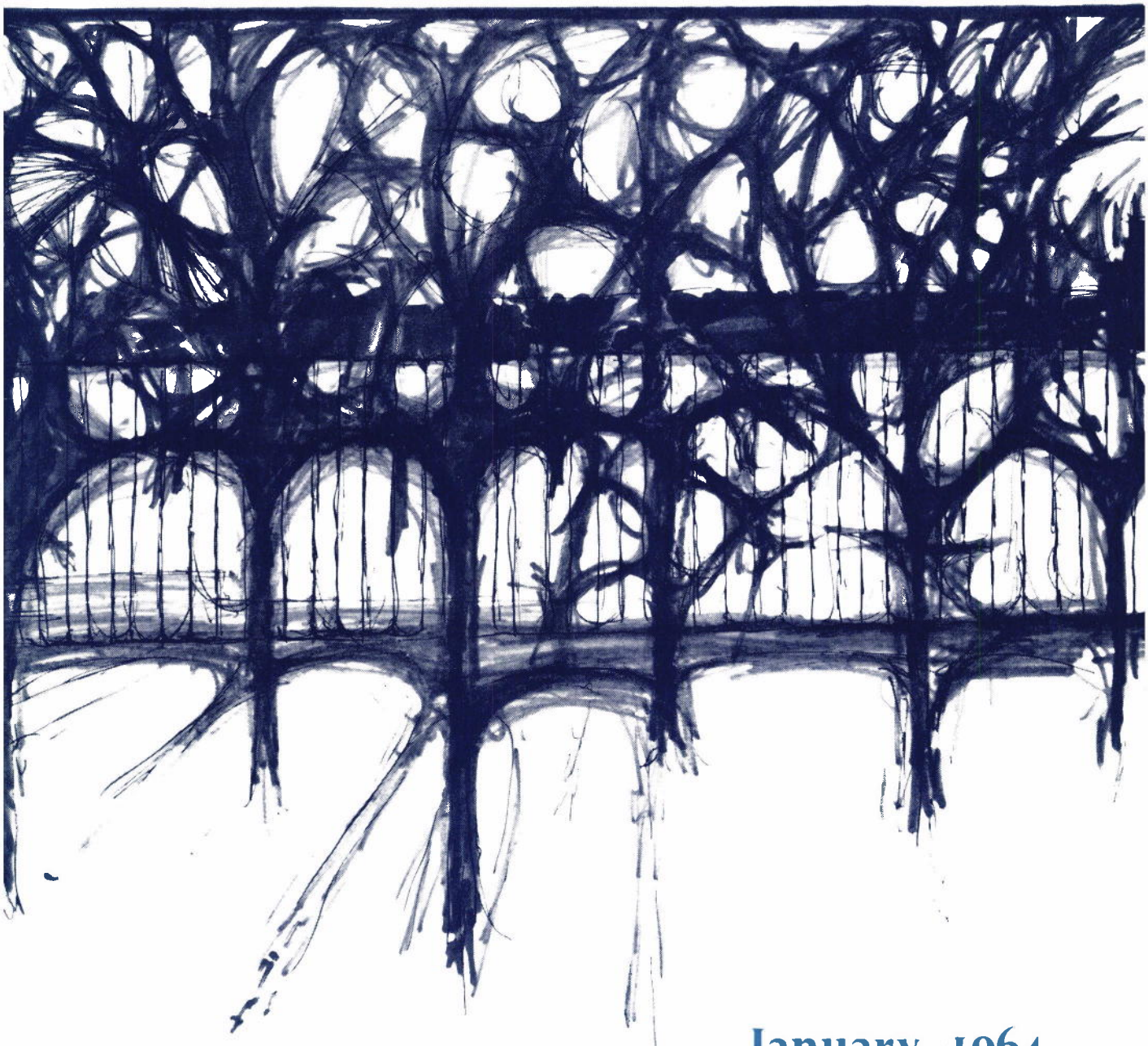
THE AVENUE



January 1964

Cover Design by Ian Whiteman
leaver from 6z in July, 1963

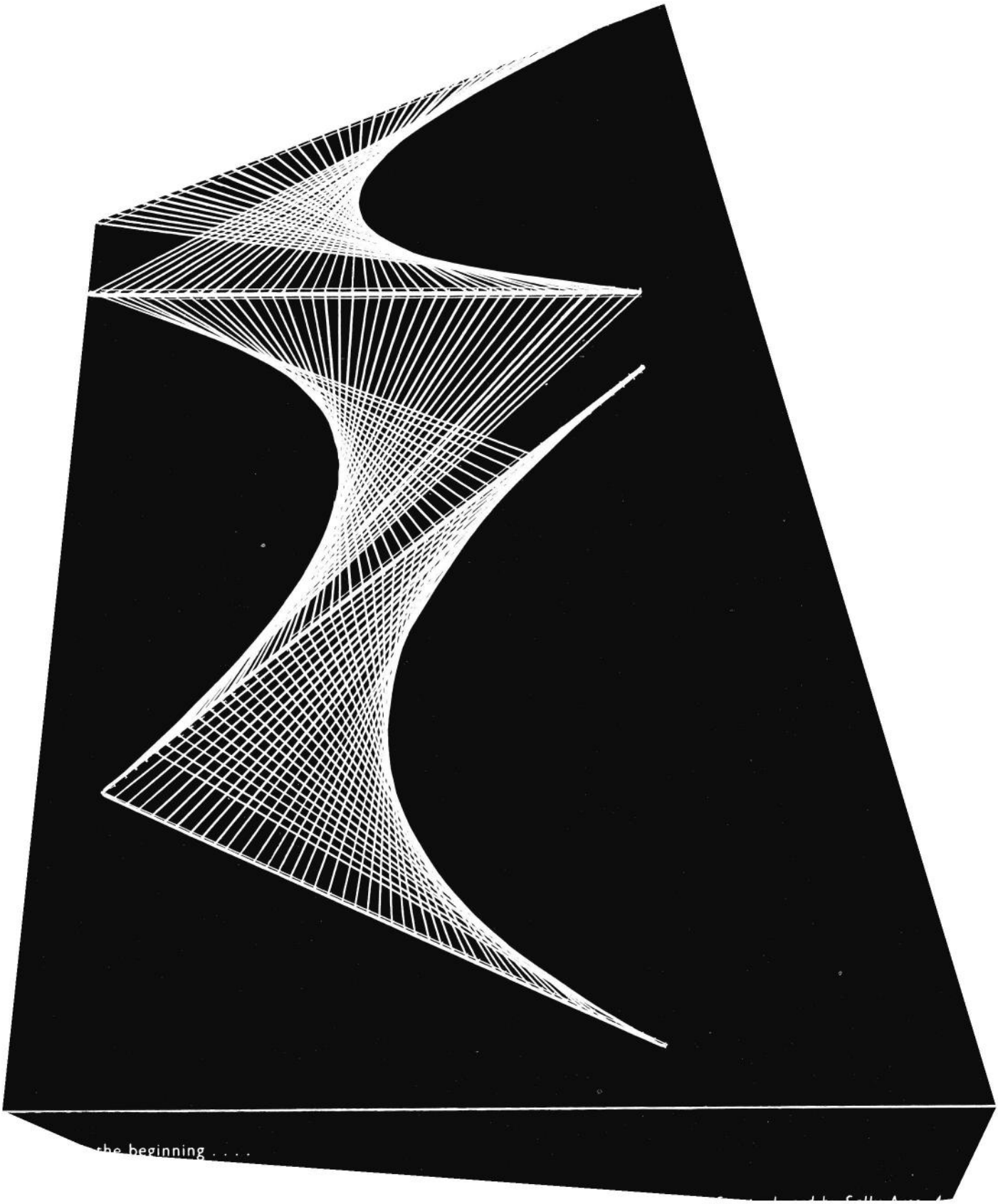
THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the

Friends' School, Saffron Walden

(Member of the National Association of School Magazines)

Vol. 44 No. 134 January 1964


the beginning . . . .

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Editorial

"Ah, has the ivy grown where it was lopped,
And has the dripping tap upstairs been stopped?
Is school time yet still rather leisurely,
And are there beans, or is it chips, for tea?"

(from MARY HARTLEY'S *Somewhere near Grantchester*)

"IS SCHOOL TIME yet still rather leisurely?" Yes, Mary, I think it is, and I find it very pleasant. We do not scurry around pursued by bells between lessons. There is still time, in warm weather, for the stroll down the Avenue between tea and prep. For the boarders there are, in the evenings and at weekends, long periods when one can do something or nothing as one chooses. It is partly because of this that there are so many school activities to reflect in *The Avenue*. There is always plenty going on; life is not leisurely in that sense.

Is it that our attitude is leisurely? As a school we are endowed above the average with talents, intelligence, facilities, time. Is what we produce as a community as good as it should be? We can always point to the achievements of the "eager 2%". (I would say 10%.) They are active in all the societies, serve on all the committees, work on in the libraries after prep has officially ended, and are thoroughly, and happily, over-employed. Their efforts are ones of individual initiative. No, it's the bulk 90% that bother me, for whom "uneager" often is the word. As a community we seem to lack a collective zeal for excellence; on the gamesfield, in the classroom, in our hobbies, we rarely achieve as a group a single-minded determination to achieve the very best. We miss "the habitual vision of greatness" which a good school should offer to all who live in it.

For similar reasons this issue of *The Avenue* both pleases and disappoints me. It contains many of the features we had planned for it, and almost none of the excellences. We were delighted to receive a far greater volume of material to select our copy from than we did last year, but the overall standard was felt to be mediocre. So much that came in seemed casually produced, uncorrected, carelessly presented, and had to be rejected. We should be producing far more good drawings, good craftwork, good short stories, good poems.

In their schools, as in everyday life, Quakers distrust the polished appearance of outward success, insisting that the inner qualities, the urges behind an enterprise are what count. Too easily this ideal slips down to a casual and leisurely attitude to life, an indifference about the quality of results.

The Avenue Committee

Editor	Mr Gray
Accounts, Sales and Advertisements	Mr Dutton

Editorial advisers: Ruth Brand, Carola Brauer, Glenys Brown, Barbara Burtt, Hugh Busher, Bernard Dutton, Jane Heydecker, Susan Kemp, John Lucas, Rufus Miles, Miss Mould, Mr Nicholson, Jon North, Jane Rawlingson, Diana Smith, Mr Whitlow.

Inter Alia

January to December, 1963

IT FOXED many people. Others showed great initiative in getting to School. Some deplored it, whilst others made full use of it. No doubt we were all thankful when the Big Freeze finally ended, but before this happened there was sliding and tobogganing, an ice-rink on the Girls' Playground, skating up The Avenue and, during the thaw, even sailing on the flooded field. Hot-water bottles, left out on the windowsills at bed-making, slowly froze solid. The R.A.F. at Debden very kindly invited us to use a converted aircraft hangar there, which was perfect for six-a-side hockey during the weeks when our field was deep in snow.

But the weather did not prevent us from having a full term. The Sixth Form lectures were exceptionally interesting and varied. *Das Fenster*, a school newspaper run by some sixth formers, set off on its valuable though controversial course and continued to appear until its creators left in July. It was a term full of drama, tragical-farcical-comical. We saw Miss Yaffey's unforgettably moving production of Jean Anouilh's "Antigone", acted in French by members of the School; "As You Like It" at Felsted; "The Merchant of Venice" by a travelling company, best remembered for its handling of "Catch this casket"; and finally "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure" very amusingly performed by the Staff.

During the last weekend of the Easter holiday the School was unusually full, occupied by members of Sidcot and Leighton Park choirs as well as our own. A large orchestra had also been gathered. They were there to complete their rehearsals of the Verdi Requiem Mass before the combined choirs gave their two performances, the first at Thaxted Church and the second at Friends' House. Both were a great success—magnificent music, splendidly delivered. Mr Sturge had excelled himself.

Another exciting musical event was the Amnesty Concert which took place in the Summer Term. The variety of its programme, which ranged from deafening pop to delicate chamber music, appealed to every taste and was immensely enjoyable. Mr Nicholson missed it, as he also missed the torrential rain at General Meeting. He was away in the sunshine of Spain and Southern France on his sabbatical term while Mr Mummery, twinkling, urbane and efficient, ruled in his stead. He also missed, though the news could hardly have surprised him, the announcement of Mr Conybeare's engagement to Miss Taylor. They left to get married at the end of the Summer Term, and our very good wishes went with them.

In January Miss Stedman and Mr Silcock had joined us, he to maintain the running of the School's Building Appeal and she to teach Domestic Subjects. Mr Silcock left us in July, after taking a very full part in school life. With him we lost many others; Mr Conybeare and Miss Taylor, Miss Coxon, Miss MacNamara, Dr Putnam, Miss Yaffey, and, very sadly, two who had been with us for many years, Mr Osborn and Mr Jacob. Mr Osborn has already successfully started a school for children who have not been able to find their feet in other schools. Mr Jacob, to whom we owe the deepest debt, has retired, but is still living so close to the premises that we repeatedly have the pleasure of finding him on them.

Our warm good wishes go to Mr Haydon and Miss Stedman on their engagement, to Miss Mould, Miss Haigh and Miss Kenningham who are also now engaged. We were pleased to hear that Miss Reynolds (now Mrs Johnson) and Miss Thompson (now Mrs Nielson) have started their families. Among the present staff National Productivity Year seems to have gone largely unnoticed. We welcomed Peter Jeremy Hudson, but he was the only new arrival. Working it out on our fingers, however, we are glad to say that his appearance represents considerably more than the paltry 1% called for by the Prime Minister. And Mr Whitlow became a grandfather.

Rugby football is another lusty infant in the School. Mr Perry is the trainer of our new Rugby Union Football Club—"The Fiends". May they take example from the All Blacks whom we watched at Cambridge being very creditably opposed by the University. Mr Perry is himself a fresh arrival; he joined the staff in September, to teach Geography. With him came Mr Allen (Biology), Miss Marriage (to help with Physics), Miss Lindegaard and Mrs Williams (Modern Languages), Miss Saxby (to assist Mrs Mercer) and Mrs Andrews as our new Domestic Burser, who has offered to coach girls on the hockey field to improve their play and their appetites. A rare and practical combination!

The School play, Norman Ginsbury's "Viceroy Sarah", depicts the war of women that raged at Queen Anne's court. Being a play with plenty of parts for girls it offered a pleasant change from the predominantly masculine cast of most school productions. Later the Harlow Players gave us an excellent Scandinavian play, Björnson's "When the New Vine Blooms".

We failed to win back the Plumb Cup. Another group was narrowly defeated at Norwich in Anglia Television's Junior Town Quiz. However, the School scored an indirect victory at the Cambridge Union where co-education was at last established in the term of Oliver Weaver's presidency.

There were 6_2 excursions to London, to visit the Houses of Parliament and to attend the annual Ford Lecture at the Albert Hall, and to Coventry, to visit the new Cathedral and to see John Arden's "Serjeant Musgrave's Dance" at the Belgrade Theatre.

We congratulate Roger Smith and Keir Watkin on their scholarships and Thérèse Bott and Roger Bertram on their places at Oxford and Cambridge, and David Tulk on his place at Reading. We wish all five well, as they leave. John Lucas takes Roger Bertram's place as Head Boy. We also send our good wishes with Ron Thorne and Miss Simmonds, who both left at Christmas. Mrs Cadman will take over the girls' games from Miss Simmonds; she will also act as Senior Mistress in the summer when Miss Ashford takes a well-earned sabbatical term.

The term ended with the usual joy, with the carols by the choir (at Newport, Finchingfield, Cambridge, our own Sunday Evening Meeting, and in Trafalgar Square), with Miss Rowlands' splendid Christmas decorations, and with Christmas dinner and Christmas tea which were exceptionally good this year.

Amidst all this we were surprised and very sad to hear that Miss Ellinor is to leave us at the end of the summer, after twenty years as our Headmistress. This is not the time or place to begin assessing the immense amount she has done for this School and the great debt we owe her. That will come later. But now we can begin to express our gratitude, to work to make her last two terms her happiest, and to assure her of our warmest welcome whenever she returns.

The Third Year Sixth

IN THE LAST TWO academic years we have had a small number of pupils, mainly boys, coming back for the Autumn Term to compete for entry to the universities, in particular to Oxford and Cambridge. Last year five out of seven were successful : Roger West won an Exhibition in Natural Sciences at Downing College, Cambridge, while John Burley and Matthew Robinson won pensioner places, the former at Peterhouse to read History and Economics, the latter at King's to read Economics and Law. At Oxford commoner places were achieved by David Fisher at Trinity to read Modern Languages, and by Clive Eiles at Hertford to read Law.

This year all five scholars have achieved entry : Roger Smith won the F. P. Bedford Scholarship for candidates offering Zoology or Biology at King's College, Cambridge, and Keir Watkin was awarded a Minor Scholarship in History at Trinity College, Oxford. Thérèse Bott won one of the coveted places at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, to read Mathematics, and Roger Bertram a pensioner place at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he intends to read Agriculture. Roger Tulk, who will also read Agriculture, has gained a place at Reading.

C.A.M.

The Choir at Great St. Mary's

PRIVATELY, some of us doubted whether Christmas shoppers on a Saturday afternoon in Cambridge would be willing to pause long enough to listen to the choir singing carols in the gardens of St Mary's Church. We were therefore agreeably surprised to find that by the time we had assembled so had thirty or forty people, drawn either by curiosity or by advance publicity; and as the sound of "To Us in Bethlem City" rose over the Market Place, the numbers grew, steadily and silently, until a crowd of several hundred people were standing, moved by the extraordinary power that Christmas music seems to possess.

When the Vicar of St Mary's announced briefly that the choir were going to process into the church and that any who wished to follow them might join them there in a short service of intercession for world peace, many of us must have underestimated this power. Slowly we walked towards the church door, singing "O come all ye faithful", and as we walked, unaware how many were following in our wake, we heard the sound of other voices added to our own as, quite spontaneously, the listeners became participants. When we finally reached the choir stalls and were able to look back down the church we saw a strangely moving sight. Perhaps it was because we had expected so few that it appeared so many; but the church was thronged with people.

D.L.

B.B.J.

"OLD hard precambrian metamorphic, highly resistant, highly mineralised, schists and gneisses . . ." All scholars and old scholars of the School cannot fail to know these words by heart. Who, that has attended Mr Jacob's geography classes, can ever forget that the climate of Britain is "R. at A.S. and M.R. of T."; or that "the Med. Typ. Clim. is H.D.S. W.W.W. B.S.S."? How many times have we had drummed into us that "the NETS and SETS blow from the Horse Lats. to the Doldrums, and the SWATS and NWATS to the Sub. Polar Lows"?

Sometimes we have attended his lessons and only at the end discovered that Larry has been sitting patiently under his desk all the time. If he gave us a test on naming places on the map there were always mimes or jokes to help us remember. A rocking motion with his arms would be Singapore . . . baby to sleep; a chalky thumb pressed against the blackboard would be Preston; "Swift Timber" would be Fleetwood; a swift downward jerk of the arm was Flushing. Such a test would be written on one piece of paper, no bigger than half a sheet of exercise book, and would consist of about a hundred and fifty questions.

Mr Jacob, or Barney as he was known to the staff, or Bibbage (B.B.J.) as he was affectionately nicknamed by the School, could for several years always be recognised on his flashy yellow and black bicycle: but now we see him roaring past on a small motor-cycle with a woolly black dog chasing after him. For Larry's sake we hope he never graduates to a 500 c.c. machine!

So thank you, Mr Jacob, for teaching us so much. We will never forget "The Cal. Val. rich in the melting snows of the Sierra Nevada . . .", or that our geography lessons with you could be the highlight of our week.

DISCIPULI

Twenty-eight Years' "Hard" 1935 - 1963

LOOKING BACK over the past twenty-eight years I am struck by the number of different facets they present—for instance the speed at which more than a quarter of a century seems to have whizzed by, and yet what an amazing amount has been packed into it, and what a lot of history has been made, of one kind or another. What vast changes have taken place in the School itself, and in the town of Saffron Walden, and in England and the world.

In 1935 Gerald Littleboy had been Headmaster for only one year, and Florence Priestman was coming to the end of her time as Headmistress of the School which was then, of course, only half its present size. It was almost entirely a boarding school, with, perhaps, four or five day-scholars. The Sixth Form varied in numbers from two to about five; "Matric" was the main objective, and those who wished to pursue post-matric courses left Walden for Bootham, Leighton Park or The Mount. Life in the School was incomparably more monastic and strictly segregated

than today. Woe betide the unfortunate male caught over on the Girls' Side after prep. Sunday was a day of tedious frustration. The whole School attended Big Meeting down the town (Thursday morning Meeting was also compulsory). No games were allowed, but there was a compulsory "pig drive" for the boys of Forms 1–3 in the afternoon. The Assembly Hall and Biology Labs had not been built. Tiered seats in what is now the Library held the whole School for Morning Assembly and Sunday evening Meeting, and lectures, while for plays and concerts a special stage had to be put up in the Dining Hall. Staff supper was at nine o'clock in the Dining Hall on top table, then under the windows at the far end. There was a far greater number than today of young resident men staff and this led frequently to fast and furious high jinks after supper, especially a form of raiding in the dark sometimes occasioned by the kidnapping of a Sealyham dog belonging to one of the mistresses, which in turn led to reprisals and counter-reprisals. For these pranks the customary equipment and attire included mufflers, gym shoes (for greater stealth and silence), an electric torch, and a pillow or cushion as a weapon of offence. The School was ideally designed for this sort of game with all the lights turned off. There are certain well-respected and sedate University Professors, Headmasters and members of the School Committee who graduated into respectability through this tough apprenticeship.

The war years 1939–1945 brought many changes and difficulties; the evacuation of the top-floor bedrooms, and the building of a blast wall on the boys' asphalt to make a shelter out of the large room at the foot of the stairs to the old Art Room, "blacking-out" every night, air-raid sirens, fire watching and fire drill, first-aid squads, rationing and clothing coupons, shortage of all kinds of equipment, the use of the swimming bath both by the Honourable Artillery Company and the Wessex Regiment, both under canvas in Audley End Park, and by the U.S. Air Force for dinghy practice, the flash of the flak and the bombs in the night sky during the London blitz, and so on. They were strenuous days, but through them all the life of the School went on as calmly and evenly as was possible under the circumstances.

In retrospect this quarter-century has become a kaleidoscopic memory of personalities and events, not always in the correct chronological order. Displays which were strenuous to prepare but great fun to do (and for which the central theme was frequently revealed in the stillness and quiet of Sunday morning Meeting!); memories of the games of Monkey House on a wet half-holiday or Sunday afternoon on duty, and of the incredible agility of "he-s" like Adrian Wylie, Tim Lampard or Ian Drummond; memories of matches against Newport or the Granta, and of Whitsuntides and Lecture Week-ends of the past, of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas and the later concerts at Friends' House, of the Tramps of recent years, of the celebrations for the School's 250th birthday and of those unforgettable stories and recitations of Reginald Reynolds, of the camaraderie of the Whit Sunday evening "hooleys" round at 9 Summerhill Road. But there was always throughout the years the friendliness of Old Scholars, and the backing and support and understanding tolerance from my colleagues on the staff. It has been a wonderful experience to have been associated with the life of such a community for so long, and in recent years to have had the pleasure of teaching or dealing with boys and girls whose fathers or mothers I taught when I first came to the School.

B.B.J.



Mount Pleasant Studios Present . . . .

HOW DOES ONE set about making a feature film with little equipment, limited finance and no previous experience? The first thing, I thought, when I set out on the venture last Summer Term, was to be absolutely sure of the answers to a few fundamental questions and to have a written film script on which to base the filming. So, after much consultation with interested people, I decided that the film should represent a typical day in the life of the School, be in colour, last about 25 minutes and incorporate a sound track with commentary, music and a few simple sound effects. I then asked Adrian Jeliffe to write an essay on A Typical Day on which I could base my ideas for the shots. When this had been done I disappeared into the library and finally emerged, three days later, tired, ink-stained but victorious with 30 pages of filming script stored away in my file. Part of this script looked like this:

No. of Shot	*Type*	*Description*	From where	Length
153	Medium	People going out of dining room	Under balcony	12 secs.
154	Long	Sunny field with loafers loafing	Swimming bath	15 secs.
155	Medium	Brighton beach	Girls' changing room	10 secs.
156	Close-up	Legs with trousers rolled up. Pan to faces	Brighton beach	8 secs.
157	Close-up	Sabby's legs. Pan to face	Brighton beach	6 secs.
158	Medium	Group of people lying on field	Hockey pitch	12 secs.

The whole thing indicated a total time of about 28 minutes with over 250 separate shots, though I realized that I wouldn't keep to the script exactly.

Finance was the next thing, and I made two fruitless journeys to London to see if I could purchase film at cut prices on the grounds of the proposed film's educational value. But in the end, the film, which was the main item of expenditure, had to be bought over the shop counter, after the necessary £20 or so had been borrowed from various sources. The equipment was also borrowed from members of the School—the tripod, light meter, tape recorders, projector and screen. The two powerful lamps used for lighting the interior shots came from the physics laboratory. So, all in all, the Mount Pleasant Film Company, as it was known from then on, was founded on very precarious ground.

A date was finally fixed for the shooting to commence, Monday, June 10th, and the Sunday evening before that, Peter Bradley, the assistant director, and I

Photo by John Lucas 6₂

nervously checked over the details and went to bed praying that it would be fine the next day.

It was indeed fine, and just after recess, the Mount Pleasant Film Company started its hazardous career by shooting Mr Cadman striding very naturally across the asphalt to a games lesson where keen First Form boys waited, already changed, to dash from the changing rooms to the field (which they did perhaps a little too eagerly).

The main part of the outside filming was completed in four days—every time a scene had been shot I ringed its number with great satisfaction in my script. The reels of film were one by one used up and sent off to the processing factory. The outside shots went along without too much difficulty, apart from trouble from the occasional person who could not refrain from making obscene signs or grinning apeishly into the lens of the camera. (I have in my possession a very interesting reel made up of pieces of film which I didn't use for reasons such as these.)

But the inside shots caused chaos. We fused the dining lights three times when we tried to use the big lamps in an effort to film the clock. We broke two windows while manoeuvring the long ladder on to the balcony, over-zealous for startlingly angled shots. We disturbed occupants of the library for two hours on a Sunday afternoon with the incessant ringing of the gong. People tripped over the great lengths of cable stretched down the corridors. But the final blow came when the lights fused in the middle of an important pan of a bedroom scene, plunging the whole of the boys' end (and Mrs Miller's room) into darkness at about half past nine. And it took ages to find the fuse box.

But at last the processed reels of film were lying on the editing desk and the most difficult and interesting part of all lay in front of me. All 250 shots had to be cut out and stuck together in the right order to make a smooth passage from one event to another. It was at this stage that the weak ideas were eliminated and wangles were contrived to get over the tricky scenes.

Who noticed, for example, that Miss Ellinor changed her dress three times in the dining scene? In the very first version of the film, which no one saw except me, the three shots of her in different dresses came next to each other—which was very amusing. But I thought it necessary to sacrifice humour for the sake of continuity, and so in the re-edited version I put a shot of the clock between two of the shots and moved the third further away from the others. Who also noticed that Mr Gray's shirt and tie changed colour as he walked from the staff room into the class room? This apparently smooth sequence had been filmed on three separate occasions. There were lots of little things which stuck out like sore thumbs to me but passed unnoticed when the film was shown to an unknowing audience. If you see the film again, watch the red screwdriver jump across from Hugh Busher's left hand to his right for no apparent reason. Or see the clock in the girl prefect's room at ten to twelve in the middle of the hot lethargic afternoon. You could also wonder at the size of Peter Bradley's wardrobe, for he changes his clothes at least four times during the film. And how does Paul Barnard manage to play cricket and yet thirty seconds later become engrossed in a game of chess? Or Felicity Steinitz move from the front door at Hillcroft to her bedroom window in a micro-second?

The sound track was the last job to be done. This was made on tape, synchronised to the film by a special projector which ensured that the right sounds would always come at the right time. The music was finally selected by Ian Whiteman and the few sound effects gathered together on another tape. Then the Company's sound technicians got to work. The commentator sat with a microphone partitioned off from the room where the film was being screened, but he could see the film through the glass in the partition. This was necessary to prevent the noise of the projector appearing on the sound track. The film was run through and at the right moments the music was played, the sound effects were sounded and the commentator commented—while the tape recorder ran side by side with the projector. After many attempts, we at last made a track which, although it did not exceed our expectations, was just about satisfactory.

On a budget, then, of £20, and after six weeks of work, the film was completed and ready for general release. Members of the School, it seemed, received it at first with delight—as a novelty. But when most people had seen it at least three times they realised its faults which I have known all along.

The commentary was undoubtedly the weakest part. As for the film itself, the main criticism was of apparent rush from one event to another. It seemed that at this school the pupils never relaxed, were always dead keen on everything, and never stopped their activities from morn till night. Although this may have given an excellent impression of the School it is nevertheless a trifle unrealistic. The trouble is that twenty-eight minutes is a remarkably short time when one tries to represent a whole day. As it was, I had to miss out much that I would liked to have included and there simply wasn't time to put in shots of people doing nothing at all. My continual worry while I was filming was the shortage of film. When professional film companies make documentary films they shoot five minutes of film and perhaps use only five seconds of it. The Mount Pleasant Film Company shot five minutes of film and had to use four and a half.

However, I believe that the true value of the film will appear in thirty or forty years time when all of us, as Old Scholars, can see "what the School was like in our day".

MATTHEW ROBINSON.
Leaver from 6$_{3}$ in July.

COME FROM COVENTRY

Through fire fallen from Heaven
The verdant phoenix stands.
Blackened, the devil tumbles
Past twisting angel flame.
The charred and piercing nails appear
A crown of thorns, by royal engineers.

D.G.

6$_1$ Excursion to Ford Motor Works, Dagenham

A VERY FIRST impression—one of smallness and insignificance outside this vast impersonal factory. So many different noises. Even outside it was difficult to hear what the guide was saying. Inside it was much worse; grind, bump, slide, clatter, yell, curse, screech, hum, ring, rattle—and the smells: oil, soot, sweat, petrol, tar, tea, dirt. . . .

* * * *

The 58,000 employees were earning an average of £15 a week. It works out at £870,000 paid out weekly in wages. . . .

* * * *

We were led alongside miles of machinery and motor-assembly lines, past the endless thump and hiss of pressing machines, the glaring heat of the raw red iron smelting pots and caverns, by metal highway and oily byway, where the men are become part of their machines. . . .

We asked our guide about the monotony of working on the conveyor belt. "Well, you see, they play practical jokes on each other. For example, one chap might put his hammer down and then his mate will put grease on the handle, so that his hand gets greasy when he picks it up again. . . . But labour conditions are good now, you know. When I came in the '20s it was a slave camp. No time and motion. I found out later I was doing eighty minutes' work every hour. No canteens, and only thirty minutes' break to eat in at lunch time. But no one complained, because there were 20,000 unemployed at the gates waiting to take your job if you lost it. . . . Labour relations are improving; we haven't had a strike this year." (Our visit was in June.) "But there has been a lot of trouble. Caused by a minority, you know, but the Company are to blame a good deal, too. They did some very silly things. All the trouble has been in the body-assembly and finishing works. None at the foundry and engine-assembly end. I don't know why."

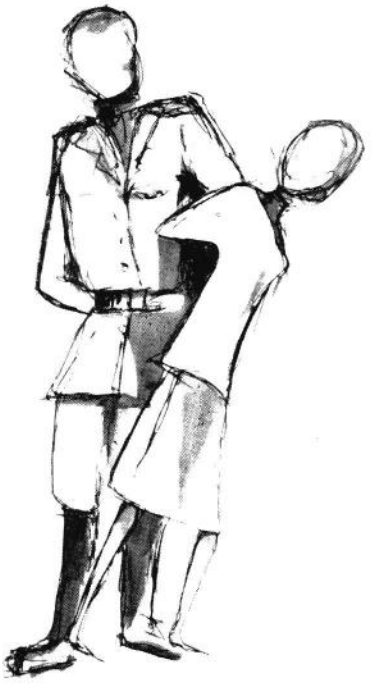
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The vast swarms of picture-book coloured cars, windscreens blindingly sparkling in the oppressive afternoon sun; the cobalt blue tractors with lurid orange wheels, and the endless tracts of land occupied by assembly sheds, iron-ore tips and offices. . . .

* * * *

. . . . Feeling of helplessness . . . couldn't hear what was being said . . . couldn't understand what could be heard . . . noise . . . heat . . . dark . . . dirt . . . speed . . . wolf whistle . . . shining sheets of metal . . . crankshafts . . . slippery floors . . . cars . . . new cars . . . blue tractors . . . utter exhaustion.

MEMBERS OF 6$_1$



Jean Anouilh's ANTIGONE

Performed in French, March 1963

Prologue	Arnold Wilson
Antigone	Mary Hartley
Creon	David Lewis
Hemon	Toby Wall
Ismene	Judith Wall
Eurydice	Christine Dutton
la Nourrice	Marjorie Osborn
le Page de Creon	Paul Price-Smith
Premier Garde	John Hill
Deuxieme Garde	Jon North
Troisieme Garde	Robert McLeish
Messager	Jeremy Shearmur
le Choeur	Carolyn Moore

Directed by Gillian Yaffey

"Où veux-tu en venir, petite furie?"

"Chef, j'ai deux enfants!"



I went with some trepidation, hardly believing it possible to maintain the interest of the audience throughout a very long one-act play, written in idiomatic French, involving long scenes of argument and discussion, wrestling with an old and insoluble philosophic problem. In fact the performance was immensely moving and highly dramatic, sweeping most of the audience with it to that shattering climax when all that has been foretold suddenly becomes reality.

* * *

Mary Hartley's performance? Good by almost any standard.

Drawings by Catherine Howard, who left from 6_2 in July, 1963

The Headmaster's Sabbatical

Question: What justification had you for asking for a term off?

Answer: Twenty-eight years without a break.

Question: Do you feel better for it?

Answer: To start with it was very difficult to relax. Was there anything I had omitted to do? Would so-and-so remember to do this and that? Then complete relaxation set in, a wonderful feeling of freedom, until the time came to return. Then the difficulty was to throw off the feeling that I never wanted to do an honest day's work again.

Question: Did you ever find yourself wanting to be back at Walden?

Answer: Never; though I was quite happy to come in September.

Question: Did you have any of those adventures or misfortunes which alone make accounts of other people's travels interesting?

Answer: Nothing at all; everything went to plan. Even when we became involved in a Paris police block at 2 a.m. they merely waved us on.

Question: What was the most interesting thing that happened to you?

Answer: Possibly meeting the niece of Toulouse Lautrec and being shown round the family chateau by her; possibly the cave drawings of Altemira. I had always been cynical about cave drawings, but these were fascinating because of their age and admirable because of their skill; they are not just quaint, they are staggeringly beautiful.

Question: What do you remember most vividly?

Answer: So many things. Normandy in the May sunshine; we just said, "There's no need to go any further; this is heaven". An early morning mist in one of the valleys of the Dordogne. The incredible Spring browns and greens of the Pyrenees. The dignity and peace of the Loire. Blue sky and cloud over Avila. The ornate towers of Burgos. The breath-taking first view of the cathedral of Tarragona. The first sight of the blueness of the Mediterranean.

Question: Does travel broaden the mind?

Answer: I think so. Though possibly only inasmuch as you love so much of what you see. If I could teach twenty people to love France, to appreciate just a little of what she stands for and the richness of her strange history, I should feel I had done something worth doing. Spain I do not understand, and I don't think I ever shall; to me, nothing there seems quite to make sense. (I am glad to say that the Duke of Wellington had the same feeling.) But France. . . .

K. F. N.

"Faith, hope and . . . ?"

WHERE the towering sand dunes stretch for miles before the deep blue Cornish sea, a party wends its way gaily out from a gleaming motor coach to the edge of the land.

" 'E's just not one of *us*," the words of a plump lady in a flowered frock are heard as the straggling crocodile mounts the last dune. Her friends are in obvious sympathy. "I mean," she continues, " 'E shuts 'isself away all quiet like—never plays with the other kids. Can't do nothing about it, but we 'ad to bring 'im. What else can you do?" A grave problem indeed. The ladies, their spouses and their offspring disappear over the ridge, forgetting one by one the problems of the moment, as the great Atlantic confronts their wondering eyes. With a sprightliness quite alien to all but a few, they hasten in a body towards the water's edge.

For a while it appears that the rolling grass-clumped desert is deserted once more. Then, of a sudden, a drifting, wandering figure appears, as if from nowhere. Meandering, trancelike across the sand, the small boy, the recent subject of so much concern, daydreams alone. He is silent, almost frighteningly pale, helplessly thin, with a forlorn mop of fair hair. He walks apart from the world, the sun beating on his thinly-clad frame with unceasing severity.

Another movement, as a small dog, a mongrel of a thousand origins, bounds vigorously, with furiously working tail, towards the small, lonely figure. But the boy has no place for the world of flesh and sand and heat in his world of fantasy. Not until the animal, frolicking beside him, leaps and sends him stumbling with its small, eager paws. At once the boy turns, and his eyes open wide with fright. He turns again and runs, with fear giving him wings. The dog, happy with the game, follows until its enthusiasm wanes, when it casts itself, panting, down to the still ground, and lies motionless in the hot, hot sun.

Stumbling down the steep sandy slope, the boy trips, falls, and can go no further. Fear possesses his mind as he awaits his fate, his small frame trembling and shaking with his sobs. And as he waits, he ceases to shake, as body and mind drift into sleep.

The sun sinks slowly, and shadows on the dunes begin to creep relentlessly towards the still mound, fast asleep.

Drowsily the boy wakes and as his eyes open and he regains consciousness among the tufts of grass, he is aware of a rustling close beside him. He smiles as his hand alights on the long, smooth, cool body, tapering slowly away, and he utters sounds of joy as his hands move to caress, to find comfort.

But here is no comfort. In a flash the lightening jaws clamp firm, shedding their minute droplets of death.

In the blood-red light of evening, gilding the sea with flashes of pure gold, the voices of the trippers are heard as the plump lady, perspiring with exertion, returns to mundane and tiresome problems. She pants: " 'E ain't 'alf a problem. Never can be found. I mean, 'e's just not one of *us*". As the familiar sounds of sympathy float across the calm warm evening, a snake slides away through the grass.

JON NORTH 6$_2$

The Staff Play

Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure

by Walter Hackett

Lush	Jan Piggott
Poppy Fayre	Barbara Mould
Mrs Agatha Whatcombe	Ann Whitlow
Ambrose Applejohn	Iorwerth John
Anna Valeska	Gillian Yaffey
Mrs Pengard	Valerie Cadman
Horace Pengard	Richard Dutton
Ivan Borolsky	David Gray
Dennet	John Haydon
Johnny Jason	David Lewis

Directed by Kenneth Whitlow, March, 1963

From left to right:
John Haydon, Kenneth Whitlow, David Gray, David Lewis, Iowerth John, Gillian Yaffey

photo: David Campbell



FROM "Antigone" to "Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure"—from the sublime to the highly entertaining. Light comedies of the '20's have become Period Pieces in their own right—written purely for entertainment for a generation which by and large did not take itself too seriously; from the beginning of this play, as soon as Poppy Fayre utters her first lines, the end is obvious, and we enjoy the fantasy and the entertainment none the less.

It was amusing to see on the inside cover of the French's Acting Edition the advertisement for scenery, "with a view to obviate as far as possible the great difficulty amateurs experience in obtaining scenery". Printed on Strong Lithographed paper, for mounting on canvas or calico, then to be framed on woodwork, the list included "Two Oak Chamber Scenes, A Grey Panel Scene, A Woodland Scene, A Grey Panel Scene, A Woodland Scene", etc., etc. The aforesaid difficulty seems to be very comfortably obviated indeed nowadays and congratulations are due to those who provided the simplified and realistic sets. Similarly the rather complicated stage directions are reduced to essentials and the imagination of the audience is counted on as being reliable enough to fill gaps, with benefit to both players and audience.

As usual one heard the familiar plaint, "If only something could be done to improve the acoustics of the hall". It is extremely difficult to hear the lighter voices from more than halfway back in the hall; this has sometimes had the effect of making actors step outside their characters, as it were, in an effort to make themselves heard. On this occasion it made Mr John's part particularly difficult—in the need for contrast between the gentle-voiced Mr Applejohn and the rough-voiced alter ego of his dream; apart from this difficulty, Mr John as usual made the most of every nuance of meaning and provided a gorgeously comic contrast between the respectable Mr Applejohn and the intrusive Walter Mitty-like character of the dream who kept on taking charge of his waking life in the last Act.

It is always interesting to see newcomers in a Staff play, and Barbara Mould was convincing as Poppy Fayre, with a good voice for overcoming the difficulties of the acoustics of the hall. Gillian Yaffey's voice also carried well—perhaps the contrast between her two voices (the Russian and the Cockney) was a little too marked: anyone so well able to assume a voice might be expected to have modified her own.

David Gray at first seemed not too easy in his role as a swashbuckler, but gained conviction as the play went on. The parts taken by Jan Piggott as the butler, Val Cadman as the wife of the fake clairvoyant (with Dick Dutton, her husband, as amusing as ever), John Haydon as the fake policeman, David Lewis as Johnny Jason (the man who could sell anything) while not being roles which would make or mar the play, were well sustained and left us free to concentrate on the main characters. Ann Whitlow as Aunt Agatha gave the polished performance we expect of her, and Kenneth Whitlow as Producer merged with the rest of the pirates and managed not to look at all like himself—he can usually be identified quickly! Altogether a most amusing and rollicking production and all credit to Staff for fitting it into a short and busy term to the advantage of the "Freedom from Hunger" Fund.

S. C. J.

INCIDENT

In the glint of the rising sun
A puma padded through the grasses,
Its prey a sun-burnt brown-man,
        Lying in the heat.

His eyes were closed,
        The lids curved, relaxed,
His arms, outstretched on the hot dry earth,
        Were tanned with sun and strong with toil.

He did not sleep.
His knife lay shining at his side.

The puma moved closer,
        Halted,
Crouched and snuffed the air,
The gold of his limbs dulled with dust.

The man, Corani, sensed its presence,
        The puma watching.
His eyes still closed, he moved his hand,
        Slowly.
He felt the polished wood, the handle,
        At his fingertips.
The familiar curves,
The sun-warmed blade.

He tightened his fingers around it,
Loving the feel of his hand-wrought knife,
Aware.

The puma tensed,
Its muscles quivering in its lean strong body,
        Beneath the thick-folding skin.

It leapt at the man,
Corani,
Reaching its open claws towards him.

Lightly, smoothly, Corani raised his blade.
A stab,
A spurt of crimson hot blood wantonly loosed from a creature
Of God.

A puma, the body of a puma,
Lay bleeding,
Dead.

JENIFER THOMPSON 61

Paris Easter School

AS IN PREVIOUS YEARS, a group of boys and girls attended the Paris Easter School, or "Quinzaine Condorcet" as the French call it. Each pupil lives in or near Paris with the family of a French pupil of the same age, and the two pupils join the rest of the group for classes each morning at the Petit Lycée Condorcet in the rue d'Amsterdam. The English pupils, graded according to the number of years of French studied, are taught by the French teachers; the French pupils by the English teachers who accompany the English parties. Pupils return to their families for lunch and are free in the afternoon and evening for sight-seeing, theatre-going, and so on.



Photo: Martin Ballard, 4X

D. L.

A first half-hour in Paris

I wonder whether houses that back on to railways look the same in every country in Europe. The ones in France certainly look as if they could be in England. But look over there! The Eiffel Tower, and there, "Charcuterie" in big bold letters, "Café du Roi", "Boucherie". Perhaps we are in France after all. A big black station, ever so many people, so much noise, and out into the road we go. This is Paris, is it? Oh, there is a typical Frenchman looking as though he smells strongly of garlic, with his navy blue beret pulled firmly down on his head. Why is he looking at us like that? Of course, we are foreigners. Have you ever felt like a sheep? That is what it feels like to be in the group trailing down the road with your case, probably heavy, in your hand, to be assembled in the courtyard of the "Grand Lycée Condorcet". I wonder which is my French family; could it be that those three in the corner are Monsieur and Madame Daudet and Monique? My name is called; I struggle through the crowd, still with case in hand, to meet them. It *was* "those three in the corner".

"Bonjour, madame, monsieur. Bonjour, Monique!"

STELLA BARR 6$_2$

Why Learn to Play the 'Cello?

ALL HAIL the day when the comment, "That chap is learning the 'cello you know!" is greeted by, "Oh, the lucky devil!" or "Gee, how I wish it was me!" or "Just think of the fun he'll get out of it!" rather than, "Gawd, what a jerk!", "Poor devil!", "Let's hope we never have to hear him practice!", "He's mad . . . he MUST be mad!", "Ah well, I don't expect he can help it".

Possibly the idea that anyone who considers playing a musical instrument of the "classical" variety must be "mad" has grown out of the misconception that the sole reward such a person gets for hours of laborious squeaking and scratching is just quite simply more and more squeaks and scratches. Superficially this may seem true, but in actual fact there is a great deal more to it. Or perhaps it is because learning a "classical" instrument is assumed to make him automatically a traitor to the raucous world of Pop.

Initially it is true to say that every sound one makes is an unpleasant one. But very soon one "gets the hang" of it all. The fingers become more agile; they co-ordinate with the bowing arm. Tone improves, vibrato develops, new bowings are learnt, new positions, new keys to play in. They all take a good deal of getting used to. One goes on improving technique the whole time, of course, but at a certain stage, regrettably about the time one leaves school, one is proficient enough to be able to start playing really interesting music, and this is what one has been waiting for.

Now one is of real use in orchestras, trios and quartets, which play more difficult music than one has so far encountered, and one's own playing becomes far more interesting. Moreover, playing becomes, at last, a pleasure instead of a grind. The 'cello is, for me at any rate, an ideal form of relaxation. The instrument becomes a means of expression to the player just as the artist uses brushes and paint to express himself. When music is played there is nearly always room for the musician's own feelings to go into the piece that the composer has written. The musician has the freedom of interpretation.

By playing the 'cello one's musical awareness is improved. One is able to distinguish between good and only mediocre music, one can recognise a composer's style, one begins to be able to tell the period in which the music was written. All this, this "insight", adds greatly to one's enjoyment and pleasure in hearing music played and in the playing of it.

If one is learning an instrument, any instrument, Classical, Pop or Jazz, practice is essential and too often forgotten. And it is a challenge. People forget that the greatest musicians in the world have practised maybe six or seven hours a day for years to achieve their standard of playing and interpretation.

To sum up, I would say that many people miss all the immense and overwhelming satisfaction of listening to "classical" music well played because they just do not know what they are listening for; they do not know what it is all about. By playing a "classical" instrument one obtains this knowledge, or "insight", and at the same time opens up an extensive field of enjoyment and pleasure in playing music for oneself or with others.

DAVID TULK 6_2

Never Say "Die"

ONE DAY you will need a tombstone. You may not have thought much about it, but it would be as well to tell someone what you want engraved on it, or you may find that a loving relative has simply put "Died 1999". This would be tragic. You would go down in history as having "Died". No-one who is anyone "Dies". It just is not done. Most people "Pass away" nowadays; but there are other ways of doing it. You could be "Translated to glory", although that suggests piety whilst alive, as do "Joined the invisible choir" or "Gone to settle one's long account". More human characters could have "Breathed his last" or "Departed this life". "Ceased to live" is an evasion. One must at times be realistic. Always, for example, say "He is no longer with us" rather than "He is behind the veil" or "beyond the grave".

Care must be taken not to become flippant when talking on this serious subject. It would hardly be right to talk of William Gladstone "Turning up his toes", or "Hopping the twig". Everyone knows that he was "Peacefully gathered to his fathers". Castlereagh, of course, "Made the supreme sacrifice" though rather messily.

When I "Fall off the hook" and am "Numbered with those who have paid their debts to Nature" I wish to be "Put to bed with a shovel" rather than "Reduced to ashes". I hope I shall "Launch into eternity" painlessly, but however I "meet my end" I insist, but *insist*, that my tombstone reads:—

"She crossed the Stygian ferry" and "May she find peace in her last home".

RACHEL HITCHMAN
lately "passed away" from 5Y

Sleepy?

SOMETIMES when I lie in bed, I wonder why I cannot get to sleep. And then I start wondering why I am wondering why I cannot get to sleep. Then I start thinking that the reason why I cannot get to sleep is that I am wondering why I am wondering why I cannot get to sleep. And then I wonder why I am thinking that the reason why I cannot get to sleep is that I am wondering why I am wondering why I cannot get to sleep.

If I go on in this way for a while I find that I soon drop off.

KATHERINE HEADLEY 5X



a daughter of Marlborough

photos: David Campbell

The School Play

Viceroy Sarah

by Norman Ginsbury

Abigail Hill	Susan Kemp
Mrs Danvers	Joanna Wild
Queen Anne	Christine Dutton
George, her husband	Jon North
Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough	Valerie Pringle
Lord Godolphin	Julian Hough
Mr St John	Rufus Miles
Mr Harley	Toby Wall
Colonel Parke	Gavin Brown
Anne, Lady Sunderland	Josephine Beck
Mary, Lady Monthermer	Diana Smith
Henrietta, Lady Rialton	Susan Mitchell
Elizabeth, Lady Bridgewater	Helen Boggis
John, Duke of Marlborough	John Lucas
Captain Vanbrugh	John Shippey
Footmen	Jeremy Buncombe and Hugh Busher

Directed by Kenneth Whitlow, November, 1963

The Queen and the Duchess
Christine Dutton Valerie Pringle



IT HAS BEEN SAID that the historian and the novelist work on parallel lines that never meet and the historical novelist is warned against "decanting too much real history into his novels", since this limits the imaginative re-creation of the life of the past, which is the novelist's sphere. This is obviously even more true of a dramatist writing on a historical theme. Moreover, the dramatist writing on a historical theme must consider its dramatic and historical worth. Norman Ginsbury's "Viceroy Sarah" was a difficult play to give any dramatic impact; it is at best high drawing-room drama and its scenes involving real people in real situations tend to appear phoney and flat, a play of puppets not people.

In these circumstances, Kenneth Whitlow is to be congratulated on making the best of an indifferent play. Technically the production was good, the players had been well coached, were clearly heard and were

acting against a good set. In choosing the play the producer had an eye on his strong suit: acting talent among the girls. Thus the central theme of the play, the war of the women, was well portrayed by Valerie Pringle as Sarah and Susan Kemp as Abigail. The plethora of female talent (and beauty!) was almost an embarrassment: Christine Dutton as Anne could hardly convey "the quintessence of ordinariness" and Joanna Wild as Danvers was too glamorous and too young to convey the poise and age of the perfect servant. Moreover, the daughters of Marlborough were more prominent than the playwright intended.

Humour was sparse; a good deal of it came (surprisingly) from George of Denmark, excellently played by Jon North. The exchanges between Vanbrugh, played by John Shippey, who really got inside the character, and Sarah were some of the best moments of the play. Marlborough was played with restraint by John Lucas, and the other great male figures of the time were not allowed to impinge on the action.

The audience showed its appreciation of another in the long run of Mr Whitlow's excellent productions.

C. A. M.

POEM

The mind of the woman
Was as a child clutching close to its mother's bosom,
Seeking fantasies falsified into truth
By the cold, naked bathtubs of our youth.
Reason and reality,
Morals and morality,
All ideas derived from childhood days
When in infantile innocence her ways
Freely followed fallacies now revealed as wrong
When conflicts burst upon her and youthful years were gone.

RUTH BRAND 5X

National Youth Theatre: 1963

THE MAN at the desk did not even glance up at me. He simply said, "Good morning, my name's Croft". Indicating a small chair in the corner of the room he continued to plough his way through the huge pile of letters in the IN tray. "We must write to at least fifty more M.P's." Telephones were ringing, boys taking notes. The small office was a hive of industry.

It was a long time before anyone could spare me enough time to direct me to my destination—the workshop. I left the office, after the "briefing", no wiser than I had entered it, and made my way to the steepest hill in South-East London. It was here, in a disused chapel, that the sets and scenery were made. In an ever-increasing tempo of energy we worked to overcome impossible difficulties and meet deadlines which grew nearer every minute. And almost without knowing it, I was swept up in the stream of general goodwill and hard work. I learned one thing in my first weeks with the Youth Theatre: day and night are merely times of light and dark respectively. Mealtimes waited on convenience. If we had to work all night so that the flats would be ready, we did.

After three weeks at Gipsy Hill we bid adieu to the chapel, and the scene of our activity was transferred to the Scala Theatre. But the pattern, or rather lack of pattern, did not change. The tempo quickened and, before we knew it, there were only five days to the first night. The electricians moved in and dominated us all, tripping over themselves in an effort to finish their lighting ahead of schedule. Between the coils of wire and the precarious ladders we splashed paint on flats, on rostrums and, in our less conscious moments, on the stage. Let it never be said that the actors worked hardest. They may have achieved more, but we were given the night shifts to make way for their rehearsals.

At last the set designer's dream becomes a reality and, flooded with lights, the stage is the focal point of the theatre. Woodworkers turn switchboard operators, propmen, flymen, or just drop out as the work becomes more demanding. And we all live through the last anxious hours feeling for the actors as they go through their motions for the last time in private.

Now, as the red light flashes in the flies loft, and the curtain rises to a full house, everybody behind the scenes and in front is suddenly drawn together. There is a complete friendship, and nobody is left out. We have all played our part towards this play; we all share the anxiety when a cue is mistimed, or the joy when the audience is responsive. And in the process of bringing Shakespeare to others we have all enjoyed ourselves. If the audience is happy to see the plays we have produced, we are the happier to have produced them.

JON NORTH 6_2

WHEN TO THE SESSIONS . . . . . .

When to the sessions of each year's exams,
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I cannot think . . . . . and so I look at Pam's.
(With apologies to Shakespeare)

GILLIAN BATEMAN 4Y

WORMS

In a biology lesson the master comes round
With tins full of worms.
He puts them down on the desk and you are confronted with
A large fat slimy worm.
You are instructed to look closely at the horrible wet animal,
And, having done so,
To cut it down the middle.
This I cannot do, and so my worm stays whole.
At last, after one hour with the worm,
The lesson is over.
But I go home only to find a huge worm on the garden path,
And for tea
Spaghetti.

PAULINE DUTTON 3X

Equality

MEN should be equal but they never have been, and, as far as I can see, never will be. Class division or racial or religious division are born into us, and throughout our lives encounters with different people guide our opinions. I live in a poor district, but have always been to private schools in a "nicer" area, so I have never felt the same as my neighbours. I hate snobs, but I am a snob myself I'm afraid. When people ask me, "Where do you live?" I always think before I reply, and try and judge whether I should give my correct home town, or the name of the nearest "snob area". I'm sorry to say that I usually say the latter. I know I would not like to marry a dustman—not because he is poor but because he seems lower down the class ladder. I would marry a penniless artist though, or some other type like that on a higher rung. I would however accept a dustman as a neighbour (in fact I think I have at the moment at home). I would, if I was very much in love, marry a coloured person, but only after serious thought about the children; yet when I meet a coloured person I always feel I have to make a special effort to be nice, or make allowances for him because of his skin. I hate feeling all this, but it is only partly my fault; the rest I blame on my upbringing, and environment.

Many people feel superior because they have a better "cut glass accent" than others. I used to find this when I went home and got among all them cor blimey cockneys, but now I realise that my accent aint too marvellous, and anyway most of the cockneys I have met are far nicer, kinder and happier people than I will ever be, so I don't suffer from this any more. Perhaps I have even become an inverted snob because of it. I do know that I feel superior when I meet one of those awful frightfully frightfully peeple, who always speak with a plom in thar throats.

SNOB?



POWER

Seated on my throne I see,
Prostrate, on the ground for me
A king.

Hymns once to their god they sang,
Gongs and drums they used to bang;
Now they quietly worship me—
Their king.

Solomon was wise and great,
But now *I* teach men how to hate;
Man will turn against his mate
For me.

Where I am I will not tell:
If when he his soul would sell
Man knew he'd have to dwell
With me . . . . in hell . . . .

He might be a little bit put off and reconsider things.

JEREMY SHEARMUR 5X

SOLACE

Sometimes by very love I fear to corrupt
That which I love,
And render it unlovable.
He who sees a flower, and pampers it for aesthetic joy,
Blasphemes not once, but twice.
He kills the flower; and regrets its loss—
In place of giving praise for its creation.
And yet, unselfish love does not corrupt.
It rather helps the loved one to grow stronger;
And in creating one more thing of beauty
It will help us to love our God more deeply—
More sincerely—
Because we have one more thing for which to praise him.

"African Dusk" Photo by Peter Bradley, leaver from 6$_2$ in July, 1963

SOMEWHERE NEAR GRANTCHESTER

Just now the sops. are singing in the hall
While, hesitant, from X, the altos call,
And tenors, diligent in distant studies
Are drowned by stalwart rumblings of base buddies.
And all this mingling happily, I think,
With after-breakfast hissings from the sink,
And shouts, as children, office-bound, all run
With brooms—to read the "Mail" out in the sun,
Until a bell, far-off and sadly cracked,
Summons them all to playrooms for collect,
Whilst gouts of steam from subterraneous laundry
Cool the slow feet of girls going to assembly.

MON DIEU!
I think I'll catch the next squash train
And visit Saffron Walden once again.
Where, well I know, in corridors with maps,
In winter chisel toe of lover taps.
In summer too, unwilling to be wicket,
One detours there discreetly second-form cricket.

Now in the inaccessible staff room,
Olympian, the staff midst cigarette gloom
Discuss next GCE between the toffees
Or plan The Entertainment over coffees.
And things are done at break in study library
That cannot be retold for all staff bribery.

So, though I very clearly can remember
That Bedroom 1 is freezing in December,
If someone kindly gave me now the fare
I'd get me back to Walden soon I swear.

There in Mummarian centre library
The Sixth Form find a haven gratefully,
And solitude from brats, oak-panelled calms
To soothe those Wednesday undone-essay qualms.
Now sssh! An eager 2% is working!
By reference shelves librarians are lurking
Waiting to whip lost text books testily
And levy fines in aid of F. S. Amnesty.

"Out after dark" at Walden, do they still
Elude the M.o.D. with practised skill?
Do chilly winds blow round the Avenue trees
And strip them in the winter of their leaves,
Gold on the tennis courts, or caught by couples
Who stumbling on the tree roots bark their knuckles?

At night, do all sleep lightly in their fear
Of those Cadmatic fire-bells, lusty, clear?
And do they hurry, prefected, downstairs,
And wait in chilly playrooms, shivering there
While some remoter bedrooms fail to hear
And smoulder through the drill without a tear?
In Walden are debates of splendid quality,
Checked still for "Mr Chairman, Sir" formality?
And are the Friday lectures still so fine
(With poor response in later question time)?
Ah, has the ivy grown where it was lopped,
And has the dripping tap upstairs been stopped?
Is school time yet still rather leisurely,
And are there beans, or is it chips, for tea?

(With apologies to Rupert Brooke)

MARY HARTLEY late of 6_2

HOWLERS

Henry V's Navigation Act applied to England, Ireland and Whales.

George Fox was apprenticed to a shoemaker and grazier, who taught him to make shoes . . . and mend sheep.

Clean up staff—if time. (Noted down by one of the school cleaners as one of her tasks for the day.)

After land is hallowed it is drilled.

A rood screen is the place where the vicar changes his clothes.

Question: What is the chemical term for non-crystalline?
Answer: Amorous.

The Scots built Hadrian's Wall. It was used by Sally Ports.

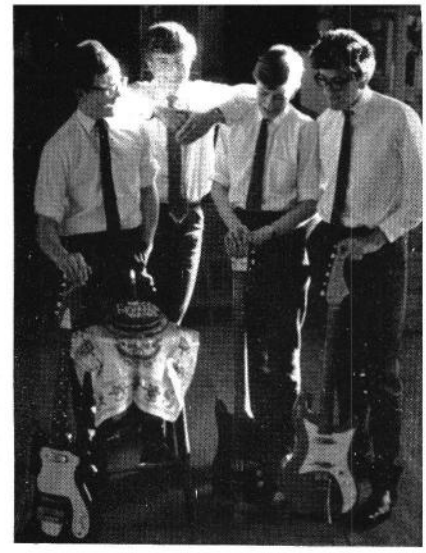
Fosse Way was built so that the Roman soldiers would not have to go over rough country, as they would get tired before they started.

Definition of Hypocaust: A man who swindled everybody.

Bridal joints.

. . and two Sixth Form spellings: noticabilly gasciouse.

The Nomads



THE 15th October 1962 saw the formation of a new School musical group, The Avengers, as we were then called. In the early stages we were very light-hearted in thinking of a name for the group; we had about six names within as many weeks, and it was only towards the end of the Autumn Term that we finally decided on The Nomads.

The group consists of Paul Fry on rhythm guitar and lead vocal, Brian Simmonds who plays lead guitar and sings as second vocal, Richard Jones who plays bass guitar and Steve Timpson on drums. Paul, who acts as the unofficial leader, taught himself to play the Spanish guitar eighteen months ago and graduated to a Broadway electric rhythm guitar last Christmas. At first we had to rely on the School for amplifiers and a mike, but last Easter Paul purchased a 14 watt Watkins Westminster amplifier and a Dynamic microphone. He is also responsible for lead vocal and any sound effects! Brian started playing an amplified 'cello guitar in March 1962, and in the summer term he surprised us all by returning to School with a £50 Vox Ace guitar. Since that date he has bought a Linear Diatonic 10 watt amplifier and a Watkins Copicat Echo Chamber. Richard is the "do-it-yourself" enthusiast of the group. He made his own guitar in the summer of 1960 and was taught to play it by a member of Saffron Walden's (now fully professional) group, Johnny and the Champions. However it was only last Christmas that he bought another home-made guitar; this time a bass guitar which was made by the ex-bass guitarist of the Champions. No longer does he have to rely on School amplifying equipment; he now has his own 30 watt Linear Concord amplifier complete with a Wharfedale 15 inch bass guitar loudspeaker. Steve, whose proficiency stems from his brother, started pounding the skins on the day we were formed. His kit then consisted of one 8 inch drum which had a hole in the top skin and made a sound like that obtained from a cardboard box! But he now has a complete drum-kit with which he can show off his talents.

At present our equipment has a retail value of about £300 although a lot of it was purchased second-hand or through wholesalers.

When we were first formed, none of us really thought that we would last for more than a fortnight, but we went from strength to strength, and since then we have been invited to play at school dances and entertainments. This has kept us together more than anything else, for we have felt we had something to play for. So far we have played at twelve school functions, one dance in the town, in aid of the Freedom from Hunger Campaign, and a teenage hop at Clavering. At the time of writing we had just planned a tour of London during the Christmas holidays, playing at parties, a youth club and various Friends' Meeting Houses. We also hope, in the near future, to make a tape recording of about four hours' length, for a coffee-bar "somewhere" in South London.

Our repertoire is now nearing the 100 mark. In the main they are instrumentals, although we have about 30 vocals. At first the sound we could achieve limited our style to rock numbers; but since then we have tried many "sounds" both in the vocal and instrumental field. Included in the above totals are numbers which we ourselves have composed. The success we had was varied but the most popular, within the School, was an adaptation of the folk song, "Green-Back Dollar", which was renamed "Fried Bread and Bacon Blues", a satirical kick at School meals.

Finally we would like to extend our gratitude to the many people who have helped us, particularly Mr Benson whose lending of School equipment and help has been invaluable.

BRIAN, PAUL, RICHARD and STEVE

The Squares

THE lone guitarist—that's what he was. For a year he played unaccompanied. When, at last, rhythm came, it was in the form of Bernard Dutton and his "Olympic" traps. He and Paul Price-Smith soon settled down with John Wigham (rhythm guitar) and John Hill on double-bass, under the name of "The Eskimos".

At the beginning of the Autumn Term we finally came to agreement over our "nom de théâtre". Our début came earlier than expected when, just before the first dance, one of the "Nomads" fell ill and we were called upon to replace them at twenty-four hours' notice.

Since that time we have played at a junior dance and have also given a concert in conjunction with the "Nomads". As we go to press, preparations are being made for our next appearance, viz. the end-of-term dance.

Our success, we feel, mirrors the fundamental truth that lies, well hidden, behind our School motto, "Per ardua ad alta".

B.N.M.D., J.N.W., *et al.*

AN ACCIDENT

The car speeds round the bend,
The huddled passengers talking pleasantly among themselves.
Round the bend an innocent hedgehog ambles vergewards
To be killed,
Crushed instantly as the roaring monster passes.
Then it skids on crazily to be crushed itself,
Smashed unrecognisably on a rock face.
One moment a powerful throbbing machine full of life,
Now transformed in a second to a solid steel coffin,
Bleeding oil mingled with human blood.
Why?

TOM ROBINSON 3Y

LIBRARY REPORT

DURING the past year 108 books have been added to the Library, about one-third of them to the Geography section because of the growth in the number of scholars offering that subject in the Sixth Form. We received during the year a generous donation of books by Donald Peverett, from the splendid library of his father, the late George Peverett. The Library again benefited from the generosity of Basil Burton and gifts of books were made also by Mary Backhouse, John Burley and Mary Fletcher.

The Library Committee is now enlarged to eight, six of whom are in the Sixth Form. They are:— Anne Franklin, Peter Bullman, Frances Shepherd, John Lucas, Barbara Burtt, Bernard Dutton, Ruth Brand and Jeremy Shearmur. They have coped splendidly with a difficult year, which has included the Librarian's translation to a nobler office for the Summer Term and the book-laden presence of the third year "elder statesmen" in the Autumn Term.

C.A.M.

READING CLUBS

WE have read, and discussed at our meetings, the following books:

6_2 BOYS

Spring	Hugh Klare: Anatomy of Prison
	Churchill: My Early Life
	C. P. Snow: The New Men
Summer	Hemingway: For Whom the Bell Tolls
	Gwen Raverat: Period Piece
	Alan Moorhead: No Room in the Ark
Autumn	J. H. Williams: Elephant Bill
	Laurie Lee: Cider with Rosie
	Andre Maurois: The Life of Sir Alexander Fleming

6_2 GIRLS

Spring	C. S. Lewis: Surprised by Joy
	Steinbeck: Grapes of Wrath
	William Blake: Poems
Summer	Fred Hoyle: The Black Cloud
	Iris Murdoch: The Bell
	Laurens van der Post: The Lost World of the Kalahari
Autumn	Dostoievsky: Crime and Punishment
	Harper Lee: To Kill a Mockingbird

6_1 BOYS

Autumn	Fred Hoyle: The Nature of the Universe
	Aldous Huxley: Brave New World
	Harper Lee: To Kill a Mockingbird

6_1 GIRLS

Autumn	Dostoievsky: Crime and Punishment
	Evelyn Waugh: Decline and Fall
	Emlyn Williams: George

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

THE past year has been a successful one for the Society both in the quality of debate and in the number of people contributing. The embarrassing silence which always used to follow when the motion was thrown open to the floor has almost disappeared. Membership stands at about sixty.

The two debates in the Spring Term both ended in votes which contradicted the usual sentiments of the House. The first, "That abortion should be made legal" was carried by a small majority after much very lively debate. The second motion, this time carried overwhelmingly, was "That the Liberal revival has no future".

In the Autumn Term the Society settled down and gave predictable results. The first of these debates, on the motion "That this House would not fight for the United Kingdom in any circumstances" was carried by a large majority, but not without much arguing in which traditional loyalties were severely questioned. The motion, "That the woman's place is in the home" was only just defeated. The last debate in the term was on the sadly topical subject of whether political assassination could ever be justifiable.

ROGER BERTRAM

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

IN spring and autumn we held three meetings in each term. In the Spring Term Mr Nicholson gave us a talk on War Poets, referring especially to Wilfred Owen; Jan Piggott, then organiser of the School Building Campaign, spoke on "Shakespeare's Treatment of Love"; and Eleanor Aitken spoke on "Nineteenth Century Russian Novelists". In the Spring Term most members visited Cambridge Arts Theatre to see an outstanding production of Arnold Wesker's "Chips With Everything".

In the Autumn Term we welcomed many new members, mainly from the Fifth Form, and membership at present stands at about seventy. The first, very successful, meeting of term consisted of a collection of readings and recordings of the works of Dylan Thomas, much of the credit for which goes to John Lucas who organised the evening's programme. In the second meeting we had a reading of Bernard Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion", organised by Glenys Brown, and the subject of the last meeting of term was "Twentieth Century Fiction", with three members of the Society and Mrs Plant introducing an author or novel of their choice.

GLENYS BROWN

ORCHESTRA

IN the last edition of *The Avenue* we referred to preparations for our concert in March, as part of a week-end effort to swell the School's contribution to the Building Fund. As the Hall was to be used earlier in the day for refreshments (and an auction) it was not possible to have other than a brief orchestral rehearsal; so to save time we decided to perform from the rear of the Hall. In the event this proved essential—there was only just room for the 60 players. We were very pleased to have Mrs Ashby (better known professionally as Anne Macnaghten), in Miss Brown's absence, to lead a programme of music "to suit all tastes". The large audience received us generously and the concert was reckoned our most ambitious and successful to date. Inevitably in the Summer Term we said goodbye to many of our senior members; all sections of the orchestra suffered, but, as happens every year, after the first few rehearsals of the Winter Term doubts were replaced by increasing confidence and the Handel "Water Music" and a Beethoven Piano Concerto in particular are being prepared with general satisfaction.

In the Summer Term the Second Orchestra did well to come first in the Junior Orchestra Class of the Chelmsford Instrumental Festival, competing against three other schools. Our team was noticeably younger, on average, than the nearest contender and we returned with heightened morale. The 1963-4 Second Orchestra promises to be the strongest for some time. Several string players have come to the School with previous experience and the group of 28 players (including a horn!) is capable of lively and vigorous performance. There have even been repeated requests for extra rehearsals!

I.C.

AMNESTY

THE School Amnesty group has had another very successful year. Our work can be divided into two parts, the first concerned directly with our prisoners and the second with raising money.

During the year we have gradually made more contact with our prisoners, either directly or through their relatives. In particular we have written regularly to our three banished South African Chiefs and sent money and Christmas parcels to them. Also we have been sending money regularly to an East German prisoner. At the end of the year we decided that, because we either were making no headway or had done all that we could do, we should invite 6_1 to join in our work and to take on three new prisoners.

Our money-raising activities have been numerous and varied. In the Spring Term we held a very successful dance, and in the Summer Term an Amnesty concert, which combined classical music, pop music and original compositions, and raised £20. On many half-holidays hot food and drinks were sold, and on November 5th there was a great demand for hot baked potatoes sold during the fireworks display.

At the end of the Summer Term we said goodbye to David Tulk, the first secretary of the group, and Mr Osborn who helped to make contact with the German prisoners, both of whom worked enthusiastically and conscientiously. Earlier in the year two of the founder members, David Lindsey and Tidu Maini, both of whom had been instrumental in getting the group going, also left. Mr Evans and Mrs Mercer have continued as very efficient Chairman and Vice-Chairman. Mr Perry joined us at the beginning of the Autumn Term and became Treasurer. He also gave a very interesting lecture on the historical and geographical background to the situation in South Africa. We should like to thank members of last year's 6_2, all of whom worked so hard.

ROGER BERTRAM and JENEFER PLEYDELL

Y.F.C.

THE club was re-formed at the beginning of the Autumn Term by Mr Allen.

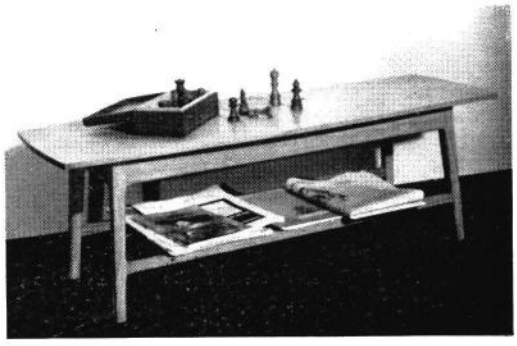
The main enterprise has been the reclamation of a plot of land at the end of Robin's Acre garden, gladly offered by Mr Nicholson. Slashers, pickaxes, saws and muscles have waged Wednesday afternoon war on the undergrowth there and a chicken unit is now nearing completion in the clearing. In this project the club owes thanks to Basil Waterman for his ready assistance. In November a brushwood fire provided an opportunity to sell barbecued sausages in aid of club funds.

The excursion to the sugar beet factory at Felsted was coupled with a visit to the broiler unit run by Mr Woodhouse, making an altogether impressive and interesting afternoon.

Tuesday evening meetings have included a materials quiz, two film shows from B.O.C.M. and the British Electrical Development Association, also an informative talk on "Farming and the Law" from P.S. Horne of Saffron Walden Constabulary.

Mr Wiseman of The Roos, a farm near to the School, has kindly agreed to periodic visits being made by members to follow the progress of various enterprises throughout the year. The club looks forward to this contact with practical farming in the coming term.

D.A.



WOODWORK

Chessmen: PAUL PRICE-SMITH
Box: ROBIN POLLARD
Table: RICHARD JONES

2nd SAFFRON WALDEN GUIDE COMPANY

WE have now over thirty members in the Guide Company and a lieutenant, Mrs Proctor. Since last year some members have gained their Second Class badges and some have gained more proficiency badges. Because of the number of Guides there are now five patrols.

Last summer we camped out for a night. It was great fun, though we had a bit of trouble with two of the tents, because there were not enough pieces of equipment for them. Anyway, after a while we managed to get them up but one tent had a ridge pole and no guy ropes and the other tent had guy ropes but no ridge pole. Well, at least they did not fall down during the night! One Guide was appointed chief cook to make the cocoa at night and another cooked the breakfast which consisted of fish cakes and toast and butter.

For the past few weeks in our Guide meetings each patrol has been given a different task. One was a nature test, to count how many oak trees there were in the copse, how many lime trees down The Avenue and how many lilac bushes in the School grounds. Another was to draw a map of the town and answer questions about it; another was to make rose-hip syrup; another to practise tracking and for the last one, a patrol were given sixpence and they had to buy and cook something original but practical. These tasks alternated between the different patrols each week.

In the past year we have all enjoyed ourselves very much. We would like, as a company, to thank the many masters and their wives who have let the Guides look after their children for an afternoon in order to take a badge, and also we would like to thank Miss Ashford and Mrs Proctor very much for making our company so enjoyable and successful.

PAULINE DUTTON,
PENELOPE MCLEISH and
JANET WILLSON

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC CLUB

AFTER the dramatic revival of the club, well over a year ago now, our task has been to maintain our membership. We have managed to do this by means of regular meetings with film strips during the Spring Term and an excursion during the summer. This was a great success amongst members, and we hope to repeat the venture next year.

During the later part of the Summer Term we made a concerted effort to provide a good exhibition for General Meeting. The photographs selected for this exhibition had to be printed at a member's home, since our darkroom was inadequate for the work. The exhibition was a great success, winning much praise from visitors; some of the best exhibits appear in this issue.

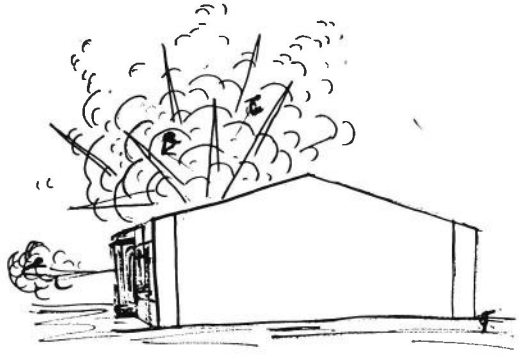
The club has been inactive since the beginning of the new School year. However, we have at last managed to obtain good enlargers, which we hope will increase the appeal of the club. We have also been helping to run a junior activities group scheme, which provides occupation for boys in the first three forms for an hour on Wednesday afternoons. In these periods we have been attempting to instruct a group of fifteen junior boys in some of the basic truths of photography. This has been moderately successful.

We hope to resume our usual activities in the new year, with the additional possibility of individual practical instruction. We are also looking forward to the completion of a new darkroom in the not too distant future.

JON NORTH 6$_2$

THE SCIENCE CLUB REPORT

Drawn up by STEPHEN TIMPSON



Portrait
photo: Peter Bradley



Features

We regret that we must announce the demise, on 24th July, 1963, of The Railway Club

PET CLUB REPORT

AT the beginning of the Summer Term six hamster and four guinea-pig cages were erected. All these cages are in use as a result of the rise in membership, there being 22 new members this term, bringing the total to 55.

Difficulties arose last winter because it was so long. These, however, were overcome. The subscription had to be raised from 5/- to 7/6 for rabbits and to 6/- for guinea-pigs because the food expenses were so high and left nothing to pay for the rent.

Since May 1963 three mice and a hamster have died of old age.

There have been six rabbit litters, the largest being of eight and the smallest two. One rat, one guinea-pig, one mouse and two hamsters have also had litters.

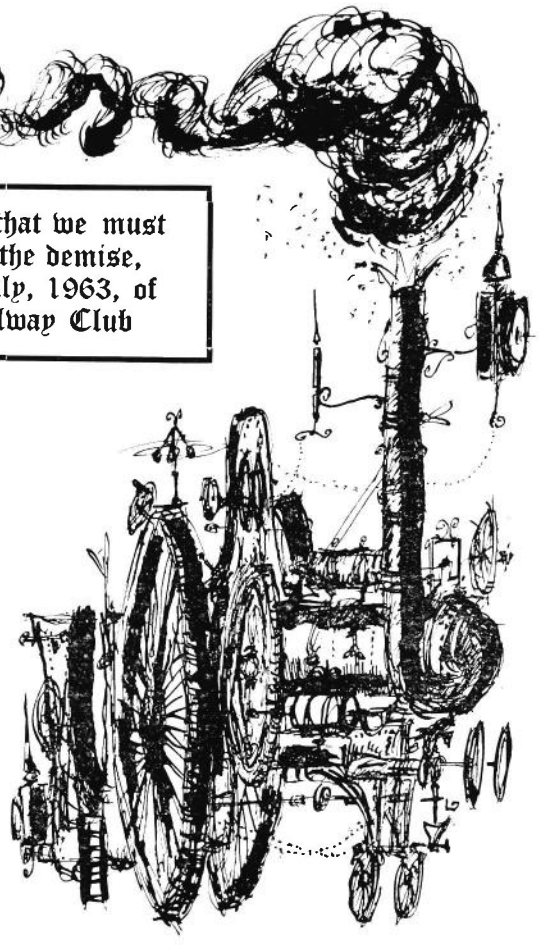
The rat litter belonged to Simon Crowe. There were originally thirteen babies, three of which the mother ate, while two had crooked teeth and consequently were destroyed, which left her with eight babies.

At the beginning of this term, Miss Richards kindly offered to teach "Animal First Aid", i.e. the symptoms and cures of diseases and common ailments. The lessons are much appreciated but so far we have only treated two guinea-pigs for colds.

Two male rat babies were born at P.T.A. The mother of these was one of a pair owned by Grillett and Green. Both had escaped during the summer holiday but only one was recovered in time to be brought back to School for the Autumn Term. The other one revisited her cage, which had been left open with food, several times and Mrs Green had managed to shut the door on her. This last was brought back to the club pregnant and the two male babies were born.

We are very grateful to Miss Richards and Miss Ellinor for the help they have given to keep the club running smoothly.

JANET WILLSON and JUDITH KEMP



Drawing: Martin Hall, 3Y

JUNIOR NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

THROUGHOUT the Autumn Term we have had eighteen members, six of whom were girls. In recent terms all members have been boys.

The new members soon learnt our routine. We got outside as much as possible because it was getting darker much earlier. We particularly studied toadstools and fungi, and had great fun looking for slugs, which we put in a sluggery.

We have responded to an appeal for "The World Wild Life Fund" in which we have to collect empty Brooke Bond tea packets. The firm will give £1 for every 1,000 packets to be sent to this appeal. The scheme continues until July 1964 and we hope that members of the School will bring packets from home.

TOM NORTH

BOYS' 1st XI HOCKEY

CONSIDERING that hockey has been played, by boys, for only three years at this School, we have had a very successful and encouraging season.

Because the deep snow at the beginning of the term prevented us from playing outside, we gratefully accepted the offer from R.A.F. Debden to use one of their hangars, and we benefited from our practices there.

Our two most successful matches of the season were against Felsted Cromwells, whom we beat by the convincing score of 5 goals to nil, and a strong Hockey Association XI who beat us 7—2. In this match we showed our determination and unwillingness to give up when the odds were against us.

Now that we have mastered the basic skills of the game reasonably well we should be able to concentrate on playing constructively as a team, and if the number of players staying on from this year's team is any guide, next season should be as successful as this one.

Colours were already held by Duffill and Hale, and were awarded to Lamborn and Pilgrim. Pilgrim did extremely well to gain a place in the Essex Schoolboys' team.

MICHAEL DUFFILL

CROSS COUNTRY

ICE and snow, which persisted into March, caused many minor casualties this year. The first match was the Mid-Essex Championships which was run on our own course. In this our seniors retained the shield for another year by coming first (Bertram, third); the intermediate team was second (McLean, second), and the juniors came tenth. The junior team included some Second Formers, so this may be a good sign for the future.

The other matches this year were against Alleynes (lost), Hitchen (won), King Edward VI (lost) and a triangular match with Soham and Newport (seniors, second; juniors, third).

Bertram, Hale and McLean (who came first three times) regularly obtained high positions. Colours were awarded to Bertram and McLean.

PAUL MCLEAN

BOYS' ATHLETICS

THE only athletics fixture, apart from the Mid-Essex Championships, was the four-sided match with King Edward VI, Grays and Colchester Royal. In this match Pilgrim and Wicksteed obtained firsts and there were a large number of seconds. The results of this match were extremely good considering the size of the schools we were competing against. At the Mid-Essex almost everyone we entered obtained a place certificate, Pilgrim doing well to obtain two firsts. Colours were awarded to Bertram and Condick.

PAUL MCLEAN

Paul McLean winning the half-mile from Noel Condick



CRICKET

The 1st XI

THE 1st XI this year broke even with the same number of games won as lost, with one drawn and one abandoned. This was a more balanced side than we have had for some time, with two opening bowlers, Allen and Brown, a stock bowler, Lamborn, and two spinners, Pim and Pilgrim. Duffill kept wicket well, though in 1st XI matches his batting never realised its true potential. Pilgrim, Hughes, Tulk D., Lamborn, James and Pim all did well with the bat. With so many players coming into prominence at different times it was disappointing that they never consolidated a position by coming off together.

Of the younger players who will be with us next year, Brown, Wallis, Norton and Tulk R. should develop into useful players, who will be supporting Duffill, Allen and Lamborn in the nucleus of the team.

Malcolm Pim captained the side quite well, gaining in experience as the team progressed; his "swashbuckling" style of batting was a feature of the season.

Results

FSSW 123 for 8 dec. (Pilgrim 54, Tulk D. 27)
St Christopher's 39 (Allen 5 for 9, Pilgrim 3 for 4) WON
FSSW 34 for 4
Earl's Colne 32 (Allen 8 for 15, Pilgrim 2 for 0) WON
FSSW 93 for 8 dec.
Newport 74 for 4 (Pilgrim 3 for 15) DRAWN
FSSW 84 (James 48)
Bishop's Stortford 85 for 9 (Allen 4 for 26, Brown 4 for 33) LOST
FSSW 149 (Pim 56)
Old Scholars 170 (Allen 3 for 47, Brown 3 for 47) LOST
FSSW 92 (Hughes 21)
Soham 93 for 1 LOST
FSSW 91
Braintree 54 (Allen 5 for 20, Pim 3 for 10) WON
FSSW 131 (Hughes 60)
Braintree 130 for 6 dec. WON
FSSW 137 (Pilgrim 55)
J. F. Cadman's XI 141 for 5 (Pilgrim 3 for 58, Pim 2 for 51) LOST
FSSW 82 for 4 (Pilgrim 37)
S.W.T. & M.Sch. 81 for 9 dec. (Pilgrim 4 for 19, Allen 3 for 24) WON
FSSW 101 (Lamborn 36)
Huntingdon 5 for 1 ABANDONED
FSSW 108 (Pilgrim 54)
Newport 109 for 6 (Lamborn 3 for 25) LOST

Masters' XI Results

FSSW 91 (R. Smith 22)
N.I.A.B. 95 for 4 LOST
Masters' XI 172 for 6 dec. (R. Dutton 52, K. Whitlow 63)
2nd XI 150 (P. Barnard 28, M. Willcock 6 for 31) WON
Masters' XI 147 (A. Sillcock 39)
Old Scholars 146 (J. F. Cadman 5 for 45, J. Evans 3 for 41, K. McLeod 91) WON
Masters' XI 80 for 9 (A. Wilson 3 for 13, Hanson 3 for 26)
2nd XI 108 (A. Norton 46) DRAWN
Masters' XI 108 for 7 (M. Duffill 46 not out)
R. Thorn's XI 81 for 8 (Allen 4 for 36, Lamborn 2 for 9) WON
Masters' XI 139 (J. F. Cadman 47)
Saffron Walden C.C. 155 (J. F. Cadman 5 for 34, Allen 3 for 45) LOST

House Cricket

The results of the House Cricket gave Tuke 1st place, Lister 2nd place and Mennell 3rd place, the games being played on a 20-over basis.
Lister 62 for 8 (Hughes 4 for 29)
Mennell 48 (Pilgrim 8 for 13) LISTER WON
Mennell 118 for 7 (Hughes 57, Duffill 42 not out)
Tuke 119 for 0 (James 67 not out, Lamborn 48 not out) TUKE WON
Lister 69 for 9 (Tulk D. 24, Brown 4 for 37)
Tuke 70 for 9 (Lamborn 32, Allen 5 for 25) TUKE WON

Junior Cricket

THE outstanding feature of the Junior Cricket was the bowling of M. Willcock, who took 48 wickets for the Under 14 XI. His future must be bright in school cricket. Of the other players in this group, Shippey batted with power, making some good scores, and also kept wicket well. Reynolds and Miller have considerable batting potential, and McLennan proved a useful bowler as well as being able to muster a few runs.

The fielding of the Under 14 XI was keen and often kept opponents' scores down. Willcock's throwing and Willis' fielding close were encouraging signs for the future.

* * *

Thanks must be given to J. Ayton who scored for the Under 14 XI, to Fry and Susan Mitchell for scoring for the senior XIs, to the Kitchen Staff for the catering and to Harry (the groundsman) for the ever-improving state of the square and the wickets.

J.F.C.

BOYS' SWIMMING

WE lost the only match of the season to Bishop's Stortford College 2nd team. Although the Juniors managed to win, by one point, the Seniors lost by a far greater margin. To offset this, the Senior team had a glorious victory in the water polo match at the end. This illustrates the improved standard of play which has developed over the past few years, because of the game's increasing popularity. The unfortunate thing about the match was not that we lost, but that it was our one and only. Several other matches were cancelled.

No colours have been awarded this year on the small evidence of one match. It did show that there are the swimmers to make a good team, given the incentive of matches and the time to train.

CHRISTOPHER JAMES

GIRLS' SWIMMING

WE were able to arrange only one match this year, with S.W. Technical Modern School, which ended in a victory for us. We did, however, send complete Junior, Intermediate and Open teams to the Mid-Essex Inter-Schools Swimming Gala at Chelmsford. The Junior team tied for first place with Fyfield. The Intermediates lost, by one point only, to S.W. Technical Modern, and the Seniors retained the Coronation Cup for the open relay and the shield for the aggregate of all events.

Displays, in which a large number of boys and girls of mixed ages took part, were given at O.S. weekend at Whitsuntide, and at General Meeting.

Full colours were awarded to M. Kidd. Half colours were awarded to R. Hutton, J. Phillips, S. Hutton and E. Darling.

JAN HOPKINS

BOYS' TENNIS

THE season began with high hopes. Mr Silcock had joined the School as organiser of the Building Appeal. But being a man of enthusiasm, energy and many talents he took part in a wide range of School activities, amongst them coaching our tennis. He himself had played for Oxford University, and maintained his own high standard of play whilst running a most beneficial series of evening practices for us.

We came fairly easily through our first two matches, against Newport Grammar School and St Christopher's. The attendance at the evening practices greatly increased when O and A level exams were over. The following two matches for mixed doubles against Newmarket Grammar and S.W. Technical Modern School were both won.

Our hard courts were badly damaged during last winter's frost, but the grass courts were in shape and played better than they have done for some time, thanks to Harry Purser's efforts. We returned in the autumn to find our hard courts newly surfaced, and are hoping, as the English always do, that the winter will be kind and that the summer will bring us continued success.

ROBIN POLLARD

GIRLS' TENNIS

LAST Summer Term was the most successful tennis season that any of us can remember, with seven matches won out of a possible eight--the ninth match was abandoned on account of steady rain. The one match we lost was against Herts and Essex, and even in that everyone played well.

C. Mynott, T. Bott, J. Hanson, M. Jameson, B. Allison, B. Burtt and A. Ludlow all played for the 1st VI. For the first three-quarters of the term, owing to various other commitments such as exams, there was always one player of the regular six unable to play, and so A. Ludlow acted as a very much needed reserve. We found her too good to lose, however, and so for the rest of the term we played the third couple on a rota!

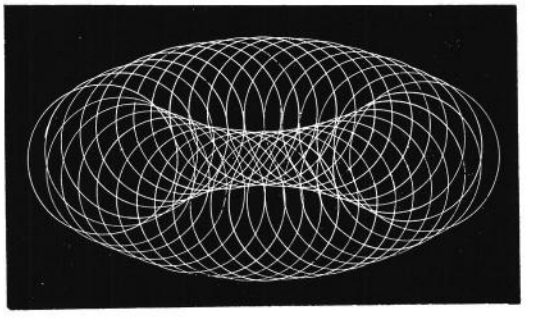
A. Ludlow (initially), C. Moore, D. Watson, J. Etheridge, V. Pringle, C. Sinken and A. Snell made up the 2nd VI. H. Boggis and S. Metson also played. The 2nd VI won three matches, and lost three matches.

H. Boggis, S. Metson, M. Randle, C. Watkins, J. Phillips and S. Watson played for the Under 15s with S. Mays as a reserve. They won one match, and lost one.

T. Bott and C. Mynott already held their colours. Full colours were awarded to A. Ludlow, and half-colours to M. Jameson and B. Allison.

Near the end of the Summer Term, when the public exams were over, we played several mixed matches, including one against the staff. This was a new venture, and it turned out to be a great success.

THERESE BOTT



Scraperboard by Tony Lane, 3Y

CRICKET WEEK

THE second combined Old Scholars, School and Staff Cricket Week was held at the end of the Summer Term. As in the first year, those taking part had a most enjoyable week's cricket, made the more enjoyable by the stalwart efforts of Eileen Thompson, who, with the help of many willing hands, catered for the complete week's meals.

The Cricket Week Dinner was held at the "Eight Bells" when the Combined Club was formed, Kenneth Whitlow being elected President of the Club. The name of the club is still to be decided; it will be announced at a later date.

RESULTS

Combined XI 116 for 3 (Duffill 53 not out, J. F. Cadman 53 not out)
Cambridge Tech. Coll. Staff XI 115 (Allen 5 for 28, K. Plant 3 for 19) WON
Combined XI 103 (Duffill 35)
Trinity School 199 for 5 dec. LOST
Combined XI 170 (Hughes 42)
R. Morris's XI 178 (J. F. Cadman 4 for 39) LOST
Combined XI 110 (James 32)
O. Weaver's XI 197 for 8 dec. (Allen 3 for 33) LOST
Combined XI 162 (Duffill 44)
Cambridge Tech. Coll. Staff XI 56 (Hills 4 for 12) WON
Combined XI 136 for 9
A. Chapman's XI 153 for 9 dec. (O. Weaver 3 for 8) DRAWN
Combined XI 130 (J. F. Cadman 41)
Hoboes C.C. 134 for 4 LOST

J.F.C.

1st XI SOCCER

AS was expected at the beginning of term by many critics, we have had a poor season.

Once again we began by adopting the short-passing 4-2-4 system, because it was thought that by doing this we could make the most of our rather limited ability. The individual players seemed unable to work together as a team, however, and the forwards in particular were lacking the imagination and determination that win matches. And so, despite an unsatisfactory win over St Christopher's in our first game of the season we soon returned to the orthodox formation.

Our team this year has relied to a great extent on young players who have just left the Under 15 team, and who, on many occasions proved themselves well worthy of 1st team places. Special mention should, I think, be made of A. Norton and G. Brown who have saved us from heavier defeats during the season.

The highlight of the season was, as in previous years, the match against Cambridge University Falcons. Matched with a somewhat weaker side than usual, the School played together as a team for the first time and fought hard all the way. Though we were defeated, 4—1, the match gave us great encouragement.

This standard of play has been achieved on only a very few occasions since then, but fortunately we did not suffer the embarrassment of being beaten by the Old Scholars, although we were beaten by the Secondary Modern School once.

The absence of a consistent goal-scorer and schemer has been felt this season, but we can be encouraged to feel that we have developed a nucleus for next year's team.

MICHAEL DUFFILL

UNDER 15 SOCCER

THE Under 15 team has not had a very good season, the opposing teams having been, on the whole, much better. We lost all our games, but on some occasions were unlucky.

The team has been picked from a group of about 20, and of these about 16 have played regularly.

The two strongest teams we have come up against have been Soham and Earls Colne. Both these teams scored double figures against us, and Braintree also got seven to their credit.

Our best players have been Headley, Taber and West.

ROY CLARKE

RUGBY FOOTBALL

RUGBY, of some sort, has been played in the School for about two years, but it is only this Autumn Term that it has become more than a muddy game played with an oval ball. The credit for this improvement must go mainly to Mr Perry, now the chief coach to the Friends' School Rugby Union Football Club. The Club, which is run on an entirely voluntary basis, came into existence on December 4th. Its aims are to improve Rugby played in the School, without affecting other sports, and to field a XV (The Fiends).

Our first match was played at home against Bishop's Stortford third XV, and though we lost, we gained valuable experience. We look forward to further matches in the Spring Term. Membership of the club is not restricted to boys only. Girls are welcomed as supporters. It is hoped to arrange outings for members to see first class matches.

HUGH BUSHER and MARTIN WEATHERHEAD

GIRLS' HOCKEY

1ST XI

WE started the season well by beating the Perse School by 4 goals to 2, and have continued to do well throughout the term. Attack in the circle has been much improved and the defence has provided our opponents with a strong barrier to pass. But defenders and forwards must learn to bind together more as a team.

Colours this term have been awarded to J. Hanson, J. Hindle and M. Jameson. Half colours go to S. Eiles and D. Smith.

RESULTS

Perse	WON 4—2
Herts and Essex	LOST 2—1
Cambridge City Ladies	WON 3—2
Cambridge County High	LOST 6—0
Harlow Ladies	LOST 5—1
S.W. Technical Modern	WON 5—1
Royal Wanstead	WON 4—0
Old Scholars	WON 4—0
Hadham Hall	DRAWN 1—1
Royal Wanstead	WON 5—2

Played 10 Won 6 Lost 3 Drawn 1
Goals for—28 Goals against—20

MARGARET JAMESON

UNDER 15 XI

MEMBERSHIP of the team was rather unsettled at the beginning of the term but later became established. The team, a rather young one as it includes five Third Formers, has played well. A. Rothenstein, in particular, has played a good game in goal.

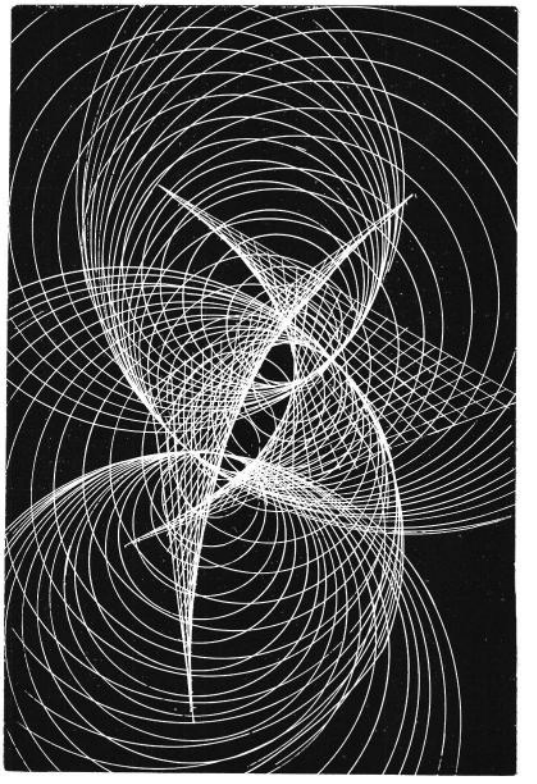
After an unsuccessful start, when we lost our first match, we found our feet and won the rest.

RESULTS

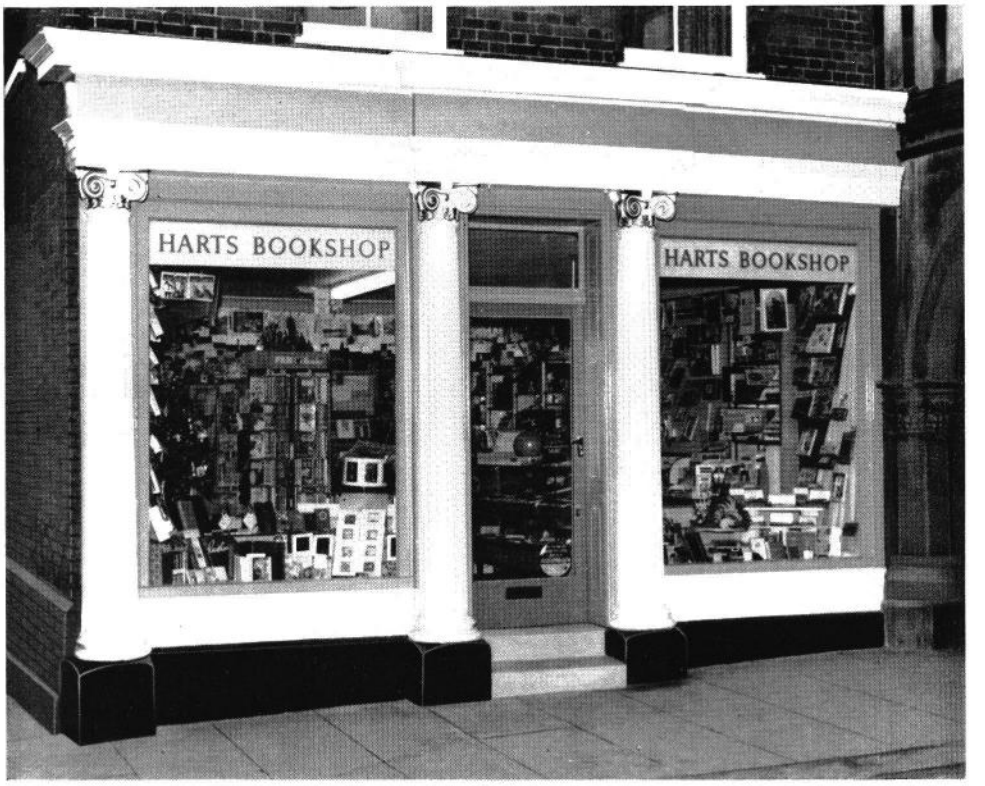
Perse	LOST 4—0
Herts and Essex	WON 3—1
Cambridge County High	WON 4—1
S.W. Technical Modern	WON 3—1
Hadham Hall	WON 4—0

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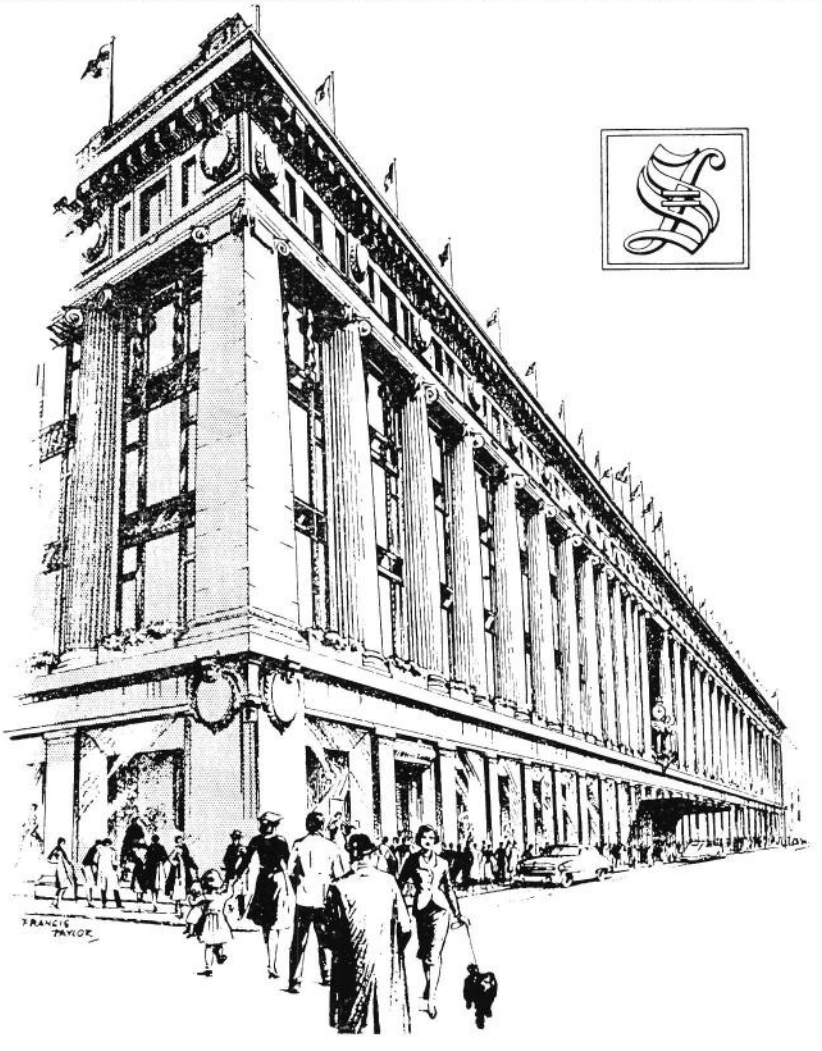
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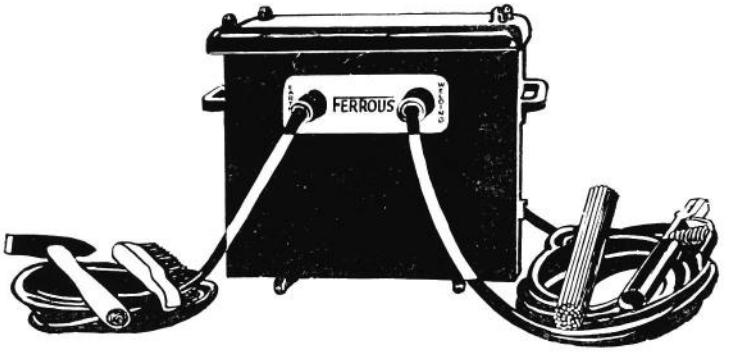
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Payment may be made to the school or during 'Parents Weekends' to the Treasurer. We encourage all members to use the form attached to the 'Notes for Parents' leaflet.

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