

H. Bednarsz

Playing a joke on a little bikini beauty.

The following story happened in Salisbury. Our nice guide, Mr. Mabey, had shown us the wonderful Cathedral. Tired of seeing sights we returned to the coach station where our bus waited for us. We soon found out that close to the station there was a swimming-pool. But, what a pity, it was surrounded by a high wall. What was to be done? To attract the attention of the people beyond the wall we started to speak noisily. After a few minutes someone peeped over the wall. We jumped up but could not see anybody. So we sat down again and were about to fall asleep, when we heard someone laughing. Hmmm! What a beauty! We jumped up both of us. Two girls had sat down on the wall looking eagerly at us. One of them was wearing a bikini and she was about 14 or 15 years old. When we approached the girl in the bikini stood up and we started to talk with her. Suddenly my friend had a funny idea. He turned round, rushed into the bus and returned shortly afterwards with his film camera in his hand. At first I didn't understand what it was all about. Then I saw the girl pacing gracefully along on the wall like a film star on a carpet. Thinking that she was actually being filmed she lifted her arms and even began to dance as Arabian women do. As I saw that my friend was pretending to film her I shouted "Keep smiling" to her and she smiled as charmingly as she could.

How could the poor girl know that the camera was empty? Never mind, we had our fun!

Soon our kachos put an end to the joke and we had to leave for Southampton.

Volker Waldeck

Klaus Peter

Winchester

This was the first time that someone realized our "2 Pfg tricks", which we really liked very much.





Mr. Mabey

Teacher for 40 years and weather man

MR. HEDLEY JOHN MABEY, a schoolmaster for 40 years and recorder at the Hudson Verity Weather Station, since 1946, died suddenly at his home in Bullar-road, Southampton, last night. He was 73.

Mr. Mabey began his teaching career in the Isle of Wight in 1911 and came to Southampton in 1918 to the old Eastern District School. After a period there and at the Central Boys' School, he went to Bitterne Park in 1929 and remained there until he retired in 1952.

His services to the education authorities were highly esteemed and his qualities were praised at the farewell gathering at the school when a presentation was made to him. The scholars gave him a barograph. From 1931 to the outbreak of war Mr. Mabey was gardening instructor at the school.



Mr. Mabey

He was an active member of Southampton Teachers' Association (NUT) and a former Press and minute secretary. He was made an honorary life vice-president after relinquishing that office.

Mr. Mabey took weather readings at the school from 1934 and after the war, when meteorological information could be published again, Hudson Verity established a weather station at Bitterne Park school.

Mr. Mabey acted as recorder and after his retirement had special permission to carry, which he has done ever since.

AN ENTHUSIAST

Tribute to his enthusiasm and efficiency was paid today by a spokesman for Hudson Verity.



Mr. Mabey was a familiar figure on his bicycle—when Bitterne Park School was evacuated during the war he rode many miles in the New Milton area to ensure the comfort and safety of the evacuees.

The readings taken by Mr. Mabey have been published daily in the "Echo" for many years and used annually for the story of the year's weather.

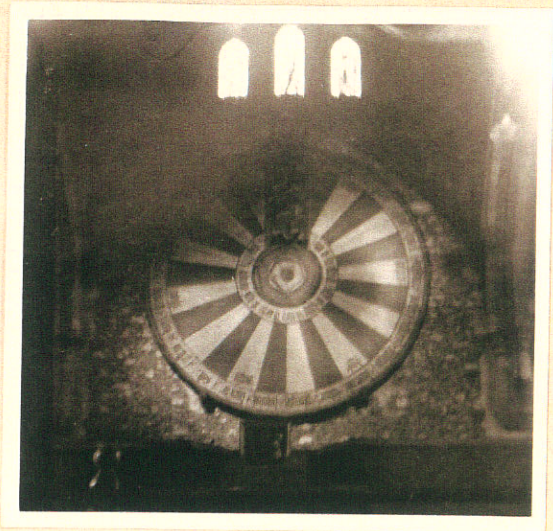
He leaves a widow, a son, Mr. P. H. Mabey and a daughter, Mrs. Lambert, of Chandler's Ford.

The funeral will take place at Bitterne Church on Monday at 2 p.m.

MABEY.—On February 14, 1963, suddenly at his home, 38, Bullar-road, Southampton, Hedley John Richards Mabey, devoted husband of May and dear father of Peter and Jean. Funeral at Bitterne Church, Monday, February 18, at 2 p.m. No flowers; donations if wished, for Southampton Teachers' Benevolent and Orphans Fund, to Mr. Jones, 54, West End-road, Southampton.



Winchester Cathedral



King Arthur's Round Table



King Alfred Memorial

Morgens schon wurden wir mit dem Bus abgeholt, um die Kathedralestadt Salisbury und die kulturhistorischen Stätten „Old Sarum“ und „Stonehenge“ zu besuchen.

Von Old Sarum aus hat einmal ein Druid mit einem Bogen einen Pfeil losgeschossen. An der Stelle, wo er wiedergefunden wurde, sollte eine Kirche gegründet werden. Dies soll die Gründungsgeschichte der 9 km weit entfernten Salisbury Cathedral sein.

Noch heute ist ein Rätsel, aus welchen Gründen und zu welchem Zweck welche Bewohner des uralten Englands wie jene gewaltigen Gesteinsbrocken zu jenen Kreisen von Stonehenge errichtet haben. Je mehr Fragen hier aufgerollt werden können, desto mehr Erklärungstheorien gibt es. Ist die der „Sonnenanbe- tung“ die richtige? Man weiß es nicht. --

In der Herberge hatten wir Zuwachs bekommen: rund 50 Engländer, etwa 10-12 Jahre alt. Unsere Ruhe war vorbei, überall krabbelten die Kurzen herum. Da auch einige Mädchen mitgekommen waren, war der Herbergswater in arger Not. Ob er sich durch das nun Folgende an dem Deutschen allgemein rächen wollte? Unter dem Vorwand, unsere Jungen hätten sich nicht ordentlich benommen, mußten wir einen Raum für die Mädchen räumen. Die angeb- lichen „Übeltäter“ bezogen Quartier in einem zugigen Schuppen, aus dem wir erkältet, lustlos, mit tiefenden Nasen und steifen Gliedern am nächsten Morgen wieder hervorgekrochen kamen.

Nächsten wir vom Royal Pier aus den Hafen besichtigt, die „Caulberr“, Englands 4-größtes Schiff und die „Orsona“ beim Auslaufen gesehen hatten, kamen wir zur Herberge zurück, um unsere Koffer in den schon wartenden Bus zu transportie- ren. Hat uns doch der Herbergswater nicht ins Haus gelassen! „Schleicher!“ „Go- rillababy!“ „Beefeater!“ und „Deutschfresser!“ waren seine schmeichehaften Namen.