mad, and if he is losing by more than fifty runs he calls 'Howzat!' in the hope that his supplication will be an answered and that it will start pouring with rain. This is a common occurrence in cricket and is often known as 'rain stops pray'.

Cricketers are often deformed, for it is not unusual to hear of a bowler with a square leg, deep square leg, long off, long leg, and silly point. The 'most holy' in the shrine at Lord's is the trophy room where the charred fragments of one of the altars called the Ashes are kept, and are what both sides are trying to win. Sometimes they have to sacrifice themselves to googlies to win these Ashes.

Around the ground can be seen the soothsayers, or as they are termed colloquially 'bookmakers', who are hazarding guesses about the final result, aided by their book of portents entitled 'Form Book of Australian and English Batsmen and Bowlers'. Later on the seriousness of the day was broken when a man who had been drinking in the tavern ran on to the pitch stark-naked. This was a newly-formed custom which resulted from a man being paid a basic wage of £20 a streak upon appointing himself master of ceremonies. This was regarded by some as sacrilege.

The next morning the newspapers carried front-page headlines about an atrocity which had been committed during the night. Some of the more devout pilgrims had removed large chunks of turf from the pitch to take home and place in the family shrines alongside their Wisden's Almanacks and beside the plastic replicas of the John Player and Benson and Hedges Cups which were distributed free inside Cornflake packets. They had also anointed the pitch with costly oil at 75p a gallon. The ceremony was postponed until the next year owing to another newly-adopted custom inaugurated two years previously.

Andrew Booth, 4B



Combined Cadet Force

It was ordinary most times, but sometimes much more. Students learned to use a .303 live, went adventure training in the Peak District, found out how to survive on Loch Ewe, or took the opportunity to glide. Most, however, started by taking the opportunity to get involved!

From September 1977 we shall have girls too!

R.T.

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Titchfield, Past and Present

Titchfield lies snugly tucked up in a valley, with the river Meon meandering slowly through it. Many of the old buildings are found in the village centre, with the newer houses climbing up the surrounding hills. There is a strange mixture of old world charm with the abbey and the church; set against the noisy modern world — with cement lorries hurtling down the narrow streets. A whole range of architecture is visible here, with houses of many periods crowding the pavements. Saxon, Roman and Norman periods are represented in the church, there are Tudor cottages and Georgian houses, and the present day is represented by the new estates.

A settlement was first established on this site between 2,000–1,200 B.C.; and in the fifth century Saxons occupied the site and a church was built. The first historical reference to the village occurred after the Norman conquest in the Domesday Book — when it was referred to as Ticefelle. It was a thriving sea-port up until the reign of Charles I; then the land was reclaimed and so it became an inland town. A market was held regularly and this continued until 1535.

If you walk through the village now it is pleasant to ponder on the fact that many of our illustrious forefathers once visited, or were even intimately acquainted with, Titchfield. Henry VI and Margaret of Anjou were married here, and a special bridge (which still stands today) over the river Meon was built especially for the occasion. Other royal visitors included Richard II, Edward VI, Elizabeth I and others. Charles I spent his last day of freedom at Place House (the abbey). Shakespeare was a frequent visitor to Place House as it was the home of his friend and patron, the Earl of Southampton. It was a gift to the Earl after the dissolution of the monasteries — it had been an abbey since 1232. Local legend claims that 'Romeo and Juliet' was first acted in Titchfield, and there are links with other plays. The Earl now lies in a family tomb in the church.

The church dates back to Saxon times, and evidence can be found of different periods of building. The Norman doorway is said to be one of the finest in the country. Recently much restoration has taken place and blocks of wood from the old beams were sold to go towards the funds.

The mill, which still stands by the river (although it is no longer used for its original purpose) was referred to in the the Domesday Book. A Tudor barn which was a market hall and a prison stood in the village. Up until 1906 there was no proper water supply and there was a village pump. A little donkey and cart took the water around the village.

For the past century there has been an annual carnival in Titchfield, held on the Monday nearest to November 5th. Months of secret hammerings and preparations are revealed on that day. A procession winds its way through the narrow streets, past the crowded pavements; and its popularity has increased to such an extent that today the nose and the tail often meet up, despite the length of the route. There is also a torch-light procession in the evening, followed by a fireworks display, bonfire and fair. Local legend is also connected with this. An effigy is burnt on the fire but this is not the usual Guy Fawkes. It is said to represent the body of the third Earl of Southampton who reclaimed the marshes, cutting Titchfield off from the sea — which was bad for the town's prosperity.

Today there is a great deal of controversy in the village between those who want conservation and preservation; and those who want progress. There are several buildings, or parts of buildings of historical interest. These include the church, the abbey, mill, barn, Tudor cottages, sun-dials, and gargoyles. It was thought a few years ago that the old Tudor barn and market hall would be lost, but this was saved and is now restored at Singleton. The streets are narrow and frequently the heavy traffic is in danger of damaging the old buildings that line the pavements.

Whilst these buildings are of historic interest and need protection there is the danger of going to the other extreme. Titchfield, once a thriving little town, is now likely to become a dormitory village — unless some action is taken. The number of houses has increased, especially because of the building of two new estates, whilst the number of shops has declined. The fact that there are more antique shops than grocers stresses the point. The Community Centre is struggling to build up a reputation as a centre for the village, but little is offered in the way of entertainments. Whilst it remains a pleasant village to live in, a better balance needs to be achieved between the levels of preservation and progress.

Linda Biggs, T.7

Umbra

He had always considered Stepanich a fool. All the way he had racked his brains for an excuse. How could he not invite him back without offending him? Impossible. He had done it twice already. Stepanich would suspect — couldn't get the wrong side of him. His reputation of irascibility had been backed up when Jacson had lost his job because of a joke he had made about Stepanich. "No, I'll have to invite him back," thought Glas.

As they turned the street corner Glas blurted out clumsily, "My room is only around the corner and . . . er . . . I was wondering if you'd like to come in for a drink."

A pause. After about ten seconds (which he considered appropriate) Stepanich replied, "Oh, I suppose I've the time, Glas."

"Stupid fool," thought Glas. "Of course he's got time. Everybody knows he lives alone and hardly ever goes out except to the office. Just because he earns more than I he thinks he's better than me, with his sophisticated—"

"Long way up." Stepanich puffed. He burst out in a cacophonous spasm. The loud laugh spoke the vacant mind, thought Glas. He paid careful attention to Stepanich in order to join in the recrudescient laughter which continued up the stairs. Glas opened the door and lit the oil lamp. To their right stood a stained wooden table and behind that, in the corner, stood a sink. The space beneath was concealed by a cheap piece of material running around on a rail. It was decorated with a pattern of red and yellow flowers; to their left, a stove with a pile of newspapers by the grate.

Glas beckoned his guest in. He strode over to the cupboard. "Beer or wine? I think there's some left." Wine? Why wine? He opened the door. Only beer! Tragedy! The fool, why didn't he have any wine?

"I'll have a beer."

Saved!

With a sigh of relief he poured. Stepanich drank. "I'll see if I can make him get angry. It would give me a far better excuse," thought Stepanich. "This beer is disgusting!" he screamed dramatically.

"What!" said Glas angrily.

"Making me drink this cheap beer — you, your room, and your disgusting cheap beer, I hate it all!" A ten-second pause to keep the eager prole in suspense, ha! "I came here especially. I could have gone somewhere else but I came here and all I get is insults—"

"Could have gone somewhere else? Everybody knows you never go anywhere—"

"You're fired."

"For the last six months I've put up with you and your —"

"I said you're fired."

Glas felt a great wrath well up inside him; he grabbed Stepanich by the lapels and pushed him over the sink. He grabbed a log from the grate and began to beat Stepanich. He felt blood on his hands and stopped.

"Oh, my God!" he cried. "What have I done? I've killed him," he thought. He felt his head spinning and had to prop himself up against the wall to stop himself falling over. He remained fixed, as if of stone, for ten minutes. He then realised he must get rid of the body, the blood, and the log. The blood first: he turned on the tap and the cold water struck the bloody body. He grabbed the faded towel on the rail by the table, and cleaned his hands and face. The body next: he crossed the room and ripped the exposed boards off the wall. He dragged the cadaver to the hole he had uncovered. He pushed it inside. He took a box from on top of the cupboard: inside were a hammer, a few rusty nails, and a saw blade. He positioned the first board back into place and hammered a nail in. "What if the landlady wonders what the noise is and comes up and sees Stepanich's body hanging out of the cavity? Will I have to kill her as well? Could I? Worse even, Efiman might come back. If I hear Efiman coming I'd have to get behind the door and hit him with the hammer. Efiman, however, is strong and might overpower me. No, if I could get a blow in first he'd have no chance. Why think of these things now? I must conceal him properly and get away."

He hammered the other nails in and completely covered the holes. "Perhaps I got some blood on me when I put him in," he thought. He scanned the room and a crude shelf above the stove met his eye. Nearest to him was a framed photograph of a woman, covered in dust. Next to it was a pile of papers and on top of these a broken mirror. He took a piece and looked at his face — clean. His hands were clean, but there was some blood on his finger. He rubbed vigorously and the blood disappeared. He threw the towel under the sink.

Footsteps! Someone was coming up the stairs. He grabbed the hammer and quietly went behind the door. A few more steps and then on to the landing just a few feet from where he was standing. The feet were on the landing. They stopped. "They must be coming in here! It doesn't matter who it is — I'll have to hit him." Suddenly he realised there was no need. Stepanich was hidden in the wall and the saturated towel was under the sink; no need to kill anyone else. "But if they find me in the room, will they suspect something? Perhaps I would have to kill whoever is there. If it wasn't Efiman then I needn't kill him but just knock him out and then get away." All this flashed through his mind in a second.

He heard the landlady grumbling about her back. Her footsteps started again, Thank God! She'd gone on up to the next floor. He turned and realised the window was open and anyone could have seen him kill Stepanich and put him in the wall. He looked out across the yard. All the curtains were drawn. Perhaps no one had seen him.

He returned his attention to the room. He checked again for any signs which might point to the murder. The log and the beer glass. He threw the rest of the beer down the sink and threw the glass down after the log. The spilt beer had formed a small puddle on the table top. He wiped it off hurriedly with his sleeve. "It won't show with all the other stains there," he thought.

He listened at the door. No noise. "Shall I risk going out now with the chance of meeting the landlady coming down from the floor above? Or shall I wait here until she's gone back to her rooms?" He decided to leave straight away. If he waited for her to come down from above she might, instead of going straight back to her room, enter the room. No, he decided he must go straight away. He opened the door and looked across the dim landing towards the stairs. He could see a few steps only. He could hear nothing — All Clear! "But what if someone has seen me murder Stepanich through the window and has told the police? They might be hidden in the shadows waiting to

catch me unawares." He stood in the doorway, silently. He hoped to hear the police breathing so that he could identify their whereabouts and make a dash for the stairs. "What would be the best plan? To dash down the stairs and on to the streets or to retreat back to the room and escape down the wall and across the yard? They'd probably have a man stationed at the yard."

Yet he heard or saw no one on the landing. Should he risk crossing the landing and the possibility of having to fight two or three policemen? He decided no. They probably thought he wouldn't try to go down the wall. If that was right then there was probably only a single man posted there. He shut the door quietly and went over to the table. He returned the hammer and nails to the box and put it on the shelf. He pulled the window right open giving him plenty of space to get out.

He swung his leg over the edge and his foot gripped a pipe on the wall. His other foot found the drainpipe and he was half-way down. He slid and landed on a pile of rubbish. He glanced around for the policemen — no sign. "The fools must have forgotten to guard the window. I'd better hurry along or they'll realise I've left the room before I'm far enough away. He ran to the gate about ten yards away, stumbling and crashing among the garbage. He froze in fear, waiting for a light to go on but there was continuing darkness. He got up and ran out of the yard, across the street and into an adjacent alley. He kept running until he reached the end of the passage.

He felt thirsty. He saw the lights of a bar ahead. He walked towards it, checking his pockets for money. In his breast pocket he found a few coins. He took a deep breath and entered. It was as he expected, drunken dullards yelling and swearing at each other and swinging their hands through the dense, smoky atmosphere. He went straight to the bar and ordered a vodka. He sat down in the corner, away from the bar. Next to him sat a sailor and another. They began yelling at each other about whose drink was whose, and the sailor pushed the other's beer over. He ran at the sailor and pushed the table over him. He fell, sprawling, on to the next table.

"Get off, you fool!" cried the man at the table.

"Shut your filthy mouth!" he retorted.

Within a minute Glas found himself amidst thirty drunkards each trying to stay clear of the melee. He felt a sharp blow strike him in the back. He cried out and fell to the floor. He heard police whistles. Had they found Stepanich? Had they checked all the pubs for him?

About thirty policemen swarmed through the door. "Was I that dangerous?" They dispersed into the mob and separated the groups. He felt himself being pulled over to the door

. . . . He looked out of the cell window and read the newspaper of a man leaning against the wall. The headline of the article read "Man Kills Employer". Was it Stepanich? Did they think he was Efiman?

"Come on you there!" yelled the guard opening the door to their cell. They all filed out. "Right, stay there until you're called." They were in a large square room. Excluding the door they had just come from, there were three. One opposite, the questioning room, one further down the corridor — more cells? — and one next to Glas, an office. He looked at his neighbours: one was the sailor who started the fracas — he was talking with his friends. "Probably evolving some stupid alibi," he thought. The other was a German giant.

"Richter!" called the guard. The giant growled, got up, and went into the questioning room. Under his chair was a newspaper. Glas picked it up and read it. "Daniel Efiman kills his employer, body found concealed in wall cavity. Efiman denies —"

"You, come here!" yelled the guard. Glas walked into the office.

"Name?" asked the clerk.

"Glas," he replied, without thinking.

"Address?"

"Fourteen, Chapel Street."

"The address sounds familiar; now where did I see that . . . ah, yes, of course, that is the same house as the one in the newspaper story, is it not?"

"What newspaper story?"

"The story of the murder of a man named Stepanich."

"Oh, really," he said, trying to sound casual.

"Do you know who started last night's brawl?"

"Oh that, yes. It was this sailor and another man on my table. They began to yell at each other and they spilt their drinks and everyone joined in."

"I see."

"Can I go now?" Glas asked.

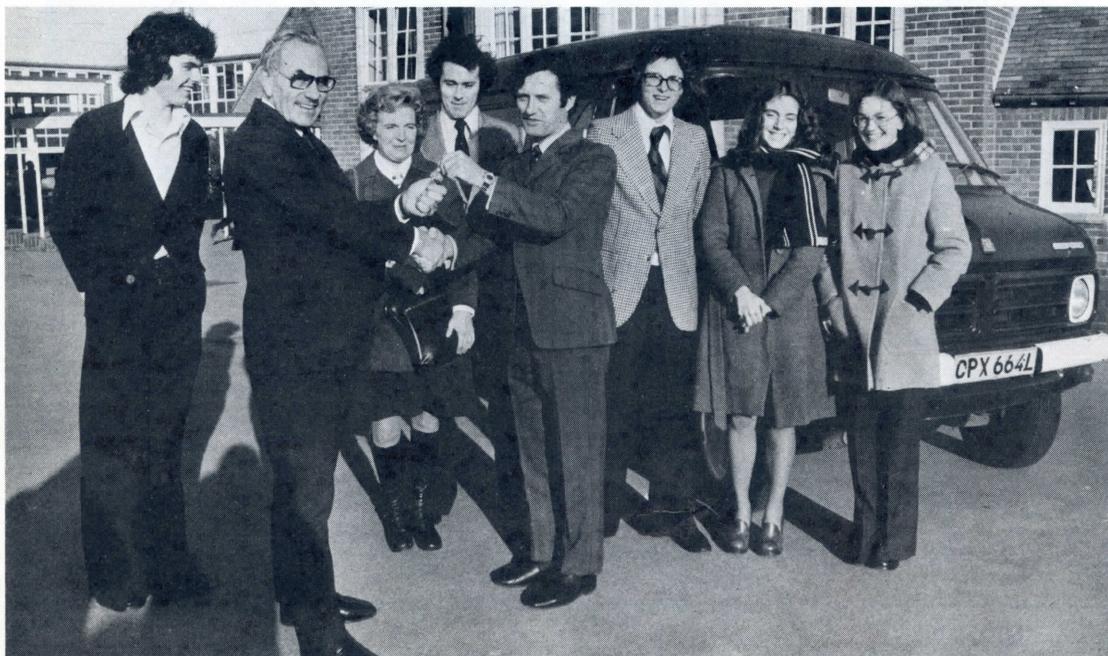
"No. Of course, you realise you are to be executed."

Was he mad? How could he charge him with the murder when everyone thought it was Efiman? Was the charging of Efiman a trick to fool him? It can't have been — it was in the paper. Even if they could prove he did it or if he confessed to everything they could only give him two years. Was it to do with the brawl last night? No, he'd given information. He should have got no punishment.

"What's the charge?" he asked.

"The charge? Solecism."

Ian Rudgley, 4D



The keys of the mini-bus handed over



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