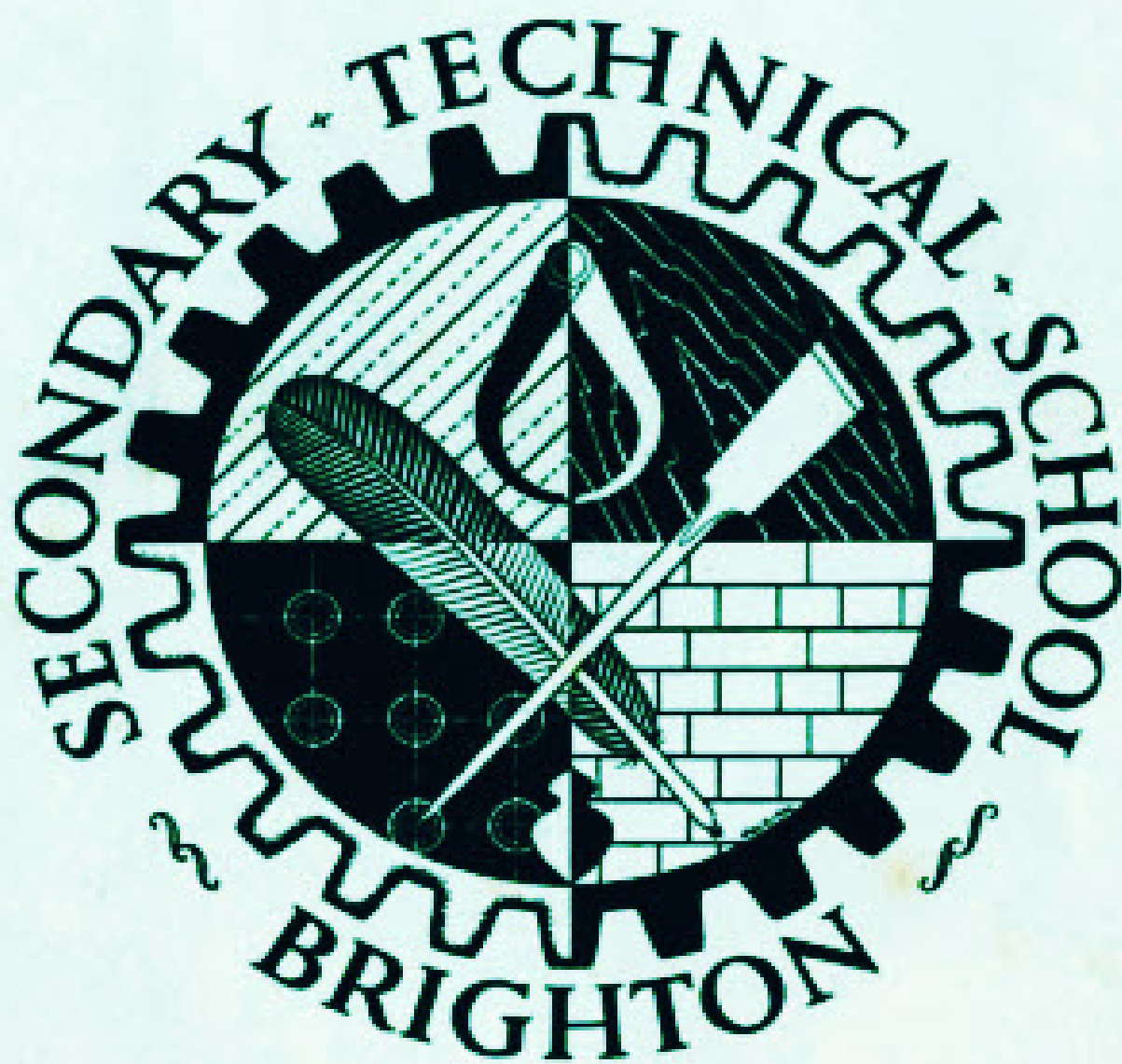


The Scriber



JULY

-:-

1966

PRICE - THREE SHILLINGS

The Scriber

THE MAGAZINE
OF THE
SECONDARY TECHNICAL SCHOOL
BRIGHTON

Edited by W. J. J. Walsh

JULY

1966

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FOREWORD

Owing to the yearly increase in the cost of printing 'The Scriber', it has become necessary at last to raise the price of the magazine to three shillings. This year, to soften the blow, there will be a nominal charge of one shilling a copy. Next year and subsequently, it may be possible to collect the full price of three shillings by increasing the School Fund to four shillings a term.

W. J. J. WALSH.

SCHOOL AFFAIRS

HEADMASTER'S REPORT

It is with pleasure that I respond to the Editor's request for my annual contribution to the Scriber, and the request reminds me firstly of the speedy passing of time, and secondly that I can again look forward to a perusal of the lively contents of this always interesting journal.

In matters educational we live in stirring times and the various proposals put forward for consideration of reorganisation have given the teachers of this area much food for thought. We cannot expect education to remain unchanged in a rapidly evolving world, but we, in this school, do assert our firm conviction that the values contained in Secondary Technical education have been amply demonstrated since its inception after the 1944 Education Act, and whatever scheme is adopted care should be taken to preserve and foster methods which have been so fruitful of good results.

The school was well represented at the Craft Exhibition connected with the Conference of the Institute of Handicraft Teachers, at Hasting this Easter. Before the exhibition came into being, much preliminary work was needed, and two of our masters, Mr. Taylor and Mr. Parfitt, were active in this connection. Our own exhibits were well up to standard and reflected great credit on the boys who did the work, and on the two masters concerned who advised on, and directed, its production. We are proud of this for to exhibit in such company is in itself a distinction.

This edition of our magazine goes to present pupils and to those of the Old Boys who request it. Many of them, whom I meet from time to time, appreciate it as a link with the old school. We hope to see them again at the next Old Boys Association dinner which is planned for November next.

To all our readers, whether parents or pupils, past or present, myself and my colleagues send our very best wishes for future well-being and success.

E. DOWNING.

SPEECH DAY

The Eighteenth Speech Day was held in the Corn Exchange on Monday, 15th November, 1965. In a few brisk words, Alderman W. H. G. Button, the Chairman, congratulated the School on the results, expressed pleasure at the number of leavers studying full-time in Further Education, and introduced Mr. Arthur Jolly, J.P., known and well-respected throughout Sussex for his voluntary work.

In his Annual Report, Mr. Downing said that it had been a good year for G.C.E. The numbers taking examinations had increased by 10%; a good number of the boys had obtained very high gradings; and the overall result of passes over entries was 74.1%, which was substantially above the national average. But there were other qualities of character needed to complete the picture of youth today and those were shown in pursuits like the School Initiative Test, the Duke of Endinburgh Award (five boys already had the Silver Award), and other activities, sporting, athletic, cultural and social. Life, therefore, was more than mere learning, and such activities gave scope for every boy to contribute something to school life. In conclusion, he thanked Mr. Widd, Mr. Stockbridge and Mr. Liddell, who had left during the year, for their outstanding work and welcomed Mr. Leal and Mr. Saunders to the Staff. He praised the Parents' Association for their never-ending generosity; complimented the Old Boys' Association and looked forward with confidence to the future.

Mr. Jolly, after distributing the prizes, said that the good results were due not only to the efforts of the teachers and the self-sacrifice of the parents, but also to the boys themselves, who, in the world of today, would need the kind of courage and determination that Douglas Bader used to overcome his disabilities.

Votes of thanks by the Mayor, Father Costello and The Reverend Emrys Walters, in the pattern of sparkling brevity set by the Chairman, were followed by tea, generously provided by the Parents' Association.

K. J. BREDON'S BOOKSHOP

10-10_a EAST STREET, BRIGHTON 1

LIST OF AWARDS
GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION
and SCHOOL LEAVING DIPLOMA

Results 1965

G.C.E. and Diploma First-Class

Roy Anstead	A, B, Bc, C, G, M, N, P, W
Kenneth Buxton	A, G, H, M, P, Q, R
Graham Cooper	A, C, D, E, H, M, P, Q, R
Rodney Goldup	A, M, P, Q, R
Peter Hardstone	D, E, F, G, H, M, P
Eric Hoare	A, D, G, M, N, P, Q, R
Roger Holden	A, H, M, P, Q, R
Brian Hose	D, E, M, N, P, Q, R
Robert Jestico	A, C, D, H, M, N, Q, R
Barry Kirkham	A, C, G, M, N, P, Q, R
Robert Linsdell	B, Bc, D, M, P, Q, R
Peter Newton	A, C, H, M, N, P, Q, R
Alan Pierce	D, H, M, P, Q
Jonathan Shaw	C, D, E, F, H, M, P, Q, R
Michael Stringer	A, D, H, M, P, Q
Adrian Waddams	D, M, G, P, Q, R

G.C.E. and Diploma Second-Class

Philip Bourne	C, M, N, P, W
Robert Cox	A, D, F, M, R
Graham Dawson	A, B, M, N, W
Peter Everett	A, M, Q, R
Peter Gooch	A, D, G, H, M, P
James Harris	A, H, M, Q, R
John Hollands	H, L, M, W
Philip Nash	D, E, M, P
Adrian Winder	A, B, D, M, P

G.C.E. and Diploma Pass

Malcolm Andrews	D, H, M
John Blackman	Q, R
Ian Healey	D, E
David Hearn	A, M, Q
Robin Hopkins	M, N
Joseph Prince	G, H, M
Stewart Purser	B, M, W
Jonathan Roseman	D, E
Alan Saunders	D, G, H
Geoffrey Thomas	D, M, P, R
Richard Thompson	M, Q, R

Stephen Trigwell	A, M, P, Q, R
Michael Walkden	A, D, Q
John Whittington	A, Q, R
Adrian Selwood	D, E, G, H, P

G.C.E.

Alan Beattie	A
Kenneth Bishop	R
Clive Erricker	D, H, R
Timothy Geere	M
Paul Hacker	D
William Jenkins	M, Q
Robert Miles	D, M
Stuart Moyle	A, M, Q, R
Peter Reeve	D, E
Anthony Scott	A, D
Louis Strong	R
Roy Waters	A, D, Q
Dennis Winchester	M, P

Fourth Form G.C.E.

Keith Cannon	Q
Nigel Carryer	F, Q
John Denby	F, M, P, Q
David Edwards	A, Q
Graham Elkin	B, M
Michael Fabricant	F, M, P
Anthony Farrant	Q
Alan Fowler	A
Michael Freeman	A, B, M, P
Victor Garman	A
Philip Gazzard	A
Roger Green	M, P
David Hemsley	A, Q
Michael Hendry	A, B
Ronald Hill	A
Ian King	M, P, Q
Christopher Luff	M, Q
Christopher Redman	A, B, P
Stephen Wanless	Q
Peter West	B

Key: A - Art, B - Building Drawing, Bc - Building Construction, C - Chemistry, D - English Language, E - English Literature, F - French, G - Geography, H - History, L - German, M - Mathematics, N - Additional Mathematics, P - Physics, Q - Engineering Drawing, R - Engineering Workshop Theory and Practice, W - Woodwork.

FORM PRIZES

IV B	Michael Freeman	II E	Michael Longley
IV E	John Denby	II T	Alan Peck
III E	John Sayers	I E	Richard Everton
III T	Trevor Keats	I T	John Schofield

SUBJECT PRIZES**English:**

Jonathan Shaw
Graham Cooper

French:

Michael Fabricant
Peter Hardstone

Geography:

David Cooper
Robert Brand

History:

Alan Saunders
Peter Newton

Mathematics:

Brian Hose
Peter Martin

Physics:

Roger Green
Adrian Waddams

Chemistry:

Barry Kirkham
Ian King

Divinity

Keith Cannon

Art:

Alan Beattie
Victor Garman

Technical Drawing:

David Hemsley
Graham Dawson

Building Construction:

Roy Anstead

Woodwork:

Stewart Purser
Brian Barnes

Metalwork:

Jeffrey Hunt
Michael Headling

Engineering:

Roy Walters
Stephen Trigwell

Physical Education:

Jonathan Roseman
(Victor Ludorum)
Robert Watts

TROPHIES—1965**St. Richard's Inter-House Divinity Cup.**

Won by Adam House.

Received by A. Beattie

The Ridge Cup—Best Building Student of the Year.

Won by R. Anstead

SCHOOL SPORTS TROPHIES**Inter-House Rugby Football Cup, presented by the Brighton Rugby Club**

Won by Lutyens House.

Received by G. Elkin

The Wooden Spoon, Rugby

Won by Wren House.

Received by M. Freeman

The Allen Fenner Cup for the Inter-House Football

Won by Adam House.

Received by A. Beattie

**Cup presented by W. Batchelor Esq., for the most improved
Cricketer**

Won by R. Watts

The Inter-House Athletic Cup, presented by Mr. & Mrs. Berney
Won by Adam House. Received by P. West

Victor Ludorum Cup presented by W. G. Gold, Esq.

Won by J. Roseman, Adam House.

**The Coronation Cup for Inter-House Swimming presented by the
Parents' Association**

Won by Lutyens House. Received by C. Redman

The Championship Cup presented by Mr. Stanley Watts

Won by Adam House. Received by A. Beattie

**The Inter-House Cricket Cup, presented by T. J. Braybon & Son
Ltd.**

Won by Adam House. Received by I. King

The Boxing Cup for performance in National Competitions

Won by K. Buxton

The Initiative Cup

Won by Adam House. Received by J. Prince

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SCHOOL TRIP TO RUSSIA, 1965

Our party arrived early on July 28th at Zoo Station, West Berlin, after the long trip from Brighton. After leaving our heavy luggage, we split into groups to explore this free city, 'the island in the Communist sea'. I headed for the Kurfürstendamm to look at the great department stores and skyscraper offices and then took a cab to the Brandenburg Gate. Dodging cars, passing lights at amber and skidding round corners, I had to alight some distance from the Gate, as the road had been sealed. I walked the last few hundred yards through gardens, climbed up to an observation platform and gazed at the notorious Berlin Wall, that ugly mass of concrete, metal and tangled barbed wire, guarded by guns, running for over twenty-six miles and lying between me and the Gate. There was the stillness of despair about the place, grass was already growing in the cracks of the deserted road - once the famous Unter-den-Linden. The only signs of life were a West German policeman peering through binoculars into the East, and two East German 'Vopos', on the other side, peering through binoculars into the West. By luck I was given a lift in a British Military van to Checkpoint Charlie, where once again I looked into the East and saw, not a rising star, but bombed sites and ruins, and old women trudging like prisoners through the drab and dreary streets of East Berlin, cut off by the wall from the free city rebuilt upon the ashes of the last war and living with all the joy and zest of youth. After lunching in a Wimpey Bar and riding on the underground - anywhere for sixpence - I joined the rest of the party for dinner and, at Zoo Station, caught the elevated railway for the short journey, sailing above the streets, to the East. By now it was dusk and the West was a blaze of lights; then suddenly the wall, and, with the brightness behind us, we pulled into Friedrichstrasse Station to wait for the C.C.C.P. train to Moscow.

Moscow was so full of interest that it is difficult to single out any of the trips for special mention. I must, however, say something about the Kremlin and Lenin's Tomb in Red Square, the centre of the City. The Kremlin, once the ancient residence of the Tsars is not only an outstanding museum and memorial of the past, but also a mirror of the great historic changes that have taken place in the country. On entering, we had to wear slippers over our shoes - a good way of preserving the floor and polishing it at the same time - before starting on a conducted tour of one of the museums. In it were many pictures and fabulous treasures collected over the centuries and described in detail by the guide. Next day at 11 a.m. we returned to Red Square to visit Lenin's Tomb. Although there was the longest queue I had ever seen - people had been lining up since 7 a.m. - we had little to worry about as foreign visitors have 'pushing-in rights', and half-an-hour later were inside, walking slowly and silently in twos down many

steps in almost complete darkness. Suddenly, a little ahead and to the right of us in a glass compartment, and lying on a bed with a large pillow for his head and fully dressed in a grey suit, was the embalmed body of Russia's great revolutionary leader, Vladimir Lenin. We filed past and then climbed back to the surface. Outside, we were shown the graves of other famous Soviet citizens including Stalin, buried in the shadow of the Kremlin walls. Our stay in Moscow was almost at an end, but before we left we had seen, and some of us had taken photographs of, some of the most famous buildings in the world.

In Leningrad, where the second half of our holiday was spent, our visits were so numerous that I must confine myself to one thing, the Red Banner Cruiser 'Aurora'. As we went round the ship, the Captain himself told us something about this great historic monument to the October Revolution in Russia. The gun, fired from the 'Aurora' on 7th November 1917, was the bugle call for storming the Winter Palace, the last stronghold of the deposed bourgeois Provisional Government. This shot heralded the advent of a new era in the history of mankind, the era of Communism. This escorted tour brought our trip to Russia to an end. There only remained the long journey by sea, via Finland and Sweden, back to England, and then one of the best holidays I have ever had, thanks to Mr. Liddell and Mr. Stockbridge, would be over.

P. HARDSTONE (1960/5).

SCHOOL TRIP TO SPAIN

During the Easter holidays a party consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Chappell, Mr. and Mrs. Pratt and seventeen boys went to Spain. We left Brighton at 9.15 p.m. arriving at London Airport at about 11 p.m. Owing to snow that day, our plane, a Vanguard, was delayed for one and a half hours and did not leave till about 3 a.m. When we landed at Barcelona, just before 6 a.m., it was sunny and there were lots of people about. We then had a two-hour journey by coach to Calella and, after being sorted out into rooms at our hotel, changed and went down to breakfast, which was the same every day, apricot jam, rolls and butter, coffee.

The hotel had about a hundred bedrooms, with baths or showers, a games-room and an open-air swimming-pool, where, in spite of the sun, the water was icy cold. Calella itself is a fairly large town, hot and dusty, with lots of building going on and, like most of the other coast towns, full of foreigners, especially Germans.

On Sunday we went to Barcelona by the electric railway and, amongst other things, went to see a bullfight - very expensive, our tickets cost about 12/- each. Though it was a very exciting and colourful spectacle, most of us thought it was rather cruel and would not want to go again.

The weather throughout our stay was fine and hot except for Wednesday, when it rained almost without a break. And that was the day we had booked for a steamer trip down the coast. It was too wet even to think of buying souvenirs when we went ashore.

1 a.m. Friday saw us starting our journey back, most of the time being taken up by the coachtrips from Calella to Barcelona and from London Airport to Brighton. By the time we arrived back at St. Peter's Church, we were once again back to normal, with clouds and rainy weather. It had been a grand holiday - there was only one thing wrong with it - it had been too short.

Contributed by D. Barnard, C. Lammie and
T. Wenham (2E) and L. Perez (2T).

A BUSY DAY IN SINGAPORE

With the temperature in the nineties, we were standing on Clifford Pier, opposite Shell House, trying to hail a sampan, a quaint old rowing-boat rather like a gondola. After a bit of haggling, which is always an essential part of any transaction in Singapore, we agreed to pay a dollar (2/4) a head for a half-hour trip round the harbour. Slowly we moved into deep water, passing boats of all kinds, from ocean-going liners to Chinese junks. After about fifteen minutes, the old man suddenly showed signs of exhaustion, and, before we knew where we were, we were back on the pier.

I crossed over to Shell House and hailed a trishaw, a bicycle with a side-car attached, for what I had heard was the quietest and most relaxing way of seeing Singapore. After we had settled on the fare, we started on our way to the famous Raffles Hotel. After a few moments we had joined the main flow of traffic, my driver, an old man, pedalling furiously and occasionally turning round to smile at me in a reassuring manner. Stopped by the traffic lights, I had an opportunity of studying the mass of traffic around me: smart American Chevrolets, English Morrises and Austins, Japanese scooters, air-conditioned buses, and bicycles and trishaws squeezed in everywhere. Relaxed and quiet, did I say? Car drivers sit with one hand on the wheel, the other out of the window, and with one foot revving on the accelerator. Everything is on the boil, the vehicles inching forward. The lights turn green, and whoosh! away they go, the American cars in the lead, hooters blasting and engines revving. Things quietened down after this and soon we were on Elizabeth Bridge crossing Singapore River. Next came the Raffles Memorial (Sir Stanley Raffles founded Singapore as a port in 1819), and then on past the Victoria Theatre and Gardens to the magnificent white Parliament Buildings sheltering behind a line of palm trees. My journey nearly over, I alighted at the Raffles Hotel - I could hardly afford to look at it, let alone go inside - paid the three dollar fare, and went my way.

Later on I decided to visit one of the largest markets operating in Singapore. From the stalls, brightly lit by oil lamps, one could buy gold watches from Switzerland, cameras from West Germany and Japan, towels from India, silk from China, joss-sticks and paper-money for burning as peace offerings to the Gods - in fact anything from pop-records to postcards. It was certainly very interesting to watch the bargaining and listen to the babble of many tongues, but it wasn't long before I was in the thick of it too. I idly picked up a pair of chopsticks and the battle was on. "Fifty cents", said the stall-holder, a little Indian, "very goody", "Fifty cents!" I said "No, you old devil, I'm not paying that. They only cost you about twenty". Gradually we haggled our way nearer to the price we both had in mind and finally I came away, having parted with thirty-five cents for chopsticks that I might never need. The same principle of buying operated in the food market near Chong Peng, and one of the liveliest features is the buying of a chicken. The bird is selected. This is easy enough if you spot what you want in one of the large cages full of live birds fluttering about and making a real din. Otherwise you have to stalk a bird wandering round the stalls or even on the roadway. Once caught, its legs are tied together and, while it is still alive, it is held upside down on a spring balance to be weighed, and priced, and bargained for.

To round the day off I went with some friends to have a meal with a difference, an umpteen-course Chinese dinner, taking my chopsticks with me as a precaution. The meal started with birds-nest soup - very tasty - followed by Chinese tea, without milk or sugar to absorb the fat of each course. Then came a huge fish, from which we cut as much as we thought we could manage - I was already beginning to feel full. After the tea came the most delicious course of all - fat prawns six inches long fried in batter. Besides the tea there were now bowls of peanuts to fill in the waiting moments between courses. Roast Chicken stuffed with chestnuts was followed by sharks-fin soup - even better than birds-nest. By now the clean white cloth was stained with tea and fat and littered with peanut shells, but no one cared, for the greater the mess the greater the appreciation of the meal. Not that we were finished. In came a different fish, even bigger than the first; spring chicken, delicately rolled and roasted to a golden-brown with crisp almonds on top, was followed by a typical Chinese dish, curried chicken fried in rice. The final cup of tea was served and the meal ended with a local fruit, iced lychees, something like large scented grapes. Though this wonderful meal cost about 17/6d., it was well worth it and was a fitting end to one of the most enjoyable days in my life.

P. HARDSTONE.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

Our activities during the past year have included the Summer Fair in July 1965, which was a great success, and many parents and friends must be thanked for their efforts in supporting this Annual Function, and those who worked so very hard in organising, giving help, providing gifts and running stalls. Unfortunately this function was the last our Secretary Mr. Cooper was to organise, and we said good-bye to him in his official capacity and thanked him for his many years of hard work on behalf of the Association; but he is still assisting us in many ways, and is very much at our service.

During the year some very interesting and instructive talks were arranged in conjunction with the Staff, including a talk by Mr. Sharp of the College of Technology on "Careers in the Building Industry" and Mr. Ferguson, the Headmaster of Westlain Grammar School on "The Grammar School 6th Form". Although the attendances were not as large as we would have liked, we are sure the parents who attended gained some helpful information. The Annual Christmas Draw was again organised by Mr. Chappell and resulted in a good profit to swell the Funds; we were thus able to make a donation to the party of boys who went on the School Holiday to Spain, which enabled them to have a few extra amenities.

The Annual Dance was this year held at the Black Lion Hotel, Patcham and proved a most enjoyable occasion, enabling parents and teachers to meet in a very pleasant and happy atmosphere and enjoy dancing to Mr. Ray Miles Band, who once again helped the evening to go with a swing. At the request of the many parents who attended the Dance, another one has been arranged at the same venue for the 9th of December (please note this date) and we hope that even more parents will join us.

Now that the year has nearly gone its cycle, the Summer Fair is near to hand, and we are already preparing for this, and although plans have already been made by the Committee, we should be very grateful for any suggestions. The date is July the 9th and we are grateful for the help already offered, but we can still do with more volunteers for help on the stalls, transport, refreshments etc., to enable this year's Fair to be an even greater success.

In conclusion I would like to take this opportunity of thanking you all for your support in the past year, including the boys for their co-operation in getting notices to their parents and Mrs. Pratt for her assistance given so willingly and often.

J. T. HOWELL (Hon. Secretary).

SPORTS REVIEW

RUGBY (1965-66)

The rugby matches this year were unfortunately rather fewer than usual owing to weather conditions and other unforeseen circumstances. In spite of the lack of practice and facilities our teams played quite well and were able to hold their own against other schools.

The U/16 XV played much better than expected. Their final game against Queens Park School was won in convincing style 25-14. A. Beattie and C. Erricker were outstanding. R. Bailey and C. Luff were also prominent.

The U/15 team never realised their true potential. As individuals several boys were outstanding, but the team never really mastered their opponents. G. Wooldridge, F. Benfield, P. Spencer and C. Buxton all deserve mention.

The U/14 team did not live up to expectation, although one or two promising players did emerge towards the end of the season.

As in Soccer the U/13 team proved to be a well balanced and promising team with several players who should do really well next year.

FOOTBALL (1965-66)

Five football teams were once again fielded. On the whole the results were a little disappointing with the exception of the U/13 XI who had an excellent season, losing only one of their league matches.

Representative honours were gained by R. Watts and T. Wilkinson, who played for the Brighton U/15 and U/13 teams respectively, and I Gunn who was reserve for the U/14 team.

The U/16 team were considerably better this year than they were as an U/15 team last year. This was partly due to the addition of A. Beattie and C. Erricker, who both played excellently throughout the season, and partly due to a much better spirit and the will to win. Besides Beattie and Erricker, C. Luff was outstanding: all three received colour awards.

The U/15 team had a very disappointing season - nothing seemed to go right. The enthusiasm and will to win was there and there were several outstanding players, notably R. Watts and C. Buxton, but because some boys chose to work on Saturday mornings rather than represent their School, it became very difficult to field a truly representative team.

The U/14 team was slightly better than the U/15 XI, but once again were very disappointing. The team possesses some talented players and always showed keenness. However, too much reliance

seemed to be placed on the ability of I. Gunn to score goals and B. Barnes to hold the defence together. Towards the end of the season the team played much better, but by this time it was too late to save the School being relegated to Division 2 for the first time.

As previously mentioned the U/13 XI was by far the best of our teams. This was a team where there were apparently no real weaknesses. T. Wilkinson and R. Finnis deserve particular mention. The team finished second in the league and there is every hope that next year they will win promotion to the First Division.

The U/12 team had three matches which were all lost narrowly. Several boys showed considerable promise, notably N. Murray.

Results	Played	Won	Lost	Drawn
U/16 XI	7	3	4	-
U/15 XI	8	-	8	-
U/14 XI	8	1	6	1
U/13 XI	8	6	2	-
U/12 XI	3	-	3	-

BOXING (1965-66)

The school had quite a successful season. More boys than in previous years represented the school in inter-school bouts, and the standard of boxing was quite high. Five boys boxed their way to the finals of the Brighton Schools Championships at the Dome: C. Buxton and R. Wingrave, who both won convincingly, and B. Stewart, D. Maskell and R. Brand, who were runners-up.

C. Buxton was again our outstanding boxer, reaching the quarter-final stage of the National Championships.

CROSS-COUNTRY (1966)

The day of the Cross-Country was cold and windy. The Seniors started well, but soon the runners began to string out. Gibb soon took the lead, which he held until overtaken by Burford at the top of the hill, and that was how they finished, with Kelsey closely following them in third place.

The Juniors got off to a rather slow start with Lewry soon in the lead and setting a good pace. Unfortunately, at the top of the muddy climb he mistook the course and this mistake enabled Casemore to take a lead of about ten yards, which he held until the finish. Lewry never recovered from his mistake and was beaten into third place by Leggat, who overtook him about one hundred yards from the finishing funnel.

Adam House though winning the Seniors came last in the Juniors and lacked the consistency of Wren whose Seniors came second, with their Juniors first.

CRICKET 1965

Our cricket teams won more matches than last year and once again it was the junior teams who were most impressive, R. Watts, C. Buxton, A. McColgan and B. Barnes being the most consistent performers. The U/16 XI improved greatly towards the end of the season, but were no match for the Staff XI who won the annual match convincingly.

ATHLETICS REPORT (1965)

The 20th Annual Athletics Sports were held at Withdean Stadium in warm but cloudy conditions. Nine records were broken: the 880 yards by Milton, the 100 yards by Fabricant (under 16) and Perez (under 13), the 80 yards hurdles, the shot by Wooldridge, the discus by Williams, the javelin by Spencer, the long jump by Warland and the high jump by Smith. John Roseman won the Victor Ludorum award winning 21 points for Adam House, the eventual winners of a most pleasant and interesting afternoon's sport.

Final Positions: 1. Adam (202 points), 2. Lutyens (191 points),
3. Nash (152½ points) and 4. Wren (144½ points).

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INTER-HOUSE ATHLETIC SPORTS 1965

100 Yards	1	2	3
Over 16	Stringer (L)	Newton (N)	Shaw (L)
Under 16	Fabricant (W)	Gazzard (A)	Redman (L)
Under 15	Benfield (L)	Sayers & Smith (W) (W)	
Under 14	Dyne (N)	Piper (A)	Boarer (N)
Under 13	Perez (W)	Wilkinson (W)	Sadler (W)
150 Yards (U/13)	Perez (W)	Wilkinson (W)	Killick (L)
220 Yards			
Over 16	Roseman (A)	Newton (N)	Beattie (A)
Under 16	Fabricant (W)	Erricker (N)	Redman (L)
Under 15	Spencer (A)	Benfield (L)	Sayers (W)
Under 14	Lambert (W)	Barnes (A)	Gunn (L)
440 Yards			
Over 15	Roseman (A)	Stringer (L)	Cooper (W)
Under 15	Milton (L)	Burford (A)	Daltrey (A)
880 Yards			
Over 15	Luff (N)	Hemsley (N)	Strong (L)
Under 15	Milton (L)	Burford (A)	Gibb (N)
One Mile			
Over 15	Luff (N)	Hemsley (N)	Hoare (W)
Under 15	Gibb (N)	Bulman (W)	Casemore (W)
Hurdles			
110 Yards	Erricker (N)	Kelsey (A)	Harris (N)
80 Yards			
Under 14	Boarer (N)	Stoddard (A)	Gunn (L)
Under 15	Moore (A)	Horlock (W)	Jasper (L)
75 Yards			
Under 13	Killick (L)	Finnis (A)	Sadler (W)
½ Mile Walk	West (A)	Stuart (A)	Bishop (L)
High Jump			
Over 15	Moyle (L)	Gazzard (A)	Harris (N)
Under 15	Smith (W)	Perez (W)	Cooper (N)
Long Jump			
Over 15	Roseman (A)	Moyle (L)	West (A)
Under 15	Warland (W)	Williams (A)	Burford (A)
Hop, Step and Jump			
Over 15	Stringer (L)	West (A)	Erricker (N)
Under 15	Gibb (N)	Simpson (A)	Warland (W)

Shot

Over 15	Holden (L)	Newton (N)	Shaw (L)
Under 15	Wooldridge (N)	Wickham (L)	Milton (L)

Discus

Over 15	Newton (N)	Shaw (L)	Hollands (A)
Under 15	Williams (A)	Wooldridge (N)	Spencer (A)

Javelin

Under 15	Spencer (A)	Gurr (L)	Dowsing (N)
Over 15	Hollands (A)	Gooch (A)	King (A)

Relay

	1	2	3	4
Over 15	Adam	Lutyens	Nash	Wren
Under 15	Adam	Lutyens	Wren	Nash
Under 13	Wren	Lutyens	Nash	Adam

SWIMMING REPORT 1965

The 20th Annual Swimming Sports found Lutyens, the reigning champions, struggling hard to retain the trophy for another year. Outstanding was Wooldridge (3E), who outclassed all opposition even in the 100 yards open championship and who, with Edwards and Newton, also of Nash, made Lutyens fight all the way. However, good swimming by Shaw, Moyle and Hose and success in the last race of the afternoon kept Lutyens on top for another year.

Final Positions: 1. Lutyens (176½ points), 2. Nash (162½ points), 3. Adam (134½ points), 4. Wren (75½ points).

INTER-HOUSE SWIMMING RESULTS

	1st	2nd	3rd
40 Yards Freestyle			
Over 16	Shaw (L)	Hose (L)	Moyle (L)
Under 16	Wanless (L)	Edwards (N)	King (A)
Under 15	Wooldridge (N)	Dwyer (W)	Gurr (L)
Under 14	Chambers (L)	Simpson (A)	West (N)
Under 13	Howell (W)	Hatley (A)	Gray (N)
40 Yards Breast Stroke			
Over 16	Newton (N)	Moyle (L)	Jenkins (N)
Under 16	Grieve (N)	Kelsey (A)	Wanless(L)
Under 15	Dwyer (W)	Buxton (L)	Tutt (L)
Under 14	Casemore (W)	Watts (L)	Piper (A)
Under 13	Everton (W)	Conway (A)	Schofield (N)

40 Yards Back Stroke

Over 16	Shaw (L)	Harris (N)	Hose (L)
Under 16	Edwards (N)	Kelsey (A)	King (A)
Under 15	Wooldridge (N)	Gurr (L)	Smith (W)
Under 14	Chambers (L)	Simpson (A)	West (N)
Under 13	Hatley (A)	Howell (W)	Conway (A)

Plunge

Over 15	Holden (L)	Hose (L)	Newton (N)
Under 15	Wooldridge (N)	Monro (A)	Dowsing (N)

80 Yards Championship

Under 15	Dwyer (W)	Howell (W)	Cooke (N)
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100 Yards Championship (Open)

Wooldridge (N)	Shaw (L)	Moyle (L)
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Diving

Over 16	Moyle (L)	Shaw (L)	Linsdell (L) and Prince (A)
Under 16	Edwards (N)	Garman (L)	Kelsey (A)
Under 15	Spencer (A)	Barton (L)	Cooke (N)
Under 13	Gray (N)	Perez (W)	Howell (W)

Relay

Over 16	Lutyens	Nash	Wren
Under 16	Nash	Wren	Adam
Under 14	Nash	Adam	Lutyens
			A. BEST.

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MISCELLANY

THE ISLAND OF DARKNESS

Across the icy, starlit wastes of snow,
The sighing, moaning winds sweep sadly,
Hurricane whipping the whiteness madly;
Twist and twirl, whip and whirl,
Fantastic flurries sweep and swirl.

And far above the black and white,
Sweeping darkly through the night,
A blackened, hoary crag rears high;
And though the snowflakes waltz and flurry round,
Hurled from ground to sky, from sky to ground,
On this huge, rocky fast no snowflakes found;
Whilst from the cracks within the wall,
Foul insects huge and vermin loathsome crawl,
Huge spiders, grotesque gargoyle trolls and rats,
And round the higher peaks flit silently the bats.

About the murky sides a twisting, steep and ancient path
Is ranged with deep, dark gaps and cracks and falls,
And, far above, high in the frosted peaks that skywards rise,
And where the almost living silence lies,
Are the lonely peaks, where stretch the summits of the night,
And the stars press down, fixed points of light,
To where, to crown the scene, unchanging dark,
A turreted, icy, glittering fortress stark.

The towers of ice are high and green and chilled,
And in these ice-green glooms, where life is stilled,
A cold eternity is guarded by unscaléd walls;
Protected by a frost as black as Pluto's halls.
Beneath the towers are courtyards silent as the tombs,
Yet filled with flitting, loathsome glooms.

But still the whole, vast labyrinth is gilded
By a shimmering, other-worldly, golden haze,
Which frequent comes and oft deludes —
And over all a sense of evil broods.

S. HINTON.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD NATURALIST ?

Many people call themselves naturalists, because they have some vague appreciation of nature, which shows itself in rare weekend visits to the country. Such people are not really naturalists, for all too often, by their ignorant behaviour, they set the landowners against the sincere naturalists. The good naturalist does not leave litter, or snatch eggs, or uproot plants; his first thought is for the well-being of the countryside. His is not the feeble interest of the weekend visitor, but the very alive, active enjoyment of the countryside, where he spends most of his time.

Consequently, the armchair naturalist can never be a success. To become accomplished, he has to spend ninety per cent of his time in the field, studying and recording, taking notes and being able to discard those facts which are not uncommon. He must be able to make the best possible use of his field-glasses, for he depends upon them for most animal and bird study. His senses must be tuned to the highest pitch of sensitivity. The good naturalist must be able to see everything about him simultaneously, from the meanest insect at his feet to the hawk on the horizon. His ears should pick out the trilling of the skylark climbing into the blue, the discordant note of the wood-pigeon in the background, and the rustling of the grass-snake by the way. Without a trained nose, to him the scents of different flora would seem as one, and the smell of the oak would not be distinguished from that of the laurel. He must also be able to appreciate the orderly beauty of a well-kept garden and the wild, untamed glory of the natural countryside.

The rest of his time should be spent in the company of collections, books and other naturalists. The specimens of the field have to be pressed or preserved, and then studied; they should be compared with book descriptions and the collections of companions, and, most important of all, kept for future reference. To be successful he has to read as varied a collection of books as possible, and his companions must themselves be good naturalists.

Above all he must have the faculty of remaining happy under all conditions. This is not always easy, for the standard of the countryside is ever declining, but, if he can make the best of even the worst conditions, he has the makings of a true naturalist.

D. J. W.

THE PLEASURES OF CAMPING

It is a singular thing, but true, that you cannot know your own personality without experiencing new and different sides of life. I discovered this when I first started camping, and all other hobbies and sports immediately faded into the background. Everything I had attempted so far had had its progress punctuated with failure and loss, or lack, of money, but these are things I have not experienced with camping.

The best way of enjoying the unique atmosphere of camping is to go alone with a small tent. The atmosphere is present right from the beginning, for the preparations form part of the pleasures. I always delight in formulating plans and carefully typing endless lists which contain equipment I could never hope to take. I remember once adding the weights of all the articles together and thinking ruefully, "Two pack-mules". In that way stage one is completed - it has been a complete waste of time, useless to the excursion, but otherwise a complete success.

The journey itself, though not necessarily one of the pleasures of camping, is an essential stage in the proceedings. Without it we could never enjoy one of the greatest joys of the open-air life. Silence is a most wonderful experience - not only the peace and quietness that is always about the camper, but the true, deep silence in a little tent at night. At first I felt ill at ease, probably because I have grown up thinking that business, bustle and work were the only things that really mattered, but soon I began to look forward to, and anticipate, the superb peace that is so often denied to people today.

But what about the beauties of nature? I love everything about the countryside from the ant-hills and tufted hillocks of grass, the horse-flies and the mosquitoes, and the beds of thorns and the bramble bushes, to the giant trees hastily shaking their canopies of leaves at the trespasser. But how can the camper be considered an intruder? He is an integral part of nature, a happy, joyous fellow who has been lucky enough to stumble on a treasure chest worth all the money in the world. P. REEVE.

BRIGHTON

Brighton is breezy,
 The living is easy;
 There's one thing that's phony,
 The beaches are stony.
 With sand on the beaches,
 Trees laden with peaches,
 What heaven 'twould be
 In this town by the sea.
 I see seagulls of white,
 Their wings in full flight,
 As I sit on the shore.
 Who could ask for anything more?

P. CONWAY (2E).

THE LANES

Along the winding Lanes I stroll,
 Where girls once walked with parasol.
 The quaint shops sell the things they sold
 In long forgotten days of old.

For fashions come and fashions go,
 But in the Lanes it's still go slow.
 Whilst office blocks can do no harm,
 The cobbled lanes still keep their charm.

Though modern man may change his ways,
 He still longs for the good old days,
 When he could stand and choose and buy,
 And never have to hurry by.

P. MARTIN (4B).

WASTE PAPER

Waste paper is not as useless as it seems at first sight. What makes it interesting is where it is found and what is written on it. Even notes to the milkman can vary from "His Lordship requests ten crates" to "Only two pints today, Jack"; and even the company director's waste-paper basket may contain the screwed-up little note reading "2.30 Donc. Popsie Wopsie, 5/- e.w." There is no end to the fun of looking in waste-paper baskets.

The fact is that people of all kinds deposit waste paper, and usually the more important the person, the more paper he wastes. Indeed, what would you not give to look inside the Prime Minister's waste-paper basket at the end of a frustrating day. Yet to be able to see into one another's waste paper would mean no privacy for any of us. Imagine Mrs. Jones commenting on her neighbour's shopping list of the day before: "Why does she need all that milk? What does she want with a rattle? I've never seen her down at the Goldstone"

Yet even the paper we use for scribbling shopping lists is important in itself, even when it has been screwed up and thrown into the dustbin. Far from being dumped as unwanted, useless rubbish, it is sorted and taken to what I term reproducing factories, where it is all mashed and re-pulped. Then the cycle begins all over again: from pulp to, perhaps, spotless, perfumed, expensive paper, which after distribution is sold, soiled and finally returned to the paper-reproducing mills again.

C. ERRICKER (6).

THE CAIMA PULP COMPANY

There are three main ways of making pulp: the mechanical method, the sulphate method, which is coming back into favour again, and the sulphide method for which this mill was built.

The success of a pulp mill depends on the special characteristics of the local wood. Even the same kind of wood from another district may be unsuitable, as the slightest difference in constituents of any dirt on the chips, or any variation in hardness, toughness or grain, affects the quality of the finished product. So this mill was specially built to use the eucalypto logs from the surrounding area of Constancia at the mouth of the great river Do Zezere.

The eucalypto tree was used for the pulp because of the absence of bark. First the trunks were cut into lengths of about three feet, maximum diameter eighteen inches to pass through the cutters. They were then thoroughly washed by spray gun, cut into chips and carried to the top of a two hundred foot tower. There the chips were crushed, jet-mixed with water and cooked in a digester at a temperature of 140° C. This sorted out the first set of impurities.

From the washer a brown liquid was extracted, half the weight of the whole wood pulp and consisting of cellulose fibre and pasha - an encrusting matter. Screening removed the uncooked part and six vibrating screens took out ninety per cent of the cellulose pulp. This was further refined by five sets of 'hydrocyclones' of varying water pressures to produce a thick brown paste, which ran on to a metal grill, from which the water was first vacuum-sucked and then crushed out by canvas on rollers. The machine that performed this was a Fourdrinier, in which the stock flowed on to a moving wire belt which removed the water by natural drainage, the action of the table rollers and the vacuum boxes. The last roller, known as the couch, was perforated so that more water was removed by suction.

After the removal of about 15-20% water, the sheet was consolidated by presses which removed more water from the web which, after going through a pre-heater to lower the viscosity of the water, passed over steam-heated cylinders in such a way that both sides of the sheet formation were treated in a similar manner. The paper web, now 93% dry, then passed through a calender, a pair of rollers, alternately hard and soft and operating at relatively high pressure. From there the pulp was perforated to eliminate the tax for paper, before being taken to the finishing department, where it was cut into sheets.

Beaters broke up the pulp sheets in hydropulpers, large tanks ranging from eight to sixteen feet in diameter, each fitted at the bottom with a heavy impeller; and, after about a quarter of an hour, depending on the type of paper the sulphide preparation

required, the stock was ready for transfer to refiners, where beating action broke up the fibres.

Finally, the pulp was packed, in sizes of two feet by two feet, in bundles weighing 374 lbs. and costing about £40 apiece. Each day the factory turned out about 350 of these bundles which were worth about £13,000.

This is the only industry of Constancia, a small quaint but colourful town, which formerly depended on the growing of olives and their transportation down the Tagus to Lisbon. But, as only about 30 workers are employed in the factory, most of the people are very poor, rather illiterate and not very keen on work.

K. PALMER.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Dreams, golden day-dreams - castles in the air - everyone builds them, although each edifice is very different from the next. We start at a very early age, when it is almost impossible to distinguish dream from daydream. Then come the ideas of being the greatest this, or the greatest that. At school we dream of brilliance, or just of escape from school and academic authority.

At first we dream just of pleasurable things that dance to the lively tune of youth; then golden hopes harden into the twin ideals of materialism, fame and fortune. In the tranquillity of maturity, our dreams turn backwards to the past until senility brings its own oblivion.

Though Freud would have us believe that dreams are nothing more than ignoble compensation for our failure in life, I prefer to think of them as something better; for, as well as the more prosaic thoughts of money and greatness, most of us have something nobler in our deepest ideals, some thought of a finer world where trouble, strife, war, murder, hunger and poverty are things of the past. Unless, that is, we are murderers and madmen, and what horrible phantasms must proceed from their diseased minds, which can no longer separate dream from reality, wrong from right, but confuse the two in a tangled web so that reality is lost to them forever in an inverted world - or is it they that have the reality and we the madness?

But castles, excepting madmen's, built on the fluffy foundations of dreams, do no one any harm and indeed, besides helping us to idle away endless hours in pleasant speculation of the impossible, enable us to return with new courage and vigour to the problems of the possible, as well as indulging in the creation of personal utopias.

S. HINTON.

WISHFUL THINKING

I should like to be the Astronomer Royal. This man carries on his shoulders the responsibility of almost all of Britain's space and astronomical programmes. The present holder of the office, Sir Richard Woolley, is a very distinguished man and continues a line of Astronomers Royal, which began in 1675, when Charles II established the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, to improve on navigational methods and measure more accurately, solar, lunar and stellar positions. Flamsteed, with his catalogue of the fixed stars, and Halley, his successor, famous for the comet named after him and for his discoveries about the movements of Saturn and Jupiter, were the first of the brilliant men who have worked consistently to keep Britain in the forefront of astronomy, the scientific study of the heavens.

The Astronomer Royal leads an extremely interesting life. He is no longer at Greenwich; the two meridian and six equatorial telescopes have been removed from the lights and smog of London to Sussex; there is an observatory at the Cape of Good Hope, and other commitments that keep him busy all all over the world.

Let us hope that the present Astronomer Royal will leave an impressive record for the next to continue. If only I could be his successor! Imagine being at the eyepiece of a giant reflector, supervising important spectroscopic analysis. What an experience to be in charge of a country's contribution to such a fascinating science. Fascinating is an understatement, for the insignificance of this earth, compared with the rest of the universe, is too fantastic to grasp. That is why I think the work of the Astronomer Royal is so important, for through him we gain knowledge of the forces that could destroy us all in a fraction of a second, or allow us to live out our tiny little lives, fighting and squabbling amongst ourselves. Yet, this is wishful thinking indeed, so I must be content to do the best I can with my home-made tools to make my contribution to this science.

B. KIRKHAM.

HAWAII

The island I should most likely to end my days on is Hawaii. Hawaii, the sun-drenched paradise in the Pacific Ocean, offers everything I need to enjoy myself and die peacefully: glorious sunshine, golden sandy beaches, warm coral seas; good jobs and plenty of night-life - and a beautiful cemetery set among the palm-trees! What more could I want?

J. PRINCE (VI).

THE SENTENCE OF DEATH

Harry Jones, aged 48, was a timid little clerk in a large engineering firm. Artistic and sensitive, he spent all his spare time making sketches for the great paintings he would do one day. Conscientious, harassed and bullied by his superiors, he was never even late for this job he hated until one cold November morning. Rebuked by his boss for arriving five minutes after time, he collapsed and was rushed off to hospital. After a few days he returned home to wait for the specialist's report.

"Three months to live - maybe less". This was a terrible shock at first, but once he was used to the idea he developed a strange feeling of freedom. Three months was not long to live a whole life, but he was going to try. This was his opportunity to carry out his life-long ambition of travelling to Hawaii and painting to his heart's content.

The next few days he was so busy settling his affairs that he hardly had time to think of the wonderful weeks to come and almost before he realised it he was on the plane that was to take him on the most exciting journey of his life. Never before had he realised how beautiful the land could look from the air - wonderful undulating hills, beautiful snow-capped mountains and then the South Sea Islands with their palm trees and the yellow beaches on which the breakers crash incessantly.

Hawaii was all that he had hoped for and he could hardly believe that this wonderful isle was his for three whole months. He spent his time roaming round the countryside, exploring and sketching the beaches and, in the quiet of his chalet, putting all his sketches and ideas to canvas. He had never felt so fit and happy before; one month had slipped by; if the doctor was right, only two months of happiness remained; his only worry was that he would die before making a name for himself as an artist.

One day an American, whose car had broken down, came to the chalet to ask if he could use the telephone. Before he left, he had shown a lively interest in the paintings. He was a famous dealer and within a week he was back again with an offer for some of the paintings. From then on, commissions flowed in. Harry had never been so happily busy before. Suddenly with a start he realised that three months had already passed. He decided to go to the doctor for a final check-up. The verdict this time was that he was fit enough to live another twenty years, so long as he continued his present carefree way of life.

It was a reprieve and a sentence which Harry was only too glad to accept. As far as I know, Harry is still on the island fulfilling his life-long ambition of making a name for himself as an artist.

M. M.

FISHING

I have fished almost everywhere within reach, but only one water have I come across which seemed to send a chilled feeling down my spine day or night. I had been told by an old local fisherman that there were some "monsters" in the lake, but they were very elusive and almost impossible to catch.

The lake was near the Thames, but the atmosphere there was very different from the friendly rivers that I was used to. No sign of fish or bird life ever disturbed the surface, yet there were fish in the lake, I think.

I first fished the lake at the age of eight, but with little success, and when the gloomy dusk crept down upon me. I was glad to steal away from the lake that was surely barren of fish and was of no interest to me. Yet, return I did years later, then a fully grown man, and I decided to revisit the lake in an endeavour to catch me a fish.

I arrived about an hour before dusk and had watched a motionless float with nothing happening, save a visit from a small boy of about eight years old. He was very quiet and attentive as he crouched beside me. The odd thing about him was that he wore no socks or shoes. It was nearly dark when the boy left, and I was sorry to see him go, for that left me alone with the lake. I was frozen and stiff with the cold, yet I fished on until eventually appeared a slow grey dawn. My float stayed motionless, the lake remained inert and still I had seen no sign of fish. Suddenly my float rose clean out of the water and subsided, but did not go under. I struck and gave an immense heave, for if I had not done so, I am sure that I should have been pulled in as the monster on the other end made a dash for the bed of weeds near the far bank. But alas, before I could check the dash, my tackle broke and I stood shaken with excitement as I saw my float vanish from view.

Although I again visited the Thames in that area I never again fished the lake. In fact, wild horses would not drag me there, not after what I found out about it.

It was raining and the fish were off the feed, so I wandered up to the pub, leaving my tackle by the river's edge. On the way back I decided to have a look at the old church and grounds, as such places never fail to fascinate me. There was a cemetery attached and quaint corroded headstones stood erect after the centuries, but one headstone figure stood apart from the rest. As I moved closer I seemed to recognise something about it. It was a life-like statue of a boy, he wore no socks and shoes and he looked just like my little visitor. The inscription read, "In loving memory of Tom Oakley who was drowned in a nearby lake, August 1814".

JAMES HARRIS.

TALL BUILDINGS

Skyscrapers, as their very name suggests, may one day destroy themselves. The Americans, the experts in these gigantic blocks of stone, are reaching higher and higher into the sky, but getting no nearer to Heaven. Here is where the danger lies, for one day God may object to their encroaching on his Kingdom and give them the Tower-of-Babel treatment. Then would the Americans speak a wealth of new tongues, much to the delight of language scholars throughout the world.

Apart from housing thousands of people at a time, what useful purpose can these concrete pillars serve? Why not open them to the world's climbers and what better place to start than the U.N.O. buildings, where every climber, no matter what his colour, country, creed, would be assured of every help, or veto, to get him first to the top for the honour and glory of his native land. Experiments are already being carried out by students at British Universities, where it is quite natural to talk of "a face climb, V.D., (very difficult) up the cathedral aisle", and before long there should be a first ascent of the West Face of the Empire State Building by Sir So-and-So and his all-American guide, the renowned skyscraper climber, Mr. So-and-So.

But this may be the beginning of the end. Climbers of every nationality, except British, will start training in earnest, and skyscrapers will sprout, like mushrooms, overnight. To mark their frontiers, countries will build great skyscraper walls, with the sky the limit, until God, tired of their nonsense, will allow them to destroy themselves with their new-fangled nuclear devices.

G. B.

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