

IN THE BEGINNING . . .

there was the *Plymothian*, a magazine by the school, for the school. This term we offer you a work which while satisfying the second, lacks in the first part of its truly Democratic concept. Need we say more, except perhaps to repeat that we can print: articles, stories, poetry, drawings, cartoons, lino-cuts and even a number of photographs.

Several events of Autumn '69 deserve a mention. The fading of the decade saw the opening of the Plymouth College Development Fund. Is the School more appealing than it seems? Lit. & Deb., that bastion of free speech, is dying. If we must go forward into the seventies without it, our loss is a sad one. Perhaps the chronic lack of support witnessed this term is due simply to its image. Who knows, if it changed its name to "Talk-in '70" the attendance might rocket. If so it is a sad reflection on the commercialised, "trendy", society in which we live.

In a lighter vein, Andy Wyatt's production of "Charley's Aunt" this term to replace the traditional "Christmas Entertainment", must be wholeheartedly applauded. The play succeeded where the last couple of "Entertainments" failed. It entertained!!

Congratulations must go: to those who gained places at Oxford and Cambridge after the December examinations, especially the six who won awards; to the first fifteen, who found courage in defeat; and finally, to Mr. Veale, who after one term as Housemaster in Mannamead House, remains perfectly sane.

We extend a warm welcome to the four student Masters who join us for a term and wish them good luck with their careers. (What was that about "lamb to the slaughter?")

We leave you with a final thought. "If all the school property damaged this term was stacked together, we could have one hell of a bonfire!"

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Autumn Term 1969

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J. C. A. Pearn

A. H. E. Square
J. W. Stevens

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J. A. Newcombe
R. D. Nicholls
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P. W. R. Elliot

T. N. French
P. J. Milnes
D. A. Moore

A. J. Simmonds
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M. J. Behennah

K. Parish

D. J. P. McLean

J. A. Newcombe

L. A. Moore

MUSIC NOTES

WE welcome to the Music Staff this term Miss S. Weston, who is taking some Piano and Organ pupils in the Main School, as well as taking charge of the Music at the Prep., and Miss A. Woolner, who is teaching the Oboe and the Bassoon.

Next term, the Junior Concert will be held on Saturday, March 7th, and the Senior Concert on Wednesday, March 18th.

The Choir will be rehearsing the Bach Cantata 'A Stronghold Sure', and the Senior Orchestra has already started to rehearse Beethoven's 'Coriolanus' Overture and John Ansell's 'Plymouth Hoe' Overture. All these items will be included in the Summer Concert next May.

J. H. B.

ORCHESTRAL AND CHORAL CONCERT

THE Choral and Orchestral Concert, last term, was held in the Big School on the 22nd November. The hall was packed to capacity by many parents and friends, but comparatively few boys.

To start the proceedings the orchestra, conducted by Mr. Bill, played Mozart's German Dance, "The Sleigh Ride". This piece was played well, on the whole, but came apart in places. At times the orchestra was slightly unbalanced, but overall the piece was correctly crisp and light. Next on the programme came three numbers by the choir. J. W. Paton accompanied these on the electronic organ, while Mr. Bill conducted. The three pieces were: "Awake O Lord! And Hasten!" by Bach, "Lo! Star led Chiefs" by Crotch and "The Shepherd's Farewell" by Berlioz. Each of these pieces seemed to be of an enjoyable standard. The choir was apart in places, and the upper voice regions often had trouble pitching their notes. On the other hand the lyrics were clearly and tunelessly sung, creating an overall good performance.

Handel's Adagio and Allegro from Organ Concerto in B Flat came next. This involved Paton on the organ and the string section of the orchestra. Both elements playing the work achieved a high standard of musicianship, but were slightly unmatched at times. The Senior Orchestra concluded the first half of the concert by playing the "Occasional Overture" by Handel. The pyrotechnical complexities of the Allegro taxed the present limitations of the orchestra.

During the next half of the evening smaller musical groups were featured. The first of these was the strings led by Mr. E. Lamb, who played Haydn's Serenade from Quartet No. 17 and Minuet. These pieces illustrate yet again the greatly improved standard of string playing in the school. Following these, P. G. S. Lamb accompanied by Miss S. Weston gave an inspired performance of the Praeludium and Allegro by Paganini—Kreisler. This was very well received by the audience.

The next item featured the electronic organ and J. W. Paton. He played "Abide with us" by Bach and the "Giant Fuge". This new sound to Big School was enjoyed by the audience although the organ put technical limitations on the performer. This concert was concluded by the orchestra rendering the Polka from "Schwanda the Bagpiper" by Weinberger.

One of the highlights of the evening was the song "The Old Superb" by Stanford. This work featured R. D. Rowe and a male chorus. Rowe led bravely with a good powerful performance and his solo well matched the chorus.

The concert ended with an address from Mr. Meade-King, and a collection for the Christmas charity.

R. D. S. SCOTT

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IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA . . .

from "Unity of Nations" by P. J. Milnes, an account of his visit to America in August this year as one of the group of VIth formers from the College participating in the "Experiment in International Living".

"The 'Experiment' is all about one of the significant events of the 20th Century—the search for international understanding, for mutual respect and friendship between peoples of different nations. It is an idea, a dedication to an ideal and an organisation to make it work, an organisation that now exists in forty-six countries on all five Continents."

from a booklet published by the "Experiment in International Living".

Two nations for seven weeks in a year were banded together in a small way by a young member of one nation staying with a member of the other nation in his country for three or four weeks, and then returning the hospitality.

Until about six months ago, America to me was just a large country on the other side of the Atlantic that I had read a great deal about but probably would never see. Then suddenly, through the 'Experiment in International Living', I saw how the American people lived. An American girl came and stayed with my family for four weeks, and then I went and stayed with her family for three weeks. At first I was a bit doubtful about living with an American family, but then I thought how great it would be to find out how the American way of life is different from ours. Since then I have never looked back or regretted my decision, nor, I think, have any of the others who went over to the States.

The thing that impressed me most about America was the friendliness of the people. The first American we spoke to was a customs official. It was late in the day and we were just another of the many groups of aircraft passengers to be dealt with. One would have expected him to be stern-faced and short-tempered, but not a bit of it. All he needed to do was stamp our passports and look at our visas but no, he went out of his way to make us feel welcome. It was like that throughout our stay in America. Everyone was helpful and pleasant to us and eager to make sure that we enjoyed our stay in the United States.

The way of life of the Americans in New Hampshire and Massachusetts was very similar to that in England. The majority of the people I met while I was over there could trace their not too distant ancestors back to England. I was surprised to find how many of the people I met had been to England at sometime in their lives.

One difference that I did notice, however, lies in the way of life of teenage boys. They know that as soon as they come out of college they will be drafted for two years, one of which will probably be spent in Vietnam. I was told by one American boy that you cannot be drafted if you are still at College, or if you are over twenty-eight years of age. He said that some boys try to stay at College reading for a master's degree until they are twenty-eight, so avoiding being drafted by 'Uncle Sam'. You cannot be drafted if you have a criminal record either, so it is easy enough to understand the rising crime rate in America: someone who is due to be drafted commits a minor offence for which he is punished and so escapes the draft as a convicted criminal! I got the impression that the average American teenage boy is out to have a good time while he can, because the shadow of drafting and the threat of being killed in Vietnam looms over him all the time.

It is impossible to escape a very real awareness of the violence in American society. You need only to go into a Post Office and see the 'Wanted' posters all over the walls to realise the size of the problem. As everyone knows, all American policemen carry loaded guns at all times when on duty, and if a situation requires the use of firearms, they will shoot without hesitation. Guns are so easy to buy in America that it is hardly surprising that there is such a high murder rate there. In fact, during the three weeks we spent in New Hampshire, five cab-drivers were murdered in Boston, only a two hour drive away from our "base" at Keene.

Through the "Experiment in International Living" I learned how the other side of the Atlantic lives. It was something that I could never have found out if I had just gone over and lived in hotels for three weeks. I enjoyed living with an American family: it showed me the difference between the British and the Americans. It was so different from the normal two week package holiday, to Spain or somewhere. I saw, in America, what the normal tourist would not see if he stuck to his tour—the places that only a native would know about. The programme was of immense value and I enjoyed every minute of it.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th . . .

189 of us, all experimenters, hurtling at nearly 600 miles an hour towards New York. Late setting off and now late coming down producing a restless, irritated, stateless feeling. From a gangway seat, nothing to see, so far, of New York. This is disappointing because all the photographs one can remember of New York are of marvellous aerial views. Somehow one feels that this is the appropriate way to see New York for the first time and one has thus been cheated (older readers might of course prefer coming up the Hudson in the Q.E.2, but not this under-privileged member of the jet-set).

We wait on the runway for a further thirty minutes (will this city never come?) and then taxi lugubriously towards the main terminal buildings. A voice behind one says with sudden sharp interest on looking at the TWA terminal, "I say, isn't it big?", and one is acutely aware of being among "experimenters" and their kind.

Through the immigration and customs departments which seem as bare and faceless as their counterparts all over the world—and there, at last, is the bus waiting to take us to New York. Ah, New York at last. The excitement mounts. The bus' glazed windows show rows of small houses looking, from this distance pretty much as they do in England—but the roads, oh the roads, how different they are. Great wide convoluted snakes crawling over and under each other and spreading in all directions. They make anything we have seen like snails' trails by comparison. Hundreds and hundreds of cars going God knows where; this at 7.30 in the evening too, when London's rush hour is well nigh over—particularly in the outer suburbs. The first tall buildings—not mammoth skyscrapers but sufficiently tall to start the adrenalin coursing—lit up, sparkling is the best word to describe them really. And suddenly we are at our hotel bang slap in midtown Manhattan, sir. A tatty building with the busy impersonality that made one wit describe it as "more like a sleep factory than a hotel". Indeed, after finding the right one out of 1800 rooms spread over 18 floors, bed would have been welcome a retreat. Old televisions (black and white) in a characterless bedroom and a bathroom surely in need of re-decoration. So much so that one felt immediately at home.

Next morning (Sunday), clutching our dollars desperately to us, our group of nine wander across 5th Avenue to a cheapish restaurant. We eat our first American meal, and find it surprisingly good. Exit one cliché that all American food is tasteless—it is not. As one looks out from one's hotel bedroom on the 13th floor this first morning in New York, the buildings clamber up to the skies. Grey concrete buildings suiting a grey concrete sky. "This is New York" one thinks (never stops thinking throughout the whole trip like an endless mental exclamation mark), "up, up, up". But later on down in the streets the feeling recedes as the vistas present themselves. Another cliché bites the dust. New York is not claustrophobic. The streets are too wide, the stretch of them too long and straight. There is sky everywhere. Amazingly, one seems to assimilate the tallness of everything instantaneously. So much so that it was not until a companion pointed out that the top of the Pan Am building was hidden in cloud that one had a physical sensation of how high these skyscrapers are.

Our small group set off on our first daylight voyage of exploration. On the way we see posters of the Madison Square Garden Centre with a lean skyscraper next to it. This is instant New York. The eye travels left and right to see yet more of the things all around. Past the Empire State Building which produces a crick in the neck as one looks up at it. And no wonder since one is endeavouring to look up some 1,472 ft.

We drive on to the Port Authority Bus Terminal, the biggest in the world, located on 40th and 41st streets, eighth and ninth avenues. There we take a Greyhound coach to Keene, New Hampshire, via Boston, where our host families will meet us. There we think to write home, and pick out the postcards of the tallest buildings and longest cars. "This is New York as I imagined it" says a companion from another group. He had been to Wall Street the night before. Down in this old part of the city, such an integral part of it, even the heart of it one thinks, the whole history of America almost overwhelms one. It is impossible not to feel emotional. You can have your Park Avenue and 5th Avenue, your Rockefeller Centre, your Lincoln Centre, even your Central Park; you can have all the places you have seen and I have not; New York for me will always be symbolised by a card showing on and around Wall Street on a Sunday morning. Down by the river, a vast windowless brick wall rears up into the sky. Stamped on it in gigantic letters is the proud slogan:

"New York is New York—is there anywhere else?"

Impossible not to look up and reply: "No sir, there aint".

JON

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CRUISING WITH BRITISH INDIA . . .

IN August of last year a party from the school experimented in a new venture for the school, departing the country for the Atlantic coast of Africa on an educational cruise. 'Educational', does not imply formal studying but education by experience in seeing new peoples and places. We boarded the s.s. Uganda for a fortnight, sailing south with about 900 others towards the Canaries.

It took a day or two to accustom ourselves to the economy of space, endless passageways and routine of ship life and the fact it was almost impossible to be at all alone. Time aboard during travel between the ports of call was divided into a number of periods to prevent overcrowding on utilities such as deck games and background lectures on the places we were to visit.

Our first stop was Las Palmas, a lazy, entertaining city during the day. The island itself is more arid than the postcards lead us to believe, but the siesta period spent bathing more than compensated for that.

On to Lanzarote, an outlandish, volcanic island on the edge of the Canaries group. Outlandish because of the incredible physical forms of its interior—a plateau of blackened ash punctured by inert volcanoes whose sides were draped in brilliant ochres, red and browns. This island was the most refreshing of our visits (despite its very dusty and barren nature) due to the lack of commercial exploitation.

Then Madeira—'the second garden of Eden', a title richly deserved by this island whose fertility clothes the island two thousand feet up its almost sheer sides. Its atmosphere was one of leisure, content and abundance. Only the persistence and over-zealousness of the shopkeepers marred its image. Many people commented that they'd like to go back some day as we moved off and it was generally agreed to be the best port of call.

On the tenth day we disembarked at Oporto, toured the city, including a visit to a port wine lodge before departing on a 120 mile overland coach trip to Vigo, a little further up the Portuguese and Spanish coast. The journey gave us opportunity for bathing off a scorching Portuguese beach and visiting two small towns, one in Portugal, then across the frontier to Valencia in Spain. From busy Vigo we were bound for Southampton.

Our medium for the round trip of 3,500 miles was of 19,000 tons and specially adapted for this use. It was well equipped but the dormitory accommodation was cramped. The food was more than sufficient but far from exceptional, which on reflection seemed reasonable enough when paired with the overall cost. Our time to begin with was a little too organised, but this was of necessity, and this became non-applicable as we got used to the system.

The atmosphere was free and friendly, friends being easily made and we saw none of the ill-feeling usual somewhere in a cross-section of 900 members of society. Seasick?—the ship had stabilisers which did a great service in 'a force 8 gale and very heavy swell' but unfortunately couldn't spare everyone.

The venture was certainly worthwhile (few wished to leave at the end of the two weeks) and a non-stop holiday. One realised this when one reached the tranquility of home. The trip is worth recommending.

M. GODFREY, 6

CONTEMPORARY YOUTH . . .

Many people talk about "Youth Today" and "Contemporary Youth". We wondered what the Sixth form at Plymouth College thought. The result, an opinion on each side of the fence, is seen below.

A LACK of discipline is the basic fault that I can see in the youth of today. Lack of discipline and an inability to transmit discipline. There is an ever increasing tendency in the youth of today to be 'anti'—anti-apartheid, anti-war in Vietnam . . . anti-establishment. I am sure, though, out of this mass there are very few with convictions, with the intelligence to weigh up both sides of the argument, and to argue their cause successfully. There are definitely a few who could do this, but the rest are just following those meagre few like sheep; they have a lack of discipline, they are driven on by an imagination of doing the right thing. But they are ruining themselves, by their own methods, they are alienating themselves from nearly every other sector of society, something that by mere definition must be wrong. Let the youth of today remember when they are beating up policemen and burning the stars and stripes that one day it will be they who are administrating civil authority and they making economic and other negotiations with U.S. for their own good. I am sure in twenty or thirty years time our generation will be the first to complain at the precedent they set when the youth of tomorrow start rioting, so let the youth stop and look at their methods of disagreements, and their responsibilities to society.

D. A. MOORE, 6

THE phrase 'contemporary youth' insinuates a group of long-haired, lethargic revolutionaries who have no respect for authority or the wishes of other people—and do nothing for the good of the state, society or the queen!

Unbelievable as it may seem, people are individuals, even young people, who have their own thoughts, their own ideas and their own minds. It is impossible to congregate under one name the thousands of different, individual young people of today. Rather it is better to consider each person as a separate being—such as he is. One cannot judge someone by looking at his friends.

Disregarding the young person who does do something for the benefit of society, as it seems everyone does when discussing 'contemporary youth', one is perhaps left with a group of people for whom the only remedy appears to be 'a good spell in the army'! But weren't older people young once? and didn't they ever do anything to shock or surprise their parents? Or perhaps they were all straight-laced, conforming good-boys. Perhaps people are just afraid of someone who has something they lack—Freedom.

The generation gap will never be bridged, because a parent can never control the mind of his child. His influence over his offspring may have little effect if/when the child is allowed to think for himself. Young people today are not trying to put right the older generation's mistakes, but are trying to live their own lives. No one intends to upset anyone. They just want to be free and to be themselves. You don't have to approve of something to accept it—so why not just accept people for what they are? A person with long-hair is immediately rejected from society without being given a chance to prove himself. I am sure that no one grows his hair, for example, to offend or to rebel against the 'system'. Perhaps it keeps him warm in the winter or perhaps he just likes long hair! (In answer to a statement in another *Plymothian* that quote: "when long hair is dirty unkempt and untidy, the question of health and hygiene enters in" unquote, all I can say is I haven't noticed!).

With young people of today there is no class distinction or discrimination of any kind—racial or otherwise—'anything goes', young people can and do learn from the older generation, and the older generation can learn from the younger generation—although they are not prepared to admit this.

Contemporary youth is contemporary youth! Take it or leave it—most people leave it.

R. CROCKER, 6

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CHARLEY'S AUNT . . .



THIS year saw a departure from the usual form of Christmas Entertainment. It was nice to know that, for once, the producer of a school play was a pupil, A. J. Wyatt. He went a fair way to achieving a realistic atmosphere—the scenery, like the musical introductions, proving particularly effective. In spite of this, however, the players found it too difficult to enact convincingly an episode from what must have been a most conceited era. They were not helped in this by the audience (on the second night, at least), which seemed determined to sit stolidly, like a band of sulking children!

M. J. Piör waved aside corsets and lipstick to give us a very beefy 'Aunt': his hankering after cigars and champagne gave weight to the belief that he was really a transvestite 'Billy Bunter' grabbed from some other production: he was very convincing, and the protests he made to accomplices and audience alike were magnificent. His only fault was perhaps an inevitable one—his cool reception of Kitty and Amy. Again, boys played these female parts, with mixed success: despite their enthusiasm, these two 'luscious, delectable young ladies' entered (to the audience's delight) more like a pair of old hags just retiring from careers as unsuccessful prostitutes. Now we were laughing because they were really boys, and the gist of their words was often lost: is there some undisclosed reason for barring females from the plays we stage?

R. Rowe and I. D. Henderson played the youthful, frolicking undergraduates: neither could find the resources necessary to play such self-confident and bragging young gentlemen: the latter, however, made attempts to fling himself into the drama by diving across the stage when making an entrance. C. Ellis and D. A. Moore excelled as the frustrated professional men. Their energetic attempts to show just who was the more conceited were highly amusing. Moore's appearance added to this—top-heavy with huge side-whiskers and a slim body, he bore a remarkable similarity to a caricature of some politician in an old volume of 'Punch'. K. Stanbury was quite convincing as a tall, snare and delicate lady from Brazil. He was ably assisted by N. W. Gray who, being hardly more than half his size and garbed in rather a scraggy outfit, looked endearing as an orphan.

The play certainly succeeded in raising guffaws and titters, but reactions often must have been slightly forced and artificial. Why should the Christmas Entertainment NATURALLY mean amusement? Full marks to the producer for a courageous and constructive attempt to bring us something MORE than satisfactory, but our hierarchy should be thoroughly shaken in the next ten months to ensure a production in which considerably more than one sixtieth of the school is featured.

P.

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RUSH HOUR IN THE CITY . . .

AS one pushes, fights one's way through a crowd, one feels that one is a solitary fish trying to swim in the opposite direction to the shoal and not succeeding. In a rush hour politeness is almost non-existent. It virtually boils down to survival of the fittest, especially on a Friday evening.

One confronts many people on a tube train, businessmen trying hard to maintain an air of sophistication while being crushed; bad tempered mothers with four screaming children in four different places; and finally office girls remaining totally indifferent to it all.

At Christmas it is an endurance test trying to escape from Harrods in the rush hour, people swarming in trying to buy a last Christmas present, remaining oblivious of it all, and their surroundings.

A tramp with an accordion stands about forty yards from Harrods grinding out music that no one hears. The evening papers are rapidly sold and the contents eagerly devoured.

The public lavatories are as crowded as a cattle truck, they also smell like one, a continuous stream of people going in and out.

The men from the factory knock off and the smoke from the factory curls lazily skywards to vanish in seconds. A cigarette butt is dropped in haste and a tramp leisurely stoops to claim it for his own.

Taxis roar up to a double yellow line and hastily move off again four or five people crushed inside, all tired and dejected from a day's work in the city.

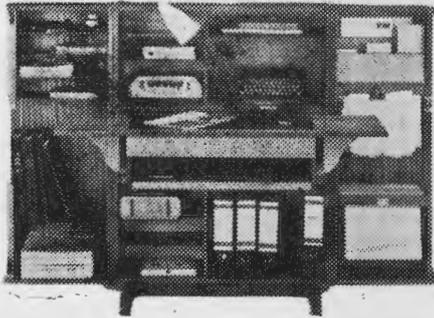
A policeman turns a blind eye to a van parked on a double yellow line. If he booked it, it would mean extra work, extra time and he is tired and wants to go home.

Some of the engines roar like wild beasts, the exhaust fumes are inescapable and one gets used to them eventually. Drizzle begins to filter out of the cold, grey clouds; it too seems to have acquired the dirt of the city.

A blushing bride caught in the rush hour, about to go on her honeymoon, is trying desperately to avoid stares from inquisitive onlookers, and flicks an imaginary speck of dust from her dress. The car moves on and she feels at ease once again.

The more one lives in London the more one gets used to the ritual of a British rush hour.

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THE MISTS OF TIME . . .

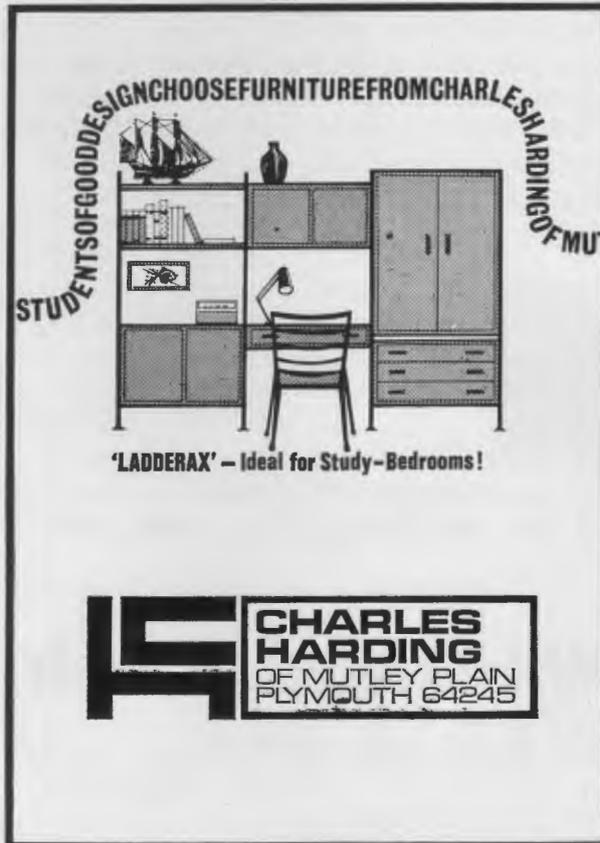
AN ethereal mist hung over the old, old stones of the monument, giving a ghost-like air to the gentle but cold wind which lapped around the massive piece of Stone-Age art.

A young onlooker watched the ever-changing shape of the edifice as the mist nestled close around it, bringing a new arm from its body to wrap tight around the stones and then pull itself closer to the monument.

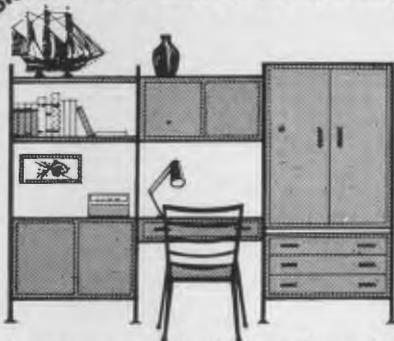
An old man stood with his back to the relic looking towards the valley which lay beside the hill on which he was standing. Down in the valley was his childhood, playing, all alone in the mist. In the valley were memories—of adventures, of games, of picnics, of rare visits to the seaside, and memories of mist, which he recalled more than any of the others. These memories stayed in his mind, like a pertinacious ghost. Engulfed in this same mist was a small boy, wearing ragged clothes and with bare feet. The old man was no more: the young onlooker disappeared; the monument was the same. The boy played tag with the mist, running until he was exhausted. He lay down in the grass and recovered his breath. Then he stood up and looked down into the valley.

The mist swirled around until he could not be seen. Then the mist cleared, and the old man walked slowly home.

S. T. CREWE, IA



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**A GURBLEFLUMPH IN A PUBLIC
BUS . . .**

A Gurbleflumph in a public bus
Is worse than a hippopotamus.
He jumps on all the vacant seats
And then h s hairy chest he beats.
He leaps up and down the length of the bus
And the passengers make such a fuss.
When a Gurbleflumph rides on a one-man bus
The noise he makes is continuous.
He cracks his nuts in the ticket machine
And the driver wishes he never had seen
A Gurbleflumph with his clumsy feet,
Jumping around near his driving seat.

M. WHEELER I

Take away my freedom
But you'll never take my soul
Steal it from me bit by bit
Or seize my body whole
Rule me with an iron rod
Burn my eyes with coal
Force the freedom out of me
But you'll never take my soul.

L. MOORE 6

A DEATH . . .

They crucified him
Stuck him on wood
And nailed him against the sky
Which moved so slowly
Behind the hill.
The sky was faultlessly blue
For we would not have our saviour's body
Hung in cloud
On a day when
We all had to see him
So clearly.
And when darkness fell
It missed his body
So we could still see him
From our windows that night.
The moon
Was sunk behind his head
Giving us the halo
We had always wanted.
His face was bowed
To death
Who had at last
Entered in upon his immortality.
His body was thrown awkwardly
Across the wood
He had once learnt
To fashion
And his hands,
To love.

I do not want to look any closer
For I am frightened
Up here alone,
With him hanging so still
As if he is really dead
And darkness so deep behind me
Lying thick over the hill
Which I have to climb down
If I am ever to leave.
He is dead
For this evening
And there is no pain left for him to feel
Only the nails
Feel pain
As his body grows heavier
With man pulling at his heels
And pleading with him to speak
Again.

D. T. CHARLESTON 6

6th NOVEMBER 1969 . . .

Couldn't get to sleep tonight—
Turned on the light—
And had to write—
A poem—
To you—

Your Image
Suspended—motionless
In the mists of evening,
Trapped in the spider's silver web
Calls me closer to your side
—As day changes to night
Life passes into warm oblivion.
Slowly, softly
Sleep draws ever nearer,
Even dearer now
To my passive mind
Than yesterday's daydreams.

MOORE 6

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ABORTIONED SON . . .

There and existing
yet not alive or born,
incubating in the silky, warmed womb,
which rejects and does not want you.
Quietly you crouch
between a realm known and one unknown,
never to be touched by the life
and death phenomena.
Pass on lonely child,
a judgement by your mother-body,
who almighty above you stands
has sentenced and condemned.
She, gross and flesh
has been arm-twisted by . . .
 a pressure of economy
 of social goodtimes
 and vanity.
For better or for worse she has not learned
to love you, so will not carry you.
Never shall you feel the gentle, midwife hand,
Pass on little child
across your shortcut.