THE AVENUE

Per Ardua ad Alta

July, 1959

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 43 No. 129 **July, 1959**

Editorial

WE had hoped that with this edition we would be able to follow our policy of producing one magazine at the end of each Summer term giving as far as possible an account of that year's activities, interests and leisure time pursuits. However, the printers' strike occurred just after work had commenced on the magazine, thus bringing it to a halt, and the subsequent intervention of the summer holidays has delayed its appearance until the Autumn Term. For this we apologise: it is not for want of effort on our part.

You will notice one or two changes in the form of the magazine: most obviously in the cover. This is intended to draw your attention to the fact that there is no design on the front. You will remember no doubt that we asked for designs for a new cover to be submitted for consideration during the year. We have received several, none of which, however, wholly fulfilled our requirements. If you like it plain let us know. If you do not, try designing something. If you do decide to try, the following suggestions may be of help. The subject should be simple and a symbol of the school: it need not necessarily be based on the Avenue itself. The design should be bold and form a satisfying pattern: it need not be "realistic". It should be in two colours only and contain the title "The Avenue", the school motto "Per Ardua ad Alta" and the date.

Secondly, you will notice the introduction of drawings and photographs for their own sake as well as for their subject matter. We would particularly welcome more drawings, linocuts, caricatures and the like for our next edition.

Lastly, we have included more material in this issue, especially in the form of articles about various jobs and visits which members of the school have made during the year.

As the magazine has been changing its policy during the last couple of years and this edition is something of an experiment we welcome your opinions. If you have any suggestions to make do not hesitate to mention them to us. It is after all your magazine and you make it what it is.

Inter Alia

EVENING Meeting on Sunday, October 5th was turned into a film show when Ryumei Yamano, a Japanese headmaster illustrated his talk with slides of the school. Other Sunday evening speakers have included a number of Young Friends and Father Edward, of the Society of St. Francis, who excited great curiosity with his unusual attire.

During the past year the Sixth form have had fourteen Friday evening lectures which have ranged over a wide variety of subjects and which have included one on 'Lloyds' given by Robert Mays, 'Italy Today', by E. E. Y. Hales, and 'Walter de la Mare' by Sir Russell Brain.

Films shown during the winter terms were 'The Green Man', 'The Living Desert', 'Time out of War' and 'The Wooden Horse' in the Autumn and 'Oliver Twist', 'Romeo and Juliet', 'An Alligator named Daisy', and 'It isn't cricket', in the Spring.

Members of forms four, five and six, together with the staff, have greatly benefited from the television set, Mr Armitage's generous gift to the school, which has been installed in the Annexe.

A recent enigma of attaché-case carrying by certain male members of the sixth form has been noted with concern. We hope that, in the future, this will not lead to bad posture or the use of larger receptacles for the same purpose.

We wish the fourth form the best of luck with their magazine 'Subeer', but hope that it will not prove too serious a rival to the 'Avenue'.

Some members of the school have profitably spent a part of their leisure time in collecting wood and magazines for the old people in the town.

We should like to congratulate Messrs. Plant, Evans, Cane and Benson on the recent additions to their families and Miss Thompson on the purchase of 'Mini'.

This year has seen two influenza epidemics as well as the renowned 'Haemolytic Strep' infection which cut short the Easter term by about a week, much to the enjoyment of the lower and frustration of the upper school. This infection also prevented the choir from singing the usual programme of Easter music.

Post examinees had a chance of losing excess energy and patience this summer in the battle ditches where an extensive excavation programme was carried out.

The fifth and sixth forms and members of staff greatly appreciated the visit of Dr. Matthews, a psychiatrist from Bath, sometimes known as 'the sexpert', who gave three lectures and innumerable interviews at the beginning of the summer term.

As needlework enthusiasts already know, but as many others may not yet, Croydon House now contains its own fitting room, curtained off from the needlework room, complete with several full length double mirrors.

With the appearance of 'ribbed' glass in the physics laboratory, physicists can no longer have the excuse that the girls' tennis detracts them from their work.

Through the hard work done by a group of sixth form boys, the lily pond is regaining its reputation as a place of beauty and 'tis rumoured that the lily will soon flower.

Miss Kerrison left us on Saturday, May 30th, to take a short holiday in Belgium before starting her training as a nurse at St. Thomas' Hospital. We extend a warm welcome to Mrs Barnard who is taking her place.

During the autumn term Miss Price gallantly helped a few Sixth form boys to make Christmas cakes on which they were able to display their 'artistic' talent with various lavish designs incorporating as much icing-sugar as possible.

Those who relish the traditional old English ball game—cricket—are very pleased that the square (or wicket—for those who do not so relish) has been partially relaid, and hope that its condition will improve.

Miss Lloyd and Mr Gelsthorpe confirmed a recent rumour by announcing their engagement on June 4th. We should like to congratulate them and convey our best wishes for their future happiness.

The School has, during the year, been collecting money for UNICEF. The funds have been raised by various means such as providing sausages and chips on half holidays in the winter and iced drinks in the summer; making wooden boats and various handicraft objects; doing odd jobs and the like. Each form set its own total and the school as a whole aimed to raise £50. This it has just succeeded in doing.

We hope during the coming year to contribute something to the World Refugee Year.



Reginald Reynolds, 1952

Reginald Reynolds

WE can feel proud and thankful that a life such as that of Reginald Reynolds had some of its deep roots in his school days at Walden. He always maintained that for him each visit to the school was a source of strength, not just from the renewal of friendships, but from the very fact of the continuing life of the school. He was a tremendous believer in the possibilities of the work that youth could do in the world. His most obvious contribution to the school life was his play "Gateway from the Past", written for the 250th anniversary of the school's foundation. Perhaps his less obvious though more real contribution lay in the Gateways to the future that he opened to each of us living in the school community.

Belief and action were united in Reg. What he believed in he not only worked for but made it part of his life's work. Even where one disagreed with him, one always respected this sincerity and wholeness of his character.

His vision of the world of the future developed from the purely political vision, to the one of a society in which men cared for and served each other's interests, and life and work opened many gateways into this Conception of Society. His belief in the value of international Work Camps, his work for Peace and for ending racial discrimination, spring immediately to mind. Always, when he talked of these things, the presentation was vivid, shot through with understanding, though with many digs at the pompous and the hypocritical and the established order of things. This was something he never ceased to question and led to much difficulty with the staff in his school days, but, as in his school days he never let it come between him and the human beings with whom he may have been in disagreement.

Full accounts of his life can be found elsewhere, but perhaps the two greatest influences on his life were those of Mahatma Ghandi, in whose ashram he lived in India, and John Woolman, whose journals Reg found to bring a fresh light on to the problems of our day and age as well as his own.

In telling of a life of such worth, it is only too easy to make the account sound solid, heavy, and dull, but the things that endeared Reg to all of us were his gorgeous and dramatic sense of fun, his affection poured out so regardlessly, his delight in unusual clothes, and his fund of stories, songs and conversation.

A Comment on North-West Essex

A PERSISTENT rumour recently that it is hoped to transfer the district round Saffron Walden from Essex into Cambridgeshire has resulted in a discussion of the idea at a meeting of the Borough Council. While this proposal may come to nothing, it is interesting to balance the advantages and disadvantages of such a change, and to try to suggest a new county boundary.

Saffron Walden as a town is much more closely bound to Cambridge than to Chelmsford. Cambridge is much more accessible and offers far more attractions than does Chelmsford, but the real reason for this is of course geographical. A belt of forest formerly covered the clay uplands, and enough of this is left to show how successfully it must have cut off the Walden district from the rest of Essex. In Roman times, this forest formed the southern boundary of the Inceni, whose capital was in Norfolk and who inhabited most of the area now known as East Anglia. To the west their settlements ended in the Fens, then mostly under water; only in the south-west did the corridor of open chalky land known as the Icknield Way link them to the Catuvellauni of Hertfordshire. The ownership of this strategic strip must have been much disputed, and the four great dykes in southern Cambridgeshire may testify to this.

Nearer to our own day, the uncertainty of a true boundary between Essex and Cambridge has enabled the authorities to carry out two changes for their own purposes: Heydon and the Chishills, formerly in Essex, have replaced half-a-dozen parishes round Newmarket, which have left Cambridge for Suffolk. It is possible to argue that two further transfers could bring into the administrative orbit of Cambridge areas for which it is already the commercial and cultural centre; but, ignoring the difficulties of the change-over, with its adjustments of rates, dioceses, and local authorities, what advantages would result?

Firstly, Cambridge would benefit financially from the increased territory. Cambridgeshire is not among the richest of counties, but the experiment of Village Colleges, which may alter the character of rural life in the future, shows that it is not among the most backward, and extra money would assist its plans. Secondly, the fact that Saffron Walden is a borough and a market town would help the county to become less dependent on its one large town. Cambridge is severely congested and the shifting of a considerable portion of its trades and functions to Saffron Walden might give the southern part of the county a less distant and more convenient centre for its activities. Until a century ago Linton provided such a centre, but the market there was discontinued and could not now be revived as the green has been built over.

If the county boundary were moved southwards, there is no telling where it would be fixed. It is unlikely that a really generous sweep of country, say, including all the valley of the Cam, would be transferred; a more likely plan would be for the new boundary to follow as closely as possible to the Catchment Area ones. The water immediately round Saffron Walden drains northwards into the Ouse, while to the south-east it drains direct into the North Sea. To the south-west it runs into the Thames. The drainage to the south is confused because comparatively recently, in geological time, the Cam flowed into the Stort so that there is now no clear division. It is possible, however, to trace a satisfactory boundary on the Ordnance Survey map, which, besides the borough of Saffron Walden, would include eleven parishes in the new district of Cambridgeshire: Ashdon, Hadstock, Great and Little Chesterfords, Chrishall, Elmdon, Strethall, Littlebury, Wenden Lofts, Wendens Ambo, and Arkesden; Wicken Bonhunt and Newport might also be included. This line, erratic though it is, keeps near to the natural boundary of the valleys, except that near Saffron Walden it passes too far to the north. The true boundary lies between Wimbish and Thunderley, which were united into one parish during the Middle Ages; if Thunderley in in Cambridgeshire, Wimbish is just as certainly in Essex, so that this spoils the plan.

All this sounds revolutionary, but we can be quite sure that the people of Essex will not allow one of their most famous towns to move into Cambridge, a parvenu as counties go, for does not most of its land really belong under the sea? Where there is no clear distinction of dialect or racial type a county boundary is of little importance. However, as Italian patriots once dreamed of a united Italy stretching from the Alps to Sicily, so can followers of Rupert Brooke think fondly of a glorious shire leading from the Wash to Crowney Wood.

Adrian Smith, Form VI

TRAVEL

PARIS - FRANCE

My Impressions of French Life

MY main impression was of liveliness. How lively French people are! Even the very first evening in Paris, tired as I was, walking along towards the Lycée and hearing passers-by talking, I could sense the vivacity in their speech. When you walk along a street, it is impossible not to notice the changes of expression, the hand movements and the melodious voices as a French-

man tries to convince a compatriot of a point. Compared to these lively people, I find English people DULL. The English are notorious for being conservative and cautious but I had never realised just how cautious, until I visited France. French people never 'beat about the bush'. They say exactly what is in their minds; if they like a thing, they will praise it to the skies; if they don't, well, they'll tell you. I was lucky enough to witness a family quarrel during my fortnight's stay—I say lucky, for it was interesting to see how quickly it started, and how equally quickly it was finished, and when it was finished, it was never mentioned again; there were no grudges, the subject was closed. True, there was quite a lot of shouting and threatening with sticks of bread, but it was soon over and peace reigned. I really liked these people, their warmth, generosity, frankness; and yet somehow they are extremely haphazard. Their characters and personalities show through their inventions. For instance, I found the Paris Métro very confusing and inefficient after the London Underground. I applaud their idea of the single price on the Métro, a ticket which will take you to any station, but I do not think that two classes are necessary. How infuriating it is when, looking into the windows of a first-class compartment during the rush hour, you see empty seats, while in the second-class compartments people are packed together—to quote a well-worn phrase—like sardines in a tin. The seating accommodation which there is, rather surprised me. A typical carriage has room for twenty-three passengers seated and about eighty standing! I know that a standing person takes up less space than someone sitting down, but some people have long journeys to make, and they would appreciate a seat.

The Paris buses I found great fun, especially those with the open stand at the entrance. I loved standing there along with seven other people watching the cars racing along at the fantastic speeds which they reach in the middle of the city.

French cuisine is famous, and I found that its fame was well-founded, for the food was extremely well-cooked and my hostess seemed to do anything in her power to make even the simplest dish interesting and inviting by adding a sauce or a dressing. The French make full use of whatever vegetables are in season, in fact, they use every available source and idea which is likely to make a dish different and more appetising than it was previously. Here again, the conservativeness of the English was accentuated. The only thing that depressed me was that I could never eat all that was offered me—how I envy the French their marvellous digestions —but apparently, everyone has that misfortune.

Croissants and coffee seemed to me to be the perfect breakfast. The coffee proved as marvellous as I had been told it was, and croissants were just the right thing to eat first thing in the morning.

As for French bread, I could have eaten that all day; crisp and crusty, it was really delicious with butter. Fresh fruit plays a much more important part in a meal than it does in the average English household, and here, I think, the English could well take a tip from the French.

Most of the sights I liked—Sacré Coeur, the Arc de Triomphe, Notre Dame, the Louvre. One I did not like was the Eiffel Tower. Grim, ugly and dirty—I was not at all impressed by it. Notre Dame, however, made up for everything I disliked about the Eiffel Tower. The windows, particularly the large north and south ones, were truly magnificent and the whole cathedral was worth coming to France to see.

How glad I am that I went to France as I did and stayed with French people, getting to know them, getting to know their customs. How boring to go in a party and stay in a party, as so many people do. When I visited the Musée Grévin (the French equivalent to Madame Tussaud's), I saw numerous parties of English schoolgirls screeching away in English to an English mistress who replied in English. One might as well buy a book on the subject and sit down at home to read it. How can you possibly learn about Parisians and their customs if you do not meet them naturally and on an equal footing. Even staying in an hotel must have its disadvantages in that respect. More than that, I now have some French friends who, every time I write to them, will remind me of the first time I visited Paris and of the atmosphere which exists there, and can be found nowhere else.

Moira Lawrie, V.

Paris à la Mode

"QUEL dommage que Paris soit un nom de ville masculin; on voit tellement mieux la capitale des Français sous l'aspect d'une jolie femme", wrote Jacques Carton.

She, like a pretty woman, has acquired the act of changing her expression to suit the world, concealing her age and charming men to do whatever she wants. Her beauty is admirably enhanced by the accomplished Parisiennes themselves. They, with the aid of the couturier, parfumier, coiffeur and all the other men who spend their lives at the beck and call of women, are changed from mere women into glamorous, elegant, dazzling personifications of Fashion. I was awe-struck by the "mannequin parades" of smart Frenchwomen that I saw in every street, each woman continuously conscious of her own appearance and the effect she was creating on any men in the vicinity.

I was intrigued by the fact that although one can no longer recognise English women by their brogues and country tweeds, I was still mostly able to pick out my compatriots, by their lack of that vital, indefinable 'something' which makes a woman in Paris an Attractive woman. So I decided that I would go to one of the big fashion houses and see a fashion show to find out if it was clothes that gave Parisiennes that extra chic. I suggested the matter tentatively to my friend who was delighted and arranged for us to go and see an "exposition" chez Yves St. Laurent. I must admit I was a trifle apprehensive when we arrived at the "Hôtel" where it was to be held, for outside, emerging from their large limousines, were bevies of mink-clad women escorted by large, opulent-looking men. We edged our way into the foyer, rather scared but very excited, and, having fought our way through the clouds of cigarette smoke which swirled round everyone's head, were ushered up an awe-inspiring staircase covered in inches of deep, red plush carpet. At the top of this staircase we were directed along a corridor, lined with huge mirrors, in which were reflected every flaw in one's ensemble, to the large "salon". This room was even more full of smoke than the foyer and packed with exciting, screaming women amongst whom stood a few self-conscious men who had presumably been brought along to sign the cheques. Gradually the noise abated slightly and a scared-looking little man began to play gentle, foolish music rather badly on an old piano; I don't quite know why unless he was supposed to lull the men into humble acquiescence of their wives' whims. After a few moments the tumult completely subsided and as the smoke cleared I was able to make out a platform at the end of the room.

As the grey curtain in front of the platform swished gently back I felt the oppressive, rather terrifying silence which filled the room; everyone was concentrating with acutely critical eyes on the platform. The first model appeared, wearing an evening dress of soft, lilac silk and, calm and self-confident, she glided down the steps and, as though on air, drifted along the platform amidst rows of women all concentrating hard on her whole appearance. I, in my innocence, could imagine nothing more perfect than this exquisite creation, called simply, "Heavenly", but was amazed to hear my neighbour, a small, active-looking woman with bright, beady eyes, busily ennumerating the faults of both dress and model to her friend.

"Heavenly" was the first of a group of "robes de soir", each more beautiful than the last, or so it seemed to me, which delighted in such names as "Thistledown", "Moonbeam" and "Fantasy". I was almost more interested in the models than the dresses because I knew that, worn on anyone else, they would lose their bewitching power. I was amused to hear my talkative neighbour remark to

her friend, "Oh, but my dear, her waist is a good 25; she's just wearing a tighter corset!" The model in question was a sylph wearing a nasturtium woollen Empire-line dress whose cloud of soft, black hair, large, appealing eyes and slender figure made her quite irresistible—apparently undesirably so, in the opinions of some women whom I saw sharply rebuking their husbands for showing more interest in the girl than in the dress.

But Parisiennes lead active lives during the day as well as being languidly elegant in the evening and the current fashion of loose, hanging lines catered well for the needs of the active business-women who spend the day dashing to and from the Métro. The dominant note in these day-dresses was long, thin straightness; however contrary to the hopes of many a long, thin straight woman one requires a faultless figure to carry off such dresses. I could hardly restrain my laughter as I looked round the room at this point, for it seemed that the fatter the women, the more they fancied themselves in a similar dress, to judge from the nudges and gestures they were giving their husbands although the men themselves seemed very doubtful.

The most delightful part of the show was kept until near the end, it seemed, for in the creation of the nightwear the designers had obviously let their imaginations run riot. I think the models too enjoyed displaying these frilly, frothy examples of feminine frivolity. One, which rejoiced in the name of Fifi (it was evidently based on the poodle-cut), consisted of a huge, envelopping lemon puff-ball and was garnished with smaller pom-poms at the ankles and wrists (I looked in vain for a tail) and topped with a night-cap proudly bearing a long, silken tassel. Goodness knows what would happen if one actually tried to sleep in it. . . . .

I was told that these "expositions" nearly always end with the designer's favourite model displaying the most superb creation in his current collection, and this show was no exception. The atmosphere, which had relaxed into amused interest with the appearance of the nightwear became much tenser again as all eyes strained towards the platform. I found myself wondering which model it would be, the little red-head with the mischievous grin, or the slender, elegant blonde, or the tall dark one with the ravishing smile? They had all seemed so lovely that I could not believe that one could choose between them.

Suddenly the girl appeared wearing the masterpiece on which the hopes of the designer were pinned. A little gasp ran round the room for, although all the dresses had seemed unsurpassable, this one excelled them all. I remember that the model was a tall, slim girl with auburn hair, but that was the only detail of her appearance that I noticed. Her dress was made of some soft material in a colour which might have been dove-grey or lilac or blue or even

pure white, according to the way the light shone; I cannot remember whether it had a waist or what length the skirt was because I was simply unaware of individual details. This, then, was the supreme triumph of the couturier's art: his ability to design a dress which was so skilfully created that one was completely unaware of detail but thought only, "Here is an attractive woman wearing a beautiful dress".

I got up in a daze and walked unseeing out of the room and down the staircase, letting the excited chatter flow past me. No doubt all the other women were all going to drag their husbands off to buy a replica of "Heavenly" or even "Fifi". As I shook myself out of my trance, I reflected idly on what some of these mountainous women would look like clad in skimpy dresses originally designed for wraith-like figures.

All at once, while I was thinking again how attractive even fat Parisiennes are I realised what it is that makes them attractive. It is not the elaborate hair-styles, pointed shoes, make-up or the length of their hemline; in fact it is not fashion which makes a woman attractive but Self-Confidence. If a woman is sure that her appearance is faultless and walks down the street looking utterly satisfied with her appearance she becomes attractive. It is conviction within a woman that she looks attractive that makes her in fact seem attractive.

Barbara Cutts, VI1

Visiting Paris

EVERY year more and more School Parties visit Paris, accompanied by a courier from the Travel Agency with which they are travelling. He or she joins them at Victoria and spends the next week or ten days trying to make their visit more enjoyable.

From a courier's point of view, this can be a formidable task. Consider for a moment how you would feel if you were asked to conduct a party of more than two hundred boys and girls between the ages of eleven and eighteen across the Channel to Paris. For such a large group, we know we will be working with some colleagues and when the day of departure arrives, we all meet at Victoria. We renew acquaintances and chat with the secretary who always makes a point of seeing us off and giving us last minute instructions. At one time we used to receive vast sums of money and spent the rest of the journey convinced that everyone knew we had it.

The send off at Victoria is full of excitement. Someone has lost their case or, as occasionally happens, their shoe beween

the train and the platform. Seat reservations have been made and although each school has been allocated certain numbers, everyone wants to sit by the window. That is soon sorted out and unless we find other travellers consider our seats preferable to their own, everyone is soon seated.

On arrival at the port of embarkation, the couriers go to the Immigration Officer. As most of us have travelled this way before, we have a nodding acquaintance with him and find him most helpful. Newhaven and Dover both have a special entrance for school parties, travelling on Collective passports and the port authorities do everything possible to pass the groups through quickly. The passage through the Customs is speedy as large groups go through without having to open up their cases. Out on the quay, up the gangway and we are on board. The next few hours will either be a pleasure or a nightmare, depending whether you are a good sailor or not. Modern advances in medicine have made it so much easier even for those who are normally seasick. If fine it is very pleasant to go on deck but as the boats are very crowded it is quite an achievement to find a seat.

During the crossing, the couriers can relax. Owing to the kindness of the British and French Railways, they can establish themselves in the first class lounge or obtain a cabin. Using this as a headquarters, they can issue landing tickets to each school leader. Usually, however, the first consideration is lunch. This varies in quality according to whether it is an English or French boat. (I am probably prejudiced as I prefer continental cooking.) About a quarter of an hour before the boat docks, one of the couriers stations himself near where the gangway will be, so that he can dis-embark quickly and find the reservations on the French train. This is essential as it may be found that the reserved seats are nowhere to be found. When an official is approached about the matter, they are most helpful and quickly lock enough unreserved compartments to seat the party comfortably.

Everyone settles down and the two or three hour journey to Paris begins. Passports are stamped while on the train. The ticket-collector comes to the couriers' carriage and collects them all at once. One of us usually accompanies him down the train indicating how far our party stretches. The journey is usually uneventful until the outskirts of Paris are reached. Suddenly, some more observant member of the party sights the Eiffel Tower. There are loud whoops of joy as some-one else recognises it. Soon the corridor is thronged with people, eager for their first sight of the great city.

As the Newhaven-Dieppe route, although the longest, is the cheapest, most people travel that way. Therefore they arrive at St. Lazare station. Groups are usually met by coaches to convey them across the city. The yard outside the station is choc a bloc

with coaches and there appears to be no sign indicating their destination. It is only because we know the drivers of the coach firms that we can quickly direct our party to the right place.

Before departing from England, the place of accommodation has been decided. This will be one of three forms—a lycée, a hotel or a hostel. In a lycée there may be as many as forty beds in one room and meals are taken in a communal dining-hall. The hotel accommodation varies. Most hotels are fairly small so three or four people are asked to sleep in one room. Meals for the hotel groups are usually provided in a nearby restaurant. The hostel is a different matter as each room is a single one. Sometimes it is possible to give a whole wing to a large group. Both hotel and hostel rooms are equipped with a footbath and washbasin but it is very rarely bathrooms are found. Even if they exist they are nearly always locked. The hostel is well provided with showers on each floor. Food of the highest quality is provided in spacious dining-rooms. Mercifully the couriers are able to leave the allocation of rooms to the Staff of each school. They are more likely to know whether George and David will fight all night if put together or if Susan and Joan will spend the time, when they should be sleeping, indulging in girlish giggles.

By the time dinner is over on the first night, most people are ready for bed especially the schools who have travelled from the north of England. Everyone falls wearily into bed except the couriers who have a meeting to decide on the next day's programme.

Next morning, the couriers are up before the groups, ready to answer any queries. How I wish I could stay longer in my comfy bed! After breakfast, the staff are consulted to see if they wish to carry out the suggested programme and if they require a courier to accompany them. The morning is often spent in getting to know the area in which we are staying. Postcards home have been written and the first task is to find a "tabac" and a post box. The latter are blue in France. The hostel and lycée groups are given a "carnet" of Metro tickets and these have to be obtained as soon as possible. The look on the woman's face when asked to hand over two hundred carnets always causes me great amusement. The first time it happened, she threw up her hands in horror and cried, "c'est impossible". Having called the station master to her aid, she had a long argument with him before shrugging her shoulders and turning to open a cupboard which revealed thousands of carnets. Nowadays she just smiles and looks resigned. She probably thinks 'these mad English'.

The first few trips on the Metro are a bit of a nightmare for the couriers. Although the names of the stations where changes must be made are given, it is always an anxious time getting on and off the train. After a little while, the boys and girls hop on and

off them as though they had been using them all their lives. Their comment is usually, "It's much easier than the tube".

We try to fit an excursion round the city on the first day to give everyone some idea of what the city is like. There are one or two stopping places but for the most part, it is a nice restful period for the occupants of the coach with the exception of the couriers. They emerge from the coach a little hoarse, having given a running commentary on the sights for three hours. Many of the vehicles have microphones which makes it easier but occasionally we find it is broken and we have to speak sufficiently loud to reach the back of a fifty-six seater bus. I used to envy the couriers who rode, talking into a microphone all the time, but having done it more times than I like to remember, I am no longer envious.

Entrance to the Museums is free in most cases on the presentation of an "autorisation" but for some it is necessary for the couriers to pay for the groups. One of these is Les Invalides which includes Napoleon's Tomb and the Musée de l'Armée. The employers are ex-servicemen and some are very old especially the one in the ticket office of the Musée de l'Armée. He is deaf, short-sighted, and I suspect, not very intelligent. Perhaps my French is inadequate to deal with him although I experience no difficulty elsewhere. It took me ten minutes, last time I was there, to persuade him that I wanted ten tickets at half-price. I suppose it did complicate matters a little by producing an "autorisation" for thirty-five people.

One of the highlights of the week always seems to be the trip on the River Seine. It lasts for about an hour and a half and usually we fill one of the Bateaux Mouches. Everyone relaxes—couriers, staff, boys and girls. Even though the boat is covered over and it seems unlikely anyone could come to any harm, it is not without incident. There was the occasion when a master reported that one of his charges was missing. A systematic search of the boat took place but he was nowhere to be found. Suddenly he was spotted, sitting in the dinghy which is attached by a rope to the large boat. The ascent of the Eiffel Tower is eagerly looked forward to by most people. A few who do not like heights, visit the Aquarium in the Trocadero Gardens while the others are up the tower.

Most groups like to fit in a full day's excursion to some neighbouring town. The most popular is Versailles where the morning is spent going round the Palace, with an English-speaking guide. After lunch at a nearby café, it is very pleasant to wander through the grounds, visiting the Trianons and 'Le Hameau'. From experience, we have found it is best to fix a rendezvous and then to disappear. (This usually means we find a secluded café and sit and drink coffee all afternoon.) Fontainebleau and Chartres are other popular trips. The former includes a visit to the artists' colony at

Barbizon, a drive through the forest and lunch there. As both of these excursions are usually done by coach, it is possible to deviate from the direct route to pass by the S.H.A.E.F. Headquarters and drop off one or two members of the party to spend the day there. At Chartres, the cathedral is well worthy of more than one visit, even if it is only to look at the stained-glass windows. I have visited many cathedrals and churches in Britain, Belgium, Italy and France but have not yet found any that equal the splendour of that in Chartres.

Evening entertainments are a bit of a problem for school groups. The majority of hotels have no lounges and the only place to sit is in the bedroom. However, the organisation with which I am connected, is fortunate in having the use of a modern hostel. Here there is tremendous scope for evening activities. There is a lounge with a radiogram, a piano and plenty of room for dancing. One of my colleagues organises concerts, dances and table tennis tournaments for anyone interested. In addition a tour of the Illuminations can be arranged on certain evenings or visits to the theatre. There are few night clubs suitable for school parties, but we have found one which puts on a very good hour's entertainment singing traditional French songs. It is in a cellar and was once a prison and part of the evening's entertainment is to visit the dungeons.

We find that most boys and girls quickly adapt themselves to French food. Occasionally we get someone who wants to know where they can buy some fish and chips. (I can answer that question but would rather not.) Everyone is anxious to taste the wine but usually do not like it very much. In some establishments we are able to arrange for fruit juice to be served instead. We sometimes get asked by restaurant proprietors if the food is not to the liking of the young English? On closer examination, we find that Monsieur le Patron is worried because they are not eating enough and he considers it his fault as he is, perhaps, not giving them the sort of food they like. It is a pleasant task to reassure him that all is well. Packed lunches are taken on day trips. They are usually very good, consisting of a large ham roll, a plain roll, cheese, cake, the inevitable hard-boiled egg, and fruit. Many cafés allow their customers to eat their own food and to only buy something to drink. This is very helpful, especially when the weather is cool.

The Couriers are asked very varied questions ranging from "How do you get attention for a corn?" to "Where is the Flea Market?" In addition we have to make ourselves au courant with the various Exhibitions taking place at the time of the visit. We try, as far as possible, to have visited them and so can give information and point out any snags that may arise. This first hand

knowledge has paid dividends many times. For example, we can warn intending visitors to the Sèvres Porcelain Factory that they will probably have a long wait or that it is an absolue 'must' to take a torch when visiting the Catacombs. We find that some groups are very curious about the First Communion clothes of the young French children. The girls wear white dresses, white gloves, white shoes and socks while the boys have grey suits with long trousers, white gloves and often a large white satin bow on their left sleeve. The best place to see them is outside Sacré-Coeur on Easter Sunday.

Inevitably there are emergencies which arise. Frequently we are faced with a rail strike. Then it becomes difficult to get about Paris and the easiest way to cross the Place de la Concorde is to walk on the roofs of the cars. Every vehicle that is capable of movement appears on the streets. Taxis are practically unobtainable and the only means of transport is 'shanks pony'. I well remember one metro strike when it took two hours, by taxi, to travel a journey which normally takes a quarter of an hour. These strikes are, mercifully, soon over but often mean that we have to send coaches to the coast to meet groups crossing from England.

The last day or so is a very busy time for the couriers. The bills at the hotels and restaurants have to be paid, coaches checked for the day of departure, packed lunches ordered, dates of visits of future parties confirmed, train reservations divided out, and many other minor details. It may be necessary to travel from one side of Paris to the other to carry out these tasks. In addition the hoteliers are most hospitable. We are lucky if we find time to do any shopping.

In spite of the emergencies that arise and the awkward questions we are sometimes asked, we all find travelling in this way a very interesting occupation. At times, we vow we will never do it again but, after a little while, we can look back on the tour and wonder why we were so worried about trifles. School groups are more resilient on the whole than adult groups and the staff in charge are most appreciative of our efforts and co-operate most fully. As the years pass, we find we are acting more and more as advisers after the first few days. We like it that way as it gives everyone a greater feeling of independence. We have only to listen to the comments in the train as we get nearer and nearer to the French coast, to realise our meagre efforts have not been in vain.

M.S.S.C.

Letters from America

I

JUST before Christmas 1957 I was offered the chance of studying for a year in an American Private School, I took this chance and am now at a boys school in Pomfret, Connecticut in New England.

Pomfret School is quite probably one of the most free private schools that could be found in the U.S.A. There are one hundred and ninety two boys between the ages of thirteen and seventeen in attendance at this school, which is situated in the extreme North-Eastern corner of Connecticut state. The school is built on a high ridge with forests and woods stretching for miles around, while the actual acreage of school ground is about one hundred and fifty, offering admirable chances of walking, riding, fishing, golf, skiing, swimming and hiking—no wonder the school has been nicknamed "The Country Club" from time to time!

The basic philosophy of the school lies in the phrases "The only real discipline is self-discipline" and "The community life of Pomfret School is the joint responsibility of its students and its faculty". These phrases are embedded in a written school constitution in a similar manner to that of the Constitution of the U.S.A. itself. The school has a council which is a representative body of elected students and faculty. This Council can take any action it deems "wise and effectual to promote the welfare of the community," though the headmaster retains the veto power over any council action. This system insures that ANY members of the school are free to voice their opinions or complaints which can then be freely and democratically discussed at Council meetings which are open to all pupils and faculty. There is no punishment system as I have experienced it in English Schools, because for the most part the boys themselves keep order among themselves, and for the most part it works, while for the occasional offender there is an "Actions Committee" (a subsidiary of the Council) to deal with the case. However, this means that a boy must find BY HIMSELF the way to conduct himself and how to work efficiently and effectively. In the latter cases many boys find that they have been too slack until the senior forms when it is sometimes almost too late to make up, but it does at least prepare the pupils well for the freedom of College life, a freedom which "goes to the head" of many other boys.

All through the school the maximum number of subjects is five and the minimum four per boy, per year. Of these two are compulsory: English in all years, and History in the top two years. However three years of Math. is also compulsory and three years of one language or two years of two languages are also necessary.

Thus, every pupil has a broad education in both the Arts and the Sciences. However, the standards realized are not as high in the U.S.A. as in England for two main reasons. Firstly because of the wide range right through the sixth forms, and secondly because we specialise in England quite early, while for our first four years in our secondary education we do cover a very wide range and the number of subjects we take astounds many American pupils! Very often classes take the form of pure discussion among pupils with the faculty member looking on, and small classes such as my Humanities class of five students take place around a circular table. Going on to College is THE thing, but surprisingly enough many colleges today are not even full! Many Pomfret boys go on to Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Princeton, or Brown which correspond to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge in England.

Examinations do not take the form of our G.C.E. exams. they are called College Boards and pose questions to which four or five answers are given and the examinee must tick the correct one. These exams are used by College Entrance Boards to rate the "Aptitude" or "Achievement" of a student, though luck can often play its part.

At Pomfret each boy has or shares a bed-sitting room and there are no dormitories such as are found at many English schools. All boys may take a weekend off from school from Friday noon to Sunday night, he may take off as many as he likes, though work often reduces the number to three or four per term, but the choice lies with the boys.

Food is sumptuous, and boys in the Fifth and Sixth form may smoke in the common room. Three times this year I have had roast duck for Sunday lunch. For the rest of the year it has been turkey, chicken, steak or 'roast beef au jus', and always ice cream to follow. When the food is good it is very good, but when the food is more dull it is still only medium! A friendly atmosphere pervades everywhere and in all places I have met great kindness. Kindness to the extent of skiing at Christmas, Florida and Water skiing in the Easter Vacation and now a car of my own for a 12,000 mile trip this summer around the country with three friends.

New England in winter is often twenty to thirty degrees below zero and in summer up to the nineties! At present the spring is glorious with squirrels, birds, and trees all coming out in their beauty. A New England spring is something to be experienced and so is its Fall with its magnificent colours. However, I shall not make complete judgement until I have seen more of this land. But remember that I am explaining only one aspect, only one school and only one system out of many. It is a school catering for the higher middle class and as such cannot be compared with the larger but academically inferior "High Schools". At the same time it can-

not be taken as a stereotype even of private schools, but only as an isolated example, this I cannot stress too much or the reader will be left with the wrong general picture of American schools.

Meanwhile, I am having a wonderful experience of a lifetime and an experience not to be missed if it ever comes your way.

John Bradbury.

II

"SEVENTY more days till I come home—or at least till I get on the boat at Montreal on 29th of July", all the time now the kids are reminding me of this, and really although I want to come home I almost wish that it wasn't so because I just love America and I wish you all could come over here and see what Americans are really like. As you probably remember I came over here on an American Field Service scholarship which enables a European or Asian student to come to America, to live with an American family and to go to an American High School. I am living with the Bogars—a wonderful family of five. Mr and Mrs Bogar, Barbara (Babs) who is 17, Roberta (Bobby) 16, and Alan who is in College. I am going to Central Dauphin High School, (pronounced DoorFin) which has 1,300 students and a teaching staff of 73. The school is terrifically modern—just four years old and has the latest model of everything which includes an auditorium exactly like Drury Lane theatre, (although not quite so ornate!).

I just don't know where to start telling you everything about America so I'll write about the things that are different. First when I arrived in New York on the boat and saw the skyscrapers I was disappointed 'cos they looked kinda small but then I was standing underneath one and looked up and really they seem never ending, and it was so hard to realize that each pane of glass I could see was another storey but it is so. Then the Bogars met me at the AFS office in New York, and we had a 200 mile journey back to my home in Pennsylvania. Now this may sound hard but in an American car I can assure you that it is not; once we were out of New York we went about 70 m.p.h. all the way home and had the radio on all the time. Just one thing, over here there are commercials on the radio too, so every 10 or 15 minutes the programme is interrupted for someone to sing: "Be young and fair and debonair, be sociable, have a Pepsi," it drove me crazy to begin with but now I suppose I shall miss it because I am so used to it.

I am attending a typical American High School in so far as any school can be typical. Kids of all classes and colour go there and I must tell you that at C.D., there is no racial feeling: everybody

just mingles together all the time. There are many things which are different about C.D. and Friends' School, for instance over here we do not have to wear a uniform, but you know, I think that I almost would rather wear one because it is such a bother having to decide each morning what to wear to school, and it must always be different; it is just 'not done' to wear the same thing to school in one week! This is another big difference: the girls have many more clothes than we do. I know of one American girl who has 38 blouses! (She is an exception). The discipline is very strong here, but it must be to keep 1,300 students in order. An example of this is that in order to go to the library you must have a pass signed by the teacher which authorizes you to be in the corridor en route to the library! The students themselves have a fairly high standard too, they will file into the auditorium in complete silence which is quite an achievement for 1,300 usually noisy teenagers. We have five lessons a day; these are our five courses which is all you may take in one year, so we have the same lesson at the same time every day. We do not have nearly so much homework here and often we will have a night without any at all, but when I tell my friends that I used to work harder at home they are sceptical. I think I am purely American in my work habits now!

There is just one rather interesting thing about C.D. and that is that we have a happily married couple who are still in school, and about three girls who are married to boys who have graduated. I find that different. . . . . to say the least.

One of the things that I like very much, it appeals to my lazy nature I think, is that very many of the teenagers have their own cars or are allowed to use the family one a great deal. So now instead of walking anywhere we always 'ride' even if it is just a block or two. Every one goes out on a Friday or Saturday night, either on a date or with a bunch of kids, and we often go to the movies (flicks), but there is a small problem; it costs about one dollar or seven and sixpence to see a movie.

I think that the teenagers are much more independent over here, and are always busy doing something. They never seem to sit down and take life calmly. This, I think, is reflected in the homes, the families, and the machines: nearly every home has a dish-washing machine, a clothes washer and drier and a fridge with an enormous freezer in the cellar. Everything is made so easy over here, that people have a mass of spare time. Now I am not saying that I prefer this way of life to ours in England because I am not sure that I do, but I will say that it is a very pleasant experience while it lasts!

Sally MacClymont.

A Visit to Germany

ON Tuesday the 31st March, fourteen English people (six from school) met at Victoria Station at one o'clock for the first part of our journey to Germany, to a small town called Idstein, about twenty-eight miles from Wiesbaden. We were going there to meet again some of the German people that we had previously met last summer while on the "Tramp" in Somerset. The rest of the party consisted of people who live in the village of Shipham, and who work part-time for Mrs Lucas, the leader of the party.

The journey took twenty hours, and we arrived in Idstein at nine o'clock. We were taken to the Youth Hostel where we were to stay for the next three days—a picturesque building from the outside but somewhat primitive inside! Rather to our horror we found we were to be given an official reception by the deputy-mayor, with a reporter from the local newspaper. As is usual on these occasions, we were asked to sing a song, so Friends' School gave a very pathetic rendering of 'Grimmond', after which the German people sang some German folk songs, much more professionally than we had done. The following day the ceremony was reported in the Idstein newspaper.

The next few days were spent very busily: we visited the "Opal" car factory, which produces one car every 59 seconds. The processes were not shown in any great detail, and no one was allowed to bring a camera. We were joined for much of the time by some members of the Architects' College in Idstein. They arranged a party-cum-dance and an evening for discussion, and also took us on a walk through the Taunus, during which we made an illicit visit to a biscuit factory.

We stayed at the Youth Hostel until Saturday the 4th of April, when everybody went to spend a week staying in German families in and around Wiesbaden.

On the following Friday we reassembled at the Youth Hostel, and in the evening went to another dance, given by the Architects in a local schoolroom, which was greatly enjoyed by everyone.

Saturday was spent packing, and sitting in a cheap coffee-shop (where a cup of coffee cost 4d. instead of the usual 1/1d.). In the evening we said our goodbyes to the hosts and hostesses (with, of course, the inevitable Auld Lang Syne, which German people are very fond of singing), and then left Idstein at approximately 9.30, to go back to England. Everybody was very sad at leaving Germany, though not, I think at leaving the Youth Hostel!

The original intention of the visit, was to meet as many German people as possible, and so create a permanent link between

the people who went from England and their German families, and in this, the holiday was an outstanding success.

Lesley Jacob, VI1

A Glimpse of the Sauerland

WITH much indignant wheezing and spluttering the small engine lurched into motion and panted along the snow-filled valley. We gazed enchanted. The mountain peaks rose cold and bare to an icy sky; black frozen pine trees mantled the slopes, giving way to the steep meadows sparkling in the brilliant sunshine and covered with the frozen snow lying in smooth, thick drifts. Everywhere was water, endless water; little streams reflecting a myriad of lights, cascading down the hillside; icy water, sparkling, pure and chilly as it rushed beneath the banks of melting snow. Sometimes a farm, sometimes a cluster of houses drifted by—old houses with beams and chickens scraping in the barn..... and children tobogganing on a smooth hillside and pelting one another with snow—snow which melted down their collars and made their ears tingle..... And there were tracks, hundreds of little tracks in the snow, each mark clear and sharp, sharp as ice, where all the fury and creeping things had come to the water. Hares, strangely dark against the dazzling white, loped stiffly over the snow by the water; a deer, knee-deep in snow, stripped bark from the willow sapplings among the lower meadows, showering snow onto its dappled back..... There was a shriek from the engine and the sunlight vanished into blackness.....

Mary Busch, VI2

What the "Dam-busters" Burst

WHEN it was built, that great reservoir of the Ruhr, the Moena Lake, drowned four valleys. Although it was only a thinly populated agricultural country, over two-hundred buildings were demolished, and nearly eight-hundred people had to seek homes and livelihoods elsewhere. Across the largest valley stood the huge dam—a masterpiece of architecture and engineering, and piled behind it were the mighty waters of that man-made inland sea. Eight miles long and three miles wide (never narrower than half a mile) Lake Moena lay, like a sparkling gem among the darkly pine-forested mountains of the Teutoburger Wald. And a gem it was, a priceless gem indeed; for although the pure water came from smaller reservoirs, like nearby Iser See, great Moena made power—the power that fed the ever hungry factories of Germany's throbbing industrial heart.

No wonder the British wanted to sever that artery; to cut short the steady pulse of life-blood with which the factories were turning out countless war-weapons to defeat our armies. No wonder that squadron of brave men flew over again and again, endeavouring to cut the leash that held Moena's power in bondage.

But when at last they succeeded; when power ran wild in its new-found freedom; what terror the valley people felt. Many more homes were destroyed then, their occupants given no chance to seek new lives elsewhere, for dwellers and dwellings alike, were swept up and along in that madly rushing torrent of power. Man had tamed power, and by man had the harness been rent apart. Power was as free as the eagles in the mountains, swooping, rushing, and destroying all before it!

But now, fourteen years after the end of the war, Moena lies once more like a gem among the pine-clad mountains. The huge dam stands proudly dominating, and the valleys that were once a chaos of mud and wreckage are rich farm lands again. Sleek cattle graze in the lush pastures and fields of golden waving corn whisper to the winds the prosperity of the farmers.

On a hot Sunday afternoon in summer, the roads along the lake-side are thronged with cars. Picnic parties enjoy the shade of the dark pines, or the hot sunshine of the grassy slopes. In the cool green water, bathers splash and play, while the little white pleasure-boat chugs contentedly up to the dam and back, with its load of eager passengers. The bridges which span the lake in its narrowest parts are dazzling streams of cars, and on the shady terraces of the pretty cafés, happy holiday makers enjoy the beautiful view and the delicious food and wine.

For Power has been tamed again. The artery once more pulses steadily with the life-blood of the Ruhr; but the factories which it feeds now produce bubble-cars where before they produced bombers; while around the shores of the "Moena See" a New Germany enjoys its leisure in peace.

Daphne Griggs, Form V

Cyprus

"So they, being sent forth by the Holy Ghost, departed unto Selucia; and from thence they sailed to Cyprus. . . . ."

A NARROW, one-way street, hot, dusty and crowded with hooting cars and screeching humans, forms the chief highway of Nicosia, capital of Cyprus. Dazzling sunlight seeps beween high, overhanging buildings, and illuminates the scene. On either side of the road, tiny rooms, like a series of garages without doors, are filled with wares, and there, shopkeepers and customers haggle

over the goods. Nearby are roads with such delightful names as "Onasagonus," and "Phanoromeni" street, where the complicated business of living in a confined space is evident.

Industry in Cyprus a limited, but vital trade, at which Cypriots are expert, is carried on here in the narrow streets. It is "panel-beating". It occurs because road-safety is at a very low ebb in Cyprus, with the result that vehicle crashes are a regular feature of the landscape. The Cypriot is a craftsman, however, and by means of melodic, rhythmic beating, soon every deep gash in a wrecked car is wrought back into shape.

In the city, above the clash and din of panel-beating, the voice of a Moslem crier, or Muezzin is heard from a slender minaret of St. Sophia's Mosque, as he calls the faithful to prayer, at the same time each day. At that, many Turkish folk leave the market opposite, and there is a little more room in the hall where fruit and meat is sold. Shopping is a social occasion, and old shepherds dressed in large, black, baggy trousers, with their goat-skin water bags slung over their shoulders, drink thick, Turkish coffee as they chat.

Within the maze of tiny streets, encompassed by the stone rampart and moat is a seething mass of life. There are modern buildings, though these are recent and comparatively rare, and Nicosia remains Biblical in atmosphere.

Cyprus is inhabited mainly by Greek Cypriots, Turkish Cypriots and Armenians: thus there are three different languages spoken, and three types of religion, the Greek Orthodox Church, Mohammedan and Armenian. Here, then, are two examples of strange combinations within a small area. Also in Cyprus is a blend of myth and history. Homer's:

"The moist breeze of Zephyr brought Aphrodite there on the waves of the sea with a noise of thunder amid the soft foam."

illustrates the former, and this data:

"There have been four great cities: Greek, Ptolemaic, Roman and Byzantine." shows the latter. Both elements are contained in the splendid ruins lately excavated at Salamis, where on the sea-shore, Apollo's temple remains a relic of glory, a structure of quality and precision.

A few steps away from this cool, grey, stone-work, young Cypriots tumble and splash in the warm, blue, Mediterranean. At a depth of only two feet, small, brightly-coloured fish swirl, some flat fish, perhaps even an octopus among them.

And over it all the sun shines. It shines on those Cypriots who ride grey, panniered donkeys over the purple mountains; it cracks the paintwork on American taxis which speed in a cloud of dust round hair-pin bends, and over pitted tracks.

Isla Williams, VI2.

Rome

"ROMA . . . maestra di civitia." This phrase itself, from the Italian guide-book that was my companion for a fortnight in Rome during the spring holiday, gives the entire reason for such a visit. The Ministry of Education in this northern land of ours is enlightened enough—whatever the British taxpayer might think of the matter—to have arranged for thirty teachers of Classics or history to be given a course in Rome itself, that by sitting at the very feet of the mistress of our civilization we might learn more of her, if only from the teaching of her noble Classical buildings of all ages, and so return to work refreshed with the vision of a greatness which, while not the sum of our civilization, lies at the heart of its history. We were not given information for class-room use, such as might help pupils to pass in Latin at O level, but a vivid experience of the setting of Roman life, to try to pass on to them. The setting and the life still continue after an unbroken history since the earliest times, with no such complete break as in England in the Dark Ages, nor much irruption into Roman architecture of the Gothic style: I hope that by describing now briefly, and later, in school, some of my experiences and some of the monuments which we saw, and what we were told about them, I may begin to lead others to a discovery no less important than Latin grammar, that a great and ancient civilization can have clear and visible links with the present. There will be so little space in this article for archeological detail, after I have set the scene by describing what it was like to arrive this time in Italy and in Rome, that I hope readers who have the opportunity and inclination will not hesitate to ask me personally for more information about the ancient buildings which I shall mention.

Three days before the course was to begin in Rome, full of guilt at not having done the preliminary reading, I arrived in Northern Italy in drenching rain. There followed a mainly dry week-end in Florence which I spent seeing, in rather a hurry, churches and other places, such as the ancient and still flourishing hill-top town of Fiesole, only half-remembered from visit in previous years. Then came the long afternoon journey to Rome in a hot railway compartment with five friendly and courteous Italians; they made the journey a delight to the end with their conversation, though the train was an hour late in reaching Rome.

The course was accommodated at a Pensione with the suitably Anglo-Italian name of Bellavista-Mitron; it occupies the upper floor of a high block just inside the Aurelian Wall near the Porta Pinciana, and so overlooks the tree-tops of the extensive gardens, now a public park, of the Villa Borghese. To sit at breakfast-time and follow this leafy view leading the eye in the middle distance

to mists rising from the Tiber, and then beyond to the hills over the river and to St. Peter's itself on the Vatican Hill away to the left—this was a daily pleasure which is among the most treasured memories of the course.

The Pensione had no suitable hall for lectures, but on the evening of our arrival in Rome we sat in the cool of the balcony high above street-level for an introductory talk by the chief of the three H.M. Inspectors in charge of the course; he emphasised the continuity of the city and of its architectural traditions, and its value down the ages to foreign visitors. Goethe was mentioned as one of these: Gibbon may surely be added. To quote Sheffield's Life of the historian: "It was at Rome, on the 15th of Oct., 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter (now the church of the Zoccolantes, or Franciscan friars), that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city (empire) first started to his mind."

On the first morning of the course our party was taken up over the Capitol and down into the now excavated Forum to study the remains. The site is a very beautiful one: the excavations took place mainly about the beginning of this century and the site is largely grass-grown, while what remains of the ruins is mostly in brick, with the brick substructures (great foundation-arches) of the Imperial buildings on the Palatine as a background on one side. With knowledge, one can imagine the marble splendour of the place when it was the centre of Rome at the height of her ancient civilization: the centre of the mediaeval town was in a different place. This we visited in the afternoon, starting with the Pantheon, a great domed Roman temple (and as such a remarkable piece of engineering) which is still in use and was the burial place of the first two kings of modern Italy, though it was first built by Agrippa in 27 B.C. In those days it was near the open space to the north-west of the ancient city, where the Romans trained for war on the Campus Martius: the present city clusters thickly round, however, with high apartment houses, dating, some of them, from mediaeval times. In this region we visited many delightful Baroque (17th-18th century) churches; S. Ivo's soaring, twisted sugar-cake spire, that led one's gaze into a pure blue sky, will not soon fade from my mind's eye. A central feature in the now crowded Campus Martius area is the Piazza Navona, a long open space of exactly the same shape as the circus of the emperor Domitian, on whose site it lies. In the centre is the Fontana dei Fiumi: one of the huge stone river-figures holds up his hand to shield his eyes from the sight of the facade of the church of S. Agnese, built by the architect Borromini, whose work the architect of the fountain, the great Bernini, evidently disliked. Such was artistic rivalry in 17th century Rome.

On the evening of the first full day of the course, we were given a lecture by an archaeologist, from the British School of Archaeology at Rome, on the subject of the Christian basilica—the early form of church without transepts that was used from the 4th century onwards in Rome—many examples still stand and will be mentioned below—bearing the name (basilica) of the Roman market-hall buildings. The lecturer said that the origin of the basilican church lies not in these big secular buildings, but in rooms adapted as churches in large houses in the east in the first few centuries after Christ.

This subject was of importance to use in our visit the next morning to one of the four greatest churches of Rome, S. Maria Maggiore, basically a 5th century church of the basilican type. Though not as big as the much-restored S. Paolo, which is the nearest in size and shape to the original St. Peter's built by Constantine, S. Maria Maggiore is the more impressive for containing a series of mosaics dating from the time of its original construction, as well as many features, such as a 13th century campanile (bell-tower), which shows it, like the city itself, as a place with a continuous history, with alterations and additions, but no complete rebuilding, all down the ages. The Dominican father (a voluble Englishman) who showed us this church, to whose community he belongs, was a memorable exponent of the kind of enthusiasm that association with such a place of tradition arouses, and his knowledge and scholarship were admirable and inspiring.

Roman—ancient, early Christian and baroque (Renaissance). Already we had been introduced to the three main periods of our architectural study; and thoughts of their place in Rome's history helped us to enjoy the associations of the buildings which on the following days we visited. These must be more briefly and not even completely enumerated: some of them, such as the Vatican and Sistine Chapel, are very well known; but I will try to indicate where most of those which there is room to mention stand in the historical development of the city.

"Thurs. 16 April: A.M. Vatican Galleries and Sistine Chapel" (runs the programme I still have with me). There could hardly be a more noble reminder of the sumptuous life of the normally decadent Renaissance papacy, which had as its residential quarters such magnificent rooms as the famous ones decorated by Rafael, or the Borgia apartments that contain Pintoricchio's most exquisite work. (It is remarkable how the papacy has re-established its moral position in the last 400 years despite the breakdown of the mediaeval conception of Christendom.) The Sistine Chapel's paintings by Michelangelo obviously need more careful study and lengthy viewing than in the crowd there we could give them, and I cannot adequately describe them.

P.M.: Hadrian's Villa near Tivoli: the ageing emperor built this vast palace, extending over many acres of a hill-side that lies about 12 miles outside Rome, as a quiet place of retreat, which in its setting and some of its own features, such as the Canopus—a canal reproducing the stretch of water of that name in Egypt—and the artificial Vale of Tempe (shaped like that famous Greek beauty-spot), should remind him, in peaceful retirement, of places he had enjoyed visiting in his frequent official tours of the Empire. The Villa is the culminating example of Roman imperial domestic architecture, and of its organization of interior space with domes, alcoves and many other arrangements. Such skill at interiors was never developed by the Greeks, or in republican Rome; later it proved the inspiration for much of the great work of Renaissance architects, as in the present St. Peter's.

Fri. 17 April: all-day visit to Ostia, the ancient port of Rome, where many impressive brick remains show, better than anything that remains at Rome, what crowded town architecture, as in the city itself, must have been like. A certain number of insulae, or blocks of shops and flats, remain standing up to the second storey.

Sat. 18 April: A.M.: visits to a number of places concerned with the history of early Christianity in Rome—first S. Lorenzo fuori le Mura, a basilican church (or rather two churches end to end, run into one) of the 4th and 6th centuries, noteworthy for many reasons, including the fact that along with only three other such churches in Rome it had a separate women's gallery—a feature found in those four churches at Rome which were largely used by Greeks. Next we went to the Appian Way, the Roman main road to the south, lined with many ruined but still impressive Roman tombs, and associated in the catacombs along it, and in the spot known as Quo Vadis, with very early Christianity.

P.M.: a lecture at the British School of Archaeology by Mr J. Ward Perkins, the head of the school, on the history of Rome as a place: the mediaeval city of Rome was largely confined to the low-lying Campus Martius area because the ancient aqueducts had broken down; water could not therefore be easily brought to higher ground, as it could where they were in operation and the wealthier ancient Romans had villas up where the better quarters of Rome again now are.

Mon. 20 April: Vatican: tour of St. Peter's and the recent excavations. These have led to the discovery of a niche in a 2nd century wall which is definitely the spot known in that very early period as the place of Peter's burial. The arguments were presented with compelling clarity (and much enthusiasm) by a young architect on the Vatican staff who conducted us on what is a very unusual visit. Permission is rarely given to members of the public to enter these excavations; they have revealed first the ornate

pagan tombs which were half buried when the emperor Constantine levelled the shape of the Vatican Hill to build the first basilica of St. Peter, and have shown secondly the smaller cemetery towards the foundation of the high altar of the great church, a cemetery containing inhumation burials and (at the niche in the wall) the presumed site of the saint's own burial. This is under the very altar itself, at a depth now of some 30 feet below it.

Tues. 21 April: Visits to further early Christian churches, one of which, S. Maria in Cosmedin, is a re-use of the shell of a Roman public grain store between the Tiber and Forum Boarium (commercial market); it is one of the simplest and most charming (and at the same time frequently altered) churches that go back to early Christian times. In S. Sabina, which we also saw, is a carved wooden door, of great intricacy, dating from the 5th century.

Wed. 22 April: Other churches of the early period—including S. Costanya, named after Constantine's daughter, whose mausoleum it originally was. This is a round church with a beautifully neat arrangement of irregular placed columns and arches of different sizes and heights, but chiefly memorable for the mosaic decoration of the barrel vault of the aisle that goes round the interior: of the time of the church itself (4th century), this very early mosaic, dating as it does from before the beginning of the Byzantine style, has much more realistic and exquisite representations of flowers and birds than appear in later mosaics; in a big panel is a lively picture of the wine-harvest, which is very early Christian and stands for the abundant saving grace of Christ.

Visits on the same day to the churches of S. Giovanni in Leterano and S. Clemente. S. Giovanni, like S. Maria Maggiore, St. Peter's and S. Paolo, is one of the four great basilican churches of Rome; and it, not St. Peter's, is the cathedral which the Pope has as his seat as Bishop of Rome. It has been more altered since its original construction than either S. Maria Maggiore or S. Paolo (though the latter was almost burnt down in the 19th century), and now has a fine, restrained Baroque facade. S. Clemente is the church which perhaps best of all typifies Rome's continuous history. The present building of the 12th century rests on a well-preserved and larger church, now below ground-level, of the early Christian period, full of accomplished fresco narrative paintings of the period which in England we know as the Dark Ages. Below this lower church again are dank remains of Roman dwellings that are said to have housed the original Christian congregation at this spot, adjacent to a relic of another Eastern religion that invaded the Roman Empire—a Mithraeum. The Irish Dominicans who conduct one to the lower levels at S. Clemente make distinctly vivid, by their racy account of the place, the journey down to early Christian times.

On the first of the remaining days of the course we went to the great National Museum in the Baths (now ruined or converted to other uses) that were built for the public by the emperor Diocletian—a museum containing a large collection of Greek Sculpture, including the wonderfully delicate Ludovisi Throne with its relief of Proserpine (it is now thought) being helped, a slender, veiled girl, by two attendants as she rises from below. There is also some beautiful Roman domestic wall-painting in the Museum (detached from various villas in the neighbourhood) including a most realistic representation of a wood and all the flowers and creatures in it.

Later we were conducted round the massive remains and the imperial palaces—started by Nero and rebuilt only 20 years later by the Flavian emperors—on the Palatine Hill; the head of the British School or Archaeology, whom I have already mentioned, gave in the course of the visit an illuminating account of the architectural developments which these palaces show, at a stage half-way between the experimental interior architecture of Nero's Domus Aurea (Golden House)—a palace on another site—and the supreme and final achievement in the design of interior space seen in Hadrian's Villa.

The simple and earlier house of the noble Livia, Augustus's wife, has finer paintings than the palaces.

On the last day the head of our course took some of us on a "Baroque pilgrimage"—he had already become famous among us for his almost fanatical enthusiasm for this 17-18th century Classical style, over-ornate as it seemed to some—and so for a last look at Rome's continuing architectural tradition. What a wealth of detail there is to see in such recent work became clear when we were instructed to spend twenty minutes (each person on his own) examining two apparently similar adjacent domed churches: they turned out to be very different in almost every particular, while within one clear and satisfying tradition.

The bewildering haste of the journey back to England, by air and of a late return to school, emphasises one consideration, that on earth we have no abiding city; but Rome with her empire was the matrix of mediaeval Christendom, and as Christians we should acknowledge with gratitude and respect that we owe our very faith in part to Rome's fulfilment of her God-given imperial mission. I was supremely privileged to receive the Pope's blessing, along with thousands of others of many races, at a vast audience in St. Peter's, three days before the end of the course.

P.H.

Salve aut Vale?

THE question of whether Latin should or should not be required for University entrance has been recently much discussed by many learned scholars. Can the opinions of two sixth-form Classicists remain unvoiced?

The arguments presented in favour of the retention of this estimable subject are stated briefly thus:

(i) When taken far enough, the study of Latin and Roman authors in the original, can bring modern man into direct verbal contact with the minds of ages in which many of the features and notions of our civilization were evolved.

(ii) The ability to comprehend Latin is an invaluable indication of intellectual capacity, and to study it is conducive to the expansion of the mental faculties.

(iii) Knowledge of the intricacies of Latin grammar, syntax and accidence enables the minds of those studying modern languages more readily to absorb the complicated constructions, derived from the Latin, which form the basis of these languages.

(iv) English having partly evolved from the Latin language, an appreciative understanding of the concrete ideas embodied in Latin vocables is essential for the correct use of compound English words.

We ourselves, having studied Latin for several years, and having made a nodding acquaintance with B. H. Kennedy, D.D., and his masterly contribution to the effort made by scholars to facilitate the study of Latin by the inexperienced and uninitiated, wish to support all the above-made statements in favour of the retention of the study of Latin in the grammar school. We are sure that we have achieved a coherence of thought and self-expression unobtainable had we succumbed to our slothful desire to abandon the delights of Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Catullus and Martial and the profound philosophy of Caesar, Livy and Cicero for the field of scientific experimentation.

We become aware of a wish expressed by an increasing number of misguided scientists to study, as an alternative to Latin, Russian, a subject imagined by them to be likely in the near future to become of increasing importance. Let us, again from personal experience, attempt to dissuade these people from such folly by quoting a few vital statistics with reference to the two languages.

The Latin alphabet consists of only twenty-three letters whereas the Russian alphabet comprises thirty-one letters and, in addition, two modification marks. There are six cases in each language, although admittedly we find noted in our Latin Primer twenty-one uses of the Ablative. Every verb in the Russian language, with the exception of "to be", of which the present tense is not in

existence, has two forms, the Perfective and the Imperfective as well as the full complement of tenses and moods. Moreover each adjective, in addition to being declinable and possessing masculine, feminine and neuter forms, may be used in a lengthened or an abbreviated form.

So to those considering the abandonment of the stimulating pleasures of pure, unadulterated Latin for the pursuit of Russian we hasten to utter the warning that Russian is no light alternative; and we cannot advocate too strongly the perseverance with their studies of those who find the understanding of the Gallic Wars a burdensome and unrewarding task. We would entreat all Latin students to bear in mind Vergil's important maxim:

Possunt quia posse videntur.

Barbara Cutts, VI1
Anna Edwards, VI1

In Stabulo

CHERUBIM et seraphim
Videntes puerum
Jacentem in praesepio
Laudabant Dominum :
"Redemptionis cardo
Venit in terram;
Qui vincet leo
Est iuxta asellam."
Mirans inquit alma virgo :
"Dulcis puer,
Dei vere imago,
Dormi, puer."

Bos et asello
Videntes puerum
Jacentem in praesepio
Laudabant Dominum :
"Natus sicut nostri,
Natus in stramento :
Dum spiramus leniter,
Tranquillus esto."
Mirans inquit alma virgo :
"Amoene puer,
Dei vere imago,
Dormi, puer."

Joseph et Maria
Videntes puerum
Jacentem in praesepio
Laudabant Dominum :
"Munus humilibus
Nobis est datus :
Deus in puero
Nobis est natus."
Mirans inquit alma virgo :
"Sancte puer,
Dei vere imago,
Dormi, puer."

A.S.

November

VIROR in foliis marcescit,
Ventus gelidus iam crescit;
Venit hiems.
Hirundo post notum fugit,
Vitula sub matre mugit :
Subest hiems.

Dies caeciores sunt,
Brumae valles implerunt :
Venit hiems.
Calor solis iam pallescit,
Sonus aetheris clarescit :
Subest hiems.

In Crumis crispant folia,
Et pigra errant flumina :
Venit hiems.
At vero recreabitur viror,
In tenebris Deus nascitor :
Tum salve hiems.

A.S.

Sonnet : Schizophrenia

BARE stands the black-laced wood in Winter's mist
Brooding alone o'er mould'ring grasses rank,
From morning's grey to sunset's darkness kiss't
By wreathing cloudwebs round the hillock's flank.
No man has passed this way since winter came;
No man will come again till winter's gone
This wood has watched many a sunrise flame,
Seen many a sunset die again, alone.

And is this wood the same as that cool bower
Where children's laughing shouts the evening's gild,
The same that smells of joy at every summer shower,
And, o'er the weary, leafy vaults doth build?
Two woods there are for sure, one green and gay
The other dark and sad, eternal grey.

Andrew Kendon, VI2

HOBBIES and JOBS
COURSES and CAUSES

Railway Enthusiasts are not mad

FROM time to time you may have noticed the words 'Rly. Club' on the boys' noticeboard, drawing attention to details of the next railway club meeting. I have little doubt that these simple words arouse in even the most liberal minds a certain feeling of derision, for we railway enthusiasts are still regarded as a strange species of crank.

The reason why this is so is not difficult to understand, for to the non-enthusiast, an interest in railways is little different from an interest in, say, corporation rubbish dumps. To the average person a railway is a means of going from A to B. But to the railway enthusiast a railway goes between A and B, and here we find a subtle difference in approach.

Prejudice often arises from ignorance, and this is very true as regards the general attitude to railway enthusiasts. The public suffers from a serious 'train spotter complex'—"A railway enthusiast?—Oh, you collect engine numbers!" I suppose this is pardonable, because train spotters are the most commonly seen type of railway enthusiast. But the train-spotting phase does not last for ever—for vast numbers it is merely a passing craze—and when his interest begins to mature into something more purposeful, the public loses contact with the railway enthusiast. Because an interest in railways is almost a basic instinct in the young in Britain, the public seems to think that its proper place is in the young, and that it shows a juvenile mentality if present in older people. What is not realised is that in older enthusiasts the interest is of a much more different and complicated nature.

Besides having the basic fascination for railways the enthusiast usually develops an interest in some particular facet of the hobby. The technical aspect often appeals, for example, and it cannot be claimed that a study of tractive efforts or bridge-building shows a juvenile mentality. A popular branch of railway studies today is that of branch line preservation, and here the enthusiast finds himself fighting a losing battle against both the cynical public opinion, and the British Transport Commission, intent on 'economy'. The enthusiast can here find arguments for his beliefs which will be comprehensible to the public, for he can advocate branch line retention for economic or social reasons. But these are not the real reasons he wants branch lines retained. The fact is that to him a branch line is a thing of charm and interest, and on this

point even the less cynical of the public may be more sympathetic. The narrow gauge railways of Wales are doing a commendable job in winning public sympathy for ancient railways, even if the appreciation is often somewhat warped—"Let's go for a ride on the little toy railway". But when the Welsh holiday has been forgotten and the papers are reporting British Railways' annual losses, the benevolent attitude is liable to wear a little thin and people will again find it incomprehensible that anyone should take pleasure in visiting and photographing crumbling stations, wheezing steam engines, and grassy track. Why waste film, they think, on piles of old scrap iron on wheels when you could take some jolly pictures of auntie on the prom? But it is the auntie-on-the-prom photographers who should be wondered at if anyone is to be. The snap of auntie will go in an album along with dozens of other snaps of auntie, and so be practically worthless. The idea of it is to capture happy memories for later enjoyment; so, for the average railway photographer, is a snap of the 2.27 from Little Puddling, but this photograph will not only provide pleasure for the photographer; it will give enjoyment and information to others of present and future generations; it will give them an insight into the past. But the snap of auntie is quite meaningless to those who never knew auntie.

I have explained how an interest in railways manifests itself, but I cannot explain the interest itself, I can only say that it is a personal reaction of the enthusiast to something which he finds around him. When a non-enthusiast travels by train he is conscious that he is going somewhere, but an enthusiast is also conscious of how he is going and he appreciates his journey in a way which a non-enthusiast cannot, even though the latter may enjoy his journey.

I have not tried to explain why some people love railways, but I hope I have shown at least one or two non-enthusiasts that railway enthusiasts are not quite the mentally retarded beings they are sometimes made out to be.

Peter Southgate, VII

Required—A Change of Heart

THE gate clattered against the stout wooden post, and when the little old woman had fastened the bolt, her dull, expressionless face looked up. Now her eyes shone brightly, scanning the far horizon, and her forehead wrinkled into a deep frown which betrayed a mixed feeling of sadness and a recognition of the importance of the occasion. Before her a double line of railway track

strode boldly out across the wide Lincolnshire fen, and in the warm sunshine the metals shimmered away to their vanishing point. The morning train, behind which the level crossing gates had just been closed, puffed steadily away into the distance. The rhythmic wheel-beat diminished to a low murmur, and the outline of the last carriage grew smaller and smaller, becoming a mere pinpoint under the huge, bright sky. Not until the train had disappeared completely did the little old woman finally make her way back to the cottage which stood by the line. The few hens which wandered and scratched in the yard took no notice of these movements. Every day the trains passed, and the gates were opened and shut, and the hens never did take any notice of them. But the little old woman had watched this train so sadly because it was one of the very last that would pass that way. Today there would be a few more local trains each way, and the afternoon goods, but then the line was to be closed.

This was part of the Midland and Great Northern Joint Railway, and at midnight on Saturday, February 28th this year, practically all of its 175 miles of route from central Leicestershire to Norwich and the Norfolk coast at Yarmouth were closed. Almost immediately, with indecent haste, demolition contractors set to work on dismantling the line, and so by the end of the next week, track, signal-boxes, signals and all the other familiar items of the railway scene were fast disappearing.

To many people this closure may seem another inevitable step in the march of progress, but others are more deeply concerned for they see it as another bewildering example of the failure of the British Transport Commission to run the railways in a business-like manner. Only too often a branch-line which is not paying its way is simply closed, and the railway authorities thus absolve themselves of any responsibility to make it run efficiently. This is nothing short of an admission of defeat, with the excuse that the railways are an outdated form of transport. But what other industry, when faced with competition, retires apologetically from the public scene to be trampled over by its competitors?

And who would suggest that the roads, themselves outdated, overcrowded and dangerous offer an adequate substitute to the railways?

The British Transport Commission, faced with its recent gigantic railway losses is preparing a further onslaught of more ruthless closures. But the public must not acquiesce in this continuing contraction of a State-owned industry. It must emphatically demand a more imaginative and long sighted policy to be applied towards making the railways a more attractive and convenient form of transport.

Harry Frost, VI2

Impressions on a Working Holiday

I WAS eager to have some experience working among people before studying to enter on a B.Sc. (Soc.) course, and during the summer holidays I was very lucky in being asked to help in one of the Bedford Institute Association's Youth Clubs—Hoxton Hall, where there were many shocks and surprises for me! Luckily, it was at least a week before I was told the local name for the club —"The Club for Unclubables"—ninety-nine per cent of its teenage members having had a prison sentence at some stage or another, or being had up for unruly behaviour; but already knowing the people it did not deter me.

In this area there has been extensive rebuilding, blocks of flats predominating, where, unfortunately, no play centres or play space have been provided for the children. I found myself joining the Youth Club at the outset of a very interesting experiment—encouraging the children to come to the Club during the day, thereby easing the cramped situations found with large families: encouraging "constructive play" and keeping them off the street. The children coming were usually between seven and fourteen years, and all were asked to bring something to occupy themselves with. It was devastating to find how many of them had virtually nothing to do and lacked imagination in that direction. One of the most popular pastimes was the re-enacting of plays seen on the television or at the cinema. The stage in Hoxton Hall lent itself very well to this and although "props" only consisted of a screen, a broken settee and a few chairs, a tea-chest, an old Fair swing-boat and a dilapidated spotlight, the amount of verve and natural action in resulting plays was remarkable. Another popular occupation was learning to cook; especially cakes which could be "shown to Mum". Such pastimes as the making of scrapbooks, painting, sewing, and some indoor games were completely novel to the majority and were received with great enthusiasm. Outings to parks such as Hampstead Heath were very successful—a new feeling of freedom appeared. It was unfortunate that many prejudices could be clearly observed in some of the very young children taking the form of mobbing and spitefulness against the Greek-Cypriots and Jews amongst the club members.

One of the climaxes during my stay was the giving of a birthday party for the eldest sister of a family of eight Greek-Cypriot children. The idea was almost unheard of to a family of ten living in three rooms: but the preparations brought the whole family to the club, long before the actual party.

During the evenings, the club "belonged" to the teen-agers—who either played records (though dancing was restricted to one night a week) attended a judo class, played badminton, billiards or

table tennis, or talked. Many clubs have more groups within the club but, as I mentioned before, the Club for Unclubables occasionally "explodes" due to hooliganism, thus impeding such developments. It was rather amusing to find that in dancing club, nothing but "Top Twenty" or "Pick of the Pops" was ever danced to—laying rather an expense on the boy organising it! Also that no girls would play tennis without a great deal of persuasion—I was regarded as being very unusual in this respect! It may be due to the fact that all the girls wear the latest fashions which are not really suitable!

It was encouraging to meet some boys, who, although they had had a bad record, were changing their ways. There was one young man who had become an expert on Wedgewood and had exposed many fakes in museums—much to the chagrin of the curators!

The teenage club made exchanges with the Cologne Youth Club (Friends') which bear treasured memories. It was with great pride that six members related their experiences of a thirty-six hour trip to the Brussels Exhibition. This had not been officially arranged through the club as many hiking weekends have been, and showed how the power of suggestion had brought forth new, broader ideas.

As well as the provision for the younger generations, there is also the equivalent of a Women's Institute which meets three times a week and is very active; though I did not work with them, as thirty to forty children is enough, I think!

Although Hoxton Hall has not all the things desirable for a club (including the fact that it is a tall rambling building) it does not dull the spirit with its activities.

Above all, I was very struck by the generous and friendly nature of people I met and their easy acceptance of another stranger to help them. In this atmosphere I managed to discover many of the acute personal problems affecting the people in this area, which often have such unfortunate outcomes: and, with the help of a district probation officer, also gained some insight into the ways in which the problems can be alleviated.

For anyone who is keen, has initiative and enjoys hard work among people—the B.I.A. Youth Club, Hoxton!

Penny Clackson, VI2



A Robin



Two Photographs taken by John West

Field Studies

BIOLOGY is the study of life, not the study of books about animals and plants. It was perhaps with this in mind that some of Britain's most eminent naturalists and biologists founded, in 1947, the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies. It was, and still is, the aim of this organisation to provide facilities for students of Biology to study, under expert tuition, animals and plants in their natural surroundings. The somewhat unwieldly title was soon changed to the Field Studies Council, and over the past twelve years five field centres have been opened in various parts of the country of special biological and geographical interest. These are at Malham Yarn (Yorkshire), Preston Montford (Shropshire), Dale Fort (Pembrokeshire), Flatford Mill (Suffolk) and Juniper Hall (Surrey). Residential courses, usually each lasting for a week, are run from April to September each year at these centres for sixth form and university students of, and others interested in, biology and geography.

This school tries to arrange for everyone taking a biological subject to advanced level G.C.E. to attend at least one Biological Field Course during their two years in the sixth form. This is not always easy, as competition for places on Field Courses, especially during school holidays, is considerable. The co-authors have been fortunate in having each attended two field courses during their sixth form careers. This article is concerned with our visit to Juniper Hall field centre, in Surrey, during the last week of the Spring Term, 1959.

We set off on the 11th of April on a rather dismal, cloudy day; on the way to the station one of us discovered that someone had firmly affixed a label to the side of his suitcase proclaiming that he was the proprietor of "Fred's Flea Circus". On reflection it was decided to keep this label on, as it might help us to find a secluded corner-seat if the train was crowded. The nearest station to the Field Centre was Box Hill, and after a one and a half mile climb up a steep hill carrying a heavy suitcase each, we were ready for the excellent high tea the field centre provided. But there was no respite, for the rest of the evening was taken up by an introductory lecture on the geology of the district by the Warden, Mr Sankey, who took our general biology course.

Each day followed roughly the same pattern. After breakfast at 8.30 a.m., we spent the rest of the day till 4.15 p.m. doing field work outside, taking a sandwich lunch with us. At 4.15 p.m. we had tea and biscuits at the centre, and the rest of the evening between 4.30 p.m. and 6.30 p.m., when we had dinner, and from 7 p.m. to 10 p.m. was taken up by writing on the day's events, and attending the lectures and discussions.

Most of the work we did was around Box Hill which is just south of Juniper Hall; we spent the first three days of our course studying the animals and plants on the chalk of the north downs in this area. Saturday evening and Sunday morning were left free; on the former we worked while most of the students on our course went to coffee bars in Dorking, and on Sunday morning we went to the Friends' meeting in Dorking (at this point the authors pause to adjust their haloes!)

On Monday, April 16th, we went by coach to the southwest corner of Surrey to a heath district to compare the animals and plants found there with those found on the chalk. During the afternoon we went through a bog; this was definitely an experience, though it is too recent for us to decide whether or not it was an enjoyable one. We think it is to the great credit of the staff of the field centre that they have never lost a student in this bog.

The final day of the course, Tuesday 17th April, was a "projects" day; the project was to count the number of badger holes in three separate badger colonies. For this purpose we were divided into three teams; our team had the furthest to go, and in addition we had a large number of holes to count. We arrived back at the Centre rather later than the other two teams, partly because we stopped on the way back to have a lengthy discussion on nuclear disarmament.

Altogether we had a most enjoyable course; we worked hard, learnt a lot, and made several new friends, among whom were the tame badgers belonging to the Warden. The Field Studies Council is doing a grand job, and we recommend any sixth form biologist who has the chance to go on a field course to do so.

John Raven, VI2
John Elsley, VI2

Light Engineering

ABOUT a year ago I crept nervously through the main gate of Albert Mann's Engineering Co., Basildon. Having had my hand firmly shaken by a series of officials descending from the Works manager to foreman Ken (all of whom smirked in turn at my spotless stiff new boiler suit), I was led into the 'shop' and palmed off to the junior apprentices. After two had each in turn demanded 1/6½d. for my weekly tea money I got wise and told the third what I thought of him. He immediately resolved to see about me in the scrap yard after dinner. Luckily the scrap yard was

being used for the weekly welders v. machinists football match so I was never properly initiated. During the next few days I learned the art of drilling holes, turning tapers, knurling, thread cutting, countersinking and so on but did not make much headway with the apprentices, until one day it slipped out that I came from a co-educational boarding school; at once I was famous and within the week I was the main advice bureau for the retarded romeos of the machine shop.

After this all went well until one day foreman Fred asked me to get a move on as my quota of Zalpon soap dispenser parts was due for delivery the next day. Relaxing in the afternoon tea break I was reprimanded by a solemn deputation of experienced soap dispenser dispensors demanding that I slowed down or they would lose their bonus pay. From then on I worked at a more reasonable speed with the air of indifference and boredom more befitting to an English Engineer. My greatest moment came when I assisted in the demonstration of a new cold rolling mill to a group of Scandinavian buyers. I proudly demonstrated its ability to roll my little finger down to 1/10,000th inch thickness. With this honour still on my shoulders I left Albert Mann, broke my leg and returned to school.

John Hansen, VI²

A Week with the G.P.O.

QUESTION—How can I get sore feet and four pounds in seven days? Answer—Do a Christmas post round. This is just what I did for a week last Christmas and it proved quite a pleasant occupation.

To get this fairly popular job I applied to the Saffron Walden Post Office during October, and after the necessary filling in of forms and giving of references, I received an employment card guaranteeing me seven and a half hours' employment at 2/0¼ an hour on weekdays, and four hours' at 3/0½ an hour on Sunday.

I arrived at the sorting office on the first day at the specified time of 7.30 a.m., but had to stand idle until 8. a.m. while the letters were sorted for delivery. After that we were told to report at 8 a.m. (goodbye to 6/0¾).

To handle the Christmas rush, each regular postman's round had been divided in two, each half being assigned to an extra while the regular man did sorting instead.

On the first day my fellow extra and I were taken twice along the whole round by the regular man for him to show us the tricks

of the trade; my section covered Pleasant Valley and Landscape view. We had been assigned to a very friendly and helpful postman, who gave us a lot of advice.

From the second day we were on our own with three or four rounds each day. The day's first job was to sort the letters according to the street numbering, tie them in bundles, and pack them carefully into the bag. We then sallied forth to deliver our cargo which was a considerable burden to begin with. I soon discovered that there is more to letterboxes than meets the eye; the percentage of good ones from the postman's point of view is small. There are various types of letterbox. Firstly there is the small box; to go through this, letters must be laboriously folded and encouraged with one hand, while the other supports the bag. They are liable to get stuck halfway if not carefully handled. The second type of box is the large one. Through this anything will go with ease, but there is usually very little to go through, while the houses getting most mail have tiny letterboxes. The medium sized letterbox is not such a simple proposition as might be supposed; it is often deceptive. It may conceal a curtain, or cardboard draught excluder which pushes letters straight out again. Or it may be savagely sprung and try to bite in half whatever it can get hold of, be it the letters or your fingers. Some letterboxes look minute and then turn out to be surprisingly large.

After the first few deliveries my feet were very painful and had to be soaked after each shift, but later they developed a protective covering.

Delivery did not take up all the seven and a half hours each day, and in the afternoons I had to make up the time by sorting in the office. This was a refreshing change and very good for learning the geography of the area. I never reached the working speed of the full-time sorters but got along very well all the same. The addressing on letters was very clear with one or two exceptions which were quite illegible. I found one letter addressed to a Lady at 8 Saffron Walden, and another from abroad to someone in Debden, England. Vast numbers of these letters for Debden had come there instead of to the London suburb.

Parcels were comparatively simple to sort and deliver and presented no problems worth speaking of.

My week as a postman was devoid of any extraordinary incident; no dogs tore the seat of my trousers, though one large alsatian was somewhat hostile. At the end of it all I received a little over four pounds and a Christmas card from the Postmaster-General inviting me to join the G.P.O. The week was well worth the sore feet and I hope to repeat it next Christmas.

Peter Southgate, VII

Nuclear Disarmament

IT was the privilege of the Senior School to hear Michael Scott speak, on behalf of the local Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, in the Town Hall on May 8th. Before a full hall he dealt with a difficult subject without any visible show of emotion which sometimes spoils meetings of this kind. He did however speak like a man who has such a strong belief, that a sympathetic audience is taken for granted. Consequently his approach to the economic, political and moral problems was rather superficial. For the people already committed to Nuclear Disarmament it must have been very stimulating but to the others who were undecided it merely added to their confusion.

Matthew Evans, VII

The Aldermaston March

FRENCH, African, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Swiss, Australian, and not least some thousands of people from all over the British Isles; of all races and religions, some complete pacifists, others believing in limited warfare; all united in their belief that nuclear warfare is dangerous. These were the elements of the vast crowd assembled on Good Friday in the field opposite the Aldermaston Atomic Weapons Establishment.

So much happened during the March that it is hard to believe that it only lasted four days. Although we were tired by the end of the first day we were encouraged, as we tramped through the outskirts of Reading, to see how pathetically small was the procession organised against us by the Bishop of Reading. As we came into the centre of the town the cheers of onlookers and the crowded streets made us feel that even if the Bishop disagreed, many people approved of and supported us.

The second day was the longest—nineteen miles from Reading to Slough—and we found that as we greeted friends we naturally asked "How are your feet?" But despite the blisters, heat, and occasional showers, we enjoyed the long and exhausting day, especially when we found that the March was continually growing: by the time we reached Slough it was more than two miles long.

Many people were forced to go home on the third day, which was undeniably the worst, with heavy rain and cutting winds, especially as we passed the bleak stretches of London Airport. Canvas banners tended to pull their bearers all over the place, while cardboard ones turned into sodden bits of rubbish; food and clothes were soaked, and we began to feel it was an endurance

test. But we all thought it was worth it, and the band was playing as cheerfully at Hounslow in the rain as when we started out in the sun at Aldermaston.

Above all, we had made many friends by this time. Those of us from Saffron Walden had met several Old Scholars. The outstanding characteristic of the Marchers, as many journalists pointed out, was their youth. By the time we reached Trafalgar Square on Easter Monday we had been joined by thousands of other people, young and old, so that we no longer felt such a compact group; but there was instead a feeling of exhilaration, that so many people had understood, and agreed with, our message.

For all of us there were small incidents we shall not forget: the man who walked with a kitten on his shoulder; the First Aid van dealing with blistered feet all day; the Tanganyikan band playing on what looked like dustbin lids; the onlookers who said "They all need their hair cut." All these, together with a tremendous sense of unity and purpose, made the March memorable. But perhaps our greatest tribute came from an old working-class woman who clapped all the time the March passed her, and who called out "You're the only sane people in England!"

Julia England, VI2

Just a little Orange Capsule

THE sun slanted in through the Meeting-House windows and lit a few restless faces. It was a hot, fresh morning, and a typical Meeting.

After a few minutes, a large ponderous man staggered up, and a hush of expectation grew. He steadied himself on the seat, gazed at the floor, and began to speak in a slow warm voice.

"I am going to tell you a story," he said, "about a man I knew many years ago." The Meeting settled back and closed its eyes for the usual touching story... "He was a clever scientist and indeed, I think, brilliant. For ten years his work was his whole life and mind ... and then he broke down, which did not surprise anyone. He had to leave all his life's work because he was just a wreck. His hands shook, his memory became poor, he went under peculiar spells, and his character altered. In time he did recover, but he never became his original self and was dogged by self-contempt.

"But that is not all. When he first collapsed several things disappeared—dangerous things: a little capsule and containers." He fished in his pocket and produced a little orange capsule. "Suppose this contained radio-active matter; something which could kill you if it broke. Suppose I am that scientist. If

you knew I was loose among you, what would you do? Would you think of your own safety, or your families and rush for the door? Or would you do the far more practical thing and try to wrest it from me, or something of the sort? I leave you to think it out—and remember, this a miniature nuclear disarmament and not a joke."

He sat down and a few grins were exchanged. Eventually an old lady rose, with the light of battle in her eye. She wavered on about the joys of peace and nuclear disarmament and devoutly hoped we would all do the more practical thing. She certainly would. Another old gentleman led them in prayer for safety against lunatics, and the matter was considered dropped.

Then the first speaker, a slight smile parting his lips, heaved himself up and walked to the front. He surveyed everyone in silence. Then he reached in his pocket and brought out the little orange capsule, and fingered it.

Horror dawned: pandemonium broke loose. The little elder shrieked and fainted on her hassock. The capsule slipped from the madman's fingers, and broke into a thousand glittering slivers on the floor, freeing a peculiarly pungent odour. The man did not look down: he merely gazed contemptuously on them all as they herded to the doorway, their eyes huge and fearful.

A little voice cut the babble.

"Mummy, what are you running for? Look, that man's got a stink bomb!"

Silence was immediate and ghastly.

The so-called scientist closed his eyes.

"Dear God," he murmured sadly. "If men can behave like this over a stink bomb, what will happen to us all when the H-bomb comes?"

Gillian King, IVA

Brussels World Fair

THE Brussels World Fair, the first of its kind for over twenty years was the shop window of the progress of more than just the past twenty years but of the whole history of civilization to the present day.

No more fitting symbol of the exhibition could there be than the gigantic Atomium dominating the whole scene, dwarfing the surrounding pavilions. This colossus of man's endeavour, 360 feet high and consisting of 9 steel spheres 60 feet in diameter, representing an atom of iron magnified 150 million times, is a token of the age we live in, and its stature, evidence of the prosperity of man.

The Exhibition, open to the public from May to October 1958, attracted over 42 million people drawn from all walks of life. The

lay-out of the Fair was spacious, the pavilions being set well back from colourfully bedecked boulevards. Nowhere could one complain of monstrous vistas of streotyped pavilions. The various structures were as different as the countries they represented, every pavilion having a character of its own, wrought into it by the foremost architects of the country concerned. The combined effect was one of compact yet uncramped presentation, with a sense of airiness.

The Exhibition, covering 540 acres, was divided into three sections, Belgian, foreign and a section of International Co-operation (Red Cross, etc.).

The Belgian section having the greatest allocation of space succeeded better than the smaller individual pavilions in conveying very impressively many different specialized aspects of modern life, ranging from a fashion parlour to a Hall of Scientific Discovery in which by an ingenious system of press-buttons one could conduct one's own experiments.

In the Foreign section were many very original pavilions among which were, a complete African village (rather disappointingly uninhabited); an all-timber Finnish house; a miniature Siamese temple and a Tunisian villa lavishly decorated with tiles and other ornaments. Contrasting vividly with these traditional nationalistic pavilions were the ultra-modern giants of countries such as America, France, Russia and Britain. The British pavilion acclaimed as one of the three best in the exhibition succeeded, I thought, very ably in conveying both British pageantry in the Hall of Tradition, which consisted of three crystal shaped 70 foot towers, in whose dark carpeted interior were to be found such instruments of British royalty and government as the crown jewels, maces, and royal seals; and also British advances in science in a huge Hall of Technology.

Associated with every pavilion was a restaurant, and the British, not to be out-done, laid on both a Lyons snack bar and a Britannica Inn, freed from British licensing hours. In the latter I could not resist sampling the English speciality—cider, for a half a pint of which I paid the equivalent of three shillings! The chief purpose of the exhibition was to present a truthful summary of the different ways of life of the countries of the world, and some country's pavilions succeeded in this better than others.

Both the American and the Russian pavilions standing adjacent to each other unquestionably succeeded in doing this admirably. The Americans, as usual, did a lot of things in a big way. In a massive circular glass-walled pavilion covering five acres, the largest circular building in the world, the Americans stopped at little in trying to convey how things are done in their country. Among other exhibits they had were polling booths and many "visual aids" to help one to understand their brand of democracy, including

display cabinets, crammed full with "I like Ike" badges. Other attractions were a fashion parade conducted on a pontoon in the centre of an indoor pool, a sector of the biggest tree in the world, several other 'biggests in the world' and in an adjoining theatre with seats for 1,150 people, a continuous film show.

Another pavilion of particular interest was that of the Vatican. Four storeys high, it contained the most comprehensive ever collection of holy paintings, contributed by many countries, with a church annexe capable of holding 2,500 people.

In all there were upwards of a hundred pavilions, all of which I managed to see, though not thoroughly, in two days of 'foot-slogging'.

When I left the Exhibition I could not help feeling a twinge of remorse that the picture painted by the Fair of a prosperous happy world was in actual fact so far from reality: that behind these superficial facades lay the fact that two thirds of the world's population is starving in a world in which international brinkmanship is a sport as popular as cricket.

Frank Benatt, VI2

The Schools' Festival Orchestra

LAST Easter holidays I had the privilege of being invited to attend a week of concentrated rehearsals with over one-hundred boys and girls from all parts of the country, forming in sum the National Schools' Festival Orchestra. All members are of school age and meet once a year for a week's consolidated practice, culminating in a concert at the end of the week. The concert is usually held at the same place as the course, and at the same time, but this year a concert was given in the Royal Albert Hall, on May 31st, in order that it might form part of the National Education and Careers Exhibition being held in London by the N.U.T. at that time. This year the orchestra combined with a choir of 1,000 voices, drawn likewise from schools all over the country to play several choral as well as orchestral works.

The orchestra alone met at St. Paul's College, Cheltenham for a week during the Easter holidays to rehearse the works. Malcolm Arnold, the British composer conducted the orchestral items. These were: "The Wand of Youth"—suite No. 2, by Elgar: and a Concertino for Pianoforte and Orchestra by John Addison. This latter was written especially for the occasion, and at very short notice. David Willcocks, of Kings' College, Cambridge, conducted all the works that involved. These were Vaughan Williams' "Festival Te Deum": "Come Ye Sons of Art", by Purcell: Holst's setting of a Psalm, for Organ, Strings, Bass and Chorus:

three Traditional Songs, and one by Peter Warlock—"The Countryman", and the beautiful Parry motet—"My Soul, there is a country" (This last was probably the best performed item at the concert).

Malcolm Arnold proved to be an excellent conductor in every way, and was extremely popular. Not once did he lose his temper, although being used to professional standards, he could well be expected to. He is extremely agile and energetic on the rostrum, even more so than Sir Malcolm Sargent. He is immensely fond of cigars, and proffered them very liberally to all the members of the staff, and occasionally to members of the orchestra. He undoubtedly took all the weight and worry of the orchestra, he never failed to give a reassuring glance before the most insignificant entry, and everyone felt extremely secure, especially at the concert, which with a lesser conductor could have been petrifying.

David Willcocks is a less happy orchestral conductor. He is marvellous in the field of choral conducting, but it is very difficult to play under him, as he makes no distinction between the first beat of the bar and the rest. He also has a great tendency to "rubato", which is very difficult to follow, and similarly he has a habit, far too common, of giving the beat too soon, of anticipating the beat, and one has the sensation of playing half a beat late, which is most unpleasant, and very difficult to follow. Although the rehearsals with him were rather a shambles, owing to lack of ensemble, at the concert everything went surprisingly well. In fact the whole concert was very successful, and did justice to all concerned. Malcolm Arnold as usual, with his maddening modesty, took but one-tenth of the praise he deserved. John Addison declared himself well-pleased with the performance of his work, although not quite every note was in place.

This and other similar courses are becoming increasingly popular, and I think quite rightly. They are very enjoyable, show the scope of musical enjoyment, provide excellent professional tuition, and the quite unique thrill of playing in a full symphony orchestra, and I very much recommend such a course to anyone who plays a musical instrument.

Trevor Hurrell, Form VII

Blues

I BEEN feelin' so low lately I jus' don't care much what I do:
Don't know why, but I guess it don't worry me much to know
I got work to do;
Guess this is what some people call 'a fit of the blues'.

Been wakin' in the mornin' feelin' "Well, here's another damn day."
Tha's what I been thinkin' almost first words that come into my head;
An' I been getting to thinkin' at night "Why the hell all this trouble undressin' an goin' to bed."
Recon some guys taken to thinkin' I'm just lazy as hell, but that's the way it is:
I been feelin' so low lately I jus' don't care much what I do.

Heard some guy on the radio singin' just now a minute ago,
Felt like my bad spell was packin' up its bags 'n gettin' ready to go,
Felt like a bit of East wind had just started to howl, yeh, jus' begun to blow,
Felt like that muted horn of an East wind might blow my clouds away;
An' you know what that singin' was? Yes, boy, that was the Blues:
Sorta gave my poor old heart a wrench so it came right away with the screws an' left an empty space
Where I'd been feelin' kinda low,
Well, tha's the way I felt when I heard that guy singin, a minute ago.

Thought it might int'rest you, if ever you got feelin' that way,
To know that there aint no cure,
No sir,
Like the sound of a mournful blues
When you feel you can let yourself go.

Andrew Kendon, VI2

Evening in the City

"BEEN hot today!"
"Yes, sir"
"All right, you can go now"
So he went,
Home
Cool, sweet, soothing word
Home.

"Evening paper, sir?"
He bought one—
Big Four talks
Someone murdered
More pay for strikers
Negro trouble—
Not worth reading.

He walked down Leger Street
How many times before?
But never so hot.
Burning pavements
dirty houses
limp lace curtains.
Paper carton in the gutter
like food stuck between two iron teeth.

Crying children
chocolate ices
sticky hands
harassed mothers.
Shirt necks open,
a crowd of boys on the corner
reading "Titbits"
Cheap. He'd never read it.

The High Street
useless streetlamps
motionless, expressionless
watched the city.
Bicycles, trams, cars, 'buses
and people, people, people.
Hot people
tired hands and brains
aching feet
dishevelled hair
stockings wrinkled
baskets bursting
empty purses.
And one small, thin dog that panted
in the gutter, wanting quiet.
He patted it
poor dog!
No home for that one
just dusty streets
in a dusty city.

The 93 'bus came
stuffy 'bus
sour conductor
crumpled tickets
chatting women
giggling shop-girls
gazing at a young man reading.
And an old man rolling a cigarette. . . .

At last the suburbs!
Well-kept hedges
tidy gardens
well-washed curtains
neat, clean paintwork.

Then, "Daddy's home, children!"

But he stood at his gate
and thought awhile,
watching the red evening
burn itself out
over the grinding
shrieking
pushing monster
that was his city.

Charlotte Walde, VII

Holiday Haunts

THE question was once put to me "Is there more pleasure to be had from building castles-in-the-air or castles-on-the-ground." Enclosed with an income tax return of 4/8d. is the answer I gave.

If you are fond of archery, questing and lusty wenches; if a hamburger makes your jaws long to chomp the succulent flesh of the boar; if lino jars your ankles and electric light gives you spots on the retina; run away from your wife in Surbiton and build yourself a castle. Its 'proud tower may not reach to heaven' but it will have a damned good try. And yet there cannot be many with us in this war torn twentieth century who have ever tried building even a baronet's dog kennel to say nothing of a Corn Exchange or even a modest bus shelter. But a castle-on-the-ground it must be and so I will outline a few basic skills.

Firstly one must select a small hill unapproachable on all sides to prevent attacks from bands of wandering minstrels. Then to the building. The great beauty of the English castle is in its crudeness; gone are the neat bricks and blocks of stone; in its place comes a wet pudding of flints and mortar which is heaped upon itself until the required wall, tower, bastion, dungeon, etc. is completed. Walls of course do occasionally get a little out of hand and just go on growing longer and longer, (vide those of Hadrian and Antonine).

Many castles-on-the-ground have been built with no reference to plan. To build a really successful castle however, one is advised

to obtain, at the cost of a few groat, the help of an eminent medieval architect such as Helen Waddell. If, however, one of these is not obtainable a dead sea scrolls man will do as a substitute. Over finance? Jack Straw* gave a very interesting account of building his castle on Hampstead Heath and received £10 for doing so from Ind Coope and Alsopp.

But perhaps you are not satisfied with a castle-on-the-ground. Be warned. A castle-in-the-air presents a graver problem. It is rumoured that the Russians are, at the moment trying to put Holyrood House into orbit around the moon; although this is only a dummy run in preparation for putting 'Balmoral' into orbit around Newmarket.

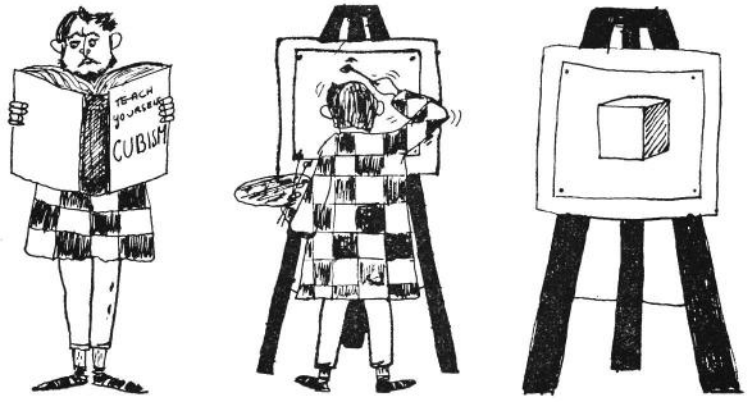
But, the British like their castles-in-the-air to be more stationary. The most successful attempt I ever saw was made by a man who employed a Fijiian architect to build him a castle-on-stilts above a swamp. He then destroyed the stilts by setting fire to them. But alas, the fire run amok and the castle-in-the-air tottered dismally to an ex-castle-in-the-swamp.

Buddhists and Fakirs have tried levitation but castles are poor mediums for the supernatural and the 'Field' declared the whole venture as 'dashed unsporting!

Building castles-on-the-ground is indeed pleasurable; building castles-in-the-air is more pleasurable; but the compromise of the castle-on-stilts is the most pleasurable of all.

Oliver Weaver, VI2

*Jack Straw's Castle, for all temporate readers, is a public house on Hampstead Heath.



David Cadman, VI1

My Great-Aunt

MY great-aunt, Priscilla Prism, is not the usually accepted version of a great-aunt. True, she lives in a great old house, Hampstead Heath way, in a general atmosphere of aspidistras, antimacassars, and little bottles marked "Water from the Red Sea 1872". But she has one great weakness: her passion for detective stories.

When her birthday came round I had no hesitation in giving her one of the most terrifying detective novels the bookshop had. It was one of those real cheap thrillers.

Before she went to bed that night she had with her "The Green-Eyed Murder" as the book was called. Abandoning her previous novellette, "The Thirteenth Card", she settled down. She read well into the night, for she felt she couldn't put the book down till she'd finished it. About three o'clock she came to the last sentence which said, "And perhaps the Green-Eyed Murder still haunts the abodes of his hapless victims". With a sort of exhilarated shiver, she turned over and went down the bed.

About five minutes later she heard a bump on the floor below. She froze. Then hurrying out of bed she armed herself with a coat-hanger and went downstairs.

Was this the murder she had been reading about?

In the kitchen a small table had been over-turned. Down she crept to the coal-cellar and peered round the door . . . There facing her were a pair of venomous green eyes. With a piercing scream she slammed shut the door and flew up the stairs to the telephone, where she 'phoned the police.

A few minutes later, the police were roaring to her house informed that a dangerous criminal was locked in the coal-cellar! The Inspector and a sergeant hurried down to the cellar, handcuffs clinking. The door was flung open and the inspector shouted, "Come out! We've got you covered!" Not a sound. The sergeant made a leap towards the pair of eyes and found he had in his arms great-aunt's Persian cat "Miss Liza Mortimer" (named after great-aunt's favourite murderess).

Great-aunt has never read a detective novel since.

David Chatten, Form IX

Lament by a Constant Victim of the Practical Joker

I DON'T think it's funny
To be smeared with honey,
Or tripped,
Or quipped,
Or stripped
And immersed in water
Boiling,
Or freezing.
It's most displeasing
When cycling along
In the midst of a throng,
And some jovial bloke
Throws spanner in spoke.
And those whose aim
Is solely to maim
In the course of a game
Of football,
Or hockey,
Or both,
Annoy me.
I have heartfelt repugnance
For those whose indulgence
Is as nocturnal carousers,
To purloin my trousers,
Or knot my shoe-laces
In ten different places,
Or unravel my vest.
It's easy to jibe at a fellow like me
For the shape of my knee or my chest
But one thing I *won't* stand:
To be harried, harassed
And frightfully embarrassed.
Oh, they're at it again
For my pen's running out
And my ink's been glued
So I'm forced to conclude . . .

Jeremy Edwards, VI2

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES
and
CLUB REPORTS

Drama

THE School has taken part in a large number of dramatic performances of one kind and another this year both as actors and as audiences. In addition to the separate reports given below we have enjoyed a performance of a nativity play by the First Form at Christmas; plays presented by 3a and 4a at Parents' Weekend and by the staff at the end of the Spring term. Members of the VIth form have been several times to the Arts Theatre at Cambridge and have seen two Greek plays: "Antigone" performed in Greek; "The Bacchae" in a new translation presented by the Oxford Playhouse, who also presented "Henry IV, Part I" which we enjoyed very much.. Members of the Fourth form are going to Harlow shortly to see a performance of "Hamlet" by the Harlow Players who came last term to give us a most unusual and interesting production of "The Lady's not for Burning".

"The Bacchae"

THE sixth form was deeply moved by the Greek Tragedy by Euripedes, "The Bacchae" which we saw at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge. Unity of time, place and action; the gravest, most moral and most profitable of all other poems; tragedy in its purest form as given explicitly by the ancients: all materialised to form an absorbing, interesting play. Dionysus, god of wine and instinctive life, adored by the chorus of Bacchae introduced us to the plot. The drama moved swiftly; fine oratorical language showed how Dionysus defeated his oppressor Pentheus who wished to repress the feeling which Dionysus encouraged. The Chorus played exceptionally well, and gave an inspired, vigorous performance. They helped so well to show that:

"The 'moral' of 'the Bacchae' is that we ignore at our peril the demand of the human spirit for Dionysaic experience."

Isla Williams, Form VI²



The Romantic Young Lady

A CHANGE from our English playwrights, Sierra's "The Romantic Young Lady" was very well presented in its romantic Spanish setting.

Although the male characters were very dashing in their white shirts and brilliant red cummerbunds, their Spanish accent was not very convincing. Most of their parts were small; however, this was compensated by their enthusiastic rendering of their parts, especially that of the hero, David Cadman.

The rousing performance of Nanà Pepa (Deborah Norton), the maid added a touch of blunt humour, contrasted with the more dignified acting of the Spanish dancer, Anna Edwards, de Cordoba's secretary (Barbara Cutts) and the heroine (Katharine Whitlow), whilst the part of the tactful grandmother was very competently played by Linda Smith.

Despite the fact that the scenery was familiar, it was well suited to its setting. Thanks must go to Clare White (and the Vth Form cookery class) for the lovely costumes, to Mr Gelsthorpe for producing some very realistic off-stage effects, during the first act and last, but not least, to Mr Whitlow for producing such an enjoyable play. *Elizabeth Timpson, Form V*

"The Lady's Not For Burning"

LAST term the School was visited by the "Moot House Players", an Amateur Dramatic Group from Harlow. The Group gave a performance of Christopher Fry's "The Lady's not for Burning" produced in the round, that is to say, produced on the floor of the hall with seats for the audience on all four sides of the acting area. The only stage properties were a window, a desk, a chair, three stools and two candles. The whole play takes place in a room of the house of the Mayor of a small market town, and the time is the fifteenth century. The story is concerned with the proposed burning of a beautiful, intelligent woman rumoured to be a witch, and the efforts a young philosophical stranger, who has fallen in love with her, makes to distract attraction from her alleged sins. The play is written in the most vivid and colourful poetry, and every speech is full of rich images. The play is called a comedy and although it provoked a great deal of laughter it has an underlying seriousness.

The production of the play was very good. The actors and actresses were well suited to their parts and managed to convey the amazing poetry of the play. The audience lived with the actors in the wonderful, concentrated world and it was easy to feel with the actors as the audience was always in such close contact with

them. The audience was not merely an onlooker but a participator in the story and consequently the atmosphere was close and intimate. Those of us who saw the play left the hall knowing we had been enriched and nourished by the excellent interpretation of Fry's poetic comedy.

Antigone

TO see *Antigone,* as a number of us did recently in Cambridge, is to reflect upon the unchanging nature of human problems. The conflict of conscience and authority to which Sophocles gave immortal expression is still largely unresolved, and will remain so while society exists. How nearly the first conscientious objectors shared Antigone's fate in 1915.

The play was probably written in 441 B.C., and is thus a product of the Greek city-state at the moment of its highest achievement. These city communities, so passionately loved and defended, were a unique episode in social history. For his city a man lived; to it he owed his allegiance; in it he found fulfillment. What then if his civic duty is at variance with his private scruples? Such a conflict is the theme of Antigone, but the play is not primarily a problem-play. It seeks no solution and offers no consolation, unless it be the consolation of perfect language. Rather it mirrors the human spirit in disaster, and transmutes its experience, through poetry, into something rich and strange.

Antigone herself is the noblest portrait of a woman that ancient tragedy has left us, and her appeal from temporal to eternal law is valid still. How her words have echoed down the years!

> "My nature is to love and not to hate".
>
> "It was not God that published this decree,
> Nor Justice, dweller with the Nether Gods
> Gave such a law to men. Nor did I deem
> Your ordinance of so much binding force
> As that a mortal man could overbear
> The unchanging and unwritten law of Heaven,
> That is not of today or yesterday,
> But lives for ever."

Perhaps most trenchant of all to modern ears is the great chorus in praise of Man's achievements. He has conquered the land and the sea, he has learned speech, and thought swifter than wind, nothing finds him without resource; the art of healing is his: to death alone he knows no answer. Power beyond belief is in his hand—and sometimes it leads him to good, and sometimes to evil. Were those words really written more than two thousand years ago?

R.L.S.

An Enemy of the People

IN February, the Arts Theatre, Cambridge was graced with the presence of thirty or so boys and girls from the Friends' School, Saffron Walden, who had sallied forth in order to sample the sparkling and tonic philosophy of Henrik Ibsen.

If a few of us had entered the theatre knowing Ibsen to be a philosopher of some renown among the Revolutionaries of his time, and hoping that we would not find this work of his too boring, we might, perhaps, be forgiven, but the lively (and life-like) acting on the part of the Cambridge Arts Theatre Trust soon made it quite clear that any similar feelings on leaving the theatre would be quite unforgivable.

The story is basically one of a Medical Officer of some Mineral Water Baths on the south coast of Norway on which the success of the town very much depends, who discovers that the very water which he has been praising for its medicinal properties is in fact poisoned by the infiltration of bacteria from the waste of a tannery further up the hill. It is in this struggle of Dr Stockmann's to publish the truth, despite the fact that this action may ruin the prosperity of the town, that Ibsen finds ground in which to plant the seeds of his philsophy which eventually flower in the last scene when Dr Stockmann announces yet another discovery, which, in his own words, is this "—that the strongest man in the world is he who stands most alone".

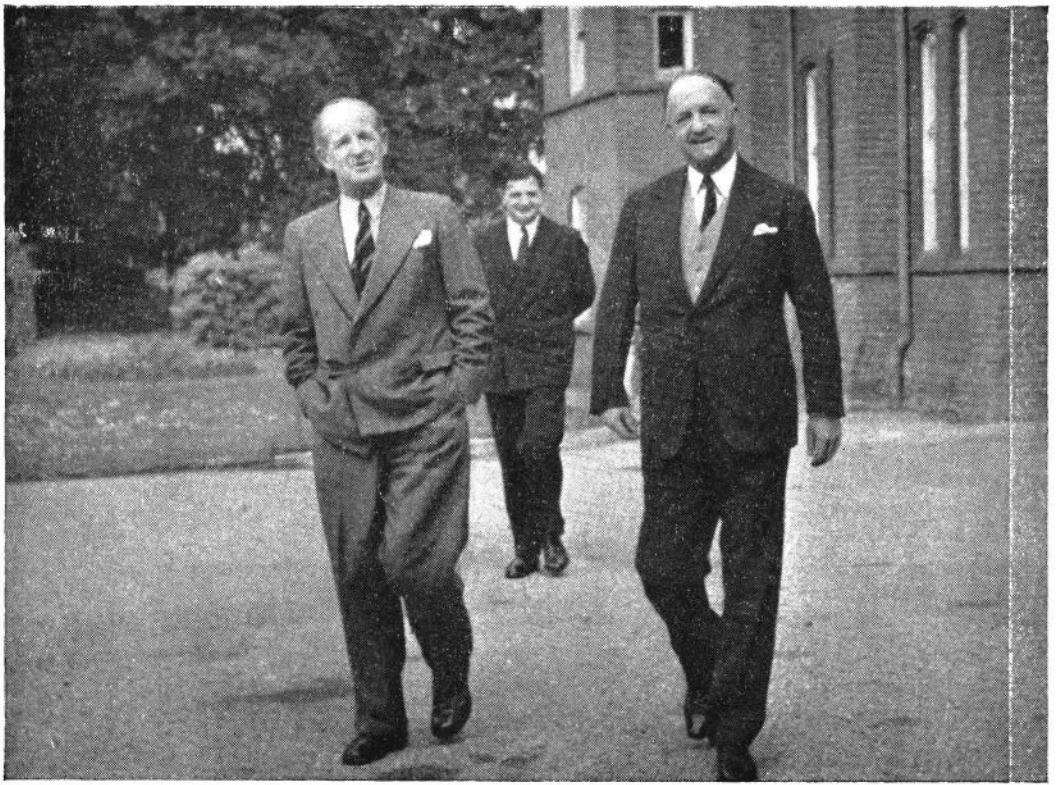
And, with this last sentence ringing in our ears, we went home again in the February sunshine, a little awed, perhaps, but very sure that we had witnessed an outstanding performance of an outstanding play.

A.F.K.

The Mermaid Theatre, Puddle Dock

LAST week theatrical history was made when the dream of one man came true. That man is Bernard Miles who for many years has been striving to build a theatre. The Mermaid, which is the city's first new theatre for three hundred years, was opened by the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Harold Gillett.

The ceremony began when a boat left H.M.S. Discovery bearing a four year old mermaid, Caroline Hawkins, daughter of Jack Hawkins the actor. The sea cadets who rowed Caroline to the theatre, put her into the arms of the famous Phelps family who were four winners of the Doggett Coat and Badge. Mr Harry Phelps handed the mermaid to the Lord Mayor and the party moved in procession to the theatre. Sir Harold Gillett then released



a ribbon around the mermaid's waist and her "tail" fell away. When she was on her feet the Lord Mayor cried out, "Now, on with the play!"

Since the war this country has built three theatres and closed a hundred, so there is a great need for theatres like The Mermaid which will stage many different types of plays of the kind enjoyed by the audiences at Coventry. As well as offering good plays The Mermaid offers a lovely place to dine and linger by the river Thames in the heart of the City of London.

Katharine Whitlow, VII.

Mr Butler's Visit

ON Friday, June 5th, we were honoured to receive a visit from the Right Hon. R. A. Butler, M.P., who came in order to give a talk to the Sixth Forms about his work as the Home Secretary. He has a variety of occupations other than this one, and of these may be singled out his jobs as Member of Parliament for Saffron Walden, Lord Privy Seal, Leader of the House of Commons, and Principal Civil Secretary to the Court; in his talk he enlightened us about the various duties which he is called upon to perform in his several capacities.

As a Member of Parliament, he must visit his constituency and listen patiently to the troubles brought to him by his constituents, and it is then in this capacity that he has a link with the School.

As Home Secretary, he told us, he is responsible for all manner of things ranging from Law and Order to Wild Birds.

He is also the Principal Civil Secretary to the Court, and in this role he has to countersign on behalf of the government a great number of documents which then go on to the Queen for her signature, as well as having to meet the Queen at railway stations and airports.

The talk which he gave was clear, informative, witty, and at the same time as being interesting in subject-matter it was brilliantly delivered, and prompted many questions. These were then handled most adequately by this very talented man, whose visit we have been very fortunate to have had, and who will long be remembered by those who heard him.

Richard Gilpin, VII

School Music, 1958-9

MUSICAL activities this year have been as varied and as numerous as usual. The first occasion of the year was Parents' Weekend in the Autumn term, when the senior musicians of the school gave an instrumental concert; this is the last of many concerts in which we have enjoyed the playing of Rosemary Shepherd, who is leaving at the end of this term to go to the Royal Academy of Music. Our best wishes go to her, and also to Pamela Deighton, who is going to the Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

Adrianaly of Madagascar, who came to speak to us in Sunday evening meeting, also played and sang Malagasy music, which most of us had never heard before. We enjoyed it and found it easy to appreciate.

At the end of term, the choir gave carol concerts at Newport, Finchingfield, and Abbey Lane, and there was the usual Christmas service at school, at which over four hundred people were present. The carols and readings, grouped round the theme "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," provide one of the most valued occasions in the year.

Music in the Spring Term was, of course, interrupted by illness, and the Easter music had to be cancelled as we were sent home a week early. However, the orchestra gave concerts at both the school and the Baptist Church; the latter was a very notable occasion, as the orchestra had never given a full outside concert before. Also Mr Plant and Mrs Cane sang solos, and everyone joined in "Praise My Soul the King of Heaven" at the end, which was an unmistakable paean of triumph, given complete with trumpets and drums ad libitum. Many people have asked for this concert to be repeated in future years. We thank Pauline Beetham for playing to us after Sunday evening meeting later in the term, and hope that this too will be repeated before long.

So far this term the Choir has given a concert in Thaxted Church; there is to be another later at Walden. Next year will be a difficult one for both Choir and Orchestra, as many members are leaving school at the end of this term; but there are many able musicians in the lower part of the school who will soon replace them. A number of people, mostly from the lower part of the school, are competing in this year's Chelmsford Music Festival, firstly as quartets and trios and secondly as the complete Junior Orchestra.

Of outside activities in which the school has shared may be mentioned a concert given by Lois Philips in aid of the Friends' Service Council, a visit to Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin" in the Christmas holidays, an excursion to Harlow to hear the

London Philharmonic Orchestra, a performance of Bach's "St. John Passion" given by the Mid-Essex Musical Society, and the series of concerts given by the Saffron Walden Music Club, of which the visit of James Blades, the percussion player, was the most memorable.

Adrian Smith, VI².

Natural History Society

INCREASE in membership this last year and well-attended meetings, of which there have been seven, have warmed the hearts of the Committee.

Indeed these meetings have caused most members much thought and careful consideration, especially as there have been three "Members' Evenings". The talks given during these have been both instructive and entertaining. John Raven deserves special mention for his talk on Charles Darwin.

Other speakers have been Mr Gelsthorpe and Mrs Mummery, whose subjects were "Human Types" and "Fungi" respectively; the latter was illustrated with coloured slides.

Several films have been shown, ranging over many aspects of bird and plant life. Both Film Evenings were held with the Countryside Association.

An expedition to Hatfield Forest has been planned for June 10th; preceding it will be a short meeting to discuss arrangements.

Susan Jones, VI²

Rambling Group Report, 1958-9

WE have had fairly frequent rambles this year except in the Spring Term when illness lowered their numbers. There were two excursions organised jointly by Rambling Group and Railway Club, to Abington and Catley Park.

The Rambling Group celebrated its first birthday in November, and by the end of the Summer Term we shall have been round all the villages near Saffron Walden. Among the many rambles that we did, I think the one along the Roman Road from Bartlow to Cambridge was really the most interesting. Our numbers remain fairly constant, but we would like to see some first form join the club. We would like to thank Adrian Smith for organising most of our rambles and finding many new routes.

David Skan, Form II.

The Senior Literary Society

THE Society has had fewer meetings this year. We hope to remedy this in the future. It has however had an enjoyable meeting with the Debating Society and visited the Arts Theatre to see "The Enemy of the People" by Henrik Ibsen. It also had the pleasure of joining other members of the VIth form in hearing Sir Russell Brain speak about Walter de la Mare with whom he was friendly. At Christmas members of the Society produced a programme of seasonable entertainment.

Young Farmers' Club

DURING the past year we have had talks by Superintendent Talbot, who spoke about "Law in Relation to Agriculture," Mr Fleming, who spoke about his work as a veterinary surgeon, Mr Pearce, who spoke about the "Organisation of the Federation of Young Farmers' Clubs", Roger Simons, (O.S.), who spoke about his recent experience on an Outward Bound School and Mr Hale who spoke about his work as stockman at Shudy Camps. This term Mr Mace, who is the information officer of the Land Settlement Association, and Mr Strange, who is manager of one of the estates, talked to us about the organisation and merits of the association. On March 4th members visited the Dunmow Flitch Bacon Factory where some thought that there was a super abundance of blood, whilst other were disappointed that they had arrived too late to see the slaughtering. We have also visited the Lyddite Chicks establishment at Shudy Camps and hope to be shown round Audley End estate officially, in June. We have large entries in both domestic and general classes for the Young Farmers' Rally at Braintree on June 27th and also in the Young Farmers' section at the Essex Show.

Linda Smith, VII

Debating Society

THE Society has held three meetings in each of the last two terms, on a wide variety of subjects. Factually, speeches have been satisfactory, and for the final meeting, on "This House would welcome a change to a Socialist government", several speakers collected valuable information from the local party offices and the Library. While the manner in which facts are presented still leaves a great deal to be desired, the Committee is pleased with the general improvement in debates, at the same time hoping to encourage a number of eloquent new speakers for next year.
Motions debated:

Autumn Term:

This House thinks that something ought to be done about the weather.

This House believes that genius thrives best on freedom.

This House regrets that the age of chivalry is past.

Spring Term:

This House approves of the action taken at Swaffham.

This House has no confidence in Columbus.

This House would welcome a change to a Socialist government.

Special thanks are due to Mr Wright and Mr Houlder for their continued help on the Committee, and to Mr Nicholson for his excellent and witty speech in the second debate of the year.

Oliver Weaver, VI²

Girls' Reading Club

AT the end of the Autumn term we were glad to invite Miss Kenningham to be our new President and we are very grateful for the help Miss Plant gave us while we were still without a President.

At the meeting in the Autumn Term we discussed "The Rainbow" by D. H. Lawrence and five poems from "An Anthology of Modern Verse". D. H. Lawrence was a highly sensitive person and gave significance to every detail of every-day life, consequently the long saga of the Brangwen family in "The Rainbow" is packed with intense detail. The book proved an excellent subject for discussion as we had all enjoyed it. The poems although short caused much discussion. The main poem was "The Hollow Men" by T. S. Eliot and many of us found it hard to understand.

In the Spring Term Meeting we discussed "Is Peace Possible?" by Kathleen Lonsdale and "The Night-Runners of Bengal" by John Masters. The style of "Is Peace Possible?" was the cause of much discussion. "The Night-Runners of Bengal" we all agreed was very gripping and yet not merely a thriller. It was written by a man who had a deep understanding of India, and was deeply concerned with its problems so was valuable to read, in that way it could show many of us the way to understanding of India. The standard of discussion at both meetings was reasonably high.

We were glad to have Miss Ellinor at our Spring Term Meeting and Mr Houlder and Mr Plant at both meetings. We hope they will all continue to attend.

Deborah Flatt, VI².

Boys' Reading Club

FIVE new members were welcomed to the Club in the Autumn Term: Frank Benatt, Jeremy Edwards, John Elsley, Martin Hadley and John Raven; and five in the Spring Term: Mark Bertram, David Cadman, Matthew Evans, Peter Fraenkel and John Osborn. The Club continues to flourish under the able tutelage of Mr Mummery and now has a larger membership than in any previous year.

Of the books read during the Autumn Term, Paul Gallico's "Trial by Terror", introduced by Harry Frost, was the least popular. It was the work of an American denouncing the practice of brain-washing and was obviously directed against the "Iron Curtain" countries. The style and construction of the story were of a hackneyed type and it was suspected that the author's main purpose was to make money. A few members, however, found the book startling and even frightening. Oliver Weaver then introduced "The Bafut Beagles" by Gerald Durrell, the account of the amusing adventures of an animal collector in Africa. John Hansen, introducing "The Reason Why" by Cecil Woodham-Smith, was especially impressed by the picture drawn of the British army during the Crimean War. The incompetence of the commander and the phlegmatism of the ordinary British soldier were well depicted in vivid and expressive prose.

Of the Spring Term's books, a selection of the poems of John Betjeman enjoyed an immense and surprising popularity. They were given a very full introduction by the Headmaster, who stressed the importance of Betjeman's place in twentieth century life, his understanding of society and his love of words. Betjeman expresses the doubts and uncertainties of modern times in a way which can be appreciated by everybody, and although much of his work is definitely dated, he will be remembered as a poet who remained in touch with the normal life of his own times. Martin Hadley, in his introduction to "Hiroshima" by John Hersey, pointed out that any scrap of emotion in the account of the effect of an Atom bomb on a Japanese city would have ruined the book. As it is, the book presents a valuable description of the fundamental human reactions to a sudden overwhelming catastrophe. "Peter Abelard" by Helen Waddell was introduced by Jeremy Edwards, who, although like many members somewhat puzzled at first by the peculiarly compact style, managed to appreciate and enjoy the story of the medieval priest who was torn between his duty to the Church and his love for Heloise.

Colin Croker, VI2

Library Report

SINCE July, 1958, 240 books have been added to the Library. Gifts have been received from Basil Burton, the Cambridge Underwater Research Group, Arthur L. Hayward, Heiner Holl, Kenneth Nicholson, John Raven, Alison Reynolds, Alexander Robinson and Jean Strachan. Expansion continues; as book number 4467 was prepared for the shelves a new Accessions Register was begun; new shelves have been fitted under the east window to match those under the west; and a new catalogue cabinet should shortly be available. The Library Committee is:—Julia England, Harry Frost, Barbara Cutts, Michael Ellis, Barbara Beeby and Kevin Bayliss. Julia and Harry are nearing the end of three years' splendid service to the Library and the School owes more to them than it can readily realise. Christopher Coffin has done a fine job in the Study Library, working efficiently and unofficiously. He has this year been helped by Isla Williams, Clare White and John Barnard.

The Junior Library has been popular—at times too popular. From what is at present a limited stock withdrawals have been made at a rate of 500 a term. Mr Whitlow is in charge of this Library and he has been ably assisted by Roderic Dutton and a committee of four: Susan Bush, Margaret Lampard, Peter Blythe and Richard Whiteman.

C.A.M.

Buildings in the Country

A WALK from the school gate, down Debden Road, past the War Memorial and down the High Street, then along Abbey Lane and back by way of the Mansion and the new school, can be all the more enjoyable if one studies the fascinating variety of domestic and other architecture and sees what different builders in different periods have done to the appearance of the town.

Paul Mauger, who was at school here under Brightwen Rowntree, developed then such an interest in architecture that he has made it his career. His interest in what buildings do to their surroundings has led him to become an expert in town planning, and more recently to the writing of an unusual and most valuable book, a copy of which he has given to us for the library.

In this book Paul Mauger writes about the changing face of the English countryside and the reasons for this. The developments of modern science, the new needs of industry, the ever increasing use of the motor-car with consequent demands for new roads, petrol filling stations, and even motels, means that new buildings

and new types of building are frequently being erected. Many of these detract from the beauty of the countryside, but this need not be. Paul Mauger has studied the impact of electricity generating stations, of nuclear power stations, of buildings for agricultural and horticultural research as well as those related to more traditional needs such as housing, education, and worship. There is even a chapter on cremation and burial.

The book is extremely well illustrated and Paul Mauger himself has visited nearly all the places mentioned. To look through it is at once to become aware of the excitement and challenge presented to the architect who has to erect a new building and in doing so make a contribution, good or bad, to the appearance of the countryside. His criticism is kindly, he is more concerned to point out the good than to illustrate the bad. His book makes a very important contribution to a subject on which not very much has been written so far. We are delighted to have a copy for the library and thank him warmly for his gift.

* * * * *

Another book which has recently been added is "Here of All Places" by Osbert Lancaster. This is an amusing as well as instructive study of the different periods of architecture and is also very helpful in helping us to look intelligently at the buildings we see. These two books might well be studied together.

J.E.

The Railway Club

AT five o'clock on a Thursday afternoon in March the city workers of London were leaving their offices through the drizzle. Some of them, making their way into Moorgate Station to catch the 5.10 to St. Albans, found one compartment of their train already occupied, by a lively group of—was it possible? yes, boys from the Friends' School, Saffron Walden. The Railway Club was on its way to Kentish Town, one of the last stages of its third London excursion. It had rained all day but no-one was any the less cheerful for that; rocking down from London Bridge at 70 m.p.h. with the rain flying in your face is an experience worth having.

These excursions in the holidays have proved very successful; we have visited such unlikely places as Barking, Tulse Hill, Harringay and North Woolwich. We even got lost at Willesden. Another new activity undertaken by the Club during the year is the production of its own magazine, "All Aboard". This is written and printed by the members without outside help, and appears once a term. It is read by many people outside the Club so we feel the hard work is worthwhile.

We continue to hold meetings frequently and a lecture is nearly always arranged. Our model railway, the "Flaxstead and Bure Valley Railway" as its official title runs, is now open to all traffic between Flaxstead and Freshwell Bridge. It is extended from time to time as the supply of money allows. Hills, fields and buildings are constructed around the line in local style and it is hoped that eventually its setting will resemble the countryside of North West Essex. For the opening of the line we printed our own issues of tickets in correct colours, which have proved very popular.

Membership of the Club has remained small; it now stands at twenty-two, and includes boys of all ages from twelve to eighteen. Nearly all have taken a continuous interest in all aspects of the Club's activities. Unfortunately the wide age-range makes it almost impossible for all members to be present at meetings; a problem we have failed to solve.

We give our best wishes to Harry Frost, our Secretary and Treasurer, who is leaving school at the end of this term. We are particularly grateful also to Adrian Smith (junior) who has been doing most of the work in connection with the magazine. Mr Cane continues to look after the Club's interests in higher places and his help has been much appreciated.

Adrian Smith, VI²

Girl Guides

OUR company entered an Essex Guide competition. The first round was for Divisional Groups on May 4th at Stansted, where of five teams we performed third. We sang three rounds, "Oh how lovely is the evening"; "Roses from you"; and "Come light up the fire"; these were followed by the only "shout" of the evening, "Ham and Eggs". We next sang, "John Peel", "Donkey riding" and "We are the dead men".

There were three stunts. The first was given by four guides who told us in a cockney dialect they had been called to an enormous fire in a building. In the window of the ground floor was seen a human face. It then appeared on the tenth, then the hundredth floor. Each time the face was seen, it was told to jump into the tarpaulin (a rug). At last it jumped from the roof—but the guides dropped the tarpaulin. A second stunt was performed by Miss Hodges from the Training College. She was praying to Allah that a canary might be sent to her. No canary appeared. She called a guide to help her pray, but no success. She called five guides but still was not sent a canary. Being polite, she thanked Allah for the guides, whom she called by appropriate animal names. Two patrols dressed as Indians formed the last stunt. We filed into a circle, knelt, and then the first guide produced a "Pipe of

Peace". She smoked it, uttered "Ugh", and passed the pipe round the circle. When the last person smoked it, she said "Ugh, ugh!", to which the first guide retorted, "Do not change the subject".

We got through the Divisional and Semi-finals by performing just this, and are going to the finals at Chelmsford on June 6th.

Judith Gustenson, Form IVB

SPORT

Hockey Report

THIS hockey season began very well with the 1st XI coming second in the Cambridge County Tournament conceding only two goals, and those in the final game. From the tournament six people from the 1st XI were chosen to go to the County Team trials later on in the term. At the trials Vicki Maitland did very well to be chosen as left wing for the first team with Mary Busch, Linda Smith and Janet Ludgate chosen for the reserve team; they had only one opportunity to play for the county during the year but helped to beat West Suffolk by two goals to one, and five goals to one.

Our 1st XI results were not as good as previous years, but we did manage to win more than we lost, with five wins, three losses and a drawn game. The prospect of a conqueror's reward spurred us on against 'Herts and Essex' but again they were too good for us. Like everyone else the hockey team suffered because of the epidemic and in the Spring Term only five games were played of which all but one were lost. We are very grateful to the non-hockey types who stepped into the vacant places in all our matches of the Spring Term and made it possible for us to play at all.

Janet Ludgate having already been given her colours, further awards were made to Vicki Maitland, Mary Busch and Barbara Stokes.

The Under Fifteen XI have had a very successful season, winning all their matches during the year and we hope next year's team will follow their good example. Their most notable success was their win over Herts and Essex by three goals to one. Let us hope they will help to earn a well deserved tea when they are in the 1st XI.

This has been our first season with Miss Thomson and looking back on a successful hockey year we now appreciate that the gruelling sessions that both hockey teams underwent early on in the season were necessary and rewarding.

Janet Ludgate

Football, 1958-9

Results were as follows:—

	P	W	D	L	Goals F	A
First XI	13	7	1	5	35	25
Under 15 XI	10	6	0	4	39	28
Under 13 XI	6	2	0	4	13	17

The first match of the season was against Newport Grammar School and although the First XI lost 3-1 it was, nevertheless, one of the best games of the season. It was in this game that Hadley showed his true worth as a goalkeeper, and time after time his splendid saves presented the lively Newport attack from adding to their score.

In their next match the First XI held a very strong Braintree side to a 1-1 draw. This game was followed by two comparatively easy ones against Newmarket Grammar School and St. Christopher's School which the First XI won 7-1 and 6-1 respectively. In these matches the school defence was never really hard-pressed and the forwards had plenty of opportunity to show their shooting ability.

Everyone was looking forward to the visit of Soham Grammar School for the next First XI match. This was undoubtedly the most exciting fixture of the season with both sides maintaining a high standard of football throughout the game. The First XI just managed to hold their lead in the closing minutes of the match and won finally 4-3.

After this creditable display of skill and determination the school were beaten in their next two matches, 4-0 by the Old Scholars and 2-1 by Huntingdon Grammar School. They returned to their best form, however, in the last two matches of the term, beating Earls Colne 2-1 and Soham 3-2. The return game with Soham was again very exciting with neither side being sure of the result until the final whistle.

The Spring Term opened with another fixture against Braintree and although five of the regular First XI players were unable to play, because of the influenza epidemic, the team did remarkably well and only lost 1-0. This game was followed by the two return fixtures with Newmarket Grammar School and St. Christopher's School which the school won quite convincingly 5-2 and 4-2.

The last match of the season, against the Old Scholars, was another very fine game. Although the school played the better brand of football the superior strength of the Old Scholars proved to be too much for them in the end and they lost 2-1.

Colours were already held by P. Redington and were awarded to M. Evans, D. Cadman, M. Mitchell, J. Elsley, R. Dutton and M. Hadley.

Cricket, 1958-9

Results are as follows : —

	P	W	D	L
First XI	6	2	3	1
A XI	3	2	1	0
Under 14 XI	1	1	0	0

The first match of the season was a game between the First XI and the A XI. In this match the First XI scored 155 for 5 declared, Cadman scoring 88 not out. A fine defensive innings of 20 not out by Mr Whitlow, however, enabled the A XI to draw the game, their total at the close of play being 72 for 8.

The match against Newmarket Grammar School was rather disappointing as the First XI were far too strong for their opponents. Newmarket were all out for 19 and the school soon passed that total for the loss of one wicket.

In the game against Newport Grammar School the First XI were defeated by 8 wickets but this was, nevertheless, an interesting match. It was followed by the fixture against the Old Scholars which ended in a draw. The Old Scholars scored 142 and at the close of play the school were 125 for 9. Evans (36) and Weaver (57) played extremely well for the 1st XI.

The next game, against Mr Nicholson's XI, also ended in a draw. The Headmaster's team scored 155 for 3 declared, Mr Evans scoring 55 not out. The school replied with a total of 124 for 9, Mitchell scoring 22 and Dutton 29 not out.

The First XI won their next match against Earls Colne Grammar School quite convincingly. After having scored 168 for 2 declared (Mitchell 33, Evans 71 not out and Weaver 45 not out) the school dismissed Earl Colne for a total of 74. Mendes took 5 wickets for 31 and Gilpin 3 for 11.

Athletics

ALTHOUGH the boys lost their athletics match against Soham Grammar School on May 27th they by no means disgraced themselves. The weather was ideal for the occasion and it was, without doubt, an extremely entertaining afternoon's sport. First places were gained by Stacey (senior 100 yards), Cadman (senior 440 yards and long jump) and Shuster (under 15 high jump).

Second places were gained by Elsley (senior 100 yards and mile), Cadman (senior high jump), Robinson (under 15 100 yards and high jump), Shuster (under 15 long jump, Fry (under 13 long jump) and Lee (under 13 high jump).

On May 30th the Mid-Essex Athletics Championships were held at Saffron Walden and the following places were gained by our boys :—

Second—

Cadman, senior 100 yards
Elsley, mile
Cadman, senior high jump
Redington, senior hurdles
Mitchell, intermediate weight

Third—

Shuster, junior high jump
Benatt, senior javelin
Weaver, senior discus

As a result of these championships Cadman, Elsley and Shuster were selected to take part in the Essex County Schools Championships at Basildon on June 20th.

The Avenue Committee

Staff Members: Iorweth John, Margaret Kenningham, Kenneth Nicholson, Kenneth Whitlow.

School Members: Isla Williams, David Cadman, Linda Smith and Barbara Cutts.

Acknowledgments

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

The Archway, The Beckside, By Kent and Skerne, The Cemian, The Island, The Leightonian, The Portico, The Brook.

A Career for young men that carries responsibility

Coal provides 82% of the total energy requirements in Britain. Because the demand for coal will continue to be high for many years to come, great schemes of reconstruction 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 up to 100 University Scholarships a year for school leavers and Board employees; most are in Mining Engineering and some are available in Mechanical, Electrical, Civil and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth about the same as State Scholarships but there is no parental means test.

If you join the Board's service straight from school, you can also apply for University Scholarships in Scientific and non-technical subjects.

Apprenticeship and Part-time Education Schemes.—There are Student Apprenticeship Schemes in Mining, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering as well as Apprenticeship Schemes for Mining Surveyors and Engineering Craftsmen. These Schemes provide for day-release or sandwich courses (with pay) at technical colleges. Other employees are also considered for release with pay to attend technical colleges.

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.

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.

Clerical and 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
the Director-General of Staff, National Coal Board, Hobart House, London, S.W.1

The Parent-Teacher Association

Objects

The Association was formed to provide opportunity for parents having children at the school to consider together matters of mutual interest concerning the aims and work of the school and welfare of the scholars.

Subscription

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 per family to cover the school year. Alternatively, a single payment may be made of £1 covering the whole period of attendance at the school of children of the same family up to a maximum of ten years.

Payment may be made to the school or during 'Parents Weekends' to the Treasurer. We encourage all members to use the form attached to the 'Notes for Parents' leaflet.

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" once a year, and a copy of the school's annual report.



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