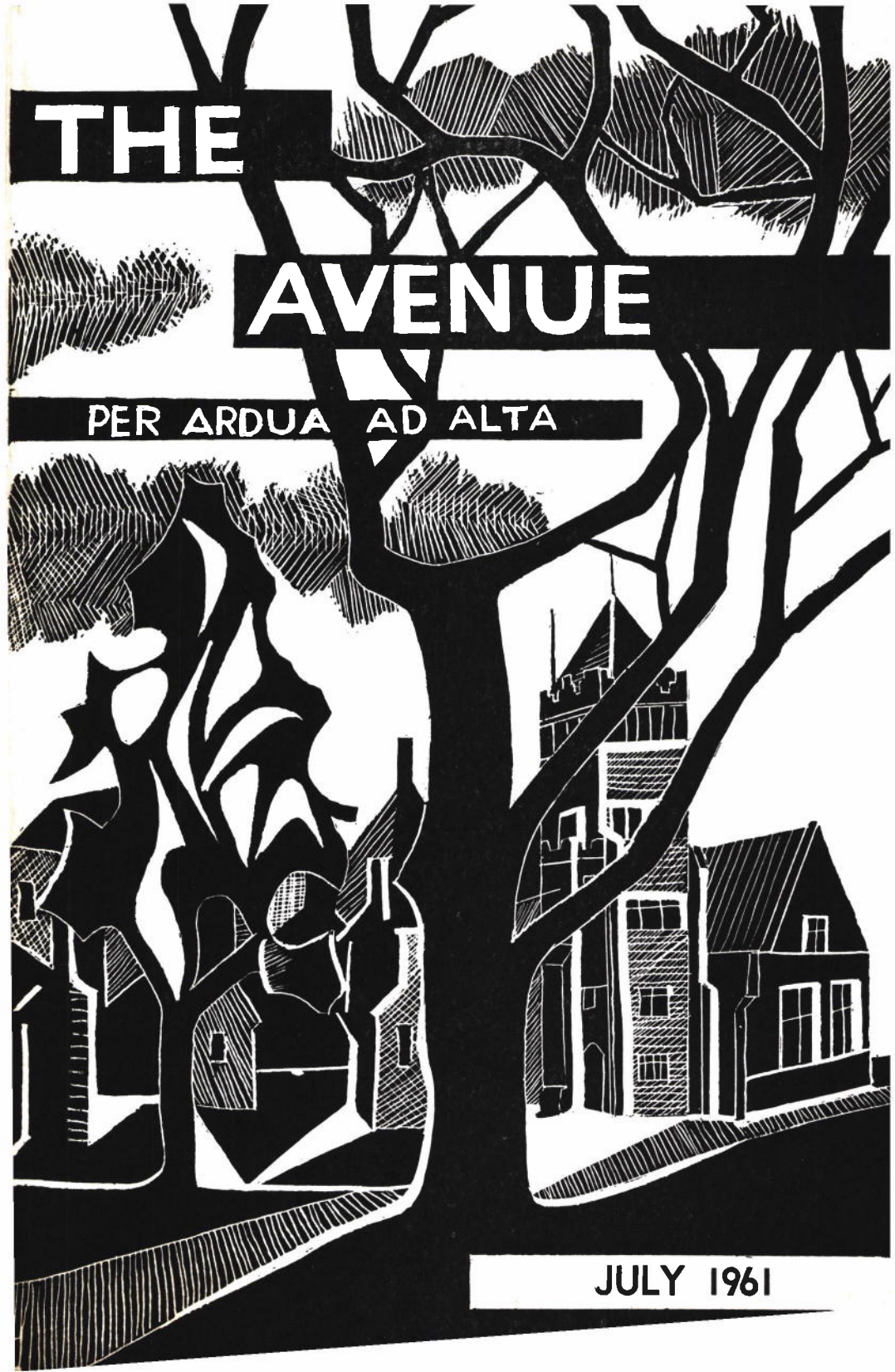

THE
AVENUE
PER ARDUA AD ALTA
JULY 1961

# 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.



The New Wing

*Photograph by courtesy of John Ma'tby, F.I.B.P.*

# THE AVENUE

*The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden*

**Vol. 43 No. 131 July, 1961**

## *Editorial*

WE have watched the New Wing slowly rise during the last year and now at last we have moved in. This is the most exciting and important event that has happened this year and you will be able to read comments by those who live in the New Wing and others from those remaining in School who now have more space. You will also see photographs of the New Wing. The frontispiece is one of the official photographs and the other four are a selection from Matthew Robinson's winning entry for the photograph competition. The Committee have awarded him a guinea prize for a magnificent effort.

Some concern has been felt because since *The Avenue* is only published once a year in July many important events which take place at the end of the Summer Term tend to be omitted. So in order to try and improve our coverage of the School Year we propose to publish an issue at the beginning of each Calendar Year instead of at the end of each Academic Year. Our next issue therefore will be at the beginning of the Spring Term 1962, and thereafter *The Avenue* will appear in February of each year instead of July. We hope this change will meet with your approval.

## *Inter Alia*

THE New Wing handed over to the school during the last week of the Spring Term will be officially opened at General Meeting in July.

We were pleased to welcome during the year Mr Dutton to teach Latin, Miss Rowlands to teach Art, Miss Bartlett to teach the violin, Mr Gray to teach English and Miss Taylor as Assistant Housekeeper. We have also had help with the Latin from Mrs Saggers during the Autumn Term and Mrs Fletcher this term during the absence of Mr Mummery who is having a sabbatical term in Oxford. We were pleased to welcome three student teachers during the Spring Term; Miss Pyett and Miss Beasley from Cambridge and Mr Owen from Reading.

Our best wishes go with Miss Reynolds, Mr Scott, Miss Armitage and Mr White who have left during the year. Brian Kirk who gave invaluable help in the establishment of the Pottery Department

has now taken up a post at Winchester Training College. The school has been most fortunate in persuading Ian Auld from Wimbish to come and take over the weekly Pottery Classes. He is already lecturing at two London Art Colleges, so we are particularly grateful to him for his willingness to come and help us.

We would like to congratulate Mr and Mrs Cadman on their marriage. They are at present living in the flat at the top of the master's block. Our best wishes go also to Miss Thomson who has recently announced her engagement to Mr Graham Neilson. Congratulations too to Mr and Mrs Gray on the birth of their son Peter Jeremy, and Mr and Mrs Lewis on the birth of their son Martin John.

There have been numerous and varied outings this year. The Upper Sixth visited the Houses of Parliament and on the same day attended the Ford Lecture given this year by Professor Lovell. On the last Sunday of the term members of the congregation attending Evensong in the church found their numbers augmented by some two hundred and fifty members of the Friends' School. This is believed to be the first time that the school has gone as a whole to a church service.

Last Summer Term Forms One to Four departed for a day's excursion to various places. Parties visited Walton-on-the-Naze, Kew Gardens, Whipsnade Zoo, Ely and Grimes Graves.

Groups have also been to lectures in London and to the Design Centre and the Kitchen Planning Exhibition, the Jennie Hockley Children's Fashion Manufacturers, and the Royal Show which is being held at Cambridge in 1960 and 1961. A small group of Sixth Form pupils were invited to attend the opening of the Royal Society's Tercentenary in the Royal Albert Hall.

Evening Meeting and Sixth Form speakers have been of their usual high standard and have included Sir Joseph Hutchinson, Hugh Maw, Professor Campbell-Stuart, Olive Peet, Richard Hauser, Duncan Fairne, Dr James Park and Sir Amar Maini.

The selection of films in the Autumn and Spring Terms this year has been unusually good. Particularly enjoyed were *High Noon, The General, The Vanishing Prairie, No Highway* and *Blue Murder at St Trinians.*

The Schorndorf Choir visited the school again at the end of the Spring Term and gave a concert of modern German music and German folk songs. They were entertained by members of the Small Choir and accepted an invitation to the end of term dance.

The First and Second Forms have benefited from the introduction of Activity Groups on Saturday mornings in the two periods after recess. They have been involved in, among other things, drama, music, nature study, handicrafts, stamp collecting, map reading and swimming.

At the other end of the school a system of Tutorial Groups in addition to the usual general classes has been started. Groups of seven or eight members of the Sixth Form and a member of staff have discussed a wide variety of subjects.

Innovations in the field of music have been the Chamber Orchestra, the Gramophone Society, the Jazz Club and the 'Friends' School Feet Warmers' who made a highly successful début at the dance at the end of the Spring Term.

A large number of First and Second Form spent Whitsun at home this year. Some of the rest of us wished we could have done too, but nevertheless Whitsun Weekend was a highly successful occasion as always.

A Middle Meeting was started this term under the care of Mr Gray, Mr Lewis and Mr Cadman. At the moment Third Form only attend. Next year there will be Third and Fourth Form members.

A hut Z has been erected which contains two classrooms for the First Forms. The hut is between Rooms X and Y and the water tower. We have got used to X and Y and Z South and Z North: now we have to get used to their new numbers 13, 14, 15 and 16. It's all very confusing.

Much painting inside and outside the school has been done this year and the whole place looks very smart. We never cease to wonder at the speed and efficiency of Jock's work.

The Fifth and Sixth Form girls were given two extremely informative and interesting talks by Mrs Eeles, a beautician from Arkesden.

Whilst circuit training in the gym a certain Fifth Form boy clambering about the top of the window ladders was surprised to discover his ladder suspended by only one hinge: the other had broken. The gym was then out of use for a month during the course of which it was thoroughly overhauled.

The large tree outside the girls' changing room has been cut down and the disused gates at the entrance to the front drive have been removed. A splendid new sign has been mounted on Croydon House garden wall indicating to passers by that this is FRIENDS' SCHOOL and with an arrow directing them to the entrance.

At the end of last Summer Term a small committee led by Mr Evans invented a delightful game called 'Teckette', a mixture of tennis, cricket and netball with twenty-one players to a side. A match was held and teams representing Lister, Tuke, Mennell and the staff took part. We had fun until it rained. The result remains uncertain.

To the delight of various members of the community the New Avenue has been declared in bounds.

# THE NEW WING

Below are a number of comments on the New Wing by various members of the school.

## *The Second Form's Opinion of the New Wing*

IN general, we all like the New Wing, but we wish it looked from the outside more like Rooms 5, 6, 7 and 8, as it doesn't fit in with the old school buildings.

The inside is very nice, and the new Geography and Art rooms are both a great improvement on the old rooms. The Form rooms are very spacious, so spacious we are afraid they might be cold in winter. The lockers, and the tables, instead of desks are both a good idea, though the floors are so slippery that the tables and chairs make an awful noise slipping about. The inside is rather like the outside, very gaunt and bare; but it will be much better when it has been used for some time. The colour scheme is nice, but too pale for the amount of use it gets, as already there are marks on some of the walls.

The New Wing is situated rather inconveniently, especially for the boys who have a long way to come from the boys' end. Also we can't hear the gong from the New Wing, which is very awkward. The people in Rooms 10 and 12 feel rather cut off from the rest of the school, as the windows in their rooms face the water tower, not the school.

No building is perfect, and we have discovered a few minor drawbacks but everyone appreciates the opportunities the building gives of breaking down the traditional boys' and girls' end of the school.

*The Second Form*

## *Some Comments on the New Wing*

"You can only see the new block from here. Do you like its outside appearance?"

"It's all right I suppose, not very striking. They might grow some creeper up the wall—the wall opposite the practice rooms . . . it would be very good for tennis if they hadn't put a flower bed in the way. I like the windows, they make the inside seem much bigger and lighter."

"Do you think they're dangerous?"

"No, but I suppose it would be possible to ram an elbow through the glass, not likely though. They're all right on the top floor apart from the fact that the ones in the ceiling won't open."

"The staircase is elegant, don't you think?"

"Yes, but there's the gap underneath, rather queer, isn't it? And they're not wide enough for more than single file up and down."

"It makes the building look more spacious and not at all cramped like that."

"The Art Room and Staff Room are nice. I like the glass partition between the Weaving Room, and the other rooms and I like the show cases, in the Art Room."

"The Form Rooms are lovely. It's a pity that the Third Form are next to the Staff Room. I'm sure the staff never get a peaceful moment. The walls and ceilings are sound proof, though. Also I think the formica-topped desks are a good idea. The lighting is much nicer to work by than the fluorescent lighting in the main building. One of the troubles is that the desks, chairs and tables make such a terrible noise. They ought to put rubber on the bottom of each leg."

"What a job!"

"It's worth it. Also, the lockers are a queer idea. What a fuss to walk half way across the room just because you happen to have forgotten a book of some sort!"

"The view from Rooms 12 and 9 could be better."

"Just the water tower, you mean. It's rather like that in the Geography Rooms only you see mainly grass from there. But the building itself is in a good position."

"It balances with the boys' end, if you can call it the boys' end; the whole school's more co-ed now, it seems, with mixed common rooms and girls' form rooms up the boys' end and vice versa."

"I like it like that . . ."

*The Third Form Girls*

## *Effects of the New Building on the Fourth Form*

ALTHOUGH we have not been fortunate enough to be given Form Rooms in the new building, the increase in available floor space has enabled us to have the use of a common room in addition to the two classrooms. This common room has been used almost exclusively, so far, for table tennis, and, of course, for the reading of newspapers. It has helped to cut down litter caused by old newspapers in the classrooms, and has introduced more co-education into our leisure hours. A radio has at last been acquired, and we look forward to enjoyable listening.

In short, the common room has been a great boon to our leisure time and, surprisingly, to our work.

## *Meditations of a Fourth Former*

THE dance hall brawls, the flick knife attacks, the immorality and vandalism of juvenile delinquents are widely publicised (see *The Avenue* 1949). Such sordid exploits tend to obscure the successful efforts made in our community to harness the energy and goodwill of the Fourth Form. It has been partially harnessed in the pursuit of table tennis: a tournament was organised by Martin Lamborn which some people thought Mr Hudson was going to win. To our surprise he didn't.

The tournament was possible because this term we moved into our new quarters and in place of our old form rooms we have now two form rooms and a common room. The common room is furnished with tables and chairs (though the chairs have to be transported from next door). Newspapers are black and white and read all over the floor.

## *Thoughts on the New Staff-Room*

OF course we're quite delighted, 'twere ungrateful not to be,
We can now relax in comfort as we drink our cups of tea.
And although it takes a longer time to get there than before,
At least we're spared the everlasting knocking on the door.

It makes a useful vantage-point from which to view the scene
—Be it couples on the Avenue, or tennis on the green—
But to J.F.C. our sympathetic tribute we must pay,
For in flat-to-staffroom treks he now does several miles a day.

Messrs Gelsthorpe, Sturge and Whitlow never had it quite so good,
They can now get here in half the time—and others of us would,
If only Ratt & Kettee, or someone, could contrive,
To organise a nice new car-park in the Bursar's drive.

It makes for complications and it's very hard on shoes,
Having one shelf by the staff room plus the two we used to use,
And a 'phone-call in recess, no trouble in the days of old,
Now means a minor marathon—and a cup of tea gone cold,

But we know we're very fortunate and ought not to complain,
We'd take it pretty hard if told we must move back again;
For now, when work is over, if there's one thing we adore,
It's just sitting there and knowing there'll be no knocks on the door.

*A Member of Staff*

# *The Dark Lady on the Stairs*

WHEN Hans Holbein painted Christina of Denmark, Duchess of Milan, in 1538 at Brussels, she was only sixteen. There is a wedding ring on her hand, for she had been married at the age of eleven to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, an unattractive, middle-aged man, in poor health. She wears black because she is already a widow. A princess, niece of the powerful Emperor Charles V, she had been forced into this unhappy marriage because her uncle saw in it a means of strengthening his hold on Italy. Now, as one of the most beautiful young women at the Spanish Court in Flanders she was again available for a political marriage. She had been recommended to Henry VIII whose third wife, Jane Seymour, had just died. "If it were God's pleasure and the King's", the English Envoy at Brussels had written, "I would there was some good alliance made betwixt His Highness and the Emperor, and there is none in these parts of personage, beauty and birth, like unto the Duchess of Milan. She is not so pure white as was the late Queen, whose soul God pardon, but she hath a singular good countenance, and when she chanceth to smile, there appeareth two pits in her cheeks, and one in her chin which becometh her right excellently well."

Henry VIII was interested but cautious. In order to judge his prospective bride's charms he sent his Court Painter, Holbein, to paint her portrait. Did she know, or guess, why the work had been commissioned? What were her thoughts in the three hours that were given to the making of the first study for the painting? Were they of the unhappy prospect of marriage to a king who had already divorced one wife and beheaded another? Perhaps. We are told that once, years later, when asked why she had not married Henry, she replied that had she had two heads one would have been at His Majesty's service. As it was, her uncle the Emperor decided against a marriage alliance with England and gave her instead to the Duke of Lorraine, at a time when he was hoping to gain the support of France for his foreign policy. Four years later she was again a widow, facing exile from her home, and long years of loneliness. Self controlled, proud, but charitable, she spent much of her time helping others until she died in old age.

Is it surprising that at sixteen, though her hands were exquisite, her eyes were already sad?

(The valuable copy of Holbein's *Duchess of Milan* which dominates the staircase in the New Wing was given to the School by Mrs Alma A. K. Soutter, mother of an Old Scholar in memory of her son. The original is in the National Gallery.)

*J.E.*









The New Wing under construction

*Photographs by Matthew Robinson*

# HOBBIES and JOBS
# COURSES and CAUSES

## *Denman College, 1961*

EACH year for two weeks the National Federation of Women's Institutes opens Denman College to the Young Farmers' Clubs of Britain.

The courses last for one week each and three run concurrently. I applied for a place on the 'Home Tailoring' course but I could have chosen 'Party Pastries' or 'Dressmaking' for the same week. There were twelve girls in each group in the charge of an excellent instructoress. The courses run Monday to Friday beginning with dinner on Monday evening and finishing with breakfast on Friday morning.

Denman College, an old mansion house, is situated in the beautiful grounds of Marcham Park near Oxford. It is furnished by the N.F.W.I. and the accommodation for students is single or double rooms each furnished by the WI of a different county. I was in Essex room which, like all the others, was very warm and comfortable. The food is excellent and the work hard. In the three complete days we were there the twelve girls in the tailoring group each made a suit or dress and jacket. Some evenings we worked until eleven o'clock to get them completed in time for the fashion parade on Thursday evening.

While I was there I met members of Young Farmers' Clubs from all over England, Scotland and Wales. Most of them were from farming families, and having left school, were working full time on their fathers' farms. I was struck by the enthusiasm for the Young Farmers' movement and the wide variety of activities organised by their clubs.

I made many friends and would recommend any Young Farmer to apply for a place on one of the courses which are usually held in the Christmas holidays. The fees are £5 for the week but the N.F.Y.F.C. will refund fifty per cent. of both fees and travel expenses.

*Frances Snell, VI2*

## *Jennny Hockley's Fashion House*

AFTER the war, Jenny Hockley and her family, who had close connections with the school, were living in Borough Lane, Saffron Walden, until they had the opportunity to move to London, where they had a factory for the designing and making of inexpensive but well-made clothes, for girls between the ages of three and

fourteen. Both Mrs Hockley and her two daughters are old scholars of the school, so Miss Price and her 'A' level needlework group were particularly glad to accept an open invitation to visit the factory, or 'fashion house for children', as it is called. Mrs Hockley is helped in the running of this factory, by her younger daughter, and her son-in-law, who is the main designer.

In order to have new clothes in the shops at the very beginning of each season, they work a year ahead in fashions. For example, when we were there in March, next winter's dresses were already being designed and the material chosen. Many of the materials are continental, as a buyer goes abroad every year to choose unusual but suitable, and good-quality material, which is then sent back to the factory. Here, the designer has to sketch a dress, that he thinks will suit the material. This done, the drawing is taken to an experienced worker who cuts a paper pattern, from a 'block pattern', and then cuts out the material. (All dresses, for each of the three age-groups are based upon a 'block pattern', and then this is adapted to suit the particular style in question.)

The material is then pinned onto a dummy, making it look as if it were the finished article. All the trimmings, such as buttons, are pinned on. The dress is then examined by a machinist, who skilfully and rapidly sews it together noting down any difficulties that have to be overcome in the machining. If the Hockleys are then satisfied with the end-product, it is made up in bulk quantities, but if it is not suitable or practicable the entire dress is discarded.

Every design is carefully scrutinized before it is used, and when the dresses are finished, the working is also carefully checked, and any garment that is found faulty is returned. When the season's clothes are finished, a fashion parade is held, with young children as models, at a well-known London hotel. Buyers come from all over England, and even from America, so the dresses have to be slightly altered to please different tastes. For example a large majority of buyers like inconspicuous dresses, but to please buyers from America or the North of England, bright trimmings must be added, especially if the dresses are simple in style.

Before the clothes for the next season are started, most of the women machinists are given a holiday, while the factory is 'tidied up' and the old materials put away. The factory was at this stage when we saw it, but nevertheless we had a very pleasant and instructive afternoon, and the invitation to visit it is still open to any groups who may be interested.

*April Pumfleet, VII*

# *C.E.W.C. Lectures*

THE Council for Education in World Citizenship lectures are held every Christmas to discuss and offer advice on some great humanitarian problem prevalent in our time. A party of sixth-formers, paying their inaugural visit last Christmas, attended the series of lectures entitled 'The White Man's burden in Africa'. This all-embracing topic was dealt with specialistically, and most successfully by a number of prominent men and women of our day and age.

The Colonial Secretary, Mr Ian McLeod, opened the conference, and with his words: "We at the Colonial Office will be taking careful note of all that happens during this conference", ringing in our ears, we eagerly awaited our first lecture.

Such distinguished speakers as the Tunisian Ambassador; the exiled leader of the Ghanaian opposition; a former High Commissioner in East Africa; a prominent anthropologist and Ritchie Calder graced the platform. Lest it be thought that our time was devoted solely to lectures, mention must be made of the question time, following each lecture, in which many awkward and pointed questions were asked. The use of a loudspeaker system brought about several humorous moments as the loudspeaker failed, much to the discomfort of the speaker! The sound of 2,500 voices singing in different keys and rhythms rounded off a most illuminating talk and recital on African music. A more colourful and varied musical occasion was an excellent show put on by Ukrainians, Ghanaians, West Indians and the Irish, with the gloriously masculine dances of the first-named sticking firmest in the mind.

Towards the end of the conference, the audience came more and more into the picture, as discussion groups were formed, each with a specific problem to thrash out, whilst full reports of their decisions, often very novel and startling, were made on the last day.

A person who contributed much to the light-heartedness of the occasion was the announcer, a man of great wit, who had the whole audience either rolling around with mirth, or else greeting him with a roar resembling that of Hamden Park.

Our final impressions of the conference were of a very good blending of the serious and the jolly, of most useful knowledge gained and of great pleasure obtained, and we all recommend these lectures as an excellent way of spending part of a Christmas holiday.

*Robert Albarin, VI2*

# *An Attempt to join a Work Camp in Port Said*

IN 1959 I was asked if I would be willing to go to Egypt to do re-construction work. It was hoped that in the summer a small party would go out from this country and work with students from Cairo University rebuilding part of the Y.H.A. hostel at Port Said. However this fell through because of lack of time for preparation and because the Egyptian government promised to do the main rebuilding. The whole project was reformed in the summer of 1960 when it became apparent that extensions to the hostel, now largely rebuilt would be needed.

The United Nations Association agreed to sponsor the project and so on 10th September, 1960, I joined the party at London as work leader which meant I was in charge of the actual work to be done. I was responsible to the Camp Leader who supervised the running of the Camp itself. In London we learnt our visas had not arrived and were told we could go to Austria and work there until the visas were ready. At this point our first real set-back occurred when one member developed appendicitis and had to remain behind leaving the two girls Mary and Jill and myself to travel to Austria. We went to the Wegscheid refugee camp outside Linz where one of the barracks was used as quarters for the U.N.A. camp. Here I worked as a labourer carrying bricks and digging out a cellar for a couple of days, after which we moved to another camp called Haid, a few miles away. This camp had been built in 1943 as a forced labour camp for three thousand slave labourers to build the Autobahn to Vienna. After the war it was a refugee camp but when I was there, there were only three hundred people left and the barracks were being pulled down. We worked here for several weeks building a house for a widow and her two children aged nine and eleven and her mother. These people had been forced to leave their home in Yugoslavia at the end of the war, and the widow's husband, also a refugee, had been killed in 1956 in an accident.

In the camp in the evenings we spent our time writing letters, talking, and joining in the sing-songs for which the work camps are famous. We also tried to learn Egyptian from a phrase book which contained such useful phrases as "May your camels always have water"!

At last our visas arrived in Vienna so I went to collect them and to meet Denise who was to be our camp leader. However we had to wait twenty-four hours for the visas to be delivered and so I had a chance to explore the city while Denise went to Graz. I saw the Opera House, the Royal Palace and Saint Stephen's Cathe-

dral where all the bells were standing in the aisle waiting to be blessed before being hung. Next day I collected the visas and returned to Haid where for the first time the whole of the party for Egypt met together: Denise our camp leader, myself, work leader and six others; Peter an Australian, Lisa an American student, Glyn a student from London, Martin, a Swede, Mary who ran a café in Oxford and Jill who worked in her parents hamburger 'bar' in Shoreditch.

Next day we set out by train and arrived in Athens forty-six hours later. On the way through Jugoslavia Peter and I were arrested for taking photographs of an old peasant who seemed delighted to have his picture taken as far as we could see. However we were soon released when the deputy minister for economic affairs for Greece spoke up for us. It was lucky that we had met him on the train earlier! At Athens a young French workcamper met us with the news that the camp in Egypt had been cancelled. Difficulties over materials for our work had arisen and rather than risk failure the U.N. had cancelled the project.

We were very disappointed of course, but hadn't time to brood over that. We had to find somewhere to sleep, cancel our passage in the boat to Egypt and telegraph for more money from London as we hadn't enough to take us all back to Austria. We decided to spend two days in Athens while waiting for the money. So with Lisa's help we found a cheap hotel and rented the flat roof for ourselves and a small room for the girls. Luckily it didn't rain while we were there! We then explored the city and visited the Parthenon, the Royal Palace with the kilted Royal Guard standing to attention despite the blazing sun. One evening we explored the old town beneath the Acropolis. Much of the town, now in ruins was built by Hadrian who did not it seems, confine his activities to building defensive walls. In the moonlight we could imagine the town as it was. We found and stood on the spot where Paul spoke to the Athenians.

After two days the money had not arrived and so Jill and Mary went back to Linz via the sea route to Venice taking most of our luggage with them. After six days our resources were low and still no money had arrived so we decided to split up. The boys managed to scrape up enough money for a passage to Palestine where they could get work on a communal farm and we decided to hitch back. At first lifts were easy to come by but the second day there was very little traffic on the road and for a long time nothing passed us but a bus load of priests. At last a big timber lorry picked us up and we climbed up into the mountains late in the evening and about midnight stopped at a guest house where we met many soldiers from a nearby camp, and within half an hour we were joining in a sing-song and were treated to a display of Greek country dancing

to the accompaniment of music on a clarinet. After this we left and drove on through the night finding a bed in Yannina about three o'clock in the morning. We then hitched to the coast and took the ferry to Brindisi in the south of Italy, and hitched to Linz via Venice where we rested a day. I then hitched easily to Ostend and on Saturday, 20th November I reached Saffron Walden nearly a stone lighter and feeling fitter than for years.

*R.H.*

## *Wethersfield—Easter, 1961*

THIS year it was decided to hold two marches, as there had been so many people on the 1960 Aldermaston March. The second starting point chosen was Wethersfield, as it is a N.A.T.O. H-bomber base and about the same distance from London. The march assembled on the famous green at Finchingfield, special care being taken to see that it was not damaged and that no litter was left lying around. I read in one paper that the green was tidier after the marchers had gone, than it was before they came.

Unfortunately there was not the good weather of last year's March, the rain being particularly heavy on the Saturday and Monday mornings. This bad weather thinned the numbers on these days, those remaining getting thoroughly soaked. It dampened everyone's spirits to a certain extent, but with the help of singing (not worrying whether we could sing or not), we kept ourselves going, as it took our minds off our wet clothes, and blistered and aching feet.

Although there were some seven thousand on the first day, the march was quiet and solemn. Silence reigned as we passed the entrance to the Wethersfield base; the only guard on duty, wore plain clothes, all other Americans were 'confined to barracks'. After leaving Braintree on the second day, the march was split into groups about a hundred yards long, to help keep the traffic moving. Unfortunately the march lost some of its impressiveness because of this.

At Chelmsford the Essex police were very co-operative diverting the traffic from the city centre to allow the march to pass through undisturbed. After we left Chelmsford we passed what was, to me and and probably a large number of other marchers, the most encouraging thing on the whole march. There were three young children, with their parents, each holding a banner saying, "Catherine—Isobel—David, say thank you". "This", one Sunday paper said, "brought smiles to the faces of all the weary marchers."

The banners were all very good, but there was no doubt which was the best. It had a large dinosaur on it, with the following inscription, 'Too much armour, too little brain, now he's extinct'.

The slogans were just as wide and varied as the banners, e.g., 'Out with the Tories—Out with the Bomb—Labour to power—Minus the Bomb'. On the third day as we were passing the queues of cars and coaches going to Clacton, for their one square foot of beach, one of the marchers come out with this variation of 'Join the March'—"Leave your bus, and come with us!"

One of the most pleasing things to me on the march was the number of young people marching. It is we who have to worry about the bomb; we have a large part of our lives to live, while the politicians, who advocate the bomb, have lived most of theirs. It is we who are marching for freedom, freedom from the fear of extermination by the bomb. A lot of the older people marching, especially parents, were marching because they want their children to have a future free of the bomb. Most of those marching had thought about it before, but there were several people who were caught by the spirit of the march and had joined in.

To finish these few impressions of the march I can do no better than to quote from René Cutforth's programme on the march, 'Marching to demonstrate', which was broadcast on 12th April. He finished by saying: "With every increase of intolerance we have lost human sensitivity. And now it seems to me quite possible that these marchers, whatever their impact on the bomb, or the possible future impact of the bomb on them (these marchers), may well already be the only people still left alive in Britain."

*Terence Pollard, VII*

## *The "Plumb" Cup*

IN the Autumn Term of 1960, four fourth formers represented the school at the first Annual Road Safety Quiz. The representatives were David Pavitt, Peter Bullman, Andrew Lee, and myself, acting as captain. The four other schools competing were Saffron Walden Technical and Modern School, Newport Grammar, Herts and Essex High School for Girls and Stansted Secondary Modern. The winning school was to be presented with a delicate silver cup donated by Mr Plumb.

On Thursday, 17th November, knowing the Highway Code backwards, we went to Saffron Walden Town Hall, where the Quiz was to be held.

There was a good audience and at 7.30 p.m. the Quiz began. We each had three questions taken from 'The Highway Code' or 'Safe Cycling'. Each question carried six marks. We got fifty two marks out of a possible total of seventy-two.

It was a close match and we won it by only a few marks. Mr Plumb presented us with the cup. It was with mixed feelings that

we saw our photograph in the local newspaper the next week.

We hope that next year our successors will claim the cup for another year.

*Susan Kemp, IVa*

## "*Speak now . . .!*"

THIS year as a new experiment, the school has taken up the challenge of the David Davies Memorial Institute and organised a speech competition. The subject to be spoken on was any aspect of Race Relations, which gave much scope for initiative and variation in approach. A good start was made in what we hope may be an annual event, for five people decided to enter, and between them did a great deal of research and thoughtful investigation in order all to produce most convincing and enlightening cases against racialism in various fields.

The speech adjudged to be best was a fine effort in dramatic rhetoric, well based on telling argument and exposition, delivered by Owen Wells. We must all congratulate him on a well merited success. Other speakers were Robert Albarin and David Lindsey. It is worth mentioning that all five competitors were boys—girls, more action next year please!

It might be said as a suggestion for next year's competition that it would be preferable to cause the elimination round to be on *one* subject closely allied to the final subject, since this will cause too undue emphasis on rhetoric in the eliminating rounds to be somewhat modified. This is generally felt to be fairer on those who have put much hard work otherwise to be wasted, into their research.

We look forward to seeing and hearing yet more of this excellent work next year.

*David Lindsey, VII*

*The following is the text of the winning speech in the competition.*

## RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

Racial discrimination is immoral, a crime against humanity of the worst possible nature for it seeks to justify a creed which contravenes the basic religious precept, "All men are equal before God". It cannot be justified by any moral or ethical code. It is contrary to all natural law and yet by some remarkable process it survives, growing healthily in the fetid atmosphere of racialism, sapping the vitality of the human race, a cancerous outgrowth marring humanity. Even in this country where 'discrimination' and 'prejudice' are dirty words it has raised its ugly head. Many application forms bear, in small type, the words 'coloured persons not

employed', and in the words of last week's *Economist* "It is not an accident that only two Jews have been elected Conservative MPs in the past twenty years". I shall attempt to give a cause, effect, and cure for this social phenomenon which, despite its blatant immorality survives. But firstly I must explain that I shall use the term 'race' very unscientifically to mean a cultural or ethnic group for that is how it is most commonly used. I shall also use sociological jargon in that I shall refer to 'in-groups' and 'out-groups', an 'out-group' being the group against which discrimination is practised, an 'in-group' being the group which discriminates.

To proceed then to the cause of racial discrimination. There is naturally not just one reason but a combination of several. Firstly irrational and illogical prejudices are a cause. These survive only through lack of education and blind belief of perversions of the truth, spewed out by certain pseudo-scientists of the nineteenth century and resurrected by Hitler and other similar racists. The assertions that Negroes are lazy, unintelligent, dirty, immoral, childish or oversexed are not born out by any scientific evidence; and the same goes for assertions which are commonly made about Jews or any other race. Only through sheer ignorance are these lies perpetuated.

Secondly come guilt complexes. This may seem strange, but I quote from the U.N.E.S.C.O. *Courier* on Racism, "One reason why so many 'whites' from the Southern States of the U.S.A. are so virulent in their expression of racial prejudice is probably that, deep down, they feel guilty about the way in which the Negroes have been treated". This might just as well apply to Anti-Semitism in Europe.

Thirdly comes a list of fears, but these only apply in countries where a minority is suppressing the majority. First among these fears is fear of Political Domination, that is to say, fear that the majority will gain political control, and as the minority will lose their exalted place in the community, fear that their property will be confiscated and fear that they will be governed by an intellectually inferior race.

The second fear is fear of Economic Domination, that is to say, fear that money and property will come to rest with members of the majority, so that they will no longer have any need for the minority as employers and bosses and that the minority will then be unable to afford the luxuries to which they have become accustomed. Under this heading also comes the fear that economic sanctions will be taken by the majority against the minority. Sanctions including strikes and boycotts, methods which have been employed successfully in some countries.

The third fear is fear of Cultural Domination. The minority fear that their culture may be swamped by the indigenous culture

and that their way of life may be lost and replaced by a more savage, less civilised culture not based on the same standards of materialism.

The last fear is fear of revenge should racial discrimination be abolished and should power come to rest with the majority.

Those I think are the causes of racial discrimination and now it might be instructive to examine its effects. The first is obvious. It gives rise to resentment which leads to hatred which leads to a burning desire for revenge. For who would not be resentful when excluded from a good education and a chance to develop his abilities to the full, when excluded from the best of everything, when separated at all times from that which he comes to desire. This burning desire for revenge may well lead to violent demonstrations, bloodshed, terrorism and even war, as in Algeria. This violent hatred may then be the cause of the sadistic fringe of the 'in-group' indulging in brutality and sadism with impunity as shown by the beating to death of eleven Mau Mau prisoners in Kenya. It is fortunate that few men are so inclined.

Because education is denied to the 'out-group' there is little opportunity for them to produce responsible and well educated leaders. This leads the 'in-group' to look down still more upon the 'out-group'.

Thus the effects of racial discrimination are contempt, hatred and violence.

It is obvious that racial discrimination is evil from these effects alone, it is therefore our bounden duty to attempt to cure it, but how? The cure is I think education.

Education of the 'out-group' so that the 'in-group' have nothing to fear in the way of domination by savages. This would also produce responsible, cultured leaders who could guide their people's resentment into non-violent activities; Ghandi is the example 'par excellence' of such a leader.

There should also be education of the 'in-group' so that irrational and illogical prejudices are removed from their minds and so that they may understand that the only difference between the races is one of outlook on life. If they are British is might be useful to cite what, I hope, is an example of an incorrect prejudice, namely that Cicero advised Altiens not to buy British slaves because "they are so utterly stupid and incapable of learning". Above all education should stress that there are no physical differences between the races apart from the deposition of a little more or less melanin in the skin, and that there are no differences in mental capabilities between the races.

However it is not enough to say to somebody else, "Racial discrimination is evil this is how you can cure it". We must each of us take positive action to bring about its swift eradication, and

to do this we must never tolerate racial discrimination anywhere without protest. We must never prejudice anyone because of his race. We must never show any racial discrimination ourselves, such as avoiding sitting next to Negroes in buses or cafés. We must always use tact in case what we intend as an innocuous remark is taken as a personal affront because of race. We must never use such terms as 'nigger', 'black' or 'Jew' in a derogatory fashion. We must never be kind to a person because of his race, that is as bad as the reverse, we must always treat them as we would treat any other person—with friendship and courtesy. We should not economically support any government which approves of racial discrimination by buying their produce, and lastly, if you think, as I do, that it does good, you should demonstrate non-violently against racial discrimination.

In conclusion I would like to sum up my beliefs by reading the five points decided on by the World Conference of Friends in their tercentenary year, concerning the racial problem. They concisely cover all my opinions on this subject.

1. We deny any scientific basis for the myth of racial superiority or inferiority.
2. We consider ourselves, and all men, the children of one loving Father and therefore brothers, one with another.
3. We believe in the dignity of human personality.
4. Accepting as we must individual differences of capacity and of intelligence among members of all nations and so called races, we nevertheless recognize that all men deserve equal opportunity to develop to the limit of their individual ability.
5. We cannot accept the present racial discrimination as necessary or right and therefore we feel impelled to take individual and corporate action to eradicate it.

*Owen R. Wells, VI2*

## *Friends' School visits Berlin*

A BACH piano concerto makes a good lullaby for me, even if it is being played most beautifully in Frederick the Great's Armoury on Unter den Linden. We applauded gratefully, and made our way out into the courtyard for the interval. The concert should have been held out there, under the velvet-black sky, with the carefully-restored stone masks of Frederick's Dying Warriors looking down on us; but Britain had been exporting weather to Berlin, so the music was played indoors.

We had arrived the previous evening; we were already accustomed to the slightly odd vowel-sounds in our names—in David and Martin, in Barbara, Marion, Susan and Jennifer, in Sara, Joan and

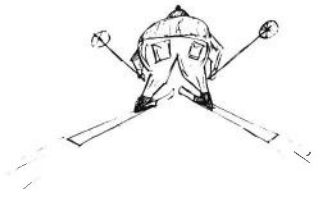
April, in Dodie, Ann and Judy and Marjorie, whilst the TH in Cuthbert defeated most of our friends altogether. (Meanwhile Barbara Cutts had gone to stay with the Suchans at Zehlendorf, and Grethe Hansen had gone to play with refugee children in no-man's land on the edge of the Eastern Zone.)

We were to stay nearly three weeks: we were just with our hosts for most of the time, living the family life of Berlin people. On a few occasions we all did things together: we had a garden-party in Siemensstadt; we visited the broadcasting studios of Sender Freies Berlin; we hired a coach and toured both West and East Berlin; and during the last few days of our stay the autumn term had begun, so we went to school with our hosts. Most of us had already been to school in Paris, so that we were used to the idea of a school being just separate classes, with no occasion on which the whole school came together.

Near our school was a bronze plaque set in a wall. It impressed me so deeply that perhaps I may quote the inscription: 'Here a synagogue used to stand. It was destroyed in the night of terror of the 9th November, 1938. During the years of National Socialism, many of our Jewish fellow-citizens had to set out from this place upon their last journey. Their memory is not forgotten.' (On that night thousands of Jewish shops were looted, synagogues burnt down, Jews murdered; and the Jewish community had to pay a fine of a million marks to make good the damage done.) That plaque is for me the hallmark of the new spirit of Berlin: of humility and good taste, that have taken the place of the swagger and bluster of the days of the Kaiser and of Hitler. We saw the same good taste in the behaviour of the audience at the Schiller-Theater, the same concern for the oppressed when we all spent a harrowing morning at the main Berlin reception-camp for refugees, to which about 550 people a day were managing to make their way from Eastern Germany; and it is easy to sense the same quality of the open mind in the fascinating architecture of the Hansa district, near which most of us lived, and where we went to school.

We had expected to come back home with our German friends by plane, but were let down; so we hired a coach, which took us in twelve hours to Cologne Youth Hostel. We spent the next day exploring the Rhine Gorge; certain Sixth Formers even chased our steamer in a taxi! We rose at four next morning to drive through Belgium to Ostende. Our German guests spent the next couple of weeks at our homes, and spent a day at school here at the beginning of term. Our thanks go whole-heartedly to our Berlin hosts and especially to Frau Dr Walter.

*E.K.O.*



## *Les Marécottes*

IT was too much to hope that everyone would arrive at Victoria on time, but it was rather exceptional that one member of the party would forget to turn up at all! Nevertheless, minus one, the school ski-ing party to Switzerland departed in high spirits from Victoria Station bound for Les Marécottes. The Channel crossing was eventful, for not only was it blowing almost a gale, and raining viciously, but there was even a thunderstorm in mid-channel. That the journey had gone so far without any other hitches, was itself an achievement, but another member boarded the wrong train at Calais, a fact only realised after the correct train had left.

The school party arrived at Les Marécottes at the late hour, or so it seemed, of 11 a.m., after a 5 a.m. breakfast at Basle station where one of the missing members turned up. The first impression of Les Marécottes, was like the photographs of Switzerland in winter, very picturesque, and placid. It always remained picturesque, but never placid. Even walking up the 'high street' (no more, in fact, than a not very wide footpath) life was endangered by little Swiss, and some very unskilful British, dare-devil sledge riders. Pedestrians took only second place in their highway code.

The day's routine was varied: the mornings we had to ourselves, while the afternoon was taken up with the ski-ing lessons. Breakfast on the first morning began prompt at 8 a.m., but during our stay it grew later till it ran from 8 to 10 a.m. Everyone had their first lesson and some their first taste of snow, the first afternoon. How easy ski-ing seemed at first, down the very gentle slope. "No trouble at all" declared our group leader, but dramatically he fell, just as the first motion picture of him was being taken. Lessons progressed steadily as the days went by, even if some of the skiers progressed less steadily.

Every party has its comics, but ski-ing produces the best examples. Certain members who could not stop would often be seen fast disappearing down the mountain-slope until some well placed drift stopped them. But then there was the business of getting out of the drift, particularly hard if your legs and skies were mixed up. The harder one tried the more difficult it became, until in sheer desperation the skies would be taken off, only to discover, too late, that one would be proceeding on its way without you. But that is all part of ski-ing.

Though language, on the whole, was a very small barrier, one boy, asking for a bath did manage to receive a piece of bread for

his pains! Also we were not without our accidents, though none, luckily, were very serious. After a week, however, and several days preliminary diagnosis, which proved the efficiency of the Swiss medical service, it was discovered that one of our party was suffering from mumps. It must have been a non-contagious variety, for, though he was not removed from the bedroom which he shared with his fellows, no-one else caught the infection.

The night-life, for such a small resort, would have done credit to Soho, for every café (and every other chalêt was a café or hotel) had its own juke-box. The favourite was a café called the 'Chaperon Rouge', which was frequently visited, that is, until 9.30 p.m.! Ice-hockey under flood-lights was another evening's entertainment, at which the sporting British crowd were very much at home, so much so, that one excited spectator, of our group, actually argued with the referee. But ice-hockey is certainly the fastest and one of the toughest and most thrilling games to be seen. The only disadvantage was the cold.

There are of course many instances and scenes which will stick in the mind for ever. The breathtaking view from La Creusaz, taking in the Mont Blanc range of mountains and the Rhône valley, a view which words cannot capture. Phrases such as "Shtem!", and "skies parallel", a certain tune from the juke-box; the stillness and sensation of riding the ski-lift and countless other memories made this holiday the most enjoyable that many of us could have wished for.

*David Wicks and others*

## *Modern Jousting*

THE Joûtes de Sète, on the French Mediterannean coast, are renowned throughout the region for their toughness of combat. Basically, the two contestants stand each on the prow of a gondola and attempt to knock their opponent off his perch with an iron-tipped lance, whilst deflecting the rival thrust with a wooden shield. However, that is only a minor part of the whole event.

Already in the early morning, crowds have gathered around the broad canal piercing the heart of the town. A vast stand squats on one bank, crammed with the noblesse of the region. Italian, German, Spanish and French voices blend as the merits of the favourites are argued. The contestants clamber into their boats, and the drums and fifes on each boat start up. Smoothly yet swiftly the oarsmen catch the beat. Faster and faster flash the oars.

"En avant le bateau rouge, en avant le bleu" shrill the loud-speakers. The boats race towards each other, the contestants adopting a stirring pose, lance outstretched, shield raised in front of the body. They near . . . and suddenly they are past. No strike.

The boats laboriously turn round, the whole procedure is repeated. The red boat's contestant looks more at ease, and now with a superb strike, he plunges his shaft into the shield of his opponent, who jerks and then sails overboard in a graceful dive, whilst shouts of "Il est brave, ce garçon!" mingle with the boos of the beaten man's supporters.

As the next challenger creaked his way on to the platform secured to the prow of his boat, an expectant murmur rippled through the crowd: "C'est Bernard. Qu'il est immense!"

The burly sixteen stone fisherman stood impassively, cradling his heavy lance as though it were a twig. The musicians took up their urgent strains, and with an ominous roll of drums, the contestants struck. Bernard received the blow stolidly, with scare a movement to testify to the power of the strike. His unfortunate opponent staggered, reeled and slipped overboard, limbs flailing.

Time and time again Bernard imperiously felled his opponents. From fever pitch, the crowd's excitement ebbed, spluttered and died. All the while Bernard took his monotonous toll.

"It est tombé!"

Yells focussed our attention on the never-to-be-forgotten sight of a hulking carcase, shield pinned to his body by a lance, toppling backwards into the boat with a mighty thud. His conqueror, a mere wisp of a man, danced with glee, slipped and nearly fell in, leaving Bernard behind to disentangle himself from the unfortunate oarsmen on whom he had fallen.

So the games continued throughout the day, interspersed with several exciting, even dangerous, moments. At one point a contestant would not accept the jury's ruling, and despite the pleadings of the president and his father, would not dismount until his honour had been upheld. This was manna for the crowd, who rose up as one and gave the youth a tremendous ovation. Rioting nearly broke out when another man was disqualified, wrongly so in the opinion of the crowd, and to the sound of boos and cat-calls, he burst his way through the crowd, nearly precipitating several people into the water, and strode up to the jury box. After swearing at the jury and telling them what fine chaps they were, he was finally arrested when he tried to lay hands on the president.

Now the day came to a close, and, with our ears ringing with the sound of the bands and the cries of the crowd, as we watched the fireworks display that inevitably followed, we could not help shivering at the tales of some of the old men. How people had been pierced in the eye or through the chest with the lances, and how several times the boats had collided, with disastrous consequences.

All at once, a magnificent burst of rockets, heralded the pièce de résistance, a pyrotechnic portrait of the joûtier—the idol of the day.

*Robert Albarin, VI2*

# LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

## *Impressions of the Friends' School*

I AM attempting to write this article without any prejudices which you may understand is not easy when I have been educated for five years in a Technical and Secondary Modern School in which there is a preponderance of secondary modern pupils. This rather long name has been in the past, and still is, being shortened to 'the New School', which I think has led to some misunderstanding.

The Friends' School is fortunate in having as well as its traditions, a strong body of old scholars all over the world who are very loyal and supporting to their school. I think that this old scholars' organization is one of the backbones of the school—a backbone which my old school has not yet acquired. After ten years of existence it is still an experiment and we are only now beginning to see its products.

I do not think that there are enough pupils of intelligence to lead the school and to co-operate with the teachers. The Technical side is in the minority and unless a person in the Technical or 'A' stream is strong-minded enough to have the situation in perspective how easy it is to have his other sense of values lowered. Surely, if the secondary and grammar school pupils were together in equal abundance but in graded classes the latter could raise the standard of thought.

In the question of standard of thought there is an important difference between the schools. Basically education in both Technical and Grammar school is the same. I was taught almost the same as scholars of the same age at the Friends' with the exception of German and Latin. Yet at the Friends' School the people are achieving something extra which I noticed almost at once. They are achieving, on the whole, what might be called self-education; the Friends' School Library has a lot in its favour here. There should be a more extensive library in the Technical school which must be *used*—a higher sense of responsibility and above all of self-confidence. The boarding school influence comes in here. The pupils have to be guided without the help of the parents. Another factor of the boarding school influence is that everyone knows each other more intimately. They know how the other person is going to react. In some ways this is a good thing. But, in the boarding school where pupils are inevitably going to make their own entertainment by debating, opinions become somewhat limited perhaps. Everyone knows everyone else's views and thus lack a certain stimulation which the day scholar gains from meeting people both at home and at school.

I have been asked my views on the numbers in both schools. There are over a thousand pupils in my old school as compared with approximately 360 in the Friends' School. On viewing this seems a big difference. People say, "How do you know everyone?" The answer is—you don't, if you do not wish to, and I think the same would apply at the Friends! To me the school did not seem much bigger than the Friends' School. Admittedly at first I was late for lessons but the same situation arose here. I still muddle up Z North and Z South and have to think about X and Y and as for which rooms are 14, 15 and 16 . . ! I have been asked whether I think that pupils do not get sufficient attention from teachers. I found that my work was well looked after and I did not feel I was not getting enough attention. Out of the approximate thousand pupils only about 200 were in the Technical stream and we had very good teachers who were all very conscientious and we did not feel at all crowded.

I realise that if the character of the Friends' School were ever changed the whole district would feel a sense of loss. I wonder if we are all aware of the value of this longstanding school surrounded by the beautiful old town?

*Virginia Sowdon, VII*

## "*Friday*"

TO me the impressions created by the word Friday are always of, borrowing the words of the White Queen, "Jam tomorrow, and jam yesterday, but never jam today"; for Friday is a day of looking forward, in fact the opposite to Monday, which fate has labelled 'Jam yesterday'. What I mean is, that Friday has nothing in particular to offer of its own except in being the leading note to the weekend.

I think that everyone in my native world of suburbia looks forward most to the weekend. It may have been from them that I myself caught this disease, or through my inherent laziness admirably illustrated in my 'could do better' school reports. It is therefore through my longing for Saturday, and detest of Monday that I find Friday tedious; for this is the day when the tube train home is always slow and hot, and the high yellow street lamps of outer London stifle you with hazy dust from the grey arterial roads.

Most of you will at some time or other have been to a first class cricket match at Lords, the Oval, or in this part of the world at Fenners. The afternoon's play is satisfying though often rather sleepy, but this probably a reflection on me rather than the cricket; and then the bails are removed for tea. This afternoon period I wish to present to you as Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the days of the week when everything is in full swing. Then after tea

a bell is rung in the pavilion to warn the spectators to regain their seats. This period between the bell and the first ball after tea might well be said to represent Friday, it is a period of tidying up loose ends, the spectators in this instance, and preparing for the big moment, the first ball or Saturday.

My memories of Friday afternoons when I was still at my Junior School remain vivid, although probably inaccurate, for I always remember them as having been in summer, hot and grimy. At the end of the school day, we would leave the typically late Victorian school buildings, whose walls bulged with overcrowding, and collect our bicycles from the coal cum bicycle shed. We would ride off for little more than a hundred yards and then dismount and push the bicycles the rest of the way up the short hill which then appeared a veritable South Col. The sun-saturated housing estate which we passed through had tarmac roads which melted in the heat and glued up our bicycle wheels along with grit, cigarette, and ice cream cartons from the gutters. Once at home, for a thirst quenching treat the water mains would taste strongly of chlorine, part of the Metropolitan Water Board's health scheme in summer months.

You have seen in these few words, that to me Friday is a day of tomorrow, a day of looking forward. As a day in its own right, it has always been mistrusted and riddled with superstition, rooted in its being the day of the Crucifixion. It has also long been known as 'pay day', a financial passport to a merry weekend.

Today is Friday, and I look forward to tomorrow for although Friday's child was loving and giving, I am glad I was born on a Thursday. *John Welton, VI²*

## *1812*

HIDEOUS bridges
Formed of corpses
The untimely vertiges of stateliness.
My love is not like these dull red roses
Nor my body as
These longitudinal sections of death
Which concentrate themselves before my very eyes.
But some escaped thereby.

Bitter cold death
Biting off buds
Already withered by the heat of the day.
Not the glory of the noise, Tchaikovsky
But silence : like
A deaf man sleeping the sleep of a child.
To concentrate their paths before the farce of life,
They finger crucifix idly. *Susan Pellowe, VI¹*

## *On looking through a Book of Quotations*

"THE greatest of all Celtic heroes was Cuchulain, who, in one legend, died fighting the waves of the sea, slashing their crowns off with his sword."

Think. Arresting, is it not? Does it not seem an epitomy of man's greatness—as seen by man—and yet, inexplicably and simultaneously, futile and ridiculous?

I'm sorry. I've looked into all the usual sources, and I cannot tell you the answer to the riddle, and nor can I tell you wherein lies this greatness. Or smallness.

How about this :

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that thou visitest him? For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour."

Or this :

"What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How noble in faculty! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god! . . . and yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust?"

Well, there you are: the Bible and Shakespeare, and neither know the answer.

Please, somebody, please! I'll present you with anything, positively anything—a set of gold-plated teaspoons, if you like—if you can tell me the answer. Should you look . . . maybe in one of those intriguing groves where the Greek gods used to roam and make love; or in the utmost sepulchre of the pyramids—you might find the answer.

But I suppose you wouldn't tell me if you did find it. That would be mean, but after all, what's my reward compared with the applied answer to the conundrum of man's greatness?

It is extraordinary, but you (even you!) could have access to greatness itself; but the word has many meanings. You might be a celibate (oh, why so closely allied to halibut?) living in the backwoods, greater than the greatest of the prophets; or an artist of artists, which is just another way of saying Prophets of Prophets; or a conqueror, more titanic than Alexander or Napoleon. Here let there be peace over the order of merit given to leaders of men, for we cannot forget the words of R. W. Livingstone :

"Most readers are dazzled by the genius and achievements of [men like] Frederick the Great, Napoleon and Bismarck, and ignore the perhaps more permanent result of their lives that they impressed on the plastic mind of man a false ideal."

So perhaps the gentleman concerned may be no conqueror. He

could be of entirely revolutionary calibre: perhaps the democratic and benevolent psychologist?

Oh dear.

What a lot of wind and no progress.

And so, to come to a rude but useful conclusion (rude because there is no conclusion to this question if we are to be rational; but I beg to leave rationality—and eternity—to my superiors), I quote one critic who is obviously in need of a new job :

"Is this a time to scratch for mental fleas; or for a poet to mutter in a corner, 'Somebody show me a new way to express futility'?"

*Gillian King, VII*

## *Nature's 'Cello*

SMOOTHLY blending curves
Merging subtly into one harmonious whole.
Taut, tensile gut-like nerves
Stretched tight across a living soul.
Waiting for unknown hands
To coax some hidden song
From its buried springs of music.

The flowing lines and patterns of the grain,
Imperceptibly, like rivulets diverge
With the even, swelling contour of the plain,
Then equally imperceptibly, converge.

At times like fumes of heady, wafted wine
Weighed down with heavy opium-laden scent,
At others, sharp and thrilling to the spine.
As if in caverns deep it had been pent.
Its liquid range of tone and human feeling
Transcends man's futile efforts to express himself
In poems written down on bits of paper—such as this.

*Richard Whiteman, VII*

## *The Story of the Meringues*

ONCE upon a time there was a Big Meringue. It was very old, and was surrounded by a whole court of smaller and less adult meringues, with pedigrees which went back nearly as far in time as the Life of the Big Meringue Itself. The Big Meringue was a Very Important Meringue, and, for that matter, still is, which is why it is so important to tell you all about It.

The Meringue has ancestors going for 10,000 years, some of whom were very influential indeed in their own day, but none of whom were half so important as this offspring of theirs is now. The history of the Big Meringue is shrouded in the mists of time particularly in the earliest part of Its existence. We do know that It is getting on for fourteen hundred years old, and that It began as a very lowly creature indeed. We also know that Its years of affluence began about one thousand years ago, and that It has waxed mightily ever since.

So far has been mere preamble: anyone who cares to can read a full, but lurid, account of Its development until about twenty years ago, or even more recently than that, if they are prepared to consult the colourful columns of a school history book. Its growth since then has been fantastic, but very inadequately chronicled, and shrouded in Clouds of Distortion, which adds to the confusion, and it was because of this and the importance of Its development to our civilization that the following revealing and sensational account has been prepared.

The Meringue today is vaster than It has ever been before. Its exact volume is unknown since every team of surveyors which has ever set out to investigate Its size has been blinded by the glare from Its sides, and so completely overawed by Its Presence that they have been unable to investigate It fully. However It has been estimated to be of about the base area of Scotland, and of a corresponding height, being of a perfect Meringue shape. The brightness of Its surface is beyond comprehension, and it is reported that only a very few surveyors have ever escaped blinding by Its powerful radiance, and they were wearing Sunglasses.

The Meringue, for all Its imposing bulk, is quite hollow, and is made of a substance so diffuse, and of such a light and feathery texture, that one man can lift It in the palm of his hands with ease. One man does in fact do just this quite regularly, and he is known to be quite weak. A Strong Man could easily cast It to the ground and destroy It altogether, were it not for the fact that an army of Giants, Trolls, and Scorpions guard It day and night to forestall just such an accident. The Meringue is known to be quite friable, and the Winds of Change are continually eroding It away, so that a vast brigade of people must be kept at toil in an incessant struggle to repair Its fabric. So great is the effort required to maintain It that whole civilizations have been ruined, in the past, in the economic drive required to do so. The whole economy of a certain nation has been geared to the task, with disastrous results on its people's welfare. Indeed, it is widely known that nearly one third of the resources of that country's government are wasted away upon the upkeep of this all-devouring Thing, from which may be

gathered the size of Its Insatiable Appetite for raw material and labour.

For most of Its history this Meringue has been a Bright and Dazzling White, but it is recorded that, a few years ago, an attempt was made to relieve the monotony of this monochromatism, and a vast expenditure was made on the task of daubing It with a bright Blue dye. The attempt was abortive, and resulted in a Streaky mess, the aethetic effect of which so displeased the common people, and, more important, the Tin Gods who created It, that the programme was scraped, and the whole of the dyed surface re-vitrified in a more dazzling and pleasing white than before. It was widely known at the time that this signal failure consumed a vast Effort, and sum of about £100,000,000, and created a not inconsiderable amount of discontent. The success of other attempts to colour the Meringue has been conspicuous only by its absence, but the good work still goes on, and, it is confidently expected (N.B.—at time of publication this confidence is quite rightly declining) that success will Soon be Achieved. In order that Success may be soon only the very best ingredients go into the repair and extension of the Meringue, with a corresponding expense and pauperization of those from whom the means to provide these materials is extracted. The people pay their tributes to this All-Devouring Monster, however, without a murmur, which at first sight might seem surprising. But careful investigation reveals that years of conditioning have made their minds succumb to the terror which attends the Meringue, and the payment of tithes to It (which may easily amount to a full quarter of a man's income) is a Duty which Every Man is fully Expected To Do.

It is doubtful whether even the most patriotic citizen would Do His Duty if it were not for these factors, however: the great conditioning to obedience of his mind by a subversive and insidious scheme of Propaganda, exhorting his faithful servitude to his Master; the belief, false, inspired by this same falsehood, that the Meringue would protect him and his kin were they ever to be attacked by the Blunt-Bodied Bully Beetles; and the continuous supply of small meringues with which he is stuffed, and by the consumption of which he is himself consumed.

Having come so far I must pass on to a detailed reference to these three things. The Propaganda, let it be understood, has subdued all but a small minority of the people, so that they now have no mind of their own but that of the Meringue and the Tin Gods. It is of an insidious sort that corrupts absolutely, and is almost perfectly invincible. It is given in conjunction with the small meringues (see hereafter) from which it is now almost inseparable.

The Blunt-Bodied Bully Beetles require some explanation. That they exist is undeniable, but their belligerence and ferocity

have been distorted and magnified with a deceit that is quite incredible. That they should attack the People is a remote contingency: that the Meringue would preserve the lives and property of the People if they ever were to attack is a damnable humbug and a vile deception altogether, and is the Propagandists chief defence for the maintainance of the Meringue. It is well known that the Blunt-Bodied Bully Beetles could reduce the Meringue to a fine powder, and the People to death and misery, within a small part of an hour if they so desired. The Propagandists claim that it is only the extreme brightness of the Meringue that deters them from doing so, but it is equally true that if it were not for the Meringue the Beetles would take no notice of the People or their country whatsoever, and they would be equally protected from aggression. This second alternative appears to be the better policy, for then the People would have no need to pay the ruinous tithes and taxes by the burden of which they are so oppressed as things are now.

The little meringues are not small versions of the Big Meringue, but are quite different. They have bright colours and are composed almost entirely of sugar and saccharine. (The Big Meringue is very bitter.) The general idea is that these candies should be the Food of the People, which, being of a sweet and sticky consistency, will promote Content and Apathy. They are dished out with large quantities of Propaganda, and Sedatives, so that the People are duped into accepting the hand that feeds them as that of a benevolent and loving guardian, rather than as the claw of a malevolent and blackguardly trickster, which, far from caring for them in a loving and generous spirit, in fattening them up for its own consumption in a most evil and fiendish way.

Now everyone knows these facts about meringues, big or little. They are delicious, and an excellent confection, and so produce content, and are a useful means wherewith to quieten the irritable and fractious child. They are also composed of Gas, for the greater part, and of sweet and sticky Sugar for the rest; because of this they are no suitable basis for a diet, for the people to whom they are fed will receive no substance for their nourishment but an insipid and poisonous mush, which quickly make them ill. Their bodies may become tolerant of the poison to some extent, but in no way can the ruination of their health be prevented, if they are fed only on meringues.

This point, which has been explained with much care, is very important, for it is upon just such a diet that the People are now being fed. True, Drugs and Propaganda are mixed into the meringue mixture so that the otherwise inevitable pains resulting from this vile diet will not be felt, though the corruption and rotting of their systems proceeds insidiously, and incessantly, just the same. It would be of great benefit to the People if these horrible

meringues, both Big and small, could be cleared out of their systems and banished for ever, and be replaced by a more wholesome diet from which the Poisons, Propaganda and Big Meringue myths were excluded: but this cannot be, for the Tin Gods, and the meringues, cannot be usurped without some sort of uprising or revolution which the People have been made too apathetic to stage, and it is upon this painful and melancholy reflection that this dissertation upon the meringues must be closed.

*Roger West, VII*

## "*Rattles, Roars and Rosettes*"

IT was the most moving match I had ever seen. I was very near to tears all the way home. At the final whistle comes that feeling of infinite sadness on the realisation that even that vast urging roar cannot change it now. It is all over. The bottom drops out of the world. All our hopes and fears are ended by one shrill blast. "Hard luck Alex", said Tom and Sid and the rest. But their words had no meaning any more. They had not been there, they did not know.

FROM the Potteries they came, resplendent in black and gold,
To disturb the peace and quiet of the Essex county town;
To the Stadium they went, with its claret and its white,
To uphold the football prestige of the town of Stoke-on-Trent.
There were nine thousand people, Chelmsford to a man,
Urging on their favourites, to glory in the Cup,
Roaring like the Hampden roar the Scottish know so well:
Hoping to revive again, the thoughts of twenty years ago,
Of Darlington, of Birmingham, of victory so sweet.
Out into the sunlight came the men in red and white,
Out onto the mud and sand that was New Writtle Street;
There came the City, their thoughts, intentions high.
In goal brave David Evans, his nerves must be on edge,
His last Cup memories haunting White Hart Lane
Where luckless Alexandra let in thirteen Tottenham goals.
In front of Evans, like two eagles in their tackle pounce,
Terry Hayward, right-back, and Peter Gillott, left.
Hayward from West Ham, that raw East London soccerden:
Gillott from poor Barnsley, president Richards men.
In front of these, three trusty warriors take the field:
Len Phillips, whose dainty feet have known the Wembley turf,
And have kicked the ball to the glory of their England.
Derek Tiffin, sturdy, strong and keen, the captain of the team,
Hailing from nearby Brentwood, his life in Southern League.
On their left, Eddie Rayner, who like Port Vale the enemy

Had recently left the Midlands, but to join the Chelmsford Club.
These were the defence who fought the rearguard action.
In front of these the forwards, fleet of foot and skilful;
Mercurial Harry Taylor from Newcastle led the line.
At inside-right, with crew-cut hair and dynamite right foot
Tony Butcher, a local lad, the idol of the Chelmsford crowd.
Les Brown the Scottish winger, Dumbarton his home town;
Mike Barnard, whose Roman nose the Portsmouth fans once knew,
Once the darling of proud Pompey, who since have fallen low.
Last to come, winger Geoffrey Walker, the little Yorkshire man,
Bradford, Middlesbrough, Doncaster, these have known him.
These were the eleven men, who carried the Chelmsford flag
Out into the sunlight, to do battle and to die.

In the opening minutes, the game runs fast and strong,
Back and forth across the slime; peat to lay the wet.
The exchanges equal, City give move for muddy move,
Man for man they match Port Vale, the club from division three.
But now the black and gold pushes back the red and white.
And Dennis Fidler's centre meets Cliff Portwood's noble head
To glance the ball past Evans; and the City go behind.
There is no stopping the 'Potters' now, wave after wave attacks,
And it is no surprise when Portwood slithers through
To hammer a shot past Evans and give a two-goal lead.
Half-time brings a brief respite from peering in the murk;
The misty air swirls in round the terraces and stands,
Under the yellow floodlights, a battery in each corner.
The sunlight has given way to the Winter's icy chill.
Out come the City to fight again in the second half,
But even with nine thousand men, they cannot stop the 'Vale
For whom right-winger Jackson beats Evans for the third.
But now the thrills are on, the mud will level off the teams;
The Cup-tie spirit catches up the crowd; they roar, they shout,
When all seems lost. Len Phillips has the ball
He holds his place, beats one man, the another,
Swings his trusty boot: over goes the ball, up go the heads . . .
"It's there ! It's there ! It's in the net !" and City score a goal,
Mike Barnard's flashing header swings fortune in the field.
And now the claret and white onslaughts the black and gold,
Attack, attack pours on the tottering defence,
"It's there again ! It's in the net !" there's City's number two;
While Barnard hugs and kisses all like Real Madrid,
The fans let loose, New Writtle Street erupts with joy;
The rattles, the roar, the rosettes, all the thrills of the Cup.
Deliriously we screamed when Taylor rounded all
To dribble past the goalkeeper, to walk in past the post

To score the third. Dancing with joy he turned
To the embraces of his colleagues; in with a chance again.
But it was not to be; referee Alf Sturgeon in black and white
Of Christmas, of Dartford and Gravesend match fame,
Decreed off-side, and disallowed a hard-earned goal.
Try as they would, City couldn't breach the Vale again,
And the Midlands triumphed to enter in round two.
The final whistle went, the fans turned their heads once more,
And left disconsolate for home and evening meal.

The floodlights are off, the mist comes in and down,
Enveloping the battle field in sorrow and in tears.
A forlorn programme flutters in the now empty stand.
We left to dream of next year, and of greater things to come;
Stout hearts had failed, broken hearts left the Stadium cold,
Where once the roars of Chelmsford men had beaten back the 'Vale,
Its over now, Birmingham, Southampton are memories still,
We cannot change it now, City have left the Wembley trail.
They fought and lost, but gloried in defeat.

*Noel Clark, VI²*

THIS poem should be read with slow deliberation to the accompaniment of an intermittent clicking of the fingers at one second intervals.

This "cool" poem reflects the instability of the world situation today.

Like I says man.
All Africa man.
Cool.
Movin' independence wise.
Moochy.
Make it with the K's man. Vienna wise.
Don't split the scene (like I says)
Musty Musty Moscow man Marxwise
Like I

*R. Harper, C. Hayes, VI¹*

## *The Interview*

WONDER what they'll ask me—awkward questions, no doubt—full of twists—wish these stairs weren't so steep . . . fourth floor at last! Weedy old fogey there—better ask him the way.

"Could you . . ." "Mr Albarin?" "Yes, I . ."

"This way please."

Wish he wouldn't be so abrupt—must see I'm nervous—where to now? Oh, oh, conference chamber—stand straight, look intelligent . . . rather a lot of chairs—big table—magazines? Hey no one's here.

"Would you wait here until called for."

Might as well take a pew—comfy chairs here . . . what's this? Huh, latest blurb on X.Y.Z.—suppose there could be something of interest . . . X.Y.Z. make the biggest turbines . . . X.Y.Z. have recently been awarded a £10 million contract . . . largest oil-filled cable . . . smallest bore-piping . . . bigger xenon-arc lamp . . . biggest . . . largest . . . most expensive . . . yawn . . .

"Mr Albarin. Would you follow me, please?"

—big chance—mustn't show that I'm nervous—

"Mr Albarin? How do you do. Please sit down."

Seems inoffensive—ugh, he's got a wart on his nose—otherwise looks neat—rather small office—smokes a pipe—Blue Nun Tobacco, warm . . . can see the Thames from here . . .

"Now, why have you applied for this scholarship?"

"Oh . . . (try good old X.Y.Z. stuff? no use.) . . . oh, well, I suppose I wanted the money."

"And don't we all, hah! hah! hah!!"

—What teeth—more like a dentist's happy hunting ground—bet he's got bad breath . . .

"What is your favourite branch of electrical engineering?"

Gulp!—electrical engineering? me? —must have said something about it in application form.

"I wouldn't go quite so far as to say that I have some favourite branch of electrical engineering. I suppose I am more interested in engineering as a whole. A research physicist is more my line."

Phew—hope he swallows the bait—now what?

"A most interesting book. I shall have to read it some time especially after your comprehensive introduction."

—that a sarcastic remark? —wasted 15 minutes anyway— this place is stuffy—reminds me of S.F. book—martian flailing tentacles as though swimming in the air . . .

"I think that's all I need to know. I shall be writing to you soon. Good day."

"Good day."

—safety at last—was that an ordeal!—commissionaire Rake still there—poor fellow—lousy boring job . . .

. . . great fun running down steps . . .

. . . good clean London air at last . . .

*Robert Albarin VII*

# *Memoirs of a Village Organist*

THE desire to play the organ came to me when I was travelling through England last summer holidays. I then knew nothing about organs, but on several occasions when I saw a smallish church, I obtained permission from the rector to try the organ on the plea that my great-uncle was a Canon at a parish church and I had once sat next to the organist during the service. I selected the stops I used at random, and on one such occasion, when I had pulled out every third stop and was playing the easiest hymn in the Ancient and Modern, the organist who had strolled in, congratulated me on my selection and told me that it was an unconventional but delightful combination and he wondered why he hadn't thought of it before.

Arriving home after my holiday, I went to see the local organist who said that he would teach me if I became his assistant. I agreed rather apprehensively not quite sure what my duties would entail, and that evening he introduced me to the organ. The size was exceptional. It had three manuals, two and a half octaves of pedals, countless speaking stops, couplers, swell boxes, pistons, rotary pistons, adjustable pistons and composition stops for hands and feet. In fact, I had never seen anything more like a telephone switchboard in my life.

The assistant's job was to go to the Sunday services, to find the hymns and psalms, to turn over the pages when the organist had all four limbs occupied and to give the chord for the anthem. That was the big moment for me in a service, I often used to get quite worked up about it and my hands would shake just before the chord, so nervous was I.

Many happy hours I spent playing on that magnificent organ! Perhaps those hours weren't quite so enjoyable for the visitors for none of my music masters could ever have said that I was a good performer. But to struggle through a Bach fugue gave me an immense amount of pleasure. Then the workmen arrived!

They came to repair the roof and my quiet hobby was ruined. Every time I went to play, the workmen and I would have battles to see who could make the most noise. I didn't start the feuds. In fact I was most considerate. I would play the fugues on the two softest stops, the stopped flute and closed diapasion, so as not to offend them, but then one of them would start to bang with a hammer. In order to hear myself play, I had to bring in the oboe stop. My rivals then would begin to drop planks loudly on the floor and hammer nails in, so I opened the swell box and added the voix celeste, the open diapasion and the octave coupler. The workmen in answer began to whistle and shout, and reinforcements were brought up to hammer louder. The battle was on. I switched

over to the Great Manual and brought in all three diapasions, strings and woodwind. With a deafening roar, the workmen started their diesel engine attached to the hoist and that drowned every noise I had made so far. Confidently I pulled out the trumpet stop which usually can be heard a hundred yards from the church, but this had no effect. In desperation, I coupled the Swell, Great and Choir together opened all the stops and held a chord of C major for at least half a minute. When I took my fingers from the keys and all the echoes had died away the workmen had given up and were quietly resuming their previous occupations.

I remained in this apprenticeship, going to the services on Sundays and practising on Saturdays when no workmen were present, until just after Christmas when the organist procured for me an organ post of my own at a small village two miles away from the town. This I accepted with some hesitation because they said I would have to train the choir as well. Somehow the idea of my teaching ladies and gentlemen forty or fifty years my senior how to sing didn't really appeal to me. Also my pedal work wasn't very good. But I went for an interview with the vicar, hoping that he wouldn't ask me to sight-read anything. To my surprise he welcomed me with open arms and was delighted to hear that I had even played the pedals at all. I was equally delighted to hear that the choir consisted of children of fifteen downwards. The remuneration was small but it increased my pocket-money by 100% and was well worth having. After the interview the vicar gave me a list of the hymns and psalms for the next Sunday and told me that choir practice was the following day. I duly arrived at the church to find that the vicar was ill and the practice had been cancelled, but I stayed to play the hymns over to myself. After about ten minutes a small boy who hadn't been told about the cancellation came in and seemed very little perturbed to find a new face at the organ. As soon as I told him that there would be no practice his face lit up with joy and he started to make off murmuring something about being able to listen to the Archers. I called him back and told him that I was his new choirmaster.

"Oh!" he said and made off even faster.

The following Sunday dawned bright and clear. I awoke a little apprehensive, played the hymns over on the piano for the fiftieth time and was driven over to the church half an hour before the service. The cassock they had laid out for me was too small, but after bursting off a button or two and slitting the seam under the arms I could just about manipulate my fingers.

The service was awful! There's no doubt about that. I lost count of the verses in two of the hymns, in the first playing a verse too many and in the second playing a verse too few. I forgot the Amens, and over-estimating the strength of the choir, I played the

psalm so loudly that I couldn't hear they had reached the end of the pointings. The "Te Deum" changed tune in the middle just at an awkward turn-over, and in my haste I knocked the book off the stand and there was a horrible pause while I grovelled on the floor for it, regained the place and commenced at verse 21 instead of 23. When the vicar said to me afterwards that I was better than he had expected, I wondered just what the service would have been like had I fulfilled his expectations.

The second Sunday was much improved and throughout the weeks I have been improving rapidly. I can now sightread almost any hymn fairly well and it is only rarely now that I skip half a verse in the psalm or forget the Amen, although the services can be quite entertaining.

The Classic service was my first Communion. In the middle of the reading of the Epistle something persuaded me that it was time for "Glory be to Thee O God," so I broke in and played it—full organ. Flabbergasted, the vicar read no more of the Epistle and started to read the Gospel. After this his nerve was gone and when giving out notices he announced that there would be a meeting of the Mothers' Union the following Wednesday. He also announced the wrong hymn and since I didn't notice the congregation had a fine time trying to fit 3/4 words into a 4/4 tune. Finally for good measure I cut off half the Blessing with the final Amen.

Now there is a code of honour among organists which requires that if someone goes to play for a service at another church he should give the organist's fee to the resident organist. It was a pleasant surprise therefore to find half a guinea waiting for me one morning for a wedding at which I didn't play. It was pointed out to me though that they might have been paying me to keep away.

But in spite of all the wrong hymn numbers and the extra verses here and there and the other small hitches which find their way oddly enough into a morning service, playing the organ at a village church is a very exhilarating and satisfying occupation.

*Matthew Robinson, VII*

## *A Tragikall Tale of Rural Life in Mediaeval England*

IT was a chill evening and the skies were GRAY above the distant HILLS. As our hero trudged across the MOORE, his boots heavy with CLAY, he espied a lone figure before him. As a RULE, this part of the world was deserted and he was therefore surprised. Who can it be?, he wondered. A lone PILGRIM perchance, pausing to NEAL by the side of the BROOKE to lave his dusty feet? Or some

solitary FISHER hoping to land a SALMON for his supper? As the distance between them lessened, he found he was getting nearer. Soon he was able to HALE the stranger. "Oy!" he called "what EILES thee my good man. Meseemeth thou art in DYER PAINE." " 'Tis right glad I am to see thee, friend", replied his interlocutor (for such he was). "I am but a poor SHEPHERD wending his way o'er the LEE. But in the dusk, I tripped and fell over this WILD ROSE BUSH. I seem to have hurt my foot and thought I would have to lie here TILLETT got better. But I see thou art a MONK. "Well actually, I'm a PRYOR. Started as a simple SCRIVENER (a sort of CLARK) and worked my way up, don't you know. What is that animal thou carryest on thy shoulder—a KIDD?" "No a LAMB as a matter of fact." "And when was this LAMBORN?" Only today. I *must* get it to a place of shelter for the night."

"Well let us walk together. We are not many MILES from the spot where this path JOYNES the LANE which leads into Birmingham." The shepherd stopped to pick a DAZEY for his buttonhole and give the lamb a handful of SORRELL, and the two men set out once more, CHATTEN happily together. They arrived without mishap within sight of the first houses of the town. And then a STRANGE thing happened: the prior suddenly doffed his habit, removed his cloak and turned to face his companion. "I am no prior" he quoth, "but a simple CARPENTER. 'Tis blighted love brings me to Birmingham to take revenge on him who has so foully wronged me." So quothing, he strode off into the night.

Ten minutes later he was entering the SOUTHGATE of the town and making his way to the nearest tavern. The WEINMAN served him a drink which he gratefully quaffed. Then, in better spirit, he set out for the home of his erstwhile beloved. On reaching the WALL which surrounded the house, he paused to SKAN the horizon. He looked NORTH; he looked WEST. The way was clear. Stay! No! At this moment, the stooping figure of an elderly army officer came along the street. He gave him a good evening and the BENT MARSHALL went on his way unsuspecting. This was his chance! He could HARTLEY bear the suspense. Then—oh! marvellous to relate, Angelina, his own Angelina, appeared on the top of the wall, jumped down into his arms and knocked him FLATT. "DARLING!" he murmured. "DARLING!" she whispered. "WATKIN we do?" he asked, his heart nearly BURSTON with mingled joy and fear. I came to PEARCE your husband with my trusty STEELE but now, all I want is to escape with you to Warwick. Yet how can we get there? "HITCH, MAN", she replied.

*D.L.*

## *What are your chances to be Head Boy or girl?*

1. If you were taking a first form tea table and one person was being particularly annoying, would you :—
   (a) burst into tears?
   (b) slip some strychnine into their cheese and spud pie?
   (c) challenge them to a game of whist with the M.O.D.?

2. If it was your birthday and you had to divide your round cake into 21, would you :—
   (a) find the circumference and divide by 21?
   (b) pass the hat round to buy another cake?
   (c) cut it into thirds and tell seven people to share it between them?

3. Is your favourite author :—
   (a) D. H. Lawrence?
   (b) Agatha Christie?
   (c) Nevil Shute?

4. If a first former offered you a pickled onion, would you :—
   (a) eat it?
   (b) thank him and throw it away later?
   (c) refuse it?

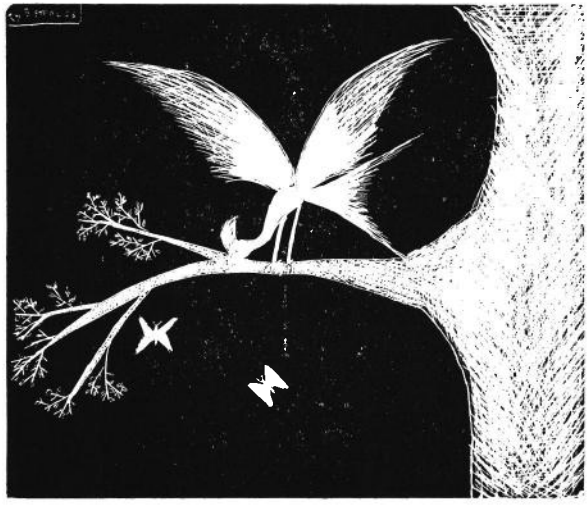
5. On your free half-holiday, do you :—
   (a) go out with your couple?
   (b) go to the cinema?
   (c) work?

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | a : 1 | b : 2 | c : 3 |
| 2. | a : 1 | b : 3 | c : 2 |
| 3. | a : 3 | b : 1 | c : 2 |
| 4. | a : 2 | b : 3 | c : 1 |
| 5. | a : 2 | b : 1 | c : 3 |

Marks

| | |
|---|---|
| 0 - 6 | No hope! |
| 7 - 12 | Go in for direct action, man! |
| 12 - 15 | We'll see you on the platform yet! |

*R. Hitchman, IIIA*



*Bridget Stables, IIY*



*David Hobbs, IIY*

# CLUBS and SOCIETIES

## *Boys' Reading Club, 1960-1961*

BOYS' Reading Club has, for as long as I can remember, been an exclusively VI2 and VI3 affair. However, this year we are taking the unusual step of inviting a few members of VI1 to join us, in an attempt to achieve greater continuity from one year to the next, and, in consequence, we are sure that the discussions will be of an even higher standard in future.

In the winter term we read Edna Ferber's saga of Texan life *Giant*, Oscar Wilde's short moral novel *A Picture of Dorian Gray* and a thriller by Ian Flemming *Live and Let Die*. In the spring term we read Gwen Raverat's autobiographical account of Cambridge life in the '90s *Period Piece*, Albert Camus' symbolic novel *The Plague* and Dr Bronowski's quasi scientific book *The Common Sense of Science*. This term D. W. Hills will be introducing *The Conscience of the Rich* by C. P. Snow, J. Ashby will be introducing James Joyce's autobiography *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and N. H. Clark will introduce *The City and the Stars* by Arthur C. Clark.

The society would like to thank Mr Mummery for organising the society and Mr Gelsthorpe for organising it during Mr Mummery's absence. We would also like to thank Miss Marshall for her excellent teas, which are so gargantuan as to defeat even the sixth form!

*Owen R. Wells* (Secretary)

## *Girls' Reading Club*

THE aim of Girls' Reading Club is to read varied and topical books that might otherwise be overlooked by members.

This year we have succeeded admirably by reading the following six books : Rupert Brooke's collected poems, *The Daughter of Time* by Josephine Tey, a contemporary author shedding new light on History and *Doctor Faustus* by Marlowe. These were read during the autumn term and *The Portrait of Dorian Gray* by Oscar Wilde, *The Screwtape Letters* by C. S. Lewis and *Voss* by Patrick White during the spring term.

Miss Ellinor introduced Rupert Brooke's collected poems and we all felt that his immaturity had limited his poetry and made it very egoistic. When in the spring term *The Portrait of Dorian Gray*, introduced by Joanna Griew, was under discussion ideas and opinions became very animated, for we found his generalisations about life irritating, but agreed that they were an important contribution to witty conversations.

We owe a great part of the success of both meetings to Miss Cuthbert, who kindly allowed Hillcroft to be used, and to Miss Marshall who supplied us with a wonderful tea.

*Katia Pollak*

## *The Senior Literary Society*

THE society has had seven meetings this year, ranging from a talk on Dylan Thomas by Grethe Hanson to 'Desert Island Books' after the manner of the radio programme. We were lucky to have a stimulating talk from Mr Evans about the Shakespeare-Marlowe controversy, favouring Marlowe, and in another meeting a reply from Mr Gray.

All the meetings of the spring term were taken up with foreign literature, and included talks on French, German, Scandinavian and Russian authors. The talk about the Russian writer Dostoevsky, added two new volumes to the library.

The society paid a visit to the Cambridge Arts Theatre to see *Alarums and Excursions*, extracts from Shakespeare's *Henry VI*, which was an enjoyable end to the year's meetings.

*Susan Pellowe, VII*

## *Middle School Literary Society*

FORMS Two and Three have enjoyed two terms of Mid-Lit in the meetings of which there have been an assortment of activities including various talks by members of staff and several entertainments by the members of Mid-Lit themselves. There was also a Christmas Party which was most enjoyable and a 'Brains Trust' in which Jane Rawlingson, John Shippey, Rachael Hitchman, Paul Price-Smith and Mr Wright participated.

Talks were given by Miss Cuthbert and Mr Lewis on limericks and humorous stories respectively.

We would like to thank Miss Cuthbert for all the valuable work she has put into making Mid-Lit a success.

*Simon Boydell, IIIA*

## *The Friends' School Debating Society, 1961*

AT the end of the school year 1959-60 the old debating society died, quietly and large unnoticed, of neglect and apathy, on the part of its members. N. H. Clark and I, thinking a debating society such an important part of school life, undertook its resurrection. Thus, with Mr Mummery's aid, we have founded the new society, and we hope that its new constitution will enable it to be free from the large number of non-participating members who were principally responsible for the death of the previous society.

The main problem that the society has encountered is a dearth of experienced speakers, as only a few members of VI2 had ever spoken in debate before. This has meant that the debates, though enjoyable and with rarely a considerable silence, are not yet of the standard we hope to hear.

The results of the debates have shown a distinct 'left-wing' tendency. The House agreed 'that class distinction is not a desirable part of human society'. President Kennedy must have been referring to its decision 'that "Americanism" is a greater menace than Communism' when he spoke of American loss of prestige abroad. It also declared unanimously 'that money is not the source of all happiness' and finally considered 'that the reaction against school uniform had gone too far'.

*O. R. Wells, VI2*

## *School Music, 1960-61*

THIS year's musical activities began with a very successful 'Senior Concert' at the October Parents' Weekend. At the end of term, small choir gave their usual series of carol concerts at Newport, Finchingfield, Abbey Lane and at Saffron Walden Parish Church, where the whole school attended Evensong. A new engagement this year was an invitation to sing on the steps of St Paul's Cathedral in aid of Algerian refugees. The same evening, the performance was repeated at Trafalgar Square, and we are very grateful for the hospitality of Westminster Friends who provided refreshments beforehand.

In February, senior orchestra, under the direction of Ivan Cane and led by Jeremy Strange, gave a lively evening's entertainment. David Fisher was the soloist in the Mozart horn concerto No. 4, and an unusual interlude was provided by John Welton, Peter Bradley and Anthony Weatherhead, who played a clarinet trio by Mendelssohn, arranged by Ivan Cane. The concert was one of the most successful the orchestra has ever had, particularly the last movebent of Beethoven's symphony No. 5, and a Slavonic Dance by Dvorák.

The choir's Easter music consisted of a number of motets and the chorus 'Surely he hath born our griefs', from Handel's *Messiah*. A visit from the Schorndorf choir, who performed a wide variety of German music, concluded the term.

A new development in school music has been the founding of a 'Chamber Orchestra', by Hilary Bartlett. Already they have received an invitation to play at Quendon church in July, where the programme will include the second Brandenburg Concerto, with Malcolm Harvey as violin soloist and two flautists from the senior orchestra. There has been a marked growth of interest in all

varieties of music throughout the school, particularly with the forming of a string quartet, two wind quartets under Mr Holder, and a jazz band, which proved very popular at the Easter dance. This year has also seen the formation of a record-listening society, meeting on Sunday evenings, to listen to a programme arranged by one of the members. Especially interesting was Mr Sturge's introduction of *Belshazzar's Feast*, by William Walton, which has increased the society's interest in modern composers.

The climax of the choir's musical year was the concert at Saffron Walden Parish Church which was repeated at Friends' House. The programme consisted of the 16th century motets already performed at Easter, and the Bach cantata *O Light Everlasting* which was accompanied by an orchestra composed of Old Scholars and friends of the school. Rosemary Hassell, Christine Mynott, Pat Drummond, Grethe Hansen, and Therese Bott, Susan Higby and April Pumfleet, and Kenneth Plant were the soloists in the cantata. Separating these, were the Macnaghten Quartet with Ivan Cane, who gave a very fine performance of Schubert's Quintet in C major.

This concert was in aid of Quaker work overseas, and it also resulted in the extremely generous gift of £100 from Lady Meyer, "for the encouragement of music-making at Saffron Walden"; for this we are most grateful. We should also like to express our thanks to those Old Scholars, staff, and friends of the school who have helped in the orchestra and choir during the year.

*John Welton, April Pumfleet*

*Susan Higby, Christopher Hayes*

## *Junior Orchestra*

THE Junior Orchestra meets every Thursday after school. We used to be quite small in number but recently, this Summer Term 1961, we have been enlarged to eight first violins, eight second violins, four violas and ten cellos. We learn a wide variety of pieces with Miss Bartlett, our conductor.

At the end of the last two terms we have had a junior concert at which we usually play; in the Autumn Term at the end of the concert and in the Spring Term at the beginning. One of the pieces we played was a rehearsal for the next term when we were to play at Chelmsford Music Festival.

We played at King Edward VI school in their Lecture Hall. There were four other groups besides ourselves. We came second with eighty marks. The winners received eighty-three marks and the other two, seventy-six and seventy marks.

Afterwards we stayed to listen to a senior orchestra that was very good and received eighty marks.

Most people think this orchestra is a very good idea as it gives us a good idea of playing together, and shows us how to make the most of our instruments.

*Judith Clarkson, IIX*

## *Modern Jazz Club*

AT the beginning of the Spring Term the Modern Jazz Club was founded for members of the Sixth Form who wanted to listen to modern jazz. Weekly meetings, attended by encouragingly large numbers, were started, at which members of the club presented programmes of records. The fairly large numbers of records owned by members have enabled us to listen to a wide variety of artists and styles, from the 'cool' of Miles Davis and the Modern Jazz Quartet to the 'top' of Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie and the free forms of Ornette Coleman. We would like to thank Miss Kenningham, who in sponsoring the club enabled us to get started, and Mr Sturge, for the help he has given and for the loan of his gramophone.

*Clive Eiles, VII*

## *Library Report, 1961*

SINCE last year 183 books have been added to the library bringing the total up to 4,900. Generous gifts have been received from Janet Hitchman, Kathleen Lonsdale, Kenneth Nicholson, Gladys Harper, Nigel Weaver, Kelvin Osborn, Christine Seager, Roger West, Kenneth Plant, S. Ary, Dirk Berg-Schlosser, Charles Swaisland, Rodney Harper and Matthew Robinson.

The library is understandably suffering from the absence of Cyril Mummery this term. David Gray who has temporarily taken his place as librarian is doing some of his work and the library's high standards have been well maintained. Our thanks are due to several senior members of the school, especially Rodney Harper, Andrew Edmunds and David Hills, who have helped enormously in the administration of the library.

Michael Ellis left the committee this term after three and a half years of oustanding service. The committee has stood up well to the increase in its duties occasioned by Mr Mummery's absence and Rosemary Hassell in particular has done a considerable amount of work. We were pleased to welcome Miss Kenningham and Mr Gray to the committee; the scholar members of which are Margaret James, Susan Bush, Rodney Harper, Rosemary Hassell and Andrew Turner.

## *The Railway Club*

THE Railway Club has enjoyed another very successful year. Members are now sixteen in number, and keen in spirit: great progress has been achieved, through the exertions of all members, in many fields.

The operators (ourselves) of the Flaxstead and Bure Valley Railway (our line) have evolved several new techniques for passenger and freight handling. The track has devolved, and a number of signals have been erected, permanently fixed at an equivocal indication. It has been decided to renew the track, which is out of gauge, electrically insulating and disintegrating. The renewal of pointwork is also urgent, since some of the blades are missing, and trains will proceed in one direction only.

Several excursions have been held, including two highly successful trips down the Colne Valley Line (recently given a temporary reprieve from closure) and one, in the Christmas holidays, to Shoeburyness. Our meetings have been graced by four excellent visiting speakers, who were very much appreciated, and by some tolerable efforts by our own members.

Recently we have acquired a home (red) signal arm from Audley End and five blue and white signboards from Saffron Walden station. These excellent specimens of pre-war signwriter's craft have been employed to good effect in our publicity activities.

Great progress has been made in all fields, and in particular (despite discouraging statements about the track) in modelling. At the last minute I am able to say that a new Hornby Dublo locomotive has been bought. We also purchased a controller not so very long ago, and it is hoped that we shall soon be able to replace all our track with Peco "Streamline". Indeed, the Club is fully justified in looking forward to the future with optimism.

*Roger West, VII*

## *Young Farmers' Club*

THE Young Farmers' Club this year has had forty members. The committee was elected as follows: Chairman, David Wicks; Secretary, Frances Snell; Treasurer, Christine Mynott; and John Bristow, David Tulk, John Burley, Anne Franklin and Judy Wall.

During the year we have had a selection of interesting talks. Mr Wall told us about Writtle College which is situated near Chelmsford where he took a course in Horticulture. Mr Harrison, a pig farmer, gave us a fascinating talk on breeding and rearing pigs. Mr Holmes, a member of the school committee and a farmer in Halesworth, Suffolk, spoke about changes which have taken place in agriculture during the last forty years. David Brown, an

old scholar, illustrated an interesting talk about his trip to America with beautiful colour slides.

Other activities during the year included the Christmas party and, in June, one of the committee was chosen to represent the club at the Young Farmers' Stand at the Essex Show and so to be there at the times of the visit of the Queen Mother.

We would like to thank Miss Marshall for the coffee which she provided for the speakers, thus enabling us to meet them socially and Miss Ashford for the great help she has given us during the year.

*Frances Snell, VI2*

## *Drama*

PARTIES from the Fifth and Sixth Forms have been several times to the theatre during the year. We have seen *Twelfth Night* and an excellent production by the Oxford Playhouse Company of *Hamlet* with Jeremy Brett as Hamlet. Both these productions were at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, as was a performance of Brendan Behan's *The Hostage* which a group from the Sixth Form went to see.

Some members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms went to see a translation of Molière's *Le Malade Imaginaire* presented by the Harlow Players in the Moot Hall, Harlow, and as is quickly becoming a custom the Harlow Players brought one of their productions, Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*, over to school in the Spring Term. In the same term most of the school went to a performance of G. B. Shaw's *Saint Joan* in the Town Hall, Saffron Walden.

Productions in school this year have included one act plays presented by the First and Third Forms at Parents' Weekend in the Spring Term; *Tobias and the Angel*, the School's play this year, and a performance by the Staff of *The Devil's Disciple* by G. B. Shaw.

## *"Tobias and the Angel"*

THE play was a great success. Full houses each night achieved a total attendance of over one thousand. Bridie's retelling of the apocryphal Book of Tobit is exuberant and racy without being flippant, and the cast generally gave it the vigorous yet disciplined acting it requires. In fact they were very much of a team, well trained and co-ordinated containing neither star players nor weak ones.

Matthew Robinson, as Tobias, held the centre of the play with conviction and skill, giving us just the right mixture of timidity and boastfulness. He moves with assurance on the stage, but, like his partner, Diana Comins, sometimes lacked variety of mood and tempo in his speech. But Diana is a most promising actress and we look forward to seeing her talent and skill develop in future productions. Love scenes are not easy to act and Bridie seemed wise to arrange that his school-masterly arch-angel should always arrive in time to cut them short. Mark Bertram, always a gentleman, and now indeed a schoolmaster in the Middle East, was delightfully well cast. He contrived to be kindly and strict, aloof and attentive, though the resonance and majesty of Raphael's last speech eluded him.

Robert Albarin and Christopher Hayes gave contrasting portraits of old age; Hayes was garrulous and dithery, Albarin deliberate, courteous, blind. He really seemed to be living this part. Gillian King carried well the unrewarding part of Anna; she spoke her lines carefully and sensitively: it was a pity her voice did not carry further down the hall. Hidden behind hideous mask and evil-looking rags David Lindsey made a most effectively repellant Asmoday. The staging of his approach and attack was excellent evidence of Kenneth Whitlow's keen sense of theatre. Trevor Hurrell, as a seedy and laconic bandit, led a loyal supporting cast in eastern dress (or undress) who made the most of their parts. They never failed to concentrate and drew each stage group into unity.

The most exciting 'prop'—made by Imogen Rowlands—was the monster from the Tigris; a grotesque, glistening mongrel fish, half coelacanth, half mackerel. Special credit goes to Kenneth Whitlow for ensuring clear, well-spoken dialogue, and deliberate economical movement on stage. Our congratulations to him, the cast, and all those backstage workers who made the play such a success.

*D.G.*

## "*The Devil's Disciple*"

THIS play leaves one with many questions unanswered. Did Shaw write it simply to mock at popular Victorian melodrama? He makes a neat ending in the reversal of roles of Dick Dudgeon and Anderson, but is one supposed seriously, from earlier knowledge of these two men, to believe that either would fit comfortably into their new parts; Anderson as a military man, Dudgeon as a man of peace? Would Judith find in Anderson as a man of action, one who could involuntarily claim her love, as had Richard Dudgeon? In railing at the Puritan attitude which confused grim

self-abnegation with goodness, Shaw makes us question our own attitudes. At the same time, his epigrammatic wit never fails to excite our imagination and provoke fresh thought on many ideas and institutions which to this day are taken for granted. Coupled with this, was the fact that school and visitors could see the staff acting in a different rôle, making the evening doubly enjoyable.

The aim of the first act is to introduce the characters and it has little relevance to the rest of the play; so it is consequently a little slow. Once the plot had got under way, however, the pace was well sustained.

It seems invidious to pick out any individual performance for praise, but of the smaller parts, Mr John's playing of the lawyer had a polish and perfection which made his presence on the stage keenly felt even at times when for long stretches he had nothing to say.

The play hinges on the character of Dick Dudgeon and, unless played with the kind of discrimination and zest which Mr Lewis brought to it, could easily fail.

Mrs Gelsthorpe as Judith Anderson, made us genuinely feel the growing tension of conflicting emotions in a way which the part of the minister's young sentimental wife did not at first promise.

It is not however only the principal actors who make for the success or failure of a play. It also depends largely on the understanding and sensitivity which all the players employ. When this is achieved there is a roundedness about the performance which makes it satisfying to the audience, and this pleasure was given to us by the staff on this occasion. While not being one of Shaw's best plays, it made excellent entertainment, and all much appreciated the time and trouble taken by the staff.

*Lesley Jacob*

# SPORT

## *Boys' Games Report*

THE new pattern of major games on the boys' side of the school is not yet fully under way. The change to hockey in the spring term got off to a popular start. A young cricket side has shown good promise and we hope to see even better things as the season progresses.

Without the help of many members of staff our enjoyment on the games field would have been incomplete, our thanks go to all those who have umpired or refereed school games, also the groundsman, Matron, and Miss Marshall and the kitchen staff for the meals they have supplied.

My particular thanks are given to Noel Clark who has again managed the job of games secretary admirably.

*J.F.C.*

## *General Report*

**Captain—D. Wicks**
**1st XI**

| P | W | L | Goals for | Goals against |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 | 7 | 3 | 27 | 13 |

The season began extraordinarily well for the 1st XI, who won their first six matches, scoring 23 goals for, and conceded only 3. This early success was due in part to the three weeks of hard training and pre-match practices before the first fixture, which made us into one of the fittest 1st XIs for a long time, and partly to the team itself. The strength of this XI lay in the hard tackling, and very sound defence, as the conceding of only three goals during this period shows. But the forwards were also able to combine into a well balanced line, producing some really neat football, and power to score goals.

Our peak was reached with matches against Newport and Soham. The Newport game was the toughest and most exciting of the season. It was a hard fought game, in which, as in other matches, superior fitness pulled us through. Shuster opened the scoring in the first few minutes, but after constant pressure they equalised. A break-away goal by Stacey almost on half-time gave us the lead. Though playing up the slope in the second half, stamina began to tell and we turned out 3-1 winners. It was the first time since 1954 a school side had beaten Newport. By beating Soham 3-0, another record went, for it was the first time they had been beaten by a school side since 1958.

After these six wins, the team hit a bad patch, Newport and Soham getting revenge for their earlier defeats. A possible explanation was that we were over-confident, and like Spurs, we were feeling the strain, but certainly, especially against Newport, our football was deplorable. The season ended however on a happy note as we defeated Earls Colne 2-0, the team producing the best football of the season.

During the term we had a visit from Cambridge University Falcons. This game was really an exhibition match and they certainly treated the school with a fine display of fast open football on a very heavy ground. Though losing 11-0, the team was by no means disgraced, for the heavy pitch ideally suited their teams more powerful players. Duffill in particular played extremely well, pulling off many splendid saves.

The most encouraging feature of the 1st XI was the number of younger players who did so well, Duffill, Johnston and Hughes in particular, and to them, along with Hills and Wicks colours were awarded. The success of the season was due to all round team work and spirit for every member played a part ensuring that the season was a memorable one.

*David J. Wicks, VI2*

*Comments*

**G—Michael Duffill*.** Though only an U.15 he proved himself one of the best goalkeepers the school has known. He is spectacular but safe, but should concentrate on distributing the ball more quickly. With three years of 1st XI football ahead of him, he should develop into a really fine goalkeeper.

**RB—Ian Drummond†.** A rugged full back whose enthusiasm often set an example to the team and offset his lack of ball control.

**LB—John Hughes*.** Another young player who came up from U.15 football and immediately made an impression. Very sound, with a fine positional sense and excellent covering. Should concentrate more on his distribution.

**RH—Arnold Wilson†.** A strong, hard tackling and thoughtful wing-half who played some excellent games, but was handicapped on several occasions by lack of speed and stamina.

**CH—Graham Errington†.** He controlled the back line with the coolness of an experienced centre-half. His great weakness was his inability to deal with the long ball down the middle.

**OR—David Stacey†.** Played with more zeal than last season, and his speed was often an asset for break away goals, but he still does not work hard enough and often fails to anticipate the ball.

**IR—Richard Osborn†.** He worked very hard and has a useful shot, but his lack of speed was a severe handicap.

**CF—Richard Shuster†.** A lively leader who lead the line well, and his powerful shot and heading ability made him top scorer. If he could cut out the spectacular and concentrate more on the basic skills he will become even a greater menace in front of goal.

**IR—Graeme Johnston†.** Often the ruggedness of the play did not suit his style, but it is to his credit that he was able to general the attack successfully throughout the season. A clever ball player who tended at times to hold the ball too long. Nevertheless he schemed well and has developed into a very fine inside-forward.

**OL—David Hills*.** Had a very successful season. His ball control was of a very high standard, and it was from his wing that most of the crosses came which lead to goals. His weakness was in front of goal.

Also played, **R. Smith** and **J. Pilgrim.**

* Colours.

† Half-colours.

**RESULTS**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| v. | Saffron Walden Secondary Modern School (H) | Won | 7—1 |
| v. | Newmarket Grammar School (A) | Won | 4—0 |
| v. | Newport Grammar School (A) | Won | 3—1 |
| v. | St. Christopher's (H) | Won | 2—0 |
| v. | Huntingdon Grammar School (H) | Won | 4—1 |
| v. | Soham Grammar School (H) | Won | 3—0 |
| v. | Newport Grammar School (H) | Lost | 0—2 |
| v. | Old Scholars (H) | Lost | 0—3 |
| v. | Soham Grammar School (A) | Lost | 2—5 |
| v. | Earls Colne (H) | Won | 2—0 |

**Other Matches**

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1st XI | v. Cambridge University Falcons | Lost | 11—0 |
| School XI | v. Saffron Walden Lilleys | Won | 3—2 |

**HOUSE FOOTBALL—6-a-side tournament**

| | |
|---|---|
| **Seniors** | 1st, Mennell; 2nd, Tuke; 3rd, Lister. |
| **Juniors** | 1st, Lister; 2nd, Tuke; 3rd, Mennell. |

## *Hockey*

**Captain:—J. Strange**

ONE must be neither too damning nor too lenient, for this was the first full term of boys' hockey at Walden. But it must be said that there is plenty of room for improvement, and, I believe, there is the material, especially lower down the school. The 1st XI was perhaps a little unlucky in losing 9 of its 10 fixtures, but this should not be blamed on the defence, who, on the whole were strong though by no means faultless. The forward line unlike the defence were rather weak, and on the whole lacked ideas and never looked dangerous, although this may be partially attributed to lack of experience.

In 1962 we look forward to more inter-school matches that are being arranged, and also a further visit of a Cambridge University side.

The junior team showed considerable potential and of the games played by the Under 15 and Under 13 XI's we won more games than were drawn or lost.

Full colours were awarded to Welton, for his very effective play at left half and half colours were awarded to Davis, Duffill, Hills, Pilgrim, Stoner, Strange and Wicks.

## *Athletics, 1961*

**Captain:—D. Stacey**



AT the time of going to press (June) most of the athletics season lies ahead of us. We have already had our annual match against Soham which we won by four points with King Edward VI, Bury, who this year made it into a three sided contest, third. The running of Sheehan was particularly encouraging. He won both the mile and half-mile, the former in a new school record time of 4 min. 45 sec. His 880 yds. time was only a second off the school record and with more training and better competition we hope to see both these times lowered. Errington gained second place in both these events to give us maximum points and it was our supremacy here that won us the match.

Stacey and Darby (of Soham) neutralized each other in their annual tussle, both gaining two firsts, (Stacey in the 100 yds. and 440 yds., Darby in the long jump and high jump) and a second (Stacey in the long jump and Darby in the 100 yds.).

Looking ahead; Sheehan should do well, perhaps lowering the half and two mile records as well as the mile. Another record we would like to see bettered is Milne's 440 yd. record of 55.0 sec. that has stood since 1919. Now that the quarter is regarded in the school as a sprint, not a middle distance race, this could be accomplished.

*David A. Stacey*

## *Results of Mid-Essex Sports*

**Senior Boys. 1st Places.**

220 yards D. Stacey, 23.8 sec. (new mid-Essex record).
1 mile J. Sheehan, 4 min. 47 sec.

**Intermediate Boys. 1st Places**

High Jump M. Robinson, 5 ft. 1 in.
110 yds. Hurdles M. Robinson, 15.8 sec.

**Senior Boys. 2nd Places**

Long Jump D. Stacey
1 mile G. Errington

**Junior Boys. 2nd Places**

440 yds. A. Lee

**Senior Boys. 3rd Places**

Javelin D. Hughes

**Intermediate Boys. 3rd Places**

220 yds M. Wicksteed, 24.6 sec. (a new school record).

**Intermediate Boys. 4th Places**

Javelin N. Condick

**Junior Boys. 4th Places**

Long Jump A. Lee

## *Senior Boys' Athletic Records*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | J. Milne | 1919 | 10.4 secs. |
| | | D. Stacey | 1960 | |
| 220 yards | | D. Cadman | 1959 | 22.8 secs. |
| 440 yards | | D. Stacey | 1961 | 54.8 secs. |
| 880 yards | | J. Sheehan | 1961 | 2 min. 6.5 secs. |
| 1 mile | | J. Sheehan | 1961 | 4 mins. 45 secs. |
| 2 miles | | J. Sheehan | 1961 | 10 mins 21.2 secs.* |
| 110 yards Hurdles | | I. Drummond | 1960 | 15.0 secs. |
| | | M. Robinson | 1960 | |
| 200 yards Hurdles | | D. Stacey | 1960 | 24.5 secs.* |
| Long Jump | | D. Stacey | 1960 | 20 ft. 11 ins. |
| High Jump | | D. Cadman | 1959 | 5 ft. 4 ins. |
| Triple Jump | | I. Drummond | 1960 | 40 ft. 7 ins.* |
| Shot | | R. Shuster | 1961 | 35 ft. 2 ins. |
| Discus | | O. Weaver | 1960 | 114 ft. 8 ins. |
| Javelin | | S. Mendes | 1960 | 169 ft. |
| Relay | House | Lister | 1960 | 47.5 secs. |
| | School | D. Cadman, D. Stacey, I. Drummond, M. Evans | | |

* Best Performance

## *Under 15 Boys' Athletic Records*

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | D. Stacey | 1958 | 10.6 secs. |
| 220 yards | | M. Wicksteed | 1961 | 24.6 secs. |
| 440 yards | | M. Wicksteed | 1961 | 56 secs. |
| 880 yards | | A. Lee | 1961 | 2 mins. 21.6 secs. |
| High Jump | | D. Cadman | 1951 | 5 ft. 1½ ins. |
| Long Jump | | D. Stacey | 1958 | 19 ft. 5 ins. |
| Triple Jump | | M. Wicksteed | 1961 | 36 ft. 6 ins. |
| Shot | | R. Shuster | 1960 | 36 ft. 10 ins. |
| Discus | | R. Brown | 1958 | 114 ft. 2 ins. |
| Javelin | | N. Condick | 1961 | 121 ft. 5 ins. |
| 110 yards Hurdles | | P. Davis | 1960 | 18.8 secs.* |
| Relay | House | Lister | 1961 | |
| | | Pilgrim, Wyatt | | 50.8 secs. |
| | School | Rawana, Wicksteed | | |

* Best Performance

## *1st XI. Cricket, 1961*

**Captain:—D. HILLS**

v. Earls Colne Grammar School — Lost
Earls Colne 120 (Stover 8 for 40)
F.S.S.W. 118 (Welton 50)

v. Old Scholars — Won
O.S. 133—7 declared
F.S.S.W. 134—7 (Johnston 62)

(since going to press)
v. K.F.N's. XI — Lost
F.S.S.W. 141—9 declared (Welton 37, Fisher 34)
K.F.N's. XI 143—5 (A. Barker 50, J. Cadman 39 not out)

At the time of writing we have barely started our season, so this will be in the nature of a preview as well as a report. So far we have played two games, and have won one and lost one, though had it not been for careless batting we would undoubtedly have beaten Earls Colne.

As was expected the departure of Matthew Evans has thrown the responsibility of run-making onto relatively untried shoulders, but already John Welton and Graeme Johnston have responded well, both having scored half-centuries. David Fisher and John Burley have also shown attractive strokes, but their lack of defensive technique renders them all susceptible to accurate fast bowling. Michael Duffill is showing considerable promise as a middle-order batsman, and with more experience he should score a lot of runs.

The bowling, at present, lacks depth, and consequently is too reliant on the opening attack of David Hills and Bryan Stoner. Between them these two bowlers have taken sixteen of the seventeen wickets captured this season! Stoner's pace alone has proved too much for many a schoolboy batsman, and if he can develop a more composed run up, and thereby control his swing and direction,

it may be well for many more accomplished players that we are bound to encounter later on. Of the others Malcolm Pim, an off-spinner, lacks subtleties or flight to be dangerous on 'plumb' wickets, and Palmer has not yet had sufficient opportunity to develop the degree of confidence that is necessary to bowl slow leg breaks effectively.

Perhaps the most pleasing feature of the team is the high standard of the close catching. Johnston, Davis, Fisher and Duffill have all proved themselves capable of the seemingly impossible, and together with the safe hands of John Osborne, the wicket keeper, they have played no small part in the success of the pace bowlers.

*David W. Hills*

## *2nd XI. Cricket, 1961*

**Captain:—N. CLARK**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| v. | Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI<br>Bishop's Stortford College 133—3 declared<br>F.S.S.W. 60—9 | Draw |
| v. | Harlow College 1st XI<br>F.S.S.W. 104—9 declared (Allen 46)<br>Harlow 72—6 (Errington 5-42) | Draw |

This year's 2nd XI has perhaps more potential than any other similar team the school has produced. It is a great pity that the promise of some of the younger players cannot be fulfilled this season—the two matches we have played are the sum total of our fixtures.

Of the batsmen, Patrick Allen probably has the brightest future. He has the ability to pick out the loose ball and hit it hard to good account, but he will not be successful against better class bowling unless he improves his defence. David Hughes has shown a solid range of strokes, and his 20 at Harlow was just reward for hard endeavour. Of the others, Martin Lamborn is at the moment too careless in his scoring attempts and James must be more decisive in defence before he will progress.

Ground fielding has been much improved, but far too many catches have been put down. Consequently the bowling analyses do not give a fair representation of the balance of play. David Wicks, who took over the gloves from Duffill when the latter was injured at Stortford, has played extremely well behind the stumps.

In the bowling department, Andrew Lee, Allen, and Graham Errington have bowled consistently well, to such an extent that only two slow bowlers have been called upon. Lee bowled well at Stortford, but he has a tendency to put too many loose balls down the leg side. Allen gets good pace off the wicket, while Errington's swing gained him five wickets at Harlow.

There are of course others who could be mentioned, but for them I think it is sufficient to say that we have enjoyed our cricket. We only hope that the spectators have found it entertaining to watch.

*Noel H. Clark* (Captain)

## *Girls' Games Report*

### *Hockey*

Results were as follows:—

| | P | W | L | D | F | A |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1st XI | 17 | 9 | 6 | 2 | 53 | 36 |
| Under 15 XI | 5 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 8 | 9 |

The season began well with an unexpected win against Cambridge City Ladies, followed by another victory against Newmarket Grammar School. Unfortunately the next three matches, including the Senior Tournament in Cambridge, were cancelled. But six players were selected for the County Trials; Pat Drummond gained a place in the first team, Judy Watson, Alison Tillett in the second and Rosemary Cunnington was also chosen as a reserve but played in the second team.

The team continued to play moderately well for the rest of term, winning 3 of the remaining 6 matches.

During the Spring Term the standard of play rose owing to rigorous practice which helped the team to work more as a united body than as individuals. Towards the end of the season there were some excellent formations in the forward line with good passes and more effective rushing in the circle. The halves marked their opponents satisfactorily and anticipated passes intelligently but were slow in recovery. The backs' positioning was somewhat erratic although there were some good, strong hits out to the wings.

The highlight of the season was our victory against Herts and Essex; the first for fifteen years. Miss Ellinor fulfilled her long-standing promise by rewarding the team with an excellent dinner which was much appreciated by all.

The Under 15 XI showed enthusiasm and determination. It is hoped that the forward line will become more united and make promising material for the future 1st XI team.

Colours are already held by Pat Drummond, Susan Pellowe, Judy Watson, and were awarded to Margaret James, Susan Powell, April Pumfleet and Alison Tillett. Pat Drummond deserves special mention for her competent and reliable play throughout the season.

We would like to thank Miss Thomson for the encouragement and enthusiasm she gave us; Susan Pellowe for acting as Games Secretary; the groundsman for the upkeep of the ground; and Miss Marshall for providing excellent teas throughout the season.

*Alison Tillett, VI²*

## *Hockey Teams, 1960-61*

| 1st XI | | Under 15 XI |
|---|---|---|
| Captain: A. Tillett | GK | M. Wiseman |
| S. Montford | RB | J. Peebles |
| A. Darling | LB | J. Etheridge |
| P. Drummond | RH | C. Sinker |
| S. Pellowe | CH | T. Bott (Captain) |
| S. Powell | LH | D. Watson |
| J. Watson | RW | E. Duffill |
| M. James | RI | S. Kemp |
| A. Pumfleet | CF | M. Jameson |
| J. White | LI | J. Hanson |
| R. Cunnington | LW | J. Monk |

Also played for 1st XI:—A. Rose, S. Higby, R. Johnston, P. Harmston, C. Mynott.

## *Tennis Report*

During last season the standard of tennis did not prove to be as successful as we had hoped. The 1st VI won only three of their eight matches, the 2nd VI lost one and won one, but the Under 15 VI must be congratulated on winning the two they played.

Jennifer Licence (captain) and Thérès Bott both received their colours. Besides these two Linda Smith, Grethe Hansen, Joanna Griew, Alison Tillett and Paddy Harmston played in the 1st VI. The members of the 2nd VI were Susan Powell, Susan Clarke, Sarah Montford, Judy Watson, Christine Mynott and Diana Comins; Katherine Jeremiah also played. Susan Powell, Shirley Trisk and Diana Comins have now been promoted to the 1st VI and Margaret Jameson and Jill Hanson brought into the 2nd VI.

A better start has been made this season by beating the Old Scholars' and St. Christopher's to whom we lost last year.

*Paddy Harmston, VI1*

## *Rounders*

Although the Junior Rounders' team did not have a very successful season, nevertheless they have played enthusiastically and we wish them better luck next season.

## *Girls' Swimming Report*

In spite of the shortage of matches, girls' swimming has been successful and enthusiastic especially amongst the juniors. Diana Watson and Jan Hopkins are to be congratulated on their breaking of school records. The first match, against the Old Scholars, which consisted of more obstacle than serious races, we won by 46—23 points. We had another victory over Saffron Walden Technical School in an under 15 match, winning by 41 points to 19. New colours were awarded to Diana Watson, Jan Hopkins and Pauline Seers.

So far this term, we have had two matches. The first, against Granta S.C. was very close. We won the seniors, but they won the juniors and also managed to come out with an overall lead. However, we were successful in the second match of term against Saffron Walden Town Club and finished up with a lead of 92½—67 points.

## *Girls' Athletic Records*

**Senior**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | B. Snow | 1953 | 11.8 seconds |
| | | M. Pilgrim | 1953 | |
| | | M. Wyatt | 1955 | |
| 150 yards | | R. Wellings | 1960 | 19.1 seconds |
| 220 yards | | B. Snow | 1953 | 28.3 seconds |
| | | R. Cansfield | 1910 | |
| 75 yards Hurdles | | M. Pilgrim | 1954 | 10.6 seconds |
| 80 yards Hurldes | | M. Lampard | 1960 | 12.6 seconds |
| High Jump | | B. Stokes | 1957 | 4 feet 8 inches |
| Long Jump | | M. Pilgrim | 1952 | 16 feet 9 inches |
| Relay | School | | 1955 | 56.0 seconds |
| | House | Lister | 1960 | 57.1 seconds |

**Under 15**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | M. Wyatt | 1954 | 12.4 seconds |
| 220 yards | | D. Madeley | 1936 | 30.8 seconds |
| 75 yards Hurdles | | M. Evans | 1960 | 11.2 seconds |
| High Jump | | M. Lawrie | 1955 | 4 feet 4 inches |
| Long Jump | | M. Wyatt | 1952 | 15 feet 2 inches |
| Relay | School | | 1954 | 56.6 seconds |
| | House | Lister | 1954 | 60.0 seconds |

**Under 14**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | J. Mabbott | 1951 | 12.8 seconds |
| 150 yards | | A. Franklin | 1960 | 21.1 seconds (best time) |
| 75 yards | | J. Mabbott | 1951 | 12.4 seconds |
| High Jump | | M. Lawrie | 1955 | 4 feet 4 inches |
| Long Jump | | M. Wyatt | 1952 | 15 feet 2 inches |
| Relay | House | Tuke | 1960 | 58.6 seconds |

**Under 13**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | J. Evans | 1952 | 9.6 seconds |
| High Jump | | M. Lawrie | 1955 | 2.09 |
| Long Jump | | J. Mabbott | 1950 | 12.0 seconds |
| 70 yards Hurdle | | M. Lampard | 1957 | 14 feet 9 inches |
| Relay | School | | 1955 | 4 feet 4 inches |
| | House | Lister | 1955 | 12.8 seconds |

**Under 12**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 100 yards | | J. Mabbott | 1949 | 14.0 seconds |
| High Jump | | M. Lawrie | 1954 | 4 feet 2 inches |
| Long Jump | | D. Eden | 1957 | 13 feet 2 inches |
| 70 yards Hurdles | | M. Long | 1957 | 12.6 seconds |
| Relay | House | Lister | 1956 | 65.4 seconds |

## *Sports Day*

SPORTS DAY this year was held on Saturday, 10th June. The day remained fine although some athletes found the sharp southerly wind rather trying. The pre-arranged time-table was kept up almost to the last minute and the whole programme ran smoothly and efficiently. Congratulations to the following: Stacey, Shuster, Condick, Wicksteed, Sheehan and Lee, who gained records in the 440 yards, Shot Javelin, 440 yards and 220 yards, 2 miles and 880 yards, 880 yards respectively, and also Lister's Junior Boys' relay team.

### RESULTS

**SENIOR BOYS**

| | |
|---|---|
| **100 yards** | 1st, Stacey (L); 2nd, Whiteman (L); 3rd, Shuster (T). 10.8 seconds. |
| **220 yards** | 1st, Stacey (L); 2nd, Shuster (T); 3rd, Maini (M). 23.3 seconds. |
| **440 yards** | 1st, Stacey (L); 2nd, Robinson (M); 3rd, Albarin (M). 54.8 seconds. |
| **880 yards** | 1st, Sheehan (L); 2nd, Errington (T); 3rd, Hills (M). 2 minutes 6.5 seconds. |
| **1 mile** | 1st, Sheehan (L); 2nd, Errington (T); 3rd, Hills (M). 4 minutes 49.8 seconds. |
| **2 miles** | 1st, Sheehan (L); 2nd, Errington (T); 3rd, Hills (M). 10 minutes 21.2 seconds. |
| **110 Hurdles** | 1st, Robinson (M); 2nd, Whiteman (L); 3rd, Davis (T). 15.8 seconds. |
| **200 Hurdles** | 1st, Robinson (M); 2nd, Davis (T); 3rd, Turner (L). 25.8 seconds. |
| **High Jump** | 1st, Stacey (L); 2nd, Robinson (M); 3rd, Harper (T). 5 feet 3 inches. |
| **Long Jump** | 1st, Stacey (C); 2nd, Whiteman (C); 3rd, Shuster (T). 18 feet 5½ inches. |

| | |
|---|---|
| **Triple Jump** | 1st, Whiteman (L); 2nd, Davis (T); 3rd, Hughes (M). 35 feet 2 inches. |
| **Shot** | 1st, Shuster (T); 2nd, Stoner (M); 3rd, Bradley (M). 35 feet 2 inches |
| **Discus** | 1st, Whiteman (L); 2nd, Stoner (M); 3rd, Tulk (L). 91 feet 4 inches. |
| **Javelin** | 1st. Hughes (M); 2nd, Shuster (T); 3rd, Bradley (M). 129 feet 5½ inches. |
| **Relay** | 1st, Mennell; 2nd, Tuke. (Lister disqualified) |
| **Points** | 1st, Mennell 112; 2nd, Lister 111; 3rd, Tuke 84. |

**JUNIORS BOYS**

| | |
|---|---|
| **100 yards** | 1st, Pilgrim (L); 2nd, Wicksteed (L); 3rd, Lee (T). 11.2 seconds. |
| **220 yards** | 1st, Wicksteed (L); 2nd, Pilgrim (L); 3rd, Duffill (M). 24.6 seconds. |
| **440 yards** | 1st, Wicksteed (L); 2nd, Lee (T); 3rd, Duffill (M). 56 seconds. |
| **880 yards** | 1st, Lee; 2nd, Duffill (M); 3rd, Bertram (M). 2 minutes 21.6 seconds. |
| **110 Hurdles** | 1st, Boydell (T); 2nd, Jones (L); 3rd, Montford (M). 17.8 seconds. |
| **High Jump** | 1st, Hale (L); 2nd, Lee (T); 3rd, Pilgrim (L). 4 feet 7 inches. |
| **Long Jump** | 1st, Wicksteed; 2nd, Lee (T); 3rd, Fry (L). 17 feet 10 inches. |
| **Triple Jump** | 1st, Wicksteed (L); 2nd, Duffill (M); 3rd, Pilgrim (L). 36 feet 6 inches. |
| **Shot** | 1st, Duffill (M); 2nd, Condick (T); 3rd, Hale (L). 34 feet. |
| **Discus** | 1st, Condick (T); 2nd, Bertram (M); 3rd, Pilgrim (L). 104 feet 5 inches. |
| **Javelin** | 1st, Condick (T); 2nd, Hale (L); 3rd, Weatherhead (M). 121 feet 5 inches. |
| **Relay** | 1st, Lister; 2nd, Tuke; 3rd, Mennell. 50.8 seconds. |
| **Points** | 1st, Lister 113; 2nd, Tuke 110; 3rd, Mennell 77. |

**SENIOR GIRLS**

| | |
|---|---|
| **100 yards** | 1st, Barton (M); 2nd, Franklin (T); 3rd, Evans (L). 13.5 seconds. |
| **150 yards** | 1st, Barton (M); 2nd, Watson, J. (T); 3rd, Hodgson (L) and Johnston (M). 20.0 seconds. |
| **High Jump** | 1st, Evans (L); 2nd, Watson, J. (T); 3rd, Watson, D. (T). 4 feet 2 inches. |

| | |
|---|---|
| **Long Jump** | 1st, Evans (L); 2nd, Watson, J. (T); 3rd, Hodgson (L). 13 feet $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches. |
| **Relay** | 1st, Tuke; 2nd, Lister; 3rd, Mennell. 58.8 seconds. |
| **Points** | 1st, Tuke 38; 2nd, Lister $31\frac{1}{2}$; 3rd, Mennell $22\frac{1}{2}$. |

**JUNIOR GIRLS**

| | |
|---|---|
| **100 yards** | 1st, Hopkins (M); 2nd, Monk (T); 3rd, Darling (M). 12.9 seconds. |
| **70 Hurdles** | 1st, Willey (M); 2nd, Davison (L); 3rd, Hutton (T). 12.2 seconds. |
| **High Jump** | 1st, Hopkins (M); 2nd, Backhouse (L); 3rd, Scrivener 4 feet 2 inches. |
| **Long Jump** | 1st, Bent-Marshall (L); 2nd, Wilde (L); 3rd, Monk (T) and Bateman (T). 13 feet 4 inches. |
| **Relay** | 1st, Lister; 2nd, Mennell; 3rd, Tuke. 60.6 seconds. |
| **Points** | 1st, Lister 34; 2nd, Mennell 32; 3rd, Tuke 21. |

As a result of this Lister came first, Mennell second and Tuke third. Individual standards had already been included in the points. May we thank Mr Cadman and Miss Thompson for their thought, care and hard work in making this Sports Day enjoyable for all.

*Matthew Robinson, VII*

## *Acknowledgments*

The Editor of *The Avenue* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following School Magazines: *The Leightonian, The Georgian, The Beckside, The Brook, The Cupola* and *The St Christopher School Magaine.*

## *Editorial Committee*

Margaret Kenningham, Kenneth Nicholson, Iorwerth John, Kenneth Whitlow, Andrew Edmunds, Joan Pearce, Jon North.

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*In Resurrectum*

We are very pleased to repeat that the Avenue stone has not been brutally assaulted and beaten up as was reported in last year's edition of *The Avenue*. It was discovered by two Fifth Form boys under a pile of rubble—unscathed. It is now back in its traditional position.

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