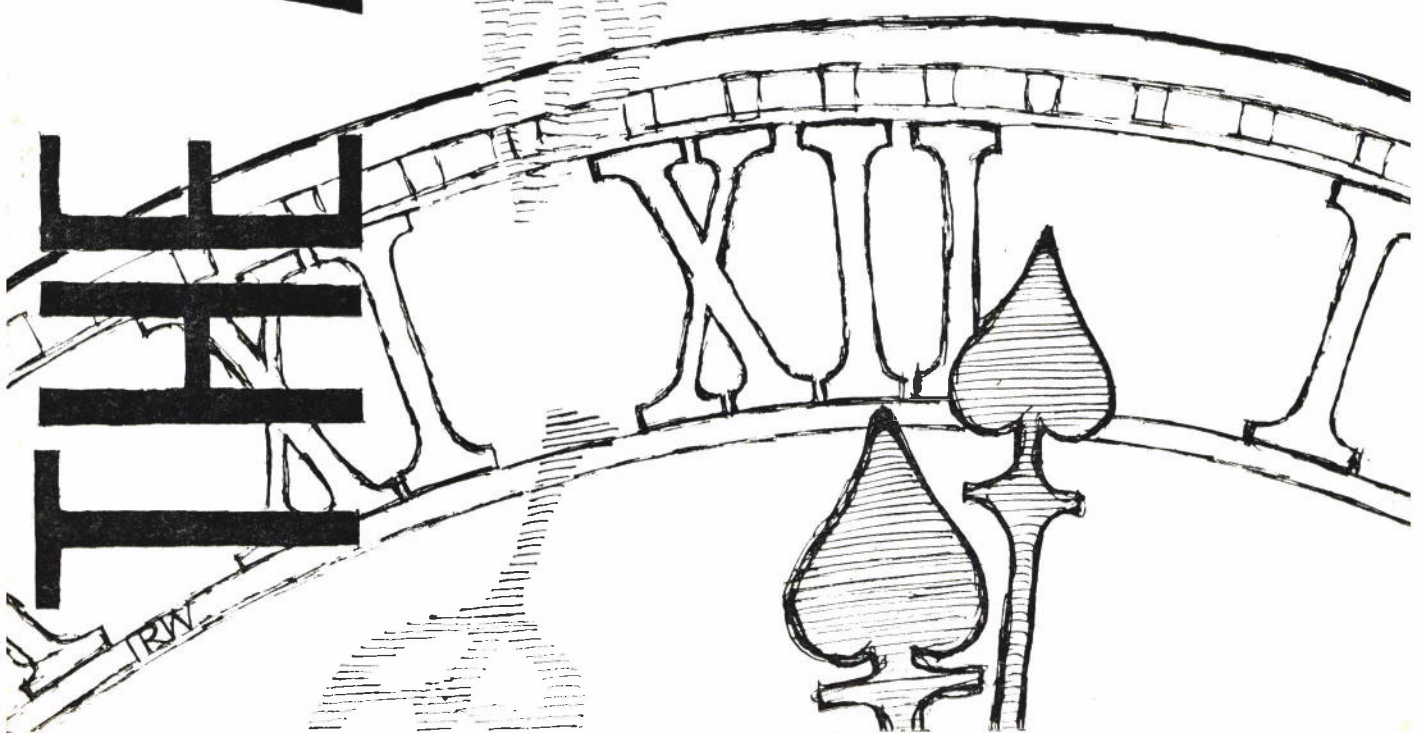
THE AVENUE

MARCH
1963



THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the
Friends' School, Saffron Walden

Vol. 44 No. 133 March 1963

Editorial

THERE are a number of changes to report in this issue of *The Avenue*. The most obvious, which we hope you will like, is the introduction of a new format; both the shape and the type have been altered. The change in shape has made a new cover design necessary to replace the old one drawn by Graham Bush. Ian Whiteman is our new designer.

A second change, less pleasing but necessary, is the increase in price from one to two shillings. Since everyone asks "Why?" when this happens we are taking the opportunity to say a word about how *The Avenue* is financed. Producing such a magazine is expensive; the last few issues have cost between 3/6 and 4/- per copy. At one time the cost of *The Avenue* was met almost entirely from school funds, and to scholars it was distributed free. In recent years the School Committee was making an annual grant of £70 to make our budget balance. It has since increased its grant to £90, partly to help meet rising costs, and partly to encourage the editorial committee to extend the scope of the magazine. In view of this we think it reasonable that readers in the school should pay at least half of the cost of their copies. With the extra money we are producing a bigger magazine, and hope in future editions to be able to afford more photographs and illustrations. The success of *The Avenue* depends on its readers supplying copy, in the form of articles, drawings and photographs. Please keep the magazine in mind throughout the year, and record events and achievements as they occur. Our next issue will cover January to December 1963. In other words we should already be producing material or making notes for it.

We hope the third change is not noticeable at all. Not only has Mr John handed over as Treasurer to Mr Dutton; we have also lost our Editor, Miss Kenningham, who was in charge of *The Avenue* from 1958 to 1962. Our thanks go to both of them for their work, and especially to Miss Kenningham for the high standard to which she raised the magazine. We wish her every success and happiness in her new job and hope this issue measures up to the example she set us.

The Avenue Committee

Bernard Dutton, Richard Dutton, Mary Evans, David Gray, Mary Hartley, Susan Kemp, Kenneth Nicholson, Jon North, Matthew Robinson, Diana Smith, Ian Whiteman, Kenneth Whitlow.

Acknowledgements

The Editor of *The Avenue* gratefully acknowledges the receipt of many School Magazines including the following: *The Archway, The Beckside, The Island, By Kent and Skerne, The Leightonian* and *The St Christopher Magazine.*

Inter Alia

MANY will remember that the Summer Term greeted us with a new face trotting by Miss Ellinor's side, that of Enoch, the King Charles Spaniel, who became quite a part of the school and was missed in the autumn when he had to return to his owner.

The past year has been one outstanding in entertainments of one sort and another. Plays which the school has produced include two one-act plays in the Spring Term last year, the staff play "Man of Destiny", the three "Victoria Regina" plays in the middle of last term and of course the school play, "The Moon in the Yellow River". We might also mention "The Goon in the Yellow River" which inevitably followed in the end of term entertainment.

Some of the films which we have seen have been exceptionally good. Most outstanding were "The Burmese Harp" and "Tiger Bay".

Roger Trafford has paid us two visits this year when he acted for us excerpts from "Oliver Twist" and Shakespeare's plays.

In the Summer Term the School entertained the Germantown Friends' School Choir from Philadelphia, who sang to us very beautifully and ended their recital with "Michael row the boat ashore" in which we all joined. A dance was organised for them in the evening when they showed their skill at twisting. For Christmas they sent the Choir a recording of their singing, made in France.

There has been an influx of new staff this year to replace all those who have left. In the Spring Term, Miss Thompson left to get married, and Miss Jones and Miss Prior, who helped Mrs Mercer, also left. In the Summer Term, Mrs Cadman came to teach games full time, but Miss Kenningham, Miss Price, Miss Cuthbert, Miss Carmichael, Miss Bremner (Mr Nicholson's secretary) and Mr Gelsthorpe all left us. To make up for this mass exodus, the Autumn Term brought Mr Haydon, Miss Mould, Miss Simmonds, Miss Yaffey, Miss MacNamara, Miss Coxon, Mrs Dutton as Miss Ellinor's secretary, Mrs Irving as Mr Nicholson's secretary, Mrs Masterman and Mrs Allen who helped us out with Domestic Subjects, and Miss Sinclair in the Sanatorium. Another arrival at this time was Miss Haigh, who came to replace Carole Willis as assistant to the domestic bursar. To all these new-comers we extend a warm welcome.

Hillcroft has changed its style now with the moving in of the Cadmans. They have been patient with those who thump about above them, and very generous in lending their kitchen for hot-water bottle filling!

Some members of the Fifth and Sixth Forms will remember "Le Barbier de Séville" in Cambridge, especially "Le Barbier" himself, though we understood him better by his actions than his words.

The clock facing the Avenue has been mended by rather precarious means—a scaffolding on the boys' asphalt. Much trouble was taken over the clock by Jock Lloyd, and it is now back to normal.

At the end-of-term dance last term, we not only heard the well-established jazz group, but a new group—the Nomads—whose talents were much appreciated.

New staff children during the year have been (ladies first) Alison Evans, Clare Gelsthorpe, Alison Gray, Ian Hudson and Thomas Plant.

We were very happy to hear of Alison Reynolds' marriage and offer her our sincere good wishes for the future.

A Youth Orchestra Visits Berlin

THE Essex Youth Orchestra walked up the gangway of the liner sailing for the Hook of Holland, the first stage of our tiring journey to Berlin. Some of us were apprehensive about the political unrest in the city where we were going to spend the next ten days; others were apprehensive about the reception we would receive for our concerts; and almost all of us were apprehensive about being sea-sick.

We were all surprised that the Authorities allowed us to go at all; indeed, we did not know that we were definitely going until the day before we sailed.

We helped to pass the six-hour crossing by crowding into a lower deck with a peculiar combination of instruments, including cor-anglais, french-horn, trumpet and guitar, and having a "session". Before long the deck was full of people of all nations, laughing, singing and dancing to our music.

But the train journey across land was terrible. Packed into uncomfortable compartments people slept on the floor, luggage racks and each other. These conditions were not improved by the many ticket collectors and passport stampers who came round during the night. On one occasion, when we had just dozed off after three interruptions in the previous half-hour, the lights were switched on ferociously and a female voice shouted, "Passports please!"

I awoke looking down the muzzle of a machine gun held very professionally by a huge woman dressed in a manner that would do a Girl Guide credit. "East Germany already," I thought and without more ado offered the terrifying sight my passport.

We arrived in Berlin at half-past eight in the morning, tired out, but were somewhat refreshed by what we saw. The station was large and the people watched us with interest. As we drove through the streets of the city, we saw, with admiration, the fantastic rebuilding that the Germans have done. The buildings are modern, but attractive at the same time; every window is decorated with colourful flowers. The roads are wide and clean, with avenues of trees running down the middle. The shopping centre is bright and alive, although, as we later discovered, very expensive. The people, surprisingly enough, seem unruffled. No one hurries and the cars travel at very moderate speeds.

At the hostel where we stayed, we breakfasted, before being packed off to bed, on hard-boiled eggs and thick black German bread, a diet of which we were to eat much in the following days.

Our main object in the tour (apart from giving the concerts) was to see as much of the city as possible in the short time available. For this purpose we had been provided with a young American guide and his German friend to lecture us as we travelled about.

On the second day they took us for a trip round West Berlin, that is a trip round the wall. After many warnings about tear-gas, bullets and green-coated policemen pulling us into the Eastern sector (things of which, unfortunately, we saw nothing) we arrived at a barbed-wire section of the barrier and saw, about thirty yards away on the other side, a trench. Although our two guides assured us that the trench was full of East German soldiers, no amount of whistling and cat-calling would induce one to pop his head over the top.

We walked along the border for a little way until we came across a sentry box which looked over the wall. The guard allowed us to climb up and peer over into the East. A large grey board, put up by the East Germans, prevented us from seeing the

streets. This, we were informed by our dutiful guides, was to stop West Berliners waving to their relatives in the East.

Much to our delight, an East German policeman was crouching under the board and flashing a large mirror in our faces to prevent our taking photographs. Our trumpet player, treating this as a huge game, took out his pocket mirror and reflected the sun back at the uniformed policeman. After smiles all round, we continued on our trip.

The concerts that we gave were very well attended, and we were gratified to find a large number of young people came to hear us. For in England only a few of our contemporaries turn out to support us. We received much applause, even between movements, and at the end of the first performance the audience had to continue clapping while a gentleman presented every girl in the orchestra with a bunch of flowers. They clapped for a solid ten minutes!

The days passed too quickly. We swam in lakes, which, we later found, had notices "Schwimmen Verboten" near them; we went to receptions, jazz clubs, garden parties and went boating on a lake late at night, disturbing the night air with rousing choruses of "John Brown's Body".

But nearly everyone's aim was to go into East Berlin. After being warned many times by our guides, who did not come with us, that we had a fifty-fifty chance of coming back unmolested, we split into groups of five or six and made our way to Checkpoint Charlie at different times. We had no difficulty getting in. When the Americans saw our passports, they waved us through to the red and white barrier. The East German police saluted us, smiled on seeing our passports and directed us to a hut situated just on the other side of the wall. Here we waited for half an hour while our passports were examined. We were questioned about what money we had and other personal matters.

My friend and I had each wrapped up a banana in brown paper and we put them into our top pockets in the hope that a guard would see them and say, "Vot is dat?" whereupon we would have had great pleasure in slowly unwrapping them and holding them up before the guards' astonished eyes. But no curiosity was raised.

Soon we were walking on Communist soil looking out for the half-starved, badly-dressed, lean and mean-looking people whom we had heard so much about. But of these we saw nothing. The shops were a little drab, but were not as bad as we had been led to believe. This may have been because we were walking down the street that the East Germans wanted us to walk down, and perhaps they had done it up specially to give a false impression. But who can tell? We did not have time to penetrate East Berlin very far. In consequence, we did not see if the back streets were in the same condition as the parts near the border.

My friends tried an experiment to see if the post was thoroughly censored. We wrote two postcards to someone in England. On one we wrote that East Berlin was not so bad after all and the people looked happy; on the other we said that East Berlin was terrible, the police were watching everything we did, the people looked miserable and it was even raining. We ended the message with the sentence in big letters, "IT'S HORRIBLE!"

But unfortunately both postcards arrived, and on the same day as well, so we had nothing to grumble about.

Before we had even arrived, it seemed, we had to leave. After a marvellous supper in the station restaurant we wandered on to the platform with half an hour

to wait for the train which was to take us back on our long journey. In what better way could we, an orchestra, say good-bye to a city which had treated us so well than by playing music?

So, as midnight approached and the last trains of the day pulled into the sidings we sang, to a guitar, the traditional songs of Britain, but not without a certain sadness and nostalgia for the people and experiences left behind, perhaps for ever.

MATTHEW ROBINSON 6[3]

The Moon in the Yellow River

by Denis Johnston

Agnes	Christine Mynott
Blanaid	Rebecca Hutton
Tausch	David Lindsey
Aunt Columba	Jane Heydecker
George	Malcolm Pim
Captain Potts	Peter Bradley
Dobelle	Matthew Robinson
Willie	Donald Maxwell
Darrell Blake	David Flatt
Commandant Lannigan	John Lucas

Electricians	Peter Bullman and Martin Weatherhead
Wardrobe and Props	Anne Franklin and Frances Shepherd
Scenery	Imogen Rowlands and helpers

The play was directed by Kenneth Whitlow

THE play was an ambitious choice for a school production: it requires a rather higher standard of acting than the usual school play, in which, if the casting is sufficiently well done, the young actors have more or less to relax and be themselves and their own characters will be sufficient to carry off their various parts.

Here, though, were challenges such as the portrayal of a disillusioned man of fifty, a German scientist working in Ireland, bewildered by an apparently nonsensical plot to blow up the power station which he is running for the public good. There is as well the enigmatic figure of Blake, charming and witty at the same time as being profoundly devoted to his cause, yet also strangely sensitive.

This is not an easy play to act; neither is it easy to understand. The younger forms must have been rather at sea as to what exactly was going on, but there can be no doubt that the continuous and usually effective action, combined with well-

interpreted comic parts, held the attention of the Thursday audience completely. Nevertheless, on the second and third days, when attendance consisted mostly of parents and older visitors, not only was the laughter and applause more appropriately placed, but the acting improved considerably.

Outstanding performances were those of the three main characters. David Lindsey was convincing in every way as the German, Tausch, down to the accent, which he maintained faultlessly throughout; while David Flatt, despite the inexplicable hint of Welsh in his accent, was charming and moving as Blake. Matthew Robinson, who had the most difficult part of all, tackled the rôle of an older man valiantly, after several years in succession of playing teenage lovers, innocent youths and amorous counts.

All the main comic characters took full advantage of their lines. Christine Mynott effected an amazing transformation into a buxom, cockney Agnes, while Malcolm Pim and Peter Bradley, who remained irrepressibly themselves, seemed to extract the most laughs from a delighted audience.

The rest of the cast: Blanaid (Dobelle's pretty daughter), Willy Reilly, Commandant Lanagan and Aunt Columba were all competent in their own way, and in fact no interpretation was seriously deficient, though the quality of diction and volume tended to waver. The lighting left much to be desired, too, but otherwise the technicalities, of set and costume particularly, were excellently dealt with.

Altogether this play, which has more depth than any Kenneth Whitlow has undertaken since "Our Town", was, despite the fact that it took three days to warm up, remarkably successful.

MARY HARTLEY 6[2]

The Man of Destiny

by Bernard Shaw

Guiseppe	Iorwerth John
Napoleon	David Lewis
The Lieutenant	David Gray
The Strange Lady	Susan Holland

The play was directed by Kenneth Nicholson and Kenneth Whitlow.

AN END of term entertainment with a difference. Four Shavian characters entertained the School, not with the usual ribald variety show, but with the verbal pyrotechnics of Shaw.

The play exhibits the verbal virtuosity of the two principal characters, or rather of Shaw, so well that the rest of the play tends to be obscured. This was prevented by the superb acting of the well-padded Iorwerth John as Guiseppe the innkeeper. I think he played his part better than a professional did in a recent radio production. He fitted into his part very well; his quiet voice infected a humorous acceptance of life into the play, which the audience appreciated with uncontrollable mirth.

In the character of the sub-lieutenant Shaw deliberately introduces some burlesque, which David Gray played to the full, putting great expression and gusto into his acting which the audience thoroughly enjoyed. This buffooning also helped to keep the two principal characters within their context.

Susan Holland (it is ten years since she last appeared on the school stage) had a lovely part to play, and made a very interesting interpretation of it. Instead of playing the Strange Lady in a cool sophisticated manner, as she could so easily have done, she played it as an ingenuous girl-woman, who used her eyes as much as her wits and voice to deceive a great dynamic man with very human foibles.

Her duel with Napoleon is a heroic effort, not to rescue the great Napoleon from himself, but by playing upon his boundless ambition to prevent him from discovering the extent of Josephine's perfidy. The comedy of the plot lies in the fact that she betrays her mission with the same aplomb as she betrays the sub-lieutenant.

This plot, like many of Shaw's plots, is weak; the humour lies in the dialogue which the cast spoke with the professional zip which Shaw's writing demands but does not always receive. Susan Holland's ingenuous style was a delightful foil to the sophisticated dialogue.

I was looking forward to seeing how David Lewis would tackle Napoleon. He certainly had a difficult job. Shaw wrote the part specifically for a certain actor, Mansfield, which tends to make it difficult for any other actor. Also Napoleon himself is a complex of paradoxes. Shaw's Napoleon is a strange mixture of noble and ignoble impulses. He is strangely imaginative—a dreamer in the great sense, with a touch of the superstition of a Wallenstein, with his faith in his star. A ravenous beast at the table, he feverishly gorges his food, while his hair sweeps into the ink and gravy. His ability to ignore his surroundings makes for a tremendous energy and acuteness.

David Lewis managed these paradoxes very well, giving a coherent impression of the man. Perhaps he could have been more venomous, but he certainly managed to strike very effective Napoleonic oratorical poses, especially in the "shop-keepers" speech. It is all too easy to get worked up and rush the end of the speech. But David Lewis remained in complete control while giving the impression of oratorical passion.

The play was convincing. The cast managed to bring it alive, and moved it along with gusto. This was partly due to the very obvious enjoyment the cast got from performing the play, which enjoyment was reciprocated by the audience. The play did not date or drag as much of Shaw does; for his Shavian shock-therapy and verbosity have worn thin in time. That this was not apparent speaks for the production far better than I can.

JOHN OSBORNE

The Avenue Clock

TWO years ago the School's Premises Committee asked that the face of the clock overlooking the "Avenue" might be repaired, some of the glass having become broken. Jock (Mr Lloyd) was the member of the staff detailed to do the work, he being responsible for all the school glazing and painting. The putty holding the small panes of glass in place is on the inside and so the whole face of the clock had to be removed and brought down to ground level. Three bolts held the face in position but the gap between the outer metal rim and the brick surround had been filled with cement to make it weatherproof. This cement had to be hacked out—no small difficulty with the scaffolding swaying gently to and fro—the hands removed, the bolts undone (we nearly despaired of one) and then the face nearly fell on top of us. Working on a scaffolding at that height is quite an experience as all the while one is bothered about what to do with one's tools lest they fall and injure someone or at least have to be recovered by a laborious climb down and up the scaffolding. The clock face was free, a small pane of glass near the rim was removed, a rope was passed through the hole and the face lowered to the ground.

Getting the face down was one thing, but getting it back, after Jock had reputtied it throughout and renewed the gold lettering and missing pieces of glass, was another. When the face had been removed three spacing pieces of wood behind the face had been revealed and these had been preserved. When the face was replaced the spacing pieces were put in, the face screwed back and the hands put on but it was then discovered that the cog on the rod which turns the hands was no longer reaching the cogs in the mechanism of the clock! How had this come about? It is a mystery which we shall probably never solve, but after much thought, discussion and experiment, we decided to try the clock without the spacing pieces, and this meant removing the whole face again; and then cog met cog once more. As far as we can see the spacing pieces were not really necessary and now the clock is keeping better time than it did before.

The name of Philip J. Butler appears on its face. His grandson, of the same name and another old scholar, has sent us an interesting account of how his grandfather presented this clock (and another one) to the school. He has now sent us the original bill of purchase. It is dated 28th September, 1872, and is for "1 Turret timepiece, 3ft. 6ins., opal dial, £22." We have placed it in the school archives.

ERIC BROWN

Tecquette–A Game for All

Tecquette seems to be establishing itself as a Saffron Walden tradition. It was largely invented by Mr Evans who wrote the following account of it. We print it here in the hope that it may provide a record of the rules for reference next time we play the game, and that the game may be adopted by other schools or groups. It was very successfully introduced to the Young Friends' National Conference at the Friends' School, Wigton, last summer by Mr Gray and Miss Simmonds.

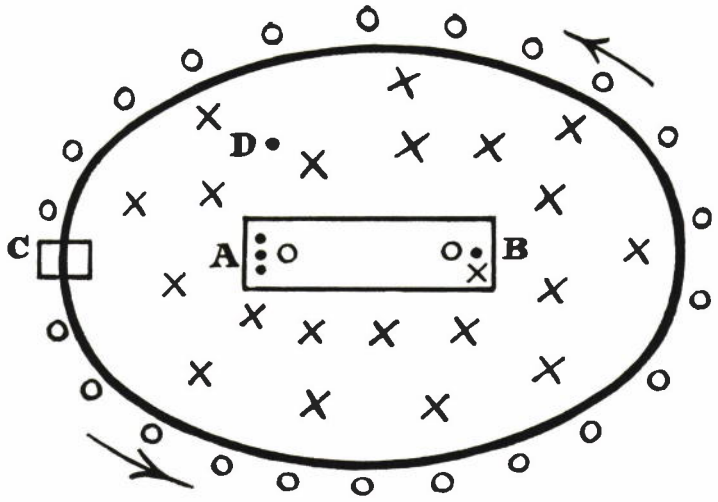
MOST of our modern games are suitable only for a very limited number of players, or for a definite age group, or for just one sex, and so when the staff were discussing what game might be played with the pupils on the last evening of term two years ago, it was suggested that we might try to invent our own game—one that members of both sexes, young and old and as many as possible might play.

A few of us got together, and were soon thinking of some amalgam of cricket, tennis, netball and rounders. Our main concern was to keep the players of both teams occupied all the time: if, for instance, cricket was to be a basis, then the members of the batting side who were waiting their turn had to be brought into the game. Gradually a specific idea emerged, and this was discussed with our pupils, who seemed to think it was worth trying. During the last week of term, we tried out the game with some of our classes—much more interesting than academic work—and the results were promising. An official set of rules was then drafted, and the game was called TECQUETTE.

On the final evening of term, the first official matches of this game were played. To make a small tournament we had four teams, the winners of the first two games meeting each other in the final. There was one staff team and three house teams, and each team had 21 players. The age range of the players was approximately 10-55 years. After the first two games, it rained very heavily, but spectators and players seemed very well satisfied.

Next summer we did the same thing at the end of term, but this time quite a lot went wrong. Some of the upper school wished to umpire, and caused considerable confusion by their own personal interpretation of the rules. Also the house teams were badly organised, and we had to call on some very young children of 7-10 years to play. After this tournament, it seemed best to forget all about it.

A day before the end of last term, the senior master asked if everything was organised for tecquette the following evening. We were surprised, but said we would see what could be arranged. The staff again were very keen, but the children seemed very dubious, and so it was decided to have only two teams (one staff and one school) who would play one game of one hour. A few cynical 5th and 6th formers strolled over to watch, having nothing better to do, but when the school looked like losing, several of them joined in (there's no difficulty about doing this). It was a good game, so they tell us, with the school just managing to beat the staff. Tecquette, perhaps, had made the grade.



Using cricketing, rather than "tecquetting" terminology, the game is roughly as follows.

In the diagram, "O" and "X" represent a player from each team. It was first specified that each team should have 21 players, but any number between 10 and 40 will do. The inner rectangle of the diagram represents a cricket pitch of 22 yards (any strip of grass) with three stumps and bails at A and one stump at B. The O-batsmen at A and B use tennis racquets, and the X-bowler at B uses a tennis ball. C is a base where there are spare racquets. The boundary line enclosing the X-players can be indicated by cricket stumps placed at suitable intervals: an "average" cricket boundary line will probably be about 5-10 yards too deep, but the position of this boundary is best decided by trial and error.

The game commences with the X-bowler bowling underarm or overarm to the batsmen at A. The aim of this batsman is to hit the ball to his own players outside the boundary. If the O-players get the ball, their aim is to make as many catches, or passes, one to another as possible. Each catch represents one point, and to prevent the catches being made, the X-players run outside the boundary to attempt to intercept the passing. If the ball touches the ground or is intercepted by an X-player, the ball is returned to B, and the process begins again. The team scoring most points in a given time or in a completed innings wins.

The batsmen can be caught, stumped, bowled or run out as in cricket, and they must run if the ball is hit, authough no point is awarded for a complete run. When a batsman is out, the O-player at C runs in to take his place, and the O-players move round as indicated so that there is always someone ready at C to go in. The bowler, who can bowl as long as the captain requires, is never at any time required to wait until the batsman is ready, and a batsman may be bowled while running in from C to A. The bowler must keep the game moving.

The O-players are not allowed inside the boundary (apart from the batsmen), and the X-players cannot go outside the boundary until the ball has crossed it. Also in a very large open space such as a park, it is best to restrict the movement of O-players to not more than three paces while holding the ball, but in a moderately

enclosed space, there is no need for this restriction. X-players should not be allowed to tackle O-players if both sexes are playing.

The game is controlled by an umpire, armed with a whistle, at B. In addition to usual "cricketing" duties, he must shout the number of catches as each is made to a scorer, and he may need to run outside the boundary to do this. He must make all the important decisions, and must deduct or add three points for infringements of the laws. There is also an umpire at D who decides on stumpings and run-outs.

The principles are simple, the laws are few, and anyone can play; you can be very energetic or you can take it easy. Why not try it?

Amnesty

FREEDOM of thought, speech, religion and politics are, to many of us, basic human rights, but millions throughout the world have had their freedom removed by governments acting out of fear, or ignorance, or dogmatic theory, and countless thousands are imprisoned because they have spoken or acted in a way that suggests their governments may possibly be wrong about certain matters. Amnesty International is a new organisation which is trying to protect human rights by the establishment of definite legal processes for the treatment of all "prisoners of conscience"; it is also endeavouring to help the prisoners themselves. Quite naturally the leading people in the movement are lawyers. In conjunction with international lawyers they have drawn up a definite legal code for dealing with such prisoners, and the eventual aim is to get all governments to agree to this.

Information about prisoners is passed on to small groups who take a personal interest in each person allocated to them, help the relatives or families where necessary, and do all they can to secure the release of prisoners. Last summer some of the Sixth Form and staff formed such a group here. No one really had any idea what could be done, but we were quite sure that it was worth making an effort. In the first place, we were allocated three prisoners—a French teacher, a South African chief and a Rumanian journalist.

The Algerian war caused the arbitrary arrest of many French people, and our French prisoner was one of them. We wrote lots of letters to many French people and organisations, and Le Monde publicised the case. He was soon released, and we received from him a charming letter of thanks and appreciation for all our efforts. We will never know what part, if any, we played in his release, but the news of it and the letter were very encouraging.

In South Africa many coloured people have been banished to remote areas of the country, and live in terrible conditions. They are not imprisoned in the normal sense—they work and get paid a wage of £5 a month. Mrs Helen Joseph travelled thousands of miles to seek out these people and discover what their immediate needs were. We have been in close contact with her, and she has been able to arrange to send on money from us to the chief.

The Rumanian is a poet and journalist, and his government call him a fascist. We know the circumstances of his arrest, and we are in contact with several people who have been directly or indirectly associated with him but, as yet, we have been unable to help him in any way. The Rumanian Embassy has maintained a strict silence about the matter from the beginning.

A few weeks after we began our work, we decided to ask for three more prisoners so that more people in the group could be actively engaged in the correspondence. One of these has now been released, and at the time of writing this article, we are dealing with two South Africans, the Rumanian, an East German, a Spaniard and a Portuguese. About twenty new members from staff and 6 [1] are about to join us, and we have just decided to ask for three more prisoners to bring our total to nine.

Those not concerned with correspondence are busy trying to raise money. A certain proportion of this money is sent to the central organisation in London, and we are hoping to send regular amounts to the South African chiefs and their families. Money has been raised by selling cold drinks at General Meeting, soup on Wednesday afternoons, hot potatoes on November 5th, coffee after the school play, and by appeals to the local press. This term, in addition to the sale of food and drink, we are having an Amnesty Dance and an Amnesty Concert.

We get a lot of pleasure out of our meetings and money-raising activities, but we have to remember that we are dealing with very serious adult problems, and that any slackness on our part may have far-reaching consequences: it is therefore absolutely essential that we organise ourselves as efficiently as possible. In this connection, we now have an Amnesty office, typewriter, typist, an elementary filing system, secretaries, sub-committees. These things alone do not achieve anything, but they are a necessary starting point to a world-wide correspondence with Governments, ministers of justice, embassies, international organisations, etc. From time to time we send representatives to London conferences, and this contact with international lawyers, and members of other Amnesty groups, has been very valuable.

Last term we said good-bye to two girls who had worked very enthusiastically for the group—Pauline Seers and Susan Bush. They worked on the case of the first French prisoner, the happy outcome of which we have already referred to. We would like publicly in this magazine to say to them how much their work was appreciated.

In the sense of affiliation to a political or religious party or doctrine, this is not a political or a religious movement: for example, Amnesty is as much concerned about what happens in Western Europe as in the East. But it must of course interest itself in political and religious ideas, because only by an understanding of these matters can the nature of our problems be appreciated. Those engaged in such work should be interested in people, not as communists, as fascists, or Roman Catholics, or conscientious objectors, but simply as members of the Human Race.

H.J.E.

Prefects' Detention

What goes on in Prefects' Detention? The answer is simple—we make the victims write essays. All sorts of subjects are set, and they are meant to be taken seriously. They usually are, but often such remarks as the following creep in. These are the best of many extracts which we have collected over the weeks in the prefects' room at the boys' end.

Music

When most of the old masters composed they only had clavichords and harpsichords; perhaps a Bach minuet would sound all right on one of these, but a Beethoven symphony would not.

The violin can play something like a Rachmaninov prelude.

Vamping on the piano is exactly the same as strumming on the guitar, except that a guitar is made more for strumming on than a piano is made for vamping on.

School

The different nations in different schools learn different things, i.e. in French schools they learn English. The Eskimoes would probably be taught how to make igloos.

Christmas at School . . .

In the Middle Ages the Lord of the Manor used to provide a wonderful feast that all the serfs could go to. The Lord and his family were on a raised platform.

. . . and at home

Christmas is also fun, when weedy children think that Father Christmas comes down the chimney in a red jacket. This is utterly mad, and whoever believes it is utterly wet and a weed, because by the time he has been down a few chimneys his red jacket would be utterly black .

Sport

There are three different kinds of hockey stick, which are all different.

The goalkeeper is allowed, unlike the rest of the team, to stop goals. The two backs are to help the goalkeeper. The three halves are to feed the forwards. The forwards are to shoot.

Football is a very common sport, and many English people play it.

Halfway through the game, you stop for half-time.

In hockey, the legs can be used, and the arms, by the goalkeeper, and also the head. This is not advisable.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

CERVIN

Guardian of Saas Fe, proud rugged Cervin.
His mighty crags, concealed in misty shrouds,
Pierce the heavens. Wild still, in spite of Man.
Prince of the Alps; white stallion of the clouds.
Beneath his towering walls of wind-hewn rock,
Its icy ridges shimmering in white light,
A wild and blue-tinged pass, the Matter-joch,
Scarred with crevasses deeper than the night.
As Saas Fe sleeps, Mont Cervin waits for dawn,
When wisps of log-fire smoke will curl anew
With the easy grace of a mountain fawn
And float in azure skies till lost from view.
When this young world grows old, and when man dies,
Cervin's pinnacles will yet rule the skies.

ARNOLD WILSON 6 2

THINGS I LIKE

Buttered toast on a winter's day,
A crackling fire with the wind at play;
Frost glittering bright like jewels in the sun,
A race that really is well run.
Red berries lying on golden leaves,
The mist that hangs between the trees;
Bees humming inbetween the flowers,
To lie asleep for hours and hours.
Riding in a car quite fast
Seeing the world go whizzing past.
Smelling the grass when it's cut into hay,
Or the bonfire on an Autumn day.
Listening to birds in the first dawn light;
Seeing the stars in the sky at night.
Crunching the ice as I walk along
Hearing the milkman whistle a song.
These are a few of the things I like,
Things that I think are true to life.

MICHAEL BARRETT 4A

THE MOONLIGHT PUDDLE

IT HAD been raining but the sky was clear. A smiling silvery moon looked down on the sleeping town. The streets were wet but the moon did not seem to mind. She seemed to be looking at her reflection in the pools and trickles of water, colouring them silver as she did so.

There was one puddle, a perfectly ordinary puddle, right in the middle of the High Street. It was muddy but yet so beautiful. As the moon peeped into it she changed that puddle into a sparkling silvery pool, dancing and twinkling beneath her gaze. It gazed smilingly up at the moon who laughed back, soft and silvery.

The air was still, but cool and crisp. A cloud appeared on the horizon. A little breeze sprang up but died away as quickly as it had come. The puddle rippled in the breeze in giggling puddly way. The cloud started to move across the sky but the moon did not seem to notice and stayed staring happily at the puddle.

A lorry turned up the street, gaining speed as it came. The moon hid behind the cloud and the puddle darkened, but lit up, yellowish, in the beam of the approaching lorry's headlamps. Suddenly there was a splash as the lorry drove through the puddle, showering the road as it did so.

The moon came out from behind the cloud, but on looking down she saw no smiling puddle. It lay in the form of a million separate drops of water scattered on the road. Each drop was silver and twinkling—a part of a puddle. Yet each drop was a tiny glittering puddle on its own.

SARAH HUTTON 3X

AUTUMN

Autumn
Is brown,
Green, yellow and red;
Living,
Dead.
Wet,
Dry,
Grey clouds
Yet blue sky.
Sowing,
Reaping,
Huntsmen creeping.
Fiery sunset,
Dripping dawnings,
Acceptance—
Without surprise,
In order to
Live our lives
In Autumn.

ANNE VINE 3Y

SHAME

What is Hell?
    A fathomless pit with no end.
What is Despair?
    A never-ending Hell.
But Shame is worse than these can tell.

The pitch is an enormous plain
Exposed on all sides to the critical eyes of watchers
And the crude shouts of boys.
I have done the wrong thing,
I have done it again.

Now I have only one desire
To sink through the ground from the pitiful boo
And the pit with no end.
To escape from the noise
Of the boys with fire.

I want to be home with all my heart
To escape from the shame of the blame of the game
And never-ending Hell.
I want to be loved
Like any other
Coward. Oh Mother!

KATHERINE HEADLEY 4A

RENAISSANCE

LIFE had died.

But they did not know, because they were dead. Their twisted corpses lay scattered in the silence. From the azure heavens white mist floated earthwards, and hovered in the icy air above the tomb of mankind. It shrouded the earth, the damp, dank, dead earth, with its smashed and crumbling cities, its rotting jungles, its sweet poisonous air.

Like forked lightning piercing a rolling storm cloud, a jagged amber flash shot through the mist; a single gasp broke the silence. Man was born again. He groped. New, hot blood hummed through his confused brain. He made deep growling noises, and clawed at the mist. From nothingness he had suddenly become a mass of writhing pulsating senses. His whole body pounded with movement; then everything became still. The white mist drifted skywards, unveiling ecstasy.

He stood on a cliff-top. Behind him rippled lush green pastures, giving way to towering sweet-scented pine forests. Below, white-crested waves pounded the golden sands and sprayed the cliffs with silvery foam; on the horizon, mountains of white crystal flashed back the rays of the climbing sun. And suddenly he saw also the naked whiteness of woman.

"Let's try again," said God.

ARNOLD WILSON 6²



DAVID LEWIS, IORWERTH JOHN, SUSAN HOLLAND, DAVID GRAY
Photo—DAVID CAMPBELL



IORWERTH JOHN, DAVID LEWIS
Photo—DAVID CAMPBELL

FOU
PHO

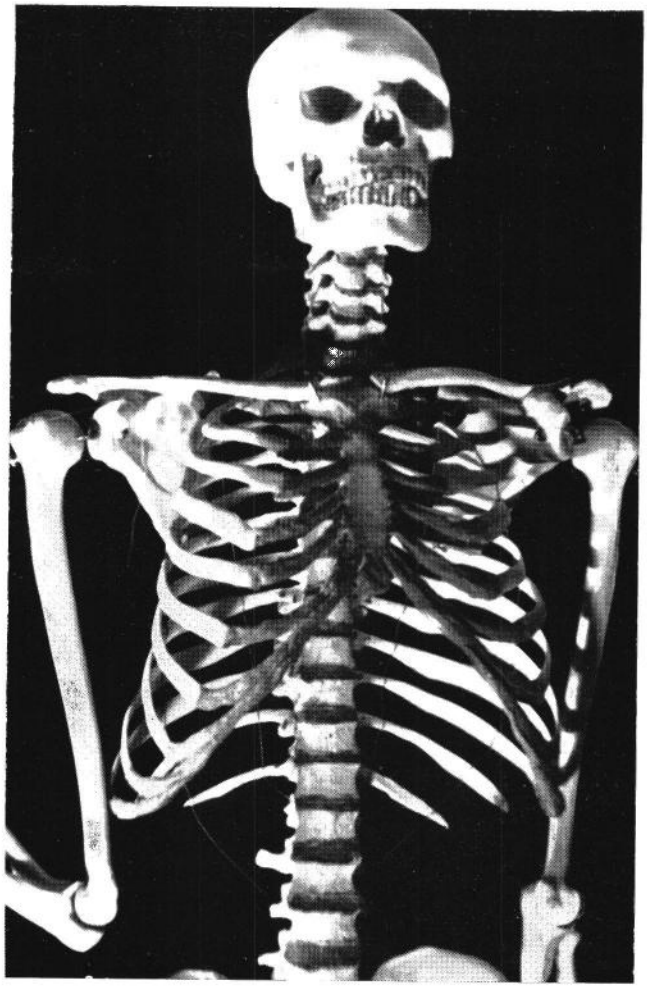


"RHOSSILI BAY"
John Lucas, 6[1]



"TAKING THE PLUNGE"
Jon North, 6[1]

ENTRIES FOR THE OGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S COMPETITION



"STILL LIFE"
Martin Weatherhead, 6'

"SNOW"
Simon Wallis, 2Y





PETER BRADLEY, DONALD MAXWELL, DAVID FLATT, MALCOLM PIM
Photo—DAVID CAMPBELL



DONALD MAXWELL, DAVID LINDSEY, MATTHEW ROBINSON,
REBECCA HUTTON
Photo—DAVID CAMPBELL

DISAPPOINTMENT

Do you remember?
The grime was thick,
On the aging brick,
And the doors were purple and brown.
The sleet and the wind,
The mufflers and mittens,
The smoky old rooftops
Where no one could see.
It was home for the cats,
Who roamed in the alleys.
It was home for us too,
Midst the curtains of lace.

Oh don't you remember?

Oh surely! It comes to me vividly now,
The man with the cart,
With the muffins and bread.
The cleanly-scrubbed doorsteps.
The milk-bottles standing,
Rank upon rank, in lazy position,
On the pavement and window-sills,
And on the steps.
How clearly I see it.
How we trudged on that evening.
Trudged, speechless with rapture,
At the beautiful peace.

Yet no one remembers,

No one but me.

JOSEPHINE BECK 3Y

ANGELA

Angela, oh Angela, how heavenly art thou,
With eyes like whirlpools and lofty brow,
And sleek, dark hair that's wind-blown now,
Angela, oh Angela, how heavenly art thou.

Angela, oh Angela, I wish that you were mine
With complexion fresh as foamy brine,
And person gay, you seem to shine,
Angela, oh Angela, I wish that you were mine.

Angela, oh Angela, my heart is not my own;
Please don't pass me and my love spurn,
Something inside me seems to burn—
Angela, oh Angela, my heart is not my own.

JEREMY SHEARMUR 4A

THE THINGS I LIKE

An autumn walk, the falling leaves,
  Martins' nests under the eaves,
An old barn, fields of corn,
  A cock crowing in the morn,
These are the things I like.

Young animals together playing,
  Silver birches gently swaying,
Wet grass and soft green moss,
  The new conker's reddish gloss,
These are the things I like.

The fascinating mast of beeches,
  The velvet feeling of ripe peaches,
The smell of wood smoke and of pine,
  Bluebell woods and primrose time;
These are the things I like.

Walking along on railway sleepers,
  Thatched cottages and Virginia creepers,
Old leather, beams, moonlight and flowers,
  Staying in the bath for hours!
These are the things I like.

Country slowness, damp earth, snow,
  Berries, deep voices, fire glow,
The feel of everlasting flowers,
  Oh, I could go on for hours;
About the things I like!

JANE ELSON 4A

MUSIC—AN IMPOSITION

"MUSIC" has two meanings, one common and one not so common. To take the last first, one finds it in the phrase "to face the music", when one has misbehaved. This dates back from the time when music was not pleasant to listen to, and it was a punishment (I think). This was played by troubadors, the wandering musicians of the time. They were the fore-runners of the Spanish inquisition, which inquisited you with various tortures e.g. music (Jazz, Pop, etc.)

But to get back to the more serious sort which was pleasant to listen to (I think). This was of various sorts, namely : —

(a) Plainsong (as per Miss Ashford). This was a weak form of the inquisition and it was written on four lines not five. The notes were square (as opposed to trad. etc.). There was no time signature, key signature or false signature e.g. Picasso. The notes were all the same length. (Don't ask me how long because I don't know.) The notes wandered up and down with no pattern (like lost sheep). It was therefore wet and weedy, not to mention feeble, and was not worth listening to.

(b) The Music of the Church. Partly plainsong (see above!) and partly otherwise. It tended to drone on and on and on and on and on (except in a few cases.)

(c) Trad. (What!)

(d) Pop. Definitely with it.

(e) Straight. This is only for the best. It includes such works as Beethoven's 1-100 whatsits, the great C major. Also there is/was/will be Verdi's works, notably chorus of anvils, hammers etc. (If you want any more, have a look round the metal workshop. "Can't miss it, follow the smoke.")

And so it goes on. There is good music, bad, mediocre, shocking, quick, slow, high, low and all the rest of it.

There is no record (thank goodness) of when music started, but the sooner it finishes the better.

SIMON CROWE 3X

CLUBS AND SOCIETIES

LIBRARY REPORT

DURING the past year 121 books have been added to the Library and about half that number have been removed as obsolete, decrepit or redundant. The process of removing books has been greatly simplified by the decision to "bury" their accession numbers so that the insistent demand for more shelf space will in part be met in this way. Gifts to the Library have been made by Cyril J. Beth (Solon, Ohio, U.S.A.), Basil Burton, Tidu Maini, Anthony Newton, Kenneth Nicholson, Joan Pearce and John Shippey (Senr.)

Borrowings have averaged about 1,000 a term and losses about three books a term. An important acquisition during the year has been a new set of The Encyclopedia Britannica to replace the 1939 edition. Though this was put in late in the Autumn Term, it has been used a great deal and the plastic jackets we have had specially made for it will rapidly earn their keep.

The Library Committee is Ann Rose, Andrew Turner, Anne Franklin, Peter Bullman, Barbara Burtt and Bernard Dutton. They have worked hard, efficiently and unofficiously. We hope in the course of 1963 to get some professional help with the catalogue which in some particulars has fallen below the standard set by the original cataloguer, Muriel Quinn.

C.A.M.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

IT HAS so far been a good year for the society. Membership has been up to normal and there have been three lively debates. The first of these produced heated discussion on the motion "This house wants to go into Europe". The motion was carried by a small majority. The house then carried the motion "Imposed discipline is good for one", by a majority, reflecting the well-disciplined and tidy-minded state of the society. Unfortunately as the Christmas season approached civilization was thrown to the wind and it was decided overwhelmingly that is was nice to be hairy.

Forthcoming debates promise to be equally interesting with one on abortion and another on capital punishment. The only sad point in an otherwise excellent year has been the poor participation of the Fifth Form.

JOHN LUCAS

THIRD FORM DEBATING SOCIETY

IN THE Autumn and Spring Terms (1961-62) we found that the eighth period on Thursday had been left at the disposal of Mr Osborn, who promptly turned us into a debating society.

The subjects for our weekly debates were chosen by a committee of ourselves: the liveliest was, "That Staff and parents should keep their noses out of our mixed friendships"; some others concerned the Bomb (of course!), life after death, school uniform, moving Saturday morning school to Wednesday afternoon, capital punishment, and whether we should be allowed to smoke. For the record, we note that the first-mentioned motion was carried by a large majority, and that the last one was lost.

In the Spring Term we took turns at being in the chair, and in our final debate we had two visiting speakers from the Sixth Form. By far the best-received remark was made when one member suggested that another member sit down and shut up.

On the whole our debates were very successful, and we hope something like this will continue.

KATHERINE HEADLEY and RUTH BRAND

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Society has gained strength during 1962, partly because of the increasing size of the Sixth Form. In the spring our membership was 40; by the Autumn Term it was 70. We have a number of fifth-form girls, but wish more boys from that year would join.

Our pattern of meetings has remained the same; three meetings a term and an annual theatre outing, this time to the Cambridge Arts to see Harold Pinter's "The Caretaker".

In January we joined the Debating Society over the motion, "This house regrets the emphasis on literature in its education". No doubt the presence of our members was responsible for the heavy defeat of the motion. In February members of the Society presented papers on some of the Angry Young Men, and in March we had described to us some recent London productions which members had seen.

At the end of the summer we said goodbye to our chairman Miss Kenningham and she was thanked by Bryan Stoner for her work for the Society.

The Autumn Term saw Mr Gray in the chair; a play-reading of Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest"; a talk by Miss Mould on Rose Macaulay, and a symposium on science fiction introduced by Mr Gray with the assistance of Stella Barr, Toby Wall, Christine Mynott, Arnold Wilson and Mary Evans. The subjects of our study included Kingsley Amis, John Wyndham, "Brave New World", "Limbo 90" and Dan Dare of "The Eagle".

D.G.

BOYS' READING CLUB

WE HAVE carried on with our usual programme of reading three books a term and having a protracted meeting to discuss them. In the Autumn Term, with many new members, we started with a light assignment: Louis Bromfield's "The Rains Came", Rowena Farre's "Seal Morning" and John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln", which last provoked most discussion.

In the Spring Term David Lindsay gave a brilliant introduction to Kafka's "The Trial". The other books discussed were "The best of Saki" and Lord Birkett's broadcast talks "Six Great Advocates".

The Summer Term meeting was excellent. Matthew Robinson introduced William Faulkner's "Light in August", the Headmaster Iris Murdoch's "The Bell" and James Sheehan Hoyle's "The Black Cloud". James Sheehan's introduction was supplemented by a very scholarly paper from Mr Evans, whom we have been happy to welcome into the Club in place of Mr Gelsthorpe who, we hope, will be introducing yet another educational experiment into the Leicestershire schools.

Most faces at the first meeting in the present academic year were new but the discussion was of high quality and unhesitating. Bernard Powell introduced Steinbeck's "East of Eden", Andrew Turner John Masters' "The Deceivers" and Roger Smith Frank Morison's "Who Moved the Stone?". In our lively discussion on Morison's book we were helped by Mrs Moules, Lecturer in Divinity at the Training College.

C.A.M.

GIRLS' READING CLUB

DURING the Spring Term we read only two books: "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes" by Sir Arthur Conan-Doyle and Dicken's "Bleak House". For our July meeting we again read two books: "Stagnant Society" by Michael Shanks and William Golding's "Free Fall". At our December meeting we were pleased to welcome our new chairman, Miss Mould, who managed as one member put it "as if she had been doing it for years". We read and discussed "The Teachers" by G. W. Target, "The Woodlanders" by Thomas Hardy and Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" and "Cannery Row". The books to be read for our March meeting are Yevtushenko's Translated Poems. "The Trial" by Franz Kafka and C. S. Lewis's autobiography "Surprised by Joy".

MARY EVANS

THE CHOIR 1962-3

AT THE end of the Spring Term 1962 we performed parts 2 and 3 of "Messiah". The soloists were April Pumfleet, Susan Higby, Rosemary Hassell, Mr Dutton and Mr Plant. We had a small orchestra mainly from outside the school; the trumpeter was magnificent.

In the Summer Term we sang a concert of motets for the Saffron Walden Festival and also for an open session at Yearly Meeting.

Because Saffron Walden Parish Church is dedicated to St Mary the programme consisted of motets about her. They ranged from 15th century Italian composers to Peter Maxwell Davies. (The motets of his we sang were only published in 1961). It was a very enjoyable programme for us to perform, and I think it improved our knowledge of and taste for modern church music.

The theme of Yearly Meeting was Christian Unity. The consecration of Coventry Cathedral was taking place just then, and there was a strong feeling that Friends should not be isolated from the body of the Christian Church. In this way a programme of Roman Catholic music fitted in with the theme of the meeting; Catholics and Friends are often called the extremes of Christianity, and the combination of the two in a meeting with this theme seemed very fitting.

In the Autumn Term there were the usual carol concerts by the small choir; they were seven in number: Finchingfield and Newport Churches; Abbey Lane Congregational Church (an experiment which worked rather well); the Market Place in Saffron Walden (in aid of Freedom from Hunger); our Carol Service at School and the two performances in London, at St Paul's in aid of Algerian Refugees and in Trafalgar Square for F.S.C.

We hope to perform the Verdi Requiem with the choirs of Sidcot and Leighton Park and professional soloists, after Easter in Friends House and Saffron Walden. We will have to return to school early but the effort is worth it.

This term we hope to perform some motets at Easter as the Verdi turned out to be easier than we expected.

We are sure the members of the choir will join with us in thanking Mr Sturge for the great effort he puts into the choir; we all gain great enjoyment from it and we are grateful for the enormous amount of work that he must have to do. We also extend our thanks to all the staff who come and support us, especially the pianists.

J. HEYDECKER, C. BRAUER, C. DUTTON

ORCHESTRA REPORT

BOTH School Orchestras have grown this year. Under Miss Brown's guidance the Junior Orchestra, about 30 strong, entered the Chelmsford Music Festival in May and did well against strong competition, losing only a few points to the winner of the class. At the Instrumental Day Jennie Arman and Margaret Collison gained a Merit Award in the Sonata class.

In November the Senior Orchestra gave a concert in the High Street Baptist Church, Saffron Walden. After intensive effort over an unusually short period of preparation everyone was delighted to learn that nearly £18 was raised at this concert towards the World Hunger Campaign. Following this effort the orchestra was enlarged, by the addition of younger players, to over 50, in readiness for the Spring concert, eventually to replace the high proportion of sixth formers who must inevitably leave us this year. The woodwind has been exceptionally strong and for the first time the orchestra has undertaken a Rossini overture.

I.C.

JUNIOR NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THIS society was revived in September 1961 with a membership of 25 boys and girls from the First, Second and Third Forms. Meetings are held on Monday afternoons after school.

The present academic year brought competition from other activities including games and Girl Guides. At present we have 12 members, all boys, from the First and Second forms.

During the Summer Term Mr Gray and Miss Carmichael organized a Bird Group among the members which visited several very interesting places including Fowlmere, Major Buxton's bird sanctuary at Stansted, Wandlebury Ring, and Debden Hall, where they watched the birds on the lake and were shown Mr Fiske's falcons. The group also exhibited at General Meeting. Michael Turnbull received a major Skelton award for his nature diaries. He also went on a British Junior Naturalists' Association field course in Yorkshire in the recent Christmas holidays and enjoyed it, despite the weather. He saw 23 birds he had not seen before including a lapland bunting—unfortunately dead.

We should like to thank our secretaries, John Green (Spring and Summer Term 1962) and Adrian Good (Autumn Term 1962) for their work in keeping the minutes. Michael Turnbull has been elected secretary for Spring Term 1963.

K.P.

THE PET CLUB

THE membership of the Pet Club has grown from 19, when it was first opened in the Spring Term, 1962, to 52. Janet Willson brought a black, white and tan guinea-pig which was our first member. Hamster cages came in the Spring Term and about three were occupied. Sarah Hutton acted as secretary in the first term, Nadine Williams and Alison Heward were curators and, with Miss Richards' help, the club ran smoothly. The weather during that term was extremely cold but nevertheless we managed to keep the animals in reasonably good condition.

The Summer Term was started with the return of four new members. Sarah Hutton's rabbit had babies and so did Ayton's guinea-pig. Some young were born to Nadine Williams' mouse. This enabled us to show several families at General Meeting.

The Autumn Term began with many new members joining the club amongst whom were quite a lot of first-formers.

Two of the hamsters already had young when they arrived and one, belonging to Fiona MacDonald Watson, had them on the way here. Of the young rabbits that were reared in the club in the Summer Term four returned into the club owned by new members.

Rats were born this term to Green's and Grillet's doe and are thriving.

The young hamsters born at the beginning of term were sold to various first-formers who have become members of the club.

The first meeting of term was held on 4th October and Dorothy Carpenter was elected as secretary. The new rabbit curators were Stephanie Mynott and Bridget Wigham. The curators for the hamsters, rats, mice and guinea-pigs were Nadine Williams and Janet Willson who was trained by Nadine. Nicholson and Dyer were elected as Stores Managers. The Pet Club was unfortunate enough to have to call in the vet. this term as the hamsters had a severe foot infection; they had injections and we hope that now the epidemic is safely under control. Apart from this unfortunate occurrence the Pet Club is going extremely well.

The second meeting of term was held on 8th November and a short lecturette was read by the secretary.

The last meeting of term was held on 6th December and a film was shown on Guide Dogs for the Blind. We would, on behalf of the Pet Club, say a very warm thankyou to Mr Brown for providing well-designed cages whenever necessary and to Miss Richards for all the work she does.

DOROTHY CARPENTER

THE RAILWAY CLUB

THE Railway Club has had quite a successful time since the last report of its activities appeared in *The Avenue*. Members have been on several excursions, of which the two most notable were the excursion to Mildenhall on the last day of passenger service operation, and the excursion to Whitemoor Marshalling Yards, near March. The former of these occasions was a little nostalgic, since the Club had, in the past, maintained fairly close contact with the line. However, it was great fun returning on the last train, since certain members of Cambridge University Railway Club went out of their way to enjoy themselves, by attaching detonators to the rails and Christmassy decorations to the last train, and this provided a Good Time for All. The excursion to Whitemoor was subsidised by the School Excursion Fund. It was very educative, and quite memorable—members returned to school knowing a good deal more about the handling of rolling stock than they had when they set out. For many the inspection of a main-line diesel locomotive had been a new experience. and the inspection of several steam locos. a refreshing one. Full reports of these excursions, and others, appeared in our magazine "All Aboard".

Unfortunately senior members of the Club have been somewhat troubled and distracted by academic studies (which ought never to be allowed to interfere with pleasure) during the Autumn Term, and meetings this term have been few and far between, though we did manage to arrange an excursion to Newmarket. At Christmas the Club lost some of its senior members and others will leave soon. It is to be hoped that the embarrassment which this will inevitably cause will be temporary.

The subscription for members is to be reduced to one shilling per term: this change will have come into effect by the time this is published. The Committee are also hoping to arrange a full programme of activities in the Spring Term, if examinations do not throw these arrangements out of joint.

The Club is justified in looking to the future with optimism. To-day's problems are of a temporary nature, and will be rectified by the lightening of the academic burdens of members and by further progress on the model.

ROGER WEST

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

DURING the Autumn Term, the first since the formation of the new club, sweeping policy changes have been introduced to cater for a much enlarged co-educational membership. Films and lectures are planned for our fortnightly meetings, and we are also holding regular competitions to encourage the practical side of photography. We hope that membership, at present just under forty, will increase still further, especially on the girls' side.

Fortune has been with us during our first term in that we have been promised a new and well-equipped darkroom. This will, we hope, go further towards encouraging new members.

Our aims are to encourage interest in photography throughout the school, and to increase the skill and knowledge of members in the vast array of practical applications of this hobby.

JON NORTH

2nd SAFFRON WALDEN GUIDE COMPANY

SINCE the beginning of the Summer Term when Miss Ashford became our captain, the company has been thriving. Then we only had two enrolled members; now all of the thirty members are enrolled. Janet Willson was once the only Guide with her second class; now about fifteen members hold this badge. The Second Class Badge involves passing tests on tracking, stalking, first-aid, knots, health rules, nature observation, Kim's Game and Scouts' Pace. Pauline Dutton has gained her Music-Lover Badge and Janet Willson her Friend to Animals. These proficiency badges are obtained by passing certain tests on a particular subject.

Two of the classes in the First Class Test are to lead a half-day hike and to go on a six-mile expedition. The company have been and will continue going on a hike on Saturday every month so that every Second Class Guide has a chance to lead her own hike. On our first hike we walked for about two miles, then stopped to lay and light fires (without paper) and toast bread. Having cleared up we set off again and a little while later we discovered that we had lost Patsy and Co. We stopped to wait for them and they soon came in sight carrying a kettle and saucepans and bashing them with large stones; it made a terrible din. When we eventually turned to the road they had to abandon the saucepans. When we got back we had tea on Croydon House Lawn and then a bathe until bedtime. We thoroughly enjoyed that afternoon.

The company are very grateful to Miss Ashford for making our company so enjoyable and successful.

PAULINE DUTTON and JANET WILLSON

GAMES AND SPORTS

ATHLETICS

THE season was an eventful one with several new records. We were to have had two matches, one against Braintree, the other a triangular match against Soham and Bury. Unfortunately the match against Braintree was cancelled. We won the triangular match, with Bury a very close second.

A large team was entered for the Mid-Essex Championships; the meeting took place on the new cinder track at Chelmsford. Despite the rainy weather we did well, Robinson getting a Mid-Essex record for the 200 yds. hurdles, and several of the team being picked to represent Mid-Essex at the Essex Championships which were held at Dagenham.

On Sports Day the house championships took place, some events having taken place previously to relieve congestion. The final result was Lister first, Tuke second, and Mennell third.

Athletics colours wereawarded to Wicksteed, Pilgrim and McLean, and were already held by Robinson, Errington and Sheehan.

New records:

Senior	880 Yards	J. Sheehan	2 mins. 4.3 secs.
	1 Mile	G. Errington	4 mins. 44.5 secs.
		J. Sheehan	4 mins. 41.2 secs.
Under 15	Discuss	S. Rawana	114 feet 7 ins.
	Javelin	D. Hale	134 feet 6 ins.

MICHAEL WICKSTEED

GIRLS' MID-ESSEX SWIMMING SPORTS

ON JULY 20th a girls' swimming team took part in the Mid-Essex Inter-School Swimming Sports, at Chelmsford. About twelve schools took part in the programme.

The School swam extremely well. They won all six relay events, the trophies for the under 15 yrs. team, the senior open team and the open relay trophy. The under 13 yrs. team were runners-up in their age group.

V.A.C.

Teams and Results:

Under 13 yrs. team

Alison Heward Judy Heydecker	Medley Relay	1st
Anne Vine Susan Garrard	Free Style Relay	1st
66 yds. Crawl	A. Heward	2nd
66 yds. Back stroke	S. Garrard	6th
66 yds. Breast stroke	A.Vine	5th

Under 15 yrs. team

Jan Hopkins Barbara Allison Margaret Kidd Rebecca Hutton	Medley Relay Free Style Relay	1st 1st
66 yds. Crawl	J. Hopkins	2nd
66 yds. Back stroke	M. Kidd	1st
66 yds. Breast stroke	B. Allison	2nd

Senior open team

Diana Watson Judy Watson Jane Heydecker Margaret Jameson	Medley Relay Free Style Relay	1st 1st
100 yds. Crawl	J. Watson	2nd
100 yds. Back stroke	D. Watson	1st
100 yds. Breast stroke	J. Heydecker	3rd

Diving

Under 13 yrs. team

A. Heward — 3rd

Under 15 yrs. team

J. Hopkins — 2nd

Open

S. Burrows — 2nd

GIRLS' SWIMMING SPORTS

THE Sports were won by Tuke, with 33½ points, as shown below.

Seniors: 1. Tuke 21. 2. Mennell 15. 3. Lister 11.
Juniors: 1. Lister 16. 2. Mennell 15½. 3. Tuke 12½.
Totals: 1. Tuke 33½. 2. Mennell 30½. 3. Lister 27.

V.A.C.

GIRLS' TENNIS

DURING last Summer Term the standard of tennis again did not prove to be as high as we had hoped. The 1st VI won only three out of six matches; but the matches they won were the last three of the season. This seems to prove our theory that the poor standard of tennis in matches was due to lack of match play, rather than lack of practice or talent. The 2nd VI unfortunately lost both of their matches; but the Under 15 VI must be congratulated on winning all three of theirs.

Christine Mynott, Thérèse Bott, Jill Hanson, Margaret Jameson, Rosemary Hassell and Judith Watson played for the 1st VI. Colours were already held by Thérèse Bott, and were awarded to Christine Mynott and Judith Watson.

THERESE BOTT

CRICKET

THIS season saw the improvement of a number of players who were not considered to be the leading lights at the start of the season yet who came to the top. In this category Pim, James, and Allen come to mind immediately, James gaining the season's highest score 78, Pim topping the batting averages after some really brave aggressive innings, and Allen topping the bowling averages in his first year in the XI. As Duffill was troubled by an injured finger and unable to keep wicket, we were lucky to have C. Jelinek to step into Duffill's place and cope most admirably.

Our success of the previous year against Newport G. S. was not repeated and in both the games with this school our batting let us down; our leading batsman seemed unable to produce the real defensive play needed to counter some excellent bowling by Newport. The disciplined batting to produce the required performances must be concentrated on by our batsmen in future. The only other school to beat us was the Trinity School, Croydon. Since this was one of the three schools in the country to draw with the South African Fawns XI who toured England last year, this was perhaps to be expected.

Next season we shall have a young XI, and with some of the younger members of this year's side, plus hard concentrated practice, we should have a fairly good season.

D. Fisher, last year's captain, was the "Mackay" of the side; his batting and bowling often held the side together.

The averages below are those of players who gained the top five places and who played regularly.

Batting

	Innings	Not out	Total	Highest Score	Average
M. Pim	7	2	175	59	35.00
C. James	7	1	142	78	23.67
D. Fisher	8	1	160	59*	22.86
J. Hughes	4	2	27	16*	13.50
M. Duffill	9	1	95	43	11.88

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
P. Allen	87	25	191	22	8.68
B. Stoner	105.2	26	236	25	9.44
M. Pim	9	0	41	3	13.67
S. Palmer	10.4	0	45	3	15.00
D. Fisher	47	8	151	7	21.57

J.F.C.

CRICKET WEEK

The first cricket week took place at the end of the Summer Term. All those who took part thought the week was a success and are looking forward to the next cricket week at the end of the coming season. The fixtures played varied from a practice game to playing the Club and Ground XI which included four players with

full county experience. The results of the week were as follows:

School XI 88 (K. Whitlow 23)
Exning Green C.C. 78 (M. Evans 4-17) WON

J. F. Cadman's XI 112 (K. Nicholson 29)
R. Dutton's XI 190 (for 9 dec.) (K. Nicholson 3-23 D. Fisher 64) R. Dutton's XI WON

School XI 107 (K. Whitlow 26)
Camb. Tech. Coll. Staff 114 (D. Fisher 3-12) LOST

School XI 160 for 4 (R. Dutton 50* J. F. Cadman 70*)
Hoboes C.C. 156 WON

School XI v A. Chapman's XI CANCELLED

School XI 124 (J. F. Cadman 54* B. Gatward 25)
Essex C. & G. XI 178 (for 9 dec.) H. J. Evans 5-43) LOST

Averages for week

Batting

	Innings	Not out	Total	Highest Score	Average
J. F. Cadman	5	3	152	70*	76.00
K. L. Whitlow	2	-	49	26	24.5
R. Dutton	4	1	61	50*	21.3
G. Johnston	2	-	38	22	19.0

Bowling

	Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets	Average
H. J. Evans	16.5	2	57	7	8.1
M. Evans	50.3	13	128	12	10.7
D. Weaver	17	0	54	5	10.8
D. Fisher	42.3	2	161	10	16.1

*Denotes not out

This report would be incomplete without thanking Andrew Mummery and his assistants for their excellent scoring and looking after the telegraph.

J.F.C.

FOOTBALL REPORT

THOUGH always unpredictable the general standard of football was quite impressive. Patches of unexpected brilliance were mingled with those of sluggish indifference; it was often found that good opposition brought out the best in the team.

The start of the season saw yet another experiment in team formation. A revolutionary 3-3-4 system was employed with considerable success until an unfortunate injury caused a reversion to the more conventional system. Looking back on the season, partly ended by fog and frozen pitches, and at times marred by lack of fighting spirit, the results are quite pleasing. On paper the highlight of the season was a double over Newport, an achievement unparalleled since the war.

However, the best football came in the two matches against Earls Colne and in a sparkling but brief effort against the Cambridge University Falcons.

On the whole, the forwards played clever football, but their finishing power was weakened by lack of "punch".

In defence some neat football was played, but overconfidence led to some fatal mistakes. In general the team was a more attractive, but less safe unit than in previous years.

Timpson. Encouraging first season; with more height and experience he should do well.

Pim. A much improved player. Settled down well at right back, but general control could be improved.

Smith. Played some excellent games at C.H., but circumstance necessitated a move to the wing, where he found it hard to settle down.

Fisher. Although his control was erratic he positioned himself well and was unobtrusively effective.

Whiteman. A fighter who made up for his lack of skill by a determination which set an example to the whole defence.

Pilgrim. He proved in one or two fine games that he is potentially a very able forward. His goal record was impressive but could have been more so, had he shown more determination.

Rawana. An unpredictable player. His form varied from tigerish ferocity to insipidity.

James. His competent control and scheming mind initiated some skilful moves, but lack of fighting spirit reduced his effectiveness.

Lamborn. He made an impressive début. A player of considerable skill who lacked ferocity.

Duffill. For sheer enthusiasm and guts he was unequalled. Before his unfortunate injury, his quickness to sieze the half-chance brought him many good goals.

Wilson. As always his enthusiasm was an example to the side. His play was always good though often he tried to beat too many players before making his final pass.

Hughes. As a captain he did well; his own standard of play remained high thus setting a very good example to his side.

JOHN HUGHES and J.F.C.

UNDER 15 FOOTBALL

THE season had its ups-and-downs but was generally enjoyed by the team. The team at the beginning of the season was rather shaky, but after Brown was moved from right-half back to goal they quickly settled down, though the finishing problem was never really solved. Amongst the "regulars" were; Brown, Headley, Shearmur, Norton, Barnard, Rowntree, Lister and Simmonds. We were fairly lucky with injuries and Hicks was the only casualty (a twisted wrist). We would like to extend our thanks to Mr Lewis, who advised and coached the team, and Shippey, who gallantly deputized at short notice for Tulk.

BRIAN SIMMONDS and ROGER TULK

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.

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 Fuel Technology. They are worth £415 to £550 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.

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

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

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

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

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

Write for full particulars to the Director-General of Staff, National Coal Board
Hobart House, London, S.W.1.



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