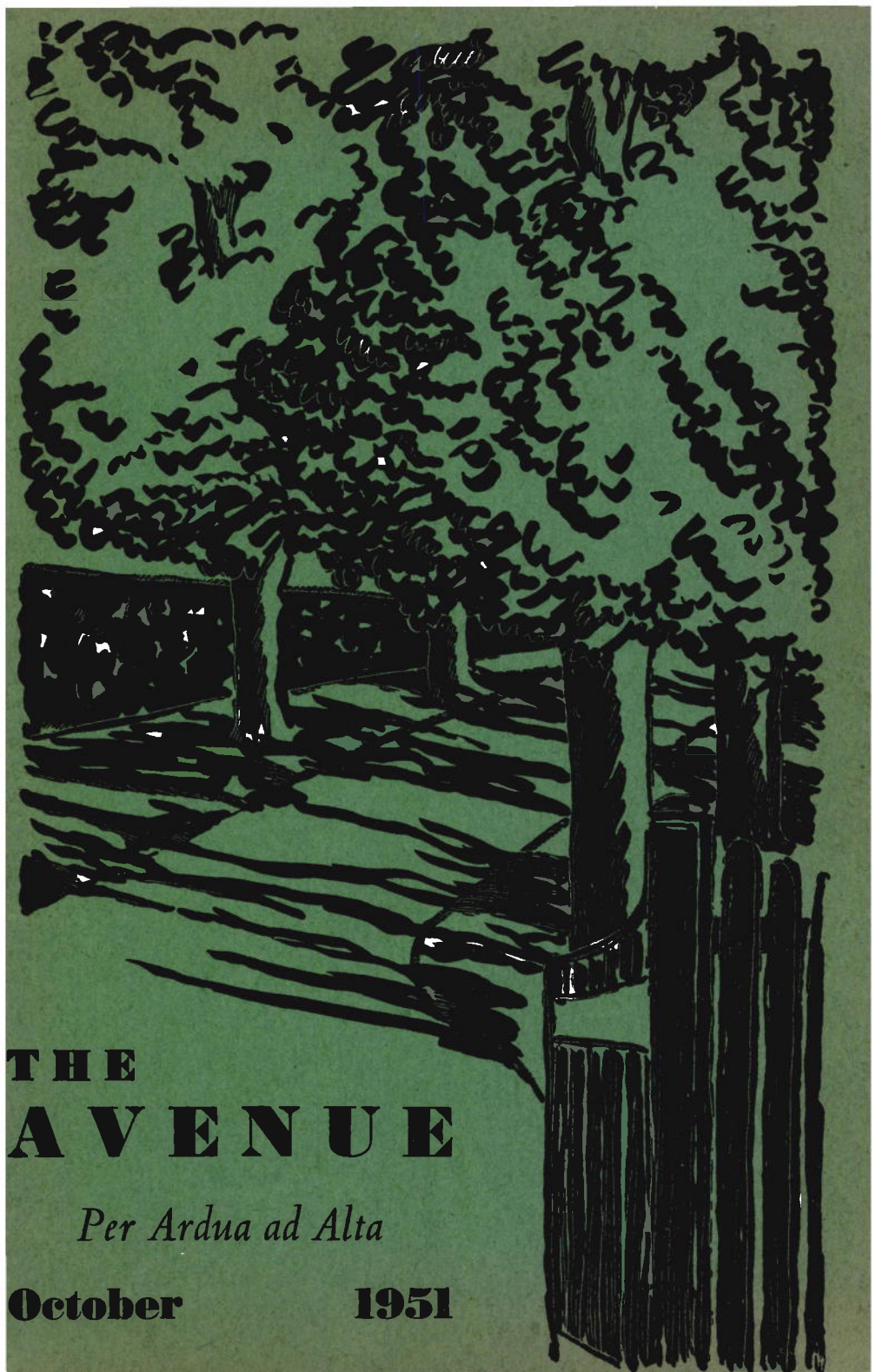


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

October 1951

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 40 OCTOBER, 1951 NO. 116

EDITORIAL

AS the Editor approached the huge table, he saw that it was strewn with reams of paper. There were three objects sitting at the table. One, whom the Editor thought must be the Mad Hatter, wore an abominable hat, rather like those of the Girl Prefects (thought the Editor), marked, "This style 38/2d."

"No room! No room!" cried the March Hare as the Editor reached the table.

"There's plenty of room," replied the Editor, sitting down at the head of the table. There was a short silence. Then:—

"Have some articles," said the March Hare.

"I don't see any articles," replied the Editor.

"There aren't any," said the March Hare.

"It's not very polite to offer them to me then," said the Editor.

"It's not very polite of you to offer us such a thin-looking magazine" retorted the March Hare.

The Editor pretended not to hear this rudeness—after all, how could he help it if nobody wrote for *The Avenue*—so he changed the subject.

"What are you doing?" he asked the Hatter, who replied:

"We're doing the Edit Or Ill."

"I beg your pardon?"

"You should never beg; it's rude!" broke in the March Hare.

"I mean," said the Editor, "that I did not quite hear what you said."

"Always say what you mean—" began the March Hare, but he was interrupted by the Hatter.

"I said we were doing the Edit Or Ill. One either edits well or goes unwell in the attempt. That's why it's called the 'Edit Or Ill.' It's made up of complaints and printer's ink and tries to say nothing in as many words as possible."

The dormouse, who was asleep, kept on muttering: "Editorial. Well or Unwell. Editorial. Well or Unwell."

"Wake up, Dormouse!" shouted the other two, and prodded it with a fountain pen.

"Here, you try writing the 'Edit Or Ill," said the Hatter to the Editor.

"Oh! I can't!" said the Editor, flustered. "I only write when I'm inspired."

"You mean you're only inspired when you write," retorted the March Hare.

"Isn't that the same thing?" asked the Editor.

"Of course not. How ridiculous!" cried the March Hare triumphantly. "Why, you might as well say that 'I eat when I'm hungry' is the same as 'I'm hungry when I eat'."

"You might as well say," murmured the Dormouse, who was still asleep, "that, 'I breathe when I sleep' is the same as 'I sleep when I breathe'."

The Editor went away, feeling he had never in his life been contradicted so much. Suddenly he met the White Rabbit again, hurrying along looking at his huge watch on which were marked dates, not hours and minutes (as the Editor saw on looking over the Rabbit's shoulder). As the Rabbit hurried on he muttered anxiously: "Oh! I shall never get it written in time!"

In some strange way this was spoken in a voice which the Editor recognised as his own, and the White Rabbit slowly changed before his eyes to a white sheet of paper. It was headed "Editorial," and was just as blank as it had been before he fell asleep.

IN DELHI ON INDEPENDENCE DAY

AUGUST the 15th dawned early at St. Stephen's College: by 5.45 the Staff and Students were all on the front lawn for the Independence Day service. For the fourth time since Independence came in 1947, the Principal hoisted India's saffron, white and green tricolour; and, with the sun rising and a few early birds twittering, we sang the national anthem—which Rabindranath Tagore wrote:

"Jana gana mana adhinayake jaya he
Bharata bhagya bidhata . . ."
(Victory to thee, O Defender of India).

The great event of the day was to be at the Red Fort—once the fabulously beautiful stronghold of Muslim kings—where Pandit Nehru was going to speak at 8.40. In spite of warnings of how Delhi "doth pour out her citizens," four of us College boys set out optimistically for the bus terminus. So did a lot of other people, for the queue in front of us gradually crammed four buses to bursting point and not one passing car seemed remotely interested in our thumbing for a lift. But the bus queue was unusual in that it didn't depress one: the clean clothes, bright sun and holiday smiles made one almost glad to be in a long queue. To use a high-flown phrase, Independence seemed to thrill the air.

At last we piled into a bus—a not-so-distant cousin of the

faithful "Viceroy"—and looked round at the flags which were flying from housetops, hotels and shops. We drove through the city's busy Kashmir Gate (the scene of many horrors during the Mutiny, and the communal riots of 1947) where all was deserted except the Coca-Cola stalls and, of course, the bus queues. The nearer the Fort we went, the more people there were in the road. Then, 300 yards from the Fort, the bus was stopped by a police blockade because of the crowded roads ahead. It was 8.40 already, and a railway bridge bulked between us and Pandit Nehru.

Our heads wheeled, our thinking-caps throbbed, and back we tore towards the railway station in hopes of reaching the fort by another way. Unfortunately, we weren't the only ones to have that brainwave, and there was a general stampede towards the station footbridge. I have never escaped so narrowly from being masticated into little bits of nothing, as on the slushy footbridge steps. I felt like shouting "Vive le Proletariat," for the proletariat of Delhi was treading on my toes, pushing my elbows into my ribs, shoving hard at my back and leaning as heavily on my front half, knocking at my knees, imploring me to get out of the way, and shouting excitedly when I didn't! And it is quite likely that I was acting the same way to the rest of the crowd. At long last this struggling force of humanity pushed itself down the steps on the other side.

We students sprinted clumsily through the station approach and up an old bazaar—a course somewhat hindered by the impatient traffic. At 8.50 we were in India's most famous bazaar, Chandni Chauk, and at the end of the long street we could see the red sandstone walls of the Fort. On a high greasy bank before the walls, flew the national flag, and on either side of the flagstaff stood a tiny white figure. We could see Pandit Nehru!

The Prime Minister looked no bigger than a Dresden china shepherd on the mantelpiece, but his words reached us by a system of microphones. We budged and edged our way forward through the crowd, carefully avoiding the evil-looking Brahmini bulls, and listened to Pandit Nehru. I think that he is one of the finest speakers I have heard, and he adapts himself very well to his audience. As always, he spoke sanely and sincerely, in Hindi which was simple enough for me to understand.

Pandit Nehru spoke of the four times that he had hoisted the Indian flag in front of the Red Fort, and of the needless party strife and partial disillusionment which the last four years had brought, and he asked that everyone should strive unceasingly for a better future. His tone was very grave when he spoke of the war-clouds on the Indo-Pakistan border, and he stressed that Indians thought of Pakistanis as their brothers and wanted to act likewise. I was glad that there was some clapping from the crowd here, as Indo-Pakistani relations are still critical. But Nehru went on to say —what politicians of all countries seem to be emphasizing—

that a nation's defence forces must always be prepared. The speech lasted an hour, and Nehru constantly referred to the things which touch the common people most. They should always try to improve conditions around them: save money and improve their houses, and grow more food, and he who could read and write should teach his neighbour (a practice which has become quite widespread). After his speech, Pandit Nehru asked the people to join him in saying loudly three time "Jai Hind" (Free India).

It was indeed a fine speech, but the sun was rather hot, which made standing in a crowd uncomfortable. It was amusing to watch people trying to creep unobtrusively under their neighbours' umbrellas. Some who had arrived early were standing triumphantly on municipal dustbins, with binoculars to their eyes. Others, who were little of stature, had climbed up the trees on either side of the street for a better view.

These were indeed the people of India, and India—as Mr Jacob always drums into his Geography classes—is full of Indians. Appropriately, there were over 500,000 in the crowd. All the important personages had seats near Pandit Nehru. Round me were the real people of Delhi—open-faced Ghandian disciples, with rough Persil-white shirts and caps and sheet-like "dhoties" round their middles, literally rubbed shoulders with labouring men in loin-clothes and rather dirty vests. There were many burly Sikhs whose turbans of red, saffron, pink, blue and every other colour made them landmarks in the crowd. There were a few Muslims, and many women were watching from the roofs of shops and houses. There were serious old men who took in Nehru's every word; and there were also the local Pistols and Jack Cades and Toby Belches who soon elbowed their way out of the crowd towards (I presume) something to drink! Cinema handbills were thrown at us from above and eagerly grabbed by the street urchins. A band (invisible to me) played the national anthem, and people stood on tip-toe to watch Nehru shaking hands with the Ministers and Diplomats.

Half the crowd now went forward; but I joined the rush going back to the Chandni Chauk, as there wasn't much hope of a better view of Pandit Nehru. I had lost my companions, and progress was slow, so I had time to look carefully around at the famous bazaar.

"Chandni Chauk" means Silver Street, and it is said to have been paved with silver once, instead of just with people, as now. There are tramlines on either side of the wide street, a row of trees separating them from the main thoro'fare. On ordinary days, Delhi's only remaining trams—great grandfathers by now—rattle and groan up and down Chandni Chauk, crammed to the running boards. With shirt-tails flying and "dhoties" flapping from their sides, these old trams make weighty but triumphant progress. Under the trees are stalls of spicy Indian sweetmeats, favourite haunts of innumerable and countless flies, although the "Wallahs" or vendors try half-

heartedly to flap the flies away. Here, too, stand the sellers of gay little toys made of flimsy paper; and here are the vendors who squat beside their trays of hairpins, pyjama cords, lucky charms and other small things ad infinitum. Wooden tables by the pavement do very well as stalls for bottles of doubtful looking red liquid, the ever-popular Coca-Cola and one of the things which the "wallahs" shout out is "lie-min sorda" (you feel quite a fool when you realise that they mean "lemon soda" all the time).

When the proper shops are open right down Chandni Chauk, business is brisk. You find everything in this bazaar, and more cheaply than in fashionable New Delhi: gay saris, luscious greasy sweetmeats, brass pots and pans, grotesque sun-goggles, plastic toothbrushes and exquisite carpets—everything from the most precious gold ornament to a leaf-cigarette.

However, the shops were all closed this Independence Day, and only the wayside vendors were shouting out the excellence of their goods. The last strains of the national anthem were still in my ears and they blended curiously with all the street noises. A Brahmini bull blocked the way as he sniffed regally at a dark little cafe, and I felt maliciously delighted when the proprietor (**very** respectfully) threw a jug of cold water over the hulking animal and made him move on. Independence or no independence, the life of the people will always continue in much the same way.

I thought once again of the crowd, the occasion and the lively atmosphere of the bazaar, and of Pandit Nehru—the lone idealist championing what he knows to be right. Ever-varying India has her destiny in her own hands, and the crowd must play its full part in shaping the future. From nearly every building the national flag was waving a reminder, and it seemed to be beckoning the people of Delhi toward the lonely path.

Rajan Chetsingh (1947—50)

LYRIC OF A DEAD VASE

(On a Dead Vase still-life by John Piper)

A frozen fountain of dead tendrils,
Brown plant sinews;
Dry, breaking in flakes to touch
On dusty bench once lusty spirals
Droop, caught by raffia
To a cane in the russet pot.
Great wide windows catch anaemic light
Dust filtered on to débris;
While the lifeless plant trails and tumbles
Aridly,
In all the riotous obviousness of death.

Diana Jones, Form VI

HOSPITAL LIFE

THE aim of a hospital, where treatment may take anything from one to seven years, is to keep life as normal as possible. It is probably due to this that the atmosphere is strangely like that of a boarding school.

To those who have not experienced it, this may seem well nigh impossible, as boarding schools are considered exciting and hospitals monotonous. If, however, you have been a boarder, you know that life is not an endless midnight feast, and if you have been to hospital you find that it does vary from day to day.

Another common illusion is that there is nothing to do except read books and write letters. People just will not believe that occasionally the time can go almost too quickly. Part of the day is taken up with school and although this is only for four hours it helps to cut down the idle minutes.

A day pupil at a boarding school is often rather left out in spite of every effort. A short-term patient at a long-term hospital is in some ways comparable. Naturally it is pleasant to feel that your stay in hospital is limited to weeks, just as it is nice to return home each night, but older "inhabitants" feel it their right to look down on those of lesser standing. Again, friendships of six or eight months are harder to break, so that home sickness is much more apparent in those soon to go.

The word hospital is, for many, synonymous with rows of neat, white beds and nurses in smart uniforms, who smooth pillows, and soothe patients. This may be quite true in a general hospital but beds do not stay tidy when patients do not feel ill, nurses do not feel so kindly towards someone they have seen week in and week out for months. As there is less to do in a long term hospital, they spend most of their time chatting about the previous evening's dance. Also the minimum age is less than in a general hospital, so that many girls are nurses not because they truly want to be but because they have to do something, and the idea of nursing, with its traditions, is rather attractive. I do not wish to convey the idea that all nurses are such in name only, for some are extremely good, but unfortunately easier times have encouraged non-vocational people.

Hospital life in general hinges on the doctor's weekly visits. There are two or three surgeons, with doctors attached to them, who make rounds on different days. They come round complete with one or more secretaries and physiotherapists, added to which are the Sister and second-in-command of the ward. For most, the visit is not of weekly significance, but there is almost always someone with news.






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Birthdays and other occasions, especially Christmas, are kept, and everyone does their best to make them enjoyable. We have the advantage of a hall which is used as a cinema. It is quite amazing how beds can be arranged enabling fifty people to see the screen.

Yet, in spite of these good things, we still grumble—but then so do those at school, and it is only when we honestly consider the facts that we find it is not so very bad.

Hilary Jackson, Form V

QUERY

WHAT are men?
Just bits of dust
Once like apes,
Now they must
Be civilized.
Why comes this change?
We do not know,
It was just decreed
To happen so.

D. Lindsey, Form I

CLANG! The shovel resumed its resting place in the corner of the tender. Everything was ready now. Down the long, deserted platform winked the serried ranks of misty stars that shed a dull light over the misty scene. A long line of freight vans waited expectantly for the long journey ahead.

At last a green lamp twinkled from the end of the platform. A touch on the regulator and the great engine eased forward, sending a plume of white vapour turning and twisting into the darkness ahead. A deep cough rumbled up from the very depths of power, sending a cloud of smoke rushing heavenwards. Slowly, very slowly, the freight vans eased themselves from sleep and followed.

Cylinders still sending forth their rush of dissolving lace, she was moving slowly across the maze of glistening steel, while the vans, grumbling their protest, followed in slow procession. Gradually they began to slip by faster, each one carrying its load far away into the depth of the unknown. The last van rumbled by, carrying its inevitable red eye, swinging dreamily from side to side as it receded into the night.

A hush now settles over the scene, while far ahead the mail is forging on to the dawn of another day.

J. W. Robertson, Form III

HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD

WERE I to die, I should think only this of thee:
(It's funny how thy county-towns look all the same to me!)
There's an airstrip in the ocean that flies the Union Jack,
To which thy noble poets' hearts continually turn back . . .
Oh to be in England, now that April's here!
Though minus mackintosh and boots, I should get wet, I fear!
And, *Ah God*! *to see the branches stir*
Across the moon at Grantchester!
Poets who show such power of rhyme
Ought not to sweat in alien clime.
Oh, *Broad shires of England*! full of jolly, hunting County,
I remember riding once, by the sea, on a donkey—
Venus here shall choose her dwelling
With clothing, of course, increased!
This fact, however, needs no telling:
We get her hot from Hollywood twice a week at least.
Oh, *Land of Hope and Glory,*
Mother of the free!
They are not Communistic
Who are born of thee!
And should I die, I'd also think of thee,
My *precious stone set in a silver sea*:
Of cities full of traffic, and houses all the same
Called *Astonville* or *Ivydene* or some such charming name;
Of London buses, penny buns, maybe my relations;
Remembering the frowning heights of Gothic railway stations.
And, *Noon strikes over England, noon on Oxford town*:
Beauty she was a statue cold—but also young and brown,
And men in bright ties glanced at her, and whistled up and down!
Oh, *Rule, Britannia*!
Britannia, rule the waves!
It seems while Britons live
They always will be slaves.

Diana Jones, Form VI

MY VOYAGE TO, AND IMPRESSIONS OF, KENYA

I WAS hoping that I could pass over the voyage and just say that it was uneventful, but, looking back, I know that I can't truthfully say that.

To begin with, much to everybody's surprise, the channel and Bay of Biscay were, to quote an old sailor, "as calm as the Serpentine." When we reached Gibraltar it was hot and sunny and we had a lovely time exploring the narrow, winding streets. After we left Gibralter, however, and reached the Gulf of Lyons, the mistral was blowing hard and waves broke over the ship—large liner though she was. It was dangerous to go out on deck, although quite a few of us did for the fun of it!

During most of the journey through the Mediterranean the weather was quite cold and we all wore jerseys. The only warm days we had was at Genoa and that was only just warm.

Then, at Port Said we hit the heat. It was a stifling, choking heat, making you feel that a blanket had been thrown over you, and quite a few adults were ill.

Then, going through the Suez Canal we experienced the Ham Sin, a dust storm, at its worst and we had to anchor in the Canal with the rolling desert on either side of us. The temperature was 102 degrees inside the ship and 110 degrees on deck.

From then onwards it was hot and sticky all the way until we rounded Cape Guardafui although it was the coolest part of the year.

Apart from seeing porpoises, flying fish, and sharks, nothing happened that was out of the ordinary after the Red Sea and on Monday, 28th May, we approached Mombasa.

The shores were very green, as it was the time of the monsoons and my first impression was that it was rather like England. But then, as we zig-zagged towards the mouth of the river where the harbour is, to avoid the coral reefs, and as we made our way up the river and saw the little round thatched huts of the natives and huge, brightly coloured, tropical flowers, we realised that though parts of it were like England other parts were definitely foreign.

The fact of Africa, or at least Kenya, being a mixture, meets you everywhere. For instance there are English beeches and oaks growing next to cacti and palm trees, and the huge, tropical climbing flowers next to English geraniums.

In Nairobi there are many different races from many ways of life. Here you have the Europeans walking about in the English type of clothes and shoes, next to the natives paddling along by the side of the dusty road or on the pavement, on their bare, horny feet, followed by their wives with their babies on their backs. The wives will also be without shoes as very few natives wear them.

Then **there** are the Sikh men in turbans and the Sikh women in long puffy trousers, rather like pyjamas, and short jackets.

The greater part of the population of Kenya apart from the natives, are Asians, the men in ordinary suits and turbans and the women in Indian saris. The Asians own most of the shops which again are a mixture. There may be perhaps, a large important looking shop next to a mud hut that boasts a notice saying "Buy Coca Cola here" (everyone drinks Coca Cola) and **this** is the capital city of Kenya.

It describes Nairobi perfectly to call it a shanty town, the sort of thing you would expect to find in the wild west.

Everybody in Nairobi has a car and when you see the buses you realise why. They have hardly any windows and are crammed full of natives hanging out of the windows that **do** exist and swarming on the roof. They love a bus or car ride and grin all over their faces when the bus lurches, as it often does on the Kenya roads. The African roads are shocking. The main road from Nairobi to Mombasa is hardly more than a cart track. Only the main city roads are of tarmac. The rest are mud and sand.

This is my impression of Kenya, a mixed place with nothing as I expected it. Even the weather has been quite cold and we haven't experienced any real heat. But when we do, it will probably be, once more, not at all as we expected it.

Isobel Burden, Form III

THE SINGING OF THE MERMAIDS

WITH hair a-shimmering,
Fish tails glimmering,
They sing with voices as of gold:
Of fairy times, of times of old
When all the world was pure.
And nothing can be truer
Than those words the mermaids sing
Of times when good was everything.
Of times when everything was good.
Oh! we all would if we could
Fall back to that time
Of sunny clime,
When nothing was unkind
Enough to hurt its kind.

Eleanor M. Johnson, Form I

HOME

I LEANED over the rail and looked into the sea, wondering whether I looked as green as it did. But I soon forgot to look green in the excitement which ensued as my brother came running round the corner "We're Home! We're Home!" he yelled. I looked up at the horizon and saw the long low smudge which represented my first view of England for four and a half years.

All sixteen of us lined the deck and watched the smudge take shape and form the coast of England.

As we sailed up the Mersey's filthy water into Liverpool docks, my thoughts flew quickly back over the past four and a half years to the time when I was only four years old; and I tried to visualize what my parents would look like now. I imagined them in rags, standing in a queue at a bombed and empty shop waiting for a scraggy piece of meat.

Eventually I found a very bewildered me sitting on my trunk under a large "F" waiting for the customs official to pass our trunks and cases.

Then we were faced with a train journey: a journey in no way like the one across Canada, when we travelled through acres of golden corn and over the Niagara Falls; for now we saw only roofs and chimneys, miles and miles of roofs and chimneys with smoke curling up towards an overcast sky.

At Euston we sat on mail bags and waited for our parents to claim us—what a surprise: Mummy and Daddy were NOT in rags!

Diana Fox, Form V

A DREAM COME TRUE

THIS Spring a long cherished dream came true. I had been given the chance of a sabbatical term. The Committee of the Friends' School had released me from duty for the summer term in order to study and travel abroad. I had written to numerous Universities in Europe and America, enquiring about possible courses of study that I might undertake, and had finally fixed up with Professor P. Marres, the head of the Geography Department of Montpellier University in the South of France, to go there for two months, and make a special study of that region, which, from a geographical point of view, is of such rich and varied interest. I had obtained a grant of money to enable me to undertake the project. The permission of the Ministry of Education had been obtained, a deputy had been arranged to take my place at School, but finally after what seemed endless correspondence, all the loose ends were tied up and on 31st March I found myself on Victoria platform waiting for the boat train for Newhaven.

For the first ten days I had the privilege of joining up with a party of some 50 Geography students from Edinburgh University, led by Dr Miller, which was going to Montpellier for an intensive holiday course. This was a real privilege and provided a hectic but very congenial start. We spent the first night in Paris and the second in Clermont Ferrand, where we were taken for an afternoon excursion round the locality and up almost to the summit of the Puy de Dôme. After a 5 a.m. start we arrived at Nîmes about midday and had time for a visit to the historic ports before continuing our journey to Montpellier.

We were met at the station by Professor Marres and taken by bus out to where we were to be billeted—a hostel recently acquired by Montpellier University to house Physical Training students. There were already in residence some 30 or 40 of them engaged on a boxing course, and it was not long before we came to realise the great difference in deportment at meal-times between French and Scottish students. We never really got accustomed to the noise. The warden informed us that the gates of the Hostel had to be locked promptly at 10 p.m., but that if we wished to return later than that there was a certain gap in the wall over which it was possible to climb, only care would have to be exercised to avoid the watch dog.

Montpellier is an ideal centre for studying the physical and economic aspects of the Mediterranean environment, for within a radius of 5 miles there is a very great variety of structure and relief, and utilisation. It was to study these and the interrelation between them that our excursion was made.

The pattern of life in the Bas Languedoc—that region lying between the Cévennes and the Mediterranean from Nîmes to Carcassonne—is determined by the broad features of the relief. For the main part the rock is limestone of Jurassic age or younger,—jointed and soluble in rainwater,—and this, together with the seasonal nature of the rainfall has necessitated, on the steeper slopes, the building of terraces to prevent the erosion of what little soil there is, and to provide an opportunity of clearing at least some of the stones off the land. But, for the most part, these limestone areas, except where they are ameliorated by a sandier soil in which Mediterranean (Aleppo) pine can grow, remain a stony semi-desert, supporting a rough scrub growth of stunted trees,—evergreen or deciduous oaks mainly, or aromatic shrubs (thyme, rosemary, and broom) or else bulbous and fleshy plants like the asphodel—a very difficult terrain from the point of view of human development. These areas are known as the Garrigues and are very thinly populated. There has been a movement in recent years of population away from the Garrigues to the more fertile soil of the coastal plain, thus upsetting the old type of civilization, the Mediterranean trilogy, where the vines and cereals were grown on the plains with their richer soils, and sheep occupied the Garrigues, pasturing on the herbs and

scanty grass. The flocks were transhumant,—that is they practised a seasonal migration from one set of pasture to another, feeding in winter on the stubble and grass of the coastal plain and this Garrigue, and moving in summer along the Drailles or sheep roads up to the mountain pastures of the Cévennes, and those mountains forming the edge of the Central Massif, when the rock is older and of a different character, being mainly granite or schist with an acid soil and a different type of vegetation.

There has been a complete transformation of the Coastal plain. In former times it was a land of mixed farming, mainly cereals and vines, and where sheep played a vital rôle in providing meat and equally important manure. The vine was important but not dominant. Today however, owing to great improvements in road and rail transport, which makes possible the movement of great quantities of wine over long distances at a reasonable cost and therefore brings the Paris market within reach, and owing to the improved methods of cultivation with a greater degree of mechanisation and therefore a greater output per man and also to the falling profits from cereals as a result of the competition from cheap imports through Marseilles of grains from the New World, there has been a decline in wheat productions in Bas Languedoc and a great increase in this area under vines, until it has amounted to a visual monoculture. The whole of the coastal plain almost without exception is now under vines. Population has drained down to the plain from the surrounding areas. The region suffered a tremendous setback by the invasion of the phylloxera—a mildew disease which destroyed nearly all the vineyards. This fact began the large scale importation of cheap wines from Algeria through the port of Sète which has now risen almost to a flood. The wine is brought in special tankers and is pipelined into huge dockside vats. Such is the speed of modern methods that bulk handled wine can now be on the tables of Paris 105 hours after leaving Oran or Algiers. Sète has in recent years become the fifth port of France, with a varied import trade. It serves most of Southern France, and besides being the premier port for wine importation has a big trade in Algerian and Spanish fruit and vegetables, in chemicals for treating and spraying the vines and for fertilizers, and in oil from the Levant which is pipelined to the nearby refineries at Frontignan and Balarue.

There has been an attempt to bring the areas formerly malarial and swampy into production. Better drainage and better understanding of methods of combating fever, have turned these into an asset rather than a liability, and rice cultivation is assuming greater and greater importance in the Rhone Delta, while the coastal lagoons or Etangs are used for the cultivation of oysters and other edible shellfish and as a breeding ground for eels.

The Camargue, as part of the Rhone delta is called, is the traditional breeding ground for the bulls used in French bull-

fighting. There are various games involving the teasing or playing with bulls in this part of France, and in certain cities like Nîmes, Bordeaux or Béziers, which have large and suitable arenas, real Corridos, or bullfights after the Spanish fashion, are held.

During my stay in Montpellier I took 10 days off for a visit to Spain. This was rather an adventure as I knew no Spanish. Leaving Montpellier at 4.45 a.m., I caught the train to Carcassonne where I spent a most interesting day going over both the "new" town and the old "Cité" perched on the top of the hill where an angle in the River Aude gave it a commanding position over the Mediterranean My guide was the Geography master at the Secondary School,—himself an old pupil of Professor Marres, and a mine of information on the locality. The market at Carcassonne is larger and more varied and more important than that of Montpellier because of its position intermediate between the climates of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. In the West lies the basin of Aquitaine, warm and moist, a land of maize and wheat, of cattle, butter, cheese, fruit and vines, a land practising polyculture and rich in a variety of products. To the East the Mediterranean plain, the land of the sun with its winter rainfall, where the tendency has been increasingly towards the monoculture of the vine.

Next day I visited Narbonne. It was a feast day and the town was on holiday. The local M.P. had organised a demonstration of the vine growers and labourers to show their solidarity in a protest against low prices. There was an immense crowd gathered for his speech relayed by loud speaker, and then followed a procession round the town, the workers from each village and large estate, marching in a disciplined and orderly manner behind a banner bearing the name of their village.

Next morning I caught the train for Barcelona. Through carriages from many places are here joined together and tacked on to the end of the Paris-Barcelona express. The carriage I got into had come from Rome and there were other coaches from Basle, Geneva, and Lyons. Thus Narbonne, though nothing like so important as Carcassonne as a town, is far more important as a railway junction. The Paris-Barcelona Express is the train of entry for tourists into Spain via Port Bou, at the Eastern end of the Pyrenees. There were considerable passport customs and monetary formalities to be gone through on entering Spain. Being a totalitarian country they were more suspicious. I found passports are always checked on long distance trains or buses and each train or bus has its own military escort and security agent. I proposed to try and obtain a cross-section of Spanish conditions by going southwards via the East coast through Barcelona and Valencia to Granada and Seville and make the return journey across the meseta to Madrid, leaving Spain through Irun and Hendaye at the West end of the Pyrenees.

I was lucky in that my stay at Barcelona was with friends which was very useful as I knew no Spanish but was able to get advice from them and the merest trace of a vocabulary of essential terms and phrases.

Barcelona is a big bustling city with a variety of industry though there did not seem to be a corresponding activity about the harbour. The town is situated on the delta of the Llobregat whose flatter lands have only in comparatively recent years been brought under intensive cultivation. Rice is the first crop to be grown after the reclamation of the marshes from the sea, but lucerne is the most lucrative crop since it is amenable to irrigation methods, produces many cuttings of nourishing fodder, can be left in the ground for almost a decade, and at the end of that time leaves the ground rich in nitrogen. The lucerne is cut and brought in each day to the dairy farms in the city by waggon loads. The consumption of milk and butter has gone up greatly. Many of the cattle are entirely stall fed, and never see an open pasture. There is today much competition and litigation between agricultural and industrial uses of the water. Valencia presents a complete contrast, with its carefully levelled Huertas, relic of Moorish days, its rice fields, orange groves, which show the curious phenomenon of the tree bearing both fruit and blossom at the same time. Here are based the fleet of little white schooners plying to Sète in France with oranges as a golden cargo loaded loose and filling the vessel from keel to gunwale. Other vessels of a modern type were loading fruit for Sweden, Iceland and Liverpool.

The journey from Valencia to Granada took 14 hours by fast auto rail by way of Alicante and Murcia and through country of marked contrasts, first through the carefully levelled and terraced "Huertas" or gardens with their sheltering fences of plaited bamboo, a land of cereals and rice paddys, of fruit and vegetables. Here water had been tamed for man's use but there was plenty of evidence, as in other parts of Spain, of the destruction and erosive power of swiftly running rivers. Then on through a land of palm plantations with fruit and vegetables underneath. One could see at the same time, palms, cypresses, eucalyptus trees, vines, olives, oranges and lemons. In Southern Spain the vine is trained high on wires 4 or 5 feet off the ground whereas in the North and in France the stocks are usually pruned almost to the ground. Everywhere there was evidence of the poverty and the backwardness of the country. Human or animal labour is always used—the scythe or the reaping hook is the usual method of cutting grain. There is no more elaborate piece of farm machinery than a mule or ox plough. Finally at 10.15 p.m. I arrived in Granada, tired and hungry, after 14 hours in the train, in a strange town, knowing nobody, and virtually no Spanish, and with no idea of where I was going to spend the night. I was "led" to a Pension run by an Englishman and his Spanish

wife—and what a relief to be able to speak to someone again in my own tongue.

Next morning I sallied forth to explore Spain's premier tourist city. Chief attraction of course was the Alhambra, that fortified Moorish Palace and city perched on the top of a hill at the Sierra Nevada, built about the same time as Carcassonne but is in an even better state of preservation, and wonderful in the beauty of its architecture and carvings. From the towers of the Alhambra, one could look across the tangle of streets and roof tops to Mt. Albion where the gypsies live in their caves hollowed in the rocks. Everywhere were displayed the souvenirs likely to attract tourists, and carvings and metal work and the hand-made Spanish mantillas.

Then on by bus to Seville in smiling Andalusia, where the tempo of life is leisurely and dignified—a clean and beautiful city which with the Moorish palace of the Alcazar and its many beautiful historic buildings is a rival to Granada. The overnight journey to Madrid where I spent the next two days was tedious and tiring. The Spanish Railways all focus on Madrid. Trains are few and are very over-crowded. There is no surplus rolling stock to put on extra trains. In these conditions the black market in the sale of railway tickets on the through trains has grown to fantastic proportions. This menace in fact pervades many aspects of Spanish life and all ranks of society. Food is rationed as in England but the ration is so fantastically inadequate that everyone has to have recourse to the black market in order to live. For an English tourist because of the favourable rate of exchange, living is comparatively cheap, but for the Spaniards themselves who earn in pesetas and spend in pesetas the struggle for existence is indeed very difficult. The majority of the people are very poor and the country is 100 years or so behind the times in its methods. Madrid is an exception to this. It is a big modern industrial city, clean and orderly, and with an efficient transport system. It looks to the future whereas the majority of Spanish cities look to their past for they are steeped in history. It does not feel typically Spanish. While there I paid my first and I hope my last visit to a bullfight. I was not impressed by this barbaric form of amusement, but undoubtedly it is very popular in Spain and occupies an important part in Spanish life.

The return journey from Madrid to Montpellier took 28 hours of continuous travel, and I was glad to see the old familiar haunts again, and glad too of an opportunity to digest in quiet the various impressions that had been crowding in upon me with such kaleidoscopic rapidity on my Spanish tour.

I left Montpellier with regret in early June and made my way to Marseilles for three days where I was able to visit a school at

Pointe Rouge which is of quite an unusually progressive type in France and which has recently sent one of its pupils for a short stay to Saffron Walden. The docks and harbour of Marseilles are of fascinating interest and the population is very cosmopolitan. It is an experience to stroll along the Canebière (one of the main streets) in the evening and try and guess the nationality of the passers-by. The next country on the list was Switzerland. My journey took me through Avignon, Lyons, and Geneva to Basle, where I was joined by my wife who had come out from England. We spent 10 days near Interlaken which proved to be an excellent centre for many of the main scenic attractions. Here we were in a country with an entirely different economy. Life to a large extent centres round the tourist traffic. The transport system is clean and efficient. Services by rail and boat, bus or funicular are all carefully co-ordinated, and some of the engineering feats required to reach and exploit the scenic possibilities of some beauty spot or vantage point, are almost incredible. The domestic architecture too, fits in perfectly. There is not a jarring note. In contrast to Spain the rate of exchange in Switzerland is very unfavourable to the English visitor. The shops were stocked with trinkets and souvenirs and goods of every possible description made with the Swiss skilled craftsmanship and ingenuity, but all at an impossibly high price and one got the impression that in spite of their plenty, life was difficult for the Swiss too. Certainly they work very hard. Highlights of our stay were perhaps the visits to the Lauterbrunnen and Trümmelbach falls, the incredible beauty of Mürren and the Jungfrau, the visit to Kandersteg and the Oeschinen See, the walk from Grindelwald over the Grosse Scheidegg towards Meiringen, the panorama from the Schynige Platte, and in a different category the yodelling festival at Thun.

The return home was made through Germany, up the Rhine valley to Darmstadt and from there via Frankfurt-on-Main to Cologne and Aachen. The object of this route was not only to see different parts of the country, but also to look up some of the German boys we had known when they had been prisoners of war at Radwinter Camp, near Saffron Walden. We met with unbounded hospitality everywhere. I was able to contact professors from the University Geological and Geographical department at Cologne. Visits to schools, to factories and oil refineries, to a deep coal mine and to an open cast lignite (brown-coal) mine were arranged. It was a pity that for the last part of the time abroad my wife suffered from a nasty abscess on the shin and this finally had to be lanced, which necessitated a sudden alteration of plans and a prolongation of our stay. We finally returned together via Ostend and Dover, arriving home the night of General meeting.

B.B.J.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY, 1950-1951

THE activities of the Senior Literary Society this year have been marked by considerable apathy. At the first meeting in the Autumn Term for instance (which was a debate on the motion "That this House feels that too much has been done for Man in the last ten years"), only one member of the Society spoke, apart from the four main speakers. Although this was partly due to lack of time, as the Chief Proposer was excessively "long-winded," it was realised that the desire to speak was not present.

To combat the prevalent lack of interest, the committee instituted "Three minute impromptu speeches" whose literary value was as doubtful as the humour displayed. Though the society was kept amused, it was apparent even here, that somewhat forced discussion was kept going by the Committee and any staff who happened to be present.

There have been, however, three meetings which kindled the sparks of interest in the Society. The first was one devoted to the life and works of Bernard Shaw. Rajan Chetsingh and Eleanor Marriage arranged some admirable introductions at short notice to the plays "You Never Can Tell," "Pygmalion" and "St. Joan." Act One (or Part One) of each play was read by the Society. The second meeting of interest, in the Spring term, was a debate on the motion "That the Victorian Age was the best ever." The debate was organised by the Congregational Church in Abbey Lane, and was attended by several members of our Society. The Congregational Church provided the proposers, whose arguments, I hear, were speedily disposed of by the rapier-wit of Mr Small, ably assisted by some coarser, "cornier" cudgelling from David Matthews.

The other meeting, also in the Spring Term, was devoted to the life and works of Dorothy L. Sayers. Paul Honigmann wrote an essay called "The Wimsey Novels—An Advertisement," and Mrs Littleboy wrote a very interesting essay on the life and more serious works of Dorothy Sayers. As an example of this more serious writing, about which very little was known by the society, part of one of the Lichfield Festival plays was read at the meeting. It was also hoped than an excursion could be arranged to go and see Miss Sayers' latest play, produced in Colchester in the Summer Term, but other School activities made this impossible.

To close, I would like, on behalf of the Society, to thank Miss Yapp, who has given so much time to arranging, and taking the Chair at the Society's meetings.

A. P. Honigmann, Form VI

LIBRARY REPORT

FIFTY-SIX books have been added to the Library since February of this year. For the eighteen which have been donated the Librarian wishes to thank Evelyn Austin, Rajan Chetsingh, Irene Edwards, Jennifer Edwards, John Higgs, Brian Holmes, Mary Morgan, Reginald Reynolds, A. E. Rice, Alexander Robinson, Marjorie Walker and Arnold Whittick.

During the past academic year, 1,356 books have been borrowed from the Library. The borrowings from the Modern Fiction section of the Library have dropped from 45 per cent. of the total in 1950 to just under 40 per cent. Hugh Walpole who, owing to strong female backing in the Fourth and Fifth Forms, was the favourite author throughout 1950, has this year yielded pride of place successively to H. G. Wells, C. S. Forester and John Buchan. The History section, accounting for 15 per cent. of the borrowings, continues to be well patronised; the Science section is used more than it was but not perhaps as much as it should be in view of the excellent books bought for it by the Science and Mathematics Staff in the last two years.

This year's Junior Librarians—Barry Barber, Roger Buss, Rajan Chetsingh (till December, 1950), David Matthews (from January, 1951), Una Millett, Naomi Sargant and Jean Strachan—have done invaluable work in this most important department of School life. The value of their work is apparent to any casual visitor to the Library who will find an atmosphere of industrious quiet, imparted rather than imposed. To them, too, is due the credit for the fact that of the 4,000 volumes in the Library and of the 1,356 borrowed this year, only two have been lost.

C.A.M.

WEAVING

TWO years ago, Mrs Rogers, who is an occupational therapist, came to help the school with their handicrafts, including weaving. I for one wanted to learn to weave and I have got a lot of pleasure out of it. I have made some very useful articles with her help. At the beginning of this year Mrs Rogers took over the work at the Sanatorium and I have tried to do my best to help people to use and learn to use the looms. In the Autumn term quite a lot of people wanted to weave articles for Christmas presents. I am glad to say that members of the First Form showed enthusiasm and many of them have learnt to weave.

Alison Dawe, Form III

GAMES

FOOTBALL, 1950-51

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	Goals For	Goals Against
1st XI ...	13	9	2	2	41	12
Under 15 ...	11	5	0	6	18	30
Under 13 ...	12	5	3	4	29	32

Football Colours were awarded to:

J. Dutton, A. Spendlove, R. Clymo, R. Fieldgate, R. Burman, R. Webb.

CRICKET, 1951

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost
1st XI ...	10	5	1	4
Under 14 ...	11	3	6	2

Cricket Colours were awarded to:—

R. Clymo, J. Dutton.

The 1st XI was as follows: R. Clymo, J. Dutton, M. Comber, R. Webb, R. Dutton, M. Frizzell, A. Chalk, J. Skelton, T. Gutwein, P. Honigmann and R. Bennett. R. Fieldgate, D. Matthews, C. Wood and T. Marriage all played in one or more games.

The following played for the Under 14 XI: Tregear, Weaver, G., Dunstan, R., Dunstan, E., Osborn, Poole, Bell, Higgs, Pike, Main, Edwards, Chaney, Robertson, Newton, A., Collett, Hosking, B., Harvey, Atkinson, Sillitoe, Miller.

Averages: Batting (1st XI)

	Innings	Not Out	Runs	Highest Score	Average
Clymo, R. ...	12	1	223	54	20.27
Dutton, J. ...	11	1	179	62x	17.90
Skelton ...	9	5	69	31x	17.25
Webb ...	11	3	117	42x	14.63
Frizzell ...	11	5	84	22x	14.00
Chalk ...	11	3	100	18	12.50
Dutton, R. ...	13	0	112	20	8.62

Averages: Bowling (1st XI)

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts	Average
Clymo, R. ...	161.4	43	358	48	7.46
Dutton, J. ...	138.4	31	361	44	8.21
Webb, R. ...	37.3	8	107	10	10.70
Comber, M. ...	91.1	20	221	17	13.00

R. Clymo, who captained the side well, and J. Dutton, were again the mainstays of the team both in batting and bowling, but it was encouraging to note an improvement in the general standard of batting among a group of younger players—Frizzell, Chalk, Dutton, R., Skelton, and to some extent, Gutwein. All these played their strokes with care and precision, and should do well next year, if the necessary patience, practice and attention to detail are forthcoming. Of the older members of the team, in addition to Clymo and Dutton, J., mention must be made of Comber, a useful opening bowler, Webb and Honigmann. All of them hit hard and on occasions, with some success. The standard of fielding was moderately good, with Dutton, J., Dutton, R., Webb and Gutwein doing particularly well.

The chief fault of the Under 14 XI was the slow rate of scoring in most of the matches, which accounted for such a large number of drawn games, in all of which only two runs, on the average, were scored off each over. There are a number of promising bats in the team who have all played useful innings in one match or another, but all of them fail to punish regularly the loose ball. E. Dunstan was the outstanding player of the team. He bowled consistently well and, in matches, took 35 wickets for an average of 4.0. This included 9 wickets for 11 runs against Newport Grammar School, when, incidentally, the remaining batsman was run out. J. Higgs has had two high scores, but was of the hit or miss type of batsman; however he showed promise as a wicket-keeper.

ATHLETICS, 1951

In the course of the School year a large number of athletic events were completed, and many new records set up. Our final Sports day was held on General meeting. In rather doubtful weather 100 yards, hurdles and field events accompanied a number of demonstrations in vaulting, agility, swimming, a ball game and some dancing—the latter well arranged by Fourth Form girls and organised by Jane Goodrich.

On Saturday, 28th April we inaugurated an annual match against Braintree County High School. This year it was held on our own ground and resulted in a win for the school. Points were as follows: F.S.S.W. 85; Braintree 53. This victory reflects great credit on all the boys and girls who gave themselves so willingly to training and practice. They were in every sense a real team and responded magnificently to the occasion. I print their names below in grateful appreciation of their response, and am also glad to be able to record my thanks to all those staff and scholars who, in a variety of ways, helped to make this meeting, our Sports Day and a number of smaller meetings, successful and enjoyable.

A small party of boys and girls journeyed to Cambridge on 5th June to see the Athletics Match between Cambridge University and the A.A.A. With several international performers present, the meeting reached a very high standard of achievement, and we hope that first class demonstrations of various techniques will have helped those that saw them.

The following represented the school against Braintree County High School:—

Boys

Senior: Comber, Clymo, Burman, Baker, Honigmann, Spendlove, Faralewski, Matthews, Fieldgate, Bennett.
Under 15: Watson, Nash (Skelton), Sillitoe, Harvey.
Under 13: Burnett, Dunstan E., Atkinson, Pike.

Girls

Senior: B. Barber, R. Rumsey (N. Sargant), J. Rose, J. Baker.
Under 15: M. Pilgrim, J. Mabbott, J. Hunn, P. Cadman (D. Clayton).
Under 13: M. Wyatt, M. Paul, M. Martin, S. Dutton.

The following boys and girls became record holders this year:

Boys

R. Burman (Discus) 92′ 7″
J. Dutton (Javelin) 141′ 10″
E. Faralewski (Hurdles) 11 secs.
A. Sillitoe (Under 14 100 yards) 11 2/5 secs.
A. Sillitoe (Under 14 220 yards) 27 3/5 secs.
E. Dunstan (Under 14 Long Jump) 16′ 1½″
Lister (Junior Relay) 59 secs.

Girls

M. Pilgrim (High Jump) 4′ 5″
M. Pilgrim (Hurdles) 11 3/5 secs.
J. Mabbott (Under 14 100 yards) 12 4/5 secs.
J. Mabbott (Under 14 Hurdles) 12 2/5 secs.

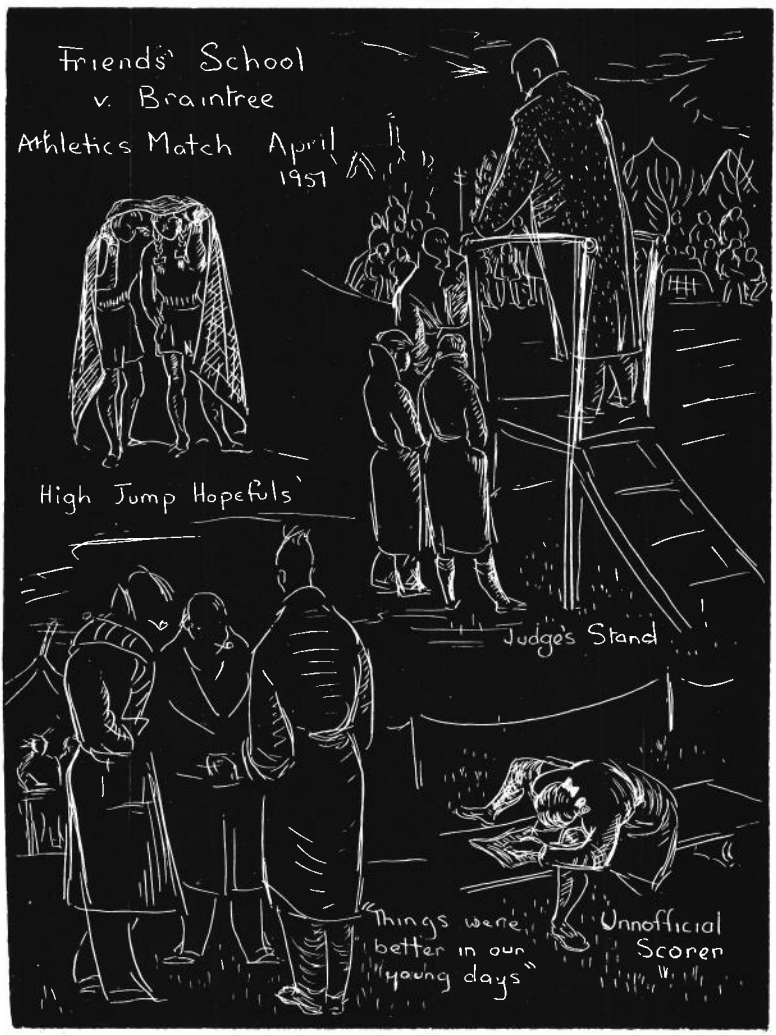
Athletic Colours were awarded to:

Boys

R. Burman, J. Dutton, E. Faralewski, P. Honigmann, R. Fieldgate R. Clymo

Girls

B. Barber, N. Sargant, M. Pilgrim.
Junior Athletic Colours were awarded to:


Friends' School
v. Braintree
Athletics Match April
1957
High Jump Hopefuls'
Judge's Stand
"Things were better in our young days"
Unnofficial Scorer

Boys

A. Sillitoe, R. Baker.

Girls

J. Mabbott.

BOYS' SWIMMING, 1951

IT has been a full term for swimming, and there is much to record. The main effort on the boys' side has been devoted to training as many as possible to become good all-round swimmers. To this end an unofficial inter-House competition has been in progress in Forms I to IV all through the term, to pass individually standards of achievement and style: there are ten of these, to pass which it is necessary to swim the various strokes and to dive with a really high standard of poise and action. Tuke won this competition, with an average of 8.6 tests passed. In all, 657 tests were passed, few of them at the first try of course, and well over 2,000 must have been attempted. These boys passed all ten standards: Tregear, M. Wood, Atkinson, Milne, Ward, Jones, Berny, Marriage, D. Spendlove, Wedd, R. Dunstan, Gibbons, Osborn, T. Baker, Bell, E. Dunstan, McKean, Snellgrove, J. Elsworth, Hayward, Westcott, A. Clymo, B. Pickard, Skelton, Eames, B. Hosking, A. Newton, Saunders, A. Wallis, Collett and P. Wallis.

Life-Saving instruction was given by Bennett and Frizzell, and with such efficiency that the master in charge who occasionally looked in, promptly went out again. The instructors won their certificates; D. Hosking, B. Hosking, Eames, Wedd, D. Spendlove, Poole, R. Dunstan and Tregear gained Bronze Medallions; Collett, the Intermediate Certificate; Skelton and A. Clymo, the Bronze Cross; and A. Spendlove, Frizzell, Bennett and Whitmore, the Award of Merit.

Swimming Club became rather more exclusive, as only two boys, A. Clymo and E. Dunstan, gained admittance.

Good work was done by Comber and Spendlove in supervising Club swimming and in training the team, so that our three matches were well captained, and a good spirit and good swimming was seen.

In our first match, against the Old Scholars on the Saturday morning at Whitsun, we swam two teams against a combined Veterans' and Younger O.S. team. It was a short match and a most enjoyable one, and whether the Old Scholars won or not depends upon how one interprets the points.

Our second match was against the Town (open and under 14 events) on 9th June. Seven individual races were followed by diving, with medley and free-style relays to end the afternoon. This was a boys' match only, but we acceded to the Town's request to let a

promising "boy" called Miss Meyrick swim for them! So much the better, for with her prowess at back crawl the two teams kept level all through the match; the result was not decided until the last quarter-length of the last event, when the Town won, by 38 points to 37.

Our third match was against Granta on 6th July. The traffic jam about the Royal Show delayed the start, and domestic complications hastened the end; and so 23 events were hustled through in 80 minutes. That we only gained 46 points to Granta's 90 might suggest a runaway victory, but even the relay races were closely contested, and Skelton's win in the 100 yards breast stroke was impressive.

The inter-House match was swum on the last Friday morning of term. Tuke won comfortably, with 94½ points against Mennell's 72 and Lister's 61½. The boys staged relay races only; the girls had mainly individual events. One record was broken: the boys' open 300 yards (6 swimmers) which had stood at 3 m. 25 secs. since 1937 was lowered by Tuke to 3 m. 18 2/5 secs.

Another record, only set up last year by Skelton, was broken this term by E. Dunstan: the 50 yards junior free-style now stands at 33 4/5 secs. M. Holmes equalled A. Wright's record, set up in 1933, for 25 yards junior back-stroke, of 17 4/5 secs. Not an official record, but worth recording as something new, is the achievement of the boys in their all being able to swim; except for two who could swim half a length, all have swum at least 25 yards.

No colours were awarded in 1950. This year Comber and A. Spendlove again received the colours which were first awarded to Spendlove in 1948 and to Comber in 1949. New colours were awarded this year to Matthews, Bennett and Skelton. Matthews' sprinting on the relays has meant much to the team; Bennett's style, both at crawl and diving, is outstanding. Junior awards were made to M. Holmes and E. Dunstan.

If these lines should catch the eye of him who writes the history of the School for its tercentenary in A.D. 2002, he will have skipped the above notes of names and house points, and come to rest on the odd remark that it was in 1951 that frogmen's rubber flippers (price 33/4d. including purchase tax) were first used here both for fun and for serious practice, and that rubber goggles and a Mediterranean under-water-fishing mask appeared in General bathes, to delight their wearers with a new and fishy world of slowly weaving limbs and clouds of silvery bubbles. It reminded them of the under-water sequences in the excellent News Chronicle film on crawl-stroke swimming, which our very obliging scribe and recorder Roger Buss showed to the School several times at the end of June.

E.K.O.

GIRLS—GAMES REPORT

SPRING TERM, 1951

THOUGH there were matches arranged for every Saturday and most Wednesdays throughout the term a number were cancelled owing to illness or unsuitable weather. We encountered some difficulty this term in foretelling the weather as on a number of occasions a wet morning, necessitating the cancelling of a match as pre-arranged with the visiting team, turned out to be a sunny afternoon.

In spite of these cancelled fixtures both the 1st XI and the Under 15 XI Hockey teams aquitted themselves well on most occasions and our chief opponents, Herts and Essex, only got away with a "no score" game.

The school was asked to send one representative to the East Anglian Junior Hockey Trials at Girton for a team of juniors to play the visiting Netherlands Team. We sent Jane Newman, our 1st XI Goalie, and though she was not amongst those selected she played very well despite difficult weather conditions.

1st XI

Goal ..... Jane Newman
Right Back ..... Jean Strachan
Left Back ..... Gwyneth Jackson
Right Half ..... Judy Baker
Centre Half ..... Rosalind Rumsey
Left Half ..... Naomi Sargant
Right Wing ..... Elizabeth Rice
Right Inner ..... Clare Moon
Centre Forward ..... Benita Barber
Left Inner ..... Margaret Pilgrim
Left Wing ..... Olga Sheeran

Under 15 XI

Goal ..... Heather Wright
Right Back ..... Alison Dawe
Left Back ..... Ruth Hatch
Right Half ..... Ann McGowan
Left Half ..... Sallie Donaldson
Centre Half ..... Pat Cadman
Right Wing ..... Regina Gosling
Right Inner ..... Jane Goodrich
Centre Forward ..... Janet Rice
Left Inner ..... Diana Clayton
Left Wing ..... Jeanetta Mabbott

Netball match results are still something of a secret between umpire and players, but perhaps next season will show more encouraging results.

House Hockey resulted in a win for Tuke with Lister next and finally Mennell. The house teams consisted of six seniors and five Under Fifteens.

1st XI Hockey colours were retained by: Gwyneth Jackson, Judy Baker, Benita Barber and Jane Newman and awarded to: 1st XI Margaret Pilgrim, Under 15 XI Jane Goodrich.

A small party of girls went to see the International Hockey match at Wembley on 4th March when England beat Scotland.

The Staff v. School Hockey Match will be the entertainment for the afternoon of Everlasting Day.

D.K.

APRIL—JULY, 1951

From the point of view of the cancellation of fixtures, the tennis teams had several disappointments during the summer term. A number of matches were cancelled owing to rain and epidemics. This was a great pity as both teams were exceptionally keen.

The first tennis match was a friendly against the Old Scholars. The school first team lost narrowly after putting up a creditable performance. The Old Scholars made the most of their greater experience and were more aggressive in their tactics. The school second team won their match through very steady tennis.

The first school fixtures were a first team tennis match and two rounders matches against Chantry Mount. Our first VI won quite comfortably as did the under 15 rounders team. Our under 13 rounders team lost after an exciting match.

Perhaps the most exciting tennis matches of the term were against Cambridge County, played at Cambridge. The matches were very nearly cancelled owing to a heavy rainfall, but it was eventually decided to use the two hardcourts and play fewer games. It took our girls some time to adapt their game. This was understandable as hard court tennis is a totally different game. The outcome of the tennis was that our first team lost by three games and the second won by 1. The first team were without their captain, Benita Barber, which was unfortunate.

The under 13 and under 15 rounders teams both lost, but in the under 15 team Jill Baker must be congratulated on very good bowling. In both cases our batting was not up to our fielding.

I think there was one occasion when our tennis teams were outclassed, and that was against St. Christopher's. We would like to congratulate St. Christopher's on their exceptionally high standard of tennis. They have excellent tennis courts and our girls

thoroughly enjoyed playing on them. Our under 13 rounders team lost to a brisker, more alert team.

We were sorry to have only one tennis match against the Training College. The first fixtures were cancelled owing to rain, and when we played the away match the Training College were not able to field a second team. Our first team enjoyed the match immensely and lost by only one set. The Training College courts are kept in very good condition and are a delight to play on. Once again we did not have our complete team and this time we were without Elizabeth Rice and Clare Moon.

Against Paston House first and second teams, our girls once again had to play on hard courts, and both teams lost, the second very narrowly. The under thirteen rounders team suffered their biggest defeat against Paston House. Despite their defeats, our under thirteen team must be congratulated on the manner in which they played and always tried hard.

Our last tennis match was a first team match against Braintree on our own courts. We lost by 3 games, an exciting result but not very interesting tennis.

Tennis house matches were played towards the end of the season and were a great success. Both junior and senior matches were played. Tuke were easy winners and were fortunate in having such a reliable first couple as Benita Barker and Rosalind Rumsey. Lister were runners-up with Mennell third.

We wound up the tennis season with a Master and Girls versus Mistresses and Boys match. The Mistresses and Boys won, and it was good to see that the boys had such a good idea of the doubles game and played attacking tennis.

The staff met the school's challenge to a rounders match, the result being a draw despite Jimmy Dutton's persistence in hitting almost every ball into Mount Pleasant Road.

Mr Pierce was a very good back stop (or wicket keeper??) and Mr Wright a formidable bowler.

In summing up the position with regard to tennis, I would like to mention Benita Barber in particular. She has all the necessary strokes that go to make a good player, but she must get more pace behind her shots. She made a very good tennis captain and was a tower of strength in the team. Naomi Sargant is, perhaps, the most improved player and is to be commended for her great determination.

Generally speaking the tennis is of a fairly high standard, but results can only be achieved by playing an attacking game, and whatever the circumstances there should always be at least one player up at the net. What is encouraging is that there is some very good material in the lower part of the school, particularly amongst the first formers.

SWIMMING

With so many excellent swimmers in the school it is unfortunate that it is not possible to arrange matches against any of the neighbouring schools. The only swimming match was a mixed match against Granta Club. Some very good swimming was seen and the girls put up a wonderful show and were well rewarded for their hard training. Particular mention must be made of Mary Watchurst, whose crawl was quite outstanding, and also Elizabeth Rice. The match resulted in a win for Granta.

Swimming house matches were very exciting and showed clearly how much talent there is throughout the school. Tuke distinguished themselves, once again, by winning, with Mennell second and Lister third.

A tremendous number of girls took life saving exams and we were particularly pleased that five took the Award of Merit, and so many of the first formers took the Elementary.

U.M.

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