

THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

July **1957**

A Career for young men that carries responsibility

Britain's need for coal increases every year. Oil and nuclear energy can only bridge the gap between the coal we have and the power we need. The bulk of this energy must, for many generations, come from coal.

To meet the increasing demands for coal, vast schemes of reconstruction and expansion are being undertaken by the coal-mining industry, for which there must be an adequate supply of suitably qualified and well-trained men.

University Scholarships.—The National Coal Board offer a hundred University Scholarships a year; most are in Mining Engineering, and some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships but there is no parental means test.

School Leavers.—There are also good opportunities for advancement for boys with initiative who come straight into the industry from school. You can attend part-time courses (for example, National Certificate courses) at technical colleges for which you are given day release from work with pay.

Management Training.—When you are qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two or three-year course under the Board's Management Training Scheme. Each trainee has a course mapped out for him personally, with a senior engineer to give him individual supervision.

Scientific Careers.—If you are interested in a Scientific Career, there is absorbing and rewarding work at the Board's Research establishments, and in the coalfields on operational work.

Administrative Careers.—There are interesting careers in administration, marketing, finance and personnel work, for young men and women of good educational standards.

Prospects.—After qualifying, there is every prospect of promotion to really responsible posts at an early age, and it is possible to earn a four-figure salary by the age of thirty.

Write for full particulars to any of the Divisional Headquarters of the Board - Edinburgh, Newcastle, Sheffield, Manchester, Nottingham, Dudley (Worcs.), Cardiff or Dover - or to the Director-General of Staff, National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1.

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 42 No. 127 **July, 1957**

Editorial

IT is of interest to note that the police of this district spend more man-hours dealing with traffic, parking, and accidents, than they spend on detecting and preventing crime. This seems hard on the poor "bobbies" who would no doubt enjoy an occasional hunt after a poacher, or a fast chase down the A 11 after some travelling burglar, but who are destined to act as parking meters to ensure that Mr. X does not overstay his allotted two hours. This is not an enjoinder to present scholars to liven up the district by unusual and exciting crime waves, but it is a plea to all the future citizens of this country to study hard, while at school, to become the architects, designers, and mechanics of the future, who will alleviate this and other problems by ingenious new ideas, such as the rotor-car and the sunken garage. It is up to us, the young and rising generation, to transform our land from a muddled and congested place, into a go-ahead and ordered community.

Inter Alia

WE have been pleased to welcome a number of new staff to the school since our last edition. Mr Hudson has replaced Mr Benham as Woodwork master, and Mr. Sadler and Mr. Moffet are here for one term teaching Mathematics and Latin respectively.

It is sad to announce that Miss Horlick, who has been with us for ten years, is leaving at the end of this term to take up a post at Midhurst Grammar School. Her interests are almost too numerous to mention—Literary Societies, Girls' Reading Club, and Orchestra are but a few. However Miss Horlick's enthusiasm and hard work in running the Girl Guides will be one of the best remembered of her interests. Miss Marriage and Miss Due are also leaving us, and we are very grateful for their services to the school. To all these we extend our very best wishes for the future.

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Sister May, who has been here for four years, now tells us that she has been married for the last two; she is leaving us at the end of this term to join her husband. We are indeed sorry that she is going, and wish her good luck.

We are also very sorry that Mrs Pyle, who has been teaching here for a year, is leaving at the end of the term and is taking a post in a school nearer Cambridge.

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We are very glad to learn that next term we shall be welcoming back Miss Yapp, who is coming to help with the teaching.

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It is good to see Mr Wright back with us occasionally, and we do hope that he will be fully operational next term. The sixth form in particular are very grateful to Hugh Clarke for his assistance in teaching Maths during Mr Wright's absence.

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Miss Ellinor is taking a well-earned Sabbatical term during the Autumn term. She will be travelling in France and Italy.

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We congratulate Miss Innes on her recent engagement to James Greenland (an Old Scholar). There have now been fifteen engagements in and around the Staff room in the last seven years. May there be many more.

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Congratulations to Mr and Mrs Plant on the birth of Richard George, who did his best not to appear in this particular edition of *The Avenue.*

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Since our last publication there have been many visitors to the School. Sunday Evening Speakers last term included Hector Jacks, Reginald Reynolds, J. G. W. Davies and the Rev. Jack Putterill. Alan Carlton Smith gave a most interesting series of lectures entitled "Law in England" which greatly enlightened the Sixth Form. Other lecturers were Sir John Braithwaite (chairman of the Stock Exchange), Norman Bishop and Grigor McClelland.

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Saturday Evening Entertainments included the films "The Great Adventure", a concert by the senior orchestra, and a lecture by Alan Browne, illustrated by slides, on the Isle of Skye.

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A large number of Senior Scholars attended the Old Scholars' week-end lectures, which were thoroughly enjoyed. The speakers were Derek Schove, Ritchie Calder and J. H. Anderson.

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Sunday Evening Speakers this term have included Dr. Geoffrey Nuttall, Richard Brayshaw, David Hamilton, E. Firth Barlow and Ormerod Greenwood. We have also had lightning visits from a party of Russians from the Russian Embassy, and four women journalists from the Sudan.

We are grateful to Christopher Wood, and Antony Newton, (more or less a permanent fixture now), for invigilating fifth and sixth form examinations. We congratulate the latter on his election to the Presidency of the Oxford University Conservative Association. Congratulations also to Geoffrey Weaver on gaining a place at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

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One night in May several 6th form boys were out on the School field with binoculars and telescope, and were joined by some members of Staff and their families. The eclipse of the moon was seen in a cloudless sky, and during the phase of totality we were able to see not only the white glow of the Northern lights showing up with uncanny brilliance, but also to get our last glimpse of the Arend-Roland comet, high up to the north-west. This will not happen again for a million years.

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A large number of Walden Scholars were present at this year's Paris Easter School.

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An unusual link with the Training College was afforded when they put on a performance of "Lady Precious Stream" in the Assembly Hall.

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The Old Scholars' Whitsun Entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, and obviously represented the climax of a great deal of hard work by all those concerned.

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The Essex Show was attended by the majority of those scholars who merited their half-holiday, and they were fortunate in that the School provided their attendance fees.

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Details of the winter's hockey matches are to be found in the last issue of "The Avenue".

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The Avenue Board would like to thank David Cadman for his help in compiling this edition.

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STOP PRESS. Congratulations to all swimmers who helped in the first defeat ever of the visiting Granta team, and the athletes who did so well at March.

Enthusiasts' Special

IT is unusual to meet more than three passengers on Kelvedon Railway Station, so when, on one Saturday afternoon, I found fifty, most of them with expensive cameras, I was surprised, and made enquiries. I discovered that these people, many of them members of the Railways Enthusiasts' Club from Farnborough, Hampshire, were travelling by special train to Tiptree, over a branch line from Kelvedon which was closed in 1951. Afterwards they were to go to Maldon, visiting the disused West Station there. I was introduced to the Club's secretary, the organiser of the excursion, who said that as there were a few seats available, I, too, might join the train.

The journey to Tiptree was made in open wagons, and when these were run into the platform at Kelvedon, ladders were provided for us to climb aboard. Our engine, a class J15 of the old Great Eastern Railways, carried a headboard with the letters R.E.C., and when the ladders were hoisted into the trucks, the train left Kelvedon, accompanied by the Station Master. We swung southwards, away from the main-line, to reach the level crossing over the main Ipswich road, A12. Here we stopped, and our fireman jumped down to open the gates. (One goods train a day does not justify having a full time crossing-keeper). Once we were across, the train stopped again beside a low, cinder platform; the one-time Feering Halt. The stop was a brief one only, and after photographs had been taken, whistles were blown and the train moved off, the engine panting furiously up the steep 1 in 50 gradient on to Tiptree Heath.

At the ungated level crossing past Inworth village we noticed the cattle guards; triangular strips of wood, lying parallel together, pointed side uppermost, which prevent cows from straying onto the railway. After a short stop at Inworth station, the train set off on the last stage of its journey to Tiptree. Here the once prize-winning station garden, though now neglected, still is pretty; Wilkins' Jam Factory stands nearby.

Originally the railway went on from here to Tollesbury, some five miles away, but as a "goods only" line, after passenger trains stopped running in 1951, it was unsuccessful, and has now been removed. Although a short length of half a mile remains to a coal yard at Tudwick, the Ministry of Transport did not allow us to go on, so at Tiptree the engine ran from the other end of its train and, apart from the stops at level crossings, took us back non-stop to Kelvedon.

At an inquest, many years ago, a verdict was passed that "the deceased died from cold and exposure whilst travelling in a second class carriage of the Great Western Railway." It was possible to believe this as the train sped back downhill to Kelvedon, although I was impressed by the smoothness of travel in an open goods wagon.

At Kelvedon, a tank engine was waiting with two carriages to take us on to Witham and Maldon. The luggage van in one of these carriages, built by the Great Eastern Railway in 1898, had been converted for the afternoon into a refreshment car, using the table from the ladies' waiting room at Witham. In this train we went along the main line to Witham, and from there along the branch line to Maldon (East) and Heybridge Station, where the ticket office was flooded with requests for unusual issues: supplies of platform tickets were soon exhausted.

The line to Maldon (West) Station and on from there through Cold Norton to Woodham Ferrars, was closed at the outbreak of war in 1939. Since then, no passenger train had been along the line, so it was with no little excitement that the train slipped out of the East Station and on to the grass grown curve to Maldon (West). Moving slowly over the dilapidated track, we crossed the Blackwater and Chelmer rivers, as surprised faces turned to see this unfamiliar sight. It took seven minutes to reach the West Station, where wide, grass covered platforms lead up to a great black tunnel mouth, surmounted by the derelict Station buildings. The staircases which led up to these buildings, as well as the waiting rooms on the platforms were removed when the rest of the railway, to Woodham Ferrars was taken away.

At Maldon (West), a photographer was waiting to take photos of us for the local paper. Our engine ran through the tunnel and back to join the other end of our train, nearly derailing itself on the worn points. Before we left, the driver pushed the train into the tunnel, entering playfully into the spirit of the occasion. At Maldon (East) we had to wait the arrival of an ordinary train (carrying only two passengers), before returning to Witham ourselves. At Witham I said goodbye and thank you to the friends I had met, and returned by another train to Kelvedon.

Harry Frost, Form V.

Alchemy

AS a practising alchemist I feel I must answer the challenge in the last issue of *The Avenue*. Alchemy is a very old art, but with the coming of modern science it has been sadly neglected. I think a revival of it would do no harm, especially as chemistry owes so much to it. It is true that the old Alchemists' principal aim was to make gold from cheaper metals; but in their struggles they discovered many useful substances and perfected much useful apparatus. Nitric acid and ammonia, the retort and the water-bath, are all far, far older than the modern chemistry which employs them.

It is, of course, quite true to say that nobody nowadays pores over ancient writings and brews liquids to try and produce gold. Anyone with any intelligence at all has more worthwhile things to do. And

yet, I think the name Alchemy may be applied to the study of chemistry for its own sake, as practised by a few people such as myself. Most people sweat over learning details of such complicated and practical chemical reactions as the Haber Process. This knowledge will push them through examinations and find them a useful job in our scientific civilisation. Yet do they find any joy in this science? Very little, as far as I can see. But if they put their books and slide-rules away, they could find a new world of fascinating interest lying just as near at hand. I shall never forget the day, several years ago now, when I first mixed lead nitrate and potassium iodide solutions, and the two colourless liquids, on mixing, threw down a crop of glittering yellow crystals. I did not then know why this happened, but it was a real pleasure to have made something of beauty out of apparently nothing. Even now, though I have watched the phenomenon of double decomposition a hundred times, it always leaves me marvelling at the wonder of it. The power which makes these substances re-act with one another is beyond man's comprehension; there is something mysterious and wonderful in it which urges you on to find out more; not by reading dry books, but by actual experiment.

Most boys seem to spend most of their energy in chemistry making explosives, sometimes with disastrous results. I am sick and tired of being asked questions about explosives. Alchemy as I see it is concerned entirely with creation for creation's sake, not destruction. There is some excitement to be had from dangerous experiments, as anyone knows who has watched a piece of sodium madly coursing across a trough of water. This is great fun, I admit. But there is something infinitely terrible about chemicals when they get out of hand, and for this reason I strongly advise those interested in chemistry for its own sake (that is to say, alchemy) to study more harmless subjects.

Let me quote a few recipes. Firstly, the preparation of that mysterious substance, Philosophers' Egg-White. The method is well known in chemistry books but nobody seems to be interested in it. I think it is most interesting. Take a liberal quantity of White Eagle (which may be found on Mr Pumphrey's shelves under a much more prosaic name) and boil it with water until the solution is clear. Set this aside to cool, and meanwhile proceed with the other ingredients. Take some chips of Water-Demon (a most dangerous substance) and add them to excess of Milk of the Gods. Do not heat this liquid lest it inflame. When the Demon has been absorbed, mix the two liquids; immediately, the Gods' Milk swells up and, though normally a very heavy body, becomes light and of the consistency of butter, although it may be taken up in the hand without running away. It is utterly different from any common substance, and is very strange to see or feel. Unfortunately, in a short while it relapses into its natural condition, meanwhile emitting pungent fumes called spirit of Hartshorn, since they may be made by heating horns.

One use of modern alchemy is the amusement of young children. There is a large number of experiments which do this. For example, the alchemist produces two test-tubes, one containing a solution of iodide of potash, and the other one of corrosive sublimate. Half the first solution is added to the second; it turns yellow for a second, and then pink. The rest of the first solution is now added, and the colour disappears altogether. Failing this, there is that wonderful substance, volcano powder, which is orange. At the touch of a red-hot needle, the powder takes fire and turns green, throwing up dust most realistically. You are left with about five times as much powder as you started with.

One thing the old alchemists believed was that in order for their experiments to suceed they had to worship the proper gods. This still holds good: worship Patience, Clear Thinking, and Common Sense—and success is assured.

Adrian Smith, Form V.

Random Thoughts of an Idle Fellow

SO far since a 1946 issue of the Avenue I have managed to resist the blandishments of the posters outside the Boys' Prefects Room; you know the excuses—too much else to do, nothing interesting to write about—you've used them yourselves I don't doubt. I must confess too that the Lord Kitchener poster "The Avenue needs YOU" which appeared one term had me completely contra-suggestive for that occasion.

But now I have no excuse on one score. Only too much leisure in hospital, but still nothing very much to write about, hence the title. I had at first intended to call this rambling "Redehospitalization" which might at least have the merit of drawing attention to the sort of horrible word people invent nowadays. I am afraid "hospitalize" has come to stay, but I trust this further enormity will make you use it sparingly whether it is de-re-ed or not.

Funnily enough an old Saffron Walden Scholar has been in hospital with me, and as it has been Reginald Reynolds you can see that one of my companions has been excellent company. I suspect Reginald Reynolds will be slightly surprised to hear he has been in this hospital but then an author must be prepared to be in several places at once, especially when he himself enters so delightfully into his own books. It all started with the copy of "My Life and Crimes" which I had saved up to read; and what a good book to savour at leisure. I have always known that I spoke French, even in my more fluent days, "Comme une vache espagnole." But why a Spanish cow, as Reginald Reynolds once asked? Now I have his answer from a Frenchman. "Parceque une vache espagnole est plus vache que toutes

les autres vaches." And that just about went for my French too. Later I went on to Reginald Reynold's "Beware of Africans" the record of his journey through Africa from Cairo to the Cape in 1954. Good reporting, told again with much humour and full of interesting and often unusual people. Despite the fact that certain situations, e.g. that in Kenya, have developed (forwards or backwards) it will continue to be worth reading for some time to come.

This hospital is almost as good as travel in itself as you meet people from most parts of the Commonwealth and some from elsewhere. For a while I have had a neighbour from the Solomon Islands, a Scots official very proud of the kippering plant he had built there now on coconut chips. When I first came here and was allowed up for meals in the Common Room, company round the table seemed to form a Commonwealth forum, with people especially from African territories. It had been good to hear the progressive attitude taken by many officials, although the exceptions are here too, and we had one bitter discussion on Race Relations in which a South African found himself obliged to defend what is now being done officially in that country; he was in a distinct minority and the indictment was all the heavier because most of those in the discussion faced the problem of similar relations in their own work, and had such a different attitude. I was glad in the end that I did not rise too heavily to a remark "We ought to have killed a lot more of them," "them" being the Egyptians, because a later statement about "Quakers and suchlike" gave me a better chance to come in and I had several talks with the R.A.F. officer of 25 years standing concerned, which amongst other things taught me a lot about R.A.F. apprenticeship schemes as this officer is one of the senior men administering them now. It is a searching experience in a mixed group, many of whom do not fundamentally accept what you believe, to be able to put across what you feel strongly about without bitterness.

Otherwise hospital life can only be described as too placid. One magnifies little events to achieve variety. For some reason I early achieved a reputation for getting things out of the rather large drains to the washbasins down which people always seem to be dropping things; how to open the trap on an S bend with no tools to hand is quite an art—and you must also see that Sister is well out of the way.

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The above was written, what is now some weeks ago, before the hospital authorities really tied me down. So I do not find a great deal more to add except that the limitation to a small ward with three other inmates sharpens your perception of the other people who do come in and out, and you get all the interest you can out of the contacts with other patients. I thought I had learnt long ago not to judge other people at first sight, but I have relearnt that here several times

now. A man from Tanganyika followed up a fascinating account of big game hunting—much more exciting than "Where no Vultures fly" —with the comment that he'd never met a Conscientious Objector before and would I oblige, if I didn't mind, by explaining why they believed what they did. Then there is the cheery Marine Engineer very much of a seaman, who started life as a banjoist in Jack Hylton's Band and at one time nearly became a Jehovah's Witness Minister; I now appreciate that sect better than I did before. Then for three days we have had small Andrew aged $2\frac{1}{2}$, an only child, much upset at being dumped in hospital, who attached himself to the two fathers in the ward (now then—no rude remarks on my nickname from the back of 3B!)

The one small return I have been able to make for the care and attention I have had here has been to act as a guinea pig for a group of foreign doctors working for their diplomas in Tropical Medicine. It wasn't particularly comfortable and gave me the chance to say to them afterwards that the marvels of modern medicine are wonderful, but you want to keep at the right end of them. On the whole I think that just a bit sums up what being in hospital makes you feel, especially when it is the lovely sunny weather, which it is outside, and your thoughts turn to the Spring look which Walden must already be getting.

Richard A Wright, Hospital for Tropical Diseases, London

The Break of Day

ALL was still and quiet,
Still the atmosphere of night.
Just the stirring of a bird,
And the winking of a star sapphire-bright.
But all the world—asleep.
Rosy glowed the sky above the hill,
A bird chirruped—first that morning to arise.
Then the vixen from her cosy earth,
Thrust her nose, and then her cunning Eyes—
Seeing on the grass, a watchful Mouse.
Lying low, she tracked the tiny thing.
Then she pounced, and at that instance,
With her came the day in the distance,
A sea of red and golden splendour,
Bursting—a volcano.
From the previous black horizon,
Came the sun!

Margaret Lampard, Form II

* I could have added that the only doctor in the group who thanked me for some discussion on their beliefs was a foreign doctor.

On Hearing Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll"

THE soft light of the Hall mellowed our expectancy,
And silence reigned,
As if Wagner himself stood before us,
With arms poised,
And a prayer in his heart for the one he loved,
Waiting,
Waiting to begin.
The liquid music poured out of the Speaker,
Filling the room, and drowning us
In its splendour of riches and colour,
(Dimmed as it was by the flecks and scratches
On the record).
We were as one,
For Beauty bound us,
Held us suspended
In the darkness of infinity,
And wrapped us in the glowing, flowing music
Gently dropping us,
Falling, falling
Into Eternity,
Where long shadows
Lie across the hoary morning dew,
And birds sing promises to a sleepy world
Of a scorching summer day, and deep blue sky,
And snow-white summer clouds
Beyond,
Beyond the shimmering noonday haze.

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Then, unobtrusively,
Silence gently touched us
And we awoke, stretching and refreshed,
From the garden of eternity.

Andrew F. Kendon, Form VI

Coins

TO use a well known phrase, the coining of coins was a process, not an event. No specific person invented coins, but it is believed that the use of coins was evolved by the Ancient Greeks about 1,000 B.C., when they realised that relationships with the states and the ever-growing world could only be maintained by some portable item of exchange. Later, when the Roman Empire expanded, the Legions were paid with coins made from copper or bronze.

In the early Middle Ages coin makers in England came up against great difficulties, the main one being that people clipped the edges of the gold coins without defacing the symbol (usually a cross); but this was stopped when the cross was extended right to the edge of the coin, and any coin with the cross defaced was declared non-valid. The minters were also troubled by forgers who found it easy to reproduce the crude symbols on the coins. Drastic penalties such as hanging were imposed on forgers, but the forgery continued.

A different type of coin is the "token coin" which was a counter issued by certain tradesmen and Banks without the sanction of the government, and which was then used instead of legal tender with some advantage to the purchaser. Token coins can also be used in remembrance of somebody or some event as I found out when, on picking up a coin in a field and rubbing away the earth, I saw the spade-shape which characterised the spade guinea; thinking I had found something of real value I carefully cleaned it, only to find the inscription: "In memory of the good old days" around the edge—it was a bronze token coin struck after the Seven Years War (1756-63) to commemorate the country's earlier prosperity.

Turning now to recent years; most of the coins in use now are alloys, for no gold coin has been minted in this country for public use since 1917. A few mints have taken place in order to keep the workers in touch with the technicalities of gold coin production.

If ever you have a chance to visit the Royal Mint in London, I advise you to do so, for there you will be able to see the process of coin production.

Matthew Evans, Form IV.

Pony Riding

OVER the fields on a beautiful day,
My pony and I gallop swiftly away,
We stop at each gate, but if I delay,
My pony impatiently gives a loud neigh.
We come to deep ditches, he gracefully jumps,
Gallantly swerving the most jagged stumps.
We come to great torrents, twenty feet wide,
And he carefully takes them all in his stride.
We jump over hedges, we gallop up hills,
And really we have the most wonderful thrills.
The clouds were dark grey, and it looked like rain,
There'd be a thunder storm, that was plain.
So with a whinny he tossed his grey mane,
And then he turned round to go home again.
We went up a hill, until we could see,
The roof of our house behind a small tree.

Judith Watson, Form II

Monet's "Springtime"

ON emerald grass beneath the orchard trees
They sit at ease;
Half in the sun and half in dappled shade,
A young man and a maid.
Their faces glow; the warmly-tinted light
Splashes her dress of blue, his coat of white.
Shy and yet intimate their comradeship.
A thousand gossamer threads, delicate, invisible,
Weave a bright spell about their solitude.
And all around the dazzling radiance streams
In a million iridescent waves of light,
Dancing among the blossoms, weaving patterns against the blue of the sky,
Flashing in fiery ripples down the slender tree-trunks,
Cascading in golden foam.
The whole air throbs and quivers with the song of uncreated light,
And together they are caught up in the eternal miracle of the Springtime.

A.D.H.

[*There is a postcard reproduction of this picture in the Art Room*]

The Mermaid's Song

WHEN the sea is rough and grey,
When white horses wildly play,
Then on their backs I love to ride,
Leaping and plunging, with the tide.

When the sea is dark and still,
When no sea birds gaily shrill,
Then sailors all, reef in your sail,
Beware the coming of a gale.

But when the twilight fades away,
And the breezes go with the light of day,
The sea is calm, without a wave,
But many a sailor will meet his grave.

For while the moon sails far on high,
And palely shines from a starry sky,
Men that sail on the wrinkled sea,
Will drown tonight, because of me.

D. Griggs, Form III

Girls !

THERE is now no necessity for you to take part in illicit dealings—with Hags Mags. *The Avenue* has a page personally for you.

Surely it must be everybody's ambition to become a sub-prefect. To forward this aim you must guard that school-girl complexion, by utilising the modern facilities provided especially for you. Even you can be beautiful if you remember to treat yourself to a brisk rub in Super-Fatted Lavender soap every night and morning. Moreover let yourself be tempted by endless mouthfuls of starch, admirably disguised in the form of stodge, which provides that unique blend of vitality and spots. Loveliness need not end at the finish of your school career, Government Milk taken daily will ensure timeless beauty. This milk also replaces the scintillating sheen in your hair, which is removed by hair dryers. [Note: Ho**d*ns stock a wide range in shampoos.]

A summer such as this brings involuntary praise for our green and white dresses, their slender, elegant, easy-to-launder lines, interpreted as only Selfridges know how. (Dublin, Paris, New York, London, Saffron Walden). There are infinite ways of adapting this gem for holiday wear. Discreetly altered these dresses provide playsuits for the beach, or rompers for the garden, for leisure or pleasure a well spent pound.

News afoot. Pin heels may be all the rage, but a word of warning for those suffering from swollen, strained, or hockey-built ankles—these are not for you. Your salvation lies in strong, sensible, brown, lace-up walking shoes, stocked everywhere. Legs, now appearing from their winter encasements, are scarcely veiled in a mesh of nylon, but have you tried lisle? Their warmth helps to cradle your feet in cushioned luxury on chilly summer evenings.

Just a line to help you develop your social accomplishments. If you become skilled in these arts you may face the hazards of everyday life with confidence. Make meal times pleasant social occasions. Get rid of that cutting caterwaul of a voice, develop it to become an intriguing part of your personality. Above all be at your most charming "*you*" when faced with old scholars.

How Peaches were Discovered

LONG, long ago in the Far East a man lived with his wife called Silver Yong. They lived in a tiny house in a village called Gong-yan-gin. About their house there was a tiny garden with only one tree in it. They were very happy until one summer's day when they were wandering among some strange yet beautiful gardens, happily singing together. When they wanted to sit down they sat at the bottom of a large twisted tree, right in the middle of the garden.

On sitting down they heard angry squeaks and voices coming from underneath them. Of course they wondered what it was.

Suddenly twenty armed pixies of about two feet high appeared from under a large root. These tiny men tied them up with golden hairs and lowered them down inside a hollow tree. On reaching the bottom they were confronted by a large and spacious hall covered in silk drapings and jewels. At the far end sat the well-known, hated wizard called Tan-kan-oooh.

The wizard looked very pleased for he obviously had something up his sleeve. The couple stood before him and bowed, trembling, and wondering what was going to happen. They were told—and they fainted, for it was so horrible. It was that they were going to be cut up, and their blood be used in a poison for other human beings.

Luckily for them there was a kind fairy who helped them. This, she said, would have to be done in stages. First when they were waiting to be cut into pieces she tried to change them into willow trees. It didn't quite work for the magic was a bit wrong, and instead they were turned into the first peach trees. No-one knew about this, so that the fairy got the peach trees past the guards easily.

When they got back to the house with the fairy she said that if they wanted to be human beings they would have to drop their seeds in such an order that there was a complete row of little peach trees growing between them. This they succeeded in doing after six years. But after this they had to eat one peach each day to keep themselves human. They thought that the peaches would taste horrible, but changed their minds after the first one.

Now peaches are eaten all over China and are regarded as a delicacy.

R. Smith, Form I.

"Pracky"

"PRACKY"! This word—which you learn when you come in the first form, as a new girl who is very shy and very awkward with skirts up to your knees and an apron for meals—has a very deep significance, as alas, you will learn later.

Pracky is really the word used when you sit in a little cell with a honky-tonky piano in one corner, with a loud pedal that gets stuck and a B flat that will not play, and you glance at a curious little blue book your music teacher has given you. It holds all sorts of cryptic messages which are impossible to decipher. For instance: —

"June 24th: Watch middle finger. B minor 2 octaves both hands. Wrists up fingers curved. Allegro in A sharp minor. Watch the semiquavers at the end of repeat. 'The Bluebottle' first page only, Practise fingering."

You puzzzle over this little book for some time, and give up in desperation.


C. WALLIS. IIA
"THE COLT"



PARIS EASTER SCHOOL



FRIENDS HOUSE CONCERT



Photo by CHRISTOPHER LEE, Form V

Then you try a sort of scale effort, but half way through your left hand catches up with your right hand, and your third finger gets tied round your thumb.

Annoyed, you viciously attack an arpeggio, hammering at the B flat which unfortunately does not play. This strikes you as being hilariously funny, and you sit shaking in silent mirth until your rickety stool gives way under the strain.

Now it is time for your piece. This esteemed piece is the one you have been at for years. You play the first line with great gusto, but the fingering gets a bit difficult after that, so you subside to a mere note every five seconds or so with occasional discords from the left hand. Ah! repeat. Again you start cheerfully on the first line. You go on at the same rate. Gosh, this is great! You come to the place where the page has been torn, but you cheerfully continue in the same Liberace style, until by some extraordinary means you find you are playing, no! but you are! ! None other than "The Wayward Wind." Other occupants of the pracky rooms are interested and come and listen. Gradually, they begin singing, stamping, shouting, until the lid flies off the piano—the door flies open.

..."*What* is this disgusting noise? ! ! ! There is an exam upstairs in Room one. Which one of you is *meant* to be practising?"

"Er, me," you stammer, "but I think I've finished now; I've done my half hour."

Next Tuesday you have a music lesson in Maths. You are asked to play your piece. You get up to the end of the first line, but it doesn't work any more.

Next Wednesday you find yourself down for an hour's returned pracky, because you couldn't play your piece. You spend most of that hour making up an accompaniment to "The Wayward Wind."

All this has arisen out of the word "Pracky". Well! at least all next year's first form will know what the word "Pracky" foretells.

Clare Bullman, Form II.

Paris Easter School, 1957

THIS year, our school provided the largest contingent of any of the Essex Grammar Schools at the fortnight's Easter School in Paris. Twenty-seven of us and one member of staff took part. We had lessons five mornings a week, with our French friends being taught English by the English members of the staff; but what is harder to generalise about is how we settled in to family life over there. Over 200 families received English boys and girls. Here follow two impressions of the fortnight; the first, by Christine Seager, was awarded a special prize at the Easter School; the second, gaining first place in the essay competition for all Saffron Walden members of the Easter School, had better remain anonymous because of its forthright comments on people.

Paris au Printemps

QU'IMPORTE le temps? Si on est à Paris, on doit être content. Mais n'est-ce pas qu'au printemps Paris est la plus belle ville du monde? Oui, assurément. Qu'on soit debout dans un autobus, que l'on flâne au bord de la Seine, ou que l'on s'asseye dans un café du boulevard, on peut goûter le vrai parfum de Paris.

Mais dites-vous, qu'est-ce que c'est que ce parfum? Qu'y a-t-il de spécial à Paris? Eh bien, c'est à la fois très difficile et très facile à définir.

Quelque chose de léger, quelque chose de gai, c'est certain. Mais de plus, je crois que Paris possède un esprit insouciant, même un peu rude. La ville est très gracieuse—mais c'est qu'elle est gracieuse sans être propre, c'est que les Parisiens sont charmants sans être élégants. A vrai dire, le charme de Paris, c'est sa vivacité. Partout on voit du mouvement, de la couleur, de la lumière; partout on entend des cris; et partout on sent la gaieté et la vérité de la vie.

Et c'est pour cette raison que le printemps'est la meilleure saison à Paris. Car le printemps est surtout une saison de mouvement, de couleur et de joie—une saison de renaissance. Sur les boulevards près de la Seine et dans les jardins on entend la chuchotement perpétuel des arbres, le chant joyeux des oiseaux; on voit les teintes vives des fleurs, la lumière éblouissante des fontaines, et on se croit être dans les âmes mêmes des enfants, des amants et des vieux. . . . Tout cela est Paris. On vit, on ne peut pas se retenir de vivre, car tout est vivant, que l'on soit joyeux, ou que l'on soit triste.

Où êtes-vous? Feuilletant les livres chez les bouquinistes, assoupi sur un banc dans le jardin de Luxembourg, debout dans la métro, la foule se pressant contre vous; mangeant un gâteau chez le pâtissier? Vous êtes à Paris: soyez content, car vous avez goûté la douceur de la vie.

Christine Seager, Form VI.

A Fortnight in a French Family

WHEN I first met my hostess, and Jean Pierre, her son on the first Saturday evening I was surprised at how they treated me. They, particularly Madame, took me as no stranger or foreigner and began to talk about their business and their life in Paris as if I had been an old friend. I must say that I was very confused on the way to the suburbs that night and I could not understand their bus and train ticket system: and a few days later when I knew it as well as our own it occurred to me that it was a good deal more sensible than ours.

We got off the bus a few hundred yards away from their residence and when Jean-Pierre pressed a button in the middle of a brick wall

outside what they said was their house, to say the least, I thought him to be mad. But no, about ten yards further down the hill the screening of a shop-window was drawn up, a door opened and I was ushered into a dazzlingly brightly-lit grocer's shop. I did my best to hide my surprise and shake hands with Monsieur politely, but it was so different from what I had expected that I could not look about me. As it happened, Monsieur was pleased to see me interested and began to show me round.

Madame had already passed through the shop and had climbed some stairs at the back into their house, and just as I was about to be shown the wine-cellar we were all called into the house by her. The "house" was situated behind and on top of the shop, with the kitchen, dining room, box-room and tool shed on the bottom floor; with two large and one small bedrooms, a lavatory and a small bathroom up above. My bedroom was a large one, badly lit, and in the day time the shutters over the window were kept shut, except when my bed was "airing," and so I rarely saw the room in natural light. There was a double bed in the middle of one wall and I had a bit of a scare when I first saw it because I was afraid Jean-Pierre would be sleeping with me: I had not completely taken to him, and later, as it turned out, it was only in the evenings that I could escape his senseless babble of conversation. Fortunately he was sleeping next door. The furniture in my room was dark and shiny with mirrors on each wall, and on the wardrobe and dressing table: Monsieur and Madame usually slept here, but they had moved elsewhere to make room for me.

That first evening I simply dumped my suitcase on the bed, took out of it 20 "Piccadilly" Cigarettes for Monsieur and a typically English type of chocolate for Jean-Pierre, washed my hands and went downstairs again. Monsieur and Jean-Pierre were delighted, and so was Madame when I told her that there were some biscuits in the post for her: I had not had room to pack them. Then we all settled down in the dining room to supper at about 8 p.m. and I was seated at the head of the table; a position that I occupied for the first few days, after which Monsieur took the head and I was put next to Jean-Pierre.

My first meal in France was interesting, exciting and confused. The twenty-two inch screen television was blazing away in the corner—it did every meal except breakfast—and between watching music-hall acts they told me that Michel, Jean-Pierre's brother, was fighting in Algeria and that the old lady sitting opposite me whom I had at once taken for the maid, was Jean-Pierre's grandmother; I felt a little embarrassed. At this meal I learnt the majority of the tricks required to please a hostess at a meal, and when each item was eaten separately and how artichokes should be eaten and so on. Madame kept telling me that her mother and father were cooks and so that was why she was such a good one: she was right and I enjoyed every

minute of every meal except eating their asparagus.

The meal lasted too long for my liking and at about 10.15 I was shown up to bed again and this time for the last time. I washed quickly and learnt how to flush the lavatory bowl and then took my pyjamas out of my case and went to bed. I was very tired.

In the course of the next fortnight I managed to see every famous and important sight in Paris and many others inside and outside (e.g. Château de V. cennes and Fontainebleau). Often I had to say very firmly to Jean-Pierre that I was tired of playing such games as Scoop and Monopoly and wanted to see Paris. If I had not been firm I would have seen nothing. During this fortnight the French way of life and the characters of the people I was staying with dawned upon me and after a few days I could say quite honestly what I thought. Monsieur was a kindly man, about 55, and spent most of his time in the shop, to which he was devoted. On Sundays he would put on his best suit, take us around in the car and sling money about right and left: the family was comfortably off. Madame was gentle, well dressed and when she was not praising me she was scolding Jean-Pierre: things were very difficult for me. From the very first she reckoned that Jean-Pierre was coming in the summer to stay with me and so all the time she was telling him to impress me and not to continue his "senseless babble"—he took no notice and in return was abominably rude. Madame got annoyed and gave him a real blowing-up—so fast that I could not understand a single word except "bête". Then she would ignore him for a while and start telling me how she wished Jean-Pierre would behave like me; this embarrassed me so much because I knew that Jean-Pierre would get his own back on me, when she was not there. The real trouble was that he was spoilt, so ruled over by his mother, and that with many other things (such as, "En Angleterre. . . ?" and then a ridiculously stupid question) made up his wet character, fat, and grossly unattractive. But there must have been at least one good streak in him because when I had asked firmly enough he did show me Paris, although I had rather to drag him round. He had never been into the City without his parents before.

So much for the family. I was more struck by the Parisians, litter left everywhere, 80 per cent of boys with unbecoming crew-cuts, the poor standard of their newspapers, the cruder and uglier advertisements, the poor standard of roads inside Paris and the magnificent "autoroutes" outside, the excellent and very high standard of T.V. programmes and sets, everything expensive, the lovely open platforms on the old-fashioned 'buses, their great respect for soldiers and civil servants, for French products, the low standard of hygiene, the numerous slot machines and the coiffeurs everywhere. Lastly the Métro, by which I am glad to have travelled, but by which I was not impressed. I only know two large underground systems, London and Paris, and to compare them is ridiculous; the former is clean, fast,

better lit, more people seated, while the latter is very dirty, slow because of its age, stations badly lit (except in the tunnels where there are electric light bulbs all the way), too few people sitting (18 sitting and 100 standing) and nothing to hold on to for the standers. In Paris each line has a separate platform, hence miles and miles of tunnels and corridors, while in London there is generally one large platform with all the trains coming into it. From my point of view the only advantage of the Parisian Métro is the fact that the trains run at shorter intervals.

But despite whatever criticisms I may have, Paris is a magnificent city and I was thrilled to see it, and this first of many visits (I hope) has been one that I shall always remember.

The Concert

NO-ONE who has been on the staff of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden, for as long as a week can consider himself a stranger. I had been here five weeks, was feeling very grateful to everyone for making me feel so much at home, and accordingly went along to the first concert, at the Parish Church, hardly as an outsider. In fact, I went out of a sense of duty. I now have a more proper humility; but at the time, nobody had thought to tell me how good they were.

The programme opened with Palestrina's Stabat Mater for Double Choir. It is a lovely work, easier, no doubt, to sing than much devotional music; but with a deceptive simplicity, for much of its appeal depends on subtleties of tone that demand the utmost control. The control was there, to the ends of Richard Sturge's fingers, the setting, in the nave of the Parish Church, was ideal: and the choir did justice to the conductor and he to Palestrina. And so the concert was well underway.

There followed Divertimento in B flat by Haydn, played by Susan Dutton, oboe; Christine Seager, flute; Ian Meyler-Warlow, clarinet (all three present scholars) Ivan Cane, Bassoon; and Peter Digby, horn. This is not perhaps a great work, but it has some memorable themes, notably the original theme to the Brahms variations. Playing in an ensemble is a testing experience even for professionals; and the school must be proud that it can produce three students as accomplished as these. We all enjoyed their performance; but I wondered if on Wednesday they would find the confidence that here and there seemed lacking tonight. Did they, I wondered realise how talented they were?

The five Carols for all Seasons, that followed, were well chosen for their diversity, and formed a most charming group. This was music that wooed the senses with charm and delight rather than with insistent attack. It was perfectly placed in the programme, a fitting forerunner to the chief work of the evening, the Dettingen Te Deum of Handel.

With Rosemary Scott, contralto, Kenneth Plant, bass, and the choir and orchestra, this was a magnificent performance. It got away to a most exciting start in the first movement. There was an exuberance that gripped and seemed to exalt each performer; and one wondered if they could possibly keep up this pitch of excitement through the whole work. Surely after this must come anti-climax: this is the point to walk out, and retain the unspoilt memory of something truly noble. But as the work progressed we realised there was to be no letting up, and gradually all of us were drawn into this exciting music, to become part of an experience few of us will forget. The setting, remember, was ideal. The parish church is noble in its proportions, and breathes the very breath of generations of choirs. It was an emotional feast, and whereas throughout the other works I had sat plagued with remorse that lack of musical experience and talent had denied me a part in this wonderful noise, now it seemed not to matter. There was no orchestra, choir and audience, but one body united in an ineffable spiritual experience.

"O Lord, in thee have I trusted: let me never be confounded". And so it was over; and in the hush that followed we gradually became aware of one another; and each of us, enriched by the experience we had shared, was enriched by a new humility.

It now seemed to me imperative that I should attend the second concert at Friends House on Wednesday. I did not expect the experience of Monday to be repeated, but the opportunity was not to be missed. In fact, the evening was as great a success, for rather different reasons. The audience at Friends House, being mostly friends of the School, had a special interest in the performance. They proved a most appreciative audience; and the warmth of their applause made good a deficiency which had vaguely troubled me on Monday. It was right that our enjoyment should be proved to Richard Sturge and the choir and orchestra.

The difference between the two concerts was largely one of atmosphere; the soaring nave, traditional setting for devotional music, adding its own spiritual and aesthetic qualities to those of the music, and the modern hall, built for Friends and friendly with its intimate four-sided arrangement of seating. The acoustics of Friends House were at once obviously superior to those of the Parish Church, and all the music gained clarity and definition. The Palestrina was again a thing of exquisite beauty and most sympathetically interpreted. The Dettingen did not quite have the same effect on me as it had on Monday, but a Friend, hearing it for the first time in his own spiritual home, would no doubt have advantage that I lacked.

What pleased me most about this concert was the Divertimento It seemed to me there was tonight new life in Haydn; and the quintet gave us not only a most competent, but also a very bright interpretation.

In the interval to this concert, the headmaster spoke to the purpose of raising the collection, to help defray expenses which were necessarily heavy. "If you have decided what sum you can afford to give, please give a little more." (The collection was, in fact, very good). The headmaster also gave a well received word of thanks to Richard Sturge for his work for the two concerts.

And over our cups of tea, back at home at Saffron Walden, opinion was universal: "It wasn't us, Sir, we couldn't have done anything without Mr Sturge."

Please, may we have another next year?

Kenneth Sadler.

Summer—a collection of thoughts

UNDER the heavy yellow sunlight,
The lime trees gave out their honey fragrance,
And the striped bumble bees—blundered their way
From one green flower to the other.
The long sun-soaked days,
And the short, cool nights,
The pond's green depths
With deep purple shadows;
The dried stones rising up
Like some primeval fish out of the slime.
The smell of white lacy cow-parsley
Growing in a creamy froth under the trees.
The sweet smell of the pink clover flower
Damp and fresh after the Shower.

Vanessa Serjeant, Form IV

After the Rain

THE mice peep out from the leaves again
Sunshine sparkles on drops of rain
The soaked, brown earth smells rich and cool
Reeds sway on the edge of the rippling pool.

Out flits a swallow from the eaves
Twisting and turning in the breeze
Above the hedgerows showered with rain
And the scarlet poppies in the lane.

There darts a rabbit with white scut showing
Across the field where corn is blowing
Home to his burrow to eat his fill
Leaving the corn stalks waving still.

Susan Pellowe, Form II.

Library Report

Since February eighty books have been added to the Library. We were delighted to receive from James Strachan a copy of his "Early Bible Illustrations". Gifts of books have been received from Sir John Braithwaite, George Edwards, T. and E. B. Hicks, Richard Fisher and Bryan Newton, Helen and Farrand Radley, Alison Reynolds and David Tregear.

The report of H.M.I's. was received towards the end of the Spring Term. While warmly appreciative of the administration of the Library, particularly of the work done by the Scholar members (present and past) of the Library Committee, they felt that the stock of books left something to be desired. They recommended a capital grant, spread over three or four years, and the School Committee has acted promptly and generously in giving effect to their recommendation. It has been possible to make generous allowances to subject teachers and already many expensive but essential books have been put into the Library. It is hoped shortly to make the motley and unbalanced collection of modern fiction more representative and more balanced. The School Committee agreed that some professional help should be available for the Librarian to assist in classifying and cataloging and we have been fortunate in securing the services of Peter Hinchcliffe of the Cambridge City Library. We are fortunate, too, in the deep and continuing interest taken in the Library by Alexander Robinson, who has given the Librarian much help and encouragement in the past seven years.

C. A. M.

Junior Yearly Meeting

JUNIOR Yearly Meeting was held at Bootham School, York, from April 11th to 18th, when about a hundred boys and girls between the ages of fifteen and nineteen met to discuss the theme "Friends and Other Churches." We were given talks by Janet Rees, Donald Ramage, and Margaret Marrow, which clarified our thoughts and gave us many ideas. In addition there were nine discussion periods, when we met in small groups to share our opinions. Despite frequent digressions from the subjects under consideration, these discussions were a great success and we all found them very helpful.

Some of the ideas put forward were very interesting. Our theme led us to talk a good deal about other branches of the Christian Church. I think we all disapproved of the Roman Catholic religion as leading people into thinking of symbols as their faith instead of the truths behind them; this was one idea. Another, which we argued over for a long time, was that it would be a good thing if the

Friends' method of conducting business were adopted in Parliament.

Junior Yearly Meeting was also a great social occasion; every evening there was some kind of entertainment, such as music or dancing. One evening William Sessions came to tell us some of his funny stories. The afternoons were free; we visited the fine city of York, heard the St. Matthew Passion in the Minster, and were made welcome at the Retreat. The burden of arranging and organising everything rested on the Wardens, Alan and Mary Pickard, to whom the tremendous success of J.Y.M. was certainly due.

Adrian Smith, Form V.

The Railway Club

EARLIER this year the Railway Club was rescued from its previous moribund state by Mr Osborn, and is now under the enthusiastic care of Mr Cane. Originally, the interest of the Club was confined mainly to its model railway, but as this interest is only found in the lower forms of the school, efforts are being made to extend it to full-size railways, which have a wider appeal. We have had one lecture on the railways of the Scottish Highlands, and we hope to hold more in the coming winter. It is also hoped to hold an excursion to the branch line from Cambridge to Mildenhall later in the summer.

Adrian Smith, Form V.

Football

Results for the Season 1956-57 are as follows: —

					Goals	
	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.
1st XI	18	12	1	5	72	41
"A" XI	2	2	0	0	11	0
Under 15	11	4	0	7	27	33
Under 13	7	2	2	3	15	22

This would appear to be our fourth best 1st XI over the last eleven years. It has been a skilful, well-blended side, though one capable of strange lapses. In the Autumn Term particularly a high percentage of success was achieved with wins over Old Scholars (3-0), Newport (3-0), Earls Colne (3-1), Soham (1-0), Newmarket (6-0), Harlow (11-0), Huntingdon (7-4), and Braintree (6-1). We were defeated by St. Catherine's College (3-5), Soham (4-6), and Newport (2-5).

We opened the Spring Term with two matches against St. Christopher, Letchworth, winning the away game (6-2), only to lose the home one a week later (5-3). Then, after some three weeks of bad

weather, there followed a strange home game against St. John's College 2nd XI under the most appalling conditions of ice and snow. Stung by a fierce blizzard, the 1st XI rose to the peak of their form and played brilliantly to win, 3-1: yet a week later in sunshine on a bone hard ground, the zip and teamwork had disappeared and an Old Scholars XI deservedly drew, 3-3. Then followed defeat at Braintree (1-5) before two final victories over Newmarket (3-1), and at Huntingdon (4-2).

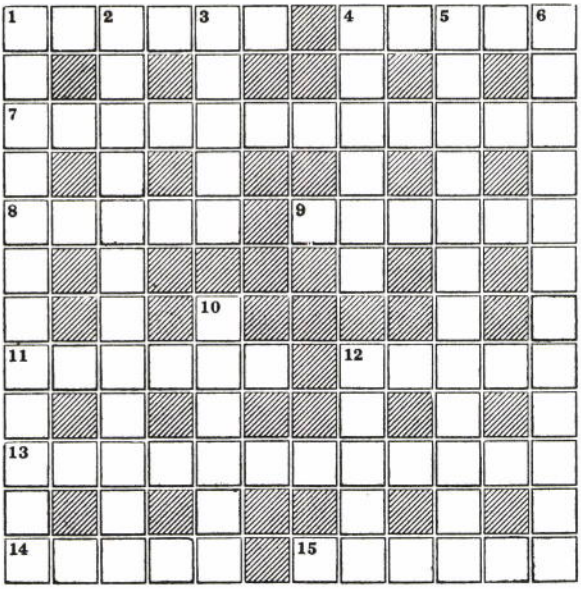
We were glad to award colours to Higgs, a very capable goalkeeper; to Salmons, tireless in his efforts at wing half, and to Lampard and Bamberger, who developed by hard practice into two very steady and dependable backs. Chief credit, however, goes not unnaturally to five old colours who will be leaving us this term. Clarke, a very commanding figure at centre half: Weaver, one of the best wing halves we have ever had and to those three forwards who survived to us from our record breaking seasons of 1954-55 and 1955-56. Edwards, Newton and Mendes have been consistent members during the last three years of a forward line that has scored 284 goals in just over 50 matches —a wonderful record. To these five boys and those who have played with them, both past and present, I extend my grateful thanks for the quality of their effort in raising our fooballing stock. They have set a standard for future Walden teams which will be difficult to maintain.

Next year, our main emphasis must clearly be on team work for we shall lack outstanding personalities. In the two "A" XI games the pattern was already largely formed and good teamwork in one of them gave Evans a goal scoring triumph when he scored all six goals for his side. He, Redington and Twigg have all done well in 1st XI games.

Our Under 15s had only a moderate record but many of them were in fact under 14 and will be available again next year. The Under 13 team improved as the season progressed, and it is, indeed, imperative that all juniors should practice hard if we are to continue to uphold a good football tradition such as has been gradually built up over the last few years.

* * * *

Avenue Problem No 2



ACROSS

1. Simply add one to this roadway to discover a possible telephone number for the san or possibly the pronouncement of an aspirate gentleman upon the loss of a hat [6].
4. A slight advantage, or a tightrope walker in action [3, 2].
7. Fractional respites from work [4, 8].
8. This composer is Found by 50 in assorted gear [5].
9. It seems to require a river plant to prepare for republishing [6].
11. The French coin is disguised in smells [6].
12. If nothing is added to 200, you can divide it by 1,001 but you musn't read it in class [5].
13. Feast on Orion! It will be a sad day when Bechets handiwork is on the menu [6, 3, 3].
14. The mount of the young lady of Riga. Poets here is your chance [5].
15. A good way of escaping from a glacier. Or has the means of transport come unstuck? [3, 3].

DOWN

1. A disease common to runners, or a morbid souvenir of the Olympic games [8, 4].
2. Explaining or taking the weight away [12].
3. Only a doorkeeper, but readers of Poe would probably choose a less ominous name for their house [5].
4. Nothing exists! Nonsense, they are only Mediterranean Fruits [6].
5. Learning is a process not an event (with apologies to C.A.M.) is this a suitable slogan for an auspicious occasion? [4, 3, 5].
6. Go by the school bread, or is it a request for nutriment? [4, 3, 5].
10. Not the spendable sort but if you remove the censorship on children the rest will be useful on the river [1, 5].
12. Have you a rock? If you use it to circumnavigate this, you will have discovered a popular song. Crazyman! [5]

M. Bamberger, Form VI.

SOLUTION TO AVENUE PROBLEM No. 1

L = 1
B = 9
W = 8

Acknowledgments

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

The Beckside, Bootham, The Brook, The Georgian, The Leightonian, The New Zealand Friends School Magazine, The St. Christopher Magazine.

Editorial Board

The members of the present committee are: Mr Nicholson, Mrs Keen (Editor), Mr John (Treasurer), Mr Whitlow, Barbara Revans, Jean Dohoo, John Edwards and Michael Connolly. The following have acted as form representatives for the year: D. Cadman, T. Allen, A. Edwards, A. Knights, J. Pearce, and S. Pellowe.

* * * *

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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.



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