

PASTONIANS

ANONYMOUS.

No. 2

JULY 1965

EDITORIAL

"I shold, I cry out of wrong but I am not heard."  
Job. 19.7.

Last year the editors of this magazine expressed the wish that their work might lead to some kind of improvement in the conduct of school affairs. This was a very praiseworthy and a very naïve wish; this year we hold forth no such hope. The most that we can hope for is that our comments here might re-awaken the indignation of those who, through constant subjection to subtrefuge, neglect and contempt, have taken refuge in a shell of cynicism and uneasy tolerance.

It is significant that we feel ourselves compelled to produce this magazine during our last few days at the school and that it is necessary to "go underground" in order to do so. We feel that the Paston School would be a saner place if activities such as ours could be conducted in the open without fear of reprisals of any sort.

We hope that this magazine will help to put some of the events of this last year in their true perspective and will provide some entertainment for those who read it.

The Editors wish to announce a change of address, in future all correspondence should be sent c/o The Cock Inn and not c/o King's Arms.

POLICE CALL

The police have requested that we ask our readers to assist in any way possible in finding a missing person.

He is known by the name of "Bograt," but has answered to many others. He was last seen wandering the parks of North Walsham about a fortnight ago - his whereabouts since are a complete mystery. He is described as having fair hair, bloodshot eyes, a smoker's cough and is about 4ft. 2ins. tall. When last seen he was dressed in what is believed to be a fancy-dress Admiral's uniform.

The police add that he is "surprisingly self confident and mature for his age" (13?), and it is likely that he will emerge as leader of any group that he comes into contact with.

Any information - please telephone White House 1212.

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We regretfully report that despite the efforts of Mr. Coward and the camel girl there has been no increase in membership of the Dawson-Turner Society.

QUOTE

"Don't light the fire in the Berney this morning, Mr. Bryant, the boys will only go and sit in there."  
MRS. M.

MARSHRAKER

Bond felt the heat from the Cromer sun turn his blood to warm brandy as he lay on his surfboard surrounded by the overpowering crystalline blueness of the North Sea. Beside him, the smooth contours of her soft body escaping from her seductive string vest, lay Ginny Galore, watching him casually from behind her tantalising bi-focals. Bond inhaled deeply an aromatic gulp of counter shag and reached out to caress the firm, warm bulbous crown of Ginny's sun-helmet, then, in a mind-numbing instant, it happened. Bond caught only a glimpse of a powerful frame, an awe-inspiring chest, and a sleek army-surplus surfboard. Bond crouched with the speed of a Siamese tom-cat, sprang, and picked up the beret. Inside was a message from B.  
RETURN AT ONCE. BRING YOUR OWN BOTTLE, LOVE B.  
R.S.V.P. YOU HAVE JUST MET ODDJORGE.

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The offices of Universal Extroit looked out onto a miniture landscape of grass, trees and flagpoles. Bond entered, using the almost undetectable tiny staircase. He found Jake Money penny in the outer office.

"James darling!" she cried, her voluptuous red lips beckoning him near.

"Hello Jake", he murmured, reaching out to stroke the thin silk of her hairnet. At that moment the red light flashed and Bond strode reluctantly into B.'s office. He stopped dead. A cold wave of nausea swept through him, knocking his nerves into steel knots. B. was lying across his red leather desk, naked but for a coat of gold paint which covered even the last inch of his nose and monacle. Bond's eyes found a red file, one of B.'s. The stamp on the front read "For your EYE ONLY". Bond flipped it open only to find B's Ready Retina. Beside the single column of figures was the message Bond was looking for. So that was it.

Tornographic Atlases. "How fiendishly clever," thought Bond, stroking his chins with the paper knife stamped with the words "A SOUVENIR OF FALTRMO." His mind raced. "The bookcupboard. That's it. It must be Ramm who's behind it. I wondered where he'd got to."

Twelve seconds later Bond was at the stout oaken bookcupboard. It was locked. He swore. "They've changed their combinations," he grunted. A sound from his left sent him darting to the next door. Beyond this Bond's diamond-like eyes glittered upon an enormous bird cage. Inside, in the darkness, Bond detected a vague pink form, clad only in a ragged black loin-cloth. "Who's there?" Bond cried, fingering the poker-hardness of his Berrata in his pocket. The pink shape tottered forward, its skeleton-like fingers clutching at the wire netting.

"Thank God," he gasped, "a white man, I'm down to my last date."

"Ramm!" Bond gasped in horror. "So this is where you were!" "Yes," gasped out Ramm, taking another bite at Bond's tweed turnup. "The yellow devils have had me here since Easter, it's been hell." There was a click in his throat and Ramm gasped again. "Quick my neck, look at my neck, my neck....."

Bond stared at Ramm's neck. Sure enough it was a brilliant pink. "The devils," He breathed. "How did they do it?" Ramm gasped then giggled insanely. "Blowpipe in the neck. Red ink on the dart. Listen." Bond leant forward to catch his words. "I went into the gym one night for a quick burpee," whispered Ramm between violent blushes, "I saw Oddjorge on the balcony furtively loading chairs onto his chest. He threw one at me. I started to run, and felt a starting-gun cartridge whistle past my cheek. Then....then..."

Ramm almost broke down. "What?" asked Bond, his nerves tensed like bow-strings. Ramm managed to continue. "I looked round," he gasped, "and saw a twisted dwarf-like figure swing down from the ceiling on a rope. He had a long pipe. I felt a sting on my neck. When I woke up I was in here." There was a twitch at the top of Ramm's pink dome. He pulled Bond nearer and took another bite out of 007's trousers. He fell back. "The one on the rope, he did it," gasped out Ramm. "Get him for me Bond, the one on the rope."

Bond looked up, his eyes hard. "It's that evil devil Dick Jock-Strop," he whispered, "the blasted dwarf."

Bond roared down to the gym in his souped-up Septic. Jock-Strop was hanging from the wall bars eating his lunch. He saw Bond. "Blast you, Bonce," he screamed, "you've caught up with me. But you'll never take me alive." Jock-Strop, with a maniacal laugh sprang up onto a buck. He paused only to give an insane cry "but you can't take me alive." Jock-Strop sprang down onto his trampette and crashed to his death onto the ceiling.

"The devil," breathed Bond through gritted dentures. He quickly sifted through Jock-Strop's biceps, and found a bottle of liniment. The smell of embrocation was heavy upon the maniac's breath. Inside the bottle was a smutty map. "At last," Bond thought, "I've found a lead on these dirty Atlases." At that moment a chair crashed at Bond's feet. He caught the smell of an army-surplus pipe. He knew Oddjorge was above him. He saw another face, flat with slit eyes and an evil shining forehead. He felt a blow on his chest, and fell into a dark pit of unconsciousness.....

Bond felt the strength flow back into his body. His hand negotiated the height of his stomach and found his chest, upon which lay a dart. "Thank God for my bullet-proof C.C.F. badge" thought Bond as he got to his feet. He looked at the dart. It was covered in red ink. The mystery all fell into place. The evil oriental face, the army-surplus oriental tobacco in Oddjorge's army-surplus pipe, the blow pipe. It could only be the evil, sadistic, wicked doctor Bowell. Bond was resigned now. He knew what he must do. Oddjorge rushed by with a chestfull of chairs happily chuckling, "Um, Um, Um, Um." Bond knew he must win over Oddjorge. He threw Oddjorge a photograph of Lord Kitchener, and Oddjorge chuckled delightedly, puffing out huge clouds of army-surplus tobacco smoke. "Good boy," said Bond, and sprang tiger-like to the window. Peering through the bars and the greasepaint, he saw the tiny, evil figure of Dr. Bowell, hobbling across the huge panoramic lawns. He pointed. Oddjorge gibbered fiercely and puffed out his chest another two feet. He bounced out of the gym in pursuit of the evil stunted Dr. Bowell, uttering wild cries of "Wyup! Wyup! Wyup!" Oddjorge braced his huge army-surplus muscles and with army-surplus accuracy hurled his favourite weapon, a chair, between the evil Dr. Bowell's bandy legs. "Curse you, Oddjorge," cried Dr. Bowell in an insane rage, "I hope you catch a dose of W.D.!" His armfull of Atlases fell to the ground, and Bond turned away in nauseous disgust as he saw filthy maps of the Camerouns and dirty projections.

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Later that night, after Oddjorge's coup and after a delicious meal of rock salmon, chips and canned Guinness, Bond lay on the red leather settee in his secret operations room cunningly disguised as a library.

Ginny Galore lay opposite on three armchairs, seductively sipping a litre of vermouth and showing an incredible expanse of calf. "James darling," she panted in her soft husky voice, "however did you do it? It's your best effort since you foiled Tandem Lill by giving the football teams Saturday morning detentions."

"Oh I don't know, Gin, I did manage to poison off those rats that Catton-Crumpet palmed off on me as Corgis, not to mention the time I thwarted Patty Robbins' plans for a private army by putting bromide in his tea."

"Yes James," breathed Ginny, as his eager, cruel, relentless hand forced its way under the thin silk of her umbrella, "that's what I like about you, you're so creative."

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**HELP.SAVE.THE.PASTONIAN!**

Read in this year's edition:

"How I licked Athlete's Foot" by Dick.

"How I became a crisp magnate" by Jack.

"How I smuggled pot in my chrome handlebars"  
by Scoop Bartlett

'DON'T MISS

"How I was ravaged by a mad dog in the  
Berney" by G.V.C.



GEMS FROM THE FIRST FORM

Whilst army-surplus rifling through first form desks in search of lunches and fags, we came across these refreshing quotations from their essay "My First Impression of the Easton School."

"When we had our first R.I. lesson, the Headmaster talked to us about the school and not religion."

"I think the school is lucky to have such modern equipment in the chemistry lab."

"The Headmaster is very understanding."

"The well-kept gardens and drive reminded one of a stately home."

"On the whole, Nelson must have had a wonderful time."

"Most of the equipment used was not only modern but new."

"I was also impressed by the words 'H. Nelson, 1882,' carved on a brick."

GEM FOR THE EXAMINATION

"Cough!"

## POEMS

In a recent poetry competition, these two poems were judged to be the best. (The rest will be printed in 'The Eastonian')

1. There came a knock at the lavatory door,  
The Colonel had a fit,  
The poor old soul  
Fell down the bowl.  
The once more landed in it.

2. 1,2,3,4,5, Our school captain was rude down the dive,  
6,7,8,9,10, they would not let him in again.

Now 1,2,3,4,5, any people that use the dive,  
6,7,8,9,10, will all be thrown out by K.N.M.

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### THE SCHOOL REVUE

Following last year's successful production of "St. Joan" the Drama Society, much swelled in numbers, met with even greater success with its production of a school revue "A Funny Thing Happened On My Way To Palermo," which was written by the members themselves, with the expert help and guidance of satirist Willie Mousehole, well-known contributor to "The Private Eye." Mousehole told our critic "The boys did it all themselves, I just take the credit and the proceeds."

The standard of entertainment was incredibly high, particularly an unforgettable impersonation of Larry Adler by Mahmoud which will remain for ever green in our memories.

We would like to thank all members of the staff and Civil Defence workers who assisted, especially Mr. Artur Long Courtyard for his satirical contribution and Mr. Richard Shorthouse-Suck-outtock for use of the studio. Our special thanks to the Lord Chamberlain without whose none of this would have been possible.

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FOOTBALL TROPHIES for sale: willing to accept Lord victories in part exchange, phone North Walsham 2334 or nearest offer.

FUZZLE CORNER.

1. Could you be the new Care rs Master? The following are candidates for jobs during the summer holiday. Select one job for each candidate from the selection offered. Answers should not be submitted later than the 22nd July and must be accompanied by a note from your parent/gaurdian.

- |           |                  |           |                        |
|-----------|------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| A) K.M.H. | 1. Barmaid       | b) M.R.   | 1. Belly dancer        |
|           | 2. Kennelhand    |           | 2. Bungy girl          |
|           | 3. Beachcomber   |           | 3. Jockey              |
|           | 4. Knife-thrower | d) R.H.   | 1. Viet Long Guerrilla |
| c) W.J.C. | 1. Grave robber  |           | 2. Kama kazi pilot     |
|           | 2. Satirist      |           | 3. Funtish puller      |
|           | 3. Moonshiner    | f) F.J.W. | 1. Commando            |
| e) R.S.   | 1. Potsdam Giant |           | 2. All-in-wrestler     |
|           | 2. Bouncer       |           | 3. Trick cyclist       |
|           | 3. Tent peg      |           |                        |

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2. Everybody has a favourite T.V. programme which must ultimately come to affect their characters. Arrange in order the following viewers and their corresponding programmes.

- |              |                                      |
|--------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. K.F.H.    | A. Mesdames et Mesdames              |
| 2. G.V.C.    | B. Tugboat Annie                     |
| 3. H.G.H.    | C. Supercar                          |
| 4. W.J.C.    | D. The Human Jungle                  |
| 5. P.D.H.    | E. Romper Room                       |
| 6. F.E.H.    | F. Survival                          |
| 7. G.O.S.    | G. The Woodentops                    |
| 8. C.L.      | H. The Saint                         |
| 9. P.H.W.    | I. All our Yesterdays                |
| 10. R.R.     | J. The Army Game                     |
| 11. C.P.S.   | K. Ride Tall in the Saddle           |
| 12. P.H.W.   | L. Pinky and Perky                   |
| 13. D.N.H.   | M. It's a Square World               |
| 14. P.H.W.   | N. And so to Tea                     |
| 15. R.J.S.R. | O. Tales from Europe                 |
| 16. R.S.     | P. Storytime                         |
| 17. R.H.     | Q. No time for Sargeant              |
| 18. G.W.R.   | R. The Black and White Minstral Show |

Carve your entry on a lavatory door and send it to Effy Horsefly, c/o 17, Curzon Street, London W.1.  
(Answers on page 27 for those of you who can't find a lavatory door)

Hangover question:-

3. Why have elephants got four feet?

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In this year's Pastonian

"How I Licked Athlete's foot" By Dick

"How I became a Crisp magnate" By Jack

"How I smuggled Pot in my chrome handlebars" By  
Scoop Tartlett.

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### The Review

"HE", a film based on the original epic by E. Humphrey-Haggard - notorious brick-hunter and demolition worker.

Three men are returning from war with the Cambridge Examiners; their leader, in a mad frenzy, pushes his moustache up his nose and convincingly whispers, "You can thank my brilliant teaching." It is he, armed only with an umbrella and last November's English papers, who has led this band. B.Bucket on pibroch, T.J. Colyard on chair-leg and himself playing Henry V), across vast deserts of sand and rock.

Biffy stubbed out his Park Drive tipped with a karate chop, and pushed forward over cast-iron entanglements into the yellow forests which are inhabited by a primitive tribe of long-haired Amazons, who live in tree-top huts made of lavatory doors and worship pin-goles cunningly concealed in forest clearings, where nobody can see them.

The two moved on to the O'Val Grasslands, a vast useless wastland, protected jealously by the followers of "HE". This was the scene of many strange happenings; of midnight love camps, of flighty crossings by bullocks and extrovert science masters, and only last month had seen a ritual daisy hunt. "HE" had beaten this last intrusion with the help of the tribal witch-doctor, Jo-sh, who had cursed, prayed and used the ancient art of sod-thumping. Bucket took another plastic molecule from under his armpit - his last. But then suddenly there loomed in the front

the historic fortress HE; the pillars, chimneys and gleaming rooftops, the heaving masses of vegetation and the vast whiter-than-yours facade. In the forecourt, beside the huge concrete spittoons, could be seen the dusky reclining figures of the natives, with their cored thighs splayed about them.

The travellers were spell-bound, it was like the Hanging Gardens of Babylon and Lacon's Brewery. They held their breath as they entered the building, not through back tunnels like the slaves, but through the main entrance, clanking over the tumbling mounds of sports equipment and empties, to the faint music of bird's droppings splattering over the sides of the port hanging outside. Coward scooped some samples into the cavity in his head, and gave yet another impression of Spike Milligan - what a troubadour.

Inside they were greeted by the voluptuous high-priestess, Ursula "Undress", and she beckoned them forward with her wooden leg. The cold silence was suddenly split by a metallic buzzing, a gin bottle thrust into the wall, and the roof was filled with flashing lights. The false brickwork dropped away, and there stood HE, clad only in the C.S.F. leopard skin, and Civil Defence car stickers on his chest, with a bagle hanging quaintly from his left ear. At his sides, two lions strained at their leashes and above his head hovered four gold rings, net haloes, though only HE knows HE deserved them, but the mark of some guardian spirit. What was this man's secret? Had he discovered eternal life? or did he use Parmolive. What went on behind the bricked-up windows? HE took a meat-axe from its plastic sheath and hurled it at the portrait of Will the Sun God; it fell away revealing a deep well filled with boiling whiskey. HE staggered over to the well, dragging his Hush Puppies across the blood-stained carpet, gently kicked in a few more temporary prefects, and returned kissing the effigy of a one-armed midgot. As HE sat down to print a few more copies of "Halachi", HE suddenly broke down: "I can't go on," he wept, "all this work, I'm nothing but an exalted intellectual shadow".

As emotion overcame him, his secrets were revealed. HE told how on certain mornings, when Kaffir Koopah was entertaining the masses in a semi-religious ceremony. HE locked himself away in the Holy Temple of Bevin - there HE kindled the 'vapeur de gin', which was emitted from a large glass globe, by banging together pieces of burnt toast. HE then bathed in the flames, this gave him eternal life, but also tended to singe his hair.

HE now vowed to give this all up. "I've had my share", he wailed, "I'm happy to die a poor, drunken, property speculator."

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#### LOCAL NEWS

The Bull Inn has a new sign.

Postmaster Colonel, Mr. Hedge-good Kenn has apologised for recent delay in the delivery of mail. The incident which bordered upon a national crisis, was caused by hold-ups in the sorting department where the steam-iron was : : : : : unservicable.

Enthusiasm is noted in North Walsham for the forth-coming concert of Flenenco dancing to be given by Don Marsala. Well renowned for really putting his feet into it, Don Marsala said recently that he started dancing asa hobby, and that he did not attend to commercialize his art as it was merely a private study of his.

The Principle of the Fassedon School followed up his triumphant withdrawal from the Cowles Cup with an equally outstanding refusal to subject rival athletes to the humiliation of defeat at Caistor.

It seems that Katie Ponsonby-Smith has recently been working very hard upon the unusual task of sewing letters of the alphabet upon Black ties. "Mummy", she said, "is absolutely sold on the idea". It is also reported that Katie's mummy has bought a new house this term, and that the final contribution to the Churchill Fund was well below the expected sum total.

Members of the Sixth Form of St. Horatio's School are eagerly awaiting a special treat. A famous cleric, Rev. Marsoul, will come to lecture them sometime in the future. Rev. Marsoul will, of course, connect this lecture with his, no. famous, tripe recorder, (This replaces the proposed Sixth Form Course).

Personal: Come back Phil all is forgiven. F.

Answers to Tele-Quiz:

1-S; 2-K; 3-Q; 4-F; 5-J; 6-H; 7-R; 8-L; 10-A; 11-F; 12-B;  
13-U; 14-L; 15-CT; 16-E; 17-D;

.....

#### Nonsense Poem.

U look to the land where the Marzzles came  
For something easy and free  
They found Nelson's good ship, but changed its name  
And it sank like a stone in the sea.



O look to the land where the green grass grows  
And children play wearily  
Virgin white the line the boarder toes,  
And the Head Bore handles the fee.

When bonny Prince Charlie thought he had the pox,  
He called the Marzzle a fool:  
But with Guv'nors and funds t'was Marzzle the Toz,  
Cunning, Carnal, and cool.

\*\*\*\*\*

O look to the land where the peacocks prowl:  
"Though were the truth told", said he,  
"T'is a carrion crow and a lot o' old fowl,  
Painted yellow by Peggy and me".

"But striped or plain I teach them religion  
And the words of the good B.B.C.;  
Worshipping the U.S. constitution,  
The Sunday Times, young Roper and me."

"O light of my life; O star shining bright."  
"Aaow Kenneth, do you mean me?"  
"No Ursula dear, but my little white light?  
Above my door for all men to see.

Like the Bethlehem star, aloft in the murk,  
Guardian of the "IN" - tray,  
Where, heedless of life and scornful of work,  
Marzzle wallows in deep manger hay.

So shall not his glory nor rightness fade  
While his light bulb illumines the door.  
The little lord Jesus, no crying he made,  
But the Marzzle, he stamps on the floor.

So, if heaven in the boarding house lies,  
The root of security,  
As plain as the spots on Marzzle's bow ties,  
The Berney must be purgatory.

\*\*\*\*\*

O look to the land where the Marzzles breed,  
(A half at a time - if you see)  
But never mind Kate,  
T'is the fault of cruel fate,  
Or of your Mum and Dad's quality.

Now -

Despite a merry General Inspection,  
Marzzle was not satisfied:  
"They write with ink, and mock my election!"  
And he sat on the doorstep and cried.

But there's a straight way to vanquish from hence  
The problem of Kenneth and She;  
We don't believe it; it must be NONSENSE,  
For Marzzle, you just cannot be!

---

To the Editor - whoever it may be - The Pastonian  
Dear Sir,

I should like to take this opportunity to correct any false impressions that may have been created by the letter from the Reverend Michael Tylles published in your last issue, and to assure all Friends of the School that any outbreaks of enlightenment last year were isolated and usually took place during my rare absences from the school. I have done all in my power to bring such outbreaks under control, and have implemented several deterrent measures, the more effective of which are as follows:-

Not only have I refused to replace the doors in the school lavatories, but I have now removed the chains! Moreover should any foolhardy boy still insist on going to the lavatory, I have installed a time control to the flushing system, which enables it to periodically splash the legs of any such person. I am sure His Worship the Reverend will appreciate the subtlety of this.

I have effectively reduced the possibility of the gymnasium ever being used by entering into a contract with the television people whereby they use it for a studio in exchange

for getting me on T.V. as often as possible. I cut down the usage of the swimming pool by blocking up the drainage system with surplus dogs; I have also hidden the keys of the new changing rooms where no one will ever find them - in the Ferney library.

Perhaps the best of my reforms is my punitive system of Saturday detentions, which have had the double effect of preventing outbreaks of ideas and of upsetting old Martham Pill. All the other masters have shown great enthusiasm for the scheme, and I like to think that the fact that no Saturday detention has ever been held is proof of their effectiveness. However, just in case, I have decided to scrap the scheme for new laboratories (what's wrong with the old ones anyway?) in order to build a whole new detention block (which could easily be converted into an indoor golf-course) with the kind assistance of Dr. Lincoln Rockwell.

I hope these few examples of my talent will set your mind at ease.

I remain etc.

Yours K.N. Marsh-Boghouse.

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ANSWER TO LAST YEAR'S HANGOVER PROBLEM;

"To keep their nuts dry."

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

Dents straightened!

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the money.

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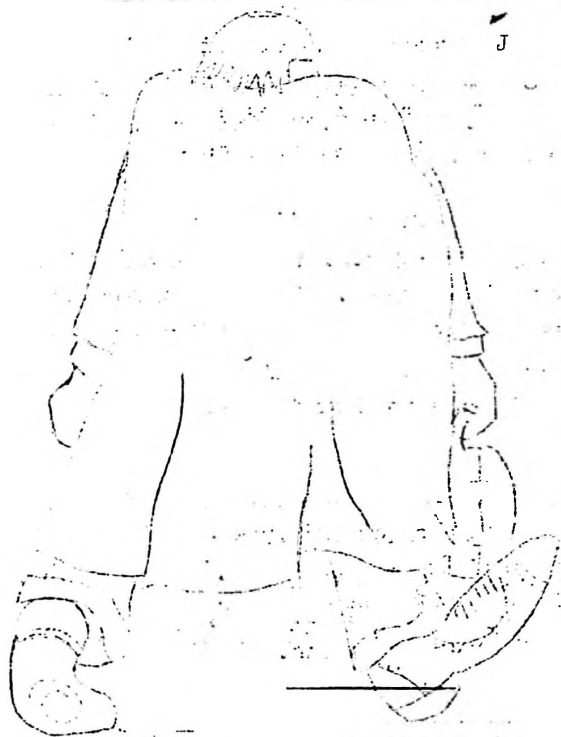
Smart black - painted kindling wood  
Also - 2 doz. assorted door handles.

Apply Limited Ablutions,  
Grammar School Road,  
North Walsam.

NOTICE

The Floral and Rambling Society, founded last year by  
R. Rammsey, has unfortunately broken up due to lack of  
co-operation from 50% of its members.

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?



he is Newt Molecatcher of "The Christian Herald" If you see him and can answer correctly his question "who phoned Anglia Television?" You can win EITHER A week's holiday in a Tree-House  
OR A trip to the Roof with experienced guides  
OR A School Captaincy

### VALETTE

Shuff, Slasher and Gab - we wish them a happy retirement and hope it won't be too long before we see them again.

### Mr. F. E. Hawdon and Mr. G. Lamb

On behalf of all the school we extend best wishes to Harry and Charlie, and hope that they will soon be bristling and blushing amongst us again.

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

K.N.M. for inspiration; T.J.B. for rivalry; Mrs. Wimpy for coffee; Clem and family for all their help; Sludge and Beefy who have done much in so many fields; cigarettes by Erbs gin by Booths and publicity by Anglia T.V. Our thanks to all who contributed time, material and money, and again "the best of luck to our successors."

Parting thought from the Founder's Day Service  
"For his charity and benevolence, we praise and  
thank God."

Any reference to persons, living or dead, is entirely  
unintentional.

Produced by members of the Upper Sixth  
(25 satirists, 1 Scotsman and 6 Christians)

ALL PROCEEDS TO OXFAM