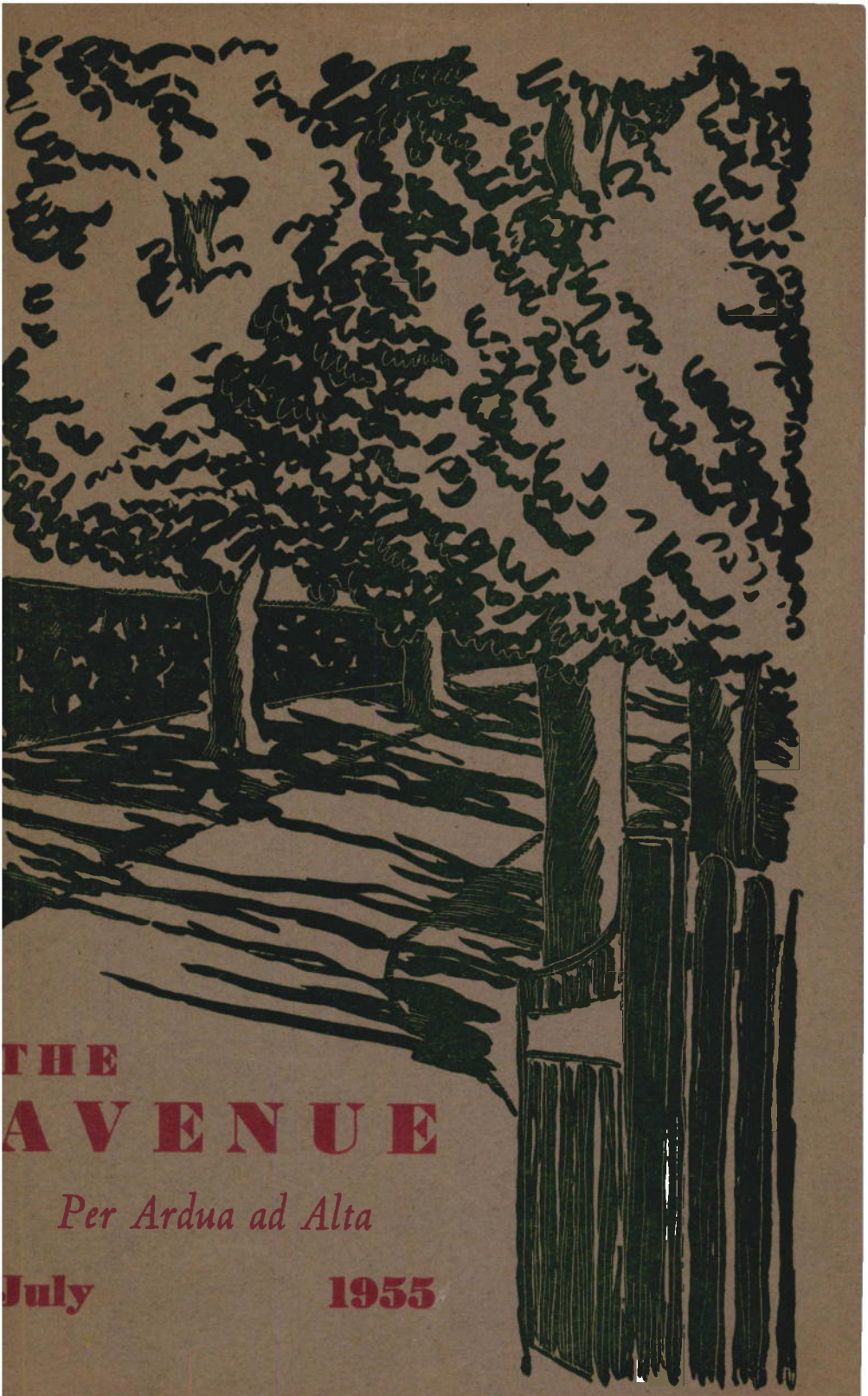
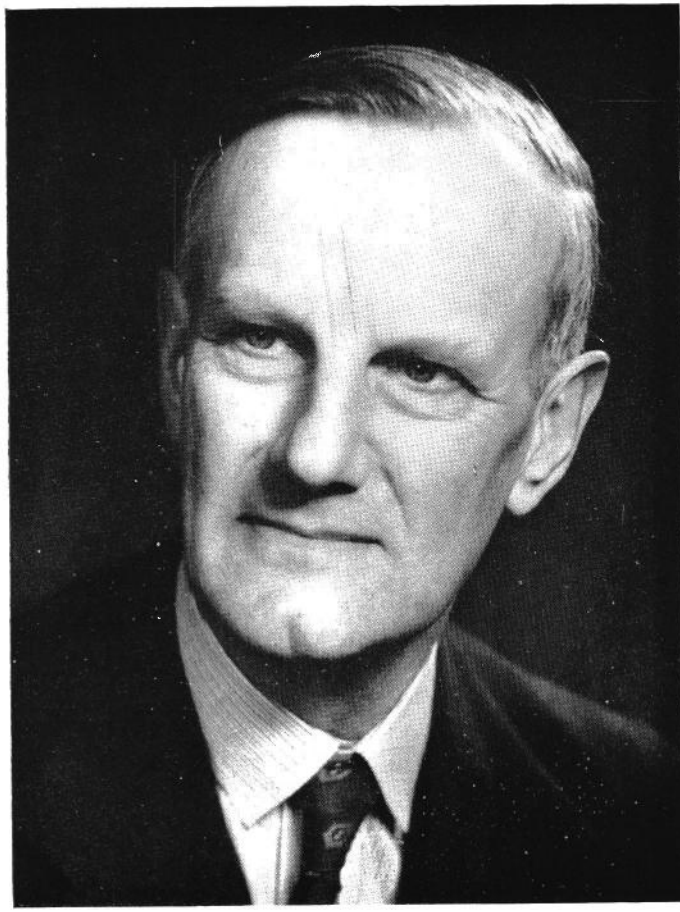


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

July 1955



GERALD LITTLEBOY

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 41 No. 123 **July, 1955**

Editorial

THIS is the last issue of "The Avenue" to appear during the Headmastership of Gerald Littleboy. It is not for us to say all that has been said elsewhere, but only to acknowledge our own debt to him and to Gwen Littleboy. All those who at one time or another have helped in the promotion of literary activities in the School, both in and out of class, know how much the interest of the Headmaster and his wife has meant to such activities, without which the production of this magazine would be difficult, and—much more important—the School as a whole a less lively and stimulating place. In debates, literary society gatherings, "Avenue" board meetings and reading-club discussions, Mr and Mrs Littleboy have played a great part.

In the Boys' Reading Club, when a book has been read and found worth-while and popular, it is referred to in discussion as "a good choice". In a different way, Gerald and Gwen Littleboy have been a good choice for Walden. We shall miss them, and we wish them well in their new undertakings.

Inter Alia

SCHOOL contacts with the town have continued this year. Senior members of the School have attended political meetings, a production of "The Pirates of Penzance", and a number of concerts by local music societies. Mr Jacob has arranged for a number of people to attend meetings of the Saffron Walden Countryside Association, and in particular a debate on Myxomatosis.

* * *

Those of us who remember Deborah Welsh will be pleased to hear that she is getting married in America this summer. We understand that anyone who happens to be out that way will be very welcome at the wedding.

* * *

We have been glad to welcome Miss Hepworth-Nicholson, who came in January, as Assistant Housekeeper; and Miss Marriage, an Old Scholar, who has come this term to take Miss Challis's place as Assistant Matron.

Several familiar faces will be leaving us this term. Miss Titleboam, Mr Rogers, Mr Evens and Mr Thomas are all leaving to take up teaching appointments elsewhere. Miss Noyce is leaving to get married, but will be coming back once a week to teach her 'cello pupils. We wish her, and Mr Evens, who was married in April to another Old Scholar, Margaret Radclyffe, every happiness in the future.

* * *

Saturday evening speakers have included Eric Hosking, on "Birds in Action", Howard Diamond, with "East African Journey", and Arnold Dolmetsch and Joseph Saxby, who gave us another evening's admirable entertainment on the recorder, harpsichord and other instruments. Guy Butler, the official photographer to the Amateur Athletic Association, showed us a film, "Athletics, 1954."

Speakers in Sunday evening meetings were Alex Bryan, who spoke on Temperance; Robert Davies, Chairman of the Friends' Peace Committee; Edith Fryer, former Secretary of the Friends' Education Council; and Maurice Creasey, Director of Studies at Woodbrooke, who also gave two informal talks to the Sixth Form which were greatly appreciated.

* * *

Films shown last term included "The Lone Climber", "Never Take No for an Answer", and "Genevieve."

* * *

The Old Scholars' March Lecture Weekend this year took as its subject "Contemporary Art and Music." The lectures, which were also attended by the fifth and sixth forms, were given by Dennis Hawkins, art master at Repton school; Eric Newton, leading art critic; and Edward Renton, B.B.C. conductor. Donald Pitcher, Leighton Park music master, rounded off the weekend with his talk "Music and Worship" in Sunday evening meeting.

* * *

The entertainment at the Parent-Teacher weekend last term was, as is usual now, provided by members of the school. This time it took the form of two one-act plays; "The Prince Who Hiccupped", presented by members of Form II, and "Nothing but the Truth", by Form IV.

* * *

It will be noted with interest by readers of our election article that Antony Newton, our staunch apostle of Conservatism, was employed at the count as an official Labour Party counting agent. Rumour also has it that he actually assisted with the circulation of Mr Hampden Horne's election address.

The increase in the number of staff cars has led to the suggestion that a stock-car race might be a suitable way in which to finish an athletics match!

* * *

Last term a party of German teachers visited the School and were shown round by Mr Pierce.

* * *

The Small Choir's activities continue to increase; carols were sung at Newport, Elsenham, Abbey Lane, and Finchingfield, as well as at our own Christmas service.

* * *

Since our last issue, the new Laboratories and Girls' Changing Rooms have come into full use. At Whitsuntide the spectators who crowded in to watch the Swimming Matches had the benefit of the extra space where the old cubicles used to be, and swimmers could use the new showers.

The old Laboratory up the boys' stairs is now stripped of its fittings and in use as a workshop by the school carpenters, pending its transformation into bedroom accommodation for the boys. The former Girls' Changing Room is now pleasantly equipped as a Common Room for junior girls.

* * *

Parties from the school have visited Cambridge this term to watch the cricket match between the South Africans and the University, the athletics match between the A.A.A. and the University, and a production of "Hamlet" at the Arts Theatre.

* * *

We should like to congratulate Antony Newton on obtaining a place at Trinity College, Oxford, where he will read Politics, Philosophy, and Economics.

* * *

One of our London Correspondents informs us that the pictures of the School, taken during the Spring Term, 1954, were taken by Geoffrey Gilbert, and not by Joseph Richardson, as stated in our December issue.

Gerald Littleboy, 1955

THE years during which Gerald Littleboy has been Headmaster of Walden have been eventful though not easy. They have seen in the School tremendous changes and developments of which he may justly feel proud. He has had a grave responsibility on his shoulders. Momentous decisions have had to be made but through them all his faith and vision and administrative ability have been apparent. It is with real regret that we prepare to bid him farewell—regret coupled with thankfulness for his service, and good wishes for an equal success in the new work which he is about to undertake.

He has never set himself on a pedestal but has been sympathetic, understanding, and approachable by staff and pupils and by parents, and his wise council has been invaluable. He has always had a deep concern that the life of the School should be surely grounded on Quaker principles and that this is so is evidenced by the attitude of friendliness and tolerance in the School, and by the increasing thoughtfulness of the pupils as they make their way up the School. At an early stage he realised that the value of the Thursday meeting for worship lay not in the numbers who attended but in its quality: it was therefore made completely voluntary, with no sanctions against those who did not attend. The result has been most satisfactory and many pupils have come of their own accord to value this quiet time in the middle of the week and to find it a real source of strength.

The war years were difficult at Walden as elsewhere, but the atmosphere of the School remained calm and free from propaganda. Many parents expressed their thankfulness to Gerald Littleboy afterwards for the normality of the life here. Conditions were not easy. Black-out, air-raid shelters, the nightly siren, the need for fire watchers, and an Ambulance Squad, and the shortages of food, fuel and equipment—to say nothing of the difficulty of obtaining staff—all made the smooth running of the School difficult. The Committee, in recognition of the stress and strain of the war years, granted Gerald Littleboy two terms leave of absence, and this period was spent by Gerald and Gwen Littleboy in a visit to the United States. Gerald Littleboy's love of music and practical participation in choir and orchestra have made possible the development of the musical side of the School up to its present high standard.

During the period of his Headship the numbers in the School have gone up by fifty per cent. and this fact alone has raised problems of administration and accommodation. Big building developments have taken place. During these years the Assembly Hall, Biology

Laboratory, Geography Room, Library, two Classrooms for the first form, new Physics and Chemistry Laboratories and a new Changing Room for the girls have all been built, to say nothing of the renovation and modernising of the Kitchens and other parts of the building—no mean programme. Relations with the Essex Education Committee have increased and developed, and with the growth of the Sixth Form from one or two members to about 40 at the present time, and the stress on grammar school status, the standard of the School in all departments has gone up. Closer liaison with the County Authorities has led to an increase in the number of day pupils until now they comprise a third of the school and these ties have strengthened and deepened the links between the School and the town—a development which Gerald Littleboy has always been anxious to foster and bring about. The creation of a thriving Parent-Teacher Association has also been of great help in this respect.

He leaves Walden with the respect and regard of his staff, of the pupils past and present who have come under him and of their parents, and of the Old Scholars who were here before his time. We wish him and Gwen Littleboy a happy and useful retirement—if such a word can be used. We hope that it will not be long before he again visits Walden in his new capacity as Secretary of the Friends' Education Council.

B.B.J.

Loneliness

AS I walked alone on the starlight lawn
I watched the silent dew fall upon the blades of grass,
The stout oak silhouetted against the inky black of night,
The silent fish-pond sleeping till the dawn,
The two spaniels slumbering in their kennel,
Their collars beside them, awaiting the morn.
Only the trees whisper sleepily in the breeze,
And the round, pale moon casts yellow shadows on the leaves.
A silent world, at peaceful rest—
At rest, till the light of morning streaks the sky,
And the birds begin their joyful harmony
Rousing the new dawn upon another day.

Patricia M. Smalley, Form V

A Kitchen Dialogue

THE kitchen walls of "Joe's Pull-in Café" were bruised with damp, and the room was full of the fumes of burnt fat. Ada, standing in a pair of mangy slippers, a cigarette hanging from her mouth, shook the chip fryer. Maisie was getting ready to go to the pictures, and twitching the seams of her stockings, (black arrows, piercing through hearts). Ada continued:

"So he said 'If Billy's swallowed the front door key, I'm going for the doctor'. 'You can't go out looking like that, Alf', I said, 'not on a Sunday'. 'God won't mind', he said. 'The neighbours will', I said."

"Uh huh", said Maisie, peering into the mirror to put some lipstick on, and waving the smoke away.

" 'You'll be talking about God if Billy has swallowed that key', I said. 'Not half as much as you talk about the neighbours, I 'ope', he said."

"One Coca Cola and a bacon and egg," shouted somebody from the other room. "Please don't laugh when I cry" sobbed the jute box. Maisie began jigging about and tapping her feet as she was putting powder on.

"Did 'e go?" she asked without interest. She was anxious to be off.

"No 'e didn't, 'e found the key just where 'e'd left it,—in the front door lock", she said triumphantly, shovelling out a bacon and egg.

Isobel Jones, Form VI

General Election, 1955

IT would be untrue to say that the recent election was celebrated here at school, but there was a fair amount of intelligent interest among the seniors, and it provided a new game for the juniors—one heard politically minded third-formers slanging each other as "Tories" or "Socialists" with intense scorn in their voices.

Nigel Weaver and I fostered this interest with a display of party electioneering material. It was interesting and amusing to see, side by side, posters which flatly contradicted each other. An opportunity for the further ventilation of political issues was provided when, under the auspices of the Debating Society, there was an "Any Questions?" meeting for Forms 4—6, when the questions of society members were spontaneously discussed by a panel consisting of myself, as a Conservative, Nigel Weaver, as a Labour

man, Stewart Main (hotly denying that Liberalism is a lost cause), and Mrs Littleboy, as an independent housewife. Doubtless the ceiling got rather hot, but we enjoyed ourselves, and it looked as if everybody else did too.

A few of us were able to follow up our interest by attending R. A. Butler's eve-of-poll meeting in the Town Hall, which was addressed by him and by Lord Hailsham. Mr Butler is the Conservative M.P. for Saffron Walden, and, of course, Chancellor of the Exchequer. We were impressed chiefly by the peaceful nature of the meeting: everyone clapped dutifully in the right places, and there was no heckling at all.

Nigel Weaver, Alan Sillitoe, and myself, being very interested in the election, investigated the possibility of our getting in on the counting of votes. We approached Mr Stacey, the Town Clerk, in the belief that he was the Returning Officer for the Division. It turned out that he was not, and so could do nothing directly. However, he helped us a great deal by putting us in touch with the local Labour Party, and in the end we became official Labour Party counting agents. We were sent declarations of secrecy, which were to be countersigned by a J.P., and which set out in legal terms all the things we must not do (penalty: six months in jail!). Together with these documents were cards admitting us to the count, and a list of instructions.

Since Saffron Walden is a large constituency, it takes some time to collect the ballot boxes from the polling stations, and so counting does not begin until the morning after the election. We were down at the Town Hall promptly at 9.15 a.m. on Friday, 27th May, to be faced with a scene reminiscent of the playroom on packing day. The floor was covered with black tin ballot boxes (about the size of a tuck-box standing on end), all sealed up and neatly labelled.

We found our places at the tables which were all round the room. Each table had one official counter and three party counting agents—one Labour, one Liberal, and one Conservative. The Returning Officer sat with his assistants on the platform at one end. He began with a joke. "I see", he said, "that your instructions say that you should not talk. I think that's a bit hard, considering that there are ladies present. However, you will get on faster if you talk as little as possible". First business, occupying an hour and a half, was to check the contents of each ballot box against the figures provided by the presiding officer of the polling booth from which it had come. This done, we had a break of ten minutes before all the ballot papers were mixed up and then distributed round the room. We helped to sort and count them into bundles of fifty, but we were not supposed to count the votes of our "own" candidate, and

everything had to be checked by the official counter. There did not seem to be many spoiled papers, but I did notice one with crosses against the names of all three candidates.

The candidates all came in during the counting and stood or sat around with their families and agents, looking more or less unconcerned, while little piles of five hundred votes were stacked on a table (blue labels for Horne, pink for Butler—why this way round I don't know!—and yellow for Carson). At last the result was declared, about twelve o'clock: R. A. Butler (Cons.): 20,671; H. Horne (Lab.): 14,253; and H. Carson (Lib.): 3,209. It was first announced by the High Sheriff of Essex to us inside the Town Hall, and then to the waiting crowd outside. The candidates all made little speeches into the microphone (a "live" broadcast was being made by the B.B.C.) and then it was all over. For a short while we had been little cogs in the democratic machine.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about the election was the fact that history betrayed the historians. Mr Mummery confidently forecast a Labour victory, because no government in power had increased its majority at a General Election since 1865. However, history does not pretend to be an exact science!

Antony Newton, Form VI

The First Day

In Walden, high up on the hill, the silent school stands firm.
'Tis dreaming of tomorrow when the scholars will return.

The cars will all roll up the drive.
The boys and girls will all arrive,
Carrying all that they can bring.
(They must have thought of everything).

In playrooms, bedrooms, you will see
Crowds of people, who'll all be
Gathered to exchange some fun,
To talk, and welcome everyone.
"I've had a smashing holiday!"
And shouts of "Please, you're in the way",
And "Where's my trunk?" and "What time's tea?"
"I've bagged a bed. You're next to me".
And "Did you have a good report?"

"Gosh, Jane has had her hair cut short!"
"Oh, what will Mrs Mercer say?—
I think my clothes list's walked away!"
And "I saw Hutton get ten runs"
And "Have an apple, I've got tons,"
And "John has got a super tie."
And "Look at Doreen's dress. Oh my!"

Above this noise a loud bell rings,
And, leaving less important things,
They'll hurry down the stairs to see
If Clarke has rung the gong for tea.
When ham and biscuits, 'chaff' and 'tack'
And red school jam have made a snack
The M.O.D. will ring the bell,
And Mr Follett stand to tell
That table places will be given,
On the dot, at ten-to-seven.

The Avenue is then the place
Where all will go, and some will race
To be the first to kick the stone,
While others walk and talk of home.
And strolling couples, two-by-two,
May wander off the Avenue!

Conscientious people, (few!),
Knowing what they ought to do,
Will sit in desks,—"Gosh, aren't they hard!"—
And send their homes a friendly card:
"I have arrived quite safe and sound—
I had a lovely journey down."

The places in the Dining Room
Will all be settled very soon.
And then will come the awful time
When they will hear their bed-bell chime.
They'll crawl upstairs, they dread to go
Into the bedroom, where they know
A mass of cases, clothes and tuck
Awaits disposal. Just their luck!
Then hurriedly they'll get undressed,
And, jumping on the bed, they'll test
And make sure of a 'soft' night's rest!

In Walden, high up on the hill, the silent school stands firm.
'Tis dreaming of tomorrow when the scholars will return.

Jill Baker, Form VI

Covent Garden Magic

THE Auditorium was warm, and the ice cream was cold and sweet. The seat was comfortable, and the first act of the opera had been good. These enviable circumstances were brought about for me by Mr Sturge, who arranged for a group of us to go to the Royal Opera House in December to see "Der Freischütz", by Weber. I watched the people as they came in and settled down for the second act. The conductor appeared, and the lights dimmed as he lifted his baton. The first, slow, haunting notes from the orchestra filled us with apprehension. The curtain rose slowly, —almost imperceptibly. A thick mist filled the stage, leaving several dark tree-trunks silhouetted against the ghostly whiteness. The orchestra breathed fear into our hearts. The mist thinned in the middle, and a shape became visible—Caspar preparing for the casting of the Devil's Bullets. The music rose, and horrible apparitions appeared. Ghastly animals ran around the ring of stones; bats and other winged horrors flew down. A mighty waterfall sprang from the cliff and added its roar. A terrible storm thrashed the trees, its thunder rocking the audience to a stupor. Then, with a great crescendo of sound, the Devil himself appeared, clad in irridescent scales and breathing fire. He circled the ring of stones, and then sank into the ground, to the embarrassing accompaniment of a squeaky trapdoor, which could be heard above the whole orchestra.

John Robertson, Form VI

The Desert

THE desert stretches away seemingly for ever. The great yellow sand dunes undulate far into the distance. Here and there an occasional withered and scorched bush relieves the dull monotony of the sand. The sun glares down unmercifully from a bright blue sky.

Suddenly a speck of colour appears on the horizon. Gradually it takes the form of a camel; its dull, greyish-yellow colour blending with that of the sand. On its back sits an Arab merchant with his white turban reflecting the sun from his streaming brow, and his brightly-hued robes flowing out behind him.

Over the camel's back hang packages containing sweetly-smelling spices from the East and bales of gaily coloured silks.

All at once the unresponsive animal is urged onward. The Arab leans forward straining his eyes for another glimpse of the welcome oasis. He wildly imagines the palm trees gently bending towards the water. Water! Again he prods his camel, eagerly he starts forward with new hope in his heart. His camel too, knows the need for water and quickens his pace, but all in vain for the oasis is a mirage. The camel slows down and then it passes out of sight.

Again the sun glares down upon the scorching desert and the sand sinks into the footprints of the camel, leaving no trace of life.

Barbara Cutts and Vivien Sharpe, Form II

Bell-Ringing

IT is now about a year since I took up bell-ringing—a fascinating hobby.

In our Church we have six bells. We ring them from the ground floor of the tower, but the bells are hung right at the very top. To reach them you have to scramble up what seem to be hundreds of cobwebby stairs and pass through two trap doors. The bells seem twice the size you would have thought they were, when judging from the weight you feel when you pull the rope.

When you come into the belfry the bells are hanging mouth downwards, unless you are told they are "up". Before you can begin to ring the bells you must raise them. That is, pull on the bell rope and swing the bell higher and higher until it has swung right up and would go right over if a little wooden stay was not there to prevent it. If a beginner swings his bell too hard he can break the stay and then the bell goes right over pulling the bell rope with it. If the unlucky ringer on the ground floor forgets to let go, he is carried up with the rope and may crack his head on the boards of the first floor. Luckily this does not often happen and (touch wood) I have never experienced the delightful sensation of soaring through the air in such circumstances.

Ringing a bell is not an easy job. One moment you have yards and yards of rope to deal with, and the next you have only a little tail left in your hands. It takes some time to learn to handle a bell, and not until one can do this properly is one allowed to ring in a team.

The bells bear inscriptions engraved on the outside. Some are in Latin and others, for example, are "I ring for Joy", "Peace on Earth, goodwill to Men". The bells have quite a personality. Their tone depends on which metals were used when they were cast.

The lightest bell is called a Treble and this always leads when the bells begin a course. The notes of the bells go down-scale and the Tenor, the heaviest bell, marks off the end of the round.

The methods (music), which are rung are quite complicated. Each ringer has to carry his course in his head and if he loses his place—as in an orchestra—everybody else becomes muddled. Each bell-course follows a definite pattern, weaving its way in and out of the other bells. There are some amusing terms used in bell-ringers' language. "Bob Major" and "Bob Minor" are the names of two of the methods and other terms are "Sally", "stay", "run in and out", and "four blows behind!"

Bell-ringing had its origin in the Middle Ages. It may have started as a superstition when people rang bells in the churches before the service to drive away evil spirits.

In almost all village churches there is a peal of bells. Even in the great churches of Westminster and St. Paul's, bells are rung like this, but England is the only country in which they are rung in this fashion.

Mary Busch, Form III

Fairy Night

AS the gentle twilight slowly fades,
As the woods, the trees, all change their shades,
The wee fairy folk meet in their glades
To dance their dance.

They are gaily dancing round and round,
Little elfin feet scarce touch the ground,
As they dance to the sound, eerie sound,
Of fairy pipes.

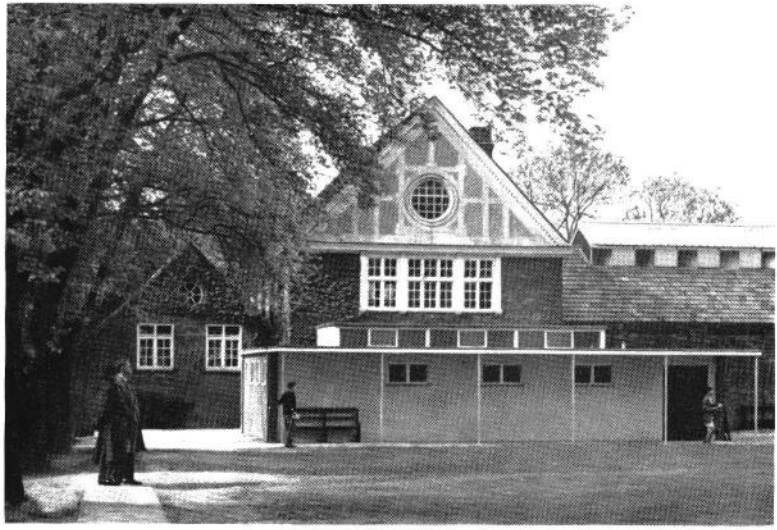
The fairy queen comes in robes so bright,
Little glow-worms sit, shedding light,
Witches, wizards come, evil in spite,
To spin their spells.

Then, as the radiant day does dawn,
And the dark rich night gives way to morn,
The fairy folk from their dance are drawn,
To creep away.

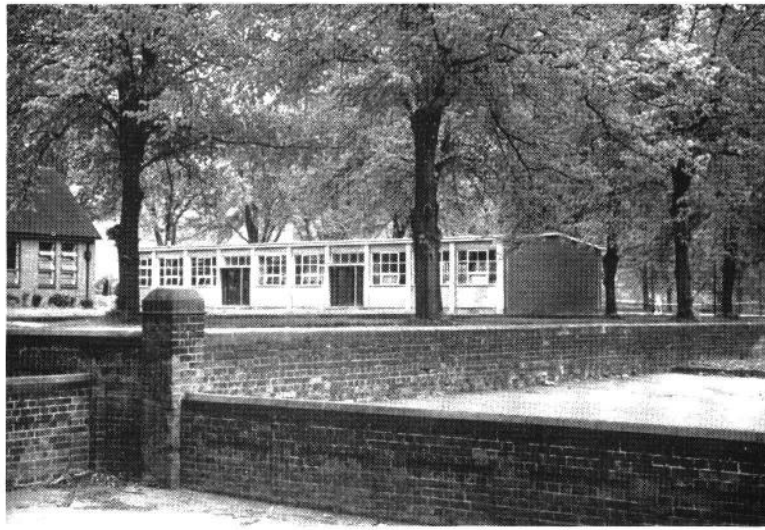
Anna Edwards, Form I



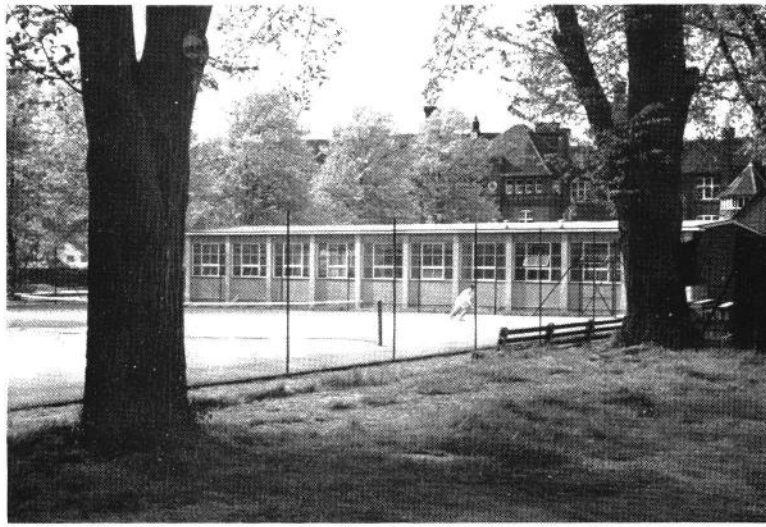
The new Girls' Changing Rooms



Photos: Maurice Haselgrove



The new Science Laboratories



Photos: Maurice Haselgrove

Saturday Afternoon

THE church clock struck two. The chimes resounded in the still, clear air. The sun shone out from behind the clouds onto the tranquil scene.

It was the lunch-hour, and a Saturday afternoon. Not many people were about in the market-place, and the squeals of pigs and sheep, and the cries of their drivers were the only noises that could be heard.

The market was being prepared. Great vans began to roll up, and stalls were erected. The peace of the scene had changed into bustle and activity.

Men and women were rushing in and out of their vans, carrying their wares to their stalls.

One woman was arranging many woven fabrics and hand-made pottery, pictures and ornaments. Another was emptying great crates of oranges and bananas, plums and grapes into the wooden trays on her counter. Out they came, tumbling out amid a cloud of dust. Not only fruit but cabbages, marrows, potatoes, tomatoes, chestnuts, artichokes and turnips. What a wonderful earthy smell! Her fat, worn hands shoved them all into their places, and her soft brown eyes looked upon them with satisfaction. Many other stalls were being filled now, and the shops around the market-square were opening up.

Along came all sorts of country folk—old men, market gardeners, young boys, and little children, elderly women with brawny arms and filthy aprons. They all came to sell their goods. The brightly-coloured awnings fluttered in the breeze, and bits of old newspapers scurried along the gutters. Apples rolled on the road, and were chased eagerly by hungry dogs.

The cattle-pen was filling too. The bullocks were driven in, and herded together in one corner, looking around with amazement and trepidation. The pigs—little and large—ran squalling around their pen, snuffling and snorting, pushing each other, and getting under each other's legs, falling over and rolling in the dust. The sheep stood quietly together. They buffed each other and ran around occasionally, but they were well behaved.

Now the customers were arriving: up they came, laughing, shouting, pushing, shoving and arguing. They flocked to the stalls to buy their goods and the noise mounted to a hubbub.

Dust and paper bags flew around; straw was in people's hair, around their feet, and in their shoes. The merchants yelled to all the world what their produce was, and urged the customers to come and buy it.

The flower stalls were crowded: young and old rushed in and out, holding their bunches of chrysanthemums, daffodils, anemonies, above their heads, so as not to squash them.

The clock struck five. The noise was subsiding. People were leaving, and trailing homewards with their purchases. Eventually the market-place was void of customers, and the stalls were rapidly being dismantled, and the wares put back into their vans.

The lorries rolled away again. The market-place was empty.

A paper bag sailed along the pavement, and the wind chased the rustling straw into the gutter.

Dusk was falling, and peace settled again on that country scene.

The clock struck six.

Christine Seager, Form V

The Sailor's Dream

I dream of ships,
Sailing ships upon the sea,
The great grey sea,
So vast, so wild and stormy,
But terrifying though it be
Yet it is so dear to me.

That mighty power,
Those waves that tower,
O'er some small stricken ship,
Then mourning there will be,
For the cruel, cruel sea,
Takes yet one more victim in its grip.

Daphne Griggs, Form I

Winter City

THE drizzle descends slowly, haltingly and evenly over the smoky city. The pavements are slowly covered with a fine film of water which reflects the dull morning light, and mixes with the sooty grime of the gutter. It gurgles down the grated drains and drips, drips from the roofs and crannies of the dirty buildings.

It spatters on the big, smug offices and trickles down their dirty concrete walls, wetting their painted signs: "Wool Manufacturers" . . . "Wool and Noils". The grey slate glistens with its liquid envelopment and looks up at the wet chimney pots, now pouring forth black smoke into the bleary sky.

The tarmac road beneath is transformed into a ribbon of muddy water along which huge spattered lorries splash and grind towards the mills. The big bales on them all bear the same stencilled label:—Wool, Wool, Wool . . .

The dirty, grey-tiled buildings which form an increasing pattern of wet roofs, wet chimneys, wet walls and great iron gates, are the mills. Their tapering chimneys reach up to the overcast sky and belch forth black clouds of rolling, oily smoke into the city atmosphere. Beneath, the machines clatter, grind and chatter unceasingly in the headache of electrically lit, air-less rooms of the great brick buildings. The northerners work automatically, indifferently and well, but only for money.

The trees in the city square droop dejectedly in their muddy beds, and the water drips, drips onto the empty wooden seats beneath.

Long, panting, dirty trains heave themselves along the silver lines leading into the city, past sooty signal boxes and fellow-workers and through grubby cuttings. The rain beats a tattoo on the moving wagons.

The Town Hall clock strikes out the hour with heavy ponderous chimes, the lorries swish past towards the mills, where the chimneys smoke, and the machinery clatters mechanically on.

The rain descends slowly and liquidly, the buses rumble past, the black chimneys pour forth their smoke, the water splashes, drips and splashes from the large grey buildings . . .

Such is a northern city in winter. Yet is not life infinitely more worth living when one sees, amongst all this, a new spring crocus rearing its head amongst the blackened rubble of a bombed city site?

Peter Avery, Form IV

Summer-Day Impressions

(With apologies to who may be concerned.)

THE SUMMER is here and we hope, to stay. Come games, come sun, come skies of azure blue, but more likely cat and dog rain on a grey day.

The vested runners hasten down a green grass track between the tape white lines, running, running. They run a race for a race, an everlasting record to be broken by the scruffy-below-dignity small fry. What matter? Any one's a man; in time!

"Ices! Ices! Rose pink and lily white ices". Chocolate the colour of dark stained wood. But always cool, delightful, giving

fresh hopes, new life for another lap round the couple track of the bush-bordered field—a spoon race.

Green leaves and cricket. The click of cherry red leather on flashing willow, or a flying bail. "2, 4, 6, 8, who do we appreciate?" Leave them on the benches, sitting there, clapping. Eager blue, brown, grey, green-eyed faces watching with bated breath and silly throw-down roll-up yo-yo's.

A twang of milk white sphere on golden entrails, (or square weave extra tough stockings) stretched on any-coloured frames. "First fault". "Fifteen". How does it go; Another gazelle leap, bound, a Herculean wrist twist, sphere, star white, comet like, flashing over tarred brown grille. Cat lithe spring and careful spin. Too careful—try again.

Then the rain, spitting to ground in crystal showers from no sun, ash grey, sad cry sky. Hordes of rushing shapeless blanketed figures. The crowd looks out from shelter on a fresh green never touched virgin field. Yellow maize sticks on a coffee pool brown, white creased earth patch. Life laughing skies azure blue and lambs fleece-clouded. No rain of course. Golden sun and crystal mystic clusters on a green blade uplifted to the heavens.

Evening has fallen. Dusk-masked buildings stand apart. Last ring of the chiming curfew, "All in, all in." One bottle of milk, best Walden Dairy (W.D. of course) brand out of a bottle with a straw. Night-caps for a tired one. Fresh and not enough. A final word, memories of today and expectations of the morrow. And so to bed, and peace.

Dennis Lindsey, Form V

Ford Works, Dagenham

FROM Dagenham, on the Thames, Ford cars are sent to all parts of the world. One Wednesday last holiday we went to see the cars being made. We went first to the Sports Club where we were met by white-coated guides. The guides led us towards the great factory, past acres of cars awaiting shipment. They showed us the Ford Jetty. From one end ships are loaded with cars for export and from the other end iron ore and limestone for the blast furnace are unloaded. There is a blast furnace at the works, the only one in the south of England. This has been burning for ten years without stopping—a record—and is "tapped" every four hours.

We next went into the foundry, in which was a nasty smell. It is so bad that the men work only two hours at a time and take two hours rest outside in the fresh air. The red hot castings travel along on overhead conveyors to cool.

In the next room tractors were being made. We first saw the gear-box being assembled. As it progressed we saw it meet first the engine and then the back wheels. The finished tractor was sprayed with the familiar blue paint of Fordson tractors by a man who had also sprayed his shoes blue. The tractor was dried in a very hot oven through which it went and was then cooled in a cooling chamber. It was next started and driven away. The floors of the factory were concrete and some tractors were employed pulling flat steel "sledges" piled with crates of spare parts.

We then went to see the lorries and vans being made in the same way. The engine and chassis were assembled upstairs and when completed the body was lifted from downstairs and fixed onto its chassis.

The next place we visited was the "rolling mill", where red-hot bars of steel were driven through presses to make them the size required. The men deftly handled them with tongs.

We were then shown the car assembly lines and followed the "Consuls" and "Zephyrs" through all the stages of construction from the engine parts to the finished car. While the engine of the car is running the exhaust is sucked up through flexible pipes in order not to foul the air.

From the cars we were led upstairs to the restaurant where we were given tea. This was very welcome, as we had walked seven miles in the heat of the factory.

Harry Frost, Form IIIa

Quiet Harbour

With weather-beaten sail
The wearied creak of
Storm-battered timbers.
The gimballed lamp sufficient
Light gives on gentle
Waters, quiet harbour.
Softly swaying, gently, gently . . .

Here I lean and gaze into
The moist-blackened beauty
Of a calm—starlit sky
Of quiet ethereality of
The wild sea.
Storm-battered timber . . .
Salt-sprayed hair . . .

Elda Gale, Form V

Pacifism and Conscientious Objection

A short but intense conference on "Pacifism and Conscientious Objection" was held from April 2nd—4th this year at Reckitt House, Leighton Park. The conference was organised by the Friends' Peace Committee with a view to assisting the thirty or so boys present in their thinking on this subject.

The addresses were given by John Ounsted (Headmaster, Leighton Park), Fred Moorhouse (Assistant Secretary, Fellowship of Reconciliation) and Philip Seed (Birmingham Family Service Units).

John Ounsted's talk took the form of an outline of his life and opinions, with comments on the tribunals. He emphasised that if there should be any shadow of doubt in anyone's mind the only, and proper thing to do is to enlist for service in the forces.

Fred Moorhouse, talking on "The Faith of a Christian Pacifist" was lucid and stimulating. He suggested seven paths which a Christian should follow in this world: the paths of peace, selflessness, love, forgiveness, suffering, reconciliation and returning good for evil. If, he suggested, these paths were followed, it would be impossible to wage war, and he felt that as such these paths should be the basis of Christian Pacifism. It was emphasised that Peace would not be the solution to all our problems. Peace in itself means that some people are likely to suffer, and, we were told, might even mean the occupation of this country.

The final speaker was Philip Seed, who discussed the problems that tribunals present, along with some comments on the conditional and un-conditional stand which C.O.'s may take. For those taking the conscientious objection stand, he suggested that practical peace-making could be achieved through work camps.

The Conference then divided into study and discussion groups, considering such subjects as "How far can a C.O. test his own sincerity?" "How far can he adopt a logically consistent position, and at what point should he take his stand?" Another group dealt with the question of whether war had ever produced peaceful consequences. A third group discussed the relative values of changing the structure of society, as in Marx's Communism, or of changing the people that constitute society in order to create a peaceful world, as Dr Billy Graham is attempting to do.

The final session of the Conference was the presentation of the reports from discussion groups.

We should like to take this opportunity to express our gratitude to Colin Fawcett, Reckitt Housemaster, and to Eric Tucker, Secretary of the Friends' Peace Committee, for the work they undertook to make the weekend a success.

David Burnett and Nigel Weaver, Form VI

Junior Yearly Meeting, 1955

JUNIOR Yearly Meeting was held this year in London, lasting two days. It was therefore rather shorter than usual, but we managed to get much help from the discussions, based on the theme, "Quakerism—a Faith to live by". We were divided up into groups of about a dozen people, including a leader and an older Friend, whom we found invaluable.

The three discussions were based on the following themes.

Firstly, in what important beliefs do we agree with other Christians and where do we differ? However, we found ourselves discussing other points as well, which were not on the programme, such as the divinity of Christ.

The second group-discussion was about Quaker Testimonies. We discussed various Testimonies as to whether they were, firstly, practical, and, secondly, essential today. The Peace Testimony was brought up, and we felt that active Pacifism—arranging work camps in areas of tension and so on—was worth a great deal more than passive Pacifism. We decided that practically all the traditional Quaker testimonies were as essential today as they have ever been. It was up to us to make them practical.

The third discussion was of a somewhat different kind. We were sometimes accused, it was stated, of neglecting to cultivate the spiritual side of our lives and of hampering the spread of our spiritual message through giving too much time to "good works."

This brought up the question of whether one had to worship with others to have real communion with God. We felt that corporate worship was very valuable, but that Quakers working alone among backward races in foreign parts would often find themselves very near God without group-worship. But the danger of God sliding out of our lives through a lot of "busy-ness" and "good works" at home is a very real one, and can be guarded against by regular attendance at Meeting for Worship once or twice a week.

We attended the open session of Yearly Meeting on the work of the Friends' Service Council. The Swarthmore Lecture, and the Y.M. Session about the concerns of Young Friends were alternatives to evening socials. Sunday morning was free, so that we could be with our relations or hosts for Morning Meeting. Those staying at hostels spent the morning at Friends' House.

The younger group had excursions in London in the afternoon, while the elder group attended a Y.M. Session. In the evening there was a dance in Hampstead, or another Y.M. Session. Then came our closing Session, which was used for the preparation of the Minute on the findings of J.Y.M.; the Meeting for Worship which followed was most moving.

As soon as this was over we had to leave in order to catch the train—which we half hoped to miss!—by a few minutes, thus missing the last item on the J.Y.M. programme. We sang in the train on the way back and had a good supper at eight o'clock.

We had met many people, made new friends and been reunited with old ones, and altogether had a full and profitable weekend.

Eleanor Johnson and Bronwen Mace, Form V

As You Like It

(December 3rd and 4th, 1954)

A professional actor, they say, can think of something entirely different and yet not play a part badly: an amateur on the other hand can put his heart and soul into it and still not act well. Be as that may, the latter's disadvantage is increased at school by lack of range, experience, and above all age (the make-up man can never quite compensate for the absence of the professional's voice and carriage in elderly parts) and there would thus seem to be little future for the school play apart from the fun of spotting old so-and-so behind those moustachios.

How, then, to explain the manifest success by any standard of the School's *As You Like It*? The answer lies, surely, in clearness of diction (most of the cast spoke up well and were a pleasure to hear), the intelligent use of the near-apron stage with the resultant variation in grouping and exits, and above all (despite a tendency for the opening lines to be delivered before a scene had time to become established) what passed for a genuine Bankside pace.

Coming to the individual actors, Rosalind was eminently satisfactory, failing only to be convincingly downcast in the counterfeit fainting scene. In a part written for a boy she conserved the adolescence while adding the refinement of womanliness: audible, varied, appealing, and even commanding where required, this was an entirely credible performance. Her Celia gave the exact degree of support required.

Orlando was well spoken and had no difficulty in conveying both his virile and lovelorn facets. Not all his colleagues were so uniformly successful, however: Touchstone seemed at his best in the least fluent moments, as when joined by Amiens in his "Hey Nonny No", when he gave himself time to take his audience with him. Jaques came within an ace of success in what must be one of the most difficult of Shakespearean parts. The comments above on "school old age" apply with special force to the part of Adam, and here it is no disgrace to the actor to say that complete conviction

cluded him though he spoke up well and enlisted our sympathy. The unhappy usurper Frederick spoiled his effects by too much ranting, though in all fairness the part offers little scope for anything else.

Inexperience even has its advantages and the wrestler Charles won us over by a display of unscientific villainy which was a disgrace to his profession. Le Beau, despite a rather individual style of affectation, managed to make the most of it and Oliver improved on his second entry, in which he of all those present came nearest to a genuine Renaissance figure. The Duke maintained a dignified pace throughout. Amiens spoke and carried herself well and has obviously the makings of a good singing voice.

Moreover there was no weakness in the rustic crew, where many an *As You Like It* has bogged down. Silvius was clear, Corin confident, and his Phoebe a most accomplished courtier-shepherdess. Audrey convinced without trouble, Sir Oliver Martext made the maximum impact with his one big line, and a most bucolic William gave us the requisite belly-laugh.

No complaints, therefore, and all in all a most enjoyable and creditable evening.

An Old Scholar

A Quaker Three Choirs' Festival

THE Large Meeting House in Friends House was full for the concert given on May 3rd by the combined choirs and orchestras of Leighton Park, Sidcot and Saffron Walden, when most of Handel's oratorio *Israel in Egypt* was performed.

As a prelude to the oratorio, the 5th Brandenburg Concerto of Bach was played. This, I felt, was a greater test for the orchestra than all the Handel put together: the 5th Brandenburg is not the easiest of the set. They are all masterpieces in their own right and make considerable demands on the players. In this 5th Concerto the pianist is taxed to the full, especially in the first movement, but the long piano cadenza spelt no fears for Arthur Baines, whose sense of rhythm throughout was excellent. The simple and profound Adagio, where flute, violin and piano weave a pattern of conversation among themselves while the orchestra listens in silence, required a more closely knit performance, with each phrase flowing into the next and still being apart from it. Here the soloists were not completely at one with each other, but as a whole the Concerto was bright and rhythmical, and the conductor, Donald Pitcher, avoided the lifeless kind of performance from which Bach sometimes suffers.

For those whose knowledge of Handel is confined to *Messiah* and little else, *Israel in Egypt* must have been an eye-opener. For everyone it was a stimulating and moving experience. *Israel in Egypt* was badly received in Handel's day, but to all who heard the inspiring performance on May 3rd must have come the thought: why is this fine music not heard more often?

It would be difficult to give too much praise to those who put so much work into this concert. The choir—I counted 120 at least —was well supported by a combined schools orchestra. Wilfred Brown (tenor) sang the Recitatives with beautiful control and feeling, and three youthful members of the choir joined forces in the alto airs. But this, in the main, is a choral work, and from the first thrilling chorus "And the children of Israel sighed" to the final "Sing ye to the Lord" the choir sang with immense vigour and feeling. Richard Sturge, who conducted, brought out the dramatic qualities of the work to the full, and his control over such a large assembly in rather cramped conditions was praiseworthy. He deserved our warm thanks for the hard work which must have fallen very largely on his shoulders, and without which so fine a display of music would not have proved possible.

Handel's ability to stimulate the reality of the spoken word is everywhere apparent in this oratorio. We really can feel a shudder going down our spine as we hear the vivid accompaniment to the words: "Their land brought forth frogs", and, as if this was not enough to put up with, "he gave them hailstones for rain". Handel's frogs and hailstones leave little to the imagination. So much for his genius. But perhaps most impressive are the final choruses of "The Lord shall reign for ever and ever" where the cry of the trumpet is so triumphant and undisputed.

In introducing the performers, Gerald Littleboy said that, although the Schools had drawn slightly on outside help, most of those taking part were scholars or staff. They had also given a performance in the Parish Church at Saffron Walden on May 2nd.

The loud and prolonged applause at the end was evidence enough of our enjoyment at being able to share in this achievement. We had not only learned something more about a work seldom heard, but we had also seen an ambitious venture successfully carried out. May we be privileged to hear this combined choir again?

I.A.H.

(Reprinted from "The Friend" of 13th May, 1955, by kind permission of the Editor).

Choir Weekend at Walden

IMPRESSIONS of a period of time so short and yet so closely packed with activity as the Choir Weekend are bound to be somewhat kaleidoscopic. One looks and sees rushing crowds, crowds rushing from meals to rehearsals, to more meals, to dances, and remembers the tiredness we felt when all was over; and then the pattern changes and one sees small groups strolling over the field and front lawn, and remembers the quiet of Sunday evening prayers. One sees the School bathed in warm sunlight, and summer dresses flitting to and fro; and then, suddenly, the dark glowering skies and heavy rain, and the jerseys hastily donned. One remembers the concentrated effort that went into rehearsals, and the more easeful pleasures we enjoyed out of them. And above all, *Israel in Egypt*. We woke up in the morning to strains of *Israel in Egypt* borne on the early air, we sang it all day, in rehearsals and out, and we went to sleep at night with strains of it in our ears.

In the rehearsals themselves, we worked hard. There was so short a time for us to develop as a choir. Sidcot had not rehearsed with tenors and basses, nor Leighton Park with sopranos and altos; we'd none of us practised the double choruses with a second choir. The first practice went remarkably well; but we had no chance to become proud of our attainments, for a good rehearsal seemed invariably to be followed by a bad. The worst of all was the rehearsal in the Church on the Monday afternoon, when the trebles sang sharp, the basses flat, and certain sections of the orchestra played happily half a bar behind the rest.

But the weekend was a holiday too. The fact that Leighton Park and Sidcot were normally far removed from Cambridge and that Cambridge was a place one ought to know, provided a good excuse for hiring a trio of coaches and taking ourselves thither for the greater part of the Saturday. The daffodils along the Backs were faded, but the tulips at Trinity were deep red against the white cherry blossom, and clumps of primroses were still on the banks. Most people sported on or in the river, and some of the bolder spirits even dared to punt. Conducted tours of the colleges were organised for those who did not know Cambridge, and taught even those who had thought they did, something of their ignorance.

We showed off our more immediate neighbourhood by arranging a trip to Audley End House; some of our guests went exploring for themselves, and found a common, and a fair. They knew the Parish Church thoroughly when we'd rehearsed in it for an afternoon and sung in it for an evening, knew it even to the last echo that mockingly hissed the final "s" around the vaulted roof, and to

the last stone that resounded unblushingly to the tramp of feet as we proceeded to our appointed places.

Then there were the mealtimes, strange at first, with unfamiliar faces, and polite conversations and awkward pauses; but under the mellowing influence of the M.C.'s "lighter notes" they soon became more boisterously natural.

The uninitiated quickly became initiated in the mysteries of "bad eggs"; and even the couple system had stretched its embrace beyond the bounds of Walden when the weekend was over.

And the performances. The glorious feeling that now all the promise of weeks and months of rehearsal was being fulfilled, that we could put our last ounce of energy into the work, and enjoy the singing. And we did enjoy it. And the orchestra enjoyed playing. And the audience enjoyed listening; or so they said. And as we left Friends' House on the Tuesday night we felt very grateful to all who had made the weekend possible, and hoped that *Israel in Egypt* would prove to be the first of a series of choral works sung together by the choirs of our three schools.

J.R.A.

Debating Society

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

On November 2nd, 1954, the second meeting of the Autumn Term was held to debate a motion expressing our regret at being "separated from our modern school contemporaries at the age of eleven". Mr Haselgrove proposed the motion, explaining the grounds on which he disagreed with the eleven-plus examination. Susan Haselgrove gave the solution to the problem as an increase in the inter-play between schools. Miss Titleboam, opposing the motion, disagreed with the idea of comprehensive schools and clearly explained her reasons. Geoffrey Weaver, assisting Miss Titleboam, saw no solution but to have an improved examination at eleven-plus with the consequent separation. The debate from the floor was on the whole weak and the motion was finally defeated. A pleasant sequel to the debate came when, the following week, Mr Haselgrove took a party of seniors round the new Saffron Walden Technical and Modern School.

The next meeting was held on December 9th. The motion was "This House prefers woad to taffeta". Alan Sillitoe appeared as an advocate of woad (and thus simplicity of life) against Jill



F.S.S.W. v. Braintree C.H.S.—Anthony Wallis long-jumping
Photo: John Robertson, Form VI



Mr Sturge at the Friends' House rehearsal of *Israel in Egypt*
Photo: Susan Haselgrove, Form VI



Scraper-board *by Mary Busch, Form III*

Baker, who found that clothes are sometimes a necessity, not a luxury. Jane Evans seconded Sillitoe and felt that sophistication corrupted one's social outlook and promoted vanity. John Edwards supported taffeta and told us that as Britain only possessed four woad farms, woad life would be very expensive. Many irrelevant but humorous arguments were put forward from the floor and the motion was carried by a slender majority.

In the Spring Term, 1955, the first meeting was for business and almost turned into a debate in itself, with many ingenious arguments being put forward for and against the admittance of Form IV people to debates. It was finally decided to invite them. A decision was also made that members of the Committee should be elected at the beginning of each academic year. Finally a suggestion mooted by Mr Beeson was approved, namely that a "Journal of Current Events" should be kept by members of the Society in which they could give facts or comments concerning current topics. The first, on improvements in the railways, was done by Merren Gray and Anne Sayer. A postscript was added by John W. Robertson, who found some of their opinions not quite to the taste of a railway enthusiast. Members and non-members alike will find the Journal on the shelf to the left of the Library door, with the dictionaries.

For the second meeting of the term, in February, the Society took a topical question and debated a motion expressing belief in equal pay for equal work. Joyce Coffin, proposing the motion, saw in the opposition to equal pay a remnant of the old idea that women are inferior to men. She was supported by Christine Seager who considered the statistical and financial aspect of the problem. Brian Gatward, worried by the practical results of the introduction of equal pay, opposed the motion and was femininely assisted by Isobel Jones who feared that the introduction of equal pay might result in unemployment for women. The minutes of the Society record that there was a "continuous stream of speakers" from the floor. Finally, the largest attendance the Society has had so far (including members of Form IVa) voted against equal pay by a large majority.

The last meeting of term, held early in March, was in light-hearted vein, of the type that the Society likes to hold each term. The House was asked to choose between the life of a tramp and that of a teacher. Alan Sillitoe, drawing upon his "experience" of "teaching" French and German explained humorously why he was driven to tramping, while Mr Pierce defended his profession by asking the House not to judge the matter on animal comforts but on achievement in life. Dennis Lindsey, proud of being apprenticed

to a member of the "Brethren of the Road", seconded Sillitoe, and Jennifer Eames ably assisted Mr Pierce to a narrow victory by six votes. The debate from the floor was lively and humorous and we were glad to welcome Mrs Littleboy to our debates once more.

In conclusion the Committee wishes to thank principal speakers (staff and scholars) very warmly for their contributions to our debates. Mr Wright has also made contributions on each occasion. It is only to be hoped that the Society will be as well served in future terms.

March, 1955. *Nigel Weaver, Form VI*

Natural History Society

WE have had six meetings since the last issue of *The Avenue*. Three of these were in the Autumn Term and the remainder in the Spring Term.

On October 26th Mr Haselgrove came to tell us about a visit which he, and a group from the New School paid to Holland last summer. He illustrated his talk with lantern slides, films and tape-recordings, and although his talk was perhaps not strictly scientific, it was very interesting.

The evening of November 9th was devoted to the efforts of members themselves. David Burnett and Brian Gatward read a joint paper on the Biology Camp held near Halesworth in the summer. Jill Baker read a paper on the Sabre-Toothed Tiger, illustrating it with diagrams and maps, and Doreen Young read a paper, prepared in conjunction with Diane Hollingbery, on the methods and recent results of the weather recording group.

On 30th November, the final meeting of the Autumn Term, Mr Ilsley paid us another visit. He gave a talk on mechanical farming, making special reference to Essex, and illustrated his talk with film strips.

In the Spring Term we held only three meetings, owing to the fact that the Saffron Walden Countryside Association also hold their meetings on Tuesdays. One of these meetings, which many members attended, was on March 15th, and took the form of an interesting debate on Myxomatosis.

The first meeting this term, on February 1st, was a Brains Trust. The "panel" consisted of Mrs Mummery, Mr Pumphrey, Mr Jacob and Mr Beeson. The questions ranged from serious topics

such as the peaceful advance of science, to the more light-hearted ones about rats deserting sinking ships and Abominable Snowmen! When asked to choose any living scientist to represent them on the panel, Mr Pumphrey concluded that he was irreplaceable!

Miss Alderson gave us a talk on March 22nd, taking as her subject "The Piltdown Forgery". This Topic, which at first glance appears to be highly specialized, was dealt with in a highly interesting manner, and, although technical, was easy to understand.

On March 8th we had a programme of three short films. The first one was about milk, and described methods of increasing its production by the correct use of fertilizers on the grazing soil. Fernhurst Research Station was described in the second film, and the third film, which contained some amusing animations, was about the Flea Beetle.

The Meteorology Group have been continuing their activities this year, and several changes in the instruments have been made. The rain gauge and the one-foot thermometer have been moved, the ground around the Stevenson screen has been returfed, and a fence has been erected around the area to prevent interference. Incidentally, a record low temperature of 4°F was recorded on February 28th.

Jill Baker, Form VI

Library Report

NINETY-EIGHT books have been added to the Library since October and the fiction section has benefited most from the additions, which have included a number of attractively bound "Penguins". A generous increase in the School Committee's grant is helping all sections. Statistics prove that the School is already making good use of improving facilities: in the Autumn Term borrowings reached 1,239, the highest total ever for any one term, while last term's borrowings (1,012) represented the highest figure yet reached for what is euphemistically called the Spring Term.

The Library has been enriched by discriminating gifts from Jennie Ellinor, Arthur L. Hayward, Gerald Littleboy, G. Stanley Pumphrey, Charles Reed, John Skelton, Nigel Weaver, Mary Whiteman and Richard Wright. And it has been excellently served by the Library Committee.

C.A.M.

Boys' Reading Club

EIGHT new members were welcomed to the Club in the Autumn Term; Mrs L. Beeson, Raymond Poole, Anthony Wallis, David Burnett, Hugh Clarke, Alan Pike, Geoffrey and Nigel Weaver.

"Jonah and the Whale" was read at a meeting earlier in the term, and this play opened the discussion. It was introduced by John Robertson, who pointed out the surprising similarity to the Bible story. He said, however, that this was a bad thing, because the moral of the play was twisted from that intended in the Bible, and presented a much more gruesome picture of the Almighty. It was generally agreed that it was a good comedy, though Bridie had very little to say compared with some other writers.

Alan Sillitoe then introduced Sir John Hunt's book "The Ascent of Everest". He thought the book was solid, too rigidly chronological, and without sparkle. Many members however had thoroughly enjoyed the book, and preferred it as it was. Hunt had "missed the boat" over description of dangers, but altogether had selected and bound together points very well.

Antony Newton, in his introduction to Josephine Tey's book "The Daughter of Time", pointed out the unusual presence of only one suspect in what was essentially a detective novel. Some members had been bored by it, but others found it excellently written, and very deftly produced and described. The question of the guilt of Richard III then arose, but no definite conclusions were reached.

"Animal Farm", by George Orwell, was introduced by Mr Beeson. He gave an excellent short life-history of Orwell, and then pointed out the similarity of characters in the book to Russian politicians. The book was much enjoyed by the club, though it was thought to be dangerous in that it carried one a little further than the truth.

The Spring Term's three books provoked a very good discussion.

"In the Wet", by Nevil Shute, introduced by Nigel Weaver, was considered a fraud: everyone was annoyed by the way they had been plunged into the future from an excellent book on life in Northern Australia. The two stories were good, but why combine them in the same book? Many other criticisms were raised, and argument developed over the multiple vote. Thus "In the Wet" was not so popular as its price and selling rate might lead one to expect.

The most popular book was "After Everest", by Howard Somervell, introduced by Geoffrey Weaver. It is very rare to find a book that combines adventure with philosophy in such a clearly readable, easy and sincere manner. Everyone agreed it was a

remarkable effort for a doctor, and although various small criticisms were made the book came through the discussion untarnished.

"The Story of Quakerism", by Elfrida Vipont, was introduced by Mr Mummery. He was disappointed with the book, and this view was shared. It was stories of Quakers, with the inevitable "live" and "dead" periods, rather than the story of Quakerism. The Author's flair for biography had merely enabled her to ice an old cake. The doctrinal side of Quakerism was barely touched upon, and the question of the future of a Faith of the Seventeenth century in a society of the Twentieth was not even asked. The discussion remained on this topic for some time, and was of great benefit to the members of the Sixth Form present.

John Robertson, Form VI

Middle Literary Society

THE Middle Literary Society has met once a week on Tuesday evenings in the Assembly Hall for the past two terms.

One evening Mrs Wright sang various German songs to us. Another time a few of the Staff acted as "the panel" in an "Any Questions?" evening. Mr Mummery gave us an amusing time when he talked about "English Humour", and Mr Wright spoke on his experiences in the East. We had two debates, the first one on the motion, "This House is opposed to the intentional spreading of myxomatosis". The motion was defeated by two votes. The motion of the second one was, "This House would have preferred to have lived a hundred years ago". The motion was defeated by thirty-seven votes to three.

Some meetings were given over to miscellaneous programmes including panel games and general knowledge competitions.

In the course of the year we compiled a list of the books, fiction and non-fiction, which members had read recently and had enjoyed.

The whole Society was a great success and we greatly appreciated the time Mr Pierce spent in arranging our evenings.

Chelmsford Music Festival

ONCE again a party of musicians visited the Chelmsford Musical Festival, and had considerable success. We set out straight after breakfast on Saturday, May 21st, this time in four cars driven by the music staff, and we reached Chelmsford at 9.15 a.m., in plenty of time for our first item. This was the two piano class adjudicated by Douglas Hopkins. Last year's standard was again

achieved and Margaret Shepherd and Merren Gray won this class, playing "La Calinda", by Delius. Susan Dutton and Judith Reed came third.

The School was well represented in the consort classes. Two of our "not so old" Old Scholars, Malcolm Harvey and Diana Weeden, came first in the intermediate class, playing the first movement of a Vivaldi violin concerto. Susan Dutton and Margaret Shepherd were second with a chansonette for oboe and piano by Hamilton Harty. In the Junior class we obtained both first and second places. Jennifer Dollin, Ian Meyler-Warlow and Jennifer Haines gained 87%, playing a trio for two clarinets and 'cello; Jennifer Dollin and Rosemary Shepherd gained 85% with a Fantasiestücke for clarinet and piano by Gade.

The last item before lunch was the sonata class in which there was keen competition. Miss Stewart, the adjudicator, made some helpful remarks but we were unable to gain any certificates.

Our last entry was for the Pianoforte Trio class. All the entrants for this were past or present Walden scholars. Rosemary Shepherd, Jennifer Haines and Margaret Shepherd did well with their Frank Bridge Miniature, but Malcolm Harvey, Margaret Shepherd and Diana Weeden gained first place as they were the more experienced ensemble.

Some of us were able to stay and listen to the remaining classes but everyone was back at school in time for tea, and looking forward to another successful day next year.

M.R.N. and M.M.S.

Games

Football

Our Under 13's record is: Played 6, Won 0, Drawn 2, Lost 4. Goals for 10; Goals against 16.

They are, in fact, a better side than these figures might suggest and have improved a good deal in the course of the season, losing only after a hard struggle and usually by the odd goal. Moreover, well over half of them will again be under the age next season.

Our Under 15's record is: Played 6, Won 2, Drawn 1, Lost 3. Goals for 11; Goals against 17.

Their main trouble has been slowness and clumsiness, deriving sometimes from inadequate basic skills and sometimes from poor positional sense. There are three or four useful players among them, however, and the rest could reach a higher standard with less complacency.

Our 1st XI have had a wonderful season as the following record shows:—

Played 18, Won 15, Drawn 1, Lost 2. Goals for 110; Goals against 40.

We have had very good 1st XI's these last three or four years, but certainly I believe there has been nothing to compare with this year's XI in the whole history of the School. They were a splendid side, as their 100% away record indicates; in winning all their nine away matches 60 goals were scored and only 17 conceded.

The chief credit for all this goes to the wing halves, Poole and Weaver, G., and, above all, to the wonderful forward line. Nevertheless, the defence stuck faithfully to its task and we do not forget some first-class work under pressure. Sillitoe was usually sound, Main often the best back on the field, and with very fast cover from Clark and Wallis A., the defence was generally quick to perceive and retrieve its errors. When Weaver was hurt in January we thought we were in for trouble, for he had been quite outstanding, but Pickard, despite his lack of weight, tackled with great courage and showed good powers of stamina.

A. H. Newton's captaincy and dribbling were most effective and by his exceptionally clever footwork and bodyswerve he created many openings for the four very fast forwards in front of him—Pike, Edwards, Newton, B., and Mendes. It is no accident that these four all reached the Senior 100 yards final. Moreover, they are not only fast on the track, but in possession of a ball as well, and that can be quite a different kind of speed. Finally, every one of these five forwards could shoot, as 110 goals in only 18 matches bears eloquent witness—an average of over 6 per match. Our previous best total of goals was 70 in the 1949-50 Season and these goals were scored in 23 matches. Normally, we play 20 matches per season, but two games were cancelled this year during the bad weather we experienced in the Easter Term.

The Old Scholars drew here 5—5 in the first match of the season, and the following Saturday we won 3—2 at Braintree. We then beat Harlow 10—0, St. Catharine's College 2nd XI 8—5 at Cambridge, and Huntingdon on our ground 6—0. Then followed our only defeat of the term when Soham Grammar School beat us here 3—1,—this was a grand game, and in doubt until 10 minutes from the end. Then came three away matches: Newmarket we beat 6—0; West Suffolk 9—2; Harlow 12—2. The next match was Earl's Colne's visit, and though at half-time it was 2—2 and Mendes was off the field with slight concussion for the whole of the second half, our four forwards, ably prompted by Poole and Weaver, brought us comfortably through to a 5—2 win.

We had hoped to play Newport, whom Soham had defeated heavily, but gales caused the abandonment of this game, so we had

to set off for Soham, the last match of the term and certainly the toughest nut to crack in our fixture list.

It was bright and sunny when we arrived: they had drained the pitch of flood water: nearly the whole school was lining the touchline, and they were still unbeaten in 16 matches. Straight from the kick-off they swept into action with fast, clever, open football and very strong tackling. In five minutes, Sillitoe (and the ball!) had been charged into the net and before 20 minutes was up they led 3—0, and deservedly so. Our tactics were obviously mistaken against a side like this, and a word to Pike sent him inside right with Mendes on the wing. Immediately, he opened up the game with Newton, scored a grand goal, laid-on another for Edwards, and when Edwards scored a third in a goal-mouth scramble, we had made a great recovery and crossed over level. In the second half, Edwards ran through to score a brilliant goal and give us the lead 4—3. This roused Soham to a great fighting effort, and for 20 minutes our defence was under constant pressure. Only one goal was conceded and time after time desperate saves and tackles saved the day for us. At 4—4 the game was almost too exciting to watch, but then our inside forwards and wing halves coolly took command as Soham's great effort died down, and Pike and Newton cleverly engineered an opening for Mendes to centre low to Edwards, who side-footed the ball into the net—his fourth goal and our fifth. It was a wonderful exhibition of pluck, endurance and skill by everyone of the 22 players. This 5—4 win was the finest performance by a Friends' School team that I have ever been privileged to see.

We opened the Easter Term with a 6—1 win at Earl's Colne, only to lose the following Saturday 5—2 at home to St. Christopher's, who, whilst playing quite well and winning deservedly, had a strangely off-form team to deal with. The match came at the end of mid-year exams., but whatever the cause, it was our slowest and worst effort of the season. The following Wednesday at Newport we also seemed to have lost our grip, until a revival in the last ten minutes brought us three goals and a 3—1 victory. Bad weather then intervened and we lost a match or two through cancellation before our next game at home against Newmarket. This we won 8—4, and followed it the next Saturday with an 8—2 victory against Old Scholars. When Newport came here on March 9th, a 5-2 win for us in thick melting snow brought us two achievements worth recording. Not for many years have we beaten Newport Grammar School twice in a season: furthermore, the third goal was our 100th of the Season. Two more goals after that and eight at Huntingdon the same week made assurance doubly sure. Our 8—0 win at Huntingdon was our first visit there to play the Grammar School

and ended the season on the first dry ground we had seen since early December.

1st XI's colours were awarded to the whole team, and also to M. Pickard, the twelfth man, in recognition of their most outstanding season.

Colours are therefore held by: A. Sillitoe: H. Clarke, S. Main: G. Weaver, A. Wallis, R. Poole: P. Mendes, A. Pike, A. Newton (capt.), J. Edwards, B. Newton. 12th Colour: M. Pickard.

Athletics (Spring Term)

We have now completed about three-quarters of the athletic events in the House Competition, and in spite of the rigours of the weather, some fast times and good distances were recorded, including five new records.

A. Wallis improved upon his High Jump record of last year by a further $\frac{3}{4}''$ on the bleakest of days. His new record stands at 5′ 3″ and his western roll style was a model of controlled spring. His lay-out is still open to improvement, however, so he may yet go higher still!

J. Bradbury cut 2 secs. off P. Mercer's 1954 record of 2 min. 25·6 secs. for the Under 15 Half Mile. When he has acquired a better lap judgment, Bradbury could well endanger the Senior Half Mile record in a couple of years' time. His effort this year was certainly a very good one.

The other three records were in House Relays (4 x 110 yards). The Under 12 Tuke team of Bayliss, Guthrie, Clark and Casling returned 66·4 secs. for a new record by 0·2 sec. Mennell achieved victory in both Senior and Under 15 events and thereby established two new records in 50·2 and 53·2 secs. respectively. Both of these times were substantially inside the previous best, and the teams were:—

Mennell Senior: Burnett, Chetsingh, Elsworth, Mendes.

Mennell Under 15: Avery, Higgs, Spackman, Bradbury.

J.E.F.

Hockey and Netball

In hockey we had a very good and comparatively successful autumn term, winning all but two of our fourteen matches; The highlight of which was our 9—2 defeat of Girton College, Cambridge. Jeanetta Mabbott was chosen to play Centre Forward for the Cambridgeshire Junior XI this season. Because of the very bad weather in the Spring we were only able to play five hockey matches, winning four of them and losing one.

As well as three hockey teams we ran two netball teams this year, chosen out of the small group of netball players in school. We won two out of the three matches that were played.

The teams this year were as follows:—

Hockey

	First XI	Under 15 XI	Under 14 XI
Goal	Jill Baker*	Judith Allen	Vanessa Watson
Right Back	Jean Scott	Brenda Miles	Moira Lawrie
Left Back	Janet Hunn†	Geraldine Young	Jennifer Pike
Left Half	Sarah Newman	Marygold Paul (Capt.)	Marion Battley
Centre Half	Jane Evans	Jennifer Ellis	Janet Ludgate
Right Half	Bronwen Mace	Sally MacClymont	Judith Wilson
Right Wing	Margaret Martin	Paula Gosling	Barbara Stokes
Right Inner	Janet Rice (Capt.)*	Jane Whitlow	Jillian Webb
Centre Forward	Jeanetta Mabbott*	Rosemary Scott	Rosemary Scott (Capt.)
Left Inner	Susan Dutton	Jane Pennell	Linda Smith
Left Wing	Myrtle Wyatt†	Delia Gribble	Jean Frost
Reserve	Anne Maclay	Jean Frost	Mary Hurrell & Clare White

* Colours already held.

† Colours presented this Season.

Netball

	First VII	Under 15 VII
Shooter	Janet Hunn	Margaret Peacock
Attack	Elizabeth Weaver	Jennifer Dollin
Centre Attack	Jennifer Haines	Susan Jones
Centre	Joyce Coffin * (Capt.) (or Anne Maclay)	Jean Frost
Centre Defence	Diana Price	Barbara Stokes
Defence	Paula Gosling	Rosemary Scott
Goalkeeper	Susan Haselgrove	Jacqueline Green

Athletics

Athletic standards were worked for through the winter and the finals took place at the end of the Spring Term and the beginning of the Summer Term. Much keenness and hard work were put into the preparation for our two Mixed Athletic Matches, both of which we won comparatively easily. We hope this year to enter a few competitors in the Cambridgeshire County Sports.

The Girls' Athletics Records to date are as follows:—

UNDER 12 YEARS

100 yards: Jeanetta Mabbott (1949) 14 secs.
Moira Lawrie (1954) equalled 14 secs.
High Jump: Moira Lawrie (1954) 4 feet 2 inches.
Long Jump: Jeanetta Mabbott (1949) 13 feet 1 inch.

UNDER 13 YEARS

100 yards: Jane Evans (1952) 12·8 secs.
High Jump: Moira Lawrie (1955) 4 feet 4 inches.
Long Jump: Jeanetta Mabbott (1950) 14 feet 9 inches.
Relay: v. West Suffolk County Grammar School (1955) 60·2 secs.

UNDER 14 YEARS

100 yards: Jeanetta Mabbott (1951) 12·8 secs.
High Jump: Moira Lawrie (1955) 4 feet 4 inches.
Long Jump: Myrtle Wyatt (1952) 15 feet 2 inches.
Hurdles (75 yds.): Jeanetta Mabbott (1951) 12·4 secs.

UNDER 15 YEARS

100 yards: Myrtle Wyatt (1953) 12·4 secs.
Myrtle Wyatt (1954) equalled 12.4 secs.
High Jump: Moira Lawrie (1955) 4 feet 4 inches.
Long Jump: Myrtle Wyatt (1952) 15 feet 2 inches.
Hurdles: Jeanetta Mabbott (1951) 12·4 secs.
220 yards: D. Madeley (1936) 30·8 secs.
Relay: v. Braintree (1954) 56·6 secs.

SENIOR

100 yards: B. Snow (1933) 11·8 secs.
Margaret Pilgrim (1953) equalled 11·8 secs.
Myrtle Wyatt (1955) equalled 11·8 secs.
High Jump: Myrtle Wyatt (1955) 4 feet 6 inches.
Long Jump: Margaret Pilgrim (1952) 16 feet 9 inches.
Hurdles: Margaret Pilgrim (1953) 10·6 secs.
220 yards R. Cawsfield (1910) 28·6 secs.
B. Snow (1933) equalled 28·6 secs.
Relay: v. West Sufffolk County Grammar School (1955) 56 secs.

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, Magazine of the Friends' School, Lancaster, The Georgian, The Leightonian, The Portico, St. Christopher Magazine, and School Echoes.

Editorial Board

We welcome Nigel Weaver, Barbara Revans, and John Edwards to the Board. Other members are Tim Evens, Kenneth L. Whitlow, Lenon Beeson, Joyce Coffin, Isobel Jones, Anne Sayer, Alan Sillitoe, and Antony Newton.



HARTS
PRINTERS
SAFFRON
WALDEN