

THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

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THE AVENUE

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EDITORIAL

TIMES change, and we change with them; but unwillingly, for we are conservative creatures. It was therefore gratifying to hear from so many sources that the new cover design had met with wide approval.

Criticism of the contents of *The Avenue* has on the whole, however, been less helpful. We have been asked by some for more stories, only to find that the next demand was for fewer stories; games players want longer games reports, while those whose interests lie elsewhere, complain about the space already devoted to this section. Most readers ask for more illustrations, but while some loftily ignore the question of cost which this would involve, others content themselves with saying that they are "sure the money problem could be solved somehow."

The fate of any magazine is in the hands of its contributors. It exists on the blood of those sacrifices which are sent in to the Editor, only to be returned, unwept, unhonoured and unpublished. Only if far more articles are received than can be printed, can the Editor set a high standard by accepting only the best.

Let us therefore acknowledge the debt we owe to those whose work has been rejected. As their numbers increase, so will the standards of *The Avenue* rise. If they lose heart and cease to write for us, how shall we obtain the straw to make those bricks, which we so gracefully drop from time to time?

250th BIRTHDAY OF THE SCHOOL

THE celebrations in connection with this important occasion will be held on Tuesday, 22nd July, at the end of the Summer Term. They will include the normal arrangements for General Meeting, which is not to be held at its usual time this year, as well as a number of additional exhibits and festivities, including an exhibition of past and present life at the school.

The performances of the pageant play "The Gateway of the Past," by Reginald Reynolds, with music specially composed by Dr Edmund Rubbra, will take place on Thursday, 17th July, the following Saturday, Monday and Tuesday itself.

A new history of the school, entitled "Unbroken Community," by David W. Bolam, an old scholar, is to be published in May at the price of 10/6d. (cloth) or 7/6d. (boards).

In order to give permanent recognition to the occasion by an addition to the school amenities, an appeal has been made for gifts to aid a scheme for the construction of some hard tennis courts.

INTER ALIA

THE preparations for the School's 250th anniversary celebrations are now nearly finished. During the Easter holidays, the redecoration and alteration of certain parts of the School will be completed. In the Assembly Hall, the stage lighting is to be completely rebuilt, an apron stage built, and a ventilating system installed. We only wish that there could be such events every year.

The theme of the Old Scholars' Lecture Weekend this year has been certain aspects of the history of education, with special reference to this School. The speakers were David Bolam, B.A., on "Schools for Rebels," Hilda Williams, M.A., of the University of Cambridge, on "The History of the Education of Girls," and C. Brightwen Rowntree, B.A., on "Friends' Schools Seventy Years Ago." These subjects were chosen because of their direct reference to the coming events of this summer.

The cast of the pageant play "The Gateway of the Past," and the special choir, will be returning to School two days early next term, for a period of intensive rehearsal. The reason given is that the external examinations will put too much pressure on the Senior members during the early part of the term.

During the school year, members of the Fifth and Sixth forms have visited, respectively, the Old Vic production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge; and the Stratford-on-Avon production of "The Winter's Tale" at the Phoenix Theatre, London. There was also a select Sixth form visit to Cambridge to see the film version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" by Edmond Rostand.

A recent event of note has been the Saffron Walden Amateur Operatic Society's performance of "Ruddigore," a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan. A party of about twenty Sixth formers attended the First Night, having been given free seats by the Society.

Great interest appears to have been shown in the last General Election by certain members of the Sixth form. These, having raided the rival parties' headquarters for large posters and propaganda, proceeded to paper the walls of their rooms with this material. Members of the Staff, who had occasion to teach there, found the display rather distracting!

Most senior members of the School were present at the Proclamation of the Queen, in the Market Square. The town crier, specially dressed for the occasion, and with a bell reminiscent of "tinkle," attracted some comment.

Films shown at the School this season have included: "Tawny Pipit," "The Overlanders," "The Egg and I," "Road to Utopia," "A Night at the Opera," "Sitting Pretty" and "The Mudlark." We hope that this high standard will be kept up in future.

One of our notable Saturday evening lectures last term was that of Alan Browne. His subject on this occasion was the North Island, N.Z. Previously, he has lectured here on the South Island, on the Lake District, and on North Wales; the lectures all profusely illustrated by his lantern-slides.

There has been the usual attendance of members of the School at the Saffron Walden Music Society's concerts this season. The first was a choral programme by the Tudor Singers; the second a performance by the Wind Ensemble, held in the School Hall. We look forward to "Intimate Opera," in the near future.

We have been pleased to welcome, during this term and the last, T. R. Tregear, K. L. Bordia, Bernard Lawson, Richard Harman, George Gorman, Alex Bryans and a party of Cambridge Young Friends.

We should like to congratulate Mr and Mrs Sturge on the birth of John Theodore.

Best wishes to Miss Osler on her forthcoming marriage to Mr Snape.

We also congratulate James Dutton and Manfred Ziegler on their winning places at St. John's College, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Oxford.

ELECTION CAMPAIGN

I WENT home for several days before the recent General Election with the idea of helping my father to be elected a Member of Parliament. I was informed that it "created a good impression" to have a candidate's family helping him (naturally that is just a matter of opinion). At any rate my sister and I were sent out canvassing on three days. The idea of canvassing is to persuade people to vote for you. We were both dreading the job as neither of us had ever tried it before. We began with the support of father's Sub-Agent but he soon heartlessly left us to our own devices. It was imagined that, because we happened to be the daughters of a candidate, people would be pleased to meet us, and therefore might perhaps vote for Mr A. E. Millett instead of one of the other two equally reasonable men putting up for election in the same constituency. Luckily no-one bothered to ask me any awkward questions about my father's opinion (which I did not know) on any topical question. I believe electioneering is invariably connected with bad eggs or rotten tomatoes hurled by angry electors; I am sorry to have to disillusion my readers, but nothing exciting or messy happened to me. For the most part when I was canvassing the people either stood and stared at me, or peered suspiciously round the edges

of their doors as if they thought I was trying to sell them something. The only interesting character I met was an elderly lady who quite cheerfully said she had never voted in her life and never intended to, because she was not at all interested and moreover did not think women ought to have the right to vote. A large proportion of people had not yet made up their minds and did not seem at all interested.

On Wednesday evening we went to three Eve of the Poll meetings at which Father spoke. These meetings are very important as they are the last chance a candidate has to swing the "floating voters" over to his side. The first of our meetings was very quiet but the second was quite different. It was in a hall crammed to bursting point with people, about half of whom were loyal and very noisy supporters of the other two candidates. It was the first organised heckling which Father encountered in this campaign and great fun was had by all as wise-cracks flew from side to side. Unfortunately we had to rush away to another meeting which was disappointingly quiet in contrast. Father ended up with an open-air meeting in the market place but as it was rather late my sister and I could not stay to see the fun. Even as we walked through the streets we could sense the excitement felt by everyone.

Thursday was the Great Day. My job was to stay outside a polling-station with representatives from the other parties to take the official voting numbers of people coming in so they could be checked off in the Committee Rooms. In the middle of the afternoon two very worried looking ladies came in and said a certain number had been reported at their Committee Rooms as having voted while actually the owner of the number had been dead for three months. I think we all expected a rush of people hurrying in to vote at the end but because of the thick fog we had a very slack time in the evening. My sister drove our car round bringing people in to vote. Each party is allowed a certain number of cars for this purpose which have to be officially registered beforehand.

The counting of the votes was not held until Friday because of the large number of outlying villages. We all had to sign very formidable looking Declarations of Secrecy before being allowed in to watch the count in the Town Hall. Once in you cannot leave until the result has been announced publicly by the Returning Officer in charge. Watching the count was quite interesting. First, all the voting slips in each black ballot box were counted to make sure none had been mislaid. Then the real counting began. The slips were sorted into different trays for the different candidates by about thirty helpers. Next they were put in piles of a hundred, and then tens of these piles were tide into bundles and placed on the centre tables, so after a while it was quite easy to see how each candidate was progressing. The Returning Officer told us an amusing story of a man who, because he could not vote for Mr Attlee, threw his paper on the floor and walked out without voting. The last few

slips were put on the table, and during a sudden silence the Returning Officer quietly told the result to the candidates' agents so that if dissatisfied they could order a recount. This being considered unnecessary, he read the results to us all and then hurried outside to inform the crowd waiting in the Square. The candidates then went out and each spoke a few words to the cheering people. The election was over and the new M.P. faced his responsibilities.

Una Millett, Form Vl

A CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY CONFERENCE

held in London by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, which members of the Sixth Form attended

THE conference was attended by two thousand five hundred boys and girls from the fifth and sixth forms of Grammar schools all over the country. I remember watching them in amazement as they crowded in an orderly way up the great stairway of the Central Hall, Westminster. It was hard to imagine that there existed so many intelligent and interesting-looking young people. And they looked so old; it was almost inconceivable that their average age was only sixteen. The Welsh were there in force, people from Yorkshire—I met four girls from The Mount, a Friends' School in York —and the Scots; and people from all the rest of Britain made themselves known in various accents when they asked the speakers questions. All these people gathered into the great hall and were faced by a huge church organ, an array of national flags, a row of microphones, and a group of distinguished-looking people, to learn how to be tomorrow's citizens.

The theme of the conference was Human Rights. A committee of the United Nations had issued, in 1948, a Declaration of Human Rights, setting forth all that they considered to be the basic rights of a human-being: political, economic, and social. The Conference dealt with various aspects of these Rights. Proceedings were arranged so that there were two lectures each morning and another one each afternoon. After these, members of the audience could come and ask questions at the two specially placed microphones. Then for two afternoons of the four there were discussion groups, to which we had been allotted before we came to the conference. The first afternoon was free and the last taken up with winding up the proceedings. Each speaker, or group of speakers, was introduced by a chairman, many of whom were well-known and very able people.

The Conference was opened by a woman who announced that the Hon. Harold Nicholson, the first speaker was unable to come, and that the last speaker, Sir Benegal Rau, the U.N. Delegate from India, had agreed to speak first. Everyone clapped, though they

were very disappointed. We had a great fondness for clapping at this conference. We clapped the dignitaries on the platform, the chairmen, the start and finish of the lectures, and in addition were liable to clap in the middle, if anything was said that amused us or gained our approval. It was almost my first experience of the gusts of goodwill or disapproval that sweep like fire through massed people, and I found it very interesting.

Sir Benegal Rau had a very limited freedom of speech—one of the most important of human rights—as he had just been called as a judge at the Hague Court of International Justice. Speaking on "Human Rights in the World Today," he said that every human being should possess these rights but that they entailed corresponding responsibilities. Otherwise some human beings would exceed their rights and thus suppress those of others. When he had finished we were disappointed to hear he did not consider himself free to answer questions.

Then the secretary of the C.E.W.C., a busy little man, made some announcements, namely, that the two most interesting speakers would be unable to come but that there would be substitutes, and also that the Conference would try to raise £65 for buying school equipment in the backward Indian State of Mysore. Both these announcements caused dismay.

The next talk was on "The Human Rights Programme of U.N.O." by a Canadian, Professor John Humphries, a sort of "international civil servant." He had even less freedom of speech than Sir Benegal Rau. For the most part he said repeatedly that the Declaration was a good thing and that it would come to much. We found his Canadian accent very tiresome after a while, as well as his pulpit manner of addressing us. In answering questions he had even less freedom. He refused to answer any questions concerned with re-armament, in spite of our applause, and the chairman told us sternly that such things must not be asked or mentioned again.

That was the first day. The rest of the proceedings were very similar. The words of Sir Benegal Rau were enlarged upon by the various speakers from their different points of view. I felt I would love to indulge in a little drawing of pen-portraits, so varied and interesting were these speakers. There was Dr Bronowski, brown, wide and smiling, who spoke on "Scientific Knowledge and Human Rights" in a highly entertaining way. Then there was Miss Mary Trevelyan, expansive in figure and deep in voice. She spoke on "Without Distinction of Race or Colour" (so many of the talk-titles said in a few words only what the speaker said in many) but found half her talk given by her earnest chairwoman. She therefore launched into a funny story which had nothing whatever to do with the colour-bar. Then there was an old Irish lawyer, Richard

O'Sullivan. He beamed on us like a grandfather, rubbed his hands together, and called us all: "My dear gossips!" There was a strained silence, so he explained that some famous man had called his godson a "gossip." We found later that it meant "a godparent." His subject was "Equal Before the Law" which is an excellent summary of his very lengthy speech.

For the discussion-groups, people arranged themselves as best they might over the chairs, each around a group-leader, and started discussions. We all felt we were agreed upon the main ideas behind the questions given, so that to speak was to argue for argument's sake. We found one person often tending to monopolise the discussion: in my group it was an earnest boy with a shiny face and a glistening nose. I must say that the second afternoon of this was better, because the sub-groups had held discussions beforehand, and we all had something to say, at least about our own particular question.

The last day, the amount of money collected for Mysore, namely £84, was reported, and the gift coupons duly posted. They brought in a postman specially. Then a speech of thanks was made by the son of the Speaker of the Indian Parliament, who was in London. It was the most sincere and well-phrased speech in the whole conference, and invoked storms of applause. The poor young man was mobbed by autograph-hunters afterwards. Finally, in the afternoon, the winding-up talk was given by Dr. Gilbert Murray amid a sort of "end of term" feeling. Dr. Murray has been a very great classical scholar; he is now a very old man who started late and finished later and it was not easy for us afterwards to remember what he said.

So ended the Conference. In it there was nothing said that one could grasp as a new idea, and that disappointed us. No-one could disagree that the assertion of the individual rights of every human being was a good thing. No-one could disagree that the sooner the U.N.O. managed to make those rights universal, the better it would be. But I think everyone came hoping to be able to discuss the application of these principles to the world and its problems today. Yet we found these tabooed from the start. The only thing we were allowed to discuss was the colour-bar problem, while the Communist-bar problem was left untouched. Speakers poked barbed comments at the Russians as at some nasty animal, but no-one broke down the spirit of hostility and came to grips with the situation on the grounds of the common humanity and common rights between ourselves and the population of the other half of the world. However, I will say of the atmosphere of the Conference that there is nothing quite so stimulating as being one of a concourse of intelligent and appreciative people of one's own age.

Diana Jones, Form VI



Michael Snellgrove *Form III*

PUNTING IN THE CAM

ONE Wednesday in the summer,
In August, at the end,
Accompanied by a female girl
To Adstork I did wend.

We were to meet another,
Likewise accompanied,
And then, we would to Cambridge
To seek some river-weed.

The journey to that "city"
Took no more than two laps,
With stop halfway (we might be lost),
Just to consult our maps.

Arrived there, we parked our steeds,
And went to buy some biscuits;
We found some shrimps that smelt like prawns,
But decided that we'd risk it.

Our shorts were very short,
And the creases smartly pressed,
But we sped past every bobby
—Were we "improperly dressed"?

The Boatman, somewhat doubtful,
Said, yes, he had some punts,
But if we had a punt-pole,
We must promise, "No, no stunts."

We dared not use this clothes-prop
Till we were round the bend,
For even with the paddles
Transverse section was the trend.

To navigate a backwater
Was at one time our aim,
But the shape of one companion
Was never again the same.

For there was an iron grating
Nine inches above the flood,
And we could not go sub-surface,
For the punt stuck in the mud.

We passed by famed King's College,
Going stern-first as a rule,
But once diagonally,
And splashing to keep cool.

Beneath a weeping willow
We lay in calm repose.
The breeze wafted trailing branches,
And moistened our forty toes.

We reached the further boat-house
And turned the punt up-stream,
And with our poleish splashing
Disturbed a love's-young-dream.

At one point, where the bottom
Was somewhat muddified,
The pole stuck, and my feet slipped
Into stance undignified.

At each of the eight bridges
Which cross the river Cam,
Was a matinee performance,
Called "How a Bridge to Ram."

This comedy uproarious
Could make us rich for aye
But we did it once too often
—At a time we did not try.

The pole got stuck at one side
Right angular to the boat;
And the punt went to the other
—With only three afloat.

We tied up at the boat-house,
The Boatman looking grim,
For with our pole unwieldy
With vigour we'd splashed him.

Our aim, procuring river-weed,
Was quickly gratified,
Since by our feats aquatic
We were draped out—and inside.

That Wednesday in the summer,
In August, at the end,
Still nibbling broken biscuits,
Back to Adstork we did wend.

"CHEESE TOPS"

COLLECTING triangular cheese tops started as a craze in the school when processed cheese was more widely produced about a year ago, but now not many people are collecting them; the few that are, however, have got together a very pretty collection. I myself have got just over a hundred, but there are people with more. I started my collection by finding a "cheese top" on the floor of the dining room, but of that one I have now got a better copy. After that I was sent a box of cheese from home, and thus my collection began. I now stick them in a book under the names of the countries in which they are made. There is now an album, which I intend to get, and also a "cheese top" club which has recently opened in London.

Brian Hosking, Form III

AQUEOUS HUMOUR

What we are taught:—

"His writings were very interesting because he was actually in Vesuvius during its violent eruption."

"He was a lesser god, but none the less, he was a god."

"If he (Chaucer) found a good tale and couldn't fit it to anyone, he fitted it to anyone he could."

The Library has been receiving copies of the "Democratic German Report" from East Germany. We understand that it is sent as Communist propaganda, because we use Marx as a punishment.

OPERATION WALES—1951

LAST summer after G.C.E. four of us toured Wales on bicycles, following somewhat the pattern of another group in 1947. Plans were laid well in advance and all hostel bookings were arranged at Easter.

After a frantic last minute check to see that we had all our equipment, Chris Noble, Drip Frizzell and myself set off not so bright and early on the morning of 19th July after the Squash and most other people had gone. That first day we covered 62 miles. It was so hot that no one else was using the roads. How grateful we were when we saw Broughton Church that evening! Our first taste of a Youth Hostel was somewhat unpleasant, no meals were provided (we lived on school ham and bread) and the building—the old rectory—was decaying horribly.

Next day we reached Stratford after a very early start. This hostel was almost a hotel, catering for 150 members a night. It was very full, on account of the Stratford Drama Festival. On Saturday morning we inspected the town before passing on to Malvern. The town of Malvern lies on the edge of the Malvern Hills, a ridge rising abruptly out of the floors of the Severn and Wye valleys.

Our plan was to attack Wales in the centre, entering up the Wye valley. This meant crossing Worcester Beacon—our first sample of hill cycling. Sunday saw us following the Wye valley, we went through the pleasant little town of Hereford (where all the shops were open even on Sunday) and its neighbouring hop-fields, orchards and dairy farms.

On Monday, we left the Wye valley and followed a tributary. The road led us past the Sugar Loaf Mountain, named after its extraordinary smoothness, past a waterfall carrying the delightful name of "O Water Break Thy Neck," and then over a pass into the small valley leading down to Llandrindod Wells. The road was typical of many in Wales; it was unfenced and the roaming ground of numerous sheep. Myself in the van, we were free-wheeling gaily down the hill, when suddenly there was a most terrible clanking and rattling. The sheep scattered, hastening over the horizon for fear of their lives. As for us, we sat and laughed our heads off—the bag containing all our cutlery had dropped and the contents were all over the road.

We arrived early and spent the afternoon asleep under a hedge. The town proved small and uninteresting. It was here at another 'no-meals-provided' hostel that we met Wilson, our fourth member, who had come from Cardiff to join us.

Next morning we cut down on equipment and sent vast parcels home, for the hills outside the town looked ominous. That day we spent admiring the water supply of Birmingham City, namely the Elan valley reservoir with its three vast dams.

Wednesday gave us a real sample of Welsh mountain scenery (and gradients). The road from Van hostel led up a hill which was almost like a house wall. (We afterwards found out that its gradient was one in four). The road soon came out onto open moorland with nothing in sight but slate outcrops and an odd sheep here and there. At Stay-a-Little we left the road for a track which led us to Dylife. It was a narrow track and unfenced. At one point it ran round the head of a glaciated U shaped valley with sheer sides, which incidentally had a perfect example of a hanging tributary, complete with waterfall.

Dylife was a derelict mining village. We approached it across a great devastated waste of bare gravel and sand—the old lead workings—over which ran a derelict plateway. The village itself consisted of a line of derelict cottages and two or three inhabited ones. Never have I seen a more desolate place.

After climbing for the whole morning we at last came out of the mist at 1671 feet, to see a four mile free-wheel run into Machynlleth—how we rattled down that track! The afternoon saw us labouring up the Cader Idris pass (957 ft.) right under the brow of that famous mountain. The night was spent at Dolgelley.

On Thursday we left the "southern type" hills behind and crossed the Dovey estuary making for Barmouth and Harlech by the coast road (which was being straightened and widened). The castle at Harlech was the only one we visited, it is in a fine state of preservation and commands an excellent defensive position overlooking the narrow coastal plain.

At Penrhyndeudraeth (which I challenge any non-Welshman to pronounce) we entered "north type" hill country and had great difficulty in finding Cae Ddafydd hostel which is right up in the mountains. This hostel had no electric lighting and all water for washing came from a well on the open moor. The men washed in the stable.

Friday was a miserable day. The rain on the Aberglaslyn pass washed out our plans to visit Bettws-y-Coed and instead, after deliberation and coffee at the famous Pen-y-Gwryd hotel we made straight for Llanberis over the pass.

Coming down from the pass we had the novel experience of travelling at full speed in pouring rain down a steep winding hill without any ability to stop. The rain had rendered our brakes quite useless.

On Saturday most of us went up Snowdon although it was rather misty. Unfortunately the cloud did not break even on the summit. One day I vow I will set up a rival half-way cafe on Snowdon and break the frightful monopoly whereby a cup of tea costs sixpence.

On Sunday we came back to the coastal plain and spent an enjoyable day on Anglesey.

Monday was extremely hot again and since we had sixty-four miles to go we had to press on fast. Conway was made in good time, but we unfortunately lost our way and circuited the town three times, owing to traffic diversions. When we arrived at Chester, John Wilson was suddenly forced to return home by train. We saw him off on the next day and ourselves made for Shrewsbury in pouring rain. This was our second, and last, wet day and it prevented us from examining the very interesting "two-tiered" shopping centre of Chester.

That night we stayed at Shrewsbury hostel and Wednesday was spent in the town.

On Thursday we continued our homeward journey, crossing the tracks of thirteen days earlier near Alcester, and sleeping in the old Manor House at Broom—a very fine hostel. Friday saw us crossing the ground at Broadway which had been the subject of the map question in G.C.E. Geography. The night we spent in Ruskin College Hostel in Oxford, which was very luxurious; hot water was provided, the first we had seen for a week.

On Saturday we entered Uxbridge by way of High Wycombe and dispersed to our various homes. So ended a very enjoyable sixteen days and we have all vowed to repeat the venture in 1952, on the continent if possible. *Tim Whitmore, Form VI*

IMAGINATION

FEET well apart, clutching the rail at his side, he stared ahead into the darkness. The cold wind struck at him, seeking to pull him from the rolls and lurches of his steed as she plunged through the darkness. Shapes appeared and went as soon as they had come, while all the time a steady roar vibrated through the whole structure.

He was alone. He was the master of this beast. One touch and she would cease to be a powerful monster butting through the night. A spirit of strength gripped him. He hummed a tune to himself, quietly, but it made him feel exhilarated with the joy of life. A shiver ran down his spine. Yes, it was cold out there. He shook himself, and, pulling his greatcoat closer round him, he stepped into the heart of this beast, and his shout of "Fares please," mingled with the roar of the engine. *J. W. Robertson, Form IV*

CHRISTMAS

THE snow is whirling
Through the night,
The moon and stars
Are shining bright,
For Father Christmas
Comes tonight. *Frances Collecot, Form I*

"HAPPY MEMORIES"

ON first appearances, the title of this article might be taken as the herald of some reminiscences of the "good old days"——if any apologies are due for misleading you, dear reader, then they are freely given, but allow me to justify myself; surely the memories of the eight members of the senior part of the school who attended an international work party at Bierville in France, last summer holidays, must rank high amongst their most valuable experiences.

It all began when, one Saturday in our sixth form meeting, a letter from the chairman of the Y.H.A. (international branch) who is a Friend, was read to us, mentioning that the Y.H.A. were holding, in collaboration with the A.F.J. (Les Auberges Francais pour la Jeunesse), this international work camp, to restore the first of the French youth hostels ever opened, which had been occupied by the Nazis during the war and which they had left in the most dilapidated condition. Representatives of other Friends' Schools would be joining in, and it was hoped that Walden would send a party. Needless to say, there wasn't much difficulty in collecting a group of us who were interested, and a party of eight finally decided to go.

Thus, on the 26th August, we left Victoria Station, somewhat earlier in the morning than most of us would have chosen. Our journey, via Folkestone and Boulogne, was not very eventful, though we enjoyed a pretty lively crossing; which completely ruined the hairstyles of our lady members—and consequently their composure too!

On our arrival at the Gare du Nord, Paris, where we should have been met, nobody who looked as though they had lost two hard labourers was in sight, so after considerable delaying ("No you ask." "Go on, it's easy, just say 'Pardon, Monsieur mais . . .' ") somebody asked how to get to Bierville. Across Paris, or rather underneath, by Metro, to Gare Austerlitz and thence to Etampes, about 40 kilometres south of Paris. Here we changed our main line express for a small diesel car and met some other hostellers, also from Bierville, whose chamois-leather shorts and decorated braces proclaimed them as Austrian lads. We chatted, with these our first acquaintances from Bierville, in a mixture of French, common to most, and German and English, common to some. On Bierville station, a group of hostellers awaited our arrival, and while we were still taking in our surroundings, our bags were distributed amongst the willing group, and friendly arms linked in ours to lead us off through the country lanes to the camp.

Our first impressions of the Hostel must have been very mixed; for myself, I felt a certain amount of doubt mingled, perhaps, with

disappointment. Doubt, because the hostel was in a far worse condition than ever I had imagined—and it looked as though the task we had undertaken was practically impossible; and disappointment—probably because the work which confronted us looked never-ending and even Hercules must have felt lazy sometimes! The sight of the common room-cum-dining room in bad weather, with its blazing wood fire over which a huge cauldron of soup boiled merrily, and its carefully scrubbed tables and benches laid for our supper, altered the gloomy outlook considerably. We were hungry.

The work done at the hostel was tough. There was a great deal of painting, cementing and plastering, digging and heaving, tree-felling and log-chopping.

The digging was by far the most exacting work, it was going on in order to build new toilet facilities, for which a large underground sanitation pit was needed. This alone sounds hard enough, but when we heard it was to be about 20 ft. by 9 ft. by 7 ft. deep, and mostly in solid chalk,—well, we knew then that we hadn't let ourselves in for a rest-cure! The next morning, after a somewhat draughty night under canvas, the hostel bedrooms not yet being available, we inspected the pit and discovered that all the earth which came out had to be thrown up a tremendous great bank which rose steeply from the pit to about 25 ft. high. This was accomplished by a series of shelves which had been cut in the bank, and upon each of which one chap stood, and he threw earth up to the next chap which had come to him from the man below. It took a long time, and we had not finished when we left two weeks later. Pity the poor Egyptians building a Pyramid! Apart from putting in their share on the bank and in the painting, the girls were responsible for our nourishment and a good job they made of it too. At 11 o'clock we stopped work and gathered in the courtyard to take our 'elevenses,' which consisted of red wine and chocolate. It was at this time that the hostel warden's children and their friends, all about 5 or 6 years old would be around, and our efforts to speak with them and get them talking seemed only to result in laughter all round! Perhaps our baby-French was bad.

In the evenings we went for long walks through the thickly wooded hillsides, and arriving at a suitable clearing we would stop, and set the woods ringing with international sing-songs, though we had few songs in common. Lili Marlene was known by everyone (some in English and some in German however), and we soon taught our comrades such old favourites as Polly-wolly-doodle and Auld Lang Syne, and most of us learnt bits of German songs too, like Auf Wiedersehen and Schneiderlein. On our return from these rambles we used to call at the little cafe by the station, and the old owner used to clear back the tables and let us dance until we were ready for bed.

We all made an excursion in a rather rickety bus (worse than any Viceroy) to visit the chateaux of the Loire, where the old French kings used to retire for their holidays. Such beautiful buildings filled us with admiration.

The camp at Bierville received very considerable publicity, and during the fortnight when we were there we had visits from the local and national French press, and articles and photos of the camp appeared in most of the large papers. After we left, the camp had visits from a film and also a broadcasting company. As a result of this widespread publicity, the French government began to take interest and sent a sum of 300,000 francs, just as a token of thanks to the large number of countries who were helping.

The hostel, though not entirely finished, was opened on the 16th September and, according to the lucky few who managed to stay on to the end, it was a splendid occasion. The hostel was opened by M. Schumann, and several other celebrities were present.

The camp began in May, 1951, and by the end of August there had been members of 16 nations there. These were mainly Germans, Scandinavians, English and Americans. Representatives from France were almost non-existent, which proved a great disappointment to all concerned. The French hostellers used to arrive in swarms for the weekends, but few offered to help. Two Frenchmen connected with the press, however, proved to be excellent chefs and they came regularly at weekends to cook for us; needless to say we welcomed them with open arms.

I think the Germans were the nation to whom the hostel was most indebted; their parties were continually arriving at the camp, and almost all of the skilled craftsmen such as plumbers, carpenters and electricians were German, some of whom had given up jobs in Germany in order to help us. They proved to be the best entertainers in the evenings too, as some had guitars and mouth-organs, and all were only too willing to join in and please everybody. Their work, especially amongst the carpenters, was of the very highest quality.

In this way the youth of sixteen nations mixed together in the most friendly of atmospheres, which was one in which all were striving towards a single aim—to aid their brothers of yet another nation. To those of Walden who have been to Bierville, as they look back upon so happy an occasion, comes the striking feature of the camp—friendship—and one realizes that in this experience, we have seen a step taken by sixteen nations along the difficult road that leads to peace and goodwill towards all men.

David O. Matthews, Form VI

OMBRE OU SOLEIL

THERE are two types of bullfighting: the modern type in which the bull's horns are adorned with ribbons, these have to be removed by the matadors*; and the old fashioned type in which the bull is teased, hurt and molested in numerous ways until it is so weak that the matador can kill it.

Unfortunately, I saw the latter type and I was amazed that such cruelty should be allowed in a national sport; bullfighting has not fairness to boast, even if it does require a certain amount of skill and courage.

We entered the huge auditorium and seated ourselves on our portion of the concrete benches, while thousands of hot excited Biscayans and Spaniards climbed, fell or crawled over us in their crazy rush to find their places. The price of the 'seats' is graded according to whether they are "ombre," "soleil" or "ombre et soleil." Although we were in the most expensive seats, the only advantage over those in the cheap seats was that we did not have to squint at the arena. Each bullfight, or rather an afternoon's bullfighting, entails the death of six bulls. The fight lasts about three hours. The bulls are beautiful creatures and are specially bred for the sport. For three days before the fight they are kept in complete darkness and starved; this makes them mad enough, but, to crown everything, a nerve is severed, and this with the glaring sunlight (which they first see when entering the arena) causes almost complete madness. The meat of the dead bulls is sold cheaply to the poor the next day.

When the bull is let into the arena, all the 'toreadors' tease it by flapping their *pink* capes and then twisting and showing their skill. After the bull is thoroughly enraged, two mounted 'picadors' ride in on old, blind-folded horses. The blindfold prevents them from bolting when the bull charges. Their sides, rump and chest are protected by large, red pads. The 'picadors' hold long shafts which are pointed at one end. These 'pics' are used to push the bull back as he charges and are placed between the shoulder-blades at an angle so as not to cause deep wounds but to appease the audience's love of gore by causing a torrent of blood to flow over the shoulder. This loss of blood also helps to weaken the bull. When a horse is knocked down the people go mad with excitement and yell and shout some Spanish word which is equivalent to "bravo!" The next person to come into the arena is the 'banderillero' carrying a 'banderilla' in each hand. A 'banderilla' is a short, harpoon-like, brightly coloured shaft. They again are placed between the shoulder-blades. It is a very skilled and dangerous action as a slip means that the bull's horns will gore the stomach of the 'banderillero.' Sometimes the action may be carried out by the

*Literal translation of matador is murderer.

'matador.' The performer advances alone towards the bull with the 'banderillas' held high above his head and pointing towards the ground. As the bull charges his body tenses and as the bull passes he twists at the same moment, shooting the shafts into the bull's hide. The closer the horns pass to the man's body, the more the crowd shouts. The people rise in their places and scream with delight, throwing down their hats and shawls. The object of these preliminary procedures is to weaken the strong neck muscles which are used for tossing; the bull will then hang his head and the 'espada' may be driven in easily.

When an attempt (successful or unsuccessful) has been made to place the six 'banderillas,' the matador enters the arena by himself and faces the bull. In his hand he holds a red 'muleta' or cloth which is supported by the 'espada' or sword. Again there is a display of skill, and when the 'matador' kneels or turns his back on the bull the applause is deafening. The 'matador,' after tiring the animal, waits for his opportunity and drives the 'espada' deep into the base of the skull, so causing instantaneous death by severing the spinal cord. The bloody carcase is dragged out by a team of four horses resplendent with bows and bells. As the 'matador' bows to the cheering crowds, flowers, hats, boleros, scarves and even half-full bottles of wine come flying through the air into the arena.

Diana Fox, Form VI

THE MIST

THE mist lies high, over the downs,
Like a grey blanket it hangs around.
The day is dull, and very cold,
For now the sun has lost
Its beautiful ray of gold.
The birds are all in their tree-top homes,
And the stormy sea is covered with foam.
Nothing stirs, and all is still.
For hours and hours, the mist does fill
The world, with its blanket of grey.

Pat Smalley, Form II

WASTE PAPER

SAVE waste paper all you can,
Give it to the salvage man.
We collect it by the ton;
It's a job for everyone.
Save old papers by the score!
The country needs them more and more.
Collect old papers every day,
For it will make the country pay.

Morris Johnson, Form I

SAFFRON WALDEN SUMMER SCHOOL

THIS year the general theme for discussion was "Spreading the Christian Message." We were divided into three groups according to age, each group studying a different part of the theme. In the morning we had a school assembly which was followed by the group meetings.

Then, during the afternoon, there were various things arranged for us; a tour of places of interest in the town, a treasure hunt, and a swimming gala. Mr. Rowntree took us round the town and told us about Saffron Walden's history. The swimming gala included races and a water polo match.

The water polo was funny, as it was not played according to the usual rules. There was also a contest to see who could make the largest splash! There was a rounders match, Staff v. School, and the School won with the score about 15—0.

There was plenty of opportunity for bathing. We had a dip before breakfast and one after supper, and usually at least one bathe during the day.

There were also Music and Drama Groups in the afternoons. In the Music Group we sang songs, did some country dancing and formed a recorder band. The Drama Group prepared plays and verses for reading in the evenings.

Altogether I enjoyed it very much. I was glad of the opportunity to meet and live with other Friends although it was only for a short time.

Rachel Ashton, Form IV

THE CHALLENGE OF CONSCRIPTION

TWENTY-SIX boys between the ages of sixteen and nineteen attended a conference with the above title at "Whan Cross," an ex-farmhouse in Buckinghamshire.

The conference covered parts of three days (Sept. 10th, 11th, 12th) and was addressed by Colin Fawcett, George Gorman and John Fletcher, all of whom talked and lived with us.

Many subjects connected with military conscription were discussed and thought about. Some of these were: the position of the conscientious objector; the practicability of pacifism; the government's reasons for military conscription; the Quaker Peace Testimony; methods of dealing with aggressors, together with many others.

We divided at two points in the conference into study groups of between six to eight people. This was to discuss some of the

problems in greater detail. Reports from each group were heard by the whole conference, further discussion ensuing.

I think everyone present felt that, when faced with the many problems caused by conscription, they must listen to the voice of their consciences and act accordingly. Thus we must not take conscription or pacifism for granted, being blindly loyal to the State or the "Society of Friends," but must think out each problem, and be "conscience obeyors."

The conference was arranged by the Friends' Peace Committee and I think I may say that all who attended came away with their thoughts greatly clarified and stimulated.

Roy Burman (1944-51)



Richard Ward, Form II — *The Flying Enterprise*



FOR quite a number of years, it has been the custom of the Dramatic Society to produce a full-length play every Autumn Term, but on account of the production of the Pageant at the end of the year, the decision to produce three one-act plays saved the time of the actors who usually take the larger parts and provided two opportunities. David Matthews and Judith Foster, the two most experienced actors in the school, were able to try their hand at production, in which task they have entirely succeeded, and the division of the plays into Senior, Intermediate and Junior groups permitted the discovery of talent in the latter two categories, which may in a few years time be invaluable.

The junior play was the trial scene from Kenneth Grahame's classic, "The Wind in the Willows." The character of Toad, set against those of the court personnel, must needs make an amusing scene, but the amusement was increased by the excellent portrayal of the judge by Jennifer Eames. The other characters included a policeman, played by Keith Dobb, who plunged the audience into fits of laughter; an usher, played by John Edwards, and, of course, the Toad, who was played by Peter Avery. These, with the animals of the jury and the whiskered witnesses, showed that hopes for the future were not ill-founded.

"The Quaker and the Highwayman" by Beatrice Saxon Snell is, as its title implies, a picture of Quaker life in the days when the Society was struggling for existence, and this was the choice of the Senior Group. Mr Thomas Ellwood, after having most of his belongings taken by the authorities for not paying tithes, is visited by a young and comparatively innocent highwayman whom he converts to good ways by his example. This play depends largely upon its acting, and its success was mainly due to the performance of Brian Abbs, showing his ability in a character study, who made the feeling of the play remain, while

adding to the amusement of moments that deserved it. Olga Sheeran gave a very good performance as the housekeeper, John Wilson made an efficient highwayman and James Dutton an amusing constable. The dearth of acting talent in the sixth form forced the cast to descend into the fifth, where there seems to be even less. However, Patricia Binks as Jenny deserves mention. This play, though not the normal kind to be produced at the end of term, was well and deservingly received both by the school and by the visitors.

The title of the Intermediate Group play, "The Crimson Coconut," suggests that comedy is in the offing. It certainly was: the experiences of the waiter, excellently player by Donald Atkinson, of a certain Mr. Jabstick (John Robertson) and of his daughter (Joyce Coffin), who is in love with a detective, played (naturally enough) by Harold Newton. The waiter has a similar love affair, except that his love, the cook, is at the other end of a speaking tube. Neither couple can get married until money is forthcoming. Their problems are solved by the arrival of M. and Mme. Gliserinski (Brian Hosking and Pat Cadman), who, on their way to blow up the Bank of England, leave the bomb (The Crimson Coconut) at the restaurant. Through the waiter's comic foolishness and the quick wit of Mr. Pincher, the detective, the criminals are caught, and the reward divided between the two couples. The wit of the author coupled with the obvious proficiency of the producer and all the actors, especially Donald Atkinson, made the play a success, as the applause of the school manifestly pointed out.

The *hors d'œvres* of Mr. Toad, Mr. Ellwood and the waiter at Spaghetti's restaurant, was as entertaining an introduction to the holidays as many an end-of-term concert.

Nigel Watt, Form VI

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

IT is pleasing to record that the unwelcome cloud of apathy, which covered the events of the Literary Society throughout last year, is slowly moving away. The first evidence of this was the enrolment of a large number of fifth formers, many of whom have successfully settled down in the Society.

Only three meetings were held in the Autumn Term on account of unavoidable outside occurences and the fact that the committee lacked three members. Judith Foster, Una Millett and Nigel Watt were elected to these posts, and have joined David Matthews, the only committee member remaining from last year. The first two meetings were devoted to a reading of Shakespeare's "King Lear," which, although interesting, could not be fully appreciated in one reading. "King Lear" dragged on into the third meeting, in which Diana Jones also read a stimulating essay on "Modern Poetry."

At the first meeting of the Spring Term, Adam Kendon spoke on the 'natural history' of nonsense, as conceived in the writings of Lear and Caroll. Two subsequent meetings were held, at the first of which members read short poems and extracts of their own choice, while at the second, members of the fifth form carried through a programme which they had arranged. Christopher Wood spoke on 'Mount Everest,' Thomas Marriage read an essay on 'Otter Hunting' and Heather Wright arranged a series of one minute speeches

Although this record might show an improvement over some immediately previous to it, it is true to say that neither the committee nor many of the members are wholly satisfied with the material and attitude of the Society. From being an active pioneer body where individual interests counted, and where those individuals made their contributions willingly, the Senior Literary Society has developed into a knitting orgy and a leisure, rather than a leisure time *activity*. Although the committee is trying and will continue to try to improve it from their angle, it is up to the ordinary members to remove the cobwebs of complacency and give the Society a new lease of life.

Nigel Watt, Form VI

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

AT the beginning of the Autumn Term, John Skelton was elected secretary in place of Richard Clymo, and several new members were admitted to the society. It was decided that the subscription should continue to be one shilling.

During the term five more meetings were held. Mr. Darlington gave us a talk describing the birds which were to be watched during the term, and how to distinguish them. The next meeting was devoted to papers by the members, and the one after to a talk on astronomy by J. Berny. This was originally intended for the previous meeting but there had not been time for it. After his talk, which was very good, members of the society were invited onto the field to look at a planet through the telescope. On the 20th November, John Gray, a student from Cambridge, gave us a talk about his work during the previous summer on the migration of butterflies in the Pyrenees. He illustrated his talk with several photographs and diagrams, and time was allowed for a closer examination of these after the meeting. Commander Robertson, who, like Mr. Darlington, is always a welcome speaker, visited us for the last meeting of the term. He gave us a lecture on bird photography that was both interesting and amusing. Unfortunately, due to the usual complaint of lack of time, he was unable to continue for as long as we should have liked.

We have so far been able to hold only two meetings this term, but we hope soon to see Mr. Darlington again, as he has promised

us a talk.

During the autumn, redwing watching was carried on as in 1949 and 1950, with the difference that this time it was held on one night instead of two. Both girls and boys were able to take part in it and the weather remained, for once, fairly reasonable. The watching for other birds during the same term was not successful as it was held on only one Sunday, and that turned out to be foggy.

This year we have had more lectures than usual and no films. The normal field work has been continued and we hope this will expand again during the summer term and several new ideas develop. We must keep in mind that a natural history society can be judged only by its field work.

Elizabeth Paul, Form VI

LIBRARY REPORT

FORTY-FIVE books were added to the Library during the Christmas holidays. Library users would wish me warmly to thank those who have donated ten of these books: Robert Dunstan, Jennie Ellinor, Paul Honigmann, Charles Reed and Alexander Robinson.

The keen and discriminating interest taken in the needs of the Library by members of the Committee, the Staff, and by past and present scholars is adding greatly to its scope and effectiveness. This term books have been received from Diana Fox, John Higgs, Reginald Reynolds and Marjorie Walker, while Frank Cadman, Paul Miller and John Wilson have donated or loaned periodicals too expensive for the Library budget. John Skelton's loan of "Stolen Journey" to the Library has also been much appreciated.

Last term 510 books were borrowed from the Library and a graph of results, carefully compiled by David Matthews, shows broadly the same subject withdrawal curve as in previous terms, with, however, a marked increase in the Fine Arts Section.

The Junior Librarians this year—David Matthews, Jean Strachan, Nigel Watt, Una Millett, Andrew Clymo and Heather Wright—have given the same high and unobstrusive standard of service that has characterised this public-spirited team of scholars.

C.A.M.

MUSIC REPORT

THIS year there have been the customary musical occasions provided by the senior members of the school. The annual Autumn Concert was of the usual high standard in which the outstanding items were a Schubert Impromptu in B flat played by Jean MacDonald and movement from a Weber Clarinet Sonata played by Jean Strachan.

The carols in the Christmas service were sung by only a section of the choir this year. A memorable item was the Cradle Song from Britten's Ceremony of Carols sung by Olga Sheeran. The usual visit to Abbey Lane to sing the carols was as enjoyable as ever, the only regret being that the time there passed so quickly.

The concert at Parents' Weekend contained choral, orchestral and solo items. Jean Strachan and Jean MacDonald again gave competent solo performances. The orchestra played three movements of Haydn's "Surprise Symphony" and accompanied Christine Brown in a fine performance of a movement from a Mozart Violin Concerto. The choir concluded the concert with Stanford's "Heraclitus" followed by three songs from Vaughan Williams' "Windsor Forest."

It was a pleasure to receive an invitation for the choir to take part in the Friends' Yearly Meeting this summer. The main part of the choral programme will be the first public performance of the three motets composed by Dr. Edmund Rubbra for the School Birthday celebrations.

Such a large number of scholars entered for Music Examinations in the Autumn Term that the examiner visited the School. The following results were obtained:

C. Brown (violin) Grade VIII.
O. Sheeran (piano) Grade VII.
Harvey (violin) Grade VI pass with credit.
J. Hunn (violin) Grade V.
M. Fathi (piano) Grade V.
S. Donaldson, Grade V.
M. Shepherd, Grade V pass with distinction.
J. Morris, Grade V.
A. Dawe, Grade IV.
S. Dutton, Grade IV.
J. Baker, Grade, IV.
C. Seager, Grade IV pass with credit.
Hosking, Grade III.
Snellgrove (violin) Grade III pass with credit.

Una Millett, Form VI

FRIDAY EVENING LECTURES

AT twenty-five to eight every Friday evening the third and fourth forms go over to the Assembly Hall to listen to a talk by various members of Saffron Walden Friends' Meeting on their own life stories. After an unfailingly punctual start the speaker tells of some interest or part of his life. After that there are questions until a quarter past eight, when the third form withdraw to bed. The fourth form are then left to continue informally.

The speakers and subjects have been: Eric Brown, "My three weeks in a French prison"; Laura Sugden, "A visit to a girls' open

Borstal"; Mary Morgan, "On being the wife of a Member of Parliament"; C. Brightwen Rowntree, "Life at this school in 1902"; Stanley Musk, "A life-story."

For the rest of this term we are looking forward to: Margaret Stubbs, "Young people in China"; A. Leslie Godfrey, "Sailing"; Doreen Strachan, "Our life in India"; Denis Weaver, "Tramping Tour."

Mr. Osborn has organised these talks, which have been very popular, and for which we are very grateful. I hope they will be continued next autumn.

J. W. Robertson, Form IV

DANCE COMMITTEE REPORT

THE last four dances have been enjoyable; but, owing to the ever increasing numbers in the upper part of the school, it is felt there is not enough room for all in the gym.

The Christmas dance, which was held in the Assembly Hall, was a great success. The hall was fully decorated and a Christmas tree, kindly lent by an Old Scholar, added a splendid finishing touch. Our appreciation and thanks are due to Miss Goddard and Mr. Beeson who dealt very efficiently with the refreshments.

The dance at the beginning of this term was equally successful, but we all regret that lack of space prevented the fourth form from being invited. There has not been much improvement in the actual dancing, and the necessity of dancing lessons is becoming increasingly evident. We were sorry to notice the absence of some fifth and sixth formers whom we hope to see present on future occasions.

Olga Sheeran, Form VI

GAMES

BOYS' ATHLETICS

The Throw, Discus and Javelin events were completed in October and although no records were broken, there were several creditable performances. Dunstan, R. threw the cricket ball 80 yds. 0 ft. 4 ins. in the Under 15 event, whilst Pike in the Under 14 final was only five yards short of the record. Matthews with 90 ft. 6 ins. (Senior Discus) and Sillitoe, 95 ft. 3 ins. (Under 15 Javelin) also put up very good performances.

At the beginning of December the Cross Countries were held. Winners and their times were as follows:—

Nash (Senior)	...	21 mins. 50 3/5 secs.
Risdon (Under 15)	...	15 mins 15 1/5 secs.
Pennells (Under 14)	...	9 mins. 25 3/5 secs.

A report on the remaining athletic events in the School year will be given in the next issue, together with the reports on football and cricket.

J.E.F.

GIRLS' GAMES

The emphasis has been mainly on hockey this season. We have played two teams; a 1st XI and an Under 15 years XI, with encouraging results.

1st XI	2nd XI
Goalkeeper—H. Wright	Goalkeeper—J. Baker
Right Back—J. Strachan	Right Back—A. Dawe
Left Back—O. Sheeran	Left Back—R. Hatch
Right Half—C. Brown	Right Half—N. Bradbury
Centre Half—P. Cadman	Centre Half—S. Donaldson
Left Half—J. Foster	Left Half—P. A. Wright
Right Wing—E. Rice	Right Wing—C. Taylor
Right Inner—J. Goodrich	Right Inner—J. Hunn
Centre Forward—M. Pilgrim	Centre Forward—J. Rice
Left Inner—E. Paul	Left Inner—R. Miles
Left Wing—J. Mabbott	Left Wing—M. Wyatt
	D. Richardson also played

The 1st XI have played 11 matches, winning 8 and losing 3. They scored 39 goals and had 21 scored against them. Special mention must be made of M. Pilgrim who scored 21 of the 39 goals. Margaret entered for the hockey trials at Girton College, Cambridge, at the beginning of the Spring Term. A team representing the "East of England" junior players (under 18 years) was chosen, to play against a West-of-England team on Easter Monday, near Harwich. Margaret was not placed, however, as the competitors were almost all county players, with only one other exception. Jane Newman, an old scholar, was placed on the reserve list as goalkeeper.

The 2nd XI have had a very good season—remaining unbeaten. They have played 9 matches, winning 7 and drawing 2. They scored 21 goals and had only 3 goals scored against them. This team distinguished itself at the Cambridgeshire Junior County Tournament. They played 4 matches, winning 3 and drawing 1—having no goals scored against them. They lost to the final winners by 1 goal only.

House hockey matches have been played with the following results, Tuke v. Mennell, 5—0; Tuke v. Lister, 3—1; Mennell v. Lister, 3—2. As a result of these scores, house points have been awarded:—Tuke, 4; Mennell, 2; Lister, 0.

The standard of play has been good—both the 1st XI and the under 15 years XI. The 1st XI will have the opportunity of seeing really first-class play, when they go to Wembley on 8th March to see England 1st XI playing against Scotland.

Hockey Colours have been awarded to Heather Wright, the 1st XI goalkeeper.

Four girls, J. Mabbott, P. Cadman, A. Dawe and R. Hatch have taken the theory paper for the "C" umpiring certificate register and are now impatiently awaiting the results, whilst fulfilling the second part of the test by umpiring six full-length hockey matches.

The mistresses met the girls in an enjoyable table-tennis tournament held at the end of the Autumn Term. The school won by 11 sets to 4.

The school again met the staff in the annual hockey match, masters and mistresses v. girls and boys. After a close and exciting game, the school won by 3 goals to 2.

V.Y.

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The Archway, The Beckside, By Kent and Skerne, The Cupola, The Georgian, The Island, The Leightonian, Past and Present, St. Christopher Magazine, School Echoes, and *Sherrardswood Chronicle.*

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Edwin Small, Margaret G. Yapp, Kenneth L. Whitlow, Hilary J. Jackson, Una Millett, Nigel Watt and John H. Wilson.



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