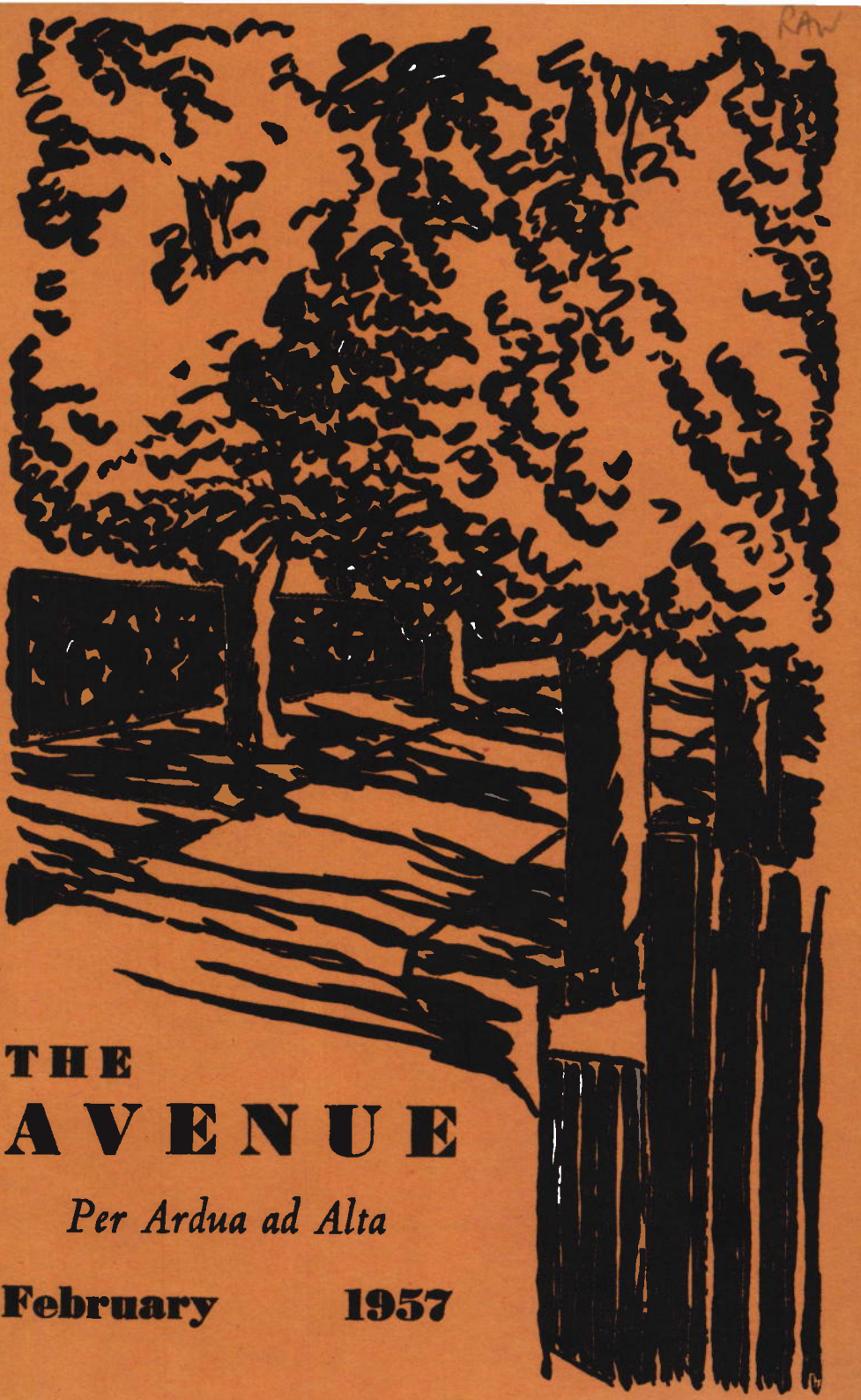


THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

February 1957

Careers in Insurance

In this modern age no prudent individual or business organisation can afford to ignore the consequences of misfortune or disaster. The whole world has become increasingly conscious of the need for the protection which Insurance provides, and this large and prosperous industry is expanding rapidly.

Opportunity for a Career: High in the ranks of the leading Offices stands the FRIENDS' PROVIDENT & CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES who, in recent years, have met an increasing share of this growing demand for Insurance. The organisation continues to develop throughout the world, and there is ample opportunity for ambitious young men to find profitable and worth-while careers on the Staff of the Offices at home and overseas.

Training: Adequate training facilities are provided to assist in ultimate qualification for the most senior positions. Each man on entry is placed with regard to his particular ability and inclinations, and individual training is given either in London or at Branches in the main provincial cities.

Educational Requirements: The minimum standard is at least four passes in G.C.E. (O) (English Language, Mathematics and two other subjects), and trainees are recruited from men up to the age of 25 from Grammar and Public Schools and Universities.

Prospects: Trainees are paid in the same scale as other members of the staff of comparable ages throughout the whole period of training (in London £340 per annum at age 20 and £500 per annum at age 25). There are many fine opportunities for advancement with the Offices, and those who make satisfactory progress can look forward to earning substantial salaries in responsible positions while still comparatively young.

Full details can be obtained from
The Personnel Officer
The Friends' Provident & Century Insurance Offices
7 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.

The Parent-Teacher Association

All parents having children at the school, whether as day scholars or boarders, are members, and are invited to pay an annual subscription of 2/6.

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.

Saffron Walden Countryside Association

If you are interested in plants, wild animals, scenery, architecture or rambling in this district, you should belong to the above association.

Annual Subscription 5/- Children 1/-
(Husband and Wife 7/6)

In the winter monthly meetings, and in the summer, monthly excursions are arranged

Honorary Secretary:
S. R. FISHER
10 MOUNT PLEASANT ROAD
SAFFRON WALDEN

12th February. Nature films
14th March. Lady Eve Balfour
9th April. Some aspects of Audley End

Phone: Saffron Walden 2151 Est. 1924

Rumsey & Coy.

(AUBREY L. RUMSEY)

Successors to Freemans Furnishers

34 HIGH STREET
AND PARK LANE

SAFFRON WALDEN
ESSEX

Largest Selection of Furniture, Bedding, Linos, Carpets and Prams in the Town at Lowest Prices

---

REMOVALS & STORAGE

REPAIRS, RE-POLISHING
and RE-UPHOLSTERING
of every description

Bedding Re-made

Prompt Service Personal Attention

Estimates Free

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 42 No. 126 February, 1957

Editorial

THE conventional editor, as depicted in the American film, chain smokes, wears an absurd jockey cap, and has an appalling temper. He never accepts an article until it has been rewritten several times and then only does so ungraciously. We, on the other hand, cannot afford to smoke, have to wear berets, and must never be rude for we are, like the distressed gentlefolk, entirely dependent on voluntary contributions. The editor of a successful magazine is able to say, "This is good, but we have no room to publish it." What we are saying is, "This is hopeless, but we must print it to fill up space." To produce a magazine, even if it be a school magazine, on this principle is pointless. There is no reason why *The Avenue*, like the Liberal Party, should totter on, a feeble relic of its former glory; for the school, unlike the Liberals, has a healthy transfusion of new blood each year. This promising first form enthusiasm, however, soon lapses into apathy, so that from most of the seniors we receive nothing.

It is incredible that in a community of intelligent people so few should ever think or do anything interesting: surely someone must practise alchemy behind the pavilion, or be a Rosicrucian? Then do exert yourselves to provide contributions, so that by a process of selection we may improve *The Avenue*.

Inter Alia

SINCE our last edition the School has had two major inspections. The first was taken as a general precaution against chest diseases by the Mass Radiography Unit, and the second was a more extensive investigation by Her Majesty's Inspectors. It is difficult to say whether the Staff or the School were more relieved on their departure. It is interesting to note that this was only the third inspection in 44 years.

* * *

There has been an unusually long interval between the publication of the summer edition of *The Avenue* and the present edition. This has meant an elongated list of visitors, whom we have been pleased to welcome to the School, during that period. Among these were Rachel Pearse, Robert Davis, John Hoyland, J. Bigham, and Hugh More, all

of whom spoke in Evening Meeting. During the Autumn Term we were privileged to hear Lettice Jowett, Albert Lindlay, Miss E. Jebb, Gerald Littleboy, Ian Michael, Janet Whitney, Fred Irvine, and Denis Moriarty. Also both John Kearton and Mr Evetts gave interesting lectures. Sixth Form Lectures were, once again, much appreciated. Derek Schove spoke on "Climate, Weather, and History": J. Hall Todd chose "Food and People" as his subject, and Karel Reisz gave an unusual talk on "Films". Noel Marshall's informative talk on Turkistan and Dr Pirrie's talk on Formosa were both greatly enjoyed. This term Joyce Sturge has spoken in Evening Meeting and W. M. Hopkinson addressed the Sixth Form.

* * *

Films shown at the School have included "Monsieur Hulot's Holiday", "Woodland Drama", "Hamlet", "Titfield Thunderbolt", and "Kind Hearts and Coronets". The whole school was allowed a "flick" leave to see Danny Kaye in the "Court Jester" when it came to Walden.

* * *

We extend a belated welcome to Miss Reynolds and Mr Cane who have joined the Musical Staff, and also to Mrs Pyle and Mr John, both teaching Mathematics. Mrs Pyle originally came as Miss Pugh but she recently decided to change her name. We welcome Miss Due from Denmark, as Assistant Matron, Miss Peach, as Assistant Housekeeper, Miss Gilmour (History) who is studying for a post-graduate Teaching Certificate at Hughes Hall, Cambridge, and M. Rémy Chapatte from Switzerland, who is taking French Conversation lessons. We were pleased to have Frau Mitbauer with us throughout the Autumn Term.

* * *

We were indeed sorry to say farewell to Miss Comber and Mr Beeson at the end of the Summer Term. Both devoted a great deal of their spare time to school activities, and we wish them all the best in their new surroundings. The loss of Mr Beeson, and his financial wizardry, from the Avenue Board, was a sad blow, and we are grateful to Mr John for assuming these heavy responsibilities. We also extend our best wishes to Mr Benham and Miss Nicholson, both of whom left us last term. The vacancy in the Woodwork department, created by Mr Benham's departure, has been partially filled from various sources.

* * *

Mr Wright has been unable to teach for the first part of this term owing to ill-health. We wish him a complete recovery and hope that he will be back with us soon.

* * *

The "Well for India" Fund raised the very creditable total of £75 in less than two terms. A cheque for this amount has been forwarded to Hallam Tennyson from the School. Our thanks are due particularly

to Jane Evans for all the organisation she undertook.

* * *

We congratulate Mr Sturge on his B.Mus., and wish him success with his Doctorate. Also we would like to congratulate Miss Gwyneth Jackson and Mr James Dutton (an Old Scholar) on their engagement.

* * *

The introduction of double bunks in certain bedrooms on the "boys' side" is noteworthy. However there is no apparent increase in comfort. The rumour about new furniture for the Prefects still persists.

* * *

The Senior Boys' Work Group has been busy on the preparations for a Horse-shoe Garden in front of the new labs. The final effect should be well worth the effort involved.

* * *

An Old Scholar visiting the Masters' Block would be amazed at the transformation of the top-floor. "The Flat" (four-roomed), is now the residence of Mr and Mrs Plant.

* * *

Hopes for a new school tie, with yellow saffrons on a dark green background, have now faded out owing to lack of orders.

* * *

At the end of the Summer Term, NATCH had its customary outing, and Wicken Fen was chosen as being particularly suitable for field studies. Whipsnade, Kew, and Walton-on-Naze were among the places visited by various forms on "Form Excursion Day". There were other excursions to some of the Essex churches and also to Harlow.

* * *

Three Old Scholars have appeared prominently in the University results. Timothy Whitmore and Adam Kendon gained Firsts in the National Science Tripos, and John Wilson obtained a First in Economics.

* * *

We congratulate Myrtle Wyatt, Michael Jacobs (now Old Scholars), and David Stacey, on representing Cambridgeshire in the All-England Athletics Championships at Plymouth last year.

* * *

There has been a great concern in the School about recent events in Hungary (and Suez). The production of "School for Scandal" raised £45, above the costs of production, for Hungarian refugees.

* * *

As most of the juniors (and a few seniors) know, to their pleasure, "Puni" is now held every Wednesday, and not bi-weekly, as before. This is one of a number of reforms including the abolition of meal

collects (except for tea) and a slight alteration of the mark system.

* * *

A recent survey showed that a quarter of the School had been abroad during the past twelve months. Apart from those who had been on an officially sponsored visit to Jugoslavia, and the ten who who had been to the Paris Easter School, the others had gone with their parents or under their own steam. During the coming holidays, twenty-six boys and girls, from all forms between VI2 and IIIB, will be spending a fortnight in Paris, living in families of whom a member is also attending the Easter School with them.

Personal

"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

GERTRUDE.—with loving and grateful thanks for seven years devoted service to the dear old school at Walden.

SKIING Party—Bernese Oberland: vacancies April 1-15. 30 gns., including instruction. Apply in writing to T. or G. Ulrich.

ENGLISH MALE, single, 18, wishes to live abroad. Speaks fluent Russian: knowledge of Egypt. Offers invited. Communicate with Box L. 105.

FOR SALE.—Small bungalow: modern design: North Essex, near Cambridge. Attractive layout: large garden and two green-houses. Suit newly-weds or retired Science Master. £2,500 or near offer. Phone Box P. 123.

WELL-EDUCATED LADY wishes to cross Greece by mule-train. Please write the Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Do you still want to retain discarded bits and pieces of old jewellery, gold, and silver? They could help this voluntary Society if sent to the Secretary, the Old Scholars' Association, Walden.

INFLUENZA patient, young man (17), very cheerful but doubtful outlook: late Friends' School, Saffron Walden: needs extra nourishment. Please help us to care for him (also thousands of other sad cases). Relief for Children Fund [Dept. A4], 101 Victoria Street, N.14.

The charge for announcements in the Personal Column is 15s. per line (minimum 10 lines). Trade announcements 50s. per line. Apply Prefects. An additional charge of 1s. is made to cover the Prefects' fee.

INTELLIGENT, industrious, inexhaustible female secretary required for indefatigable Headmaster. Write full particulars of experience and education. Box M. 9878, E.C.4.

LOST on bus 10 vols. of Alcoholism Today. Communicate with Box L. 69, E.C.4.

WANTED adventurous young female, as cook to expedition to Darkest Africa. Essential fond of animals.

CLARISSA.—Come home! Mother needs you.—Father.

The House by the Sea

WINTER was hard in the house by the sea,
No garden it boasted, but one windswept tree;
The wind it would howl like the Devil's banshee
And the waves lashed their spray on the house by the sea.

Spring was more kind to the house by the sea;
The winds they were softer, the rains were more free;
The sea-birds would nest in the wall's sheltered lee
And bring up their young near the house by the sea.

Summer was best in the house by the sea;
The winds, they blew softly, so scented and free,
The waves were mere ripples, the sun in the lee
Set rosy and golden on the house by the sea.

Autumn was different for the house by the sea;
The days became shorter, no leaves on the tree;
The sea-birds were glad of the sheltering scree,
When the mist folded in round the house by the sea.

D. Griggs, Form III.

Tourist Types

WHEN I came to School after the summer holidays and stood on the brink of the swimming-pool with a companion, we remarked on the large number of people who had been abroad. I contemplated the shining brown backs of the girls and guessed that their tan had not been induced by a British sun. As a result of my inquiries in the changing room, I found that many of them had indeed been to such places as Italy. France, Germany, Switzerland and Spain. My friend and I were decidedly envious.

Then I thought of my holiday in the Highlands of Scotland and stopped being envious.

Everything was just the way it should be, although the night we arrived at Callander, we suffered greatly from rain, mist, cold and claustrophobia, while a general desire to go back to Peebles was expressed. However, day dawned and we revived.

Scotland was full of tourists, the Trossachs were crammed with wealthy "American Scotch" who stayed at expensive hotels and fondly imagined that they were descended from Sir Walter Scott. The English toursits were the most amusing—and those with the least feeling. On the steamer going round the Isle of Mull, there was a truly amazing cross-section of humanity.

We were approaching the Isle of Staffa and everyone was thinking romantic thoughts about Fingal's Cave and humming Mendelssohn's music, when a south-country female voice started talking about a photo-

graph of somebody's husband. When we went ashore and stumbled over those broken-off pillars of grey stone, I heard a lady in high heels say that they ought to make a path. She sprained her ankle and had to be carried back to the boat!

We had already visited the Abbey on Iona—a peaceful, white-sanded island, unlike the others, and full of history. The guide wore a Cameron kilt and was Irish. I was focussing my camera on the ruins of the old nunnery when I heard a Lancashire voice saying pettishly:

"Well, what's the point?" His wife answered: "We've come so that we can take back memories, dear," but he was not convinced.

While we were gazing over the blue water at the purple, misty outline of the Isle of Skye and thinking of poor old Charles Edward, a man from Glasgow disrupted our thoughts with his hard, husky voice, and with an accent almost devoid of consonants, by reminiscing about another holiday he had spent years ago.

The most charming person on the steamer, was a small French boy, about six years old. He was accompanied by his parents, and two English ladies who were quite fascinated by his completely French appearance and manner, and were paying him a good deal of attention. They taught him to say " How do you do?' and "I'm so pleased to meet you," and he was doing very well. Then he bamboozled them by saying suddenly, with no prompting: "Do you speak English?"

Naomi Johnston, Form V.

Railway Modernisation

THE Railway Modernisation Plan, which has already given many rural branch-lines diesel trains, has benefited Saffron Walden only in a secondary way. In September last year the trains which had previously been running to Audley End and Bartlow were replaced by newer carriages from the North Walsham branch line in Norfolk. Diesel trains have replaced steam services on that railway. At the same time the older engines were withdrawn from Saffron Walden and were replaced by two representatives of the N7 Class tank engine, first built in 1925 for the North London suburban services.

The new diesel trains, many of which have already been introduced into the Lake District, Yorkshire, North Wales and East Anglia, consist of two carriages connected by a corridor. A driving compartment at each end makes turning round at termini unnecessary. Passenger accommodation consists of four open compartments similar to a 'bus interior. There is also a guards' and luggage compartment. The trains are built of lightweight metal and are capable of very fast acceleration and stopping.

But, for the time being, no more of these trains will be introduced to East Anglia, so while in other parts of the country rail travel has been revolutionised, Walden is still content to puff.

Harry Frost, Form V.

I Know a Place

I KNOW a place,
Where the trees caress the sky,
Where the bees hum in the plants,
And the wind goes howling by.

The rather deep and muddy pond,
The life that lies below,
The fish with coloured shining scales,
Dart swiftly to and fro.

Beside it is a mossy bank,
Where wild white violets grow,
Where the tall and stately iris stands
Her petals all aglow.

I know a place
To where the sunlight streams,
It's where the rainbow meets the earth
The secret of my dreams.

Deborah Norton, Form II.

A Cycle-tour in the Bernese Oberland

"WELL, Jack, all ready?" "Tout est en ordre!" he shouts back. "Alors, à demain matin, sept heures."

"A demain et bonne nuit."

Yes, as perhaps you know, we are setting off for a four day cycle tour. Our panniers are full of food and clothes, and on top of our "porte-bagage" are our sleeping bags and macintoshes. That's all, except for a little money. We have three pounds each, no more.

The first part of our journey, which is quite easy going, is from Montreux to Neuchatel, through Lausanne. All goes very smoothly up to there, and we leave the lake of "Geneva", as you call it, but which is really lake " Leman". After climbing "Lausanne" we reach our first stop, the house of a friend of mine. We stop and chat for a quarter of an hour, and then, after shaking hands (you never forget that in Switzerland), we leave him. Next stop Guerdon, where we have our picnic lunch. Guerdon is quite an interesting town, with its castles and museums, but, as we know it well, we don't stop for long. Leaving Guerdon we head for our first "real stop". After a smooth ride on a magnificent new road alongside the lake of Neuchatel we arrive at my Aunt's house, and the first thing to do is to flop into the fresh water of the lake for a swim. Later, having had a "whacking" supper of "choucroute" (sauerkraut), potatoes and salad, we go off to a welcome bed, the last for some time.

"Allons, c'est l'heure; vieux paresseux!" my dear old Aunt shouts loudly. We stagger out of bed, wash, and have breakfast. Then we have a general inspection of material, and off we go. We ride through Bienne, after having followed the road along lake "Bienne" and pedal off towards Bern. Now Bern, as any Geographer knows, is the capital of Switzerland and is one of the oldest towns of the country, and since I am a "Bernese" I am sure to laze around there. However we manage to leave at last and head for lake Thun. We shall spend the night in a youth hostel on the shores of this lake. However an hour from there it starts pouring with rain and we arrive soaked to the skin. Jack put on his macintosh (he's a sensible type) but as I knew we would have a dip there, I thought it would do me no harm to have a shower. After my "dip", a really short one for the water was about 56° F, we had supper and off to bed we went. We were sleeping in a dormitory with nearly all German boys, so I courageously "brought out" my German, and we had good fun before falling asleep.

"Allons! Flemmard! C'est l'heure." As usual I am last asleep and last up! Well, today (our last day) we attack the "Giants". An ample breakfast puts us in a good mood and we cycle off merrily. Five miles of slow going and then we really start climbing for the best part of fifteen miles. Arriving at the summit of our long climb we enjoy a well-earned rest and, as normal, a good picnic dinner. We eat up all our remaining provisions because next stop is home.

After a long "descente", we reach Aigle, and pedal along a flat road in the "Plaine du Rhône" till we see the lake. We unload our bikes and what happens to me? I have one of my favourite dips in my old friend "lac Leman".

A. Ulrich, Form V.

Salve, Catulle

ON January 29th Mrs Plant took a party of Seniors to Cambridge to hear a lecture on the Latin poet, Catullus. The lecture was given by Mr L. P. Wilkinson, an eminent Latin scholar and a great authority on colloquial Latin. His lecture was both interesting and entertaining, and it seemed that he was completely at home in the subject. By the end, we were too.

He began by describing the life of Catullus, who was born in B.C. 84 and died when he was only thirty. Most of his adult life was consumed in a love-affair with the beautiful but dissolute Clodia, to whom several of his poems are addressed. Mr Wilkinson went on to describe Catullus' poetry, and commented both on the subject-matter and the language. He quoted several poems we knew, and obviously loved them himself. His explanations were given in an easy, modern style which everybody could understand. Besides being a scholar, he was also a capable orator.

We left feeling considerably more knowledgeable about Catullus: for an hour we had left behind the dismal January evening in Cambridge and had been carried to Sirmio, Catullus' sweet home in northern Italy, where he sailed his yacht on the beautiful lake.

Carolus.

A Tale

ONCE upon a time there lived a King who ruled over a rich and prosperous land where the people were good, kind and happy and regular church-goers. The Archbishop was an exceptionally Good Person and as he contributed such a great deal to the welfare of the state, he was made one of the King's two Chief Advisers, and the King married the Archbishop's sister who was almost as saintly and good as her brother. Eventually they had four children, three princes and a princess. The princess was, like her mother, very beautiful, and they called her Rose. The two elder sons were both very strong and handsome and their names were Cuthbert and Clarence. The youngest son's name was Douglas. He was very ugly and not very popular with the King's friends.

Now the King's other Chief Adviser (I hope you have not forgotten that there were two) was the Black Dwarf. He was very sinister, very rich and very ugly. He hated the Archbishop because he was the rival Chief Adviser, he hated the Queen because she was the Archbishop's sister, he hated the King because he was the Queen's husband and he hated Prince Cuthbert, Prince Clarence and Princess Rose as they were the King's children. He did not, of course, tell this to the King. Now, although Prince Douglas was the King's son, the Black Dwarf liked him very much and they became great friends.

Now one day, there came into that country a Dragon. He established himself in a cavern near the main road, about a mile away from the capital city, and when anyone passed by he would catch them and devour them. And as the people he devoured were good, kind and happy he grew into a Very Large Fire-Breathing Dragon, and began to come right down to the city to catch his prey. And because the people were good, kind and happy, and had no cause to fight against each other, they could not stop the Dragon and the population decreased.

Now the time came for Prince Cuthbert to seek his fortune, so he got a long wooden spear, and, mounted on his milk-white steed, he rode out to kill the Dragon. But the Dragon breathed fire on his wooden spear, burnt it up and then devoured Prince Cuthbert.

This did not cheer Prince Clarence up, as it was his turn to seek his fortune. But he got a long metal spear, and mounted on his coal-black steed, he rode out to kill the Dragon. But the Dragon breathed fire on his metal spear, melted it, and then devoured Prince Clarence.

Then, when her two brothers were dead, the beautiful Princess Rose began to act very strangely. She dressed in long white clothes and went walking about in the mountains, and one day she never came back.

Then the time came for Prince Douglas to seek his fortune. He did not seem at all nervous, when, mounted on his little grey pony, he rode out to kill the Dragon. The Black Dwarf followed him. When he arrived at the Dragon's lair Prince Douglas ran up to the Dragon, evading all the fire that the Dragon was breathing out. But just as he got near the Dragon's head, he was swallowed up. At least, the Black Dwarf said he was swallowed up, but all the other people watching thought they saw him run into the cave in the middle of all the smoke. But as the Black Dwarf was standing nearest to the cave and as he was one of the King's Chief Advisers, nobody could possibly doubt his word.

Some months after this strange changes came over some of the people living in the city. Wherever they went, they kept looking shiftily over their shoulders. Large towers were built all over the city, from the top of which the Dragon's cave could be seen. Huge fortifications were built round the city so that the Dragon could not get in.

But every day the Dragon came down and managed to catch some people, as they tried to sneak out for food. So the people, who had formerly been good, kind and happy, built the fortifications stronger. They demolished some of the churches and instead of attending the remaining churches, they built ditches, walls and moats.

Then, one day the Queen said she had had a dream in which she had seen the dead Prince Douglas sitting in a chair near her. This went on for many nights, until one morning they found that she had disappeared. They never saw her again.

Rumours began to spread that Prince Douglas had not been killed and that he was in the city. The Archbishop said that this could not be possible but the Black Dwarf told the people that Prince Douglas would return and save them from the Dragon. The people became very hostile to the King and the Archbishop, and suddenly the people revolted and imprisoned them. They let the fortifications fall down and the Dragon came into the city whenever it liked. They built several altars in various parts of the city, and at one of them they sacrificed the King and the Archbishop as an offering to the Dragon. The wall was pulled down and temples were built round the altars and every day chosen victims were offered to the Dragon.

One day the Black Dwarf went on one of his frequent visits to the Dragon's lair and came back with a young man whom some of the people recognised as Prince Douglas. The Black Dwarf said that it was the Dragon's wish that the Prince should be made the new King and that he, the Black Dwarf, should be his Chief Adviser.

The next day the Black Dwarf gave the Dragon a ton of dynamite, which it breathed upon, and thus blew itself up. But the people con-

tinued making sacrifices to it as their god, and carved many stone effigies of it which they put in their temples.

King Douglas, with the Black Dwarf as his Chief Adviser, ruled the land lavishly and unwisely, and they both lived happily ever after.

C.H.C.

The Fish

HE leaps and he frolics, his silv'ry scales flashing;
He rests and he wallows, in the cool, dark'ning shallows.
He pulls on a fly-rod, his tail is a-thrashing
His pink, chubby belly lies limp on the bank.

Jazz

IT IS extremely annoying to hear people condemning a subject, when they are obviously under a misapprehension as to what, in fact, the subject really is. This is generally the position in which jazz music finds itself to-day. The great percentage of people who reject and condemn this type of music do not really know what "the real stuff" sounds like, and what they do in fact condemn is usually some abominable noise which they heard on the wireless last night when they were tired after a hard day's work. So before I go on to the main points of my article, I should like, for the benefit of these people, to define what true jazz is.

Basically, jazz is the final stage in the evolution of the folk music of the American negro. It was born in the years after the American Civil War, when for the first time, the slave was given his independence. These destitute, half-starved folk (mostly found in New Orleans), had one source of consolation: the music in which they expressed their joys and sorrows. This was the beginning of the highly evolved music which has come to be known as jazz. Technically, jazz may be defined in two words: collective improvisation. For provided they stay within the beat and in harmony with each other, the players have complete freedom to improvise spontaneously. And it is this complete spontaneity which gives to jazz its unique quality, not found in any other type of music. True jazz is not pre-composed (and this excludes from its lists most of the "abominable noise" one may hear on the wireless), but is created on the spot by the players themselves. And this brings us to the most important question: who are the real jazz musicians? Although many white musicians (Humphrey Lyttleton is probably the outstanding example) have attempted, and sometimes achieved, real jazz, the only true jazz musicians are those negroes brought up in the tradition of New Orleans, for jazz is, by its essential nature, bound up with the temperament of the American negro.

Having briefly stated what I believe jazz to be for the benefit of those who have condemned it without knowing what it really is, I now face the really formidable opponent: the man who knows exactly what jazz is but refuses to acknowledge it as a true art form. For despite its almost complete recognition among the younger half of cultured England, there are still many intelligent people, mainly among the older generation, who just cannot accept jazz. The reason for this is mainly because they insist on comparing it with orthodox European music, and the two are, by their essential natures, incompatible. A solo by Louis Armstrong does not, and could not, have the same effect on me that say, the first movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony does. Beethoven lifts you, out of yourself, and into his chaotic and exalting world, but jazz speaks to you as you are, and you feel that Armstrong's trumpet is expressing your own feelings. Jazz speaks to and expresses the modern sensibility in a way which no other music can do, for it is created by the men who play it, our contemporaries, who are born into the same world and face the same problems that we do.

I cannot argue with those people who have made the effort to appreciate jazz but cannot, for at least they have made the attempt, which is the important thing. All that I can say to these people is that many others can, and do, enjoy and appreciate it, and if this article causes some people to look upon jazz with a more tolerant attitude, I will have succeeded in my aim in writing it.

Peter Mendes, Form VI.

Our Ship

BOOM, slap went the waves against our ship
As she forged her way through the sea.
Like a shot from a gun, like a horse from the whip.
Once down in the dip, now near to the lea,
Went our little ship.

The sky grew dark and stormy,
Waves leapt over the bow.
"God save us poor fellows of Lawney,"
Was the cry that from us went up now
To the God of the Sea.

Slap, slap went the waves against a rock,
Submerged 'neath the dark grey sea.
At its foot lay a ship, Our little ship,
That went down in the dip, now near to the lea.
Now left to the God of the Sea.

Jillian Webb, Form IV.

SARAH BERNHARD (1844-1923) was a celebrated actress whose success was largely due to her beautiful voice and magnetic personality. She acted in classical and romantic plays and two of her greatest triumphs were in the title rôle of "L'Aiglor" of Rostand (Napolean's son) and Racine's "Phèdre".

A Sarah

EN ce temps sans beauté, seule encor tu nous restes
Sachant descendre, pâle, un grand escalier clair,
Ceindre un bandeau, porter un lis, brandir un fer,
Reine de l'Attitude et Princesse des Gestes!

En ce temps sans folie, ardente, tu protestes!
Tu dis des vers. Tu meurs d'amour.
Ton vol se perd.
Tu tends des bras de rêve, et puis des bras de chair,
Et quand Phèdre paraît, nous sommes tous incestes.

Avide de souffrir tu t'ajoutas des cœurs;
Nous avons vu couler—car ils coulent, tes pleurs!—
Toutes les larmes de nos âmes sur tes joues.

Mais aussi, tu sais bien, Sarah, que quelquefois
Tu sens furtivement se poser quand tu jours
Les lèvres de Shakespeare aux bagues de tes doigts.

Edmond Rostand.

To Sarah

IN this unlovely age no one but you
Can graciously descend a lighted stair,
Bear lilies, wield a sword, or braid your hair
In peerless gestures, passionate and true.

Your fiery ardour flames in protest through
Our barren time. You love; you cleave the air;
You speak—divine and human mingle there;
And watching Phèdre we grow incestuous too.

Eager for suffering you enlarged your heart,
And we have seen our secret soul's distress
Flow with your living tears in healing smart.
Oh Sarah, when you play, with soft caress,
Low-bending o'er your jewelled finger-tips,
Shakespeare himself might brush them with his lips.

A.D.H.

L'Heure de Berger

LA lune est rouge au brumeux horizon;
Dans un brouillard qui danse, la prairie
S'endort fumeuse et la grenouille crie
Par les joncs verts où circule un frisson;

Les fleurs des eaux referment leurs corolles;
Des peupliers profilent aux lointains,
Droits et serrés, leurs spectres incertains;
Vers les buissons errent les lucioles;

Les chats—huants s'éveillent, et sans bruit
Rament l'air noir avec leurs ailes lourdes,
Et le zénith s'emplit de lueurs sourdes.
Blanche, Vénus émerge, et c'est la nuit.

Paul Verlaine.

The Shepherd's Hour

THE moon is red on the veiled horizon's edge;
Swathed in a dancing mist the meadow sleeps;
With mournful cry the frog his vigil keeps
Where shivers stir the green heart of the sedge.

Slowly the water-flowers their chalice close;
The poplars etch in black against the sky
The close ranks of their ghostly company.
A net of fireflies round the bushes glows.

The screech owls wake; in heavy, silent flight
They cleave with powerful strokes the darkening air;
Faint gleams the highest heaven and—dazzling fair,
Venus shines forth to usher in the night.

A.D.H.

The Jungle after Rain

THE strong sun piercing through the leaves
Which hang in mottled greenery;
An earthy smell of rain and trees
Which darken the sodden scenery.

The air is filled with scent from flowers,
Unobserved beauty carpeted lies.
The foliage is shaken, scattering showers,
By exotic birds with shrieking cries.

Clare White, Form IV.

Despair

A GLORIOUS unspent warrior he
That ice-age stricken coast,
Above him towers his fame,
Below, his poverty and fears.
But for all this my heart did beat
Without the lungs of love protuding in.
And God, what heaven-sent practice this
To strive, to spend, to overthrow.
My heart full of sobs of woe,
Soft stricken with a lasting pain
A faint but tender throbbing yet,
Wakes in me dreams of silken strife
Where thoughts of man made silver still
Are taken from me by my sight.
But stormy seas still sloath around
A cordon broken coast.
Forever, aye, throughout eternity
This sight shall stir some more
Until, like I, they have to write,
Or draw, or paint this wondrous sight
Of gathering snakes, stretching their heads
Toward a darker, fiercer world
Of land and teeming torrents
Dark gorged with fierce disdain.
For all who try her cross to take
By force, or by a smooth simplicity,
Forcing a hollow, a hideous but deadly
Hollow, amongst its great black slough.
A streak of light followed by more,
Until at last a beacon
Flows wildly, flutters for an hour,
Then, like a shooting star,
Leaves the world again in blank despair.

Anon.

Note from the Editor

IF *you* have a problem of any sort, why not save yourself the expense of consulting a psychiatrist by contributing a puzzle, a droodle (single or double) or a letter to the Editor? Complaints, requests or demands will be passed to the appropriate authorities on your behalf.

The Steam Gramophone

ONE of the lesser known, but most picturesque, uses to which the steam engine has been put is the steam gramophone. This odd machine is extraordinarily inefficient, but nevertheless the working of it is one of the most fascinating occupations the writer knows.

The gramophone consists essentially of a boiler for generating the steam, a turbine to give the rotary motion required, and gearing which connects the turbine with the turntable. Since the record is placed on the turntable, played by a needle, and the sound amplified in the usual manner, no further mention is made of these parts of the machine.

The furnace of the boiler, about six cubic inches in volume, burns small coal. The fire is started with paraffin. A flue carries the smoke out of the back of the gramophone, and by means of interchangeable metal pipes the smoke can be carried any desired distance, e.g. to the nearest chimney.



The furnace is surrounded by a jacket containing water, as in the usual type of boiler, and the steam passes through a turbine (where there is a safety valve in case the pressure rises too high) before returning to the boiler. Thus no water has to be added to that already in the boiler, while the machine is running.

The turbine revolves at too high a speed, but it is geared down and its horizontal motion changed to vertical motion by bevel gearing. The turntable spindle is directly attached to this gearing, and revolves with it. No mechanism could be simpler.

A word concerning the safety valve. It consists of a pipe with a valve at the top, and provided with the gramophone are weights for the various speeds. For instance, if a "78" weight is placed on the safety valve, the valve will not open till there is a great enough pressure of steam to turn the turntable at seventy-eight revolutions per minute.

As regards working the gramophone, there is little to say. When the fire is burning well, the pressure of steam will blow off at the safety valve, and this is a sign that the turbine is turning fast enough for your record. You move down a lever which brings the turntable into a clutch with the gearing, and put on the record.

Faintly above the crackling of the coal in the furnace, the loud hiss of the safety valve, and the clanking of the gears, you may just be able to hear the music. This is the one disadvantage of the steam gramophone, and perhaps accounts for the fact that such a machine has never been invented.

Adrian Smith, Form V.

Vocal Composition

THE earliest experiments in vocal composition began in the Anglican Church and the "plainsong" chants gradually led to the development of madrigals, folksongs, masque, lied and the introduction of oratorio and opera, the latter forming the culmination of classical composition.

The beginning of serious composition was in the Christian Church, for use in services. In the eleventh to thirteenth centuries, during the era of the feudal system, the patronage of minstrels and trouvères by a few of the greater families secure enough to attain a degree of culture, led to a progression in the art of song, notably that of madrigals. The art of trauvères was not purely vocal, but the fourteenth century meistersingers to which they are comparable, were of a more serious and academic nature.

The first publication of any accompanied songs, other than those used in the Church, was in 1536. The striking feature of this period was the fine poetry contained in the works. From the sixteenth century onwards there was a striking development in this art beginning with the lute composers, closely followed by the introduction of the masque. The

masque, a musical and dramatic ceremonial entertainment of quite an advanced type, led to the development of opera and oratorio. Operatic composition was founded in Florence while oratorio began in Rome, with Cavalieri's "Representation of Soul and Body". The final development of the opera was the product of the Renaissance, but may be traced back in the compositions beginning with "Eurydice" (Peri), being expertly handled by both Alessandro and Domenico Scarlatti in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries.

In the eighteenth century operatic composition attained the greatest heights in the hands of Mozart and Handel. Both composers used the flourishing classical Italian style but although the operas as compositions are masterpieces, the balance between the vocal line and suitability to the libretto has been lost; the demand for vocal display being of greater importance—mainly to the audiences of that era. However these two composers represent the culmination in the development and perfection of vocal operatic and oratorio composition as few compositions after this period have anything to add to the forms and scope already displayed.

The oratorios of Handel introduced the fully developed forms of the recitative and aria. The German lied, which reached its culmination in the early nineteenth century, found its master in Schubert, who wrote over six hundred songs.

The development of operatic and "grand" composition from plainsong has taken between six and seven centuries. In my opinion, nothing since the eighteenth century has contributed very much towards the actual development of the classical composition. The popular contemporary composers of operettas are deviating from the classical and I think there will never be a greater period than the Mozart-Handel period.

Penelope Clackson, Form VI.

Letter to the Editor

(see page 91)

DEAR SIR,

May we not recommend to the readers of *The Avenue* the cultural value of damp walks to Great Chesterford to look for Roman Villas, with the Essex Police Force in hot pursuit. Our expedition took place in this manner.

We set out well-protected from the easterly gales by trousers and jumpers. At the first gust we flapped into Housden's telephone kiosk for shelter. After an hour we reached Littlebury. A mile outside Chesterford it rained extremely hard, and two members of the party were disabled by misted glasses. We arrived damp and dejected and demanded of two local morons the whereabouts of the Roman Villa. They replied that they had lived there for twenty years, and had never heard of one. Undaunted, we strode on in search of a café, which again

had never been heard of. However, we tracked down one loaf of bread, having knocked up the closed bakehouse, purchased some cheese, and tore at them hungrily. We met another depressing native who said that if we had been crows, our journey would have been short, and that we had walked five miles out of our way.

Disdainfully yet thankfully we accepted a lift from the driver of a small lorry, and one of our company was forced to squat in the back beneath a tarpaulin. He dropped us within easy reach of our Villa. Overjoyed, we hurried on, and it was here that one of us made the fatal mistake of waving at a car which actually contained policemen. They stopped, and with terrifying deliberation, demanded our names and nationality. They were sure we were French, and therefore suspicious. They asked what our occupation was, whereupon the frivolous member, oblivious of her companions' nervousness, admitted that she was a housebreaker. The Force looked stern. Eventually we persuaded them that we had money, without showing them any, and that we were honest characters, without displaying any references. After giving a warning they appeared more friendly, expressed amazement at our diet, a now rather grubby piece of bread, informed us that there was no Villa, and that Ickleton Church was very pretty.

Defeated, we took a lift home, well-assured of the health, if not cultural value of amateur archaeology.

Yours faithfully,
SENIOR READERS.

Whispering Giant

ALL is quiet and we sit in a slightly strained atmosphere. The door is heard to close, we cannot go back. Not that anyone wants to go back because for fifty of us this trip had been the cause of exhaustive speculation for the last week.

So on September 22 we were sitting in the Bristol Britannia waiting to take off from London Airport. A soft hiss was heard, and a high-pitched whine built up, and looking up out of the window I saw the propellor spinning. The whine built up again as the other "inner" engine was "lit". Soon we were trundling along the "peri" track past the lines of Stratocruisers, Argonauts, and Viscounts, past the tall terminal of the airport towards the runway where a week later the burning wreck of the Avro Vulcan was to lie.

The pilot started the outer engines and lined up along the runway. (By kind permission of Air Traffic Control we had jumped a queue waiting to take off.) By now the aircraft was trembling against the brakes—and suddenly we were off. Slowly the aircraft gathered speed and lifted us up out of the Airport and towards London.

Godfrey Orty, the pilot, turned the aircraft and set course for Kings Lynn. Soon we were at 10,000 feet and purring along, some of us drinking at the small bar amidships (orange squash, fizzy variety, only). Cambridge passed below and very soon we were at Kings Lynn. We altered course for the Humber and while we flew over the border towards Berwick and Edinburgh we had lunch. Lunch, a very posh affair, consisting of chicken, ham and Russian Salad, with ice cream and fruit, was served by an all-Bristol team headed by Lady Verdon Smith, wife of the chairman of Bristols, and one Henry Osquthorpe.

While we had lunch we slowly descended until we arrived over Edinburgh at 500 feet. We circled the Forth Bridge and then Edinburgh where we saw all the "notables" such as Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat and the Scott Monument.

Then we began our homeward journey and on this leg we were allowed onto the flight deck. For the more technical readers the Britannia is 124 feet long, has a wingspan of 142 feet and is 32 feet high. The aircraft is powered by 4 Bristol Proteous Mark 705 turbo-prop engines developing 3,900 b.h.p. driving De Havilland 16 feet diameter variable pitch propellors. While we are on the subject of Flight Decks I would like to make reference to one very important person. He is the navigator. All through the four-hour flight he was the only one who really worked hard.

The rest of the flight went quickly and soon we were over Chatham and turning towards London Airport for the landing. While we were stacked the pilot did some very steep turns. Gradually the ground came closer and closer and we touched down, the noise then increased as the reverse pitch propellor braking system was brought into play. This pulled us up in a fraction of the runway.

Slowly we trundled along to the B.O.A.C. hangar, and we realized that we were back in London.

We certainly agreed that the Britannia lives up to its nickname of the "Whispering Giant".

Colin Hill.

Plymouth, 1956

ON Thursday, July 19th, 1956, Myrtle Wyatt, Michael Jacobs and I set out on what was for me a most exciting experience. We were bound for Plymouth to compete in the 26th All-England Inter-County Junior Athletics Championships.

The Cambridge party, of whom we were members, was met at Plymouth and taken by bus to Honicknowle Primary School, where we were introduced to our very capable hosts and hostesses who looked after us free of charge. After a meal, our team met on the Plymouth College Sports Ground for limbering up, etc. We shared the ground with the Warham County team.

Next morning we changed into running gear and track suits at Honicknowle School, and were then taken to the United Services ground. This is an enormous ground, the track being on a mound with areas for field events at the base of the mound. In addition there are two warming-up areas, one of grass and one of cinders, and a marshalling yard, to say nothing of the first-aid posts, officials' huts, etc.

After watching the opening ceremony and some of the heats from the competitors' stand, I went to the marshalling area to prepare for my heat in the Junior Boys (13-15) 100 yards. I did not come anywhere in the heat, but it was a great experience. At dinner-time all competitors were taken to neighbouring schools where they had a meal. In the afternoon at 2 p.m. we all marched past the Lord Mayor of Plymouth who welcomed us in his speech afterwards. I ran in the Junior Boys' Relay 4 × 100 yards and we qualified for the semi-finals.

On Saturday more events took place, and in the afternoon we marched past the Duke of Edinburgh who came by helicopter. Early in the afternoon Gordon Pirie was seen limbering up, and he later ran a half mile against his stop-watch—with a time only 1.2 seconds better than Michael Parry the Schools Champion.

The Duke of Edinburgh presented the prizes, and was presented with a cheque for £84. 6s. 0d.—each competitor having contributed 1/-—for the Olympic Games Appeal Fund.

The whole Championships were very well organised and, at least in our team's experience, nothing went wrong from start to finish, and I would like to thank the people who made a very enjoyable experience possible. For the record, Myrtle came third in her heat, Michael Jacobs fourth in his, and myself fifth.

David Stacey, Form III

Gruesome Gallivantings

THE Ghost sat up, yawned twice, rattled his chain, and blew his nose. His alarm clock had gone several minutes before, but he could not bring himself to get up and start haunting.

He picked up his attaché case full of skulls, green hands, featureless faces, and gadgets for making wierd noises with, and walked through the wall.

His first client was a very old man, who had said a few days before that he did not believe in ghosts. As a matter of fact he was a parson, and he had said this in his sermon at the half-past ten service. His actual words were, " There is only one ghost, the Holy Ghost!"

So, the ghost went his way and very soon he reached the parsonage.

Passing through the larder, he saw a bowl of banana custard and being rather fond of banana custard, as most ghosts are, he polished most of it off. Then picking up his attaché case he made his way to the study, where the unfortunate vicar was preparing a lecture he was to

give to the Little Popwell Gardening Group.

The ghost looked over his shoulder to see if he had made any more unforgivable erros, but all seemed well. "Still," he thought, "better give him a bit of haunting."

So he undid his case, and took out a featureless face, and hid it under his cloak. He then went out, found the main light switch, and turned it off. He lit the light inside the face, blew his screecher and slowly opened the door.

You'll realize that the ghost was invisible, so the effect was not bad at all, only half-way across the room the ghost tripped over the cat that was lying under a chair, scared stiff. You may wonder why he tripped over it if it was under a chair? Well, a ghost can walk through anything that is not living (but not through anything alive). Anyway he tripped over the cat, and the poor thing gave a yell, which only added to the effect.

The parson was really frightened, and was winding himself in one of the curtains of the French windows. The ghost stepped up to where he supposed his ear to be in the curtain, and squeaked his machine that was meant to sound like nothing on earth. As a matter of fact, it sounded just like the cat did when it was trodden on, but it worked.

The parson unwound himself, but went so quickly that he wound up again the other way.

Then the lights went on again, and the ghost had to put the face away in a hurry lest anyone else should see it. In came a butler who told the parson, who was just finishing unwinding himself again, that the lights had gone off all sudden like, and he'd just switched them on again. The parson was feeling a bit harassed, so he replied that any fool could see that the lights had gone off and come on again, and would the butler go and get him a brandy.

As soon as the butler had gone out, treading on the cat as he went (it had come out from under the chair by this time), the ghost quickly went out of the wall, and made his way slowly to the larder, to see if there was any banana custard left.

Clare Bullman, Form II.

Notes to My Shadow

or

In the Wet

THIS is an odd title for a book and therefore an odd one for a composition. If the circumstances were different I would not have lent my "Moonfleet" to Glen, nor finished it myself, nor started on this!

I doubt very much if I would make a good teacher as I am going off the subject. Nevertheless this is not "in best" and will never be read by anyone save "me and my shadow". Let me *try* and get back to: "In the Wet"; a very good book, so I am told, not that I have read more than the first five pages!!

It is very wet to-day and dull. I am sure, if I was not going to "Cluny's", that I should be most depressed and bored. You see, there I go again, wandering off the subject. At least I know when I am doing it, whereas when we jump from frogs to the size of women's feet, I begin to wonder if the teacher really knows what the lesson is supposed to be about. To test whether or not we know, they set a prep on the subject we were meant to be learning about.

Let us take a trip into prep:—ah, someone has borrowed a third former's last years notes. Someone else has asked an "A" former for their notes, and finds that they learnt about aircraft instead of frogs!

I decide to look at my last year's book and come to the conclusion that we did something about it last year, yet still not enough to fill 40 minutes "prep".

So I put in the "red herring", write a few words about frogs on the next page, count the pages and hand in my book.

It is returned about a week later. "Well, I'll be bothered, the teacher has given me A!" I think, recount the pages—the total being six, and look at some of the abominable spelling mistakes, and realise that the teacher has just counted the pages. Your theory proved, you enter a geometry lesson and find you have more theorems to prove?

There now, that has filled up two pages and there are ten minutes to go.

Perhaps this is what the staff think when their thoughts wander and they wish themselves miles away from the trials and troubles of "2B"! To go back to the weather, it is not wet now, the sun is trying in vain to shine and the clouds are disclosing a faint glimmer of blue. So here's to a fine afternoon! Perhaps I shall have time to read a few more pages of "In the Wet".

Yet as my absent-mindedness has just left me, I remember I am going to "Cluny's" where I shall have comfort and a sweet little baby. Oh how I love babies, dear, soft, little darlings—until they cry!

Have I bored you? dear me. Are you asleep? dear, dear. Never mind a nice school dinner and a waterfight will soon bring you round. Now we have glasses and are civilized we can no longer throw the mugs half-way across the dining room.

Ah, I hear the next class coming out. Surely I have no more nonsense to write, my pen has surely run away with me.

Let us hope I am never a teacher!

R. Payne, Form III.

AVENUE FEB 1957

'The School for Scandal'

HEARTY congratulations must go to the Dramatic Society for their exceptionally good presentation of Sheridan's "The School for Scandal". This is not an easy play to put over and a great deal of work must have been put into it by the cast and the producer.

The impressive feature of the production was the simple setting, which showed up the brilliance and richness of the costumes. It was incredible how real the sets appeared with just the grey hangings and a few pieces of well-chosen furniture dotted about the stage. We felt that the simplicity of the sets together with the clever use which Kenneth Whitlow made of the apron stage helped to give the play its fast-moving continuity.

The acting was of a high standard and the grouping most effective. It was interesting to see the improvement on those we have seen in previous school productions.

Ursula Jones gave a convincing portrayal of the subtle scandal-monger, Lady Sneerwell, and Karin Fernald was clear and charming as Lady Teazle. James Munro made us feel the disappointment and frustration of Sir Peter Teazle in dealing with his tantalising wife. Bryan Newton gave another good performance in the part of Joseph Surface and made an admirable foil to his more lively brother, Charles. David Cadman obviously enjoyed the part of Charles Surface, and made the most of its opportunities. The varied part of Sir Oliver Surface was sincerely and sympathetically played by Michael Connolly. These players were all helped by the remaining members of the cast, who helped to bring their characters to life.

Last, but not least, the make-up and lighting members of the team made a fine contribution to providing the packed audience with first-class entertainment.

An Old Scholar.

Norwegian Holiday

WHEN I went to Norway, I stayed in my grandparents' cottage on the side of a valley, near Haltdalen. We were there for about five weeks, climbing neighbouring mountains and enjoying the magnificent views and beautiful scenery. From the top of one mountain you could see the snow-capped Trollheimen range which is sixty miles away as the crow flies. Whenever I had a chance, I collected wild flowers and pressed them. I now have fifty or more from Norway, but I have not found any foreign ones yet.

One day we went to the "village bath". When you have undressed you sit in a room with an atmospheric temperature 70° C., and after you have endured that for as long as possible you go and have a shower.

After this you are supposed to feel fit for anything. Incidentally, the Lapps prefer the atmospheric temperature of 100° C.

In the valleys and wet places one can gather a berry called Molte. It is rather like an enlarged blackberry, only orange in colour when ripe. It is best to pick them before they are ripe, otherwise they turn into a squashy mess.

After being in the mountains we went to my grandparents' house in Trondheim, which is a port and full of things to do. We travelled round the fishing villages in pleasure boats, one of which was called "Tripp". We travelled down the Norwegian coast to Bergen by boat and the snow-capped peaky mountains on the sides of the fjords were a magnificent sight and most tempting to climb.

Along the quay side at Bergen there are a lot of ware-houses. The last one is reserved as a museum to show what it looked like in the seventeenth century when German merchants used to come and live in the ware-houses and trade with the Norwegian fishermen. They did not trade at all fairly. The weights which they used for weighing the fish were much too heavy so that the merchants got more than their share of fish and the ones they used for their spices in exchange were underweight. So the fishermen got diddled both ways. In the dining-room they had stuffed king cod hanging from the ceiling. There was only one tankard on the table from which they had to share. To make sure that nobody drank too much, there were marks all down the side.

The merchant was not allowed to have a girl in the house because it was against the law. If an inspector came to inspect the place all the girl did was to slip up some stairs in the wall to the merchant's private room and if the inspector went up there the girl just slipped down some more steps which led outside. The servants slept in cupboard beds in the wall. They were too short for comfort and the servants were locked in for the night.

We went up to the top of the mountain overlooking Bergen by the funicular railway. The best viewpoint was from the Ranamunden (round man) mountain, one of the seven hills of Bergen. Then we walked down the skilfully built road cut in the mountainside and got on board the Venus to go back to Newcastle.

T. Fozzard, Form IV.

Work at the Almshouses

WHEN George Whiteman spoke to the VIth form one Friday evening in the Spring term it was suggested in the discussion that followed that a work camp might be held at Saffron Walden.

The opportunity for following up this idea came when discussions were held concerning arrangements for the post G.C.E. examination period for the senior end of the school. What transpired was not a

"work camp" in the accepted sense of the word (i.e. an international and residential camp on some useful project of social service) but what might be called a "good works camp" instead.

Suggestions for the idea came from David Burnett and myself, who, after having experienced interior decorating with a Friends' Work Camp felt that with expert supervision members of the school might be able to do likewise.

Investigations were tentatively made and after a number of difficulties, during which we were greatly assisted by Mr H. C. Stacey (Town Clerk), it was arranged that school parties should re-decorate a block of Almshouses. This block had been completed three years ago and they had suffered since from faulty chimneys which meant that many rooms had become dirty. Some of the inhabitants had decorated their own rooms but the Almshouses committee could not afford the labour costs to re-decorate all of them. Approval was obtained and a promise to pay for the materials used. The school provided new brushes and we were very fortunate in securing the supervision of Mr Tom Underwood who has been in the trade all his life.

Altogether some thirty members of the school, who had never done interior decorating before, visited the almshouses in the five days we were there. Three sitting rooms, four kitchens and a corridor were satisfactorily completed. In addition some forty-odd cellar doors were painted in the main block, and several girls cleared part of the overgrown garden in the grounds.

The Matron of the Almshouses has sent her sincerest thanks to all members of the party, and so have those whose rooms were redecorated. I think it is safe to say that everybody who helped in the work enjoyed it thoroughly, and from reports, it seems that the work completed was of a satisfactorily high standard. It is only to be hoped that this type of work becomes an annual fixture somewhere in Walden.

Nigel Weaver.

King Edward VI Almshouses

Clerk's Office,
18, Hill Street,
Saffron Walden,
Essex.
13th September, 1956

The Headmaster, The Friends School, Saffron Walden,

DEAR SIR,

I have been instructed by the Trustees of the above Almshouses to ask you please to convey to the "working party", consisting of boys and girls from the Friends School, the Trustees' very best thanks for the great kindness shown by these Scholars in assisting at the Almhouses

last July to re-decorate, in an excellent manner, parts of five dwellings, the repainting of the cellar doors, and for the considerable and good help given in the gardens. The Trustees do appreciate this kind thought and practical help and I am sure the "working party" will be glad to know that the Inmates concerned are very pleased with the work carried out to their Dwellings, and the Gardener, who is an elderly man, very much appreciated the help which was given him.

As many of the boys and girls concerned may now have left School will you very kindly cause this letter to be published in "The Avenue" in order that it comes to their notice.

Yours faithfully,

L. W. JOHNSON,

Clerk to the Trustees.

The Countryside Association

THE Countryside Association, which has over one hundred members, is a society which caters for all kinds of interests and occupations. It covers every aspect of the countryside and what man does with it. In the summer time, there are many rambles round Saffron Walden, and an annual excursion to some place of interest to the Society. In the winter, there are talks and debates on various topics. During the coming winter, for example, there will be illustrated talks on the Lake District, the Commons, Open Spaces and Footpaths Preservation Society, and Bardsey Island.

Special groups within the Association deal with Architecture, Botany, and Rambling. It is through this last that I came to join the Society.

It often happens on these rambles that we come to a footpath that has, so to speak, "ceased to exist". Here there is usually an argument as to what ought to be done. Some paths, as indicated on the Ordnance Survey, are not rights of way, i.e. the public have no legal right to use them. Thus the owner could destroy them if he so wished. At last, however, the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Act (1949) has caused local authorities to prepare maps showing what is and what is not a right of way, so that the age-old battle between landowner and public shall be settled once and for all. Moreover, in the old days, local authorities and landowners could say, "this is not a right of way, therefore we shall not keep it in good order." And nobody could prove them wrong without an expensive lawsuit. But once these definitive maps are published, no such escape will be possible. Landowners and authorities will be compelled to maintain all rights of way, *regardless of whether the public uses them or not.* This last point is especially noteworthy, since that on many footpaths the amount of traffic is so light that when, say, a bridge collapses, there is not enough traffic to compel the land-

owner to repair it. Hedges grow over paths, stiles become impassable, and in many cases the path is ploughed up. When the maps are published, this will not happen.

During the last fifteen months or so I have been over no fewer than one hundred and twenty footpaths and green lanes. (A green lane differs from a footpath in being an enclosed road, but with no metalled surface. Legally speaking, the public is allowed to take vehicles along a green lane, but not along a footpath.) The term "unmetalled road" on the map often means a green lane, but bitter experience has taught me that this is not always the case. An unmetalled road may be a highly respectable stony way to a farm, or a chaotic wilderness of nettles and hawthorn-brakes which has been disused since time immemorial. Of the roads I have visited, no less than 28% of the total have been in complete disuse; 40% have been used by the landowners for transport purposes, while the remaining 32% have been used by the public sufficiently to keep them from becoming overgrown.

Britain has a long way to go until all her rights of way are fit for use. The publication of these definitive maps is the first step. And in the Saffron Walden area, at least, there is the Countryside Association with its hundred members eagerly awaiting the day when mud and nettles no more impede its rambles.

Adrian Smith, Form V.

The Literary and Archaeological Society

THE 4th form Literary and Archaeological Society which was formed by Miss Ellinor last term has held several interesting meetings which have included talks on the "Bull of Minos", "Monasteries in England" and "Pottery".

This term we hope to do more practical work and visit local churches.

Middle Literary Society

THE Middle Literary Society, formed by Miss Stubbs and Miss Reynolds, has had four very successful meetings since the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1956, when it was revived.

We had the first meeting in the Assembly Hall, and this was one of the most popular. It consisted of a varied selection of records, which were introduced by different people, and then played.

The next meeting was a play-reading—"Davy Jones' Dinner" by T. C. Thomas. The cast consisted of both second and third formers.

In the third meeting members of the Society contributed poems, book reviews, short essays, etc.

The term finished with a very enjoyable Christmas party, which included various games.

Natch Report

THIS year our subscriptions have risen to 1/6 a term owing to the rising costs of hiring films, as well as financing the annual outing.

Last term a film of the Farne Islands Bird Sanctuary was shown. Timothy Whitmore, a well-known Old Scholar, spoke about his expedition to the M'lanje Plateau in S.E. Nyasaland to study and collect flora. Mr J. A. Fozzard, radiographer, emphasized, in a fascinating lecture, the importance of x-rays in medicine and industry, and Sheila Littleboy, M.A., gave a lecture on "Plants in relation to Medicine". We ended last term with a lecture by Mr Overy, a meteorologist. This term James Munro gave an interesting paper entitled "Life on Other Planets!" in answer to Mr Beeson's paper last year, "Life on Other Planets?" At the same meeting Ian Stevenson won a general questionnaire and was presented with The Observers Book of Animals.

Current, if not occasionally historic, events were collected by Munro, Connolly and Elsley.

The Committee this year are, besides Mr Plant and Mr Pumphrey, Jane Evans, John Edwards, secretaries; Deborah Flatt and John Elsley, with Mr Benson taking Mr Beeson's place.

Jane Evans, John Edwards.

Library Report

IN the past six months 113 books have been added to the Library. R. E. Holttum and G. E. Evans have presented copies of their own books and gifts of books have been received from the Headmaster, the Headmistress, Mrs Früland, Diana and Isobel Jones, Mr and Mrs Lansdell, Gerald Littleboy, Anthony H. Newton, E. Kelvin Osborn, Alan Pike, Florence Priestman, G. Stanley Pumphrey, Richard L. Sturge, Mrs E. Ashmore Thompson, and Margaret G. Yapp. These discriminating gifts have greatly enriched the Library.

After showing a continuous rise for some years, the number of borrowings is tending to flatten out at about a hundred a week. It will be appreciated that the number of borrowings is only a rough gauge of the use made of the Library since it takes account of withdrawals only and throws no light on the use of books *inside* the Library. With some regret we report that three books were lost last term—the first loss for over two years.

The Library was naturally of considerable interest to H.M.I.'s and they will in due course make suggestions for its improvement. Under the direction of Agnes Horlick and Kenneth Whitlow a serious attempt is being made to establish worthwhile sectional libraries for the

middle and lower school so that we are already meeting one obvious criticism more than half way. It has been evident for some time that the Library must adjust itself to the increasing age of the school. By dint of working very early and very late John Edwards and Edward Spackman compiled for the Inspectors a formidable statistical survey. When the inspection ended the Inspectors presented a generous book token to the Librarian.

Nigel Weaver left in July after three years superb service to the Library. Edward Spackman has willingly and competently taken over the work that Nigel did. We have been happy to welcome Miss Reynolds on the Library Committee, the scholar members of which are:—Jennifer Haines, John Edwards, Jennifer Ellis, Edward Spackman, Julia England and Harry Frost.

C.A.M.

Film Club

THIS year as part of a scheme for providing evening occupation and entertainment, principally for those in the middle and lower school, a film club was started to show films and filmstrips of general and particularly of geographical interest.

The Club meets on alternate Thursday evenings after prep and there are three "Houses" each of half-an-hour, the times of showing being related to the bed-times of the various forms.

The films are all those obtainable on free loan and have been drawn from a variety of sources. They have ranged in subject matter over a wide field so that there has been something of profit and entertainment for every age group.

The scheme has proved popular, particularly in the lower forms. In the upper forms, competition from Orchestral activities has somewhat reduced the attendance of the last "house".

The Club is greatly indebted to the 2 junior projectionists who have given unstinted service.

B.B.J.

Girls' Games Report

Summer and Autumn, 1956

Tennis

WE have still some way to go before reaching a really good standard in tennis, but much hard practice was done by many people especially the 1st VI.

Out of 6 matches played, 3 were lost and 3 won.

The Team

1st Couple: Rosemary Scott, Judith Reed.
2nd Couple: Susan Dutton (Captain), Jane Evans.
3rd Couple: Sumalee Viravaidya, Ann Gilpin.
Also played: Jean Frost, Sally MacClymont.

Rounders

The standard of fielding has improved this year, but we lack hard hitters and more practice is needed in placing the ball.

Out of 5 matches played 2 were lost, 1 drawn, and 2 won.

The Teams

Under 15 IX		*Under 13 IX*
Clare White	*Bowler*	Susan Pellowe
Grethe Hansen	*Backstop*	Judith Wilson
Vivien Sharpe	*1st Post*	Joanna Griew
Margaret Cooper	*2nd Post*	Susan Powell
Linda Smith	*3rd Post*	Dorothea Simmonds
Jillian Webb	*4th Post*	Susan Clarke
Ursula Rowntree	*1st Deep*	Deborah Norton
Moira Lawrie	*2nd Deep*	Patricia Harmston
A. de Barr	*3rd Deep*	Elizabeth Timpson

Also played: Caryl Wigg and Alison Tillett.

Athletics

We again sent a team to take part in the Cambridgeshire Inter-School Sports and their results were encouraging.

The Team

Myrtle Wyatt. 100 yards. 17-19 years. 1st.
Jane Pennell. Hurdles. 15-17 years. 1st.
Anna Edwards. Hurdles. Under 15. (1st in heat) 3rd.
Jill Wicksteed. Hurdles. Under 15. (1st in heat) 4th.
Margaret Lampard. Hurdles. Under 15.
Moira Lawrie. High Jump. Under 15. 2nd.
Joanna Griew
Margaret Lampard
Judith Watson
100 yards and Relay. Under 15.
Lesley Jacob.
Katharine Whitlow

Myrtle Wyatt was again selected to represent Cambridgeshire in the All-England Sports at Plymouth.

Swimming

Swimming seemed to play a major part in our activities this summer. We had four matches (two mixed) we lost one and won three.

Three records were broken:

1. Senior Medley Relay. J. Scott, G. Clayden, A. Gilpin, J. Evans; 67.3 secs.
2. Senior Free Style Relay. J. Scott, L. Jacob, J. Evans, B. Connelly, J. Ellis, G. Clayden; 94 secs.
3. Under 15 Breast Stroke. Pamela Deighton; 41.5 secs.

As well as thirty-six swimmers taking part in the General Meeting Musical Swimming Display, over 60 took and passed Royal Life Saving Society Examinations.

Hockey

On the whole we had a successful term of hockey, missing few games days and matches, because of bad weather.

Out of 14 matches played, we lost 4, drew 3, and won 7. The teams were as follows:

1st XI		*Under 15 XI*
Judy Allen	*Goal*	Grethe Hansen
Marion Battley	*Right Back*	Moira Lawrie
Brenda Miles	*Left Back*	Daphne Griggs
Sally MacClymont	*Left Half*	Sheila Noakes
Jane Evans	*Centre Half*	Vicky Maitland
Bronwen Mace	*Right Half*	Judy Wilson
Barbara Stokes	*Right Wing*	Anna Edwards
Captain: Susan Dutton	*Right Inner*	Jane Fathi
Rosemary Scott	*Centre Fwd*	Clare White: Captain
Anne Maclay	*Left Inner*	Alison Tillett
Jean Frost	*Left Wing*	Linda Smith
Also played		Also played
Jean Scott		Caryl Wigg

Judy Allen, Marion Battley and Rosemary Scott were all given a final trial for the Junior County team and all three were successful. Rosemary already has her hockey colours and Judy and Marion were awarded theirs at Christmas.

Netball

We had only two Netball matches, winning one and losing one.

The Teams

1st VII		*Under 14 VII*
Rosalind Burley	*Shooter*	Dorothea Simmonds
Jean Scott	*Attack*	Judy Watson
Jennifer Haines	*Centre Attack*	Julia MacClymont
Moira Lawrie	*Centre*	Moira Lawrie
Diana Price	*Centre Defence*	Ursula Rowntree
Judy Allen	*Defence*	Grethe Hansen
Janet Ludgate	*Goalkeeper*	Sheila Noakes

Results of House Matches.

Tennis: 1st Lister; 2nd Tuke.
Athletics: 1st Lister; 2nd Mennell.
Netball: 1st Lister; 2nd Tuke.
Rounders: 1st Mennell; 2nd Lister.
Swimming: 1st Lister; 2nd Tuke.

Cricket

The following is our record for 1956:

	P.	W.	D.	L.
1st XI ...	13	10	2	1
Under 14 ...	9	3	5	1
2nd XI ...	2	2	0	0
Under 13 ...	2	1	0	1

This has been our best cricket season for many years, the chief feature being the 1st XI's ability to force victory in the short space of four hours—the normal duration of a match. Often we have had teams who could bat and bowl defensively and force draw after draw against better sides than themselves, but this year's XI, well captained by Pike, played good attacking cricket with several batsman capable of strokes and two or three bowlers able to turn the ball really well. These have been well supported by general solidity of batting down the order, by good ground fielding and by catching which sometimes attained brilliance. Above all, Avery's wicket-keeping has been quite outstanding. He is easily the best wicket-keeper we have had for ten years at least.

Our Under 14's have again done very well. Once again we lost our unbeaten record on the last match: this happened in 1953 and in 1954. In 1955 we managed to survive without defeat. Nevertheless, to have lost only 3 matches in 4 years is a good record.

This year we have played an "A" XI for various reasons. It gave the 1st XI two or three useful and pleasant games: it provided cricket for members of staff and it also provided the basis for a 2nd XI. On the whole, the experiment seems well justified and I shall continue it this year. Each year we also play a home and away fixture against King's College Choir School with our Under 13's. This is an arrangement I value very much as it provided an opportunity of bringing next year's Under 14's together in a very good cricket setting.

Summary of 1st XI Matches

v. *"A" XI.* (h) Drawn. 1st XI, 104 for 6 (Pike 33); "A" XI, 35 for 9 (Newton 4 for 13, Pike 3 for 9).

v. *Huntingdon G.S.* (a) Won. Huntingdon G.S., 53 (Higgs 4 for 14); 1st XI, 113 for 5 (Pike 45 not).

v. *Braintree C.H.S.* (a) Won. 1st XI, 93 for 7 dec. (Pike 52 not); Braintree, 32 (Pike 3 for 1).

v. *Old Scholars* (h) Won. Old Scholars, 112 (J. Cadman 50, Higgs 4 for 42, Pike 5 for 40); 1st XI, 120 for 8 (Edwards 22, Pike 26, Meyler-Warlow 18, E. Dunston 6 for 41).

v. *Newport G.S.* (a) Won. Newport, 42 (Pike 4 for 9, Higgs 6 for 10); 1st XI, 46 for 6.

v. *Newmarket G.S.* (h) Won. Newmarket, 53 (Pike 4 for 17); 1st XI, 81 for 3 (Edwards 31, Pike 25 not).

v. *"A" XI* (h) Won. 1st XI, 143 for 7 dec. (Edwards 30, Pike 18, Evans 18 not,

Avery 23 not); "A" XI, 101 (K. F. Nicholson 39 not, Pike 5 for 20, Mendes 4 for 24).

v. *Soham G.S.* (h) Lost. Soham, 83 (Pike 5 for 22, Mendes 5 for 33); 1st XI, 61 (Newton 17).

v. *Newmarket G.S.* (a) Won. Newmarket, 77 (Gatward 5 for 9); 1st XI, 85 for 4 (Gatward 44, Newton 20).

v. *S.W.R.D.C.* (h) Time limit (20 overs). Won. S.W.R.D.C., 45 (Pike 7 for 12); 1st XI, 122 for 2 (Gatward 36, Pike 31, Newton 30 not).

v. *Newport G.S.* (h) Won. 1st XI, 118 (Edwards 41, Newton 25, Collett 23); Newport, 65 (Mendes 4 for 42, Pike 5 for 11).

v. *P.-T. Assn.* (h) Won. (P.-T. Assn. batted 15). P.-T. Assn., 82 (Pike 6 for 21); 1st XI, 110 for 7 (Gatward 33, Collett 27, Meyler-Warlow 26 not).

v. *"A" XI* (h) Drawn. 1st XI, 112 for 9 dec. (Evans 22); "A" XI, 92 for 9 (J. Dutton 40).

The match against St Christopher School, Letchworth, was abandoned after about an hour's play, during which time our visitors had scored 55 for no wicket. The above details contain only outstanding performances by those likely to be known at school and I apologise for any omission of notable feats by worthy opponents. There is just not space to record everything, but we must add that the "A" XI also played two games against Cambridge Technical College, one of them at Fenners. These were very enjoyable matches: we won the home game and drew the away one. Reference must also be made to the "A" XI's game against the Old Scholars' 2nd XI on Whit Saturday. Re-adjustment of this fixture, has, in my opinion, been long overdue, and though the 1st XI will not always be able to hold the strong Old Scholars' 1st XI on Whit Monday, let alone beat them as they did this year, yet I feel it is as well that the boys should have both the whole-day match and also the experience of better class cricket against the best our past years can provide. In 1956, both games were quite admirable. Mr Nicholson's 70 on the Saturday, and J. Cadman's 50 on the Monday were both innings of a quality rarely seen hitherto on our wicket: younger generation, please copy.

A successful cricket season is not an easy thing to stage if all is to go smoothly and my gratitude is due to all who helped to this end; to the Staff who helped coach the 1st XI and umpire the games: to Miss Marshall and Miss Nicholson for their helpful co-operation with teas: to the groundsman, the games curators and the scorers. Without their help, these things could not go on.

1st XI Averages (Batting)

	Inns	*Not out*	*Runs*	*Highest score*	*Average*
A. Pike	15	3	330	52 not	27.5
J. Edwards	14	2	253	41 not	21.0
H. Collett	12	5	139	27	19.9
B. Newton	14	2	208	40	17.3
B. Gatward	14	0	234	53	16.7
I. Meyler-Warlow ...	10	2	119	26 not	14.8
P. Avery	7	3	59	23 not	14.7

1st XI Averages (Bowling)

	O.	M.	R.	W.	Average
A. Pike	138	41	245	62	3.9
B. Newton	54	13	127	22	5.7
R. Higgs	104	30	231	35	6.6

1st XI Colours 1956 :—

A. Pike,* P. Avery, J. Edwards, H. Collett, B. Newton, B. Gatward.

*Old Colour.

In the Under 14's, D. Cadman, M. Mitchell, R. Dutton, M. Ellis and D. Hills have averaged more than ten in batting. O. Weaver, D. Hills, S. Mendes and R. Dutton, in that order, head the bowling averages.

Athletics

1956 was a most successful season. Our unbeaten match record continued; many records were broken for the second year in succession; and we again took part in the County Schools Sports at Cambridge. Here all our entries did well, particularly the hurdlers and sprinters, and we were pleased that three of them were chosen to represent Cambridgeshire in the National Championships at Plymouth. Myrtle Wyatt and D. Stacey ran in 100 yards events and M. Jacobs in the 110 yards hurdles.

The following boys held Athletic Colours by the end of the Summer term:—D. Burnett (880 yds), A. Pike (880 yds.), B. Newton (Long Jump), P. Mendes (Long Jump), J. Edwards (440 yds.), M. Jacobs (110 yds. Hurdles), J. Bradbury (880 yds.)

Boys' Swimming

BY the time these lines appear in print, we shall be half-way between one season and the next. It is a good moment to look back over the past twenty years, and to note the fact that during all that time (except for one summer when he was exploring Europe) B.B.J. has been responsible for boys' swimming and for the report in *The Avenue*. The hundreds of boys whom he taught to swim, the thousands of spectators whom he delighted with his biennial swimming displays at General Meeting, and the teams that he coached, are all in debt to him.

During the past season, Colours were again awarded to Peter Wallis, the Captain, and awards were made for the first time to Richard Higgs and James Munro. The experience that Higgs has gained through his training at the Ilford club, which took him as far as the pre-Olympic National Championships at Blackpool in September, has been a great stimulus to our swimming here. "Notons également la belle performance d'Antony Ulrich", said the *Gazette de Lausanne* last August, speaking of another summer-holiday swimming event, the Traversée du Lac, a 2½ mile race in the Lake of Geneva: Ulrich came in 9th out of 22, in a race which had attracted the champions of Western Switzerland.

Other individual achievements that deserve praise include a 100 yards Breast-Stroke by Higgs in 77.2 secs., who has also set up a new time of 14.7 for the 25 yards Butterfly; David Cadman did a good 100 yards Free-Style (under 15) in 72.5 secs.; Munro, Ulrich and John Smith gained their Award of Merit for Life-Saving; and Higgs, Douglas and Munro gained Instructors' Certificates. One more individual effort should be mentioned here: in Form IA Turner, unable to swim one stroke at the beginning of a lesson, swam a length at the end of it, and within three weeks had done a length in about 35 secs. on back crawl; which just shows what happens on the rare occasions when boys do what they are told!

In matches, the Old Scholars beat the Boys by 20 points to 14; Cambridge and County High School beat us by 51 to 33; we beat the Town by 1½ points; and Granta, in a 34-events match, beat us as usual. The Inter-House match was won by Lister. Swimming standards were introduced, on the same lines as athletics standards; they will need to be modified in the light of experience.

Much of the teaching in instructional bathes last year was done by boys, and well done too. By the end of the season, all boys in Forms VI, VB, IIIA and IB could swim; but there are still 17 boys in the School who cannot swim, which is a distressingly large number.

What of next season? What is most important, is that every boy should have swum his length. At the other end of the scale, there are two senior records of long standing that could well be tackled: J. Barry's 1 length free-style in 12.8 secs. (1933), and C. Osborne's 4 lengths free-style in 66 secs. (1937). It is good to see that our best swimmers are consistently putting style before speed, however; and they are trying to master a variety of strokes: the current interest in Butterfly and Dolphin is to be encouraged.

E.K.O.

Avenue Problem No. 1

(see page 91)

THIS addition sum is given in letters. Each letter is a number, and you can work out the three letters if you do some inspired guessing.

L B
B W
W L

L B W

No Prizes offered. Solution in the next issue.

L.B.

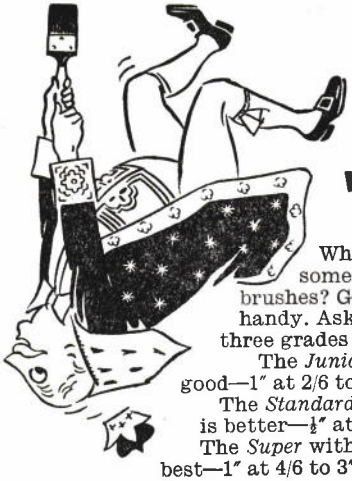
Acknowledgments

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

The Archway, The Beckside, The Brook, The Georgian, The Island, The Leightonian, St Christopher Magazine, and the Wigton Old Scholars' Association 65th Report, 1956.

Editorial Board

Anne Sayer and Nigel Weaver left the Board at the end of the Summer term. We also lost Mr Beeson who succeeded Miss Yapp as Treasurer. We are pleased to welcome Mr John in his place. Other members are Mr Nicholson, Mrs Keen (Editor), Mr Whitlow, Barbara Revans, Jean Dohoo, John Edwards and Michael Connolly.



the bristles won't come out!

When you've got the time to do some painting, have you got the brushes? Get some now and keep them handy. Ask your retailer to show you the three grades of Harris brush.

The *Junior* with its red-tipped handle is good—1″ at 2/6 to 3″ at 9/6

The *Standard* with its brown-tipped handle is better—½″ at 2/- to 3″ at 14/6

The *Super* with its clear cellulose handle is best—1″ at 4/6 to 3″ at 28/-



Harris

the paint brush with a name to its handle

L. G. HARRIS & CO. LTD · STOKE PRIOR · WORCESTERSHIRE CRC 46

A. T. SHIPPEY LTD

(JOHN SHIPPEY 1917-23)

General & Educational Booksellers

will be pleased to welcome
any personal callers
(or postal enquiries)

for BOOKS and MAPS

at

47 HEAD STREET :: COLCHESTER

(Phone 2285)



HARTS
PRINTERS
SAFFRON
WALDEN