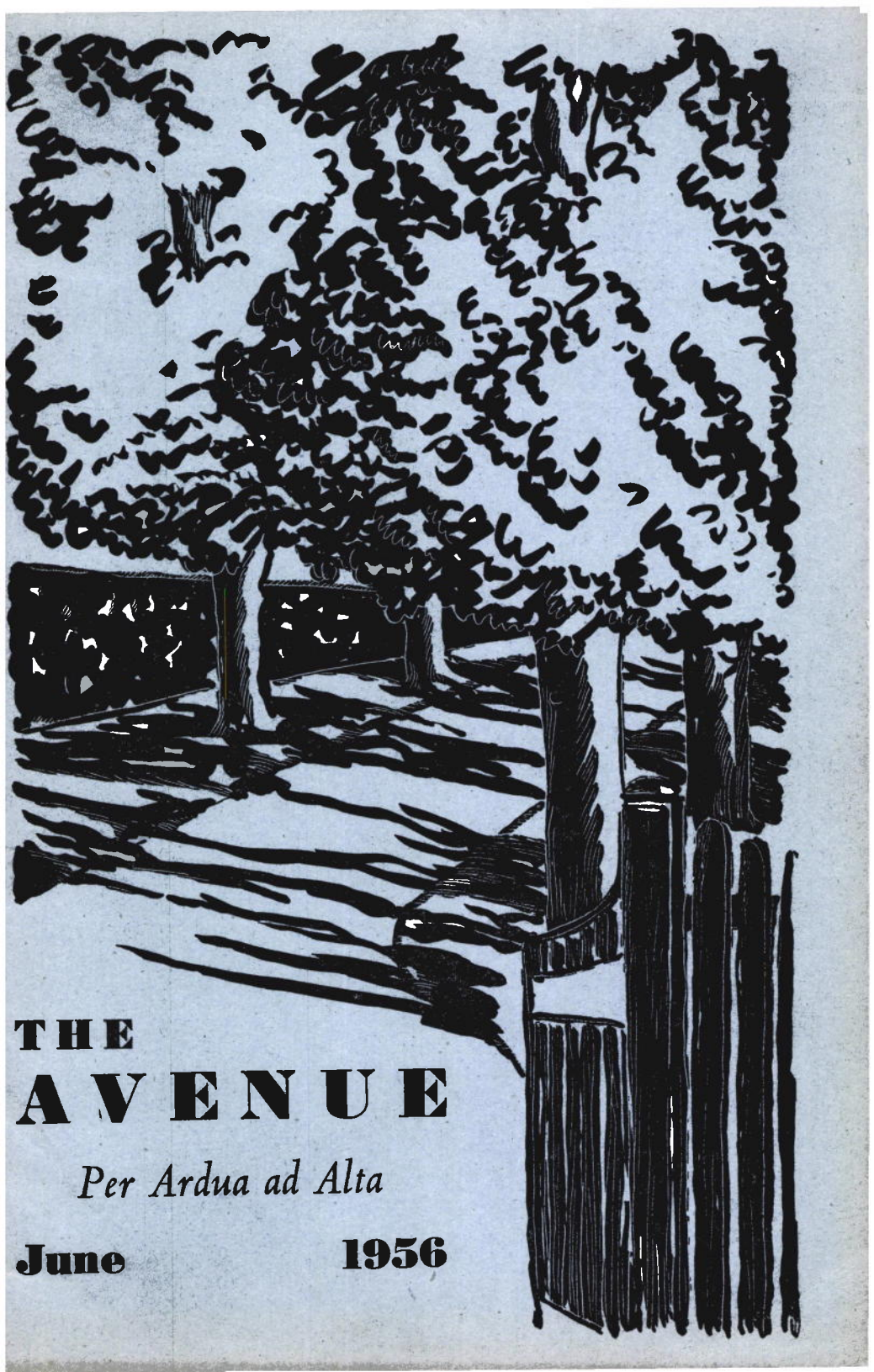


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

June **1956**



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E. LOW

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 42 No. 125 **June, 1956**

Editorial

"THAT'S your ice-cream in!" said the porter at Audley End Station as he bundled the Walls' crate into the guards'-van, his face splitting into the special grin that he reserves for Friends' School day-scholars and the teacher who, he fondly believes, spends every second of the daily train-rattle into Walden doing their prep. for them. Only, this Saturday morning there were no lessons, and consequently no green blazers and much-used satchels bounced on the carriage seat opposite me: instead, two very grown-up young strangers in their best clothes sat looking soberly out of the dusty windows.

Before long I guessed from the bulging rucksack, the overfull weekend case, that these were in fact not so very different from my usual travelling companions; the newcomers had merely stood on an earlier step of the same educational escalator. For this was Whitsun, when the continuity of the slow-moving, upward process becomes strikingly evident. To new members of the School, and to old Old Scholars, it is a time of unreflecting gaiety; but for those who are now approaching the walking-off stage, and for those who have only recently taken the first step into the world outside, there are moments when the gaiety becomes a meagre protection against the unwelcome thought of leaving school behind. To them we offer the consolation that though they leave, the process goes on; second form girls will still hang over the banisters to admire irresistible dance-dresses, and small boys will still enthusiastically applaud enormous cricket scores. In them, moreover, the process continues each time they enjoy some satisfaction that they first learned to enjoy here: "More than a treat —a food!"

Inter Alia

AMONG the recipients in the New Year Honours List for 1956 was Professor Kathleen Lonsdale, F.R.S., a member of the School Committee. Kathleen Lonsdale, Professor of Chemistry and head of the Department of Crystallography at University College, London, was appointed a Dame of the British Empire (D.B.E.) One of four women to receive this honour, she was quoted in *The Daily Herald* as saying "I stand for unilateral and complete disarma-

ment". *The News Chronicle* reported that Mrs Lonsdale is "proud of the fact that she went to 'jail' for objecting to a no-conscience clause in the 1943 Fire Watching Act". She also visited Russia with a Quaker Mission in 1951, and in 1954 undertook a tour of Australia, New Zealand, Japan, Thailand, India, and Canada.

* * *

The Chemistry Lab., which was burnt out last October, was ready for use again by the Spring Term. Talking of fires—Guy Fawkes night was celebrated with a bigger flare-up than Mr Wright excepted. Also, Mr Benham distinguished himself with an early-morning fire practice on the Boys' Side.

* * *

The Sixth Form has had an interesting series of lectures on Friday nights. Those speaking were Eleanor Aitken, A. I. Polack, Sylvia Clarke, Robert Landow, J. H. Anderson, George Whiteman, Charles Deakin, and J. Hall Todd. Other visitors whom we have been pleased to welcome since last October were Robin Hodgkin, Harold Loukes, John Ferguson—a Senior Lecturer in Classics, Queen Mary College, London University, John Fletcher, Victor Murray—Principal of Cheshunt College, William Sewell—the author of *Strange Harmony*, Bernard Canter—the Editor of the *Friend*, George Gorman, Alfred Tucker, Duncan Fairn—a Prison Commissioner, and the Rev. G. P. Smailes, all of whom spoke in Evening Meeting.

* * *

A number of Second Form boys have spent some of their Sunday afternoons with the Town Clerk and Mr Osborn clearing public footpaths on behalf of the Countryside Club.

* * *

Since our last edition we have had several lectures. Kevin Walton gave a humorous, and well-appreciated talk on "Antarctica" at Parents' Weekend in the Autumn Term; Mrs Buchanan spoke on "Living with Eskimos"; Guy Butler showed us his film "Athletics in 1955"; and Kenneth and Sonoko Strong gave a talk and showed us films about Japan.

* * *

Films shown have included "The Final Test", "Coral Wonder-world", "Fortune Lane", "Scott of the Antarctic", "Jour de Fête", "Man of Aran", "Marx Brothers at the Circus", and "Light in our Darkness". "Children of Hiroshima" was shown to the Fifth and Sixth Forms, and made a deep impression.

* * *

At long last the Boys' Sixth Form has obtained a Study Room, where it is rumoured that quiet sometimes reigns. There is also a new Junior Common Room. The "Horse Box", so beloved by its occupant, has been removed from Boys' Bedroom II.

Throughout most of the Autumn Term there was a Polio scare in Walden. As a consequence certain favourite haunts were "Out of Bounds". No casualties occurred at School.

* * *

At an official tree-planting in Walden, at the Anglo-American Memorial Playing Field, the School was represented by Ursula and William Rowntree, Kathleen Hopkinson, and David Stacey.

* * *

The School was among the three million listeners who heard Reginald Reynolds (an Old Scholar) speak on John Woolman in the "Lift Up Your Hearts" programme for a week. This meant having the last ten minutes of breakfast in silence. In a letter to the School, Mr Reynolds commented that the scholars' interest and enthusiasm for his broadcasts had helped him greatly.

* * *

The introduction of advertisements in *The Avenue* means an additional source of income for The Avenue Board; but as always, whether or not *The Avenue* improves is a matter entirely up to the School.

* * *

The controversial series of B.B.C. talks by Mrs Knight on "Morals without Religion" are now available in book form in the Library. Other recent additions include "Over the Bridge" by Richard Church, "Beware of Africans" by Reginald Reynolds, "British Political Parties" by McKenzie, "Mathematics in Action" by Sutton, "Introduction to the Statistical Method" by Brookes and Dick, "The Enthronement of Love" by John Ferguson, "The Post-war Decade, 1945-55" by Hampden Jackson, "Introduction to Electronics" by Wood, "Roman Roads, Volume I", "I left my roots in China" by Llewellyn, "Requiem for a Wren" by Shute, "The Houses in Between" by Spring, and "Friends face Reality" by Harold Loukes.

* * *

The reputation of the Choir has even extended to singing round the Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square at the end of the Autumn Term. (See elsewhere in this issue).

* * *

A Work-Group has been formed for fifth and sixth form boys as an alternative to games. At the time of writing they are busily engaged in the acre of "Robin's Acre", clearing away the dense undergrowth now stifling the fruit trees growing there.

* * *

We should like to offer our congratulations to the Staff for the outstanding entertainment of the Spring Term; and to Mr Wright on the birth of Robin Henry.

Trafalgar Square

WHEN the Ministry of Works offered the Friends' Service Council the opportunity to arrange for a choir to sing under the Norwegian Christmas Tree in Trafalgar Square just before Christmas, one likes to think that they thought at once of us. For whatever reason, whether geographical or musical, to us they did turn and glad we were to seize the chance. The normal programme of Christmas music and the preparations leading up to it meant that the Choir was able, without undue time spent during a busy end of term, to accept the offer.

The occasion was a memorable one and Richard Sturge and his singers are to be congratulated upon the success they made of it. Without much knowledge of the conditions, and in complete ignorance of how it was all sounding over the amplifiers, they sang beautifully for close on an hour. Actually it sounded very well. Amplification played strange tricks so that, for instance, the singing could clearly be heard in the Haymarket, while the volume appeared greater from the steps of St. Martin's than to the listener hemmed in by the crowd around the tree itself.

If the invitation is renewed, and we have hopes that it will be, the occasion bids fair to become another Old Scholars' function, if one is to judge by the number who thronged the square on this our first appearance. A very pleasant function too, and a fitting tribute to those who have made the school's music what it is.

K.F.N.

Old Scholars

THE Avenue Board when it published the "News of Old Scholars" in the last issue fully realised that because of the lapse between compiling the feature and publication, it was liable to be inaccurate. The Board has gratefully received the following corrections:

Keith Dobb is apprenticed to Brotherhood's Engineering Co. Ltd., of Peterborough, not, as was previously stated, to an Oil Company.

Richard Ward is not at Waterloo Grammar School but is entering for quantity surveying under the R.I.C.S. at the Liverpool College of Building.

Malcolm Harvey has recently completed a month's tour of Germany with the Royal Engineers' Staff Band. They visited Hamburg, Hanover, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Dortmund, and spent a few days in Belgium.

Margaret Chatten is working in a Children's Hospital at Norwich.

Susan Haselgrove is in Hamburg, where she is working as companion-help in a doctor's house. She is learning to speak German at the same time.

This issue also contains four articles of interest from recent Old Scholars which we are pleased to publish.

"*In Statu Pupillari*"

WHEN, while I was at Walden at Games Weekend, I was told (perhaps I should say "asked") to write my impressions of Oxford for *The Avenue,* I was rather doubtful. However, on consideration, I decided that, in view of my very small number of contributions to *The Avenue* while at school, I ought at least to make the effort.

I suppose the most immediately noticeable thing about the university is the extraordinary number of societies that there are. I put this first because the first thing you find on arrival is a good deal of their propaganda, and this is followed up by a minor torrent of paper during the first week, outlining the benefits to be obtained by joining this or that society, club, or association. There seems to be one for almost everything, and they all look highly desirable and have very good programmes of speakers. It is very difficult to choose between them. The political clubs had lists which made my mouth water. In a class of its own, is, of course, the Union, which offers not only debating each week but also a restaurant, extensive library, reading room, television room, billiards room, and bar. I found the debates a bit disappointing: the speakers seem to be more interested in exercising their wit than in putting forward cogent arguments. However, debates are very impressive, with all the officers and main speakers in evening dress. The Union, by the way, is the last stronghold of the male in Oxford. Women are not admitted as members, but may be invited as guests.

The most striking thing about life in college is the amount that is done for you in things which were not done for you at school, and vice versa. Your bed is made, your shoes cleaned, your room tidied, your washing-up done, and you are waited on at table. But your work is left much more to yourself. Your tutors set you an essay each week and indicate the lectures that will be useful to you, but apart from that you are supposed to know your syllabus and to get on with the work. Lectures are not compulsory, and in any case occupy (for me) only five hours a week. Tutorials take another three, so that apart from eight hours a week nothing is arranged for you.

Most people occupy part of their spare time playing games of one sort or another. I have been playing soccer, which is not as popular as rugger. The standard is low (I think the School 1st XI would mop us up any time) and in any case only about twenty people seem to play football. It is certainly no achievement to play for the college, although it probably is if you happen to be in a larger college which takes more pride in its football.

Oxford in parts is very nice indeed, but the traffic problem which, if you read newspapers, you will be aware of, is very real indeed. It is heavy at all times of the day, but at the peak hour in the evening it is terrible. It is as much as one's life is worth to put a foot into the

High Street, and when the traffic is stopped at one set of traffic lights the queue often extends back to the other. It must be well-nigh impossible to take a right-hand turn. This traffic, of course, does not affect the side streets, some of which are very narrow and seem to be used chiefly by undergraduates who go careering round right-angled bends ringing their bells furiously and hoping. As far as I can find out, undergraduates are not in the least interested in the possible solutions to the traffic problem, although if you read the papers you would think that nobody in Oxford ever talked about anything else.

For those whose interest is wine, women, and a gay life generally, I would like to point out that intoxicants are served with dinner if you want them, that the proportion of men to women in the university is seven to one, and that it is very difficult to enter the colleges undetected after midnight, the defences at all possible points of entry being extremely formidable, sharp, and ingenious. For those whose interest is in their stomachs, I will say that the food is good and plentiful. Breakfast is served at 8.15—9.00 ("Gentlemen arriving at 9.00 will not be served"), lunch at 1.00, and dinner at 7.15. If you want any tea you get it yourself. If there is anyone whose interest is work I will comfort them with the remark that not all that is done at universities is incredibly intellectual. For the Preliminary Examination in Politics, Philosophy, and Economics I have to do some Logic. The most interesting (though I am afraid not the most difficult) thing that I have so far learnt is that the proposition "If Brutus killed Caesar, then there are lions in Africa" is logically entirely without fault. One of the axioms upon which one system of logic is based is the general statement of which a particular example is "If it is raining or it is raining, then it is raining". This sort of thing gives one hope for the future.

ANTONY NEWTON

National Service

TEN O'CLOCK on Sunday evening. The result of one-and-sixpenny contributions is at present giving us Radio Luxembourg at full blast. Bed is the warmest place from which to survey the world! Central Heating runs the length of the hut, but it is pretty useless in this weather. Some other chaps are slowly getting into beds piled high with all clothes that are not being worn. Brian is wielding an iron with great dexterity, and getting quite passable creases on his trousers. Three others are attacking brass buttons with dusters and polish, while another puts a final layer of spit and blacking on to boots that already have a mirror-like surface. Old Pete sits on his bed, gazing wistfully at a locker door covered in pin-ups. He still hasn't noticed the paper golliwog that Brian stuck there four days ago. Several people have still got their heads buried in exercise books, trying to fathom the intricacies of A.C. circuits in preparation for the first set of exams.

At the end of thirty-six weeks we shall have taken numerous exams, and during the longest course in the R.A.F. will have been stuffed with diagrams and know-how till it falls out of our ears. This is the cheerful prospect we face at the moment. Eight months to spend in this place, with Calne as our nearest town of importance, famous for its sausages and bacon. Chippenham boasts a N.A.A.F.I. Club, but not much else. Out of this gloom sprang the realisation that Cheltenham was only forty-five miles away. Mr Rogers rose nobly to the occasion, and I went over to see them a fortnight ago. I inspected the college workshop, and was highly delighted to see the familiar system rising among buildings reminiscent of King's College, Cambridge. I was privileged to dine out of their best dinner set, which most of you will remember!

A quarter past eleven, and those who spent their weekend at home are drifting in. First to arrive is Derek, from Reading, but as midnight draws near, they all arrive and dive into bed; boys from Bristol, Birmingham, Nottingham, Norwich, London and the South Coast to Devon and Cornwall. Soon the camp has drawn itself in again, and the lights go out one by one.

During the next eight months we will continue to learn, and will pass out at the end with a good knowledge of radar equipment, together with a greater appreciation of the natural cheerfulness and generosity of people forced into an annoying but unavoidable position at the crossroads of their lives.

JOHN W. ROBERTSON, February, 1956

Club Night

THEY start to arrive, drifting in two or three at a time, at about half-past seven, and by eight o'clock there are between thirty and forty boys and girls present. The Club is for the fifteen to eighteen age group (there are other clubs here for other age groups) and all the boys are what we would regard as "Teddy-boys". They are smartly, if rather tastelessly attired, and practically all wear grey suits of similar cut. The girls look more conventional, some of them dressing really well, and everybody is soon talking loudly amidst a cloud of tobacco smoke.

Some of the boys go upstairs to the games room, where they can play billiards and snooker, table-tennis, and darts. The Club has boys' and girls' table-tennis teams, but neither are very successful, the boys displaying little skill and the girls a lack of enthusiasm.

Downstairs in the Hall the boys are also playing billiards, and a few of the girls are jiving together to the ear-splitting noise coming from the radiogram. The Club has its own records, but as these are mostly old-time or modern ballroom dances they tend to be unpopular; the club members prefer to bring their own (noisy progressive jazz),

and use the older records for breaking, etc. They insist on maximum volume, even if it is only used as a background for other activities.

Subscriptions (sixpence a week) are collected, sometimes with some difficulty, and, unless there is a visiting speaker, things continue in much the same vein until about nine o'clock. Sometimes we get people to come and speak (a member of the river-police and Bermondsey's M.P. were the last two), but it is difficult to find a subject and a speaker interesting enough to keep their attention. At nine the canteen upstairs is opened, and tea, cakes and soft drinks are on sale. Here the Club leaders have to keep their eyes open, as anyone who can avoid paying will have no hesitation about doing so, although there is no shortage of money among them. One of the boys, about seventeen years old and slightly retarded mentally, showed me his pay slips for his previous week's work at the docks; it showed just over £25, and when I asked him if he earned that much every week he said no, but they never got less than £18.

After canteen there is half-an-hour or so more for club activities (and this is the time when billiard balls may go through windows), and then we have Epilogue in the Chapel. As the Club is run by a religious organisation we have a hymn, a reading and a prayer at the end of every Club Evening. Disturbance is often continual, and sometimes hymn books are thrown about, but we hope, at any rate, that although they are afraid to let it show, this short service does have some effect upon them. One or two are members of the church, often in spite of their parents wishes.

After Epilogue, the club is over, and we clear up the equipment. No serious damage is done, as these boys seldom show any violence. (Tuesday evening Club is for the *real* "Teddy-boys") and for one evening, at least, we have provided an alternative to the pubs.

ALAN SILLITOE

London Ahoy!

DURING Whitsuntide and at the March Weekend abundant evidence is seen of the continuing friendship and activity that goes on among Old Scholars. But what of the rest of the year?

Apart from the friendly rivalry that exists between King's and University College, London, there is nevertheless many an enjoyable evening spent by the numerous Walden Old Scholars at present in London.

As light relief from the toil of lectures and hard (?) work that goes on in the colleges we gather for an evening of relaxation; Janet removing herself for a while from the intricacies of Biochemistry—I suppose some of her formulae are so long that she has difficulty in getting them all on one page. Ingrid leaves her art for a while but nevertheless appears with sketch book and pencil continually drawing —a far jump from scribbling in the pages of her maths. prep.! Nipper

leaves her department of frustrated ladies and their woven underwear for the evening, and myself the inhuman bodies of the dissecting room.

For a while this is forgotten as we congregate in the "Cat's Whisker" or the "Nucleus"—a favourite coffee bar haunt for students where we leisurely wear away the evening in quiet conversation or hilarious laughter and generally enjoy ourselves amid the dim background of the tiny basement where coffee "espresso" is sipped to the sound of swarthy Italian guitar-players gentle strumming. How soon an evening goes like that—then out into the cold air of London, the bustle of traffic and never-ending grime and dust, but nevertheless refreshed and with promises of further meetings.

Sillitoe with his heavy portering work at the hospital or helping with a boys' club in Bermondsey, and Robert leaving his cuisine for the evening go together with John Skelton to see Janet on the stage in opera—where indeed she pleased her audience and enjoyed herself into the bargain.

Then again a coincidental meeting in the street—like the time the Nipper and I tramped around the Ideal Home Exhibition only to meet Regina Gosling at a stall sampling fish and chips. Or meeting Jane Morris unexpectedly on the Underground on a brief visit to London (did someone say she lived in Nottingham!).

This is how we are to be found, talking of new ideas and experiences but not forgetting our past school days during an evening over a hot bowl of soup in someone's hostel or "digs". And this is how we hope more of you will join us soon.

NUALA BRADBURY

A Silly Tale

ONE holiday I wanted to cross London with my bicycle. The obvious, and easiest way, I thought, would be by Underground. This was not so.

From the main line station, I made my way to the Underground, carrying my machine down the steps and riding it down the passages whenever there were not many people about. I bought a ticket, and the ticket-puncher, reading his newspaper all the time as if it hypnotized him, punched my ticket. He did not look up once and I wheeled my bicycle past him and onto the escalator. If you have ever doubted the success of taking a cycle with you on an escalator, I must tell you that it is completely satisfactory, you just stand beside it and clutch the brakes. Of course no one can pass you, but on the day I took my machine with me no one wanted to pass. I sang to myself and wondered why people on the "Up" escalator looked at me in a strange and curious way, and then I had arrived at the bottom. I let go the brakes and my bicycle ran off before me, landing in a heap on the platform. Quickly I picked it up—stupid thing, why did it have to do that?

As there was no train coming when I arrived on the platform I looked at the coloured lines on a map of routes. "Ah yes, if I change here I can get to my destination quite easily but then, if I change . . ." I was in the middle of this reasoning when the petrifying roar of a monster in the tunnel made me turn just as the train shot itself into the station. I carried my bicycle into the train and sat down—and then I realized. My case was still on the platform. I darted out and was picking it up when it opened and the contents threw themselves on to the concrete. A moment later the doors had shut with a decisive bang and the train moved off.

"Help, help," I cried. "Stop the train, someone, my bike is going without me. Hey, help, someone; stop the train! A kindly cleaner shambled up to me. "What's the matter, miss?" she asked.

"My bicycle is on that train", I replied, frantically.

"Oh yes", she said; seeing my expression she said "Never mind, this is the Circle line. You will only have to wait about three hours for the train with your bike on board to come round again."

Elizabeth Porte, Form VI

"*The Prodigal*"

by Richard Church

Presented by the Dramatic Society at Friends' School, Saffron Walden, on November 18th and 19th, 1955.

FOR the best part of a week the weather forecasts had announced dense fog for the Midlands. In the London area, however, the weather had remained fine and we therefore left London on Saturday, the 19th November, with a clear road for Walden. We were on our way to see the third School performance of "The Prodigal"—a Canterbury play by Richard Church.

A visit to Walden, confined to the Assembly Hall in the darkness of a winter evening, was the prelude to a very charming experience. As the audience gathered, brief greetings were exchanged with friends as we awaited the raising of the curtain.

The lights dimmed, then slowly the four spotlights gathered intensity, the blue curtains parted, and . . . the play had commenced. We found ourselves transplanted to Canterbury four centuries ago and for four acts we followed the re-lived story of Kit Marlowe—his birth, his manhood, his death, and finally the realisation by his family and friends that in their midst had been born and reared a man of wider vision and ambition than the local Shoemaker's family could contain.

The tale was told with realism. The Actors and Actresses gave their interpretations of the moods and words of the characters with clarity and with every indication that, besides learning their parts, they had entered into the spirit of the Elizabethan age—to them

the telling of the story was more than the mere repetition of dramatic lines.

The acting, as already inferred, was convincing. It is always difficult to select individual performances for mention when recalling a play. The risk of erroneously implying the preference of one performance against another is one of the drawbacks of using a pen and so, if I should refer to some members of the cast and omit others just as worthy, the fault is in me and not the Players. However, Brian Gatward's John Marlowe—the upright Shoemaker and townsman of Canterbury—and his wine-loving neighbour (and Chorus to the Play)—Lawrence Applegate the Tailor, portrayed by James Munro —must be recalled. Ursula Jones gave us a Mistress Chapman so garrulous and spirited that it seemed a real life gossip was indeed in our midst. Another such performance was that of Karin Fernald as Mistress Eleanour Bull—the Deptford Landlady. The Prodigal himself —the poet and playright Christopher Marlowe—was played by Bryan Newton and his clear reading of the part made the problems of a youth held between the ambitions of poetry and the bonds of his family very real.

With these we would also remember the sensitive performance of Elizabeth Weaver as Christopher's Mother—Catherine Marlowe— Jane Evans' Lady Walsingham and the sinister Robert Poley—agent to the Walsinghams—played by Dennis Lindsey. For comedy we had the dialect parts of the murderers—such cheerful rogues—the Friser and Skeres of Timothy Lampard and David Cadman.

From the distance of London again memory recalls the excellent scenery—designed by Joan Hughes—and particularly the "contemporary backcloth" which brought delight to the eyes of the audience. The fact that the backcloth was painted onto the wall and was to be obliterated later for the next play, was happily withheld from us.

Finally, the thanks of everybody must go to Lenon Beeson as Stage Manager and to Kenneth Whitlow who directed the production and also contributed the poetic calm of George Chapman to the cast.

A.N.O.S.

The Golden Eagle

IT perched upon the towering rocks,
Its feathers shone like golden locks;
With one eye for its nest of wood
In all its proud array it stood.

But really, oh those glinting eyes!
The crookèd nose that all despise.
Grasping talons clutch one more prey
Each time old Phoebus starts his day.

Pauline Seers, Form II

English and German Roads

THE roads and everything that happens on them are very different in England and Germany. In Germany they are on the whole better made and this can be seen by the comparison of the speed at which the cars travel in the two countries. On the good roads in Germany, 60—70 miles per hour is the normal speed, while in England you would probably be fined for speeding! The great "Autobahns" in Germany are wonderfully wide and smooth and also are modern dual-carriage ways, thus there is no need to worry about the oncoming traffic for miles and miles. The mountain roads are so well planned that if there are any sharp corners, the traffic from the opposite direction can be spotted before you are actually on top of it, as there are no obstacles such as walls, which one has in England. The road signs in both countries are similar and very good.

The nature of the traffic on the road again varies. There are numerous private cars in both countries; caravans are rare in Germany and those seen are all English ones. German lorries nearly always have a trailer and are much heavier than the English ones. The chief means of transport in the town is by tram for buses are rare and are never double-decker.

The English are more polite on the roads than the Germans seem to be; hand signals to help your fellow-travellers are rarely used in Germany, but the use of the horn seems to have taken its place. When there is heavy traffic on single carriage ways, the cars are forced into single file and the drivers will try their hardest to over-take the preceding car even if there is traffic in the opposite direction. Hence accidents occur frequently. This necessitates two types of policemen, one for the town and one for the country.

English people travelling on the Continent must always be careful to drive on the right-hand side of the road, and that is really the main difference between the highway in Germany and England.

Jean Scott, Form VI

Tolerance

I FOUND myself, three days before Christmas, in a shabby third class carriage on the twelve-thirty train from Liverpool Street. Opposite me, under a water colour of Whitby Abbey, sat a thin faced little man with a blue chin. His greasy cap was pulled well forward and bony fingers clutched a much used carrier bag with "Freddies fish and chips" written diagonally across it. His broken nails cut into a gaily wrapped parcel and the grotesque feet of a fowl scratched at the cuff of his faded gabardine as the train lurched. He sat there grumbling about the weather, the cost of food, anything. He was not happy.

I looked out through the smutted windows. Yellow fog clung

to the back streets of London, and black chimney pots, like a field of mouldy stubble, were outlined against the sky. A row of plane trees, in a muddy park, arched their boughs with a despondent shrug and a shivering cat watched the train from an upturned sink thrown out from a factory onto the embankment.

The train, delayed by the fog slid cautiously to a stop. As the doors slammed, deep in the dark station another door opened showing for a moment a blazing fire. A Jamaican porter bounded out of the door swinging his long arms across his chest, the broad hands with flexible fingers nearly meeting across his back. He shouted the name of the station, his white teeth and pink tongue clearly contrasting with the grey behind him. On a wooden bench sat four more Jamaicans with brightly coloured windjammers. They rested pickaxes between their knees, and the whites of their eyes showed clearly as they keenly watched the passengers. They were smiling. Smiling when the Londoners with hunched shoulders and bags full of Christmas fare walked to their own homes with sullen faces. Smiling when the season of Good Will left them in a strange country away from their families and with insecure lodgings.

The little man opposite me rose to go. His shabby feet shuffled across the floor, his head was bowed. He tried to open the door and saw the Negroes. "Them dirty Niggers" he spat and lowering his paper bag, so boldly inscribed, he fumbled with the latch, unable to open it. Suddenly it clicked and the porter of Seven Sisters station said "Your bag sah?" and helped the old man down.

Jane Evans, Form VI

Welsh Rails

THE sea winds have been blowing for centuries up the Nant-Dolgoch Valley into the majestic foothills and crags of Cader Idris. They have bent the bracken, moved the branches of trees, and brought to the lovely sheep the scent of the salt waves. But for the past ten decades they have carried with them the grey, drifting smoke, and the white, wet steam of "Dolgoch", engine number two of the Talyllyn Railway.

The ivy-covered bridge at Rhydryonen has also seen 'Talyllyn" panting up the incline with its rake of rattling slate wagons to the quarries at Abergonolwyn. But these wagons have rattled into the mists of time now that the quarries have closed. Left to themselves, these workings have become dripping shafts and cold, grey slag heaps. From this scene the ricketty, rusty, grass-covered track wound its way to Towyn. This decaying state, unknown to the promoters, was to continue for many years. Sheep grazed between the sleepers, and cows lollopped along in front of the occasional (and often derailed) train. There was no competition for a job on the Talyllyn. The

booking clerk, the engine driver, and two illiterate Welsh platelayers had the railway to themselves.

Nowadays, that is, since 1951, the railway has begun a new life. The rolling stock has now been vigorously well-oiled and painted, and the notices reminding you not to lean out of the window have been re-written.

The bridge at Wharf is being re-built and the Preservation Society of this old Welsh Railway is doing all it can to make the track as it was so many years ago. "Sir Haydn" and "Edward Thomas" now help the two older engines in their haulage duties. Once again the grass beside the track feels the grasping hands of holidaymakers. The paint is clean, the engines shine, and Towyn Station is a scene of activity.

Yet the track is still ricketty, moss still grows on the sleepers, and a sheep on the rails is a common occurrence. The scenery is wonderful, the air is fresh and the journey is always over too quickly. We thoroughly recommend a visit.

But if you do go, and ever step onto the platform at Towyn Wharf, or travel up the Nant-Dolgoch Valley, do not, whatever you do, call this romantic line a "little" railway. Remember its day of heavy slate hauling and its years of grimy activities. Remember its history and its heritage.

Peter Avery and Peter Jameson, Form V

Piamino

FATHER O'CONNOR shivered, and drew himself nearer to the glowing embers of a scanty fire which had been hastily made on the dusty floor of his draughty mud hut. The night was filled with the moaning wind and splashing rain.

He was a lone missionary who had no family of his own, but was contented to live on the border of an African forest, carrying out the work which he felt to be right. His "parish" was widely scattered in different regions of the forest, with groups of about half a dozen families living in one community. But *Community?* That was hardly the word, for no matter how much Father had tried to make his "children" live peacefully together, they would never let a day pass without a quarrel of some sort. Sometimes, there were very serious quarrels, and bitter hatred often sprang up between neighbouring families. This distressed Father very much, for they could not understand the value of peace and love between one another.

Different thoughts were passing rapidly through his mind when suddenly, there was a knock on the door. Father arose and opened the door to the angry night. There, standing in the torrential rain and howling wind was little Piamino, one of his children from the largest settlement in the forest. He quickly drew the boy inside, dried

him, and let him get what warmth he could from the dying fire. The boy was very tired and had little breath with which to tell his story, but very rapidly, and with deep gasps at intervals, he talked to Father in his native language.

Piamino lived with his mother and father in a hut near to one where a woman, named Corinna, and her only daughter, Nan-tali, dwelt. Corinna, whose husband had been killed in a fight which had taken place some days ago, was very grieved, and her health had begun to fail considerably. Piamino's elder brother had also been involved in the same fight, and had been wounded fatally by Corinna's husband before he died. Consequently, the two families had bitterly resented one another. But seeing her mother's ill-health, little Nan-tali had ventured to ask Piamino's mother if she would help, but help she would not. She did not care if Corinna died too. Piamino was very disturbed by this, and could not sleep with such a burden on his mind, so he had crept out of bed and come to Father to ask if he would see Corinna before she died.

"Bless you, my child," murmured Father, as the boy breathlessly finished, and promptly fell into a deep sleep. Father left him there sleeping, drew his thin black cloak around him, and slipped out into the forboding night. It was a ten-mile walk to Piamino's home, and it was very late into the night when he finally reached Corinna's bedside, extremely tired, but full of gratitude towards Piamino. Corinna was very weak, but she had enough strength to talk a little to Father. He stayed with Corinna all night, and after a long sleep she awoke, a new person. By some great miracle she had overcome her illness and was recovering. From that day onward, everyone was friendly, never quarrelling, but always loving one another, for Piamino never awoke from his deep sleep, but remained a symbol of love to the people of the forest.

Jennifer Dollin, Form V

Paper Bags

"PAPER BAGS!" said somebody when I announced that I was going to write an article about them, "What on earth can you write about Paper Bags of all things?"

"Oh lots," I said "It's terribly interesting really, when you start to study it."

Well, here I am at the beginning of the "lots" of things that one can write about Paper Bags.

First of all, colour. I think it is true to say that paper bags have been printed in all the colours under the sun. All shades of reds, blues, greens, yellows, mauves and oranges have been printed and various other not so common colours too.

Secondly, size. Paper bags can vary in size from about one square inch to about three feet by two. There are long bags which

get narrower towards the end which are used for holding umbrellas.

Another aspect of Paper Bags of course is what is written on them. It may tell you what type of tea you should drink or which shop you should go to for all your household requirements, or why a certain type of margarine is better for you than any other kind. Then another one might tell you which shop sells the freshest fruit in the town. On the other hand it might prefer to explain why it's healthier to wear shoes made by one manufacturer than any other kind. You might be told that one particular shop gives you more variety, better service and lower prices than any other shop in London, though of course another shop might go a step further and offer you good quality too.

There is too the more unpleasant side of Paper Bags — litter. I think most people would agree that, whatever is written on them, whatever colour, shape or size they are, Paper Bags can never look worse than when they are lying about making a place untidy.

Perhaps the most exciting thing about Paper Bags is what they contain, anything from valuable jewels to threepenny bracelets from Woolworth's.

Paper bags may contain something that's been waited for and is at last, to be revealed to them. I know Paper Bags do cause a large amount of litter: I think that life wouldn't be half so exciting if it wasn't for Paper Bags.

Joan Pearce, Form I

Abandon hope all ye who enter here!

WE were amazed to hear that at a recent meeting of the Debating Society the motion that "Women's magazines do more harm than good" was defeated and the House, in fact, voted that women's magazines did more good than harm. We were amazed because we had so taken the liberal traditions of the school for granted that we did not expect such a result.

Why, then, does the defeat of the motion seem important enough to deserve protest? Is it because (and perhaps this was not sufficiently emphasised in the debate) almost all women's magazines are part of a commercialised literature (although "literature" is hardly the word to use) which is at its worst in "Blighty" and at its most respectable in best selling writers such as A. J. Cronin. The same kind of debilitating culture manifests itself in popular songs and much that is produced by radio and T.V. is insidious. Even at this school where one could expect people to read reasonably solid literature, by far the largest per cent of borrowings from the library is from the fiction section and such sentimental fiction as "Requiem for a Wren" is most frequently borrowed.

When once women's magazines are seen in relation to popular

low brow culture they can no longer be defended with the same sentimentality which they purvey. It is weak to argue that "the dear little hard-working woman must relax" for when *Woman* is seen in relation to "Workers' Playtime" and "Top Twenty" it is obvious what a dangerous kind of relaxation this is. It cannot be denied that this type of entertainment softens up the intellect, leads to the numbing of critical faculties and eventually obscures the true sense of values. This is happening to you. Yes, you, and you must be on your guard against it all the time.

This might seem an extravagant condemnation but the problem is real and urgent in our mass-organized and commercialized society. The popularity and acceptance of women's magazines is symptomatic of a way of life, or rather an attitude to life, which is degenerate. We do not want to say with Shaw, "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those that have no imagination?"

Richard Fisher and Isobel Jones, Form VI

24 Lines

(Dedicated to Mr Beeson)

I GO to sleep in Geometry,
Arithmetic's a bore
In Algebra I just can't think
For ten minutes or more.

A line or two, a smudgy blur,
Triangle ABC,
Now find the angle BCA
Does not seem right to me.

If x is three and y is four,
If z is ninety-two
Find xyz and take away
xy plus fifty-two.

The length and breadth are multiplied,
Together with the height,
To get the volume of the thing,
On paper—black and white.

Now physics thrill me to the core,
Though I don't understand,
If water's temp. is 302°
Why bother with the land?

Just take a lot of CO_2
Shut the windows and the doors.
Why fag with stupid Chemistry
If the choice of life is yours?

Margrethe Hansen, Form II

The Slobberchop

BEWARE the Slobberchop, my lad,
'Tis blue and green and very bad,
Its fleas will eat you through and through,
For they are mauve and pink and blue;
But if you take your sword and kill,
The Slobberchop when feeling ill,
It will not thank you, but instead,
Will haunt you till it makes you dead.

So do not fight the Slobberchop,
For if it bites you, you will hop,
Or lie upon the ground to die,
And them exclaim: "Oh me! Oh my!
I tried to fight the Slobberchop,
Which rose and gave me such a knock,
I fell upon the grass in pain,
And will not fight this thing again!"

But heeding not, our hero went,
On killing the Slobberchop he was bent,
When he approached the Slobberchop's den,
He wondered to himself: "Just when,
Will this big monster come and fight?
For I must beat it in the light,
Or else I probably would lose,
And lie down, dying, in the ooze."

Just then the Slobberchop came out,
Blowing bubbles out of his snout.
It burbled and whiffled ferociously,
While it was drinking a cup of tea;
Our hero went up to the beast,
And said: "Of thee I'll make a feast,"
Drawing his sword, he played his part,
And stabbed the Slobberchop through the heart.

Richard Gilpin, Form III

My first impressions of Tunis

ON my first day in Tunis, I was taken to the general fruit market. Walking along the squalid streets I took in all the hundreds of new and interesting sights. The continued babble of noise from dawn to dusk, as the rickety Arab carts career over the badly cobbled roads, pulled by meagre horses under the cruel whip of their arab masters. It is a common sight to see accidents usually involving dogs,

often people. For in Tunis people have no respect for each other, and even less for animals. This is also shown by the thousands of whining beggars walking the gutters, and forming an almost impassable barrier to the tourist at every street corner. Urchins when not searching for cigarette ends in the gutter, sprawl across the pavement playing tiddlywinks with half franc pieces. I was fortunate enough to see a camel, for camels are rarely found in the city, although many work in the surrounding countryside. Eventually we reached the market. It is a large courtyard with gates at either end with rows of stands, laden with fruit and vegetables.

As soon as one enters the gate one is enveloped in a stream of ragged, jostling Arabs, where it is safest to take all money out of one's pocket. There is a large variety of fruits, ranging from peanuts to luscious sun ripened oranges.

Having finished our shopping we turned off into the Arab town. Tunis is separated by the Port de France into the old Arab town, and the newer European seaward-facing town. The Arab town has remained almost unchanged for centuries, and in many parts there is no sanitation at all. Many houses although crumbling ruins are still in use, often harbouring as much as one family to a room, and about four families sharing one dingy kitchen. There are alleys scarcely wider than four feet.

The main tourist attraction, where a great number of skillfully made souvenirs can be bought, is the "Sauks". The "Sauks" are long narrow streets lined with colourful open fronted Arab shops, usually blaring forth weird Arab music. Each trade is restricted to its own Sauk. The chief crafts are the making of silver ornaments, and silver or gold inlaid brass plates and ornaments. In front of every shop a tourist is pestered by Arab shop assistants trying to sell their goods.

We then passed the two magnificent grand mosques. These stand scarcely a hundred yards apart. Their majestic white parapeted domes rise high above the conjested streets, and can be seen for miles around. Unfortunately Europeans are prohibited to enter. Tunis is not only a city of beggars. There are also a few rich Arabs, who are chauffeur-driven in the most modern American cars. One wonders why they cannot spare a few of their riches to feed the hungry thousands.

Frank Benatt, Form IV.

Toledo

TOLEDO is an old Moorish city, built on a rock which stands in the middle of the Tagus. The river forms an extremely large moat around it. At one time a drawbridge was used to cross from the rock to the mainland, but now there is a large concrete bridge which was built quite recently.

When you cross the bridge you leave the car in a car park as the streets are narrow and cobbled and a car could only get through a few of them with great difficulty.

On the highest point of the rock stands the Alhambra, which, though bombed during the war has not lost all its old beauty. The Cathedral is in the middle of the rock, just off the main square. The front is all beautifully carved in stone and as you open the great doors an array of enormous stone pillars meet your eyes. Its spire dominates the whole of Toledo and can be seen from the mainland for miles round.

The streets are cobbled and all along them are little shops selling the famous Toledo metal work, swords, knives, ash-trays and thousands of other things. Donkeys with packs on their backs paw the ground impatiently as they await their masters.

Toledo is not only renowned for its beautiful metal work, but for the many famous Spanish artists who lived there. In the darkest corner of the town, stands the church that El Greco filled with his paintings. As you go in everything is lightened by the beautiful rich colours of his paintings, and a faint sound of someone playing the organ greets you.

On your way back to the main part of the city you visit the houses of other artists: Goya and Velazquez are amongst the most famous. Their houses are just as they were when they were lived in and literally covered with their works. The gardens are kept beautifully and have fountains playing here and there.

As you go on you enjoy yourself by watching donkeys with their packs of earthenware pots and by looking in shop windows.

When you leave Toledo after a very interesting day, you know that you will not forget it.

Rosanne Bristow, Form IIIa

Martial Translations by the Fourth Form

Thais habet nigros niveos Laecania dentes
Quae ratio est, impros haec habet, illa suos.

Thais has black teeth
Laecania white
Why this? Because
Laecania
Takes hers out at night.

Thais' teeth were black as ink
Laecania's virgin white
The reason was as plain could be
Thais' teeth were ordin'ry
Laecania's teeth were not her own
She had them on a dentist's loan.

ASPECTS OF SCHOOL LIFE



"Concentration"

Photo: Susan Haselgrove



Some of the school on the seat presented by Gerald and Gwen Littleboy on their retirement a year ago.

Photo: Christopher Lee



Myrtle Wyatt winning the Senior Relay in the match against West Suffolk C.G.

Photo: Maurice Haselgrove

Two Photographs of the Trial Scene in "Alice in Marsland"



K.F.N. J.K. G.S.P.



The Jury

Photos: Robin Keen



Mr Jacob v. Hosking

Photo: Susan Haselgrove



Photo: Robin Keen

VALETE

Miss Barbara Comber, Senior Mistress, who is leaving to get married.

Mr Lenon Beeson is also leaving to take up a post at Bishop's Stortford Boys' College.

To both we extend our best wishes for the future and our appreciation of all they have done for the school.

Nuper erat medicus, nunc est vespillo Dianlus:
Quod vespillo facit, fecerat et medicus.

As a doctor he was just a weed
On that his patients all agreed
So undertaker now is he
He finds it better policy.

Dianlus practised medicine
But at this job he bluffered
For now as undertaker
He serves the ones that suffered.

Dianlus once a doctor was
An undertaker now, because
The doctor failed to cure the sick
And now they must be buried quick.

Dianlus was a doctor
An undertaker now
His patients all are dying
Be tactful, don't ask how.

Nubore Paula cupit nobis, ego ducere Paulam
Nolo: anus est. Vellem, si magis esset anus.

Paula is old and I am young
Not till she's older will I grow bolder.

Paula wants to marry me: I shall not marry her
For she is now an aged hag—her face is just a blur
However, were she older still to altar we should dash
For very soon she would be dead and I should have her cash.

Paula's desire is to marry me
But she really is too old
If she'd have been older
I'd have been bolder
And to me she'd have passed on her gold.

There's someone wants to marry me
It is that old hag Polly
I would if she would go and die
And leave me all her lolly.

Paula wants to marry me
I wouldn't be so rash
For she will not die soon enough
So I can have her cash.

Cannibal?

MY first realization that I had actually witnessed the majority of the life of a cannibal came to me rather forcefully one afternoon.

I walked across to the laboratory carrying a freshly-picked sprig of privet, and a small jam jar. Inside, I knew, were two full grown sticks insects, most likely ready to welcome their fresh food. As I reached the corner in the laboratory where my sticks insects had always lived before, I carefully placed the jar on the bench, that I might be free to prepare their future homes.

Imagine my horror when, on transferring them to their fresh privet, I found one poor, misfortunate creature the owner of one out of its six original legs, and her normally elegant feelers pruned down to mere stumps!

After some careful exploration of their previous home, I discovered her missing legs, and feelers. I tried to convince myself that these had been caught up and broken by accident, but in vain, for there was nowhere where this could possibly happen. I had to accept the fact that I had in my possesion "ONE CANNIBAL."

Naomi Barclay, Form III

Mars, 1956

ON September 10th the planet Mars will be nearest (in opposition) to the Earth since 1939, — only 35 million miles, as compared with its average distance of 46 million miles. At about this time the majority of amateur and professional astronomers all over the world will be studying the planet in an attempt to solve some of the problems and controversies connected with it. The most hopeful sources of information to this end are likely to be the great 200 inch Hale telescope at Mt. Palomar, and the 100 inch telescope at Mt. Wilson, in America. The following is a brief description of Mars and some of the problems which, it is hoped, will be solved in September.

Because of its reddish-orange colour the planet was named Mars, after the mythical Roman god of war. Its two very small satellites or moons, (only about 15 miles in diameter) discovered during the opposition of 1877, were named Phobos and Deinos — the names of the horses which drove Mars's chariot.

Mars is very favourably placed for observation and is one of the few heavenly bodies to show a solid surface; consequently much more is known about it than about any other planet. It takes approximately two years to travel round the sun, so that one Martian year is of the same duration as two Earth years. A much smaller planet than the Earth, its diameter is about 4,200 miles; one pound on Earth will weigh six ounces on Mars. It has a very thin atmosphere, possibly containing a trace of oxygen and water vapour. It

is a cold planet, colder than the Earth, since it is smaller and further away from the sun; the highest temperature, at noon on its equator, is probably equivalent to the warmth of an autumn day in England.

As seen through the telescope, Mars is a ruddy or orange-coloured disc relieved by some darker shadowy areas, with two white "caps" at the poles. These polar caps appear to alter in size with the seasons, suggestive of melting: thus they might be composed of ice or solid carbon dioxide, or they could be some form of atmospheric phenomena. The visible dark areas were thought to be expanses of water and were named "seas" (Lat. mare), but conclusive proof to the contrary is in that they never reflect light in the way that a sea or ocean would. Parts of these markings show seasonal variations in colour: one theory being that they are areas covered by vegetation. Indeed some species of mosses and lichens are known to be cabable of existing under the extreme conditions that are thought to be prevalent on Mars.

A network of dark, thin wisp-like lines connecting some of the dark areas have also been observed — the well known "canals" of Mars. They were actually named canali by the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli, who first drew attention to them: a very unfortunate term suggesting artificial waterways, and consequently an intelligent, rational race of "martians". However, if the existence of such beings were established, it would probably deeply affect, if not revolutionise, some trends of modern philosophy. But this, I think, is rather too much to hope for, as many eminent astronomers no longer give any serious thought to it.

Parn Taimsalu, Form VI.

Paris Revisited

AS I climbed aboard the aeroplane that was to take us to Le Bourget Airport, I could not help feeling excited at the thought of going to Paris. My mother and I had been once before but we had not had time to explore the famous buildings. It was half past four in the morning as the plane taxied out onto the runway and we had already fastened our safety belts and were eating the sweets which the stewardess brought round.

We flew over very quickly and landed at Le Bourget at a quarter to six and when we had passed through the customs we were taken out to the coach which was waiting to take us to Les Invalides, the air terminal in Paris. Eventually, rather tired, we arrived at our hotel and almost immediately fell on our beds and went to sleep. We were woken up by the garçon and went down to lunch. In the afternoon we went to the Gare St. Lazare to meet my father who was coming by boat. We met him and all went into a café for a cup of coffee which, in English money, would cost us 1/6d.

The next morning we spent sightseeing and in the afternoon we went on a trip down the Seine, which is a very beautiful river indeed. On the next day we did all our shopping in the morning and in the evening we went to the Sacre Coeur, which really is the 'sugar plum cake' church but when it was floodlit it looked very beautiful. Montmartre is a very busy place at night, and all the famous night clubs, such as the Moulin Rouge and the Lido, are along the Rue de Montmartre.

The next day was Easter Sunday, so of course we went into Notre Dame where we were very lucky to see the Archbishop, who blessed two little babies and a very old lady. Notre Dame is an extremely beautiful church and has a magnificent example of a "rose" window. In the afternoon we went into the St. Chapelle and in the evening we walked down Les Halles, which is the Covent Garden of Paris. It smelt revolting but it was very interesting. We picked up several bunches of carnations and violets which people had thrown down.

On Monday morning we went into the Louvre and saw the "Mona Lisa" and the "Venus de Milo". The Louvre really is a tremendous building. It is reckoned that you would need at least a week to go round all four parts of it looking at the pictures and statues. The Paris underground, or rather Metro, is very interesting. There are automatically shutting doors at the entrance to the platform which shut as the train comes into the station. Any attempt to open them is absolutely useless, as they are shut by compressed air. If you have a lot of travelling to do, it is best to buy a Carnet, a little book of tickets which can be used twice each and are very useful indeed. The trains only have wooden seats but they are very speedy and get you where you want to go in only a few minutes.

The following evening we left Le Bourget at ten to eleven and arrived at London airport just after midnight, having spent a most enjoyable holiday.

Jennifer Pike, Form IV

Spring

DOWN by the brook where the green ferns grow,
There you see the primroses after the snow
Peeping through the moss with their little yellow heads
Coming with springtime, as softly as she treads.

Then come the daffodils, their lovely golden hue
With violets, bluebells, snowdrops, marching two by two
Heralding the springtime, their golden trumpets blow
Waking up the dreary earth after the snow.

D. Griggs, Form II.

Horace—Odes. Book 1. No. 11.

Tu ne quaesieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi
finem di dederint, Leuconoe, nec Babylonios
tentaris numeros, ut melius, quidquid erit, pati!
seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Juppiter ultimam,
quae nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum, sapais, vina liques, et spatio brevi
spem longan reseces, dum loquinier, fugit invida
aetas: carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

CARPE DIEM

No, it is not for us, Leuconoe, to ask
What end, for you or me, the gods may set
Upon our lives, nor put strange arts to ask.
What may come, suffer, chance better far is met.
Winter to winter Jupiter may add,
Or, while the self-spending surge against the rocks
Rebounds, send only this last winter sad.
Therefore be wise, drink wine, our short life mocks
Long hopes. Cut down these as they start to grow.
See, as I speak, time vanishes away.
O turn away from all thought of tomorrow
And gather now up the pleasure of today.

VARIATIONS ON THE SAME THEME

Pope (in an urbane mood)

By orient arts, my friend, do not foresee
What end the gods for you, or what for me
Bestowe, for 'tis forbid to ask, alas.
Best suffer all, what e'er may come to pass.
Or only this, or many more may He
Of winters grant, or strike while yet the sea
O'er tires itself to wash the rocks among.
His will makes all life short, or makes it long.
Brief mortal life forbids enduring hopes,
So trim them as the vine upon the slopes.
Be wise, each word I speak doth hurry time away.
Tend not the morrow, seize upon today.

SOME NINETEENTH CENTURY HACK WORK

Ah! thou must not seek to know, dread crime,
Leuconoe, with mystic art of Babylon
The end for thou and I, God-fixèd bourn.
Suffer all things, what e'er fate bringeth time.

Oft may we see the hoary winter season
Or He may raise His hand, as Tuscan wave on sand
O'er spends its strength to dash the rocky strand.
Therefore look to the purple grape. 'Tis wisdom
Thus to see the folly hopes to stake
Or future fates to fix with toil and strife
In the brief span of fleeting mortal life.
The cycle of feared time was hastened as I spake.
Thus pluck your flowering pleasures as they grow,
Care not what blight may fall upon the morrow.

AUDEN (IN A CYNICAL MOOD)

You mustn't, Leu,
For it's tabu
To dabble in fortune telling
Leu, don't attempt to find out if you must
What the gods have in store for us. Just
Take everything as it comes.
It's best that way.
For the Lord can guarantee
An eternity of winters for you and me,
Or end your life now, just while the sea
Wears itself out in wearing the rocks away.
So listen to me. Be wise, drain your glass.
Life's too short for making any kind of plan.
As I speak, time irrevocable, goes.
So take what you can, while you can,
And don't give a damn for tomorrow.

Isobel Jones, Form VI

U.N.I.C.E.F.

THESE INITIALS, as you will probably know, stand for the United Nations International Children's Educational Fund. At the beginning of the Summer Term a group of Sixth Formers went to the Guildhall, Cambridge, to hear Danny Kaye tell the story of U.N.I.C.E.F. On arrival we found that our seats were rather isolated in the very front row on the stage, and immediately behind the speakers. Then the procession headed by the Mayor, and including the great man, arrived, while the audience stood clapping. His Worship explained that J. H. Anderson (who had addressed the Sixth form in the Autumn Term on World Food Problems) would tell us a little about U.N.I.C.E.F. first. He told us that Cambridge was very proud to have raised £1,000 for U.N.I.C.E.F., and he gave us some amazing statistics about world diseases, and the importance of milk production especially for children. He emphasised that in

Moslem countries particularly, modern science cannot go faster than public opinion will allow.

The Mayor then introduced Danny Kaye and everybody left the stage, leaving him alone, to his amazement. He began by hoping no one objected to his footwear, which was an indescribable pair of ankle-length American sandals, provoking the audience to fits of laughter. He regards U.N.I.C.E.F. as one of the greatest forces for peace and health in the world today, and so he tries through the film medium to bring to the people of the world what this organisation does for the children of the world. He told us that Paramount Pictures lent two cameras and 15,000 feet of film to produce a film about children, to be released all over the world, with all the proceeds going to U.N.I.C.E.F.

He emphasised that "kids" the world over behave exactly the same, whatever their environment. To the question as to whether widespread plagues were not nature's way of preventing over-population he replied that he would do all in his power to prevent his own daughter from dying, and therefore he should do the same for other children.

His talk was an amazing blend of Danny Kaye fooling and serious. He gave a demonstration of an idiot making a fool of himself, and how to get on well with children whose language you cannot speak. To finish with he sang several popular songs including "The Ugly Duckling", "Life could not better be", and "Sixteen Tons." We were left with the impression of a very able, but a most humble and sincere, man.

John Edwards, Form VI.

S.R.U.B.L.U.K.

RECENTLY S.R.U.B.L.U.K. held a public meeting in Pimlico, London, on the subject "The Place of the Branch Line in Britain today."

Unfortunately Sir Arthur Elton, who was to have been in the chair, was unable to attend, and his place was taken by Adam Kendon (O.S.)

The opening speaker was Mr Rupert Speir, M.P. for Hexham, who pointed out what was wrong with British Railways' present policy of closing uneconomic branch lines. In 1948, he said, they took over the railways on the understanding that they ran them as a public service. Now, they were regardless of running them as a public service, and closing them merely because they ran at a financial loss.

Mr Hamilton Ellis spoke next and made several suggestions, especially that uneconomic branch lines should be reduced to the status of "light railways". A light railway, roughly speaking, requires no staffed stations, no level crossing keepers, and no signalling ar-

rangements, as there is only one train on the whole of it. Thus it is vastly cheaper to operate. He made it clear that steam traction was useless on such lines; what was required was diesel trams which would stop anywhere by request. They would thus fulfil the purpose which 'buses now do, but they would be cheaper to run, would carry more passengers, together with heavy luggage that cannot be taken by 'bus, and would take some traffic off the roads. This last point is especially noteworthy, considering the present state of British roads.

The Chairman now put a motion before the meeting. The essence of this resolution was that steps should be taken to the utmost degree to solve this urgent problem. An amendment was proposed from the floor by the secretary of the Isle of Wight Travel Limited, who pointed out how outrageously British Railways act when confronted with an uneconomic railway. This was especially so in the Isle of Wight, where all trains are packed to capacity in summer, but empty in winter. British Railways found the lines uneconomic, and tried to make them more so by deliberately not advertising the services. One or two other examples of this shocking attitude were given by other speakers.

Eventually the amendment was carried by a considerable majority, while the original resolution was passed unanimously.

A presumption often made of S.R.U.B.L.U.K. is that its aim is to preserve branch lines for their sentimental value only. Not one speaker mentioned this; although the sentimental side of railways is the one which appeals most clearly to me as a boy, it was made quite clear at this meeting which I attended that the branch line has a definite and essential part to play in the Britain of today.

Adrian Smith, Form IV.

Avenue Song

(From "Alice")

(Tune: "I wooed her in the summer-time")

THERE'S a school co-educational that concentrates on games
Where croquet's not taboo,
But the favourite recreation is a mild perambulation
Up and down the Avenue.
They walk there in the summer-time
And in the winter too—oo,
For to keep your muscles supple or go flirting with your couple
There's no place like the Avenue.

When the icy winds of winter blow and snow is on the ground
Put your coat and muffler on
To cheer the Spartan fellow who for red or green or yellow
Wins the cross-country Marathon.

He struggles on towards his goal
The tape now comes in view—ew
But whether he feels faint or arrives as fresh as paint
Cheers resound down the Avenue.

When G.C.E. is over and the 5th and 6th relax
'Neath a sky of cloudless blue
Underneath the scented limes is the best of all the times
To enjoy the Avenue.
They lie there in the murmuring shade
No time-sheet spoils their view—ew
While the others toil and sweat, oh 'tis Heaven to forget
All your cares on the Avenue.

When the witching hour of midnight calls the spectres from their graves
And the owls tu-whit, tu-whoo,
Then the pallid moon discovers all the ghosts of former lovers
Who once walked the Avenue.
They whisper soft of bygone days
When they promised to be true—ue,
As hand in bony hand, a melancholy band,
They haunt the Avenue.

The Martian Headmaster's Song

(Tune: "A more humane Mikado never did in Japan exist")

ALL scholars who will gossip and chatter and natter the whole day through
Shall spend the weekends with their Simian friends in the Monkey House at the Zoo.
The champion sprinter who breaks the record in crowded corridor
Shall have to compete in each 100 yards' heat in Athletics Finds galore.
The chap who spills water all over the place in the Dining Hall at noon
Shall pick up each drop with a magnetic mop or a very small mustard spoon.
The idiot who must carve or scribble initials on desk or wall
Shall purchase a slate, and in fine copperplate write his name till the letters appal.
All hardened sinners who poach the flicks on Saturdays at two
Shall stay in their seat with no hope of retreat and see each film ten times through.
The Jacks and the Jills who evade M.O.D's and frequent the field after dark
Shall be sprayed up and down like a luminous clown to present a floodlighted landmark.

The mischievous sprites who raid bedrooms at nights and burst pillows all over the floor
Shall pluck eider ducks, wash their feathers in Lux, and replace them in slips as before.
The couples who stand and drape the walls of Centre Corridor
Shall have a Paul Jones in despite of their groans and swap partners each weekday at four.

A.J.H. Joan Keen

Girls' Reading Club

A MEETING of Girls' Reading Club is the only occasion when we are pleased to have a really violent argument, because it is a sign that feelings and interest have been aroused.

At the meeting held on December 16th, 1955, Isobel Jones introduced Hardy's "The Return of the Native" and there followed a verbal battle mainly about the merits of Hardy's style. One side, led by Mr Beeson, defended Hardy's style, the other, led by Mrs Keen, contended that it was clumsy and "muscle-bound" and detracted from his merit as a novelist.

"Cry The Beloved Country" was introduced by Miss Alderson and received almost unanimous praise as a sincere and genuine portrayal of the colour problem, but it was suggested that the book was awkwardly constructed because of the way the novel seemed to turn into a political pamphlet at the climax of the story.

The meeting was a lively one. Naturally, people tended to become dogmatic, but it is perhaps wise to point out that criticism is not synonymous with condemnation.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Doreen Young and all those who helped her for providing a large and filling tea.

Isobel Jones, Form VI

Another meeting was held on March 23rd, 1956, to discuss "Tristram Shandy" by Laurence Sterne and "Jacob's Room" by Virginia Woolf. Mr Plant gave an interesting résumé of Sterne's life and a comprehensive introduction to "Tristram Shandy". But, unfortunately, as few people had been able to finish the book, the discussion on it was not equal to the introduction.

After tea, Barbara Revans, assisted by Elizabeth Weaver, who read the illustrations, introduced "Jacob's Room" and this resulted in an enthusiastic discussion on Virginia Woolf's style which had to be cut short on account of a compulsory lecture.

Mrs Keen suggested that in future the Society should agree on books to be read for broadening the mind but which would not be discussed officially. "The Greeks" by Professor Kitto was decided on for optional reading of this kind.

Barbara Revans, Form VI

Boys' Reading Club

THE CLUB, now in a flourishing state with its highest membership on record, has held two meetings this school year. In November three books were read. Hugh Clarke introduced "Strange Harmony" by William Sewell, which was well liked. Some admired his oriental restraint while a few objected to his pious attitude. James Aldridge's "Signed with their Honour" was introduced by Alan Pike. All felt it was something of a "pot-boiler" inset into the all too popular backcloth of a fighter pilot drama. Mrs Beeson gave us an excellent start to Turgener's "On the Eve". The resulting discussion soon veered away from the book, to the provocative topic of traditional Russian morbidness.

The Spring Term meeting began with the Headmaster's introduction of Forster's "Howards End". It was a pity the response to so admirable an example of the novelist's art was so subdued. John Edwards stimulated a bright discussion on "Court Circular" by Stokes. Many enjoyed the author's rather seamy experiences presented in lighthearted journalese. "Florence Nightingale" by Woodham-Smith was introduced by Dilawar Chetsingh. It revealed a sharp cleavage of opinion. Many agreed the author had done well in dispelling the popular allusions attached to "the Lady with the Lamp". An insistent minority chastised the author on her lamentable dullness and endless string of monotonous quotations. The meeting ended in deadlock between irreconcilables.

Geoffrey Weaver, Form VI

Music, 1955-56

THE chief events of the Autumn Term were the mid-term instrumental concert and the Christmas music. At the first of these, music for piano, violin, 'cello, flute and clarinet testified to the variety of musical study now being carried on. The standard was good throughout, and outstanding performances were given by Merren Gray, Jennifer Dollin and Ian Meyler-Warlow. At Christmas the Choir sang carols in the churches at Finchingfield, Newport and Abbey Lane, at Elsenham Meeting House and at the School's own Carol Service. These recitals have now become almost traditional; a new one—in Trafalgar Square—is recorded elsewhere in this issue.

At the Orchestral Concert in the Spring Term the Orchestra gave a good account of Haydn's "Surprise" Symphony. The woodwind section this year is the strongest and best balanced we have ever had, and seized to the full the opportunities which Haydn gives them. At the same concert a fine performance of Cimarosa's Oboe Concerto was given by Susan Ditton. At the Passiontide Service on the last Sunday of the term the Choir sang music from Bach's St. Matthew Passion. At the very last moment Miss Ashford had to take over

direction of this music, with one emergency rehearsal in the afternoon. She rose most nobly to the occasion, and the Choir is deeply in her debt. Anne Sayer's beautiful reading helped to make this service a true act of worship.

In May a number of instrumentalists took part in the Chelmsford Music Festival. This pleasant and friendly contest, so free from the strained competitive atmosphere of many festivals, enables our players to match their skill against others of the county and begets musical friendships which are renewed year by year. It is pleasant to find our own Old Scholars competing there, as Margaret Shepherd was this year, and Malcolm Harvey the year before. Our String Quartet was first in the Intermediate Class, Jennifer Dollin and Rosemary Shepherd were first in the Junior Consort, and Susan Dutton and Merren Gray were second in the Sonata Class. The remaining musical event of the year, the Choir's recital in Saffron Walden Church, is in course of preparation as this article goes to press.

At the end of this term we shall say goodbye to Miss Comber and a chapter in the life of the Orchestra will be closed. It is impossible to express how much the school music owes to her work and inspiration: the orchestra itself is living witness of all that she has done. Our good wishes go with her for the future.

R.L.S.

Natural History Society

SINCE the last edition of *The Avenue,* the Natural History Society has held five meetings

Near the end of the Autumn Term we welcomed Timothy Whitmore, an Old Scholar studying Botany at Cambridge, who gave us an illustrated talk on a Norwegian Glacier, to which he went with an expedition from the University. The last meeting was devoted to members' papers. Jane Evans spoke on "The World Food Problem", David Burnett on "Animal Psychology", Ian Healey on "Farming Experiences in Cornwall" and Torkill Fozzard described his visit to Norway.

The first meeeting of the Spring Term was also devoted to members' papers. Mr Beeson spoke on "Life on other Planets?" and John Edwards on "Animal Language", illustrating the talk with gramophone records. At the second meeting we were very pleased to welcome Professor Holtum, a late Secretary of the Natural History Society. He spoke to us on the subject of "Pitcher Plants" with special reference to Singapore, where he was Curator of the Botanical Gardens. The last meeting was devoted to a talk by Peter Ashton, a Cambridge Undergraduate, who showed us slides of an expedition he went on to the Mountains of the Moon, in the Amazon region.

Jane Evans and David Burnett, Form VI

Senior Literary Society

WE have held only two meetings since November, but in addition, we have been able to pay two visits to the theatre.

On November 6th, Isobel Jones gave a talk to the Society on the plays of Christopher Marlowe, and it was specially appreciated as our interest in Marlowe had been aroused by the school's production of "The Prodigal" by Richard Church.

The next meeting, on February 4th, took the form of a visit to Cambridge to see the Tennant Productions Ltd. presentation of "Misalliance" by George Bernard Shaw. There was a very good cast including Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey and Alan Webb; and the outing proved most enjoyable and worthwhile.

On February 14th, Mrs Jones gave a very lively lecture on "Literature in the 1920's". She read a number of extracts from well-known books of the time, the most appealing being the opening pages of "Antic Hay" by Aldous Huxley.

Finally, on March 14th, we were very fortunate to be able to go by coach to the Phoenix Theatre, London, to see Paul Scofield in "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare. Also in the cast were Mary Ure, Diana Wynyard and Alec Clunes. This arousing and absorbing production by Peter Brook provoked much enthusiasm, and provided a very successful climax for this year's Senior Lit. meetings.

Jennifer Dollin, Form V

Library Report

SIXTY-EIGHT books have been added to the Library since November. Gifts of books have been received from Irene Campbell (*née* Chedd) Anne Maclay, Kenneth Nicholson, Marjorie Walker and Nigel Weaver while Reginald Reynolds presented us with a copy of his "Beware of Africans" and Marjorie Jones with several excellent History books from the library of her husband, the late Aneurin Jones.

Some additions have been made to Library furniture: a new table has been incorporated without detracting from the sense of spaciousness, which is one of the charms of the Library, and a new bookcase has been insinuated under the South window and blends well with the older shelves. Only the heroic efforts of Nigel Weaver in discarding obsolete books have made the existing shelves adequate for so long.

The Library continues to be well used by the School and well administered by the Librarians, who have a real conscience about their job. Through their unstinting service the fine record of no book losses has been maintained. This Term Nedda Bradbury and John Edwards have been chosen to fill the vacancies on the Library Committee caused by the departure of Isobel Jones and Dilawar Chetsingh.

C.A.M.

Junior Literary Society

WE have all greatly enjoyed the meetings held the last two terms and were very sorry that they had to close at the end of the Spring Term.

Activities have included play acting, performing charades and taking part in many games, among which was a very good hockey match, 1B playing 1A. Some of the boys, supervised by Mr Whitlow, learnt how the stage fittings worked. At the two end-of-term meetings we had an evening of games and entertainment.

We should all like to thank Mr Whitlow for giving up his Tuesday evenings to supervise Junior Lit., and hope that the book-token which we presented to him showed our appreciation.

Rachael Wellings and Sarah Montford, Form I

Pacifist Study Group

EARLY in the Spring Term of this year a study group was convened by members of the boys' sixth form who were interested in obtaining further opinions and discussing pacifism and conscientious objection. Mr Nicholson kindly agreed to act as the "leader" of the group, which, it is stressed, was not formed to convert but to help clear the minds of its members.

The group has held four meetings. At the first Mr Nicholson initiated a discussion on conscientious objection and the problem of force and killing. The second meeting was requested in order to study the passages in the Bible relevant to our problems. Throughout these two meetings the importance of noting that pacifism is a positive and not a negative belief was stressed. The third meeting of the Spring Term was an opportunity, kindly provided by Alfred Tucker, to ask questions to one who has been a pacifist since the First World War.

One of the dangers of being in a minority movement is of thinking that all the virtues are on our side and all the vices on the other. It was with this very much in mind that the Reverend Canon Sinker was invited to address the group on the Christian non-pacifist viewpoint. His sincerity impressed all who heard him. Canon Sinker said that the Christian religion was essentially one of peace and must not be propagated by force. The Church of England did, however, agree with fighting to restrain a cruel evil, using the minimum of force — which constitutes a just war.

The study group has been generally appreciated by those who attend it and has helped to clarify the thoughts of those who partake.

Nigel Weaver, Form VI.

Debating Society

READERS of *The Avenue* who have not already discovered this, may be relieved to know that the Debating Society has decided since the last issue, that it is possible to grow rich honestly. Modern women will grieve to hear that, in the Society's opinion, they are no better than their predecessors, and the (we hope relatively small) numbers of "hags mag" addicts, may read their magazines with the sanction of the House. Speakers from the floor are still increasing in numbers and ability, and though occasionally peppered with a variety of pungent remarks from the Chair, the ranks have been, to quote the Minutes, "less mute and less sullen than formerly."

In November, John Wilson, an ex-member of the Society, brought down from Cambridge a definition of the modern woman, feeling that in appearance and physical prowess she is no improvement on her forbears, in which opinion he was ably supported by Marygold Paul. David Burnett accused the male members of the House of fright, and the female of lack of confidence, while Elda Gale supported him with observations on the decreasing domination by man. The motion was defeated by 25 votes to 22, with 13 abstentions.

On February 14th, Nigel Weaver and Dilawar Chetsingh, considering the world a capitalist one with its wealth unfairly distributed, discussed ways of becoming rich, and comdemned them all on political, moral and religious grounds, as dishonest. Richard Fisher and Michael Bamberger opposed this with specific illustrations of discoverers, prospectors and electronic brain controllers, thus convincing the House, which rejected the motion by 28 votes to 18, with 8 abstentions.

A fortnight later the House hotly debated the ever-present problem of the woman's magazine. Elizabeth Weaver defined the term, and explained how the dangerously slack thinking is harmful to the readers lacking in intelligence—obviously those in the majority. Ian Healey illustrated this with amusing extracts from recent magazines, and denied the accuracy of his horoscope, which had promised the date of the last debate as a lucky one. James Munro and Paula Gosling defended magazines as a relaxation for tired housewives who were fortified by these gay, well presented, educative and cheap publications. The House contained a large percentage of fifth form girls, and rejected the motion by 28 votes to 23, with 11 abstentions.

Susan Haselgrove, Form VI

Football, 1955-56

	P.	W.	D.	L.	Goals F.	A.
First XI ...	17	9	0	8	102	52
Under XV ...	8	5	0	3	37	20
Under XIII ...	8	5	1	2	33	16

One of the most encouraging features of this season has been the enthusiasm, skill and comparative success of our two junior sides. The Under XV side has played intelligently to its team plan, and though rather weak on the wings, has been well served in the centre and inside-forward positions. When the inside trio have been held, as sometimes occurred against the intermediate teams of the Grammar Schools, this plan has sometimes exposed a plucky and hard-working defence to rather more than it could bear, but it has been a successful season with Cadman in goal; Smith, J. at wing half; and Evans and Twigg amongst the forwards, as the outstanding players.

Our Under XIII's have the best record of any junior side here that I can remember and they have been a most promising team, eager, quick on the ball, anxious to learn and ready to exploit the team strategies given them. A further asset was reserve strength and in this they had a marked advantage over their Seniors both in the Under XV and 1st XI. Wicks' goalkeeping deserves special mention; at Cambridge, for instance, against Kings's College Choir School, he gave a truly wonderful display. In front of him, Bayliss has been much the best of the backs—how very few top-class full-backs for schoolboy teams one sees nowadays!

Mitchell, at centre half, has also been an outstanding defender, whilst Brown, P., Guthrie and Gilpin have given excellent support in defence by sheer enthusiasm. Brown, P. has also been outstanding as an attacking wing half, and Guthrie, on the other flank, made a great deal of progress in his positional play as the season went on. Of the forwards, Osborn, by sheer hard work, Cowdell, by first class ball control and good passing, have been very good inside forwards, continually prompting Stacey, Hills and Hartstone in front of them. Stacey's forcefulness and speed, Hills quickness and neat ball control and Hartstone's happy knack of being in the right place at the right time near goal, have combined to complete a very useful line of forwards.

It is, however, by the 1st XI of each season, that a school's football is usually and somewhat naturally judged. With seven of the previous season's colours still with us, our outlook seemed fairly bright in September. The 1955-56 XI had been our best of sides: on the other hand we had for some time realised our weakness in reserve defensive strength, and it was no surprise when the Old Scholars beat us in the first match of the season by 2—1. Or rather, I should say, only the score was surprising. Doubts in my mind as to our defence were now

growing to include the attack as well. Was Antony Newton going to be desperately missed after all, in spite of adjustments to plan and personnel? The answer was given most emphatically by Pike and his fellow forwards on the next two Saturdays. Harlow were beaten here 16—0 and a College 2nd XI of St. Catharine's, Cambridge, defeated 10—4 in our first away match. This match was probably our peak performance; no staff were included and the boys played very fine open fast football. No one held the ball: passing was crisp, first time, extraordinarily accurate and the shooting very good indeed. Next Saturday we defeated Braintree, 6—2, in a poor, scrappy sort of game and the score certainly flattered us, but 32 goals in three games left little doubt about front line quality.

The following week at Parent-Teachers' Weekend saw a grand fight at a great pace against Soham, but lasting rather better, they finished deservedly the winners at 5—2. This was not unexpected and the week after we won 7—1 against St. Christopher, Letchworth, and went on to Newmarket with our last away defeat nearly 2 years previously. However, that record perished at Newmarket, who beat us 4—3, and from that time the team seemed largely to lose its grip for five or six matches. Two overwhelming wins (11—3 at Harlow, 15—3 here against Huntingdon) were interspersed with four more defeats. Newport beat us twice, 3—2, 2—0, Earls Colne 7—4 and Soham 7—3, so that our win at Letchworth (8—1) in the last game of the Christmas term, did no more than balance our record at 7 wins and 7 defeats, yet our goal average was exactly 2 to 1:—88 goals for, and 44 against. Only twice had the forwards failed as a line to get goals enough to win, but the defence had let in three goals or more on eight occasions.

In the Easter term frost and snow lost us three fixtures and our next match was against Newmarket. We won this rather extraordinary match 5—3. Newmarket, playing up the slope, soon established a three goal lead and rarely have I seen our 1st XI look so poor, through lack of practice, appalling conditions underfoot and the absence of regular members through injury are some excuse. Then Pike, playing at right half in Weaver's absence, Collett, Edwards and Bryan Newton (with Clarke literally conducting almost a lone defence, through ably supported by Higgs), took the game into their own hands so well that the five of them engineered and scored five goals, and that was that!

The Old Scholars had rather a weak side for the March Weekend match and we beat them 5—0 without much trouble, taking the goals total to 98. 2 more were thus needed to reach the hundred for the second time in School history and the second year in succession. These we obtained at Braintree in losing 5—4 the following week in our last match.

The 1st XI of 1955-56 was an average team of great forward strength with Alan Pike and Bryan Newton as its brightest stars.

Edwards and Mendes were also capable of reaching a very high standard of skill, but Edwards took a long time to regain the form of the previous season and Mendes did not always find the ball running kindly for him. The half backs, Weaver, Clarke and Collett, all did extremely well: to the two wing halves goes much of the credit for 102 goals in a season: to Clarke, and to a much lesser extent, Higgs, there is the consolation that they alone stood between us and double figures on more than one occasion. Salmons did quite well at right back for a time, but we never found an answer that was really adequate or up to the standard of the rest of the team at full back, and we must thus write "an average side" in spite of attacking brilliance. Pike was an excellent captain and did every phase of his work with great credit.

J.E.F.

Boys' Athletics Match

ON May 16th, against Soham Grammar School, we gained a fairly easy victory by 61 points to 40, after a very close struggle in the early stages of the match.

Stacey (1st) and P. Brown (3rd) won us the under 13 100 yards, offsetting a 4—2 reverse in the Senior event where Edwards gained second place. With Evans and Cadman holding second and third places for a draw in the under 15 event, we went to the Long Jump with the score at 9 points each.

Here, Newton (19′ 1″) and Mendes (19′ 0″) easily won us maximum points, though we promptly lost them in the next event where Evans' third point was all we could manage. It should be said, however, that the two Soham boys tied at 15′ 5½″, and that Evans was ½″ behind! Stacey, with a new Under 13 record jump of 16′ 9″, and P. Brown in second place restored our four points lead, and again we lost it immediately in the Senior Hurdles. In the Under 15 Hurdles, Cadman (1st) and Evans (3rd) put us ahead again, and though Stacey's win in the Junior event was neutralised by loss of second and third places we had a one point lead (27—26) at the end of the nine sprinting events. Cadman's 11.6 secs. and Stacey's 11.4 secs. in the hurdles were both excellent winning times, the latter being a new Under 13 and Under 14 record.

In the middle distance events, lap technique began to tell. Burnett and Lampard took the mile beautifully together in 5 mins. 11.4 secs. Bradbury and Pike ran right on their training schedule of 68 sec. laps in the 880 yards to win in 2 min. 16.4 secs. And then, Murfitt, of Soham, winning his third event of the afternoon, as Stacey had previously done, recorded a very fine quarter mile of 54 secs. Edwards and Mendes ran very well, however, and easily held second and third places for a draw; Edwards must have been very near the School 440 yards record of 55 secs; Murfitt, of course, does in fact establish a new ground record.

All this meant a nine point lead for us as we went to the High Jumps, and here, with all the work put in during the winter at Athletic Club, and with some very promising jumping in the last month or two at the pit, I felt confident we could break through at this point and reach the winning figure of 51 points. And so, indeed, it proved. P. Brown and Oswick were jumping a full six inches below their maximum when the opposition failed. Cadman, at 4′ 6¼″ gave a fine exhibition of the Western Roll style he had worked on so well, and, winning the event, held off a plucky challenge from the two Soham boys who gained second and third places. In the Senior event we were again not extended at all and the opposition had ceased before Lampard and Newton really needed to get down to work.

The match was therefore over before the relays began, and here our Under 13's did well to record a winning time of 56.8 secs. (a new School record) for the 4 x 110 yds. We lost the Under 15 event by quite a margin and Soham returned 3 min. 1 sec. for the ¾ mile course. The Senior event produced a thrilling finish when Edwards came from behind with a magnificent burst over the last 220 yards to win and give us a time of 72.6 secs. for 660 yards.

In conclusion, I would like to thank all who helped in any way, and, above all, of course, the team themselves—not only for their great and courageous effort against a school with three times our number of boys, but for the patience with which they have listened and for the time which they have given up in their evenings for training. It was a grand effort and the School should be very proud of them.

J.E.F.

Girls' Games Report, 1955-56

Hockey.

1st XI were as follows:—

Goal:	Judith Allen.*
Right Back:	Jean Scott.
Left Back:	Brenda Miles.
Left Half:	Sally MacClymont.
Centre Half:	Jane Evans.
Right Half:	Bronwen Mace.
Right Wing:	Margaret Martin.
Right Inner:	Susan Dutton.
Centre Forward:	Rosemary Scott.* (Colours, 1955)
Left Inner:	Anne Maclay.
Left Wing:	Myrtle Wyatt (Colours, 1954) (Captain)
Reserves:	Jane Whitlow, Geraldine Young, Marygold Paul

* Judith and Rosemary were both picked for the Cambridgeshire Junior Hockey Teams. Judith for the 2nd XI and Rosemary as Right Inner in the 1st XI; then, following her play in the county match, she was picked for an East Anglian Junior Trial.

The results in the 1st XI matches were as follows:— Out of 12 matches played 2 were lost, 2 were drawn and 8 were won.

The Under 15 XI.

Goal:	Grethe Hansen.
Right Back:	Mary Busch.
Left Back:	Janet Ludgate.
Left Half:	Sally Fisher.
Centre Half:	Marion Battley.
Right Half:	Judith Wilson.
Right Wing:	Barbara Stokes.
Right Inner:	Jennifer Wilson.
Centre Forward:	Clare White.
Left Inner:	Jean Frost. (Captain)
Left Wing:	Linda Smith.
Reserve:	Anne De Barr.

Out of 4 matches played 1 was lost, 1 was drawn and 2 were won. This year the Under 15 XI were the winners in the Cambridgeshire Schools' Under 15 Hockey Tournament.

Netball.

The Teams were as follows:—

First VII. Shooter—Margaret Peacock, **Attack**—Rosalind Burley, **Centre Attack**—Jennifer Haines, **Centre**—Susan Haselgrove*, **Centre Defence**—Diana Price, **Defence**—Paula Gosling, **Goal Keeper**—Judith Allen, **Reserve**—Jacqueline Green.

* Captain. Awarded Colours, December, 1955.

Under 15 VII. Shooter—Rosemary Shepherd, **Attack**—Jill Wickstead, **Centre Attack**—Clare White, **Centre**—Jean Frost, **Centre Defence**—Georgina Clayden, **Defence**—Moira Lawrie, **Goal Keeper**—Janet Ludgate, **Reserve**—Linda Smith.

Form 1 VII. Shooter—Dorothea Simmonds, **Attack**—Judith Watson, **Centre Attack**—Deborah Norton, **Centre**—April Pumfleet, **Centre Defence**—Paddy Harmston, **Defence**—Katharine Hopkinson, **Goal Keeper**—Margaret Ellis, **Reserve**—Patricia Drummond.

The results of the Netball matches were:— Out of 8 matches played 3 were lost, and 5 matches won.

Gymnastics.

During the Spring Term three House Gymnastic Competitions were held, Forms 1 and 2, Forms 3 and 4, and Forms 5 and 6. In the final results Mennell came first with Tuke second.

Athletics.

The results of the Inter-House Athletic finals were as follows:—

100 yards.

Senior	Under 15	Under 14
1. M. Wyatt (L) 12.8	J. Pike (T) 13.8	M. Lawrie (L) 13.2
2. D. Price (L)	J. Frost (M)	L. Jacob (T)
3. M. Paul (M)	C. Chatterton (L)	C. White (L)

Under 13	Under 12
1. K. Whitlow (L) 13.8	S. Montford (M) 14.4
2. A. Edwards (T)	Ju. Watson (T)
3. M. James (L)	M. Lampard (L)

High Jump.

Senior	Under 15	Under 14
1. M. Wyatt (L) 4 ft. 4 ins.	R. Scott (L) 4 ft. 4 ins.	M. Lawrie (L) 4 ft. 5 ins.
2. P. Gosling (M)	B. Stokes (T)	S. Toplis (M)
3. S. MacClymont (M)	S. Jones (M)	J. Brudenell (M)

Under 13	Under 12
1. A. Edwards (T) 3 ft. 10 ins.	P. Harmston (L) 3 ft. 7 ins.
2. K Whitlow (L)	S. Pellowe (T)
3. S. Clarke (T)	Ju. Watson (T)

Long Jump.

Senior	Under 15	Under 14
1. M. Wyatt (L) 15 ft. 8 ins.	B. Stokes (T) 12 ft. 9 ins.	M. Lawrie (L) 14 ft. 0½ in.
2. N. Bradbury (M)	S. Jones (M)	S. Toplis (M)
3. J. Evans (L)	M. Busch (L)	J. Brudenell (M)

Under 13	Under 12
1. A. Edwards (T) 12 ft. 4½ ins.	P. Harmston (L) 11 ft. 5½ ins.
2. B. Beeby (M)	J. Watson (T)
3. A. Tillett (M)	P. Drummond (L)

Hurdles.

Senior	Under 15	Under 14
1. N. Bradbury (M) 12.8	J. Frost (M) 13.0	S. Toplis (M) 12.8
2. J. Pennell (M)	S. Jones (M)	C. White (L)
3. J. Allen (L)		J. Wickstead (L)

Under 13	Under 12
1. A. Edwards (T) 13.2	M. Lampard (L) 14.2*
2. G. Hansen (M)	Ju. Watson (T)
3. V. Maitland (T)	D. Norton (T)

220 yards. **150 yards.**

Senior	Under 15	Under 14
1. M. Wyatt (L) 27.6	1. B. Stokes (T) 20.8	L. Jacob (T) 20.2
2. D. Price (L)	2. J. Pike (T)	M. Lawrie (L)
3. N. Bradbury (M)	3. M. Busch (L)	P. Deighton (L)

Relays.

Senior	Under 15	Under 14
1. Lister 57.4 secs.*	Lister 62.4 secs.	Lister 62 secs.
2. Mennell	Tuke	Mennell

Under 13	Under 12
1. Tuke 64.6 secs.	Lister 65.4 secs.*
2. Mennell	Mennell

* New School record.

Acknowledgments

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

The Archway, The Beckside, The Brook, The Croydon and Saffron Walden Old Scholars' Association Annual Report 1955, The Cupola, The Magazine of the Friends' School Lancaster, The Georgian, The Leightonian, The Mount School Magazine, New Zealand Friends' School Magazine, The Portico, The St. Christopher Magazine, School Echoes, Sherrardswood School Chronicle, The Sidcot Old Scholars' Association Annual Report 1955.

Editorial Board

At the end of the Spring Term Isobel Jones left the Board after four years' service. We shall be losing Mr Beeson, Treasurer in succession to Miss Yapp, after this issue. Two new members to the Board have been appointed: Jean Dohoo and Michael Connolly. Other members are Mr Nicholson, Mrs Keen (Editor), Mr Whitlow, Anne Sayer, Nigel Weaver, Barbara Revans and John Edwards.

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The money is used in the first place to meet the expenses of the Association; any surplus is used from time to time in making gifts to the school. These usually take the form of books or of other equipment which would not otherwise be obtained.

To those whose children have left school Associate Membership (7/6 a year) is now open. For this amount they will receive the school calendar each term, "The Avenue" twice a year, and a copy of the school's annual report.

Subscriptions may be sent either to the Treasurer of the Association, or to the Bursar, at the school.

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