

# THE LION



1721 • 1908



**MARCH, 1940**

# THE LION

---

MARCH, 1940.

---

## Where We Stand.

**T**HE Term has certainly not been eventful. The weather and illness have reduced attendances, and games have been completely ruined. At the time of writing not one school match has been played and Hockey has only just started.

The Valet List for this term is exceptionally long and those whose names are included in it have left many gaps in many phases of school life and and their places will be difficult to fill. At such a time as this our good wishes to all leaving us have an added urgency, and we hope that, in all that lies before them, they will not lose touch with the School.

We are most anxious to have a record of the doings of Old Boys, particularly of those serving with the Forces. Now that Old Boys' Days are only a memory, it is only through "The Lion" that touch can be maintained. Since December, one Old Boy has been mentioned in despatches and another was on H.M.S. Cossack when the prisoners were rescued from the "Altmark."

Thus we shall continue to publish "The Lion" and urge all Old Boys to send their news, either to the Secretary of the O.P.A. or to the Editor. We hope that through the days to come that the thought of Price's School and the happiness and friendship for which it stands may cheer us all; of this, the visible expression must be "The Lion."

We have welcomed this term two visitors to the Staff, Messrs. Tatford and Campbell. Tatford, many of us knew, and in his case it was merely a matter of making his Headquarters the Staff Room instead of the Sixth Form, but they have both in these times of varied sickness and health helped to keep up the efficiency of the School and we wish them every success in their careers.

# Examination Results.

Probationer Lieutenant, Royal Marines: C. J. VERDON.

Boy Artificers (E.R.A.): S. L. H. TRUEMAN, R. JARMAN, W. J. FIELDER, F. L. GRIGGS, C. CRESSWELL.



4A—J. H. SCARROTT.

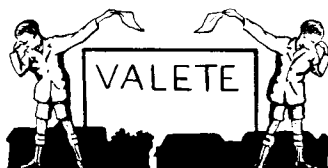
4B—G. G. SMITH.

Rem.—R. A. SLATER, H. C. BLAKE.

3A. K. P. OXLADE.

3B—B. LEARY, R. G. MERWOOD, G. J. LACEY.

2B.—B. W. ALLIN, G. L. N. LANGWORTHY, J. O. WATERS, O. BRICKWOOD, E. W. GROGAN, D. HILL, D. C. COWBURN, H. V. J. WAIT.



C. J. VERDON—Head of the School, Monitor, County Senior Scholarship ; Captain of Cams, School 2nd XI Cricket, Football and Hockey.

W. J. V. BLAKEY—Monitor, Cams, School 2nd XI Cricket and Hockey, House Football.

C. W. M. ALLEN—Monitor, Captain of School House ; School 2nd XI Football, Hockey, Cricket.

V. J. CLANEY—Monitor, Captain of Blackbrook, School Football, Hockey and Cricket.

K. B. POWELL—Captain of Westbury, School Football, Hockey and Cricket, Winchester Sports, P.S.S.C.A. Boxing Champion, C.S.M. Cadet Corps.

C. J. WHEELER—Blackbrook, School Football, Hockey and Cricket, Winchester Sports.

G. B. DURANT—Blackbrook, School Football, Hockey and Cricket ; Winner of Junior Steeplechase.

S. L. H. TRUEMAN—Cams.

H. P. DAWKINS—Cams, House Football, Cricket and Hockey ; C.S.M. Cadet Corps.

- G. E. ANDREWS—Blackbrook.
- A. CROCKFORD—School House, School Football, 2nd XI Cricket, Colts Hockey.
- W. J. FIELDER—Cams.
- F. L. GRIGGS—Cams.
- C. CRESSWELL—Westbury, House Football.
- P. A. EMBLEY—Blackbrook, School Colts and House Football.
- A. T. H. WITT—Westbury, School Colts and House Football ; Winner of the Junior Steeplechase.
- G. D. RINGWOOD—School House, House Football and Hockey.
- D. A. GODDEN—Westbury, School Cricket, School 2nd XI Football.
- P. W. MACE—Cams.
- P. McCULLOCH—School House.
- I. RUTHEN—Cams, House Football.
- C. WYATT—Blackbrook.
- J. BAKER—Westbury.
- P. M. WILLIAMS - Blackbrook.
- I. A. McLENNAN—Westbury.
- J. H. BOWLES—School House.



## PRICE'S SCHOOL CADET CORPS

In common with the School as a whole, the Corps has suffered this term from the severe weather and the various illnesses which have been prevalent. The figures given below for attendance show how much time is lost through absence. In most cases this has been unavoidable, but cadets are urged not to ask for leave off if they can avoid it. When indoor work has to be done, all cadets present at school can obviously be present at parade. In any case no cadet present at school should absent himself from parade without asking leave beforehand, and this should not be left till the last minute.

We have to regret the loss of several useful cadets and N.C.O's since last term. Of nineteen N.C.O's on the strength in October last, only five now remain. Of sixteen who took the part one examination for Certificate "A" in camp (thirteen of whom passed) only one remains. In particular we are unfortunate in having lost two Sergeant Majors in rapid succession, Powell and Dawkins. David is doing very good work in his turn, but the loss of so many from the senior ranks means weakness at the bottom, and there are at present not enough N.C.O's. I hope to form a special class for N.C.O's., and I hope those chosen to attend will do their best to become efficient. Hills, Gilhespie and Cummins are doing very well in command of troops, and are improving all the time.

Group work has been practically at a standstill. The First Aid group suffers from the loss of Lance Bombardier Cresswell, who ran it very well, while the signallers feel the loss of Lance Bombardier Fielder, coupled with the illness of the Head Master. I hope to keep up the work of these two groups, however, for they form a very valuable part of the training.

During the term thirteen recruits passed a qualifying test and were transferred to Troops. Nineteen recruits have joined this term, which is satisfactory. We shall be pleased to have still more. Since the end of last summer term forty-nine cadets have been discharged, and thirty-one have joined, so our numbers are below the strength at the end of the summer term. This is not surprising, since an unusually large number have left school. Still we have had an unusually large number of new boys, so I hope more will join the Corps. The strength at the end of July was 130, it is now 112.

Mr. Foster and Mr. Loveluck have now received Cadet Commissions as Second Lieutenant, with seniority from October 30th, and December 7th, 1939, respectively.

The British National Cadet Association has recently authorised the issue of a buttonhole badge to be worn by cadets in plain clothes, as a sign of their membership of a recognised Cadet Corps. These are not compulsory of course. Fifty-one of these badges have so far been ordered by cadets.

The Public Secondary Schools Cadet Association report that many schools are experiencing difficulties, owing to calling up of Officers, and evacuation of schools, so we are not alone in our difficulties. Nothing has yet been decided about camp this year, but the P.S.S.C.A. has not given up hope yet.

Next term will probably see another inspection by General Rowan-Robinson, and I hope all ranks will determine to give him a good show. Last year the Lucas-Tooth shield was won, let us see that we keep it this year.

Particulars of attendance up to date of writing are approximately as follows :—

A Troop, 85%. B Troop, 73%. C Troop, 88%. Band, 72%. Recruits 85%.  
Whole Company, 81%.

It is hoped that next term, conditions will be better, so that there may be an improvement in this respect. Remember, our grant, which is not very large, depends on the number of cadets who have made sufficient attendances, and not on the average, so that one cadet who fails to make the necessary number, loses his share of the grant to the Corps. Next term will be a long one, so there will be time to make up for the time lost this term.

In conclusion, I should like to express my thanks for the help I have received from Officers, N.C.O's. and others.

J. SHADDOCK, O.C.





It was only after six weeks of ice, snow and rain that the ground became possible, and then we were faced with a match against Southampton University. Only two members of last year's XI remained, and one practice game only was possible in which the remaining nine had to be found.

We were beaten by the large margin of 9-0—quite understandable when you know the superior strength of men's wrists and hitting power, our opponents, too, were quite a strong team. David, at centre-forward, was rather starved, and the defence, in which Mr. Loveluck, Edwards and Heath played a lion's part, had a very hard time coping with incessant attacks. Manley played quite well in goal.

The previous match with Southampton University and that with Fareham were both scratched. With only a fortnight available for play, we are concentrating on teaching as many new boys something of the game, and building up a nucleus for the teams of next year.



### HOUSE MATCHES

#### FIRST XI.

Blackbrook, 11	Cams, 2	Cams, 11	School House, 0
Westbury, 10	School House, 0	Blackbrook, 9	School House, 0
Blackbrook, 10	Westbury, 3	Westbury, 3	Cams, 1

#### COLTS.

Blackbrook, 7	Cams, 1	Cams, 2	School House, 2
Westbury, 2	School House, 1	Westbury, 3	Cams, 1
Blackbrook, 6	Westbury, 2	School House, 1	Blackbrook, 1

Blackbrook won both Cups.

# HOUSE NOTES.

---

## Blackbrook.

Weather conditions not being very favourable during most of the winter term, House football was not played until very late in the season. This, of course, meant that the results could not be included in last term's "Lion."

Blackbrook was very successful, and both cups now rest on our shelf. Both XI's played very well, the Seniors winning all matches, and the Juniors winning two and drawing one.

Against Cams, the Seniors won 11-2, the Juniors winning 7-1. The second round was generally thought to be the greatest barrier. We were playing Westbury, who had a very strong team. Nevertheless, we were victorious, the Seniors winning 10-3 and the Juniors 6-2. Against School House, the Seniors won 9-0, but the Juniors could only manage to draw 1-1.

Of the Seniors, Claney played his usual solid game in the defence. Wheeler played brilliantly at centre-half. Knight and Durant both played very well in the forwards, and between them scored many goals, including three hat-tricks by the former. Keane very ably captained the Junior team, and was the main drive in the forwards, incidentally scoring four hat tricks. Levin played very well at centre-half. Adams and Coles also played very solidly in defence.

House Hockey can be dismissed in a very few words. At the time of writing, no matches have been played owing to very bad climatic conditions.

It would be rather pleasant if the Tarbat Cup could once more return to our shelf. Next term there are many cups to be won, amongst them the Sports Cups. A little training in the holidays would be appropriate.

Many members have left us this term, amongst them, Durant, Wheeler and Embley. We must thank them for the energetic and unselfish way in which they have worked for the House, and wish them and any others who have left, a very happy and prosperous career.

To our late Captain, Claney, who unexpectedly left us this term we offer our sincerest thanks, and also congratulate him on being appointed a School Prefect.

Lastly, I wish you all a happy holiday.

H. R. H.

---

I must add my tribute to Claney and Wheeler: of Durant I have previously spoken. Claney has proved a most capable and energetic captain and, like Wheeler, has served the House well in every possible way. They have set a high standard and I hope that the House may long maintain it.

H. R. T.

## Cams.

Owing to the state of the weather, there was hardly any activity in sport except for football. The Steeplechase was a complete failure, for every time a practice run was organised, the rain came down in torrents.

At football, we did not do too badly. The Seniors won one and lost two, but were very unfortunate in one of them. We were completely outplayed by Blackbrook, who beat us 11-2, chiefly owing to the brilliance of Wheeler and Durant. Against School House, however, the result was completely changed, as we beat them 11-0. Holmes had a very good match when he scored six and should have scored another when he missed a penalty. In the last match we were unlucky to lose to Westbury by 3-1, although we were handicapped by the illness of some of our best players.

Apart from Holmes, Cummins, Priddle and Jeffries showed good form, and in the Juniors, Pyle and Daysh distinguished themselves.

So far this term there has not been any Hockey, and though it seems unlikely that there will be any, a few matches may be played before the end of the term.

The resting-place of the Tarbat Cup has still to be decided this term, and I hope that members of the House will make an effort to bring the trophy back to our shelf. The shelf looks empty enough, anyhow.

Next term there are a number of cups to be won, and if we all put our backs into our work, there is no reason why we should not get our share of them, and possibly a few more.

As there is nothing else of importance to write about, I will finish by wishing all a happy holiday, and that they will return next term full of zeal and enthusiasm.

W. H. T. M.

## School House.

As far as this term's activities are concerned, there is little to write about. No Hockey, no Steeplechase, no marks. This latter fact, however, should be of some consolation to the members of School House, as it means that the Tarbat Cup will continue to be in our possession, where it rather surprisingly found a resting place at the end of last term. None of the soccer trophies came our way. The Seniors had no chance with the very few people to choose from, and the Juniors had not the best of luck, although they played very well in all their games.

As regards Senior Competitions, in all School games the House must resign itself to a continuation of the lean years. We simply have not the numbers of older boys to select teams from, and however willing the members of a side may be, they cannot overcome such odds as they had to face last season in the soccer matches. So our Seniors for the moment have the unenviable job of doing the best they can. Not a particularly pleasant job, but one which some members of the House last term tackled with the right kind of spirit.

There are however, plenty of useful people in the Junior half of the House, and we must look to these to keep things going at present, until the lean years have passed away. All Houses go through these bad periods, but it does seem as if School House is having more than its fair share.



## Westbury.

To write House Notes is never a very easy job, as House Captains often notice, but to write them on this term is nearly impossible, as there have been no activities of either School or House on which to write. It might be possible to refer to last term's football, but the less said about this the better, for Westbury failed where it did not seem likely Westbury would fail.

For a start, the present term is a very short one, little more than nine weeks, of which seven have passed at the time of these notes. During these seven weeks, frost first of all, and later rain, made both Hockey and Steeplechase practices out of the question. Now the weather has improved it is too late for House Matches as well as for the Steeplechase.

However, next term will contain numerous activities, and all the energy stored up in Westbury athletes will have ample use, for there are Cricket Cups, Sports Cups and possibly Steeplechase Cups to be won, and nearly fifteen weeks to do it all.

Returning to last term, there is still more bad news to be noted. Westbury was unfortunate to lose two very able House Captains in one term, a very rare occurrence, both Powell and Tubbs leaving School. All Westbury can do is to wish them the best of luck in their new occupations.

K. E. L. D.

## A Waiting-Room Soliloquy.

Mr. Williams was brooding in the doubtful shelter afforded by the wooden pseudo-rustic erection provided by the omnibus company, which did duty as a "waiting-room." Inside, it was bad enough with its rubbish of cigarette ends, matches, paper-bags, cardboard cartons and remains of fish and chips. Outside it was worse. A heavy fall of snow and the following thaw had transformed the road into a dirty cart track covered with a layer of grey-coloured slush through which cars splashed their intermittent and melancholy way.

Mr. Williams lived in the village and used the equipages provided by the omnibus company every day to travel to the near-by marketing town to what he usually termed with an air of conscious pride as "business." Mr. Williams looked morosely at his shoes. He brightened suddenly. What was that joke he'd heard last night? It was a jolly good one. He'd laughed for ten minutes over it. He'd have to tell his friends at work about it. Not that they'd laugh at it. They never did . . . .

With a start Mr. Williams realised that his shoes were soaking wet. What a mess the roads were in! Someone should do something about it. Mr. Williams felt a growing antipathy for the local district council. They'd have to do something soon. Hadn't a farm labourer told him only that morning that there was more to come? He supposed that farm labourers knew. They could tell by the cows or seagulls or something. Over the way in the yard behind the public house a bedraggled young sheep-dog was making half-hearted attempts to fraternise with a morose and broody hen, and along the road a fat man with his raincoat undone was splashing his solitary way, pushing a push-chair in front of him. Mr. Williams noted with annoyance that the front two wheels kept leaving the ground. It was very irritating, especially as the fat man seemed to derive some sort of sub-conscious pleasure out of it. "Let's see, which order of levers would that be?" He pushed on the handle and the whole thing turned about the hub. Or was it the rim? He didn't know. Anyhow, it didn't matter. He'd never

taken any interest in mechanics. It was mechanics, wasn't it?" The fat man had passed out of sight and Mr. Williams relapsed once more into gloomy meditation. He was disturbed by the salubrious splashing sound occasioned by the falling of a large piece of snow from the top of a near-by fir tree. It was a good job that he wasn't underneath it. He'd heard that you could be killed by a penny falling from a thousand feet. Speaking of pennies, he remembered with indignation that the conductor had protested the other day about giving change in coppers and had expressed a hope that he, Mr. Williams, would not be able to "get in" the cinema. Mr. Williams felt a growing tide of indignation against bus conductors as a genus. He was going to the pictures again to try and get away from the weather. Not that the picture would cheer him up, he thought morosely. The hero would probably die at the end . . . .

Mr. Williams' solitude was suddenly interrupted by the appearance in the "waiting room" of a lady with a loud voice, her husband in the Army ("He was a corporal, wasn't he?") and a pair of twins. He noticed that the twins were carrying their gas-masks. Heavens! He'd completely forgotten his. Not that it mattered. They wouldn't make a gas attack to-day. They'd get ice all over their wings. Besides, hadn't he heard a man say the other day that Hitler didn't have the petrol? The man probably knew. He might even be in the Secret Service or something . . . Suddenly a bus approached and without pulling up went on around the corner. "Straight on round," thought Mr. Williams to himself. It was Irish, but there it was. Suddenly he realised it was only a relief bus. Priding himself on this little piece of detective work, Mr. Williams hastened, albeit somewhat timidly, to communicate this intelligence to the vigorously protesting corporal (he was sure two stripes meant a corporal). The soldier glanced doubtfully at him and with a disparaging "Oh" consigned him to the lower orders of creation.

Close behind the first bus came another. Mr. Williams got up with a sigh "Enfin! Or does that mean 'child'?" The soldier glanced at him suspiciously as if suspecting some uncomplimentary epithet, but being unsure of his ground, he let the matter drop. With a grunt he climbed into the bus and with a sigh Mr. Williams followed . . .

---

## "Soft Soap"

OR "HOW HE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF."

Sir Randolph Stickleback, the Soap King, sighed heavily and mopped his fevered brow with a handkerchief of the finest silk which bore in one corner the initials R.H.S. The "H" stood for Hugo, because his mother, who used to be Dottie Fettering, of *the Fetterings*, you know, was a direct descendant of the Huguenots, and has never forgotten it for one moment. Then he signed a contract with Radio Brittany, arranging for a Series of programmes designed to instruct listeners how to take Good Care of their most Precious Possession, the Complexion; signed a cheque for a cool thousand or so, which would eventually enable his second daughter Walda, or "Wallie," as her friends called her, to Come Out as stylishly as any young lady who IS anyone should Come Out; accepted invitations to the Royal Garden Party, the Theatrical Garden Party and a Garden Party in aid of a Leper Colony in Burma; opened an envelope which contained five tickets for the First Night of "My! My!" with "Complimentary" stamped on them in large letters; signed a Works Notice which prophesied an immediate salary cut, and sank back into his chair. He was utterly exhausted. He had been signing things all morning.

The buzzer buzzed.

"Well, Smirk?"

The voice quivered nervously over the machine.

"There's a gentleman here by the name of Innocent who wishes to see you, Sir Randolph."

"Innocent? I don't know anyone of that name."

"No, Sir."

"Tell him I'm in conference. I can't be forever giving up my time to these vague people who imagine I know them."

"Yes, Sir."

Sir Randolph flicked the button upwards. The soft whirring of the electric fan in the corner had a soothing effect upon him, and he was almost asleep when voices were raised in altercation just outside his office door. He raised his head and stared hard at the door in a martyred manner, justly indignant that his brief moment of leisure should be so disturbed. His gaze, which would have withered an ordinary man, seemed to compel the door to burst open and admit a struggling mass of humanity which resolved itself at length into Smirk, Sir Randolph's secretary, and a short man carrying a parcel and shaking his head vigorously all the time. Sir Randolph allowed a slight frown to crease the smooth expanse of his large forehead.

"What is This?" he enquired with Dignified Displeasure.

"I'm sorry, Sir Randolph, but this person simply would'nt take 'No' for an answer."

"I should think not, indeed," said the person, hotly, "I came all the way from St. John's Wood to see you and I refuse to be turned away from my purpose by a pack of Impudent Underlings."

"Impudent Underlings?" said the horrified Smirk.

"Impudent Underlings," repeated the person.

"Sir Randolph," said Smirke, "shall I fetch the doorman?"

"Ha! Another Underling!" exclaimed the person with rich contempt.

He was a man of gentle, kindly appearance, well dressed and impressive to look upon, especially when, as now, his eyes burned fiercely and his breath came in deep hisses. He glanced menacingly at Smirk, who stepped away. Thinking that it was high time he took command of the situation, Sir Randolph spoke.

"Leave us, Smirk," said he, "I will deal with this gentleman."

The Secretary shot out of the room.

"Mr. Innocent, I presume?"

"You presume correctly."

"Ah," said the Soap King. "And may I ask what you require of me?"

"You talk as if you suspect me of attempting to sell you something. I'm not."

"Then exactly whom do you represent?"

"I don't represent anyone in particular, only, as one might say, the public in general."

"I don't follow, Mr. Innocent. You are not the bearer of a petition?"

"No, though I might well be, had I possessed the energy to form one."

"Then——?"

In answer to the Soap King's enquiring gaze, Mr. Innocent placed the parcel, which had hitherto been clasped tightly under his left arm, upon the desk, and began to remove the wrapping. Eventually he disclosed to view a thermos flask, a tiny basin made of porcelain, and a tablet of glossy pink soap, stamped on one side with the word 'Regency,' and on the other with the word 'Rose,' in minute lettering, as if the makers had not wished it to be noticed. Mr. Innocent picked up the cake of soap and thrust it underneath Sir Randolph's nose.

"Recognise this?"

Sir Randolph beamed proudly.

"Naturally. A one-and-sixpenny tablet of Regency soap, perfumed with the delightful, whispering fragrance of rose petals . . . One of our most popular brands, if I may say so, Mr. Innocent. You are evidently a man of great discernment in your toilet. But——" here he rose, "I am very much afraid that I cannot afford to waste my time, and yours, in regarding a cake of soap. Now——"

"Sit down!" barked the visitor, looking more fierce than ever. Sir Randolph made a peculiar clunging noise in his throat and resumed his seat.

"You were quite right," continued Innocent, "in assuming that I am a man of discernment. And I might as well tell you at once . . . I won't have it!"

"Have what?"

"This," and so saying, Innocent brandished the cake of pink soap and waved it in the air. "This vile abomination, this insult, for whose presence on the market *you* are responsible."

"Sir!"

"Not a word, if you please . . ."

Innocent picked up the basin and juggled the soap around in it.

"May I ask," he went on, "if you have ever actually attempted to wash yourself with Regency Soap?"

"Glurrrh . . ."

"Stop gurgling, man, you look extremely foolish. Have you?"

Sir Randolph, fish-eyed, somehow managed to pull himself together, or nearly so, and after a moment's thought there dawned on his face an expression of intense surprise.

"No," he said, "I haven't."

"I thought not. That explains your impudence in allowing the beastly stuff to be fobbed off on the innocent public at the criminal price of one-and-sixpence."

"Pardon me." Sir Randolph roused himself. "The price of Regency Soap is sixpence, one shilling, *and* one-and-sixpence per cake."

"It comes to the same thing. Woolworth's don't stock it and every other place which does always happens to have sold out of the sixpenny and one shilling sizes, so that there's nothing left for the public to do but buy the one-and-sixpenny size."

"Clung!" said the Soap King.

"You can't deny it, now, can you? Can you?"

The Soap King turned pink, the colour of the soap in Innocent's hands, then scarlet, and then crimson, which deepened into magenta before he summoned up enough courage to shake his head.

"You see! being an honest man at heart, you are finding yourself subjected to irresistible urge to confess the error of your ways and Bare All."

This surprised Sir Randolph more than any part of the previous conversation, since he had never in the past suspected himself of being an honest man and still less of wishing to Bare All. He managed a faint grin and a kind of choke in the affirmative, which was intended to make Mr. Innocent understand that no one appreciated Sir Randolph's true virtue better than Sir Randolph.

"Now come, sir, confess everything. Art thou not a twister?"

"Clung!" said the Soap King.

"A schemer, a swindler, a merciless, unprincipled charlatan?"

"Ah no!" exclaimed the helpless knight, "no, not that! Anything but that! Good sir, have pity, do not accuse me of being a charlatan, unprincipled and merciless, a swindler, a schemer and a twister. After all, when you come to think of it, I am only a poor little Big Business Man."

"Watch me then, and prepare for thy deliverance."

With these impressive, but puzzling words, Mr. Innocent unscrewed the top of the thermos flask and poured steaming water from it into the tiny basin, having previously removed the soap. Sir Randolph watched him, fascinated.

"Now," said Innocent, "wash your hands."

"Wash my hands?"

"Yes."

Sir Randolph took the soap with a hand that was none too steady, wetted it, and began to rub.

Exactly one minute and thirty seconds later, Sir Randolph stopped his vigorous rubbing and looked tearfully at Mr. Innocent, whereupon that gentleman at once roared with laughter.

"Ho, ho, ho! This is *rich!*"

"But I don't understand," said the Soap King. "There is no lather."

"Precisely—haw, haw!—you can't think how funny it is to see you discover, when you've been making the stuff for twenty years or more, that it doesn't even *look* as if it will *ever* lather. And upon my word, it won't, either."

Sir Randolph snivelled.

"It's all very well for you to stand there laughing your head off, you don't know how great a shock this is for me. How was I to know? As you say," he went on, brokenly, "I am at heart an honest man—"

He paused. The heavens did not fall.

"—and when I see how I have been swindling, yes, swindling, innocent people like you all these years . . . And you trusted me . . . You must have done, or you wouldn't have bought the soap . . ."

Mr. Innocent began to thaw.

"My dear fellow, you mustn't take the matter so much to heart. I'm sure you will be able to remedy it in no time, no time at all. But it certainly seems that I came at the right time."

"You did indeed. If only I had known . . ."

"Quite."

"Or even suspected . . ."

"Quite, quite."

"Don't tell me there's more to come!"

"Well, I hate to pile it on, old chap, but . . . Here, take a whiff. Go on, smell it."

Sir Randolph smelt it.

"Ugh!" said he.

"Does that smell to you like the delightful, whispering fragrance of rose petals?"

"No, it doesn't."

"What does it remind you of, eh?"

"Cabbage," said the knight, truthfully, "boiled cabbage."

"Cabbage: that's just what I said to Ethelreda—that's my wife, you know—'Ethelreda,' I said, 'I should like to think that I'm mistaken, but I'm afraid I'm not.' It's not good enough, is it?"

"No," said Sir Randolph, "it isn't."

"You're not quite playing the game, are you?"

"No," said Sir Randolph, "I'm not."

"And that's not the worst . . . Every time one presses hard on the soap it shoots away into a corner. The result is that one spends half one's time trying to run away from the smell and the other half trying to catch up with the soap. And another thing. When the soap has been used once—just once—it begins to shrink."

"To *shrink*?"

"Yes. Believe me, it's uncanny to see it getting smaller and smaller and smaller. After that, if any one approaches the stuff it positively shies away and gets into a horrid mess with the sponge. One tablet of soap lasts about twenty-four hours, if you treat it kindly. Well, I mean . . . We can't have that, can we?"

"No," said Sir Randolph, "we can't."

"I can see what has happened. Years ago, when your grandfather used to make Regency Soap, it was *good*. Everybody used it and went on using it because there was none better. When you took the business over, you began to think more of dividends than of keeping the nation clean, and the quality deteriorated until there was no quality left in it. But our grandfathers and grandmothers refused to believe that such a thing could have happened and forced us to use the stuff. I know my grandmother did and when I asked her why it never made a lather she replied that it was such good soap it didn't have to! It's hard on you, I know, but there it is."

There was a long silence. Sir Randolph, who had almost convinced himself that he was an honest man, decided to get rid of Mr. Innocent before he became one in truth.

"Mr. Innocent, sir, in coming here to-day you have rendered me an incalculable service."

"Don't mention it, Sir Randolph."

"I shall not forget what you have done."

Mr. Innocent waved his hands as if to disclaim all responsibility.

"Now, Sir Randolph, I have taken up too much of your time already, and I myself have further business in the City. I bid you a very good morning."

Sir Randolph showed Mr. Innocent very effusively to the door, and when it was securely shut, he walked quickly to the desk and pressed down a red button.

"Yes, sir?"

"Perfume Department? Listen. I've decided that after to-day, we'll drop the 'Rose' line altogether. It's not original enough. What we need is something striking, a new perfume with a really intriguing name that will draw the public. Call it—er—I have it! Call it 'Elegance.'"

“ Yes, sir.”

The Soap King flicked up the red button, sighed heavily, mopped his brow with a handkerchief of the finest silk and sank into his chair.

“ Thank God that’s over ! It just shows you the sort of thing a man in my position has to put up with. Why, for a moment the fella nearly had me eating out of his hand.”

He picked up the tablet of soap and juggled with it. Then he frowned. Were his eyes deceiving him, or was the soap actually *shrinking* ? It couldn’t be.

But it was.

He frowned, and then held the tablet, which was rapidly diminishing in size, to his nose. He frowned again. Was there something the matter with his nose, or did the soap actually smell of *cabbage* ? It couldn’t.

But it did.

He glared at it, exerting a gentle pressure upon it as he did so. The tablet, now about the size of a small snuff box, shot out of his hand like an arrow and sped into the far corner of the office.

With a grim expression on his face, his breath deep and steady and determined, he pressed down all the buttons at once, roared “ Come here ! ” into the machine, slapped the desk with his hand, sank back into his chair once more, and waited for them to come.





## Secretarial Notes.

My humble notes this term must be addressed to every Old Pricean who has the cause of the Association at heart. The situation, owing to the war, has become serious in the extreme. Our funds are exhausted through non-payment of subscriptions, and I appeal to you all, wherever you are to send along what you owe as soon as you possibly can and so save us from having to shut up shop.

We have the "Lion" accounts to settle and this cannot be done without your help.

The "Lion" is our best (one might almost say only) means of keeping in touch with one another, and if the subs are not paid there can be only one result—we shall go to pieces. If this happened it would be a tragedy. All our high hopes for the future must be based on the way we face up to it now and I do therefore most sincerely ask all who have not done so, to send along what they owe and so give us all the encouragement they can in these difficult times.

Yours sincerely,

E. G. DIMMER,

Hon. Secretary.

c/o Price's School, Fareham.

March, 1940.

---

## News of Old Boys.

We have to congratulate Squadron Leader G. W. HEATHER, who has had the honour of being mentioned in despatches. He has made many flights over Germany and has visited Prague and Vienna.

We regret the scrappiness of some of the succeeding notes, but even "The Lion" has its instructions from the Censorship Department and of course we seek to conform both in the letter and the spirit.

- C. A. HYNES has been promoted to Captain in the Royal Artillery, and is still engaged in training units.
- M. J. HYNES, after a strenuous course at the Army School of Equitation, has been given a commission in a Yeomany Regiment.
- B. J. HYNES has acquired his second pip and is now serving on the staff.
- R. E. CROKER, after an intensive course at the Air Ministry Aeronautical Inspection School has been appointed an A.I.D. Examiner at one of the Armstrong Siddeley works, where he has to inspect aero engine building in all its stages and also testing. On February 1st, the anniversary of his parents' wedding, he followed their example and entered upon married life, and bears with him the best wishes of all his former schoolfellows for his future happiness.



- B. BENNETT (Sarisbury Green) was in Fareham at the beginning of March, enjoying a spell of leave from the Royal Navy, his ship being under refit at a west coast port. He too has recently entered the married state, and Mrs. Bennett was down here with him. We offer belated congratulations
- A. W. BENNETT has been on the engineering staff of His Majesty's destroyers.
- G. CHIGNELL, now a Captain in the R.A., after passing out at the top of the list, has been appointed an Instructor in A.A. Gunnery at a training camp, and started his first class of young officers last month. He has been able to let his house in the north and has now settled down in a furnished one in his new surroundings.
- D. J. TEEK came over with the first Canadian contingent.
- B. R. SCOTT has been promoted to Major.
- H. G. GIBSON (Bishops Waltham) was in Fareham this week in R.E. uniform, having been lent for a little while to the Post Office authorities to help with the telephones.
- D. L. BANKS rang up from Lymington last week. He is a draughtsman with the Air Ministry.
- W. H. BILTON, is in the A.R.P. office at Fareham and covers many miles on a motor cycle in carrying out his various functions.
- N. HYNES is still at Wray Castle, Ambleside, carrying on biological research. The lakes have been frozen over, and snow ranging from two feet upwards in depth with 37 deg. of frost and all water mains frozen have combined to give him an unrivalled opportunity to become proficient on skis, without which it would have been impossible to get about, and for three weeks they proved the only way of getting food supplies. With warmer weather, he is forming part of a "bug hunting" expedition to Suffolk.
- R. H. H. SCOTT we believe is now a Lt.-Colonel.
- S. HOATHER, Sergeant, S/6792298, after 4 months in draughty billets had 10 days' leave, half of which was spoiled by developing a cold!
- We congratulate D. P. POWELL on his marriage and wish him and his wife every happiness. He and his cousin R. A. POWELL are expecting to be called up soon. K. B. POWELL has secured a post in Lloyds Bank, Bishops Waltham branch.
- R. C. BROOKES is teaching at Emsworth.
- H. P. MACCALLUM has obtained a second class in B.A. General (London) from Southampton University College, and D. G. Ward is preparing to take his finals there.
- L. W. PATTEN is now recovering on leave from the R.A.F. from the after effects of scarlet fever and has been able to renew old acquaintance at the School.
- A. C. H. VIBERT is doing well in the insurance business at Southampton, but may be called up soon.
- P. A. PRESSLEY is in the Navy and it is probably well for him that the German Wireless Service does not always tell the truth.
- J. GINGELL is a wireless operator on duty aboard ship.
- R. C. NUTTER (I), E. R. C. MACPHERSON and S. C. PHILLIPS are all in the R.A.F. and so is one of the BENNETT brothers.
- D. F. TATFORD and W. H. COOKE, we hear are in the Army, and R. R. TATFORD is a Civil Servant who has been evacuated.