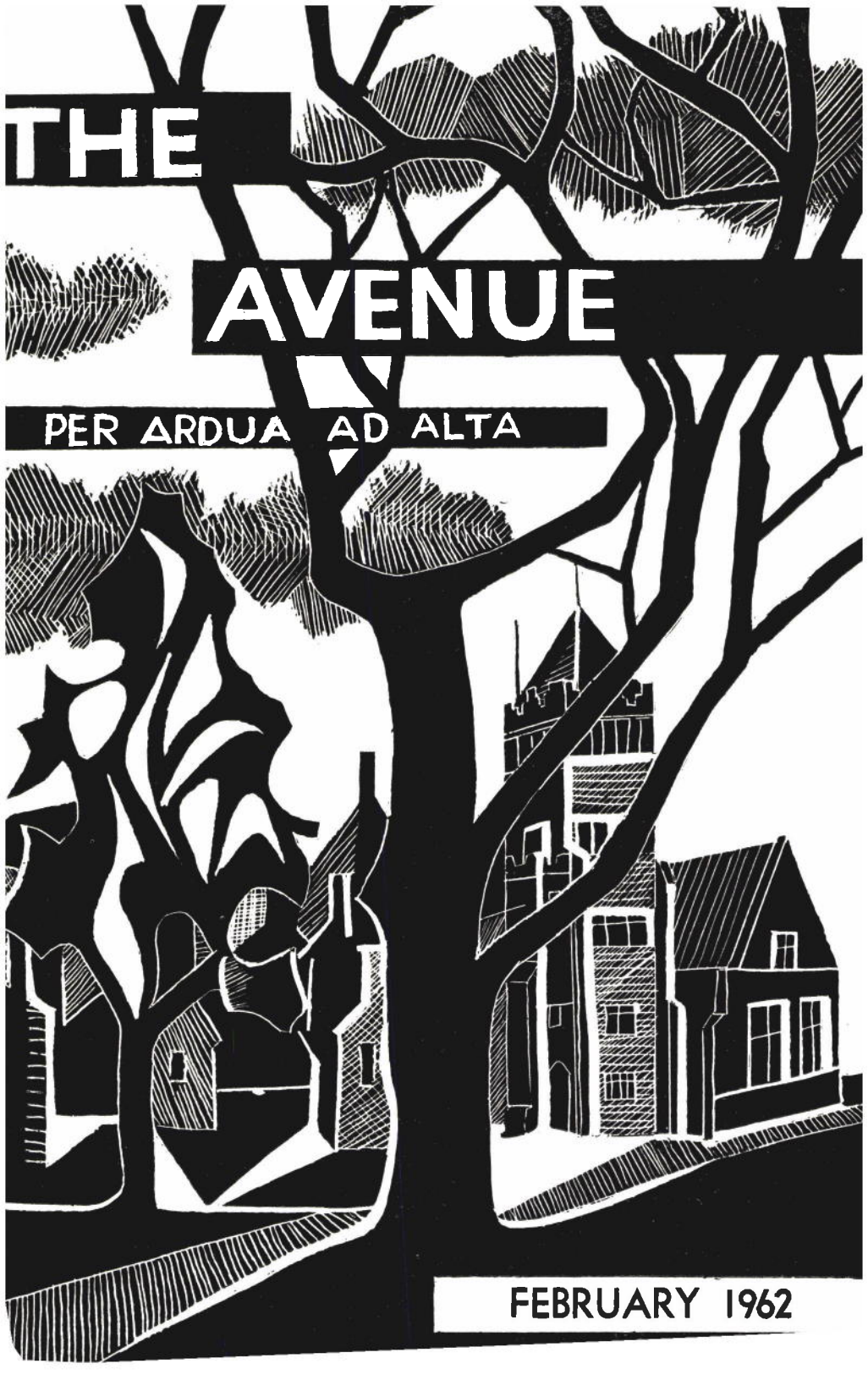

THE
AVENUE
PER ARDUA AD ALTA
FEBRUARY 1962

THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 43 No. 132 February, 1962



NO sooner, it seemed, than the frenzy of producing *The Avenue* was over last summer than we found ourselves having to gather together a new one. Where would we get the articles? Who could possibly have done anything interesting, written anything worth our consideration during one term and a bit? And at first it seemed that our worst fear, the nightmare of every editorial committee (there won't be *anything*, anything *at all* to put in) was likely to be realised. We approached Society and Club secretaries:

"I wonder if perhaps we might have a report . . . an article . . ?"

"You can't *possibly* want another report yet. Anyway we haven't done anything, at least nothing worth reporting."

"If you could just indicate you have met—for the record you know . . ."

"Well, if you *want* to print that sort of stuff . . ."

We sigh with relief. There'll be *something* after all. Soon there are a number of reports, articles, stories and poems, some produced as a response perhaps to David Hanson's excellent posters. We sort through these and realise that we have enough, after all, in spite of the brief time since the appearance of the last "Avenue".

Inter Alia

ON the whole, as the Headmaster said in Final Assembly last term "it has not been a notable term", but one or two things merit comment perhaps.

A "bug" still unspecified, claimed many victims, so many in fact that it caused the trio to suggest that "we have sick bays in the classrooms and lessons in the San!" However that was not necessary and by the end of term the school was pretty well back to normal.

We responded as always to requests for funds and collected money for aid to an African Village which required a new school,

and for F.S.C.'s work in the Kenya floods. The Sixth Form's annual collection for Mental Health doubled our last year's collection and produced £27.10.0. Members of the Fifth and Sixth Form girls made a number of cakes which were sent to a sale organised for the Forgotten Allies Fund.

We congratulate Mr and Mrs Cane on the birth of their son Andrew Peter who now completes their trio.

This term has been the best many can recall for talks in Sunday Evening Meeting and lectures to the Sixth Form. Among others in Evening Meeting we have heard Professor John Macmurray, Harold Loukes, George Gorman, and Mervyn Parry. The Sixth Form have heard from Professor Arthur Newell, Miss Davis from the local museum, Miss Daphne Oram of electronic music fame, Mr Mummery, Peter Bradley, John Ewen from the Cambridge coffee bar, "The Freebooter Coffee Bar and Club", Colin Legum of *The Observer* and Margaret John.

Small choir and the octet under the able direction of Mr Sturge, made its rounds of the local villages again this Christmas. The day after the end of term they sang at St Paul's at mid-day and in Trafalgar Square in the evening, and later appeared on television and were heard on the radio.

New faces were seen in the staff room, the domestic quarters, the san. and the boys' matron's room: Mr Conybeare is assisting Mr Jacob in Geography, and teaching some Science also. We were sorry to lose Miss Marshall at the end of the summer term and wish her all the best in the future. Her position, now termed Domestic Bursar instead of Housekeeper, has been ably taken by Miss Taylor, assisted by Miss Willis. In the san. Miss Jones has has replaced Miss Morley who left last term to get married. Miss Jones quickly learnt what the work involved meant with the coming of the "bug" and she and Sister were greatly helped by Mrs Wicksteed and Mrs Barnard. We were also pleased to have with us this term Mrs Anderson who helped Miss Taylor until the appointment of Miss Willis. Miss Prior is helping Mrs Mercer at the boys' end. We were sorry to say good-bye to Miss Bartlett at the end of the term. Her place will be taken by Miss Brown.

Although the conversion of the old Geography Room to the Sixth Form Biology Lab. was completed for use in the term, the new boys' changing room was not ready, and was the cause of temporary chaos at the boys' end.

For seniors, the highlight of the end-of-term was the Christmas Dance at which excellent impromptu jazz was played by the remnants (four of them) of the Friends School Feetwarmers.

Another Winter Sports trip has been arranged by J.F.C. for the Christmas holiday.

Saturday evenings this term were mainly devoted to lectures or films. We heard Arnold Edmundson, Dr Kenneth Southall and on Fireworks night, Captain Lawson Smith. The subjects they chose ranged from Deep Sea Diving to Bird Watching. Films included *The Lavender Hill Mob, The Thirty-Nine Steps, The Fallen Idol* and *Knock on Wood*. Most of them provided a good Saturday evening entertainment.

Every term has its dramatic moments. David Hanson made a gallant attempt to stop a runaway car, and when the Saffron Walden Steam Laundry went up in flames, Pete Palmer helped rescue the delivery vans.

During the term a strange hut was erected between Croydon House and X and Y, and all wondered what it was. It appears to be some sort of zoo or pet-room for the lower forms.

Mr Gray and Mr Cadman have been taking members of middle meeting to service in some of Walden's churches, and this has provided a lively source of discussion in their normal school meetings.

Rugger has started seriously for members of Form 4 and above, and has proved a resounding success. Although the game is rather casualty prone, there has only been one knock-out.

From The Avenue, 50 Years ago

THE Spring term of 1912, opened on January 16th, with a record number of scholars, viz., 97 boys and 74 girls, total 171. With such a full school, it is very disappointing to have to record the outbreak of German measles, in some cases followed by serious complications, which culminated in the death of one of the pupils on February 28th and the premature closing of the school on March 6th.

* * * * *

When the school reopened on September 10th, 1912, we found ourselves in the midst of "wars alarms", for military manoeuvres were taking place all around us; and on September 19th the quiet of meeting was broken by the ceaseless din of marching troops, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, gun carriages and ambulance wagons passing outside. The one great feature of interest to us peace loving Quakers in all this mimic warfare was the number of army aeroplanes which constantly passed over the school.

The Sanatorium has grown considerably since our last number was published. The outside appears almost complete, and the windows are now in, but there is still much to be done to the inside before it is fit for habitation.

* * * * *

From *The Avenue,* March 1912

"Some Hints on Training for the Sports" by Basil G. Burton.

In the high jump, style is of the utmost importance and while training the form should especially be attended to. Thus at first, form and not height must be aimed at. The best method by which to obtain this is by placing the bar at an easy height continually until the form has reached as near perfection as possible. After this height may be thought of.

COURSES and CAUSES

Ode to Freedom and the Deterrent
"Requiescant in Pace"

OF course I know that I am free,
For that's what everyone tells me;
And who am I to dare gainsay
What everyone says every day?

The British Press is free, I know,
For the papers tell me so;
And who am I to spurn or squint
At anything they put in print?

And I know that the B.B.C.
Is part of our democracy;
And why should I doubt what I've heard
Even if it sounds absurd?

I know that MacProsperity
Is wonderful for you and me;
And we must vote Conservative
So that we may more affluent live.

I know that our material gloss
Is sticky-sweet like candy floss,
And I am fixed in my belief
That lots of sweet won't hurt your teeth.

Our Enemies are bad, I'm told;
And who am I to make so bold
As to doubt anything that's said
In journals that are widely read?

Britain badly needs the Bomb
In order to protect her from
The Russians, for they are in the Book
Of Hates, compiled by Beaverbrook.

And after all the Bomb deters
The Russians (those abhorrent curs),
From dropping H-Bombs up and down
The countryside on every town.

But the only reason that
The Reds should want to blow us flat,
Is that WE'VE got a Bomb to burst
On THEM; and they want to be first.

To spring on us a Bomb attack
We won't hit back 'cause we'll all be dead
And they'll have "won" the war instead.

So let us Ban the Bomb and be
Altogether terror-free—
But this reminds me that I should
Not say this, for it isn't good;

For I may write whatever I please:
I'm as free as a squirrel in the trees.
I'm FREE! All shout hip-hip hurray!
I'm FREE!—if I choose to obey.

Of course I know that I am free
For that's what everyone tells me;
And who am I to dare gainsay
What everyone says every day?

R. West, VI2

Youth Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

ON the initiative of three members of the Sixth Form a Y.C.N.D. Group was formed half way through the summer term, 1961. It now numbers about forty members and is run by a committee of five.

Soon after formation, we went into action, a fairly large contingent going to "man" banners outside Wethersfield air-base on its open day. Our other activity that term was the holding of a successful exhibition at General Meeting.

Since those small beginnings our activities have expanded rapidly in all directions. To mention some of the more important ones, I will deal first, with those connected with that ever present problem, CASH! Two projects brought in most of our money this

term; firstly we sold tea at P.T.A. Weekend. Its success was the result of an invasion of the Domestic Science rooms the previous evening to make a large number of cakes. Our second activity was a Sale of Work which proved highly successful considering the Baptists' Annual Sale was running in competition with us.

Meetings have been held at regular intervals throughout the term. We have held two meetings at which we have had visiting speakers; the first, which was limited to the school only, was when Dr Rachel Pinney came and spoke on "The Psychology of War". The second, the high-light of our activities, was our first public meeting: the speakers were Lyn Marsh, a Moscow marcher, and Sir Leslie Plummer, M.P. This was a most successful meeting, and one of the local papers gave it a very good write up.

We now have our own notice-board, situated at the bottom of the girls' stairs, on which various leaflets, etc., are pinned. Our final activity during the autumn term was when a number of Sixth members joined a poster parade and demonstration supporting a not very successful raid by the Committee of 100 on Wethersfield air-base.

To finish, I would like to thank all those who have helped our activities to run efficiently, successfully and smoothly.

Terence Pollard, VI2

My Visit to the Russian Exhibition

WE came in through the main entrance where a telephonist sat inside a glass box answering enquiries from telephone boxes around the exhibition. It was not very crowded yet there were still plenty of people about.

Inside the first hall was a photograph of Mr Macmillan talking with Mr Khruschev. There were a number of leaflets explaining the exhibition which we could take.

Further on, inside a high, light room was a large white structure with parts of the Russian constitution written on it. From a distance it looked as if it was a huge block of white marble, but when we went up to it we found it was a kind of plastic, smooth on the surface but cellular underneath. It was soft enough to be pressed in with a finger, and the letters had been cut into it.

Around the sides of the hall were various photographs and statistics. Here we learnt various facts, e.g., "There are 52% women among university students". Across the other side from the white structure was someone selling matches with pictures of Russian national dances on the boxes. All round were more free leaflets on various subjects, even some quite large booklets and I collected quite a few while I was there.

Next we visited the "cosmos". This was a tall, round, dark-walled room. Inside there were models of Russian space ships and information about how they work, and what travelled in them. On the walls of the "cosmos" were about five film screens which were rather oddly shaped, by no means rectangular. I saw part of a film on space ships. There seemed to be several different films being shown but only one commentary.

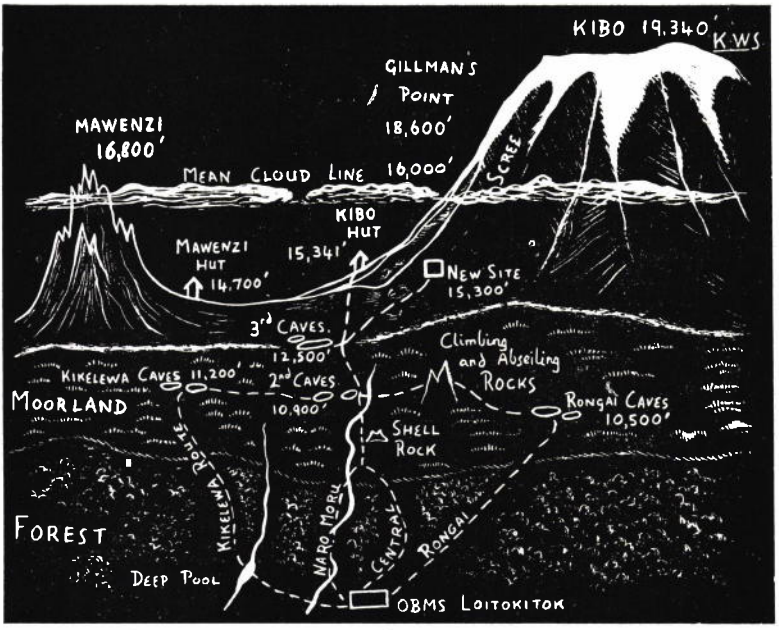
The car section was disappointing. There were only about five models exhibited and they were large and mostly black in colour. If these were their nicest cars I prefer ours.

There was a section displaying fabrics and clothing and I was surprised to see that Russian fur coats have the stripes going round and not up and down like ours. I had never seen this before and so it seemed a little strange. The furs were beautiful but the other materials were not impressive.

Up some steps we came to an exhibition of Russian aircraft. There were places nearby where one pressed a button and a film was shown of one of the planes in action. There were a lot of helicopters which seem often to be used for agriculture.

There were many other sections, engineering, agriculture, science and many others but I was only there for one afternoon and so I did not have a chance to see even half of it properly. What I did see I thought varied very much. Some was impressive and some not. However I enjoyed seeing the exhibition and thought it was well worth going.

Jane Heydecker, V



The Outward Bound School in East Africa

THE Outward Bound Trust runs several schools in different parts of the world for boys of all races between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

The school which I am writing about is at Loitokitok on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, Africa's highest mountain. Loitokitok is a remote village about 150 miles south of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya. It consists of a few African shops, a Police station, the District Officer's Post with the Outward Bound School about a mile away in the forest. The school has accommodation for about sixty boys from the four races in East Africa; Africans, Arabs, Indians and Europeans. The buildings are made of stone and wood and are very warm, as they need to be because although the school is near the equator it is 6,000 feet up and early morning temperatures are often quite low. There are four dormitories each of which accommodates about fifteen boys; each dormitory is split into patrols which have the names of mountains in East Africa. There are separate quarters for the Instructors and a recently built, clean, well-kept kitchen and dining room.

The school aims to teach each boy to find by self-discovery, the limits to which he can stretch himself in all manner of ordinary and strenuous challenges. And since boys of all races have to work together it helps to break down race barriers; this last is perhaps the most difficult part of the course for some boys. A typical day would run something like this: reveille at 6.10 a.m. (except Sundays) followed by five minutes' warming up exercises then a run to fill the water bottles at the Naro Moru river about a mile away. After our return we would have a shower, tidy the dormitories and be ready for breakfast by 7.10 a.m. after which various jobs had to be done, such as clearing the dining room, cleaning the kitchen and preparing the flags and readings for the Parade held at 9.00 a.m. After this the rest of the day till 5.30 p.m. was spent in various forms of training. After supper the evenings were occupied by lectures or discussions and we retired thankfully to bed by 10.00 p.m.

The training which occupied the greater part of our days was very varied. It consisted of: a Rope Course, where we learned to use ropes to cross water jumps and ditches and swing from tree to tree; Circuit Training; Project Work, in our case the digging of pipe line to bring fresh water to the school from a river two miles away; Cross Country runs which were about three miles of steep hill climbing and a final run of four and a half miles through forest and mountain country and with an overall altitude difference of 1,000 feet. We also did some athletics and practised getting over the wall and beam obstacle, which consisted of a smooth wall 15 feet high and a beam about 10 feet long and 1 foot in diameter supported about 10 feet above a stream.

We went on expeditions to the mountain and in order to prepare for this were taught something of First Aid and Mountain Rescue work. The importance of this was stressed for us because recently there had been a serious accident and a life had depended on the initiative and knowledge of one of the patrols. There were two preliminary expeditions on the mountain which gave us some idea of how to fend for ourselves and finally we came to the climax of the course which was a journey across part of the mountain full loaded with bedding, dry clothes, spare shoes, high altitude clothing for protection against exposure to the intense cold at the top of the mountain; tinned and dried foods, cooking utensils, ropes, a small axe, and water, all of which had to be carried. We spent the first night in caves at an altitude of 10,900 feet. The next day we split into two groups and our group waited a day while the first party set off to the Kibo Hut at 15,000 feet; after that they went on without a guide to Gilman Point (18,600 feet) and then up the top, the Kaiser Wilkelu Spitze (KWS on the map, 19,340 feet). We followed this route and passed the first party

on its way down. Many people suffered from altitude sickness and even the more fortunate people found a tremendous strain on the eyes.

But tired and exhausted as we were there was no-one who had not enjoyed the course and came to realise something of the meaning of the Outward Bound School's motto: "To serve, to strive and not to yield".

Peter Bradley, VII

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

On Contributing to the Magazine

THERE must be an article for the School Magazine. The posters have demanded it; the committee have begged for it; the question arises, "on what?"

The keener members of the school think of their subject and write, the words flowing along in the stream of ink. The less keen, but duty bound members pick up their pens, think for half an hour and write a few well-meaning words, the language forced and the dictionary definitions obvious. The rest refuse to give the matter a thought. For them it is something someone else does:

"My dear chap, what do you think I am?"

Whoever sets about writing an article begins in the same way; you pick up your pen and think. The result may be a blank period of time followed by a replacement of the pen or it may be a work of art covering pages of brilliant writing. Some time must be spent deciding on the sort of article to write—something funny? That usually falls as flat as a half-cooked pancake on a stone floor after desperate attempts at tossing. The effort is the same and the result just as disheartening. A poem perhaps?

The sun set high on the mountain slope,
Looked down on the valley's gloom,
The trees reflected its golden crown,
Enriching the deathly tomb.

After four lines inspiration fades and you start on something else. What about an article about School Magazines? But you suddenly realise all you can think of is the various pretty covers. However, eventually something is written and handed in.

Eventually the day arrives when the magazine, which has taken so much trouble to prepare and demanded so much of your free time writing for it, makes its appearance. Comments are made by all those who failed to write anything, while the writers turn hot and cold at the prospect of having their work recognised. They look frantically for their articles praying that the editor has remembered to put 'anonymous' by theirs. Ah! there is is! How

different it looks in print. At last the panic is over, the article written, printed, done with. No more racking of brains, no more frantic scribbling with a scratchy pen. Maybe it was worth it after all, their article does look rather professional. Maybe we'll have another go next year.

Diana Kerridge, VA

The Fatal Accident

BILL DOUSELL had bought his first motor-cycle, at the age of twenty-five. He was married and had a child, whom he loved very much. Every day, he used to get on his motor-cycle, say goodbye to his wife and child, then chug along to work. When he'd been riding his machine for a year, he considered himself quite an expert at handling the 'bike, and would frequently exceed the speed limit, or drive carelessly, but this proved his undoing.

One day, he chugged over the railway bridge, and saw the traffic lights ahead at go, so speeding up to get past before they changed, he saw red come up as he passed, but it was too late to stop now. He accelerated, there was a splintering crash, then all was still. He picked himself up, and thinking how lucky he was to get up in one piece, walked over to a nearby policeman to make a statement.

"Constable . . ."

The policeman took no notice.

"Constable, I want to make a statement!" Bill shouted.

Still taking no notice, the constable walked over to a puzzled group of lookers on, so Bill went on to his machine, but seeing it buckled up walked over to a bus stop.

An ambulance came along and he saw several men get out and take a body off the road and cover it with a sheet inside the ambulance to signify it was dead.

Bill got on the bus and offered his fare, but the conductor took no notice, so Bill settled back in his seat. He was getting used to people not taking any notice of him so he didn't try to raise a conversation with anybody, but just sat and got out at the fourth stop.

He unlocked the door of his house and went in. He had decided not to go to work afraid that his boss would not talk to him, or give him any work to do! He found his wife sitting among some of her friends, crying.

"What's the matter, Alice?" Bill asked. She took no notice of him.

"He was such a good husband to me," Alice said, and then Bill realised what had happened.

Geoffrey Grigg, IX

The Death of Two Eagles

THE eagle poised for an instant at the top of its glide, and then dropped from the sky like a stone. Without warning it had suddenly changed from the idly drifting observer to a surging merchant of violence and death.

The rabbit nervously chewed at the patch of moss. The shadow of the huge boulder was all around it, it felt safe. For a moment the rabbit's senses were relaxed. Save for the distant cry of a grouse, the moor was silent and empty, nothing stirred, the sun had only just risen behind the grim purple-tipped hills at the east. The whole stage was seemingly set for something to happen. The green patches of shrub and bush, the cold grey clusters of bare rock, the few isolated, tired looking trees. For a moment the world, like an audience as the lights dim in the auditorium, lay waiting and expectant.

With a hoarse, evil cry the eagle neared its helpless prey. In its turn the rabbit sensed simultaneously the sound and swishing air caused by its imminent predator. For a second the rabbit quivered, then with a quick run he raced out into the open of the heather.

With the casual air of someone quite unconcerned and unhurried the eagle closed his huge hungry claws over the scurrying rabbit. The body convulsed and as the breath was crushed out of it there came a painful whine. At the precise moment that the eagle had made his grasp, he also began to climb back into the sky and within seconds he was soaring up again, his meal secured and apparently safe. He slowly halted his climb and once again hung still and quiet in the air, the twitching rabbit now almost dead in his talons.

The eagle was suddenly aware of a noise, a high-pitched scream, mingled with overtones of a deep, spluttering roar. At the same time a shadow was cast over the landscape and the filtered light of the early sun was momentarily blotted out. The roar increased and now anxiously the eagle turned his head to the left and for the first time saw the blazing monster roaring towards him through the now shattered air.

With a pathetic cry for such a mighty bird, the eagle beat his vast wings and dropped the bloody carcase that he had striven so hard to get. Too late, with a deafening roar, the neat and solid bulk of the stricken plane caught the bird in mid flight, and together they raced earthwards.

Inside the cockpit Karl Hödenmann struggled frantically with the jammed cover. The heat inside his tiny prison was unbearable, the whole plane was afire and any moment he and his machine would be blown to a million pieces. Using the mad strength of

a desperate man he hacked at the glass around with his small axe. Glass flew in all directions, some of it merely shattered, but slowly, horribly slowly, he forced a hole in his cell. Then bracing his feet against the cockpit floor he pushed himself up through the narrow jagged gap in the glass and metal. Pain surged through his body as the sharp edges of steel and glass cut into shoulders, but as he pushed the hole grew larger and painfully and desperately he raised himself till he was seated half in and half out of the cockpit.

The mad rush of the blazing aircraft was nearly at an end. With the wind and flames beating at his face the German flung himself away from the condemned wreck. He felt the tail of his fighter sweep past him and then he was falling.

Fate had been kind to the young airman, for he had only been thirty feet away from the ground when he made his crazy leap. He hit the ground with a lurching crash. Luckily his feet had landed first and propelled by the sheer momentum of the fall he rolled and bounced to a rest some few feet away, unconscious and twisted. A further hundred yards or so away the plane ploughed to rest, tearing the heather and small rocks away with it. One wing broke away and flew wildly to the right before breaking up in mid air. Then with a mounting staccato crackling of small explosions the flames enveloped the wreckage and then with a brilliant flash of yellow light the plane exploded. The shock wave spread wildly, throwing trees back and waving the bushes and shrubs. Then, the black mushroom of dense smoke rose to the heavens, like a cross above the grave.

Slowly peace and quiet drifted back; but only slowly. The smoke circled up and the pieces of débris settled round the still smouldering wreck. In the distance the wild cries of scared animals slowly abated and the whole world of nature seemed to have absorbed this rude interruption and to now be going on unperturbed.

The sun moved down the sky from east to west, and it was well into the afternoon before there was any glimmer of life to be seen in the young airman. Slowly at first and then with more deliberation, he braced and tested each joint and muscle in his bruised body. There was a searing pain in his left leg, his shoulders were cut and bruised, his right arm was clearly broken, and the noise in his head could only be described as a throbbing, unending drumming.

He slowly raised his body with his good left arm. In spite of the agony that resulted in his shoulders he managed to look around him. Away to the right was the remains of the plane. He was lying as far as he could see in the centre of a slight hollow surrounded by a ring of small boulders. Immediately in front of him was a larger boulder which was covered with moss on the lower

side. His mind registered that something had been nibbling at the moss. He dropped back onto his chest and felt a strange relief, down here in this tiny hollow he felt sheltered and hidden.

Hidden. His mind raced with this thought. This was just what he didn't want, no one could see him, he would be left to die by starvation. To die, for some unknown reason he had not grasped this before. He was stranded without food or water in the middle of Scotland, unable to move and certainly unable to contact anyone.

He had always been afraid of dying ever since he had lost his father all those many years ago in Berlin. Still that was probably why he hadn't been a good fighter pilot. He had never dreamt even in his most wild dreams that he would be fated to die alone and unknown in the middle of a foreign country. As all this passed through his mind he realised that he was lying. Surely when he became a pilot he must have thought deep inside that there was a good chance that one day he would be shot down over an unknown land.

He faced the grim reality that he could not possibly speak to anyone, they would not understand him. He would be shoved in an internment camp till the end of the war. The war that seemed an awful long way away now. It was so peaceful, stretched out on the warm grass.

Pain shot through his shoulder and he winced, peaceful, rubbish, he was in agony and he was going to die alone. Alone, he thought for a moment wondering who he would like to die with if he had a choice. Perhaps his mother, no, she would only cry and say he had been foolish to become a pilot in the first place, she had always been against it.

What about Karin. She had probably forgotten all about him by this time, after all there were hundreds of other boys in Berlin. Why should she remember him? He tried in vain to get her photo from his breast pocket, he could not reach. 'Damn her', he thought, 'she wouldn't care at all when she heard he was missing and probably dead'.

For a moment his mind seemed to clear and the drumming stopped. In that instance he became aware of another sharper, clearer pain, this time in his chest. He coughed slightly and almost choked as his mouth filled with blood. 'Oh my God help me, help me.' His mind fogged again and the drumming returned.

Why had he cried out to God? Cynically he thought that this was just a natural reaction in human beings. Always that cursed yearning for religion. Deep inside he knew he wished he did have a faith. He felt sure that if he did have one it would be easier to face what he was certain was his end.

Silently he began a pathetic prayer. Or was it pathetic? How can a dying man's last attempt to come to terms with his maker

be pathetic? Tragic yes, but not pathetic.

He was coughing again now, the pain was indescribable. He painfully and pitifully slowly drew his good arm out from under his torn and contorted body. Stretching out with care and determination he placed his hand on the rock and touched the patch of moss. It was damp and soft, he pulled at it and it came away and then clutched in his hand it crashed to the heather in the shadow. Neither hand nor moss moved again.

Bryan Stoner, VI2

His Last Round Up

HE sat by himself in the corner, his feet on the chair next to him and a straw dangling languidly from the corner of his mouth as he dropped his empty bottle onto the table. Beyond his outstretched legs the juke-box stood, quivering on its mountings as it rent the air with the latest offering of the pop-song world. Two girls stood before it reading the labels as they each toyed undecidedly with a sixpence. He looked at them intently, at their hair piled up high on their heads, their large shapeless sweaters, one light blue, the other red, their skirts, one tight the other spraying out like a mushroom and their dark stockinged legs. He brooded moodily. Past the juke-box two of his friends sat, both dressed like him in the latest style in Italian suits with striped white shirts, narrow ties and exaggeratedly pointed shoes. Joe sat silently cleaning his nails ostentatiously with a jack-knife, while Mac talked quietly as if describing something.

In the opposite corner was the counter with its rows of cakes and cups and piles of saucers. At the end the coffee machine hissed its incessant monotonous tune, now silver, now coloured green by the flashing sign above the window outside that read "El Espresso".

Still he waited.

"Still waiting, Tom?" asked Joe.

"Yeah, still waiting," he replied.

"Don't reckon she'll come. Give her a ring," suggested Joe.

"Yeah, think I will."

He got up and walked slouching out of "El Espesso" into the cold winter's night. A little traffic made its way noisily and muddily along the road to the traffic lights where the 'phone box stood. As he approached it he cursed under his breath for a woman was already using it, but what riled him was that she was middle-aged and unattractive, and nothing annoyed him more than middle-aged women, especially unattractive ones. He lounged impatiently against the glass and muttered to himself. "Stupid cow," he thought,

"why doesn't she hurry up and clear off?" He tapped on the side of the booth. Presently she put down the receiver, picked up her bags and other accoutrements and bustled backwards from the box.

"You really are a very rude young man," she said in a rebuking tone. "You must learn to be more patient."

He took no notice but waved her good-bye and then slid into the booth and reached into his pocket for some pennies, which he thrust brusquely into the coin box. He dialled her number but nobody answered for an interminably long time and for the umpteenth time that night he cursed under his breath. At last a rather breathless voice murmured some incomprehensible words into the telephone at the other end of the line and he stood up straight with a jerk.

"Ann, that you?"

"Yes," she replied rather querously. "Oh, Tom, I'd forgotten all about it. I'm terribly sorry, honest."

"Can you come round now then?"

"Well, not really." She paused and then blurted out, "I'm just having a bath."

Over the momentarily quiet line he heard a snigger and a few laughing words in a masculine voice.

"O.K. then. See you."

He banged down the receiver and stormed out into the night again, partially consoling himself by kicking the door shut beside him. As he turned back to the coffee bar he brooded on violent thoughts, breaking off only to vent his impotent rage on a passing couple with a stream of blasphemies and obscenities.

Outside the coffee bar he paused, thought, and then kicked the door open and stamped inside and across to the table where now only Joe sat. "Watch it, son," came a voice from behind the counter as he roughly shoved away the table behind him and sat down.

"What she say?" inquired Joe.

"The bitch. The stupid bitch. Carrying on with some other bloke. Heard him on the phone."

"Huh, too bad. Thought you two got on well together." Joe again.

"Did."

Joe offered no other consolation.

"What you going to do then?" asked Joe.

"Dunno."

"Will you see her again?"

"Dunno."

They sat quietly for a while until Joe walked down to the counter, and walked back with two 'Cokes'. He thanked Joe and drank, and while he was drinking noticed out of the corner of his

eye that the two girls that had been there before now occupied the table where he had sat. When he had swallowed the rest of his drink he went to the juke box and stood in front of it scanning its contents. Then he turned to the two girls and asked, "What do you want?"

The two looked at him, then at each other and then smiled.

"Oh, I don't know," one of them volunteered.

" 'Big John'," suggested the other.

"Yes, 'Big John'."

He pressed the appropriate button and the machine came to life again, filling the room with its strident noise.

Joe joined him in front of the juke-box and after exchanging a few words they both sat down at the girls' table and tried to start up a conversation. They had little difficulty for this was obviously what the two girls had been waiting for. Joe soon prised the names of the girls from them, and even Tom shed his earlier despondency and livened to his company. Fifteen minutes later everybody was happy, the girls because they had found someone to take them out, or so they thought, Tom and Joe because their boredom was relieved, and the owner of the bar because a ready stream of sixpences was flowing into the juke box.

Tom stood up to get another sixpence from his pocket when the door opened, and through it slouched six feet of black dressed youth. Black jeans, and black leather jacket over black sweater, black hair plastered flat. Behind him half a dozen pairs of black jeans strutted into the room and to a table. They surveyed the room, and saw the two girls in the corner and whistled at them. They went to the juke box and stared at it, then went back to their table and started talking. Talking loudly about fights they had just had, girls they had just seduced, places they had just been to, every sentence a vehicle to show off their repertoire of swear words. To emphasise a point one of them suddenly jumped up and turned over the table to the great amusement of the rest, who then began talking and laughing in unison. The owner shouted at them, but from the security of the counter, and they shouted back.

The two girls began to look uneasy. Joe became nervous and Tom looked behind him at the gang.

"Let's go somewhere else," he said. "Come on Joe, I'll get my car. You two wait here." And before Joe could say a word he jerked him from his seat and towed him to the door and out.

"But you haven't got a car," protested Joe. "What are you playing at?"

"Guess."

He turned into a side street, Joe followed nervously. He quickly looked at the first parked car, cursed to himself and then

moved on to the next. He looked at the windows and then pulled a long knife from his pocket with which he poked at the rubber seeking the joint with the top of the door. He wriggled the knife and then pushed the handle up to lever the window down far enough for him to get his fingers in. Joe put his hand on top of the window and pulled it down to the top of the door, then put his hand inside the car and opened the door. They quickly slipped into the car, Tom in the driving seat stuck his knife into the ignition and forced it on. When he had investigated the different knobs he put it into gear and accelerated away to the main road, turned right and pulled up outside the coffee bar.

The girls heard the car draw up outside and tripped lightly down to the door, to the intense interest of the other customers, and stood for a moment looking at the car that awaited them, surprised that this was not the old jalopy they had expected. They climbed in and remarked:

"This is a lovely car isn't it? I don't know how you can afford it. What'll it do?"

"Oh about ninety," Tom replied, reading the speedometer. "Let's go up on the North Road and I'll show you."

The car shot off as he inexpertly let in the clutch, wheels spinning on the wet tarmac. They overtook several cars as they continued to accelerate well above the speed-limit and Tom gritted his teeth. Now he could let himself go, Anne could go to hell. She was worthless. Anyway he could easily find someone else.

Still he kept his foot hard down on the accelerator, still the car sped along past the shops and houses, forty, fifty, fifty-five, sixty. Still he did not brake as he approached the bend, but then, right on the corner he stabbed his foot on the brake and turned the wheel left. The car turned, and he accelerated again while it was turning and its back wheels continued to turn, sliding over the wet road. The car spun. He turned the wheel right, he turned it left. The girls screamed. Joe muttered. He braked. Still it skidded. He cursed.

And then, with a splintering crash, the lorry hit them and crushed the car like a matchbox against a lamp post.

Clive Eiles, VI2

Witches

STRAIGHT black hair and faces of bone
Ebony cats and caverns for homes,
For ever and ever and ever will roam,
Witches! Witches! Witches!

The feast is beginning, snuffle the light,
For the fire is burning equally bright,
We're going to start the fund to-night
With Witches! Witches! Witches!

The dancing's beginning with shrieks and cries,
The witches are dancing with stars in their eyes,
This is a scene which none can despise
With the Witches! Witches! Witches!

Wicked, vicious, varicose and cold,
Piercing eyes of yellowy gold,
Even now, not forgotten, their stories are told.
The Witches! Witches! Witches!

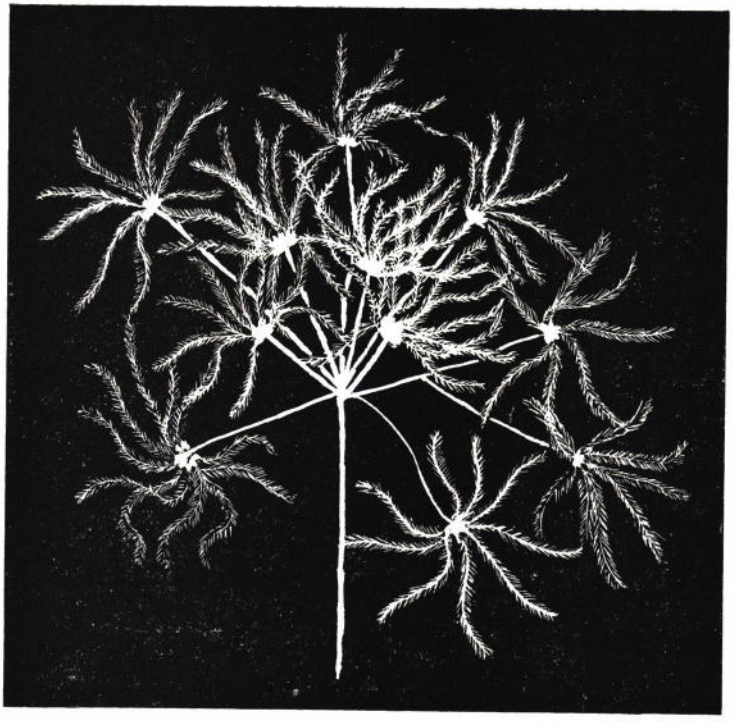
Josephine Beck, IIY

To: R.T.

A WISE man sat under a tree, thinking of world and suffering and peace. Delving deep into the mysteries of his reason, he pondered, lonely, aloof and free. Thought blended with thought as pity and compassion glowed within. Thread by thread, lattice-like, an idea formed, an idea grew; like a pin-point of light in an ever-darkening void, his tiny crystal sparkled in its exquisite purity, untainted, translucent and yet concrete. Flashes of light glittered off its facets, struggling to conquer dark, to conquer the gloom. This way and that, his message strained, piercing the depths, seeking sympathy and help. Slowly darkness lifted. One by one, answering gleams sent back a common reassurance, and mingling as one, yet separate, they burned bright, a fiery challenge to base war.

And in later years we may proudly see a monumental pyre of man's iniquity. But will that man still sit, patient and understanding, underneath a leafy tree ?

R. L. Albarin, VI3



Ellyn Elson, IIX



Tony Wright, IY

Dusk

THUNDER reverberated through the valley; rain lashed the deserted streets, and muddy torrents tumbled and gurgled along the gutters. Water gushed over the brim of his limp hat, and streamed off his beard. Hunched, shivering, and bedraggled, he splashed along the road bearing a banner, which stated, in smudged red letters: —THE END OF THE WORLD IS NIGH! PREPARE TO MEET THY DOOM!

Soon, he came upon an old inn, its sign swinging crazily in the wind. Snatches of song came from within, amidst the discordant tinkling of a pub-piano. How he longed to go into the warmth inside, and to shut out the storm. But he went on his way, and turned down a little alley-way. Faces pressed against firelit windows as he passed; between the rumbles of thunder, he heard laughter and jeering. A window was jerked open, and a raucous voice yelled, "Get back to your cave, you old tramp!" There was more laughter, and soon the whole street came to life. People swarmed out of their houses, and guffawed at the old man. A fistful of mud exploded in his face, and a violent push sent him sprawling into the gutter. Muddy and bleeding, he struggled to his feet, and shuffled on. The jeers grew louder, and tears came into his eyes. The crowd, rapidly growing hysterical, surged all round him. As he desperately tried to protect himself, there was a glint of steel and a thump. He sighed deeply as the hilt sank into his back. There was a blinding flash of lightning, and they saw his tensed body sinking to the ground; saw his gnarled fingers claw at nothingness; saw his banner topple into the mud. Against the glare of the momentarily silver sky, his unseeing eyes blazed yellow.

Immediately, the storm subsided. The wind and the thunder, the rain and the lightning, all died with the old man. The sky was clear now; all was hushed, and still . . .

And suddenly, the stars began to go out.

Arnold Wilson, VII

France Ahoy

I HAD set the alarm for five-fifteen to catch a train at six o'clock —the only one, the station master had said, that would get me to London in time for the nine-thirty boat train from Victoria. But of course, the clock stopped and I woke up at about the same time as my train would have been pulling into London.

I was on the road trying to get a lift by ten-to-eight without much hope of catching that train but by vast good fortune I was

standing one-and-a-half miles from Victoria with seven minutes to spare. For a seemingly interminable time I couldn't see a taxi but when I did hail one, the driver was very sympathetic to my cause and tore off like a mad thing. This was to our disadvantage however for he didn't notice another taxi coming out from the kerb. We hit nose to nose and both vehicles went careering into the gutter. But as nobody was hurt and the only damage done was a few dents and a bit of broken glass, and as both drivers seemed anxious to avoid the police, we continued after handshakes all round.

I had the satisfaction of missing the train by only four minutes and caught the ten-thirty to Paris by a different route.

I hadn't any plans about what I was going to do in Paris. I started by making inquiries about the Youth Hostel but grew discouraged when the fourth policeman said that he didn't understand English when I knew perfectly well that I was speaking French, so I decided to leave Paris and to proceed South by rule of thumb. On the Orleans road two policemen drove up and asked to see my "papiers" but they drove on, satisfied that I was not an Algerian rebel with a load of plastic bombs in my rucksack. No one else stopped for me, so I gave up and settled down on the side of the road to sleep. By half past two it was so cold that I started hitch-hiking straight away. Two hours later the first cock crowed and within five minutes the first streaks of dawn began to appear over the far-away hills. At five-forty-five a gentleman stopped for me and took me two-hundred and fifty-two kilometres, down to Chateauroux. He left me at ten o'clock and I wandered throught the town, having a good wash under a street tap.

My luck after this ran out and I moved at a snail's pace during the following three days. And then I stopped at a farm for a drink of water. The occupants seemed filled with pity when I told them about my dismal hitch-hiking. In fact Mama was so enraged that when the very next lorry went by she walked into the road and shouted at it shaking her fist and pointing to me. It had the desired effect however, for the lorry pulled up and was soon carrying me to Brive.

On the road the next morning I saw a black Morris Minor approaching and I recognised a Yorkshire man and his family whom I had seen the night before at the hostel. I could see that they were having a quick consultation about picking me up but they stopped fifty yards on. They were going right through Toulouse, right through Carcassone and right through to the coast. What a lift ! But was he a bad driver ! "My dad's not the ideal driver," said the little girl in broad Yorkshire drawl as he had just overtaken on a bend with another car screaming round the other way. "Quite !" I thought as I hung grimly onto the back

seat. We stopped for lunch just outside Carcassone and by then we were really well in the wild barren country.

My original idea was to reach Italy along the coast but it was suggested by my travelling companions that I should go with them to their resort Port-la-Nouvelle and there find a hotel. This I agreed to, and when we arrived there the first hotel at which I tried had a room for twelve shillings a night.

Port-la-Nouvelle obviously was a fishing village. But due to the miles and miles of golden sands and the lovely weather there are now two parts to the town, the old village and the tourist section. Of pretty girls in tiny bikinis there is no lack, just as the he-men who stride around with huge chests, tanned to boot polish brownness. Everybody was brown except me. I should think that my white back was a relief in monotony.

All the way down, I had been very careful with my money. A pear, for breakfast, a pear for lunch and two pears for supper had been my daily menu. But on my first night at the town I feasted in splendour on everything the starchy trade of Port-la-Nouvelle had to offer.

The days passed quickly. Underwater swimming, sunbathing, diving, mounting climbing, dancing or just wandering about mingling with the French, thinking how much better than English life was this. Through zealousness and too much sun, I got sun-stroke and had to spend a day in bed with the hotel mistress as nurse.

One evening there was a thick mist over the sea which grew thicker every minute until at the end of the pier visibility was down to zero. I was told that that was the sign of the approaching autumn, such an occurence only happening once or twice a year. Everything was strangely silent, only the lapping of the sea water on the breakwaters broke the peaceful stillness.

There had been one thing that I had wanted to do ever since arriving. That was to go out in a fishing boat to watch the shining catch being hauled in. On the evening of my last day I set off in the direction of the harbour looking for likely boats moored along the canal. In the first one I tried which was about thirty feet long there were several men aboard, and when I asked for the "patron" one of them indistinguisable from the rest came forward. He agreed to my request and invited me to climb aboard. One of the men then told me about their method of fishing. They would anchor about ten miles out, and set bright arc lights shining down into the water from the side of the boat to attract the fish. They would sleep then for about five hours until daylight just showed. The nets would then be hauled up and the fish thus caught would be packed in boxes whilst still on the boat at sea.

All this I looked forward to as we steamed out of the harbour.

When the fishermen had asked me if I was ever sick at sea, I had been very indignant and told them emphatically never. But they had just grinned and turned back to their tasks. The waves were very high and the little boat was tossed over the top of them. But sitting in the front of the boat I felt better than ever. It was not until it was necessary for me to move that I began to feel bad. I lay down in a rope coil when all the men save two had disappeared to the lower sleeping quarters. Of those two one climbed into the little rowing boat with the lights and the other stood in the doorway of the cabin looking out over the broody sea. Kind fellow! He saw my distress and tossed a blanket over me as I lay there scarcely daring to move. The smell of rotten old fish was everywhere, even the blanket smelt of fish and that did nothing to improve my condition. Everything was silent except for the waves slapping on the side of the boat and the burning of the oil lamp on board. Then it started to rain and the seaman cast a tarpaulin in my direction. The sea became rougher and rougher and the rain pelted down until at last when I could bear it no longer, I raised myself up and turned over towards the side of the boat. The covers slipped off my shoulders and the rain soaked me in seconds. It dripped down my neck and between my ears, running down my face in rivers. At last, drenched, weak and exhausted I got up and tried to stagger the few steps to the cabin over the slippery floor. It was very nearly the last thing I did, because a wave tilted the boat and I was as good as gone overboard when the fisherman grabbed my arm and led me back to the cabin.

There I sat, huddled in a corner with a blanket round my knees clutching the dirtiest smelliest old bucket one could imagine, thinking with horror of the next six hours. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed in great forks and a huge sea had us at its mercy. But fate favoured me for it was too rough for the fishermen to cast their nets and the "Patron" decided to pull up the anchor and head for home.

As soon as we were in the calm waters of the harbour my illness left me and I stood up with the "Patron" in the cabin as he guided the vessel into its mooring place. The iron gates of the hotel were locked and I had to climb over the top of them in the darkness.

The next day I wanted to be off. At first the hotel mistress wanted to charge me nothing as I had been sun-burnt and she had taken pity on me. But I wasn't having that. Then she put the price up to thirty shillings. Even that I couldn't accept. "All right!" she said, "I'll go no further than three pounds. Take it or leave." I took it for I had no option, but three pounds for a week for full board and lodging on the South Coast of France must be a record. The hitch hiking going was much better than before and by that

evening I had arrived in Avignon.

There was one incident on the way back which left me with no doubts as to the ferocity of the French. In a greengrocers I was waiting impatiently in a queue, tossing a pear up and down which I hoped to buy. Unfortunately it caught the end of my fingers and ricocheted over the counter and hit the woman shop assistant on the nose. I draw a curtain over the explosive scene that followed.

From Avignon I had the luck to get a lift direct to Paris and we drove on through a day and a night, through the towns and villages along the great N.6. bordered with trees until my head drooped with weariness.

At two o'clock on a Friday morning he left me six kilometres from the station in Paris. After a terrible walk, thinking all the time about the station's warm waiting room, I reached the gates to find that the station was locked up for the night until quarter to five. Tired out, cold and hungry, unshaven and unwashed I wandered through the streets until the doors were opened and then I made straightaway for the waiting room and the nice comfy armchairs.

Soon light began to break and the day life of the station started with the clanging of barrows, and soon the one or two people became a thronging mass all getting to their work. At nine-thirty I boarded the train and was soon speeding on my way to my well beloved England.

I have never appreciated England more than after those two weeks of that holiday. Although the French are curious and very charming, the old rituals and customs of England suit me better than ever and I hope that I shall never leave them.

Matthew Robinson, VI2

The Snake

HE creeps, he crawls,
He slithers and slides,
Green as the grass
Or brown as the new turned earth,
The snake still stealthily slithers.
His poison penetrates,
He strangles and stifles.
Sheading his skin
As his black length grows.
The treacherous, scaly,
Limbless body.
Yards and yards
Of venomous death.

Judith Kemp, IX

How do you prefer to waste your time?

A LARGE proportion of my time at home during the holidays is spent devising new, and larger, better and more scientific ways of killing time, and now, after much research the result of my work can be revealed. The perfect way to waste time. The formula is simple—place a large armchair within arms reach of a well-upholstered book-case and browse.

Browse through all the different shaped sized and coloured books and dip into all the varied activities of homo sapiens. Browse through books serious and light, humorous and tragic, interesting and dull, garbled and eloquent, provoking and orthodox. Books on science and art, religion and superstition, ethics, exploration, books fictional and factual, books on sport and thought, on Bailey Bridges and Bailey, Trevor. I read chapters from them to savour their different styles, the brilliance of Taylor on Germany and England in 1939, the ornateness of Dickens; the functional technical jargon of Mcleod describing how four spades is made by rectifying the count and then squeezing west, the baroque slang of Runyon recalling Rosie, the doll who is dealing them off her arm at Good Time Charley's speak-easy over on 42nd Street.

Here then is the way to do everything when there is nothing to do, transport yourself at will to Leeds to see Bradman in full flight, to Rheims to see Hawthorn do battle with the great Fangio, to the South Seas with Heyerdahl, or the South Pole with Scott.

What I like to do best is to read again chapters of books I have enjoyed or perhaps even one or two sentences that struck me as glorious, outrageous or witty. One such is Ian Macleod's "fairy story" about a certain Lithuanian timber merchant, another is Victor Mollo's remark, "the meek and humble may do well in the hereafter but in the meantime they are invariably doubted." Epic accounts too read well in repetition, parts of Hunt's account of the 1953 Everest expedition for example are well thumbed in our copy of the book, as are the more poignant passages of "Annapunha", relating the agonies of Mainic Herzog and his companions after their Himalayan ordeal. Needless to say I derive much pleasure from reliving my own 'epics', insignificant though they may be, with the aid of maps and books. The Llanberis Pass guide book and the time water poured up our sleeves as we did a layback on the Grooved Arête, the 'folder' road map and many hitch-hiking journeys, a tourist booklet, and the time I slept by the river in Chester, a book on Jack Johnson and the little Spanish town in which I read it; all these incidents and places live for me as I follow lines on maps or read descriptions of the country.

Of course, another likely profitable side-line is reading books or articles whose ideas are either out of date, unusual or out of line with one's own. Readers' Digests are my favourite hunting ground when seeking this type of sport and many a copy of this journal has been the author of unsolicited laughter or cynicism from me. Many a writer has been shrivelled by the eloquence of my exposition of the faults, false conclusions and bigotry contained in his article, whether it be about politics, religion or pseudo-science. My mute speeches would have graced the lips of Marshall Hall himself, or so I like to think. The reason for my picking this magazine's articles to pieces is to be found in the geography of our book-cases, for on the armchair side of the magazines are a number of books of British trials, famous and infamous, in which are many accounts of penetrating cross-examination and brilliant advocacy by Marshall Hall, Simon, Humphreys and others. Alongside these great lawyers are others, better known but less illustrious, Wood, Joyce, Bottomley, Hooley, Haigh, Smith and Crippen, who stood transfixed in the spotlight for a brief moment before passing to the gallows, prison, or freedom.

Perhaps one day, after spending so many hours attempting to kill time, I like the March Hare, the Mad Hatter and the Dormouse, will be condemned by time to passing the rest of my life in one place. Unlike them, however, I shall not mind, provided I am within arm's reach of a book-case.

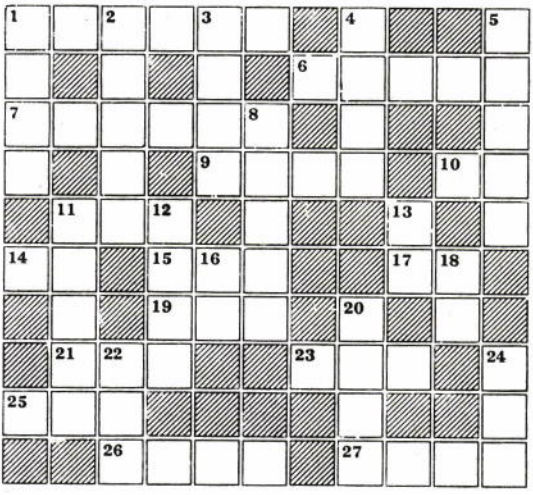
Clive Eiles, VI2

December

THEIR last leaves fallen now the trees stand stark and gaunt,
Each stiffly paying homage to the sun-starved earth.
The fog, the sleet, the dull grey clouds that haunt
The wintry sky which like a mantle clothes the world.
No creature stirs: the wood, the fields are like a corpse.
And then the snow envelopes all.

John P. Smith, VA

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

1. A vegetable
6. Not above
7. Small
9. Road
10. Not out
11. A colour
14. Opposite of yes
15. A drink
17. Angela Tomkins (initials)
19. I — home (a verb)
21 and 23. Writing utensils
26. Corresponding to village and city
27. Incline

DOWN

1. Aspirin, etc.
2. The name of a book
3. — gate
4. Girl's name
5. A river
8. I have — a piece of cake
11. A bird
12. Not light
13. Automobile Association
16. French for the (box)
18. A preposition
20. You camp in it
22. Fishermen use it
24. Domestic animal

Pauline Dutton, IX

Solution on page 236.

CLUBS and SOCIETIES

Pet Club

OUR first problem was where to build the hut to house the pets. I thought that perhaps a position near the Biology Laboratory would be best but there isn't a suitable site there so it was finally decided to build near Croydon House where there is a suitable supply of water for the animals to drink and for cleaning out their cages.

After the foundations had already been laid it was discovered that according to law the building had to be at least ten feet from the next building and this would only be seven feet away from the corridor of Rooms 13 and 14, so a fresh beginning had to be made, thus delaying the starting of the Club.

When we had decided on the site of the building we then discussed the kind of animals to be kept there and we decided on the following: rabbits, rats, mice, guinea-pigs, hamsters, lizards, toads and other reptiles and amphibia. The rabbits are to be housed in hutches in an open shed situated on the west side of the main pet shed.

Food will be bought in bulk by the club and the owners of the pets will pay a small subscription which will vary with the appetites of their pets!

The animals will normally be fed between eight and nine in the morning and again in the afternoon where necessary. Cleaning and tidying out of the huts will have to be carried out frequently and efficiently if there is not to be an unpleasant smell!

C.R.

Some Thoughts on Film Club Now in its Fifth Year

'FILM CLUB' is, in a sense, a misnomer, because it it not a club in the accepted sense of the word—it has no constitution, no official membership, and no laws and regulations, other than those of common sense and good behaviour. It is simply a fortnightly opportunity for any members of school or Staff, who are free of other commitments and who so wish, to come to the Geography Room after prep. and watch a programme of films mainly of general interest, though with, rather naturally, a bias towards the 'geographical'.

Choosing a programme of films for such an occasion is quite a lengthy business and several points must be borne in mind.

Firstly, the audience is mixed, not only as regards sex, and therefore in interests, but also in age. Secondly, the times at which the various Forms go to bed divide the programme naturally into three 'houses'. Thirdly, it is an advantage if some at least of the films can be appropriate to that stage of the geography syllabus which the Form should have reached by the date of showing. Fourthly, the total available showing time is about one hour and fifty minutes, but of that time, members of Form I can only watch the first forty-five minutes; Forms II and III start twenty minutes later, and can watch for fifty-five minutes, while Forms IV—VI have the last sixty-five minutes. As a result of this, and taking into account the time unavoidably spent in changing and sometimes rewinding the films, experience has shown that to work in units of running time of about twenty minutes affords the most flexible programme, 'though for the top three forms, films of greater length, up to thirty-five minutes, can be fitted in.

Two questions often asked are: how much do the films cost? and how are they obtained? The answer to the first is simple—merely the return postage, for they are on 'free loan' and there is no hire charge. The second takes a bit more time. It is quite remarkable how many and how varied are the films that can be obtained in this way. Many firms regard it as a useful method of advertisement, and at the same time reducing the amount of profits on which income tax would be charged.

There are two large agencies for arranging the borrowing of films, and they handle the majority of business. Other firms however, prefer to run their own film libraries. The first thing to be done therefore is to write away for film catalogues, for these give the titles and running times and a short resume of the content of each film, and also whether it is coloured or black and white. After all that the actual details of the programme can be worked out, bearing in mind all the conditions already listed, and trying to maintain a more or less even balance between the interests of boys and girls in the three age groups. Mining and Engineering firms are good value in, for example, the story of the Kariba Dam and the Kittimet H.E.P. generating plant in Western Canada, the construction of the bridge across the Golden Gate or the drilling of an oil well in some tropical jungle. Unilever have some magnificent documentaries on life in West Africa and aspects of the North Sea fishing industry. Travelogue films can be obtained from British and foreign railway companies, foreign Embassies or Government offices, or shipping companies. Other subjects that come to mind are underwater swimming, lifeboat rescues, motor rallies and races, agricultural shows, the war against pests such as the locust or tsetse fly, the production of different commodities—tea, coffee, wool, sugar, wine, etc.—and the list could go on almost indefinitely.

The content of the programmes has always been in the hands of one individual, but so far it seems to have met with fairly general approval and the audience on most nights numbers somewhere between 150 and 200. It would seem, therefore, that the club is performing a useful function, and it is hoped it will continue to do so.

B.B.J.

Library Report



THIRTY books have been added to the Library this term and these have included gifts from Daniel Burlingham, Basil Burton, Mrs P. M. Fletcher and Kenneth Nicholson. A very generous book token was given by boys in the second year Sixth Form when they left in July.

The future of the three school libraries seems settled for some time ahead; it is perhaps a pity that they have to be flanked by the centre corridor on the one side and by playgrounds on the other but they enshrine learning in the centre of a spreading school. David Gray has accepted responsibility for the Study Library and, assisted by an able committee, has valuably contributed to its use and development. Kenneth Whitlow has at last seen his Junior Library settle down between the Study and Centre Library and is to be congratulated on the fine job he has done with this Library in difficult circumstances. In the Centre Library the inspiration of Eric Brown in installing shelves on wheels has solved our shelving problem without spoiling the look of the Library or making books inaccessible. The new wing has meant a welcome lessening in the use of the Library for meetings, even the School Committee moving to the new Geography Room.

The Library Committee is Susan Bush, Rodney Harper, Rosemary Hassell, Andrew Turner, Anne Franklin, Peter Bullman and David Skan (co-opted). They have begun splendidly. A special word of thanks is due to R. Luke Albarin who, guided by John Evans, has done a vast amount of work on the excellent statistics kept by scholar librarians over the years, so that our Library must rank very highly in this department.

C.A.M.

School Music, Autumn Term, 1961

MUSICAL activities now play a large part in school life and there are at present very few people who are not involved in music in some form or other. There are facilities for everyone to enjoy the music of his own taste and no-one can complain that the musical view is one-sided.

The Jazz Listening Club is now well established (a report appears elsewhere) and the Gramophone Society continues to meet every Sunday evening with an increasing membership. Although the "Feetwarmers", a traditional jazz band, has disintegrated with the departure of Richard Osborn, a new modern jazz group has been started.

The large choir continues rehearsal of the *Messiah* and various motets for a forthcoming concert in the summer. The small choir sang carols at Finchingfield and Newport Parish Churches and gave its traditional service at the last Evening Meeting of the Autumn Term. Again this year, the small choir visited London, and sang at St Paul's and Trafalgar Square, but this year it was with a difference. For the first time, the choir appeared on B.B.C. television and radio. It is hoped that this will be repeated again.

From the small choir an "Octet" consisting of two people for each part was formed which sang old French love songs at a Training College concert and at Senior Concert.

An orchestral committee met in the Autumn Term to discuss how rehearsals for orchestra could be improved. This seems to have had effect for at rehearsals now a lot of work is done. The orchestra is preparing for its concert this term.

It seems now that the School Orchestra has a rival for a very promising performance was given by a hastily got together staff group at the end of last term. We look forward to seeing some more from these previously unknown musicians.

Members of the music club have had the chance to attend several concerts at reduced rates and many people went to a concert given by the Amsterdam Youth Orchestra in November.

Senior Literary Society

THE Society has met three times this term and has had a varied programme. Members of the Society gave a reading of André Obey's play *Noah,* in which we particularly enjoyed David Lindsey's performance as Noah. Mr Dutton was invited to address the Society and spoke on "Epic Poetry". During the course of his talk he

gave us many an exciting glimpse of the power and majesty of the epic poem, particularly of the Latin epic. The final meeting of the term was devoted to a performance of *West Side Story* on records, introduced by Miss Kenningham.

The committee is as follows: President—Miss Kenningham; Committee Members—Christopher Hayes, Joan Pearce, Mary Evans, David Skan.

Middle School Literary Society

MID. LIT. meets three times a term on Wednesday evenings with Miss Cuthbert in charge.

At the first meeting this term three sketches and a charade were performed. The first sketch was done by the Third Form boys and was a shadow play called *The Operation*. It was supposed to represent what happens in an operating theatre; everything was rather violently performed. The second item was a charade called *A Modern Charade* the letters for the final word being said in the form of the first letter of one word in the title of each scene. This proved most successful, showing for instance, a workman leaning on his shovel, drinking a cup of tea—The Modern English Workman. The second sketch called *Aspth* although short was very funny. The last one done by Third Form girls was called *The Tramp*.

The second meeting was unavoidably cancelled. The term ended with a Christmas Party which was great fun.

John Shippey, Geoffrey Thompson

Drama

THERE have been fewer visits to the Arts Theatre, Cambridge, this term than often in the Autumn Term. Parties from the Sixth went to see *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Arden of Feversham*. The Fourth Form went to the Chelmsford Festival in October and saw a performance of *Frost at Midnight*, a translation of a play by André Obey. This was given in the cathedral which was most beautifully decorated for the occasion. The school play this year was a translation by Miles Malleson of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. A fuller criticism of this appears below. Finally we must not forget to mention a lively performance of a one-act play presented by the Fifth Form as part of the end of term entertainment.

The Prodigious Snob

MILES MALLESON'S adaptation of Molière's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* was a good choice for a school play, for it has a fair-sized cast containing many small but rewarding parts, a wide variety of comic situations and a gay, amusing climax.

The general standard of acting was high, and the obvious enjoyment of the cast communicated itself immediately to the audience. The central character, M. Jourdain, is a man with an emotional rather than a mental 'kink' but Christopher Hayes, who played this long and exacting part, gave us a man who appeared to enjoy his own eccentricities, happy to be a feeble-minded clown. If pathos was sometimes sacrificed to buffoonery, however, Hayes played the part with great assurance, a good sense of timing, and generally held the play together well.

In the first act, which was at times a little slow, we saw Jourdain in the hands of the unscrupulous instructors he employed in his bid for improved social status. Among these, Richard Whiteman was especially good, preserving a façade of politeness, and leaving the audience to see the thinly-veiled mockery behind his words.

Diana Smith and Peter Bradley, particularly in the opening scene of Act II, were outstanding, finding exactly the right level of comedy from the outset. Matthew Robinson as Cléonte and Judy Wall, a very charming Lucille, shared with them in this beautifully-timed quarrel and reconciliation scene which was one of the funniest moments of the whole evening.

Matthew Robinson and Joan Pearce (Madame Jourdain) neither of whom had easy parts, were both of a high standard. In a play where the plot is little more than a convenient background for the author to display his central character, the 'hero' is no easy task. Robinson struck just the right note—restrained, sincere, proud without being pompous, comic when the situation required it.

David Lindsey and Katia Pollak provided between them some very amusing moments, and though Dorimène was played with a little too much petulance at times, Katia acted with ease and grace and spoke her lines clearly in a voice admirably suited to the part. (Indeed the high standard of diction all round was a notable feature of the production.)

The final scene, when the cast was obviously relishing the broader comedy which the situation demanded, was splendidly vigorous and brought to an end a play which was a tribute to the apparently boundless energies and enthusiasm of its producer, Kenneth Whitlow. To him and to his cast, with the invaluable support of all those behind the scenes, we are grateful for a most entertaining evening.

D.L.

Girls' Reading Club

WE were pleased to welcome a number of new members to the Club this term. The books read and discussed at our meeting in December were: *The Black Cloud* by Fred Hoyle, *The Three Hostages* by John Buchan, and *Salar the Salmon* by F. Williamson. These books provided a stimulating discussion. Next term in addition to our usual meeting we shall meet with the Boys' Reading Club and read and discuss Ibsen's play *An Enemy of the People*. This is a new departure for the Club and one to which we look forward with pleasure.

Junior Orchestra

WE meet in the Hall every Thursday at 4.15 p.m. This term we have played, among other things, "Rustic Dance", "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring", and "Christmas Fantasia".

Anyone who wishes to listen to our practices may do so, but we don't guarantee the noise will be pleasing to the ear!

The players are grateful to Miss Bartlett and Mr Cane for the help and assistance they have given us.

T. E. Sellen

Jive Club

JIVE CLUB has just begun but is already a great success. We have met twice this term and both 'sessions' were more successful than we ever hoped, though one or two people left fairly soon and haven't been seen since. It is surprising how quickly and easily people have learnt the steps and we now number several experts among us.

And so, what was originally an idea to stop the floors of the New Wing floors being scratched has become a very successful Jive Club for the Second and Third Forms and we all hope it will continue. Our thanks go to Miss Thomson for organising and running this Club for us.

Jane Rawlingson, IIIA

Modern Jazz Club

WITH the commencement of the new school year membership numbers have remained approximately the same as last year; a dozen regular members and another two occasional visitors.

At present the club is restricted to members of the Sixth

Form although Fifth Formers who show a genuine interest may be invited to attend from time to time.

Owing to the departure of Bayliss, Lamb, and Osborn we have been obliged to restrict the time of meetings to once a fortnight, the supply of records having diminished considerably.

The selection of records played, however, has differed widely; varying from the intricate interpretations of Miles Davis and Jimmy Guiffre to the sometimes invidious offerings of the Joe Marriott Quintet.

Whether, in fact, all the music heard in recent months has been liked by the majority of members is a debatable point, but I hope it has convinced some at least, of the enormous potential in the appreciation of Modern Jazz today.

I would like to take this opportunity to express sincere thanks to Miss Kenningham for her continued help and support, especially during the formation of the Club, and also to Mr Sturge for his generosity as regards the use of his record player.

Peter Palmer, VI2

The Railway Club

OUR activities this term have been severely dislocated owing to structural alterations to the room, which were principally the blocking up of the old stairway and the placing of a new doorway, accessible by outside steps, through our end wall. In connection with this it was necessary to re-plan our layout so as to provide a thoroughfare to the other hobbies rooms, and since this entailed extensive alterations, and since the existing layout left much to be desired, we decided that, if at all possible, we would make a completely fresh start.

The School was very generous and co-operative, and with their assistance a new, and very superior, baseboard has been erected by our chief craftsman, Graham Saych. We are still collecting money (not that we ever stop) for new track. Our craftsman has also built a new cupboard, and a modelling shelf is to be constructed next term.

With the further encouragement of the school the Club has been able to participate in the Activities period of the lower forms and several of our younger members have been very active. A strong interest in modelling has developed in the Club as a result of this.

One of the more entertaining of our activities this term was the election of the Committee. This was a very democratic affair, in which the rigging of ballots was not allowed to play more than

the minimum part necessary to ensure the election of the right candidates. The procedure was as follows. Firstly, it was the duty of the retiring Chairman and Secretary to choose whom they wished to sit with them on the new Committee. After a long discussion we decided that certain changes were overdue, and the election was conducted accordingly. The electorate was vetted to ensure desirable results, and we went to the polls in a confident mood. As it was, our confidence was justified, for we succeeded in appointing the favourable candidates to office. This, however, could only be done after we had counted the votes ourselves, since the members appointed to do this proved to be innumerate. The new, and democratically elected Committee consists of Roger West (Chairman), Terrence Pollard (Secretary), Bernard Dutton (Treasurer), Colin Alexander and Jon North (Puppets).

It was with regret that we learned during the Autumn Term that the Government, never at a loss for a political pawn, had confirmed its intention to close the Colne Valley Line. It was quite easy to prove that the line was capable of running at a substantial loss by putting on an atrocious service: nevertheless, the powers that be had to act with alacrity in order to forestall the possible consequences of the development of Halstead (half way down the line) as a New Town: an increased population (it will be 60,000 in a few years time) might have caused the line to run at a profit, and so the Central Transport Users Consultative Committee was called in to reverse the decision of the regional Committee that the line ought to remain open. The last passenger trains on this delightful line were to run on the last day of 1961: by the time this gets into print some of the track will already have been ripped up.

Seven of us left Saffron Walden at 2.15 p.m. on Saturday, 16th December, and proceeded to Haverhill where we contacted an old scholar and ex-officer of the Club. Together we enjoyed the memorable scenery, the rambling vegetation and the unforgettable stations. We went as far as Mark's Tey where we examined the developments in connection with the electrification of the main line. When we returned down the C.V.L. it was quite dark and a thick mist covered the ground like diffused cotton wool. We are very grateful to the domestic staff for the late tea they provided when we got back to school—we were quite ready for it!

During the Christmas holidays an excursion on railway around Marylebone is to be held, but the exact details of this have not yet been worked out.

R. West, VI2

Debating Society

President—Cyril A. Mummery

Committee—Joan Pearce, David Lindsey, Andrew Edmunds, Bryan Stoner.

The recent session of the School Debating Society has proved to be rather disappointing. This is largely due to a generally poor response from the floor of the house.

We have had three debates in the Autumn Term and once again the left wing majority has maintained its supremacy over the political topics. As a result of two of these debates we learn that the house 'Would sit down in Trafalgar Square', 'Backs Jack' (John F. Kennedy).

It was hoped that the last debate of term would at least encourage new speakers, but unfortunately the usual apathy of the house defeated our intentions, the outcome being that 'The house respected the sanctity of marriage'.

The Committee would like to thank Gillian King, C. Eiles, R. Albarin, R. Bertram, R. West and K. Watkin for their frequent and helpful contributions.

Young Farmers' Club

ALTHOUGH the number of members has been rather lower than usual this term we have had three very interesting meetings.

The first took the form of two short talks. One given by Frances Weatherhead on her holiday in Austria and the other by Roger West on Soviet agriculture.

This was followed later in the term by the most important meeting, a lecture given by Sir Joseph Hutchinson, Professor of Agriculture at Cambridge. He described to us the foundation of a farm at a girls' school in Uganda which was an attempt to teach the girls and improve the diet of the people in general.

Our last meeting was a showing of two films, one on experimental farming and one on the Royal Show.

Our Christmas Party was to have been held on the last Tuesday of term but owing to clashes with various other activities it has been changed to a New Year's Party and will be held at the beginning of the Spring Term.

Junior N.A.T.C.H.

THE Society was formed some time before 1936 and we still keep our minutes in the same book. Unfortunately the Society lapsed for a while but we have now started it up again.

We go for rambles and collect leaves and twigs, etc. If the weather is not good we discuss things of interest round the school.

We have a small library in the Junior Biology Laboratory.

John Green, IIY

Fourth Form Debating Society

THE formation of this Society in November has led to two debates being held this term with the motion being carried in both cases by one vote.

The motions before the House were ". . . This House supports Compulsory Games" and ". . . This House supports the Monarchy".

With many people new to this sphere, speaking has been limited but already confidence is being shown in a number of cases and next term should bring some good debates.

The Committee which got this activity under way are to be thanked, they are Clare Davison, Susan Mitchell, John Hill and Bernard Dutton.

H.S.

SPORT

Tennis Report, Summer Term, 1961

THE 1st VI tennis team managed to maintain a resonable standard throughout the whole of the season; winning four of their five matches and beating the Old Scholars. The 2nd VI lost one and won one and the U.15 lost the only match they played. Nevertheless play was enthusiastic and great determination was shown by all concerned.

The members of the 1st VI were: *T. Bolt, S. Trisk, D. Comins, J. Griew, A. Tillett and P. Harmston, all of whom were awarded colours.

*Colours already held.

Girls' Mid-Essex Swimming Championships

WE sent a team, for the first time, to compete in the championships held at Chelmsford on July 21st. The under 15 team, consisting of Diana Watson, Jan Hopkins, Jane Heydecker and Barbara Allison, procured the trophy, and between them gained six "firsts". Jan Hopkins broke the record for 33⅓ yards crawl, while the medley and free-style relays were also raced in record time. Diana Watson came first in the 33⅓ yards back-stroke, Jane Heydecker in the 33⅓ yards breast-stroke and Jan Hopkins in the diving.

As far as the seniors were concerned, we only managed to enter two competitors; Judy Watson and Barbara Allison. In spite of this we gained third position. Barbara Allison was third in the 66⅔ yards breast-stroke, second in the back-stroke and third in the breast-stroke style. Judy Watson was second in the 66⅔ yard crawl and second in the diving.

Had we taken an adequate senior team we could probably have made it a double victory.

Judy Watson

Girls' Hockey Report

THE 1st XI had an unfortunate beginning to the season, losing their first four matches. This was mainly due to the fact that the team was constantly being changed, and with the exception of three players, it was entirely new. The latter part of the term proved more successful although we were defeated by Herts and Essex which was a disappointment after last year's victory.

As a result of the Senior Tournament in Cambridge, Judy Watson and Pat Drummond gained places in the 1st Junior County team, Judy also being chosen as a reserve in the senior team. Pat played later in the term for the county 'A' XI.

The Under 15 XI played keenly, winning the majority of their matches, and have the making of a good future 1st XI.

It is hoped that the general standard of play will be improved in the Spring Term by frequent and more intensive practising.

Colours are already held by J. Watson, P. Drummond and A. Pumfleet, and no more were awarded.

Our thanks go to Elizabeth Duffill for acting as Games Secretary, the groundsman for the upkeep of the ground, and Miss Taylor for excellent teas.

We will be extremely sorry to lose Miss Thomson at the end of the season, as she is leaving to get married. She has given us a great deal of encouragement throughout her time here, and we would like to wish her all the best for the future.

April Pumfleet, VI2

Hockey Teams, 1961-62

1st XI		Under 15 XI
S. Kemp	GK	D. Smith
A. Rose	RB	J. Wild
T. Bott	LB	J. Etheridge
M. Jameson	RH	S. Engall
P. Drummond	CH	S. Eiles
P. Harmston	LH	C. Sinker (Captain)
M. Evans	RW	J. Hindle
R. Hassell	RI	C. Darling
(Captain) A. Pumfleet	CF	B. Allison
C. Mynott	LI	P. Bent-Marshall
J. Watson	LW	J. Monk

Also played for 1st XI: D. Watson, J. Hanson, J. Monk, M. Wiseman.

E. Duffill



1st XI

				Goals	
P	W	D	L	F	A
10	2	2	6	14(?)	24

Captain—G. Errington

Statistically we have had a bad season in which most matches were lost because the forwards have been loath to work, especially in the sphere of chasing the through ball. Lack of constructive ideas and a commanding schemer have been felt but of course their service of passes is not blameless. In fact a pass out of the blue appeared to immobilise the forwards, to a man. Our last three matches have produced what can be loosely described as attractive football, and which I hope is trend setting for the future.

The defence has stood firm most of the time, although the number of goals scored against us does not bear this out. Slow tackling may be the answer but at times I have been completely baffled as to how the goals get through.

Despite the team's inexperience we started the season well by luckily drawing with Newmarket, following this up with a deserved win over Earls Colne. Away to Braintree we lost by the odd goal in seven but always playing better on a full sized pitch such as our own we beat the 'A' XI. Our game against Newport is always a struggle all the way and this proved to be

true again in a goalless draw marred by an accident to the Newport right-winger. Somehow, inexplicably, the Saffron Walden Tech. beat us twice and consolation was only found in the pitch and the referee. Soham, having only been beaten once this season carried on their winning ways although we had them in trouble at times. A static defence helped the Old Scholars to score four goals against us. Finishing the season rather prematurely because of illness, our last match, against Newport, provided a fitting ending to the season by beating us on their own pitch.

During the term we had a visit from Cambridge University Falcons who, if the team has learnt anything, it learnt to play constructive football, ably demonstrated by the Falcons. On a wet pitch, they gave us a display of intelligent, open and thrusting football which earnt them ten goals. Unluckily for us, they got into double figures in the dying seconds. The school played well and quite surprisingly managed to reply with two goals.

The only encouraging feature of this year's football is the number of potential footballers who will be remaining in the side. Consequently the horizon looks bright.

Finally we should like to thank those who help to make our games possible: Miss Taylor, Harry Purser, and Mrs Mercer and the Laundry.

Graham P. Errington, VI2

2nd XI

A certain well known Irish student of football, one Danny Blanchflower, is famous, among other things, for his delightful interpretation of resounding defeat as a moral victory.

Mr Blanchflower would, we feel, be truly at home in the 2nd XI, for although we have played and lost three games against other schools this season to the tune of three goals for and sixteen against, our spirit has never flagged!

A cynical observer might well enquire how with such a record behind us we still dare to hold our heads high. To this we would simply reply that as a team of generally unskilled and unimaginative footballers we are more interested in the game for its own sake rather than in the result. It would be true to say that we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and have saved our efforts for our bi-weekly clashes with the 1st XI, who on one occasion we beat 5—3 and this we consider is the high-light of an otherwise inglorious season.

The only other point worthy of mention is one of thanks. The team would like to thank Mr J. Evans for his undying loyalty and enthusiasm in the face of considerable odds.

Clive Eiles, Bryan Stoner

Under 13 XI

The Under 13 Team have fought hard but have not had good results. They never give in and play well as a team. They give good short passes and have earned most of their goals like that. The best play was seen in the match against Newmarket and they have not lost a home match yet, probably because confidence is given by supporters on the line.

The team is as follows: G.K.—Jonathan Bunston; L.B.—Martin Drummond; R.B.—Paul Headley; C.H.—Mervyn Willcock; L.H.—Geoffrey Thompson; R.H.—John Shippey (Captain); C.F.—Edward Sellen; I.R.—Michael Kozdon; I.L.—Neil Maxwell; L.W.—Roy Clark; R.W.—David McLennan.

Results of matches:

Opponents	Ground	Goals For	Goals Against
Newmarket	Home	1	1
Bishop's Stortford	Away	0	5
Newmarket	Away	2	4
Newport	Away	1	3
Saffron Walden Modern School	Away	0	8
Harlow College	Home	3	2

Lost 4 Won 1 Drawn 1 Cancelled 1

Two matches are still to be played.

Paul Headley



THE rugby has got off to a good start this year, more people have taken part and interest seems to be growing. From the rather untidy beginning definite patterns and tactics are emerging with real promise for improvement next term, when the idea of House Matches is a thought which could be realised.

Individuals who have shown most promise have been Brooke (scrum-half), Hale, D. Maxwell, Dutton, Pilgrim and Eiles. As the game proceeds far more names will, we hope, be added to this list.

During the Hockey term, Rugby will continue as a Friday activity with perhaps even more participants.

J.F.C.

Winter Sports, Andermatt, 1961

ACCORDING to the snow reports in some British papers, Andermatt had twenty-four inches of snow, not until we arrived did we find that Scotland would have been a better bet.

The Hotel Meyerhof in Hospental, where we were staying was, in comparison with last year's accommodation, spacious and comfortable.

On the evening of our arrival we walked two miles to Andermatt to see some international floodlit ski-jumping. Apparently it was on the junior jump, but they were jumping up to forty metres. There was only one serious accident during the evening.

The following morning during our first ski lesson, we were able to watch the second part of the Andermatt Ski Weekend in the form of a ten mile cross country race. Number 48 was a British competitor for whom we gave a rousing cheer.

At this juncture Charlie, our ski instructor, should be introduced as the greatest character in Switzerland. He taught us skiing for four hours a day, owned the St Gotthard Hotel and as a side line in the summer sold St Bernard puppies for £50 each to American tourists.

Beginners progressed well on the icy slopes, but the advanced group got tired of walking uphill. Consequently on our fourth day Charlie took the whole party to better ski-ing grounds, with a ski lift about five miles from Andermatt and 1,000 feet up. This proved a paradise for the advanced and average groups who made full use of the ski lift. Certain members of staff spent all the available time in the snow, but undaunted the advanced group spent four days ski-ing at Oberalp, using the ski lift up to twenty times a day.

The fifth day, Thursday, 11th January, was Charlie's birthday and we greeted him in the traditional manner with 'Happy Birthday to you' and a present at the station, after this we boarded a train for Oberalp. We left early after lunch to ski down across country to Andermatt. Up to half way this turned out to be a slow and tedious descent, there being very little slope, but after Nätchen we joined the icy road and the process was speeded up considerably. The order from Charlie was stern all the way, sit down if you cannot stop. We believe the latter method was used as a last resort by some members of the party. The same evening we were invited to join the ski school party at the Switzerhof Hotel in Andermatt. For this event a special train was put on to take us and bring us home. The dance floor was small in the Continental

fashion and the evening's dancing was broken up with yodelling by two Swiss ladies in national costume.

On Friday morning thirteen people took the bronze test on the slopes at Hospental. Our high standard was continued from the previous year and everybody passed. The awards were presented at dinner by Charlie. After this we held a party, using the juke-box as a source of music and 'the kitty' as a source of apfelsaft. The evening was gay with plenty of dancing and amusing games. On going to bed we were surprised to see it was snowing (the first since our arrival) and even more astonished in the morning to find it was still continuing. But Charlie arrived and we went out onto the slopes where a Rieslen Slalom was arranged. This is a race timed down a mountainside, people setting off at intervals down a marked course. The results were as follows: Charlie, 21 secs.; D. Hanson, 25.5 secs.; J. Bristow, 26 secs.; G. Errington, 28 secs.; C. Errington, 28 secs.; T. Paine, 32 secs.

Ski-ing was ended early by a blizzard. It continued to snow in the afternoon and most people resorted to shopping in Andermatt and sampling cream cakes.

On Saturday evening after dinner Graham Errington thanked Herr Meyer for a most enjoyable stay and gave him and the four charming waitresses presents from the party.

On Sunday most people took the opportunity for a last ski, but in the afternoon the ice rink was cleared in Andermatt and a group went skating. For many this was the first time on ice and the cine camera was hard at work. This sport became very popular during our stay and Mr Cadman found it another challenge.

We left Hospental at six o'clock on Sunday, 14th January, being seen off by Charlie and Herr Meyer and Pierre, another instructor with whom we were friendly, at Andermatt. From Basel to Calais we all enjoyed the soft couchettes, reputed for their comfort! The ever efficient French railways got us to Calais half an hour early, where somehow we were led onto the wrong boat and came into Dover Harbour instead of Folkestone, however this turned out to be advantageous as we arrived thirty minutes early at Victoria Station.

We would like to thank Miss Cuthbert and Educational Travel for such smooth running journeys and Mr Cadman for organising the party and making this such a memorable holiday.

Graham Errington, Susan Higby, April Pumfleet

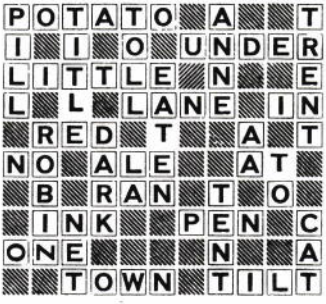
Acknowledgments

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Editorial Committee

Margaret Kenningham, Kenneth Nicholson, Iorwerth John, Kenneth Whitlow, Andrew Edmunds, Joan Pearce, Ian Whiteman, Jon North, Susan Kemp, Matthew Robinson.

CROSSWORD SOLUTION



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.

A Career for young men that carries responsibility

Coal provides about 75% of the total energy requirements in Britain. Because the demand for coal will continue to be high for many years to come, great schemes of reconstruction are being undertaken by the coal mining industry, for which there must be an adequate supply of suitably qualified and well trained men.

University Scholarships.—The National Coal Board offer up to 100 University Scholarships a year for school leavers and Board employees; most are in Mining Engineering and some are available in Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical Engineering and in Fuel Technology. They are worth £400 to £535 and there is no parental means test.

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

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Management Training.—When you are qualified—either through the University or through technical college while working—you are eligible for a two- or three-year course under the Board's Management Training Scheme.

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

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

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