THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

JULY, 1950

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 40 JULY, 1950 No. 114

EDITORIAL

IT is the prerogative of a school magazine to have bricks and half-pence thrown at it, with the bricks in a prominent position. *The Avenue* has been by no means free of these in the past, is not free of them now and will be exceedingly unfortunate if free of them in the future. The latest complaint is: "What a rotten magazine we've got!" The ponderous, official and positively the final editorial answer to this is: "It is in your own hands." We want material from you, the readers, which is both interesting and printable! In past years the same faithfuls have subscribed and we hope they will continue to do so, but we must have fresh contributors if we are to be successful. Manuscripts may not be accepted by the editorial board the first time; Emett had copy persistently returned with polite notes before becoming established as a *Punch* artist. This should not spell discouragement to a would-be contributor—rather it should spur him to greater effort to make sure of inclusion in the next edition.

The function of an editorial is to comment on events and this, as an orthodox editorial, could comment on many things but will not, for security reasons. However, one or two things cannot escape notice: the girls' 6th form hats for one and the liquor situation for another. Pungent comments were let loose by eminent French statesmen over the addiction of France's younger generation to Coca-Cola, stress being laid on its harmful effects. Have we a comparable situation here where the inhabitants seem fast becoming Tizer addicts? Common occupations on half-holiday afternoons appear to be either the consumption of this no doubt delectable nectar with its attendant after-effects, or shaking the bottle vigorously so disturbing the contents that any passer-by is swamped by a deluge spouting from a wildly gyrating bottle-neck. Fortunately for the stability of the School we have been informed that Tizer is "fit for a babe" and, unlike France and her Coca-Cola, we shall not fall.

DE OMNIBUS REBUS

THE Summer Term always seems to bring with it some leavers amongst the Staff. This year we are sorry to say farewell to Sister Boase, Miss Cottrell, Miss Murray, Miss Johnson and Mr. Haselgrove. Sister Boase will be nursing at a maternity hospital in London, while Miss Cottrell continues teaching at Westonbirt School in Gloucestershire. Miss Murray will be a housekeeper at Nonington Physical Training College, but Miss Johnson tells us she has not yet made up her mind whose house she is going to keep. We shall not, we hope, be losing Mr. Haselgrove altogether, as he will be teaching at the new school here in Saffron Walden.

* * * * *

Since Mr. Lenz left us two years ago, the Biology Laboratory has changed hands several times. Mr. Geoffery Thomas has now come to teach Biology at the School, and we welcome him to what we hope will be a long and happy stay here.

* * * * *

By the end of this term we shall have had quite a few foreign visitors at the School: Miss Leeb-Lundberg, Mme. Vassou, a headmistress from Greece, came to the School to study British education. On a similar mission Mme. Kinjava visited us during a round-the-world trip from Siam, as well as James Furbay, our friend from America. Then we would like to welcome four foreign scholars who will have been staying at the School: Irene Crusius and Erica Korengel (following the visit of their headmistress last term); Jean-Jacques Celly from France and Leonard Lundberg from Sweden.

* * * * *

This year several people have received prizes for their leisure-time activities and we would like to congratulate the following:—Richard Green for archæological work; Michael How for the work he has done for our dramatic productions; James Dutton and Roger Tregear for woodwork; Alison Dawe for weaving; Rosalind Rumsey, Malcolm Harvey, Una Millet and Eleanor Marriage for the valuable contributions they have made to the School's music.

* * * * *

It is with very great pleasure that we announce successful entries of the following to university colleges or medical schools:—Michael How to Reading University, Pamela Boast to Westfield College, London; Mary Sargeant to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, Wendy Hopkins to the Radcliffe Infirmary.

* * * * *

Several senior members of the School went to Junior Yearly Meeting this year. The School as a whole is now taking an active part in this, for two of our number were group-leaders this year and three of us are on next year's Arrangements Committee.

* * * * *

It is with the greatest regret that we record the death of Michael Godden, an old scholar of this School, who was killed recently in a boating accident on the Thames. We send our deepest sympathy to all his relatives and friends.

CHRISTOPHER HOLMES

THERE are so many in the School who have their own memories of Chris that it is very difficult for one person to be asked to write something which will try to represent what we all want to say. Some will remember him as a Scout, others as a bedroom prefect, or in a History class, or in many other ways. We shall not easily forget the picture of him with his head a little on one side and a rather shy smile on his face. Never loud or demonstrative, when he volunteered a comment from the back of a form meeting it was always something helpful and this typified his attitude through his later years at school. That he cared that a job should be well done was shown in the way he would do a piece of carpentry; because of this he was a person we all relied on; when help was wanted in some community task, if Chris had not already seen the need and volunteered himself, he was never found wanting when asked.

He had the gift of a naturally friendly approach to everyone and I think it was because he quite deliberately approached everyone—older and younger—in such a way, that we have such happy memories of him. Chris cared, too, very much for this School and for its reputation and for the people in it. When he could no longer be here, he thought continually of us; the last pictures he saw of the School were of the boys going across to Assembly on a sunny morning. Quite out of proportion to his age we have so much to be thankful for in the life that Chris lived in school here; not only for things that he did, but that we have had our lives enriched by knowing him. We are profoundly glad that our community was the one in which Chris was happy and could use his gifts of service and friendship.

GAMES

FOOTBALL

1st XI Notes.

Record :—Played 16, won 9, drawn 1, lost 6.

During the Spring Term the 1st XI played six matches. Three of these were won, one drawn and the other two lost by substantial margins. On the whole it has been a creditable season's performance and How has captained the side very well. Where defeats occurred, it was usually at the hands of larger schools with vigorous direct methods. Against these we had no answer, for most of our heavier players lacked the skill and all of our lighter ones the physique, to resist such onslaughts. Thus the defence

was normally fairly sound, but liable to give way under pressure of long duration ; the attack never really recovered from the loss of Brown and Atkins at Christmas. Clymo worked very hard and schemed well, whilst Cadman proved a fast dribbler and a very good shot. However, two forwards do not beat good defences, and we have had to play throughout the Spring Term with only two forwards of genuine 1st XI standard. However, Webb, Ziegler and Honigmann are much improved players and it is to them and this year's Under 15's that we shall look for a solution to this forward problem. Our defence should be reasonably sound.

1st XI colours have been awarded to W. G. Abrey, who gave some first-class performances of goalkeeping. A. Spendlove, J. Dutton, R. Clymo and J. Cadman, in addition to M. How (captain) had already received their colours.

Under 15 Notes.

Record :—Played 9, won 2, drawn 1, lost 6.

The Under 15 XI suffered from lack of thrust. In all their games they showed ability to control and use the ball, but did so far too often at walking pace. They were often at a disadvantage through being opposed by a bigger and heavier side.

Several players improved considerably during the season. Dutton captained the side efficiently and played with success in the forward line and, when necessary, at full back. Skelton and Wood were strong defenders, Frizzell worked tirelessly, while Bennett adapted himself well to the unfamiliar position of centre-forward.

Under 13 Notes.

Record :—Played 10, won 0, drawn 2, lost 8.

Judging by results only, the Under 13 XI has not had a successful season, but, in spite of their losses, several of which were by the single goal, the individual players gained valuable experience.

It must be remembered that most of their matches are against schools with large numbers in this age group to draw upon, or against Prep. Schools where the team is virtually the School XI. This state of affairs will obviously continue, but it is up to the team to develop the extra drive and tenacity to overcome these odds. Too many of the players came off the field ready to play another game instead of having exhausted all their energy during the match.

The chief weakness lay with the forwards, who allowed the opposing defence too much latitude, so that our defence was over-worked. Two hard-working inside forwards are needed who will give all their energy to helping the attack and the defence.

Of the players, Sillitoe, in goal, deserves special mention as he always played well and at times brilliantly.

ATHLETICS

Middle and long distance track events, together with a number of field events, were completed by the end of the Spring Term, and on the last Saturday of term, the Senior Cross-Country, followed by all the Relay Races, provided an interesting afternoon.

Edwards ran extremely well to win both the mile (5 m. 12⅖ s.) and the Cross-Country (21 m. 40⅘ s.), the latter only 6 secs. slower than the School record. The middle distance races became a duel between How and Fieldgate, each of whom recorded a first and a second. Cadman won the Throw, Dutton (J.) the Javelin, and Burman the Discus. In all three the standard was good. Another Senior performance worthy of mention was that of Clymo, who ran second to Edwards on both occasions and, in addition, gained two third places in field events. One Senior record was broken, the Lister team of How, Cadman, Fieldgate and Lewis reducing 1 m. 52⅘ s. to 1 m. 50⅖ s. for the Half-mile course.

For other age levels we must content ourselves with an "Honours List" of those who earned 10 points or more for their House. These are: Shepherd, Bennett (Under 15's); Baker (Under 14's); Dunstan, E. (Under 12's). In fairness to several others, however, it must be pointed out that they have not yet completed their quota of events, and have not had the chance of recording the two "firsts" that would give them 10 points. A report on Summer Term Athletics will follow.

CRICKET

A report on the whole season with full results and records will be given in the next issue, but it is already evident that a moderately successful season is in progress.

1st XI captaincy is in the hands of R. Clymo, who has revealed a considerable measure of competence in this intricate and all-important art. If a side in school cricket has good fielding ability, three really good batsmen, two good bowlers, a real wicket-keeper and last, but by no means least, an experienced captain, that side will do very well. Our fielding has been much improved of late, but it must be realised that the dropped catch, or the bad return to the wicket, may mean all the difference between winning and drawing a match, or between forcing a draw and defeat. As so often happens, our best bowlers and batsmen are also our best fielders. They have realised, I think, that their fielding wins matches almost as much as their 50's or their 5 wickets. Cadman, Dutton (J.) and Clymo are, then, the three boys on whom practically everything has depended; but to this general statement we must add Seekings for his batting—and one incredibly good catch—and the occasional individual success and constant effort of each boy.

To revert, then, to our list of requirements. We have three good batsmen—Cadman, Dutton and Seekings—and several

promising youngsters, notably Dutton (R.) and Frizzell. Cadman is not yet really sound in defence against good bowling, but must be given full credit for his stroke play, which is very good. He excels at punishing bowling with the edge off it, but like Dutton (J.) is much happier when the onerous task of playing oneself in has been achieved. Though at the moment (end of June) Cadman has made two good scores (65 and 106 not out) and Dutton one (55 not out), neither of them has "come off" as *often* as their ability warrants. Concentration is the answer. Seekings has shown on several occasions that he has the necessary concentration and his technique and stroke play are improving rapidly. His has been a most successful dèbut in school cricket.

We have not only two good bowlers—we have four or five. Cadman, Clymo and Dutton (J.) have all done exceptionally well with the ball, and Webb and Comber are both up to 1st XI bowling standard. Bowling has been our main strength, which Abrey has done his best to support, and he has not done badly. Nevertheless, the School does need a real wicket-keeper and this it has not had for four or five seasons at least.

The Whit-Monday match against the Old Scholars resulted in a win for the School. Mr. Whitlow played a model innings of 100 not out, leaving us a couple of hours in which to throw runs to the winds and let speed and spin do their work. This they accomplished two minutes from time.

Under 14 XI.

The Under 14 XI, under the captaincy of J. Skelton, has had quite a successful season so far. Of the matches played, two have been won, two lost and three have been drawn. Of the latter we should probably have won one of the games, lost the second, in which only a spirited stand by R. and E. Dunstan saved us from defeat; while the third game was very open.

Chalk has taken the greatest number of wickets, but he has been well supported by E. Dunstan, Osborn and C. Wood.

Skelton, Chalk and Marriage have all played useful innings, and Tregear has shown that he has the necessary patience for an opening batsman, but the batting as a whole tends to be too defensive and too many opportunities of attacking the bowling are lost.

Ground fielding has often been ragged and again it is necessary to stress the fact that a fielder must be alert all the time he is on the field and that practice in fielding is as necessary as batting practice in the nets.

There has been keen competition for the last four or five places in the team, which is a healthy sign, especially as many of these boys will be available for one or two more seasons.

GAMES REPORT—GIRLS, January—July, 1950

DURING the Spring Term five of eight 1st XI matches were played. The team was successful on two occasions, had a draw on two others and lost only one. Fifteen goals were scored during the term and only eight against them. The match against Herts and Essex High School was an excellent game, and though the team lost 2—1, they were very thrilled to have so nearly beaten them, as on previous occasions the score has been considerable and always against them. Several attacks by the excellent team work of the attacking forwards were frustrated by Jane Newman, who played a very good defensive game. I think from this match that the 1st XI learnt that the secret of a good forward line is the joint effort of all its members over and over again to break down the defence.

The 2nd XI were not very successful, and I felt it was in some measure due to their playing on many occasions " left-overs " from 1st XV's in the larger schools, so that next season we shall play an Under 15 XI instead of a 2nd XI.

A start was made to encourage interest in Netball, a game which is played internationally—as is Hockey—and it is hoped that the autumn of 1950 will see Friends' School netball teams reporting several successes.

The Old Scholars at Lecture Week-end played the 1st XI and beat them 3—1.

1st XI	Goal	Jane Newman.
	Left back	Gwyneth Jackson.
	Right	Jean Strachan.
	Left half	Wendy Hopkins.
	Centre half	Lindy Rumsey.
	Right half	Judy Baker.
	Left wing	Olga Sheeran.
	Left inner	Naomi Sargant.
	Centre forward.. ..	Benita Barber.
	Right inner	Clare Moon.
	Right wing	Elizabeth Rice.

The weather was not very good when the Staff turned out to play the School at Hockey, and though several attempts were made to score one goal at least, Michael Littleboy blew " Time " with no reward for our efforts, and the School won by four goals.

At the end of the term there were also House matches, when each House had a Junior and Senior Hockey and Netball team. The final results were :—

1st Lister. 2nd Tuke. 3rd Mennel.

The Summer Term has brought little success to the 1st VI. Much more practice is needed in basic strokes and more time must be given to positioning and above all, a very great deal depends in Doubles on being able to make a joint effort to gain points.

The 2nd VI only lost one match out of four, and I think this was very creditable, as the beginning of the season found me wondering if we could have a 2nd VI at all. Well done, 2nd VI !

1st VI	1st couple	Benita Barber Lindy Rumsey.
	2nd couple	Mary Sargeant Jane Newman.
	3rd couple	Clare Moon Judith Baker.
	1st couple	Elizabeth Rice Jean Strachan.
	2nd couple	Jennifer Rose Naomi Sargant.
	3rd couple	Susan Whiteman Jennifer Edwards.

Several Rounders matches have been played and the Under 13 team have won three out of five played. Bowler Jill Baker, Backstop Janet Burlingham and 1st post Janet Hunn have made a very good trio and several opponents have been out before reaching first post.

The Under 15 team did not have as much success, though Margaret Pilgrim was a good back-stop with a swift and accurate 1st post throw usually well caught by Jane Goodrich. Patricia Chuter has developed a fast bowl which surprised several batsmen.

At General Meeting whilst the " Fathers " played cricket the " Mothers " played the 1st Tennis VI. The School VI won all but one match.

The " Mothers " team were :—

1st couple	Mrs. Seekings Mrs. Overall.
2nd couple	Mrs. Smith Mrs. Trett.
3rd couple	Mrs. Herbert Mrs. Paul.

We also had a short swimming sports event, when Mennel took first place, with Tuke second and Lister third.

Before the end of term, in addition to an Athletic match with Castle Street School and our own Sports, we hope to have a Girls and Masters against Boys and Mistresses tennis match and the Staff may even meet the challenge to a Rounders match !

D.K.

BOYS' SWIMMING, 1950

THE fact that last year the swimming bath was out of commission for half the summer term, due to the unsafe condition of the roof, undoubtedly had an adverse effect on our state of preparedness at the beginning of this year. However, stimulated by the prospect of two matches early on, training began with zest and the keenness has been well maintained, as evidenced by an improvement in style and performance and a sizeable entry for the Life Saving Exams.

The first match was a triangular contest between the Granta, the Leys School and ourselves, in the Leys Baths at Cambridge. We were very much the cow's tail, but we learned a lot and we were fortunately able also to watch a few events of a Varsity swimming match which followed and which taught us a good deal, too.

In the match against the two Old Scholars' teams at Whitsuntide, the School again came last, but this time only just.

At General Meeting the greater part of the events in the House Swimming Competitions were held in a 45 minutes impromptu programme. There were some close finishes.

The highlight of the term has still to come—the match with the Granta Club of Cambridge. Each year we keep hoping to beat these worthy and sporting rivals. Perhaps this year we may succeed. At any rate, it won't be for want of trying or of keenness.

B. B. J.

THE WEST INDIES AT CAMBRIDGE

THIS year's party to visit Fenner's on May 18th was composed of members of the Boys and Under 14 Elevens, as it was felt that these would obtain most benefit from watching first-class players.

The first day's play had indicated a perfect wicket, as over five hundred runs had been scored for the loss of three wickets. In spite of this total, Cambridge continued their innings, and we arrived in time to see some lively hitting by May and Stevenson. At the end of an hour's play the University declared at 594 for 4 wickets.

Goddard, who as yet had not made many runs in England, did not open the innings, and instead sent in Christiani, normally a number five or six batsman, with Stollmeyer.

The Cambridge fast bowlers opened the attack, occasionally making the ball swing away quickly and, before the score reached thirty each batsman had given a reasonably easy catch in the slips, which had been dropped. After these two chances the ball was not lifted again, as by perfect footwork the batsmen got to the pitch of the ball, and, when the spin bowlers came on, Christiani, in particular, began to score heavily.

During the lunch interval the teams were photographed in front of the pavilion and, to the delight of many, pictures of the crowd watching this appeared in *Picture Post.*

After lunch neither batsman looked like getting out. Christiani reached his century in two and a half hours ; an innings full of good strokes, until he was out, l.b.w., when trying to hook a ball slightly short of a length.

Stollmeyer was out to a brilliant one-handed catch by Doggart in the gully, and, although his rate of scoring was slower than Christiani's, he was never uninteresting.

Worrell and Weekes continued to collect runs, and although Worrell was not timing the ball perfectly, he played many strokes which could only be played by one of the really great cricketers of to-day. Weekes gave a masterly display of ruthless hitting, reaching his hundred in as many minutes, and at the close of play the West Indies were 379 for 3 wickets.

The Fenner's wicket was a batsman's paradise, but if over-prepared wickets, such as this, are going to become common, all interest in the result of a game will go. At no time during the day was there any duel between bat and ball and the chief interest lay in the number of runs the batsmen would score in the time available.

From what we saw, the West Indies should prove popular visitors to this country ; at all times they were ready to go out to meet the ball, and the total number of balls which went through to the wicket-keeper was extremely small. Above all, they play the game with a spirit of enjoyment which, all too often, is missing from present-day cricket.

K.L.W.

BEAST OF BURDEN

HE comes—his sleek back shining in the sunlight, his light, graceful form posed almost motionlessly, his noble head held proudly forward, his firm feet whirling almost noiselessly over the hard surface of the ground. As he approaches, the chief points of his magnificent physique become apparent ! The symmetry of his build is amazing, and the surplus weight and substance which is so often painfully obvious in members of his species, is shown by his appearance and movement to have been successfully dispensed with. The smooth working of his joints is a wonder to behold, and the ease and power of his movements must inevitably excite admiration in all who observe him. He comes, this noble creature, approaching smoothly and rapidly on his padded feet, with long, almost leisurely strides, from crowded haunts of man and beast, whose stuffy, cramped conditions offered no congenial environment for this free and freedom-loving being, to the wide open spaces and shady woods of the outer world.

Who would think this was a common beast of burden, a slave carrying his master, directed by him and not even able to go where he pleases ? But he is his master's faithful steed, this marvellous creature, though some would call him a machine, a mere means of transport. But he is more than that—more than a machine or a pack-animal—he is a bicycle.

Oliver Mahler, VI 2

NAMELESS

HAVE you seen it grow ?
I have seen it sprouting green
Between the careful flagstones of civilisation.
The blocks part, slow,
Mighty, weakly, strong roots
Push, too well and sharp for your civilisation.
I wish I knew what it is.

* * * * *

Perched, precarious, absurd on the hill,
We found a huge iron cauldron-tank.
The ground was mysterious, full of old cavities,
And we stood on the edge of the chalk cliff.
We saw dusty brushwood tangling up to us,
And down below was a red lorry
Beside a dwarfed zinc shed.
Then we turned and came to the rubbish-pit.
An ancient quarry, its high cliff edges still,
But lipping over slowly
To droll its upper contents to the depths.
(Keep back from there, a man broke his leg last week.)
We could see mangled remnants in the deep :
Twisted, tortured tricycles, push chairs,
Heaped rubber tyres, like thick, black wedding-rings ;
Inclined above them, a tipped magnitude of tins.
(All sorts there were, for ever tins !)
Eternity of tins, multi-coloured cannisters,
A moving, petrified avalanche of rubbish,
A town's accidental grandeur of dust.

We could see a perpetual shaking smoulder,
And where a comic-paper gaily blown
Glanced aside, showed pale flames eating,
(Always burning, they keep it, men tell me.)
And a slow sliding downwards. A sweetly smell,
Heavy with no sharpness, coiled like smoke
(Ain't it awful, that smell ?)
And filled the pit. Trafalgar Square was grey
And filled with pale movement. Pigeons, grey,
Wing-loaded the air with many dim tints.
(All sorts, there were, for ever pigeons !)
Pigeons on pink feet over pale flagstones
Or pale pinion against grey sky
Whirled the metropolis to nondescript tones
That paled the many children scattering crumbs.
(Like to feed the birds ? Buy a bag, lady.)
We could see men with cameras in and out the midst.
(Photograph ? That's a nice smile, lady.)
A little boy posed with a bird on his head,
While wings swept against the fountains'
Muscular bronze faintly green by weather.
(I didn't *want* a photograph, I said.)
The square is corroded, crumbling, wing-hidden,
Even a London bus is paled by the feathers :
All we have is grey tinted,
(Photograph ? No. No, thank you.)
Cascades of corroded cannisters.
(Feed the birds ? No, thank you.
Come on, let's go to Leicester Square.
Danny Kaye's showing somewhere near there.)

* * * * *

Knowing the name we should be no wiser.

Diana Jones

DOCKETED

(*What T. S. Eliot would term a ' five-finger exercise '.*)

A name and a number living
Encompass a personality ;
Yet a name is not descriptive, giving
No light on a personality.
My name has no part in me.
A telescoped morsel, I was labelled
On appearance. Engraved, it will remain
On stone : two dates and a name.

D. J.

THE RACE

CROUCHING low upon the cinders,
Crouching in the brilliant sunshine
Are the racers, engines purring,
Fifteen motors, gently warming,
Waiting till, at length, they're gliding,
Very slowly to the white line
Where the starter gives his signal
With a chequered flag and pistol.
Some are champions, some outsiders
Each one feels an urge for winning
Keen as any fighting racehorse
In a pageantry of power.
Then the Fiat in its scarlet
Leads the field on to the first bend
Challenged only by the Bentley,
Black and gray, its first time racing,
Crouching, like an angry panther,
Springing, with its engine roaring,
Down upon its rival leader.
Edging him towards the railings
Where his wheel with awkward bucking
Renders him a lot of trouble.
All his skill in driving's wanted,
Every ounce of strength is needed
'Gainst the sliding, spitting cinders,
Pinging off the Bentley's body ;

Every eye is on the rivals
Where a crash seems almost certain
Then at last they're clear and spreading
Till suddenly they're level, closing,
Each its driver glancing jealously
Each his hatred for the other.
Now they're neck and neck together
With the others far behind them
Looking just like clockwork models,
Then again the Bentley's leading,
Pushed in nearly to the railings,
Now they're through, and past the corner,
Past it with their engines screaming,
Speeding down the straight to victory,
Screaming, with the wind behind them
On towards the nearing finish
Where the crowds are yelling hoarsely ;
Now they're over, braking gently ;
Then the driver of the Bentley
Gets out from his racer smiling,
With his eyes all puffed and swollen,
Grinning cheerily to the cameras,
Proud as any driver could be,
All because he's won the Grand Cup,
Won it outright just for Britain,
Worthy of so great a driver
As the one that took the Bentley
Round the course without a mishap,
Round it in a heated struggle
With the Fiat as its rival.

D. F. Atkinson (L IVa)

CONCERNING TEA

THERE was once a Japanese Buddhist who went on a mission to East Central China to propagate his faith. The people to whom he preached, however, considered him a hypocrite so, in order to prove his sincerity, he vowed he would contemplate the virtues of Buddha for nine sleepless years. He accordingly

informed some of his friends of his intentions and told them of a certain tree under which he would be meditating. He also appointed one of them to bring him food and drink once a day so that he would not have enough to make him sleep.

After three years contemplation, however, he fell asleep and, on waking, so angry was he at his own weakness, that he called for a very sharp knife and, to the horror of all around him, he cut off his eyelids, one by one, placing them in a row before him. No sooner had he done this, however, than four bushes (one from each eyelid) sprang up for all to see. The Buddhist was indeed amazed and, thinking that they must be a gift from God, he considered it his duty to make as best a use of them as he could. He therefore stretched out his hand and took a few leaves from one of the bushes and began to chew them. These bushes were those of the tea plant and so delighted was this man to find that not only had they a delicious flavour, but also possessed stimulating properties, that he urged one of his friends to try them. This his friend did and, being of an inventive turn of mind, he suggested that if hot water was poured on to them, a most delicious and stimulating infusion would be the result. This was done and, by drinking it at frequent intervals the Buddhist was able to complete his vigil without any difficulty whatsoever.

Whether this be the way in which tea was discovered or not remains an open question ; but the fact remains that its discovery, whenever it was, has had not only a profound effect on the culture of China and Japan, but also on that of a large part of the rest of the world.

The Tea Ceremony or *Cha-no-yu*, as the Japanese call it, is a good example of the way in which tea has been incorporated into the religion, philosophy and social life of these people. This ceremony has its roots in the rituals of Zen (a sect of the Buddhist faith) and is based on the adoration of the beautiful in every-day life.

The ceremony is performed in a specially constructed house called a *chaseki*. This is built in such a way as to give an impression of poverty while combining simplicity with beauty. The door to the house is low and the guests, followed by the host, crawl in in an attitude of humility and settle themselves, kneeling, on the floor. The host faces his guests with the tea making apparatus on his left. Firstly the fire is lit, an act involving great skill as it must be performed with rapidity. The kettle (which is a tall, jar-like vessel made of bronze or iron) is filled with the purest of water and heated until " it murmurs like the lone pine trees by the sea," and then, with a series of beautiful and perfectly co-ordinated movements, the lid of the kettle is removed and the hot water ladled into the teapot in which " pulverised " tea has been previously placed. The infusion is then whisked and allowed to stand for a few minutes. The tea is then poured out into bowls which are placed before each guest by the host. The guests who drink their

tea before their host, first bow very low, placing their hands flat on the floor on either side of the tea bowl and then, when their minds have become perfectly attuned to the higher things in life—the good, the beautiful and the true—they take the bowl firmly in two hands and raise it until it is held before their bowed foreheads. It is held thus, in order to maintain perfect equilibrium, which is so essential to the proper receipt of any aesthetic ideas which the tea may bring. The tea is drunk in three draughts, the last one being an audible one which shows appreciation of the host. The bowl is then replaced and the guests then bow very low toward the host and implore him to take his tea, which he does after the same manner as his guests. There are many other customs connected with tea, but this tea ceremony, like the English Afternoon Tea, is a usual way of entertaining a guest or guests.

Tea was first heard of in Europe in the seventeenth century, and it was brought over to Europe by Dutch traders. The first lot of tea to be received in England was received by a lady in Hammersmith, who had a pound sent her from a friend in Holland. Not knowing how to use the tea, she served it up in a pie with butter and milk to some friends at a dinner party.

But tea became rapidly known in England and it was sold in the coffee houses of London. Then the idea of tea parties was started and it soon became a fashionable thing to do among the upper classes. Tea was imported from China in quite large quantities and the government imposed a heavy tax on tea. So heavy was this tax that it cost as much as £6 a pound at one time. Owing to the amount of tea smuggling, however, the tax was lifted.

Then came the discovery of Indian tea and this was imported in increasingly greater quantities because it came from a British Colony. The consumption of tea in England is higher than that of any other Western country ; in 1930 Great Britain was consuming tea at the rate of 500,000,000 pounds a year and the U.S.A., the second highest, was consuming only 88,500,000 pounds a year. The consumption of tea in China cannot be estimated.

Around tea drinking there have grown many customs in England and though there is no religious flavour about it, Afternoon Tea is certainly a kind of ceremony. In fact tea has become almost a necessity and is very much a part of our lives. There are two main types of tea : green tea and black tea. But even so, the only difference between them is in the manufacturing process. The leaves, after they have been picked, are crushed (" pulverised ") in rollers. This breaks down the cell walls and liberates the juice. The leaves are then placed in trays in a hot, dark, humid room to ferment. Fermentation is when oxydizing *entymes* oxydize the *tannin* (the drug of tea) into brown insoluble substances and it is this that gives black tea its dark brown colour. When green tea is made, fermentation is not allowed to go on for so long and thus there is more tannin in green tea. The leaves,

after they have been fermented are dried, graded, packed and sent away.

Of course there is an almost infinite number of different blends and flavours that tea can have. Some are scented with dried flowers. There is a Chinese saying something about " a thousand and ten thousand teas "—this is certainly very true.

Black tea is the tea that is exported from China, Japan, India and Ceylon. Green tea, rarely seen in England, is consumed in China and Japan. The best tea in the world is said to grow on the slopes of Fugi, Japan's sacred mountain and, in the days when the Emperor was considered to be the Son of God, only he and his courtiers were allowed to use it.

The American drinks tea only occasionally, but if he wishes to be particularly high class, he gives Afternoon Tea on English lines. But just as the American declares that Englishmen cannot make good coffee, so the Englishman finds that Americans cannot make good tea.

Tea is indeed an excellent drink when made correctly and, unlike lemonade, it can be drunk in large quantities and still enjoyed. It is a good stimulant for talk and sociability and it achieves this end without intoxication. As someone has said, cups of tea are " cups that cheer but not inebriate."

Adam Kendon, U.V

A WARNING TO WANDERERS

THE sea is still the master of us all,
It will continue always thus, and we
Or caught in tempest or in spiteful squall,
Or sailing forth upon the calmest sea,
Will never learn the secrets of the deep,
Those untold secrets, lying there asleep.

This everflowing, tossing, choppy sea
Continually rages, rolls and raves
And ripples onward to eternity.
I watch it froth and gurgle, waves on waves
And all its fury round the rough reefs pour
And roar incessantly on every shore.

The pounding surf comes raging to my ears
And conjures forth the grand rage of my life ;
Thus take I strength, mingled with hopes and fears
To batter my own, private seas of strife.
These foaming restless wavelets call to mind
The stormy destinies of human kind.

The soothing murmur of the mournful waves
Brings peace across the golden pebbled beach
And rises through the bitter spray which leaves
Out jutting rocks within its briny reach.
This murmur greets all ships upon the seas,
With flags and rigging flapping in the breeze.

Yet, these lugubrious billows, wild and dark
Have always held their terrors cold and grim,
Sandbank, or hidden rock, or white gilled shark
Lie close to snap the web of life of him
Who ventures fearless. Wanderer, take care,
And come not near the monster's watery lair.

Richard Green, VI 2

THE hot smell of nettles and the clovered earth
And grasses that feather-stitch the wind
As the nobbly ant leaves his crevasse-cracked soil
To forests of freckled grass.
Cloud-duned the sky, and the poppies in the sun
Are swaying to the surging of the trees.
Is it the music of the warm-rising air,
Or the happiness of humble-buzzing bees ?

Ruth Costain, VI 1

COMES a hush of suspense
As the orange lights dim
And the blue smoke stills on its upward flight
Hangs on the waiting air.
Frenzy : its wild pattern
Crowds jangling into my brain,
Tosses my heart on its discord
Till I melt into dust. Is it pain
Or ecstasy ?
I know not. Yet
The scraping bows of violins,
The baton which I cannot stay,
This rhythmic pulse tears at my soul
Which follows, singing, silver notes
Down the shades to blackness,
To the source of things.

Ruth Costain, VI 1

SAFFRON WALDEN

WALKING through a crowded London Underground station I caught a shred of conversation which, though isolated, was significant. I did not see the speaker, but recognised the voice as coming from the proverbial, peppery colonel with the red face and bristling white moustache.

" Saffron Walden ?—filthy hole ! Just a mass of slums and a few dilapidated cinemas. Absolutely dead on Sundays. I remember once my car broke down there and there wasn't .... " I heard no more.

The condemnation started me thinking about Walden. Is it so bad ? The colonel's attitude is quite understandable. We seldom judge a town by its merits on a single visit, but how we felt when we were there. A man with raging toothache can hardly appreciate the architectural significance of an historical town. In the future he will only remember it for his toothache and loathe it. I am in the enviable position of having wandered through Walden in every conceivable mood and so my opinions are not biassed. Besides this I am absent from the town long enough not to be a citizen and so can criticise freely with no personal attachment.

Like all good towns Saffron Walden's past is lost in the mists of time. Various prehistoric remains have been found ; also Celtic and Roman antiquities. There was a considerable Saxon settlement and various Saxon place names remain to-day : ' Wald,' for instance, is the Saxon word for ' forest ' ; ' Den ' is the Saxon for a ' valley.' ' Slade ' roughly means a ditch running through a town. Domesday Book states that the Manor of Waledon was held by Aurgur, Master of the Horse to Edward the Confessor. Cromwell and his army stopped at Walden for some days and tradition says that the ' Old Sun Inn ' in Church Street was his headquarters.

The most interesting part of the town is grouped around the Church. Here the buildings are old and mellowed and even the humblest houses with their uneven roofs, bulging walls and tiny barred windows, have a dignity of age about them. Then there are the Victorian houses, architectural horrors, that dominate the High Street, like so many forts with their ugly slate roofs and their over-decorated porches and windows. There are, of course, the recently built estate houses that range Pleasant Valley and similar roads, the abodes of the self-contained middle classes with their immaculate front gardens, their modest cars and their drowsy Tom cats blinking on the gate. There is one part of Walden, roughly east of the Common, which is an ungainly mixture of every form of building. Elizabethan half-timbered houses sprouting television masts, pre-fabs, like cork-topped matchboxes, scattered around, a blacksmith's forge which must be as old as the hills, an ancient music shop which looks the perfect place for procuring a Stradivarius, timber yards, factories, railway bridges, and of course

the gas works with the newly-built retort which, however practical it may be, dominates the whole scene like a deformed skyscraper.

The best time to see Saffron Walden is on Saturday evening when the Church bells are ringing their wild music through all the streets and alleys, when the shops have closed, when the week has ended and nobody in the street is working, but out for enjoyment and pleasure. Then is the best time to walk about the town to look at the streets, the buildings and the shops, to watch the people and to imagine that one can feel the soul of the place. You may look at the Cross Keys Hotel, the most picturesque and oldest inn in the town with its corner post said to have been a tree planted there many hundreds of years ago. You may wander into the Market Square with the old Town Hall standing right over the pavement, the Corn Exchange like a huge bookless library, and the hideous drinking fountain, dry as a bone. You will wander towards the Common and stand there a moment watching the rowdy games of cricket in progress and the 'buses parked on that tortuous piece of land. Go further up the hill and you will find the three main attractions for tourists—the Castle, the Museum and the Church. The Castle is a disappointment. Around the time-worn base runs a visitor-worn path etched by folk attempting to discover a way in. It does not exist. Their greatest reward is a forbidding railing over which they may peer and view a few broken-down implements of uncertain nature. The Museum is steeped in antiquity. When you enter the building it envelopes you and, as you wander through its dim, still rooms, relics of every age are ranged out before you. Here is a collection of the ugliest-looking guns and swords imaginable: there, as you enter the animal department, an elephant, a giraffe and a rhinoceros stare you full in the face with disturbing reality. Upstairs there are Saxon skeletons, smoked Maori heads, war drums and tomahawks. It is one of the most interesting and depressing places in the town.

The Church is the most beautiful building in Walden. It stands on its own hillock in the centre of the valley so that wherever you are it is always above you, standing where a church has stood since Norman times, erect and dignified. The interior is seen best in the evening with the Church almost empty, the organ playing softly and the red evening light making the stained glass windows hum with colour, softening the hardness of the pillars and outlining the delicate tracery of the oaken rood screen. I remember standing one evening outside the Church looking at the spire almost red in the dying sun's glare, long, pale and erect, tapering to the sky against an ominous background of thunder clouds—huge, black and menacing, slowly encroaching on the scene. It was a terrific sight heightened by the deadly hush which precedes the break of a storm, and I shall never forget it.

I could not finish writing about Walden without mentioning the School. It would almost be unforgivable. Yet if I started a laborious account of the buildings you know so well, or began to tell of the life of the School that is so familiar, the result would

be tedium. Now, with my school days rapidly coming to a close, I cannot but help remembering the past, both glorious and inglorious, all the scrapes I got into and nearly got into, all the successes and failures. In a few weeks from the time of writing the School and I will part company. It seems queer that it can end so quickly and easily; just to walk down the sloping drive for the last time and through the gates that are never closed. . . . .

Ian Coates, U. Vb

THOUGHTS OF A JUNIOR GIRL IN PREP.

I sit at my desk—"working"—with my books around me, feeling bored. Bother, my hair will get in the way and now I've got an itch. Try to concentrate once more: who was Louis XIV? Prime Minister of Ceylon, perhaps. I never did know the past historic of the verb to be cold. It's not exactly warm now, come to think of it. I wonder if Rachel knows?

Well! An earwig crawling across France! Now he's climbing up the Alps! Nice things, earwigs! Do they like ink, because there's a blot on Marseilles? Thinking of earwigs, are they herbivorous or carnivorous? Now he's washing the third leg down his left side. Or is it the second? How do you spell carnivorous? Is it three O's or two? Dictionary—haven't got one. Oh, well, herbivorous will do just as well.

Oh, dear, my pencil box has spilt and rolled three desks away. Better poke 'Lampost.' Ah, she's picked it up. She's bunging it back! Oh, missed!! O.K., it's in my lap.

I wipe the perspiration from my brow and an inky smudge has spread across my nose. Out comes the snitch and I capture the smudge in its folds. Help! What will Matron say?

What is the sense of mammals and why does this pen leak? Don't know why Miss Hull had to sew this button on here for. I bet she doesn't know who invented buttons to begin with!

Clang, clang, clang! Hooray! the bell. Now to go and play marbles.

Janet Holmes, L. Vb

OUR FIRST IMPRESSIONS

IF anyone should ask us to give our first impressions just in one sentence, we could not answer in a few words. Perhaps the difficulty lies in the fact that we have not yet got a complete impression. The first facts that struck us were the outer forms; the arrangement of the lessons, the number of pupils, the daily school life as a whole which is quite different from ours. We think it wonderful, but of greater importance to have the lesson just as an unchecked talk between teacher and pupils, where no compulsion presides or even prevails. We tried to do that in Germany, too, with less success, because mostly the differences in mind are too great.

It struck us a great deal that all the boys and girls seem to feel more at ease and are more joyful than we are over there in Germany. Many things appear to you to be much more a matter of course which we would discuss again and again and get very excited about in either a positive or negative way.

Another fact is your independence and self-consciousness on one side, and the spirit of community life, or what it may be called, on the other. Though all of you appear to be rather free in almost everything, you are in some way always connected, and supposedly this connection will exist even when you have left school.

We notice that you have a much better balance between physical and intellectual work, for here both sides are equally stressed. All these wonderful possibilities for playing games are surely the basis of a sound, healthy education, and we think this aim is worth while our striving for over there in Germany.

You see, you ask us to describe our first impressions of your School and perhaps of English life as well, and we have tried to express them. But they are not to be our judgment about it, for we cannot judge now or even after some days and probably never will be able to. Perhaps you miss anything about the 'Society of Friends' and its ideas and aims. But please, don't mind. We can't yet write about that which, perhaps, is the key of your whole life, because we have not yet had time to see and hear about it. We can only say: "We have the feeling that you are happy here," and is not that the greatest a school can attain?

Irene Crusius
Erika Korengel

GENERAL MEETING

OH, bother, Saturday again, treble Chemi. Hey, wait a bit, to-day's General Meeting. My parents come down to-day. Grief, I haven't seen them since the beginning of term. S'pose they'll come in a car. Wonder how they'll get it into the drive. There were lots of cars last year and I'll bet there are more this. Well, it's a nice day to have a meeting, anyway—bit breezy, though. What happens first? Oh, yes, Meeting for Worship in the Hall, followed by Howard Diamond and Gerald Littleboy on school activities. Scholarships and awards. Who got them? Oh, Richard Brown and Mary Hollingworth, they've left now, and Owen Edwards and Pam Boast. Head boy and girl, you know. "After the School has retired the meeting will be addressed by Doctor Marsh, Professor of Theology at Nottingham." Humph, wonder what he'll be like. Better go, expected of the Sixth form. Yes, he was pretty good. Spoke on "Daffodils and Dogmas." Glad I went, after all. He's going to speak in evening meeting isn't he? Hope so. Let's have a look at those exhibitions before dinner. Better be good. What's in Croydon House this year? Needlework and cookery again. Wish we learnt cookery; wouldn't have to go down to Fitch's then. Look at that needlework.

Crumbs, it is good. Bet they can't darn a sock like I can, though. This section seems too popular ; getting a bit crowded now. Let's push on to the Bilge lab. An exhibition of Visual Aid devices. What's " Visual Aid " when it's at home ? I think Mr. Small and Mr. Hazelgrove are going to explain it this afternoon after dinner. G. L. said this morning that it was practically a new method of teaching. I say, what's this. Maths by means of a film strip. Sounds alright to me. " The life of Euclid," starring the Cyclic Quads. Sam Goldwyn certainly missed something here. It's the Art next door, isn't it ? Yes. What on earth's that ? Abstract ? Oh, I see. Modern stuff, eh ? Like the book cover illustrations. These models aren't bad. Pretty good for Upper Three and Lower Four. We always had to draw patterns. Lord, there are some pattern designs. Let's go.

What's left of the exhibitions ? Woodwork, of course. Done it different this year. A woodwork course throughout one's school career. Oh, yes, I can remember doing those joints. Do their dovetails fit in the opposite way round ? They do ! More than mine ever did. Gosh, that furniture might have come from Maples. It's jolly good. Two people won prizes for their exhibits. Was that the gong for dinner ? Must have been. Look at the way all those parents are rushing. Orange juice to drink ! Good show. Swimming House matches at three-thirty. Hope Lister win. There, what did I tell you, Mennel won, Tuke second, Lister third. Pretty close, though. There's to be a cricket match this evening. Wonder where my parents have got to. Oh, there they are talking to a member of staff. Better keep clear for a bit. You never know what these staff say when one is not about. Ah, the captains are tossing up for the cricket and the tennis has started. Yes, it's the first time we've ever played the parents at tennis. Good idea, though. Parents out for seventy-eight. That's promising. And we've won the tennis. Not bad for the girls. About time they did something. Drawing stumps ? One hundred and seventy-two for two wickets. Your parents staying ? Neither are mine. Well the day was worth foregoing treble Chemi., anyway.

Michael How, VI 2

SCHOOLS DRAMA FESTIVAL

AGAIN this year we entered a play for the Drama Festival, but this year those taking part were from the Third and Lower Fourth Forms, instead of from higher in the School as last year. The Festival is non-competitive and its purpose is to foster interest in various forms of dramatic production and also to give schools an opportunity to see what other schools are doing.

Two points of view were represented : one, in which the stage is the centre and the technique of acting is more strictly observed ; and the other, where the open floor is used and freedom of movement and expression of the individual actors is encouraged.

It was quite obvious that this second form is ideal for younger children and for work in class rooms with larger numbers, but from the point of view of the audience it is not so satisfactory as, often, words are lost or facial expressions are not seen.

Our entry of A. A. Milne's " The Ugly Duckling " was performed on the stage and those taking part showed that they had worked hard at rehearsals, so that the production ran smoothly and, at the same time, kept the freshness and the fairy-tale character of the play.

Miss Cobby, the County Drama Organiser, in her written report made particular mention of the clearness of speech and the natural actions and hand movements of the cast, both of which are important points which are not easily mastered.

One interesting point emerged from the actual production and that was the part played by an audience. A few days before the Festival a dress rehearsal was given to some of the parents and friends who were visiting the School for General Meeting. The players, helped by the enthusiasm and co-operation of the audience, who were quick to appreciate Milne's delightful humour, rose to the occasion and the play ran lightly and smoothly. But at the Drama Festival, the reaction of the much younger audience, who were not used to stage representations, was much slower, so that the tempo of the play fell correspondingly, although in many other ways, it was a much more finished production than at the Dress Rehearsal.

The cast was as follows :—

The Queen ..	Pat Cadman	*The King* ..	Donald Atkinson
Princess Camilla	Sarah Newman	*Prince Simon*	Antony Newton
Dulcibella ..	Joyce Coffin	*Carlo* ..	Brian Hosking
The Chancellor	Brian Gatward	*Soldier* ..	Robert Dunstan

Two Attendants .. Chloe Brown and Jill Godfrey.

K. L. W.

THE GARDENING CLUB

THE idea for gardens for the boys in the Third Form developed during the Easter Term and, by the beginning of the Summer Term, some ground was made available for us behind the Pavilion, together with a shed to keep tools in. The sixteen members have four plots between them and soon started to clear the rough grass off. Then the serious digging began and eventually seeds were planted, as well as lettuce seedlings, which took quite well.

We are not just growing radishes, lettuces, carrots and so on just for something to eat, but to get some first-hand experience as to how they grow and which is the best way to grow them.

Brian Hosking, IIIa

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

THE subjects that have come before the Society, which this year has reached a total of 52 members, have varied widely, and began in a dramatic tone. In the first meeting of the Autumn term we listened to the broadcast version of " The Importance of being Earnest," which brought back memories to those connected with the School production three years ago. Selected readings for this year covered the subjects, " The Country and the Countryman," and on another occasion, " Schools and Education." Only three free-choice essays have been written for the Society, by Paul Honigmann, Susan Whiteman and Ursula Miller, although in the Spring term Una Millett, Hilary Jackson, Rajan Chetsingh and Michael How read essays on the subject of " Films as a medium for the production of Shakespeare," which was followed by an open discussion.

We welcomed the Rev. Mr. Evans from Abbey Lane Congregational Church when we joined with the Middle Literary Society to hear him talk about his experiences with the F.R.S. in China.

The Mock trial of A. P. Paul Honigmann, arrested on a charge of arson, was conducted in the Autumn term, as was reported in our last issue.

To the final meeting of the year, held in March, we welcomed Mr. Bunting, from Abbey Lane, who opposed the motion " that this house considers that the Liberal Party is never again likely to be a force in British politics." The opposition was supported by Mr. Adamson, and was proposed by Mr. Pierce and Michael How. The proposers based their arguments on historical facts, while the opposition studied the work and aims of the Liberal Party.

This resulted in the defeat of the motion by 43 votes to 59.

SENIOR CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA

THE outstanding event of the season has been the concert given at Friends House on June 8th. The programme included three XVIth century motets, the soprano solo and chorus from Brahms' Requiem with Mrs. Brown as the soloist, and three of Parry's " Songs of Farewell." Between the choral items came Corelli's Concerto Grosso in D, and Mozart's Concerto for Piano and Orchestra in A. This last, with Rosalind Rumsey as the soloist, must be reckoned the finest instrumental performance given by the School for many years.

The remainder of the season has followed a pattern now becoming familiar. The special services at the end of the two winter terms, at which Christmas and Easter music were sung, are now a traditional feature of the School music. The Choir also enjoyed their annual visit to Abbey Lane, and this year were glad to be able to return, in February, the kindness and hospitality of our friends there. Members of Choir also sang at Elsenham and at

the Remembrance Day service in the Town Hall. The concert at Parents' Week-end included Mozart's Divertimento in D and solos by Rosalind Rumsey, Eleanor Marriage and Malcolm Harvey, in addition to choral items later repeated at Friends House. During the summer term the annual recital was given in the Parish Church, and another in Thaxted Church. The experiences of singing sacred music in these two magnificent buildings is one that we value very highly, and we are deeply grateful for the hospitality so kindly extended to us.

JUNIOR MUSIC

The noval feature of this season has been the decision to include violin teaching in the normal music curriculum of the Upper Third. So far the experiment has amply justified itself, and by the end of the Easter term one of the classes was ready to perform at a Junior Concert. A beginners' orchestra has been formed from the violin classes and Miss Osler's 'cello class.

In addition to the yearly Junior Concerts, the Girls' Upper Fourth and the Boys' Junior Choirs took part in the Saffron Walden Musical Festival. This is the first occasion a boys' choir has taken part, and they are to be congratulated on their work and initiative.

R. L. S.

CHELMSFORD MUSIC FESTIVAL

Six people went in a very crowded taxi—which broke down on the way back—to the Chelmsford Festival. This was the first time for many years that the School had entered for the instrumental section. Although no first places were achieved, they won two second places and one third, so that everyone enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

A. P. P. H.

EXAMINATION RESULTS.

Grade VI	C. Brown (violin).
	D. Sturge (piano).
Grade IV	D. Mosely (piano).
	M. Harvey (violin).
Grade III	S. Donaldson (piano).
with credit.	

THE LIBRARY

SINCE March, 1950, seventy-eight books have been added to the Centre Library. A special attempt has been made to introduce up-to-date books into the Science section of the Library. An analysis of borrowers' slips reveals that all forms entitled to use the Library make full use of it—some 1,300 books being taken out annually. Too many scholars, however, regard the Library merely as a supplier of fiction; about 60 per cent. of all the borrowings are of modern fiction.

Much of the credit for the smooth running of the Library this year goes to a very efficient team of Junior Librarians—Barry Barber, Rajan Chetsingh, Owen Edwards, Wendy Hopkins, Stella Steer and Jean Strachan—and the Librarian would like to take this opportunity of thanking them publicly for their keen and disinterested service to the community.

The Library owes much to the generosity of friends of the School. The Librarian would like to thank the following for gifts of books:—Irene Edwards, William Farrow, F. Alec Marsh, G. Stanley Pumphrey, Alec Robinson, Walthamstow Educational Group, Kenneth Whitlow and Muriel Whitlow.

C. A. M.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

The Editor of *The Avenue* wishes to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines, at the same time apologising for any inadvertent omissions: The Archway; The Beckside; St. Christopher Magazine; Echoes (Magazine of The Friends School, Hobart); The Georgian; Magazine of The Friends School, Lancaster; Sherrardswood Chronicle.

The Editor wishes to acknowledge receipt of contributions from the following people and to tender his regrets that, owing to lack of space, he is unable to print them :—

Berny	Lane, Eleanor	Spendlove
Brown	Newton	Weaver, G.
Burden, Isobel	Shepherd, Margaret	Weaver, N.
Higgs	Sillitoe	