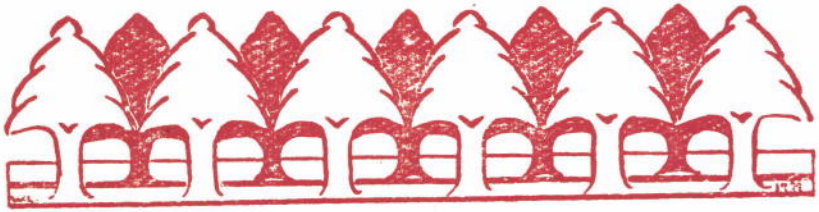
THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

DECEMBER, 1947

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.

SCHOOL CLOTHES

AND

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

for BOYS and GIRLS

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, 1947 No. 109

FOREWORD

ON Packing-day last term we were glad to see Mr. and Mrs. Littleboy back again, after their visit to America. This term we have heard many interesting accounts of their experiences in America, from the headmaster's talk to the Sixth Form Study Circle on the colour problem, to Mrs. Littleboy's story of the little girl who asked her after a talk: "Please, now will you say a few sentences in English?"

Most of us have seen Mr. Brereton and Miss Waring about the town and in meeting this term, and so we feel we have not lost them completely, but the school cannot feel the same without "A.B." and his awe-inspiring index finger, and Miss Waring with her keen perception of dirty necks and torn coats. After such long and valuable service to the school, they deserve a happy and peaceful retirement, but we are very glad that they are not losing all touch with us. We are glad also to see Mrs. Brereton about again after a period in hospital.

Last term Miss Kemp, Mr. Etherington and Miss Bates left us. In Miss Kemp's place we have Miss Sharp and Mr. Pierce, who teach music and German respectively; Miss Horlick has come to teach English and French, and Mr. Small is Senior English Master. Sister Wood-Mason left us also last term, and in her place we have Sister Campbell. Mr. Kotkin has also been with us this term teaching maths., and Miss Fox as boys' matron. We are glad to have Mrs. Bostel, whose daughters are at school here, as assistant housekeeper. She has already set us new standards in table-clearing, the need for which has been clear for some time!

The more-complicated-than-ever group system which was set up a year ago has now been abandoned in favour of form groups. Each form now meets as a mixed group with a form master and mistress in charge.

So far this term we have had visits from William Aspden, who talked to us on "Camouflage in Nature," Flewellyn King on "New Zealand," and Otto Peetz who spoke on "Madagascar" and showed us interesting examples of art and craft from that country. We have had a film show of "The Ghost of St. Michael's," a fine display of fireworks on November 5th, and several impromptu entertainments, such as a performance of "Twenty Questions" with a team of "experts" who were only warned half-an-hour before it began, and a variety concert which was largely provided by Mr. and Mrs. Lenz and Mr. Stanger.

My most up-to-date excuse for not providing the printers with this foreword earlier was that I thought I should wait until the school had celebrated Princess Elizabeth's wedding day. Having said that, I can hardly omit an account of the day. We began our celebrations with a six-team hockey tournament lasting most of the morning, also three organised walks of varying lengths for those who preferred that sort of exercise. For the inactive, the wireless was available in the hall for the broadcast of the wedding. After dinner, during which the staff caused a sensation by doing the table-waiting for the second time in any present scholar's memory, there were treasure-hunts. After an early tea we had a concert with items by every form in the school, followed by a dance for the Upper Forms, and games for the juniors. Altogether we had a very enjoyable day, although for most of the day we entirely forgot the reason for our holiday, and only regained interest the next day at the sight of the newspapers. Some people only noticed the wedding pictures because they obscured half the sports page!

We should like to congratulate Mr. Rowntree very warmly on his appointment as Mayor of Saffron Walden and we wish him every success in his year of office.

As this is my last term at School, and therefore the end of my membership of *The Avenue* Board, I should like to wish the magazine every success in its new policy in the coming year and to all our readers a Merry Christmas and all the best in the new Year.

Nina Bailey (Age 17)

THE AVENUE

AS a result of a recent decision of the School Committee certain changes in policy are being made in connection with the magazine. In future copies of *The Avenue* will be supplied free to boys and girls in the School, the cost being met out of School funds. Copies for our senior subscribers will be supplied on payment as formerly.

It is the intention of the Editorial Board to improve the general quality of the magazine and to include illustrations from time to time, and plans are now in preparation the effect of which will, we hope, be evident in the first issue of the new volume that will be published in March, 1948.

Plans for financing the magazine on the new basis are not yet completely worked out. It must however be clear to all that a magazine which barely covered its costs with a pre-war subscription of 2/6 cannot hope to maintain pre-war standards with a charge of only 3/6. We are however very anxious to increase our circulation outside the school, and it will be our policy to keep the subscription rate at such a level that our friends will wish to continue their support. Notification will be given to all our subscribers as soon as the Board has been able to gather all the necessary information on which to base their future policy.

ARNOLD BRERETON

I DON'T think I had ever looked on my Headmaster as a guileful man, nor had I imagined myself as being easily "had"—and yet, I was mistaken in both!

It happened the other day, while I was having my "elevenses," that G.L. came to me and said, "We don't usually say much in *The Avenue* about members of the Staff who have just left us, but don't you think we should make an exception in the case of A.B.?" "Certainly," I replied, "when anyone has been here so long as Arnold, it isn't just an ordinary member of the Staff leaving us, it's the end of an epoch—it's . . . " "Just so," the Head interrupted, "and the Editorial Board thought that, seeing you've known him longer than anyone else, you're the person to write it."

So that is how this happens.

The difficulty is to know where to begin and which of A.B.'s many activities to mention.

Shall I start with the A.B. I first met in 1913 and whom an older generation of boys and girls knew—a vigorous, sandy-haired young man—a terror to evil-doers but 'quite a decent sort of chap if you behave yourself'; and trace how, through the years, though still a believer in strict discipline, time mellowed him, so that a later generation, your generation, had an equal respect for him without the tinge of fear?

Or shall I recall the fast, heavy, centre-forward who scored so many goals, until a troblesome knee put too early an end to his football days? —or the cricketer of my early years here—a very useful change bowler— a safe catch and an excellent field—and a batsman who often contributed a useful score?

Those who saw A.B. bowled, will remember his inevitable procedure, his look at the dishevelled stumps, more in sorrow than in anger, a careful straightening of them, tapping them in carefully with the handle of his bat, and when quite satisfied that they were ready for the next victim, but not till then, he would turn and walk slowly back to the pavilion. Even at cricket he showed the meticulous care, so characteristic of his work at the school.

How impossible it is to do more than recall a few scenes—nor will I attempt to do so. It is perhaps worth mentioning that A.B. entered the school as Junior Lower School Master and left it getting on for forty years later, after two terms as its Head—to some of us a fitting climax to his many years of conscientious and devoted service. We are all glad to hear that Mrs. A.B. has regained some measure of good health and trust that she and Arnold have still many happy years before them, untroubled by the stress of school life, and that we shall continue to see them in the School from time to time.

G.S.P.

DOROTHEA WARING

HOW one misses those hurrying feet, that imperious command, that persistent following up of the neglected dirty garment! Has there ever been a Matron with such a memory for detail, with such a masterful way with dirty ears, with such tireless personal energy.

Thirty years service is a long spell, but to carry the affectionate regard of a thirty-year regiment of boys passing through the School is an achievement of deep significance in its life. And so, Miss Waring, our "good-byes" are deeply felt "thank you's"—thank you for patience, for friendship, for loyalty, for unflagging devotion to the welfare of all of us. Fortunately there is no need for a real good-bye, for we know that while you are at Rose Cottage you are still almost one of us, and we shall often see you here, and make use of your helpfulness in connection with Old Scholars affairs and in many other ways. So peace and happiness (and a respite from untidy small boys!) to you, and long may you live to enjoy them.

AJAX

TWO TOWNS

THE one was very old and full of beautiful ruins, the other a well-built modern town teeming with enormous smooth-running American cars and smartly dressed people. They were both Swedish, the former was Visby, the latter Stockholm.

The history of Visby, the capital of Gotland, is an interesting one. In 1361, on the island of Gotland "the pigs ate out of silver troughs and the women span on golden spinning-wheels." In that year the Danish king, Valdemar Atterdag, captured the city after a terrible battle and forced the citizens to surrender their gold and silver. He set fire to one or two of the fine churches to terrify the citizens but otherwise harmed the city very little. He then left it, abandoning the rest of his plan which had been to invade Sweden, using Gotland as his base. The town and whole island were left so impoverished both in manpower and wealth that the ruined churches were allowed to remain as they were—bare stone skeletons of inexpressible grandeur and beauty, and so they still stand to-day. The old town wall with its thirty-one turrets, which were not enough to keep out the invader, is still large enough to surround the most mountainous town of the flattest part of Sweden.

Although the town is rich in souvenirs of the past, it is by no means dead. The charming wooden house of the mayor is now used as the travel bureau. One of the very old houses with walls more than three feet thick has been converted into a Youth Hostel, while another house is the musuem where many of the exhibits look right just because they belong in such a house. The narrow cobbled streets wind about the old and new parts of the town in which every niche is exploited to yield a

bright patch of flowers: now past a high stone house with a half-crenellated gable built some eight hundred years ago, now past little old reddish-brown wooden houses whose roofs are so low that a tall man can comfortably lean against them. The sea looks equally lovely from the busy harbour and across the old and new roofs which harmonize to make a uniformly lovely town.

Stockholm is very different. It is the capital of a small, highly-civilized and wealthy nation. The architecture and appearance of the streets, the goods displayed in the windows and the atmosphere in the shops all show that Sweden did not take part in the war and is consequently not subject to the privations and restrictions as is nearly all the rest of Europe.

There are several places of interest in Stockholm, but the building which attracts most attention and is the pride of the city is its Town Hall. On two sides it overlooks the lake which invades Stockholm, a well-proportioned modern building the interior of which vies with the exterior dignity in impressiveness. The council chamber, the orginal purpose of the building, is almost lost amid the wealth of beautifully furnished and interesting room. It is a very lofty room, "so built on account of the lofty matters dealt with there," according to its architect who also attempted to give it the appearance of an old Viking chamber by giving it a painted rafter roof and dais with a canopy for the most important councillors. I found it a little difficult to reconcile the pseudo-antique roof with the practical modern chairs and desks of the representatives' and visitors' galleries. The Golden Room is rather over-awing with its gold mosaic interrupted by symbolic representations of famous Swedes. The effect is one of rather peculiar mural paintings. The Golden Room and the Blue Room (so called because it was intended to be painted blue but the appearance of the red brick was so pleasing that it was left unpainted) are both used a great deal for town affairs and charitable purposes. The former is used chiefly as a banqueting hall, the latter for sales, dances, displays and concerts.

Stockholm's old town (Gamla Stan) was built an an island, and the nature of this district is very different from that of the rest of the town. The old houses have beautiful decorations over doors and archways; the doors themselves are often embellished with diamond-shaped carving. The many small antique shops are fascinating with their pewter, brass, and other contents. In this quarter is the loveliest house of all Stockholm—the Riddarhuset (or house of nobles) in perfect baroque style. Nearby is the castle, massive with no ornaments to lighten the heavy effect; its neighbour is the Ricksdag, also rather a sombre building. Like Westminster Abbey the Stora Kyrkan is the burial place of Sweden's kings and famous people. The grandiose coronation chairs are there, also a very lovely statue, taken from Lübeck, of Saint George and the Dragon. The loveliest part about the old town is that the narrow cobbled streets constantly surprise one with views down to the sparkling lake through the many archways and down other even narrower streets.

Skansen is a park which, in a unique way, is a living out-of-door museum. It represents Sweden's effort to perpetuate its own distinctive nature in the form of all that is characteristic in its customs, architecture and natural species. Many farms and other buildings typical of certain districts of Sweden have been transplanted there stone by stone and beam by beam and have been rebuilt exactly as they stood in their original place. In the houses there are the cooking utensils, looms, farm tools, beds, crockery, furniture and all that went to make up the household, so that from it one can get an idea of life as it used to be.

Stockholm with its fine National Gallery, modern Historical Museum; its Opera and massive castle; its parks and fine shops; the old town and above all its water never far from any part is not altogether incorrectly called "the Venice of the North."

RENATE BONDI
(1944—1947)

CACTI AND HOW TO CULTIVATE THEM

IT must first be made clear what a cactus actually is. A cactus is a succulent plant, usually leafless and almost invariably covered with spines. Cacti are usually classed as Xerophytes, that is plants that can stand up to long periods of drought.

The cactus family is one of the most extensive plant families in in the world, being composed of over 124 genera and some 3,000 species. The classification of the cacti is in a state of chaos, though two American scientists have straightened it out considerably. They have divided them up into 3 tribes, 8 sub-tribes and 124 genera. New genera are continually being discovered. The cactus family is almost completely American and is found in North and South America between latitudes 53 North and 50 South.

It must be remembered that cacti mostly come from the hot arid regions of Arizona, Mexico and South America. It is therefore most important that, in growing them here in a greenhouse, their environment should be as much like their natural habitat as possible. When potting a cactus do not use ordinary garden soil, as it is likely that there will be bacteria in it that will cause rot. The pot should be clean and one third of it should be filled with broken crockery so as to allow for good drainage. The other two-thirds of it should be filled with sandy loam mixed with a little fibrous peat, burnt dry, and wood ash. As it is important that air should be allowed to get to the roots, the cactus should not be pressed down too hard, nor should the soil be too dusty as it will clog. When a cactus has to be re-potted, care should be taken not to damage the root hairs, as these are the most important roots of the plant.

Watering is an extremely important factor in cacti culture, and we must again consider the desert environment. In the desert a cactus gets its moisture from storms or from the dews that come in the night. When watering cacti under cultivation, the soil should not be kept moist all the time or else it will become stagnant and this will promote the growth of fungi which would prove fatal to the cactus. No water should be given to cacti until April, when growth re-starts and only a little should be given. As the weather gets warmer and growth quicker, more water should be given, reaching the maximum during the flowering season. About mid-July, or whenever growth may finish, the amount of water should be decreased and all syringing dispensed with. Air should be admitted freely into the house and under this treatment the stems should assume a bronze tint. This shows perfect ripening and will be a promise of flowers next year. The water must be increased and decreased gradually so that the plant should receive no shock. It should be the same temperature as the air and it should be rain water if possible, though tap water does not seem to harm them at all. No water should be given in winter unless the plant seems to be in a shrivelled condition. Do not be alarmed if the stems shrink a little when watering is dispensed with. The best time for watering is in the morning, but it may be done on hot evenings. It should not be done when the sun is out and one should be most careful not to get the water actually on the plant. If the ventilators are closed during the night a dew will form over the plant as it does in the desert.

Temperature is another part of cactus culture that is important, as if it were too hot or too cold it would spoil the plant. The temperature should as a rule never fall below 45° and 50° is a safe temperature. Cacti should get as much air as possible and they should be kept in the sun. After all, they were made for it!

As regards situation a light airy greenhouse which lets in the maximum amount of light is the perfect place, but if this cannot be obtained, place the plants as much as possible in the sun.

All cacti growers should look out for insect pests as there are plenty. Mealy bug is the chief one. This should not get a hold on any collection of cacti if careful watch is kept. If there are only a few they may be got rid of by hand-picking with forceps, but if they are in abundance the plants should be sprayed with a weak insecticide. A more annoying form of mealy bug is one which attacks the roots. A plant so attacked should be taken out of its pot and its roots thoroughly washed in an insecticide.

Growing cacti from seed is an interesting thing to do. The seeds should be planted in a seed pan about half an inch below the surface and the soil should be kept moist and the temperature high—about 70°. As these conditions are also perfect for the growth of fungi and algae, these must be carefully kept in check.

As a way of increasing cacti, cuttings may be taken from any part of the plant. They should be cut with a sharp knife and planted in sandy soil. They will root rapidly.

Grafting is an interesting way of producing queer forms of cacti. A piece of the plant is cut off and inserted in a hole cut in another cactus. They are bound together in this position and left until they have grown into one.

A. Kendon (L.IVa)

PUSH-BIKING IN WALES



HEN "The Squash" had drawn out of Saffron Walden station at the end of the summer term, five gleaming roadsters flashed through the town on the way to Wales. The five people on them were Owen Edwards, Kenneth Frizzell, John Hinton, Michael How, and Michael Rossmann. Unfortunately, we had not got out of Saffron Walden before How's chain broke. Hinton had some crazy idea of trying to get to Kettering by one o'clock, so he "bashed on." The word "bash" was in frequent use throughout the tour.

On reaching St. Neots, we made our first acquaintance with iced lollipops, which were the life and death of us thereafter. When we reached Broughton Youth Hostel that evening, Hinton was already there suffering from extreme discomfort of the posterior.

On the second day, we began with a series of country lanes, after which we reached the A5. Edwards objected to the Roman name of Watling Street. This was the most boring road we met, dead straight with an endless sequence of ups and downs. At last we arrived at Lichfield hostel, where How successfully lost Rossman's cutlery and Rossmann successfully found it again.

Hinton made a detour on Saturday, to visit a friend in Birmingham. The rest went via Wolverhampton, where How ran into a wall and removed his celebrated map-case. We were pushing our bikes up a steep hill in the afternoon, when Frizzell discovered a puncture. As usual, everything ended well, and even Hinton turned up just in time for supper. After supper we went "bashing" about the countryside and came across a shop. Frizzell, who had by now earned the name "Innocence," innocently went to the back door and bought some "grub," while Hinton and Edwards listened to the cricket results coming from the wireless in the far end of the shop.

On Sunday, Edwards began a series of visits to engine-sheds. He dragged Rossmann to some out of the way place (Oswestry), for this purpose, while Frizzell and Hinton had more trouble with punctures. How was lost! We crossed into Wales about three o'clock, and immediately went up-hill. Llangollen hostel was the largest that we stayed at. After supper, Rossmann and Frizzell went swimming, while How, Edwards and Hinton climbed a mountain.

Monday gave us our first real experience in pushing our bikes uphill—four miles of it, *but* seven miles down the other side. At the top of this, the Horseshoe Pass, one of us brought out some corned beef, which having been crushed in a saddle bag for two days, was considerably the worse for wear. Apparently smell had no influence on Rossmann, who devoured nearly half of it. The rest was thrown overboard. We made a halt half way down the Pass, and Frizzell took the opportunity to leave his haversack behind, so he had a little extra climbing to do. That night we stayed at a hostel in a small village called Gyffyliog. The hostel was the first of a series perched high in the hills. How tried to ride a donkey that was straying about the village, but the donkey tried not to be ridden. In bed that night, Frizzell tried to throw some water at Edwards. Edwards ducked, and the water hit a tough-looking guy in the next bed.

We split into two parties on Tuesday, July 29th; Frizzell, How and Edwards going via the North Coast and Hinton and Rossmann going via Bettws-y-coed. The North Coast party had a very easy ride most of the day. How ran into the back of a "Crossville" 'bus in the village-city of St. Asaph, and we all had trouble in getting a meal in Llandudno. We also made the acquaintance of the Colwyn Bay trams. London trams are capable of some queer noises, but they do not match the Colwyn Bay selection. Some of them are single-deckers with no roof, and no complete sides! We encountered some blustery winds along the coast but were not seriously hindered. At Conway we crossed the first of four toll-bridges, although we only paid on two of them. The approach to Bryn Hall hostel was very awkward; just an uphill slate track for four miles.

The following day we went to Holyhead and back to the same hostel for the night. We crossed the famous Menai suspension bridge and went through the interesting Welsh village with a name of fifty-eight letters (the English translation has ninety-one letters). Edwards got lost in Holyhead and had to make the return journey alone. Frizzell and How went over a lighthouse.

On the 31st July, Thursday, we dawdled along the coast to Caernarvon, and after spending some time there, we went on to Llanberis. How had a burst tyre on the way and had to walk six miles. A very convenient shop was found in Llanberis which sold iced-drinks as well as chips—a great temptation!

The next day we went up Snowdon—climbed up, but as time was limited we came down by train, and then had our only ride in the familiar "Crossville" 'buses. On that day we went eighteen miles by bike; ten miles free-wheeling downhill. We met Hinton and Rossmann again that evening. They had lost their way several times, usually due to Rossmann. In one hostel they were referred to as twins! At Llede House, they were kept awake till about eleven o'clock at night by Scotsmen playing bagpipes. Altogether they seemed to have enjoyed themselves, but the greatest incident was their collision. Rossmann was cycling a few yards ahead of Hinton, when he suddenly pulled up.

Hinton ran straight into him and broke one spoke, so Rossmann claims that he won. They spent one day lazing on the beach at Harlech.

On the Saturday we followed the coast to Barmouth, and then split up again. Hinton and Frizzell had trouble in finding the hostel, while Rossmann again distinguished himself. While walking up a hill he saw a snake. Edwards said it was a grass-snake, but Rossmann insisted that it was a WIPER!

Nothing very interesting happened the next day, until the late afternoon. We spent two hours riding along country lanes and through fields trying to find the small village of Van. On one of these lanes, Rossman was unable to stop going down a hill and ran into a stream, and at another time he was blamed when Frizzell swerved into a ditch.

On August Bank Holiday, we had our first rain in Wales—and it was rain! Hinton, having no cape, dressed up in sacks, much to the amusement of all concerned. It rained continuously for nearly four hours, and then cleared. The hostel at Glascwm was well hidden, as usual, several hundred feet high in the hills. We had to do our own cooking here, and we managed it very well, although Rossmann carefully backed out.

We had a very easy ride the next day, when Hinton managed to go seven and a half miles without turning the pedals.

We again split up on the Wednesday; How, Hinton and Frizzell going via Chepstow and the ferry, and Edwards and Rossmann going vie Newport and the Severn Tunnel. Rossmann left for another holiday at Bristol. The three who went via Chepstow were told that a certain distance was five miles—but a good five miles. It turned out to be twenty-five. Frizzell has a particular dislike to this hostel, situated on the top of the Cotswolds, because he had to peel a whole bucket of "spuds" by himself.

The main interest in the next day was to get to Henley-on-Thames, about seventy miles. As we knew the Warden's son at the hostel, we were supplied with rather attractive food.

We reached home, at different spots in or around London at varying times on Friday, August 8th. How, professing to know the way around Windsor, lead Frizzell and Edwards miles out of their way.

Altogether, the whole tour was very successful. We all reached home alive, in spite of punctures and other incidents on the way. Edwards was the only one who got round without any break-downs to his bike, but then his was fairly new, while some of the others were masterpieces of antiquity.

O. Edwards, K. Frizzell,
J. Hinton, M. How,
M. Rossmann.

THE NEW CONSCRIPT ARMY

IN a letter from one of our more recent Old Scholars who is himself training in the Army School of Education, he gives us the following impressions: —

It is a horrifying fact that about 20% of the "intakes" into the army at the present day are classed as semi-illiterates. These figures can be taken as reliable, since each man has an individual test during his first or second week in khaki.

It is for the purpose of reducing these figures as rapidly as possible that the Army Educational Corps is being so greatly expanded to-day. Why is this figure so appallingly high? It is chiefly because of interrupted schooling as a result of wartime evacuation and disruption of civilised life. The Government has, however, promised that men who are compelled to join the Army now, shall have opportunities at least as good as those to be found in civilian life, for continuing their general or specialised education.

In what way, then, are the new members of the R.A.E.C. being trained to fulfil this dual task of stamping out illiteracy, and providing facilities for study for this swollen and often disinterested conscript army? The powers that be consider that the primary task is that of teaching the illiterate—the man who does not want to learn. The others, if given sufficient materials and encouragement, will use them as a rule without being driven. But the semi-illiterate presents his own special problems. Besides the fact that he is unwilling to learn, it must be remembered that he is an adult, and treating him as a child will immediately arouse active hostility against his instructor. The aim, then, is to give him instruction in five basic subjects: English (no grammar but mainly exercises in reading, writing and clear thinking), Mathematics (mainly Arithmetic), Science, History and Geography, Citizenship. The method adopted in each case is to start with something familiar to the men, something taken from actual life, and work on that. All the information and deductive development are drawn out of the man by use of leading questions in order to build up in his mind the idea that he himself is doing all the work. The main difficulty is to arouse and maintain interest so that a receptive frame of mind is gradually built up.

The work is painstaking and slow, but very well worth while. It is one of the few really constructive jobs in this destructive machine. For most of the men involved, it will be the last opportunity they will have for overcoming their handicaps, and so far as the country is concerned, the Government is using a rare and possibly unique chance to get hold of the men in need of instruction, and to have them in a position where they must learn something. For those of us engaged in this work it is our job and privilege to make a success of this work. It is a grand opportunity. If this 20% illiteracy can be eliminated a worthwhile and gratifying piece of work will have been done.

(1937—45) DEREK BARBANELL

LIFE IN INDIA

IT is very tempting when writing in retrospect like this to exaggerate without meaning to do so, because in an account condensed into a few sentences, the time element is lost, whereas that is an important feature of the service-man's life in the Far East.

One can easily wax enthusiastic about the lurid sunsets of the monsoon season when the whole sky becomes filled with flames and vast sheets of the brightest colours against backgrounds of masses of cloud, towering to tremendous heights; the frequent phenomena of several storms raging at the same time in the sky whilst in one's particular patch there is the usual blazing sunshine and torrid heat; the accompanying swarms of insects and reptiles that invaded our huts for shelter from the floods outside—cobras round the water pot, scorpions in one's shoes and ants in one's clothes, myriads of mosquitoes, moths, and monsoon flies and so on.

Then too there are the hill stations in the Hymalayas where the scenery was grandiose in the extreme with practically British vegetation at 6,000 feet, but with cactuses and pine trees mixed up with it, a climate worthy of the Mediterranean, and the peaks of Nanda Devi. These, rising to perpetual snow in the sky to the north, looked like great, white, jagged, solid, clouds hanging in mid-air, their bases lost in the haze. One remembers also the exhilerating ride up there in the rickety Indian buses round hairpin bends which you had to negotiate see-saw fashion. Exhilerating too and sometimes upsetting were the horse rides on the steep and crumbly mountain paths, with chasms left and cliffs right and low boughs from the overhanging trees.

At the little town of Naini-Tal, squeezed between a lake and the hillsides, you could row yourselves about for hours on the lake for a few annas and some blisters. The Goddess Naini still gets her sacrifice of a daring young man each year for going in the freezing waters of the lake of which no one knows the depth.

I well remember the exciting life of Christmas '45 which I spent in Calcutta where it is said one can buy anything. There were riots everywhere—out of doors: Hindoo v. Muslim; indoors: Yank Navy v. Yank Police and anybody else who cared to join the gang at the Casanova. In Calcutta there is everything—the Governor's palace and the little streets north of Sealdah station and west of Howrah bridge; Howrah bridge itself and the massacres on it where in 1946 a thousand were killed or drowned in the Hooghly below. There is a Maidan, or common, where Hindoos play cricket with Sikhs and Muslims on Sunday afternoons, all dressed in white with their solar topees on, and the long hostile processions shouting "Jai Hind" and "Bharat Joro" on most of the other days of the week. There is variety and you can buy it. We flew there in three hours and three quarters; we took three days and three nights coming back by train. In India there is speed and there is the 25 m.p.h. train with its human grapes dangling from the windows

and doors outside. There are the horse and bullock carts. In India you don't walk if you can avoid it.

The Taj Mahal is more beautiful than any one could expect anything to be, even if it hadn't been seen on all the cigarette cases and shawls and biscuit boxes in the world, and even in day light as I saw it. The moon was a little too late for me and besides I couldn't imagine how it could better what I had seen. Close to the Taj is a little known monument called the Etmad-ud-Daula, built for Mumtaj's parents, which is a very close second to the Taj itself. Personally I preferred it. To put into order of preference the various beauty spots in that area is more than I would dare attempt to do. The glories of the fort in Agra, where there is a room whose walls are lined with jewels and little mirrors, and where they burn coloured flares to show up its amazing lace-like marble screens and carvings. Out at Sikandra, Akbar built himself a beautiful Mausoleum in red sandstone whose carvings are enlivened by large pearl-grey monkeys that have very long arms and tails and black hands and faces, but rather aggresive temperaments. All are unsurpassable in their different ways.

The Lucknow fort, scene of the long siege, is well preserved but somehow fails to be impressive because of the neat lawns carefully tended, and neat plaques carefully polished, which give it a museum-cum-botanical gardens atmosphere. But the mosques and the palaces of the kings of Oudh have a skyline in the evenings which is incredibly Oriental without looking like a stage set. Indeed this is the only place where I sensed any "Mysterious East," from Bombay to Bengal or from the Kuds to Colombo.

Of Madras I have very little to say as I spent there only a few impecunious days. I shall remember it as an unusually pleasant city with uncowed looking people. The Madrassi women, as their sisters in Ceylon, do not hide their faces in the street or even wear their saris over their heads, but with their hair oiled and combed in a bun, walk in the streets upright and smoothly, not minding to stare you boldly in the eye. The sea there is particularly shark-infested and bathing is ill-advised. The climate is nearly as damp as Bengal and since the sun was overhead during my stay I was driven to go to a swimming pool with well coconut-oiled Indian Army men. I was "brylcreamed" all over for the rest of the day.

From there I went to Ceylon. I am grateful to it for the best time I had during the whole of my tour. For one thing almost any place would have been heaven after a stretch of nine months in Cawnpore and the seven day journey it took to get to Ceylon.

Friends, let me warn you of trips in Indian trains. They burn a kind of coal especially designed to come straight from the engine into your own compartment where it settles on your prostrate and perspiring body. At every station (one stops at many in seven days) you are assailed by hundreds of keen salesmen of fruit, milk (don't touch it), tea, cigarettes, etc., etc.; but by far the most persistent are the beggars whose motto is "Buckshees Sahib." If one has been deaf up to that time, one

learns this with rapidity. Also one learns how to say "go away" in several languages. I shall never forget the Urdu and Tamil for it: "jao" and "p'ho."

At a spot 15 miles outside Colombo, Mount Lavinia, is a perfect beach complete with swaying palms, and a long sandy beach patrolled by women who virtually force you to buy bananas or pineapples of which you are generally glad because the heat is great and as one can stay in the water all day long, one's thirst becomes terrific. They have a trick of waiting till you are asleep on the shady strip below the palms and then tickling your toes with a coconut leaf.

After being used to the subservience of the Indian coolie, the independence of the Cingalese counterpart is surprising, taking as it does the form of shattering insolence. However the educated men are much more friendly and unprejudiced and seem genuinely interested in the point of view of the "erks" as compared to that of the British Burra Sahib, whereas the Indian equivalent in most cases doesn't readily realise that the normal British troops are as keen on quitting India as they are. "Joe Soap" isn't a natural invader, even if his manner isn't at all times exemplary.

Kandy is as delightful as its name implies. It is up in the hills of the centre of the island surrounded by coconut groves and rubber and tea plantations. The country is very jungly with strips of rice fields in terraces running along the bottom of deep valleys, in which flow furiously brown rivers and streams. While I was there the weather was perfect—a really reliable climate where the rain fell between 5 and 6 p.m. every evening in torrents, washing the country clean daily and leaving it fresh and sparkling till the next day. Consequently there was no dust and few flies (I don't count the millions of fire flies which lit the trees like Christmas candles floating in the air). We used to go for walks and as we went along, refresh ourselves from fruit picked on the way: bananas, coconuts, or pineapples ad lib for "buckshee" to little boys who were everywhere with big knives, not to cut your throat but to cut coconuts for which they climbed a hundred feet into the breeze, all for a few cents.

Then back to Cawnpore. We were 6 miles outside it, 45 minutes by tonga, a horse-drawn contraption tilted to such an extent that keeping in the back of it is a feat in itself, and frequently provided with octagonal pairs of wheels—a feature, one imagines, designed to fit the vagaries of the road surfaces. Late Saturday nights it used to be the usual thing to conduct chariot races, à la Roman arena, all the way back to camp. When the competitive spirit of the dark charioteers was stimulated and the nag roused from semi-permanent slumber, the going was fast and the risks and excitement high. Many were the broken shafts and sheared off wheel-hubs which caused tired airmen to walk the long dusty track to a string and wooden frame bed. We lived in brick buildings with thatch roofs (later covered with tiles to prevent the pre-monsoon dust storms from removing a very essential shade, from off its termite-eaten wooden supports), the whole placed on brick floors extending to the, also essential, veranda.

We tried to keep the place cool by pouring pots of water on it, these naturally being conveyed by the bearers. There was one to each billet, shared and paid by the occupants at the rate of 1/6 per week each. They did all our house work and made life fairly comfortable in our off-time. Some of us were lucky and had electricity to drive fans and lighting, a great, if intermittent, boon. Passing time was the hardest part of our lives. A temperature of 90 to 127 F. for six months of the year soon reduced the initiative of the most energetic to short spasms of activity followed by long recuperative cures on the "charpoy." Meals were hardly worth the effort. In the tepid evening after a social session in the cold showers we dressed for dinner, anti-malarially, and ambled to the station cinema, or back to the billet for letter writing or the usual interminable discussion.

There's little else to say since there is little else we did. I only wish to say once more what used to be my motto and is still the most repeated phrase of the unfortunates remaining: "Roll on that Boat," and may it come soon for them!

CHRISTOPHER GRILLET (1937-42)

INTERNATIONAL WORK TEAMS

(In sending us their greetings and good wishes, Donald Simpson and David Collinson send us this short account of the origin of the International Work Centre at which they have worked.)

DURING the last war Sweden had the exceptional favour of not being forced into the war activities. This created throughout the Swedish people a strong feeling of responsibility towards the war damaged countries and a desire to contribute to reconstruction and rehabilitation. Various relief actions, undertaken by the Swedish Government as well as by voluntary bodies, are its positive result. One of the relief organizations behind this work was founded in 1943 and is called International Work Teams.

This organization wants to bring together in small teams young people from different countries and with various political and religious views. Working along these lines, with a view to establishing personal contact across national and social boundaries, it hopes to contribute to "winning the peace."

In the war years the organization concentrated upon preparing young Swedes of both sexes for relief work by arranging training courses, mainly in connection with refugee camps in Sweden. After the end of the war the participants from these courses were sent abroad.

In November, 1946, a scheme was started in Hamburg. Three wooden huts, prefabricated in Sweden, were erected to serve as accommodation for the team and to contain work-shops for shoe-repairing and sewing as well as a kindergarten. The team, which includes 6 Swedes, 6 Germans, 3 Englishmen, 2 Danes, and 1 Swiss, forms a community household with a common pool. The volunteers in

schemes like this are not paid in the ordinary way but get pocket money and financial assistance for dependants' allowances. They generally serve for a period of six months.

In this International Work Centre we wish to give material relief and, which is equally important, bring about personal friendship and international understanding. We consider it extremely important to work along both these lines and never let the urgent need for mere relief work draw our attention from the necessity of trying to break the isolation of the German people. We believe that a "better world" can be built only on international friendship and lasting Goodwill.

OUTING OF THE NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY, 1947

THIS year the Society decided to have its annual outing at Wicken Sedge Fen, a National Trust property some 6 miles north-west of Newmarket. On Saturday, July 5th, therefore, having hired a double-decker 'bus, the members of the society set forth in high spirits with the prospect of a fine day before them

Lunch was taken outside Newmarket, at Devils Ditch, opposite the race course. After lunch members were left to their own devices for three-quarters of an hour, most exploring the ancient British dyke and ditch, and some studying the flowers of the dyke under the direction of Mr. Lenz.

At Wicken Sedge Fen itself we were able to observe at first hand the way in which plants will grow if left entirely untouched by man. We were able to see the black peaty soil of the fens, and the sedges or rushes used for basket making.

Unfortunately, the outing came at a time when the first breed of Swallow-tail Butterflies had finished, and the second one had not yet begun. The entomological members of the party who had come equipped with butterfly nets and permits were disappointed.

Perhaps the most amusing event of the day occurred when a plank across a pond, on which members of the Society were swinging, collapsed, precipitating the unfortunates out of their depth in the water. Happily they were retrieved without loss of anything except one gym shoe, and were sent on a cross-country run to help dry them out.

The bus reached home about 7.30 and the outing finished up with a cheer for Mr. Lenz who had done so much to ensure the outing's success.

A. B. Miller (VI)

CRICKET

IN addition to a number of Staff and School XI games, there were also four 1st XI matches not recorded in our last issue. As we won all four quite comfortably, our final record was:—Played, 11; Won, 9; Drawn, 1; Lost, 1.

1st XI Colours were awarded to:—J. M. Defries, D. Webb, J. W. Hinton, R. C. Blackburn, F. U. A. Cassuto.

The Under XIV team completed their first full season's cricket without defeat. Their final record was:—Played, 14; Won, 9; Drawn, 3; Lost, 0; Tied, 2.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

1st XI v. *Braintree County High School* (h.) Won by 2 wickets.
Braintree: 79 (Hinton 4 for 43, Gillett 4 for 22).
School: 100 (Defries 38, Webb 18, Cassuto 18*).

1st XI v. *King Edward VI School 2nd XI* (h.) Won by 80 runs.
School: 157 for 3 dec. (Defries 93, Webb 17, Brown 19, Cassuto 14*).
K.E.S.: 77 (Webb 4 for 30, Hinton 4 for 37).

1st XI v. *Cambridge County High School 2nd XI* (a.) Won by 93 runs.
School: 138 for 5 dec. (Cassuto 38, Blackburn 56*).
Cambridge: 45 (Hinton 4 for 20).

1st XI v. *Soham Grammar School* (a.) Won by 42 runs.
School: 73 (Webb 16).
Soham: 31 (Brown 5 for 5).

Under XIV v. *Braintree C.H.S. Under XIV* (h.) Tied.
School: 62 (Cadman 19).
Braintree: 62 (Clymo 5 for 25).

Under XIV v. *Harlow College Under XIV* (h.) Won by 16 runs.
School: 46 (Woods 12).
Harlow: 30 (Dutton, J. 5 for 15).

Under XIV v. *St. Faith's* (a.) Won by 35 runs.
St. Faith's: 52.
School: 87 (Atkins 31, Dutton 14).

Under XIV v. *Langham Oaks* (h.) Won by 7 runs.
Langham Oaks: 24 (Dutton 5 for 11, Clymo 5 for 8).
School: 31 (Atkins 14, Clymo 13*).

Under XIV v. *Newport G. S. Under XIV* (h.) Drawn.
School: 69 (Dutton 28).
Newport: 30 for 4.

Under XIV v. *Harlow College Under XIV* (a.) Won by 43 runs
School: 78 for 6 dec. (Cadman 24, Atkins 20, Dutton 19).
Harlow: 35 (Cadman 6 for 12).

Under XIV v. *St. Faith's* (h) Drawn.
School: 100 for 9 dec. (Dutton 27, Woods 23).
St. Faith's: 59 for 5 (Cadman 4 for 18).

* Indicates "not out."

TENNIS AND ROUNDERS

The following girls were chosen to play for the School in the 1st and 2nd Tennis VI's.:

1st VI.	1st Couple.	Ruth Comber and Hazel Appleton.
	2nd Couple.	Patricia Lamond and Elisabeth Collinson.
	3rd Couple.	Jeanette Tregear and Grace Doggett.
2nd VI.	1st Couple.	Ann Dutton and Susan Fry.
	2nd Couple.	Jean Rose and Evi Bass.
	3rd Couple.	Margaret Figg and Hazel Sapsed.

A good many matches were arranged for both tennis teams in the Summer Term, but owing to some untimely rainstorms several of the games had either to be left unfinished or cancelled.

Perhaps the best match of the season was a very close and exciting match with Cambridge and County High School on June 22nd, which the 1st VI just succeeded in winning by fifty games to 49; the County School having defeated us earlier in the season by 58 to 41 games. The Perse School 1st VI proved too strong for us, mainly because of better footwork and quicker net play. The 1st VI are beginning to realise the value of quick, intelligent work at the net, but there is still much to be tackled in this direction.

All the other 1st VI matches were unfortunately cancelled owing to the weather, except the first match of the season against St. Mary's Convent, Bishop's Stortford, which we won by 50 to 49 games.

The general standard of play in the 1st VI showed improvement during the term, especially that of the 3rd couple.

The 2nd VI had two matches against Herts. and Essex High School, the first of which we lost by 29 games to 42. The second match was started on our opponents' courts, with an impending thunderstorm hovering overhead. When the score stood at 33 games all, having played two rounds, the storm broke, with no possibility of resuming play. The 2nd VI worked hard during the term and tried to improve their footwork. Slowness in this and erratic services proved to be the weak points this season.

Two Junior Rounders teams were chosen this term. The under 15 team had one match against Cambridge County High School, which we lost. The Under 13 team played four matches, of which they won two, drew one and lost one. Much keenness and determination were shown in all the matches. The fielding on the whole was better than the batting in all games, and we hope that next summer term will produce more rounders.

Tennis colours were re-awarded to Ruth Comber and awarded to Hazel Appleton.

Swimming colours were re-awarded to Katherine Procter.

J.B.

FOOTBALL

THE nine 1st XI matches played so far this season have shown us to have a side capable of clever football, but lacking from time to time in the snap and shooting which brings goals. The defence has a tendency to miskick under pressure, but is, on the whole, fairly sound.

A match against the Staff resulted in a 3—3 draw, whilst the Parent-Teacher Association was deservedly beaten 3—1, but a school's performance can only truly be judged by its inter-school matches; of these we have so far played 7, won 4, drawn 0, and lost 3.

A long spell of dry grounds has favoured our short-passing game in which Frizzell, Cassuto, Webb and Blackburn have particularly excelled, but we lacked wing forwards and a centre forward with finishing power. The result was that we needed more than our fair share of opportunities to get goals. Thus, we lost at home to Braintree by 1—0 in a hard, evenly contested game and won by the narrow margin of 4—3 against Harlow College. Had the forwards finished properly, we must have reached double figures, which we actually did in the return game at Harlow where we won 12—2. St. Christopher's were beaten 3—1 at Walden in a scrappy game, and our home fixture against Chelmsford 2nd XI resulted in a 3—0 win for us, after a 4—0 defeat at Newport. At Soham, we lost 5—2. Illness and absence have allowed the defence little chance to settle down, but they have done quite well on the whole, and will improve vastly when the backs and centre half can kick surely, with either foot. Hatch is probably the safest defensive player, though Wrigley appears to have found his place at centre-half and Dodsworth has adapted himself well at right back. How has deputised for them successfully on a number of occasions, whilst Goom appears to have the makings of a good goalkeeper and is improving steadily.

Blackburn and Frizzell were good wing halves, but Frizzell did even more by his later appearances at centre-forward, and with Atkins, Brown and Woods giving competent displays on the wings, the forward line now seems to be acquiring that punch which it once so sadly lacked. Cassuto and Webb have always played clever and thoughtful football, but until recently all their scheming meant very little with no one able to finish properly. Hinton has been one of our outstanding players and we are very sorry to lose him. Whether as a forward or a half-back, he has always done his best, and has adapted himself constantly to fill the weaknesses and meet the needs of the team. He has been one of our best two or three footballers for some time and I am sure the School XI and, indeed, the whole School, join me in wishing him well.

A combined Staff and School XI has lost to the Old Scholars (1—3) and to a German P.O.W. XI (0—6), besides drawing a match with the R.N. Depôt at Braintree (4—4).

The Under 14's began the season in a half-hearted fashion with drawn games against St. Faith's (2—2) and St. Christopher (0—0), and defeats by Braintree (1—4) and Newport (0—6). It was always zest and finishing ability that they lacked rather than football skill Since that time they have played a faster game, and won at Harlow (8—2), drew at King's College Choir School (1—1), beat St. Faith's at Walden (9—), and drew at Soham (5—5).

There is still, however, much to be remedied, and adequate comments can scarcely yet be made; but Stern and Clymo have showed neat touches at inside forward, whilst Cadman and Honigmann have finishing ability. Benham and Frizzell have played very well at wing half, and the Duttons make an efficient pair of backs. Centre-half has been a problem, for both Rosenberg and Burman are rather slow in their movements, though both have tried hard with some success. Again, neither Matthews nor Robertson are quite up to the standard of an Under 14 goalkeeper, but both are improving. In any case, this side principally exists to allow boys to learn the game and to provide a nucleus for future School elevens. By the end of the season the team should have won more matches than it has lost, and contain a number of promising players.

J.E.F.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

JULY 1947

Award of Merit: K. Proctor, B. Milford.

Instructor's Certificate: H. Appleton.

Bar to Bronze Medallion: M. Bull, M. Hollingworth, S. Maguire, S. Palmer, E. Plumb, H. Sapsed.

Bronze Medallion: Atkins, Gerstl, Marsh. L. Lane, A. Marriage, W. Hopkins.

Intermediate Certificate: Joselin, Keeble, Matthews, Tregear, D. M. Ball, B. Barber, C. Brown, H. Dean, G. Hodge, G. Jackson, C. Moon, J. Palmer, S. Pyne, E. Rice, M. Watchurst.

Elementary Certificate: Clymo A., Skelton, Tregear, R. W. Beischer, A. Gentle, R. Hatch, E. Lake, J. Mace, E. Paul, I. Robinson, G. Whittick, H. Wright, J. Wright.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

JULY 1947

Higher School Certificate: R. Bondi, J. Wheeler.

General School Certificate (with Matriculation exemption): D. Brereton, E. Collinson, A. Dutton, O. Edwards, J. Hinton, M. Hollingworth, A. Kendon, H. Mahler, A. Miller, J. Morgan, O. Wright.

General School Certificate: E. Bass, R. Blackburn, R. Brown, M. Defries, P. Lamond, S. Maguire, B. Reiss, J. Rose, P. Sewell, D. Webb, D. White.

ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

JULY 1947

Grade V. M. Flatow.

Grade IV. C. Brown (with credit).

Grade III. U. Millett.

Grade II. G. Hopkins (with credit).

THE SMUGGLING G[illegible]ANG



A CERTAIN gang of smug[illegible]glers [illegible]which always l[illegible] their cargo near East Fleet ha[illegible] cunning way of doing it. O[illegible] on the coastguards and amuse[illegible] of the particularly forgot all about looking out for [illegible]em so [illegible]d call

One day one of the coastguard's [illegible]glers. "Father, I have lately noticed the[illegible] Wednesday, some sort of a visitor has [illegible]sons sa[illegible] watch-out hut. Next time, turn him away and follow him." other

So next Wednesday the coastguards turned the stranger [illegible]our one of them followed him. First he went up a narrow chalk pa[illegible] some rocks to a cliff. Where had the smuggler gone now? The [illegible] guard had an idea. He hid behind a rock near where the smuggler disappeared. After about half-an-hour he saw a band of men com[illegible] out from behind a rock. After they had gone he came out from hidin[illegible] and went round the rock and found a small passage. He got out his torch and shone it inside and found a trap-door at the end of it. He crawled along it until he came to the trap-door. Just as he was opening it a heavy hand caught his shoulder and the harsh voice of the smuggler cried out, "What are you doing here." "Making a discovery," replied the coastguard. "Well you can stop making discoveries," said the smuggler, taking a piece of rope from his pocket. After that things began to happen. First they began fighting. The smuggler managed to pull the coastguard out of the cave and threw stones at him, and the coastguard threw stones back. Unfortunately after a bit the smuggler hit the coastguard on the head with a heavy stone and knocked him out. Then he tied him up, went into the cave, opened the trap-door, and climbed down a rope ladder. He went along a passage through a cave, filled with jewellery, to a smaller cave, and put the coastguard down and went away. After a bit the coastguard recovered, and found he was tied up. He managed to wriggle his hands free, and he got out his penknife and cut the rope round his ankles. He got up and walked around for a bit, and then went to the cave of jewellery and on till he came to the rope ladder. He climbed up it, and heaved up the trap-door and went back the way he came. First he went to the police station and told them his tale. Next day he showed them all he had seen; they captured the smugglers and gave the coastguard a grand reward.

Richard Thomas (Age 9)

THE COUNTRY

WONDERFUL flowers and wonderful trees,
Wonderful sun and wonderful breeze,
Wonderful sea and wonderful sky,
All God's things to meet my eye.

Richard Thomas (Age 8 years)

GOD'S TEARS

UPON this world—
This weary world—
God's Tears are flowing fast.
They're tinks of all the wicked things
We have done in the past.
But when a person—
A kind little person—
Helps another, or comforts the sad,
Then God's Tears cease to flow so fast,
For all in this world is not bad.
He hopes that the children—
All of the children—
Will try to be good all their lives,
Be loving and happy and never be sulky,
And work like the bees in the hives.
But when a person—
A bad little person—
Sees the rain, and hopes it will go,
She should listen to the voice in her ear,
Saying, "Be kind, and the rain will not flow."
When in this world—
This sad old world—
A rainbow gleams on high,
With seven colours, beautiful,
It shows us that God does not lie.
For the rainbow—
The beautiful rainbow—
Tells us this one thing sure,
That when it glows with its lovely lights,
There's much good in this world, by God's law.
God is the sun—
The glorious sun—
Watching to see our good turns.
When people are good, then he shows his great face,
But when bad, then the back of the thunder-cloud burns.

Judith Foster (Age 12)

THE WOODS

DOWN through the heart of the dim wood,
Just where I stood,
Was a carpet of bluebells,
So blue and so gay,
Just the place for elfins to play.

Pat Cadman (Age 10 years)

MEETING AT DUXFORD

IT has been a great experience for those of us who have been able to go to Duxford on two occasions for the Sunday morning meeting that is held there by local Friends. The weather, varying from very wet to very hot, has not deterred us, and has not influenced the feeling of the meeting. The group of Friends sitting together in a small room has given the meeting a feeling of intimacy. The light of the fire provided the basis for our thoughts during one meeting and the Yearly Meeting Epistle on the other occasion. We have realised keenly the need for personal friendship and understanding. We were received with friendship and although we knew our hosts only by name, after the meeting they provided us with tea and biscuits and a room in which to eat our picnic lunch.

We can look back on those meetings at Duxford and see that a Friends' Meeting need not be held only in a large room with many people. On the contrary, sometimes one can derive far more from meeting together with a few people of like mind and feeling.

John C. Woods (Age 16)

SHIPS

SHIPS go sailing with a will,
And water sprays with such a shrill,
a shrill, calling:
"Storms over the seashores,
Storms over the land."
Ships go sailing with a will,
And waves lash the sand.

Martin Holmes (Age 9 years)

AUTUMN LEAVES

BLOW, blow, blow, sang the Autumn Breeze,
As it swept with laughter the leaves from the trees;
They were red and green and golden brown,
As they skipped along and tumbled down.
Sweep, sweep, sweep, toiled the man in the lane,
For he'd swept this part again and again.
But the leaves in the air, they thought it fun,
To pile up again as soon as he'd done.

Christine Brown (U.IVa).

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Georgian, The Cupola, St. Christopher's School Magazine, St. Faith's School Magazine, Cambs. High School Magazine.* If any others have been overlooked due to the change of Editor of *The Avenue,* we tender our apologies.

EDITORIAL BOARD: Gerald Littleboy (President), Margaret G. Yapp (Treasurer), Edwin Small, Nina Bailey, Martin Chesworth, Alice Kendon.

C.S.W.O.S.A.: Leavers may join the Old Scholars Association by giving their names to the Headmaster or Headmistress before they leave. The subscription for the first year is now 1/-.



This delicious meal-time drink is a food as well

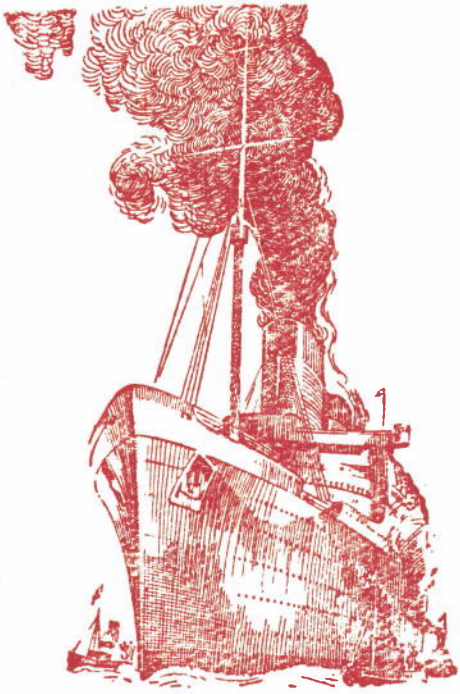
So many meal-time drinks contain no nourishment at all! But Rowntree's Cocoa contains protein (body-building food); fat; and carbohydrate, which gives energy (in the way *sugar* does).

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

So grateful, so genial — so GOOD

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 £25,000,000
AGGREGATE INCOME EXCEEDS £5,000,000
Head Offices: 7 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3. 18, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh, 2.

BLOOM AND SON, SAFFRON WALDEN