

THE LION



1721 • 1908



DECEMBER, 1939

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Quantum Mutatus.

THE WAR has affected the School in many ways. We were not able to return at the appointed time because the Air Raid Shelters were not ready and when they were we found Mr. Garrett was with the Navy, and Messrs. Brown, Hilton and Hollingworth with the Army. We have seen something of three of them, but Mr. Brown has been unable to get as far as Fareham. We wish them all good fortune and a safe return. It is sad that in the same service, E.A. Crofts, an Old Pricean, has passed beyond recall.

We started term with a full complement of staff. One Old Boy, E. J. Tatford, and three gentlemen from New Zealand, whose efficiency and charm made them immediately popular, joined us temporarily. When they left we welcomed Messrs. Royds-Jones, Eslick, Howard Jones and Lovelock, and we hope that their time at Fareham will be as happy as conditions allow.

Since we are in a neutral area we are spared some of the major horrors of war and a record entry has been absorbed. The School is now as full as it well can be. The increasing size is reflected by the number of School Certificates gained: we think twenty-seven out of an entry of thirty a very creditable achievement. We must congratulate also those who secured their higher certificates.

We have hardly managed to take our minds off the war by a devotion to athletics. The term has been one of the worst for years; this was the greater pity as we had two teams well up to the average. This term we are losing Tubbs, our best footballer since R. A. Lewry. Comparisons are odious, but, if I may adapt what I said then, many a forward will face the School and Westbury more confidently in his absence. We all wish a very fine sportsman the best of luck.

Others, too, are leaving us and we wish them all successful careers. A happy Christmas to the School and a peaceful New Year.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the death of E. A. Crofts in the "Royal Oak" disaster, and tend to his widow and parents our sincere sympathy in their bereavement. Crofts will be remembered by many as a fine personality, a good scholar and a good athlete. He was a representative of a type with whom the School feels it an honour to be associated in his life and by his death.



- V. A. K. Midlane, J. C. Hawkins.
- IVA. F. G. Calton, P. H. Davies, Suggat.
- IVB. R. A. G. Beasant, C. R. Woolcock.
- Rem. E. H. Roberts, P. G. Hicks, R. A. W. Annells, E. Lycett, J. B. Keech, W. O. Pearce, J. J. Moran, Wood.
- IIIA. K. H. F. Watkins, J. D. Cole.
- IIIB. J. E. Lyne, P. R. Scrivens, N. B. Graham, H. G. Shepherd.
- IIA. J. W. Barton, L. Bauer, L. R. Biggs, R. Bloomfield, R. Carpenter, A. V. Colbourne, H. G. Davis, D. A. Evans, T. S. Floate, E. G. Gates, K. W. Harrison, R. Harvey, V. J. W. Hoad, A. E. Holman, D. A. J. Hooker, J. W. Johnson, A. E. Jordan, F. W. E. Keen, V. A. Knight, A. Knocker, J. G. Lennox, R. A. Maffey, R. A. Marshall, C. H. Phillips, J. M. G. Shepherd, E. A. Shorney, G. G. Stephenson, C. A. Stubbington, G. P. J. Treacher, P. C. F. Wilkins, K. E. Randall, A. J. Palmer, J. E. Palmer
- IIB. G. Adams, J. E. R. Bennett, R. E. Farthing, M. J. Hawkins, K. R. Joint, F. I. Jordan, J. F. Meloy, J. Millar, B. G. Ranson, R. G. S. Skipper, L. J. Taylor, J. Wellstead, K. Parrett, C. N. Wyatt, R. T. Cornborough, P. H. Bishop, A. J. C. Pearce, K. A. Hawkins.



W. J. TUBBS.—Westbury. Monitor. School 1st XI Hockey, Football and Cricket.
Winchester Sports. Victor Ludorum.

G. F. JACKSON.—Captain of Blackbrook. School 1st XI Football, Hockey and
Cricket. Winchester Sports.

W. H. SCOTT.—Captain of School House. School 1st XI Football. Member of suc-
cessful Portal Cup Team at Winchester.

T. WALTERS.—Blackbrook.

E. C. SIMPSON.—Westbury.

J. N. DALE.—Westbury.

J. WALTERS.—Blackbrook.

B. McCASH.—School House.

B. IRETON.—Westbury.

K. PARRETT.—Cams.

P. McCULLOCH.—School House.

P. BURT.—School House.

Examination Results.

OXFORD HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.—C. J. Verdon, B. C. M. Allen,
W. J. V. Blakey, P. J. Willis.

OXFORD SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.—O. W. G. Chant, G. V. Watts, R. E. Jennett,
G. F. Jackson, A. E. Carr, V. J. Claney, M. A. Reed, R. T. Hutchings, G. N.
Dale, B. H. G. Adams, E. V. Titheridge, W. J. Tubbs, A. E. Norris, K. B.
Powell, S. L. H. Trueman, C. J. Wheeler, G. E. Andrews, H. P. Dawkins,
E. J. Nutter, E. C. Simpson, J. P. Smith, W. H. Scott, M. Hills, R. Jarman,
T. Walters, A. Crockford, I. M. H. May.



PRICE'S SCHOOL CADET CORPS

The beginning of this term found the Corps deprived of all its Officers and several N.C.O's., so it was obvious that things were not going to be easy. The weather, too, has been far from helpful, drill on the field being impossible for a good deal of the term. However, difficulties are made to be overcome, and we have now four officers and a very efficient Sergeant Major, and are trying to keep up the work of the Corps without any falling away from the high level of performance previously attained.

The inspection last term by Major-General Rowan Robinson again produced a satisfactory report, the nature of which may be gathered from the following quotation : "The exercises were well carried out. The state of the unit reflects credit on all concerned."

A few days before the inspection Major Garrett was asked if the Corps would compete for the Lucas Tooth Shield. This being the first time he had heard of the competition, he asked for details, and on the inspection day the various tests required were carried out, the General awarding marks. As a result, we were awarded the Shield, beating the holders, Peter Symond's School, Winchester, who have held the shield for some nine years, by 17 marks (99 to 82) out of a possible total of 125. It was very fortunate that during the present term, Major Garrett was on Naval duty at Portsmouth, and so was able to come over and present the shield, and also the badges and medals won at Camp.

The Camp at Marlborough was spoilt by rain, but the Cadets who were present put up a very satisfactory show indeed. In the Certificate A examination, which is the first examination for a Commission, sixteen of our Cadets entered for part one, and thirteen passed. Part two is a written examination which should have been held in November, but owing to the war this is cancelled. None of our Cadets have entered for this examination before, so I think we have every reason to be satisfied with this result. There were other successes too, three signallers passed the qualifying tests, two as first year signallers, and one, after only one year's training qualified as second year signaller; then four Cadets gained fourth class Ambulance Badges, and two won medals for boxing. The Band also was highly approved by people thoroughly qualified to judge, and the whole contingent won approval by its general smartness.

To those unaware of the changes this term has brought, it may sound as if I am blowing my own trumpet, so I hasten to explain for their benefit that the credit for all this is due to the former O.C., Major Garrett, and to the other Officers who assisted him, all of whom are now serving in His Majesty's Forces.

We must endeavour to keep up the standard, and to see that whatever difficulties there may be, the work of the Corps is well done. More recruits are needed, and now the new boys have settled down, perhaps they will consider joining. Some have done so, but there are many more who might.

May I offer my sincere thanks to all who are helping in any way, and urge all Cadets to do their best individually and collectively to make the Corps smart and efficient.

J. SHADDOCK, O.C.

Extract from the London Gazette of July 21st, 1939 ;—

“ TERRITORIAL ARMY. ROYAL ARTILLERY.

Cadet 2nd Lieut. J. Hollingworth (Price's School Cadet Corps), to be 2nd Lieutenant.

Pavilion Fund.

While the Fund cannot expect to maintain its recent rapid progress, it is gratifying to be able to record that the £700 mark has been passed.



This season has been by no means an ordinary one. To begin with, the evacuation of many schools in the neighbourhood meant that many of our fixtures were automatically cancelled, and, moreover, difficulties of travelling under present conditions meant the loss of other games. To make matters worse, the weather has been appallingly bad, and although only a few matches have been affected, we have had practically no ordinary games on the school field since the beginning of October.

Six inches of rain in both that month and November left the field in as bad a state as it could well have been. At the moment, December seems to be trying very hard to maintain this undesirable record.

But we have played some football, enough to show that the team would have done very well in any ordinary season.

Of six matches, four were won, one drawn, and one lost, namely, that against the A.F.S. XI, composed of men. What sort of record we should have had with a full fixture list it is difficult to say, but at least it would have been better than that of many past seasons.

Only three of last year's team were available, and it is fortunate that these three were good enough to form a most solid foundation. These were reinforced almost entirely by boys who last year were playing in the Colts XI, and it speaks well for them that they were able to hold their own so satisfactorily in the higher grade.

The great strength of the side has been its half-backs. Wheeler, Tubbs, and Powell have formed a line which most probably has been the best for many years ; in fact I cannot remember a better trio in the fifteen years of school football which I have

known. Their tackling is determined to the point of fierceness, and they have added to their defensive power an ability to help their forwards. In addition, all three are unusually good with their heads.

The forwards, within limitations, have done quite well. Durant has been, as usual, good on the right wing, but the rest of the line have lacked his experience, and also his size. They have, however, blended well, and have always endeavoured to play the right kind of football.

Considering their size and age, Holmes and Marshall are both good players. David works very hard in the difficult position of centre-forward, which calls for rather more ball control than he possesses, and Cummins has been quite good on the left wing.

The backs have improved considerably during the season, and with Clements have formed a reasonably sound defence.

The matches won were against The Occasionals, Midhurst, Purbrook, and Gosport. In the first of these, the Occasionals turned up with three men short and substitutes had to be found. In spite of this it was a good game and the School had to play hard to win.

Against Midhurst, who had brought what was expected to be a strong team, the School halves and forwards—even without Powell—reached the top of their form. After a fairly even first half, they found many holes in the Midhurst defence, and scored ten goals. The game, however, was much more even than the score indicates, and it seemed that each time there was a mistake made in defence, our forwards punished it with a goal. Some rather wild tackling was responsible for these errors.

Purbrook were beaten for the first time in many years, although they had some of their last year's victorious team still playing.

This was a peculiar game in some respects, as there was little to choose between the sides except during one period. This was when Durant suddenly became inspired and scored three goals, besides making an opening for another. The School halves dominated the opposing forwards for most of the game, and the last two goals were scored against them when the final result was practically certain.

Gosport were a much improved side this year, and the game was a fairly even one for most of the time. The School defence was superior and this factor decided the issue, as our forwards did not find their best form. In this game Edwards deputised quite ably for Tubbs.

Against the A.F.S. XI the School were up against a bigger and more experienced combination, and were unfortunate to be without Tubbs, whose presence would almost certainly have made the necessary difference. The conditions, heavy rain and strong wind, were all against the lighter School side, but despite these factors the School did well. After a bad first half, in which they were two goals down, the School fought back, and with a little luck might easily have equalised the third A.F.S. goal.

The return match against Purbrook ended in a draw, a very fair result. In this game, Purbrook had reorganised their defence, so that Durant found himself opposed by a back larger than himself, who was determined to shut him out of the game. This he did effectively, except on one occasion when a goal was promptly scored. The other forwards seemed uncomfortable on the heavy ground, but played fairly well in patches.

Purbrook profited by defensive errors, miskicks and bad covering, to score three goals, to which the School replied through Durant, Holmes (a very good shot) and Cummins. The game was a very hard one, vigorous tackling a feature of the play, and at the end both sides were fairly well played out.

One rather astonishing feature of these 1st XI games is the fact that in every game played, the School have had the first goal scored against them, and it shows that the side has ability to fight back.

At present House matches have only been played on one occasion owing to the wet weather. Westbury and Blackbrook seem to be the strongest sides in the senior division, and it should be a hard game between them.

Ordinary games have been practically wiped out and this will make it hard to organise teams next year.

The Colts have once again proved themselves a good team, though they lost against Midhurst. The late start of the term and the weather limited the opportunities for practice and the large number of candidates for places made it difficult to hit upon the most satisfactory combination. The defence soon settled down, but the forwards depended too much on Knight and Keane to get the goals. Lamport and Ford both played well, but they are both small and Ford, who scored many goals last year, has apparently become more interested in the defensive part of his job. Coles had a bad day against Midhurst, but he has usually played well and the length of his goal kicks is consistently good. Jackson is a most promising back and Kervill's kicking is apt to be decisive. The half-backs have been the strength of the team; Hills and Pyle both tackle very well and Levin's kicking is beautiful. Knight, as his goal record shows, has been the outstanding player of the team; his shooting, particularly in the first match against Purbrook, was grand, and he is fast and clever with the ball. Keane has captained the team well, has played with much dash and strength and has shot and centred hard. Kiddle, Latty and Daysh have all played and there are other very good players waiting for their chance next year.

FIRST ELEVEN.

- W. J. TUBBS (Capt., (Centre-Half). One of the best players we have had for many years. Quick on the ball, a neat dribbler and kicks beautifully. The side owes much to his playing ability and quiet leadership.
- K. B. POWELL (Vice-Capt., Right-Half). Plays a very keen game. Dribbles skilfully, tackles hard, and covers an enormous amount of ground. His kicking is at times a little erratic, but his heading is very good. A fine half-back.
- G. B. DURANT (Outside-Right). Is quite fast, has good ball control, and can shoot accurately. Is inclined to falter rather than risk a tackle, but is really a very effective winger.
- C. J. WHEELER (Left-Half). Has developed into a strong tackler, good with his head and a good sense of the game. Uses his height and long legs very well and rarely fails to get the ball.
- A. CROCKFORD (Left-Back). Tackles well and is good with his head. Is very calm and positions well, but his kicking lacks strength and direction, and he is not sufficiently quick in recovering.
- V. J. CLANEY (Right-Back). A little slow in moving, but is rapidly improving. Keeps his head and tries to get rid of the ball to advantage. Should endeavour to clear more quickly.
- W. E. CLEMENTS (Goal). Has good hands for a high shot and has improved out of all knowledge when coming out to smother the ball. Is a trifle slow in moving into position, but has been, if not brilliant, a sound goalkeeper.
- B. HOLMES (Inside-Left). Here is a footballer of exceptional promise. At present lacks height and stamina, but possesses a good sense of the game and can shoot with great accuracy and power. Must learn to tackle back.

- K. E. L. DAVID (Centre-Forward). One of the most hard-working players. Is quite fast, has a good shot and worries the opposing defence incessantly. Lacks ball control in taking his passes.
- W. H. MARSHALL (Inside-Right). Rather young for 1st XI football, but has held his own quite well. Shoots with accuracy and is useful with his head. Needs rather more dash, which should come with increased stamina.
- D. E. CUMMINS (Outside-left). Has plenty of courage and centres the ball very well. Has hardly the pace for a winger, but has filled this place in the team satisfactorily.

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

SCHOOL v. OCCASIONALS—Home Won 4-2.

Scorers: Marshall 1, David 1, Tubbs 2.

SCHOOL v. PURBROOK—Home Won 6-3.

Scorers: Marshall 1, David 1, Powell 1, Durant 3.

SCHOOL v. MIDHURST—Home Won 10-1.

Scorers: Marshall 4, Holmes 2, Durant 1, Tubbs 1, David 2.

SCHOOL v. GOSPORT—Home Won 5 2.

Scorers: David 2, Durant 2, Powell 1.

SCHOOL v. A.F.S. Home Lost 2-3.

Scorers: Mr. Thacker 1, Mr. Foster 1.

SCHOOL v. PURBROOK—Away Drew 3-3.

Scorers: Holmes 1, Durant 1, Cummins 1.

SCHOOL v. BEDALES—Lost 6-5.

COLTS' MATCHES.

Price's School 8 (Knight 6, Keane 2), Purbrook 5.

Price's School 2 (Knight, Keane), Midhurst 4.

Price's School 6 (Knight 5, Keane), Gosport 1.

UNDER 14 ELEVEN.

Price's School 1 (Tubbs), Bedales 2.

HOUSE NOTES.

Blackbrook.

Owing to the cancelling of several First XI and Colts' matches, it was arranged to play two rounds of House Matches this term, instead of the usual one. However, the weather decreed otherwise; instead of having played about four matches to date, each House has only played one.

Cams were Blackbrook's opponents, and it was thought that it would be a fairly even game. However, after a very shaky first ten minutes, during which Cams opened the scoring, Blackbrook settled down and soon overwhelmed the other side. The forwards, having little opposition, could do more or less what they wished with the ball, and when the ball did come to the defence, it was quickly cleared. Durant, Wheeler and Knight in particular all played extremely well, and a find was made in the goal-keeping position—Kervill. The final score was 11-2.

The Colts also had a fairly easy game, winning by 7 goals to 2. Keane was mainly responsible for these, ably backed up by his forwards. The defence also played well, Coles and Adams in particular, and Levin performed his duties admirably at centre-half.

There have been one or two steeplechase practices held in place of football, owing to the state of the field, but it is not yet known whether or not the steeplechase will be held this term. If it is, I am sure that every member of the House teams will do his level best to win.

In conclusion, I wish every member of the House a Happy Xmas, and a New year in which the Hockey and Sports Cups will again grace the Blackbrook shelf.

V. J. C.

I should like to wish Jackson, an exceptionally able and hard working captain, on behalf of the whole House, our sincerest wishes for success in his career.

H. R. T.

Cams.

This term has been a rather unfortunate one for Cams. The recent loss of several of the senior members of the House has thrown upon the younger members a burden greater than they are yet able to bear. Hence our heavy defeat by Blackbrook. Our forwards were quite good, but the defence was very unsound and could do nothing against a strong Blackbrook attack. We must fight hard if we are to win any of our matches this term (assuming that the weather lets us play them).

However, this is no time for despondency. We have the satisfaction—doubtful, perhaps—of knowing that it is the older part of our House which has failed or been lacking. We are passing through one of the black periods which fall to the lot of most houses when the older part fails and the younger is too small to make good the deficiency.

The younger members of the House are, however, not lacking in talent, and I trust in this to restore the House to its former eminence. As soon as the "dead weight" is removed, the position of the House is bound to improve.

Everyone must therefore pull his weight, both at sport and in school work. The House that wins the Tarbat Cup has gained a considerable honour and we are not so rich that we can overlook any chance of gain.

To all who are leaving or have left this term, I wish the best of luck, and to all the House a Merry Christmas, hoping that they will come back next term refreshed in mind for their schoolwork and in body for their House.

C. J. V.

School House.

This term has seen many changes in the School. In the first place, four of the staff have been called away to take up duties in the Services. School House has been particularly unfortunate in losing its energetic House-master, Mr. Hilton, but, on behalf of the House, I should like to take this opportunity of welcoming Mr. Shaw as our new House-master.

As the results of the School Certificate Examination are now known, I must congratulate those members of the House who were successful in passing. Unfortunately, most boys seem to leave school as soon as they have gained a School Certificate, with

the result that, at the beginning of this term, School House found itself in the unenviable position of having only three of last year's 1st XI still with us. With such a handicap it hardly seemed likely that we should be able to form a good team this year.

On account of the evacuation of other schools, caused by the war, a large number of the School's fixtures had to be cancelled, and we were prevented from making up for it with House matches, by one of the wettest seasons for many years.

At the time of writing, only one round of the House Competition has been played. With only one member of the School 1st XI, we did not anticipate great success, and as was expected, our 1st XI was outclassed by a superior Westbury XI, and lost by the undignified score of 0-10. In spite of the apparent indication of the score of 0-10, Manley I played well in goal, making a number of good saves, and may well prove a worthy successor to Wolfe.

The Juniors, on the other hand, showed considerable promise, both in defence and attack, and they played well against a strong Westbury team, being very unlucky to lose 0-2. However, with more combination and practice, we may see some better results in the future.

So far, we have only had one Steeplechase practice, and if the weather continues to be as unfavourable as it is now, our hopes—or fears—of holding the Steeplechase this term will soon be disappearing. However, it must be remembered that in recent years School House has not rendered a very good account of itself in the Steeplechase, and so, whether the Steeplechase is held this term or next, we must decide to train hard and see if we can do something to improve the appearance of our shelf.

Finally, I should like to conclude by wishing a Happy Christmas to all, and to those who are leaving us, the best of luck and every success in their future careers.

C. W. N.

Westbury.

Owing to the cruelty of the weather, only one round of House Matches has been played. Westbury Colts and Seniors trooped triumphantly from the muddy field. The Colts had won by two goals to nothing. Hills II was good as the centre-half, and Tubbs II, Timcke and Woods were good as forwards. The Seniors (minus Tubbs I) did not play as well as we had anticipated, but beat School House Seniors by ten goals to nothing. Blackbrook also beat Cams by a large margin, so if the School Field is ever dry, it should be a good game between us.

We hope the Steeplechase is held this term; we still have our first six runners from last year.

A Boxing Club has been started, and it is probable that the tournament may start again, so if a few more Westbury boys will join and learn the noble art, we may gain another valuable trophy.

We learn with regret that Tubbs is leaving us; not only will the House miss him but so will the School, it will be many years before such a centre-half plays for the first eleven again.

There is one last thing to do before closing in the appropriate manner; it is to congratulate our House-master, Mr. Shaddock, on resuming his Cadet Corps commission as Captain O.C., we wish him good luck in his new undertaking.

To the whole House I wish a Merry 'Xmas, and to those who are leaving, I say for those who are returning, "Goodbye and Good Luck."

K. B. P.

Christmas Burlesque.

I

The strange events which took place on Christmas Eve, some years ago, at the T— Theatre, are remembered by many people with a glow of pleasure, just as a child gloats over a certain treat months after it was given him. It occurs to me, however, that very few of them can have realised the truth about that amazing Gala night, although it must have been a truly delightful subject for conjecture. Since I was myself present in the theatre at that time, and for some weeks before, I am well fitted to tell the tale.

After three weary months of unemployment, I managed to obtain an engagement with Mr. Tom Bildupp, the great theatrical producer, to take part in his great Christmas Pantomime, which was to be "Cinderella" that year, most popular of all Pantomimes. I was given the part of the Third Footman, one which offered no great opportunities, but in addition to this I was the understudy of Roland the Donkey, and was for this reason the object of dark glances from the First and Second Footmen. Roland the Donkey was played by a mouselike person called "Uncle Dick," who crept about the theatre throughout the rehearsal as if he wished to hide away somewhere, a habit which naturally made me hope that he would get lost somewhere on the eve of the opening.

Indeed, my hope was justified, for Uncle Dick did lose himself and in doing so started this story

The final dress rehearsal was held on Friday, and we were ready to open on Saturday, Christmas Eve. The dress rehearsal was running smoothly and well on time, when a loud and fearful shriek came from the direction of the Small Part and Bit Players' dressing rooms. Half a dozen of us who were standing unoccupied in the wings ran down the stone stairs, while all the time the shrieking continued, causing the cellars to echo and re-echo. Outside the dressing room which Uncle Dick shared with five others, we found a young lady named Miss Peggy Potter, one of Potter's Ten Sunbeams and Percy Potter's niece as well, leaning against the doorpost and raising the roof; someone slapped her face hard and she stopped screaming at once, but she pointed with a violently trembling finger to the wardrobe inside the room. It was open, and Uncle Dick, suspended from a metal clothes-hanger by the neck, was feebly wriggling and making signs to us.

We cut him down. He was purple in the face, and gasped out the most ridiculous story. He told us that he had been taking his donkey head down from its hanger, when he was attacked in the rear by a large, powerful man, and strung up in the position in which we found him. This, however, was not the end of his terrible experience, for his assailant then sat down on the floor and proceeded to tell his victim funny stories, at which he himself roared with laughter. After five minutes of this, Miss Peggy Potter walked by the dressing room, glanced through the door and began to scream, at which the man, said Uncle, "disappeared 'e did."

By the time Uncle Dick had finished, the whole company, including Mr. Bildupp, was packed into the room and the passage outside it. We asked Uncle Dick what he meant by saying that the man had "disappeared," but all he could do was shrug his shoulders before he slipped away in a dead faint.

"I know what he meant," said a voice from the threshold, and we looked up to see Miss Peggy Potter, very white in the face and loose in the leg, regarding the unconscious man with wide blue eyes.

"I know what he meant. He means Trimble--Trimble's ghost. He comes every other Christmas, and oh, what with Pa being so bad-tempered and Ma having to work so hard and my feet aching the way they do, I 'as to come 'ere for Christmas and now we're going to be awhaunted. She stopped and gave a little sob.

"Awhaunted," said she once again, and managed a most artistic faint.

Trimble! There we were, with two dead faints on our hands, in the middle of the final dress rehearsal, and along comes Trimble, the greatest theatrical figure of the 'nineties and the most feared and respected ghost of all London theatreland, to awhaunt us!

"Haw, haw. haw!" bellowed Mr. Bildupp, "I never heard of such a thing in all my life. Haunted, indeed. Here! back on the stage, everyone. Turner (addressing me) you take over Roland the Donkey."

So I took over Roland the Donkey and the dress rehearsal continued on its stormy course.

That day was one of the most trying I have ever lived through, for disaster followed disaster. It was discovered that the donkey's head had entirely disappeared from Uncle Dick's dressing room, so I had to play Roland without, so to speak, my Oliver. Just before lunch, someone let down the magic trap-door with Cinderella standing on top of it. Naturally, it was some time before Cinderella, an embittered lady well on the wrong side of forty, could be pacified, and in order to give her time, we were given half an hour's break for lunch.

But there was no lunch. It seems that someone had gone methodically through the dressing rooms and removed every packet of sandwiches, every bottle of milk and every packet of biscuits in sight. We hungered for half an hour and watched Mr. Bildupp absorb a meal of four courses which he had sent round from the Tartan Grill nearby. By the time he had finished the sweet everyone was in a thoroughly bad temper, when Prince Charming suddenly leaped to his feet, yelled "Ow," and collapsed.

I was standing near him when he collapsed, but while everyone crowded anxiously round him, I stood transfixed. A cold breath drifted down my neck and a sorrowful voice whispered in my ear, "I hope you realise that I'm only doing it for a lark, you know. I've been so lonely since last Christmas, you can't imagine!

TRIMBLE!

II

Prince Charming's understudy was a hopeless case, and we all went about in deep gloom, telling ourselves how well we could play the part if only we were given the chance. But Mervyn Peabody was the nephew of Mr. Bildupp's elder brother Claude, who married Lady Cynthia Thistle, of the Hampshire Thistles (very thorny), and so it became obvious to Mr. Bildupp that Mervyn was the only person in the whole company wish anything like enough talent and charm and money to play the part.

So Mervyn it was.

He was tall and thin and depressed, a budding poet (by this time he has probably been nipped in the bud) and slightly knock-kneed, a fact which almost brought on a second fit of hysterics from Cinderella. She sat on a stool and giggled helplessly.

"Oh, my Prince!" she said, "Oh, my poor, poor Prince!"

Matters did not improve. From the first it was obvious that Mervyn had not even looked at his words, and in consequence he did not get past the second line before tea time. I can hardly find words to describe his efforts. The company, and even a few stray cleaners who had smuggled themselves into the theatre, could not contain their mirth, and it was a mercy that poor Mervyn remained unconscious of everything which took place in the theatre while he was on the stage. His first scene was the meeting of Cinderella and the Prince in the Enchanted Forest. Cinderella, forlorn in the middle of the stage, holding her armful of twigs, kept her eyes carefully averted from her hero's face and stared fiercely at his knock knees. Mervyn advanced towards her, pushed his left arm onwards and unhappily exclaimed in tones which gradually sank down and down into his larynx: "Oh wot a b-e-a-u-t-i-f-u-l maiden!"

"Now, come, Mervyn, come," said Mr. Bildupp with a despairing gesture, "you are dazzled by the sight of this radiantly beautiful girl (here Cinders smirked at the assembly) you are overwhelmed, you're—well, at least you're *happy*."

"Yes, Mr. Bildupp."

Once again:—

"Ohwot a beautiful MAIDEN!"

This went on till about five o'clock and we gave up hope of having tea and thought of supper instead.

III

Mervyn knew his lines next day, indeed yes, but by then he was no more than a shaking pulp. He roamed about muttering to himself and gazing fixedly, first at Cinderella, who was in a remarkably good temper, and then at Bildupp, who was not. The discovery of an open umbrella in one of the dressing-rooms, and of a pair of shoes on a table in another, did nothing to ease the general panic, however. The stage manager proudly presented me with what he called a brand-new donkey's head made post-haste by a wig and costume dealer. It was an incredibly awkward contraption, which snapped viciously round my neck and held me in a vice-like grip. Slowly crept the clock and sunset came, with the whole theatre tense, expectant. Seven o'clock struck; the fatal hour when we all filed into our rooms and applied the first streaks of makeup (all excepting myself, of course). Costumes were fitted, in many cases with trembling fingers, and it was evident that the cold touch of superstition had been laid upon the company. Mirrors were avoided whenever possible for fear of breaking them, not a mouth so much as pursed itself to whistle. We were an unhappy gathering.

When the curtain rose at eight-fifteen, it rose upon an unusually silent house. Every seat was occupied, but rumours had been circling even in that short space of time, and the audience was agog, thirsting for sensation. A Ghost at the T— Theatre on Christmas Eve! Trimble's ghost! I could hear them whispering. . . .

The first ten minutes of the show were undisturbed; everything went like clock-work, and Cinderella, whatever her age, was in fine form.

Came Prince Charming.

I was watching Mervyn closely as he entered, clad in bright blue satin doublet and hose, and I saw what many others say they saw; something happened to Mervyn in the space of a few seconds which caused the air to tremble and the curtains to sway. I will swear, too, that I saw *someone* leave the stage, though in truth *my eyes saw nothing*. We waited for the Prince to speak.

“O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew—.”

“I beg your pardon?” said Cinders.

“Get on with it, woman!” said the Prince.

“How you startled me, good sir!”

“For God’s love, let me hear.”

The Prince stared haughtily at Cinderella and hissed, “You do not know your words!”

Cinderella was magnificent; she set an example to the whole company. Bravely she controlled herself, cast her memory about the tragedy of “Hamlet,” and came out with:

“They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey non nonny, nonny non nonny. . . .”
Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?”

I have never seen or heard anything like the performance of “Hamlet” which I witnessed that night. The Fairy Godmother rendered the Queen with fire, the Wicked Baron was Blonsus to the life, and I pride myself on having treated the First Grave-digger handsomely. And what’s more, the audience took to it like ducks to water, and I heard several people calling it “brilliant burlesque.”

The cheering at the end was tremendous. Ophelia—Cinderella was weighed down with bouquets.

We went to fetch Mervyn and to thank him.

IV.

He looked up at us and said:

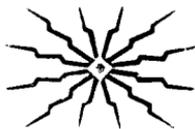
“I’m so very sorry, I assure you. I can’t explain what happened to me. All I can remember is that I felt faint when I went on to the stage. Everything went black and I was so cold, so very cold. I don’t know how I managed to reach my room. I’m so sorry. . . .”

Why should I try to explain it? I have always maintained that we are not meant to meddle in such matters. But I will add that as I walked through the cold passage to my room some ten minutes later, I felt an icy breath down my neck, and a voice which whispered in my ear:

“It was only for a lark, you know, and “Hamlet” was always my favourite part, *always*. Merry Christmas!”

THE END.

I. M. H. M. V.



The Cadet Camp at Marlborough.

After a long train journey, the Price's School Cadet contingent arrived at Marlborough. We marched up the steep streets of the Wiltshire town to the common, where hundreds of white bell tents and marquees were standing in almost haphazard fashion over a large area. We arrived at our tents, two marquees and a bell tent—ten of us piled into the latter, and the two marquees each held thirty cadets.

We found that the afternoons and evenings were usually free for our own amusement, but the mornings—we shuddered as we read.

Being tired out with the journey, most of us retired early to our luxurious six feet by two feet six of ground sheet, and wrapping ourselves in our two blankets, made a comfortable pillow of a pair of army boots and waited for sleep to come. The last bugle calls were sounded—the Last Post, then Lights Out. Ten voices in unison cried, "Good-night all." Only two people, both old hands at the game, got any sleep that night. I watched and listened; the wind was getting up and then the rain came; after hours, at long last it came, the Reveille—"Charlie, Charlie, get up and wash yourself; Charlie, Charlie, get out of bed." We obeyed, rain was tearing down. We put on some P.T. kit and chased across to the centre of the field and washed in cold water, icy cold. We went back to the tent, where we cleaned and polished; then the rain stopped.

The whole camp formed up on the parade ground for prayers, and then we all clamoured for breakfast. We were seated at last in the crowded mess tent. At this early stage, the camp cooking arrangements were not in working order. There was, however, plenty of porridge, which, served from unsavoury cans, made the noses of some hitherto well fed and indolent individuals wrinkle and turn up in the most snobbish manner. I found that by shutting my eyes it went down jolly well.

After breakfast we hurried to our tent and fetching rifles, fell in with the "Cert. A" group. The remainder of our company formed into either the Senior or Junior battalion, according to age, for route marches and manoeuvres. Our "Cert. A" work was very interesting and the people with the forage caps and slacks had soon made their mark. That first parade in the rain was ghastly; we marched, we wheeled, we formed, we sloped arms, we ordered arms, we presented arms, in fact, we had a particularly gruelling parade. That parade lasted from nine thirty till noon. Then dinner, which, despite its being spoilt by unpeeled potatoes, and prunes with yellow peril, went down very well. After dinner, we were perfectly free to do what we liked. Our tent was too tired to do much; we played a little cricket, boxed a little. Then tea with bread and margarine and army "plum and apple." Our activities were confined to our tents after tea, for the rain came down in torrents. The weather was uncommonly cruel to us, for every day and night brought heavy showers of rain. After five or six days, the ground between the tents became a quagmire of mud.

That night, having learned from previous experience, I hit on a bright idea; I pulled football socks over my pyjamas, then a pair of football knickers and, as the piece de resistance, my raincoat. The final result looked something like an arctic explorer, but I slept for six whole hours before that um—well, bugler, brought us out to "rise and shine."

The ensuing days and nights followed the same lines as these first, except that gradually the food improved, or our sensitive palates became less sensitive. The "Cert. A" parades continued to reach a more interesting standard every day. We had Bren guns, trench mortars, anti-tank rifles, Lewis guns, Vickers guns, explained and demonstrated. We were taught to dig gun pits, to read maps, to take compass bearings. We studied tactics, while manoeuvres were a common affair. The bathing pool was in great

demand as a way of getting over the bath difficulty ; the local picture show was widely popular, the picture appeared to appeal to all.

At last the "Cert. A" came. Thirteen passed out of sixteen ; well done, Price's !

Another popular feature was the canteen, which was unlicensed, therefore only boys assembled there. Perhaps it is unfair to the army cook to say that the canteen took forty pounds in one day !

One never realizes until one has to "rough" it, what good chaps even school boys can be ; when the rain found its way into the tent and soaked the blankets and kit-bags, there was always some bright individual to start up "Pack up your troubles," and it was wonderful the way a song restored our spirits.

We arrived home after fourteen days of the healthiest holiday I have ever had. My fellow sufferers, on the whole, agreed a jolly good time !

K. B. P. VI.

Sausages.

A sausage, so the dictionary informs us, is "the gut of an animal prepared and stuffed with minced meat seasoned!" There has been a good deal of doubt about this latter statement and butchers have come in for a good deal of sarcasm on the subject. Of exactly what nature is the "minced meat seasoned"? Generally it is made of pork, beef, mutton and odds and ends of meat. Not all sausages comply with this recipe, however ; for example, there is Mr. Sam Weller's pathetic tale about a "celebrated sassage factory," which ends up with the disappearance of the owner and the finding of his trouser buttons in a packet of sausages !

There are many kinds of sausages and most countries seem to have a brand of their own. We have in England the "breakfast," "poloney," and the normal pork and beef sausages. In Germany, they have produced the celebrated "German sausage," Indeed, it is likely that the Germans invented the sausage, for they were the greatest fancy meat eaters in the world (until recently). Americans have the famous "hot dog," which is, I believe, a glorified version of our own sausage-roll. The King and Queen enjoyed this delicacy on their visit to the White House this spring.

There is even a proverb connected with sausages, and Hans Anderson has written a story about it with the adage for a title. It is "Soup on a sausage-peg." The peg is the small, stiff piece of skin which sticks out at each end of a sausage somewhat like the ex-Kaiser's moustache. They are not very large nowadays, but when Anderson was writing, sausages were hand made, and in his story, which has mice for characters, he says that each of the mice (who were looking for the recipe of soup and sausage peg) took a peg which was to be to them as a pilgrim's staff.

Dickens was evidently very fond of sausages, for he again speaks of them in "A Christmas Carol," where, describing a feast, he says that there were "wreaths of sausages." This is a very good description of sausages, laid out invitingly on large dishes, which should rightly take a place at a banquet.

Sausages are represented in comedy. In the Harlinquinade, the clown has for emblems of his foolery, a red-hot poker and a string of sausages.

Sausages, so it appears, are food for thought as much as they are food for the stomach, so let us close with that sublime thought :

"Sausages from pigs that die happy."

J. A. W. IVA.



D. STURGESS.



Secretarial Notes.

It is a bit of a job to know how to start my few notes this time. Such different circumstances have been forced upon us that our whole sphere of activity has been upset and our arrangements and hopes for increased membership appear to be in vain.

We had made up our minds that this year was to be very successful, financially and otherwise, and now the pleasant evenings spent by the Fareham Section at their Headquarters have gone, and the happy memories revived by meeting one another at the School, have, for a good many, to be postponed.

Let us look on the brighter side. The fact that we have "The Lion" to give us the news of our old schoolfellows will go a long way to keep us in touch with one another. Make no mistake about it, we shall eagerly scan its pages to see where old "So-and-So" is and what he is doing.

Owing to the difficulty experienced by members of the Committee living away from Fareham, it will not be practicable to meet very often, but we shall hope to get as many as we can together to discuss future arrangements regarding Old Boys' Meetings at the School. Until then, Old Boys will, I know, receive a hearty welcome if they have a chance to visit the School.

In conclusion, may I strongly urge you to assist our Treasurer, Maurice Gardner, by sending along your Subs. as punctually as possible (which reminds me, I owe mine). This will be a considerable help and save postages and reminders, which all mean more expense.

By doing this and keeping in touch we shall find that our Association will flourish, even in these difficult times, and that even a World gone mad will not defeat the Old Priceans.

The best of luck, a happy Christmas, and a brighter New Year to you all.

Yours sincerely,

E. G. DIMMER,

Hon. Secretary.

News of Old Boys.

G. CHIGNELL now Captain in 269 Battery, 63rd A.A. Regt., R.A., stationed on the north east coast. His Battery had just completed its camp and shooting on a South Wales range, when war broke out. He is now nominated for a 2½ months' Gunnery Staff course, after which he will have a chance of an instructors job.

S. HOATHER is Corporal, R.A.S.C., No. S. 6792298, No. 2 Reception Camp, B.E.F. He had no leave before embarking, so may get some at 'Xmas.

A. G. MOTT is now L.A.C. with No. 4 Squadron, R.A.F., somewhere in France.

B. R. SCOTT, Captain, Rajputana Rifles, is now somewhere in Near East.

- H. H. SCOTT, Major, Brigade H.Q., Mingaladon, Rangoon, Burma.
- C. A. HYNES Lieut., R.A., is still at Yeovil on an instructing job.
- M. HYNES is with an Officer Cadet Unit in Scotland.
- D. R. MASTERMAN, 249102, L.A.C., I.S. & T., attached 4 A.S.P., R.A.F., B.E.F., writes very cheerfully that the food is good and plentiful and conditions generally much better than in the last war. Some of his crowd broadcast from Paris recently as Ginger and "Old-Timer."
- H. APS was met by Masterman at a Café in the big city near. He is now married and is a regular in the R.A.F. in a squadron quite close at hand.
- B. J. HYNES, 2 Lt., 2nd Batt., Welch Regt., is still in India.
- H. M. LEWIS was evacuated with his Whitehall office to Cambridge.
- P. STEVENSON is now a Subaltern in the R.E., on railway work.
- D. F. MASON, now in the Civil Service, has been evacuated to Bath, and is settling down in his new job and surroundings.
- P. J. WILLIS seems well suited by the atmosphere of St. John's College, York, where he is pursuing a varied course of study and taking an active part in college activities.
- L. PATTEN, uow in the Air Force, is in training at Halton and working hard.
- P. L. HILL, also in the Air Force, visited us this term. He is shortly going on active service.

