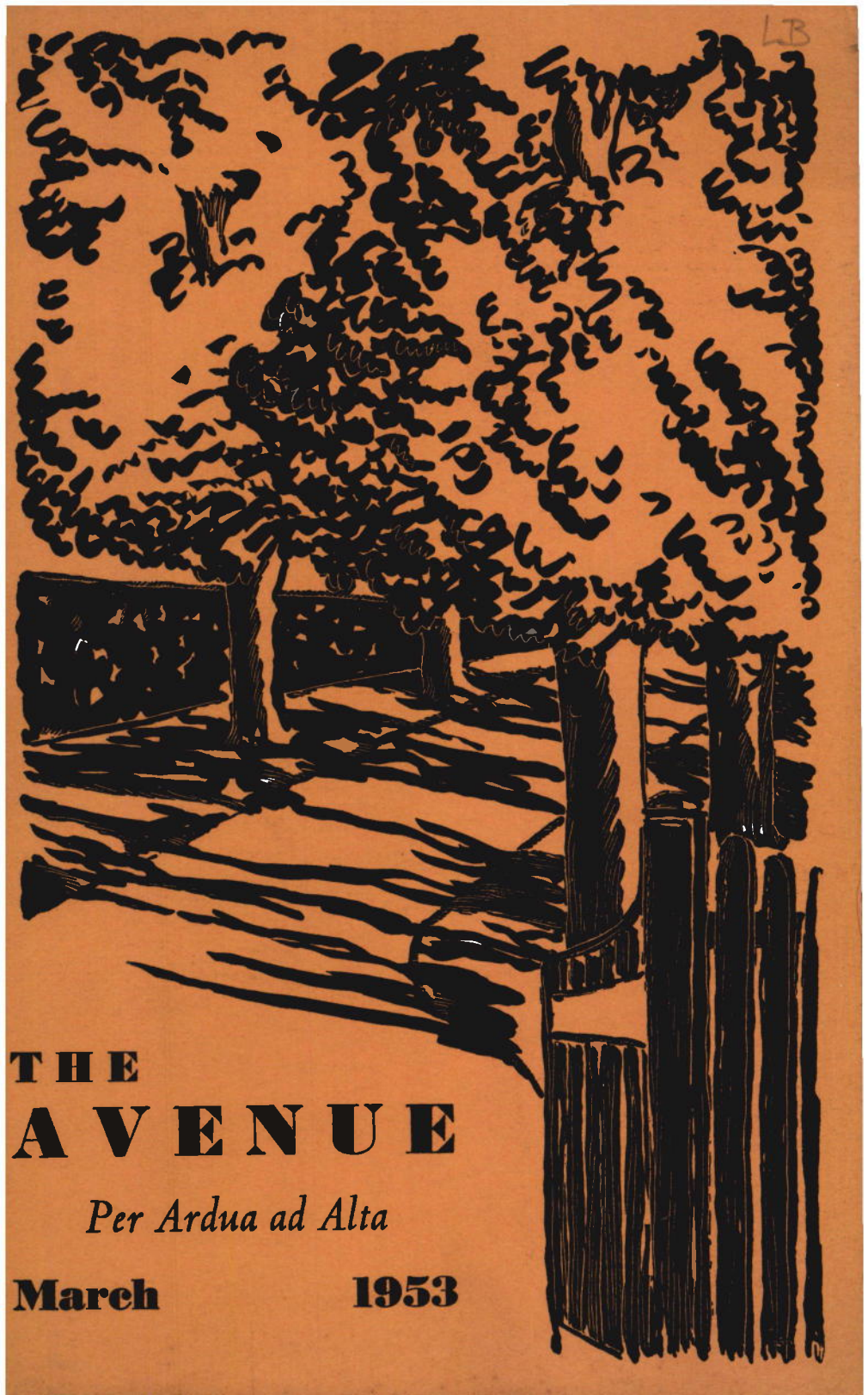


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

March **1953**

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

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EDITORIAL

DURING the Old Scholars' Lecture Weekend with its reference to present day social difficulties, we realised more fully the problems of the wider life outside the school, which we shall soon enter. The school, with its own private societies, functions and interests, is sufficient for the juniors. Any small change made in school routine is of far more importance to them than any world event. Further up the school, however, there develops a wider outlook which leads to a participation in local life. This is a valuable contribution to both school and town life and one which is appreciated by us. In turn this local sphere of interest is widened to include national and international social and economic questions. We at Saffron Walden profit from the Quaker interest in these spheres, for scholars are encouraged actively to widen their experience of these important matters. For example, in recent years increasing numbers have attended work camps at home and abroad, Conferences on World Citizenship, and summer schools on a varied range of topics. In this way invaluable opportunities are provided for meeting all kinds of people and forming friendships which, we hope, will in some way help to improve international relationships. It is on this solid foundation that better understanding throughout the world is slowly but surely being built.

INTER ALIA

AS is usual in the Autumn Term, the Choir has had several engagements to sing Christmas carols. The customary outing to the Abbey Lane Congregational church took place, and a group also went to Newport Parish church one Sunday last term, and gave a programme of carols at the end of Evensong. This is the second occasion on which such a recital has been given there by a choir from the School: the first time being before Christmas, 1950. We are always grateful for these opportunities of singing outside the School itself. In addition to the above recitals, the School held its own Carol Service on the last Sunday of term, and in this the whole choir played a considerable part.

In a collection taken at the School recently, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Flood Relief Fund, the sum of £10 16s. 7d. was received.

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Films which have been shown at the School during the season have included "The Jackpot," "Buffalo Bill," "Hudson's Bay," "Bitter Springs," and "Eureka Stockade." We are grateful to Royston Baker and John Skelton for working the projector.

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The Saturday evening entertainment at Parents' Weekend this term took the form of two one-act plays: the first was *A Victorian Fairy Tale,* and the second *The Queen and Mr Shakespeare.* Reports will be found elsewhere.

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The End-of-Term concert last December was one which aroused considerable interest and amusement. After a varied, but entirely female cast, with Jennifer Edwards in the title rôle, had presented *Granny's a Hundred,* the smallest sub-division of the Choir, the Octet, came on stage and gave a rendering of *Silent Night,* which was followed by *Christmas is coming, the geese are getting fat,* a song in a lighter mood. Then Mr and Mrs Whitlow held the stage and the attention of the audience with *Radio Cooking,* a programme for domesticated husbands, which, however, was enjoyed equally by both sexes. Finally, the Sixth Form appeared again, with *The Knight of the Flaming Football;* but for an appreciation of this "tragedical comedy," you must look further down *The Avenue.*

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Among the lecturers whom we have been interested to hear this winter have been Eric Hosking, whose lecture entitled "Birds in Action" included some magnificent photographs; Frederic Woodhouse, who gave a programme of varied songs interspersed by a commentary on them; and Herbert Banyard, formerly a London taxi-driver, who treated us to one of his pictorial trips around the less well-known parts of London. The last two also spoke in Sunday evening meeting.

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The School is always changing, and the last two terms have been no exception. The new synchronised clocks have now been functioning for that period, and have done away with the necessity for class bells. Redecoration has continued in the School, in Hillcroft, and in "Number 90." The larger trees in the new Avenue have been thinned out to allow the remaining trees more space to grow.

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Since our last edition was published, certain new societies have found their way into the lists of those upon which officialdom turns a smiling countenance. Among these are the Debating Society, really a revival of one dead for several years. A report of its proceedings will

be found elsewhere. There is also an organised group of junior boys under the title of the Astronomers' Society, who are engaged in studying the sky.

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It is not our general policy nowadays to include news of recent Old Scholars, but on this occasion we have received news that may be of interest to some present scholars. Janet Fellows (1947-49) and Susan Maguire (1944-48) have both passed their final exams in Occupational Therapy extremely well, and we should like to congratulate them, as they are among the first from this school to enter this profession. Janet has taken up a post in Cornwall, and Susan has been selected to attend a special course in the U.S.A. Brenda Salmon (1944-49), who is nursing at Guy's Hospital, has been awarded a prize for highly proficient work in many branches of nursing. Michael Littleboy (1938-45) is working in India, and some of us have had the privilege of reading his interesting "journal letters."

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One new member of staff was welcomed at the beginning of this term: Miss Whiston, who has taken Miss Scott's place as Assistant Housekeeper. Miss Scott has returned to her old school, at Ayton. We have also been pleased to have Miss Pratt, a student teacher in Mathematics from Hughes Hall, Cambridge, with us this term.

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The School has had several visitors during the last two terms. In October the meeting of the Bursars of the various Friends' Schools, took place here. Other visitors whom we have been pleased to have with us here included Leslie Gilbert, John Reader, Dr Heinrich Otto, Hezekiah Ngoya from East Africa, Hassan Halim from Pakistan, and Edwin Small, who has returned on two occasions to address Sunday Evening Meeting.

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The theme of Lecture Weekend this year has been "Developing a new Community"; that is, the problem of the New Town. The most competent people to speak on such a subject are, naturally, those who are concerned with it, and we were therefore very interested to have with us F. Longstreth Thompson, O.B.E., who is the Essex County Planning Adviser; Eric Adams, C.B.E., the General Manager of the Harlow Development Corporation; and L. C. White, the Harlow Liaison Officer. Mr Thompson spoke on "The Problems of Planning," in the general sense, and Mr Adams' subject was "Creating a New Town," with special reference to Harlow. The Sunday afternoon lecture was given by Mr White, who spoke on "Social Problems in a New Community." He stressed the point that the building of a New Town involved not only the building of the structure, but also of a new society. Denis Moriarty, who is a Friend and is connected with Crawley

New Town, addressed Sunday evening Meeting. Harlow, the New Town in question, is interesting to us here not only because of its proximity in this county, but also because it is the most advanced in design and ideas of the several new towns today.

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The 1st XI Football team beat Newport Grammar School 2—1 earlier this term. This is both the first time for seven years that Newport has been beaten by another school, and the first time that this school has beaten Newport for seven years: that is, this school beat them on that occasion as well. We should like to congratulate all concerned, in spite of Newport's subsequent victory.

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We should like to congratulate Tim Whitmore on gaining a place at St. John's College, Cambridge, and Christopher Noble on gaining one at University College, London.



The Water Tower *Harry Frost, Form I*

WE FIND IT IS SPRING

WE find it is Spring:
An eternal theme, remembered
From brown shades of December,
Because catkins cling
Lime-yellow, trembling, in hedges,
In soft sunlight.

We find it is Spring,
With misty life in the background,
And sharp bare trees in the foreground;
A warm wind to bring
Vigour, and screams from girls playing netball
In an indigo frieze.

We find it is Spring,
With the new melting through the old;
With a cloud of winter birds that rise
Against stubble, we begin
To add another year's worth of experience,
And lay new upon old.

Diana Jones, Form VI

A KENYA VIEW

SITTING in the Land-Rover on top of the hill overlooking the farm and surrounded by plain stretching to the long, black shape that I knew was a range of hills, I watched the day dawn. Slowly, very slowly the sky grew lighter until the hills were no longer recognisable to those who knew them, but stood against the sky like purple cardboard against a grey-blue backcloth. As the sun slowly began to rise over the hills, the plain was lit up, and I now saw clearly the yellowish-brown grass, with here and there a welcome green thorn tree relieving the monotony of colour. A herd of Thompson Gazelle were grazing below me. The male lifted his head and regarded me suspiciously. He knew only too well that Land-Rovers often brought men and guns. As he looked directly at me, sniffing the wind, I admired his fawn coat with the black and white stripe down each side, and I smiled to see his little tail flicking from side to side very quickly, the typical mannerism of a "tommy." He was still not sure of me but settled down to feed again, always on the alert for a sudden movement.

Two giraffes walked slowly across the plain. Their queer but majestic walk has always fascinated me. Unfortunately, however, they disappeared from my view behind a spur of rock on my right.

The sun rose higher in the sky so I took out my breakfast—two bananas, a few sandwiches and a flask of coffee—and let my thoughts wander.

When I next looked at the plain most of the common game had come out of hiding. A herd of zebra were grazing in the far distance, and ostriches, looking like chorus girls with their fluffy skirts, were running in their ungainly fashion from an unseen terror in the grass. When they try to hurry they always remind me of sophisticated ladies in high heels.

The sun was fully up now and the plain was beginning to shimmer in the heat of what would be later a broiling Kenya day. The sky was the most wonderful shade of blue with here and there an occasional white, fleecy cloud. The thorn-covered slopes of the distant hills now showed themselves to their best advantage. No-one who has lived in England all his life can realise what a relief the bright green thorn trees make in contrast to the sun-scorched earth.

Suddenly, I happened to glance at my watch and realised with a start that I should have been back at the farm long ago, so shaking myself out of my reverie I drove off.

Isobel Burden, Form V.

"DANSE MACABRE"

THE throbbing of a distant drum chills the spine. The skin on the nape of the neck contracts as a hideous scream re-echoes in the tortuous jungle—a scream of anguish, terror, pain and pleasure all in one; finally it dies away amid the oppressive foliage. Terror clutches the heart as the creeper catches the sleeve.

As we approach a clearing we see an unearthly glow, and hear what seems to be the pounding of myriads of feet, every beat in co-ordination, every cry in unison, until a whirl-wind of weird sound vibrates through the moist jungle. Every nerve in our bodies tensed, we go on.

The clearing: a huge fire burns in the centre of a tract of dry ground; the flames throw terrifying shadows on the screen of trees, shadows writhe as if in agony. A torrent of warm air mingled with sweat sweeps over our faces. We shudder as an hypnotic trance clogs up our intricate network of nerves, yet our hearts and minds are filled with some inexplicable emotion. The breath grates over our parched throats and we are caught up by the strange power of the dance.

Before us is a wild conglomeration of limbs and faces. Sinewy fingers strangle the air, supple arms twist in contortions, faces are set in a delirious trance, teeth flash in the firelight, shiny torsos thrust themselves forward, long blue-black legs turn, and splay dusty feet frantically hammer out the rhythm. There is a sudden weaving and ravelling of patterns with bodies. Colours of purple, orange, flaming vermilion and blue mingle with the black. Curious instruments give forth wild, clashing unbelievable discords, yet in their constant flow

possessing a strange dominant rhythm, the rhythm of primitive jazz which intoxicates and maddens.

This is a vision of men utterly abandoning themselves to the wild joy of fantastic play, the negro ecstasy of being alive, of being an individual in a tribe, lost in the wilderness of green. All sense of reason is lost in the mesmerism of the giddy dance, for nothing will disturb their freedom, nothing will sever their joy.

We stand transfixed in amazement.

Brian Abbs, Form VI

KYNANCE COVE

KYNANCE is a very small, well sheltered beauty spot on the Lizard Peninsula in Cornwall. There is a short private road winding across a stretch of bleak moorland. This road leaves the main road to Lizard Head a few hundred yards inland from the cliffs. From the car park there is a narrow sheep track which winds slowly and steeply down the forbidding-looking cliff.

In one place the cliff is so steep that it has to be terraced. There are rocks and boulders strewn down the face as if a mighty giant had hurled them there thousands of years before. The path almost disappears before one as it winds over a ridge of the cliff. At last it looks as if it has reached sea level, but there are still many rocks to be clambered over.

After a wary ten minutes of skidding and losing footholds the beach is reached. The black cliffs tower above and almost disappear into the puffy white clouds of a summer day. There does not appear to be very much beach at first. There are massive black rocks from the top of which the sea seems a long way down.

If one explores for a while, one can find dark, damp, eerie caves which make the hot sun seem very welcome. The sea lapping round the rocks is bright green with innumerable white flecks of foam. A little way out it is deep blue, and the sand in the bay shows up golden in places and almost white near the rocks.

A little way up the cliff is a serpentine stone works where a man is cheerfully making miniature lighthouses, ash-trays, barometers, and little ornaments from the green and brown polished stone. If the tide is on its way in and one stands on the large rock in the centre of the bay, one can see the large Atlantic liners making their way from Cherbourg to Southampton Water. The *Queen Elizabeth*, the *Queen Mary*, and the *New Amsterdam* pass Kynance Cove frequently.

As the tide creeps further and further up the smooth, steep sands the sound of the green and white-tipped waves grows louder and the waves themselves come crashing down. People sitting within twenty yards get splashed with the spray. Gradually the base of the mass of rock near the caves gets soaked. Occasionally feathery spray can be seen

over the top of the rock. The cove becomes deserted quickly, and spectators climb the first part of the dangerous ascent so that they can watch in safety.

As evening gradually takes the place of a blazing afternoon, the shadows of the dark rocks spread across the water. The dark blue of the sky changes to pale blue and the pale blue becomes yellow, then orange, and the clouds are tinted with pink. The water reflects these changes and the cove is a mass of colours.

For a few moments it is like an enormous rainbow, and, as the sun sinks behind a rock, the brilliant light disappears and gives place to darkness which conceals one of England's most beautiful coves.

Margaret Shepherd, Form V

THE VIEW FROM A HILLTOP

THE view from the hilltop on which stands Jack's house is really beautiful. His house stands in a natural dip in the hill, just below its wooded crest. A stream gurgles past his back-door and runs down the hillside, leaping and bounding over its steep rocky bed. When it reaches the valley, it turns at right-angles, and continues round the base of the hill. On reaching the valley, it is spanned by a narrow plank, with a rickety hand-rail, half of which is missing. Almost every winter the plank is washed away, and a new one put in its place. From the bridge a narrow, stony footpath winds and twists its way up the steep, rock-strewn hillside opposite Jack's hill and vanishes into a copse of stunted spruce on its summit.

On the other side of the hill there is an entirely different view. The fields stretch in an endless pattern of greens and browns and yellows like a patch-work quilt into the blue distance. In a hollow is a small hamlet with smoke drifting lazily from the chimneys to form a slight haze over the buildings.

I wish I lived in Jack's house to see the wonderful views every day.

Stephen Reynolds, Form III

SIR ROBERT MAYER'S CHILDREN'S CONCERT

THIS concert was held in the Royal Festival Hall on the 15th November. Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother and Prince Charles were there and we were lucky enough to be able to look down on the Royal Box. Prince Charles began to get restless half way through so he had to be taken home.

The concert started with the National Anthem, and then the Overture *Figaro*. Then came Carl Dolmetsch playing different sized recorders and explaining them to us. He was accompanied by Joseph Saxby on the Harpsichord. This was followed by Galanta Dances. This, I thought, was the best. The concert finished with *The Running*

Set in which there are "cross rhythms" which sometimes give the impression that the time is changed. Most of the tunes seemed vaguely familiar; one of them was "Chase me Charley!"

Hazel Pullen, Form II

FROM A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

I SAT in the corner of the compartment, watching the trees flash by, occasionally glimpsing the turbulent Devon river as it rushed on its way, shooting out in a cascade of watery magic as it fell on the boulders which interrupted its passage. Often we rumbled over a bridge, and I would walk over to the other side of the coach and sit down, hoping for the flash of trout in the brown waters.

Suddenly the river disappeared from view altogether, and the valley was blotted out by a mass of foliage. Speed was dropping, and we were obviously travelling uphill. I sat down on the left hand side, facing the engine, and studied the green earth as it passed. We must be climbing out of the valley, I thought, as I looked up at the steep grass embankment.

Letting down the window, I hung out, looking ahead at the struggling engine as it endeavoured to pull its train at a fast pace up the steep incline.

That is a sight I shall never forget; the warm, fresh air fanned my face as I looked ahead, past the three or four coaches in front, to that powerful thing uttering clouds of steam and smoke as we crawled up the side of the hill. Beyond the engine the line curved round to the left, and in the distance was a tunnel mouth.

Then I happened to glance to my right, and stared out of the window on the other side of the compartment. There, far below, was the river, a placid ribbon of silver stretching away into the distance. There was the whole valley, set out neatly in a series of meadows and woods, with an occasional cornfield in contrast to the dull greens and browns of the natural vegetation. Here and there the red tiles of an ancient farmhouse protruded into the evening air, its chimneys smoking gently into the red light of the setting sun. This valley bore away to the right, and in the far distance could be seen the misty haze of the sea as it curled lazily against the yellow sands.

The far side of the valley was bounded by steep, wooden slopes, black in the shadow of themselves, mysterious, forbidding.

A tarmac road wound down, and suddenly ended in a blob of red as a hot and perspiring 'bus wearily toiled up the hill.

As I looked at this scene, a black curtain was suddenly drawn across the stage, and the lights came on as the first Act of my holiday was ended in the murky depths of a tunnel.

J. W. Robertson, Form V.

A HOLIDAY IN SWITZERLAND

LAST Christmas holidays I had the most wonderful holiday of my life. I stayed for ten days at Kandersteg, in Switzerland.

We had a fairly calm crossing from Folkestone to Calais, although as we approached Calais the sea was rather rough. We had a dreary night in the train from Calais to Basle, where we had our first continental breakfast—rolls, butter, jam and coffee. From there, we got on a Swiss train to Berne, where we had half-an-hour to look round the shops. At Berne, we got into another train which climbed the mountains. Looking down the mountainside made me feel quite giddy!

The train stopped at Kandersteg and we got out and went to the Hotel Schweizerhof, where we were staying. There we had dinner straight away and afterwards unpacked. We were then told to go to the shoe shop opposite the hotel and get our ski-boots. When we were fixed up with the shoes we went to another shop to get our skis fitted. This took quite a time as the ski-boots have to fit exactly on to the skis.

Next morning, Mummie and I put our ski-clothes on and prepared for our ski-ing lesson. About half an hour before the lesson was due to start, it rained, so we wrote letters home and played games. In the afternoon we explored part of the village.

On the day before Christmas we had our first ski-ing lesson. It was good fun, and we were very hot and stiff afterwards! In the afternoon we went out on some luges, which are like small toboggans.

On Christmas Day we had our first snowfall. We missed our ski-ing lesson that morning, and we went to the little church where an English service was being held. It was the nicest service I have ever been to. In the afternoon the snow stopped, and we went to watch a ski-jumping contest on the great Loetschberg Leap, one of the biggest ski-jumps in Switzerland. We saw some marvellous jumping, and one man jumped fifty-three metres, while the record on that jump was fifty-four metres.

We also went up on the chair lift (sesselbahn in German) one day, and while we were on it the electric current failed, so the chairs stopped half-way up the mountain! After about five minutes, however, we went on up again and arrived safely at the top of the mountain. The snow was very deep, and unless we were on skis we had to keep to the path.

Another day we went for a walk up a mountain, and on the way we saw three chamois. These are black and white mountain goats and they are very timid. We went through two tunnels cut out of the mountain, and saw the River Kander coming down among the rocks. At the end of our walk we came out into a lovely valley, but we were unable to go any further because the snow was so deep, and we had not got our skis which would have enabled us to cross the deep snow.



On the Avenue

Michael Snellgrove, Form IV

One afternoon we went on a Tailing Party. A horse pulls a sleigh, and the sleigh pulls eight luges behind it on a chain. It took us right through the village which is very straggly.

When the last day arrived, Mummie and I walked through the village, buying a few extra things, until at last we had to make our way to the station, past the hotel and ice-rink, and begin the long journey back to England.

Judith Reed, Form III

ON DICTIONARIES

THESE small new books the joys contain
Of English language. We may obtain
From out their leaves the key to use
This gift of ours, and not to lose
The fount of wisdom in our soul
Of English language, pure and whole.
These words are the unpolished start
Of literature, the noblest art,
Of poetry and metres fair,
Fashioned with men's greatest care.
We must respect these priceless things,
And use the power knowledge brings,
To cultivate and then to nourish
Literature, and make it flourish,
Until we reap its fullest joys,
Expression, laughter, balance, poise.
And then at last we must confess
To language pure, our humbleness.

Alan Sillitoe, Form V

"FOUR DEGREES NORTH"

I DO not expect that many of you have had the luck to spend a holiday in the tropics, nor, for that matter, to travel 15,000 miles by aeroplane. Last summer I had both, when I flew out to Malaya and spent six weeks with my father in Ipoh, Kuala Lumpur and Singapore.

The journey out was by Argonaut; B.O.A.C. provided every possible comfort, but nevertheless air travel is very tiring and everyone was glad to touch down in Singapore, just two and a half days after leaving London (stopping overnight in Rangoon). I stayed overnight in Singapore before flying three hundred miles up country to Ipoh.

Malaya is a small country about the area of England and Wales; there is a central mountain chain, and, except for the western seaboard, the whole land is covered with dense jungle. In the west are the richest tinfields in the world and vast acres of rubber plantations.

During my stay I saw much of the country from the road, since we travelled over 2,000 miles. In the north the road runs through the rice fields, and round Ipoh in the Kusta valley most of the tin is mined.

Perhaps the first thing which strikes one in the tropics is the light and glare and the bright greenery of all the vegetation. The temperature is never below 65° and during the afternoon may rise almost to 100°. Everywhere it is wonderfully warm and the "cold" tap water is hot enough to bath in. At first all the natives looked the same but soon the distinction between Chinese, Malay and Indian became apparent. I never did come to recognise one Chinese woman from another though.

One is continually being reminded that there is a war going on; a day never passed without its toll of dead terrorists and security forces. Troops are everywhere. The people of the country who fled into the jungle in 1942 when the Japanese invaded have been resettled in large new villages, each surrounded by a high wire fence and each with a road block manned by the Home Guard forces. There is a curfew from dusk until dawn in all but the large towns. All this is evidence of how the government is stamping out terrorists by stopping the bandits from getting food supplies. However, one often reads of rubber-tappers being hacked to pieces or buses being burnt out and the passengers murdered. When travelling, only certain roads are used; the others are held by the bandits and anyone using them is quite likely to be killed. The main north-south road was cleared just before I arrived in the country and we were able to travel by road down to Kuala Lumpur where a few months earlier it would have been a dangerous journey. Since last summer many more roads have been opened and the night mail-train to Singapore has restarted. This used to be regularly derailed, five or six times weekly, somewhere deep in the jungle. The roads are cleared of jungle for twenty-five feet on each side to prevent ambushes. The bandits are on the whole bad shots and need a ten-foot range to hit you.

Up in the Cameron Highlands we had to travel by armoured car to visit several villages. The Highlands are a hill station reached by a long tortuous climb from sea-level up a road which follows the mountain side and abounds in hairpin bends. Traffic, nowadays, is by convoy, since the road is peculiarly susceptible to sniping. There is only one-way traffic, up in the afternoon and down in the morning; one travels with a few armoured cars and troop carriers before and behind. The Highlands consist of a long narrow valley up in the hills cleared of jungle. The road follows the valley side and is cut out of the cliffs. Wherever a level piece of ground can be made by terracing, cabbages are grown; either cabbages and onions, or cabbages and carrots, but the Chinese market gardeners seem possessed with the idea that cabbages are the only vegetable that matters. The produce supplies the

whole country, for only in the comparative cool of 6,000 ft. can vegetables be persuaded to grow. There are also a few acres of tea garden. Coming down from the highlands we passed some Sakai. These people are the aborigines of Malaya and live in a reserve; they are still very primitive and hunt with blowpipes.

Twice we went to Chinese dinners held in my honour. In the first each person cooked his own food in a trough of boiling soup, kept hot on the table with a charcoal furnace. There were various sorts of meat and fish and one or two vegetables, as well as pieces of octopus tentacle boiled in soda to soften them. After cooking the meats, each piece on a small stick, we drank the soup. The other dinner was a private one and held on a small scale, so the menu was kept down to nine courses only; they included birds-nest soup, sharkfin soup and a duck served whole with the meat all chopped up inside the skin. The whole thing is squashed flat, it takes two days to cook and is served with the head on the dish.

On Penang Island I visited a large Buddhist temple; the official religion is Islam and this was a Chinese temple, the largest in the country. Grouped around the entrance were stalls selling joss sticks and food. After going up a long covered way with beggars sitting at the side calling for alms, we were met by an old one-eyed Chinese who attached himself as a guide. The main temple had an atmosphere fragrant with burning sandalwood and there was everywhere a blue haze which got into the eyes. In the centre was a six-foot figure of the laughing Buddha made of shining bronze; he was guarded on each side by statues of two of the four winds and these, also cast in bronze, were trampling beneath their feet the various evils of the world, money-lenders, pawnbrokers, opium-eaters, robbers, women, and so on. There were several other temples around the main building. One had figures of all Buddha's fourteen disciples in it, and there was also a seven-storied pagoda housing the Goddess of Birth.

Amongst the other interesting places I went to was a large power station, still under construction; every brick and bag of cement in the place, as well as all the steel and machinery, had come from England by ship. It seemed fantastic that even the nuts and bolts had been transported half way across the world.

Towards the end of my stay we had the honour of lunching with His Highness the Sultan of Perak at the Royal Astana. It was a Friday (the Muslim equivalent of Sunday) and we were shown round the royal residence by his private secretary; when the Sultan returned from the State Mosque we lunched in the banqueting hall. His Highness is a very rich old man and gets many royalties from tin workings; he owns the only Rolls Royce in North Malaya. He has been invited to the Coronation, and as a State Guest he will be entitled to transport by an official Humber; he was at first quite disappointed at this lowering of dignity.

A lot of good work is being done with the money earned from rubber and tin royalties and exports. Much of this is at present spent on the Emergency, but there are free hospitals and schools provided in the new villages. One Chinese miner, whose mine we visited, himself a multi-millionaire earning £360,000 profit per year on one mine alone, is spending vast sums on improving his Coolies working conditions. At the Chong Sam mine he is installing a swimming pool, fruit orchards and a hospital, as well as excellent housing and washing facilities and a large restaurant, already completed. Unfortunately not many others have this philanthropic attitude towards their workers.

Speaking of orchards leads me to write about the tropical fruits found in Malaya. Strange though it may seem in a country of perpetual summer most of the more unusual types were out of season while I was there; I did however sample rambutans, small fruits with a hard prickly red-covering and a white juicy interior like a hard boiled egg, and Japanese pears, rather like turnips to look at and tasting like juicy potatoes, as well as bananas, pineapples, cocoanuts, and other well known fruits (including "Sunkist" oranges from California).

The country never properly recovered from the last war before the emergency began; there are still many traces of the British evacuation of 1942. For instance, all the bridges were blown up and have never been replaced except by temporary pontoon structures. These hold up traffic, since there is a 20 m.p.h. speed limit and only one way traffic on the larger bridges. Convoys of lorries to the capital from the only port (Port Swettenham) may have to wait several hours before getting across.

On my return journey I had an enforced stay of several days in Singapore (the plane I was going to catch made a forced landing in Australia and was thus delayed) and amongst others things I was shown over Pulu Bukum, a small island belonging to Shell and used exclusively for petrol and oil storage. In 1942, on the fall of Singapore, the oil stores were set alight and apparently continued to burn for over a month, casting a permanent cloud over the city. The Hong Fott tin mine, which, incidentally, is the largest open cast mine in the world, suffered similarly; the workings were flooded and it took two years to pump out all the water. Even now they have another twenty feet of sediment to dig out before they get down to the old workings. When we were there the tops of the old pumps had just been uncovered. At last, at the beginning of September, I had to leave Kuala Lumpur and fly down again to Singapore to catch the aeroplane back to England. After much delay, it finally left, two and a half days late, and I arrived back at London Airport on a very cold English morning.

Tim Whitmore, Form VI

THOUGHTS FROM BEYOND THE AVENUE

(with apologies to Robert Browning)

AS I lie, as I lie
And watch the blue sky,
I feel I could cry.
As I lie, as I lie
Beneath sheets of green dye
With bedsteads awry,
My thoughts terrify
As I lie, as I lie.

As I lie, as I lie
With no shirt and no tie
(And the world passing by
As I lie, as I lie)
My spirit will fly
To your hearts bye and bye,
Though no-one knows why,
As I lie, as I lie.

As I lie, as I lie
With moribund eye
And languishing sigh
(As I lie, as I lie)
And with temperature high,
I'm a miserable guy
And my funeral is nigh,
As I lie, as I lie.

Nigel Watt, Form VI

A WORKING HOLIDAY

ON following up a notice posted on the Old Scholars' board at Whitsun last year, I found myself, with some other members of this school, signed on for some work during the holidays.

Much thought, preparation, and organisation resulted in about twelve members of this enterprise gathering on Paddington Station on Saturday, 9th August. We were (or would be when complete) an International Youth Hostels Federation Working Party, bound for Tregaron, Cardiganshire, Wales. The remainder of our party, fifteen Germans, did not arrive until after the train was due to have left, but we all piled in, scrambling for the few available places.

We set off, and, after much stopping, the train crawled into Carmarthen,—a mere three and a half hours late. There we changed to a local train, and set off into the darkness and mountains in the heart of "Welsh Wales."

The Germans, who had been travelling since Friday, woke up enough to entertain us with some of their choral repertoire.

Eventually we reached Tregaron, and had plenty of chance to stretch our legs during the three-mile walk in the rain to the small Youth Hostel, which it was our job to renovate.

Our arrival was like our departure from London—chaotic. After a meal had been devoured, and sleeping facilities arranged, we got to bed about 1 a.m. with the cry, "We'll see about that tomorrow" still ringing in our ears. The next day, Sunday, we had more time to sort ourselves out.

There were twenty-nine of us all told; fifteen Germans and fourteen British, and eleven of the party were girls. We were between the ages of fifteen and twenty-seven, and of similar occupation, several being students or training for engineering and other crafts. Two of the Germans were architects, and very useful when work began.

The main tasks of renovation—or rather resurrection—were building two rooms, re-timbering the roof, and decorating, apart from many minor jobs that occurred.

We soon came to know each other and to make friends. The Germans knew some English, and we soon picked up everyday phrases in their language, although we used the word "Bahnhof" (German slang for "I don't understand") frequently during the first few days.

Spare time was taken up in walks on the mountains (the hostel was at 1,500 feet) and with singing. The Germans were great singers, and spent many happy hours with their guitars.

The cooking was done in turns with the girls in charge and boys as unskilled labour. The food was excellent and plentiful, in spite of rather primitive conditions—cooking on primuses and all water from the stream. We were greatly helped, however, by the extreme kindness of the local people who went to a great deal of trouble to make us happy. The weather at first was rather wet, but Thursday gave us a fine day for a coach trip to Devil's Bridge, Aberystwyth, and Newquay where we bathed. We were all intrigued by the unpronounceable length of names of Welsh towns and villages.

Some evenings were taken up in discussion and talks, and in this way we learnt a great deal about each other's country. After ten days had passed, the Germans left for London, to see the "sights" before they went home.

The night before they left, however, we had a camp-fire and sing-song with several Welsh people present. It resulted in songs of three different languages. Before the rest of us left Wales we were the guests of honour at a dance and social organised by the Tregaron Youth Club.

The chief memories I retain of this holiday are of the hospitable Welsh folk with their lovely country, and the cheerfulness and friendship found in the company of those of other nations. I promise myself another such holiday abroad next year.

Alan Sillitoe, Form V

AUTUMN IN THE GARDEN

I LOOKED out of the window on that dismal day in September, many years ago. It was raining and the clouds were scudding across the sky, chasing each other it seemed.

Disconsolately I thought what a miserable day it was. The garden was covered with masses of soggy, dirty brown leaves, which had fallen from the trees, once so bright and green and gay, now black and dull, and dowdy, skeletons against the frowning sky.

The ivy on the walls are dripping, and even their cheerful red seemed dull and out of place. The chrysanthemums sagged and looked old and decrepit. There was no sound but the dull drizzle of rain. Not a bird sang, not a thing moved except the ceaseless rain.

And then it happened. The clouds rolled back as if by divine intervention, the rain stopped, a shaft of sunlight struck the garden and transformed the scene. A bird broke into song, and others took up the chorus of thanksgiving. A rustle of wind shook the ivy, and the dripping water burst into incandescent beauty as it fell. The flowers threw the moisture from their bedraggled heads in sparkling cascades and the piles of dirty leaves became a glorious russet carpet.

The trees were no longer like deathly fingers, but "sleeping beauties," nature at rest. The dull walls of the house steamed and responded, the ivy smiled a cheerful message from the gods.

But then, just as my eyes became accustomed to the dazzling sunlight, it disappeared as if I had had a forbidden look into the mystic unknown, and all I was to be left was the memory of its glory.

Once more the rain drizzled steadily, the clouds chased across the sky. A pile of rotting leaves stank in a corner of the garden . . .

A. H. Newton, Form V

SAFFRON WALDEN TO AUDLEY END BY TRAIN

AT Saffron Walden station our train is waiting with a little tank engine on its end. This engine will push us to Audley End as this train is a "Push and Pull."

At the scheduled time, with a whistle and a jolt our train starts, gaining speed quickly. The first bridge carries the Debden Road over our heads. Into a deep cutting we go, and pass a platelayer's hut; then we pass under another bridge which takes Borough Lane above us. Then we go under the Newport Road.

Here the cutting gets less high and we see a very modern school to the north of the track, then again the cutting gets deeper and we pass under a footpath carried by a tall red brick bridge which is quite old.

Out of the cutting and to the north a wonderful view of Audley End village and the towers of the mansion can be seen peeping from the trees. We pass over the beeches and see below us a twisting cart

track. Now we go into a dark cutting, turn to the right and go under a very tall bridge belonging to the Audley End Estate.

We are soon out of the cutting and cross a cart track. We are travelling quite fast now, because we are going down into the Cam Valley. The river, where we cross it, though, is not much more than a stream. When we are over we notice some old wagons worn with age lying down both banks. They were put there in the war because the River Cam was to be a defence line if the Germans invaded the East Coast.

Now we are climbing out of the Cam valley up to Audley End Station. As we go over the main road we notice that the bridge could take two tracks but only carries one.

Over an earth crossing, we go clickety-clack on the points, and there is a jolt as we stop in the quaint station of Audley End.

Harry Frost, Form I

ACTAEON PURSUED BY HIS OWN HOUNDS IN THE FOREST

AND I, with a man's soul,
And the body of a stag,
My lungs grasping for air,
And my muscle ground on to bone
Leapt forward into the green heart
Of the forest, now threaded with sunlight.

And I, who only had a man's desire,
Turned at bay on
The struggling leaves
And the cruel earth.
And the green heart received me into
its own agonies.

HOW THE KANGAROO GOT ITS POCKET

IN Australia there once lived a family of apes in a cave. There was a mother, a father and a baby. One day the father ape went out to get some fruit. On his way he saw two beautiful pear-shaped fruits hanging from a tree that he had never seen before. They were bright red and looked so delicious. He picked them and was just about to eat one of them when he thought of his wife and his little son at home. How they would love those delicious fruits! Tomorrow was his wife's birthday too. He must keep them, he thought. So he went on his way. By the time he was on his way back he had got many kinds of fruit for his family including the two red ones.

When he was in sight of the cave his son came out to meet him, and when he saw those fruits he wanted them. Nothing else would take their place. He made such a fuss that in the end his father gave one

to him. It was so delicious he had both. Poor mother ape was not going to have her present tomorrow.

That night the little ape woke up feeling very ill. His father and mother grew very worried about him, so his father went out to ask the wise old owl what to do. The owl said the only thing that would cure his pain was for the father to go and cut off a strip from the belly of a kangaroo, but he must be careful to cut only a very, very small piece so as not to kill the kangaroo.

The father ape went to hunt for a kangaroo and at last found a mother one asleep with its newly born baby. He crept quickly up and got hold of the mother and cut a strip off her tummy, but she wriggled so much that nearly the whole skin of her front came off. The ape only took a tiny piece and went home to his son.

The poor mother kangaroo lay there, helpless and almost dead. When her husband came along the baby told him what had happened. He immediately went to get some healing medicine and put it on her. Then he went out again to look for some very sticky stuff, but at that time of the year there was very little of it and he only had enough to go round the three edges.

When everything healed up there was a pocket in front of her tummy. The baby thought it was a very good game to get into it, when going to sleep. It was nice and comfortable and warm. And since then every female kangaroo has had a pocket.

S. Viravaidya, Form III

NOVEMBER

THE cold, wet mists float like wraiths over the stark wild moors, and the wind rattles the doors. It screams and whistles over the house while it bends the black trees silhouetted against the midnight blue of the winter sky. The rain lashes against the window, but, inside, the long, heavy, red velvet curtains swing softly together, closing out the turmoil. The fire flashes, leaps and sparkles, spitting at the toast which is before it. The deep-piled rug is warm and cosy and the fire-light casts a flickering light on the room. November; the month that heralds in the Winter and Christmas

Hallowe'en starts off November, and round the fire you gather to hear the age-old ghost story, and to talk of wild witches, hob-goblins and sprites who haunt the place by night. Then comes Guy Fawkes Night, when a huge bonfire, fireworks, and merriment are the reward of the old schemer and faithful plotter who tried to kill his king. November; a month of wide open spaces, coldness, snow and a warm room.

The poet who said, "If winter comes, can spring be far behind?" was mistaken in his ideas, as he could not have known the joy and exhilaration of a wild North wind, and winter snow, a fire and crum-pets for tea.

Elda Gale, Form IV

A GERMAN HOLIDAY

LAST Summer holidays I went with a group of boys and girls, to Duisburg, a large industrial city, situated on the Rhine in Germany. This holiday was arranged for us by the Evangelisches Church in Duisburg. Germany was once a rich, fine country, but after two wars its fine cities now lie in ruins. Everywhere attempts are being made to build up some of the ruins, and everywhere one sees repairs going on. After these terrible wars, St. Albans and Portsmouth, two English towns, adopted the city of Duisburg. Every year the fugitive children come for their holidays to one of these two towns.

Last year the children from St. Albans and Portsmouth went to Duisburg. After we had gathered together at St. Albans, we travelled by coach to Liverpool Street, and from there by continental train to Harwich, where we caught the boat which took us over the North Sea to the Hook of Holland. This was rather a rough crossing but no-one in our party was ill. When we arrived, we boarded a train to Duisburg.

During the whole journey we had to go through two customs, one at Harwich, and one on the last train journey, when we passed the Dutch-German border.

We arrived at Duisburg about mid-day, after having travelled from about four o'clock the previous afternoon. As we were staying with different German families, it took some time to get sorted out. I settled in very soon with my very kind hosts, and during the first week they took me to many interesting places. We visited the Duisburg art museum, and the zoo. These were not very different from the English ones. They also took me for walks and showed me many different colleges, houses, and old but interesting buildings, churches and old relics.

During the first week I also visited the German children whom I had met and spoken to in England. During the second week, we had various trips and amusements already organised for us. We were taken on a trip, Cologne, Bonn, Brunsberg and Altenberg. At Cologne and Altenberg, we saw two beautiful cathedrals, and at Bonn we were shown round the Federal Houses of Parliament, but Brunsberg was a quiet country place where we stayed for tea. During the next two days we went to a steel factory, and down a coal mine. We also went on a long but very pleasant cruise round Duisburg Harbour. This is said to be the largest inland harbour in the world. On either side of the many channels, the banks were dull with industrial works.

Last of all we went to a farewell party, where we said our farewells to the people who had organised our most unusual, but very enjoyable holiday. On the last few days, I went shopping, buying the last few memoirs to take back home to my family.

It did not seem long before I was on the boat, travelling back to England, after having thanked my hosts for the most enjoyable fortnight in Germany.

Rosemary Brown, Form III

REVISION

REVISION work is just a bore
I'm sure you'll all agree,
And settling down to real hard work
Does not at all suit me!

For if it is a sunny day
And matches to be played
You will not find me stuck inside
I'm very much afraid!

But, alas, then comes the time
When work you can't ignore,
And then you're stuck inside again
Oh, *what* a dreadful bore!

And then, the fateful day arrives
We begin examinations,
The first of which is Algebra
With simultaneous equations.

After that comes Geography,
My goodness, what a fag!
Then come Latin, History, French,
Oh, how the time does lag.

At last we finish our exams.,
But the worst is yet to come.
The results go up, one by one,
Just see how *well* you've done!

After that, the days fly by,
And how we need a rest.
And now at last—the end of term!
And that's what I like *BEST*!

P. Smalley, Form III

KRONBERG CASTLE

THIS famous building in Elsinor (Helsingor), in Sjaelland, Denmark, is well-known and well-loved by us as the scene of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. It lies about thirty miles north of Copenhagen. This castle is situated by the Sound, facing across it to Helsingborg, in Sweden. The Sound is only two miles wide here—this being the narrowest part. The castle stands high above the Sound, dignified, yet massive in structure, and most impressive.

As we approach the Castle, we see to our left a high sentry mound, upon which are the heavy guns, and sentries marching to and fro, guarding the entrance to the Castle. On the mound stands the flagpole, tall and straight, bearing upon it the Danish red-and-white

flag, silhouetted against the sky. From here we may look up, to see the strange silver-green of the copper roofs, upon which loom up the tall towers and turrets.

Ahead is an archway, and, as we enter across the drawbridge, under the portcullis and through the gates, we are reminded by the sentries of how, in the olden days, every person had to prove their right of entrance before the drawbridge would be lowered.

Walking through the archway, we find ourselves in a large square courtyard—the courtyard where *Hamlet* was staged, and where it is now acted every year.

We turn left, up a flight of twisting stone steps, and from thence through numberless rooms of great beauty and magnificence, but none so large, nor of such magnificent splendour as that of the Rittersaal, the Knights' Hall, which is one-hundred-and-seventy-five feet long, and seventy-five feet wide, and which covers the whole of one floor on the second side of the castle. It has oak beams all the way down the length of it, running across the Hall, each one just twelve inches from the next. Great chandeliers, delicately wrought, hang down from the oak beams. On the long, shiny floor, are two old, yet beautiful tables, surrounded by just as old, and just as beautiful chairs. The windows are another part of the Hall to remember: they are of stained glass, each window totally different from any other. The glass is in the most beautiful pale pinks, pale yellow ochres, and pastel shades of blue. Between each of these windows are great oil paintings of ancestors of the King and Queen of Denmark.

From the great, and ever-to-be-remembered Rittersaal, we walk again through countless rooms and halls in the old castle.

Then—to the dungeons. Oh! how unspeakably terrible were the torture chambers, where prisoners were herded into acute angled corners, and an iron door pressed them in, and in, until they were crushed to death amongst screams and shouts for mercy.

The dungeon walls are slimy and wet, and they drip with water. It is cold down in them, and there is a very damp atmosphere, which brings to our minds the realisation of how dreadful it must have been for the prisoners, and, indeed, for the warders who kept them.

We go down endless stairs and passages, until, amongst the huge foundations of this great castle, we eventually come upon the great twelve-foot statue of the crouching "Holger the Dane," who is reputedly able to arise in Denmark's need. All this is indeed eerie and exciting, but all things must come to an end, and soon we find ourselves walking up some very steep steps which lead to the outer courtyard, able, once more, to breathe in sweet, fresh air.

Nedda Bradbury, Form IV

MAYBE ONE SUNDAY

THE little bald man sat in miserable silence, peering short-sightedly at the graceful models wafting by, like so many colourful dragonflies. His wife sat next to him; she was a large woman with a face like an over-ripe plum.

"My dear," he whispered nervously (he was always nervous when he spoke to her), "don't you think I could help you off with your fur?"

She glared at him. "Shh!" she said loudly, making everyone turn round.

He blushed and tried to wriggle away.

"George, dear," she said, even more loudly; "do stop fidgeting."

Again the wall of faces turned to stare at them. He stopped wriggling. His thoughts turned to his garden. This Sunday he had been dragged unwillingly from it; he would refuse to go to London, he would put his foot down; he would put those plants in the front . . .

His wife's renewed panting brought him down to earth; she was whispering, "George, dear, that's the one I want." A vision in red floated by and he shuddered at the thought of it so close to the purple complexion and sandy hair.

"And, George," she said, "You'll have to buy it, dear, I've got no other to go to the Robinsons' in, next Sunday with you!" she added firmly.

He sighed, then his face took a determined expression. The Sunday after that he would refuse to go anywhere. Yes, he would put his foot down; he would put those plants in the front . . .

"George, dear," said his wife, "the Sunday after that, we'll . . ."

Ursula Jones, Form III

THE LIFE OF YOUR MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

AS an example of the life of an M.P. we will imagine that there is to be a General Election in a few days.

As soon as Local Political Parties know there is to be a General Election, they adopt a Candidate, off what is known as a "short list"—about six people who put themselves forward to fight the seat.

For the sake of a name, let us take Miss Shirley Catlin (who is the Labour Candidate for Harwich). As soon as Miss Catlin knows she has been chosen, she and her six "backers" collect her nomination forms. Then after these have been filled in she returns them to the Town Clerk, plus £150.

This £150 is a "deposit," and if she should fail to get an eighth of the total votes cast, she loses it. This is to show that she is keen on her job, and will not be a nuisance.

Now she starts to "canvass." With the help of her Agent, she goes round visiting people in their homes, stopping them in the road,

and addressing meetings. Perhaps for some of her older supporters she offers to give them lifts in the thirty-four or so cars which she is allowed to use on Election day.

Soon the day comes when the country goes to the polls. Miss Catlin runs around all day seeing how the voting is going. In the evening the result is announced by the Town Clerk, and the M.P. shakes hands with his/her opponents. We will say Miss Catlin wins, so that when Parliament reassembles Miss Catlin, M.P., sets off to the old Palace of Westminster, old and weird in its ways and traditions. Here, no doubt, an older M.P. shows her around, so that she is soon at home.

At 2.30 p.m. she is "sworn in." M.P.'s go up in groups of three or four, put their hands on a Bible held by one of the Clerks of the House, and swear their duty to the Queen. After that she sits down in a seat she has most likely reserved beforehand. She is now a fully fledged M.P., entitled to all the privileges of Membership, which are numerous.

After becoming an M.P. the fight does not stop; she must keep in close touch with her constituency, otherwise she might lose her popularity there. So every weekend she has free she is to be found—if she is a good M.P.—at her constituency, telling her supporters what she has been doing.

In the House she takes part in the discussion of topics that interest her, and may put down Questions for Question Hour. She may ask questions her electors want to know or some to which she herself wants to hear the answer. Question Hour usually proves what Ministers are like; and may also bring her fame.

Before the afternoon debate, I expect, if you wanted her, she would be found writing letters, or answering them. For this, if she does not have a large post bag, she may share a secretary with a few other M.P.s. Postage for these letters she pays for herself!

Whilst at the Houses of Parliament she has the use of many facilities: Reading Rooms, Reference Libraries, a Post Office, a canteen, or a cafe, a bar open at *all* hours, and a very comfortable chair in a beautiful Chamber, heated or cooled, as M.P.s wish.

When she enters this now very modern Chamber, she bows to a raised chair, with a canopy over it. This is the Speaker's Chair. When Parliament was first held, it met in a chapel, and by the Altar stood the Speaker's Chair, so now centuries after they still bow to it.

Another of these queer customs is crossing the red line. All the length of both sides of the House is a red line on a carpet, and if a M.P. should just cross it a little way whilst speaking he or she is "booed" at. This is a custom also from earlier days in Parliament, when Members who got a little heated were inclined to draw their swords. These two lines are just two swords distance away from each other. Now there are no swords, but still the line, and tradition remains. Why? Because Parliament is really moulded round these old customs.

To return to "our" M.P.; if Miss Catlin comes regularly, is a good debater, has a fair majority, when her party wins the next Election (and if she does as well), she may be a "P.S." This is a Parliamentary way of saying "Parliamentary Secretary." A P.S. is under a Minister, and, when the Minister is away or ill, she deputises for him, in a Debate or Question Hour.

Then, better still, she may soon after be made a Minister (of Pensions, for example). Then she has nearly reached the peak of her career, and if your M.P. is or was in either of the two latter posts, he or she is a good 'un!

Nigel Weaver, Form IV

THE MAGIC OF STONEHENGE

ONE approaches Stonehenge in the motor coach over the wide plain. It is seen from far away, standing out from the grass around it. The guide book tells us that it is an ancient temple, and in the summer sunlight it seems merely interesting. But it is far more dramatic than that. I know. I saw it in its element.

You should see Stonehenge in a thunderstorm at night. I cannot describe it properly, but the dark clouds rear up and the sunset is hidden. Great streaks of sunlight light up the hillsides and are gone again as the clouds roll relentlessly on. The air is oppressive and the stones stand dark against the sky. We shelter against a stone to keep the rising wind off. Lightning flashes in the distance and we catch the distant, ever-nearing roll of thunder. It begins to rain and we put on our coats. The thunder rolls nearer . . . Suddenly there is a blinding flash (like a giant flashbulb) which lights up the countryside. The stones stand naked against the light reflecting it in eerie shadows across the moor. Then the crack of the thunder beats to a heavy roll; and roars away into the distance. We can almost see the people worshipping there. Frightened we move away and watch through a gap in the stone. Then it rains hard. Oh, how it can rain out on the open moor. The lightning is more frequent and it crackles as it flashes. The stones look almost human and the whining of the wind sounds like the priest chanting to his gods in a high-pitched moan.

We are rocked and frightened. The circle seems to be alive with people, waving their arms at the priest's chanting and rending the air with a swelling shriek of frenzied sound. Then, a paper bag flutters past. We turn and laugh. What is funny? Nothing. We do it just for relief. The lightning goes away to create hell somewhere else and we trudge silently home realising, for the first time, how tired and wet we are, never looking back at that fearful place.

D. Atkinson, Form V

THE BRIDGE

THE bridge—at last I have seen the bridge. It was only a small stone bridge over a very small river, but it had a hump in the middle and somehow it had a very far away look about it.

I think that there must have been a bridge there always. Not the first one, of course. At first it would have been a log or tree trunk. Then it may have been two or three planks. Then it would have been the stone bridge, the bridge with the hump.

On a winter's day, I thought, with the snow falling softly on to the ground, one could almost hear the horn and see the old stage coach as it trundled over the bridge.

On a summer's day, like the day I had first seen the bridge, one could hear the merry laughter of children; not the same children as had first tumbled into the stream, nor the same children who had seen the bridge being built, but there would always be children there in summer.

I wondered what stories that bridge would tell if it could talk. Would it tell of the times when it had hidden the kingfisher's eggs from the rough boys from the village? Or would it boast of the time when Dick Turpin had held up a coach on it? It might even tell us about the Civil War in England, when it had hidden the king under its arched back while the Roundheads had gone galloping over, never dreaming that the king was hiding beneath them. It might tell of the many duels fought over it, or the murders and thefts committed on it.

Nowadays there is no road there. There is only the humped bridge and a very muddy cart track to tell us that there ever was a road there. The bridge is going to be pulled down now because it is unsafe. But they will build a new one. There will always be a bridge there.

Pauline Redington, Form III



"PRAY SILENCE FOR THE SIXTH FORM . . ."

THE present Sixth form have found, much to the school's delight, that their natural bent in the entertainment line is towards comedy, revue and burlesque. Thanks to the witty imagination and slick comedy of Diana Jones they have produced two worthwhile results.

After their enormous success with *Quod Dicis* last spring term (orginal lyrics were by Nigel Watt, Diana Jones and Noël Coward) at which the school nearly razed the Assembly Hall roof to the ground with thunderous applause, the school craved for another. Reminiscences of the Distressed Damsel, St. George, the Dame, and the Fat Girl, were topics of post-stew, pre-stodge and custard conversation for months to come!

It was in good heart that the Sixth summoned their ranks to produce a skit entitled *The Knight of the Flaming Football.* An amazingly talented cast was assembled, with such well-known stars as Olga de la Sheeran, Judy Faster, Hilaree Jackson, What, Wilson and Abbs, as well as a luscious line-up of "Sixth Special" lovelies accompanied by an harmonious orchestra based on a purely mulatto conception, under the distinguished baton of that world-renowned hag, Desdemona O'Hooligan and her Happy Hoydens.

In spite of many clashes with indignant maids who clean the Hall every Wednesday at 3 p.m., rehearsals got under way. So after the preamble and jostle of the Assembly Hall Foyer, the curtain went up on *The Knight of the Flaming Football.* The overture was *Greensleeves* which was delightfully executed by the enthusiastic but sometimes overwhelming musicians. The instruments, kindly lent by members of the school, consisted of combs, tissue paper, Jews' Harps, French Horns, two cowbells, two fiddles, a revolting noise, a piano and a recorder.

It was so pleasant to see a new interpretation of stage technique; there was a Prologue whose voice had a delicate harshness about it; a stage-boy who wandered moronically across the stage putting up notices, and the Sixth Former and his wife who sat and gesticulated. The play itself was a play within a play and the décor was refreshingly contemporary with flaps and back curtain.



Block by courtesy of the "Saffron Walden Weekly News"

Jasper (Christopher Brown), Luce (Sally Donaldson) and Master Merry-thought (Donald Atkinson), in the last scene of the "Knight of the Burning Pestle."

Miss de la Sheeran played Fast, the girl without a conscience, and she effected a spectacular entrance in blue jeans and sandals, pursued by Buster Twaddletalker, strapped to the neck in a starched evening shirt.

Thereupon events took on a hilarious turn. What, as "Soppy Date," cared for by his obese hench-wenches, had amazing adventures with the "Roaring Red," played courageously by Miss Temple, one of Jo's girls. It must be stated here that Miss Temple has a flair for comedy rarely seen on the amateur stage. The host of skilful supporting players acted up to the leads with much gusto until the whirlwind climax. This was the final entrance of the glamorous chorus girls. They gave the show that extra polish usually lacking in amateur productions. Their costumes consisted of tunics in tasteful pastel shades kindly lent by permission of the Gym Society, in the maroon girdles provided by the "Good-Posture Girls." Following the spectacular "Can-Can" the whole cast came on stage for the finale, and received a terrific ovation from the school.

CRITIC

THE KNIGHT OF THE BURNING PESTLE

WE take our seats, programme in hand, and look at the stage. To our surprise we find that the curtains are not used at all and are drawn back to reveal the empty stage. On both right and left downstage are seats in front of a small wing piece.

Soon a boy wearing Elizabethan tights and shirt enters. He is representing the boy who would now be called stage manager in the modern theatre. He has a lighted taper in his hand and he moves off the stage and down to the orchestra stands. There he lights the candles, and then exits as silently as he came. There is a rustling of a curtain and the orchestra consisting of five ladies troop on. They are dressed in very picturesque Elizabethan dresses and wear the very slightest touch of make-up. After settling down they strike up a rather sad tune, but it really makes you believe you are attending a performance at the Globe, or the Curtain in Shakespeare's time.

Another rustling of a curtain and three men walk on to the stage also dressed in picturesque costumes. The boy comes on again and the men hand him money for the seats they are to sit on. They sit down and immediately start a conversation. The music changes to Greensleeves and through the gap in the cyclorama walks the chorus. He bangs his stave three times on the stage; the music stops and he advances to the edge of the stage and tells us what we are going to encounter. The play has begun!

Peter R. Avery, Form II

IT is said that there is one job that everybody thinks he or she is capable of performing and that is the work of a dramatic critic. I thought the same, until I was asked to write about the School's production of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle.*

When I entered the School Hall and found a half-lit open stage to look at, I wondered if the producer had not made a mistake. It seemed unfriendly, as if too many stage secrets were laid bare. Later my opinion was changed completely, because the use of the curtain would have slowed down the tempo of the whole production.

Also the entry of the boy across the stage to light the candles on the music stands (a delightful period touch) quietened the chatter of the audience, so that their full attention could be given to the playing of the attractively dressed orchestra, who were very much an integral part of the play.

Of the players, Judith Foster as the Citizen's Wife showed a poise and command of expression rarely found on a school stage. Brian Abbs, as the Citizen, had a natural gift of clowning, but there were times when he allowed this to run away with him. Their apprentice, Ralph, played by Brian Hosking, whose introduction into the main play as the Knight of the Burning Pestle caused so many complications to the plot, showed the necessary swagger, for this make-believe part. Patricia Cadman made a shrewish Mistress Merrythought and her change of tone when talking to her favourite son was a delight. Donald Atkinson had the most difficult part; that of Merrythought. It is not easy to burst into snatches of song, and my only criticism is that he sang too well. The songs should be a natural bubbling out of his exuberance, but in his case they seemed too well prepared. John Wilson, as Venturewell, had a particularly clear voice and made the most of a not particularly rewarding part. The charm of the two lovers, Luce and Jasper, played by Sallie Donaldson and Christopher Brown, admirably balanced the gauchness of the unhappy Humphrey, Nigel Weaver.

At intervals through the play my attention wandered to the three gentlemen at the side of the stage. These three had nothing to say and must have seen the play many times, yet their reactions were as spontaneous as if this really had been their first view of it. I particularly liked the one in the magnificent red and black costume, who seemed to me to be the perfect dashing Elizabethan courtier.

The constant entries and exits of the characters without any time lag indicated a discipline and alertness behind the scenes which is often lacking in amateur productions. The whole production was an excellent example of teamwork, with each striving to do his or her best for the benefit of the play.

After the warmth and gaiety of *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* it was a shock to step outside into a snow-covered world and to be brought back to the cares of the second Elizabethan era.

H.R.F.

SHORTER PLAYS

IN addition to *The Knight of the Burning Pestle,* three One-Act Plays have been produced in the first half of the school year.

Grannie's a Hundred, by Ronald Gow, was acted by an all female cast for the Christmas End of Term Entertainment, and Jennifer Edwards, as "Grannie," gave a very convincing and sensitive portrayal of the lively and irascible old lady who cannot forgive the Queen for "stealing her thunder" and choosing to visit the neighbourhood on *her* hundredth birthday. The lugubrious and interfering neighbour, Mrs Corks, who takes a vindictive delight in disillusioning Grannie about the decorations, was excellently acted by Jill Baker, who also managed to look the part to perfection. The homely Mrs Bradshaw, doing her best to cope with an impossible situation, and her rather flashy sister, Mary, were well played by Jennifer Eames and Susan Haselgrove respectively, while Jane Morris contrived to be a most elegant and refined "Lady." The most human and charming touches in the play were perhaps the little episodes where Gladys, the great-grand-daughter (Elizabeth Weaver) consoles the old lady after the tragic discovery of her real age and coaxes her to see the Queen, so that "Her Majesty will not be disappointed."

For Parents' Weekend, the Second Form acted *A Victorian Fairy Tale* and, despite lack of rehearsal owing to illness, gave us a very enjoyable half-hour. The parts were well cast and Jimmy Munro, who was nobly battling with incipient 'flu, gave an outstandingly good performance of the Admirable Crichton type of butler with neat, slick appearance and movements. The "Victorian Modern Miss" (Henrietta Wellings) and the impressive Comely Cook (Delia Cribble), both quite obviously running the situation as they wanted, made an excellent contrast to the poor, bewildered Duke and Duchess and the fairy-tale Albert. May we also add "Well roared, Dragon!"

For the remainder of the evening the audience was brought under a very potent spell and really felt itself transplanted to 16th century London to the lodgings of Will Shakespeare.

In *The Queen and Mr Shakespeare,* Ann and Kenneth Whitlow in the name parts, with Richard Wright as Lord Cecil and Bryan Newton as the boy, gave us forty minutes of pure enchantment. The setting, with its picturesque interior and the gay brightness of a London spring seen through the latticed window; the rich and colourful costumes; the life-like make-up (was that not *really* the Queen and Mr Shakespeare?) the lively dialogue and sprightly grace of Her Majesty; the amusing episode of the "fragrant weed," the final dramatic and moving tableau; all combined to hold our attention from first to last and to arouse our enthusiastic applause.

In conclusion, may we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude as a school to Mr Whitlow for the immense amount of time,

thought, skill and patience that he puts into these productions, and to Mrs Whitlow for her unfailing interest and help, not forgetting those who behind the scenes, with sets, scenery and lighting so unobtrusively and effectively done, make it possible for a high standard of production to be reached.

A.D.H.

THE "AGAMEMNON" OF AESCHYLUS

ON 14th February a group of Sixth formers went with Miss Chedd, Miss Hall and Miss Horlick to Cambridge to see a performance of this play, one of the finest of Greek tragedies, given by members of Cambridge University. Every third year a performance of a Greek play is given in classical Greek at the Arts Theatre, and it is often attended by a party from this school. We took with us three texts with translations, and short synopses of scenes prepared by Miss Yapp.

Although the title is *Agamemnon,* Agamemnon himself has a comparatively small part, while his villainous wife, Clytaemnestra, has the most important. This part was taken by Frances Hedley. She had a very fine voice, and is probably an able classical scholar since she conveyed so much of her meaning to the audience. The other female part is that of the prophetess, Cassandra, played with force and delicacy, and about whom I heard murmurs of "exquisite."

One of the special features of Greek tragedy is the use of the Chorus, as commentator on the action, and sometimes as participant. In this play, the Chorus of Elders plays a very large part, giving the background of the action and also commenting on its progress. The speeches were divided up, and were either spoken or chanted. At times the whole chorus of about sixteen elders chanted in harmony to the accompaniment of drum, clarinets and harp. The music was composed by Professor Hadley of Caius College, and seemed always to begin and end in unison. It was very fine, using many unusual intervals and modulations, and the Chorus were very well-trained. It was, however, slightly disconcerting to see a Chorus of Argive Elders being conducted by a pair of shirt and jacket cuffs, obviously of the twentieth century A.D. There were one or two faults: costumes seemed unimaginative in colour and childish in decoration; Cassandra was not ready for the second half and was gesticulating into the wings when the curtain rose.

It is difficult to explain why those who saw this production enjoyed it so much, knowing, as they did, nothing more than the Greek alphabet, and in some cases rather less, but it was greatly appreciated in every way. This may be accounted for by the fact that not knowing the language, we were able to concentrate on other aspects of the play. Our thanks are due to those members of staff who originated and carried out the idea of a school party.

Judith Foster, Form VI

BOYS' READING CLUB

THE first meeting of the school year was held on 9th December. The new members, Edwin Austin, Michael Frizzell, Bryan Pickard, John Skelton and Christopher Wood, were officially welcomed, and since the vacancy caused by the loss of Mr Small was still unfilled, it was decided that Royston Baker should be invited to join the club.

Owing to the crowded nature of the Autumn Term no play was read, but most members managed to finish the customary three books. The interest aroused by *The Great Divorce*, by C. S. Lewis, which was read last summer, was responsible for the first choice. This was *Out of the Silent Planet*, by the same author, the book being introduced by Timothy Whitmore. It was generally enjoyed and understood, and came in for less criticism than the second book, *Court Circular*, by Sewell Stokes, which was based on the author's experiences as a probation officer. Though the book was good entertainment, it was felt to be too flippant in dealing with a subject of such a serious nature. The introduction was given by Brian Abbs. The third book, C. S. Forester's *African Queen*, was introduced by Christopher Noble, who expressed a disappointment with it which was generally shared, especially by those who had seen the film. A supplementary paper by Mrs Littleboy, which included readings from Mary Kingsley's *Journal*, helped to make an indifferent book provoke a worthwhile discussion.

Christopher Brown, Form VI

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

IT is a curious and thought-provoking experience to pass from a stream-lined school at which one has joined in a lusty refrain: "What's past is past; let memories be short!" to a school that has just celebrated two hundred and fifty years of steady pilgrimage in a pageant entitled *Gateway of the Past*. We hear sometimes of the dead hand of tradition, but a community with deep roots, provided that it retains the power of adaptation to changing conditions, is in a stronger position than one that cannot draw on the same wealth of experience of corporate effort. The same is true of any Society. Fortunate is the Teacher of English who can walk into an Archives Room and find there volumes of Minutes of the Society that has been entrusted to her care.

Our work in the Literary Society this year has for the most part been tentative. The first two meetings of the session were given to a reading of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, a comfortable middle-brow beginning. There was some spirited interpretation of character, and a quick response among the listeners to changes of mood and atmosphere.

The next meeting was on traditional lines. Essays were read by members of the Society and these were followed by questions. Royston

Baker led us into regions of philosophical speculation and metaphysical subtlety in his thoughtful paper on Predestination, and Judith Foster gave us a stimulating talk on "The Story of Language." Some very good questions were asked and we felt the need of the presence of experts to help with the answers. Comic relief was provided by Hilary Jackson and Una Millett whose witty satirising of Women's Magazines and their readers was very much appreciated.

In response to popular demand we decided to devote the next meeting to debating. Two motions were debated: "That Television is a Menace"; "That Equality between the Sexes cannot exist." The first motion was proposed by Diana Jones and opposed by Susan Haselgrove. Mr Clitheroe of the Radio Supply Stores spoke in defence of his commodity, but the motion was carried by seven votes. The second motion was proposed by Alan Sillitoe and opposed by Elizabeth Paul. A very lively discussion followed, and the motion was finally defeated by six votes. This meeting made us feel that we had much to learn about debating, and its most important result was the formation of a Debating Society under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr Beeson. Although we are all aware of the limitations of this technique as a means of arriving at the Truth, involving as it sometimes does the suppression of half one's mind, we are also aware of the need to be able to reason clearly and logically in the face of opposition. For this reason we welcome the interest in debating.

The last meeting of term took the form of a Christmas Programme. Readings included stanzas from Milton's *Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity,* Dickens' racy account of Mr Winkle's antics on the ice, and Kenneth Grahame's delightful description of Christmas at Mole-End. Olga Sheeran sang a Manx Cradle Hymn and the evening ended with an excerpt from *Kings in Judaea* by Dorothy Sayers.

The first three scenes of *Abraham Lincoln* were read at the opening meeting of the Spring Term. This reading took place on the day of Eisenhower's inauguration as President of the United States of America, and its sincere treatment of the problems of slavery and the use of force as an instrument of social justice made it not without relevance to the present situation.

The Debating Society organised the second meeting of term when we debated the motion: "That as long as Culture has a commercial value it will not give its fullest benefit to the Community as a whole." It was proposed by Diana and Isobel Jones and opposed by Royston Baker and Alan Sillitoe. The motion was carried by a majority of eleven. Nine abstained from voting. It was plain that progress had been made. There were no embarrassed silences, and, as no one was allowed to speak more than once, we had a considerable number of speakers. But we still have a long way to go. Members were too prone to leave their general statements unsupported by facts, and expression

left much to be desired. While we do not want our meetings to be stiff, we must seek to combine informality with dignity.

To Mr Sturge we are indebted for the most delightful and stimulating programme of the session. He talked to us about poetry and music of the period between Spenser and Dryden, illustrating the distinctive affinity that existed between them at that time. Nigel Watt, Hilary Jackson, Joyce Coffin, John Wilson, Sallie Donaldson and Anthony Newton were the readers, Olga Sheeran and Mrs Brown the soloists, and Una Millett played the harpsichord.

Mr Sturge began by evoking a picture of the period in which "a south wind" blew from Italy, inspiring a host of minor poets who wrote as a pastime. He spoke first of the poetry written for music, and illustrated the treatment of the favourite themes, love and mortality. Among the poems read were Tichborne's *My prime of youth is but a host of cares*; *He that marries a merry lass,* and *The King's Progress.* We particularly enjoyed the second, representing as it does the native Chaucerian strain as opposed to the more stylised Italianate love poem. The poets' lively interest in music was shown by readings from Milton, Strode and Dryden. In the reading from *Hymn for St. Cecilia's Day,* a different voice represented each instrument, a most effective arrangement. Mr Sturge suggested that, although in Dryden's clever poem all the external trappings of music were there, it had none of the inner spirit found in Strode's poem, particularly in the lines:

"Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet."

This comparison inadvertently raised the question: "What is poetry?"

The introduction to the music of the period was a reading from Morley's *A Plain and Easie Introduction to Practicalle Musicke,* 1597. It consists of a delightful dialogue in which a certain Philomathes confesses to his friend Polymathes as follows: "But supper being ended, and Musicke bookes, according to the custome, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented mee with a part, earnestly requesting mee to sing. But when, after manie excuses, I protested unfeinedly that I could not: every one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others, demaunding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of mine ignorance I go nowe to seeke out mine olde friend, Master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholler." Those were the days when every gentleman was expected to read a part at sight. A recording of a madrigal was played to us on the gramophone. The musicians' treatment of the themes of love and mortality was illustrated by several songs, among them *It was a lover and his lass,* set by Shakespeare's contemporary Morley, and sung by Olga Sheeran, and the beautiful *O, death, rock me asleep,* ascribed to Ann Boleyn and Dowland's *Lachrymae,* sung by Mrs Brown. The harpsichord accompaniment added much to the effectiveness of these songs. It was an entirely

delightful programme and we are very grateful to Mr Sturge and to all those who took part.

The last meeting of the Session will be a Conversation on War and the Christian.. The leaders will be two Nonconformist Ministers, one representing the Pacifist and the other the Non-Pacifist view-point. The Headmaster will take the Chair.

M.P.H.

DEBATING SOCIETY

FOLLOWING a debate in the Senior Literary Society last term it was discovered that there were several people who were interested in debating in the senior part of the school, but it was felt that the Literary Society could not devote any more of its time to debating. Accordingly, a Debating Society was formed, with some thirty members, and Mr Beeson very kindly agreed to take the chair, and to help to run the group.

The first meeting took place on Sunday, 14th December when a representative committee was chosen, comprising Joyce Coffin, Alan Sillitoe, Royston Baker, Marnie Temple, Hilary Jackson, and Timothy Whitmore. The society then debated the motion that "This House believes that the public school, though of use in the past, could profitably be replaced by the 'progressive' co-educational school." The motion was carried by fourteen votes to nine, with two abstentions.

A meeting was held on the 24th February, in conjunction with the Literary Society, when the motion was "This House believes that so long as culture has a commercial value it will fail to give its fullest benefit to the community as a whole." The motion was carried by eleven votes, with nine abstentions. At the next meeting we intend to have a political motion.

The function of the committee is mainly to tabulate and arrange the motion, and it is hoped that members will be somewhat more forthcoming with suggestions for motions.

The ideas presented in the debates are good, and there is little "hair splitting." We hope that experience gained will give speakers the confidence to overcome their present nervous manner, and that this new society will continue to hold a place among the regular activities of the school.

Alan Sillitoe, Form V

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

AT the beginning of the School year Alan Risdon was elected secretary to fill the place of John Skelton, who was retiring.

The first meeting was devoted to a talk, by Skelton, on bird ringing and traps, and a review of the work in this school, resulting in several new enthusiasts. Various insect and nest specimens from Malaya

were also on view, and were briefly described. On the 14th October Mr Thomas spoke on British weather, and in the next meeting Mr Haselgrove spoke on the making of a ciné film. We were shown a few short selections, including one filmed around the school, and also an uncut film on "Timber" that caused some amusement. As this was a new field to most of our members it proved very interesting. The meeting on the 24th November was devoted to short films, on dicotyledons, nightingales, badgers, and greenfly. The December meeting was a visit from Mr Darlington who came to speak on bats, once again illustrating the wide scope of his knowledge and interest. He described experiments on a colony of Pipistrelle and stressed the immense possibilities of bat research.

Only one meeting has been held so far this term and that was given to a Brains' Trust, composed of Mrs Mummery, Mr Haselgrove, Mr Pumphrey and Mr Beeson, which managed to answer a tremendous variety of questions.

The usual field work has been continued throughout the year and we are looking forward to its expansion in the summer term. A few members watched the total eclipse of the moon from 10.35 to 11.10 p.m. on the 29th of January and photographs and drawings were taken, although the observation was marred by considerable cloud.

E. A. Paul, Form VI

STUDY CIRCLE

STUDY circle consists of the Sixth Form, and meets in the Library before Meeting on Sunday morning. The first half of the year is usually taken by the Headmistress and the second by the Headmaster.

We started this year with an introductory talk by Miss Ellinor, after which the theme for subsequent meeting was decided upon; this was Church Unity, stressing the similarity rather than the differences between the Christian Churches.

It was decided to invite visitors with inside information to talk to us on their various denominations, the talk to take about twenty minutes, and the other twenty devoted to questions and discussion.

Mrs Littleboy was invited to talk to us on "The World Council of Churches." This she was well able to do. She also told us of her experiences with widely differing types of Quakerism, especially in America. I think this revelation of the differences within the Society surprised us all. Mrs Littleboy has attended most of the subsequent meetings, and we are very grateful for her help on many points.

Mr Mummery gave us a very interesting talk on "The Church of England," and told us why he was a member of it, and not a noncon-

formist. He made us examine the reasons for our own Nonconformity. Mr Mummery also came on the following Sunday and answered many questions that had occurred to us during the preceding week.

Miss Hall, a Methodist, came in and talked to us about the Methodists; it was remarkable how much information she packed into twenty minutes. She stressed the fact that the Church consisted of all Christians everywhere, and told us about the organisation of democratic authority within the Methodist church. This democratic authority is a striking similarity between Nonconformists.

The Congregational position was put to us by Mr Pierce. He stressed, I think, more than anybody the similarity between the different creeds rather than the doctrinal differences.

In the above talks the underlying theme—"Is Christian unity possible?" was well to the fore; however many other points such as pacifism and the sacraments, arose during our discussions and it is proposed to deal with them more fully later in the year, with particular reference to the Society of Friends. Whilst the main theme deals with Christian unity a need was felt for a view into the Eastern religions, which have a following of over half the world's population.

Hasan Halim, a Mohammedan engineering student, talked to us on his religion and Eastern (Indian) religions in general. He stressed the similarity between Christianity and Mohammedanism. This was surprising to some of us. I think we were a little disappointed that he did not say his prayers five times daily, but he gave us an extremely able and authoritative talk.

The meetings were interrupted from time to time by weekend visitors coming in. The visitors do not usually follow the general theme unless they wish, but provide welcome sidelines for discussion.

During the past half year only one visitor has talked to us in Study Circle although Jean Inebnit is expected in March. Leslie Gilbert from Woodbrooke talked about the Bible, illustrating many of his views from it, and reminding us of the Jewish origins of Christianity.

During all the other meetings we have discussed topics arising out of visitors' talks and our own thinking. Miss Ellinor has also given us an outsider's view of Roman Catholicism, Unitarianism and many other Sects, all following the general theme.

We are, I think, all looking forward to the second half of the year with Mr Littleboy, to welcoming many new visitors and to increasing our knowledge further.

Royston L. Baker, Form VI

LIBRARY REPORT

LAST term the number of books borrowed exceeded 700—over a hundred more than in any previous term. This is a testimony to the excellence of the books chosen by the Staff in spending their Library allocations, which has meant a gradual improvement in the balance of interests for which the Library makes provision. That only one book was lost is a testimony both to Library users and to the Library committee. Of the fifty-four books added to the Library since October a number have been presented, and readers have benefited from the generosity of Louie Hill, Agnes Horlick, Joan Rickards, Alexander Robinson, Henry Rowntree, Nigel Watt, and Margaret Yapp.

C.A.M.

HOCKEY NOTES

THIS season, the Girls' 1st and Under 15 years XI.s remained unbeaten in their matches against other schools. Against the more experienced Clubs, the 1st XI lost to only two teams.

Our crowning victories were the 1st XI win against Girton College 4—3, and the Under 15 years XI victory against our greatest school rivals, Herts and Essex High School, 3—2. This season, the 1st XI drew with this school, 3—3.

At senior county trials, Jill Baker was chosen to represent Cambridgeshire as goal-keeper of the 2nd XI.

V.Y.

Full games reports for the year 1952-3 will appear in our next issue.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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EDITORIAL BOARD

Margaret Hall, Margaret G. Yapp, Kenneth L. Whitlow, Hilary J. Jackson, Una Millett, Nigel J. Watt, John H. Wilson and Alan Sillitoe.



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