THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

DECEMBER 1945

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



Abbey Hotel

(UNLICENSED)

SAFFRON WALDEN

Luncheons : Teas : Dinners

A Hotel especially suited to the requirements of Parents and Old Scholars, terms being Bed and Breakfast from 12/6 :: 17/6 per day or 4½ guineas per week :: June, July, August and September 5 guineas.

GARAGE ELECTRIC LIGHT

HOT AND COLD WATER IN MOST BEDROOMS

Proprietor: F. W. MASON. *Telephone*: 2120.

APPOINTED

OFFICIAL OUTFITTERS

TO THIS SCHOOL . .

JOSHUA TAYLOR AND CO. LTD.

SCHOOL DAY CLOTHES for BOYS and GIRLS

SPORTS EQUIPMENT — BAGS and TRUNKS

CENTRE OF TOWN CAMBRIDGE PHONE 3456

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 36. DECEMBER, 1945. No. 104.

ODDS AND ENDS

THE only symbol of resumed world peace which greeted us here at Walden after our six years of war conditions, was the presence of painters. They have at long last got to work on the exterior of the School, transforming all windows from a dirty grey to a fresh and sparkling cream. (This may well be an unnecessary announcement to the many, both great and small, whose lessons have been inspired with new interest by the vision of a workman perilously perched on the top of a ladder). Mr. Littleboy has encouragingly expressed his desire that it won't be long before the interior of the School will also have been transformed. While on the subject of re-decoration, a point undoubtedly worthy of mention is the valiant effort of the sixth form, larger this year than ever before. Their conversion of the old matric room (previously so sadly neglected by the undomesticated male inmates) into a respectable and even pleasant common room, is an achievement indeed! While the girls, with the aid of Mr. Dale, industriously distempered the walls, the School supplied cushions, curtains and a cupboard. To such perfect (?) bliss, descended as a bolt from the blues, the death, and departure to a happier land of Achitophel, the sixth form cat.

The beginning of a new school year brings inevitably with it changes of staff. Miss Burrow replaces Miss Galbraith as gym mistress. She has already introduced several new ideas into the old routine. Girls' games are now a daily occurrence. From 3.30 until 4.30, batches of enthusiasts may be seen going out for either a stick practice or a game. Whether it is this, or merely the stimulus of a fresh coacher which has produced such excellent results, I do not know—the fact remains that since the arrival of Miss Burrow, the girls have lost but one match!

Mr. Sturge has come to take over the musical activities of the school in the place of Mr. Thorne and, as is evident on Wednesday evenings when the practice of the full choir is in progress, he has inspired the school at last with real enthusiasm. The choir is now a flourishing body, complete with tenors, basses, altos and sopranos.

With the departure of Mr. Mallone, the school was truly in a dilemma, being compelled to struggle on till nearly half-term without an official substitute. A warm welcome therefore greeted Mr. Kerlogue when he arrived, a few weeks past, to take over the Junior English. We conclude our information on the new staff with mention of Mrs. Baker, the mother of one of the Junior School children, who has joined us to look after the Intermediates—a task of no light proportions.

This Term has seen the very first meeting of the newly created Parents' Association. Arthur Johnstone, Headmaster of Sibford School, spoke at this meeting, and gave very helpful advice with regard to the successful running of a Parent Teacher Association.

We have been fortunate in the variety of subjects introduced to us by our Saturday evening visitors. John George gave an interesting talk, accompanied by lantern slides, on life in Madagascar. Afterwards he exhibited a very lovely collection of Eastern woodwork and jewellery. Brian Sparkes, a late master of Bootham, displayed an amazing amount of detailed knowledge when he showed us slide after slide of the various types of locomotives. Another visitor to the school was W. H. Potts, who at Parents' week-end addressed a considerably increased audience, taking them with him through town, village and barren land, the 3,000 miles across China. The work of the Friends' Relief Service was presented to us this term by Eric Cleaver and Alan Smith, while Geoffrey Maw, speaking last Saturday under the title "200 miles up the Ganges," has completed so far our variety of interesting addresses from outside visitors.

The change in afternoon school times, whereby lessons start at 2.0 and end at 3.20, thus abolishing the old half-hour prep (when no one ever did any work any way) has been accompanied by a change in the time of tea, and a consequent provision of supper. Tea is now at 5.15 and is followed by a very welcome plateful of hot soup or cup of cocoa before we go to bed. I am sure we are all very grateful to the kitchen staff who have made this possible.

We are glad to be able to include in this issue an article by Richard E. Holttum, Superintendent of the Botanic Gardens in Singapore. He has been in the hands of the Japs since the capture of Singapore, and has recently arrived in England. He is well known to the parents of many present boys and girls.

Jean Lyell (Age 16)

SAFFRON WALDEN PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

AT the invitation of the Headmaster and Headmistress quite a good number of parents came to Saffron Walden for the last weekend in October with the object of forming a Parent-Teacher Association. The response itself was sufficient evidence of the desire for such an Association, or was it that one needs only the smallest excuse, or none, to make the trek towards the School on the Hill!

On Saturday, after attending with the school a lecture on a journey across China and Tibet, parents and staff adjourned to the Hall for coffee and biscuits. Each person bore a label, thus making introductions unnecessary. It was good fun connecting names with faces, and the occasion afforded a splendid opportunity for getting to know one another.

Arthur Johnstone, Headmaster of Sibford, gave an interesting account on Sunday afternoon of the history of the Parent-Teacher Association there. He was very frank in pointing out mistakes they had made, and hoped that we should profit by avoiding them. After he had answered various questions it was decided that an Association should be formed, and a small Committee of Parents and Staff was appointed to make arrangements for a meeting to be held during the Spring Term, when their nominations of Officers and Committee and recommendations for the running of the Association would be submitted for consideration.

Thus has started something that may, if rightly used, be of benefit to the School, Staff and Scholars, and at the same time, keep parents out of other mischief when visiting the School.

A. PARENT.

ELSENHAM

AFTER exams last term some of the Upper Fifth and Sixth wished to do some agricultural or horticultural work. We found just what we wanted at a Jam Factory near Elsenham. Mr. Littleboy arranged for a party of us to go there a few days later.

The first day that we proposed to go turned out to be a school holiday, so many members of the Lower Forms were able to go as well. When Mrs. Stammers had prepared some refreshmenrs for us we started off in groups to cycle the eight or nine miles. When we arrived we were put on to picking red currants. The bushes were laden and we had a fine time racing through them. Every now and again the foreman would come round with his cart to weigh and collect our fruit. The day was very hot and we were pleased to find some fields of strawberries and gooseberries nearby which we could pick and thus quench our thirst in a most pleasant way.

We knocked off at five-o'clock after a very tiring day, and went up to the factory where we were shown round. It is a very high-class factory, producing jam guaranteed to contain fruit and sugar only. Because of this the owners are allowed extra sugar by the Government, and they are able to sell the jam above maximum controlled price. During our survey of the works the manager greatly annoyed us by saying he never eats anything but bread, cheese, honey, milk and butter!

The next day some of us were otherwise occupied during the morning and had to join the full-day workers at half-time. When we arrived we found that we had to strip completely all the bushes that had been picked the day before. This naturally took us a great deal longer and we were unable to reach the target set by our previous day's total.

After the work we talked to some of the men while filling our pockets with cherry plums and unripe "rivers." We then received our pay and said "Good bye," for there was no more fruit to occupy extra workers. *Judith Layng (Age 17)*

A FAMOUS RIVER

A BOISTEROUS torrent poured down the mountain side from cataract to cataract. Sometimes it leapt into a chasm to fall into the bowels of the earth, only to re-appear farther on, spouting green and forbidding from a fissure in the rock face. Far above towered the peaks of the mountains—the higher ones still snow-capped, bleak and desolate, and yet overwhelmingly beautiful in their awe-inspiring hues of blue and green, casting great shadows, one upon the other. Men called them the Andes, home of the Incas, and gateway to the setting sun. Thousands of years they had stood, yielding to nothing except climate, the most potent weapon of Nature. They were but mere stumps of their former grandeur, but still they held sway over their surroundings, towering above all others. Now, as they had done for centuries, they fed the thirsty streams from their dome-shaped snowy peaks, and were the birth-place of the mightiest river in the world, whose three thousand miles and more spanned a continent and poured fresh water two hundred miles into the ocean.

This little stream grew and grew, growing and swelling like a feeding serpent, as stream after stream, river after river was devoured.

Two thousand miles from its source, the river had become a mighty weight of water, which nothing could stop, slowly pouring between stubborn banks, through tropical jungles where the mango roots broke it up into many small streams, where the light of day was shut out by a roof of green gloom. Nothing stirred in the dank gloom, except an occasional reptile, one of nature's obsolete creations, slithering on legs and belly through the slime amassed by the continual fall of leaves and rotting wood. Crocodiles lay motionless, eyes and jaws on the water line, watching and waiting. Occasionally, some grey leviathan would swish a mail-clad tail and shoot up-stream ten or twenty yards in search of prey. No birds were seen or heard in this gloom, which resembled the entrance to hell ; only the continuous hum of myriads of tiny insects, and the drip, drip, drip of green moisture slipping from branch to branch, broke the hot, heavy silence.

As the river wound through the jungle, the air became lighter and the atmosphere less poisonous. Birds of paradise glided from bough to bough, breaking the spell of their exotic beauty with harsh discordant cries. Countless gaudy parrots screeched their way from tree to tree. Troops of monkeys swung through the trees in the high branches from overhead, making for their feeding grounds, there to swell their stomachs on bananas and coconut milk. Even the river became less sinister, losing its greenish black colour and donning robes of a brighter hue, emerald greens and amethyst blues, where the sun shone, unimpeded, through the foliage.

Now the river rolled on between bending banks, one and a half miles apart. On each side spread mile upon mile of rolling bush and pampas, Here and there herds of zebras and water buck picked their way down on dainty hooves to their water holes, ever on the look-out for the prowling bush-cat.

Soon the jungle closes in again ; for most of its enormous length the river flows through impenetrable and unexplored jungles, defying the strength of man. Mammals and quadrupeds become scarcer, butterflies and birds abound.

Two hundred miles from its mouth, this mighty leviathan is covered with steamers that bustle from place to place. Large mail and packet boats plough their way upstream, while dirty timber boats chug downstream laden with valuable teak, mahogany and mangrove, bound for ports across the ocean. Now the river hastens, boils, and becomes muddy with silt from all its tributaries. The sea is near ; the river banks are pushed farther and farther apart until at last, muddy and grey, the Amazon rushes into the ocean. The two hundred mile wide mouth is broken up by innumerable islands, but nothing stops the mighty force of water, thrusting towards the sea. Out into the mighty expanse of salt water pours the muddy stream : water from the snow-capped Andes, mud from the tropical jungles, and power from its course of three thousand miles. This fresh water torrent, feeling out two hundred miles, gradually loses strength and thins until at last the sea really claims its own, and in the vast expanse of ocean the great river is lost.

Michael Godden (Age 16)

CRICKET, 1945

THE 1945 season was a successful one; the Masters' XI. remained undefeated after May 26th, striking the top note of its form early in July with a couple of victories in a week. The first over Takeley C.C. on their ground was a light-hearted affair: on a rural wicket with a rural out-field the School knocked off 78 runs (and almost as many apples!) in just over an hour. The defeat of Seward's End, the then holders of the local Hospital Cup, on our ground four days later was much more Newboltian in spirit. Batting on a perfect wicket the School laboriously notched a meagre 85. Seward's End had taken their score to 45 before their fourth wicket fell. Then two good wickets fell quickly and a rot set in. The "breathless hush" was shattered as a fast one spread-eagled the wickets of our opponents' last batsman. The impossible had happened: the School had beaten Seward's End.

Throughout the season the team was handicapped by lack of change bowlers. Kent proved the most reliable, but Plank was lacking both speed and accuracy. Thus, many games were drawn, the excellent condition of the wicket leaving little room for "flukes" in bowling. Against Newport Grammar School the lack of good bowlers was, on each occasion, disastrous. It cannot be emphasised too strongly, however, that it was the fine batting of the boys—notably Plank and Greenland—that laid the foundations of victory for the Masters' XI. on several occasions. The fielding was usually good, though it sometimes tended to flag when the game was going against the School. We were again ably captained by Mr. Pumphrey, the scourge of the Old Scholars and the inspiration of present ones, whose knowledge of and love for "the king of sports" make an

abiding impression on those boys and masters who are lucky enough to serve under him.

C.A.M.

RESULTS:

June 13th. School 17. Newport G.S. 26 for 6 wkts.
„ 26th. Newport G.S. 139 for 3 wkts. School 50.
„ 27th. Sampford R.A.F. 130 for 10 wkts. (dec.) School 93 for 10 wkts.
„ 30th. West Wratting R.A.F. 186 for 4 wks. (dec.) School 31 for 2 wkts.
July 4th. Sampford R.A.F. 180 for 7 wkts. (dec.) School 100 for 7 wkts. (Mummery 38, Lenz 20).
„ 12th. Takeley 64 (Mummery 5 for 10). School 78 for 5 wkts.
„ 14th. School 85 (Worth 26 not out). Seward's End 71. (Mummery 6 for 22).
„ 21st. Chrishall 145 for 9 wkts. (dec.) Pumphrey 6 for 63. School 65 for 9 wkts.

AVERAGES:

	No. of Innings	Times Not Out	Highest Score	Total Score	Average
Greenland ...	10	1	52	145	16·1
Worth	6	1	26*	78	15·6
Mummery	11	1	38	112	11·2
Plank	15	3	25*	118	9·8
Pumphrey	12	0	36	97	8·1

*Indicates "Not Out."

BOWLING:

	No. of Overs	No. of Maidens	Runs	No. of Wickets	Average Runs per Wicket
Pumphrey	145	36	399	38	10·5
Mummery	135	36	309	27	11·4
Lenz	46	4	186	13	14·3
Kent	33	5	119	7	17·0
Plank	79	9	271	14	19·3

SOCCER, 1945

UP to half-term seven soccer matches have been played, three of which have been lost, two drawn, and two won. It is unfortunate that we have been unable to get more fixtures with other schools, for in Plank (captain), Simpson (vice-captain) and Greenland, we have retained the nucleus of last season's excellent XI. Plank's speed, ball control, and ability to shoot from any angle have made him the scourge of all our opponents. Simpson has been much happier in defence where he has evinced dash, stamina, and a soundly constructive clearing kick. Greenland's sure-footedness at left-half has been more than a comfort to the man playing behind him, and even in this brief outline, mention must be made of the brilliant way he kept goal against Ashdon. Hinton and Cassuto are masters of pace, and guile respectively, but while the latter hangs on to the ball too long, the former tends to get rid of it too soon. Blackburn shows great promise, being fearless, clever with his head, and capable of a long kick. John Goddard, Stewart Goddard, Defries, Brereton and Frizzell are all keen and good. Hughes has been safe and fearless in goal. With so much talent it is not surprising that we held Newport G.S. to a draw and defeated Harlow College in a fast and clever game.

Bryan Stanger has captained the Masters' XI. which, after two inexplicable defeats by Saffron Walden Reserves on successive Saturdays, gave a spirited display against a strong West Wratting XI. and then made merry at the expense of Newport village. Leslie Worth has rendered us invaluable service and has delighted our spectators. The speed and dash of Eric Lenz never fail to surprise his colleagues or his opponents. Bryan Stanger and Cyril Mummery have played back and have covered each other well.

It has been a heartening season. The team has played much more constructively, treating the ball as an opportunity to be exploited rather than as a nuisance to be got rid of. The marking has been better, noticeably at the throw-on. Further, the whole team has been much quicker on the ball. The major fault is a tendency to put the ball in the centre too late : at worst, this gives our opponents a goal-kick and at best it gives them a chance to move back and guard what would have been a vulnerable centre.

C.A.M.

RESULTS

Sept.	29. :	School 1	v.	Saffron Walden Reserves 3
Oct.	6. :	School 1	v.	Saffron Walden Reserves 2
Oct.	13. :	School 6	v.	Harlow College 5
Oct.	20. :	School 4	v.	West Wratting R.A.F. XI. 5
Oct.	24. :	School 1	v.	Newport G.S. 1
Oct.	27. :	School 8	v.	Newport Village F.C. 2
Nov.	3. :	School 1	v.	Ashdon F.C. 1
Nov.	10. :	School 6	v.	West Wratting R.A.F. XI. 5

SWIMMING REPORT—SUMMER TERM, 1945

THE 1945 season was again marked by great keenness and a general improvement in the standard of swimming. Almost all the boys could swim by the end of the term. A few of the stalwarts of last season were left to form the nucleus of this year's swimming team, and several new stars appeared. There was a return almost to pre-war conditions in the number of swimming matches it was possible to arrange, and in the results of these the honours were evenly divided. The first took place on Whit Sunday against an Old Scholars' team which proved slightly too strong for the school. Against an R.A.F. team from Castle Camps, however, the school put up a good show, and won by 33 points to 26. The third match was against the Granta Swimming Club, and was a mixed event, in which the visitors, with the advantage of age and experience, gained a comfortable victory, winning 69 points to our 40. The final match was against Newport Grammar School. Our opponents showed a very sporting spirit, as many of their competitors had already that day taken part in athletic sports. The Friends' School won by 77 points to 23.

The House Competitions this year were very keen, with Lister and Mennell as the great rivals, and Tuke a rather limping third. Mennell finally won with 30 points to Lister's 24 and Tuke's 18.

In the Life Saving Examinations this year there was a good entry, and all the boys were successful. There probably was a record number of candidates both for the two Instructors' Certificates and for the Award of Merit (Silver), and a creditable standard was reached.

Two records, both of long standing, the Senior Plunge, and the 50 yards Breast Stroke, were broken during the term. In both the new holder is D. C. Eaton.

B.B.J.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY AWARDS

Award of Merit:

Iona Brereton, David Eaton, Mollie Eggleton, Peter Hopkins, Pat Jeffrey, Judith Layng, Jean Lyell, Derek Neale, Richard Palmer, Roy Smith. Owen Morice (bar).

Bronze Medallion:

Hazel Appleton, Jancis Ballachey, Brenda Barnes, Eveline Bass, Helga Bass, Renate Bondi, Anthony Brown, Lois Buck, Elizabeth Collinson, Michael Defries, Grace Doggett, Anne Dutton, David Eaton, Roger Farrell, Kenneth Frizzell, Stewart Goddard, Jean Green, Lorna Harris, Barbara Hastie, John Hinton, Anne Houfton, Christopher Hughes, Helen Jennings. Michael Littleboy, Brenda Milford, Anthony Miller, Jane Morgan, Katherine Procter, Jean Rose, Beth Sherwood, Rosemary Stephens, Christopher Watt, John Woods, Edwin Wrigley.

Intermediate Certificate:

Michael Atkins, Jancis Ballachey, Brenda Barnes, Eveline Bass, Helga Bass, Renate Bondi, Richard Brown, Donald Bush, Mary Bull, Margaret Clarke, Elizabeth Collinson, William Davis, Michael Defries, Michael Flatow, Uwe Gerstl, John Goddard, Jane Hopkins, John Howson, Anne Houfton, Christopher Hughes, Colin Jones, Leonie Lane, Anne Marriage, Anthony Marsh, Anthony Miller, Elizabeth Plumb, Hazel Sapsed, Beth Sherwood, Alan Spendlove, Rosemary Stevens, Cynthia Thomas, Christopher Watt, Anne Whittick, Edwin Wrigley.

Elementary Certificate :

Vivien Clarke, Gillian Hopkins, Wendy Hopkins, Jane Kemp, Judith Lagden, Pamela Lester, Eleanor Marriage, Ursula Miller, Charlotte Morgan, Sylvia Palmer, Olga Sheeran.

1st Class Instructor's Certificate :

Iona Brereton, Pat Jeffery, Mollie Eggleton, Judith Layng, Jean Lyall, Derek Neale, Richard Palmer, Roy Smith.

2nd Class Instructor's Certificate :

Mary Balk, Roger Farrell, Kathleen Moore, Michael Rossman.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT, 1945

OWING to the change in Girls' Games Mistress it has not been possible to get a detailed report of games activities on the girls' side. However, we are able to give a summary of the more important matches.

May	12.	1st Tennis VI. v. Chantry Mount	...	Lost	30	65
,,	21.	1st Cricket XI. v. Old Scholars ...	...	Lost by 4 wickets		
,,	26.	1st Tennis XI. v. St. Mary's Convent	...	Won	63	36
June	9.	1st Tennis VI. v. Paston House ...	...	Lost	48	51
,,	23.	1st Tennis VI. v. Herts and Essex	...	Lost	47	52
,,	30.	1st Cricket XI. v. S.W.T.C. ...	...	Lost	60	78
July	5	1st Tennis VI. v. S.W.T.C. ...	...	Won	69	30
,,	14.	1st Cricket XI. v. W.A.A.F. ...	...	Won		
,,	21.	1st Tennis VI. v. Grove Club ...	...	Lost	40	59

Senior Tennis Champion : Ruth Comber.

Junior ,, ,, : Susan Fry.

Tennis Colours to : Mary Balk and Jill Hopwood.

Swimming Colours to : Katherine Proctor and Judith Layng.

REPORT OF THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY, 1944—45

THE year 1944-45 has certainly not been a dull one for the Senior Literary Society. We have enjoyed several essay-evenings, including one on Jane Austen and Thackeray and another on Shaw. A third meeting was devoted to the subject—"Pessimism in Literature," while yet a fourth dealt with the subject—"Science in relation to Literature." The essayists on these occasions all produced detailed and interesting papers which aroused lively discussions.

The "high spot" of the year came in the Spring Term, when the society paid a visit to Cambridge. This formed the yearly outing, and everyone enjoyed seeing Shaw's "St. Joan" at the Arts Theatre.

During the Autumn Term two members produced short plays. This made a welcome change from the usual procedure and was appreciated by both the actors and the audience, who afterwards discussed the performance, making useful comments. The plays were "Good Beating," one of the "Little Plays of St. Francis" by Laurence Housman, and the last Act of Galsworthy's "The Silver Box."

A debate was arranged, the motion being that "Too much is done for us in the modern world." The voting was fairly even and was preceded by interesting arguments put forward by both sides.

As a relaxation during the tense period of examinations, we read Shaw's "Pygmalion." This proved to be the last meeting of the year as the talk promised for the next meeting was not forthcoming.

Muriel D. Hockley (Age 17)

NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY

SINCE the last report of the society we have had many successful essay-meetings and a number of others including some in which all members had to bring something to read. The "poor unfortunates" who had to read were chosen by lot. Towards the end of the Summer Term we had our usual outing to our old haunt at Takely.

The new School year has started with an influx of new members replacing those who have left. The many keen ones amongst them should be able to contribute a great deal to the society in time. So far this term at the meetings we have had, essays have been read by old members and the Current Events Diary has taken up much of our time.

Judith E. Layng (*Sec.*)

THE ORCHESTRAL SOCIETIES

A year ago, at the beginning of the Autumn Term, the Senior Orchestra was increased considerably in size by the addition of two flutes, two clarinets, a French horn, a trombone, and a double 'bass, all of which helped to give added tone to our performances. It was when we took part in the last evening meeting of the Autumn Term that a clarinet squeaked conspicuously at the end of one of the items. On other occasions we were amused by the breathlessness of the second flute, and almost deafened by the trombone. The floor of the stage trembled at our combined efforts when, one Saturday evening in March, with an Orchestra numbering twenty-five, we gave a concert, assisted by Mrs. de Bruyne, a professional 'cellist living in the district. The programme included the Adagio from Haydn's Concerto for 'Cello and Orchestra, the Minuet from Schubert's Third Symphony, the Slow Movement from Beethoven's First Symphony, and the Finale from Haydn's Symphony in C.

On the morning of V.E. Day the Senior Orchestra took part in the programme by playing three movements from Schubert's Fifth Symphony. The Junior Orchestra has, during the last year, enjoyed working at a suite of eight well-known pieces by Handel. After several strenuous rehearsals they suceeded in playing two of these, "The Harmonious Blacksmith" and a Minuet, at a Saturday evening concert. The violins of the Orchestra also played two pieces from the same suite at a Junior Literary Society meeting. On both occasions their efforts were appreciated by the audience.

This year the Senior Orchestra has lost a clarinet and a flute, but we have been joined by an oboe and a cornet, and these have certainly made themselves heard at rehearsals! There are now three 'cellos, and more violins than last year. We have enjoyed taking part in the Annual Musical Festival, at which we played two dances from "Comus," by Arne, the Entr' acte No. 2 from "Rosamunde," by

Schubert, and Brahms' Hungarian Dance No. 5. We are playing the last two pieces again, together with part of Handel's " Water Music " Suite, at a Saturday evening concert in the near future.

Donald Simpson (Age 17)

TREES AT DAWN

I STOOD, watching ; there was silence
Unbroken, save for the rustling of wind in the bare trees.
It was cold, and yet my eyes would not leave the scene—
A scene so incomparably beautiful—there, black against a grey sky,
Leafless trees, swaying, tall and graceful in the wind.
In spite of their bleakness they were perfect,
Lovelier than all the steel and whirling machinery
Of man's creation.
And they alone, are powerless to harm.
Then the sun arose behind the trees—a pale sun,
Yet completing the splendour and majesty of the dawn.
Grey clouds scudded by ;
A bell clanged noisily, shattering the silence,
Bringing this small part of the town back to reality
And a new day.

Rayleen M. Calvert (Age 16)

REVERIE

I'VE roamed this whole world over,
I've trod its sun-scorched plains,
I've climbed its rocky mountains,
I've seen its sun and rains.

I've seen its plants of beauty,
Its trees, shrubs, grasses too ;
Its fruit, nuts, bright red berries,
Glades, forests, I've wandered through.

I've seen an artist's vision,
Rainbow, sunset, bird in flight,
I've heard loud noise and thunder,
I've heard the still of night.

I've watched its living creatures,
Young and old about to die,
To leave this world for ever,
For another, and wondered why.

Christopher J. Watt (Age 16)

DEATH

DEATH is a problem which man has not yet solved to his entire satisfaction. The Christian offers one attempt at explanation by asserting that death is merely the release of the body from one world to the next.

The Ancients wove great beliefs around the subject of death. According to mythology three sisters, known as the Fates, were responsible for life and death. The first, Clotho, was said to spin the thread of life ; her sister, Lachesis held the distaff and twisted the thread, making it strong and weak by turn, thus forming the individual's character. The third and inevitable Fate, Atropos, who was blind, remorselessly cut the thread whenever she wished. This was a credible explanation of the indiscriminate way in which death comes, of the premature death of many great and good men, while criminals often lived long lives. Death, according to this theory, could not be regarded as " the wages of sin,"

Various forms of this explanation are favoured by agnostics. Edward Fitzgerald in his translation of " The Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyám," offers a variation when he describes life as follows :—

> " Tis all a Chequer board of Nights and Days,
> Where Destiny with Men for Pieces Plays :
> Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
> And one by one back in the closet lays."

In Shakespeare's " King Lear," the Duke of Gloucester, after having his eyes put out, says :—

> " As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
> They kill us for their sport,"

which shows a similar attitude towards death.

The famous essayist, Bacon, says of death :—" Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark ; and as that natural fear in children is increased with tales, so is the other." The thought of the unknown and intangible horrifies man. Some people have reasoned that as a finger-wound is painful, the pain of death, when the whole body is corrupted and dissolved, must be terrible. Bacon, however, points out that the most vital parts are not the quickest of sense, and that the pomp and circumstance of death is more frightening than death itself. Many well-known men have remained mentally alert right to the moment of death, and their last words in many cases point to natural death as a painless occurrence. The Stoics, in their elaborate preparations for death, made it seem the more frightful. Bacon considers that he is the better man " who counts the end of life among nature's gifts."

Hamlet, in the famous play by Shakespeare, has a different attitude towards death. Max Plowman says of Hamlet's feelings on the death of his father :—" The fact that a great man's memory can thus pass to oblivion symbolises for him the heartless triviality of life " ; by which Plowman means that the greatest shock to Hamlet concerning his father's death is not that someone he has loved has

gone for ever, but that this great person who was once so much, is now nothing.

It is not only essayists and dramatists who have written about death. A. J. Cronin in his book, "The Stars look down"' describes the flooding of a mine, and the miners, cut off from help, dying of starvation. The scene is made vividly horrible by the writer's accentuation of the slow way in which they died, one by one.

Poetry, too, has its say in the matter. "The Death-Bed," by Seigfried Sassoon, describes the pain of death which :—

> "Leaped like a prowling beast and gripped and tore
> His groping dreams with grinding claws and fangs."

This depiction of death as something terrible and painful is typical of the poetry of Owen, Rosenberg, Gibson and other poets of the first World War.

An entirely different type of poetry concerning death is that which speaks of the happiest moments of life and contrasts them with death to make the latter seem more undesirable. In Newbolt's poem—"He fell among thieves," the chief character in his last few hours remembers his father, the church at home, his days at school and college, and it is these memories that make death so poignant.

Death is the Achilles' heel of modern materialism. One of the predominant desires in the average contemporary mind seems to be to remain young for a longer duration of time than nature intended Death is inevitable. In the words of T. S. Eliot in his play—"The Rock" :—

> "Life you may evade, but Death you shall not ;
> You shall not deny the stranger."

Nina Bailey (Age 15)

SAGO, RICE AND TAPIOCA

I SEEM to remember many years ago singing a song with the refrain "Sago, rice and tapioca!" These comestibles were then viewed with no great favour ; and perhaps young people of to-day may think their absence from war-time diet a minor blessing. But they are basic foodstuffs in south-east Asia ; and as I lived for some time on a diet like that of the average Asiatic coolie (or rather a restricted war-time version of that diet), I learnt quite a lot about rice and tapioca especially, and I thought they might be a peg on which to hang some notes about my experiences of internment in Singapore.

Rice is grown mainly in the broad monsoon belt of Burma, Siam and Indo-China, which are the great exporting countries ; and in recent years two-thirds of the rice consumed in Malaya was imported from them. At the time of the surrender of Singapore to the Japanese,

there were large stocks of rice, but as shipping became more and more restricted, supplies were reduced, and those that reached the civil population were often poor in quality. In 1940—1941 rice was rationed in Singapore, but the supply was fully equal to normal consumption, which was somewhere about 27lbs of dry rice per head per month. This of course provided the great bulk of carbohydrate in the local diets, and for most people entirely took the place of bread. The Japanese continued the rationing of rice, and also of sugar, salt and cooking oils (coconut and palm oil), and maintained the rationed quantity at a very low price, even when other prices were soaring ; but as time went on the rice ration went down, until it became much less than a man could live on. In 1945 the ration was about 10½lbs per month for a man, and less for women and children. However, labourers employed by the Japanese military received an extra allowance. But almost everyone needed a considerable quantity of extra carbohydrate, and this they obtained mainly from tapioca, except in some districts where sago was more easily obtainable.

Rice is mainly eaten plain boiled, cooked with the minimum of water, so that it is not sloppy. It is usually eaten with the fingers by Malays, and with chop-sticks by Chinese. The other foods eaten with it vary according to the customs of the different peoples of Asia. Malays mostly have them curried, in a great variety of ways. But many important curry-stuffs are produced in drier countries than Malaya, and curry in war-time Singapore became very monotonous, with a preponderance of the very pungent chilli, which everyone grew for themselves if they could. Our curry consisted mainly of green vegetables, of several kinds, but most of them without any pronounced flavour, so that when curried they tasted very much the same. At first we had also a reasonable amount of fish, meat and eggs, but these gradually diminished until at the end, meat was almost unobtainable, fish mainly dried and salted, poor in quality and little in quantity, and eggs so high in price that we had few of them. (I should explain that I was not interned in the civil internment camp, but in the Botanic Gardens, where I was able to get a better and more varied diet, though in 1945 it became very low in proteins).

Rice pudding made with milk in the English manner is practically unknown in Asia, and I remember having much difficulty in getting a Chinese cook (some years ago) to make one to my liking. He would cook the rice with water first before adding the milk. But soft-cooked rice is sometimes eaten in Asia, and such rice (cooked with water and a little salt only, rather like insipid porridge) formed the regular breakfast food at the civil internment camp, accompanied only with rather weak tea without milk or sugar.

Probably few people could tell the difference between sago and tapioca as prepared for sale (I certainly cannot). Both consist almost entirely of starch, but they are produced by very different plants. Tapioca is produced in the swollen roots of a lanky little-branched shrub, native in South America and hardly grown in Malaya until about a hundred years ago ; sago is the starch from

the massive trunk of the sago palm, native in the sub-coastal swamps of Malaysia.

Tapioca is one of the easiest plants to grow, suffers from no serious pests, and in good soil is one of the heaviest-yielding of all starchy foodstuffs. One can also eat the young leaves as a green vegetable. It is therefore grown largely by Malays in preference to sweet potatoes, which need more cultivation and yield less (though more pleasant to eat and better in food value), and to yams, which mature more slowly and need strong supports for their climbing stems. When rice became short in Singapare, tapioca was planted everywhere and by everybody.

A good tapioca tuber is about a foot long, and up to about three inches thick at the base, tapering to the tip. Inside, when freshly cut, it is glistening white, but in a few days begins to grow discoloured and rotten. It must therefore be left in the ground until needed, but this does not matter, as there is no well-defined harvesting season. The root is peeled, and then may be boiled and eaten like a potato, but more usually the raw tuber is grated, when it forms a soft pulp which is cooked in various ways, either alone or mixed with bean or other flour, or with other foods, either sweetened or spiced. It can be fried into a texture almost like pastry, or cooked soft, or the two combined, and the Malay women were very ingenious in producing an astonishing variety of different small cakes, all made of tapioca with the minimum addition of other foods and flavourings.

Tapioca tubers can be sliced and dried (in the sun or in kilns) and will then keep indefinitely, if protected from attack by weevils. Commercial tapioca flour is obtained by rasping the cleaned tubers and then washing out the starch, which is subsequently dried. But in war-time Singapore these methods of preservation were seldom used, though people were encouraged to keep a small stock of dried tapioca as an emergency store of food. Tapioca flour was to a limited extent made into bread, at first with the addition of soya bean and maize flour which became more and more scarce, and finally with the addition only of a small proportion of rice bran. Bread made mainly from tapioca flour is soggy when fresh and brick-like when toasted.

The sago palm is found in most villages in Malaya where there is wet ground, but there is no considerable production for export. A good deal of sago flour is produced in Sumatra, and I heard that in some parts of south-western Malaya sago from Sumatra formed an important food to make good the rice shortage. I did not myself however eat any sago, unless some of the reputed tapioca flour used to make bread was actually sago.

Most palms have a single trunk, with no branches or suckers from its base. The sago palm produces many such suckers, so that one plant gradually produces a grove of palms. Each trunk is about a foot thick, or somewhat more, and attains a height of about 30 feet. When it has completed its growth, the massive bud stops producing leaves and grows into an immense branching inflorescence which bears flowers, then fruits and dies. In flowering and fruiting all the food

in the trunk is used up ; but if the trunk is felled before flowering, it is found to be full of starch. There is of course a woody layer on the outside for protection and support, but all the inner part of the trunk is quite soft and white when newly cut. We had a grove of sago palms in the Botanic Gardens, and a few ripe trunks were cut down for the coolies to eat. The trunks were sawn into pieces, each of which was as much as a man could carry. It is possible to grate the starchy part of a sago trunk and use it like grated tapioca root, but the cut surfaces become mouldy within 24 hours, and it is usually impossible to use the whole while it is fresh. The usual procedure, therefore, is to grate the whole trunk and wash out the starch, which is then dried and forms the sago of commerce. The sago palm is therefore not nearly so convenient for the ordinary housewife to deal with as the tapioca plant, and really needs a small factory for its proper handling.

Rice is, and will probably long remain, one of the greatest sources of human food. When the grain is not polished, it ranks high among the cereals in food value, and furthermore has much more flavour than the almost tasteless white polished rice which most of us know. Polished rice is the product of the modern mill and of the export industry, because unpolished or under-milled rice does not keep well. As with white flour in Britain, white rice in Asia has become the standard product, and the people have formed a habit of eating it, so that they dislike unpolished rice, which they buy chiefly for feeding poultry. When rice was first rationed in Singapore, I was interested to see how many kinds and grades of rice were imported, how the Indians, Malays and Chinese differed in their choice, and how difficult it was to get them to eat a kind to which they were not accustomed. The war has at least taught them to be less fastidious in this matter, and I hope may have taught some of them the better food value of unpolished rice. The health authorities in Malaya have for years past undertaken a campaign to educate the people in this matter, but change in food-habits is always slow unless enforced by a disaster such as war and famine.

In contrast to rice, sago and tapioca can never be principal foodstuffs, unless the people have also a good varied diet of other foods such as eggs and fish. They were mere wartime necessities, and in normal conditions should only be regarded as sources of starch, for the production of which they are among the most efficient plants in existence.

R. E. HOLTTUM (1907—11)

THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1945

IN the Spring Term of 1945, Mr. Lenz announced to members of Upper V. and VI. his intention of reviving the school tramp and leading a party of senior boys and girls to Cumberland in the summer holidays. This suggestion met with great approval and arrangements went ahead, although we realised the many obstacles

that stood in the way of such a venture in war time. Accommodation was the greatest difficulty, but we were fortunate in securing for a fortnight in August, the use of the Young Friends' Hostel and the Meeting House, Pardshaw Cottage, at Pardshaw, five miles from Cockermouth.

During the Summer Term, we were busy getting together all the necessary equipment :—camp beds, blankets and a trunk containing tinned foods, etc., which were to be sent on beforehand.

The final date was fixed for travelling and we looked up the times of trains. We decided to travel by night as this would give us time to settle in on arrival, and to return home by daylight, as most of us were anxious to see the country through which we passed.

Thus on Monday, August 13th, a very high-spirited party left Saffron Walden at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on the long journey northwards. We joined our London party at Rugby at 11 p.m., and settled down to try and get a few hours' sleep, but with little success.

We arrived at last at Cockermouth at about 8 o'clock in the morning, tired and dirty, feeling very much the worse for wear. After an early refreshment at Cockermouth we cycled to Pardshaw and proceeded to get settled in our new home. We were a party of fifteen in all, including Mr. and Mrs. Lenz, Mr. Stanger and Miss Galbraith.

A varied programme had been arranged and everybody's taste was met. There were cycle excursions to various lakes, climbs, and long tramps for those who liked walking, as well as one visit to the sea.

Of course, we made a point of climbing Great Gable. Great Gable, the fourth highest mountain in the Lake District (2,930ft. high), was about 14 miles from Pardshaw, and we decided to devote a whole day to climbing it. We cycled the ten miles to its foot, past Crummoch Water and Buttermere, and here we divided into two parties for the assault on the peak. One took the normal path and the other a more difficult path to the top. Alas, although whilst we were climbing towards the summit, the sun was shining and the sky was clear, as we approached the top, a mist descended upon us. The wonderful view of the Welsh mountains and Scotland, visible from the top on a clear day, of which we had heard and which had encouraged us on our way up, now withered miserably away as we faced a wall of fog. It did not clear until we were well on our way down again.

One excursion turned out to be a real tramp—a fifteen mile walk round the head of Derwent Water via Watendlath (the home of Judith Paris) and the Bowder Stone. During the walk we visited and climbed the Lodore Falls—a much admired beauty spot.

Among the lakes we visited were Emerald, Loweswater, Crummoch Water and Buttermere. These lakes were every bit as

beautiful as we had heard them to be, and we enjoyed every moment of the days we spent by them. The more energetic of us climbed the surrounding mountains, while the rest swam in the cool waters or sunbathed in the hot sun. A particular attraction was a mountain stream that ran into Lake Buttermere. We traced it up the mountain to find its source in a pretty hanging valley.

The weather was really very good considering that August is usually the rainiest month in the Lake District, and that the fortnight previous to ours had been extremely fine. We had only three wet days, and we made the most of those too.

The days passed all too quickly and were crowded with adventures—as were the nights also! Miss Galbraith and Mrs. Lenz suffered much in the way of apple-pie beds and booby traps. They had their revenge however, much to the discomfiture (bravely denied) of one of the male members of the party.

This school tramp, the first for many years, was thoroughly enjoyed by all those who went, and, however many more we may be fortunate enough to enjoy, I think this, our first one, will always remain vivid in our memories.

Kathleen Moore (Age 17)

THE TALE OF EMMANUEL THISTLETHWAITE

"PLEASE, tell us one of your stories," cried the children eagerly, gazing with admiration at the old postman, who was famed for his story telling.

"All right," said he, "I'll tell you the one about Emmanuel Thistlethwaite."

"In the little village of Stanthorpe, there lived a man named Emmanuel Thistlethwaite. He had always been the standing joke in the village. This was partly because of his peculiar name, and partly because of his looks. No one knew exactly how old he was, but the fact was that even the oldest inhabitant could not remember him as being anything but an old man. He was commonly known to everyone as 'the professor.' I think this was because he had white hair, an enormous beard, and an old-fashioned ear trumpet. He wore two pairs of glasses, and an old grey suit which always had threads and bits hanging from it. He was also supposed to be a little mad.

Up to this time no one had ever thought of him inventing anything. Therefore when on a fine morning in June 'the professor' appeared in the road with a contraption that rather resembled a jeep with wings, the whole village came to inspect it.

The old gentleman was fussing around it, and would allow no person nearer than three yards from the invention. However, someone finally managed to get near enough to him to bellow down his ear

trumpet, and ask the old gentleman what the contraption was supposed to be. 'The professor' mumbled something about 'going to fly to the moon' and climbed into his invention.

There were so many wires and other peculiar looking gadgets that there was hardly any room for him to sit down. I certainly do not propose to describe any of these gadgets, as it would take a whole book to do so.

Everyone craned forward with sudden eagerness, for Thistlethwaite was now turning a knob, and pulling a lever towards him. There was an ear-splitting roar and the flying jeep moved slowly off down the road. It had not gone more than a few yards, however, before it stopped. Before the crowd could reach it again, there was a sudden whoosh, a hiss of steam and 'the professor' and invention had left the ground.

That is the last that was seen of 'the professor,' for, after flying around for about ten minutes, he completely disappeared from sight, and has never been seen again."

"Whether he reached the moon or not no-one knows," concluded the postman, "but there is a story that the sound of his machine can be heard very early in the morning on June 10th, every year, that being the day he took off on his big adventure."

Pat Lamond (Age 14)

PREPARING AN I.V.S.P. CAMP.

TOWARDS the end of last Term, when we in the Upper Fifth and those in the Sixth had finished taking the various London University Examinations, a small party of girls went over to Chesterford in order to help Mrs. Worth to prepare the searchlight huts there for a boys' I.V.S.P. Farming Camp.

The first cleaning expedition consisted of five or six of us who truly shocked the inhabitants of Saffron Walden by riding up the High Street with brooms, dustpans, pails, soap, knives, scrubbing brushes and sandwiches fastened, by many devices, to our bicycles. One of the party referred to herself as "Mrs. Mopp on a bike"—a better description I cannot find. A broom came "adrift" at the top of Windmill Hill, but as this was duly rescued before it rolled down, the rest of the four mile journey was completed without mishap.

The first half hour was spent in inspecting the camp and, from the remains of a very dilapidated calendar in the wash-house, we gathered that the huts had not been cleaned since the Army left—four months previously. The amount of dirt had to be seen to be imagined! The tasks which occupied the greater part of the morning were cutting down a very straggly hedge, which had grown to an

unbelievable height, and lighting an erratic boiler which produced far more smoke than was really necessary. However, after the sandwiches had been devoured under the shade of the largest hut, with "Star Gazer's Rest" vividly painted over the doorway, two pails of dirty warm water were produced and, by scraping with knives and scrubbing, the first layer of filth was removed from two of the bedrooms. One outstanding incident was when one of the "chars" discovered some really beautiful red lino underneath the dust. Her squeals of delight were audible all over the camp. Everyone was very dirty and tired when the time came to return to school, but strength was maintained by the thought of a really hot bath.

After three or four parties had spent several days in further cleaning, the last expedition set forth about a week before the camp was due to open. This time we looked almost normal as we cycled to our destination with only hammers, brackets and nails protruding from our vehicles. The first task was, as usual, to master the boiler, but as practice had made us nearly perfect, this was achieved in a short while. Since all the other huts had been cleaned there only remained the cookhouse to do; and as this proved to be in an exceptionally bad condition, the conscientious scrubbing was replaced with a rapid swilling and sweeping with wet brooms. Then came the great moment; the lighting of the range. The amount of smoke first produced even excelled the frantic efforts of the boiler, but after a few moments, the ovens began to get warm and Mrs. Worth's joy at such a revelation compensated us for all the soot and dust which had now become firmly attached to us. We then proceeded to put up the shelves, a really nerve-racking occupation, which, I am afraid, did not give much credit to our meagre knowledge of woodwork.

Meanwhile, two of our industrious companions were busily digging refuse pits at the bottom of the field. As it was a hot day, they found it a more enjoyable task than otherwise might be expected, but still they found it necessary to regain their energy by frequent pauses for sunbathing.

Just as we were preparing to go back to school for dinner, one of boys in the Upper Fifth came panting up the road with some sandwiches and the message that we were not expected back until tea. Mrs. Worth then miraculously produced some bottles of 'pop' and plums and we sat, for the last time, in the shade of "Star Gazer's Rest" to eat our meal. The afternoon was spent in further last minute efforts to make the camp habitable, and when this was accomplished we cycled back to school, all feeling thoroughly worn out but decidedly virtuous. I am sure that if any of us ever had any "housewifery" instincts they were certainly developed during those few days.

Pauline Goddard (Age 17)

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH

DURING the Summer Holidays my friend and I decided to climb Mount Scavaig Gorm in the Grampians. We took with us a rucksack of food, two pairs of binoculars and two cameras. I carried the food, and Robert, my friend, being the better climber, took the more valuable articles.

By about noon we had climbed to quite a high altitude, and had discovered a ledge for a seat, where we stayed till after lunch. From where we sat we could see Ben Nevis in the distance, just appearing over the head-like peak of Scrillheig.

After dinner I had a rest. I was just dozing off to sleep when Robert nudged me on the arm.

"Look!" he whispered. "Just above that boulder." I took out my binoculars and looked along his arm. There, hovering in mid-air, was a golden eagle. The mid-day sun, shining on its golden brown feathers, made it look like a king with jewels studding his robes.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a buzzard zoomed down. I was so surprised that I gave a short shout. The noise, small as it was, must have startled the eagle for it swerved aside, foiling the buzzard's attack. The eagle, immediately it saw its enemy, started to rise. Its opponent followed suit as soon as it was possible to do so. It rose slower than the eagle, giving that bird time to aim and dive. The buzzard tried to swerve, but even so, it lost two or of its tail feathers. The birds now changed their tactics. Instead of flying up and down, they flew round and round each other, making occasional swoops. Round and round they went, tail feathers, wing quills and down from their necks, fluttering down to the valley below. As the fight continued the buzzard's moves slowed down. At last, utterly tired out, it made a fateful hesitation. Immediately, the eagle flew in and, clutching its adversary with its powerful talons, gave one tear into the buzzard's back with its curved bill. No more was necessary. Without one sound the dead bird fell to the rocks below.

Giving cries of triumph, the eagle, torn but victorious, soared upwards to its mountain eyrie on the crags above.

We looked at each other in awe, for that battle of air kings had filled us with wonder and fear.

Soon after this incident we again proceeded to climb. At about half-past four, by the sun, we reached the the summit and lay down on the heather. I was watching a clump of gorse which, although there was no wind, moved incessantly. After a while, my curiosity getting the better of me, I crept over to investigate. To my surprise I saw a stoat busily devouring a fairly large fat rabbit. As soon as it saw, or smelt me, it dashed away. I followed it as best as I could, but soon lost sight of it because of some flowering gorse bushes. They were pretty to look at, but not so nice to feel.

We saw the second fight when we were coming down. It was not so exciting to watch as the first and far shorter. The fight, between a hare and a weasel, was won, strangely enough, by the former. The hare kept on jumping over her foe, giving a good hard kick each time. Once she had stunned the weasel she hopped away. To stop any further trouble, Robert knocked the weasel over the head with a piece of stick.

It had been a most eventful day. We had witnessed many exciting scenes, secured many photographs and a weasel to be stuffed for Robert's museum.

P. Honigmann (Age 12)

THE MILL

DOWN a lane in Bedfordshire—a lane that is narrow and crooked, with ragged green hedges on both sides—stands a mill. It is a water mill. The cool and very smooth water trickles slowly beneath the old wheel, which is usually still, past the sluice gates until many miles away it becomes a tiny ditch.

By the mill, however, the stream is wide. Hardly a ripple moves over the tranquil waters, and tall reeds and weeds poke their painted heads through the otherwise unbroken surface. Farther down, beyond the sluice gates, there floats in the middle of the stream a clotted mass of decaying brown leaves and reeds—once a swan's nest. Next year the swan will return and lay more dull greeny-white eggs, from which will emerge her fluffy, light blue-grey cygnets. Squatting upon their mother's back, they will not notice the mill which stands there silent and still until after the harvest has been gathered. Then the wheel will turn again, making a regular clank and splash as it revolves in the now foaming water pouring under the bridge.

Into the bins upstairs many sacks of unground grain have been poured. Slowly it sifts through the small hole on to the grind-stones beneath. They rock and rattle as they turn, at first slowly and then faster and faster until the continuous, rhythmic roaring mingles with the sound of the wheel outside. From the ceilings and tiny square broken windows hang dirty cobwebs. Like the rest of the mill they are covered with the fine white flour. Everywhere is a musty yet pleasant smell. Downstairs on the ground floor the wheel revolving in the water may be heard more clearly. The entire mill is quivering and humming with noise. Piled up on the floor are many large sacks waiting to be filled with flour. Soon very fine, a pale greyish white, it will come sliding down a wooden chute, tumbling and stumbling over itself in its haste, until still warm from the friction of the whirling grindstones, it rolls into waiting sacks.

For many days and weeks the mill is at work and the rooms become stacked with bulging bags of flour until finally all is over.

At last it is finished. The last sack is taken away, the wheel has stopped and silence descends. Once again the mill is empty and peaceful, and nothing can be heard save the occasional drops of water slowly dripping from the great wheel. Yet, an air of expectancy and excitement surrounds the dignified old building—it patiently awaits the next harvest.

Doreen E. Barker (Age 16)

NEWS OF SOME OF LAST TERM'S LEAVERS

DOREEN ADAMS is at Mrs. Hoster's Secretarial Training College, London.

NORAH P. BALL is working in the L.N.E.R. Goods Office at Saffron Walden.

DEREK BARBANELL is at Trinity College, Oxford, for a year before training for a commission in the Army.

MARGARET A. BASS is studying Needlework at Cambridge Technical School.

ELIZABETH BICKLEY is at Heathfield School, Ascot.

BRENDA BILLS is attending a day school in London.

IONA BRERETON is at Cambridge & County High School.

DANIEL BUTLER has a post at the National Physical Laboratory at Teddington.

DAVID COLLINSON is hoping to train for work with F.A.U. or F.R.S.

COLIN CRAWLEY is at St. Leonard's Grammar School.

WILLIAM DAVIS is training on " H.M.S. Mercury."

DAVID EATON is farming near his home at Beaconsfield.

MOLLIE EGGLETON is studying Institutional Management at Northern Polytechnic.

ROSS HARRISON is at Gosfield School, near Halstead.

BARBARA HASTIE is studying Art at Regent Street Polytechnic.

PETER HOPKINS is apprenticed to Rolls Royce, Ltd., at Derby.

JILL HOPWOOD is training to be an Architect at the Architectual Association in London.

PAMELA HOUSDEN is studying Art at Cambridge Technical School.

COLIN JONES is at Bootham School, York.

ELIZABETH LAW is at St. Felix School, Southwold.

MICHAEL LITTLEBOY is at Bootham School, York.

ELIZABETH MACINTYRE is at Edge Hill Girls' College, Bideford.

JOHN MOON is studying Engineering at Battersea Polytechnic.

OWEN MORICE is studying Engineering at the City and Guilds Institute.

DEREK NEALE is at Leighton Park School, Reading.

RICHARD PALMER is training for teaching at Borough Road Training College.

PAMELA SMITH is at Chichester High School.

ROY SMITH is studying Art at Portsmouth School of Art.

JOSE STUBBINGS is continuing her study of Music at present from home.

GERALD WAKEMAN is at Bootham School, York.

LIFE IN CEYLON

WHEN I lived in Ceylon I liked it very much. It was very hot there, and I could swim and go for picnics nearly every day. The sands there are golden in colour, the sea is very blue and warm, and there are lovely shells.

Most of the natives live in huts made from palm leaves and mud. They wear sarongs and eat rice. English people go up in the hills for holidays. I liked the ride to the hills because I saw Elephants pulling wood and the natives working in the paddy fields where the rice grows. Up in the hills I saw the tea plantations, and I visited a factory and saw the tea being made.

Neil Thompson (Age 8)

THE ISLE OF WIGHT

WHEN I was in the Isle of Wight we stayed at Wootten, at a place called "Woodside," and all around were lovely country lanes and valleys. There are lovely fields, and lots of woods and hazel bushes and wild flowers.

There is a place called the Needles. That name is given to the place because it is a long green bank going into the sea, and then it stops and lots of rocks go out into the sea.

There is a lovely view from Alum Bay. In the bay are coloured sands going on up high like a cliff. Lots of different colours are on the bank, reddy brown, yellow, pink, grey, white and orange. You have to get down on to the beach by a rope, pegged up by big pieces of stick. There is a pier as well, and in the middle it is broken, so that ships cannot land because of the broken part. It was broken on purpose during the war.

Eleanor Lane (Age 8)

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gerald Littleboy (President), Arnold Brereton (Editor), Margaret G. Yapp (Treasurer), Renate Bondi, Jean Lyell, Donald Simpson.

MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and subscriptions (2/6, post free) to the Treasurer, at the School.

C.S.W.O.S.A. You may join the Old Scholars' Association by giving your name to Mr. Littleboy (no subscription for first year) before you leave school. You will then receive full particulars of all O.S. functions direct from the Secretary.



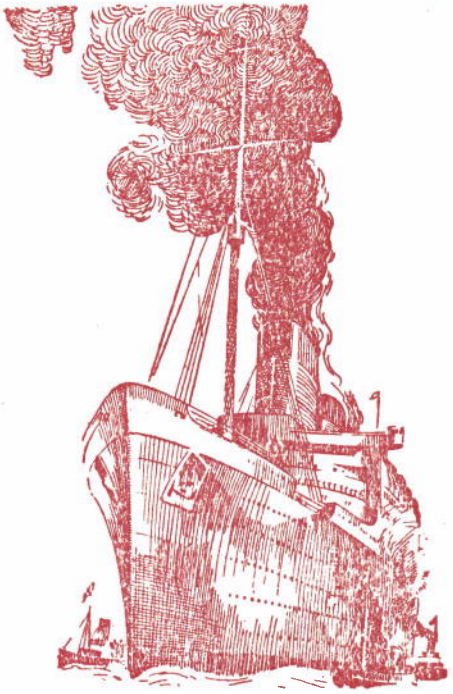
This delicious meal-time drink is a food as well

So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; and carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does). Besides, Rowntree's Cocoa aids digestion.

Rowntree's Cocoa

Bigger Ships

Bigger Anchors



The insurance policy that every thoughtful man takes out before marriage seems a big one—then.

But as years pass and his income rises, his establishment grows. There are children to educate. The whole family has become accustomed to a far better standard of living. The responsibilities on his shoulders have multiplied even faster than his income. And although that insurance policy still gives him a feeling of security, actually its capital sum would not keep his family, in their accustomed comfort for more than two years—possibly not for as long. Does *your* insurance fit your present responsibilities? Can you truly say, when you pay your premiums, that you are doing your utmost to preserve the security and happiness of those you love.

The Friends' Provident and Century has many policies, which represent the most lucrative investment a man can make with absolute safety, and of which he may reap full benefit in his lifetime.



Write to-day for the Friends' Provident and Century prospectus, which enables you to make sure what kind of insurance is best fitted to your present circumstances and future needs.
All classes of insurance are dealt with by our associate, the Century Insurance Company, Limited.

THE FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES

AGGREGATE FUNDS EXCEED £24,000,000.

Head Offices: 7, Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. 18, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

BLOOM & SON, SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX.