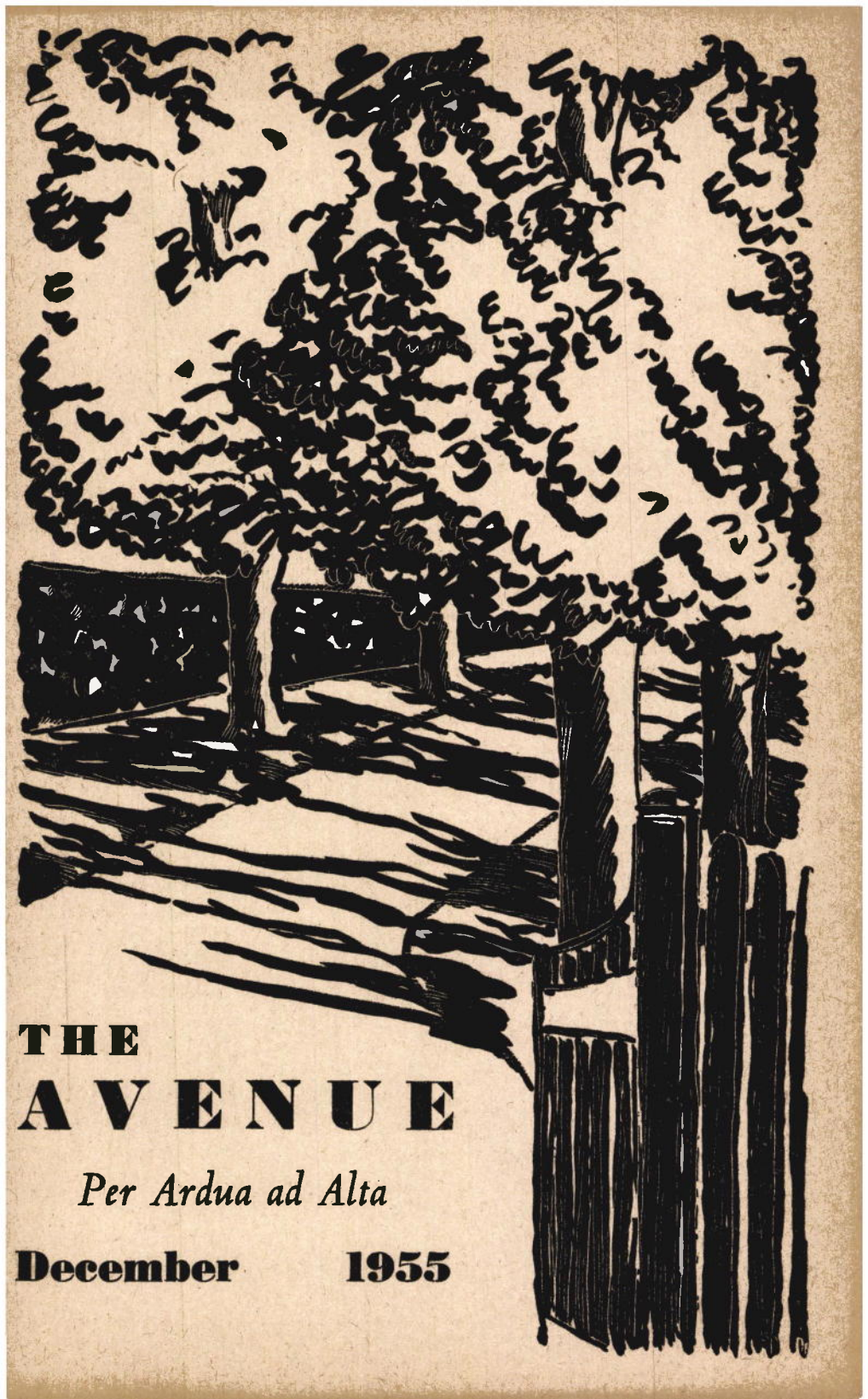


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

December 1955



Scraper board by Charlotte Walde, Form III.

THE OWL



Photograph by courtesy of *The Leightonian*

KENNETH, ANNIS AND ANDREW NICHOLSON

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 42 No. 124 December, 1955

Editorial

THE leaves of the Avenue trees were beginning to drift down, and the dim red sun was hazed with mist. A frieze of netball players sprang for the ball, and behind them a blur of jerseys was all that was recognisable of the boys' games. I was standing on the Avenue, gazing idly at the clock, and the people coming out of lessons, half conscious of the shouts of the roller-skaters on the asphalt. A man approached me, looking a little puzzled.

"Good afternoon", he said, bowing politely, "my name is John Bellers. They tell me you have a new Steward."

"A Steward?" I said.

"Yes, yes", he said, becoming very irritable, "can't think what's come over the place, nothing familiar—no sewing, no spinning of mop yarn, not even any oakum picking! We envisaged something very different, you know, in 1702. I planned 'Profit for the rich, plentiful living for the poor, and a good education for youth.' "

I began to realise who he was.

"But surely, since you founded us as a workhouse, we've realised the last of your aims, which is the most important", I suggested tentatively.

He grunted, examined my hockey stick, taking aim at a small stone. He was a very unorthodox ghost.

"So this is the result", he said, gazing round in a pleased way, "and this new Steward, does he still take care of my 'good education for youth'?"

"Oh! You mean our new Headmaster", I said, "certainly he does, and much else too."

"Yes of course", said John Bellers, "I was told the term might be different. I'm a little out of touch. Now I shall be most anxious to welcome him, most anxious indeed."

He seemed to forget me, and hurried off, murmuring enthusiastically, "welcome, welcome, good education for youth, welcome . . ."

Inter Alia

NOBODY can say that since the last edition of *The Avenue,* in June, nothing has happened. We have had the dubious distinction of a fire in the Chemistry Laboratory which was mentioned in some of the London newspapers, plus many outings last summer to the Athletics at Cambridge, Ford's at Dagenham, Wimbledon for a tennis party, and the Natural History Society outing to Rothamstead Experimental Station, Harpenden. Some of the Sixth Form scientists visited a Pest Control station at Chesterford (see elsewhere in this issue) and a small group from the school competed with quite a measure of success at the All-England Junior Sports in Manchester.

* * *

We extend a belated welcome to several new members of staff this term. Mrs Keen to teach English, Mr Plant to teach Biology, Mr Benson to teach Physics, and Mr Benham, an Old Scholar, who has come back to teach Woodwork. In addition we must welcome Fräulein Klute from Germany, who has joined the Matron Staff.

* * *

A stranger coming to the School just before the Summer examinations would doubtless have been surprised to see a large number of scholars, ranging from the then Head Girl down to the youngest junior, feverishly searching the plot of ground in front of the Science Block for four-leaved clovers. It is understood that a surprisingly large number were found.

* * *

The School has been pleased to welcome the following visitors up to the time of going to print: John Hoyland, Edgar G. Dunstan, Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S., Ernest Montford, and Michael Littleboy who addressed some of the seniors on India, Howard Wadman, Roger D. L. Moore from Stevenage New Town, John Barclay, Leslie Gilbert and James M. Strachan.

* * *

Quotable quote on the Choir School:

> "We were treated magnificently by our hosts; laid on for our convenience were a dance, an excursion to Cambridge and a number of practical lessons in co-education."
>
> (From "*The Leightonian.*")

* * *

Great interest (and an encouraging response) has been aroused by the efforts of the Avenue Board Artistic and Advertising Department. The two artists were Mr L. T. Weaver (parent) who did the "character" sketching, and David Cadman who provided the Board with cartoons and jingles.

Mr Rogers was responsible for secret preparation of a wedding present for Mr Beeson last year, and Mr Littleboy's leaving present this year. He was the victim of a similar plot, this time prepared by his Fifth Form woodwork group. They presented him with a nest of tables made under his very nose. James Elsworth and Peter Alliston were the main conspirators.

* * *

Miss Marriage gave an interesting lecture earlier this term on her visit to America with a group of Young Farmers. The accompanying lantern slides were a revelation.

* * *

Last year's football team reached 110 goals in the season. We must report that fifty-eight goals is the tally so far this season, after nine school matches.

* * *

The weather at the beginning of the Autumn Term must receive special mention. Up to mid-October the sunny sides of the classrooms have been too warm for comfort, and the field after dinner has been as full as at midsummer. Scholars who sometimes refer to Walden as a "dump" have even begun to appreciate a school in the country. (As if by evil omen, for the next four days after this was written 3.04 inches of rain fell).

* * *

The remarkable reputation of the Choir is shown by the invitations to sing at Elsenham, Newport, Abbey Lane, and Finchingfield, besides the usual School Carol Service this Christmas.

* * *

For this Autumn Term Mr Nicholson has planned the entertainment in batches of three: three films, three lectures, three dances and three "other occasions" such as the School play and concerts. Before going to press we have had one from each group—the film being "Great Expectations."

* * *

Mr Pierce is leaving this term. He will be missed in such varied activities as football, Middle Literary Society, and "bed-putting", where he has told many a good story. In his place comes Miss Stubbs, an Old Scholar, who has taught at The Mount.

* * *

Our more observant readers might notice the slight discrepancy in our photograph of the Nicholson family. Andrew has matured vastly since the photo was taken and is now five years old, while Nigel aged ten months is, unfortunately, not on the photo. Apart from that the photograph has everything to commend it and we are grateful to *The Leightonian* for permission to publish it.

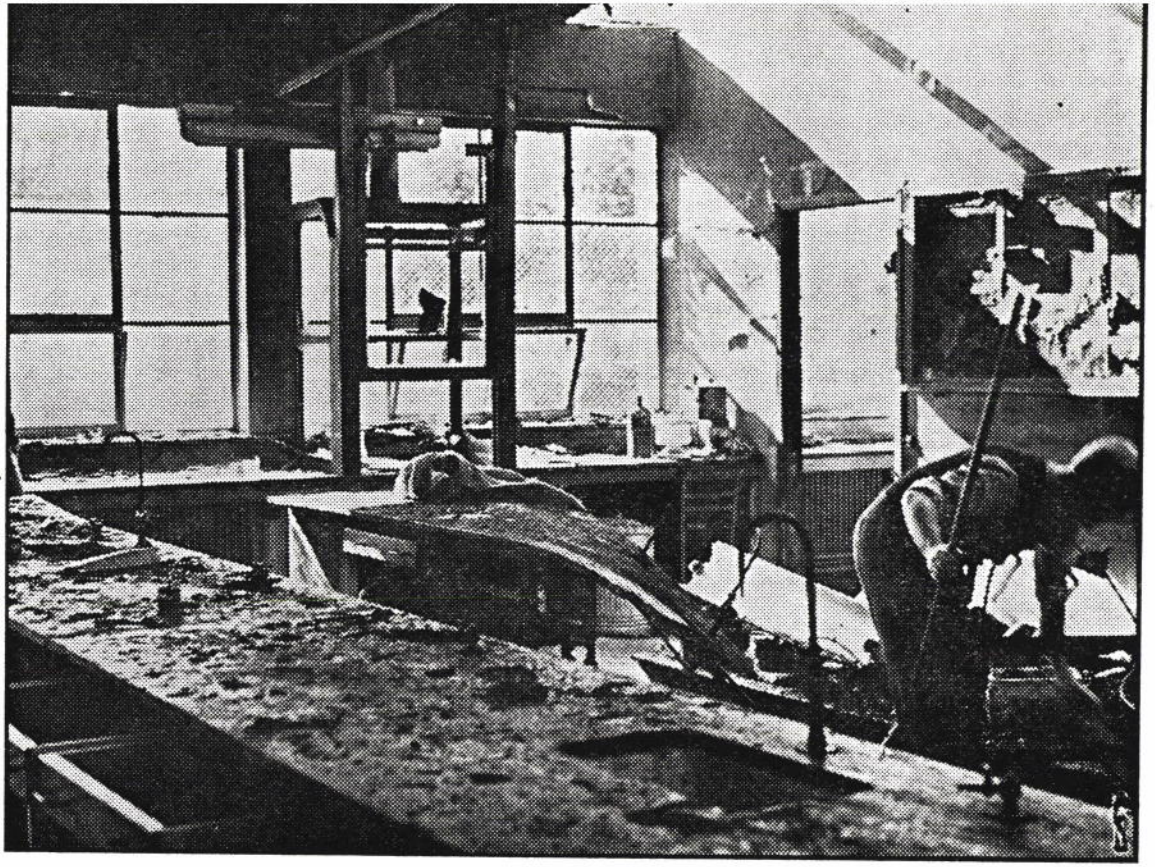
The Fire

THE fire which broke out in the Chemistry Laboratory on Monday, October 3rd, was a very destructive one. If the theory as to how it started is a correct one (and all the experts appeared to accept it as being most probable) some charcoal blocks were replaced in a box on the demonstration bench before they had properly cooled. There, no doubt, from 3.15 onwards, they glowed happily in a strangely deserted lab; it was not until about 7 o'clock that the fire which they had created was noticed. In a very short time the school was roused to activity and all the available fire extinguishers were rushed to the spot. By this time the blaze was a considerable one and it required the prompt arrival of the Saffron Walden Fire Brigade to get it under control. This they quickly did, so restricting serious damage to the Chemistry Lab.

Later we were able to examine the damage. Had the roof burnt rapidly, as most roofs do, the fire might have been discovered sooner and the damage have been more localised. But the non-inflammable material of which it was made did not burn and the consequent build-up of heat inside the Lab. accounted for much of the damage. Most serious was the way in which the steel girders expanded in the heat, so pushing outwards the vertical stays of the building. It is this damage which is most likely to delay repair work.

Three days later, as the school paraded slowly through the debris on a tour of inspection before the work of clearing up the mess began, the dominant feeling was one of sadness that a splendid new lab. could so soon be reduced to such wreckage. At the same time we could not but feel glad that it had been no worse; that, for instance, the fire had not happened a year ago when the Chemistry Lab. was still situated right in the heart of the school building, that, too, no one had been in danger. The buildings were, of course, fully covered by insurance, and the loss we have suffered is a temporary one. The worst sufferer is Mr Pumphrey. He deserves (especially as he was busy in his garden throughout the afternoon in question), and has, our sympathy. Not only has he lost, for the time being, those facilities for his work for which he had been hoping for years, but he has had added to his already busy programme all the labour of tidying up and sorting out which this sort of misfortune entails. It has all been very unfortunate, but the school has responded very well to the challenge and it is really remarkable how little things have been out of gear. We are all hoping that the Architect's efforts to have the building back in use by next term will be successful.

K.F.N.



Photograph by courtesy of *The Saffron Walden Weekly News*

The interior of the Chemistry Laboratory after the fire.

Fire

ON Monday night, Oh what a fright;
Our brand new stinks lab. was alight,

The ringing of the engine's bell
Made everybody rush and tell

Each other that it was ablaze,
And looking through a smoky haze

Some flying figures there we spied
Masters, pupils, firemen, who tried

To save as much as they could grab
While water squirted on the lab.

Hoses, which trailed along the path
Were filled up from the swimming bath

The people watched while firemen fought
"Will it burn down?" was every thought.

Our Mr Pumphrey, very brave,
Dashed in to see what he could save.

And after several hours had passed
We learned the fire had died at last.

But oh, our lab. once new and bright
Is now a black and dreadful sight.

Laurelie Kemp, Form II.

Montmartre

PARIS. Montmartre. The people are crowding, jostling, laughing and talking. Some people are sitting on the steps of the Sacre Cœur, illuminated, like a great white wedding-cake. Below it are people dining at tables and chairs, with waiters scurrying to and fro, with enormous dishes on their arms and carrying trays with bottles and glasses on them, and wine, sparkling in the light from the lanterns in the trees.

Up the cobbled street, it is very noisy here. The students' art shops are full of people admiring and criticising the pictures, which are not very good. Maybe one in a few is good, mostly of still-life, snow scenes, or one or two portraits.

The nightclubs are rowdy and gay. One has matchboxes strung all over the walls and ceiling, with a few men idly lounging at iron tables, playing cards, occasionally nodding or gruffly murmuring protestations at one another, whilst sipping tall tankards of beer.

Another is more noisy, with people dancing to a terrible jazz band, people singing and yelling, seated at the counter conversing with each other, and drinking glass after glass of brandy, and then having an argument over the bill, and in the end, being shoved out with instructions not to return.

Outside a shop there are people sitting under brightly-coloured umbrellas, drinking coloured drinks and Coco-Cola, listening to a noisy singer bawling through a microphone, and making absurd gestures.

One drunken woman, in a hat straight from the 1920's, and smoking a cigar, joins in with the song, rollicking about, obviously enjoying herself.

After a time the singer finishes his song, and the people disperse. The nightclubs are quieter now, as most people have gone home. Only a few remain, and the crafty art students force their pictures on the unlucky drunken people who stagger out of the shops clasping two or three pictures under their arms.

The steps of Sacre Cœur are empty now. The diners have gone, and only a few waiters remain to tidy up. Then they too go, and all is quiet, save for a party of people singing their way home. Darkness, except for a street lamp shining and twinkling through the trees at the top of the Hill. Montmartre, at last, is asleep.

Alison Gelder, Form II.

Climbing Cader Idris

WHEN I was on my holiday in Wales with my family we decided to climb Cader Idris, the second highest and perhaps the most picturesque mountain in Wales. It is 2,927 feet high and overshadows the small county town of Merioneth. Four of us decided to climb up Foxes Path, the hardest track on the mountain. This is about one-third of a mile long and rises at an angle of thirty to forty degrees.

The beginning of the tramp up the mountain was fairly easy for we just climbed up or round the foothills on a grassy path. As we neared the Foxes Path we climbed sharply upwards over a rough, ill-defined path. As we were travelling along here we passed a small, bluish green lake which looked very inviting but we could not stop. About an hour after the start we stopped at the bottom of the steep, the main path which overlooked another larger lake.

My brother suggested that we should climb one by one, five minutes behind each other, in case we happened to hit someone by dislodging stones from the path. I went first and worked my way slowly up the track rising at a steep angle. Sometimes I stopped for a short rest and on two or three occasions my foot nearly slid away

from under me and several stones shot down to the valley beneath the path. Twenty minutes after I started, I reached the top of the path, and lay down for a well-earned rest. Some minutes later I set off to complete the journey to the large cement stone marking the top of the mountain. When I reached this point I clambered up the stone and waved frantically at my parents who were coming up the easy bridle path.

When all the party, from both paths, had arrived at the summit we sat down behind some rocks to have our dinner. By this time a very cold wind had risen and an old ewe who was also sheltering behind the rocks took the opportunity to beg for one or two half sandwiches and a biscuit.

When lunch was finished the main part of the party decided to go home, following the Arvon valley. Firstly, we completed a long downward trek to the Arvon Lake where we all bathed our worn out feet. From here the journey home was easy, all we had to do was to follow a beautiful burn all the way down to Dolgelley. Then, after buying some apples and a fizzy drink, we finished the rest of the journey and arrived back just before the evening meal.

Roderic Dutton, Form III.

The Escape

HE keeps to the shadows, fumbles for the large door handle and slips outside. It is cold and clear but with no moon. Just the night! Now he keeps in the shadows of the outbuildings, fearful of being caught. Here his coarse grey clothing offers camouflage. He creeps stealthily towards the opening in the tall, brick walls. A few more hurried, frightened paces and he is clear of the building. He runs onto the grass, looking over his shoulder for followers and then rests, gasping, against a tree. Nothing can be heard other than the cold wind whistling over the bare expanse of land in front of him, moving the naked branches of the winter trees.

He shivers and pulls up the collar of his uniform—his clipped hair offers no protection from the cold.

He begins to move again towards the dark outline of trees in the distance. He looks round, again fancying he hears footsteps. He carries on, trembling, and blowing on his hands to keep them from freezing. There are those footsteps again! He begins to run when suddenly a piercing, dazzling, frightening beam flashes out from the darkness and rests on his startled face. A cold sweat comes out on his brow. Caught!

He can hear the stentorian, strict voice speaking to him now: —

"Out after dark, eh, Avery?"

He is led, pathetically, inside again.

Peter Avery, Form V.

History versus Hitler

NELSON stormed in. "The Spanish Armada was bad enough but HITLER!" He sank exhausted into a chair in the Mess, where famous (and infamous) representatives of all periods of history were seated, either drinking, or playing cards or chess.

"You . . . ! Well!" The speaker, a boy from the half-slums of 16th Century London, did not swear because he knew that most people present did not like it. He had come by Professor Brainstorm's "Time Ship". This was a machine that could go "faster" or "slower" than time.

"I can get the hang of lorries and their engines, but tanks and guns baffle me", Julius Caesar commented. He had been turning this thought over in his mind throughout the game of Pelmanism that he had just lost.

"Oh, they're simple!" replied Guy Gibson, with an air of superiority, coming out of his highbrow book "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes". Soon there was a general buzz of conversation, amidst which a certain amount of disagreement on the "Hitler Project" could be heard.

"I wonder when the next air-raid will be", said Edward the Confessor. "I'm flying one of those wretched Spitfire planes. Defending the country is O.K. but I can't fire my guns at the critical moment. I'm much better at ground gunnery."

Wheeooooooh . . .

The siren soared majestically from a low murmur to a loud, high-pitched whine. As it did so there was a scurry of feet as the occupants of the Mess rushed to their planes. Amid the whirr of many engines the Squadron of Spitfires and Hurricanes zoomed into the sky. In two minutes they were making chaos of the enemy hordes.

"I've just hit a Messerschmitt 109 in the fuel tank, and he seems to be worried about it!" said de la Cours, a Norman Baron from 1066.

"Over to you. Plane out of control. I am baling out". This was from Alfred the Great, who, not content with burning the cakes, now made a mess of his plane by knocking half the starboard wing off.

"Well", commented Nelson as soon as they were back on the ground. "That was the most decisive battle I've ever fought in."

"I'm going to have a pint to celebrate", declared Drake. "Will you join me, Guy?"

"I'm rather busy discussing the next attack with Beowulf. You know, the one on the St. Malo-Dinard district", Guy Gibson replied.

Gradually a quiet conversation spread over the Mess, and we will leave them there, reading, drinking, talking, and making plans.

Roger West, Form II.

Thoughts on the West Indies

I am writing this article because I feel that the people in England are gravely disillusioned as to the state of their colonies and especially as to the nature of the behaviour of their countrymen in these colonies. True, the reports that we get from these places are for the most part unbiased accounts of the state of the colonies, but it is impossible for the English at home to get any true picture of the internal state of these places, unless they go there themselves. One of the greatest contrasts of which I can think, is the difference between the English people at home and the English in the colonies. When I first came to England I was astounded by the pleasant hospitality with which I was received everywhere. I could not believe that these friendly people were of the same race as the English who lived in the colony from which I had just come.

The people who are sent from England to fill high positions in the government of Trinidad, usually come there with a sense of superiority, thinking that they are doing a service to the island by coming there. What they do not seem to realize is that every time an Englishman fills an important position in the island a local man is put out of a job for which he has worked for years. As soon as they arrive, the first thing they do is usually to join one of the clubs that are expressly for Englishmen. They get to know all the English in the island and make sure they buy a house which is situated in one of the beautiful areas which are again expressly reserved for English families. Many of them spend much of their free time drinking and gambling in the numerous clubs. They usually scorn the islanders and laugh at their customs and most of them refuse to send their children to the same schools that the local children attend, sending them instead to expensive private schools which do not accept coloured children. It is mostly this colour prejudice which makes the English so hated in many of the West Indian Colonies, and indeed, I should imagine in all their other colonies.

Please do not think that I am trying to run down the English as a nation, far from it, for I think that the English are, in their own country, among the fairest and most broad-minded people in the world. Why is this spirit not extended to their colonies? Perhaps then the bad feeling would come to an end and these places of unrest would turn into smooth-running and co-operative communities.

Peter Mendes, Form VI.

The Churchyard

AS the shadow of night
Falls upon the graves,
And the last beams of light
Flee back to their caves
The great tombstones fall back
And spirits pass out
(Some are white, and some black)
To fly all about.
They leap and dance
And spring and prance
As in a trance
For but a chance
Of LIFE.

When the first lights of dawn
Steal silently back
And the night turns to morn
There is nought to lack
But one thin little child
Crouches by a grave,
His thin face is so mild
As he tends his mother's grave.
He weeps and moans
He cries and groans
But moans and groans
Won't spare his bones
From DEATH.

Margrethe Hansen, Form II.

The Lordships of the Manor

LAST year my father and another auctioneer had a most unusual auction sale. They were selling 30 Lordships of Manors from Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk.

The Manor Rolls are a reminder of feudal times when kings gave portions of land to some of the lords. They gave them these portions of land on condition that they performed certain duties. e.g., provide timber for ships and men for the armies.

The Lords of the Manors were also in charge of the behaviour of the people who lived in their villages. Any person who committed a crime or had a difficulty came to the Lords' Court. Then rolls of notes on these courts were taken. These court rolls have been preserved from, some, the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

Even today some of the privileges of the Lord, e.g., cutting turf from the village greens, and collecting a fee from owners of circuses and fairs who put up their shows on the village greens, have been kept. But a lot have been cancelled by acts of parliament.

The sale was held in Holborn Hall, London, and created quite a sensation. The B.B.C. and Television Service had special reports on it. Also the British Columbian Broadcasting Service of America took pictures of it. There were crowds of press and photographers. All these and the crowd who were hoping to buy these documents totalled about 500 people.

Most of the Lordships went for about £300-£400 each. A lot of Americans tried to buy up the Lordships but were prevented from doing so by a law in parliament which prevents the documents going abroad.

The main buyer was Mr William Foyle, who is chairman of the world's largest booksellers. He also owns Beeleigh Abbey, Maldon. Here he has a library of about 10,000 rare books. These are said to be worth a quarter of a million pounds.

All the Manor Rolls belonged, before the sale, to Mr Beaumont of Coggeshall, Essex. They came from his large collection of documents which he has been collecting over a period of years. He hopes to be making another sale of documents in the near future.

David Cadman, Form III.

Noctuary

THE moon moved out from behind a big cloud and shone into the open window of a neat little room. The kind, wrinkled face of the old lady lay motionless on her pillow, bathed in the light. But the moon had come to wake her up from her earthly sleep, and she opened her eyes, which were slightly puzzled; "Surely it can't be morning already", thought she, ". . . no, it's only the moon", and she again closed her eyelids.

The moon, however, was silently persistent in its mission; it would not move on past the window; it just remained stationary, smiling down at the old lady, who was forced to open her eyes again. This time she kept them open.

It was a mild night, but out of habit she stretched for her shawl, wrapped it round her shoulders, and glided silently towards the open window.

Her right hand gripped the window sill so tightly that it hurt, while her hand clutched her wrapper. The scene that presented itself before her was familiar, but tonight its exquisite beauty startled her. Why? She did not know; she just stood, drinking in the cold, majestic beauty.

The moon, suspended in the inky sky, threw its shimmering rays down to the dancing sea, which reflected them back again to the little clouds high up. She could hear the familiar sound of the breeze caressing the leaves in the trees; the sound of the waves incessantly splashing the rocks, and sending up sparkling white rays. The sand looked white in the moonlight.

After some time the old lady reflected in her cracked, husky voice: "This surely is heaven", and returned tremblingly to bed.

The four children raced up the stairs in front of their mother, stopped at the door on the left of the landing and began hammering on it: "Can we come in, Granny? Do open Gran. It's your birthday; you're ninety and we have lots of presents for you. Come on Granny, wake up!" They were all yelling.

"She's probably been up for hours", said the mother. "I'll bet she's hiding behind—", but she never finished. As she opened the door, she could see the old lady lying in bed bathed in sunlight.

They all looked at each other and rushed over to her motionless body.

Sumalee Viravaidya, Form VI.

Take it or Leave

IN the following discourse I shall endeavour to put before my reader the harder side of life in the sixth form, which, when you have reached the ripe age of sixteen, you may have to undergo.

As soon as the alarm penetrates our fathomless sleep, and all efforts to shut out the painful glare of the morning light have failed, there gradually intrudes into our sub-conscious organ of thought, an indescribable feeling of horror that we must crawl out of this nest of warmth, and stumble downstairs to grope for the elusive handle of that instrument of torture, the school bell, which will transform the present state of peace into one of whirling activity. A discovery that the clock is slow hastens this decision, and so the chimes peal out at the unearthly hour of 6.50 a.m.

Having returned to our haven of comfort, we endeavour to sink into oblivion once again, but no sooner have we reached that pleasant stage when one is not quite "gone", when another of those "feelings" arrives to remind us that second bell must be rung, and we must commence our duty of rendering everyone into a permanently vertical position.

On descending to the sixth form room ten minutes later, we discover by exploring the various rotas pinned on the notice board that we have corridor duty. This involves standing at the top of the steps, squashing the endless stream of girls against the wall to keep them in line, and stopping their conversations, if they have any, which is not usual at breakfast, as their semi-conscious minds have not always reached that stage.

By eight o'clock we are able to return to our bedrooms. Then, having evicted everyone out, if we do not have the sixth form room office or choir, we can (if we are prompted), work for half-an-hour, at the end of which we might have to go over to the Assembly Hall to give out hymn-books—a tedious job, and then exhort our voices to the utmost in a vain endeavour to support the sixth form musician at the piano.

Exhausted by our early morning efforts, we find it takes about forty minutes to settle down to Virgil, Polyeucte, or perhaps Pythagoras. Recess arrives, a welcome break, during which we become enveloped in the sixth form "fug", and rush to the cupboard containing a galaxy of jams, marmites, and occasionally wasps. After twenty-five minutes we are back at work until dinner time, when we must take a table.

This is a serious matter. It not only involves dividing out the food as equally as an unmathematical mind is able, but deciding when the table is making too much noise, and the ever watchful eye must be constantly aware of the intricate movements of the water jug. Returning to the grindstone in the afternoon, we sit in the Library until we can no longer stand the sight of it, and then with heads full of new-found knowledge we proceed to our quarters once more to change, and propel unwilling charges down the stairs in time for tea.

Back to tea and corridor duties again. By now the conversations are long, loud, and continuous, and one almost needs a tape recorder in order to have any voice left for taking prep. later on. During tea, taking a table, hungry as we are, we must attend to the doings of every over-active individual who happens to be under our care. After tea, a meeting with a culprit plus supporters for a battle of words.

With a sigh we see a new notice that *The Avenue* needs some more articles from the Sixth Form. All right—but when can we do it? We'll just *have* to find time. Meanwhile prep. must be taken and the amazing renewal of energy shown must be subdued. The next one and a half hours are so tiring that we stagger into the Library, exhausted for the second time that day, and try to make up the work that was not done during prep.

At ten to nine we partake of our nocturnal victual portion, then work or listen to the wireless or add up our time sheets. This startling revelation that comes at the end of every week does not need to be described, as everybody has, does, or will go through the hazardous experience of keeping a time sheet.

Then at last—9.30 and we can creep up to bed—what a wonderful feeling of relief—what a wonderful end to the day!

P.S. To those who may be feeling rather uncertain about their future and facing this gloomy prospect, might I just add that even in this case the proverbial cloud has its silver lining.

Judith Reed, Form VI.

Going to the Ballet

IT was a lovely day: a gentle wind was blowing outside and tossing the River Thames up in little wavelets while the sunlight played on the top of them. Outside the Royal Festival Hall the gardens flourished gaily, red geraniums, gladioli and white gipsophola making gay patterns in their round beds against the green of the lawns.

We entered by the large swing doors into the highly polished hall and bought our tickets. We then trooped upstairs to the theatre and took our seats. It was dimly lit by great domes of light in the ceiling, and there was a faint murmur of talking and rustling of programmes.

Then the orchestra started to tune up and at last broke into the first lovely parts of the Nutcracker Suite.

Slowly the rich velvet curtains parted with a swish and a rustle, showing the gay dresses and the festive decorations of the party, the merry adults dancing a stately minuet and the children skipping around the edge. Then, lastly, little Clara, in her nightgown, came to see the dolls and say goodnight to the nutcracker who comes alive and does a solo with a series of beautiful leaps and bounds, flinging his arms out wide and swinging himself round in the air.

He took little Clara to the land of Snow where she met the Snow Queen, who, on her toes as delicate as a piece of ice sparkling with frost all over it, was stepping as if she were on a spider's web. She tip-toed delicately from side to side, to and fro, light as a nymph, calling her snowflakes who fluttered in, their stiff white skirts glistening and their arms like swans' necks, graceful as birds, sweet as snowdrops. Slowly they went, one by one, gliding softly, white toes twinkling.

The Sugar Plum Fairy took their place, a little pink figure like fancy icing glistening with silver, tripping and jumping, summoning her subjects.

In came fairies, flitting, twirling, their skirts flaring. Then the dolls, stiff and unnatural, their cheeks painted in little red circles. After them came the Russian Cossacks, leaping and jumping, twirling and twisting, their red shirts and trousers billowing, and black feet flashing and twinkling, shining in the powerful light, and then with a leap and a shout they were gone.

Then came the Sugar Plum Fairy's solo. Daintily she stepped to and fro, like a sugar icing rose, delicate as a crystal and light as air.

In the grand finale all the dancers came on, all gay and beautiful, dancing and dancing, 'till the curtain fell on them resplendent and multicoloured.

With a swish and a rustle, slowly the rich curtain fell on the ballet and the last strains of the orchestra died away.

Anna Edwards, Form II.

Toby

THERE were a lot of dogs in our village but Toby was the most shabby, vulgar, mean-looking cur I ever beheld. He had such a melancholy air about him as he dragged himself along the dusty road with his long tail sweeping the ground between his legs. His skin, which was a dusty yellow colour, war scarred with the marks of battles fought when Toby was in his prime. His ears, which were long and floppy, were tangled and muddy with constant dragging in the dust, as Toby's ever-twitching nose sought out the scent of scraps of food. His left hind leg, which was lame, caused him to limp in a most dejected-looking manner. Occasionally Toby would squat in the middle of the road, regardless of any horses or carts which might be passing, where he would scratch his mangy body and then roll in the dust, but one day a cart ran him over and his dusty coat blended so well with the dusty road that he rolled to the edge un-noticed.

Barbara Cutts, Form III

Suffolk English

A few years ago my parents and I moved to a remote Suffolk village, having previously lived in a London suburb. It was a great change in our lives and the country hazards we came up against, such as no gas, electricity or laid-on water, no frequent bus service, were novel and somewhat romantic. The villagers' reaction to our arrival was stony. "Those people from the 'shires'" (anywhere outside Suffolk) they mumbled. It took the best part of a year to break the ice but what beautiful water we found beneath the frozen surface—a wealth of old phrases, customs and superstitions dating back to Chaucer and beyond. Words like *hooly*, a more vivid word than the modern wholly and *hoom* (home) from Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* are in common usage in Blaxhall. An old poetic phrase of ancient usage: "Ay, I know him well: I've summered and wintered him these many years!"

Tempest meaning thunderstorm, *mewl hearted* for faint hearted, and *breeches* or *buskins* for leather or canvas leggings reaching down to the knees are words with an Elizabethan flavour. Many of Shakespeare's words and phrases are still spoken. A heavy, metal-banded, wooden mallet is still called a *beetle* and the sight and feel of a beetle admirably explains Shakespeare's phrase for a nit-wit: *beetle headed.* In the second verse of the song from "Loves Labour's Lost;"

"When Icicles hang by the Wall" there is a couplet;

". . . When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,

And nightly sings the staring owl."

In Blaxhall "bowl" is pronounced *bowel* to rhyme with owl. It is likely that Shakespeare pronounced the word in the same way.

A few words used today in the village could be heard on the early American talking films. These words were taken to America by the early settlers from Eastern England and remained in usage in a way similar to the old English folk songs discovered by Cecil Sharp in the Allegheny Mountains.

Once a young boy boasted that he had been born in the "Chinese Hours". There seemed to be no explanation of this phrase but according to an old village character, "If you wait long enough in a village you'll know everything!" We did not have to wait long—the boy meant the "Chimes Hours" which refer to the local belief that anyone born between the hours of eight, twelve or four was gifted with second sight. These were the hours when under the old religion, the Monks broke up the hour with prayer.

Abroad means out of doors, "Throw the mucky ol' cat abroad" exclaimed an old woman—She consequently *clapper-clawed* the cat (illtreated it!)

Many herb medicines are still used, such as elderberry wine, dandelion tea and yarrow ointment (for the cure of baldness!).

The old customs, like home brewing and baking, have died out and agricultural implements have been completely revolutionised.

The subject of local history and origins of words and customs is a fascinating one and is fast becoming unobtainable. The oldest people in the village have seen their life change beyond recognition and much of great interest to historians will be lost unless an intensive survey is made within the next four or five years.

Jane Evans, Form VI.

"*Blood, Sweat and Tears*"

IN the summer holidays I spent three weeks at a Friends' International Work Camp at Shirley, on the outskirts of Birmingham. These work camps are arranged every year by the Friends' Work Camps' Committee who work in co-operation with other international organisations, so making it possible for English volunteers to attend work camps abroad and vice versa.

At this camp there were seventeen of us in all, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-three and representing six different countries, U.S.A., Sweden, Germany, France, Spain and, last but not least, England. We had very little language problem and spoke a mixture of French and German most of the time. We were housed in the Shirley Community Centre, about twenty minutes walk from our "working site". We lived here in comparative luxury to many other work camps, with electric stoves, irons, gramophone and wireless at our disposal.

Our job at Shirley was to build the foundations of a youth centre for a post-war housing estate. This involved levelling the ground, laying the concrete raft and on top of this erecting a temporary wooden hut to be used in the coming winter. Most of us were completely

unaccustomed to hard manual labour but this did not affect the enthusiasm with which we attacked our first job, that of levelling off the ground. Our work attracted many onlookers, including a bevy of newspaper reporters and the Mayor, complete in ceremonial dress! The Mayor, unlike the reporters, insisted on picking up a shovel and helping us with our work. No inequality of the sexes existed; we all tried our hand at everything whether it was concrete mixing or brick laying. Cooking was done on a voluntary rota-system under the general guidance of one of the English girls. At first it was thought that "kitchen duty" would be a sinecure but we soon found by bitter experience that peeling the potatoes for the evening meal could take anything up to two hours.

Throughout the camp we were overwhelmed by the kindness and generosity of the local people. Not only did they do everything possible for our comfort at the Community Centre but they arranged for us to visit the Austin Motor Company Works, The Dunlop Rubber Company, and to see the first night of *Titus Andronicus* at the Stratford Memorial Theatre.

To quote the well-worn phrase of newspaper reporters, it really was "a wonderful way to spend a holiday."

Margaret Martin, Form VI.

Thoughts in Prep

YOU rack your brains and suck your pen and although everyone else is writing busily, your answer just will not come.

Your gaze wanders to the blackboard where you see in large and artistically decorated letters, "LOST URGENT", or "FOUND, PLEASE CLAIM", and, after thinking how futile these are you return to Maths. A glance at this assures you that it would not be wise to attempt it in your weak state of health.

Ah, a moment of relief as a note lands on your desk, Oh, you sigh, for all it says is, "Can I borrow your Maths. Prep.?" Strange, you were just going to write that yourself.

A flash of brilliance enters your head. Why not write a letter to Aunt Sophia hinting that you are starved here and that a P.O. would be acceptable? You hope that she won't notice it's Rough Book Paper.

You scratch away merrily asking politely about her chilblains, corns and other major complaints and the Fourth-Former beside you smiles in a horribly superior manner, thinking, no doubt, that you at least understand your prep. How wrong they are!

At last you hold your breath as the minute hand ticks the final half-minute, and heave a sigh of relief. But still the shadow of unfinished, indeed hardly commenced prep hangs gloomily over you.

Barbara Cutts, Form III.

Engelberg

LAST summer I was lucky enough to spend a fortnight's holiday in Engelberg. This town is 4,500 feet up in the Swiss Alps and is well-known as a health resort for asthmatic people. We were staying in a very pleasant hotel, at one end of the town, away from all the usual noise and bustle of a continental town. The town itself is situated between two mountains, the Engelberg, from which it derives its name, and the Trübsee.

Engelberg has many pastimes to occupy its visitors. For instance, there are numerous facilities for mountain climbing available, although you have to have a guide up some of the higher mountains. There are cinemas, theatres, nightclubs, and a beautiful open-air swimming bath, fed by pure water from the mountains.

The town is renowned for its many festivals. We were lucky enough to see a wedding while we were there. The bride wore a white blouse under a black pinafore dress, and a very heavily decorated head-dress, consisting of numerous beads sewn together. The bridegroom wore a black suit, white shirt and strangely enough, a red carnation in his buttonhole instead of the usual white one we know. After the ceremony the couple were driven through the town in a buggy, throwing sweets to the children, to make them follow and thus bring good luck.

We had several outings, including one to the St. Gotthard and Furka Passes, also we had the peculiar sensation of walking through the inside of a glacier! It was bluey-green inside and water was dripping through the top of it down our necks.

All too soon the day for our departure came and I felt that I had never enjoyed a holiday so much.

Jennifer Pike, Form IV.

The Ancient Moan

(With apologies to Samuel Taylor Coleridge)

IT is an ancient custom here,
Which stoppeth some of you,
To pin to every notice-board
"Something for the Avenue."

The Committee's doors are open'd wide,
Still nothing cometh in.
The board is met, the scene is set
It's games' reports agin.

The Editor, she tears her hair,
  Yet she cannot help but know
There's nothing new, or good, or rare,
  It is the usual show.

Talent, talent everywhere
  There's plenty you would think.
Talent, talent everywhere,
  But not a drop of ink.

Day after day, day after day,
  School waits for inspiration.
Perhaps it comes, it comes to you
  Tonight in preparation.

At first it seemed a little word,
  And then it seemed a verse.
It grew and grew, until at last
  It went from bad to worse.

A word? A verse? A poem? They said,
  To think we thought them clever!
So "Avenue" comes out again
  With games' reports for ever.

Jan Erith, Form VI.

News of recent Old Scholars

We hope they will all be successful in their new occupations, and pay their subscriptions which are now due.

Peter Alliston is taking Sciences at Chelmsford Technical College.
Roger Baily is studying at a Commercial College in Peterborough.
Keith Dobb is apprenticed to Brotherhood's Oil Company for six years.
John Dudderidge is a Laboratory Technician at Watford Grammar School.
Colin Hill is a Laboratory Assistant at Fisons' Pest Control Research Station, Great Chesterford, while taking a part-time Botany course at Cambridge Technical College.
Brian Hosking is doing land work as a Conscientious Objector.
Stewart Main is at Cambridge Technical College.
Peter Mercer has a post at Sawston Paper Mill, and is also doing a part-time course at Cambridge Technical College.
Antony Newton is reading Politics, Philosophy, and Economics at Trinity College, Oxford.

Raymond Poole is reading Law at London University.

John Robertson has been supplementing his pocket-money by working at Britvic Soft Drink Works, Chelmsford.

Michael Stacey is a Junior Civil Servant at Cambridge.

Roger Funnell is in Canada, where his father has a post with the Bowater Printing Company.

Jemmy Allen is on the staff of the *TV. Mirror.*

Alan Sillitoe is working in a hospital prior to his Tribunal. He is lodging at a Methodist Boys' Club in Bermondsey, where he assists in the evenings.

Anthony Wallis is at Walthamstow Technical College.

Richard Ward is at Waterloo Grammar School, Liverpool.

James Elsworth, Raymond Haigh, Anthony Hayward, James Hogg, and *Michael Pickard* are all doing practical farming.

* * *

Anne Spearpoint is now studying at the Nottingham School of Art.

Jennifer Eames and *Anne Kersey* are also studying Art at the South-East Essex Technical College.

Nuala Bradbury is reading Medicine at King's College, London.

Janet Rice, who is reading Bio-Chemistry, is at University College, London.

Janet Hunn is at the University of Nottingham, where she is taking a degree in Maths.

Sarah Newman is now studying salesmanship at Bourne and Hollingworth in Oxford Street, London.

Jeanetta Mabbott is at County Hall, Westminster, prior to taking a Teachers' Training Course next year.

Jill Baker is now at the Pathological Laboratory, Reading County Hospital.

Cheryl Shutes is now studying Deportment.

Robin Edmunds is nursing at Mansfield Park Hospital, Northampton.

Wendy Osborn is at present an Assistant Matron at St. Michael's School, Oxsted, and has recently returned from a year in Germany.

Janet Burlingham is still at La Colline in Switzerland. She has recently visited Paris, Venice and the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

Margaret Shepherd is at the Royal Academy of Music.

Rachael Ashton is doing a secretarial course, as is *Patricia Smalley,* who has worked in a large Midland food store during the holidays. During her free time she rehearses with the local Dramatic Group.

Joyce Coffin, who is now at Coventry Training College, is taking courses in Movement and Drama and Geography.

Did you know that . . . ?

. . . the Boys' Playroom used to be the Gym.

. . . the San. was over the Girls' archway.

. . . Room 7 used to be the washroom.

. . . the bank along the lower edge of the field was made from the earth removed in building the Swimming Bath.

. . . the new Boys' Bedrooms were the Chemistry Lab.

. . . the Boy Prefects' Room was the Masters' Common Room.

. . . there was a fives court on the site of the Art Room block.

. . . the Library used to be the Assembly Hall with tiered seats.

. . . first house matches were played on the Boys' Playground.

. . . the Tower used to be the Headmaster's residence until "Hillcroft" was built.

. . . the School was occupied by the Army from December 10th, 1914 to March, 1915, and drilling was carried out on the Girls' Playground. The Boys' Prefects' Room was the Orderly Room.

. . . "Croydon House" was used as a resident Junior School.

. . . members of the School founded, and largely run, the Society for the Reinvigoration of Unremunerative Branch Lines in the United Kingdom.

. . . that at one time there were no houses between the School and the railway.

. . . there used to be twice the number of trees on the Avenue.

. . . the Boys' Sixth Form and the Map Corridor were Matrons' rooms.

. . . the Girls' Sixth Form Room was the Committee Room where the Staff had their supper.

. . . when in 1910 the School became co-ed., there was complete silence at the first (mixed) meal because everybody was too embarrassed to speak. (Scholars please read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest).

Fisons' Research Station

DURING the post examination period last Summer Term, a group of fifth and sixth form were very fortunate in being able to visit Fisons' Pest Control Research Station. Transport was provided by Fisons and we very soon found ourselves at Chesterford Park. We were met by Dr. Greenslade, Assistant Director of Research, who first introduced us to the main purpose of the establishment and then later showed us around.

The firm has Organic Chemists who produce compounds in large numbers, which, to their knowledge will have a possible value as insecticides or weed killers. The insecticides are given small scale tests in the entomological department, which breeds and rears its own insects under artificial conditions of strip-lighting, heat and humidity. The weed-killers are sprayed on small test trays of plants in heated greenhouses, and on outdoor test plots of commercial crops, such as cereals and Brassicae, which have among them the common weeds.

When the details of the tests have been compiled, the compounds which are most effective are given extensive tests in the field at stations scattered throughout the country. Only after these tests have proved satisfactory are the compounds put on the market.

Besides the greenhouses, entomological department, and test plots we were shown the experimental Physics department, where an experiment for testing droplet size was in progress, with the object of improving spray nozzles, in view. Perhaps the most interesting department was the Radio-Active Chemistry Laboratory, where chemists were testing for radiations given off by radio-active Phosphorus, which is used as a tracer in certain experiments with insecticides containing Phosphorus. We were very interested in noting the varying effects of radiations from our luminous watches on the Geiger counter.

After some light refreshments our visit came to an end. I am sure that all who went were very grateful to the people who made possible this small insight into the vast world of applied science.

David Burnett, Form VI.

Debating Society

SINCE the last issue of *The Avenue* the Society has held three meetings.

No meetings are usually held during the Summer Term, but the impending General Election was thought to be sufficient reason for holding an "Any Questions" session. The panel consisted of Nigel Weaver, Antony Newton, Stewart Main and Mrs Littleboy, respectively representing the Labour Party, the Conservative Party, the Liberals, and the view point of an Independent Housewife. Among the questions asked, some concerned election promises, the Hydrogen bomb, and various party beliefs.

Soon after the commencement of the Autumn Term a business meeting was held to elect new offices, and to choose provisional topics for future debates. The Committee elected for the current year consists of Susan Haselgrove, Nigel Weaver, Jane Evans, Dilawar Chetsingh, Marigold Paul, and Peter Avery. At Mr Beeson's suggestion, Geoffrey Weaver also was unanimously adopted as a co-opted member.

The first full-scale debate of the term was on Tuesday, 18th October, when the motion was "This House believes that the practice of the Arts is of more value than the practice of the Sciences."

Isobel Jones, proposing the motion, compared the use and the value of the Arts and the Sciences. She admitted the practical use of Science in the modern world, but believed that it had no deep significance for man. Only the Arts, she claimed, were creative, since they satisfied human needs which lay outside the scope of mere physical existence, and consequently of Science.

Dennis Lindsey, the only opposer, dwelt more on the material aspect of man's existence. Taking examples from many spheres of human activity, he pointed out how that man would not be able to exist on earth in his present manner, if at all, were it not for the knowledge of Science. He added that anyone could enjoy the Sciences as much as the Arts, if he was trained to appreciate them.

Geoffrey Weaver, seconding the proposer, said that Science as it was commonly practised today, merely produced technicians who were concerned with rigid relationships between things, and not with personal contacts. Thus Science could not teach one to enjoy life.

The speeches from the floor were encouraging in number and varied in content, and at the final testing, the motion was defeated by 25 votes to 21, with 21 abstensions.

Dilawar Chetsingh, Form VI.

Senior Literary Society

THE officers and members of the Senior Literary Society are glad to welcome Kenneth Nicholson as President, and look forward to a time of increased vitality under his guidance. It is hoped that future meetings will be instructive as well as entertaining, so that they may help to satisfy the need felt both by arts and science students for a wider acquaintance with Literature than can be provided by the normal school curriculum.

The first meeting of the Autumn Term set out to fulfil this ambition; it was of the lecture—discussion type and was entitled "An introduction to Classical and pre-Chaucerian Literature". The lecturers were Miss Alderson and Mrs Keen respectively.

Members of the Committee from last year are Elda Gale, Jane Evans, Nigel Weaver and Alan Lindsey. In addition Anne Maclay, Jennifer Dollin and Peter Avery were asked to serve on the Committee for this year.

J.K.

Natural History Society

LAST Term the Natural History Society went for its annual outing to Rothampstead Experimental Station, which was founded in 1843 by Sir J. B. Lawes, Bart., and is now under the Lawes Agricultural Trust. We were shown many experiments on crops, using different types of fertilisers, weedkillers, and insecticides. Some of the group saw an electron microscope in one of the laboratories and were very intrigued with the photographs produced with its aid.

This Term the Natural History Society is pleased to welcome Mr Plant as its President, and to take this opportunity of thanking Mr Thomas for his valuable services. The first meeting, held on the 27th September, 1955, was a business meeting when the following people were elected to committee: Mr Pumphrey, Mr Beeson, Jane Evans (Girls' Secretary), Jane Whitlow, David Burnett (Boys' Secretary), and John Edwards.

The second meeting was held on the 11th October, 1955, and two films were shown. The first entitled "The Story of Dr. Jenner", and the second "Pasteur's Legacy"; both of which were extremely instructive and well enjoyed.

Jane Evans and David Burnett, Form VI.

Weather Recording Group

THE work of the weather group is unobtrusive but always goes on regularly whether the weather is good or bad. The work done is quite extensive as not only do we take recordings but make graphs to compare the monthly temperatures, etc.

The pioneers of this group were Valerie Jack and Elizabeth Paul who used to take one lot of readings at the unearthly hour of 7 a.m.

In July, 1954, we became affiliated to the Meteorological Society. The present members of the group are Paula Gosling, Jane Pennell, Jean Scott and Doreen Young. During the holidays the weather is done by Jane Whitlow, Sally Fisher, Connolly and Jacobs who do a very fine piece of work, coming up to School every day—even on Bank Holidays.

Doreen Young, Form VI.

Boys' Reading Club

THE July meeting was less lively than those held in the two previous terms. Possibly the weather was enervating, the Test Match (broadcast during the protracted break for tea) too exciting, the choice of books uninspiring, the knowledge that this was Mr and Mrs Littleboy's last meeting too depressing.

Only David Burnett's excellent introduction to "Science in Perspective" (essays edited by Denys Thompson) made a profitable discussion possible. It was felt that the editor's choice of essays was sometimes difficult to justify. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey", introduced by Mr Evens, proved more provocative, and discussion centred in the function of Brother Juniper and the importance of the book as a type novel. Anthony Wallis introduced "Venture to the Interior", by Laurens van der Post. The book appeared to be without unity of theme, and the appeal of one or two purple patches did not compensate for the dullness of the rest. One felt, perhaps, that van der Post had found a button and was trying to sew a shirt on to it.

The Club lost some of its ablest members in July and, in John Robertson, one of the best of secretaries. The departure of Gwen and Gerald Littleboy closed a chapter in the history of the Club; for twenty years their wise and instructed judgment has helped to mould the tastes and whet the appetite for good reading of generations of senior scholars. As a token of the Club's regard they were given a copy of Max Plowman's "Bridge into the Future"—a problem for their diminished shelf space, but, it was hoped, a rich treasure house that their increased leisure might give them an opportunity thoroughly to explore.

C.A.M.

Radio Club

IT may be news to many people in the School that there is in existence (and has been for many years) a Radio Club, of a very exclusive membership (four members at present) which concerns itself with the interior workings of radio sets and associated equipment.

The Club is not an instructional institution but is for the radio-minded to have facilities to pursue their hobby. At present radio is the furthest extent to which we have reached but it is hoped that official sanction will make possible the study of television principles and practice.

Alan Lindsey, Form VI.

Girls' Reading Club

THE last meeting of the Club was held on July 15th, when the books discussed were "Gone with the Wind" by Margaret Mitchel, introduced by Robin Edmunds, and "The Devils", by Dostoyevsky, introduced by Janet Rice. A paper, carried over from the last meeting, on Charles Morgan's "The River Line", was read by Rachel Ashton. Tea in the garden at "Robin's Acre" was a very enjoyable, if rather distracting feature of the meeting, and discussion was not as heated as it has been on previous occasions.

We were very sorry to lose Mrs Littleboy, who has been largely responsible for re-forming the Girls' Reading Club after its collapse in 1943. She has been very kind, both in helping us with the books, and in allowing us to hold meetings at "Robin's Acre". We welcome Miss Alderson as President in her place. We also extend a welcome to seventeen new members, who are reading this term two books:

Thomas Hardy—"Return of the Native."

Alan Paton—"Cry the Beloved Country."

Susan Haselgrove, Form VI.

Library Report

SINCE June, seventy-one books have been added to the Library, thanks partly to generous donations by Kenneth Nicholson, Alexander Robinson, Henry Rowntree and Jean Strachan. The Library continues to be well used in three senses: an excellent tradition of discipline has established itself; borrowings average 1,000 books a term (or five for each member of the Library); and no loss of books has occurred for over two years.

In July, John W. Robertson left and the Library Committee lost a member who has given quite outstanding service to the Library in many ways and for a long time. We are fortunate in having someone as keen and as competent as Nigel D. W. Weaver to succeed him. The other scholar members of the Library Committee for this academic year are: Isobel Jones, Jennifer Haines, Dilawar Chetsingh, Jennifer Ellis and Edward Spackman.

C.A.M.

Games

Cricket (1955)

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Tied
1st XI ...	13	7	2	4	0
Under 14 ...	7	5	1	0	1
Under 13 ...	2	0	1	1	0

Our 1st XI did quite well this year, the batting being consistent on the whole, and the bowling fairly steady. The general standard of fielding was also fairly good and some of the catching brilliant. We had the best wicket-keeper we have had for many years in S. Main. He and A. Pike, who headed both batting and bowling averages, were awarded their Colours. A summary of games is given below: —

1st XI v. Newport Grammar School (Away). Match Drawn.
Newport, 106 for 7 dec. (Pike 4 for 28)
School, 77 for 7 (Weaver 28)

1st XI v. Old Scholars (Home). Won by 3 wickets.
Old Scholars, 65 (Pike 8 for 32)
School, 76 for 9 (Gatward 42)

School XI v. Old Scholars (Home). Lost by 99 runs.
Old Scholars, 139
School, 40

1st XI v. Newport Grammar School (Home). Lost by 26 runs.
Newport, 95
School, 79 (Weaver 25)

1st XI v. Mr Whitlow's XI (Home). Won by 25 runs.
Mr Whitlow's XI, 51 (Pike 7 for 14)
School, 76 (Newton, B. 26 not out)

1st XI v. Harlow College (Away). Won by 8 wickets.
Harlow, 37 (Pike 6 for 6)
School, 96 for 3 (Poole 41, Pike 35 not out)

1st XI v. Earls Colne G.S. (Home). Lost by 13 runs.
Earls Colne, 60 (Weaver 7 for 7)
School, 47

1st XI v. Soham G.S. (Away). Match Drawn.
Soham, 124 for 6 dec.
School, 43 for 7

1st XI v. Newmarket G.S. (Home). Won by 3 wickets.
Newmarket, 67
School, 70

1st XI v. Parent-Teacher Assoc. (Home). Won by 35 runs.
School, 111 for 8 dec. (Poole 40, Gatward 26)
P.T.A., 76 (Pike 7 for 25)

1st XI v. Newmarket G.S. (Away). Won by 83 runs.
School, 114 for 6 dec. (Pike 31, Newton, B. 28 n.o., Newton, A. 27)
Newmarket, 31 (Gatward 6 for 17, Newton, B. 4 for 12)

1st XI v. St. Christopher, Letchworth (Home). Lost by 2 wickets.
School, 127 for 9 dec. (Main 33, Collett 34)
St. Christopher, 130 for 8

We also played one time-limit match against Saffron Walden Fire Bgd.
School, 134 for 4 (Poole 37, Newton, A. 39 not out)
Fire Brigade, 65 for 8

Our Under 14 team have again done remarkably well. In the previous two Seasons we have had an unbeaten record which was lost on the last match. This year for the third time in succession we reached that stage and went one better by winning the last game. Evans, Brown, D. and Redington contributed most to this success but everyone in the team shared in it to some extent in one way or another.

The following averages are worthy of note: —

1st XI Batting:—

	No. of Inns.	Times not out	Highest Score	Runs	Average
Pike ...	... 14	3	62 n.o.	219	19.9
Newton, B.	... 12	4	28 n.o.	146	18.3
Poole ...	... 17	2	48 n.o.	253	16.8
Weaver	... 16	1	34 n.o.	187	12.4
Gatward	... 16	0	42	192	12.0
Newton, A.	... 13	1	39 n.o.	143	11.9

Bowling:—

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Pike ...	149	48	347	63	5.5
Edwards ...	50.5	23	93	15	6.2
Weaver, G. ...	72.5	16	209	24	8.7
Newton, B. ...	122.3	43	252	26	9.7
Gatward ...	88	24	184	18	10.2

Main stumped 15 and caught 5. Other catches:—Weaver 9, Newton, A. 8, Edwards 8, Newton, B. 6.

Under 14 XI Batting:—

	No. of Inns.	Times not out	Highest Score	Runs	Average
Evans ...	... 10	1	98	317	35.2
Smith, J.	... 10	1	79	142	15.8
Redington	... 13	1	27	176	14.7
Brown, D.	... 13	2	33 n.o.	121	11.0

Bowling:—

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wkts.	Average
Evans ...	113	50	142	40	3.5
Weaver, O. ...	60.5	23	103	20	5.1
Brown, D. ...	114	47	211	36	5.9

The above averages include House matches.

Boys' Athletics

We have already given details of our two School victories in matches and subsequent successes in the County Trials at Cambridge, but as announcement has not recently been made of some of our school records we have given a full list as it stands at the end of the 1955 Season. Athletic Colours were awarded to D. Burnett (half-mile) our present Athletics Captain.

Records:—

100 yards **Senior.**	J. Milne	1919	10.4 secs.
High Jump ...	A. Wallis	1955	5 ft. 3 ins.
Long Jump ...	A. Wallis	1955	20 ft. 3½ ins. (at Bury St. Edmunds)
	A. Wallis	1955	19 ft. 8 ins. (Gd. Record)
Throw ...	R. Bennett	1952	97 yds. 1 ft. 5 ins.
75 yds. Hurdles ...	B. Pickard	1954	10.8 secs. (at Braintree)
	P. Nash	1954	10.8 secs. (Gd. Record)
House Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	Mennell	1955	50.2 secs.
220 yds. ...	J. Milne	1919	24.2 secs.
440 yds. ...	J. Milne	1919	55.0 secs.
880 yds. ...	D. Matthews	1938	2 m. 12.2 secs.
Javelin ...	E. Dunstan	1954	147 ft. 7 ins.
Discus ...	R. Burman	1951	92 ft. 7 ins.
Cross Country ...	P. Nash	1954	20 m. 37 secs.
Mile ...	P. Nash	1954	4 m. 59.2 secs.
	R. Berry of West Suffolk C.G.S. 1952 4 m. 57 secs. (Ground Record)		
School Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	A. Wallis, J. Edwards, B. Newton, A. Sillitoe, 1955. 48.2 secs., at Bury St. Edmunds. Equalled by the Braintree team here in 1955 (Ground Record).		

100 yds. **Under 15**	M. Chesworth	1945	11.4 secs. (Gd. Record)
	A. Sillitoe	1952	„ (at Bury St. Edmunds)
	M. Jacobs	1955	„ (at Bury St. Edmunds)
High Jump ...	C. Goom	1948	4 ft. 9 ins.
Long Jump ...	D. Atkinson	1953	16 ft. 10½ ins. (Ground Record)
	B. Newton	1954	17 ft. 9½ ins. (at Braintree)
Throw ...	J. Cadman	1949	82 yds. 1 ft. 3 ins.
75 yds. Hurdles ...	R. Fisher	1954	11.2 secs. (at Braintree)
	P. Avery	1955	11.2 secs. (Gd. Record)
House Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	Mennell	1955	53.2 secs.
220 yds ...	D. Chetsingh	1954	26.0 secs.
440 yds. ...	G. Byles	1953	61.6 secs.
880 yds. ...	J. Bradbury	1955	2 m. 23.6 secs.
Javelin ...	E. Dunstan	1953	116 ft. 4 ins.
Discus ...	J. Edwards	1954	95 ft. 11 ins.
School Relay (4 x 110 yds)	D. Chetsingh, J. Edwards, P. Wallis, R. Fisher 1954. 50.8 secs. (at Braintree) They also share the Ground Record with the 1955 team—M. Jacobs, P. Avery, M. Connolly, J. Bradbury.—51.8 secs.		

There is no record for the Cross Country as a new course is now being used.

100 yds. **Under 14**	A. Sillitoe	1951	11.4 secs.
High Jump ...	A. Bidwell	1950	4 ft. 6 ins.
Long Jump ...	E. Dunstan	1951	16 ft. 1½ ins.
Throw ...	J. Cadman	1948	68 yds. 2 ft. 3 ins.
75 yds. Hurdles ...	P. Avery	1954	12.0 secs.
House Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	Mennell	1954	57.2 secs.

220 yds. ...	A. Sillitoe	1951	27.6 secs.
440 yds. ...	P. Honigmann	1948	63.4 secs.
Javelin ...	A. Sillitoe	1951	98 ft. 11 ins.
Discus ...	J. Bradbury	1954	76 ft. 9 ins.

There is no record for the Cross Country as a new course is now being used.

100 yds. **Under 13**	P. Honigmann	1947	12.3 secs. (Gd. Record)
	M. Jacobs	1953	12.3 secs. (at Bury St. Edmunds)
High Jump ...	D. Stacey	1955	4 ft. 3½ ins.
Long Jump ...	E. Dunstan	1951	16 ft. 1½ ins.
Throw ...	J. Cadman	1947	66 yds. 2 ft. 3 ins.
75 yds. Hurdles ...	P. Honigmann	1947	12.8 secs.
House Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	Mennell	1950	60.8 secs.
220 yds. ...	A. Sillitoe	1950	27.6 secs.
School Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	J. Elsden, D. Stacey, J. Osborn, D. Cadman. 1955 57.0 secs.		
100 yds. **Under 12**	E. Dunstan	1950	13.6 secs. (Gd. Record)
	D. Stacey	1955	12.4 secs. (at Bury St. Edmunds)
High Jump ...	D. Stacey	1955	4 ft. 3½ ins.
Long Jump ...	D. Brown	1953	13 ft. 7¼ ins.
Throw ...	E. Dunstan	1949	59 yds. 0 ft. 4 ins.
75 yds. Hurdles ...	J. Edwards	1951	13.4 secs.
	M. Jacobs	1952	13.4 secs.
House Relay (4 x 110 yds.)	Tuke	1955	66.4 secs.

Girls' Athletics

This is just a brief report supplementing the one in the July copy of *The Avenue*. Those members of the Athletic team who went to Cambridge to take part in the County Sports did very well indeed. In all, five 1st places were gained and as a result of these sports Nedda Bradbury and Myrtle Wyatt were selected to represent Cambridgeshire at the All-England Sports in Manchester, at which Myrtle reached the semi-final round of the 100 yards.

The Team who went to the Cambridgeshire County Sports were as follows: —

11-13 Group 100 yds. Joanna Griew, Linda Smith.
13-15 Group 100 yds. Diana Price, Lesley Jacob, Carole Chatterton.
15-17 Group 100 yds. Myrtle Wyatt, Jane Evans.
11-13 Group Relay. Joanna Griew, Anna Edwards, Jill Wicksteed, Moira Lawrie.
13-15 Group Relay. Pamela Deighton, Carole Chatterton, Lesley Jacob, Diana Price.
13-15 Group 150 yds. Pamela Deighton.
13-15 Group Long Jump. Moria Lawrie.
13-15 Group High Jump. Moria Lawrie, Paula Gosling, Barbara Stokes.
15-17 Group 80 yds. Hurdles. Nedda Bradbury.

In the High Jump at the Cambridge Sports, Moira Lawrie came 1st with a jump of 4 ft. 7½ ins., which broke her own previous Under 13, Under 14 and Under 15 records and also the Senior School record.

Boys Swimming

This has been an encouraging season of great keenness and creditable performance. Right from the start there was a nucleus of keen youngsters who set the tone, and by their steady training, set a fine example. We were very fortunate in that the Granta Club of Cambridge, hearing of our depleted numbers, very generously offered to bring over some of their members to give us some additional coaching and hints on training. On one of their visits they brought with them Peter Head, an International and Olympic swimmer, which was a real thrill. As a result of these stimuli, great keenness was fostered.

We had planned to have our first Swimming Match on the Thursday before Whitsuntide against the Town, but the General Election was fixed for that day, and so this match was postponed for a week, and eventually was cancelled by them, as they were unable to raise a team. Our first match was therefore that against the Old Scholars on Whit Saturday, and, as we expected, we lost—by 13 points to 21 points, for time for training had been very limited by the demands of Athletics. Given another week to train in, the margin of loss would have been greatly reduced, or the verdict possibly reversed.

The second match was against Cambridge and County High School. Teams in three age groups were entered in order to draw on a greater number of competitors, and, to our surprise we won, due to our superiority in the middle and junior groups.

The great attraction of the swimming year is, of course, the Granta match, and this year we gave them a closer run than ever before, the final score being 109½ points to the School and 126½ to Granta, with some very closely contested events.

The next phase was the House matches, the results of which were unpredictable, but when the Boys' and Girls' points were added together Tuke just came first, with Lister second, and Mennell third.

This year, under the enthusiastic care of Mr Osborn, the entries for Life Saving Exams were more numerous than usual, and all the candidates were successful.

The Swimming Club started this term with only three members but since then the numbers have risen to ten.

Swimming Colours have been retained by P. Wallis and J. Elsworth, the Captain and Vice-Captain, whose example has set a high standard. No new colours were awarded this year, but we may confidently expect a considerable number in 1956. Honourable mention, however, must be made of the performances of Haig, Johnson and Lampard in the Senior Group, Higgs and Munro in the Under 15 team, and J. Osborn and Drummond in the Junior team, who have all played a prominent part in matches. Higgs, though swimming in the Under 15 team, lowered the Senior 100 yards Breast Stroke by over two seconds.

B.B.J.

Girls Swimming

We had another very good season, the highlight of which was the Granta Club match, in which we came closer to drawing with them than ever before. Georgina Clayden broke two senior records, the back-stroke and the free-style, the latter being one of 20 years' standing! Georgina and Jennifer Ellis were awarded their Swimming Colours. All the candidates taking the Royal Life Saving Examinations were successful, they were: —

Elementary. Melanie Barber, Christine Beck, Barbara Beeby, Susan Clarke, Anna Edwards, Alison Gelder, Margrethe Hansen, Anne Hirst, Margaret James, Susan Powell, Pauline Seers, Frances Snell, Margaret Clunes, Jennifer Fry, Gillian Haines, Victoria Maitland, Rosemary Payne, Alison Tillett, Caroline Cunynghame, Evelyn Carr and Janice Brudenell.

Intermediate. Naomi Barclay, Jane Fathi, Sheila Noakes, Jean Osborn, Jennifer Simons, Linda Smith, Charlotte Walde, Anne de Barr, Pamela Deighton, Lesley Jacob, Jennifer Licence, Mary Partridge, Vanessa Serjeant, Jillian Webb, Clare White, Katharine Whitlow, Ann Watson and Jill Wicksteed.

Bronze Medallion. Mary Busch, Julia England, Sally Fisher, Jean Frost, Susan Jones, Rosemary Scott, Rosemary Shepherd, Carole Chatterton, Barbara Connelly, Barbara Stokes and Jennifer Wilson.

Bronze Cross. Pamela Camburn, Jennifer Ellis, Anne Gilpin, Jacqueline Green, Nadine Osborn, Margaret Peacock, Jane Whitlow, Judith Allen, Susan Elliott, Daphne Foster, Paula Gosling and Diana Price.

Scholars' Instructors. Jennifer Ellis, Paula Gosling and Jacqueline Green.

Award of Merit. Jane Evans, Jean Scott and Bronwen Mace.

Bar to the Award of Merit. Rosemary Brown.

Rounders

Our results were very varied this summer, we were soundly beaten by Cambridge County and Herts. and Essex but won our other matches. A higher standard both in fielding and hitting will have to be acquired next season; accuracy and thoughtfulness being the key-notes to success in rounders. Out of five matches played we lost three and won two.

The Teams were as follows: —

Under 13 IX		**Under 15 IX**
Victoria Maitland	Bowler	Clare White
Margrethe Hansen	Backstop	Paula Gosling
Melanie Barber	1st Post	Jean Frost
Ursula Rowntree	2nd Post	Judith Allen
Linda Smith	3rd Post	Jennifer Dollin
Katharine Whitlow	4th Post	Jillian Webb
Jennifer Licence	1st Deep	Vivien Sharp
Moira Lawrie	2nd Deep	Barbara Stokes
Anne De Barr	3rd Deep	Janet Ludgate

Also played:—Jennifer Wilson, Karen Fernald, Charlotte Walde.

In the House matches Mennell came 1st, with Tuke 2nd.

Tennis

Although the standard of tennis is still not high, everyone practised keenly and hard to improve this season, especially the teams who were as follows: —

1st VI Janet Rice (Captain), Janet Hunn **(1st Couple).**
Jane Evans, Susan Dutton **(2nd Couple).**
Sarah Newman, Rosemary Scott **(3rd Couple).**

2nd VI Judith Reed, Janet Davies **(1st Couple).**
Jill Baker, Margaret Martin **(2nd Couple).**
Anne Gilpin, Sumalee Viravaidya **(3rd Couple).**

Also played:—Sally MacClymont, Jennifer Eames and Jean Scott.

In some of the matches a much more attacking game was played with more encouraging results. Out of the nine matches played, six were lost and three won.

In House matches Lister came 1st, with Tuke 2nd.

Acknowledgments

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

The Beckside, By Kent and Skerne, The Island, The Leightonian, The St. Christopher Magazine.

Editorial Board

The Headmaster has kindly agreed to be the President of the Board, and Mrs Keen has succeeded Mr Evens as Editor. Other Staff members are Mr Whitlow and Mr Beeson. Scholar members are Isobel Jones, Anne Sayer, Nigel Weaver, Barbara Revans and John Edwards.



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