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JULY, 1947

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 37 JULY, 1947 NO. 108

FOREWORD

WE regret that we had to keep our readers waiting until the end of April for the delivery of the Spring issue of our magazine. The fault was not ours, nor was it the fault of our publishers. If blame must be assigned, then blame all those circumstances that led to more than two million unemployed in March.

How glad we were to see the end of the Spring Term with its extraordinarily difficult weather conditions, and its unbroken sequence of illness amongst Staff and scholars! And yet, when compared with conditions existing elsewhere, how fortunate we were! We had not to cope with flood water; our food supplies were not interrupted; we never ran short of fuel.

Some of our Staff troubles, however, have been carried over into the present Term—we have continued without a Maths. teacher, and for a month we were without a teacher of English. Our necessity however provided others in the School with their opportunity, and by switching over subjects and increasing the demands on some of our Staff, we have come through to the exam. period in a most gratifying manner. It is in such a crisis that we realise how excellent and how versatile are the wives of the married masters.

There has been an unusually large number of "high lights" this Term. The occasion when we took our senior orchestra and choir to Friends House to help in the launching of the appeal for funds for the Development Scheme, gave the School the opportunity to show how high a standard has been attained in choral and instrumental music; Whitsuntide with its perfect summer weather, its approximation to pre-war crowds and catering arrangements, and its wonderful "Walden spirit," will long remain a vivid memory; General Meeting, though marred by poor weather conditions, again brought hundreds of parents and friends to meet with us in our work, and to see some of the products of our academic activities; and finally the senior excursion, when about eighty of us visited Letchworth Garden City, Whipsnade and St. Albans, was a truly memorable day, packed with enjoyment and instruction.

With this issue of *The Avenue* comes to an end my own almost unbroken period of service on the editorial board of the School magazine.

Born in a period of comparative ease and plenty, when the editors could produce a channel through which the members of the School could express their literary and cultural interests in an artistic form, the magazine has successfully survived the difficulties arising from two World Wars, maintaining in a remarkable manner both its high standard and its circulation. This has been made possible only by the co-operation of Staff, Scholars and Old Scholars. The time is now approaching, however, when an endeavour should be made to brighten the form of the magazine with reproductions of photographs and wood and lino cuts. Your continued co-operation in ways indicated elsewhere in this issue is essential. May the future years continue to bring success and development in regard to this worthy School magazine.

A.B.

THE AVENUE

THE members of *The Avenue* Board have been much interested in the comments and criticisms which have reached them in connection with the magazine in general and the last issue in particular. They are very grateful for and much encouraged by the letters of appreciation which have been received from various subscribers outside the School and would like to take this opportunity of expressing their thanks to those friends both for their kind words and for their support.

If there are outside subscribers who feel less satisfied with the magazine, the members of the Board would welcome criticism from them also, especially if accompanied by constructive suggestions.

In School, blunt criticism has naturally been more to the fore. There is a difference of opinion as to the function of a school magazine, one section desiring nothing but a record of events, another seeing mainly an opportunity for publication of original work. In practice the Board endeavours to steer a course midway between these two extremes, a policy of which most readers approve. Requests are also received for a more attractive appearance in general, especially by the resumption of illustrations and by a greater variety of cover, both in design and in colour. Finance inevitably has a bearing on this. Publishing costs (even with the economies in illustration and cover) are approximately double what they were in 1939; the cost of the magazine to subscribers has been raised by 33⅓%.

The School has been invited to submit alternative cover designs; the critics have been asked to produce articles of the type they desire. What developments take place will depend on the response to these requests and on any other constructive suggestions made by subscribers.

M.G.Y.

WHITSUNTIDE

PERHAPS we owe the success of this Whitsun partly to the beautiful weather which lasted throughout the week-end. It could not have been more favourable, had we arranged it ourselves.

On Friday evening the Old Scholars began to arrive. By eight o'clock, already little knots of present scholars could be seen standing around on the field, talking to the early arrivals. During the evening a very good job was done by some of the older girls in the scrubbing of the Geography Room floor—a noble piece of work indeed—in readiness for the "under fives" who were to use it as a play-room. Some members of the Staff—they shall go un-named—seemed to imagine themselves to be in their second childhood and there was much difficulty in persuading them that the toys, swing-boat and chute were not for them.

On Saturday morning we made the most of the fact that there were no lessons. Instead there were tennis tournaments amongst the Old Scholars to be watched; relay races to be swum, and ice creams to be eaten. In the afternoon there was a cricket match between the Boys' XI and the Old Scholars' 2nd XI. In the evening the Old Scholars and the Seniors of the School enjoyed dancing in the Assembly Hall to the pleasing rhythm of a local dance band.

Monday began by looking grey, but by the time the cricket matches started the sun was out, and it promised to be yet another glorious day.

After dinner, the presentations to Miss Waring and Mr. Brereton took place in the Assembly Hall, and then the cricket match was resumed. This was followed in the evening by an impromptu entertainment in the hall.

At nine-thirty—or rather later—the bonfire was lit. The School had to content themselves by watching from their bedrooms, while the M.O.D. went round seeing to the shutting of all windows—an action very necessary, as there seemed to be a widespread competition to see who could lean farthest out of the windows. We were able to get a good view of Miss Waring mounted on a gallant steed, consisting of two stalwart Old Scholars—an event which caused much laughter. Even at Hillcroft the words of "Roll out the Barrel" and "Auld Lang Syne" could be distinguished. When darkness had fallen we began to hear the departure of Old Scholars as the cars were driven away, and there was silence.

Susan Fry, (Age15)

EDS.—We regret that we had no one available to describe for you the memorable scene in the Assembly Hall when the presentations were made. The excitement reached its climax when the remarkably life-like donkey, named as a necessity for Miss Waring when she retired to her cottage, was led into the Hall to carry Miss Waring away. We hope that those of our readers who were not present in the Hall, will enjoy as much as we did, Miss Waring's characteristic, poetic effusion printed below.

OLD SCHOLARS SPEECH, 1947

DEAR Old Scholars—I think that is the proper way to begin a speech, but I must confess quite frankly I have never made one before in my life! Mr. Brereton has just made a beautiful speech for both of us, and what I am going to say will be in the nature of a few remarks not very well put together and will be, I can assure you, a perfect example of what a speech ought not to be! If you will excuse the comparison I have always thought that making a speech at Whitsuntide is rather like paying a visit to the Dentist! For weeks beforehand you are busy screwing up your courage and when the fatal day arrives you almost feel like running away and when you are seated in the dentist's chair or shall we say here in the Hall, you feel the courage of despair, and when it is all over you say, as I hope I shall be able to say, "It wasn't nearly as bad as I expected"! Of course, the comparison is not really a very good one because when you go to the dentist, no matter how kind he is, he generally hurts you and usually he takes something away for which he charges quite a lot and leaves an aching void behind. Here on the contrary you receive something nice for which you have nothing to pay and which gives you a great deal of pleasure. This is I think the proper place to say "Thank you all so very much for the lovely present you have given me." I have always wanted to have a wireless and meant to get one for myself no matter what else I did without, but now I will have the double pleasure, when I am enjoying listening to the wireless I shall also be thinking of the many kind people who have helped to give it to me.

As I expect most of you know I have just bought a little cottage, right across the allotments. Personally I think it is really the most beautiful cottage ever seen, but owing to the fact that there are other people here who may also have cottages and might have a different opinion on the matter, I will only say "Come and see for yourselves"! You will get a hearty welcome, an easy chair, a cup of tea and a crust or even perhaps a piece of hot buttered toast if Mr. Strachey is feeling pleasant! It will depend in what season you come the kind of entertainment you may expect—in Springtime you will see all the fruit trees in blossom and hear a chorus of thrushes and blackbirds and also the cuckoo and perchance the nightingale also. In Summertime you can sit out in a big basket chair under the leafy shade of the fruit trees and meditate on world problems in peace and quietness. In the Autumn time you will see nice juicy apples hanging on the trees and may perchance manage to find some greengages to eat. In the Winter you can sit in a wonderful chair by a blazing log fire and crack walnuts and

make castles in the burning logs. And now to finish my rather unorthodox speech I am going to recite a small poem which exactly expresses my feelings here this Whitsuntide and I rather expect the feelings of some of those who have preceded me and perchance some of those who may come after me!

There is nothing half so dreadful,
No matter what you say,
As a farewell speech at Whitsun;
It fills one with dismay.
For weeks and weeks beforehand,
You think what you will say,
And you make a speech so perfect,
Charming, witty, bright and gay.
But when you're sitting shivering,
And Frank Cadman talks away
Of your deeds, both good and evil
Up to the present day,
Your hands feel cold and clammy,
Your heart is just like lead,
Your throat is dry and parched
And you are filled with dread.
You pull yourself together
And think what you will say,
But that speech so perfect,
Has gone clean away.
You stammer and you stutter,
So please be kind and say:
We're sorry for the Matron,
She is in a bad way.
"We know she's grateful to us,
We know she's glad we're here,
But the words in which to say it
She can't get out I fear."
There is a touch of sadness
When falls the eventide
And the work we love so dearly
We must lay aside.
But the eventide is pleasant,
And beyond we see,
The glory of the sunrise,
Of the Life that is to be.
And changes are important,
And very needful too,
Or else there'd be no Progress,
And then what should we do!
And now my speech is ended,
A very good job too!
Most gratefully I thank you,
And say "Kind friends, Adieu."

JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING

JUNIOR Yearly Meeting was held over Whitsun week-end this year. Twenty-four of us went, after having been prepared for the journey by a great number of meetings in which we were told how the subject in the Sunday morning study circles, and for the to behave.

The eleven of us who went on the Friday, having been fed on a school dinner for which we gladly missed the last school period, collected in the girls' playroom, where our personal appearance was inspected. The journey to London, which took place after we had ransacked Saffron Walden railway station of all its stock of tickets, was uneventful. Miss Cottrell, who met us in London, kept those who had no relations to take charge of them, occupied by finding the way again after having lost it, till it was time to meet at Friends House.

The Friday evening session, after a period of silence, mainly consisted of business such as the appointment of clerks, and hence is of no great interest. We were told that nine Friends' Schools were represented and if two schools had not been in quarantine all the Friends' Schools would have been present.

Next morning we were joined by another lot of Waldeners, who (poor things) had had to get up at six o'clock to be there in time. Wilfred Littleboy told us something about the adult Yearly Meeting, and then we gathered with Friends for the morning session on "Christian Citizenship."

For the rest of the morning and the first part of the afternoon, we were divided into age groups to discuss "Conscience and some of the difficulties that surround one's obedience to it." All groups found difficulty in distinguishing between the inner light and conscience. Having overcome this initial difficulty, progress was much better and it was generally felt that the afternoon session had been a great success.

Junior Yearly Meeting finished with reports from the groups and a short period of worship. Then the members of the various schools were weeded out of the crowd by their respective staff for the return journey.

Mr. Wright and Mrs. Little treated us to a sumptious tea, and managed to bring us to Liverpool Street station in good time, so that even that unaccountable person who is always late did not miss the train. We were glad to see the good old school again, including Miss Spinks who had provided supper for us. We had enjoyed an extremely useful week-end, and this we owe to the splendid organisation and good management of our leaders.

Michael Rossmann (Age 17)

GENERAL MEETING, 1947



HEN two Englishmen meet, their first talk is of the weather. Unfortunately when two hundred or more people met last Saturday, it was not only their talk which became more than a little influenced by the weather. Unfortunately when two hundred or more Day was in short extremely wet.

In spite of this, however, the number of visitors was perhaps even larger than that of recent years. The Assembly Hall was entirely filled for our meeting in the morning and more visitors continued to arrive later in the day.

The form of our meeting for worship this year was a little different from that of former years. Instead of the customary Quaker meeting in silence, it was a development out of our regular school meetings for worship. The reason for this was the intention that the events of this year's General Meeting should arise from the normal everyday activities of the life of the school rather than being in the nature of show or spectacular pieces.

At the close of the meeting the chairman expressed his welcome to our visitors and announced the award of leaving scholarships. Two firsts were awarded to Renate Bondi and Kathleen Moore, while a second went to Christopher Hughes. Mr. Howard Diamond next thanked Miss Ellinor and Mr. Brereton for all the hard work they have done in the absence of Mr. Littleboy and congratulated them on their success.

After the school had withdrawn Mr. Ben Vincent, Secretary of the Friends' Education Council, spoke to those who remained on "Education for Service." He spoke of education as something which should be lasting and of interest and use to us all our lives and not as is so often the case a series of subjects placed into divisions to be learnt at school and forgotten again immediately afterwards. This talk was obviously received with great interest and gave us much to think about as was shown by the lively discussion which followed.

Mr. Howard Diamond then spoke to us about the building plans for the School. He explained briefly that the building is to last over a number of years and to be divided into three stages, the first of which it is hoped will be completed in 1952, and he gave an estimate of the costs of the work.

Next came dinner, after which many of the visitors clad in mackintoshes and clutching umbrellas were to be seen splashing their way to various parts of the School to see the exhibits of art, woodwork, needlework and cookery. These also were arranged to show the development of the regular school activities. It was, however, said by many that the art was of a higher standard than usual, although less of the work of the

younger members of the school was shown, which was felt in many ways to be a shortcoming. Many people were attracted by the exhibits in the Biology Lab., which showed interesting and enlightening samples of plant life and some of the observation work which a number of Forms have been carrying out this year.

There was less needlework than usual but this was due only to the fact that we have once again been able to start our cookery classes, and there was in place of the needlework a large, varied and extremely appetising exhibition of good dishes.

Meanwhile, the gym and swimming displays were being given. The girls gave two performances of their swimming display in order to provide an opportunity for everyone to see it, while the boys who were compelled by the rain to give their display in the gym, had of necessity to perform three times. The displays, again representative of our normal school routine, were arranged to indicate the regular work which takes place throughout the School and thus members of almost every Form in the school took part.

The afternoon ended with tea for our visitors after which they gradually began to leave in an even damper condition than they had arrived, for it was still pouring with rain. Those of us who were left, however, hoped that in spite of this their spirits were not likewise dampened. We dared to believe that perhaps this year's General Meeting, although it had been so wet, was enjoyed by everybody. Indeed rumour has it that General Meeting was once more a very successful day.

Doreen Barker (Age 18)

SPORTS DAY

APART from twelve finals of boys' events and a few preliminary heats, the finals of the Athletic Sports were held on Saturday, May 17th, a day fortunately unattended by either wind or rain. The results of the events given below failed to endanger any record: nevertheless, some useful times and distances were recorded, and the result of the competition, which was run on a House basis, remained in doubt until the Relay races, which were the last items on the programme. The final totals read:

Lister 97½ points, Tuke 96½ points, Mennell 93 points.

RESULTS

SENIOR EVENTS: BOYS

100 yards: 1 Chesworth (T), 2 Hughes (M), 3 Allen (T); 11.1 secs.
220 yards: 1 Wrigley (M), 2 Chesworth (T), 3 Hatch (T); 23.6 secs.
440 yards: 1 Wrigley (M), 2 Hatch (T), 3 Miller (T); 59.2 secs.
880 yards: 1 Hinton (L), 2 Blackburn (T), 3 Bell (L); 2 mins. 22.6 secs.
Mile: 1 Hinton (L), 2 Rossmann (T), 3 Blackburn (T); 5 mins. 24.8 secs.
Hurdles: 1 Wrigley (M), 2 Blackburn (T), 3 Cassuto (T); 12.6 secs.

Long Jump: 1 Cassuto (T), 2 Hughes (M), 3 Dodsworth (M); 17ft. 1½in.
High Jump: 1 Hughes (M), 2 Woods (M) and Defries (L); 4ft. 9in.
Relay: 1 LISTER, 2 TUKE, 3 MENNELL; 1 min. 54.6 secs.
Throw: 1 Hinton (L), 2 Defries (L), 3 Wrigley (M); 78yds. 2ft. 8in.

SENIOR EVENTS: GIRLS

100 yards: 1 J. Kemp (L), 2 M. Figg (T), 3 R. Bondi (M); 13.2 secs:
Long Jump: 1 C. Southwell (T), 2 R. Bondi (M); 12ft. 5¼in.
Relay: 1 LISTER, 2 MENNELL, 3 TUKE; 1 min. 57⅘ secs.
Throw: 1 C. Southwell (T), 2 J. Tregear (T), 3 P. Lamond (L); 44yds. 2ft. 7in.

UNDER 15 EVENTS: BOYS

100 yards: 1 Meteyard (L), 2 Gillett (T), 3 Dupont (M); 12.4 secs.
220 yards: 1 Meteyard (L), 2 Atkins (M), 3 Woods (M); 27.2 secs.
440 yards: 1 How (L), 2 Brown (T), 3 Flatow (M); 65.4 secs.
880 yards: 1 Brown (T), 2 How (L), 3 Honigmann (M); 2 min. 34.8 secs.
Hurdles: 1 Brown (T), 2 Comber (T), 3 Atkins (M); 12.6 secs.
Long Jump: 1 How (L), 2 Goom (T), 3 Woods (M);
High Jump: 1 Goom (T), 2 Gillett (T), 3Haddleton (T); 4ft. 4½ in.
Throw: 1 Brown (T), 2 How (L), 3 Meteyard (L), 71yds. 1ft. 8in.

UNDER 15 EVENTS: GIRLS

100 yards: 1 P. Thomas (M), 2 S. Whiteman (L) & W. Hopkins (M); 13.4 secs.
Long Jump: 1 W. Hopkins (M), 2 M. Figg (T), 3 G. Jackson (T); 12ft. 4in.
High Jump: 1 P. Spear (M), 2 S. Fry (L) and P. Litson (T); 4ft. 1½ in.
Throw: 1 M. Sargeant (M), 2 P. Spear (M), 3 A. Marriage (L);
41yds. 1ft. 11¼in.

JUNIOR EVENTS: BOYS

100 yards (U.14): 1 Atkins (M), 2 Spendlove (M), 3 Richardson (M); 12.4 secs.
100 yards (U.13): 1 Honigmann (M), 2 Cadman (L), 3 Keeble (M); 12.3 secs.
100 yards (U.12): 1 Day (L), 2 Dutton, R. (M), 3 Bennett (M); 14.2 secs.
80 yards (U. 11): 1 Southgate (T), 2 Skelton (T), 3 Watson (L); 12 secs.
220 yards (U.13): 1 Cadman (L), 2 Keeble (M), 3 Fairbanks (L); 31 secs.
Hurdles (U.13): 1 Honigmann (M), 2 Keeble (M), 3 Cadman (L); 12.8 secs.
Long Jump (U.13): 1 Dutton J. (M), 2 Matthews (T), 3 Roth (M), 12ft. 2½in.
Long Jump (U.12): 1 Bennett (M), 2 Whiteman (L), 3 Whitmore (T);
11ft. 6¾in.
High Jump (U.13): Dutton, J. (M), 2 Fairbanks (L), 3 Matthews (T):
3ft. 10in.
High Jump (U.12): 1 Day (L), 2 Dutton, R. (M), 3 Ringer (L); 3ft. 7½in.
Relay (U.14): 1 MENNELL, 2 TUKE, 3 LISTER; 61 secs.
Throw (U.13): 1 Cadman (L), 2 Dutton, J. (M), 3 Clymo (T); 66yds. 2ft. 3in.

JUNIOR EVENTS: GIRLS

100 yards (U.13): 1 G. Hopkins (L), 2 C. Moon (L), 3 B. Barber (T); 14.4 secs.
80 yards (U.11): 1 J. Faith (L), J. Mace (L), 3 A. Grieve (M); 12.1 secs.
Long Jump (U.13): 1 G. Hodge (T), 2 B. Barber (T), 3 E. Yardley (T);
12ft. 2¾in.
High Jump (U.13); 1 J. Rose (L), 2 G. Hopkins (L), S. Pyne (T); 4ft. 0½in.
Relay (U.14): 1 TUKE, 2 LISTER, 3 MENNELL.
Throw: (U.13): 1 G. Hopkins (L), 2 E. Marriage (T), 3 G. Hodge (T);
41yds. 0½in.

CRICKET

OUR season opened with a series of House Matches which gave the boys a fair amount of practice under match conditions and also afforded a useful guide to individual ability.

Since then the 1st XI have played seven matches, won five,

drawn one and lost one. This is a good record, especially as the drawn game was in our favour and the one lost was a defeat by only three runs. Several school matches remain to be played, but whatever may be the result of these games the boys are to be congratulated on their success. There is still, however, a long path to tread before our cricket becomes what it can become, and it is, perhaps, not out of place, even in a season attended by some success, to list those faults which can be remedied only by long hours of patience and practice.

A real spin bowler is certainly needed and boys in the Middle School might well practice to this end. Hinton has bowled steadily, and Webb exceedingly well at times.

The brunt of the batting was shouldered by Defries, who also captained the side with more than average competence. Cassuto, Blackburn, Brown, Gillett and Baker all showed ability to score runs at times, and next season should improve rapidly. Both bowlers mentioned above also played occasional useful innings, though at the time of writing, Webb has yet to make the big score his skill warrants.

Fielding has been of moderate quality and, like much of the batting, has at times revealed lack of real enthusiasm, determination and speed of movement. These, of course, are mental qualities and go hand in hand with self-discipline, but given an alert attitude and the real will to practice through the winter months, we need not lack for even better cricket in the years ahead than this very satisfactory season has brought us.

In this connection, mention must be made of the Under XIV team, who have so far played seven games without defeat. Here, indeed, is considerable ability and a rich promise for the future. Woods, Cadman, Dutton, Atkins and Clymo should be batsmen with a future in School cricket, provided they realise the tremendous demands of patience and practice that cricket makes on the young player. Of these boys, Woods is a good captain and a fair wicketkeeper, while the others can all bowl well. Rosenberg, Robertson, Stern, Wilson, Fairbanks and one or two others have not yet played enough to give them experience and confidence, but they should make runs before another season ends.

SUMMARY OF RESULTS

The following have played for the 1st XI:—

J. M. Defries (Captain), J. Hinton, D. Webb, F. Cassuto, J. E. Baker, M. Gillett, R. Blackburn, R. Brown, K. Frizzell, D. Brereton, U. Gerstl, H. Meteyard.

The following have played for the Under XIV's:—

A. S. Woods (Captain), J. Dutton, J. Cadman, R. S. Clymo, M. Atkins, G. Rosenberg, R. Stern, G. Robertson, R. D. Wilson, D. Fairbanks, S. Roth, M. S. Frizzell, D. Matthews, R. Dutton, P. Benham, M. Seekings, R. Burman, R. Bush, I. Coates,

We thank our two scorers, W. E. F. Hayler and P. E. Joselin, the games curators (without whose labour all would have been in vain) B. Holmes, C. Holmes, Burman, Wilson and Woods, and all who have played their part in the hundred and one odd jobs that cricket brings.

1st XI v. *St. Christopher* (h.) Won by 74 runs.
School: 114 for 9 dec. (Cassuto 29, Brown 16).
St. Christopher: 40 (Hinton 6 for 17; Gillett "hat trick").

1st XI v. *Old Scholars* (h.) Match Drawn.
School: 138 (Defries 75, Blackburn 18*).
Old Scholars: 67 for 6 (Webb 4 for 24).

1st XI v. *Newport Grammar School* (a.) Won by 15 runs.
School: 87 (Hinton 18).
Newport: 72 (Webb 6 for 24).

1st XI v. *K.E.S. Chelmsford 2nd XI* (a.) Won by 2 wickets.
K.E.S.: 61 (Hinton 4 for 20).
School: 86 (Cassuto 24, Blackburn 22*).

1st XI v. *Soham G.S.* (h.) Won by 55 runs.
School: 104 (Defries 50).
Soham: 49 (Webb 5 for 19, Hinton 4 for 10).

1st XI v. *St. Christopher School* (a.) Lost by 3 wickets.
School: 24.
St. Christopher: 27 (Webb 5 for 9, Hinton 5 for 15).

1st XI v. *Harlow College* (a.) Won by 69 runs.
School: 112 for 9 dec. (Defries 49, Blackburn 30).
Harlow: 43 (Webb 4 for 12, Hinton 4 for 12).

Under 13½ v. St. Christopher Under 13½ (h.) Won by 9 wickets.
St. Christopher: 14 (Dutton, J. 6 for 3).
School: 100 (Cadman 70*).

Under 14's v. *King's Choir School* (h.) Won by 1 wicket.
K.C.C.S.: 63 (Clymo 5 for 19).
School: 70 for 9 (Woods 20, Atkins 26).

Under 14's v. *Soham G.S. Under 14's* (h.) Won by 7 wickets
Soham: 21 (Dutton, J. 6 for 6).
School: 68 for 5 (Woods 32*).

Under 14's v. *Newport G.S. Under 14's* (a.) Won by 3 wickets.
Newport: 27 (Dutton 4 for 11).
School: 31 (Clymo 14*).

Under 14's v. *King's Choir School* (a.) Tied.
School: 41 (Cadman 23).
K.C.C.S.: 41 (Clymo 4 for 6, Cadman 5 for 9).

Under 13½ v. *St. Christopher School* (a.) Won by 31 runs.
School: 93 for 1 (Dutton, J. 21*, Cadman 65*).
St. Christopher: 62.

Under 14's v. *Soham G.S. Under 14's* (a.). Match drawn.
School: 90 for 4 (Dutton, J. 30, Cadman 40).
Rain stopped play.

The Whit Monday match resulted in a win for the combined School and Staff XI against the Old Scholars.
School: 109.
Old Scholars: 51.

* Indicates not out.

VISIT TO CHELMSFORD

THE object of this visit to Chelmsford was to see an exhibition of Essex maps in the Shire Hall, but as some of you may not be too keen on Geography and as most of our time was taken up in getting there and back the greater part if this article will deal with the latter experience.

VIth Form Geography classes are not very large at the best of times, and when Mr. Jacob suggested that we should go to Chelmsford, the whole class showed a certain amount of enthusiasm, but when the modes of transport in this district were considered, the number of enthusiasts decreased by two. When the proposal to cycle was put forward the number again decreased, by one, leaving Messrs. Jacob, Cassuto, Chesworth and Dodsworth to form the expedition.

The morning of Thursday, May 22nd, came round, as mornings usually do, and it proved to be rather cloudy and comfortably cool. Until the second lesson on Thursday morning our bikes had remained neglected in the darkness of the cycle shed, but around 10 a.m., on examining our bikes we found, to our horror, that—but I will not say anything about the condition of our bikes in case it comes to the ears or eyes of one of Robert Peel's guardians of the law. After reducing our sandwiches almost to a pulp in an effort to get them into Cassuto's haversack we started off, roughly in the direction of Chelmsford. The journey there was not thrilling but it was enjoyable and our bikes were quite well-behaved, except for the fact that whenever we reached a hill, my three-speed kept on slipping from bottom to top. Generally, however, we were able to ride together.

Outside Dunmow we picked a particularly caterpillary tree (I hope the typist will not get finger-tied here) and under it, had our lunch. With a background of black and white piglets and their black and white parents we devoured some of our sandwiches and biscuits, and, then, ridding our clothing of grubs and ants, we set off again just as the day was becoming warm. We reached Chelmsford at 2.10 p.m. without mishap and went straight into the exhibition.

The collection of maps varied considerably in size, age, colour and condition. Two maps inside the main door were roughly 10ft. x 16ft. in size and dated about 1850. Other maps, some rough sketches and some showing every detail accurately, almost to the shape of a tree, were dated from the later 16th century onwards and provided rich food for the enthusiastic surveyor or cartographer, but I am afraid we three boys were thinking of other things (food), and Mr. Jacob was the only enthusiastic member of our little party. He attached himself to a group of schoolboys who were trailing after and listening disinterestedly to one who was obviously their geography master and who knew a great deal about his subject. If the thought of tea in the vicinity had not been preying on our minds we should definitely have showed a keener interest and we were exceedingly relieved when Mr. Jacob finally

suggested that we might get something to drink. As there was a convenient and attractive Milk Bar nearby we entered and, during the next twenty minutes, devoured between us nine milkshakes and two cups of black coffee. Feeling considerably better for these drinks we retrieved our bikes and thought painfully about coming back. When we had reached the centre of the town Cassuto's bike decided to have a flat tyre so we were detained for a while. Shortly after this we noticed a constant flow of people with ice creams coming from the direction in which we were travelling, so, following the course of the stream we arrived at its source—two ice cream barrows. There a little money was spent and we proceeded. After exercising our brakes more than the usual number of times in an effort to avoid the Corporation buses, we scorched our way to Dunmow. Arriving there, we parked our bikes in an archway and ourselves in a small teashop. When we were not trying to see how much tea we could drink without swallowing the tea leaves, we were looking out of the window at a shop opposite which seemed to have something vaguely familiar about it. Perhaps it was the name. After about 10 minutes' rest we continued to the next spot of civilization, namely Thaxted, where Cassuto and I stopped to admire the church and to refill the water flask. Then, with renewed vigour and Friends' School 7 miles away, we mounted our trusty steeds for the last time, and with Cassuto seeing how near he could get to my back wheel without burning the tyre off, reached school at 6.40 p.m. After some tea we had prep. and after prep. a "Life" class in which, to our disgust, we had to draw a bicycle, as if our little trip to Chelmsford would easily be forgotten!

We all thoroughly enjoyed the outing, and though I found a little difficulty in getting to sleep at first, I eventually did it by the simple expedient of counting orange milk shakes passing over a green counter.

Martin Chesworth (Age 17)

THE CYCLING CLUB

THE Cycling Club was formed for people in Lower V who were not in the cricket or tennis teams and who did not want to spend spare afternoons wandering about the School doing nothing in particular. The idea was to take people to visit places of interest within a ten mile radius. Sometimes when some of the Sixth Form have a special type of architecture to study, they come too. The first expedition was to Thaxted to visit the 15th century Guild Hall of the Cutlers, and the Church. The Guild Hall is very old and is built mainly of timber. Part of it is still used for civic purposes.

The Church is perpendicular in type and very spacious inside. The organ is big and was built in 1704 but was taken to Thaxted much later. In front of the chancel is a modern wrought iron stella; to the left a shrine of St. Joan, and to the left a painting of St. Peter. At the well there are some tapestries of Rebecca. The roof timbers, and also the

nave arches are vigorously carved with figures of angels and heraldic emblems. There is a contrasting difference between the decorated North Porch and the simpler lines of the South Porch.

The second expedition was to Elsenham. We went there to see the Church which is very small and is built on a hill. The building shows many types of architecture from Norman onwards. We went into the porch where there were several notices including the results of the last election! We went in and at one side of the chancel arch was a small flight of steps leading nowhere except to a hole in the wall. We thought this might have led to a gallery for an orchestra when orchestras were used instead of organs. As we went outside the Church we noticed that over the decorated Norman doorway, built into the wall, was a coffin lid. This is very unusual, if not unique.

We hope to go for more cycle rides this term, probably to Cambridge.

Margaret Figg (Age 15)
Pamela Spear (Age 15)

LAUNCHING THE APPEAL

ON Friday, June 6th, the School choir and orchestra took part in an important concert at Friends House in London. Taking part in this concert were over fifty people from the choir and others who had been selected from the orchestra, making it necessary for three large road vehicles to be hired for the day.

It was a rainy day and we started off soon after dinner after making sure that all the music stands, books, and instruments (including a double bass) were safe and secure inside one of the buses. Our journey lasted just under two hours. We travelled through Epping Forest and through the London suburbs until we arrived at Friends House. There we had time to look around and satisfy some of our curiosity. At four o'clock we had to assemble in the large meeting house for our dress rehearsal. In that lovely room, acoustically designed and often used for recording, much was to be expected of us.

After the rehearsal we all had tea downstairs, and then many people went outside to look at the shops or any other attractions, but with the warning that no ice creams or sweets were to be eaten.

The concert began at six o'clock. There were between 300 and 400 people present.

Since this concert was the first step to put Saffron Walden "on the map" and to interest people in the new building plans, the programme was divided into two, the first half consisting of appeals by the Acting Head Master and the Head Mistress of the School, Mr. Howard Diamond, Chairman of the School Committee, Mr. Barrington Whitlow, treasurer, and Mr. Ben Vincent, secretary of the Friends' Education Council.

Mr. Howard Diamond told the audience about the proposed School plans and that he hoped that the £35,000 needed would have been obtained before the door of the new classroom block was opened with a silver key on the 250th anniversary of the School in 1952. Mr. Barrington Whitlow explained how the enthusiastic people could help by covenanting a certain amount of money for a period of years and thus benefiting the funds by the return of Income Tax already paid on income. Mr. Ben Vincent talked about Education. Miss Jennie Ellinor was the last speaker, and although the others "had stolen the thunder" she made her speech interesting by talking about life in the School.

After a five minute interval we took our places and began the second half of the programme by singing "The Stabat Mater" by Palestrina. Our labours were rewarded, since it was the best performance we had ever given. This was followed by the orchestra playing the "Brandenburg Concerto No. 5." This too was a really excellent performance for a School orchestra, and credit must be given to the soloists, Mr. Osborn (flute), Miss Ormerod (piano), and Miss Comber (violin).

Lastly we sang the Anthem "The Strife is O'er" which brought the concert to a grand climax.

After some very light refreshment we had to say good-bye to our friends and to the great Metropolis and begin our long journey back to Saffron Walden. Apparently the singing in London was not enough for some people, for they sang in the bus until their voices became a mere whisper and had succeeded in putting the rest to sleep.

As a whole the concert was a great success, and although more people were expected to attend, I think that those there were deeply impressed by the standard of the music, and would become more interested and willing to help in the extension of the school buildings, so that the school can have much better facilities for its scholars and set a high standard in every department of school activities.

Fulvio Cassuto (Age 17)

EDS.—We have received the following words of praise:—"It was quite the loveliest choral singing I have ever heard except perhaps the Danish boys from Elsinore and the Russian Church Choir at Paris, and I heard these only out of a box of wires."—BEN VINCENT.

"Two recent musical experiences have made a deep impression on me. In the first, I was one of the large audience which listened with keen delight to the concert given in Friends House by Saffron Walden School on 6th June. Unaccompanied singing is never easy, and a long work such as Palestrina's 'Stabat Mater' sung by many voices in unusual surroundings, needs much careful training and hard work by all to reach a high standard. The performance was most satisfying in every way.

The balance was noticeably good, quality of tone was pleasant and never shrill, the dynamics were carefully controlled (pianissimos were excellent) and every singer appeared to be in tune with the spirit of the work as well as with the notes. And being in tune with the spirit of the work gives to any performance an unidentifiable character. Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 5 which followed is a difficult work and perhaps ambitious for a school orchestra. But life is dull without ambition. Tempos were well maintained and the performance was satisfying and interesting throughout. Choir and orchestra combined in the concluding item, 'The Strife is O'er,' sung with fire and fine effect.

"And so I was left to wonder how this introduction to fine music will affect the lives of those who participated and of those who will follow to maintain and even improve the standard. Such an introduction opens the door to countless wonders. After school, whatever your career, you are sure to have an opportunity to join a choir or orchestra. Don't be too modest to seize the opportunity and then maybe you will work at Bach's Passion music and other great works, oratorios or symphonies, and you will remember your early inspiration at school.

"This brings me to speak of my second experience because I was thinking of the Saffron Walden singers while I sat as one of the large choir in Canterbury Cathedral during the Festival of Music and Drama last week. We sang in St. Thomas's shrine, on seats in rows between the tombs of King Henry IV and of Edward, the Black Prince, who lived 600 years ago, 200 years before Palestrina. Behind us was the Archbishop's throne, so old that none can tell its age. We looked past the conductor's head down the whole length of the Cathedral to the wonderful west window. With our orchestra (the orchestra of the Royal Artillery!) and soloists, we recorded a chorus for the B.B.C. and hope to hear it sometime. Experiences like that and perhaps even more worthwhile ones await those who are ready to work in choir or orchestra and to attend practices loyally and regularly. Such are doubly fortunate if they have been well taught at school and have learned to love the highest and the best."—LEWIS W. HEADLEY.

IMPRESSIONS OF VENICE

OF áll the remarkable things that I saw in Venice perhaps the one that impressed me most was the one that made itself conspicuous by its absence, namely motor and vehicular traffic. Venice, built on many islands, dissected by canals, and connected by hump-backed bridges, does not lend itself to motor transport. Venetians travel short distances on foot, winding round the tortuous alleyways that serve as shopping thoroughfares, or if the distance is greater they use the Municipal Ferry that runs to and fro along the Grand Canal. As a result "speed" is an unknown word in a Venetian's vocabulary. The "streets" are nearly always crowded, mostly with people who are in no hurry to go anywhere. The Ferry

stops at every two hundred yards and even when it is moving it goes no more than a genteel five miles an hour for fear that the backwash should upset a gondola.

So concerned are the authorities that the gondolas should survive that they have passed a regulation whereby all mechanically propelled boats have to give way to a manually operated one. This coupled with the speed limit further restricts what little speed is allowed.

A further remarkable feature of Venice is the exceedingly large number of palaces, mostly flanking the Grand Hotel. Many were the private homes of the Grand Doges, the Middle Age rulers of Venice and in one or two instances the direct descendants are still living in the same palaces. In Britain such a thing would cause a great deal of comment. The question whether these houses were fit to live in might cause a stir, but in Italy where nothing looks as old as it is, all this is taken for granted.

In the days when the gondolas were the normal method of transport, indeed the only method, families related to the Doge were allowed to paint gold bands on their gondola poles and several gondolas still have these bands although the Doges have long since vanished.

Wonderfully intact though these palaces seem, age and the insecurity of the pile foundations have begun to make themselves felt with the result that walls are beginning to lean at varying angles. In the hotel I was staying at, "The Grand," once a palace, the view down the main staircase would have shocked a layman let alone an architect or builder, so much out of true are the once parallel sides. Carpets bend in what was meant to be a straight corridor, but the walls are too well covered to expose the cracks.

The famous St. Mark's basilica suffers as badly as any from the movement of its piles. The floor undulates in a series of graceful hillocks.

In the equally well known square of St. Mark's is the huge campanile, a bell tower which for the small sum of 6d. can be ascended by a lift and from whose top most of Venice can be seen. Apparently the campanile was built after the old one fell in 1910 and the story goes that so little noise did it make that only those living within 200 yards heard anything sufficiently disturbing to arouse them from their slumbers.

The square is large and rectangular in shape and by law no permanent structure may be placed in it. When, therefore, the Municipal band gives an operatic concert on Sundays they have to erect a mobile tubular stand without seats—hand rails forming the only method of support during the 2 or 3 hours of the performance. Likewise the audience, deadly quiet (any noise is liable to cause a violent outburst of hissing and less pleasant expletives), stands the whole time in a state of trance.

The same atmosphere of concentration is present at a musical concert, such as the one I went to at the theatre. This relatively little known theatre, over gilded and over decorated, was the model from which the famous Milano La Scala theatre was taken.

Living is hard as regards such commodities as butter (12/- per lb.), sugar (10/- per lb.) and bread, but luxury goods as they are classed in Britain, watches and pens, are cheap and nearly every Italian has a good one of each. Fruit, flowers and vegetables are plentiful and cheap, but most of the other goods, sweets in particular, are very expensive indeed. On an average sweets cost more than 1/6 for less than a quarter pound, and they are well swathed in paper, too, so that for the ordinary Italian they are beyond reach.

Venice, like Italy, is overwhelmed with the football pool craze, imported from Britain. Whereas in Britain the forms are filled up in the privacy of the home, in Italy they are shamelessly filled in on café tables, public seats or indeed anywhere.

Games are played on Sundays since theoretically at least Italians are meant to work six days a week. It is advisable to keep off the streets on Sunday afternoons or else the consequences may be dire. Most of the population go to the ground (it has no grass, just bare earth) at the furthermost extremity of the island, or more correctly group of islands. Enthusiasm runs high and banners may be seen strung across streets with "Viva Venezia" in huge letters with the other team's name obscurely hidden in the remote corner in the tiniest print.

Across what is known as the Lagoon lies the world famous Venice Lido, frequented in pre-war days by the Prince of Wales and many other celebrities. This resort has the only stretch of sand in the municipality, the main city being surrounded by deep water. Sands run the whole of its eight mile length, but due to the small difference between high and low tide in the Adriatic much of the sand does not get washed and is littered with orange peel and paper.

Its atmosphere with its artificially modern cafés and hotels has a "dead" effect—a complete contrast to Venice, alive and gay, and one of the few towns that I visited in Italy that *did* come up to expectations.

Martin Chesworth (Age 17)

PER ARDUA AD LETCHWORTH WHIPSNADE AND ST. ALBANS

HAVE you ever suffered from claustrophobia or hydrophobia? If so, you are not the people to read this article, and if, in your unfortunate condition, you dared to travel with the School expedition to the above-mentioned places, you may not be alive to read this article! However, this is written for those

of us who still survive, and for those of you who stayed at home and thought how funny we looked on our return.

We set off in two buses, nearly eighty of us—perhaps that explains the reference to claustrophobia, especially when I add that the roofs and windows had mostly to be kept closed on account of the almost continuous drizzle. In fact, this incessant downpour forms an integral part of this narrative and therefore explains the fortunate absence of mad dogs.

Apart from those jolly people who nudge their neighbours with the astounding observation: "Well I never! It's been raining!" half an hour after the storm clouds had departed, the tedium of the journey was livened by the enthusiastic playing of that grand old game of Hunting-the-Car-Number, slippers, thimbles and what-nots being rather scarce on the highroad. We entered Letchworth in rather a turmoil in our bus since everyone was accusing everyone else of cheating. Mr. Brereton, Commander-in-Chief of the second bus, was, however, having the time of his life in the rôle of bus-conductor, and, each bus having picked up a Town Surveyor or something, we set off on a tour of the Garden City with him hanging out at a perilous angle but obviously enjoying himself thoroughly. We traversed green belts, housing belts, factory belts, and recreation belts before arriving at a grand swimming pool which owned that most welcome annexe, an ice cream bar.

As I look back on the highlights of the day, each seems to be connected with ice cream! When we reached Whipsnade, filled with eager anticipation of lunch, we were not disappointed, and we celebrated the occasion again with ice cream. When, at Verulamium, we were saddened by the prospect of our descendants of 2,000 years hence digging up the remains of dear old F.S.S.W we were brought back to stern reality by the discovery of a limited number of choc ices. That is another story, but let it suffice that after their discovery both limits and ices at once disappeared.

Whipsnade is rather a likeable place, even in the rain. The route we followed had been most happily planned, and within three hours we were able to see practically everything of interest. We began by having a picnic lunch in typically English picnic weather. The musical pattering of raindrops proved a most harmonious accompaniment to a nearby elephant performing for our benefit on a mouth-organ. This feat required frequent encouragement of numerous pieces of biscuit, but Larry Adler himself is no nearer perfection!

Moving on, we encountered the most adorable baby bears, monkeys that deprived Mr. Lenz of a whole banana, wolves, dingoes and mama and papa bear. These might have been the models for the first Teddy Bear, but they had rather too many teeth for a nursery. Father Bear gave a wonderful exhibition of begging. His balance would have done credit to a statue and he never missed a crumb. When the supply of

tit-bits ran out he clapped his front paws together like a baby in his high-chair, but seeing that more food was not forthcoming, he shot us a dirty look and lumbered off. Passing the giraffes with their ridiculously vacant faces, and the camels with their lop-sided humps (the only explanation I can offer is that they were short of food, or possibly someone of my cubic content had sat carelessly upon the poor animals) we arrived at the lions, tigers and polar bears. These last creatures were an ill-assorted pair. One spent his time giving us a one-man swimming display while the other wandered morosely around the bars repeating some weird formula with his feet and looking most pathetic. He must have had indigestion.

At the end of our round we saw four parrots in a row, one of which hastily pressed us on with many "Good-byes," before we again sought the icecream bar at the entrance and clambered aboard the now familiar buses. There were the inevitable quarrels as to who was making whom wetter by keeping his mac on as opposed to shaking it off over somebody else, but we finally subsided, combed our dripping locks and tucked into some tea.

When Verulamium hove into sight there was some debate as to whether Roman remains would not be somewhat boring, especially as most of the party dare not look Miss Yapp in the face because they had dropped her inestimable subject with varying degrees of abruptness many years ago. However, such pessimists were agreeably surprised. A lady with a pronounced Oxford (?) accent proved most capable in spite of it, and I have it from the best authority that she was "extremely interesting." I myself found the whole story of Verulamium fascinating, and was intrigued to find recorded in cement the footprint of a dog which had crossed while the cement was setting, and the flint thrown after him to drive him off.

We visited the hypocaust only recently unearthed (for the benefit of the ignorant and those without a dictionary, this is the underground boiler-room of Roman central heating) and having discovered the aforementioned ices and discarded their wrappings, we visited the grass covered theatre. At length we returned to the buses like so many fishermen (Mr. Lenz's sou'wester created this illusion) and patiently awaited the return of one over-zealous explorer who casually rolled up after two search parties had returned from a fruitless search. This delayed us considerably, but we found time to take a quick look at the very beautiful Abbey of St. Albans.

The pillars of the nave are partly Early English and partly Norman, which, instead of their usual round form, are here square, since the builders constructed this older part of the Abbey with stone taken from the nearby Roman wall. The building really consists of three styles of architecture, Norman, Early English and Decorated. The reredos behind the main altar is magnifient and the numerous ornate shrines and lady chapels are exceptionally beautiful.

We emerged from the Abbey to find that the rain had gone for good, and the journey home was completed in welcome evening sunshine. I don't know how the other bus fared, but in mine the current couples appeared to have congregated and all were fast asleep, so that any half-hearted attempts at "Riding Down to Bangor" from the back seat soon petered out.

We reached home fully convinced that we had all caught double pneumonia, but nevertheless very contented and pleased with life. Those of us who had taken our "swot" books suddenly awoke to the fact that they had remained more often shut than open. However, all of us thank those who organised the outing very sincerely, and I'm sure that the lower part of the school look hopefully to your carrying on as an excellent School tradition this respite before examination agonies begin.

Barbara A. Condor (Age 18)

HIGHWAYMAN'S SURPRISE

UNDER the rock the highwayman stood
Until the mail coach did appear.
  Along it came at a rattling pace,
  As if it were trying to win a fast race,
And the driver trembled with fear.
From under the rock the highwayman leaped.
"Stand and deliver!" he cried.
  The mail coach it stopped,
  The door open popped,
And there stood a man dressed in hide.
He sprang from the coach and he cocked both
      his guns.
"Reach for the skies!" were his words,
  "You'll come now with me
  And you'll hang on that tree,
To be pecked at by all sorts of birds!"
Now let that be a lesson to all who read this,
Who want to be highwaymen here.
  Don't hold up the mail
  Or you'll end up in jail,
For robbery is no career.

Hanno Simon (Age 11)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

IT was early in the morning, and I was in one of those dozes when you can hear the telephone bell ringing, but pretend that you can't. I stumbled out of bed, managed to grab my dressing gown, at least I thought I had, but it turned out to be only the girdle, and one slipper. Then I remembered—of course I had put in an alarm call,

It all came back to me: I've got to get up early; I'm going to see a film director; I shall be a film star.

I answered the phone. The operator said, "I have been ringing you for seven minutes." I said "I am very sorry but I have been getting out of bed." If she had had any idea how cold I was she would have rung off.

Well, now come with me into the Film Director's office in Grosvenor Street. He was seated in what looked to be a very comfortable chair in front of a desk. I was on the other side of the desk in not such a comfortable chair. It was very low and it was as much as I could do to see over the top of the desk.

The first thing he did was to light a cigarette, and then he gave me one. I kept saying to myself, "This cost fourpence." Then I thought, "This is my chance; I'm going to be a film star, James Mason, Christopher Watt. Yes, that sounds good." Well, after a very lengthy discussion on practically everything except films, he said, "Well, you have got the job."

Those six words stuck in my memory until I got to the studios. This was another early morning. I was on the set, dressed and made up by eight prompt. How one does wish for a 44-hour week!

When I first got to the studios I was given a dressing room. This room is set aside for the sole purpose of dressing and undressing.

After a lapse of time of about three minutes, I went on to the set. If any of you are very interested in what went on between that time and when shooting started, I will write a book about it. The book will be published in eighty-nine volumes, consisting of three thousand pages each, and I shall call it "*The Lost Week-end.*" Well, I went to the studios every day that week, and shooting started in the middle of the following week. It didn't worry me; I got paid for every day I went. Oh! you can't imagine how stimulating it is to see a smile on the bank manager's face.

Shooting is equally boring. You merely learn your lines, and then say them without your script. I understood that in the olden days, at least in 1939, actors used to try to cheat by using their script.

We did thirty-eight shots of one scene, and it so happened that the refreshments came round in the middle of this scene, so I got no refreshments. I think this was specially arranged. After a long time someone decided it was lunch time. I had decided this a long time before, but they wouldn't take any notice. I got as much lunch down as I possibly could, only to be late in getting back, the red light was on in the studios and the door automatically locked. "Open the door, Richard," I called, and somebody did, only it was Bill. He was a great friend of mine. I used to help him with his football pools, or at least he used to help me.

The same old stuff went on through the afternoon until 7.20 in the evening when I went home tired, about six inches shorter, but a film actor. So look out for me. There is no point in waving to me when you see me on the screen because I shall not be able to see you.

CHRISTOPHER WATT
(1943—6)

ESSEX JUNIOR JAMBOREE, 1947

LAST Whitsun a small group of the senior scouts of the Second Saffron Walden (Friends) Troop were invited to take part in a County Jamboree, which was to be held at Danbury Park, near Chelmsford, over the Whitsun week-end.

After much planning on the part of our patrol leaders the great day arrived. We started off from the School at 2.30 on Saturday, May 24th, under the leadership of Robin Pawsey, our Assistant Scoutmaster, and after a very enjoyable but uneventful journey we arrived at Danbury Park at 3.30.

After much difficulty we found the camp site allotted to us. The District Commissioner of the District Camp then introduced himself to us and offered us a great deal of valuable help.

Tents were soon erected without difficulty, sleeping places allotted and sleeping bags put out. Then tea was prepared and eaten, all food for the week-end having been kindly provided by the School.

Our first big event was at 6 p.m. when the formal opening of the Jamboree took place at the main flagstaff. The flagbreak was followed by a speech from the County Commissioner and then there was a practice for the rally for the Chief Scout who was to arrive next day.

This over we returned to camp for supper and bed at 9.30. Everybody slept well considering that for many of us it was our first night under canvas.

Next day wood was collected, fires lit and breakfast prepared, eaten and cleared away, tents tidied for morning inspection by the District Commissioner at 10 o'clock.

This went off far better than any of us expected. We were not criticised at all. By now, however, we were beginning to remember the things we had inevitably forgotten—clocks, axe, mirror and tin opener to mention but a few.

At what we thought was about twelve o'clock, Pawsey, Clymo and myself went off to see if we could borrow some salt or pepper (another thing forgotten) from a friend in the 1st Braintree Troop whom we

discovered to be at the farthest possible corner of Danbury Park. Casually asking him the time we heard that it was one o'clock. The Chief Scout was timed to arrive at our camp site at quarter to two. The run which followed brought back happy memories of sports day the previous week. Dinner was hastily prepared by the cooks who through the whole week-end did a grand job considering they were tenderfoots with very little experience of camping.

By now the flap and hurry had subsided as we discovered every camp site in the district was also preparing a dinner.

To see the Chief Scout is one of the greatest ambitions of all full-blooded boy scouts.

As the time drew near the tension grew. The District Scoutmaster rose, all eyes turned to an opening in the trees from which the Chief Scout was expected to enter. High scouting personalities began to appear; hardly a word was spoken. Then he came. With one accord the four troops rose, yelling at the top of their voices, tore across the clearing and stopped. The Chief Scout in his Scotch tartan kilt, magnificently varnished thumb stick and rows of colourful badges, stood and talked to everybody in general, but no one in particular. Then he passed on to other troops and as he passed further from us the cheering grew less and less audible.

Dinner finished and cleared away, a demonstration of camp games by experts followed which was very interesting.

Then came the great event, the rally for the Chief. On three sides of a square stood the troop flagbearers. Fifty yards away with heads covered ostrich fashion, lay three thousand scouts from all parts of Essex. Then at the blast of a whistle forward went the three thousand yelling at the top of their voices. Just for a moment try to imagine the noise that three thousand lusty lads can make and you will get somewhere near the noise that arose that Sunday afternoon at Danbury Park.

However up to now luck had been very distinctly on our side, but fate had to intervene. Firstly an insignificant scoutmaster signalling to his scouts to get cracking blew his whistle to attract their attention which it did, but it also was taken for the general charge signal and everybody charged. Fortunately loudspeakers were in operation and the mistake was soon rectified.

Our second unlucky incident occurred in the official charge when one of our number tripped and was nearly trodden into the ground by those behind. However, the injuries turned out to be not as bad as was at first expected.

The next big event was the departure of the Chief. We lined the half mile long drive and waited. Presently, after a bugle call, the Chief came down the drive in a magnificent blue car. For me this was the grandest experience of the whole week-end, to hear wave after wave

of cheers coming down the wind and then to see him in his red tartan kilt, standing in his car acknowledging the cheers. As he passed out of the gate we realised that this was probably the end of the greatest event in our scouting career.

Next we had tea, followed by camp games which will, I hope, prove useful on future occasions.

Then followed the Jamboree camp fire. At this time I began to realise the real beauty of Danbury Park. On one side was a gentle slope with little tents dotted about stretching right down to the edge of a lake. On the other side of the lake began the densely wooded country on a very steep bank rising majestically against the evening sky.

At the camp fire the programme was something similar to our end of term concerts with songs alternated by small troop sketches which were very good indeed.

Thus ended a very enjoyable Sunday, and after supper we turned in to sleep like tops till next morning.

By now the Jamboree was nearly over. We had another equally satisfactory inspection and at 12 o'clock we went up to the main flag-staff for the official closing of the Jamboree. This consisted of flag-down and a speech by the County Commissioner.

Dinner was soon over and a leisurely afternoon of games and ices was enjoyed. Then tents were packed, tea eaten and camp site cleared up ready for the return journey. This was also uneventful and we returned to School to find them enjoying the Old Scholars' entertainment.

So ended one of the most enjoyable week-ends I have ever had, thanks to an excellent team spirit on the part of everybody concerned and the grand work done by the cooks and Patrol Leaders. It made us all realise that we are not just one small isolated troop, but a branch of the greatest youth movement ever devised and founded by man.

Paul Honigmann (Age 13)

NEWS FROM THE TRAVELLERS

[*Further extracts from letters received from Mr. Littleboy*]

BEFORE we left for Philadelphia we re-sorted all our luggage as we have brought a lot of the wrong clothes. With the American practice of house temperatures at 65—70 degrees or even higher, our "winter woollies" are wholly out of place, so we have packed one of our cases with unwanted things and have dumped it until our return. In Philadelphia we visited Wanamaber's. It is just *too* big. I imagine that there is nothing from a postage stamp upwards that cannot be obtained there. In the centre is a huge open hall reaching up five or six stories at least. In the centre of this hall is a beautifully modelled bronze eagle—some ten feet from beak to tail,

and "meet you at the eagle" is a common Philadelphian phrase, the meaning of which we now know.

We came out here to Pendle Hill, an interesting place with characteristics of both Woodbrooke and Jordans. For us this is a period of quiet and rest which we are much appreciating. Yesterday we were encouraged to sleep late, and then, after breakfast, we became thoroughly English, and walked about 1½ miles through lanes mildly reminiscent of Surrey to Media to do some simple shopping. But to walk 3 miles by choice when a car could easily have been available, does make some of these people look in surprise.

The American passion for advertising fills us with astonishment. War-time paper restriction has made us forget the pre-war size of newspapers, but even allowing for this the *New York Times* of 40-48 pages seems quite a big thing. On Sundays it is three times as big. Of this a large proportion—perhaps 60%—is advertising matter. The radio is all based on advertisement. It is a bit disturbing when after news of an item of Congress at Washington and an account of the English weather, the announcer in exactly the same tone of voice goes on: "As a result of a popular vote, it is decided that X's popcorn is the best. Go and get a packet at once for your breakfast." He then returns to discuss the Security Council of U.N. or other news of the day.

To-day the snow is the main topic of conversation—quite out of the ordinary apparently. Roads all over the district are blocked. In the West town area schools are closed until roads are cut through the blocks. Much of the road clearing machinery has been unable to tackle the heavy work set for it and has broken down. We were invited out to tea at a house nearby nearly two miles from Westtown School and we were glad to go by taxi as the sheets of snow driving in the wind would have made walking most unpleasant.

We have been taken to a great private glasshouse and garden belonging to the Du Pont people (America's chemical king). These are open to the public almost always and are wonderful. Imagine all the Kew Gardens glasshouses put into one continuous series and you will have something similar. The main part is a lofty building with lawns and flowering shrubs and plants all round. Mostly things are in pots and consequently there is a frequent change and fresh things are continually brought out from the forcing houses. No attempt is made to keep things in season, and in different places we saw daffodils, roses, orchids, stocks, petunias, carnations, and heaps more whose names I did not know. Bananas, oranges, lemons and grapefruit were growing on trees. It was so strange to see these lovely flowers, many of them tropical, and just a few inches away outside the glass, the snow piled up.

Washington is a lovely city. My memory of it from 1923 was not in the least overdone, though the presence of vast temporary Government offices in the open spaces has spoilt it somewhat. The Capitol is a very beautiful building by day and by floodlight, and the memorial of Abraham Lincoln is the most satisfying thing of its kind. Simple,

dignified and restrained, with an outsize statue of Lincoln sitting in a chair, it is just perfect. At night the statue is lit up with a pale lighting that is most beautiful. We went up the Washington Memorial—555 feet 5 and one-fifth inches according to the guide book. About 30 feet from the top are look-out holes so that you caught the most wonderful bird's eye view of the city and district. There are 896 steps in the staircase—so we were told—but there is a lift!

The status of an American College is different from that in England. The Sixth Form of a good English school will cover most, if not all, of the work of the first two College years. I know this is in detail true in Maths., Physics and Chemistry, and I see no reason to think the position different in other subjects. The result is that the American College B.A. Degree (given after 4 years) is markedly below the English Degree. In fact the American M.A. appears to be about the normal English B.A. standard.

I am impressed by the number of bad car drivers in America. We have had many anxious moments—not the least of them on this trip, when after sailing gaily past a stop sign, we twice left the concrete part of the road altogether with one pair of wheels. As the concrete often stands two or three inches *above* the level of the outer part of the road, this kind of occurrence may result in complications.

Colorado Springs town is on the edge of the plain, and there is nothing whatever to give the slightest impression that you are now 6,000 feet above sea level. To the east stretches this interminable flatness—in fact it slightly shelves downwards. Westward the mountains rise practically without foothills. Pike's Peak—14,000 feet high, snow capped and gleaming in the sun—is the highest peak and is 10 miles away. We arrived at the Grand Canyon in the dark, and found our quarters in a rather romantic one-storey log cabin with all modern conveniences within. It is on the rim of the canyon, but all we could see at night was a curious velvety blackness where the canyon lay. The next morning was brilliant and there before us lay the canyon. From the rim it is not usually possible to see the river at the bottom, as the last section of the canyon is so narrow a gully. At the top it is 5 to 15 miles across, and the top edge is practically level for miles. The vertical depth to the river is just over a mile, though the trail to the bottom takes 8 miles. It is quite true that there is a continual change of colouring as the day passes. Different rock-formations are exposed, some showing a blue-grey tint, others the limestone white and others quite a pronounced red. In the passage of time the erosion process has cut the most fantastic shapes in the rocks, so that there are now islands, peaks, knife-edges and all sorts of shapes standing out in the canyon itself. Here and there it is possible to get a glimpse of the Colorado river at an actual direct distance of three miles. It looks insignificant without a telescope, but by a telescope it is revealed as a turbulent flood, 300 feet wide, flowing at anything up to 20 m.p.h. and muddy. There is a Government measuring station beside the river for calculating the silt. On a normal day it carries one million tons of silt per day.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION

THIS Association had its first meeting in the Autumn of 1945 and has since met twice a year—in the Spring and Autumn Terms. No meeting is held in the Summer Term as General Meeting provides an opportunity for parents to visit the School.

It has been customary, in the past, for parents to attend the School Lecture on the Saturday evening and afterwards have coffee in the Library and Dining Hall, to meet members of the Staff for informal conversation. The meeting on Sunday afternoon has been a more formal one.

Many parents have attended the Association meetings regularly and have expressed appreciation of the usefulness of such an occasion. But there are also many parents who have not yet availed themselves of membership of the Association and come to the gatherings. All parents are automatically members of the Association whether they pay a subscription or not, and all are equally welcome. While the subscription of 2/6 a year for each family is entirely voluntary, it is hoped that as many parents as possible will subscribe, to enable a fund to be built up for meeting incidental expenses of the Association, for example, provision of lecturers, etc.

Subscriptions can be sent at any time to the P.T.A. Secretary at the School.

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *The Abbotsholmian, Beckside, By Kent and Skerne, The Cupola, The Georgian,* and *The Magazine of the Friends' School, Lancaster.*

EDITORIAL BOARD: Arnold Brereton (President), Margaret G. Yapp (Treasurer), Margaret H. Bates, Renate Bondi, Nina Bailey, Martin Chesworth.

Subscriptions (3/6 post free) should be sent 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 or Headmistress 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

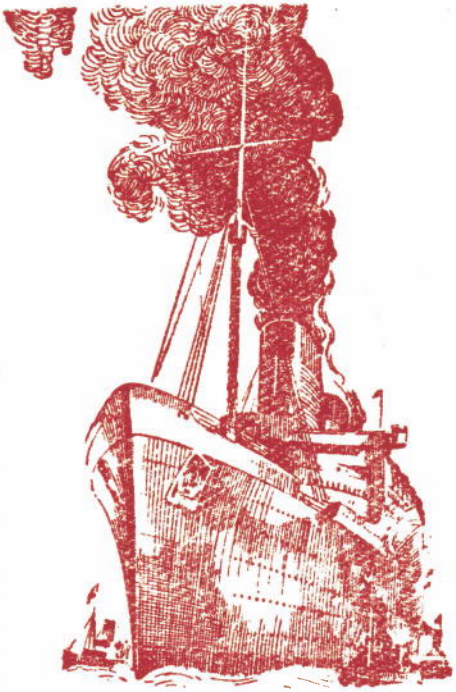
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