THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

DECEMBER 1946

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.

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

for SCHOOLDAYS

HOLIDAYS

and SPORTS

JOSHUA TAYLOR AND CO. LTD.

Centre of Town . . . . . CAMBRIDGE

'PHONE 3456

OFFICIAL OUTFITTERS to this SCHOOL

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 37 DECEMBER, 1946 No. 106

"THE AVENUE"—FUTURE POLICY

"THE AVENUE" has, in common with all publications, had to face exceptional difficulties during recent years, and has had to be content with lower standards of production and less frequent issues. The Board are anxious to return as soon as possible to an illustrated magazine of pre-war quality, but are faced with certain problems of costs, in regard to which their enquiries are not yet complete.

They have, however, decided to return at once to the former practice of issuing three numbers a year. The next issue will therefore be published in March, 1947. The Board are sure that subscribers both inside and outside the School, will approve of this decision, even though the question of subscription rates cannot be settled immediately. Postal subscribers will receive a statement of the new position with their copies of the March number.

INTER ALIA

After several vain attempts to get someone else to write the foreword to our School Magazine, the junior member of *The Avenue* Board has had to do it herself. Armed with a virgin pencil which, mercifully, cannot realise what proportion of itself will shortly pass into her oesophagus, and with a list which her fellow-members have helpfully drawn up for her, she has done what she can.

This term we have a record number of pupils, 287 including the Junior School. This has necessitated the addition of a new group, on both sides of the school. Members of Group C are now classified as Upper and Lower, the Upper Groups being taken by Mr. Brereton and Miss Yapp, and the Lower by two new members of Staff.

As the Intermediate Group has disappeared, Miss Payne had to seek employment elsewhere, but Miss Hull has stayed on as Girls' Matron.

Mrs. Worth, Mrs. Lenz and Nurse Faircloth have left the staff, and Domestic Science has been taken over by Miss Cottrell, who also takes the new girls C Lower Group. The introduction of a cookery course has proved a popular innovation, in spite of the quantities of food which are placed before us four times daily. Mrs. Fraser and Miss Caine, who left us last term, have been replaced in the kitchen by Mrs. Rose and Miss Spinks (compilers of Staff v. School hockey lists please note—Spinks, not Spinx).

Miss Murray, who had been with us for many years, has now retired and is hoping to return soon to her home in Northern Ireland. Mr. Brown takes her place, and combines with the usual office duties those of a bursar and estate agent.

Miss Chown and Miss Taylor also left last term, and are succeeded by Miss Laverack and Mr. Wright respectively. Mr. Wright is Group-master of Boys' C Lower. Miss Perry takes the place of Mrs. Lees in the Junior School. Mr. Mummery is now taking History and English classes are in the care of Miss Bates.

All boys' games are now under the supervision of Mr. Follett, who also takes some Scripture and French classes.

Michael King-Beer is School Librarian in place of his mother, and has already made alterations in the setting-out of the library, in order that all books should be within easy reach of library-users.

We wish all those who have left us the very best of luck, and extend our warmest sympathy and good wishes to all newcomers.

Now that we have recovered from the strain on our purses occasioned by last term's wedding presents, we can seize another opportunity to express to Mr. and Mrs. Mummery and Mrs. Hedin (formerly Miss Gaffney) and her husband, our best wishes for the future. Mrs. Mummery is taking two Maths sets in the School.

Number 90, Debden Road, where Mr. and Mrs. Mummery are living, and the whole of Hillcroft, are now available for sleeping accommodation for girls and staff.

We now have the largest sixth form ever, and the Intermediates' classroom has been turned into a boys' sixth form-room.

We have had a visit this term from Mr. and Mrs. Stuart-Nelson, who are American negroes, and who gave very interesting talks to both Study Circles, and in Sunday Evening Meeting. The Dolmetsch Players have entertained us with a programme of Elizabethan music; Mr. John Kearton spoke to us on "The Fascination of Field Photography," and showed us many coloured slides. We have had a delightful concert by the prisoners-of-war from Radwinter. An article dealing with this visit will be found elsewhere in the magazine.

As there have been no more marriages, epidemics or other mishaps to report, I can throw my considerably-shortened pencil aside, but not before I wish all our readers a Merry Christmas.

P.S.—Two genuine extracts from letters sent home by boys: —

"There is a rumour that some Masters are making fireworks. The swimming bath is not being heated now."

"Miss Waring would like a pair of old socks with loops on them to play football in."

Nina Bailey (Age 16)

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION WEEK-END

THE forecast that rain would spread eastwards across the country did not deter a large number of parents, including some Old Scholar parents, from attending the third meeting held at the School during the week-end October 26th/27th. The Association was formed a year ago—in October, 1945—and its second meeting was held during the Spring Term, and took the form of a Brains Trust with John Watt, of the B.B.C., as Question Master. A new feature was introduced this time, which we hope will be maintained, namely a football match on Saturday afternoon, Parents and Staff versus the Boys' XI. How noble of the old hands to try their skill again after such a lapse of years! All those, seven in all, who diffidently offered themselves for the team were careful to point out that they were on the wrong side of forty. But with the assistance of four masters the veterans won, rather surprisingly perhaps, by two goals to one. Considering the deplorable conditions in which the game was played—the weather forecast proved only too correct—the team work displayed was very creditable.

The evening programme consisted of a marionette show by Mr. Brann. The time for the most part was occupied by a series of lantern slides depicting the marionettes in scenes from various plays. Because of travelling difficulties the start of this lecture was delayed and there was disappointment that we were able to see only a short demonstration by the lecturer of the clever manipulation which is required in presenting a marionette play.

Parents afterwards had another opportunity of meeting the Staff while coffee was served in the Dining Hall and Library. Teachers were kept busy, and we almost had to queue up to make certain of an interview.

Those who were able to attend the meeting on Sunday afternoon had a real treat. After a short business meeting, parents listened to an extremely interesting and instructive address by Edgar B. Castle, Headmaster of Leighton Park School, his subject being, "How far can cultural activities be maintained in a grammar school seeking high academic standards?" This is one of the questions which come to mind when one thinks about the new Education Act. The VI form in the grammar school, said Mr. Castle, is now of supreme importance in preparation for university life and the professions; higher standards are now required for entrance to the university. Try to preserve intellectual curiosity in cultural things; send your VI form into the university curious, not satisfied. There should be ample time for private study in the VI form; it is very important that they should learn to organise their own time. One might, said the speaker, well apply the now much sought after "Industrial 40-hour week" to the VI form. Then there is the approach to the VI form stage. Approach it on a broad front with lots of cultural activities. These give the best results in the VI form. Most of us are aware of the pathetic cases of boys who are crammed for the School Certificate at the age of fourteen. They have to be made to stop work; they become intellectually worn out. Don't try to push students on too fast. The attainment of firsts and seconds at the University following no distinctions in Higher Certificates is preferable to lots of distinctions gained in Higher Certificate followed by seconds and thirds in university Finals.

Then there is the complication of National Service to be considered. A boy wishing to become, say, a doctor, would not now be able to qualify until nine years after passing his School Certificate—two years in the VI form, two years National Service, then five years' training.

It would appear that girls' education is tending to become more "domesticised" and that of boys too "examinationised."

Many very relevant questions were put during the discussion. Mr. Castle maintained that a VI form Education to Higher Certificate is very desirable, even though a University Education is not to follow, and that where possible, a student should be encouraged to stay on and work in the VI form even though the taking of a Higher Certificate is not essential to his future career.

Parents expressed their appreciation and thanks to Mr. Castle for his most interesting and helpful address.

At the Sunday evening meeting it seemed appropriate that one of the parents should give the address. Percy Woods, in endeavouring to find a subject of interest to young and old, spoke on "Life." He divided human life into three parts: Body, Mind and Spirit. After explaining the importance of each separately, he told us that each was dependent on the others, and that in order to obtain a full life we must in reference to each part look to the expert for guidance and example. For the

spiritual side of the life we must look to Jesus Christ, who said, "I came that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly."

During the Meeting the School Choir, under Richard Sturge, sang the Benediction from John Redford's "Rejoice in the Lord," and after the Meeting the School Orchestra, conducted by Miss Comber, played a suite of four pieces from Peter Warlock's "Capriol."

TWO OLD SCHOLAR PARENTS

IMPRESSIONS OF HOLIDAYS ABROAD

[This year several of our boys and girls were able to spend holidays abroad. Below we give extracts from some of their accounts.—Eds.]

IN the summer holidays I went to Switzerland. It is a beautiful country. I went to the German-speaking part, near Zurich. There are mountains in this part but where I went they were covered with grass and trees. A road winds its way up the mountainside, and one day we went up this road by coach. The coach creaked and groaned, and once when we had to stop to let a man with a cart of wood go by, we thought the coach would never start again.

All food in Switzerland is rationed as in England, except for sweets and chocolates. Separate chocolates and ordinary sweets are easy to get, but slab chocolate is rather harder to get. The meals in Switzerland are different from those in England. Breakfast consists of coffee and rolls. There is a large lunch in the middle of the day, and dinner in the evening.

At the place where I was staying there were people from many nations. It is interesting to hear all the different languages spoken and to collect interesting autographs.

I also went to Lucerne, which is a beautiful town. While we were there we visited two beautiful churches. While I was on holiday in Switzerland a festival was held to celebrate the time when the country became a republic. It was a wonderful sight as a bonfire was lit on each mountain.

Hilary Hockley (Age 12)

DURING my short holiday in Holland I became convinced that the Dutch must be the most friendly of nations. Everyone that I met, whether in a tram or a train, whether attached to our party or not, showed a great spirit of welcome and friendship. They did their utmost to give us a really good time, and of the fifteen days I spent there I never spent one "at home." We were shown

round towns, given lectures, visited a chocolate factory and the Hilversum Radio Station. We even had a special play put on for our benefit, and had a wonderful farewell party.

As a nation, the Dutch are intensely loyal to their Queen and Royal Family, but they did not really seem so proud of their country and race as might have been expected of so small a nation. Boys that I spoke to, were not particularly proud of being Dutch—they would just as soon have been English. They were very conscious of being a small nation—they well knew that their total population is approximately only equal to that of London.

I was at first surprised to hear English songs on the radio, to hear English catch-phrases in the streets, and to see English films in the cinemas with English sound-tracks. It amazed me to hear a party of workers on holiday singing one popular English song after another—they seemed to know all the words. However I soon got used to this. I found that I could address anyone I met in English, and be answered quite fluently. It was a surprise though, to find that the same people could talk equally well in French and German. One of the boys of our party, who was only fifteen, had learnt at School five languages besides Dutch. No wonder they have little time for sports.

To anyone who is going to Holland in the near future, I would say, don't worry about the food difficulties. There is little variety, but there is plenty of it. Anyone who knew my appetite at school will be amazed to hear that I was told on several occasions that if I did not eat more, I should be hung from the hooks on the houses. These hooks had amused me. They are found on all the taller houses in the old towns. Ropes are hung over them to enable furniture to be hauled up to the top floor rooms. One of our party actually saw a family "moving in" in this way.

If ever you have a chance to become a member of the World Friendship Association, take it, and so make use of its facilities for visiting European countries.

Judith Layng (1936–46)

WE left Victoria Station by the Golden Arrow. At Dover we changed from the comforts and luxury of the train to go aboard the crowded boat.

At Calais the French porters swarmed aboard the boat like a crowd of small, blue monkeys, and carried our luggage into the Flêche d'Or, the French Golden Arrow.

About 6.0 the train drew into Paris where we were met by our French friends, who took us to our hotel. Later in the evening we went to an Alsace restaurant where all the waitresses wore national costume. Afterwards we went to one of the cafés on the gaily lit boulevards, that have tables out on the pavement. Usually there is music provided by a cheap brass band and a warbling soprano.

As we stayed only two days in Paris we could not do much sight-seeing, but we did go to the Louvre, where we saw the famous "Mona Lisa," a picture I dislike, and from the top of the Arc de Triomphe we had a fine view over the city. The long finger-like avenues radiated away from us, and the cars crawled down them like blue-bottles glistening in the sun. We walked through the gardens of the Luxembourg Palace—where the Paris Conference has been held—made very beautiful with lovely fountains and wide avenues.

Paris traffic amused me very much. There appears to be no speed limit, and no maximum to the amount of noise that can be made with a motor horn. The policemen stand at the cross roads with whistles and little white truncheons to hold up the traffic.

While in Paris, we had no milk or sugar at the hotel or at restaurants, and though the bread was quite nice, it was a very dark brown with a very tough crust, made in thin round rolls about two feet long.

Later we left for Belgium, and as we passed the frontier the country seemed to change and become more alive than in France. At Brussels we changed for Antwerp, where we stayed with Belgian friends, who have a flat in the centre of the city overlooking the main square.

In Paris the shops are full of smart clothes and other goods, but they are nothing compared with those in Belgium. There you can get anything you want: butter, eggs, and all English rationed goods are plentiful—at Black Market prices, and a lot of the best materials and china bear the label "English Export."

On Sundays nobody seemed to go to church in a peaceful sort of way. They all dressed up in their best clothes and paraded up and down the streets carrying flags and singing loudly to the playing of brass bands.

All too soon our holiday came to an end. We travelled home by the Antwerp-Harwich route, leaving Antwerp at 4 p.m. It takes about four hours to go down the river Schelde, and we reached the open sea about 8 p.m. It was a wonderful evening with a strong wind and a cloudless sky. Not far away to the right the lights of Flushing twinkled over the water, and the small pilot boat came out to us to exchange pilots. Once right out at sea the swell increased and the wind grew stronger. There was a full moon that made the waters look like silver fire. The lights of towns along the Belgium coast shone out in a long ribbon to the left and out to sea the lightships flashed out their signals.

When we arrived at Harwich at 6 a.m. it was one of those glorious, perfect mornings. A low grey mist hung over the land, and when the sun rose it was as though a great red ball had been thrust up out of the sea.

It was a great experience travelling abroad, and I enjoyed every minute of it, but nothing struck me so forcefully as getting into a filthy, uncomfortable L.N.E.R. train, hearing everybody speaking English, and then arriving in London on a dreary, cold, misty morning.

Marygold Lansdell (Age 17)

LIKE most English tourists we entered Switzerland via Basle. After several days in untidy, impoverished war-begrimed Paris and the usual dirty French train journey, what impressed me most about Basle was its cleanliness and tidiness. The broad, clean, straight roads were sights not to be seen in an English industrial town. We visited the fine old Münster and obtained a good view over the river to the Black Forest.

From Basle we went on to Zürich, and there I realized for myself the difference between being told of the mountains and seeing them. From the top of one of the highest hills near Zürich we had our first glimpses of the high mountains. They were far away and it was too misty to see much, but that those vaguely outlined huge forms should be mountains and not clouds seemed hardly believable.

Our next stop was at Lucerne, and as our train approached I got quite excited, rushing from one side of our carriage to the other to see where the mountains were highest. Later in the day we walked along the Axenstrasse, a famous road which goes through the mountain side in some places. In the evening we had a look at the old bridge on which are paintings of the Tell story, but we did not linger long for fear of being stung by the many gnats buzzing around the lights. We saw three beautifully floodlit towers, and many shops which were lit throughout the night. In a country like Switzerland with so much water, not only are there fountains at the most surprising corners, but also nearly every house is supplied cheaply with electricity.

We passed through Berne, having spent two wonderful days hiking in the Bernese Oberland. Berne proved a most interesting town. On both sides of the big main streets in the old part of the town, are arcades in front of the shops, and stalls are set up in some places under these arcades. This form of building is now an interesting relic, the only well preserved one of the old style of German town, since most of those in Germany have been destroyed. At intervals of a hundred yards along the road there were charming statues standing on columns, and from the base of these there was a jet of water coming out of a spout and falling into a stone trough. Around the base of each column there would be boxes of geraniums to match the flower-boxes at all the windows. The statues on the columns were very amusing as they depicted some most gruesome things. One of the statues was of an ogre devouring children, while the next was of the Virgin Mary. We also saw the interesting old town clock. When it struck, a cock crowed, a bear pulled a rope, and a group of little bears ran in a circle just under the dial.

After leaving Berne we stayed in the Jura for a few days. We climbed the highest mountain of the district—the Chasseron, 6000 feet. On the top we somehow got involved in a conversation with two hikers, who perforce had to show us where Churchill was going to stay—it was too misty to see properly. We said we weren't particularly interested in any case, which took them aback. In all the neutral countries there was a far greater admiration of Churchill than we can possibly realise, and, that these English people should have been so ungrateful to their war-leader, seemed utterly incomprehensible.

Our last stop was in Geneva, a quite lovely old town, although it has very little architecture of real beauty, having been influenced very strongly by Calvinistic doctrines just when the more ornate style of building was developing elsewhere. We were lent U.N.R.R.A. tickets with the aid of which we were able to examine the buildings of the League of Nations. When we came to the big hall where all the important international decisions had been made for the last twenty-five years, we found we had walked in on the final meeting of the secretarial staff before they went back to England. We crossed the channel in the same boat as the U.N.R.R.A. people, and though I was sad to think my lovely holiday had ended, after the grandiose beauty of Switzerland, England seemed welcome and homely with its fields and hedges and intimate, personal hills.

Renate Bondi (Age 17)

ON RETURNING TO ENGLAND

THOUGHTS about a long and important event are bound to be many and varied; deep thoughts, shallow thoughts, serious thoughts and just reminiscences. My thoughts about the whole adventure of being abroad have varied considerably. There was the occasion when, on seeing English landscape for the first time for two-and-a-half years, I wondered whether it was just a a strange dream that I was back in England. On the other hand, nowadays I sometimes look back and wonder whether I have been to China at all—whether in fact it is China that is really the bad dream. When I had once convinced myself, on returning, that England was not a dream, my first thoughts were of security, a regular life, and of things which happen in more or less the same way each day. I had arrived on the 23,000-ton ship, *Britannic,* and as she lay in the river Mersey I stood on the deck gazing at the wet roofs of Liverpool, and the muddy water swilling past the ship. It was drizzling and misty, but it all seemed very wonderful.

I recalled another occasion when I had been on a river in the rain. The river was the Yuyu which flows through the jungles of Northern Burma. We drifted downstream on a raft of bamboo, heading for the mountains and India on the other side of them. We were fleeing before the advance of the Japanese. For twelve days we had travelled, first

by truck, then by foot, and now, for the third day by raft, hoping all the time that the monsoon rain would hold off until our journey was ended. But during that evening as I was on duty, guiding the raft with a long bamboo pole, thunderous, black clouds obliterated the sunset, and big drops of rain splashed down on to the water. My thirty companions were underneath the sun-shelters, hoping to get to sleep before the rain came. But the shelters were not very effective, and as the splashing of rain became louder, and then turned to a roar from the jungle all around, they grumbled of wetness and misery. I was relieved of my duty and crept, soaked to the skin into a damp blanket. The rain continued through the night, and the river began to rise fast, and we all had to go out and help keep the raft from twisting round and crashing into the banks because of the swift current. Some of us jumped into the water and received a shock to find that we could no longer stand in some places. The raft was weakening in the middle and threatened to break in half. We tried to stick poles into the sandy bed and anchor the raft to them. At last we managed to do so, and by holding on and pulling hard we prevented the raft from moving. There we stood in the pitch blackness and pouring rain, some in the water up to the neck, heaving on the raft, the rest standing on it, holding on to the bamboo poles. India and safety seemed an impossible distance away just then. Looking along the water we could see nothing; the blackness of the night seemed an omen, and looking into the future we could see no hope for security, or reason to continue holding on to the raft.

Standing on the deck of the *Britannic* on the day I arrived back in England I was thrilled by the homeliness and security of the wet roofs of Liverpool's houses. That was my first little thought on returning. Nowadays my reminiscences are less personal, and probably more objective. When one's experiences are at a distance, it is usually easier to recognise their value. I was shocked, recently, by the apparent lack of interest and sympathy shown by so many people in England towards the people on the Continent whose diet is so meagre. The phrase "1,200 Calories" was printed in the newspapers, and statements by UNRRA officials appeared from time to time, showing how serious the situation was, and people read them and said, "How terrible." But when it was first suggested that we should reduce our own food consumption and send the balance to Europe, there were cries of horror that we should dream of giving food to the Germans, who, after all, had lost the war, and were not worthy of sympathy. Then I realised that by being indignant with the unsympathetic people, I was being a bit unfair. It was all very well for me to be self-righteous—I had seen the results of starvation with my own eyes, and jolly well ought to feel guilty at my own gluttony. Most folk in this country had come no closer to it than a few newspaper pictures of scenes in Calcutta streets.

I have seen the people who lined the streets of Calcutta in their search for food. They came in from the country, where the crop had failed, because they thought the towns had plenty. They trekked in with their children by their sides, and with a bundle on their shoulders. When

they got to the city, there was nothing to do but beg, but there were so many beggars that begging produced nothing. They became weak, they lay on the pavements, and seemed to consist of nothing but bones and hair. The wee, skinny children would whimper, but Mamma could do nothing.

In Germany I have seen the tired, expressionless faces, which show that there is not enough food to give energy for work and thought. We had a group of Germans to help us clear up a camp, but it took ten days to do this job, which we had expected to take two. At first we were exasperated at their laziness, but then we realised that it was not laziness that made them work so slowly and take so many rests, but simply that they didn't have enough fuel in their bodies.

I'm afraid our imaginations are not very efficient. However imaginative and honest we are, it is only rarely that by reading the papers, or looking at pictures we can obtain the same feeling about an incident that we should have, had we actually witnessed it.

Perhaps you think, after reading all this, that life abroad is just a long series of miserable scenes and events. It almost sounds as if I believe that England is the most comfortable place on Earth. Well, to be quite honest, and thoroughly unpopular—I do.

Martin Davies (1934–5)

THE EVER-YOUNG

"THERE WERE GIANTS IN THE EARTH IN THOSE DAYS" Genesis xv, 4

WHEN the last cheer had sounded, and the last song was sung,
A few were gathered together—the young and the Ever Young;
And tales were told of the Golden Age with that nostalgic mirth
That lifts into eternity the goodly things of earth.
For there were giants in our time, of wisdom and of might,
And the remnant of the giants, they sat with us that night,
The remnant of the mighty ones, the pillars of the past,
Firm in the Hall of Memory, the temple that shall last.
And still their ancient magic can work upon the will;
For though their heads be silver, their hearts are golden still,
And theirs is now a greater power, born of a greater School,
Whose discipline is gratitude, and love the only rule.
The giants of the Golden Age are scattered far and wide,
Though dead and living meet again where none has ever died;
But some remain as witnesses, of whom this song is sung,
That they who served us in our youth, themselves are ever young.

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

VERY QUEER

VERY queer!" muttered the young man, trudging wearily along the country road. The truth was, he had lost his way. He was sure he had taken the right road at the cross-roads, and he had been sure that the countryside was familiar. But now he was not so sure. A strange doubting feeling gripped him—the sort of feeling you have when you go to a meeting or something of the sort, and find nobody else there. Was he so sure that he had seen that little farmhouse nestling in a hollow before? The twilight was falling fast . . . . .

He sat down on a stile, and took out the remnants of his lunch: two sandwiches and half of a hard-boiled egg. He hungrily devoured the two sandwiches, and was just beginning on the egg, when the post of the stile seemed to catch his eye. There seemed to be some sort of expression in the cracked, split, grey wood. He looked at it, and then at the egg in his hand. That strange feeling that we so often experience came to him—that it had all happened before. There was the post staring back at him, and the half-egg, with the yolk like a great eye. It had all happened before. There in his mind was that feeling, almost an ecstasy of insistence. He groped deeper down in his sub-conscious mind, trying to find the root of this feeling, but, just as unobtrusively as it came, it slipped away through the groping fingers of his memory. All the time the dusk was falling fast . . . . . .

A fear gripped him again. The spirit of this place seemed to be working upon him. He was frightened, very frightened, and yet some feeling, deep in his mind, insisted that he was enjoying himself. Enjoy-joying himself? How could he? And yet there it was, this strange insistence.

Something in the hedge nearby cracked. He jumped. Suddenly without warning a muscle in his arm started twitching. Was he mad? A faint droning sound in the distance grew louder. Yes, he was mad; he must be. He jumped up and waved his hand. The car stopped.

"Exeter? Yes, I'm going there. Jump in!" He did.

Donald Bush (1941–6)

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY, 1946–47

DURING this last year our meetings have been given over to essays of free choice, which produced many interesting topics, to discussions and debates which aroused most members into vigorous argument, and to evenings which were devoted to play readings and miscellaneous readings from novels, which either introduced us to, or revived our memories of, many literary works.

There were also three special evenings in which both staff and scholars took part. During the first of these special evenings many of us were introduced to the works of Robert Browning for the first time by Mrs. King-Beer who gave us an interesting talk upon his epic *The Ring and the Book*. Some of us had previously glanced at some of Browning's poetical works, and had found them quite incomprehensible, but Mrs. King-Beer made us realise that these poems can be understood, even though at first they may seem obscure.

During the second special evening we were introduced to some of the lesser-known contemporary poets, when Mr. Etherington spoke to us on "Modern Poetry." In the short time available he awakened our interest in the subject, not only by his interpretation, but also by the outstandingly fine way in which he read the poems illustrating his talk. Thomas Hardy, one of the great modern writers, was discussed in a separate meeting, when essays were read by four different members, each dealing with a specific aspect of Hardy's life and works.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the year was Mr. Sturge's introduction to "Music in Shakespeare's England." The evening was devoted to music and poetry taken mainly from Elizabethan song books. Illustrations of the music were given by Mrs. Brown who sang to us with an accompaniment on the harpsichord, which helped to create the background to the songs. Records were also played on the gramophone, and various poetry readings were given. The work involved in the preparation for this meeting was fully compensated by the enthusiasm with which it was greeted.

Ruth Comber (Age 16)

THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1946

AGAIN this year, it was decided that the School Tramp should take as its headquarters the Young Friends' Hostel at Pardshaw, near Cockermouth. Mr. and Mrs. Lenz and Mr. Stanger arranged the party, and from July 26th to August 9th, we spent a very enjoyable fortnight in the Lake District.

The weather was not, by any means, ideal, but in spite of the rain, we managed to do a fair amount of walking and cycling. On account of the heavy rain and mists, we were unable to do as much climbing as in the previous year, although we did climb Red Pike and Sour Milk Gill, Bowness Knotts, Melbreak and Mosser Crag—the latter on a particularly windy and rainy day.

We visited most of the lakes nearby: Loweswater, Buttermere, Crummock Water, Bassenthwaite, Ennerdale Water and the lovely lake of Derwentwater with its pretty town of Keswick. One enjoyable day was spent up in the Borrowdale and Rosthwaite valleys when we also visited and climbed the Lodore Falls.

Naturally, we frequently visited Cockermouth, four-and-a-half miles from Pardshaw, and our nearest shopping centre. It is a lovely little town, unspoilt, as Keswick in spite of its beauty is inclined to be, by tourists. On two particularly wet days we went there to the pictures, which we all enjoyed.

One day was spent at St. Bees, and here we discovered that Cumberland has other beauties besides its lakes and mountains, in this lovely headland with its rough seas. Inland, we noticed how the lakes and hills varied; for there is a great contrast between the wooded slopes of Loweswater and Buttermere, and the rugged barren rocks of Ennerdale.

We had many laughs over our many amusing experiences, and altogether the party was a very jolly one.

When the last morning came, everyone regretted that such a wonderful holiday had to come to an end at last. But we are all determined to visit these lovely mountains and lakes again, as soon as possible.

Rayleen Calvert (Age 17)

THE NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY OUTING

AFTER considering several other suggestions it was decided that the outing this year should be to Grimes' Graves, which are pre-historic flint mines in Norfolk. To our great disappointment the double-decker 'bus which was hired for the occasion broke down, and the outing was postponed to Wednesday, July 10th.

Our first stop was Fleam Dyke, an old Roman fortification stretching for about two miles on each side of the Icknield Way. It is a high chalk bank with a ditch to the southern side of it, and it has been left as a narrow strip of land between cultivated fields.

We stopped there for dinner, and were then allowed to wander over the dyke for a time. The butterfly and wild flower enthusiasts found it a happy hunting ground.

The next stage of our journey was through large fir plantations intersected by many roads but from a distance forming an extensive mass of forest.

Grimes' Graves themselves were many circular depressions covering 300 acres of heath. The mines are about forty feet deep, and all the shafts are connected by a honeycomb of tunnels. One pit was a storehouse for all the flint tools, bone picks and skeletons found by the Ministry of Works during the excavation, which is not yet complete.

We went down in parties of a dozen, and were given candles by the keeper. We were then allowed to explore alone the narrow tunnels, which had been, however, purposely blocked some distance along.

After a very enjoyable time there we went on to Thetford and had tea on the Castle, a huge artificial mound about 100 feet high and surrounded by many moats or ditches. It was built as a fortress and probably had a fence on top as a further fortification.

We all returned home safely to supper, which was followed by a mixed bathe.

I am sure that everyone had a very interesting and happy time, and agreed that the outing had been well worth while.

Alice Kendon (Age 15)

CRICKET, 1946



AUGHTER greeted the Australian reporter who asked members of the M.C.C. what it felt like having two summers in succession. Laughter greeted Mr. Churchill when he congratulated a Dover crowd on facing "the rigours of an English August." Gloom greeted the frequent wet half-holidays at Saffron Walden which meant that one-third of our matches were ruined by rain. After the middle of June, only four matches were played, one of which was lost.

An outstanding feature of the season's later matches was a rapid century by Leslie Worth against Saffron Walden Second Eleven. The lowering of Chrishall's colours in our last match provided a fitting finish to a good season.

June 22nd. Chrishall 121 (Andrews 7 for 32); School 93 for 8 (Pumphrey 39).

June 29th. Saffron Walden 2nd XI 97 (Pumphrey 4 for 22); School 183 for 8 (Worth 100 not out, Webb 29).

July 13th. Seward's End 133 for 9 dec. (Webb 3 for 25); School 87.

July 20th. School 97 (Plank 21); Chrishall 71 (Mummery 5 for 13, Pumphrey 5 for 26).

AVERAGES

BATTING—						
Worth	...	7	2	100*	149	29.8
Defries	...	8	1	59*	153	21.8
Lenz	...	5	2	14*	51	17.0
Pumphrey	...	8	0	39	121	15.1
Plank	...	9	1	24*	98	12.2

* Indicates "Not Out"

BOWLING—						
Webb	...	20	8	55	10	5.5
Pumphrey	...	87	30	154	26	5.9
Mummery	...	54	8	97	13	7.5
Kent	...	39	9	119	13	9.2

C.A.M.

FOOTBALL

The following are the school teams' records to date:

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	Goals A
Masters' XI ...	4	2	1	1	22	9
1st XI ...	7	3	0	4	27	19
Under XIV ...	4	3	1	0	17	4

The matches played by the Masters' XI and those which the Under 15's and 2nd XI have also played, have provided both interest and enjoyment for those who took part in them, but it is to the 1st XI and Under XIV's that attention must be devoted in these notes.

Of the 1st XI, then, we can say that their play is improving, that teamwork is fairly sound, and that both defence and attack have revealed footballing powers which augur well for the future, if the side can retain next season a nucleus of its present members.

Harlow College and St. Christopher were both defeated quite comfortably by 7—2 and 6—0 respectively, whilst the sterner struggles against the Grammar Schools, though inflicting defeat, taught us a good deal, and were by no means so one-sided as might appear. Newport were indeed a faster, heavier and more bustling side, and Braintree County High School knew the value of the quick tackle and long pass, but we played fairly good football in both games, and had we taken our chances against Braintree, might well have built up a commanding lead in the first half. Lack of goal-scoring wingers and hesitancy in tackling cost us these matches as well as our home defeat by Earls Colne. Plank has played brilliant football and his loss will be irreparable, but we wish him the success that will surely be his in post-war football. Cassuto also has played football of high quality and is undoubtedly the craftsman of the forward line. Special mention must also be made of Blackburn—fast developing into an excellent wing half back—of Defries, whose improved positional play has made him the bulwark of the defence, and of Hughes, who is very sound in goal. This, however, is not to decry the others; for all have done their best. Hinton and Frizzell at half back, Goddard on the wing, and Hatch, at back, all show great promise; so, too, do Gillett and Webb as forwards. In some cases, weight and age are against these boys, and another season should show a great improvement.

Particularly pleasing is the record and play of the Under XIV's. Many of them are indeed under 13 and we look forward to a good side next season. Here again, success has been due to teamwork, but special mention must be made of Cadman and Atkins as forwards and Woods, a most promising half back. Wilson, Dutton and Flatow have all done splendidly in defence as the goals-against column testifies.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

1st XI—				
v.	Newport Grammar School	(a)	Lost	1—5.
v.	Harlow College	(h)	Won	7—2.
v.	Parent-Teacher Association	(h)	Lost	1—2.
v.	St. Christopher	(a)	Won	6—0.
v.	Braintree County High School	(h)	Lost	1—4.
v.	Earls Colne Grammar School	(h)	Lost	0—3.
v.	Duddenhoe End Reserves	(h)	Won	11—3.
Under XIV's—				
v.	Harlow College Under 14's	(h)	Drawn	2—2.
v.	Danesbury School	(a)	Won	4—1.
v.	St. Faiths	(a)	Won	4—0.

J.E.F.

SWEDEN, 1946

IT was an interesting experience to visit a country which had not been in the War.

Although neutral, Sweden of course felt the effects of the War. They have had shortages to contend with and still do have some, but they are not shortages as we know them, far less shortages as compared with those of many European countries.

There is still some food rationing there, and we had to give up little coupons for meat, bread and butter at every meal in hotels and restaurants, but the ration is a liberal one, and we did not feel the lack of anything. Instead, our impression was one of plenty. The shops were full, and often it was English goods, which we can seldom procure at home, that were displayed in the windows. It was fun to be able to buy half-a-dozen films or a dozen boxes of matches at a time, and still more fun to see little fruit and sweet shops with windows full of all kinds of tempting goodies and to buy sweets and chocolate without tendering Personal Points! The most serious shortage which the Swedes have to contend with is the lack of coal. Everywhere we went in Gothenburg, Stockholm and the smaller places, we saw enormous stacks of wood piled ready for the winter's use. Ralph and Ruth Erskine, Old Scholars whom we visited, told me they never burn anything else. Ruth does all her cooking on a wood fire.

The Swedes are a delightful people. I had memories from two previous visits of their kindliness and friendliness, and my husband and I were quite overwhelmed by the warmth of the welcome we received everywhere, whether it was among my old friends or among people we were meeting for the first time.

We had many interesting talks with various people and were impressed by the depth of sincerity shown by them, the strength of their Christian spirit and their very real concern about the state of the world to-day. We gathered the impression that the Church in Sweden is very

much alive and plays an important part in the life of the nation as a whole.

Finally, a word about the country itself. There is a freshness and cleanness which pervades the atmosphere, and the colourings are most beautiful. The dark green of the fir trees, the lighter green and silver trunks of the birches, the beautiful fresh bright green of the little fields where the cattle graze, the red wooden cottages and farm houses with white paint round windows and doors and eaves, and the brilliant blue of the many lakes on a sunny day, all create a very vivid picture of Smiling Sweden. We have brought home many delightful impressions. I think those uppermost in our minds are the beauty of the scenery, the bright cleanliness and colour, and, above all, the friendliness of those delightful people.

C. Joyce Lingham Lees (née Harris)

MOONLIGHT

DO you ever go out by moonlight,
Over the dale and the hill,
Tramping the moors in the moonlight,
When the air begins to chill?

The stoat slides out by moonlight,
The fox to the farmyard steals.
I love to walk in the moonlight
With only my dog at my heels.

The blind bat flies by moonlight,
The rabbits scamper and play,
The owls seek their prey in the moonlight,
They sleep in their holes by day.

The badgers forage by moonlight;
Their young cubs must be fed,
Even the hares love the moonlight,
O! why do folks stay in bed?

Pat Litson (Aged 14)

ISHAR, THE FOOL

IN a certain Moroccan town there was a band of fifteen thieves. They would go out every night and each would rob a house. At daybreak they would meet in a small café and share out the loot.

One night one of these thieves came to the house of Ishar, the fool. Now Ishar's wife heard the thief so she poked Ishar, and said, "Wake up! There is a thief below!" Ishar merely grunted. After a few minutes the wife became very cross so Ishar shouted out in a loud

voice: "You did put the jewels in the well in the kitchen, didn't you?" The thief heard this, and, taking off all his clothes, he climbed down the well. Ishar then slipped out of bed, collected the thief's clothes and went back to bed. The thief, on finding nothing down the well, climbed out again only to find that all his clothes had gone. He realised that a trick had been played on him and he crept up to Ishar's room. Every time he tried to go in, however, Ishar coughed. This went on until early morning. By that time the thief was very cold, and decided not to wait any longer, so he ran along the back streets to the café. Luckily it was too early for many people to be up!

The next night all fifteen thieves came to Ishar's house to take revenge. They took all of Ishar's belongings excepting the mattress he and his wife were sleeping on. Just after they had left, Ishar rushed out with the mattress crying, "You forgot this." He then walked along with them with the mattress over his head. No one noticed there were sixteen thieves instead of fifteen and so they all went along together. Suddenly they met a police patrol. Ishar went up to the officer and said to him, "These men are moving my furniture for me to my new house. Do you think you could escort us as there are so many thieves in this part of the town?"

So under escort the strange procession turned round and went back to Ishar's house. Once there, he made the thieves put everything back in exactly the right place, and he was very particular. When they had finished, Ishar said to the leader, "I paid before you started, so that is settled. Good-bye."

The fifteen thieves trooped meekly off and they never bothered Ishar, the fool, again.

Jane Morgan (Aged 16)

THE ELEPHANT CAMP

INDIA is a land associated in the minds of most of us with wild animals. Yet it is surprising how long one can live there without any jungle adventures, and my own experiences in that line had certainly not been such as to stir the blood of friends at home. For weeks on end I had used a bathroom like the one described in Kipling's *Rikki Tikki Tavi*, with an opening through the wall for a drain, a tin bath and a big stone jar for the water, but no cobra ever invaded it, though they were common enough in the country round. Once I had even sat with a friend, thirty feet up in a tree on the edge of a rubber plantation, waiting in breathless silence for a tiger to return to a sambur, which it had killed that morning. But my hopes were doomed to disappointment; for the great beast never came, and I have since learnt to accept the fact that it is not the startling, so much as the characteristic incidents of life in a foreign country, which make up the richness of travelling.

There was certainly nothing spectacular about this drab little woodland compound into which our car jolted one late afternoon, far from civilisation, after climbing some thousands of feet from the coast. Only a couple of huts in the small clearing seemed to afford any justification for the title of Government camp for elephants, yet here it was that some twelve or fifteen beasts spent their time of rest or development in preparation for the work of hauling timber. It might be thought that such primitive methods of transport would by now have been superseded, but in Southern India, where the demand for timber was great during the war, the big tree trunks were regularly pushed or dragged from the place in the forest where they had been felled, to the nearest point which a lorry could reach, by the skill and strength of elephants. To see them put forth their prodigious power is a sight all the more impressive because their movements are so deliberate. One wonders what goes on in the mind of the huge creature while it submits to the dusty urchin who gives it its orders, meekly consenting to stop or advance, sit or stand, in response to the brief Hindustani commands. Occasionally, of course, an elephant will make trouble, and woe betide its unfortunate victim; but in the main their attitude seems to be one of compliance, developed in certain cases to a touching degree. By far the largest elephant which I saw at work, was being controlled by a little boy, and in response to a special signal it would lift up its fore-leg so that its diminutive master could climb by way of its head and ears on to its back.

For all this labour there is perhaps some compensation, for no elephant can remain fit for its duties without extensive holidays, and the scene which met our eyes to-day was one of peace and leisure. As we arrived the inmates were being rounded up for their evening bath and meal. No large concentration camp this, but an intimate gathering, mostly of mothers and children, where each was known by its proper name, as for example Sundari (Beauty). The attendants were humble people, poor and rather dirty, many of them boys, but paid Government servants none the less, engaged at the moment in collecting their charges from the woods, where the rattle of chains announced that the creatures were grazing. Gradually men and beasts returned to the clearing, forming a motley group of various shapes and sizes, and one by one the elephants were led to the nearby stream for their bathe. Most appeared to enjoy the dip; only one objected, a stubborn look in its tell-tale eye; and when, after pushings and beatings, it had finally consented to be drenched and rubbed and had emerged from the water clean and wet, it had its revenge by using its trunk to shower itself from head to foot with dust. Meanwhile an enormous portion of rice was being prepared for the evening meal, and when it was cooked, it was shaped into sticky cubes, each about six inches high. These were set out on a table, and as the elephants filed past the mouth of each was seized and opened and a cube of rice rammed well back into its throat. A splashy champing ensued and the mouthful was noisily swallowed. As I stood watching this solemn performance one of the beasts was told to salute me. "Salaam," said the boy in charge of it, and it lifted its trunk. "Burra

Salaam," he shouted (Big Salaam), and the heavy creature raised itself clumsily on to its hind legs and again waved its trunk in the air. It was hardly a graceful method of greeting, but I did my best to respond before turning away to the spot where my friends were preparing supper.

Darkness had suddenly come to the jungle and the peace of the evening had settled over the camp. Most of the elephants were chained to their posts for the night and the attendants, under their open shelter, were gathering into a cosy group round a fire.

My thoughts turned to home, dwelling for a moment on the obvious contrast which the scene before me suggested. Away in the hurry and bustle of Europe experts were frenziedly bent on conquering more and more forces of nature and fashioning ever more deadly inventions. Here in the quiet forest, on the borders of Mysore State, a handful of simple folk were engaged, with unflurried patience, in upholding man's age-long dominion over the beasts.

John O. Burtt (1922–27)

"BRITAIN CAN MAKE IT" EXHIBITION

I HAVE seen great battles rage; I have heard great empires fall; I have accompanied the Sixth Form to "Britain Can Make It."

Fortified by the contents of the recess bread-basket, and accelerated by the prospect of a School picnic lunch, we joyfully sardined ourselves into the waiting bus. When a certain Italian gentleman (hereafter referred to as "Half-pint Hercules") had been persuaded to sit upright in preference to lying at full length, it was discovered that one seat remained untenanted. Mr. Stanger, with customary presence of mind (just as well, because after all, *he* was Big Chief), toured the football pitch with gusto, and added yet another eager adventurer to our worthy crusade. We set off. Amid the beauties of Epping Forest in Autumn we partook of delicate sandwiches gallantly proffered by Big Chief in Person. Our feast was enlivened by our inexhaustive quest for consecutive car numbers. By dint of much "chissing," Half-pint Hercules had amassed the grand total of 38 before we saw again the lights of home.

Eventually we entered the great metropolis. Buses and taxi-cabs gave way before us, our only obstruction being seven Rolls-Royces in a row outside the Dorchester. Excitement grew. Having arrived at the Victoria and Albert Museum, we precipitated our persons on to the pavement. As Big Chief looked round to count his flock, he was able only to enumerate the staff members of the exhibition. Five of the missing party could be seen on the horizon, clambering on to a bus, and were later to be found in the Marble Arch Corner House, masticating steak in true school style.

Back to the Exhibition, no queue was seen. The citizens of London had taken flight indoors, and as we entered, the housing situation became rapidly worse. First, we passed through a hall dealing in surrealistic terms with the raw state of the goods. Most notable was the rubber display, ingeniously lighted to look like stalactites and the other things which decorate the Cheddar caves. After this was an impressive array of articles, heart-warming to those who remembered pre-war days, although not so welcome to the starving Sixth who, soon discovering the whereabouts of the restaurant, joyously made their way thither. This collection of assorted booths, each containing specific kinds of goods, was called Shopwindow Street. The pottery display was marvellous. Exquisite china figures mingled with most attractive coffee sets, and soup tureens rubbed handsomely shaped noses with candlesticks. In front of the glass section there was a slight traffic jam. Two of our party had fallen violently in love with 24 transparent elephants. Struggling to their side, valiantly endeavouring to divert the traffic block, I upset an elderly vicar who was passively admiring the classic lines of 3 yellow giraffes adorned with brown spots. By the time I had stood him again on his feet, and beat an ignominious retreat, I found myself in the furnishing fabrics department. Here were long corridors whose walls were draped in materials of every texture and hue—long vistas of colour and beauty.

At intervals in our travels we came across well-appointed rest lounges, disguised as indoor summer-houses, where the weary could rest in tubular deck-chairs. In one of these I laid me down to recover from the shock of contrasting the Sixth Form room with the splendour of the series of "Ideal Homes" exhibits, which tastefully displayed the most elegant furniture. This long series of "Things in Their Home Setting" admirably illustrated the trend of British designs. The rooms were for all types of people, each type being effusively described on a placard. Thus we saw a bedroom belonging to "A young doctor, newly in practice; studies social conditions. His wife likes outdoor sports and photography." Although we might visualise the wife with an Eton crop, her graceful dressing-table supported no less than three dainty hair-brushes with no trace of a good old Maison Pearson, and the young doctor's bedside bookshelf groaned under the weight of volumes of Plato and Walter de la Mare. Liberally sprinkled over rooms assigned to barristers-at-law, hot-water engineers, sports commentators, agricultural workers and curates, we found reproductions of Picasso, Axminster carpets and chromium-plated door-knobs, while one harmonious note at least was struck in the home of a bank manager, who, as a keen fisherman, had thoughtfully placed aquariums all over the place for his wife to fall over. She, poor lady, was a "Gilbert and Sullivan enthusiast." I can't say that I blame her.

Skimming through the radio department (which mainly boasted and boosted television) and the two series of dress fabrics (the first draped as rayons and silks over statues, and the second in the guise of tweeds falling in cascades from heaven) we arrived at, for me, the most

delightful feature of the Exhibition. This was the circular dress hall with its revolving centrepiece below a shimmering canopy. Mink coats swaggered beside tailored slacks, and Parisian dinner-gowns glistened beside ultra-smart three-pieces. What a promised land for any lady!

The children's section and display of men's clothes were not extraordinary and deserve mention only for the quality of the workmanship and the taste of their arrangement. Once through those rooms, we passed displays of carpets and travel goods (the latter enough to persuade anyone to go on a cruise) and arrived at the sports and gardening section. Here, my companion gave herself up to the delirium of regarding a red cricket ball, and when, having mildly observed that there would be far more point to it, if it were green to match the grass, I had narrowly escaped decapitation, I wandered morosely around a selection of spades and badminton racquets, and recalled the not so distant past when I had been paid but 3d. an hour to weed the drive because I had broken the greenhouse window. Intent on these blissful memories I awoke to the fact that an announcer with a voice remarkably like Stewart Hibberd's, was giving the startling information that the machine in front of me was capable of producing 3,000 egg cups a day. However, they were of red bakelite and very ugly, so I returned to my companion, prepared rather to face red cricket balls, than 3,000 red egg cups. She was now, unfortunately in the throes of worshipping a gigantic yacht, and recollecting happy holidays spent on the Broads. Here we were hastily dispersed by the influx of several hundred nigger brown schoolgirls (that is, they were dressed in nigger brown school uniform), shepherded by nigger brown prefects. We felt even more disposed to bless Big Chief for his enterprise and common sense. At last we passed through the printing section, and hurriedly shunning the too familiar pages of *Macbeth*, we sought the open air.

As we waited for our bus and the homeward journey, we were considerably entertained by watching two of our party, just having stuffed themselves with tea in Lyons, stuck in the middle of four lines of traffic converging on an important fork, and looking very uncomfortable. By a series of hair-breadth escapes they reached us and safety in time to hear a very sad story from one whose mother had given her a cake which had been lost in the Exhibition. By the time Big Chief and his retinue hove in sight we had attracted the fond farewells of half London's police force, and we drove off to the accompaniment of five dogs, three rival ice-cream men and a barrel-organ.

As we rolled rather boisterously homeward, a member of staff so distinguished herself in jollity that she shall henceforth be known as "Minnie Ha-Ha." Half-pint Hercules also rose to the surface in a courageous struggle with a crossword puzzle ably assisted by C.A.M. himself, and most efficiently obstructed by B.A.C. To the strains of "Riding down to Bangor," one of the prefects was lulled to sleep. Even the competition between the halves of the bus (led by Minnie Ha-Ha in the rear and Big Chief in front) as to whose community singing was the

most untuneful, failed to disturb her well-earned rest. It should be noted that H.-p. H. here threw down his crossword and gave us a lively imitation of Toscanini at his greatest. He was calmed down by the offering of Big Chief's peace pipe, and for the rest of the journey hung out of the window, "looking for a 39 bus" as he put it.

When at last the lights of Saffron Walden twinkled ahead, the sleeper was roused, the crossword thrown aside, the heated discussion on the advisability of dinner sets for wedding presents was subdued, and everyone's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of food. Even School supper was seen in a roseate light, and as we trooped indoors we privately thanked our lucky stars for a sensible staff. Let us hope for similar expeditions in the future, so long as some bright spark doesn't decide to set us a Prep. on it!

Barbara G. Condon (Age 17)

REMEMBRANCE DAY CONCERT

A GROUP of German prisoners-of-war attended our evening meeting on Remembrance Sunday, to give us a concert afterwards. It does not matter much whether their visit was arranged intentionally or whether it was purely coincidental that they came that day, but that they should have come then appeared symbolical; for their visit seemed to be the very materialisation of every thing that Remembrance Day should stand for. They joined with us in our service and afterwards together in the uniting factor of music we made firm our resolution that we should strive for peace.

All those who remained for the concert were greatly impressed by the quality of the singing and the instrumental music. The choir had unfortunately—perhaps one should say fortunately for them—been weakened by the sudden repatriation of a large number of men from the camp, which had sadly decreased the size of the choir. In spite of this they maintained the whole richness of a full-sized choir. They sang a selection of pieces taken from Palestrina, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart. Two of the pieces they sang had been sung by the Senior and Fourth Form choirs last year, and it was therefore of special interest to the School to hear what they had sung themselves, presented in a somewhat lower register.

The instrumental music was of a quite outstanding nature. They played first a Mozart Violin Sonata and then the first movement of a Schumann Piano Quartet. Both pieces were played wonderfully well, especially considering that they had a very poor piano in the camp to practise on, and the violist and 'cellist had both had no chance of getting hold of their own instruments since their last camp!

What thoughts went through our minds as we watched these prisoners-of-war playing and singing to us, talking of goodwill to us in the international language of music! I do not think any of us felt any ill-will towards these soldiers. Their very presence made us wonder why there had been need for a war, and to those of us who could chat with them afterwards the absurdity and uselessness of that struggle and waste became all the more apparent.

Their choir-master thoroughly enjoyed the feel of a good piano, and was very keen to play on it afterwards. They all enjoyed the more human atmosphere of school and children. They chatted with those children who stayed, and their interpreter, who was in charge of them, had a difficult job trying to get them into the lorries which had brought them. The school enjoyed the concert. I'm certain the performers enjoyed it at least twice as much again, and the whole evening was a great success. Not only was it enjoyable for all who were present, but it also showed us the beginnings of more humane and friendly relationships between the opponents of the war, a sign that the bitterness is wearing off and being replaced in part by goodwill.

Many of those who came on Sunday evening have now gone back to Germany. Before they went, they sent messages again, saying it was perhaps their happiest day since they had been taken prisoners, many as much as two, three and even five years ago. With tears in his eyes the choir-master thanked the School through Mr. Osborn who had helped them as interpreter, for the opportunity of giving the concert, and quite especially for the social occasion afterwards, when they were for once able to chat with civilians and had the feeling that they were real human beings, and were treated as such.

Renate Bondi (Age 17)

JUNIOR SECTION

MY FRIEND, Mr. MOLE

AS I was walking along the garden path I thought I would pay a visit to Mr. Mole, so I put on my cap and snow boots, as it was winter, and a very cold one too.

I went on walking until I came to his house. I knocked on the door and he appeared in brown trousers and a cap out of which his ears poked. His ears were red with the cold, and he wore mittens on his paws. He had a moss green jacket over his trousers, and brown shoes. His snub nose kept twitching all the time. His face looked good-natured with its brown eyes twinkling as he opened the door. "Hello," he said, "Come along in. You are welcome." I stepped inside the door, and next thing I found myself eating a hearty supper of braised mutton and spinach with pickle to flavour. When I had finished, I said, "Good-bye," and went on my way home to bed.

Anne Hitchman (Aged 10)

PADDLY POOLS

LAST term the Intermediates and Lower Thirds acted the play "Paddly Pools" by Miles Malleson. This play is about a little boy called Tony, who had been taught to love the beasts and the country-side. He was called from "This Side" to the "Other Side" by a little old man, who introduced Tony to the Soul of the Short Green Grass, the Wild Flowers, the Trees, the Soul of all Rabbits and the Spirits of the Sunset. Tony told us how he was taken through the skies and the earth by these Spirits and Souls. Then Tony returned to his Grandpa and told him all the things he had done, and how much he loved the country-side and the animals.

Janet Rice (Age 9)

FIREWORKS' DAY

Roman Candles bright and gay,
Catherine Wheels that never stay;
Rockets flying in the sky,
Swish and bang and they go by;
The Golden Rain all showers of light,
Children's laughter and delight;
All this happens on the night
Of the Fifth of November.

Ann Williams (Age 9)

NEWS OF SOME RECENT OLD SCHOLARS

MARY BALK is studying at the London College of Music.

JOHN BARKER is at Highgate School.

BRENDA BARNES is living at home and hopes to breed dogs.

HELGA BASS is working at Farm Hill, Kelvedon—a Dr. Barnado's home.

TONY BROOKS has begun his period of Army Service.

ANTHONY BROWN and DONALD BUSH are both at Bootham School, York.

LOIS BUCK is working in the Laboratory of the Essex County Hospital at Black Notley, Braintree.

ROGER FARRELL is expecting to start work very soon on a fruit farm in Kent.

JOHN GODDARD is studying Engineering at Loughborough Technical College.

PAULINE GODDARD is training as a teacher of Domestic Science at Gloucester. She is finding the work most interesting.

JAMES GREENLAND has done his preliminary training with the R.A.F. and hopes to be attached to a technical branch.

LORNA HARRIS is training as a kennel maid.

MURIEL HOCKLEY is studying languages and domestic subjects at a school in Switzerland.

HELEN JENNINGS is very much enjoying a nine months' secretarial course at Hampstead.

JOAN JONES has been accepted for training at the Wellgarth Nursery Training College.

MARGARET KEY is taking an eighteen months' course and training for secretarial work at the Cambridge School of Commerce.

JUDITH LAYNG is working at the Pye Factory in Cambridge and hopes to go to Nottingham University College next year.

SYLVIA REISS is now at the Farmhouse School, Wendover.

BETH SHERWOOD is studying at the Art School, Hornsey.

DONALD SIMPSON has done his preliminary training for the Friends' Ambulance Post War Service and is now working at the London Hospital.

SHEILA SMITH is training for Institutional Management at the Royal Northern Hospital, London.

ROSEMARY STEPHENS has been helping on the farm at home, but is about to start work at the Cambridge Telephone Exchange.

CYNTHIA THOMAS is now at Pinner County School.

CHRISTOPHER WATT is with a Repertory Company for a season at Margate.

JEREMY WEEKS is at Bedales School.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

HIGHER SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

Judith Layng
Donald Simpson

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE with Matriculation

Hazel Appleton
Nina Bailey
Brenda Milford
Katherine Proctor
Michael Rossmann
John Woods

GENERAL SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

Jancis Ballachey
Dawn Carpenter
Fulvio Cassuto
Martin Chesworth
Michael Godden
Lorna Harris
Christopher Hughes
Helen Jennings
Marygold Lansdell
Elizabeth Sherwood
Jeannette Tregear
Edwin Wrigley

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

Elementary Certificate

Margaret Ball
Margaret Fathi
Hilary Hockley
Gillian Hodge
Gwyneth Jackson
Una Millett
Clare Moon
Shirley Pyne
Sylvia Reiss
Janet Rice
Jennifer Rose

Intermediate Certificate

Roy Burman
John Cadman
Richard Clymo
Joy Doggett
David Fairbanks
Mary Hollingworth
Eleanor Marriage
Ursula Miller
Charlotte Morgan
Robin Palmer
Margaret Robinson
Peter Stammers
Susan Whiteman

Bronze Medallion

Mary Bull
Susan Fry
Mary Hollingworth
Susan Maguire
Sylvia Palmer
Elizabeth Plumb
Hazel Sapsed

Bar to Bronze Medallion

Grace Doggett
Jane Morgan
Jean Rose

Award of Merit (Silver Medallion)

Marygold Lansdell
Clare Southwell
Christopher Watt
Edwin Wrigley

Instructor's Certificate, 2nd Class

Elizabeth Collinson

Instructor's Certificate, 1st Class

Ruth Comber
Kathleen Moore

EDITORIAL BOARD : Gerald Littleboy (President), Arnold Brereton (Editor), Margaret G. Yapp (Treasurer), Margaret H. Bates, Renate Bondi, Nina Bailey, John Woods.

MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and subscriptions to the Treasurer, at the School.

C.S.W.O.S.A. Leavers may join the Old Scholars' Association by giving their names to the Headmaster before they leave the School. The subscription for the first year is now 1/-. They will then receive full particulars of all O.S. functions from the Secretary.



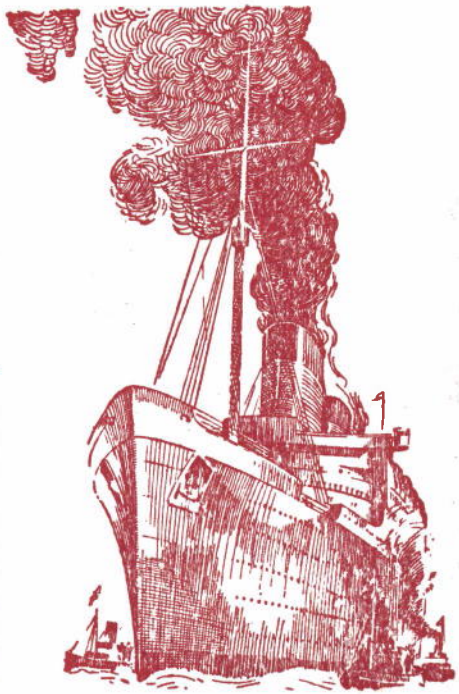
This delicious meal-time drink is a food as well

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 AND SON, SAFFRON WALDEN