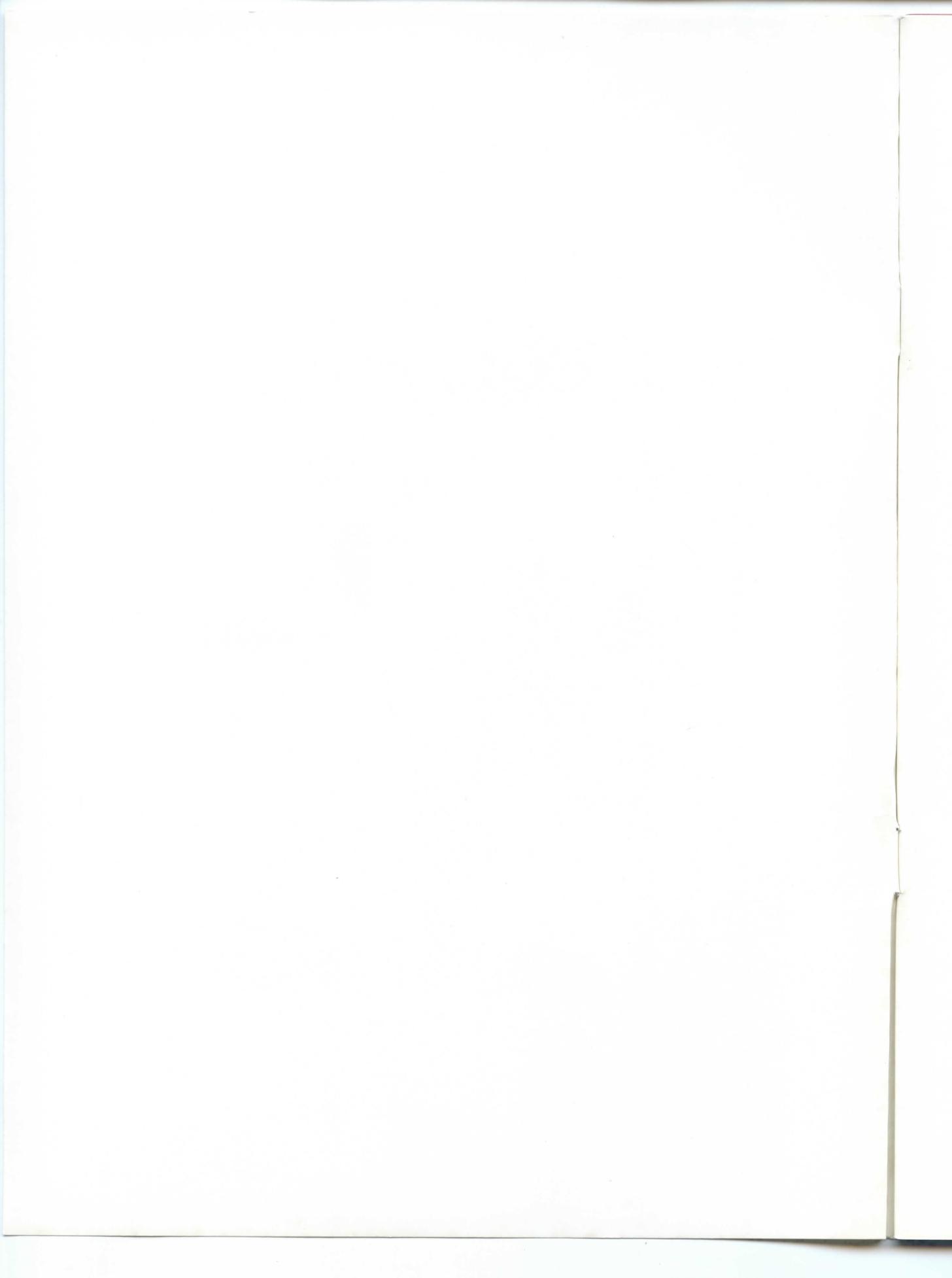


PRICE'S

COLLEGE



1977



# Price's College Magazine

ISSUE TWO 1977



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PRICE'S COLLEGE

PARK LANE

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Price's College

Magazine



Price's College

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## Editorial

*Quicquid agunt homines nostri est farrago libelli*

Last year's issue of the new college magazine was generally quite well received though the break with the old traditions caused a little dismay in some quarters. It should perhaps have been explained at the time that, although the magazine is now published in May, the material has to be ready to be sent to the printer by the end of February. For this reason the 1976 issue was able to cover only a few months of college life whereas the current number encompasses a whole year's activities: accordingly, we are able to publish last summer's G.C.E. results though regrettably considerations of space prevent the inclusion of the list of students going on to further education, since there were over a hundred last year.

As we progress in our transformation from boys' grammar school to co-educational sixth-form college, the balance of our readership inevitably shifts year by year. With some 640 sixth-formers, they now outnumber the main school boys by about three to one, but the main school are still making their presence felt and their contributions to this magazine are valued equally with the sixth-formers'. It is certainly not editorial policy that their interests should be ignored.

This year we have been impressed by both the sheer number and the quality of the entries submitted in the competition to design a cover for the magazine. The task of selection has proved to be a daunting one and we should like to offer our thanks to all who competed. In the event we congratulate Peter Raby whose Jubilee design possesses a topicality that tipped the balance in his favour. This year an additional prize has been awarded to Philip Rogers as runner-up, and he too is to be congratulated. We must also thank all those who have submitted other contributions and the members of staff who have channelled material to the editor: as usual, only a fraction of it can be used, but the continuing interest of everyone is a hopeful sign that bodes well for the future. We echo the words of Juvenal quoted above in the hope that the magazine does in fact provide an accurate cross-section of college life.

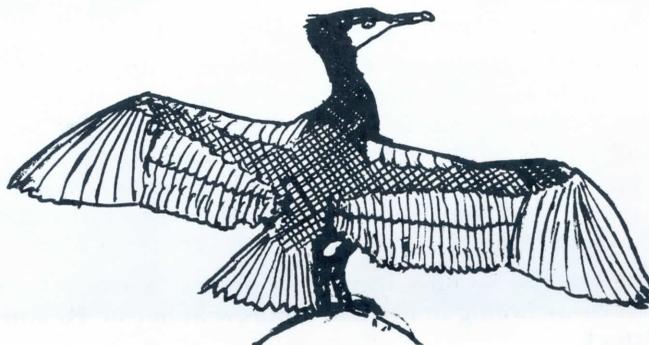
R. M. J.

## College Calendar 1976-77

- June** Sixth-form geographers visit Southampton and Portsmouth.  
G.C.E. and College Examinations.
- July** Introductory Conference.  
Sports Week.  
Sixth-form English students visit Regents Park theatre for *Othello*.  
C.C.F.—R.N. and Army Camps.  
Lower Sixth-form geographers visit Brecon Beacons.  
Sailing course at Calshot.  
History excursions to Osborn House and Greenwich.  
Lower Sixth R.S. students visit British Museum.
- September** Sixth-form biologists visit Sparshalt.  
Sixth-form geologists visit Sandown Bay.  
Sixth-form geographers visit the Dorset coast.  
Sixth-form geographers attend a lecture on France at Portsmouth.  
Sixth-form geographers visit the Mendips.
- October** History lecture given by Mr. R. Lockyer.  
Sixth-form geographers' week-end visit to Salisbury Plain and the New Forest.  
P.T.A. Autumn Ball.  
Sixth-form geographers' week-end visit to the South Hants coast.
- November** Fifth-form and Sixth-form English students visit the Shaw theatre for *Romeo and Juliet*.  
Sixth-form geologists visit Swanage.
- December** R.N. Presentation visit for C.C.F.  
Concert by Fareham Philharmonic Society.  
Lower-sixth History students visit the House of Commons.  
"The Business of Good Government" produced at local churches.  
Lower-sixth Parents' Evening.  
Prize Giving.  
End of Term Dance.
- January** College exams.  
C.C.F. cadets go caving at Cheddar.  
Sixth-form Spanish students attend a course at Palma.
- February** C.C.F. cadets go flying at Hamble.  
Sixth-form English students see a film of *Othello*.  
Lower-sixth geologists visit the Mendips.  
Latin students visit the Pompeii exhibition in London.  
Fifth-form Parents' Evening.

## March

Lower-sixth geographers visit Portsmouth shopping centre.  
Dr. Small from Southampton University lectures on "Tropical Geomorphology".  
Fourth-form Parents' Evening.  
Sixth-form geologists visit the Rother valley.  
Sixth-form geographers visit Shaftesbury and Fordingbridge.  
College musical: Vivaldi's 'Gloria'.  
College play: 'The Birthday Party'.  
Form 4b visit the Mayor's Parlour and Council Chamber.



Peter Raby, T.6

## Christian Union

Who is Jesus?

This question, more than any other, is the one which the Christian Union have been considering this year.

Last autumn many of us were involved in the Out of Darkness 4 Coffee Bar. Through this we gave our answer to the question: that Jesus is the Son of God who came to this world to save us. Obviously a second question springs out of the first: that is, how are we going to respond? We hope that through the coffee bar we made a few more people think seriously about Christianity.

During the spring term we held a week of assemblies where we posed the question: who do you think Jesus is? Through an interview we gave many of the present-day answers and then spelled out our answer. After half-term we held a Tear Fund project in which we once again held a week of assemblies and collected money for Tear Fund.

If you are interested in coming along to Christian Union, we hold our meetings after college on Fridays in D.10. You are warmly invited to come along and talk more about who Jesus is.

Philip Walters, T.40

## Music on a Large Scale

This was what happened on March 21st when the college was the centre for 'A Musical Evening' of amalgamated talent from Price's, Cams Hill, St. Anne's, Bishopsfield, and Brune Park. Apart from some outstanding individual and group items, the climax of the evening was a performance of Vivaldi's *Gloria* with combined choir and orchestra. After this first successful venture we hope to produce similar concerts in the future with contributory schools.

Another successful joint venture was John Arden's *The Business of Good Government* which took the place of the traditional Carol Service. The English Department produced some excellent actors and actresses several of whom possessed equally excellent singing voices. The traditional unaccompanied songs made a striking contrast with the modern interpretation of Arden.

Our own home-grown Rock Opera "Mr. Mack Beth" is still opening channels on the road to success – we may still hit the big-time! A limited supply of cassettes of the original production are available from the Music Department.

Once again there have been numerous visits to concerts, operas, and dance groups. More people have been able to attend these owing to the very good price reductions offered to students by Youth and Music Solent. Probably the most outstanding events were the moving opera *Jenufa* by the Welsh National Opera and *Il Trovatore* during which the audience was literally moved while a bomb search was made! London Contemporary Dance produced some superb choreography to Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* and the Stan Tracey Quartet showed modern Jazz at its best.

A group of students saw the Southdowne Music Society's production of *Oliver* which had the added interest of including in the cast Andrew Miller of 4C and Mr. W. "Resourceful" Coulstock.

For the second year running thirty students attended the Schools' Prom. in the Royal Albert Hall – complete with flags and hats! Hampshire was represented by Itchen College and Bedales: will Price's reach the stage next year? A few flag-waving Priceans saw themselves on a T.V. recording during the Christmas holiday, but our greatest T.V. personalities took the form of Triangular Heel – they're not to be stamped upon!

The music-writing competition continues and we hope to receive more entries in order to have several sections. Start writing for the Christmas competition now!

The madrigal choir has successfully performed in several concerts in and out of college, notably the college Prize Day and the Spring Concert. The main choir proved its worth again in Vivaldi's *Gloria* and the orchestra continues to hold its own.

The spectrum of music inside and out of college is wide enough to suit everybody. Please feel welcome at all activities, and if you have talent – use it!

V. J. J.

## Poetry Reading and Discussion Group

We meet on Tuesdays at 3.45 in D.13 to talk about . . . . . whatever anyone wants to talk about (Wordsworth, Roger McGough, Chaucer, e.e. cummings, John Donne, Genesis). It works only if people bring along poems (any poems) they'd like to discuss . . . aren't sure what they think about . . . would like to hear other people's opinions of. Bring a mug and you might get some coffee.

R. H.

## THE ROCK OPERA: MR. MACK BETH



*Witches and murderers arrested by the police*



*Characters from the Vision.*



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*The presentation on Mr. Foster's retirement.*

## **Mr. T. W. Foster**

Contrary to the universally held belief, the 'T' in "T. W. Foster" does not stand for 'Timothy' but "Thomas", but as 'Tim' he has been known by generations of boys and Masters at Price's School. Whether this phenomenon dates back to the time when Mr. Bradley appointed him in a temporary capacity on 13th June, 1934, I cannot tell, but it has certainly obtained for all the time I have known Mr. Foster.

Mr. Foster came to Price's to 'sub' for an absentee Master from Pembroke College, Oxford, where he had taken a degree in the Honours School of Modern Languages in 1933. When that Master did not return he was then offered and he accepted the permanent position of French Master. Mr. Ashton was by then Head of the School, and so Mr. Foster was undoubtedly the first Master appointed under the new regime.

He taught French throughout the School until he joined the Royal Artillery in 1940, serving in anti-aircraft defence until demobilized in 1945. In 1944 he married Miss Jean Hunt, and they have one son. Mr. Foster returned to his post at Price's in 1945, and continued as Head of the French Department until promoted to Head of Main School when Price's became a mixed Sixth Form College in September 1974.

For many years Mr. Foster was actively interested in Drama, and was Chairman of the School's Dramatic Society. He was also keen on the Signals Section of the Combined Cadet Force and, in a civilian capacity, he ran this part of the Corps.

When he retired at the end of the Autumn Term 1976 he had completed 42½ years' service, and I am sure all past and present Priceans who knew 'Tim' Foster will, with me, wish him and his wife, Jean, many years of happy and well earned retirement.

E. A. B. P.

## G.C.E. "A" & "S" LEVEL RESULTS

"A" Level Key: *A Art, B Biology, BS Business Studies, C Chemistry, D Home Economics (Dress & Fabrics), E English Literature, Ec Economics, ED Engineering Drawing, F French, FM Further Mathematics, FN Home Economics (Food & Nutrition), G Geography, Gl Geology, Gm German, H History, L Latin, M Mathematics, Ms Music, P Physics, PM Pure Mathematics, PhM Physics with Mathematics, RS Religious Studies.*

"S" Level Key: *1 Distinction, 2 Merit.*

P. A. Ambrose	B, C.	P. A. Hunt	C 2, M, P.
A. J. Archard	G, H.	C. J. Johnston	G.
F. G. J. Barron	Ec 2, G, H.	W. E. Lee	C, M, P.
A. M. Bascombe	C, Ec, M.	S. W. Lentle	BS, M.
N. C. Beats	C.	D. J. Leonard	C, Gl, P.
N. D. Beckett	P.	S. W. Lovegrove	A, Ec.
P. V. Bedford	A, G.	C. A. Macadam	C, M, P.
R. A. Benmore	G, Gl 1, M.	A. McDonald	Ec, G, H.
J. M. Bennett	RS 2.	R. B. McNab	A, E. F.
M. Bishop	ED, P.	G. Meek	F, G.
M. J. M. Blackburn	M, P.	R. J. Newbury	F, FM, M 1.
I. G. Blanchett	C.	G. C. Olden	Ec, ED.
B. Brangwyn	F, L.	R. J. Paice	G.
R. L. Brookfield	C, M, P 2.	T. K. Q. Powell	B.
S. J. Burchard	A.	N. R. Power	Ec 1, G, H.
S. Burton	A, E, Ec.	A. Pursey	C, M, P.
S. G. Byrne	Ec.	S. E. Rice	Ec, G, H.
C. Caldicott	A, G.	A. P. Richardson	C, P.
W. J. Cann	P.	P. M. Robins	C, M, P.
N. P. Challis	Ec, M.	C. A. Ruffels	G.
R. E. M. Champion	FM, M, P.	I. J. Sayers	P.
I. C. Christie	ED, P.	J. H. Scott	B, C. M.
P. A. Cittern	B, C. M.	I. E. Shields	FM, M, P.
A. J. Cleak	FM, M 1, P.	K. Sitch	Ec, H.
G. B. Clynick	G, Gl 1.	A. G. S. Smith	Ec, G, Gl.
D. M. Cooper	B, C, PhM.	M. A. T. Smith	Ec, H, M.
D. F. Culling	B, C, M.	K. R. Snell	C, P.
P. R. Dear	C, M, P 1.	N. C. Sood	B, C 2.
M. J. Earl	Gl, M, P.	D. J. Stevens-Hoare	C.
M. H. Earlwood	Ms, P.	S. M. Stribley	G, Gl.
K. J. Garrett	C, P.	I. C. Tallack	M, P.
J. E. Gaskin	Ec, G.	R. N. Thompson	P.
K. A. Grant	Ec, F.	B. C. Thorpe-Tracy	C, G, P.
C. M. Hall	Gl, M, P.	A. J. Tilbury	A, G, Gl.
T. A. Harley	C, Gl, M.	G. K. Towersey	ED.
A. W. Harrild	B, Gl.	A. G. Tullett	FM, M, P.
J. N. Hawkins	ED, M, P.	N. Wood	A, E, G.
A. J. Herbert	C, M, P.	S. C. Young	B, P.
R. D. Herbertson	Ec.		
P. W. J. Hooley	Ec.	E. D. Alexander	B, C.
R. E. Horlock	C, M, P 1.	S. E. Alford	F 2, Gm, L.
G. A. Howlett	BS, F.	J. C. Attfield	F.
C. J. Hughes	ED.	S. M. Bailey	G, Gl 2, M.
M. H. Hughes	A, M.	C. A. Barker	B, F, H.

J. A. Barnes	E, F.	H. A. Miskin	B, C, PhM.
M. A. Baxandall	E, G 1, H.	M. A. Montgomerie	A, E, H.
S. E. Bennett	E, F, G 2.	J. M. Morrison	A.
K. J. Berry	B, C, PM.	M. J. Oatley	BS.
D. L. Betteridge	G, Gl.	C. J. Padley	F, Gm.
L. J. Biggs	E, G, H.	C. A. Parker	E, Ec 2, M.
J. M. Bultitude	A, E, F.	L. A. Peebles	E 2, Ec, H.
N. A. Carew	B, Ec.	M. J. Pike	B, C, G.
L. M. Cartmell	F.	B. J. Piper	FN.
S. E. Clark	FN.	J. Pemberton	B, F, G.
K. Costello	B, Ec.	D. J. Perry	Ec.
J. M. Dore	E, F, G.	L. J. Pottinger	A, E.
S. H. Dunham	FN.	J. M. Reed	E.
T. J. Eagle	A.	G. M. Richards	D.
M. J. Earnshaw	E, F, H.	W. E. Riley	E, H 1.
J. S. Evans	C, M, P.	E. A. Rogers	Ec.
J. C. Evans	C, F.	S. E. Scholfield	A, G.
W. M. Evans	E, F, Gm.	J. P. Seabright	D, H.
J. P. Finney	Gl.	K. J. L. Seymour	B, G.
E. J. Flack	A, F, Gl.	J. M. Shervell	FM, M, Ms.
S. M. Green	A.	A. J. Short	E, G, H.
C. A. Hammond	E, F 2, Gm.	A. B. Smith	RS.
S. C. Hand	E, F, H.	A. Smithers	BS, H, M.
J. Harland	A, F.	M. J. Stokes	E, H.
S. M. Harris	B, FN.	J. R. Stoneham	B.
M. J. Hassard-Short	A, E, G.	C. D. Tripley	E, F, Gm.
K. A. Hepworth	B, E, G.	A. V. Turner	G, H.
D. J. Holland	Ms, PM, RS 1.	L. M. Tutton	FN, M.
G. P. Hook	B, C, M.	V. A. Urry	G.
D. K. Hudson	F.	L. A. Walk	E, H.
D. K. Ide	E.	J. J. Weller	G.
H. O. Knight	BS, F, PM.	A. B. Wells	E, F, H.
S. J. Lowry	A, E, F.	M. H. Whitcher	E, F, Gm.
S. R. Melhuish	B, C, PhM.	T. Wilkie	B, Bs, D.
D. J. Millar	F, Gm.	J. A. Young	E 2, L, PM.

### FIFTH FORM G.C.E. "O" LEVEL RESULTS

#### *Passes at Grade C or above*

- 9 Subjects — P. Greenaway, A. R. Hockey, S. P. Legg, C. G. Rhodes, M. J. Rice, M. L. Sunderland, M. A. Wilkes.
- 8 Subjects — N. J. Baynham, J. R. Buscombe, D. A. Clark, A. Daubney, G. Dykes, S. R. Hare, J. L. Isted, M. Keaton, I. D. McCann, T. E. McDowell, T. Meek, G. T. Morphey, G. J. Nuttall, K. J. Parry, I. R. Pugh, P. Stroud.
- 7 Subjects — J. Anderson, D. R. Bishop, G. R. Boon, G. P. Clark, A. Cogan, M. I. Denham, M. D. Evans, C. R. Francis, P. Gwilliam, J. A. Ide, M. G. Meekums, D. J. Naguib, J. R. G. Powell, P. H. Skinner, D. I. Ward, M. R. Weeks.
- 6 Subjects — R. S. Allerton, C. A. Batchelor, R. H. Burstow, R. D. Cooke, R. S. de Bunsen, K. M. Fry, S. P. Goodwin, F. G. Hampton, S. R. Hodgson, C. J. Humphreys, D. J. Jull, N. T. Kershaw, D. K. Lambourne, K. D. Lewis, A. Long, P. T. McMillan, K. Morris, M. Moyse, G. L. Offen, P. Pearman, A. J. Robinson, J. H. G. Smith, S. P. Upchurch, K. Windsor.

- 5 Subjects – N. A. Clark, M. J. Collins, M. J. Cooper, S. Gainey, P. R. Kadleck, S. A. Lane, G. R. Mason, M. I. J. Pierce, S. E. Powell, W. Pratt, K. Richards, I. M. Snell, S. A. Taylor, P. J. Waite.
- 4 Subjects – S. L. Bevis, R. G. Bowdige, W. D. Cam, S. B. Ellis, N. Godwin, J. Hiscock, K. R. Jackson, S. D. King, C. M. Knight, A. R. Mears, S. J. Reed, D. J. Saunders, S. A. Sykes.
- 3 Subjects – M. E. Aldridge, R. K. Berry, I. M. Wilson, A. Paice, S. K. Stevens.
- 2 Subjects – S. M. Brooks, K. M. Bryant, M. A. Gibbon, P. Hawkes, D. R. Powell, P. D. Scholfield, J. D. Shaw, R. J. Smith, P. S. Thompson, B. R. Trinder.
- 1 Subject – M. Brincombe, V. W. Glavin, R. J. Harrild, K. J. Hocking, A. C. Hook, K. W. Kingswell, C. S. Lindsay, G. H. Stainer, A. R. Taylor.

### SIXTH FORM G.C.E. "O" LEVEL RESULTS

(Including Additional & Retakes)

*Passes at Grade C or above.*

- 4 Subjects – V. R. Bennett, A. L. Robinson, P. A. Robinson, H. J. Smith, D. Sturgess, D. J. Whiting, A. J. Williamson, C. D. Wrigley.
- 3 Subjects – S. N. Collyer, S. C. Dodson, J. S. K. Gomershall, P. F. Hannam, S. R. Kingdom, P. D. Limburn, M. J. Nash, G. D. Sparks, A. J. Veale, K. G. Wiseman.
- 2 Subjects – E. D. Alexander, J. M. Allen, J. Ashford, J. C. Attfield, J. S. Barr, P. V. Bedford, F. Bernhauser, D. L. Betteridge, R. A. Bills, A. E. Bolden, C. R. Broadribb, P. J. Brooker, S. M. Burgess, M. R. Burt, C. Caldicott, D. Chase, S. E. Clark, J. Crouch, J. W. Davies, A. J. Dawson-Taylor, S. H. Dunham, L. J. Dunning, T. J. Eagle, D. E. Groom, B. P. Hardisty, S. M. Harris, D. Hogarth, D. K. Hudson, D. K. Ide, R. A. Jempson, J. K. Knight, S. W. Lovegrove, N. F. May, M. G. McGlead, J. M. Morrison, M. J. Oatley, G. C. Olden, S. Page, L. J. Palmer, S. F. Pursey, G. M. Richards, S. Robinson, E. A. Rogers, C. A. Ruffels, M. J. Slamaker, G. B. Smith, E. A. Soundy, M. J. Stokes, C. A. Stubbs, N. M. Taylor, S. J. Thomas, R. N. Thompson, A. V. Turner, A. Upshall, V. A. Urry, S. Wilson, D. J. Wright.
- 1 Subject – P. W. Anderson, A. J. Archard, P. J. Arnold, K. G. Ashton, J. Avery, L. J. Bailey, P. D. Birch, C. L. Boughtflower, S. J. Burchard, B. A. Burr, A. M. Cameron, W. J. Cann, I. Carpenter, D. J. Chilcott, S. L. Coker, J. L. Connell, E. G. Cook, R. G. Cowley, R. S. Cox, S. J. Crumpton-Pratt, P. A. Davey, C. L. Dewhurst, P. C. French, L. J. Game, G. M. F. Garden, N. L. George, E. J. Goodchild, C. J. Haydock, S. R. Higgs, B. Hough, R. B. McNab, G. Meek, L. Milton-Thompson, S. J. Moreman, D. L. Norden, R. J. Paice, N. G. Piper, T. Poll, D. A. Porter, T. J. Purcell, P. N. Raby, C. M. Reid, S. J. Rogers, K. Ryan, N. A. Shelton, L. A. Sims, T. A. Seymour, A. D. Short, C. J. Smith, E. J. Smith, G. S. Smith, K. R. Snell, J. R. Stoneham, R. H. Taylor, R. M. Thomas, M. A. Thompson, G. R. Towersey, G. Turner, A. L. Ward, M. E. Ward, S. J. Ward, J. J. Weller, L. M. Wells, T. Woodward.

## R.S.A. EXAMINATION RESULTS

**Shorthand** L. Mitchell, C. Reed, H. Lanagridge, L. Jeffreson, M. Aylott, A. Briant, L. Davis, C. Ford, D. Norden, M. Paxman, D. Porter, P. Spelling, A. Tilbury, G. Smith.

**Typing** K. Ashton, M. Aylott, L. Davis, C. Edwards, C. Ford, C. Fyffe, L. Jeffreson, H. Lanagridge, L. Mitchell, M. Paxman, G. Smith, D. Chilcott, J. Knight, C. Reed, D. Cooper, J. Dartmouth, K. Fox, W. Kemp, J. Lake, K. Owtrrim, D. Porter, A. Briant, P. Spelling, A. Tilbury, C. Whitfield, J. Allen.

## PITMAN EXAMINATION RESULTS

**Shorthand** D. Norden, J. Dartmouth, J. Lake, D. Porter.

## LIYSF

The London International Youth Science Fortnight has been organised annually for eighteen years. The participants, over three hundred in number, come from over twenty different countries and vary in age between seventeen and twenty-two, although one middle-eastern gentleman was certainly in his late fifties.

Last year I was fortunate enough to attend the fortnight. The programme gave little hint of what was to come, and so I entered Commonwealth Hall, one of the course's bases, somewhat apprehensively. All my fears were dispelled, however, as I was greeted like an old friend by a Greek Cypriot with a Glasgow accent. This was our host, Constantine Costa, known to everyone as Dino, and later I discovered he was an affluent student at Glasgow University and the owner of a fish and chip shop and a Mercedes Benz.

The fortnight commenced with a rather formal opening ceremony held at the Institute of Electrical Engineers, which was attended by a host of famous people. A member of the group from each country represented at the fortnight carried a national flag; I had the honour of carrying the Union Jack. Professor Sir Hermann Bond, Lord George Brown, and Lord Ritchie-Calder made some memorable speeches.

The backbone of the fortnight consisted of a series of varied but excellent lectures, which were held at the Institute of Electrical Engineers. All of these were intended to introduce us to the ethics of science and the prevention of its misuse. They provided topics which we spent the fortnight discussing among ourselves. Visits to research establishments and museums were interspersed with the series of lectures, and for me, at least, this put the size of an oil refinery and tanker into perspective. A visit to Shell Mex House, the top floor of which afforded an excellent view of the Thames and London, was perhaps the climax of the course. Coke and coffee flowed like water as we lazed in deep velvet chairs, listening to the merits of Shell as a company and future employer.

One of the most striking things about the fortnight was the friendliness of everyone. I have the addresses of participants from all over the world. Although only two weeks, it seemed a lifetime, and I hope the next Pricean to attend will enjoy it as much as I did.

Gillian Garden, T.29

## Acknowledgments

For permission to reproduce photographs we are indebted to the following: Mr. D. Feber for the picture at Palma; Mr. F. Hughes for the shots of the Public Speaking team, the under 15 cricket team, the Rock Opera, and the Tree Planting; Mr. J. Lawrence for the photographs of the winter sports teams; and the News, Portsmouth, for all the rest.

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*The winning team in the Public Speaking Competition with the panel of adjudicators.*

## **Public Speaking Competition 1977**

Once again Price's claimed the first two places in the local competition organised by the Rotary Club. These two teams had competed last year, but this year they exchanged positions. First place was awarded to Andrew Cogan, Graeme Nuttall, and John Buscombe for a talk on "Man's Inventive Genius", an amusing catalogue of disasters. A close second were Alexander Cameron, Kay Brunger, and Andrew Brown, who spoke about "Gothic Horrors", which proved equally entertaining. Finally, a word of praise should be accorded to the team from 5A who were speaking for the first time: Richard Dunham, Karl Evans, and Andrew Craig dealt with the more serious topic of "Heraldry", and acquitted themselves honourably.

R.M.J.

## **Obituary**

**Mrs. Blanche Rita Dyke, O.B.E.**

When Mrs. Dyke died in the middle of August 1976 many people lost a great friend, and society lost a fervent and untiring worker. Price's School had been just one of the many institutions close to her heart and, as Deputy Chairman of Governors of the School and of Price's Charity, she gave support, advice and guidance over her many years of service. We would just like to say 'thank you' for her immense contribution to our life at Price's.

E.A.B.P.

## La Grande Illusion

The credit for the conception of the film society should go to my elder brother John, who first made the suggestion in a bed-time cultural discussion late in 1975. I eventually decided to take his advice and a committee was formed. Mr. Johnson was employed as a film and legal adviser. After many hurried meetings and heated arguments, it was decided that the first pilot film should be *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* and this would be followed by *Le Mans*. Both films were relative successes and the committee was encouraged to order another set of films for showing during the autumn and spring terms (1976–77). We experienced many problems in ordering films, the most prominent, naturally enough, being ‘unavailable’ or ‘booked until 1978’. A letter was sent to parents promising a selection of eight films, but only two or three from the list were actually shown. Rush bookings were necessary to fill the gaps. In some people’s opinion, this may have resulted in a lowering of the standard of films. Nevertheless, the society now enjoys a membership of about 300 students, friends, and parents. Most of these seem well satisfied with the films shown, which included *Cabaret*, *M.A.S.H.*, and *Targets*.

A new committee has been formed and with the help of its predecessor it is now considering a number of films for the 1977–78 season. These may include *Sleuth*, *Dr. Zhivago*, *Yellow Submarine*, and *Henry V*, but none are definite.

I should like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have helped during the formation of the film society and its successful operation. In particular, we must thank Mr. Coulstock, the patient and helpful projectionist who has naturally contributed a large part to our monthly presentations.

The committee for 1975–77 was as follows:

*Secretary:* John Davies

*Treasurer:* Kay Brunger

*Publicity Officers:* Robert Davies and Andrew Brown

*House Manager:* Gary Sparks

*Liaison Officer:* Carol Boughtflower

We hope that the college will continue to support the society and ensure its long and successful future.

Alexander Cameron (Chairman), T.11

## The Beach

The waves, beating, beating on the stones,  
The fisherman’s feet, crunching, crunching on the stones,  
The children’s spades biting, biting into the stones,  
And the deck chair’s feet, digging, digging into the stones.

The waves trying relentlessly to reach the cliff,  
The sound of the ice-cream vendor echoing on the cliff,  
The children throwing sand against the cliff,  
And the fisherman leaning on the cliff.

The swish of waves is clear in the air,  
The crackling of the fisherman’s fire is clear in the air,  
The howling of the gulls is clear in the air,  
And the appeal of the ice-cream man is clear in the air.

Paul Griffin, 4B



John Connell, T.29

## The Boredom of Work

I sit staring out of the misted window,  
Gazing at the silvery puddles  
Lying motionless upon the tarmac.  
The stuffy room feels restless,  
Each person drawn to his work.  
Tired and weary, I gaze once more  
At the blurring books before me.  
How I long to be out in the fresh surroundings,  
Away from boredom, away from work.  
I can sense there is little time left.  
On and on I wait, until a sigh of relief  
Flies round the room  
As a continuous ringing is heard.

Richard Green, 4B

## Sleep

The day ends,  
Light, dark,  
Falling,  
Falling into a hole,  
A deep black hole  
With a lid on,  
A voluntary prison,  
The unwinding of a machine,  
The seconds, minutes, and hours,  
The time,  
The time being swallowed,  
Swallowed by  
Sleep.  
Sleep, a black giant,  
Stronger than any mortal being,  
A wonder,  
An unanswerable mystery,  
An incomprehensible power.  
Dark, light,  
The day begins.

Richard Hall, 4B



Neil Sprunt, 4D

## Going Home

It no longer seemed like three years. It had done, and he thought he had forgotten the old village and everything about it, but he soon found he had not forgotten. Little had really altered.

The view from the train was the same as it always had been, bleak and damp today, autumn leaves whipped up by a stray gust of wind. This was the place where he always began to feel impatient as a child, on the way home from a long day at school, and he felt the same impatience now. The train took the usual ten minutes to reach the usual station, and it still seemed a habit to get out and begin the brisk walk up the hill.

The gardens looked different and somehow smaller than he remembered them, but the third house still had its red front door and the gate of the tenth was still missing. A few strange children were at play on one of the gardens, and stopped to watch him out of sight, fingers on mouths, as the village children always stared at strangers, defensive and curious. He was a stranger now, and the feeling was not altogether welcome. But he knew every brick on the wall, the telephone box with the hinge still broken, even the very hens, or some incredibly like them, that clucked and fussed about the end garden.

Jack had been away three years, but the village was as timeless and decaying as ever. It seemed as if little had happened since he had left, and he felt strangely annoyed that the old villagers, who made everybody's business their own, were living their lives without him. He had sarcastically told Jo there would be a reception committee for him, as the news of the return would have spread all over the village. The postman would be first to know, and he would tell them all in the post office and they would tell all the villagers who came in and they would tell their friends and the postman's daughter would tell the children, or those of the children who remembered him. The village children were exactly like their elders, and he would have provided a nice bit of gossip in the playground and scout hut as well as elsewhere.

That was partly the reason he had left. The village was still about forty years out of date. It was almost a family, jealously keeping its own, telling stupid tales about the neighbouring villages and competing furiously with them at the flower and vegetable show and the yearly stock market. Jack would be expected to be a postman or a shop-keeper or a farmhand, and marry a village girl and have a horde of children and live in a little tumbledown cottage with a vegetable garden and a field for a pig and some hens. If he was amazingly lucky, he might be able to go to the stockmarket and buy a few more beasts, have a little farm. He might even be leader of the darts team, one day.

But a year at boarding-school had changed all that. The village children went to the village school, then a secondary school at the nearest market town, but an old aunt had died and left his mother some money and she, rather vulgarly the village thought, had spent it in educating her son. He gained little at the boarding-school but a vocabulary Billy Bunter would be proud of, but he learned one thing. Very few of his friends had no more to look forward to than a little cottage with a few pigs and chickens. He decided that his family were stagnating. If they wanted to doze their lives away in the little village, let them. But he was going to London. He had very few ideas beyond getting to London, but London was London and at least he would see a bit of life at last.

But the village, as always, interfered. He told his family hesitantly, and was disgusted with their response. His mother behaved as if he was contemplating living on the moon.

"But Jack! Whatever will you be doing in London! You'd not catch me going there for a day. Tis so noisy, and folk won't have no time to spare for you there. You bain't a Londoner, Jack. You'd best stop home with your own kind."

"But Mother, I want to go to London! You sound like a stupid old woman from a Victorian novel. For God's sake, it's not the end of the world. I'll come home."

"And where will you be living?"

"I'll find somewhere. And I'll do just as well without you running round after me. I'm not a child. Now if our Maggie was going, I'd say different."

"Our Maggie ain't going nowhere nor never took't into her head to go. You must be mazed in your wits."

"That's what comes of this grand education," his grandfather growled.

"You keep out of this! You've never been out of this village in your life!"

"No, nor ever felt the need to. You bain't going."

"You go on, our Jack!"

After a stormy weekend of rows, with only Maggie for the idea and that half-heartedly, Jack was almost prepared to give up to family opinion, as he usually did, very grudgingly. But, one day while he was walking through the village, two old women by their front gates, instead of giving the usual "good morning" hurried inside and began to talk in audible whispers about "That lad disappearing off to London! All the same, the young ones!"

That decided the matter. If the village knew already, Jack may as well give them something to gossip about. He went straight to the bank, drew out all his money, went home and began to pack. Leaving a note —

"Dear Mam, I'm going to London like I said. I've just had enough of the village. See you sometime. I'll write. Very sorry. Love to Mag. Jack."

Well, he thought, that would have produced a nice piece of gossip for the village, and he was only surprised now that he was not being stared at from behind the curtains of each little cottage. He had never dared come back before. It had to be a complete break with the village; even now it had taken some courage to return. He no longer dared to belong here. He wrote frequently to his mother, but said little beyond the fact that he was all right and had, luckily enough, found a job. He remembered birthdays and Christmases, but had not shown his face here since he first left. But it had finally been his own idea to come back, even if only to say a permanent goodbye and prove how well he had got on without them. His mother was delighted and told him to "bring anyone he liked" but he declined the offer. His family would be unlikely to approve of his friends, and there might be unpleasantness on both sides, while the gossips would never be silenced if he appeared with Jo, and she would no doubt be upset. So he came alone.

Jack was nervous as he approached the house. Little had changed here, either. It still stood back from the road, just as he remembered, grey and looking strangely small. Surely someone had the energy to give it a coat of paint, once in a while? The swing was still on the tree, as it had been for as long as he could remember. Maggie must be too old for it by now. He thought of the latest photograph of Maggie he had been sent. How had she taken his leaving, he wondered. He had missed Maggie.

Before he reached the house, the door was opened and his mother dashed out. Her hair seemed a little greyer, but she was still basically the same. Recognition was a shock.

"Jack! Oh Jack, Jack, Jack!"

Maggie appeared shyly. She was very tall, and her long ginger hair was cut differently. She seemed a stranger.

"Hello Jack."

"Oh, come and sit down, lad. There's only us in. I've tried to keep the village out, for once."

Grandfather's chair looked strangely empty. He had died, but Jack had been unable to attend the funeral. Maggie saw him looking at the empty chair.

“Oh Jack, I wish you were there when grandad died. Are you coming home to live now, Jack?”

His mother gave him an anxious look, then quickly changed it to a smile. Was she anxious that he would not stay, or that he would? He answered with an effort.

“No, love, It’s better this way. I’ll come and see you-often-and you can come to my flat in London some time. Jo would look after you.” He was awkward, talking to his sister. She was still Maggie, but so grown-up.

“Jo! Who’s Jo!”

He had deliberately left her out of the letters.

“I didn’t tell you about Jo. I’m sorry mother. I didn’t bring her. She’s a city girl, you see. I – don’t think she’d want to come.”

“Why ever not? Surely a weekend –” she tailed away into silence. Jack didn’t want her to see Jo. She could understand that much. But why? Her own boy. She would be so nice to the girl, try so hard –

“Where do you live, Jack?”

“Jo and I, Maggie? In a flat in Kensington.”

His mother gave a start, then resolutely turned her back and pretended to be making the tea.

“Where in Kensington?”

“Oh Maggie, You wouldn’t know if I told you. You’d like it, though. Come for a weekend, Maggie. We’d go to all the sights of London. Jo’d take you round the shops.”

“Can I go mam?”

“We’ll see.”

Silence. Maggie began to chew the ends of her long hair. That was a new habit. Her mother scowled at her. She stopped and began to drum her fingers on the table.

“How’s all the neighbours, mother?” Jack found himself almost shouting. “Oh fine. They knew you were coming today, but nobody asked themselves round for once.”

That sounded unlike the village.

“Mam, have you got the phone? I want to let Jo know I’m here.”

His mother flinched at Jo’s name. “Ring who you like.”

The phone was in the hall, which still smelt of the same polish. The same paper was on the walls.

“I do think our Jack’s got a London accent, mam!”

No reply.

“Jo! Yes, I’m here love! Just fine! Made very good time. Home on Sunday evening Just great. Well, I won’t hang on now. Don’t want to give Mam a big phone bill. O.K. Bye, Jo. See you soon.”

He hesitated in the hall for a second. Couldn’t wait long before he had to get back to the kitchen. Still, he’d only have to keep going till Sunday. Then he could go home.

Patricia Frazer, T.21

## PRIZEWINNERS



*Sixth-form prizewinners outside the hall.*



*Main-school prizewinners in the hall.*

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## **The Yew**

My arms stretch skywards  
Up to that great ball of fire.  
The birds nest on my rough bark  
Of the sailor's weather-beaten face.  
The squirrels play hide 'n seek  
In my cracks and crannies.  
The wind blows into my face and  
Through my coat of needles.  
The rain falls gently on to my lush green foliage.  
On my branches, the snow falls and numbs my extreme points.  
In the winter my coat is thick and warm  
As I look out over the bare oak  
Who twists and turns  
Like the evil snake wrapping itself around its victim.  
In the spring the March winds blow away the cobwebs  
Which stretch entangled from my branches,  
Before April lets fall her gentle rain  
To wake up my counterparts and me from our winter slumber.  
Summer brings a galaxy of new young life into my welcoming arms,  
And then Autumn watches it disappear,  
And tears the leaves off some trees  
To lay a carpet of colour under my trailing arms;  
The very arms that have seen a christening  
Of the rosy-cheeked infant;

Have heard the sound of ringing bells as the newly-weds  
 Leave through the big oak door;  
 And finally the feeling of the shudders  
 That are sent through the earth  
 As the bell of death strikes  
 Man's parting way, and the ghost of the hooded undertaker  
 Lowers the wooden coffin to the final solemn words  
 Of the vicar, that he recites  
 As the organ  
 Sends its moan  
 Through the silent air:  
 Ashes to  
 Ashes;  
 Dust to  
 Dust.

Michael Hughes, 4B



*Anne David, T.7*

### **Seasonable Thoughts**

Cool, calm, and collected, I was elected  
 Observer, Protector of Infinite Peace.  
 Though far from perfection, I observe on inspection  
 Their intentions are good, though their manners lack ease.

With days growing short, their tempers seem wrought  
 With the making of lists and the checking of change.  
 Wrappings get crumpled, insults are mumbled,  
 Carol-song goes unheeded, good-will checked by rage.

When forgotten the season, and gone is all reason,  
 Hard words nullify every image that's hung;  
 Then this human commotion is force-stopped in motion  
 By the lofty insistence of my feline tongue.

Gillian Spencer, T.9

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*Gary Evans, 4D*

### **We Sit at Times**

We sit, at times, by candlelight,  
And laugh at years gone by,  
But in the darkness of the night  
I hear you softly cry.

What is it that you weep for —  
The passing of the years?  
Then dry your eyes, let's hear no more,  
No comfort lies in tears.

Old age, you see, is never shaped  
By us, who know it best.  
It comes, destroys, and lies again  
In wait to kill the rest.

Our days are done, my aged one,  
I see it in your eyes,  
Reflections of a setting sun,  
A smile that fades and dies.

Our youth has long been left behind,  
There's little left to do.  
We sit and wait, but never find  
The happiness we knew.

Andrew Long, T.15



*Frankie Mort, T.24*

### **The Jewel**

The jewel lies there,  
Black,  
Lifeless,  
Dull,  
Opaque,  
Waiting for light.  
The light comes,  
The jewel glows,  
It becomes translucent,  
Transparent.  
A million colours dance within it,  
Twisting,  
Turning,  
Falling,  
Merging,  
Uniting into a single body,  
A bright light,  
Growing,  
Pulsing,  
Exploding into small points of light,  
Which fade and fall to the floor.  
The jewel lies there,  
Dead forever.  
It has lived its short life.

Andrew Gordon, 4B

## What do you Think?

Our dog is a Collie,  
He's frightfully jolly,  
Though noble, it has to be said.  
What gives him the needle  
Is the sight of a Beagle —  
"The only good Beagle is dead."

We can't understand  
How this came out of hand;  
No Beagle has caused him alarm.  
You can see at a glance  
That given the chance  
He is going to do it some harm.

Is it some inner sense  
That we put up a fence  
Between people we meet or accost?  
Like our dog, we don't know  
Why we do hate them so,  
And we rudely say, "Go and get lost!"

Claire Moore, T.30



## Escape

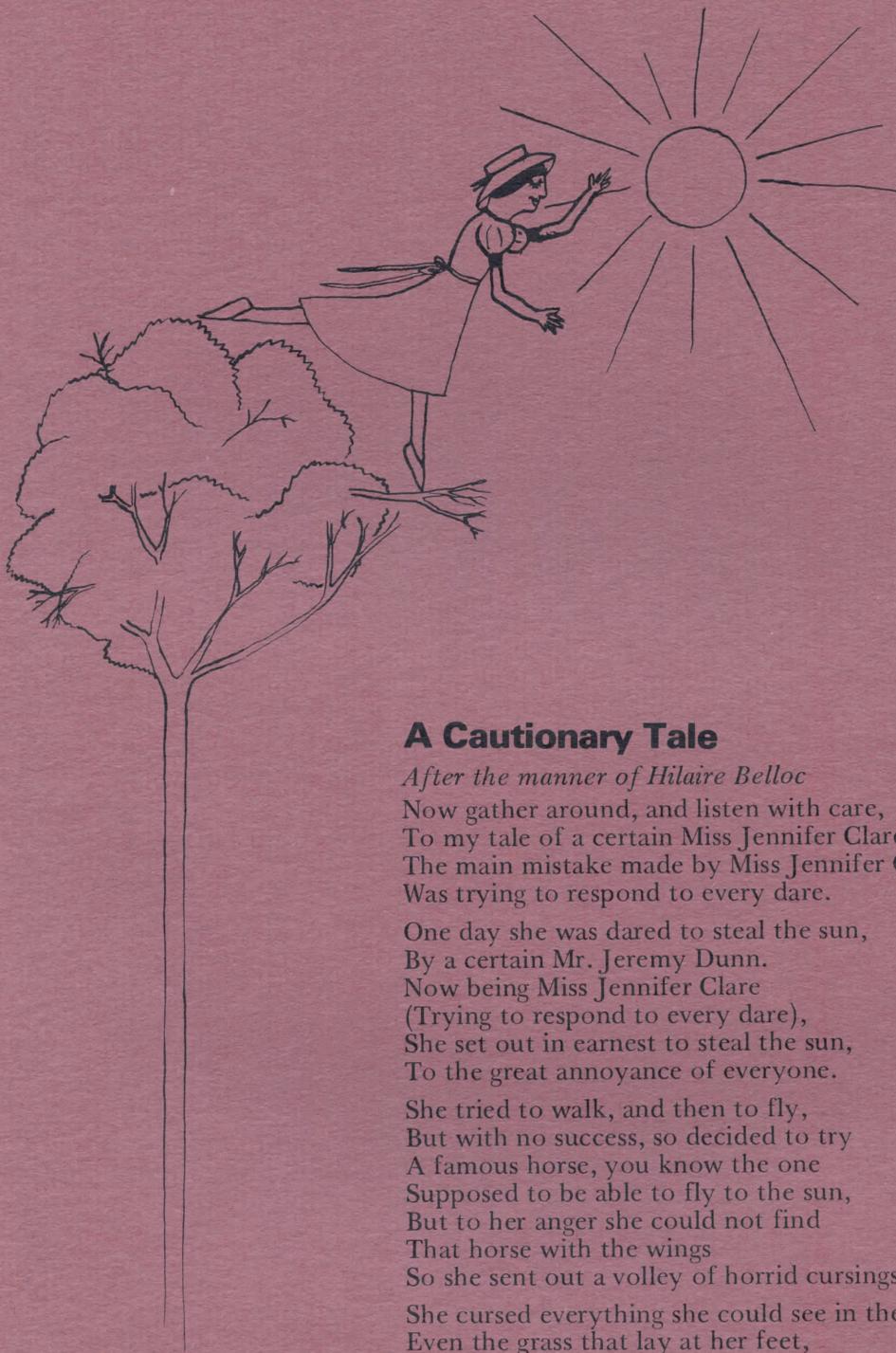
A light, a day, a night,  
A mind, filtering through the extremities of time,  
Dead but alive.

Alone to be seen,  
But to be sensed, fighting,  
Fighting against what — fear?

Thinking, dreaming of yourself,  
Torn between opposites;  
Thoughts you can't grasp,  
Days you can't understand.

Light stares through the window  
In the shadows of trees, pointing.  
Get away, the van is here;  
Escape!

Julian Godfrey, 4B



*Martin Austin, 4A*

## **A Cautionary Tale**

*After the manner of Hilaire Belloc*

Now gather around, and listen with care,  
To my tale of a certain Miss Jennifer Clare.  
The main mistake made by Miss Jennifer Clare  
Was trying to respond to every dare.

One day she was dared to steal the sun,  
By a certain Mr. Jeremy Dunn.  
Now being Miss Jennifer Clare  
(Trying to respond to every dare),  
She set out in earnest to steal the sun,  
To the great annoyance of everyone.

She tried to walk, and then to fly,  
But with no success, so decided to try  
A famous horse, you know the one  
Supposed to be able to fly to the sun,  
But to her anger she could not find  
That horse with the wings  
So she sent out a volley of horrid cursings.

She cursed everything she could see in the street,  
Even the grass that lay at her feet,  
While ranting and raving, she chanced to see  
An exceedingly upright, exciting tall tree.  
So tall was this tree it blocked out the sun  
Much to the anger of everyone.  
Now Jennifer thought, "I'll climb that tree,  
And I'll get the sun — you wait and see!"

Now stealing the sun by climbing a tree  
Is absurd, as is known by you and me,  
But Jennifer thought, "I'll get the sun,"  
And climbed the branches, every one.

She climbed and climbed and climbed and climbed,  
And as she did she made up her mind  
That if the tree was not tall enough  
She'd jump and put the sun in a box for snuff.  
She thought after all, "The sun is just small  
For all I can see in the sky  
Is a bright orange ball — and get it will I."

She got to the top, but could not reach  
So with a screech she jumped.  
She sailed through the trees with the greatest of ease  
'Till into the ground she thumped.

She was crunched and battered and totally splattered  
Over half of the field which she hit.  
It was no surprise that it did not yield  
Not even a little bit.

Now all that is left of our silly young girl  
After accepting that dare  
Was a smallish box just made for snuff —  
But I've talked enough of Miss Clare.

You all must beware of accepting a dare  
Which endangers life or limb,  
And if you meet Mr. Jeremy Dunn  
Be extremely careful of him.

Andrew Chamberlain, 4A

## Dreams

The Fairy Tale is over,  
The Dream is finished,  
The Child has grown  
Who long ago listened, eager.

The Magic of the Sorcerer,  
The Beauty of the Lady,  
The Strength of the Hero,  
Have long ago vanished. Lost.

The Big Book of Stories,  
The Pictures on the Shelf,  
The Memories of Once upon a Time  
Are hidden in the dust.

The Fairy Tale died years ago,  
The Dream finished on which it fed,  
The Child who listened eagerly  
Lies far away. Dead.

Sandra Hathaway, T.35



Gillian Andrews, T.16



*Claire Moore, T.30*

### **A Thoughtful Kitten**

I'm a cogitating kitten who has much upon the mind –  
Which cotton reel to play with and which knitting to unwind,  
Why squeaky sounds behind the wall are such a strange attraction,  
Why table legs when rubbed against provide much satisfaction.

I'm a cogitating kitten who is trying to decide  
If lap or mat is nicest with a fire to sit beside,  
And shall I ever catch that tail that's asking to be bitten –  
All very pretty problems for a cogitating kitten!

*Stella Rees, T.21*

### **Bewilderment**

'O' Levels, 'A' Levels, Training degree,  
What in the world's going to happen to me?  
Interviews, homework, forms, and the rain,  
I think that my I.Q. has gone down the drain.  
If these are the best of the days of my life  
Somebody quickly hand me a knife!  
On second thoughts maybe I don't care so much –  
Tonight is a good night – Starsky and Hutch.

*Trudy Purcell, T.37*

## Time

And growing old, we leave behind  
The customs of an ancient kind.  
Whilst Mother Earth spins on to die –  
She's far across the sands of time, –  
For people come and go – the wind  
Still blows that sand o'er all who've sinned  
And all that haven't. Time dictates  
For good or evil: death awaits.

Nigel Clay, 5A



*Richard Storey, 4D*

## The Magic of the Sun

Sun star! Orb of day!  
Mystic centre of our life,  
Power of universal growth,  
Unexplored, incomprehensible, yet vanish and we die.  
Death of Icarus!  
Life of Apollo!  
Master of our life and health,  
Controller of our Earth,  
Day and night, fire and ice, by solar law decided.  
Eternal, all seeing, light-magic of life.

Kerry McDonald, 5A



*Neil Rogers, 4C*

## **Tension Racing**

Head up till the luff lifts, then free off;  
Keep as close as you can but don't pinch.  
He's trying to pass to the leeward;  
Be careful: don't give him free wind.  
Ready about, lee-o, we're round;  
Only one leg left: watch your luff.  
Let boat be extension of self.  
Guy in, sheet out, pulling a dream,  
Planing, don't stop; pump the main.  
We've done it: we're home and we're home first!  
The tension is relaxed, and then  
It all seems so futile: you sail round and round some  
stupid triangle, getting wet and cold and hungry, and for  
what? — a bit of glory. Ugh, what an anti-climax!

Karl Evans, 5A

## **Hopes**

Just the one, and yet them all,  
Entirely the past, eternally the future;  
Silently, the only voice,  
Ultimate flight, the gift to be given,  
Sky, the barrier broken.

Simon Pearse, T.27

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*Students interviewing an hotel manager in Palma.*

## **Palma 1977**

Our trip to Majorca last term was a complete success and we all enjoyed ourselves immensely. We were sixteen students from both Upper and Lower Sixth plus Mr. Feber and Mrs. Poyner, so making quite a large party. We found the hotel very clean and comfortable and the staff very helpful, friendly, and patient when listening to and trying to understand our Spanish. As soon as we arrived they were informed by Mr. Feber that we were to speak Spanish only.

It was an educational trip and we were all assigned work to do, which consisted of a detailed project on some aspect of Majorcan life or social customs, and the chosen subjects were quite varied. Our second task was to obtain tape-recorded conversations with Spaniards. In some cases this turned into quite an ordeal as some of our subjects were very wary of the cassette recorders and asked all sorts of questions to assure themselves that we were not the Mafia. Even so, in most cases, we were able to explain briefly what we were doing and people were very co-operative. In fact we were really at work all the time because we were speaking Spanish, although we sometimes had to explain that it was essential for us to do so when, on entering a shop, for example, an assistant would approach us and speak in perfect English.

The cathedral in Palma was always locked but a trip to the castle was more successful. The climb up almost proved too much for us in the hot sun but we were well rewarded: it was a breathtaking experience standing on the top of the castle with the mountains on one side, the sea on the other, and the many buildings of the city stretched out in front of us.

We did not eat in the hotel, except for a continental breakfast each morning. We had a snack lunch in a cafe and later gathered together in the hotel in the evenings to go out in groups for dinner, except for the last evening when the whole party went out for a dinner with a surprise . . . . champagne!

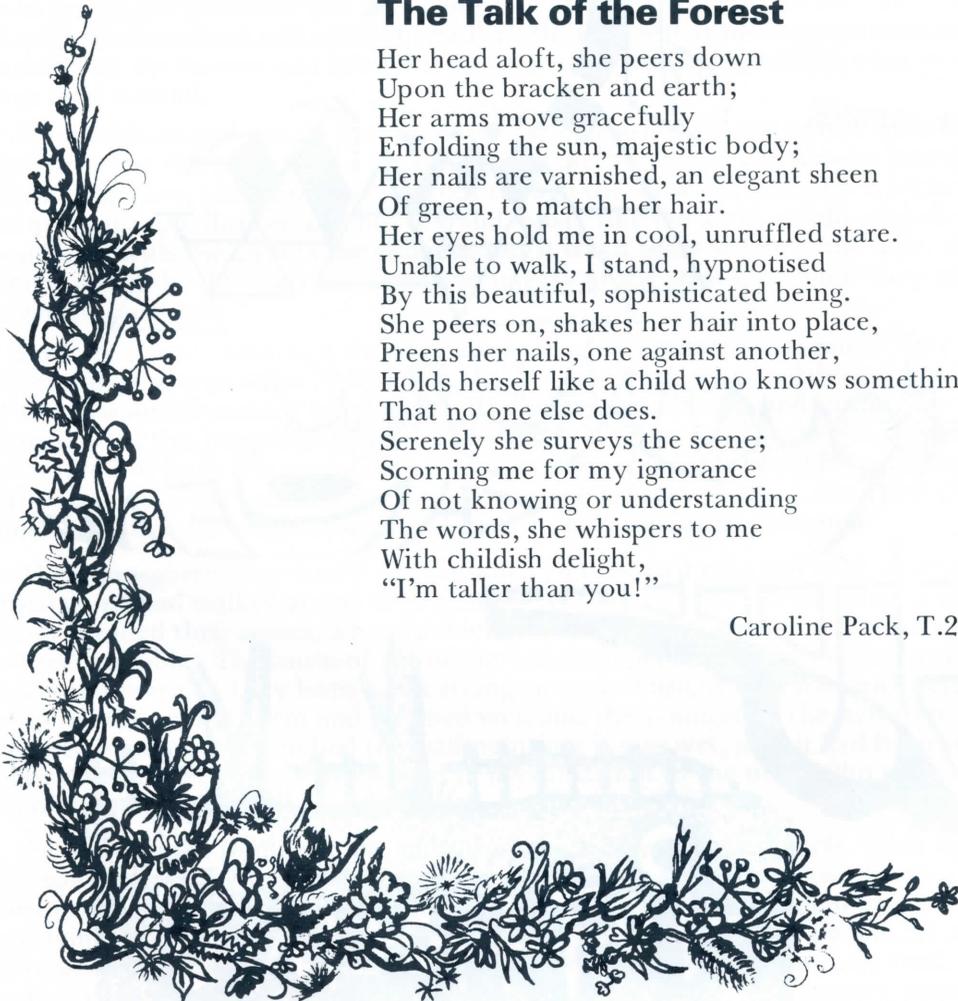
In general, we all enjoyed ourselves tremendously and found the trip a delightful experience. We learned a great deal about the Spanish way of life and the people themselves, accomplishing what we set out to do. We were all inevitably rather sad to leave at the end of the week, and we promised ourselves we would return at a later date.

Sue Purdin, T.20  
Sarah Stanley, T.14

### **The Talk of the Forest**

Her head aloft, she peers down  
Upon the bracken and earth;  
Her arms move gracefully  
Enfolding the sun, majestic body;  
Her nails are varnished, an elegant sheen  
Of green, to match her hair.  
Her eyes hold me in cool, unruffled stare.  
Unable to walk, I stand, hypnotised  
By this beautiful, sophisticated being.  
She peers on, shakes her hair into place,  
Preens her nails, one against another,  
Holds herself like a child who knows something  
That no one else does.  
Serenely she surveys the scene;  
Scorning me for my ignorance  
Of not knowing or understanding  
The words, she whispers to me  
With childish delight,  
"I'm taller than you!"

Caroline Pack, T.23

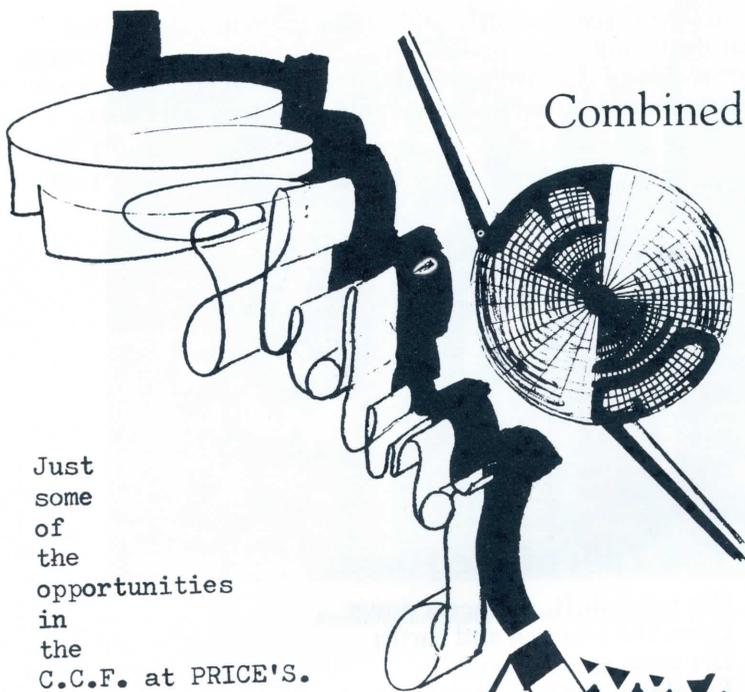


*Anne Machin, T.29*

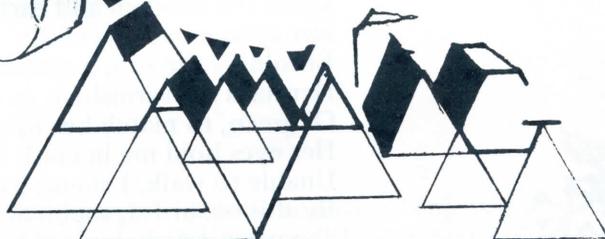
# Combined Cadet Force



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## The Tomb

Late in the thirteenth century B.C. a king of the Celtic people died, and with the ritual splendour and reverence of his race was buried in what is known today as a long barrow.

He lay peacefully beside his wife in the burial chamber surrounded by objects left for his life in the next world: the glint of gold and bronze and other precious metals shone under the torch light of the druid priests who were placing these precious articles beside their beloved king and his wife. As well as the king's mighty weapons, his two-sided axe and his huge sword, there were jewels, armlets, necklets, and brooches. Besides jewels there were foodstuffs. The chamber looked exactly like the inside of their home, or rather how it had once been, with all the regalia of royal status. Now, with all this being done, the great stone was rolled into place and the tomb was sealed.

After some recent air photographs had been taken of that area where the barrow was sited and these photographs had been studied carefully, it was decided by the University of Manchester to excavate this most promising area, and if the promise of the photographs came true the result would be a neolithic long barrow.

The area to be excavated was a vast peat bog and this would cause many problems, but nevertheless the professor and his team of his students went ahead and, after many months of meticulous and constant hard work, the great stone was removed from the entrance of the barrow and behind it was a great black gaping hole in what seemed like a large mud mound.

The professor and one of the students entered cautiously and with a subconscious reverence, for this place held a mystical peace and serenity. The air was strange in the barrow chamber, purer and sweeter, old though the air was, having been locked away for centuries from pollution, and not dry and musty like the air in an old cupboard, but fresh. Combined with the air was the stillness, but it was a tense stillness, the quiet dignified silence of death. The two felt awed and uneasy at the atmosphere but they continued down the passage.

Both men bent slightly as the roof was low, and continued along until they came near the entrance to a chamber, when they heard a rumbling, when softly and slowly the corner of the chamber crumbled into a heap. The men were both rooted to the floor watching transfixed as this happened and for a few minutes after. Then as the dust settled the men recovered but both felt strained and tense as their feelings reflected the atmosphere that hung around. They continued down the passage till they reached the third chamber. This was where one might normally expect to find the burial chamber.

The atmosphere grew heavy and ominous and the two men felt cold, as if the proverbial ghost had walked across their graves. As they entered the chamber, a strange odour invaded their senses, a heady thick sweet smell like an oily incense, but it was still not recognisable. The cause of the odour became apparent as the professor shone his torch on the wall. They both saw a strange mural of bright colours which seemed to jump off the wall at them and gleamed wet, and the younger of the two stretched his hand gingerly forward and touched the wall painting: it was wet, as if it had been applied only a few minutes previously. He turned in mystification to the other who was just as amazed.

As they looked round the chamber they saw many strange objects, some ornamental and some made with specific purposes in mind, like a large heavy two-handed sword and the bronze cooking pot. Then as the two turned to leave the student caught sight of the two lying on ceremonial beds in the far end of the chamber. The people lay as if they were sleeping peacefully, and only sleeping, their faces looking serenely fresh as if they had only been there a few hours, not three thousand years. The student opened his mouth to tell the professor but words failed him, so instead he just touched him, the two lying on the beds lay in seeming harmony. The man wore a large dark fur coat. He was a huge

man of about seven feet and of immense proportions. His skin was dark and his hair raven black. On the other bed lay a small elfin-like figure, a woman with finer skin than the man, and her hair was as fair as his was black. She wore a long pale cornflower blue dress, and it lay neatly in its folds, that hung over the bed and reached the ground. It hung in gentle folds as the material was fine. Around her neck was a chain and her long flowing hair fell softly round it. One of the man's hands was outstretched and it clasped one of the woman's hands, and around their heads were garlands of many flowers of pastel colours and on their eyes were laid gold-coloured pieces of metal. Their faces were smiling but as the two men stood staring at them a dramatic change took place: their expressions changed into those of anger and hate, but just as quickly another change took place. The two bodies disintegrated, and the cloth, skin and flowers all vanished into dust before the two men. Terrified, the men stood like statues and then, as the life flowed back into their veins, they turned and ran down the passage but too late. Again they heard the rumbling noise but this time not a gentle slip of masonry; instead the whole massive structure collapsed and the two men were buried along with the two whose peace they had disturbed.

Outside the other helpers who had been patiently waiting rushed forward towards the black gaping hole but it too disappeared as the tomb fell in upon itself. The tomb was now closed for good with four occupants instead of the original two, leaving the dead in peace as they had wanted in the first place.

Judith Huggett, T.26

## Thoughts

Dirty streets,  
Dismal weather,  
Dwindling hope,  
Dead lives,  
Confusion.

Time passes on.  
What is the point?  
A distant hand stretches out  
And pulls you into a dismal world —  
Torn between reality  
And imagination.

I sit and wonder:  
Surely it's not so hopeless?  
Some light must exist here,  
To push us back on to the ground  
To go on living now  
With determination.

Diana Brook, T.11

## **Summer Activities – 1976**

### **1ST XI CRICKET**

The constant call of examinations ensured that no two cricket sides at first team level were ever the same. Nevertheless, a good team spirit, coupled with zealous enthusiasm, enabled the team to beat some much stronger sides. Batting was inconsistent and always seemed to fail at the vital moment despite some good innings by Martin Wilson (whose century against King Edward's School was the highlight of the season), Nick Challis and Andy Smith. The bowling attack, spearheaded by Andy Smith and Andy Bascombe was also inconsistent and on numerous occasions largely unpredictable. Nevertheless, able support was given by Godwin (leading wicket-taker), Gregory, Wilson, Mulvaney and Challis, who all added variety and enthusiasm to the game. The teams are grateful to Mr. Milford for the time he spent in coaching, umpiring and administration.

### **UNDER 15 CRICKET**

The Under Fifteen team completely dominated the Schools League, winning every match by a very large margin, thanks to some good performances by the Captain, John Wassell, as a bowler and Mark Bascombe as a batsman. Both showed a mature and positive attitude to the game and were ably supported by Paul Goodman, Richard Palmer and Robert Jempson.

In the County Cup, the team reached the semi-finals only to be narrowly defeated despite some sensible batting by Paul Goodman. This proved to the players that even a good side can meet their match. Still, it was an enjoyable season for all concerned and basically that should be what sport is about.

### **UNDER 14 CRICKET**

This team enjoyed a similar season to that of the Under Fifteen side, completely dominating the League (losing only one match) and reaching the finals of the County Cup only to be crushed by a very good Winchester College side at the County Ground, Southampton. The spirit of the players was excellent and coupled with alert fielding, tight bowling and steady batting proved that Price's could dominate local cricket once more. Good performances by Mundie, Voller and Hoskins (14 wickets) in the bowling and sound batting by Adams, Mundie, Pursey and Richards must be mentioned as must support and enthusiasm given by Messrs. Tuck and Harcus.

### **GIRLS' TENNIS**

For the first time, a girls' tennis VI entered the South East Hants Schools Tennis Association League and did well to finish third, and would have finished second but for the impossibility of re-arranging one match. Only Lower VIth girls found it possible to play, but it is hoped that, in the 1977 season, these same girls will form the nucleus of a team in spite of their examination commitments. Mary Paxman, the Captain, also entered the Nestles National Tournament reaching the third round – a creditable performance. We hope that the 1977 season may bring similar or greater success to all players.

### **BOYS' TENNIS**

This was a good year with successes in regional school leagues, local open junior tournaments and also with representatives in County training squads.

Although the Senior Team was unable to compete in the S.E. Hants League this year because of timetabling problems, all the main school teams did particularly well. The Fifth Year team came third winning four out of six matches (losing one match by 4 to 5);

the Fourth Year team won its pool, but lost in the play-off 6 to 3 to Purbrook. Particular congratulations must go to the Third Year team as overall winners out of two pools, beating Oaklands 5 to 4 in the play-off.

The College expresses its thanks to all members of Staff who have helped for their coaching, time and encouragement.

### College Tournament

Senior Singles (Fifth & Sixth Form)	R. Legg bt. P. Locke 6/2, 6/0 (Locke twisted his ankle at 2-all)
Fourth Year Singles	N. Williams bt. G. Pike 6/1, 3/6, 7/5
Fourth Year Doubles	P. Castell & M. Jordan bt. G. Pike & N. Williams 2/6, 6/1, 6/4
Third Year Singles	J. Godfrey bt. M. Young 3/6, 6/2, 6/3
Third Year Doubles	J. Godfrey & Simpson bt. Sprunt & Westbrook 6/5, 4/6, 6/3

This was an excellent standard of tennis in depth and the College should be able to look forward to other good years of "Tennis at Price's".

**Tennis – Other News** Members from the College teams featured in many of the Hampshire Junior Tournament Finals at Lee-on-Solent, Alverstoke and Southampton. Congratulations in particular to Rowan Legg who won the Under 18 Singles tournament at Lee-on-Solent, and in doing so gained the prestigious B.P. ITF Badge. At Southampton he won both singles and doubles titles at Under 18 level.

Rowan represented Portsmouth in an international tournament in Germany and played regularly for South East Hampshire during the Summer. He also plays for Basset L.T.C. in the Senior Summer and Winter Leagues.

David Butchart, partnered by Paul Shirlaw of South Downs College, had many successes in local doubles tournaments. They won the Under 16 and Under 18 titles at Southsea, the Under 16 title at Lee-on-Solent, and the Under 18 South East Hampshire title. They reached the semi-finals of the Alverstoke Under 16 doubles tournament, but were beaten in a very close match by two Junior Wimbledon players.

David also won the South East Hampshire Under 18 singles title, and plays regularly for the South East Hampshire team.

Paul Locke and Rowan Legg represented Price's College in the Boys' Schools Southern Region Tournament at Chichester at Under 18 level, and came top of their group beating the holders Glyn Grammar School, but eventually lost in the semi-finals to Seaford College.

In the South East Hants Under 18 tournament, Gary Pike and Nick Williams reached the third round and quarter-finals respectively, and in the doubles, the pair reached the semi-final.

In other local tournaments, Pike and Julian Godfrey fared reasonably well with Pike being selected for a County Junior Coaching Group and Godfrey reaching the third round of the Hampshire Under 16 tournament.

D.J.A.H.



*Last summer's Under 15 cricket team.*



*Last summer's Under 14 cricket team.*



*First seven netball team.*

## **Winter Activities – 1976-77**

### **1ST XI SOCCER**

With an array of soccer talent surpassing that for many years, the pre-season prospects looked bright for a rewarding season in the Hampshire Senior Schools League and Cup. However, the promise failed to materialise and the team suffered early odd-goal defeats despite showing signs of better prospects on several occasions. After beating the league leaders away half way through the season, Price's gained confidence and won more games both in the league and the cup competitions. Only a dubious penalty decision awarded against Price's in the Cup Match with Totton thwarted their chances of success and unfortunately since that time the results have not been as good as they should be.

Weather conditions have meant that few games have been completed and, at the time of writing, only a few games have been played. Confidence has been lacking and players have been unavailable through injury, interviews and examinations as well as key players leaving College. A backlog of fixtures has accumulated and it can only be hoped that Price's finally achieves a respectable league position. Nevertheless, all is not lost and although the team seems to be the plaything of chance, the squad is fairly young and there will be other seasons in which talents may be displayed.

### **2ND XI SOCCER**

Despite the lack of match practice owing to bad weather, the team stands at present with one hundred per cent record in the league due mainly to the goal-scoring power of the forwards. D. Wright (who has since left College) has scored ten goals and his departure will be missed, but J. Anderson, S. Rowntree and J. Shaw have also taken their chances well. In this winning position, everybody has looked good, but particular credit



*First eleven soccer team.*



*First eleven boys' hockey team.*

must go to Steve Godwin for his administrative abilities and his marshalling of the players. Prospects look good for the remainder of the season and if players continue with the same enthusiasm and competitive attitude then league success is imminent.

### **UNDER 16 SOCCER**

At the time of writing, the side has played very well to reach the quarter finals of the Hampshire Cup mainly owing to some fine performances by skipper John Wassell, Mark Botterill, Steve Moran, Nick Williams and Mark Bascombe. Unfortunately, the league position should be a lot higher if the Cup results are anything to go by. The team spirit is good and players are confident of achieving success in the County Cup Competition, to which all of their efforts are concentrated.

### **UNDER 15 SOCCER**

The Under Fifteen side so far this season are unbeaten and hope to improve on their league position last year (second to Bridgemary). In the County Cup Competition, the team are enjoying similar success to that of the Under Sixteen side and have reached the Quarter-Finals.

Many changes have occurred to the playing strength of the side notably with the inclusion of Walker, who has proved to be the 'missing link' in the attack. Timmins has improved considerably in defence and Welch and Sprunt have decided to play better, enabling the team to produce good all-round football.

### **BASKETBALL – SENIOR SIDE**

This season has marked the beginning of a new era for basketball at Price's with the entry of the senior side into the Portsmouth Men's League. Even though the results have not been good, the team has been playing very well, even having a couple of representatives at County level.

### **BASKETBALL – UNDER FIFTEEN SIDE**

The team has been one of the most successful basketball squads ever to represent the College, losing only one match in the past three years. Despite players dropping out, the College is now represented by a small nucleus of boys who work hard and enjoy their game. Julian Godfrey has been the leading point-scorer over the past few seasons, but has been amply supported by R. Connett, G. Evans and M. Botterill.

### **1ST XI HOCKEY – GIRLS**

Captained by Linzi Weald, who at centre forward has scored a large proportion of the goals, the squad has gradually settled down to play quite well as a team, having lost only one match out of five. Unfortunately the very wet weather has resulted in the cancellation of a number of matches at the time of writing, but there is a full fixture list for the remaining weeks of the term.

### **1ST XI HOCKEY – BOYS**

The season has been interrupted by bad weather and unfortunately, to date, only seven matches have been played. The standard of hockey has not been of the highest quality but nevertheless five of the matches have been won. Colin Bradbury has been once again the leading goal-scorer and Philip Harvey has played excellently, maintaining a very high standard of hockey.

### **NETBALL**

Once again Price's netball has been successful, with the standard of play reaching a very high level. The team has lost only one match to date and revenge was later gained against that side.



*First eleven girls' hockey team.*



*The Principal chats informally to students during Sports Week.*

In the Hampshire Under 18 tournament held this year, Price's retained the trophy without losing a match. Individual performances cannot be mentioned as the team has played as a constructive unit maintaining a worthy level of performance.

### **BADMINTON**

The present College mixed team has been more successful this year than its predecessors, winning four matches so far out of seven. Since the beginning of the season, the team has greatly improved in its standard of play and the squad is now quite strong.

### **TABLE TENNIS**

Unfortunately owing to lack of opposition, the College table-tennis side has had relatively few games despite the enthusiastic approach of John Dubber, the captain. Of the four matches played to date, one has been won and one drawn. We hope that next season more fixtures can be arranged and fulfilled and perhaps the standard of play will improve.

### **TOURNAMENT – SOCCER**

Two tournaments have been held to date at Eastleigh and Lee-on-Solent, but little success can be recorded. Both have been of the five-a-side variety indoors and despite picking the strongest teams, the squads have been outplayed and outrun.

### **REPRESENTATIVE HONOURS 1976–1977**

**Hockey – Boys** Only the boys who have come through the old Price's School have reached the peak of representative hockey and unfortunately these are in the Upper Sixth. Only Chris Davey and Andrew Craig, in the main school, have played at this level (under 16).

At Under 18 level, Phil Harvey, Colin Bradbury, Guy Lawson, Peter Davey and Kevin Burge have represented their County and at Under 21 level only Phil Harvey and Kevin Burge have reached the dizzy heights.

The Full County reserve side has Harvey and Burge in its squad and Harvey has also played for the South West of England side.

**Soccer – Senior** Mike Keaton and Neil Baynham have been selected to play in the Hampshire Under 18 'B' side and also for the English Schools F.A. Festival of Soccer at Skegness in April 1977.

**Soccer – Junior** Neil Sprunt, Julian Godfrey and Mark Botterill have represented Gosport and Fareham Schools Under Fifteen side.

**Netball** The College is well represented with Ann Webb, Janet Smith, Christine Fielding, Julie Hickling, Alison Cole and Claire Waistie in the County Under 18 Squad.

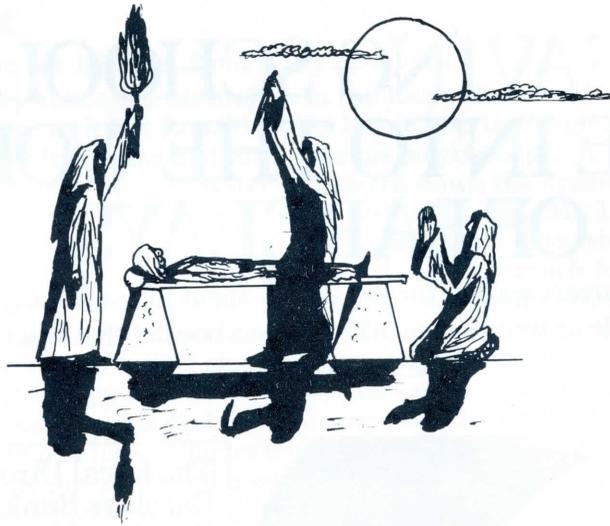
**Badminton** Steven Wassell (4D) won the All-England Junior Badminton Championship and is a regular County player.

**Basketball** Gary Evans, Russ Connett, Julian Godfrey and Mark Botterill have all represented South East Hants.

**Hockey – Girls** Linzi Weald was chosen to represent the Hampshire 1st XI while Jane Grigg represented the 2nd XI.

D.J.A.H.





*Tony Mayes, 4C*

## **Sacrifice**

As the dark eyes of death stared coolly and menacingly into my own, I felt as if I had been pushed off a cliff and now had no control over my destiny – all I could do was wait for the inevitable impact. I lay motionless, bound to an altar; I could no longer feel the silken ropes biting into my ankles and wrists, since my whole body was numb. About ten centimetres from my chest was a dagger which shone and glinted teasingly, smiling at me; it was held by the strong hands of Mercas.

He lifted it high above his head, his white robes rustling in the wind; the seven others who solemnly encircled us breathed and incipiently murmured ancient phrases. I looked at each but could not distinguish any of them; their black attire shielded all but their pale faces.

Their murmurings ceased and I could hear nothing but as I looked at Mercas a transformation crept across his face, contorting it into the sinister head of a goat, yet still he retained his permanent grin. Slowly he brought the blade down until I could feel the coldness which it radiated. I closed my eyes, my heart gave a few anticipatory leaps and sweat poured from my brow as Mercas drew the blade along my flesh; my torso fell open and laughed at me. I tried to scream but my voice failed me.

I re-opened my eyes to see Mercas, assisted by two others, collecting my blood in a large engraved silver urn. A nauseous stench tickled my nostrils as Mercas poured some black liquid into the urn. As he did so he let out an inhuman cry: his assistants raised the urn and he plunged his head into it; as he lifted it away, my blood trickled off his hairy snout and dripped to the ground.

His eyes bore into mine, intoxicating me and swallowing my soul. Time died, and only myself and Mercas existed. The dust of eternity froze; my life ebbed and drained away; all became white. At last it was over.

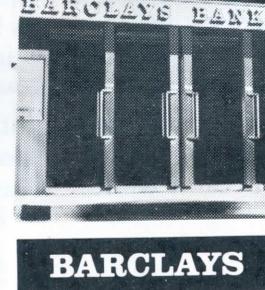
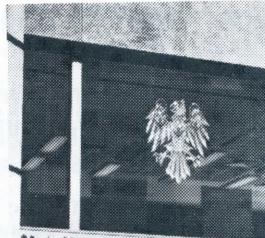
David Cadogan 5A

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## The Deposit

*The Winning entry in the Barclays Bank Essay Competition 1976*

Having successfully concealed his bicycle in the Little Plumford Bank car park from the gaze of the rest of the staff, Mr. Ronald Dykes hurried up to the great oak doors of the Bank with one trouser leg gaping and torn from his bicycle clips. It was pouring with rain, and everywhere great rivers of water thundered down the drains whilst soaked pedestrians waddled about artificially about under vast umbrellas. Mr. Dykes fumbled about in his damp tweeds for his keys – those heavy, cumbersome keys which pierced his abdomen each time he pedalled furiously up hill. It was too much for an assistant manager, he reflected as he went briskly in, trailing a line of puddles over the floor. He turned on the overhead lights which flickered anaemically, glanced down the rows of empty desks, and unclipped his cape. The clock on the wall told him it was nine-twenty, and he stooped to pick up the soggy mail off the mat. He carried it thoughtfully over to his office, went in and laid it on his desk with his copy of *The Daily Express* and a bag of mint Imperials. He wiped his spectacles with his handkerchief, and sat himself heavily down, to the appalling mis-addressed mail that Head Office had conferred upon them that morning. Another day had begun.

Mr. Dykes had just censored the Manager's mail, when the sound of hob-nailed boots announced the arrival of Simon Potts. Simon could always be recognized, sometimes at great distances, and often to people's mutual dislike, by the sound his walking gear made. The seventeen year old student came in every Monday morning from College, for a reason unknown to Mr. Dykes, and thankfully left after lunch. Presumably he wanted to join the Bank one day, thought Mr. Dykes, as he went out to inspect the Bank for damage. He didn't particularly like the youth, but extended his congenial Bank Manager front to the low levels of this crude form of life.

'Hallo Mr. . . . Sir . . . Dykes' Simon managed, standing in a distasteful puddle.

'I haven't been knighted yet, young Potts. Hello.'

Simon squelched his way over to the staff hat rack, hanging up his coat and scarf with 'I'm a Triumph Tonner' embossed on it in gaudy lettering.

'I'm glad I was able to come this morning Mr . . . Sir. Isn't today the Manager's first day back from Hospital? What's he like, Mr. Dykes? I've not met him.'

'Very sore, I should think,' he replied sternly, and turned on his heel as three female clerks entered. He paused as he went into his office again.

'Morning girls.'

'Morning, Mr. Dykes!' They chorused. It was the same every morning seethed the assistant Manager, lighting up a cigar from an imitation leather box on his desk. They sang their hellos like the Andrews Sisters. It really was not enough for a man of his critical standing . . . . .

Rain before seven . . . . like Venice before eleven muttered Mr. Dykes, peering myopically outside his office at ten past eleven. It was still pouring down outside and the early customers had left seas of brown mud all over the floor. He'd assigned Potts to a menial cleaning task somewhere in the back store rooms, the place about as far as possible away from his shiny new computer, which chattered away cryptically in the corner. All round the building the rows of desks echoed merrily with the sound of buzzed conversation, and the moronic thud of rubber stamps. Everything seemed to be going smoothly, Mr. Dykes considered, all ready for when the Manager might decide to put in an appearance.

'Yes, it's our Davy,' said Maureen the clerk, powdering her nose, 'He's going to Torquay.' Mr. Dykes crept back into his office as though he had croup, and bit his lip with a wistful look. Yes, everything was going smoothly. He'd handled the past two weeks rather well, he thought . . . .

As he sat meditating, the Bank doors opened, and in walked the Little Plumford equivalent of Mr. Chips. The small, bent figure hovered by the entrance for a moment, in a breeze which sent the wrinkled posters rustling daintily. The figure seemed to have died on the spot, but having got his bearings Professor Oswald J. Quirke B.Sc. M.R.A.S. F.Z.S. (Lon.) hobbled over to Maureen clasping a large battered suitcase, which closely resembled a collapsed Army bivouac. With a toothless grin he deposited the case by the Bank Pen, which was chained like a disgraced mongrel to the counter with about a metre of chain from the Q.E.2. He laid his gnarled fists on top of the case, which Maureen thought actually groaned. Being new, she had not met the Professor before, and could not know his eccentric little ways.

'I don't think we've had the pleasure', she ventured, unsure.

'Yes, well there are much worse jobs, young lady.'

'Oh. Oh, of course you must be . . .'

'Yes, mmm ah . . . Oswald J. Quirke. On dear if I'm not much mistaken you have a nasty case of *Bostrychoidea* there.'

'What?' Maureen shrank back from this diagnosis. The Professor tapped the counter with a withered claw.

'Or at least some lively *Xestobium Rufouillousum*. Death Watch Beetle my dear.'

'Oh yes Sir, you're the entom . . . entity . . . the man who collects insects. Yes I've been told about . . . I mean I've heard of you.'

'I used to collect my dear. Don't much now. I can't seem to remember what's what these days. Although I have got a soft spot for *Cryptolomae*, y'know, er . . . they're, er . . . well, whatsammercallys . . . well, similar to *Calsomae*, y'know.'

'What did you want?' chirped Maureen eagerly.

'Dung beetles m'dear. Yes, I could never resist a juicy Dung Beetle.'

'I'm afraid I . . .'

'Oh, what! Sorry m'dear! Now what was I after . . .'

He pondered scratching his wizened countenance. 'I can't think offhand. I think there was something in my case.' Maureen jumped back on her chair a little, as the old fellow clawed miserably at the catch. As the lid was forced open something like a ball of chewing gum leapt out, and hopped off up the counter. Maureen gave a scream of repulsion and the Professor gave a whoop of anguish. All along the row people put down pens and conversations halted abruptly as the insect bounded along enjoying its new-found freedom.

'Help! Er, I mean stop that . . . that thing! It's unique! Quick!'

'Ughh!' yelled Maureen climbing on her seat.

'D'you hear!' roared the Professor, as everyone sat like mutes. '*Vulgaris cretonia!* The Four Spotted Dung-Hopper! My prized possession! I'd forgotten to remove it. It must be captured! Alive! Quick!'

He skidded rheumatically and threw his hat irreverently at the fleeing object, but it hopped happily off the counter, and on to the next row of clerks. As she watched, Maureen was not surprised it was unique if that's how its relatives had been treated.

'Hurry! Stop that Cretonian! It won't bite! Gaahhh! Why all sit there like a group of *Cimex Sychophantae*? Get a net or something. If you capture it alive I'll give a great reward!' howled the Professor.

The effect was astounding and immediate. About half a dozen clerks bounded off their stools like eagles, and began throwing things at the Dung Hopper as it crossed the floor to the computer, which had apparently stopped work in sympathy.

'Careful! Get a net or something!' Professor Quirke roared.

He strode round to the back of the office to take charge. The office was now divided in two. All the women stood clustered by the safe, whilst about six men and the Professor followed the little insect as it bounded insolently over cash registers and soiled sheaves of literature. The Professor hobbled to the head of the posse and began whistling through his teeth, which weren't many.

'They respond to whistling', he whispered, as the Dung Hopper alighted on a blotting pad. So suddenly everyone began whistling and humming as they crept round and round the office like a Celtic fertility rite. Whether the insect was a music lover or not, it stopped hopping during the din, and eyed everyone mockingly from a bottle of ink in the corner.

'There's a cape hanging up there,' said a clerk. 'Lets throw that over the thing.'

'Good idea . . . er . . . yes' whispered Professor Quirke, 'but mind, be careful!'

Mr. Dykes who had been aroused from his slumbers by the din, rushed out, expecting to see the place crawling with masked raiders. Seeing the group conversing amidst a chorus of raucous whistles, he gasped, opened his eyes, and rushed over to the door to peer out into the road nervously. He clumped back in again like a sloth and gaped, goggle-eyed.

'What! What d'you think you're all up to? The manager's due any minute. He'll think I've been holding play readings!'

'This gentleman's lost a . . . Vulgar Cretin' explained Maureen, suppressing a shudder.

'Oh, well, tread on it someone!'

'How dare you sir!' shouted the Professor.

'Oh, yes, sorry, but quick!' Mr. Dykes screamed glancing at the doors.

'Pass me that cape,' said the clerk.

'What? Leave my . . . I mean that cape alo . . .' Mr. Dykes did not finish. Any authority he might have previously had now disappeared. That clerk . . . that awful clerk actually threw his cape across the room at a . . . at a disgusting insect! The mob cheered, and removed the cape gently, but the creature simply hopped out from underneath, and bounded off again. With a cheer they clambered over the desks after it whilst the Professor bellowed. Suddenly a car pulled up outside. Mr. Dykes gave a strangulated squawk and rushed to the doors to see the Manager's Jaguar.

'What's been going on?' said Simon, who had missed the commotion in the store rooms, and now walked out clutching a mop. Mr. Dykes scurried out through the doors, quivering like a half-set blancmange. He was just in time to see his superior coming in, and with an expiating grin he cornered the Manager on the porch. On, hell, he thought, and gave the Manager one of his: So-you've-got-twenty-thousand-in-the-bank-and-a-private-secretary grins reserved for eccentrics.

'Ah, er . . . hello, Sir. Nice to see you back. Isn't it nice weather, er . . . well . . .' The Manager, who was evidently expecting a row of hautboys to fanfare his return, gave Mr. Dykes a cold stare.

'Hello Dykes.' He made a move as if to pass the assistant manager, who jumped in front of the doors.

'Aah, yes, d'you think we should have these doors varnished?'

'No,' glared the Manager.

'Oh, well, I don't think it's going to stop.'

'What?'

'The rain. D'you know I got . . .'

'Dykes,' snuffled the Manager, 'I have just had a steel knife prodded into my ulcer. Consequently, Dykes I feel ruddy bad. I feel like an Irish navy's sock, Dykes. I also have a mortgage and a heavy cold. I will breathe on you, Dykes, if you do not get . . .'

'Yes, oh, yes Sir,' moaned Mr. Dykes. This was the end. Still he'd had a good innings and scored more runs than most. He followed his superior wearily in.

'Hello Sir,' chanted the entire office. Mr. Dykes gaped. They were all sitting in their places as if nothing had happened, like packaged eggs. The professor stood at the counter, and clicked his bag as they passed.

'Er? what? er . . . ' mumbled Mr. Dykes with shock.

'Hello everybody,' said the manager. 'Well, what are you gibbering at?'

'I, er . . . nothing,' said Mr. Dykes. Something was afoot. He narrowed his eyes at the Professor, and escorted the Manager into his office. He reemerged five minutes later, and crossed to the Professor who was still there at the counter.

'Well?' he asked. Beside Professor Quirke stood Simon Potts, whom Mr. Dykes was going to certify as a danger to motherhood. The professor grinned, and his face disappeared in a mass of wrinkles.

'This clever young man caught the dung hopper,' he announced.

'Him?'

'Yes,' continued the Professor jovially, 'he caught it in his boot.'

'In . . . his boot?'

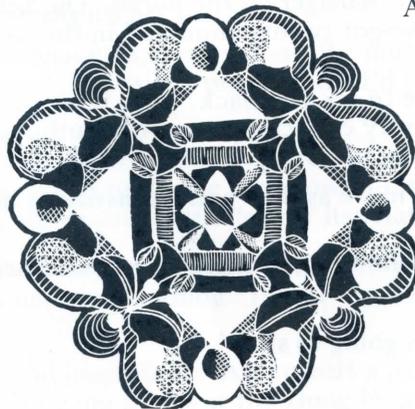
'Yes, he has saved my rarest specimen, and very likely your job. I strongly suggest you employ this young man as soon as possible.' Simon grinned, and tried to look as if catching dung hoppers was second nature.

'Inhisboot?' repeated the assistant manager suppressing a smile. He might have known Potts would find a use for his great clod-hoppers one day.

'That's correct and only just in time too.' Mr. Dykes gave a guffaw which quickly spread round the office. Soon tears rolled down his face. Simon was laughing as well. Over the din Professor Quirke said, 'I'm going to give this young man a reward, of course.' Simon began laughing louder with Mr. Dykes.

'How about a day at my museum of Mexican Coleptera, eh Simon?' said Professor Quirke rubbing Simon's head. Mr. Dykes had to hold on to the counter for support, and began crying. And suddenly Simon wasn't laughing, but swallowed once, very hard, with widened eyes, as the Professor tapped his case with a grin, and turned on his heel through the Bank door with a flourish.

Andrew McKenna, T.15



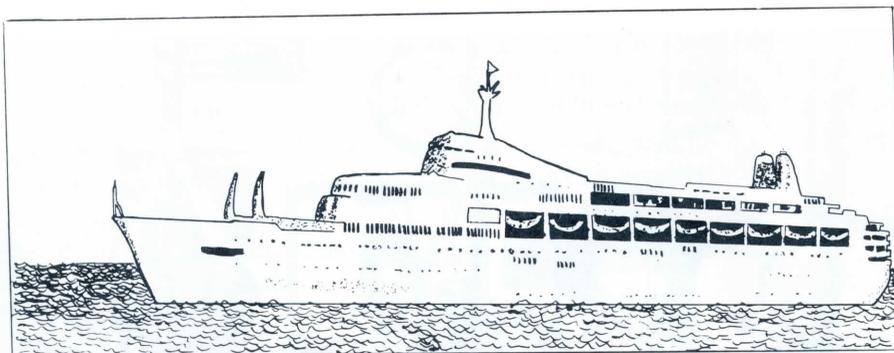
Gillian Cane, T.4



*A General Studies group engaged in Campanology.*



*The Mayor of Fareham plants the first of the Jubilee trees.*



*Neil Sprunt, 4D*

## **Mediterranean Cruise 1976**

At the beginning of October 1976 the Mediterranean Cruise slowly began to come to life, with passport photos to be acquired, instructions to think about, slides and films to watch, and packing to do.

Then on Friday morning, October 29th, at the early hour of 4.15 twenty-two of us with Mr. Wilkie in charge assembled at school all neat and tidy, ready for the 'off'. The coach took about two hours to reach Gatwick where we were checked for fire-arms and explosives and took off for Athens at 8.30 in a Comet of Dan-Air. We enjoyed a very welcome breakfast during the flight and were then given the opportunity to visit the Flight Deck. We reached Athens at 12.10 local time and a coach took us to the S.S. Uganda berthed at Piraeus. The Master-at-Arms showed us to our dormitory which we were to share with six boys from Mountbatten School, Romsey. We were also shown our Muster Station and told how to put on our life-jackets.

After a short rest we went to look around Piraeus which we thought was very dirty and untidy-looking. The roads were wide and extremely busy with cars changing lanes without signalling and their drivers keeping up a continuous blasting on their horns. We all became lost, however, and only just got back on board in time for tea at 6.30 p.m. This was followed by a meeting in the Assembly Hall before we returned to our dormitory for bed at 10.15, but not to sleep.

Next day we went into Athens on the electric railway and immediately ran into problems with the fares which ranged from five to twenty-five drachmas for the same journey. We got out at Thisson station and from there had our first glimpse of the Acropolis which we climbed up a path to view. After lunch we did more sightseeing and shopping and in a street market we met a man who knew all about Mick Channon of Southampton F.C. He also claimed that everything he sold was from Marks & Spencer and C. & A.

We sailed from Piraeus at 8.0 a.m. next day and we were on deck to see the ship leave the quay. We all attended Church service and the rest of the day was spent in lectures, private study, and deck games. Our first port of call was Rhodes, and we drove here through orange groves to Lindos where we spent an hour looking over the Acropolis. In the afternoon we were able to split up into groups of four or five and look round Rhodes.

We sailed again at 6.0 p.m. this time for Izmir in Turkey and arrived there at 2 p.m. the next day. We explored Izmir on foot and inevitably ended up in the fascinating bazaar area. Next day we disembarked at 9.0 in the morning and drove to Ephesus, passing fields of cotton plants. On our return journey to Izmir we stopped and were allowed to

pick some cotton for ourselves. The great theatre at Ephesus that seated twenty-five thousand was fascinating but as luck would have it we were just about to watch an open-air performance when it poured with rain. Nevertheless, a number of us were later enabled to try out the acoustics of the place for ourselves. The following day we were at sea and were able to visit the Bridge and see the navigational aids used on the ship. We also sailed round the inside of the volcanic island of Santorini.

On Friday November 5th we reached Crete and went to the archaeological museum in Heraklion and then to the ancient city of Knossos. Later we had two relaxing hours on the beach and were able to go swimming in the warm, clear, but extremely salty water. The following day was spent at sea on course for Malta. In the evening just as we were going to bed we were visited by the ship's captain, Captain Terry, who wanted to make sure we were all enjoying ourselves.

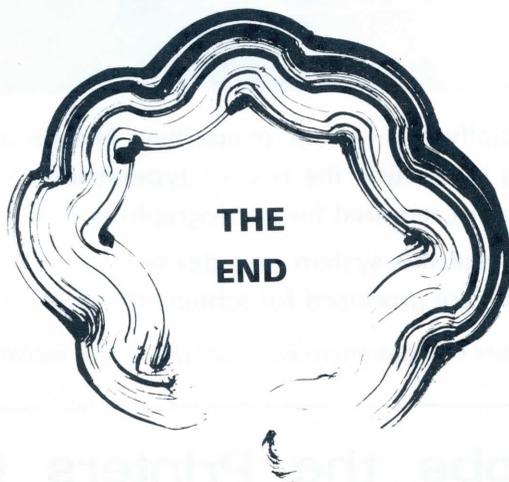
Next day there was a swell on the sea and we were quite relieved when we reached Malta and dropped anchor in the middle of the harbour. We were ferried ashore by life-boats and with a very cheerful guide we went on a coach tour through Valetta to Mdina, the ancient capital of Malta. We were able to see more of Valetta the following day when we went independent sightseeing and some of us went to the library to see the George Cross and also the plaque on the wall of the Governor General's Palace which commemorates the giving of the G.C. to Malta in September 1942.

We left Malta at 1.0 p.m. that afternoon and the finals of the various deck games and inter-party quizzes were held. Our teams were unfortunately not able to bring home any prizes this year although we reached the finals on a number of occasions. During our last classroom period we presented Mr. Wilkie with a pewter tankard which we had bought and had engraved in Malta. This we filled with brown ale to celebrate his birthday and as a 'thank you' for taking us.

We reached Split on the morning of Wednesday, November 10th and said our farewells to the crew of the S.S. Uganda before leaving for the airport and our flight home. The weather had been superb throughout but when we landed in mist and fog at Gatwick we knew only too well that the holiday was over.

As we represent the last intake of Price's boys it is sad to reflect that there will be no fourth-year pupils next year able to enjoy, as we did, the unique experience.

Peter Hardingham, 4B



*Geoffrey Crees, T.20*





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