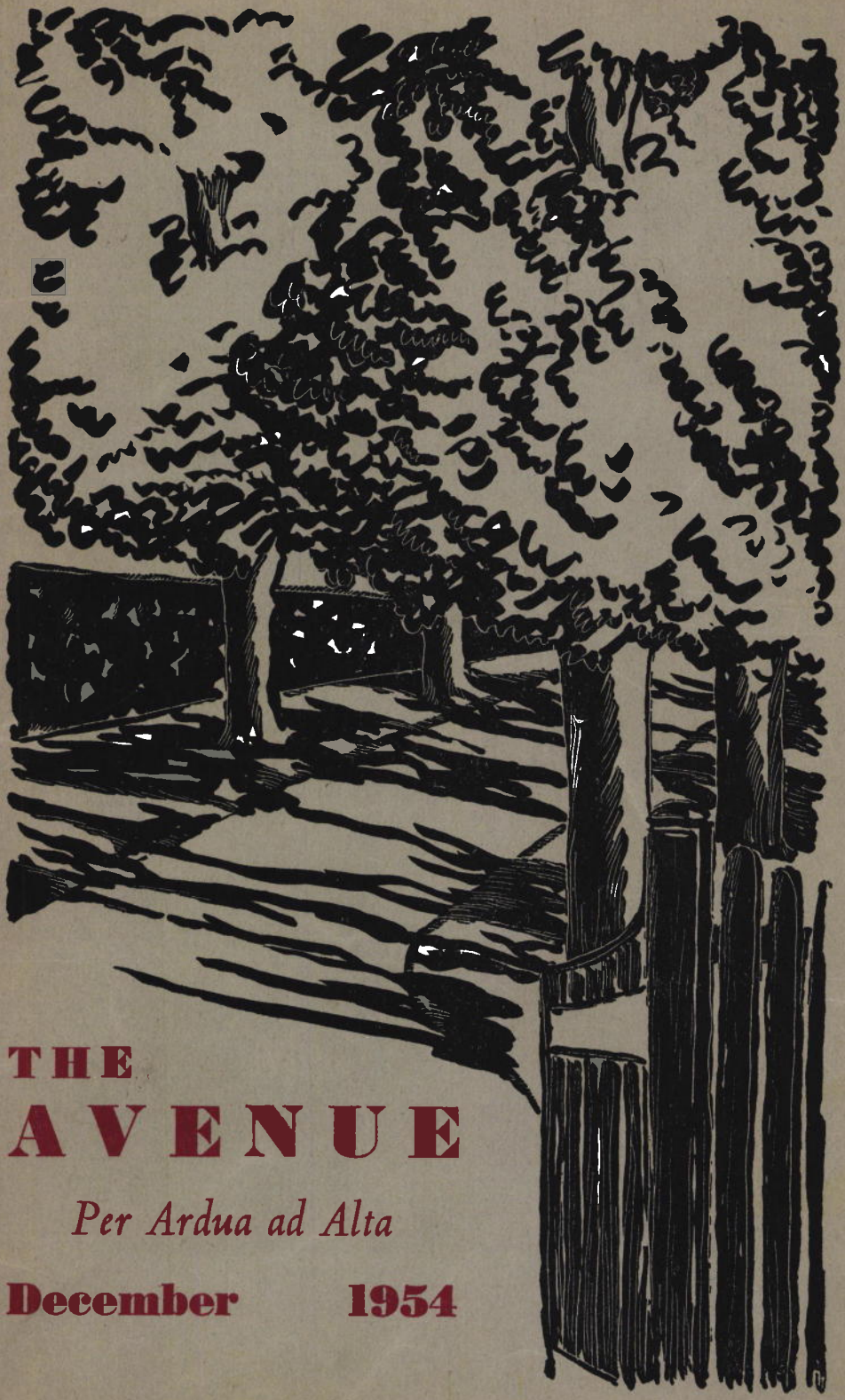


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

December 1954

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 41 No. 122 December, 1954

Editorial

THOSE who read the newspapers will probably have noticed that in the wide world outside Walden there has, of late, been a considerable outcry against the amount of noise that is being made. The new Paris Prefect of Police has forbidden motorists to use hooters in that city, and in Marseilles, people who let their radios blare too loudly will be fined. In London questions are already being asked about the noise which will result from passenger helicopter services.

Staff announcements from time to time remind us that we, also, are too noisy: during meal-times, for instance, or when coming into Assembly, as well as during out-of-school hours. What ought we to do about our noise? Perhaps we should set the wide world a better example. We could fine the Sixth Form girls every time their wireless is heard in the Library; though it is the loud speakers among ourselves who are most to blame, "Such as *Thing-um-bob*, and *What's-her-name*, and likewise *You-know-who*." But in telling off such other people we only add to the din ourselves. So let us begin our campaign by keeping our own mouths shut, and by remembering that silence is an essential part of conversation.

Inter Alia

THE new science laboratories are now almost finished, and the girls' changing room is well on the way to completion. Further developments round the school have included, on the girls' upper playground, new steps and a path around which there are to be rose-beds.

* * *

Last term's eclipse of the sun aroused much interest, and sent most of the school hurrying out from dinner to watch the event through smoked glass or over-exposed film. The scientific aspect of the eclipse is mentioned later in the magazine.

* * *

We were pleased to have with us last term Nurse Taylor, who took Nurse Powell's place. This term Mrs Mercer has taken over

some of the surgery duties, and Mrs Miller has become girls' matron. We extend a warm welcome to her, to Miss Alderson (Latin), and to Miss Jackson, an Old Scholar, who has come to take the place of Miss Goddard as domestic science teacher. We were very sorry to lose Miss Goddard at the end of last term. She is now teaching at the Secondary Modern School, and we wish her every success in her new job.

At the end of last term we also said goodbye to Miss Yapp. It is difficult to say how sorry we were to lose her, but our warmest wishes go after her to Bristol.

* * *

During the spring term the school enjoyed the novel experience of sitting quite still at dinner—in order to be photographed. Pictures of various school activities were taken by Joseph Richardson of London, for record purposes.

* * *

The Photographic Society Competition held last term was won by John Robertson. Nuala Bradbury was second and Janet Burlingham third.

* * *

Bernard Canter, editor of *The Friend*, paid us a brief visit in his tour of Friends' schools. Many will have seen his comments on the School, which appeared later in an educational supplement to *The Friend*.

* * *

The girls' first tennis six had a very interesting and instructive visit to Wimbledon during the Tennis Championships last term, when a Friend from London very kindly gave tickets for the Centre Court.

* * *

A group of sixth-formers are attending the regular Friday evening Cambridge University Extension Lectures at the Training College, given this year by D. R. Hardman, M.A., LL.B., on Modern Prose and Poetry.

There have been two sixth form visits to the Cambridge Arts Theatre, one to see Siobhan McKenna in Shaw's *St. Joan*, the other to see *Richard II*.

Other seniors have been over to Newport this term to help finish the work on a village hall. This piece of building work was one on which members of a work-camp were engaged during the summer holidays. Some seniors attended this work-camp.

Some members of the first eleven hockey team went to the Cambridgeshire Junior Hockey Trials recently, and we congratulate Jeanetta Mabbott on being chosen as centre-forward for Cambridgeshire Junior Eleven.

At Whitsun, staff and sixth-formers took part in *Alfred and the Cakes*, a "musical" last produced thirty years ago at the school. It was written by J. P. Whitlow, then on the Staff. This production, in which some of the text had been made more topical, was in the hands of J.P.W's nephew, Kenneth L. Whitlow, and was thoroughly enjoyable.

* * *

The first form entertained General Meeting visitors with a delightful mime, *Magic in a Mirror*, on the front lawn. Mr Whitlow and Miss Innes were the producers. Other events at General Meeting included attempts on athletics records: Peter Nash broke the mile record, and Anthony Wallis the high jump record and the long jump ground record.

* * *

Outside visitors have included R. Duncan Fairn, a Prison Commissioner, who spoke at the March Lecture Week-end; and Ranjit Chetsingh, Secretary of the Friends' World Committee for Consultation. This term we have had addresses by Edwin Small and Robert Davis, and by James Strachan, who showed us slides of illustrations from an early bible. John Barclay, of International Help for Children, gave a talk on his work which aroused much interest and sympathy. Since then over twelve pounds has been raised in the school for his organisation. Eric Cleaver, an Old Scholar, told us of his visit to Kenya for the Friends' Service Council, and at Parents' Week-end, talks were given by David and Frances Murray-Rust. David Murray-Rust is Headmaster of Sidcot School.

M.G.Y.

Discipuli picturam spectate. To many, these must have been among the early words they heard from Miss Yapp; but even if they or their meaning have been forgotten, the speaker of them will long be remembered by the many school generations who have known her. I too have pictures to look at—memory pictures "featuring" Miss Yapp, and I should like to share two of them with you.

One year, in the early twenties, it was so hot during the March Week-end that we had one of the lectures out-of-doors, on the girls' lower asphalt. The subject was Greek Tragedy, and no-one listening to the lecturer, or looking at her, would have guessed that she had just had her own personal tragedy, when the previous speaker had said nearly everything she had planned to say! This competent mistress of the situation was, of course, M.G.Y., who had recently come to us from Chertsey for a *few* years experience in a different type of school.

The few years have stretched to nearly thirty and it is again a very hot day (there have been others in the interval), and M.G.Y. is once more in almost exactly the same place. The occasion is a public holiday and the senior part of the school has been very busy for more than an hour with a particularly energetic "treasure-hunt", now nearing its close. To her, advances shyly, almost sheepishly, a very embarrassed head-boy and partner, and to her great enjoyment blurts out, "Are you it?—Miss Yapp". She is indeed, for the twentieth clue, of her own devising, reads: "Give the dog a bone".

Life in a boarding school gives the teacher a unique opportunity of getting to know, and of getting known by, the young people temporarily in one's charge, and, when the interest and knowledge continues and deepens as the young grow up, it is certain that that teacher has succeeded in one of the most important and most worthwhile pieces of work he, or she, can do.

I would not venture to pass an opinion on M.G.Y's success as a teacher of Latin or English, you who read this are more competent to do so than I, but I do know to whom I have always gone if I wanted information as to what a certain girl old scholar was doing, how many children she had now, and the like, and she was often able to give me information about boys who had left.

For this as for many other things, we thank you, Miss Yapp, and wish you many happy years to come. One final thought—although the old Latin tag *Cave Canem* is no longer so applicable, we can now substitute for it *Laus Cani.*

G.S.P.

Holidays 1954

SO many people seem to have had interesting holidays this year, and written them up for "The Avenue", that we found we could not print by any means all of them, due to lack of space. So we have selected some parts out of those which we were unable to print in their entirety.

Roger Baily, Form V, went to Austria as one member of a party of thirty-two, and seems to have had rather an unpleasant journey, although he thoroughly enjoyed his holiday.

"When the train finally left at a quarter past nine, we none of us felt like sleep, despite the fact that we had a nineteen-hour journey before us. That night, very few of us got much sleep. I myself got about one hour and was considered lucky. We were all admiring the not very pretty French countryside at the unearthly hour of 4.30 in the morning. The train was absolutely freezing and we had another three hours before we were to reach Basle, where the train stayed for an hour and a quarter in order to give passengers an opportunity for some breakfast.

"As I expect some of you know, a Continental breakfast is nothing like our own. It merely consists of rolls and coffee. If you prefer a good old English cup of tea, and ask for it, you must expect the worst."

* * *

Ian Healey, Form IV, used up some surplus energy climbing mountains, or rather a mountain—Brown Willy, the highest in Cornwall.

"Leaving the track we set off up the side of Rough (pronounced Rov) Tor, which must be crossed to get to Brown Willy. We passed on the way the ancient prehistoric huts, though now only the door-posts and corner-stones are standing. Although living in Cornwall I was amazed to see the size of some of the rocks and the way they were balanced. At the summit are two of the famous Cornish balancing rocks, one of which is believed to be the Druids' sacrificial rock. In the top is a rough-hewn channel for the victim's blood to run away. Sitting on one of these we had our lunch. Away in the distance we could see Delabole Slate Quarry, the largest open-cast slate quarry in the world. To the north-east over the Devon-Cornwall border was Dartmoor. To the left, below us, was Jamaica Inn, made famous by Daphne du Maurier's book of that name. Straight in front of us was the sea.

"Having finished our lunch we set off down the hill-side to the marshy valley below, to walk to Brown Willy. Eventually we reached the base and began to climb, although it was not so

much climbing as heavy walking, since Brown Wily is not really a mountain, being only 1,375 feet high. However, we were glad it was no higher by the time we reached the top. At the "summit" there were two very interesting tumuli (ancient British burial mounds) built entirely of medium-sized rocks. Here it was that a young man murdered his fiancée a few years ago; I should think he had little trouble in hiding the body, as the whole place is a mass of deep crevasses. Also on the top is one of the Triangulation Stations, which are scattered all over the country for survey purposes. After spending an hour or so exploring the summit we walked back, passing one of the sun-worshippers' circles, which was still standing entire."

* * *

Vivien Sharpe, Form II, had an enjoyable holiday in France, staying in Brittany:

"I was awakened in the morning by a knock on the door. Sleepily I called *'Entrez!'* and the door opened exposing a cheery maid dressed in black and white bringing in my breakfast of croissants, jam and coffee. I finished at my leisure and then washed and dressed and went to call for my brother. We then dashed out on to the beach. Actually the beach was six miles long, stretching from one end of the bay to the other. At the one end there was Pornichet, and at the other Pouliguen.

"Our routine was usually the same each day: on the beach in the morning (as it was not so hot then) and visiting the small fishing villages and other places of interest in the afternoon. One afternoon we visited a small fishing village called Piriac. There we encountered a sort of local festival, and everybody was either talking or singing very quickly in French. Another time we went to Guérande, which is one of the old walled towns of France. One evening we went to a place called Le Croisic, which is famed as a place for seeing the sun set quickly. We went to see it and it set in precisely forty-six seconds."

* * *

Jacqueline Green, Form IV, had the very interesting experience of spending a week-end at the Royal Air Force Police Station at Netheravon, in Wiltshire, where the R.A.F. police dogs are trained.

"On the Sunday we went for a long car ride to see the surroundings of the station. It is situated in the middle of the Salisbury Plain, and is surrounded by beautiful scenery. On the Monday morning we went to see the Museum. It has everything, mine detectors, forgery and fingerprint implements, flags, different kinds of guns and lots of other things. My brother had his photo taken in a German Police Officer's hat, and my sister in a Mau Mau hat, which is made of goatskin, and is used when the natives take the oath.

"From there we went to the display ground where a team of dogs was waiting for us, as they were putting on a special display for us. They are taught to jump over hurdles, and through holes in a board, which they don't like because they don't know what is the other side. They also have to chase a 'thief' who has a fake arm, and the handler has to have complete control of him. Earlier this year a team of dogs did a display at the Royal Tournament. The dogs go through a 3 months training course, then they have a test, and if they pass they leave Netheravon and go to another station. Some go abroad."

* * *

Somebody else who went climbing was Rosemary Shepherd, Form III, who visited Cader Idris, in Wales, which is nearly three thousand feet high.

"Down one side of the mountain was a scree slope, going down about thirteen hundred feet to end abruptly in a deep, blue lake. It is known as the Fox's Path, and it is one of the most difficult ways of going up or down the mountain. We decided to go down this way, while the rest of the party went down the way we had come.

"The best way to go down a scree is to jump, slide down a little way on the loose stones, and jump again. We used this method as much as we could, and found it great fun. A party of red-faced, panting people were going up, and we called a greeting to them. At last we were at the foot of the scree. After that nothing unusual happened, except that Anthony fell off a wall which he was climbing, and hurt his ankle. Fortunately, there was a cold stream near us, and when we had bathed his foot in it, he recovered enough to walk down without help.

"When we arrived home that evening we were very tired, but very happy, and we went to bed telling ourselves how stiff we would be in the morning."

* * *

There seems to have been quite an army of our representatives on the Continent this year. Rosemary Brown, Form V, went as "one of a group of people travelling through France, Belgium, and Germany in two cars."

"On our last day in the Black Forest we stopped at Triberg to see a beautiful waterfall. It fell in only seven stages from the height of the mountain to the valley where it flows on as all the other valley streams do.

"At Swetzingen, near Heidelberg, we visited some gardens based on those at Versailles, which we visited later. The castle in Heidelberg differs from some in that it is not at the top of the mountain but only half-way up. At the top was a smaller

building called the *Königstuhl*, and between the two was a tower looking over the river. Most of this castle has been taken over by military officers, but the remaining parts are open to the public. In the cellar is a huge wine barrel which fills the whole room. On the outskirts of Heidelburg is the Holy Mountain on which stands an ancient amphitheatre of great size and magnificence."

Mrs. Rush and her Cat

THE door slowly opened and the old woman and her cat waddled out. The cat was a fat, ginger cat with half his teeth and half an ear missing. "No, you little ol' cat, you can't come and feed the chickens with me!" said the old woman and pushed him inside the cottage; the cat gave her a disgusted look and went and sat on the window ledge among the geraniums and ate the dead flies. Mrs Rush had lived in Suffolk all her life; she didn't want to go anywhere else, Suffolk had always been good enough for her. It was beyond her powers of imagination to think of life in an industrial city or indeed anywhere away from the little market town where she now lived or the village where she had lived as a girl.

Humming to herself, she tottered down the garden path clutching the pail of chicken food. Mrs Rush had a face as rosy and shiny as the apples on her tree and her eyes were as beady as a squirrel's. Her back was bent like the chimney on her cottage, and she was short and fat like the pail she carried. She opened the door into the chicken run and called: "Chickies, where are my old chickens today?" The birds came cackling to be fed, and the old woman laughed to herself as the hens clucked and pecked at the grain, then she went into the dark, dry shed and emerged once more into the daylight carrying six brown, warm, shiny eggs. Carefully Mrs Rush shut the door from the run and made her wavering way back up the path.

At the cottage door she turned to look at her small garden, with its apple tree, the flowers dancing on their stalks, the stunted peach tree leaning against one of the mellow walls, and the blue sky overhead, and she smiled peacefully before she opened the door to go and feed her cat.

Elizabeth Porte, Form V.

German Holiday

IT was Saturday night—our last night in Munich, or München as the Germans call it. We had finished our supper and were wondering what to do with ourselves, when the "Professor" walked over to our table and invited us to join his party. On learning that we had not even seen the H.B. (the famous Beer Hall of Munich) he told us that we could not possibly go away from Munich and boast that we had ever been there unless we could say that we had been to the "H.B.". So we gladly accepted his offer to take us there.

Saturday night in Munich is just like Saturday night in any large town—crowds of people along the pavements, traffic never ceasing—but being Munich there were many U.S. soldiers among the crowds. One can always tell U.S. soldiers by their very well fitting fawn uniforms and caps. The neon lights from shop windows, combined with street lamps, gave the effect of day-light.

We threaded our way through the crowd which seemed to become thicker as we neared our destination. We could see the "H.B." by its coloured lights when we were quite a way off. People seemed to be continuously going in and out of the place.

We went straight into the main hall, which was on the ground floor. It was a large room, very stuffy, wet and smoky. We could detect the smell of beer as soon as we entered. Men and women of Munich were mingled in these, drinking beer by the pint, shouting and laughing, talking at the top of their voices. Here and there waitresses could be distinguished by their white caps; they rushed to and fro with huge pint beer mugs balanced on their trays, their brows wet with beads of perspiration. To the right, as we entered, I noticed that four old sailors were very nearly drunk. I remarked on this, but the "Professor" said that by midnight many of these people would probably be under the tables and chairs!

It was so crowded and stuffy in there that we welcomed the sight of the open door at the far end of the room, and pushed our way slowly towards it. As we neared it we could hear music, which we found, on arriving outside, to be coming from a small open-air dance floor. Here it was almost as bad as in the room we had just left: people were simply packed in that little garden, some on the small dance floor and others standing and sitting round it. They were making so much noise that they almost drowned the brass band, which, under normal circumstances, would have sent us crazy, but it seemed quite soft there.

We left the dancers behind us and went upstairs, where we were informed that the Viennese waltz was in progress, and tickets must be obtained if we wished to take part in it. We had no intention of

doing any such thing, only my curiosity got the better of me, so I popped my head round the door to have a free peep.

That was quite enough for me! Approximately one thousand people were squashed on the dance floor trying hard to waltz. They could not have had more than six square inches between each couple. In one corner of the big room the band was trying its best to be heard above the conversation. More than half the male population in there was U.S. Soldiers. Round the floor there were many empty chairs and tables but also many occupied ones. The atmosphere was also smoky and stuffy here. The first thing I thought as I drew back was "Gosh! Even worse than the Gym dances!"

We then decided we had spent long enough in the "H.B." to say we had really seen it, and made our way back to the Hotel.

Sumalee Viravaidya, Form V.

Going for a Bathe

GOING in for a swim is not always as easy as it sounds. Most people imagine that when you get fairly near the edge you fling off your wraps, charge into the water, dive through the nearest wave and cause a great deal of commotion!

Actually it is not like this at all; what really happens is this: You go down the steps very cautiously and tread on a piece of gravel. You then carefully examine the wounded foot, and make a feeble joke about taking the rough with the smooth!

When you finally reach the beach you find it is nearly all pebbles. Not the nice rounded sort, but with sharp, cutting edges. Eventually (goodness knows how), you reach the end of the pebbles and see before you a stretch of slimy green seaweed thrown up at high tide. "This at any rate will be better than the pebbles" you think, but it is not so. It is wet and slippery and you soon begin to think you will never be able to sit down again. And the crabs! In a short time you have a row of five or six crabs adorning your toes.

At last you reach the sand. "Ah," you think, "now my troubles are ended." But the sand is not the soft, powdery, warm sand usually found in seaside resorts. Oh no, it is wet and cold, the sort that sticks between your toes.

Suddenly you notice, much to your dismay, that all the other bathers are coming out at your approach. Then you realise. "Of course, they can see what a good swimmer I am and do not like to be shown up against me." With this consoling thought you put your foot firmly forward (on a crab), put your head up and fling your shoulders back.

A terrifying thought suddenly comes to you: now is the time to fling off the wraps! Gingerly you take off the overcoat and stand

shivering; you walk carefully forward and put your toes (now crabless) into the sea. Brrrrr! it is rather chilly. Eventually, after about a quarter of an hour, having got in up to your waist, you are knocked off your feet by a cruel and boisterous wave. When you have recovered, having swallowed a dozen big mouthfuls of sea-water, you find you are so numb that you are unable to swim but just float, half-dead, on the surface. Suddenly you are rudely aroused by a jovial old gentleman who shouts out. "Come out you stupid twerp, it is dangerous to swim after high tide". *Now* you realise why all the other bathers came out.

All that for nothing (except a cold) and the return journey to face!

Barbara Cutts, Form II.

Visit to Pendre Engine Shed

FOR part of my summer holidays I visited Welsh railways of narrow gauge, the Vale of Rheidol railway, which runs from Aberystwyth to Devil's Bridge on a gauge of one foot eleven and a half inches, and the Tal-y-llyn railway, which runs from Towyn-on-Sea to Abergynolwyn, where there are some slate quarries in the mountains. This has a gauge of two feet three inches.

I think that the day I enjoyed most was a Sunday when I saw, for the first time, the Tal-y-llyn railway. In the morning I had walked from Borth (a costal town south of Towyn) to Aberdovey, crossing the Dovey Estuary by ferry. I left my luggage at the house where I was to stay the night, and then walked on to Towyn.

Here I had my first glimpse of the railway, at Towyn (Wharf) Station. The railway has two stations at Towyn. Wharf is the terminus, built slightly above the standard gauge railway and used for the transhipment of slate. Here connections with British Railways' trains are made. The station called Pendre is nearer the centre of the town.

The engines are stored at Pendre, and I walked there, buying a newspaper on my way. As no passenger trains are run on Sundays I was surprised to hear a train whistle, and see somebody open the level-crossing gates. The train was, however, a platelayers' train, and from it were unloaded various tools which had been used whilst working higher up the valley. After unloading the train they sat on the platform eating their dinner, whilst I ventured past the water column into the engine shed. I soon came out again as a notice told me that nobody was allowed in without the written permission of the General Manager. However, one of the staff (which is composed of volunteers from the Tal-y-llyn Railway Preservation Society) assured me that it was quite all right just to walk in.

In the shed were two engines, numbers three and six. The former, named "Sir Haydn" (after the late general manager of the line) was one of two engines (the other, named "Edward Thomas", had pulled the platelayers' train) bought from the nearby Corris Railway, which was unfortunately completely closed in 1948.

When the Tal-y-llyn Railway was opened in 1866, there were two engines delivered; No. 1, named "Tal-y-llyn", and No. 2, with the name "Dolgoch." The former ceased running in 1946, but is preserved at Pendre, and the other was, at the time of my visit, away at Birmingham for complete overhaul. I was able to see "Tal-y-llyn" —looking very sorry for herself in what is known as the "barn", on the "cripple siding", as it is nicknamed.

I also saw while at Pendre a new carriage being built, and also all the original coaches, among them a van, from which tickets are issued through a hatch, a practice unique on railways.

Of course, the time came when I had to go. So I left, looking forward to my trip up the valley the next day.

Harry Frost, Form III.

Life

Life signifies so much, but is so little,
For everything I touch is far too brittle,
And the things I cannot touch are everlasting
—But the world is living—dying—forever hasting.
Life in itself seems the greatest wonder,
And in my dreams I'm frightened by its thunder;
But in my dreaming wakefulness I see
Beyond the seeming world's reality,
And somewhere past the anxious strife of men,
I see at last the Lord Christ walk again.

Eleanor M. Johnson, Form V.

The Slate Quarry

THE first view I had of a slate quarry was a great scar in the pleasant scenery of North Wales, with mountains of slate in the foreground, mountains which dwarf the men who are continually making them higher and higher. On these piles of slate a road has been built for access to some buildings.

A few days after I had seen this view for the first time, I was fortunate enough to be allowed to see what a quarry looked like

from the inside. The particular one that I went over was near Blaenau Festiniog in north Merioneth. It is the deepest slate quarry in the world, going down nine hundred feet bèlow ground level, and two hundred feet below sea level.

Instead of the usual shaft which is found in coal mines, there were inclines of about one-in-one, or forty-five degrees. Trucks containing slate are hauled up these inclines by mechanical winches. We were first let down in one of these trucks which had been specially converted for carrying passengers. This was let down at a faster rate than we had expected and all of us hung on tightly. Then we found ourselves at the bottom of a pit which was open to sun, wind and rain. Here there were more buildings, but we had left the slag heaps about one hundred and fifty feet above us.

We were then issued with our lamps. Attached to a long shoulder strap was a battery box with a yard of cable coming from it. On the end of this cable was a lamp, not unlike the front part of a cycle lamp, containing a six volt bulb. We were not yet in the mine itself. To get to it we had to go down another incline, this being much steeper than the first. The truck which took us down deposited us just outside galleries which led into the rock and which were so dark that we were glad of the lamps that we were carrying. It also appeared to be very cold and damp and as we walked into the galleries we could see moisture on the walls and mud on the floor. We were now on the first inside level but there were many more galleries at lower levels being worked.

Each level is known by a letter: We were now at letter "K", the lowest level being "Q"; The top level, on the slag heap, is "A", and ground level is "C", each level being about fifty feet below the one above it. Soon we came to some steps which we went down. We could not see the bottom of these, even with our lamps, and as the steps were narrow and had only a wire hand rail on one side they quite frightened some members of our party. In the darkness which surrounded us a waterfall could be heard, and as we neared the bottom we could just see the rushing water in the light of our lamps.

The thing that I particularly noticed was the absence of timbering which was unnecessary because of the rock-like nature of the slate. After walking for some distance into the mountain we reached a cavern where men were drilling and blasting. To do this, chains are fixed to the rock face and the men use them to hang on to the sheer rock. They carry drills worked by compressed air. Having drilled a hole, they insert a fuse which is three feet six inches long and which enables them to get out of the cavern before the charge goes off. The men lit the fuse and we all went out of the cavern. A few minutes later we heard a deafening "boom" and when we returned to the cavern we saw large lumps of slate all over the floor.

The amount brought down by one charge takes about a week to clear. This is done by the men loading the slate on to trucks in their cavern and pushing the truck to the bottom of the incline on their level. It is quite hard work pushing the truck as it weighs about a ton and there is no mechanisation as yet. They leave the lumps as large as possible as they get a bonus for larger pieces. They work through the cavern as far as they can go so that an average cavern is about thirty feet high, twenty feet broad and as deep as possible. Because of the distance that the men work from the surface, mess-rooms are provided on every level. The only proper lighting is in these mess-rooms. We learned that until about eight years ago the men worked by candle light.

Having seen all that there was to see below, we returned to the surface and then went to the shed where the slates are cut into the right sizes for dispatch. The blocks are first split into manageable sizes and are then sawn to approximate sizes by a circular saw. Another man now inserts wedges between the layers of slate and prises them apart. Having reduced them in this way to the proper thickness, he then trims them on a revolving guillotine which leaves them ready for the lorries to take out.

I left the quarry with the knowledge that a lot of work and skill is needed to produce one of our most simple building materials.

Christopher Coffin, Form III.

The Golden Shore

WITH a gentle swish and a mighty roar,
The waves roll up on the Golden Shore.
Glistening and sparkling,
Leaping and dancing,
Glittering and simmering in the sun's warm rays.

With a sudden swish and a mighty roar
The wind swoops over the dark, grey shore.
A storm is rising we must hurry,
Gulls a-fluster, run and scurry,
Leaving behind a dark, grey shore.

With a gentle swish, and a mighty roar
The waves roll up on that Golden Shore.
Glistening and sparkling,
Leaping and dancing,
Glittering in the peace of the Golden Shore.

Jillian Webb, Form II.

Costume Festival

I was staying at Fuerth, a small industrial town outside Nuremberg, on an exchange visit with a German girl, and not long after my arrival I was lucky enough to be taken to a costume festival.

People from all over the south of Germany come together for these festivals, and parade in their national costumes. These meetings are always on Sundays or feast days, as the men and women work in the fields on week-days. The people meet in one special village, where, as they are all Catholics, they first go to church, and later in the day eat and drink in the *Gasthaus*, which is a kind of village inn. After they have eaten and are feeling jolly they Schuplattel, which is a dance that includes slapping your shoes, knees and thighs, and then in the middle of the dancing the leader, who is probably an old hand, yodels.

Early in the afternoon the people meet on a big green where they group themselves in different districts and then parade through the streets to the accompaniment of gay music. The costumes are really wonderful! The best ones are the old ones which have been handed down for generations. Most of the women's costumes are padded to make them sit well. The padding makes the dresses very hot to wear, and as this was a boiling hot day it must have been a strain for most of them. Fantastic head-dresses are worn by most of the women. Some of them have tall, golden ones something like a halo, others wear broad-brimmed hats trimmed with flowers and a *Gemsbart* such as the men wear. Bodices are black and beautifully embroidered. They are wide at the top, leaving enough room for red roses and field flowers to be inserted. The women also have long chains of silver coins hanging from their bodices. Many of them wear gay embroidered shawls and white muslin aprons.

The men's costumes, on the other hand, are very varied. Some of them wear black felt coats, long black leather trousers, high boots, and plain felt hats with a *Gemsbart*, which is a brush made from the beard of an Alpine goat. Others are much gayer with embroidered waistcoats and, a very important item, chains of ancient coins hanging from the belt or, as is mostly the case, from button to button on the chest, and green felt hats with feathers in them. Others are again completely different with round, stiff hats embroidered with many-shaped gay beads, white short-sleeved shirts, and this time there are short *Lederhosen* with elaborate horn decorations and exquisitely embroidered braces. Yet others wear green felt hats with ribbons and the famous *Gemsbart*, and black *Lederhosen* with patterns of flowers and birds brilliantly embroidered in yellow.

We watched them parade through the village, and then drove off down the valley of the Altmühl.

Mary Busch, Form III.

Some American Wild Animals

ON our farm near the Catskill Mountains, in the United States, we were surrounded by many different kinds of animals, many of which are foreign to England.

One summer, while our neighbour, Mr Lockwood, was mowing hay, he felt something stopping the blades. He got out to look, and found that a young fawn had been left in the standing hay by its mother, and its leg was cut, but not very badly. The Lockwoods called the fawn Jackie, and brought him up on cow's milk from a bottle.

Jackie was allowed to go wherever he liked when he was old enough to look after himself. He became a great favourite at all the houses in the district, and we often used to play with him. Eventually he ran away with some wild deer, but he used to come back at times, bringing his very timid wife with him. But now he hasn't been seen for several years, and the Lockwoods are afraid that he has been killed in the hunting season.

There were raccoons, like the one the boy in "Louisiana Story" had for a pet. One evening three baby raccoons climbed up our barn wall. We tried to get them down, as we were afraid they might fall, but they snapped at us and nearly bit us. We left some old clothes underneath in case they fell, and in the morning they had gone.

There were chipmunks, looking like small squirrels with stripes down their backs, who lived in between some stones, down our lane. Also, in autumn, flying squirrels used to find their way into people's attics, and disturb them by running around at night. Flying squirrels have a web between their back and front legs, so they can glide.

Sometimes, when you went for a walk, you would see a black snake, about six feet long, gliding away from you. They were harmless, but frightening.

When we first went to America, there were supposed to be small black bears, which were harmless, and wild cats, which could kill you, in the woods above our farm. But we never saw any, and the rumours soon died away.

Julia England, Form III.

These English !

THE evening was hot and sultry as my family and I climbed out of the car and went into the little French inn. We asked for rooms for the night and Monsieur, our host, led us up the rickety stairs. We chose two rooms next to each other and rejected the offer of a room with a bath, which had no water laid on.

As we came down the stairs, two more English families arrived and asked for the best rooms. They said they would have the one with a bath and another with a washbasin. Monsieur did not explain that there was no water, but just left them to find out for themselves.

We went out for a walk before dinner and when we came back found our compatriots dressed in cocktail dresses and fur wraps. However, nothing daunted, we sat down to our dinner in aertex shirts and woollen skirts.

The next morning when we came down to breakfast we found the chairs standing on top of the tables, and no sign of life. We pushed open the kitchen door and there was Monsieur busily dipping his beard into his bowl of coffee. We went in and ate our breakfast with the family by the large black-leaded kitchen range, under which the cat was having kittens.

After a while the bell rang, and was completely ignored. Again it rang and Monsieur swore and peered at the indicator. He could not see it, so he pulled out a chair and with the help of Madame levered himself onto it. Peering closely at it he called, "Albert." Albert arrived after a long pause, obviously, from signs and smells, just having finished cleaning out the pigs. "Go and see which room is ringing. I can't see this thing." Another long pause, and then Albert returned to say, in a voice hushed with shock, that the English wanted their breakfast in bed! After a lot of fussing it was sent up to them and we settled down to our conversation again. The bell rang. Albert was sent up again and returned to say the bread was stale. An explosion of wrath from Monsieur. "Don't they know this is the bakers' holiday?" Albert delivered this information and then came back to report that the butter was cheesey. Monsieur seethed with anger, swore and called down curses on all Englishmen. We beat a hasty but well-timed retreat back to England.

Jan Erith, Form VI.

The Water Tower

AT DUSK, when all outside is fading light
I gaze up at the Water Tower,
It stands a mystic shadow of the night,
So clear, so bright, such seeming power,
Silhouetted against the darkening sky
It seems so ghostly and so strange,
It seems so low and yet so high
As though the darkness makes it change.

Margrethe Hansen, Form I.

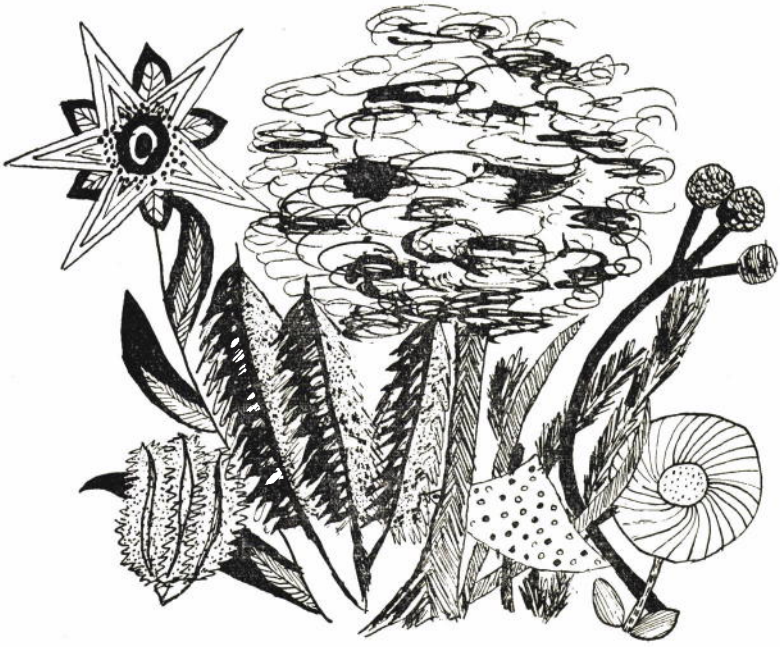
The Wild Bull

THE Bull is mad with terror,
Before him there is a fiery glare
That stings his eyes, and stirs his mind,
And makes him tremble everywhere.

His powerful body is shaking,
His eyes are filled with fear.
He tosses his mighty head in the air
And roars, to make the fire hear.

The smoke is now around him.
He wildly charges into the fire,
But flames now singe and burn his coat,
And have him in their killing power.

Clare White, Form II.



"And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit."

Jane Whitlow, Form III

Christer Salen

IT was a dull morning with a slight suggestion of fog. The wind had risen, making the atmosphere cold and damp, and we pulled our coats more closely round us as we walked down the quay steps. We were going onto the pilot boat with the skipper of the tug "Tolbenny", who had kindly invited us to go out with the tug to fetch in a large ship.

The "Tolbenny" was getting up steam when we boarded her and were introduced to the crew. We were soon off the moorings, and, passing through the harbour entrance, bounded by rocks, I felt a surge of excitement as the tug began to roll, meeting the oncoming waves.

We turned past the Punch Cross, on the point—a cross commemorating a spot where the cruel sea and treacherous rocks had taken the lives of men in a shipwreck long ago.

Now steaming out into the open Channel with spray crashing up over the bows, we saw our ship. There she lay, majestic and stately, her great bulk of 10,000 tons hardly moving with the waves. Her name was "Christer Salén"; she was Swedish, and like all Scandinavian ships which we see passing in and out of the harbour, she was kept very clean and smart, with her native flag and a black and yellow flag (denoting the need of a pilot) flying high above her.

We slowed down, turned, and came up alongside her. The dark, fathomless gap between slowly closed, the great waves sweeping through, as the soaring bows of the "Christer Salén" towered up over us.

Amidst the confusion of shouts, the steel hawsers were attached to the ship's bows and, as they tautened with a creaking whine, we slowly made our way towards the harbour entrance, now shrouded in damp fog.

We entered the harbour, sounding the fog horn with a hollow, resounding boom. Guiding our charge to the mooring buoy, we slowed up, and as the "Christer Salén", coming to a stop, dropped anchor with a rattle and a crash, we steamed slowly back to our moorings, our job done.

Nedda Bradbury, Form VI.

Just Not So Story

ONCE upon a time, when the lime trees were saplings, the Friends' School had a greedy headmaster. He used to extract money from the pupils (and teachers) whenever he could. But in spite of all his efforts, he still wanted more money, so he invented the couple tax.

Now the couple tax was simple. Any boy wishing to have a girl friend had to pay this tax, ranging from threepence for a first-former, up to two shillings for a sixth-former. Nor was this all. There was also a "chuck" fee of sixpence, to be paid by the person who did the chucking. These fees were collected by the form-teachers, and every Wednesday and Saturday there was a sad procession down the centre corridor, taking the proceeds of the couple tax to the headmaster. There were many miserable moments in form-meeting. A boy would go up and ask, "How much have I left in accounts?" Sometimes the poor boy had to decide whether toffee today was better than Daphne tomorrow. Sometimes an urgent letter home was the only hope of being able to send the chuck-note he had been waiting to send for weeks.

The school was in ferment. The last straw was a half-crown levy on any pair that said they were "just friends".

Now there was in the first form, a small boy with a big brain. He would hang about outside the Science Lab. and listen to the words of wisdom that escaped, trying to hold his nose with one hand, while he took notes with the other. One day the lesson was on "petrifying". He went to the Library afterwards and got out all the books on the subject. He read feverishly. At last he found it!

Next Saturday, after form-meeting, as the headmaster was off to F——ch's with his ill-gotten gains, he stepped in a puddle on the front drive. The small boy watching from the front porch jumped with delight. Would his idea work? Was the solution strong enough?

It did and it was. Before the headmaster had reached the front gate, a chain reaction had caused the tyrant to turn to stone.

Word spread. Dinner was forgotten. The stone lump was put on a wheelbarrow and taken to the San. gate, down the Avenue so long shadowed by oppression. And all that summer afternoon, couples came and kicked the stone, celebrating their freedom.

Of course it isn't the *same* stone which we kick now. But that is why we kick it.

The Chelmsford Music Festival

IT has been the custom for several years for a group from the senior part of the school to compete in the Chelmsford Music Festival. As there was a rather larger group this year we were able to enter more classes with a fairer chance of success, and we thus set out confidently for the Festival early on the morning in cars driven by Miss Comber and Miss Noyce.

The day opened for us with the Consort Class in which everyone played well, but did not win a prize, as the standard set by the Adjudicator, Hugh de Guere, was extremely high.

Susan Dutton and Elizabeth Weaver made history for the school by winning for the first time ever the top prize in the class for two pianos which followed. They played Handel's "Arrival of the Queen of Sheba."

Our next success was in the Quartet Class when Malcolm Harvey, Susan Haselgrove, Diana Weeden and Margaret Shepherd played a movement from a Mozart Sonata, gaining second prize. The standard of playing was high and the winning quartet got 90%. No mark was lower than 79%.

After lunch we next played in the Sonata Class. Here again the standard was so high that although Harvey gained 90% he did not come in the first three places

To crown the day Harvey and Susan Haselgrove, accompanied by Margaret Gray, were awarded first prize in the class for two violins.

Next year we hope to go to the Festival again, and maybe, to add to the well-begun list of firsts.

Margaret Shepherd, Form VI.

Wembley 1954

ON Saturday, the 13th March, Miss Innes took the members of the 1st XI hockey team to Wembley, to see the International hockey match—England v. Scotland.

We set out at 11 o'clock on a cold and windy morning but in spite of the weather our spirits were high! At Audley End we caught a special train carrying schoolgirls from Norwich, Ely and many other East Anglian towns, to Wembley. During the journey we impressed the other occupants of our carriage by our rendering of "Joshua fight de battle of Jericho!"

At about 2 p.m. we arrived at Wembley Stadium and were marshalled into our seats through milling crowds of schoolgirls, all seemingly going in opposite directions. Surrounding the huge arena were tiered seats in which schools sat in blocks. The effect was colourful on a grey day. The Grenadier Guards, with their red coats and brown busbies stood in the centre of a bright green pitch.

We tried to count the members of the opposite sex and wondered how any of them dare come to such a gathering of females. We later learned that out of the total attendance of 45,000 only 1,000 were men and women!

The teams eventually came in, led by six highland pipers. Scotland were in purple, and England in red and white. After the National Anthem the first bully was taken and soon the pitch began to look like a battlefield (without the bodies, of course!). At half-time the score was 2—1 to England. We sympathised with the goal-keepers, who looked frozen.

The second half started with a strong Scottish attack, but soon their pace slackened and England began to score goals. Scotland's weakness lay in defence, and by the end England were leading by six goals to one.

We made for the exit and reached it after quite a struggle, and then had some badly needed tea. We arrived back at school at about eight o'clock after a very eventful day.

Jane Evans, Form V.

Guide Camp

THIS year the camp was at the Holmes' farm, about six miles from Southwold, in Suffolk. We left school in a truck just after "Squash" had left, and were seen off by Malcolm Harvey, who followed us for a short distance on a bicycle. We had quite a rowdy journey to Diss, where we stopped for lunch, after being joined by Miss Comber and the car. When we arrived at the farm we were warmly welcomed with cups of tea by the Holmes family and Jennie, the Spaniel.

We settled in comfortably in a hayfield, in three bell tents, with additional tents for staff, and others for stores and equipment. On the second day Miss Challis arrived and on the third day we walked or cycled to Halesworth, the nearest town. After a few days of persistent downpour we all went to Southwold, where we shopped and bathed. On the way there, Miss Horlick unfortunately took the wrong turning, and on the beach we realised that she and the two Guides with her had failed to turn up. We had a swim, after sending out search parties, and just before we left for camp Miss Horlick arrived.

On the Sunday we walked or cycled three miles in pouring rain to Wenhaston, to go to morning church. We arrived there soaked, and walked in under the curious stares of the villagers. After a friendly service, the Vicar showed us a 500 year old painting of the Wenhaston Doom.

Later in the week Miss Innes arrived with Mrs Mercer and Wiz in the car. We spent most days playing rounders, besides doing our

routine jobs. We had several singsongs at night, but it was often too wet. Every breakfast-time the post arrived by tractor, which was usually driven by Eroll Holmes, and three churns of water were deposited outside the store tent—a great boon to the patrol in charge of the water supply! In fact, our hosts did everything they could to make camping easy for us.

The cooking was very good, except for such unfortunate incidents as the frying pan catching fire, or burning the porridge and rice. The tea tasted rather of bacon, but was otherwise quite good.

On the last day but one we had a party, to which we invited Mr and Mrs Holmes and Eroll. We had a very good tea with an iced birthday cake made by Beth. On the last night we had a supper and a singsong in a cottage kindly lent by Mr Holmes, around a warming fire in a big open fireplace. The Holmes' were, of course, invited, and were presented with a small gift as an expression of our gratitude. Each tent did an act and so did the staff, so we had a very enjoyable evening. The next morning we left in pouring rain, sitting on jumbled-up baggage in the truck, and having said a warm "thank you" to our hosts. We arrived at school after a less hearty journey back, in time to catch our various trains home. We are very grateful to Miss Horlick, the Holmes', and to all who helped to make our camp so pleasant.

"Natch"

OF great interest during the Summer Term was the study of the eclipse of the sun on June 30th. Various readings for change in temperatures and relative humidity were taken at regular intervals, together with photographs through the astronomical telescope.

For our annual outing this year the Society went to Hatfield Forest. The area to be studied included a lake with an island. The members, working in groups which each dealt with a specific branch of natural history, covered such subjects as pond, insect, plant and bird life, and a detailed survey of the island was made. Many specimens were collected, including samples of soil to be analysed on our return to school.

At General Meeting a model of the island was among the exhibits resulting from the outing; the work on the eclipse won a major award to be used to further astronomical work, and various members showed work which they personally had carried out during the previous year, for which several were given awards.

Outstanding in the year's achievements is our provisional recognition as an official weather recording group by the Meteorological Office.

We have had only one meeting so far this term. This was mainly devoted to a business meeting at which David Burnett was elected as boys' secretary, and the remainder of the committee was re-elected. Immediately following this, Mr Thomas gave us a short talk on the Kite, and Bronwen Mace read a paper on the recent developments concerning the Coelacanth.

Very few members left us this year, and thus only eight of the numerous applicants could be admitted at the beginning of term. We appreciate the disappointment of those who were not accepted and hope that this will not discourage them from re-applying in the future.

Jill Baker, Form VI.

Biology Camp

DURING the last summer holidays, from Friday, July 30th to Thursday, August 12th, a party of senior members of the school had the pleasure of accompanying Mr Thomas on a Biology Camp on a farm at Halesworth, near Southwold in Suffolk. The site of the camp was generously loaned by Mr Holmes, a member of the School Committee. We also owe our thanks to Mrs Holmes, who gave us kind advice and hospitality during our stay. The aid of Miss Challis and Miss Ashford on various points of cooking and general organization was gratefully received by members of the camp whose task it was to continue the good work.

During our stay we studied four of the main Ecological habitats; namely those of sand-dune, saltmarsh, heathland and woodland, using for each different methods of approach. For the saltmarsh at Walberswick we made grid, belt and line transects, thereby doing a detailed survey of the distribution of plant life. In our approach to the woodland habitat (found near the camp site), we used methods of general collection of botanical specimens and observation of relative heights of negation. The third habitat was the sand-dune near Easton Broad, where the main object was the study of dune formation and plant root systems, some of which were excavated to the depth of two feet. The last habitat was the heathland, which included the identification of plants, butterflies and birds. Nearby we made a survey of the strata at a disused sand quarry.

On two separate occasions we were conducted around the Minnsmere Bird Sanctuary, where we saw some rare birds including the Little Gull, Spotted Redshank, Wood-sandpiper, and the Marsh Harrier, the rarest nesting bird in Great Britain. Perhaps one of the most unpleasant observations were the ravages of Myxomatosis on

the rabbit population, twelve cases being observed in half a mile on one stretch of road.

The pleasure side of our activities included bathing, two trips to the cinema, and some canoeing which Mr Thomas unfortunately mistook for swimming.

David Burnett and Brian Gatward, Form VI.

Eclipse

ON 30th of June, 1954, a group of senior members of the school were engaged in observing the effects of the partial eclipse of the sun on the depression of the temperature and consequent elevation of relative humidity.

Temperatures, taken at ground level, in the shade and outside, when graphed against time, clearly showed a lag after the maximum point of eclipse at 1.34 p.m. This time lag was approximately ten minutes and is partially accounted for by the time taken for the earth to cool down and the interference of the atmosphere (including cloud). There was a corresponding time lag in relative humidity.

Photographs were taken through a solar eye-piece at half-minute intervals. From these it was possible, by means of accurate measurement, to draw a graph of the coverage of the sun throughout the maximum period of the eclipse. The next total eclipse of the sun, which may be seen in England, will be on August 11th, 1999.

Thanks are due to all those who put so much time and energy into making it a success, especially, Jan Berny, who originated the idea; but it seems better not to mention other individuals in such a piece of team-work.

David Burnett and Nuala Bradbury, Form VI.

International Help for Children

GREAT interest was aroused in the school by the October visit of John Barclay, who spoke to us of the work in which he has been engaged since the war, helping some of the millions of hungry, maimed, or homeless children in the world today.

We heard with sympathy and pity of the many boys and girls, mainly from Greece, but some from most of the countries of Europe, including Yugoslavia, who had been restored to health, fitted with artificial limbs, educated, and sent back to their own countries with a new outlook on life. We heard too of Rafig Mattar, whose story was in the national newspapers, of the Korean children it was hoped

to help this year, and of the asthmatic British children sent for treatment in France.

It was refreshing to hear a story not of meanness and lack of sympathy, but of generosity and kindness. So many people had offered to take children into their homes that demand exceeded supply, and some had to be disappointed; so many people gave money that altogether £54,000 had been raised in seven years. Even a bureaucratic civil servant from the Home Office turned out to be human after all!

International Help for Children has aided 3,600 children in the past. Let us hope that there will be many more helped in the future.

Debating Society

THERE have been two meetings since our last report. The first, in March, was a "parachute" debate, a variant of the old raft debate. John Scrivener put forward Haydn's claim to the one parachute in the doomed but dateless aeroplane, while Wendy Osborn put up a case for Pythagoras. Margaret Webb identified herself with Mrs Blank, defined as a typical housewife, but with a very strange story to tell. David Burnett represented Edison, the inventor of the electric light bulb. The fifth occupant of the aircraft was a mortal Cupid, wittily impersonated by Donald Atkinson. Last was Santa Claus, whose claim was put by Rita Miles. Cupid was given the parachute by one vote, with Edison the next most favoured.

The evening was a success in that several younger members obtained experience of speaking, and also because everyone clearly enjoyed themselves.

The meeting this term was of a different type. The motion was: "This house deplores the record of the Conservative Government, and would prefer the Labour Party." It was hoped that the debate would enable us to learn a little about politics. Nigel Weaver, for Labour, and Anthony Newton, for the Conservatives, are very knowledgeable, and we knew beforehand that Newton was a fluent speaker. Weaver proved himself equally fluent, and he handled his mass of facts and figures very well indeed. The summing-up speeches were both of a very high standard, highly compressed but not cramped. Joyce Coffin's quietly reasonable voice for Labour was rather more effective than that of Stewart Main, who, as a Liberal, turned Conservative for the evening. The debate took up two nights, and on both occasions there were some telling speeches from the floor of the house. Brian Gatward made two short but effective

contributions, and David Burnett examined the incidence of income tax with the care but not the ostentation of Sherlock Holmes. The motion was finally carried.

The success of the debate was very largely due to Nigel Weaver's hard work on his speech, and to Antony Newton's willingness in accepting yet another paper speech. One of the purposes of the Society is to try to remove the nervousness that most of us feel when we speak in public. Until there are more people with something ready to say, the deathly silence and the nervousness will continue.

This year's committee consists of Joyce Coffin, Alan Sillitoe, Jill Baker, Nigel Weaver, Christine Seager, Dilawar Chetsingh, and myself.

L.B.

Boys' Reading Club

AT the meeting held on 25th March, Christopher Eames was welcomed as a member of the club. Antony Newton, in introducing G. K. Chesterton's "Shaw" gave a thorough and thoughtful analysis of a difficult book, giving examples of Chesterton's dishonest tricks in argument and of his irritating idiosyncrasies in punctuation. Jan Berny introduced Galsworthy's "Silver Box", which the younger members found small beer despite the efforts of older members to convince them that it was (in its day) champagne. Richard Hillary's "The Last Enemy", ably introduced by Martin Holmes, left members regretting the loss of a potentially brilliant author, whose abilities as a reporter outran his qualities as a philosopher. Howard Spring's novel "Fame is the Spur", introduced by Alan Sillitoe, was much enjoyed by the club.

In July, Mr Evens was welcomed into the club, of which he was a member when at school. Christopher Eames introduced W. Somerset Maugham's "The Moon and Sixpence", a novel allegedly based on the life of Gauguin, which many thought fell between the two stools of biography and fiction, and felt, after Mrs Littleboy's reading from an authentic biography of Gauguin, that it would have been better to have taken the tea without the sugar. Heinrich Harrer's "Seven Years in Tibet" was introduced by Peter Nash; the book was generally enjoyed, though it was felt that Harrer had not always made the best of a strange story. John W. Robertson's excellent introduction to Axel Munthe's "The Story of San Michele" evoked a discussion on the popularity of books by doctors about their profession: It was felt that Munthe's book would outlive most as it had a great deal in it besides doctoring.

C.A.M.

Girls' Reading Club

THE last meeting of the Club, which now has fourteen members, was held towards the end of the Summer Term at "Robins Acre". Introductions to the selected books were read, and discussions then followed.

Margaret Shepherd introduced "All This and Heaven Too" by Rachael Field. Generally it was thought an enjoyable book to read, with a good easy style, although some members felt it started rather slowly and was inclined to be historically inaccurate.

The general conclusion to "The Man who was Thursday", introduced by Mr Beeson, was that it gave an interesting example of G. K. Chesterton's views, but its provocative symbolism and fantasy were difficult to interpret.

"Pattern of Islands", which was introduced by Joyce Coffin, was very much enjoyed by the Club as a first-class travel book.

The books which have been selected for this term's reading are the historical novel "Peter Abelard" by Helen Waddell, Charlotte Bronte's classic, "Jane Eyre", and "High Wages" by Dorothy Whipple, recommended as a well-written piece of light fiction.

Music

THIS has been an eventful musical year, and the standards of performance were among the highest we have achieved.

The Choir gave its traditional performances of Christmas and Easter Music at the School, but for many of us the most lasting memory will be the performances given in local churches. At Christmas, carols were sung in Newport Church and Elsenham Meeting House, and in July the Choir and Orchestra joined to give recitals in Thaxted and Saffron Walden Parish Churches. The programmes ranged from Palestrina through Handel and Wesley to Parry and Britten. The Choir has been particularly strong in tenors and basses this year, and the four boys' parts in Wesley's "In Exitu Israel" were carried with admirable firmness. Perhaps the best singing was in Britten's "Hymn to the Virgin", and the haunting beauty of this motet in the lovely setting of these two churches still lingers in my memory.

At the Orchestral Concert in February the whole of Haydn's "London Symphony" was played. This first complete performance of a symphony is a mile-stone in the Orchestra's history, and all who took part are to be warmly congratulated. The Orchestra has been notably strengthened recently by the growing number of compe-

tent wind-players, and we are now looking forward to the day when we shall have a full woodwind group to balance the strings.

For Orchestra and Choir the season culminated in the concert at Friends' House on July 15th. This was the fifth performance that we have given there, and the standards of previous years were well maintained. The motets sung at Thaxted and Saffron Walden were repeated, and the Orchestra played Britten's "Simple Symphony". Malcolm Harvey and the Orchestra gave a particularly fine performance of a Vivaldi Violin Concerto.

On the Instrumental side, outstanding work has been done by Malcolm Harvey. His playing of a Beethoven Sonata, with Diana Weeden, and a Brahms Sonata, with Miss Noyce, and of the Vivaldi Concerto, set a standard which will not easily be surpassed. He is now at the Royal College of Music, where we wish him every success.

In the Associated Board Examination, passes with distinction were awarded to Harvey (Grade VIII); to Margaret Gray and Diana Weeden (Grade VII piano); and to Jennifer Dollin (Grade V piano). Other noteworthy results were passes with credit in Grade V for Susan Dutton (Oboe); Meyler-Warlow (Clarinet); Christine Seager (Flute); and Margaret Shepherd ('Cello). For the first time a String Quartet was entered, and was successful in Class II.

R.L.S.

Library Report

SINCE the last issue of *The Avenue* eighty-one books have been added to the Library, making the total stock 3,830 volumes. Generous and thoughtful gifts have been made by Howard Diamond, Judith Foster, Una Millett, Elizabeth Wood and Margaret Yapp. Our thanks are also due to the Committee for making a special grant to improve the Library's stock of modern fiction, which is much used but which has grown in a haphazard rather than in a systematic way.

In April, Una Millett left after nearly four years' excellent service on the Library Committee. No new appointment was made as Rita Miles, who left at the end of the Summer Term to take a post in a public library, had been co-opted as the seventh member of a Committee normally limited to six.

At General Meeting an exhibition was given in the Library to make available to parents and friends some of the more interesting statistics of the last few years. They could see that termly withdrawals have increased from 400 books in 1949-50 to over 1,000 in 1953-4 and that out of 7,976 books borrowed from the Library since

September, 1950, only four have been lost. In connection with this exhibition magnificent work was done by John W. Robertson and Christopher Brown, while Nigel Weaver did valuable statistical spade work.

Miss Yapp's departure in July was felt by the Library Committee as in many other departments of School life. We are fortunate in having Miss Horlick in her place this term, while Mr Whitlow, who has given invaluable unofficial help for some years in the choice of books, is welcomed officially on the Committee, of which the scholar representatives are Isobel Jones, J. W. Robertson, Margaret Shepherd, N. D. W. Weaver, Jennifer Haines and D. Chetsingh.

C.A.M.

News of Old Scholars

Here is news of some of last term's leavers. We hope they will all be successful in their new occupations.

Donald Atkinson has a position with the Friends' Provident and Century Insurance Company.

Jan Berny is studying at Norwood Technical College.

Christopher Brown is reading History and German at Bristol University. He has been awarded an Essex County Major Scholarship.

Robert Dunstan is studying Hotel Management at the Westminster Technical College, specialising in Hospital Catering and Dietetics.

Teddy Dunstan is an engineering apprentice at Bedford.

Christopher Eames is working as an apprentice to a motor engineering firm in London.

Malcolm Harvey is studying at the Royal College of Music. He was awarded an Essex County Exhibition.

Martin Holmes had a serious accident in August on a farm tractor and spent several weeks in hospital. He is making a good recovery but will not be able to undertake any regular work for some weeks yet.

Alan Milne is at Leighton Park School.

Peter Nash is studying at the Polytechnic, Regent Street, London.

Bryan Pickard has started work as an articled clerk to a firm of Chartered Accountants.

Geoffrey Pilliner is studying at Manchester University and living in Dalton Hall. He was awarded a Hertfordshire County Major Scholarship.

Alan Risdon has a post with Lloyds Bank.

John Skelton has been given a conditional exemption from military service and is now seeking a post in which he can undertake his alternative service.
Christopher Wood is studying at the London School of Economics. He was awarded a Sunderland County Major Scholarship.
Benjamin Bell, Brian Hosking, and *Michael Tebbit* are all doing a year of practical farming prior to study at technical colleges.

* * *

Pat Binks is doing a bi-lingual secretarial course at the Ecole Français de Londres.
Janet Burlingham is studying languages in Switzerland.
Ingrid Davies is at the Central School of Arts and Crafts.
Pamela Davis is studying at Chislehurst Technical College.
Sylvia Deakin is at Horsham High School.
Judith Foster is reading Modern Languages at Westfield College, London.
Jill Godfrey now works at a nursery training centre in Nottingham.
Ruth Hatch is at the Royal School of Needlework.
Jennifer Hawkes has a position with the Prudential Insurance Company at Cambridge.
Janet Holmes is studying Catering and General Hotel Management at Norwich.
Hilary Jackson is reading Law at Bristol University.
Gillian Joyce is reading History at Westfield College, London.
Gillian Lampard has started work as an orthopaedic nurse.
Julia Mace is at the City of Leeds Training College.
Rita Miles has a position as Junior Librarian at Dagenham Public Library.
Una Millett is reading History at Bedford College, London.
Jane Morris is doing an art course at Nottingham.
Wendy Osborn is spending a year with a German family and attending a German school.
Beth Skelton is at technical college.
Carol Taylor has started work as a nurse at Saffron Walden General Hospital.
Cynthia Vaughan has a post in an Accountant's office in Peterborough.
Margaret Webb is at St. Helen's School, Northwood.
Diana Weeden is at Cambridge Technical College.
Susan Wilkinson is student teaching at Goudhurst College, Shropshire.

* * *

We shall always be pleased to hear from Old Scholars.

Games 1953-4

Football

Our 1st XI's record for the Season was:

Played 19, Won 10, Lost 9. Goals for, 63: against, 43.

We started with an easy 7-0 win over St. Christopher. Then injury to Harvey in the Old Scholars match, (lost 6-3), ushered in a bad patch during which four more games were lost in succession —at Soham (6-0), to Ely (2-1) at Cambridge to St. Catharine's College 2nd XI (6-3), and at Braintree (2-1). All these games gave evidence of weakness both in midfield and in finishing attacks, but we were busy remedying some of our defects and when, at the end of October, our best eleven was fielded for the first time for a month we gave Soham an unpleasant surprise by defeating them 4-1.

Thus began a very good period during which we won six games out of seven, including a 5-0 win at Parents' Week-end, two victories over Harlow, 6-3 and 10-1, and a 3-0 win over West Suffolk County Grammar School. Earl's Colne beat us 1-0 in a very hard struggle and then came our final match of the term—one of the best ever seen on the ground—when we beat Newport Grammar School, 1-0.

The Spring Term brought us high winds and icy surfaces and once again we fell away, only occasional good performances on our own ground relieving a poor away record and a mediocre standard of football. Thus, a strong Old Scholars XI were beaten 5-3, and Newmarket 11-1, both matches being on our own ground. On the other hand we lost at West Suffolk 3-0, at Letchworth 1-0, at Earl's Colne 6-1, and at Ely 5-1. Our solitary away success of this term was at Newmarket, 3-0.

The truth is that we have been a most unpredictable side; at times plainly capable of first rate school football: at others mediocre and sluggish, It is only fair to say, however, that the better the opposition the better this eleven played, and that on a good surface with no wind they could be, and often were, very good indeed. Their capacity to fight was revealed in the last match of the Season at Ely. Everything seemed to be against us: R. Dunstan was ill on the journey and a reserve had to be put in; E. Dunstan was lost to us inside ten minutes with a severe ankle injury; we had to face slope, sun and a stiff breeze. Yet, for nearly an hour, ten men held the big strong Ely side by sheer hard tackling and grit, and not until further injuries depleted the side to eight fit men did the strain prove too much. It was a wonderful effort.

The forward line of Pike, Nash, Harvey, Newton, A., and Dunstan, E., has been our best for a very long time, as an average of 3 goals per match bears witness. Nash, particularly, was an

untiring worker, very quick off the mark with great powers of penetration, and an inspiring captain on the field.

In defence, Wood was easily the best player and a rather unpredictable set of defensive colleagues hinged round him with varying success.

Our under 15 and Under 13 teams both improved during the Season. Their records were:—

Under 15: Played 5, Won 2, Lost 2, Drawn 1. Goals for, 9, against, 9
Under 13: Played 7, Won 1, Lost 5, Drawn 1. Goals for, 6, against, 21

Half, at least, of future 1st XIs, has always to be produced in the process of boys learning basic skills and teamwork as they move up the School. If our records improve according to the seniority of teams we are therefore well satisfied, but it is most important that the younger players take every opportunity to practice their skills and that in Junior matches every boy should tackle hard and play fast open football.

1st XI Colours were awarded to:— P. Nash (capt.), C. Wood, J. Skelton, R. Dunstan, M. Harvey, A. Newton, A. Pike, E. Dunstan.

Cricket

1st XI:— Played 13, Won 6, Drawn 5, Lost 1, Abandoned 1.

Our 1st XI has perhaps suffered more than most in this wet summer, for the ball rarely came through fast enough to permit the front foot strokes that most of our batsmen prefer, and the grass in the outfield was as long in July as it normally is in May. Our bowlers had their handicap too, for, apart from Bell, we lacked a spinner and our fast attack met little responsive fire from sodden wickets so that the batsmen had to be beaten in the air rather than off the ground. Even so we have had a most successful season due largely to Skelton's captaincy, absence of tail in the batting order, the batsmanship of Poole and above all to E. Dunstan's fast bowling. He is a fast bowler of real promise with a very late swing and it will be a thousand pities if at this stage he does not put himself into the hands of a county coach, under whose care he might qualify for very real cricket honours. His brother developed well as a batsman of the hard hitting variety. Cricket Colours were thus awarded to:— J. Skelton, R. Poole, R. Dunstan, E. Dunstan.

SUMMARY OF MATCHES.

v. Mr Whitlow's XI. Drawn.
School 101 (Main 37). Mr Whitlow's XI 74 for 6.
v. Mr Whitlow's XI. Won by 4 wkts.
Mr Whitlow's XI 70. School 71 for 6.
v. Newport G.S. Drawn.
School 81 (Parmenter 22). Newport 72 for 8 (Dunstan, E. 4 for 27).

v. Harlow. Won by 4 wkts.
Harlow 72 (Dunstan, E. 4 for 30). School 76 for 7 (Pike 22).
v. Newport. Lost by 50 runs.
Newport 88 (Bell 7 for 23). School 38.
v. Old Scholars 2nd XI. Abandoned.
Old Scholars 9 for 3 (Dunstan, E. 3 for 2).
v. Old Scholars 1st XI. Won by 19 runs.
School 100. Old Scholars 81 (Dunstan, E. 8 for 45).
v. Harlow. Drawn.
School 116 for 3 dec. (Dunstan, E. 38 n.o., Poole 28). Harlow 9 for 4 (Dunstan, E. 3 for 1).
v. Earl's Colne G.S. Drawn.
Earl's Colne 109 for 7 dec. (Dunstan, E. 5 for 47). School 43 for 3 (Poole 24).
v. St. Christopher. Won by 8 wkts.
St. Christopher 25 (Dunstan, E. 7 for 8). School 78 for 2 (Poole 42 n.o., Pike 30 n.o.).
v. Soham G.S. Drawn.
Soham 55 (Dunstan, E. 5 for 13, Bell 4 for 6). School 27 for 5.
v. Parents XI. Won by 7 wkts.
Parents 51. School 66 for 4 (Pike 25).
v. Newmarket G.S. Won by 82 runs.
School 102 for 4 dec. (Poole 28, Dunstan, R. 20). Newmarket 20 (Dunstan, E. 4 for 11, Atkinson 5 for 8).

The following are the chief averages including House Matches:—

Batting	Innings	Times not out	Highest Innings	Runs	Average
Dunstan, E.	12	3	54	180	20.0
Poole	13	3	42*	194	19.4
Main	11	4	37	135	19.3
Pike	14	2	30*	168	14.0
Dunstan, R.	11	0	29	130	11.8
Parmenter	12	2	22	116	11.6

Qualification: 5 completed innings with average of 10.
* Not out.

Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Dunstan, E.	203	78	320	69	4.6
Bell	82.4	27	137	23	5.9

Qualification: 10 wickets under average of 10.

JUNIOR CRICKET

Under 14 XI. Played 7, Won 4, Drawn 2, Lost 1.
Under 13 XI. Played 2, Won 0, Drawn 1, Lost 1.

The following are the chief averages including House matches:—

Batting	Innings	Times not out	Highest Innings	Runs	Average
Connolly	8	2	22*	75	12.3
Meyler-Warlow (capt.)	11	1	40	122	12.2
Avery (wkt.)	11	0	28	120	10.9
Jacobs	11	1	34	107	10.7

Qualification: 5 completed innings with average of 10.
* Not out.

Bowling	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
Connolly	32.3	16	28	11	2.4
Reader	108.1	46	159	44	3.6
Higgs	105.5	37	164	40	4.1

Qualification: 10 wickets under average of 10.

Athletics

This year we ran Athletic Clubs throughout the winter months and held our standards and finals at the same time, with the main body of events in March. This plan paved the way for our best athletic season of all time in the course of which we won both our school matches quite easily and also broke a record number of records! No fewer than 25 new records were established and 5 were equalled, some in the course of the two matches, some in the House Competition, and three in a special attempt by senior boys at General Meeting.

All the boys and girls who took part in the School matches last May gave of their utmost both in training and competition. Miss Innes and I are certainly very proud of what they all did for the School on those two days. In both matches our sprinters gave us a flying start, three of our pairs taking maximum points twice. These were D. Brown and M. Evans; D. Chetsingh and R. Fisher (later Chetsingh and John Edwards); and Myrtle Wyatt and Jane Evans. The Senior Boys twice held their opponents to a draw and Jeanetta Mabbott won the Senior Girls event with Marygold Paul running very well in third place. The Junior Girls also recorded one 4-2 victory for us.

In the jumps, these good starts were turned to great advantage, as the boy long jumpers took maximum points in all three groups and in both matches, whilst the girls were carrying all before them at the High Jump. C. Brown and A. Wallis, B. Newton and P. Wallis, D. Brown and M. Evans, all showed good pace, height and judgment, particularly at Braintree, where Chris Brown established a new Senior record of 19 feet 6½ inches, and Bryan Newton a new Under 15 record of 17 feet 9½ inches. In the Girls Long Jump against Bury St. Edmunds, Josephine Pearce and Moira Lawrie won us maximum points in the Under 13 event, and Myrtle Wyatt won the Under 15 event at 15 feet 1 inch.

In the High Jump, Barbara Stokes and Moria Lawrie twice did all that was asked of them and took full points in one match at 4 feet 2 inches and in the other at 4 feet 1 inch. Jennifer Ellis won the Senior event against Bury St. Edmunds and jumped very pluckily on a doubtful ankle for third place at Braintree, where Janet Hunn won the event at 4 feet 3 inches. Myrtle Wyatt and Paula Gosling also jumped splendidly at Braintree, taking full points, and creating two new school records.

In the Hurdles we further increased our lead, Fisher, John Edwards, B. Pickard and R. Dunstan giving us maximum points for boys. When Jeanetta Mabbott repeated her 100 yards success, and Jane Pennell, (who like Marygold Paul, was really under 14) gained third place in the Senior event, the match was indeed won and lost.

C. Brown and M. Harvey held the Quarter Mile at level points and although we lost the Half Mile, Risdon coming second, Nash and Burnett ran a beautifully judged race to give us complete victory in the Mile, as they had previously done against Bury. Four relays out of six gave us the Braintree match at 92-40.

Against Bury we won all the relays and eventually the match by 102-38. D. Chetsingh and John Edwards won the 220 yards comfortably, and here again our girl hurdlers did very well indeed. Jane Pennell and Marygold Paul won the Under 15 event in excellent style, whilst Nedda Bradbury and Jeanetta Mabbott packed in tight behind a very good Bury girl who beat them both by inches: two feet covered all three of them.

A list of new record holders is given below. Those marked by asterisks were awarded Athletic Colours for those events.

Cross Country: P. Nash* 20 minutes 37 seconds.
Mile: P. Nash* 4 minutes 59.2 seconds.
Long Jump: C. Brown* 19 feet 6 inches (at Braintree). (Also awarded 440 yards Colours).
Long Jump: A. Wallis* 19 feet 3 inches (Ground record).
High Jump: A. Wallis* 5 feet 2½ inches.
Hurdles (75 yards): B. Pickard* 10.8 seconds. (This time was twice equalled —once by Pickard at Braintree, and once by P. Nash).
Javelin: E. Dunstan* 147 feet 7 inches.
House Relay (4 x 110 yards): Tuke (Sen.) 51.2 seconds.
School Relay (4 x 110 yards): C. Brown, E. Dunstan, A. Wallis, A. Sillitoe 48.6 seconds, at Braintree (Senior event).
School Relay (4 x 110 yards): C. Brown, E. Dunstan, A. Wallis, A Sillitoe 49.4 seconds, v. West Suffolk (Senior event) Ground record.
220 yards Under 15: D. Chetsingh 26.0 seconds.
880 yards Under 15: P. Mercer 2 minutes 25.6 seconds.
Long Jump Under 15: B. Newton 17 feet 9½ inches, at Braintree.
Discus Under 15: John Edwards 95 feet 11 inches
Hurdles Under 15 (75 yards): R. Fisher 11.6 seconds (Ground record).
Hurdles Under 15 (75 yards): R. Fisher 11.2 seconds (School record, at Braintree).
House Relay (4 x 110 yards): Tuke (Under 15) equalled the existing record of 54.8 seconds.
School Relay (4 x 110 yards): D. Chetsingh, P. Wallis, John Edwards, R. Fisher 51.8 seconds (Ground record) Under 15 event.
School Relay: D. Chetsingh, P. Wallis, John Edwards, R. Fisher 50.8 seconds at Braintree (School record) Under 15 event.
880 yards Under 14: J. Bradbury 2 minutes 25.6 seconds.
Discus Under 14: J. Bradbury 76 feet 9 inches.
Hurdles (75 yards) Under 14: P. Avery 12 seconds. Equals existing record.
House Relay (4 x 110 yards): Mennell (Under 14) 57.2 seconds.
House Relay (4 x 110 yards): Tuke (under 12) 66.6 seconds. New Ground records.
High Jump Under 14: Moira Lawrie, Jennifer Ellis 4 feet 2 inches (Ground record).
High Jump Under 14: Paula Gosling 4 feet 3 inches (School record at Braintree).
High Jump Under 15: Myrtle Wyatt 4 feet 3 inches (School record at Braintree).
100 yards Under 15: Myrtle Wyatt 12.4 seconds (equals existing record).

Girls Athletic Colours were awarded to:
Jeanetta Mabbott: 100 yards and Hurdles.
Myrtle Wyatt: 100 yards; Long Jump; High Jump—a great performance and possibly the only award ever of triple Colours.
Nedda Bradbury: Hurdles.

Further Boys Athletic Colours were awarded to:
A. Sillitoe and M. Harvey (100 yards).
R. Dunstan (Hurdles).

Hockey

The teams were as follows:

	First XI	Under 15 XI
Goal	Jill Baker	Jennifer Eames
Right Back	Ruth Hatch or Jean Scott	Brenda Miles
Left Back	Janet Hunn	Jennifer Haines
Left Half	Sarah Newman	Marygold Paul
Centre Half	Jane Evans	Ann Maclay (Captain)
Right Half	Bronwen Mace	Jean Scott
Right Wing	Jeanetta Mabbott	Margaret Martin
Right Inner	Janet Rice (Captain)	Jane Whitlow
Centre Forward	Rita Miles	Rosemary Scott
Left Inner	Elizabeth Paul or Susan Dutton	Jane Pennell
Left Wing	Myrtle Wyatt	Susan Dutton or Delia Gribble
Also played		Kristin Shackford

At the beginning of the season the 1st XI tended to play as a group of individuals, but they practised enthusiastically together to became a determined and well combined team. As they were a very young team they showed much promise for the following season.

At the County Trials Ruth Hatch was chosen to play for the Cambridgeshire Junior XI and Jill Baker, Jeanetta Mabbott and Janet Rice for the Reserve XI. Rita Miles and Janet Rice were awarded their colours. Ruth Hatch, Jeanetta Mabbott and Jill Baker already held them.

Summary of Matches

Date	Match	Result
3.10.53.	1st XI v. Old Scholars	Drew 4-4
10.10.53.	1st XI v. Braintree	Lost 1-2
10.10.53.	Under 15 XI v. Braintree	Won 2-1
24.10.53.	1st XI v. Cambridgeshire High School	Lost 1-2
24.10.53.	Under 15 XI v. Cambridgeshire High School ...	Won 2-1
4.11.53.	1st XI v. Cambridge Ladies	Lost 1-4
7.11.53.	1st XI v. Harlow Ladies	Won 7-1
14.11.53.	Schools' Tournament. Under 15 XI came 2nd in Section A	
21.11.53.	1st XI v. Bury St. Edmunds	Drew 3-3
21.11.53.	Under 15 XI v. Bury St. Edmunds	Won 4-3
25.11.53.	1st XI v. Cambridge Ladies	Won 3-2
28.11.53.	1st XI v. Cambridge City Ladies	Won 7-2
5.12.53.	1st XI v. Miss Comber's XI	Drew 1-1
12.12.53.	1st XI v. The Training College	Won 6-2
16. 1.54.	1st XI v. Bury St. Edmunds	Lost 1-2
16. 1.54.	Under 15 XI v. Bury St. Edmunds	Won 4-0

13. 2.54.	1st XI v. Harlow Ladies	Drew 2-2
20. 2.54.	1st XI v. Cambridgeshire High School	Lost 0-5
20. 2.54.	Under 15 XI v. Cambridgeshire High School ...	Drew 3-3
27. 2.54.	1st XI v. Herts. and Essex	Drew 1-1
27. 2.54.	Under 15 XI v. Herts. and Essex	Won 4-1

In the House Matches the results were as follows:—1st Mennell. 2nd Tuke. 3rd Lister.

Netball

The netball players continued to play enthusiastically last season. The combined results of the Junior and Senior House Matches were:— 1st Tuke; 2nd Lister; 3rd Mennell.

Tennis

We had two teams this summer, a 1st VI and a young 2nd VI. The Teams were as follows:—

	First VI	Second VI
1st Couple	Janet Rice (Captain)	Susan Dutton (Captain)
	Jane Morris	Jane Evans
2nd Couple	Ruth Hatch	Judith Reed
	Janet Hunn	Margaret Webb
3rd Couple	Patricia Binks	Janet Davies
	Sarah Newman	Rosemary Scott

Out of 8 matches played we won 2 and lost 6 (but two of these were by one game only). As the 2nd VI showed definite promise we hope to improve upon these results next season. Janet Rice gained her tennis colours.

The result of the Junior and Senior House Matches were:— 1st Mennell; 2nd Tuke; 3rd Lister.

Rounders

The two teams we played this summer were as follows:—

	Under 15 IX	Under 13 IX
Bowler	Ann Maclay (Captain)	Clare White (Captain)
Back Stop	Bronwen Mace	Vivien Sharp
1st Post	Barbara Stokes	Rosemary Donaldson
2nd Post	Geraldine Young	Margaret Cooper
3rd Post	Nadine Osborn	Jennifer Wilson or Linda Smith
4th Post	Paula Gosling	Jillian Webb
1st Deep	Jennifer Ellis or Glenys Rogers	Anne De Barr
2nd Deep	Kirst Shackford	Sheila Noakes
3rd Deep	Jane Whitlow	Jennifer Pike
Reserve	Anne Gilpin	Jill Wicksteed

Both teams practised very keenly indeed; out of the four matches we played, two were won, one drawn, and one lost.

The results of the Junior and Senior House Matches were:— 1st Mennell; 2nd Tuke; 3rd Lister.

J.E.F., B.M.I.

Swimming

APART from the question of the number of boys who took Life Saving Exams. last term, which for various good reasons was low, this season was a successful one. Keenness throughout the term was maintained by the three regular swimming fixtures, but this year there was a greater degree of hard training due in no small measure to the personal influence and example of John Skelton, the Swimming Captain, and to some of the members of the Girls' and Boys' Swimming Clubs. The results of this are evidenced by the number of records that have been broken, one of them of 26 years standing —the 18 lengths Boys' free-style record, which has been convincingly lowered by E. Dunstan by 55.8 seconds. A 21-year-old record, that of the 50 yards Girls' back-stroke, was broken by Jean Scott, who brought the time down to 40.8 seconds.

Our first match, against the Town, was won only by the result of the last event and was very exciting, the Senior Medley Relay record being broken. In the match against the Old Scholars another Relay record was broken—this time the 150 yards Free-Style Relay. Our stiffest opposition came as usual from the powerful Granta Club, who as usual beat us comfortably. Here our Seniors, though rendering a good and plucky account of themselves, were out-classed. E. Dunstan, though finishing second in the 50 yards back race, established a new School record. In the Under 15½ and Under 13½ events some very exciting finishes were seen; P. Wallis, J. Munro, Jean Scott, Jennifer Ellis, and Georgina Clayden swimming especially well.

The House Swimming Competitions too, provided some exciting tussles, between Mennell and Tuke in the Senior, and Lister and Mennell in the Junior events. The final results were: 1st Mennell; 2nd Lister; 3rd Tuke. Colours are already held by Janet Hunn, J. Skelton, and E. Dunstan. New Colours are awarded to Jean Scott, B. Hosking, J. Elsworth, and P. Wallis.

Next year's Captain and Vice-Captain of the Boys' swimming will be P. Wallis and J. Elsworth, and on them will fall the task of building up a fresh team; for the whole of this year's boys' senior team has left. Life Saving Exam. results are shown below.

ROYAL LIFE-SAVING SOCIETY EXAMINATIONS

Award of Merit: B. Bell; Nedda Bradbury, Rosemary Brown, Diane Hollingbery, Elizabeth Skelton, Susan Wilkinson.

Bronze Cross: Chloe Brown, Rosemary Brown, Jane Evans, Bronwen Mace, Jean Scott.

Bronze Medallion: G. Byles, R. Higgs, J. Munro, M. Pickard; Judith Allen, Chloe Brown, Pamela Camburn, Susan Elliott, Jennifer Ellis, Daphne Foster, Anne Gilpin, Paula Gosling, Jacqueline Green, Sally MacClymont, Nadine Osborn, Margaret Peacock, Diana Price, Jane Whitlow.

Intermediate Certificate: A. Drawmer, A. Norton, J. Osborn; Mary Busch, Elizabeth Chatterton, Georgina Clayden, Barbara Connelly, Julia England, Sally Fisher, Deborah Flatt, Jill Fraser, Jean Frost, Sheila Goddard, Susan Jones, Janet Ludgate, Jennifer Pike, Rosemary Scott, Rosemary Shepherd, Barbara Stokes, Henrietta Wellings, Jennifer Wilson, Sasha Wilson.

Elementary Certificate: Naomi Barclay, Marion Battley, Pamela Deighton, Jane Fathi, Lesley Jacob, Jennifer Licence, Sheila Noakes, Mary Partridge, Josephine Pearce, Jennifer Simons, Rosalind Smith, Charlotte Walde, Vanessa Watson, Jillian Webb, Clare White, Katharine Whitlow, Jill Wicksteed.

B.B.J., B.M.I.

Acknowledgments

The Editor of *The Avenue* wishes gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines and at the same time to apologise for any inadvertent omissions:—

The Archway, The Beckside, The Island, The Leightonian, The Portieo, and St. Christopher Magazine.

Editorial Board

We referred in our last issue to the impending departure of Miss Yapp, and to the valuable services she had rendered to the Avenue Board as its treasurer for many years. We were very sorry to lose her, and welcome in her place Lenon Beeson. We welcome also Isobel Jones and Anne Sayer to the Board. Other members are Tim Evens, Kenneth L. Whitlow, Joyce Coffin, Alan Sillitoe, and Antony Newton.



HARTS
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WALDEN