

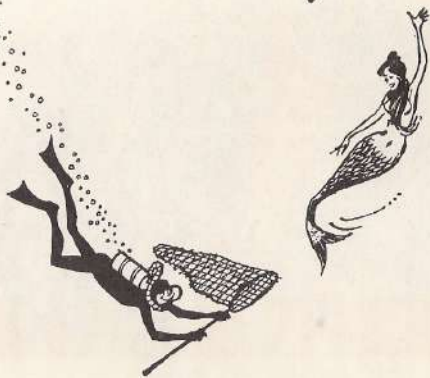
MERMAID THEATRE

FRED

ROCKETS IN URSA MAJOR



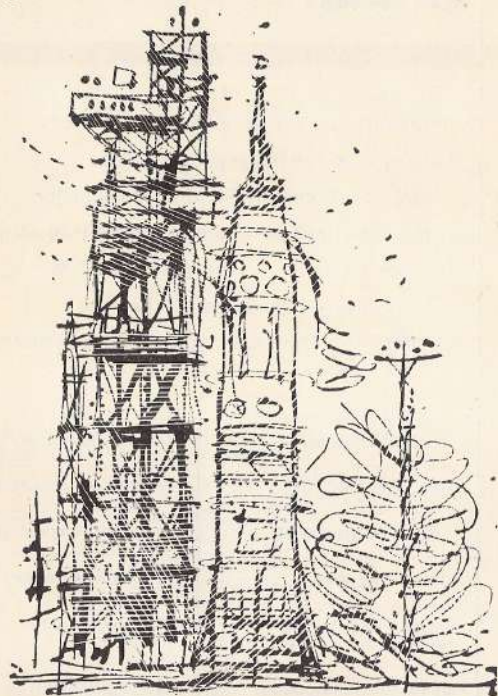
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Denys King-Farlow MBE Bernard Miles CBE



The Mermaid Theatre Trust presents

ROCKETS IN URSA MAJOR

BY FRED HOYLE Directed by Peter Duguid
Settings designed by David Myerscough Jones Music and electronic
sound by Daphne Oram Scientific Consultant Colin Ronan MSc, FRAS
This production opened at the Mermaid Theatre on Wednesday 11 April
1962
The Mermaid Theatre gratefully acknowledges financial assistance from the Arts Council of
Great Britain

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press**

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ursa major and ursa minor A legend of the American Indians
RETOLD BY JULIUS D. W. STAAL FRAS

Once upon a time there was a forest of oak trees. These were not fixed to their places. Every night at midnight the trees used to move about and visit each other. It so happened that one day a bear had lost its way in the forest and, at the stroke of midnight, the trees started to wander. The bear could not find the way out of the forest and, not used to wandering trees, he could not help colliding with them. One of these proud oaks took umbrage, because the bear did not say he was sorry.

Indignant at this impoliteness, the oak tree began to chase the bear but he, seeing that matters were not quite in his favour, started to run as fast as he could.

In the deep of the night a fantastic marathon took place, but the tree was never quick enough for the bear. This went on until dawn when the tree had to go back again to its own place, lest the Sun God should notice its absence. Furious that it had not been able to catch the bear, it made a last effort and reached with all its might. By stretching its longest branches it just managed to grab the bear's tail. With a furious swing it tossed him into the skies and the bear soared all the way to the dome of Heaven where we can now see him as the Great Bear.

To see the constellation of the Great Bear we must not only look at the seven familiar stars of the Plough but we have to add many fainter stars over to the west and to the south. On a moonless night we can then distinctly see three legs and three pairs of toes and a chubby head with a pointed snout.

The Dutch have another interpretation of the fourteen stars of the Great and Little Bears. Their interpretation has become a famous nursery rhyme of which I give a free translation:

*At night when I lay myself to rest
Fourteen angels for me do their best
Two by my right hand
Two by my left hand
Two at my head-end
Two at my feet-end
Two who will cover me
Two who will awaken me
Two who will show me
To Heaven's Paradise.*

As the stars of the Bears never set in our latitude perhaps they can be seen as guardian angels who keep a sharp eye on the peoples of the world. In particular on children, who as they lie in bed can perhaps see those stars before they go to sleep. Under Hercules we can read that the three stars in the tail of the Great Bear represent the three golden apples which Hercules had to fetch from the garden of the Hesperides. When these three stars culminate in the Spring, Hercules is just rising in the east, meaning that he is just beginning his adventure.

In conclusion, there is another Indian story which says that the three hunters who are hunting the stars of the handle are actually three hunters who are hunting the Bear and when they catch the Bear they plan to cook him in the cooking pot which is the little companion star near Mizar, called Alcor.



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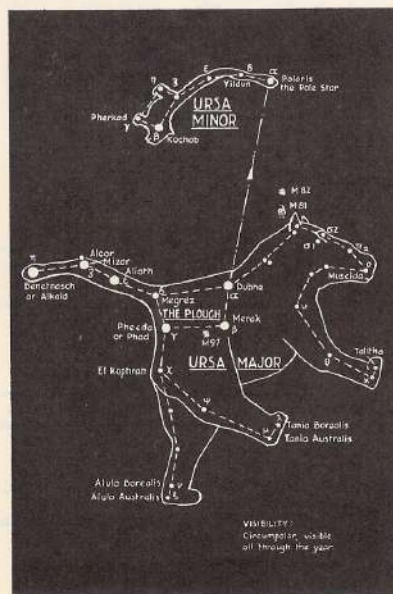
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points of interest in the bears

A simple field glass will reveal a wealth of faint stars in and around the area of the Plough. On a star-map many nebulae are denoted but many of these are too faint for the ordinary telescopes which amateurs possess. Two well-known nebulae are M97, the Owl Nebula so called because Sir John Herschel likened it to two great eyes staring at him from the depths of space (this faint spot can be found a little to the left of the star Beta or Merak), and M81 the famous spiral nebula in Ursa Major which can be found in the head of the Bear near one of his ears. Half a degree apart is another nebula called M82.

The stars Mizar and Alcor in the middle of the tail of the Bear are easily seen with the naked eye as an optical double star, but in a small telescope it can be seen that Mizar is yet a double star again. Mizar and Alcor were used in ancient times to test the eyesight of recruits prior to joining the armed forces. It is always a good pair to check your own eyesight with. Between December 20 and 21 the Ursids meteors can be expected every year coming from the neighbourhood of Beta-Ursae Minoris, the brightest star in the Little Bear.

The extracts above and on the previous page together with the map of Ursa Major are taken from 'Patterns in the Sky' by Julius D. W. Staal FRAS, and are reprinted by permission of the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton. Copies of the book are obtainable from our bookstall at 15s each.



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brinkmanship - a word to the very young

BY PROFESSOR FRED HOYLE, FRs

From the centre of their known world the young men of Greece sailed on voyages of adventure and discovery. No news reached their homeland until - often years later - they returned full of fascinating tales of the strange lands and wonderful sights they had seen. The mystery and magic of this newly penetrated world clung to their wind-scoured sunburnt faces challenging the wandering minstrels to sing well of their courage and daring and awakening the imagination of the poets to write great stories. Time blended memory and myth into romantic history.

New worlds were discovered when Elizabeth the First was queen and the poets sang again.

Then came progress! The machine age with its worship of speed. No sooner the motor car with its alarming (for those days) speed, than man took to the air and Jules Verne winged away in his thoughts on a journey to the moon. The biplane gave way to the jet; sound radio and television brought news instantly into our homes; recently came a first count down; and we were on the threshold of new adventures.

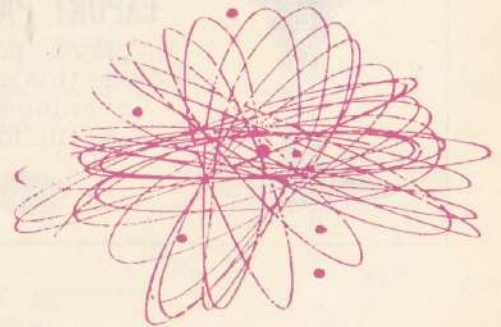
And if we go beyond the 'wine-dark' seas of the Greek islands, beyond the New World of the Elizabethans, beyond our neighbourly moon - out from our familiar secure planet Earth into space, what will we see?

Surely we'll cast one backward glance at the beautiful Earth with its shining white clouds partly concealing the dark seas and red deserts, green land and flashing icefields, before we go on to new worlds.

Would there be living creatures anywhere? Certainly; for why should our planet be unique? The right conditions may arise only rarely but they will arise often enough for many many planets to support some form of life.

Is it best to go looking for them in Space? Well, maybe not actually in ships. Perhaps we should start with radio waves transmitting our own powerful signals and keeping big electrical ears open for signals from outside.

So much has yet to be done on this brink of new discoveries. Which of you will be sailors, I wonder, and who will write the songs and stories?



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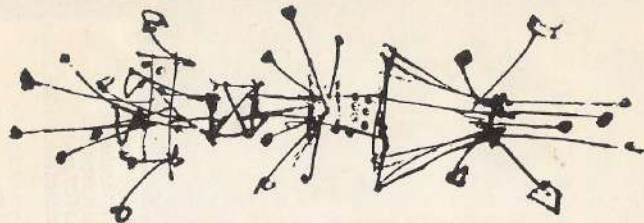
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* * SWITZERLAND *

ESPAÑE * * PARIS

WATNEYS
Pale
and
RED BARREL
EXPORT PALE ALE

play to packed
houses this and every
evening at the
Mermaid Bar



rocket summer BY RAY BRADBURY

One minute it was Ohio winter, with doors closed, windows locked, the panes blind with frost, icicles fringing every roof, children ski-ing on slopes, housewives lumbering like great black bears in their furs along the icy streets.

And then a long wave of warmth crossed the small town. A flooding sea of hot air; it seemed as if someone had left a bakery door open. The heat pulsed among the cottages and bushes and children. The icicles dropped, shattering, to melt. The doors flew open. The windows flew up. The children worked off their wool clothes. The housewives shed their bear disguises. The snow dissolved and showed last summer's ancient green lawns.

Rocket summer. The words passed among the people in the open, airing houses. Rocket summer. The warm desert air changing the frost patterns on the windows, crasing the art work. The skis and sleds suddenly useless. The snow, falling from the cold sky upon the town, turned to a hot rain before it touched the ground.

Rocket summer. People leaned from their dripping porches and watched the reddening sky.


The rocket lay on the launching field, blowing out pink clouds of fire and oven heat. The rocket stood in the cold winter morning, making summer with every breath of its mighty exhausts. The rocket made climates, and summer lay for a brief moment upon the land . . .



We are grateful to Rupert Hart-Davis Ltd for permission to reprint this extract from *The Silver Locusts* by Ray Bradbury, which they publish.

Peter Duguid - director

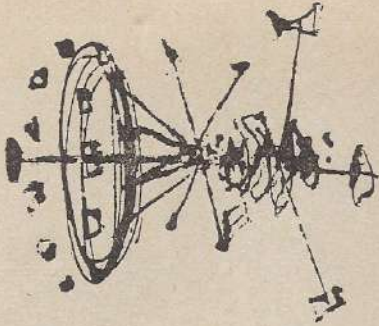
Born: Gateshead-on-Tyne.
Worked as a draughtsman in engineering works at Gateshead for 7 years before winning a scholarship to Old Vic School in 1947.
First professional appearance as an actor with the Young Vic Company in 1948. Remained 2 years with Young Vic, and then joined Old Vic Company in 1950 for the opening of the renovated theatre.
1951-52: Director of Drama Courses in school attached to the Teatron Kameri in Tel Aviv.
1953-54 in the company at the Memorial Theatre, Stratford. From there produced first professional show, 'Robinson', by Jules Supervielle, and formed own management to take this on tour.
Appeared in *The Lark* (Peter Brook's production at Hammersmith). Was in the original English Stage Company at the Royal Court Theatre for six months. Then Associate Director at Nottingham Playhouse for a year.
1957-60: Director of Productions at Glasgow Citizens Theatre.
1960-61: Royal Court Theatre, appearing in *Platonov*, *Trials by Logue*, *The Changeling*, *Jacques*. Recently appeared in *Luther*.
Married with two children.
Hobbies: Reading and music.



The Mermaid

Riverside Restaurant

The restaurant is open daily (except Sundays) from 12.00 noon to 2.30 pm for lunches; from 6.30 to 10 pm for theatre dinners; and from 10.30 to midnight for after-the-show suppers. It has a full table licence. Last orders taken at 11.30 pm. It is wise to book a table. You can do this at the Reservation Table in the foyer or by ringing CITY 2835. An all-in ticket priced at 1 guinea giving you a seat in the theatre PLUS a full three-course meal (including a glass of wine) is now on sale at the Box Office.



AN APPRECIATION BY DAVID HOLBROOK

poetry *competition*

I preferred those poems which showed by the convincing rhythm, freshness of language and vivid imagery that the authors had really entered into this new sphere of human activity. And I liked the many poems which were sceptical, rather than those which repeated the conventional phrases of acclaim.

All the poems were surprisingly efficient and much elaborate care had gone into their creation. Some were embellished with stars and rockets, others written lovingly in best handwriting. They were really all very good, from the complete and satisfying piece by Rolf Kentish aged seven years nine months

There was an old MAN ON the moon
He fell doWN A CRATeR
And CAME up LATer
And never went Back to the MOON

to an accomplished LUNAR SONNET by Susan Smith, aged 16, of Chigwell.

Above our Earth, encircling it each day,
Brightening our gloom with wan, reflected light
The moon presents a challenge; men intend
To reach it, and explore it – their new end!

There were many astonishing phrases in poems, and many illuminations of how much children understand and know about the world, and how they can often 'speak better than they know';

The moon-ranger went up to a height
Of a thousand feet, and then its flight
Began to falter. It changed its run
And finished orbiting round the sun.
Kevin Grafton

We throw our fortunes in the sky,
A rocket bursts, a man may die,
Despite our all-absorbing bid
Space's secrets are still hid.

David Hodge

. . . . Rounded the moon
And broke through the stars.

Richard Pickett

Shall we live happily without any war,
And forget the atom bombs for evermore?
Shall we live in houses or holes in the ground?
Will they be bricks or just a small mound?

Graham Napper

The hazards of space
Are a problem to face
We will never get far
For the nearest star
Is four light years away

Jeremy Pell

And so, by the unflinching realism of the child's perception, it dawned on many that the optimism of the technological era has a limit. Others expressed this optimism, of course, sometimes with reference to God, and even with a sense of man's satanic ambitions.

THE SONG OF THE ASTRONAUT

Far out into the clouds I fly,
Beyond the clouds; far, far beyond
Man has developed from the cave
Until he leaves the earth's round mound.

Where will we stop? That no-one knows,
Nor no-one cares. The moon, the sun,
The star will not e'en hold us back.
In truth we've only just begun.

And when we've got to Mars, then what?
To Venus, why, that's plain to see,
Then Saturn, Pluto and the rest
Space travel's not just fantasy.

And then the sun! – man's greatest hour,
His crowning glory. On yet on!
Plunge into the Milky Way
And hurtle to Orion.

Stephen Davies

The poems which moved me most were those which were a little disquieted. I liked the poem of 9 year old Richard Mummery, who didn't want his moon messed up:

To the moon, to the moon, is now the frenzied cry
As nation after nation make their bid towards the sky
Monkeys Dogs and Astronauts go
Streaking into space
What on earth will go up next in this mad sputnik race?
But what is causing me concern is poor old Mr Moon
Who is the target of them all
And one will hit him soon.
Dear kindly, friendly man in moon
Our friend of nursery fame
If man set foot upon your face
You'll never look the same
The little dog will cry not laugh
If invasion should take place
And things will never seem the same
In this our year of grace.

Some children obviously associated the space future with their unconscious fears of their own future, of 'growing up', and so had a very

realistic feeling that despite all the optimism things would still be imperfectly human in the space age.

They sent up a man in an old tin can
His name was Gagarin, that was the man

That's what it'll be like in a few years' time:
There'll be fighting and arguing all the time
But I prefer earth with flowers and trees,
You wouldn't get me up there for a million rupees.

And sometimes there were marvellous visions of disaster;

The rocket of the Major
Is in serious danger
And if he pulls the lever,
He'll begin to float.

Then she will shoot up and hit the sun
And will be flung,
Into blazing cinders
Then will fall.

Jeffrey Fisher

All the poems sent in could be called 'commended'. All those mentioned in this note can be considered 'highly commended'. Now we come to the winners. I hope Professor Hoyle would agree with me that every scientific discovery came from an exceptional act of imagination, and that the chief impulse of a scientist – not least a Professor of Experimental Philosophy – is the capacity to imagine the goal at the end of his empirical quest. Ergo, imagination seems to me the chief quality to encourage in children, even if they are going to be scientists and technicians when they grow up.

So the winners are those whose minds open to the new perspectives of a space age – but really open, not just repeating the encomiums of the

news reel commentator. Of course, some children couldn't see the astronomical future as anything but a menace:

Rockets and sputniks and all that kind
Are against my hopeful mind

Rupert Godfrey (8)

But there is a real mystery opening in space and some children were able to be there among the planets, by imagination.

The winning poem (printed in full on page 9 of our programme) has the simplicity of folk-song, and the directness in making us feel the loneliness and starkness of extra-terrestrial places. Charles William Radice is only 10 years nine months and yet he can 'hold eternity in the palm of his hand'.

My second prize goes to another visionary poem, in which Gordon Phillips, aged 12, gives us the weird effects of light in the planetary empyrean. Gordon, I'm pleased to say, is in a 'B' stream in a secondary modern school.

BEYOND THE NAKED EYE

Stars are twinkling, planets on their courses go,
The sun is shining, comets flying in this the space of long ago;
Shooting stars and meteorites frantically away,
Asteroids[sic] and satellites accompanying the array.

An occultation[oscillation] of a star, have you seen?
In a rocket into space, are you keen?
An eclipse in total darkness or a Northern Light,
A wonderful phenomenon of some sparkling darkened night.

A burning sun with golden beam,
Midst all contented sisters glowing bright;
A silvery moon with silver gleam,
And a starry sky with celestial light.

Filled with heavenly resplendence and heavenly light
Where night can never follow day;
A hundred thousand stars ablaze,
Show up the dark and hide out the rays.

Stars of the morning gloriously shine
Rotating Earth reluctant of pleasure;
Comets flying in a curling line,
From the planet Mars to an unknown treasure.

The spaceman of today rocketed into space
Other astronauts may soon join in the race;
Many, many I expect, will soar into the sky
In a rocket to the moon, beyond the naked eye.

Gordon's 'hopeful mind' is in Einstein's territory.

I propose to award three third prizes. Each of these writers has written of the actual space journey, and each has entered into the experience of man rising into the sky.

SOLO FLIGHT

Through the porthole window,
Where before was only night,
Strange, still and mysterious,
The planet swung in sight.
Lying on his rubber couch,
Stretched out upon the floor,
The astronaut remembered
All that had gone before,
The hours in the rocket,
While waiting for the blast
And then at last the might roar
When he was off at last

David Peter Ewing Murray, 11 years

TO THE STARS

The rocket lay on the ramp,
 Its nosecone to the sky.
 Then with a loud and thunderous roar
 It takes off like a mighty bird.
 Through the clouds,
 The misty clouds,
 Into the lonely atmosphere.
 It glides out through space,
 And I think someday
 Here may live the human race

Michael Hulme, aged 15 years

JOURNEY INTO SPACE


. . . But his plight did not persist
 For as he gazed upon the mist
 Craters of terrifying depth appeared
 And mountains of great size loomed overhead.
 With a leap Sprocket slipped into his ship
 He pressed the starter and its roar
 Made his depressed spirits soar.
 Off into space he flew
 Directed as best he knew.
 Luck was with him as he landed
 And, although quite excited,
 He looked upon the large crowds
 With banners looming very loud.
 Never again, thought he,
 Once is enough for me.

B. Stout, aged 12 years

Let us hope this refreshing realism protects B. Stout and others from swelled heads at having won prizes in the Mermaid Children's Poetry Competition. Let us hope the effect is to raise the prestige of poetry and the theatre in a world which needs these to explore inward reality as much as it needs rockets to explore what is 'out there'.


Westerham Press

cast in order of appearance

- 
- Simon Fielding
 - Sir John Fielding
 - Richard Warboys
 - Security Police
 - Doctor
 - Colonel Ganges
 - 1st Engineer
 - 2nd Engineer
 - 1st Orderly
 - 2nd Orderly
 - Prime Minister
 - Minister of Defence
 - Chief of Staff
 - Secretary
 - Rhodes
 - 1st Crewman
 - 2nd Crewman
 - Space H.Q. 1st Orderly Officer
 - 2nd Orderly Officer
 - Newscaster
 - Dave Swan Vespa
 - Florid Man
 - Deaf Man
 - Betelgeuse
 - Alycyone
 - Rigel
 - Markab
 - Mirfak
 - Menkar
 - Alanta Bopuize
 - Secretary
 - Ungnee
 - GREGORY PHILLIPS
 - JULIAN D'ALBIE
 - IAN MACNAUGHTON
 - JOHN CHEFFINS
 - ALAN MASON
 - GEORGE LITTLE
 - KEN WYNNE
 - ROGER KEMP
 - MICHAEL ALLABY
 - JONATHAN FRYER
 - STUART HARRIS
 - JAMES GROUT
 - COLIN ELLIS
 - VERNON DOBTSHEFF
 - MARGARET WORSLEY
 - MORRIS PERRY
 - DEREK FUKE
 - STUART HARRIS
 - JOHN CHEFFINS
 - ALAN MASON
 - MICHAEL ALLABY
 - ROGER KEMP
 - JOHN CHEFFINS
 - DEREK FUKE
 - ROY PATRICK
 - JUNE THORBURN
 - GEORGE LITTLE
 - JONATHAN FRYER
 - STUART HARRIS
 - ALAN MASON
 - MARGOT LISTER
 - DEREK FUKE
 - FRANCIS ATTARD

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 - A Cabinet Room in Whitehall - Space Headquarters and in outer space.

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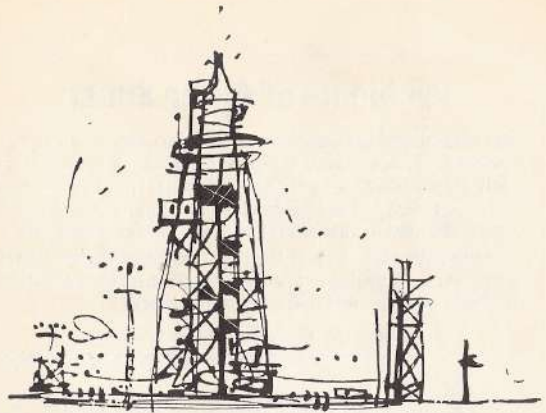
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HEATHER JENNER



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Production photographs Adam Woolfit.

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Assistant Manager MICHAEL ANDERSON

Casting Director ANTHEA LYNEX

Stage Director ARNOLD FRY

Stage Manager TONY DUFF

Assistant Stage Managers CHRISTINA LEES, RALPH TURNER and DAVID REDMOND

Chief Electrician DAVID KAYE

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Press/Publicity KEVIN O'SHEA, MAMIE GARNETT (CITY 6981)

Front of House catering and Bar Manager JOSÉ MORENO

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In accordance with the requirements of the Lord Chamberlain - 1. The Public may leave at the end of the Performance by all exit doors and such doors must at that time be open. 2. All gangways, passages and staircases must be kept entirely free from chairs or any other obstructions. 3. Persons shall not in any circumstances be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any of the other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating it shall be strictly limited to the number indicated by the notices exhibited in those positions.

Problems of Outer Space

ARE THERE OTHER WORLDS THAN THIS, and if so, are they inhabited? Consulted as a space heating expert, Mr Therm said that he certainly knew of thousands of dwellers in outer space. Not in Ursa Major, actually, but in homes where there were countless cold corners, beyond the limited range of the old-fashioned grate.

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the diary of an astronaut

- 7.20 am. GMT, February 20. Astronaut John H. Glenn, Jr., awakened.
7.45 Breakfast - two scrambled eggs, steak, orange juice, toast, jelly, coffee substitute.
8.00 Final pre-flight physical examination and bio-sensors attached.
9.30 Dressed in space suit; space suit checked for leaks.
10.02 Entered van to drive to Launch Complex 14. Waited in van while part of rocket guidance system replaced.
10.50 Left van, waved to reporters and cameramen.
11.03 Entered spacecraft 'Friendship 7'.
12.20 pm. Hatch removed to replace a broken bolt.
1.05 Hatch resealed.
1.25 Gantry moved away from Atlas rocket and spacecraft.
1.35 Rocket fuelled with liquid oxygen.
2.30 Report from capsule on pad: 'All systems are go' (working correctly)
2.47 Lift-off
2.49 Atlas booster engines cut off.
2.50 Escape tower jettisoned from rocket.
2.51 Bermuda tracking station picked up spacecraft. Glenn reported 'I feel fine'.
3.00 Entered orbit, 503 miles from launch pad, travelling at 17,345 mph; altitude about 100-160 miles above earth.
3.25 Tried space food from tube container while in weightless condition.
3.30 On darkened far side of globe reported seeing 'bright lights of Perth, Australia'.
3.43 Tracking station at Woomera made contact.
3.50 Ground control reported Glenn's heartbeat, respiration 'completely normal'.
4.09 Passed over Guaymas, Mexico and headed back over the North American continent.
4.24 Completed first orbit of earth, 97 minutes after launching.
4.28 Glenn reported 'minor difficulties' with altitude control system.
4.32 Switched to 'fly-by-wire manual' control system.
4.50 Ground stations said Glenn had reported seeing thousands of luminous particles in space outside his capsule.
5.02 'Friendship 7' passed into darkness over Indian Ocean for the second time.
5.28 Glenn saw his third sunrise of the day near Canton Island in the Pacific Ocean.
5.54 Completed second orbit about three hours 6 minutes after launch.
7.20 Glenn fired three retro-rockets to slow down his capsule and bring it back into the atmosphere.
7.29 Three orbits completed, four hours 41 minutes after launching, with the capsule mainly under manual control.
7.38 Main parachute opened at 10,000 feet.
7.42 Destroyer *Noa* sighted descending capsule. *Noa* in radio contact with Glenn.
7.43 Capsule lands in the Atlantic, six miles from *Noa*.
8.01 Capsule picked up by destroyer.
8.04 Capsule placed on deck of *Noa*.

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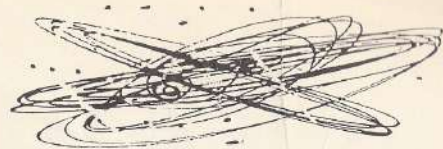
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those particles . . . BY COLONEL JOHN GLENN

At the first light of sunrise, the first sunrise I came to, I was still faced back toward the direction which I had come from, with normal orbit altitude, and just as the first rays of sun came up on to the capsule, I had glanced back down inside to check some instruments and do something, and when I glanced back out, my initial reaction was that I was looking out into a complete star field - that the capsule had probably gone up while I wasn't looking out the window and I was looking into nothing but a new star field. But this wasn't the case.

A lot of the little things that I thought were initially stars were actually a bright yellowish green about the size and intensity as looking at a firefly on a real dark night. These little particles that were outside the capsule were, I would estimate, some six to ten feet apart and there were literally thousands of them. As far as I could look off to each side I could see them. I could see them back along the path.

Later on I turned around so that I was facing the direction from which they appeared to be coming, and although in that direction toward the bright sunlight of dawn, most of them disappeared, you still could see a few of them coming towards the capsule. I was moving very slowly through this field. I estimated that my velocity through this field was some three to five miles per second.

They did not appear to be emanating from the capsule. They appeared to have even distribution across on each side of the capsule.

I thought of two things they might be, initially. One was the cloud of needles that the Air Force put up some time ago and seemed to disappear somewhere. I thought we suddenly found them again, but they didn't look like that. They didn't look like they had any length to them at all.

The other thing I thought was, as we use our hydrogen peroxide jets, the hydrogen peroxide decomposes into steam and oxygen and comes out under high heat pressure; and I thought perhaps this water vapour was turning to little snow flakes and the luminous light from the sun was causing them to fluoresce for some reason or another. But when I would work the thrusters on the capsule, this did not appear to be causing any snow flakes or anything like it at all.

So all I can say about these is that I observed them, I saw them from about the first light of sun to a period of some three-and-a-half or four minutes - that time period. I made close observation of them. Occasionally, one would come drifting by the capsule window very close in the shade from the sun and at that time it would look like a very small, white particle. They would vary in size probably from pinhead size to something like three-eighths of an inch in diameter. There are numerous things that some people are thinking about and looking into, but I have no theory, myself, except we observed them. We saw them on all three orbits, about the same length of time at each sunrise.



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poetry competition result

Quite honestly the poetry competition floored us. Professor Hoyle made a special trip from Cambridge (80 mph in his pale blue Sprite, complete with black beret and furlined windcheater, looking more like one of the hot-rod boys than a Professor of Mathematics). We soon had to admit ourselves beaten. My secretary, seeing us looking so unhappy, said: 'Can't you get someone to help you?' and we turned to an old friend David Holbrook, who is a poet and teacher of wide experience. He not only helped us make the final choice, but also explained why he had chosen the particular poems; we could not have done it nearly as well by ourselves. All the ninety entries were so good that we would like every competitor to have a prize – a voucher for two seats to see the play.

BERNARD MILES

First prize of three one-guinea All-in Theatre and Dinner tickets goes to Charles William Radice (aged 10 years 9 months) of 2 Hornsey Lane, Highgate, London N6, for the following poem:

VENUS

*Huge black rocks to stand for ever,
The crimson sun brings boiling weather,
Desolate and bare;
Nothing is there;
Sand and rocks alone together.*

*The radiant clouds are gold and white
The mountains soar to tremendous height
The sun shines red
On this place so dead;
And Venus is filled with a fiery light.*

*The stars, sheets of fire on Venus they spill,
The sun's radiant glory the heavens does fill,
The shooting stars roar,
In the sky they soar,
And the meteorites fall like hawks do to kill.*

*The space traveller's rocket goes higher and higher,
To leave the tumult of furious fire, –
And Venus, the place
In the middle of space
Where natural forces are never to tire.*

The second prize (three 15s tickets) goes to Gordon Phillips (aged 12) of 2 North Close, Watford Road, St Albans, Herts.

In view of the high standard of the poems received, three third prizes were awarded. They go to Michael Hulme (aged 15) of 48 Gainsford Crescent, Bestwood Estate, Nottingham; David Peter Ewing Murray (aged 11) of 59 Hazlemere Road, Upton Lea, Slough, Bucks, and B. Stout (aged 12) of 2 Queen's Road, Eton Wick, Windsor, Berks. Each will receive three 10s 6d tickets for the play.



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