

BL 75

PRICES TO ADMIT ADULT STUDENTS?

See page seven.

6-7

EDITORIAL

As the year drifts slowly to a close, I am tempted to write a summary of the events of the past ten months. However, since my editorial predecessors have preferred escapism to reality I will not break with tradition by using this space as a political review.

The standard of contributions has again been high, and I would like to thank all those who did contribute, whether published or not. Contributions and ideas for the Spring edition will be welcomed by the editors, to whom they should be given.

Gareth Howlett  
Christopher D. Vandell  
Robert McNab  
Margaret Montgomerie

\* \* \* \* \*

This homeland like a woman surges  
In her dewy gown, humped and dreaming  
Of seeds ripe and swelling; and all around her  
Dance the overflowing fields.

Smooth each contour in your hand  
And let us walk the billowed hills  
To sense the soil quiver in your grasp.

Let fly your echoing shadows  
In the valley's velvet throat.

HUGH SUMPTER

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ODDS AND ENDS

Waiting to go  
Waiting by a roundabout,  
Warming in the Sun.  
And traffic rumbles:-come and gone  
Whilst I may think of other things:  
Or look upon this nearby wall  
And see these fine-grain insects run  
Bold red upon their brickland home.  
Waiting in the sun  
For the moment to come,  
and go.

"The heart will understand  
More than the head can say,  
And taking up my cross each day  
Brave the storm, wind and wave  
To calm the sea and walk in love."

IVOR M. BUNDELL

## THE MOTH

He lay thinking in his soft warm bed,  
When a moth with silky elegance,  
Flew over him, catching his eye with bravery,  
So rare among insects that he was forced to rise.

He had been taught that moths made holes;  
He must kill the moth; pull it apart-  
But he thought that the moth was elegant;  
He could not destroy such grace.

Still, he was told to kill it, a battle started,  
In his mind, his education fought.  
The moth settled on the white colouring of the cupboard  
He raised his hand, it came down with a thump.

The moth was dead. He had killed it.  
He stared at his hand. It was shiny,  
Shiny with the sticky substance expelled from the moth.  
In his world, his education knew it as blood.

P. D. JEFFREY

## YOUNG LOVE

A longing to love and to cherish  
A yearning to have and to hold  
- If only for practice!

NAB

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## SPORTING LIFE

On the 23rd. of October, the playing fields witnessed a brutal clash between opposing bands of thugs disguised as Rugby players. The fixture Staff V Students offered boundless opportunities for mayhem and skulduggery, as one unsuspecting student playing for the staff found to his cost. Ironically, in a match full of blatantly illegal tackling, his shoulder injury was caused legitimately.

The result was a foregone conclusion. The staff, using a subtle combination of primitive bloodlust, low animal cunning and long years of experience, literally crushed the opposition by 62-6, due in no small way to the unsporting conduct of one member of staff who persisted in running faster than anybody else. Not that the staff emerged intact; next morning it was rumoured that the only teachers walking straight were those who had sustained injuries to both legs and whose limps cancelled each other out.

Seriously, the match, though hard, was fair and fast moving, and proved most entertaining to the noisy crowd of spectators.

## "JUST ANOTHER BUBBLE BATH"

This apparently nonsensical piece of literature is not for you if you are one of those interlectuals who visit the library fortnightly to exchange books, instead of being content to sit in the park and gaze endlessly at page three of the "Sun". Nor is this for you if you play an active part in today's competitive and anaesthetic society, and are hence not happy to sit by a river and watch the combination of time and water pass before you. For those of you in these categories will be unable to comprehend the message concealed in this work.

Tonight, for example, I shaved as usual, dreaming about those blokes who have gals in far-away places, like Titchfield and those of us who are impatient to dive into bed with pictures of Mrs. Mills of Fyfe Robertson above our headboards. I dreamt of being a D.J., or a pop-star junkie about to lose his way in the Rock'n Roll enterprise. I sat in bed wondering about the chaotic mess surrounding the Geography Department, where four groups have to share one book, and the bewilderment of the History Department at their vast and obsolete collection of Woodward's and Ensaws. Indeed, I even considered the fact that "Operation Facelift" had been unable to prevent the Prices eyesore from becoming a spoil-heap.

Were it not for the demands of today's society, whereby man is prepared it seems to annihilate himself out of existence, I would be quite happy with my balsawood gliders, fishing tackle and two Weetabix every morning. But instead I am faced with a dilemma. Should I, for reasons that can only be understood when sober and unpolluted by today's society, join the increasing band of hippies, who have realised mans' mistake, or pretend nothing is wrong and continue as most people before me? With luck I may never see the manmade disaster that will surely strike this earth; but perhaps those like me, who have remained in society may just be able to steer man away from the pathetic course he follows.

If, on completion of reading this, you are classified by a neighbour as stark, staring mad, do not worry. You are only mad in their assessment. For truly, if you can understand and appreciate the aspects I am criticising, then you must be one of the few sane people about (unless I am mad).

JOSEPH MAGUIRE

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## VICTORY

Four soldiers, heads bowed, dejectedly standing  
At the four corners of a plinth  
On which the lady, one breast naked, lordly sits.  
At the stroke of twelve the lion walks around the park.

Then throw away your rifles, lively men.  
Tear the woman from her stony wicked virtue.  
Let mere annarchy be loosed upon your lust  
Which burns. Plough her by turns

And in the morning walk away. Leave her naked  
Purged of false heroics, naked and free.  
Plunge your bayonets into the soil and from the butt  
Steel-rooted, let leaves of tenderness and mercy spring.

A. R. Johnson.

## AUTUMN IN THE SUBURBS

The wt lime avenue is strewn with cornflake leaves;  
They slip and stick to soles or rubber boots.  
The great green tunnel, bereaved of all its shade,  
A network now of twigs and the last yellow  
remnant of summer;

Only last month, like fish, we had swum in the  
dappled light below.

From the upstairs window too, the street had seemed a sea,  
The houses on the other side mysterious as ladies  
Changing behind lace curtains, which now being  
drawn aside,

Reveal the cliché of a late modernity.

-This is a time for unromantic wet;

The gardens have shrunk to size; and the last  
Apple branch delivered up its ponderous load  
Which, like a pregnant mother, it had borne  
hot summer through.

The birds take flight, and folk, like urban squirrels,  
Scuttle in suburban nooks

With warmth against the winter's cold,  
And feast on buttered crumpets for their tea.

MARY MORE-GORDON

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## TIME SLIP

From a Cornish paper: "A coffee morning for Christian Aid  
at Camborne Parish Church hall will be held this evening."

## THE SPASTIC

He looks around, but nobody is there;  
They've run away to the safety of their homes.  
He turns a corner, into the street,  
Where he sees a small boy all alone,  
He runs to him, but as he nears,  
Stones come flying from behind the wall.  
One hits him, and he begins to cry.  
He runs frightened down the road.

The children laugh at him from inside their houses  
As he runs down the street with his eyes streaming.  
His gate is in sight, but there are his neighbours;  
He will not be seen crying by them.  
He climbs a wall and hides behind a tree.  
He only comes out when they go in,  
He runs inside and upto his mother,  
She does not cuddle him, she wishes he was not there.

He wanders upstairs into the playroom,  
Where his sister hides her face as she laughs.  
As he walks to her, he knocks were doll.  
She screams and shouts as it breaks.  
She picks it up and looks at it,  
Its head is dented....."It looks like you!" she screams.  
She runs to her mum, who pets and cuddles her.  
He does not understand why she loves her and not him.

A. TAYLOR

The endless three-dimensional tube  
Haunts me through the ages of oblivion  
And pastel shades of Oak trees surrounded  
By the winding, twisting briar of our existence  
Remain  
Have we lost our way?

The Court Jesters pronounced their frigid inhibitions  
The blind nobles with sublime cynicism foretold  
The impending suicide, as they beat their drums  
Towards the Tyburn dock.  
Have we lost our way?

The caverns and gorges offer no directions  
But successive orbits of destitute planets.  
The strings pull me towards a blind alley,  
And the explosion of our fantasy.  
The stark realisation shatters the tranquility  
Have we nothing but our mortal floors?  
We have lost our way!

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#### THE DEBATING SOCIETY

Every year, it seems that the Debating Society finds itself constrained to deliver a mild rebuke to the College on the theme of apathy. If apathy were a constant, then there would be little reason for undue concern; all that would be necessary would be a minor re-arrangement of the words of C.F.J. Bard in 1969.

This year, however, apathy has markedly increased. Unless this trend is reversed, the College will cease to exist in its proper role, i.e. that of a basically academic institution, and will become no more than a very large youth club. If we accept the admittedly vague premise that a College's intellectual strength is shown by the support of such bodies as the Debating Society, then Prices is declining at an alarming rate. The only way in which it can be revived is by students to attend the : debates. This in itself would improve them, for any speaker prefers 100 listeners to 10. Therefore, as it is better to hear a good speech than to miss a mediocre one, you cannot lose.

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#### THE CLIMAX

Drip,

Drip,

Drip,

NEWS EDITOR; CHRISTOPHER D. YANDELL

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### PRICES TO ADMIT ADULT STUDENTS?

It now seems possible that within the next few years adults will be admitted to Prices College to participate in lessons alongside Sixth-form students.

Under the plan, which will probably be adopted after the lower school has been phased out, unemployed members of Fareham's adult community seeking to gain more qualifications will be permitted to supplement the normal student numbers in both "O" and "A" level subjects.

Asked to comment on the proposal, one member of staff expressed little surprise, adding: "Numbers are likely to decrease over the next few years, and if the College is going to maintain the required number of students, the number that will satisfy the County, then adults will have to be brought in."

Mr. Poyner was unavailable for comment.

### PRICES BREAK-IN: STUDENTS SUSPECTED

Black Lion reporter

The Police are known to suspect Students following the theft of property worth £60 from the Home Economics Block in an overnight raid on October 14th.

The thieves entered through a window in the neighbouring block under construction, and attempted to force the lock of the Needlework cupboard, which contained several valuable sewing machines, and Staff believe that the intruders possessed a knowledge of the block's layout and content.

The theft was discovered at 9.30 the following morning.

One Kenwood Chef mixer worth £50 was taken, as was a much smaller Kenwood Mini worth £10 which belonged to Mrs Jill Image, Head of Department.

Chances of recovering the stolen property are thought to be slim. There are no recognised secondhand shops in Fareham where such goods might appear if they are not retained by the burglars. Portsmouth shops are outside the control of the Fareham constabulary, and the police of that City are more concerned with their own cases.

Talking about the robbery, Mrs. Image said: "Ironically, I had made a point of keeping the Kenwood Chef against an external wall so that it could not automatically be seen from the outside - and now somebody has taken it from the inside."

### "REAL MURDERS" FEATURE OF U.S. SEX FILMS

The latest mess from America includes a disturbing story about the trend in pornographic films. New York police say they are now convinced that the murder scenes which end each one of a series of blue films are not faked, and that the audience is watching the real thing being committed on film.

Police believe that the films, known as "snuff" films after a term used by the Chicago gangsters for "Snuffing out" (killing) their victims, are being made in Latin America, possibly the Argentine. But so far they have no evidence, and could only convict suspects on charges of illegally importing materials used for developing the negatives.

## NEWS SECTION CONTINUED:

The films themselves are very popular, despite an entry fee of £50 per head to private showings only.

### COMMITTEE BAN PRESS

Regretfully we are unable to publish details from the Staff-student committee meeting of October 24th. The Committee refused our reporter permission to attend the meeting, thus depriving itself of the good publicity it so badly needs.

### PRINCIPAL SAVES GIRL STUDENTS EMBARRASSMENT Black Lion reporter

Mr Poyner, the College Principal, last half term radically altered the design of the new "Price's College - Fareham" shirts, just under one hundred of which have now been sold.

Mr Poyner objected to a large Lion's head being used as the centre illustration, pointing out that the animal's eyes would conceivably coincide with certain parts of the female anatomy. The design was then altered to depict a docile animal modelled on the famous "Tate and Lyle" Lion to be seen on the firm's syrup tins.

Mr. Wilkie, the Biology teacher in charge of sales, assured "The Black Lion" that a further set of shirts this time showing a more aggressive Lion will be on sale during November.

The original batch of shirts were on sale from the end of September and were produced in four colours, of which blue proved the most popular because it was the old Price's School colour.

### FEMALE INTUITION

One woman talking to her companion on a bus passing Fareham creek was heard to remark: "If that Creek gets any more polluted, walking on the water won't be quite such a miracle after all."

### HIS LORDSHIP'S IDIOM

Lord Palmeston's death-bed remark: "Die my dear doctor, that is the last thing I shall do."

## REVOLUTION

Bells ringing, loud cheers and joyous celebrations,  
Freedom! Freedom! echoes everywhere.  
The people have got their country back.  
But where is the power crazed President?

A cry goes up. "He is in his palace!"  
Hiding from what fate has in store for him.  
We have found him, the tyrant of the people,  
Drag him into the sunlight for the last time.

BANG! A deafening cheer arises from the liberated  
As the reign of terror ends.  
Now to put the country back on its feet.  
But who? Yes of course - our saviour.

Still starvation, poverty and death,  
While the saviour stuffs himself on his children's food.  
The people murmur and groan under the yoke of oppression  
Marching feet are heard once again in the street.

Bells ringing, loud cheers, and joyous celebrations,  
Freedom! Freedom! echoes everywhere.....

## THE OLD WOMAN

One drab room with small armchair  
And in the corner by the stair,  
The television stands complete  
With chromium knobs and plastic feet.  
And on the mantleshef the clock  
Counts the hours with hands that mock.

Lonely she sits and sleeps all day,  
Or gazes at the dreary day  
Outside the window so remote!  
She paces now from bed to chair  
And back again from chair to bed,  
Talking to herself and then,  
Falling silent once again.

One day a neighbour will find her here,  
Beyond all loneliness and fear.

P. WAITE

## GREETINGS

Sign in the hall of a Belfast guest house:  
"If this is your first visit to Belfast, you  
are welcome to it."

## THE CANTHERETITE SAGA

For many years, unknown to man, these little creatures have been infecting all nations with early morning coughs, lack of breath, wheezing and phlegm in the back of the throat, but the most horrible thing about these little animals is that they have a "licence to kill".

Do not let their size fool you. They are usually about six mm. thick, anything from four to six cm. long and are cylindrical in shape. More often than not, they attack their prey, at first, usually, small boys in large numbers. Twenty is the usual amount, making their assaults one by one until the humans either drop down dead or use the only thing that can harm them, the anti-smoking corps. These bands of humans are the few who have revolted against the cantheretite. They smash their home up and kick their heads in, but these little creatures still persist. What their main aim is no-one really knows, but they seem to be doing it quite well.

The cantheretite is completely useless without its number one friend, companion and working partner, the match. They seem to strike it off together as soon as they meet, and are always seen together at fashionable places.

Like a great many other little creatures, once they have gone through the rituals of courtship and mated, their lives shorten by the minute. The match lasts for about thirty seconds; it just simply burns away. The cantheretite can last anything from five to ten minutes, but all the time it is making an ash of itself.

They have died for what they believe in - "the destruction of man". They are happy in the knowledge that they are going to the great ash tray in the sky.

ROBERT COX

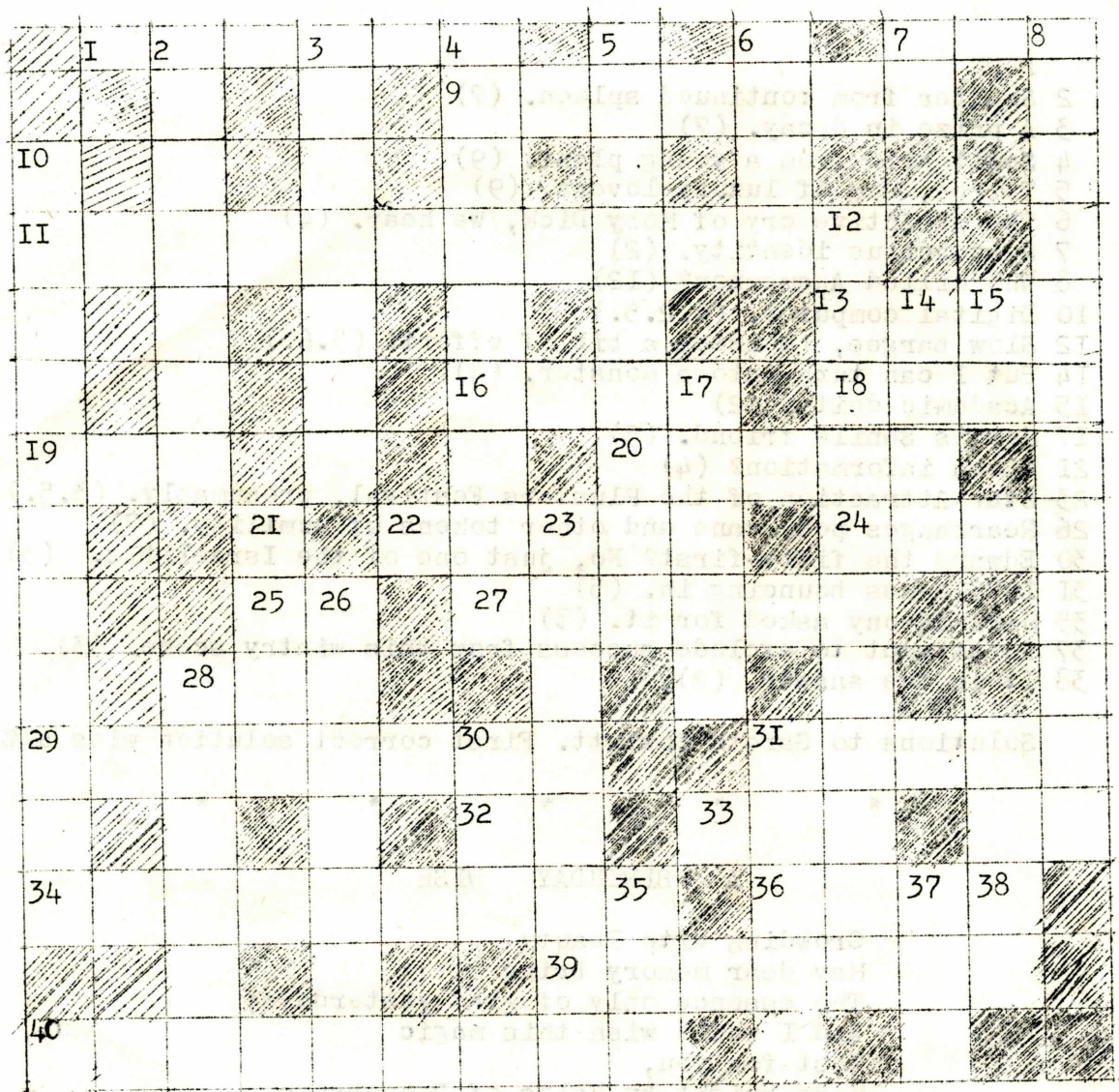
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### ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Stranded on top of the world  
With howling winds and the dreadful cold  
The shifting ice and sleepless nights  
The sun shut out by the driving snow.

No people, not even animals,  
Live on this neverending icecap.  
Hoping that a miracle will happen,  
And take me home away from the cold.

No warmth, no shelter, no food.  
How can a man last on nothing?  
How long will it be? How long can it last?  
On top of the world.



### PRIZE CROSSWORD (by GUMBY)

#### ACROSS

- 1 Price of King George's breakfast? (6)  
 7 Scottish Church's anger after beheading. (3)  
 9 The land of Nod. (7)  
 11 The uses of this world, said Hamlet, are not economically viable (12)  
 13 The sound of the Muse's deceptive instrument. (4)  
 16 Dial a scrambled egg? (4)  
 18 a Wooden smile. (4)  
 19 The female of the deer species is rather poetic. (3)  
 20 A civil wrong? It's on the cards. (5)  
 22 Let's bury him indoors. (5)  
 24 I sew crooked - how clever! (4)  
 25 Press Agency of Welsh parentage. (2)  
 27 Politician's thought bubble? (6)  
 28 Spilt Tea takes takes the edge off my fury and my hunger. (3)  
 29 Emasculated condition of the Marie Celeste (8)  
 31 Partly idle perhaps? A Social outcast, anyway. (5)  
 32 The French quarter of Los Angeles. (2)  
 33 Gray's Cattle Trail. (3)  
 34 Zany, bent, I still maintain the appearances of Empire. (9)  
 36 It's a frizzy Italian wine. (4)  
 39 South-Eastern cramp? Especially under canvas. (7)  
 40 Clubs? I'll pull their legs off! (9)

# DOWN

- 2 Shelter from continued spleen. (7)
- 3 A prize in decay. (7)
- 4 Split grin from a young plant. (9)
- 5 Tribes, say of luxury-lovers. (9)
- 6 The plaintive cry of Moby Dick, we hear. (4)
- 7 Subconscious identity. (2)
- 8 Who killed Agamemnon? (12)
- 10 Digital computer. (4.2.5.)
- 12 Slow bargee, 'e needs a bit of effort! (5.6.)
- 14 But I can turn into a monster. (4)
- 15 Academic deity. (2)
- 17 Joan's Senile friend. (5)
- 21 Given information? (4)
- 23 Star Attraction of the Plumbers Festival, presumably. (3.5.)
- 26 Rearranges pen, cane and other tokens of humility. (7)
- 30 Edward the fifty-first? No, just one of the Israelitis. (3)
- 31 1976 comes bouncing in. (5)
- 35 Mark Antony asked for it. (3)
- 37 An attempt to exclude success from this wintry scene. (3)
- 38 It is the answer. (2).

Solutions to Gareth Howlett. First correct solution wins a £1 prize.

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## A BIRTHDAY WISH

Crowding with Beauty  
 May dear memory bring  
 The essence only of glad yesterdays;  
 And I would wish this magic  
 Most for you,  
 Made bright by halos of Remembrance  
 Of Summer days,  
 As when with Quietness  
 The past holds court in Paradisal aisles,  
 And only roses  
 Pride of memory,  
 With rainbows dreaming on great garden trees  
 Light no tomorrows  
 As bright yesterdays.

A. GLYNNE-HOWELL

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## THIS SPACE TO LET

BL 75

PRICES TO ADMIT ADULT STUDENTS?

See page seven.

4-1