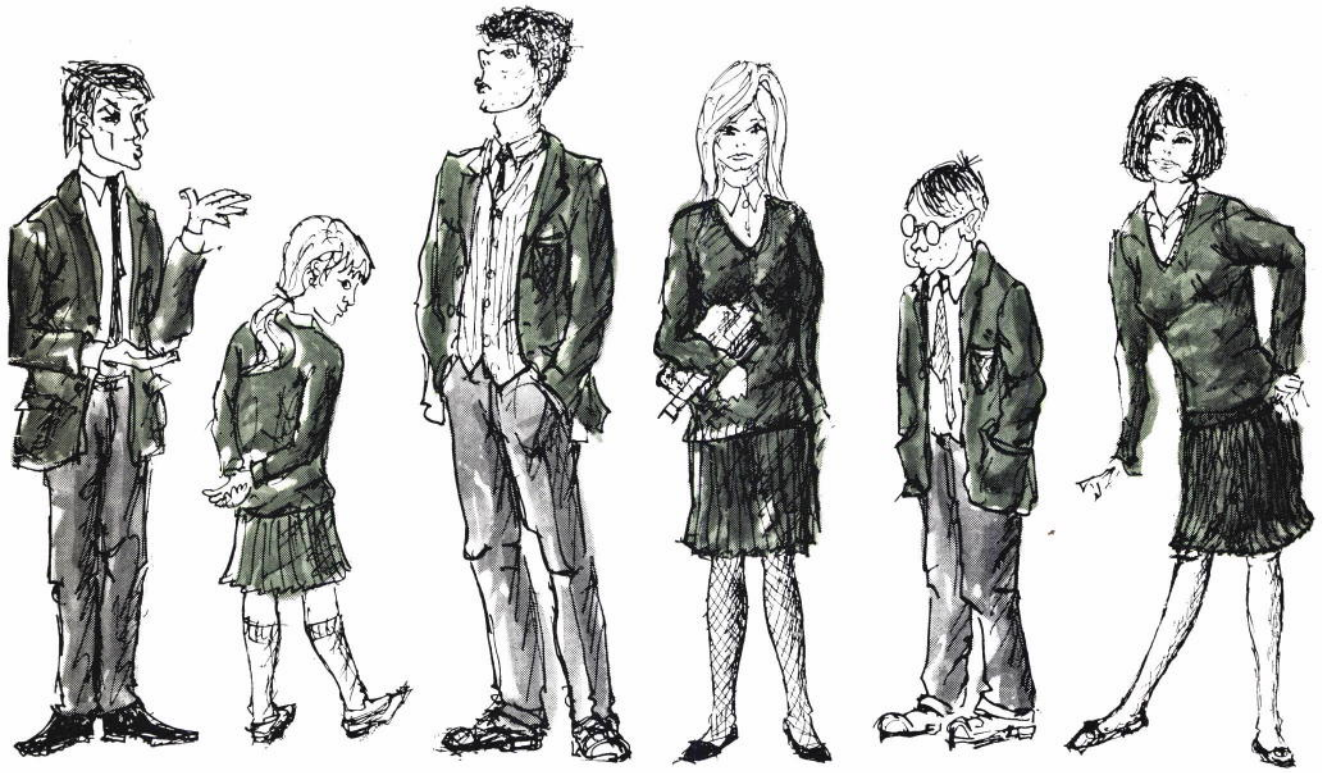
THE AVENUE



MULL
SUPPLEMENT

January 1965

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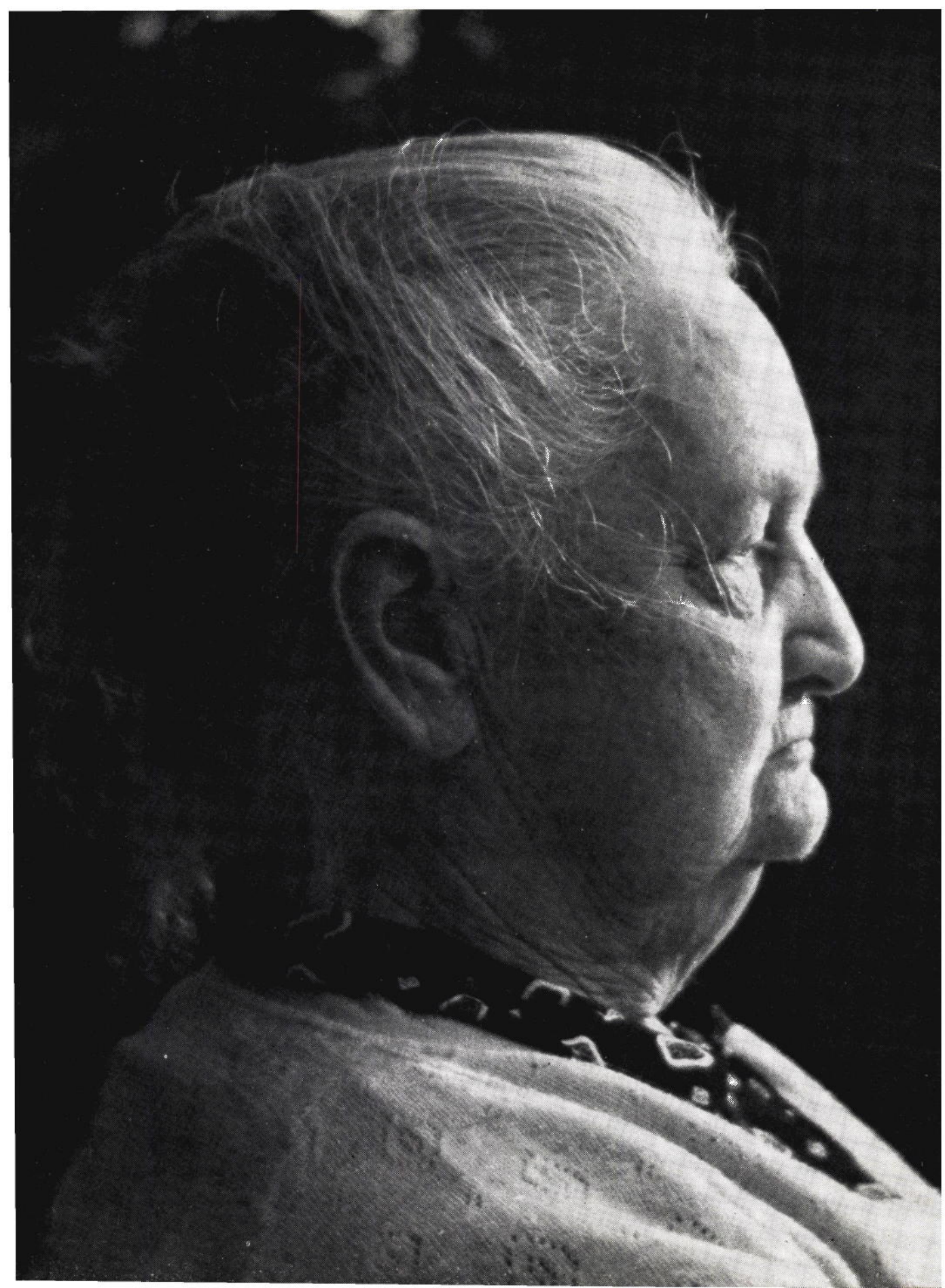
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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of
the Friends School
Saffron Walden

Vol 44 No 135

January 1965



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Portrait photo: Andrew Mummery 6₁



Editorial

A national revolution is taking place in the small world of school magazines. Suddenly, in a great many schools, Editors have felt that their magazines were dowdy, sedate, inward-looking — and *dull*. They had not kept abreast with the developing techniques of magazine production in ' the outside world '. Suddenly, in all types of schools, Editors are experimenting with new sizes and shapes for their magazines, new format, paper textures, display headings, typefaces, colour, and the marrying of text with illustration. Bold and vigorous artistic cover designs are replacing on magazine jackets the all too common motif of school crest and motto, or the imposing façade of the school front door. Inside the cover the impression is one of pace, variety, and sometimes even beauty. One's first impression of a magazine is visual and tactile — an object to be picked up, fingered, scanned. Its appearance counts; one should be attracted into reading it.

And it should be good reading. It would be a poor revolution that altered the appearance but left the substance unchanged. Presentation matters enormously because a magazine is a work of visual art; but content matters even more. There needs to be plenty of creative writing, lively and first-hand, rooted in the author's own experience. The art work and photography must be relevant and varied, yet give a unity of character to the whole volume. Reporting of school life should be human, appreciative, humorous, even critical, and yet supply an accurate and reliable record. It should aim to re-create the fun and importance of playing in the Orchestra or the First XI, or the experience of living through the pressures of the last fortnight of a long term. More magazines are becoming outward looking — aware of the community and world in which the school is placed. In short, what we are looking for, and increasingly finding in our magazines, is good journalism.

It is all very exciting — and dangerous. Zeal for experiment can lead to excesses. Moreover, the artistic climate of the age is (or seems to be) permissive. Contemporary design is fluid, unformalised, anti-tradition. In typography and layout and use of colour 'there are no longer any rules'. And the pressure of the glossy magazines, commercial broadcasting and sometimes even the 'better' Sunday newspapers is towards the slick, the eye-catching, the off-beat and the appearance of living with a continuous face-lift.

Official school magazines are under other pressures. They are increasingly seen as a part of the school's 'image'. If they are the journal of both the present scholars and the old scholars they are under an unbearable strain. The result will almost certainly have the dullness of compromise. But any school magazine goes out to parents, governors, local authorities, old scholars, the Press, NASM, other schools and other headmasters. 'Play safe!' a voice whispers. 'Aim at dignity, one's best face forward; uphold the name of the School. Suppress that critical article; cut out that diffident First Former's poem that was only nearly a success. That honest and amusing photo of the prefects in their room is not really for external consumption.' A good school will be pleased to have a lively magazine as part of its image, but many editorial committees are obliged to channel the vigour of their writers into an unofficial underground journal.

Editors have a new ally. The recently formed National Association of School Magazines is both a result and a cause of this awakening. Its exhibitions of school magazines, its conferences and seminars, its free advisory services and its magazine *Antiphon* are a tremendous help to staff and scholars who run a school magazine, keeping them in touch with the best that other schools are doing.

Here again perhaps is a danger — one to which *The Avenue* is exposed. We may become the victim of our own success. For in the Association's list of the 100 best magazines published in Britain in 1964/65 by NASM schools *The Avenue* was placed fourth. A few months later in a *Which?*-type survey of twelve leading magazines, performed (at the request of NASM) by the magazine staff of Sedghill School, *The Avenue* was judged Top Magazine.

It is tempting to groom *The Avenue* to repeat such successes. We must remember that our job is to produce the magazine *of* this School *to* this School. Everybody else comes second.

INTER ALIA

January to December 1964

British newspapers have spent much of the past year telling their eager readers the latest news of the General Election, the new Government and Tokyo. The School, not wishing to get out of step with the nation as a whole, has had its own election, its own change of government and its own Olympic news.

On 15th October from 8.15 am until tea-time, the polling booth in the cricket pavilion was open for all to vote. At 8 pm the count began in the Geography Room and was relayed throughout by closed circuit television into the adjoining room. By 9 pm the Returning Officer had announced the results and the new candidate for Saffron Walden (Friends' School) Constituency, Mr Bernard Dutton (Conservative), was declared.

The School's new government, however, had nothing to do with the election. In July we said goodbye with the deepest regret to Miss Ellinor. It is impossible to say how much the School owes her for her devoted service as Headmistress for twenty years, but we offer a later page of this issue to her as our tribute. She took the keenest interest in the fortunes of *The Avenue,* and the progress we have made is a direct result of her encouragement and initiative. We know she is already enjoying her ' retirement ' enormously (we congratulate Ayton on the speed with which they engaged her!) and wish her every happiness for the future — including the pleasure of coming back to see us soon. Meanwhile we warmly welcome Miss Phyllippa Brown as our new Assistant Head and Mr Mummery in his well-earned promotion as Deputy Head.

As well as a change of Headmistress, there has been an unusually large change of Staff. Mr and Mrs Dutton left at Easter to go to Scunthorpe, and their places have been taken by Mrs Plant and Mrs Cottrill. Mr Hudson is now teaching at Leighton Park and Mr Siddall has taken over the woodwork department. Miss Steadman and Mr Haydon were married in the Easter holidays and left in July for Oxford. Mr Haslam now inhabits the Chemistry lab, and Miss Loveridge the domsci (sorry! housecraft) rooms. Miss Mould left in July to be married and is now teaching part time at Roedean. Her position has been taken by Mr Gillett. Miss Haigh also left in July to get married and Miss Hooper has come in her place. Mrs Williams left for Dublin and Miss Tran has arrived to teach French. Mr and Mrs Cadman also left in July and in their places have come Miss Allen and Mr Capell, while Mrs Whitlow has very kindly taken over the management of Hillcroft. Management has also changed at the other end, where Mr Perry has taken over the endless tasks of boys' housemaster.

Before disappearing into the depths of East Anglia to become an estate agent, Mr Cadman set out to see the world. He was a member of the British Olympic hockey team which went to Tokyo. The School learned, by way of postcards and newspaper reports, and later from his splendid lecture, that he both enjoyed and excelled himself on the field.

Another member of Staff who saw a lot of the world was Miss Ashford. Granted a sabbatical term in the summer, and with financial aid from the Goldsmiths' Company, she circled the globe, visiting schools in America, New Zealand and Australia, studying their methods and occasionally helping as a matron-cum-teacher.

While Miss Ashford was on holiday, other members of the School were improving themselves either mentally or physically. A Sixth Form party made a geographical survey of the Island of Mull on the west coast of Scotland, while in the Pyrenees at La Coûme a group of leavers spent three weeks building a sports area for another boarding school. Both activities are reported elsewhere in this issue.

Morning Assembly, developing from its earlier pattern, has become more varied in its programme and has benefited from the fresh approach. Evening Meeting has also at times changed its form, and on each occasion has proved most moving. The evenings presented by the Fourth and Sixth Forms will remain for long in the memories of those who shared them. It is not often that Evening Meeting takes the form of a film, but when *Joan of Arc* was shown in the Autumn Term, it was universally agreed that the controversial step had given us an extremely moving experience. Two other films which have made their impression on the School were *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar*. But the School has also produced its own drama. The Staff Play, *Robert's Wife* by St John Ervine, was a resounding success. The Fourth Form has given us two plays, both with a foreign air though (paradoxically?) English dialogue : *Ici On Parle Francais* and Plautus' *The Ghost*. We saw another interpretation of St Joan's trial in the School Play *The Lark*, a translation from Anouilh's play *L'Alouette*. The brilliance of the play coupled with the lively acting reached a standard not attained since the production of *Our Town* in 1959.

The national trend has been for television to supplement the live theatre and the School has not been behind in this respect. With the aid of the closed circuit television many school functions have been relayed to other rooms and full use of this medium has been made in classes. The School has portrayed itself more permanently, however, in the Panora photograph. Once again, to grin or not to grin — that was the question. But the camera went relentlessly on and our squints and quirks were recorded for posterity.

To reconcile as many of these quirks of character as possible, and to act as a bridge between different age groups within the School and between School and Staff, a School Council was formed early in the Spring Term. Consisting of representatives from Staff and all forms in the School, the Council discusses and advises on the day-to-day running of the School as well as on larger matters of principle affecting school life. It is a consultative body, but responsible to it are many committees; on films, charities, food, common rooms and social service. The last-mentioned committee has been responsible for much useful work in the town, and visits to old people by volunteers have become regular.

Amidst all these activities school work has continued! This was reflected in the excellent 'O' and 'A' level results. Quite outstanding were the 'A' level achievements of Peter Bullman and Michael Jeffery.

Nineteen-sixty-four has undoubtedly been a year of change for the School, perhaps symbolised by the closure to passenger traffic of the Saffron Walden branch line. The axe fell on Dr Beeching just too late, and 'Squash' now arrives and leaves in *buses*! But change and new ways are an accepted part of school life; essentially the School remains the same.

BARBARA BURTT, DIANA SMITH AND D.G.



For twenty years Jennie Ellinor has given of her best to the School; her giving was always generous and covered a wide field. With a kindly humour she was interested in, and encouraged, all the many activities that abound in the School. In all that she did she was thorough, showing great care for detail. Above all, Jennie Ellinor was interested in and cared for people. Maybe it was her capacity to help individuals (often in q u i t e unbeknown ways) that was one of her greatest contributions.

BASIL BURTON

Jennie Ellinor

Headmistress 1944 - 1964

As *Inter Alia* reminds us, ' change and new ways are an accepted part of school life '. Jennie Ellinor watched over and guided changes here for a fifth of a century. To some of us who heard her farewell General Meeting address in July it was a shock to realise the degree of change. ' In my first year in the School the total number of girl boarders in the Fifth and Sixth Forms was, I think, twelve. At any rate it was so small that they were able to meet with me once a week in my small study. Now we have just over four times that number. Now a meeting of all scholars in the Sixth Form fills one of our largest rooms and looks like a public meeting. They number 100. About a quarter of the School is there.'

Jennie Ellinor had faith in the School, its Staff and its pupils. ' The challenge we give them to allow us to treat them as young grown-ups, self-disciplined, and as far as possible managing their own affairs, is one that I think all of them welcome, though a few find it hard to meet. But on the whole their maturity of conduct, their good sense, their loyal co-operation and their lively inquiring minds make them a privilege to know and a pleasure to teach.'

She was sometimes said ' not to believe in co-education '. That was not true. She championed the cause of the girls and the women Staff. ' When I came the number of men and women teachers was described to me as " approximately equal ". It has steadily become more and more unequal as the years have gone by. Now we normally have about twice as many men as women teachers.' She saw the balance change. ' Most of the men who join the Staff are mature and experienced teachers. Most of the women come straight from college and, unlike the men who buy a house and stay, they often acquire a husband and leave.' She perceived a shift in balance at the senior end of the School too. ' In my early years here there were always far more girls than boys in the Sixth Forms. Now the balance tends to be slightly the other way. More boys tend to stay for a time into the Third Year Sixth Form than do girls. This means that the oldest Sixth Formers are always boys, and leadership in prefects' meetings has tended increasingly to come from them. Their habit of finding girl friends from a group about two years younger than themselves seems to anticipate the usual pattern of marriage but it certainly creates occasional social problems within the School. It can be too flattering to the younger girls and a little lonely for the most senior ones. Yet, having said all this, the fact remains, and I am glad of it, that boys and girls respect and enjoy each others' intellectual qualities. In class one is never conscious of a boy/girl rivalry.' She believed in co-education and strove to maintain the balance between the sexes upon which it depends.

The load of work she carried made Jennie Ellinor withdrawn and preoccupied at times of stress, but she cared about persons and relationships, in the School and in the staffroom. She was a most lively and original teacher. We miss her deeply.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION

We received over twenty entries in all, and were pleased to note that almost every form in the School produced at least one entry, though some had to be ruled out as not being really 'stories'.

First Prize (one guinea) to Anne Rothenstein, who left from 3X in July, for her story *The Window.*

Second Prize (half a guinea) to Jeremy Buncombe of 6_1 for *The Greatest Being.*

Third Prize (quarter of a guinea) to Janet Powell of 5Y for *The Attack.*

The Attack

He waited. They waited. The enemy waited. The whole world seemed to wait. Wait for them to move. To rise, crouch and run along. To the barbed wire.

He sat uncomfortably on the hard ground. He was ready to go over the wall of the foul-smelling trench. Ready. But he had to wait.

The smell seemed to increase in its vileness. He turned his head to avoid it; and saw the rest, like him, sitting, waiting, their backs against the hard packed walls. Like cold, frozen strangers, waiting.

He wanted to be told that he could go now. He was afraid to stay, and afraid to go. He was uncomfortable — and suddenly tired of waiting. But he had to. His mind seemed to struggle with these two uncontrollable necessities. To go and to stay. He waited, confused.

The smell rose, the night increased its darkness, the emptiness increased the fear and blankness enveloping him. Everything suddenly seemed to become more concentrated, more fierce.

They waited. The whole world waited for them to move. Then the sergeant rose slowly, stiffly, and told them to go.



The Greatest Being

William was a toad, a brown and mottled toad. He lived on a little island in the large Pacific. This island was a paradise untouched by man.

William was untroubled; he had a place to sleep, plenty to eat, and he lived with a colony of toads. However, sometimes he pondered on an ancient theme; this was : ' Who was the greatest being in the world? ' Of course William had not seen the great world, his world consisted of miles of mud flats.

One day he asked his mother who was the greatest being in the world. ' Why, your father,' she answered in her stupid toad-like way; but she could not remember who her last husband had been. William, clearly annoyed at his mother's stupid statement, set off to prove her wrong, for he was an angry young toad.

The next day he set off with some packed flies and went to climb the extinct volcano. It took him several hours to reach the top and by the time he had reached the top, it was dusk. The next morning William lay on his back and pondered, at the same time catching flies, for the remainder of his packed flies were getting very stale. Just then an albatross came and settled on the volcano's peak : it must be noted that this was a long-distance flying albatross who was many thousands of miles out of his way.

William posed his usual question, ' Bird, who is the greatest being in the world? ' The albatross thought hard for a moment and then lifted up his head.

' O thou foolish toad, the wind that takes me to the farthest corners of the world is the greatest being in the world.'

This was news to the toad, but so eager was he to share the news with the other toads that he forgot to thank the albatross. But it did not matter as he quickly forgot the information and began to catch flies again.

The next day a boat wrecked itself on the reef just outside the island. The only man to survive and scramble ashore safely was a priest. William rushed to the man to ask his usual question, but the man had collapsed. But William was patient and two days later the man opened his eyes and struggled to his feet. William spouted out his usual question but the man looked blank. No wonder, he had no knowledge of the ' toad sound ', which is one of a series of grunts.

Later the priest built himself a shelter and a wooden cross. And every day he would kneel and call upon God to save him. William after hearing this cry for five weeks reasoned that God must be an important person, which was pretty intelligent reckoning for a toad. ' Perhaps,' thought William, ' He is the greatest being in the world ', which was more intelligent reckoning on William's part.

One day, man, who is a most destructive creature, dropped a hydrogen bomb two hundred miles from William's island. William marvelled at the huge mushroom cloud. ' This,' he thought, ' is the greatest thing in the world ', but he doubted this as a great wind hit him, and even more as the heat and radiation hit him.

And from the clouds a great hand reached out and gathered William up, for William had gone a long way since those early days on the mud flats.

JEREMY BUNCOMBE 6_1

Illustration : Donald Maxwell 6_2

The Window

The day had been hot, too hot for a day's work in London, and I reached my small flat tired and irritable after a long trudge home from the office. My feet were aching and I longed to be in the country, wandering in long, dewy grass, rich from rain and bright from the dazzle of the sun.

My flat was small, but comfortably furnished with antique furniture and ornaments which I collected; the walls were not painted but covered with photographs from magazines such as *Vogue* and *Honey*. I knew I was lucky to get such a flat in this part of London.

Apart from all these features, there is one which, when describing my flat, I usually keep to myself. And that is my little window. Nothing remarkable to look at of course, except that it's small and neat and fits into my room beautifully. But from here I get some of the ideas for my work, here I can watch the world go on with me apart, watch the world go on with me just sitting, and watching the world go on. From here I see not only the world going on, I can see every type of person imaginable making the world go on, and this has influenced my life, my work and my thoughts.

And so on that hot day in June I did just that — sat and looked out of my window.

But then little did I know (for how could I know?) that tomorrow I would be different, tomorrow I would start to live and enjoy living. I enjoyed living as it was, but only in the starched conventional way that you have to live in, before a change enters your life.

That night I was tired so I went to bed early, and gazed wearily from my window.

The crowd that there had been was now reduced to only one or two Londoners floating past.

One man held my attention longer than most people. You could say he was a beautiful man, for he was a negro, very black, with an intelligent face; and yet he walked alone side by side with his shadow, and the street in front and behind him was as empty as the expression on his face.

He walked with the stride and build of a strong man, a lively man, capable and powerful. Yet where was the expression hidden that should be seen in his face, and where was the light hidden that should be in his eyes? Hidden deep in his heart perhaps, and the heart hidden deep in his own land. But then who was I to judge, I thought, as he turned and strode out of sight.

Yet his appealing face haunted my thoughts; his eyes were dull because they held no hope. There was no hope for him here. And then again I realised that I should not be judging a man who happened to stroll past my window. It was none of my business to be symbolising his life and thoughts in my own sweet imagination, yet one cannot help one's imagination. And with a battle in my own confused mind, I slept, and as I slept, I dreamed.



Up through the darkness, up through the very roots of my sleep loomed a vision.

I was standing in a field, a corn field so bright with the sun upon it that my eyes were dazzled. My feet were bare yet the corn did not irritate them but brushed them gently. The sun now shone on me as it did on the corn and I felt free. One thing caught my attention, a solitary black cloud near the sun seemed to boast as it lay still. I became frightened but tried not to let it spoil the beautiful view or the freeness within my heart. But there it lay, and it disturbed me.

I turned to look the other way but there was a pool lit by the sunlight and there, in the reflection in the still waters lay the cloud, deepened in colour, lying masterful and tormenting my heart. I turned back in a hurry, and as I turned I saw, standing beneath the cloud, a negro, his skin shining and his white teeth glittering. He was singing in a voice that all the world seemed to be listening to. I wandered nearer. Small coloured boys and girls gathered around him. They sang with him, in a language I didn't understand. I turned again and stared into the pool; again I saw the cloud. Yet where were the singers? I could hear their voices ringing in my ears, yet no reflection flickered through the waters. I turned round hurriedly, but there they were singing and dancing, and I longed to join in their dancing; I wanted to forget the cloud, I wanted to forget that they had no reflection in the little pool.

I started to run towards them, hoping that I could join in and just enjoy being alive. But the corn started to grow even as I ran and just as I could almost join in, a large window blocked my way, my window, and I could not open it. I beat on the pane, yet the glass would not break, every move I made the window grew. I became tired, tears streamed from my face and then, as I looked up, there he stood alone on the other side, laughing, yet I could not hear his laugh. He stood rocking, grasping at the corn, scorning my efforts to join in, mocking my attempts to get free; my face was wet from tears, I licked my lips and they were salty. Suddenly I noticed the cloud, it was low, and was steadily coming lower and the negro stood beneath it. I shouted, but knew he couldn't hear through the glass. I tore frantically at the pane but the more I shouted the more he laughed. The cloud was almost on top of him. It covered him silently and I knew he laughed no more. I wept in the corn, he died because I could not get to help him, and I could not get to help him because my window was in the way.

There was a breeze now and the cloud had gone, so I got shakily up and wandered back through the corn. I passed the pool, hardly daring to look. It was not ruffled by the wind and although the cloud had now gone from the sky it stood reflected in the water and beneath it stood the negro in the street, the same man that sang in the corn. I wandered on; the sky was peaceful and the corn swayed to and fro. Everything was now at rest, except my mind. I looked at the sky, then at the ground and then over into the emptiness beyond. Out of nowhere, over the hill, came a crowd rushing towards me. I thought now I was saved, I though I would rush along with them and get out of this hateful, beautiful field.

But they pushed past me, ignoring my sobs. They were gone, and over the hill came the laugh, ringing in my ears, scorning, mocking, and I wept.

I was awakened by the sound of hurried feet outside my window. I threw back the bed-clothes and put on the kettle for some tea. Then, in the confusion of having to get up on time for work, I remembered that it was Saturday. I turned from the kitchen and sat on my bed with my back to the window. Another ordinary day, I pondered to myself.

Suddenly, as I sat there in my dressing gown and slippers, I heard a small boy's shout, a smash of glass and I was hit hard in the back by a ball. Thoughts raced through my mind and I hardly realised I was thinking in terms of the dream I had only this minute remembered. The moment I heard my little window crash, I sat up alert; now I can get to help him, I thought, now I'm free, I can go out into the world, I can join the rushing crowd. . . .

'Please, ma'am, can I have my ball back?'

I glanced at the compassionate face of a little negro boy, and I stretched my hand through my window and returned his ball.

I cared not for the glass splattered round about. It was then I sat and thought about my dream carefully, every detail; it was then I was happy.

I dressed hurriedly, had some breakfast and went out to join the crowd. The crowd I had always seen through my window, now destroyed, my hateful window. I was a coward just to watch the corrupt world from inside, just to live in a world of my own. Now I realised that all this was wrong. Now I live.

ANNE ROTHENSTEIN
(left from 3X in July)

O Brother Mine
(from Catullus' 'Ave Atque Vale')

Borne by lands and waters foreign, come I to see
The place where you lie, buried; take these from me —
Last gifts, brother, pitiful, a sad goodbye —
To bless the place where cruel fate decreed you lie.

Ye Gods it was a worthless theft
To leave me so bereft.

As ancient custom bids, I do my duty here :
Take this tribute, soaked with many a woeful tear.

I will see thee brother, never;
So Hail and Farewell — forever.

YOLANDE STEGER 6_1

'AVE ATQUE VALE'

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem.
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi,
nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.

The Most Unusual Person I Have Ever Met

I think the most unusual person I have ever met is myself. That may sound odd, but the title of this essay does too. Everyone is different — there must be something unusual somewhere in each person; and anyway what does 'usual' mean in this context? It can only be judged by one person's standards and so when you are speaking of people it does not really have any meaning.

I may think that I am the most unusual person I have met because I am the only person that I really know. Other people all have secrets, and even if they 'tell them all' they know they still have some, some that have been secrets so long that they are forgotten. Everyone has different dreams, and many dreams are never known — but they are there. So you see you cannot know anyone so well as yourself, because you cannot know the things that make them different.

I know what I am. I am a bully and a coward and a liar and a cheat. I am generous when I can be and when I have money I splash it around a lot. I boast and I show off. I am very careless and untidy. I know that I am intelligent, and I am trying not to boast when I say that. I am shy and awkward, and because of that I make a fool of myself in everything but lessons.

I have strange moods. I sometimes feel something inside me, trying to get out. If I can I try to let it out by writing something. When I do write like that it comes out as prose, split up into lines. It doesn't rhyme and it has no rhythm but I think it sounds more effective. The verse which I like best is like that. It is a description of something, a contrast. The nouns like 'river' and 'mountain' mean something else, but I don't know what. If I did I would know what was inside me, but I don't know if I ever shall. I shall try.

The Dove

The silent air hangs heavily,
dull thudding pressing sun.
Nothing moves, drugged poppy sleep.
Then with a wheep and clap of wings,
the fantail pigeon comes.

This pure pale symbol of peace,
alive and flying.
Streamlined silver soft it speeds through the air
like a living arrow.

Stirring and churning the clear blue air
a turning turmoil of snow
Spinning and swooping.
Stills itself and falls, half gliding
drifting like a white leaf down,
alighting with a scrabble of coral claws on the house roof.

This is the verse. You may not like it, but you didn't write it, and only I can understand the words which aren't written there, the ones that make me like it so much. It is called *The Golden River.*

The sun shines on the river
  The river is golden.
The autumn leaves fall in the river
  The river is golden.
The grass grows on the mountain.
  The mountain is green.
The clouds are black over the sea and lightning strikes
  The sea is angry.
But the fish are peaceful in the river
  The river is golden.

A lot of people think I am queer. Perhaps I am, but aren't they too? I like different things from everybody else in the world, because though some people may like the things I like, they must like some things I don't like or dislike something I like. In fact, they are bound to because they are not me. Nobody else had my parents *and* grew up in the same circumstances as I did. I have a sister, but she is different. And I do not know anything about all my closest relatives and friends compared with what I know about myself. And even that is little compared with the huge amount of things that actually are myself.

I don't know if I really should have written about myself. That is because I am not showing my knowledge, but my absolute ignorance about the most unusual girl I have ever met — a girl named —— ——.

SECOND FORMER

It folds its cream sheen wings
smoothly down onto the velvet feather back
and spreads its gleaming fantail
higher and wider, like a white hand fingers parting.
Then they drop down again.

Its bright alert head is poised,
the black night eyes rimmed with scarlet flicker,
then close slowly
pressed together with the sun's heavy heat.
It nods its head and coos beautifully to itself
and sleeps.

JILLIAN SLEE 5X

The Staff Play

ROBERT'S WIFE

by St John Ervine

Directed by David Gray

Performed on 12th and 14th March 1964



Sanchia Robert Anne

Photos : David Campbell

Robert's Wife *is an attempt to portray the complicated confusions of our own times in terms not of heroes and villains, but of humane and decent people who find themselves bewildered by events.*

Margaret (née) Kenningham, who edited *The Avenue* so splendidly from 1958 to 1962, has reviewed the play for us on the next page.

The Cast

June Hanvey, the Vicar's Secretary — Diana Smith

Anne, the Parlourmaid — Valerie Pringle

Miss Orley, a Parish Worker — Jean Plant

Sanchia Carson, MB, the Vicar's Second Wife — Joyce Perry

Dick Jones, a Working Lad — Donald Maxwell

Rev Robert Carson, MA, Vicar of St Michael and All Angels — David Lewis

The Bishop of Winterbury — Kenneth Whitlow

Mrs Jones, Dick's Mother — Edith Worrall

Bob, the Vicar's Son — John Hill

Chief Inspector John Lindsey — Dick Dutton

Inspector Futvoye — Bernard Dutton

Mrs Armitage — Ann Whitlow

Rev Arthur Jefferson, MA, Vicar of St Ethelberta's — Iorwerth John



Bob June

Review of Robert's Wife

It has to be remembered that the play was first acted in 1937, and some of the problems that were burning issues then are not so now. We would not be so shocked by Sanchia Carson daring (as a vicar's wife) to start a birth-control clinic, or by her stepson Bob's pacifist principles, as the first audience to see the play probably were. Nevertheless the fundamental issues remain the same even if we might choose different examples to illustrate them. Has a wife the right to pursue her own career, however important it may be, if it affects her husband's career? How far ought one to 'give way' to people whose beliefs are different, but whose motives are as honest as one's own? How far can or ought a community to tolerate the extremist minority? There is plenty of material in the play to set us thinking, even thirty years later.

The cast under David Gray's direction made an admirable attempt to bring these issues alive again for us. They were particularly successful with the minor parts, of whom Edith Worrall's Mrs Jones was excellent in appearance, voice and gesture — especially in small movements of hand and face. The audience appreciated and enjoyed Donald Maxwell's abashed and fumbling Dick Jones, Iorwerth John's ascetic, dogmatic Father Jefferson and Anne Whitlow's rich, snobbish Mrs Armitage. We felt that Richard Dutton's Chief Inspector was not forceful enough, however, and Bernard Dutton's Inspector Futvoye was too diffident.

Valerie Pringle was a pleasant and efficient maid, and Jean Plant gave a good portrayal of the devoted Miss Orly — a difficult task since, one feels, the author only included her in the play as a convenient way of raising the £5,000. John Hill and Diana Smith, as the vicar's undergraduate son Bob and June Hanvey the vicar's secretary and Bob's fiancée, were in general convincing though Diana was 'happier' as the secretary than the fiancée. As always, Kenneth Whitlow gave a relaxed and easy performance, in this case as the wise adviser, the Bishop of Winterbury.

The main characters, the Rev Robert Carson and his wife Sanchia, were slightly less convincing. The Vicar is the father of a grown-up son, and a man in mid-career. Although David Lewis gave this impression in his acting, make-up and costume, at times his abrupt movements and irrepressible youthful joviality were not in keeping with the character. Joyce Perry's charming appearance and pleasant voice made us sympathetic to her earnest pleading with her husband, but she did not make us care about her situation as much as we cared about Mrs Jones's more mundane problems.

However, this was a most enjoyable evening and we look forward as always to the next Staff production.

Bending down, I stretched out my right hand, very slowly, so as to touch it. Tenderly I picked the flower from its stalk. Its pastel mauve colouring fascinated me, as did its streaks of yellow darting from its centre and disappearing as the petals thickened in the middle and then ended in a neat curve. It was a simple flower, yet so daring and dynamic that I felt forced to put it in my button-hole, whereupon I continued to wander, almost forgetting the incident.

ANNE ROTHENSTEIN

Pyrenean Interlude

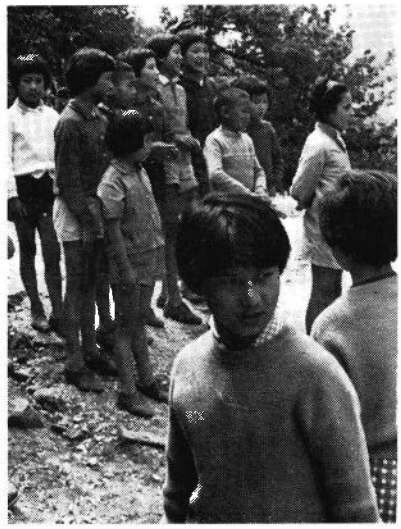
A Working Holiday

As soon as they had escaped the toils of July's GCE a group of boys and girls set off for La Coûme, the community for refugee children set up between the wars in the French Pyrenees by Pitt Krüger and his wife. The children there represent several nations, but in particular there is a lively group of Tibetans, fugitives from the Chinese invasion of Tibet. Accompanied by Mr Lewis, our group shared the rigorous, devoted, joyous life of the community, and in return for the hospitality that at times threatened to overwhelm them they laboured in the burning sun to level and surface the terrain de sport *which the school in its mountainous setting had so far lacked.*

GLENYS BROWN, who was one of the party, writes . . .

My first memories of the holiday were not provided by the usual prosaically hilarious routine of mid-channel thunderstorms and missed boat-trains, but by our acting as (unfortunately unpaid) film extras on the train at Calais in Warner Brothers' *The Affair at the Villa Fiorita.* A third-rate second feature no doubt, but nevertheless a film to look out for.

Of La Coûme itself — a thousand indelible impressions. Shaking thirty hands or more twice daily, pillow-less beds, the curious washing machine which seemed to be used all day every day, the Tibetan chant before meals, and the Tibetan children themselves. (Never before or since have I seen seven-to-twelve-year-olds with such natural charm or such appetites.) The incessant noise of the crickets and teasing of the fleas. (Hilaire Belloc was right about that but, understandably, the wine did not taste of tar; the gourds are now polythene-lined and the rest of what we drank was bottled.) The sunbathing spot with the ice-cold cascade conveniently near when the sun became too hot. The violent storms with torrents of rain and deafening thunder, preceded by the cannon shots sent up into the sky by the local farmers in an attempt



The Tibetan children

to encourage the rain before it turned to hail. The hailstones were fantastic, as big as refrigerator ice-cubes. We saw the effects of a similar storm later near the coast — fields of completely ruined bare vines.

The work-site, of course — the intermittent clink of pick and shovel, the putt-putting engine of the trailer used for loading and shifting the rocky earth, the piercing unoiled squeak of one of the wheelbarrows, and our constant awareness of how near or far away knocking-off time was, contrasting shamefully with the Tibetan children's obliviousness of everything except working as hard as possible — ten-year-olds cheerfully carried rocks to and fro which would have made many of us stagger. However, we accomplished what had been set for us and, before we left, the *terrain de sport*, carved out of the mountainside, was finished.

The evenings — the enchanting Tibetan dances, hearing the moving story of La Coûme from Pitt Krüger, founder and head of the school, listening to music while staring, miles away, into the fire, singing English songs, and the unforgettable 'party games' — some perhaps a little too sadistic for my taste — or was it just that I was one of the victims?

The excursions — to the Abbeys of Saint Martin and Saint Michel, the first perched half-way up the Canigou, the highest mountain for miles around, and involving a twenty-minute walk in the midday sun to reach it, and the second still in use, where the monks are allowed, not encouraged, to talk for one hour per week. (Someone recollected, with an effort, that almost exactly the reverse is true at FSSW!) To Andorra — a country of hairpin bends and incredibly muddled tourist shops. 'Old' Andorra — one of the most self-consciously young towns seen yet, with tax-free drinks, cigarettes and records, amateur bull-fighting, and bumper cars, all of which combined to keep many of us up so late that finding our tents on the large camping site and trying to spend a comfortable night in a small sleeping-bag was rather difficult.

Then to Banyuls-sur-Mer and persuading the Tibetans to enjoy their first dip ever in the sea. The drive to the camping site, a deserted farmhouse high up in the hills with no light or water except our own meagre supplies. Supper was cooked and eaten by candlelight in what looked like a smugglers' den — and this romantic setting made up for the agonisingly uncomfortable night. But I now know what comparative bliss I had experienced on Andorran soil.

We were very much aware that our last day at La Coûme *was* the last day — we were toasted on the finished *terrain de sport* with Banyuls wine and had an enormous meal in the evening with more wines — a different one at each of the six courses, and champagne to finish.

From every holiday there remain unforgettable incidents, impressions, scenes; *douche* (no one will ever forget the French for 'shower'), Tibetan names ('Dalek',

'Pemar', 'Lakpar'), the sound of the washing machine, '*à table*' shouted when a meal was ready, a rainbow over the Canigou, the gourds from which one squirted the wine in a long thin stream into the mouth, swallowing at the same time, the ever-present threat of the ciné camera, long long rides in the blue Volkswagen which Gérard always drove so skilfully, Gérard himself, who was able to do everything from cooking the best barbecue lunch to levelling earth and unflappably dealing with our casualties . . . these memories, and innumerable others, make the three weeks spent at La Coûme one of the most unusual, varied and enjoyable holidays that could be wished for. Indeed, it is expected that a party to La Coûme will become a regular feature of our school year.

Work on the *terrain de sport*



Jury Summons!

Almost every adult in Britain is liable to be called at some time to serve on a jury. It is one of the duties of citizenship. He or she may be needed for a murder case . . . dangerous driving . . . train robbery? It happened recently to a member of Staff. . . .

A handful of letters dropped onto the front door mat. I picked them up and scanned the headings: insurance, garage bills, circulars, Aunt Ruth, and — 'What's this?' — a small buff envelope overstamped in bold, black type — 'Jury Summons'.

With mixed feelings of dismay, curiosity and a certain completely unjustifiable pride, I hastily jettisoned Aunt Ruth and company and tore open the summons.

'I, the Under Sheriff of the County of Essex, hereby summon you to appear at this Court on . . . and thereat to serve as a Juror. . . .'

Hurried consultation with my diary showed that the date given came whilst my wife was away for two weeks, whilst the Second Orchestra ought to be increasing their rehearsal time for the Chelmsford Festival, before Amnesty Concert, etc etc.

Was there any chance of escaping my duty as a citizen resident in Essex? Apparently not, unless one is a doctor, lawyer or member of the Armed Forces. The School Staff were not, on the whole, encouraging. 'Shouldn't think you'd finish in a day,' said the Headmaster. 'You *may* be lucky — and have a murder trial.' 'More likely the Clacton weekend disturbances by Mods and Rockers,' added the History master. 'They'll probably lock you up over night — could be for a week, like the Great Train Robbery trial!' opined another.

In due course I arrived at the County Hall, Chelmsford, in good time to report at 10.30 am. On this first day, the number of jurors called was quite small; twenty in Court 1 (strangely, four of us from Saffron Walden, chosen from the whole of Essex!). The Clerk of the Court checked our names (£5 fine for contempt of court if absent!) as we sat in the narrow enclosed benches at the rear of the court. The defence and prosecuting counsels appeared; Counsel for the Defence was short and thin, his opponent taller and much larger. This didn't seem fair! Various ushers and witnesses were taking their places and the Clerk seemed to be shuffling cards. He eventually stopped and said, 'Jurors whose names are called come to the Jury box.' Then the names followed and the box was occupied by twelve 'good men and true' (including one woman!) to form a 'Committee of the People of the County of Essex' — as the Chairman of the Justices subsequently described them. The remaining unchosen jurors have to wait until such time as the Chairman releases them, depending on the needs of other courts, objections of the defendant, and the estimated length of the case. Often they are told to report after lunch: sometimes not until days later.

The defendant was brought from below (dungeons?) by the beefy Prison Warder up steps leading into the dock. Silence followed for some minutes, broken by the Court Usher shouting suddenly, 'Court will rise!' In came three Justices and the senior took the judge's position, high above the court. After bowing to the counsel he seated himself and we all relaxed. The Clerk jumped up and addressed the prisoner.

'Prisoner at the bar, these are the names of the jury chosen to sit at this trial. As they stand look at them and say, if you have just cause, why any should not be sworn.' Rising one after the other to their names, the jurymen stand with the New Testament in their right hand and if no objections are offered are promptly sworn in by the Court Usher. Everything is then ready; and the Clerk calls, 'Prisoner will rise!

'Are you John Somebody of 587 The Close, Witherington in the County of Essex?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And are you a tally-clerk?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Then you are charged that on the night of 2nd Feb, 1964, at 11.55 pm, at Tanner's Lane, Hornchurch in the County of Essex, you did drive a motor vehicle on the public highway, namely Tanner's Lane, Hornchurch, whilst your judgement was impaired for the time being by the consumption of alcohol or drugs or both. What say you: do you plead guilty or not guilty?' 'Not guilty, sir.'

Our mighty-looking friend, the prosecuting counsel, opened the case for the Crown. Addressing the jury, he told them how in English courts it is not necessary for the defendant to prove his innocence, but rather the prosecution must bring evidence to show his guilt beyond all doubt. He then related 'the facts of this case'. To verify and amplify these he called, in turn, several witnesses. Some were policemen, affirming times and conditions — including the constable who made the arrest, the driver of the police car and the sergeant who formally charged the prisoner after the event. Every possible detail was checked and doubtful allegations discarded. Medical evidence was given by a doctor and corroborated by the Senior Forensic Officer from Scotland Yard. Occasionally the Chairman would interrupt a witness to clarify his answer or to ask a question, and each witness was of course cross-examined by the defending counsel before being released from the witness box.

As 1.00 pm approached, the Chairman took the first convenient opportunity to adjourn for lunch, telling the jury to be in their places by 2.15 pm. He instructed us not to discuss the case with any outside person, and pointedly added his own advice not to talk amongst ourselves since all the evidence was not yet presented and prejudice might result.

Everyone was back promptly by 2.15 pm and the case continued. The atmosphere of the court in this trial became rather tense several times when the Chairman reprimanded the defence counsel for 'going too far' and 'putting words into the witness's mouth' — quite like Perry Mason! After several hours, the court adjourned with the usual warnings to the jury. Next day, both counsel spoke with practised lucidity, pressing a point by skilful presentation of relevant facts. After the prosecution's summing-up I was convinced our verdict must be 'guilty', but by the time the defence had cunningly put the facts in a different light I was equally sure we should say 'not guilty'. But at this stage the wisdom, experience and complete impartiality of the Chairman of the Justices becomes evident. He addressed the jury for perhaps an hour or more on points of law affecting the substance of the two 'summings-up'. So a crafty prosecutor is restrained by an alert judge, or perhaps an indifferent defence is clarified on some aspect poorly presented.

Ultimately, there comes a time when no more consideration in court is possible. A decision must be taken and a verdict given. An Usher was instructed to 'take this Jury to such a place as is convenient and suffer no one to speak to them, nor speak to them yourself save to ask them if a verdict is reached'. He was sworn on this by the Court Usher and then led the jury out to a small room furnished with a large table and many chairs.

Several jurors, like myself, were quite determined upon their verdict already and felt we needed a vote at once. The need for a foreman was evident. I suggested the man seated at the head of the table, only to be met with a blank refusal. I found myself voted to that lofty position! Six were sure of the prisoner's guilt, but six were in 'reasonable doubt'. So we started to argue. It was fascinating to watch each man defend his decision and to forecast his reasons. Here were twelve different people with only one factor in common — we all lived in Essex. I felt it time the lady spoke. What did she think? 'Well, I can't get a word in edgeways!' she said.

We wrangled for over an hour, getting more and more heated. Eventually, with an eye on the clock, I suggested we try the Judge with a 'no agreement' outcome. I went to the door and our guardian Usher sprang to life. 'What is your verdict?' 'None.' 'Wait here; I must see the Chairman.' He led us back to court. The court rose as the Justices entered. The Chairman looked at the jury and asked, 'Have you appointed a foreman?' I sprang to my feet and answered in best Fourth Form style, 'Yes, sir!' 'I understand you cannot reach agreement. Is there any point of law upon which I can help you?' 'No, sir. The opinions expressed are most emphatic.' 'Very well. Thank you for your service. I can only order a retrial at some future date. The prisoner is granted bail and the jury are dismissed until 10.30 am next Tuesday. Please be in your places by then.'

We came out into the sunshine, feeling hungry (it was 6.30 pm!) and tired but mostly glad to have experienced this slice of legal procedure. 'I reckon everyone ought to have a go at this some time,' said my companion, a diamond merchant at Hatton Garden. He was right, too. My other attendances, at which I watched a murder trial, served on a larceny case, and followed several other manslaughter and driving cases, have convinced me that the rules and procedures of British courts protect an innocent man far more than we sometimes realise, and they deserve the community's faith and support. This will eventually mean assisting in the maintenance of law and order in our everyday lives, and relying on our legal system to sort out any offenders. My four days at Chelmsford supplied evidence that many citizens suffer from a 'them and us' complex and do not realise that the servants of British law are experts operating on *our* behalf for the benefit of the *whole* community.

In fact, Essex is rather like a boarding school, eh?

IVAN CANE

Photo: Andrew Fry

Guilty?

I took the money from the table and put it, only two half-crowns, in my pocket, looking around rather guiltily.

No one was looking at me, no one at all. And yet I could feel their eyes.

How strange it was that no one should have noticed, how strange. I hadn't expected them to notice and yet their apparent blindness unnerved me.

I moved to the window, rather too jauntily, my hands in my pockets.

The horror of it began to cut into me like a hot knife, so sharp I recoiled from its pain. 'Oh God,' I whispered, 'I'm a thief now, as much a thief as any safe-breaker.' A rush of fear made my heart bang wildly against my ribs.

Instinctively, I looked round once more. The others were at the bar, laughing. One of them called to me. I did not respond, but stared once more out of the window, as though I had not heard.

I felt the money in my hand, felt its hardness, its damp warmth — and replaced it on the table.

JENIFER THOMPSON 6_2



Encounter with a Cat



A Short Story

by Sarah Hutton

Illustrations :
Sarah Hutton

It was late as the tall figure of a man stepped out of the station. He peered into the falling drizzle and hunched his shoulders inside his donkey-jacket as he prepared to cross the road. Just then he caught sight of a marmelade cat which suddenly darted in front of him and spattered across into the darkness in a series of bounds, its tail arched slightly. He took no notice and crossed to the bus shelter.

He sat down in a corner by the door, allowing his legs to spread apart. Water dripped off his black hair and he could feel it working down to his white shirt collar. Slightly irritated, he wiped the back of his neck and stared at his shoes. His bus was not due for a long time.

He glanced out at the falling haze of rain sparkling in the lamp-light. Suddenly he noticed a pair of shining, unmoving dots. Then he realised that the cat was sitting watching him in the rain-spattered pool of light.

He drew in his feet. The cat walked inside quite calmly to seat itself on the bench opposite him. It did not so much as shake the water from its whiskers but carefully curled its tail round its feet and sat staring from the depths of its fluffed-up marmelade fur. It was staring at him.

At first he took no notice and remained where he was with a cool breeze blowing in from outside. The cat continued to stare. He licked his lips. They were dry. He stood up and moved to the other end of the shelter. His feet seemed to ring and

crash on the concrete floor. He sat down again and looked out of the window. The rain tinkled and pattered into black pools outside. The cat remained unperturbed.

He got up and went out to stand under the lamp. The world without was suddenly made real to him by the cold soft sting of the rain. He hunched himself up and then it occurred to him that he had never tried speaking to the cat. He glanced at it still staring at him but he could not muster enough strength to talk.



By way of something to do, he crossed to the station but as he reached it, he saw an orange object slip out of the bus shelter, hop off the pavement and start to run diagonally across the road, its tail just clear of the ground. He could see its whiskers gleaming in the rain, its soft paws padding across, delicately avoiding puddles, and an intent look on its face.

The man turned to walk along by the iron fence which lined the road but the cat started to weave its way in and out of the bars, a little way behind. He turned up his collar and braced the drizzle. Cold water was soaking his socks and seeping into his shoes. He tried to shake the drops from his eyes and squinted into the darkness ahead.

Suddenly the following cat darted in front of him and skidded round, just short of the gutter. He stopped short but it vanished through the fence in a furry, blurred orange streak. Hands in his pockets he hurried on, but he could see it out of the corner of his eye following still — or could he? Yes, it was there. He was sure.

He broke into a run, head down into the rain. Then he stopped and looked back. An orange shape was lolloping towards him through the haze of wet darkness on the other side of the fence. That was a curious thing for a cat to do, he thought, but it was preparing for a second dash. Its body curled, its whiskers quivered, shaking off the rain drops.

The man lost no time. He flung himself back round a lamp-post. He felt the tug of the rough wet surface on his jacket and he bumped into something soft. ' Here! ' said a voice. The man looked up and saw the shiny, blue, wet figure of a policeman towering over him.

' That cat ——' he stammered, straightening himself.

' What cat? '

Just then a bus shuddered past, swishing as it went.

' Hell,' said the man, ' I've missed my bus.'

Changing Guard

A black silhouette on the hills : jutting
Stark and naked against the sapphire sky;
Ruined and unmasked, now, shorn of splendour,
Dark, echoing and eerie with the sounds —
Once real, now remnants — of kings who lived there.

The cook is still mixing, whistling, cursing,
Cuffing the larder-boy and blind spit curs;
The horses, neighing yet, with eagerness
Call to each other in the misty dawn,
Hoofs catching violence from old grey stone,
Blue sparks lighting up tossing head and mane;
Standing still at night 'neath the silent moon,
Twisted, vague, entwined shadows, softly
Dappled by the half-light in the shimmering leaves. . . .

While the king lies asleep with his lady,
The chamber black and silver in its peace,
The sentry stands silent, aloof, asleep
But for his quick awareness of movement
In the sleek, slippery, sliding shadows
On the harlequin courtyard with its
Crazy-paved path by the whispering trees;
And his sudden, sharp salute to cock-crow,
As, sparked by pink dawn, his scarlet coat flames.

Yearning and hope lead the heart astray, for
It's only the golden rose-tree in bloom,
Watching for the king in the rambling breeze.

Now, nothing remains but the memories,
And the half-hidden spirits of the past.

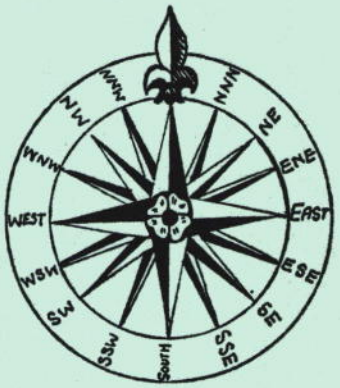
YOLANDE STEGER 6_1

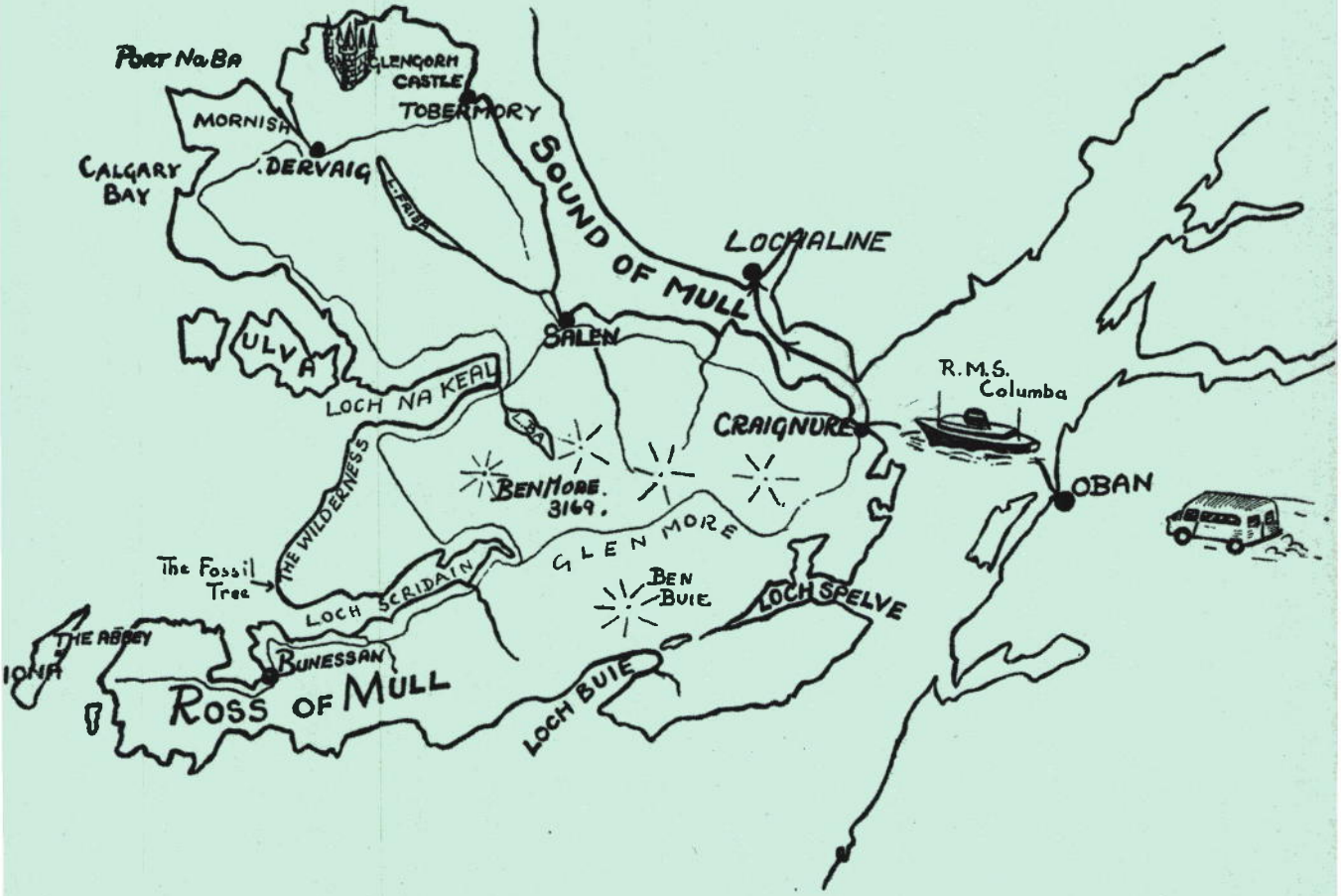
Les landes en été

Le soleil se couchait sur la lande sombre.
Les hautes herbes pareilles à des ombres,
Doucement se balançaient au rythme du vent
Tandis qu'au loin passait quelqu'oiseau égaré
Rasant les arbres à la recherche d'un auvent.
Sereine était la nuit; sereine, elle le resterait.

CHRISTINE SAUMONT
(with 6_1 for three weeks at the
end of the Summer Term)

MULL SURVEY





1964

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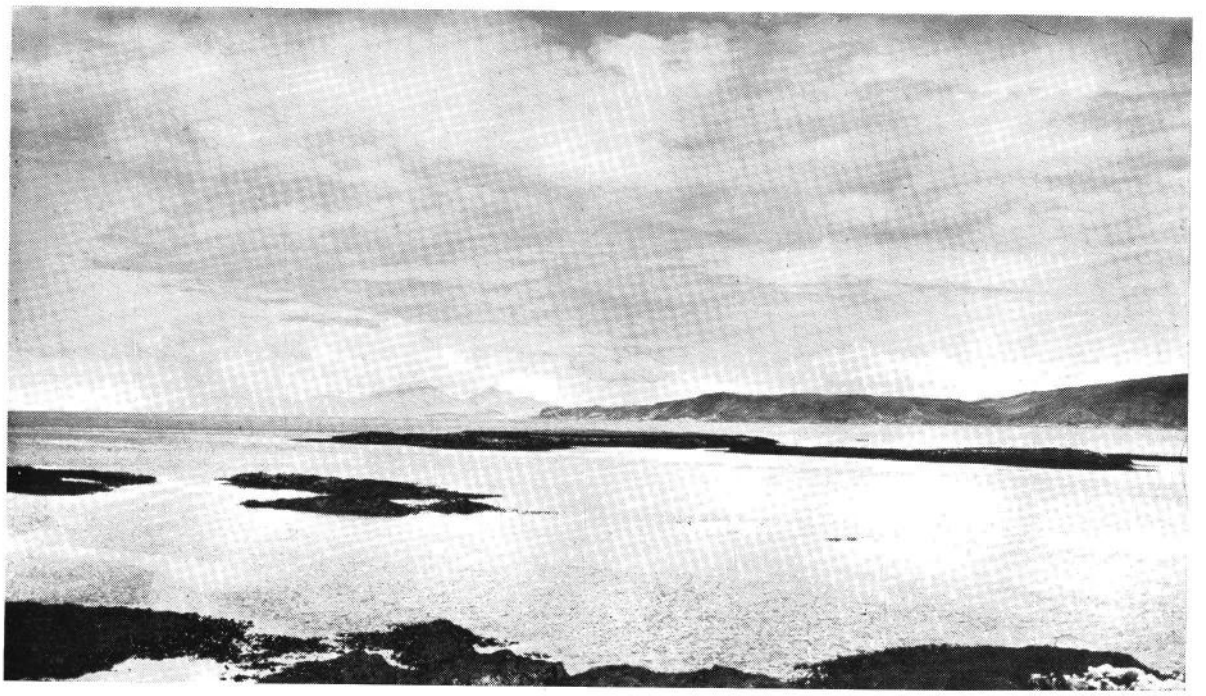
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Editors : David Gray and Dick Perry
Cover Design : Tony Wright

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January 1965 issue.



'The lonely sea and the sky'

A group of Fifth and Sixth Form geographers chose to take their first steps in exploration and geographical research on Mull, a Hebridean island rich in its variety of relief, geology and settlement changes, and haunting in its weather-swept isolation. They spent a fortnight on the island, working in separate pairs mainly under canvas and trekking together occasionally for recreation.

The accounts which follow make no attempt to be comprehensive and they contain but a fraction of the research done. They are a series of glimpses into the work and activity of the group. The detailed regional essays which are to be the end-product of the expedition are still under preparation for the Cambridge examiners and will form part of the Advanced Level examinations in 1965.

INTRODUCTION

Persons and Places

There were really two groups. David Hale and Jeffrey Stevens wisely used the fine weather of April for their study of Tobermory, the chief settlement. In August, one of the wetter months, the main party was at work. Francesca Andreae and Diana Smith were based at Calgary Bay in the north-west and studied the deserted villages of Mornish. Slightly farther north were Michael Lewis and Robert Meyer at Port na Ba, also concerned with changes in land use and settlement and further fascinated by the raised beaches and dykes which cluttered the coast. A little to the east of them, beyond the hamlet of Dervaig and centred near Glengorm Castle, were Gavin Brown and Robin Pollard. Being free from the immediate demands of 'A' Level examinations, there was no need for them to concentrate on one topic and they began by making a series of treks across Quinish and Mishnish, with Mornish the most northerly regions, checking the detailed accuracy of an Ordnance Survey map published at the turn of the century. That finished, they settled to a study of the Glengorm Estate, and Gavin ended his stay knee-deep in silage, working on the farm. Finally, Paul Fry and Martin Lamborn, until right at the end when they were blown to fragments by a northerly gale, camped on the foreshore at Salen and completed a study of this strategic little settlement.

Here, there and everywhere, but perhaps not there soon enough when supplies gave out, were geography master Dick Perry and his wife Joyce. Since they controlled the expedition's transport, a sturdy Bedford Romany Caravan which carried all ten of the summer party and their kit from Craignure to Salen in the first shock of arrival in the rain, they were able to go where they liked. The Romany covered over 500 miles as it devoured this boomerang of an island and its unreliable single-track roads. The rocky scramble at low tide to photograph the fossil tree of Rubha nanah Uamha, sunbathing at Port na Ba and Iona, chatting with the few survivors of the fishing township of Kintra, and motoring through the gloomy trench of Glen More under lowering skies — these are some from a kaleidoscope of memories.

Preparations and Planning

Much background work had to be done in the early months of the year, and many came forward to help. The scheme was launched by a grant from the Ford Trust, later augmented by a generous parent, and costs were further reduced by concessions over the provision of film and photographic equipment. For these gratitude is due to Messrs Ilford and Bennett Cameras.

Few of the party had been to the Western Isles and none had an intimate knowledge of Mull. Contacts were made with the Universities, and help and suggestions were immediately forthcoming. Two Cambridge research students came over to Friends School to lecture; David Turnock on his research into the historical and regional geography of Ardnamurchan — the mainland peninsula to the north of Mull — and Nicholas Fleming to talk of his travels in Mull in connection with his interest on shore-lines. Philip Wheeler, the Secretary of the 'Geographical Field Group' based at Nottingham, wrote at length and lent valuable pamphlets and papers on crofting and settlement. Mrs Studdard, the Cambridge Geography Department Librarian, was most helpful with book lists and suggestions of contacts, and a long book list was sent by the Librarian of the Geographical Association. To these helpful people very much is due.

Pastimes and Pleasures

Robert Meyer's description of his work with Michael Lewis at Port na Ba is typical. 'Our tent sheltered beside one of the ruins, a stone's throw from the silver beach. We used to start the day any time between 8.30 and 10 am. Work was done in the morning and consisted of measuring the ruins or interviewing the local people. Then lunch was cooked and after lunch we either worked, read, sunbathed when the sun permitted, or swam in the sea. Towards the end of our stay, halfway through a curry, we ran out of gas and were much indebted to neighbour Ian Roach for allowing us to continue cooking in his rebuilt cottage. After our evening meal, which was the main meal of the day, we would read or explore until it grew dark and then listen to the radio.



Looking East from Port na Ba

'So as to be able to plot the positions of the ruins, we took a tracing from a large-scale map of the area lent to us by Mr and Mrs Taylor. They, in co-operation with Ian Roach, were busy converting the nearby ruins into summer cottages. Then we proceeded to measure all the buildings within reach of our camp site. This done, we interviewed Mrs Bray, the landowner, and Neilly Galbraith, the tenant farmer.

'Neilly had large numbers of sheep and cattle which roamed freely over his land, and we managed to meet many of these charming animals. In fact they made excellent alarm-clocks, waking us at about six o'clock in the morning. Mrs Bray and Neilly Galbraith gave us a great deal of local information. It seems that most of the houses were fishermen's cottages, and what is now Neilly's farm was two crofts. There is an ancient drove road across the farm along which were driven the cattle arriving from the outer islands. Of the ancient fortification of Dun na Gal little remains, but some of the houses at Port na Ba have been rebuilt or are in some stage of renovation, and there is a local boom in rebuilt fishermen's cottages under the guidance of Mr and Mrs Kemp, who hold the leaseholds from Mrs Bray.'

Tobermory: A Study in Depopulation

By Jeffrey Stevens



Tobermory water-front

The object of my visit to Tobermory was to study how an island community lives, and to find out if the trend to depopulation in north-west Scotland was evident in Mull.

Method

When I arrived I wandered around meeting as many people as possible, principally by visiting the bars and café. I called on each householder with a questionnaire, concerned to discover not only the age of the house but also the number and nature of its inhabitants. I wished to know where they were born, what jobs they do now, what they did in the past, and to ascertain their ages. Questions were also asked on various aspects of tourism, about Tobermory past and present, and people's opinions on the entertainment and facilities provided. I spoke to the Provost of Tobermory, to port officials, to the captain of the ferry and to many other local dignitaries. As a result of these interviews I collected statistics on ages, jobs, tourism and education, and many other interesting facts about Tobermory.

The Setting

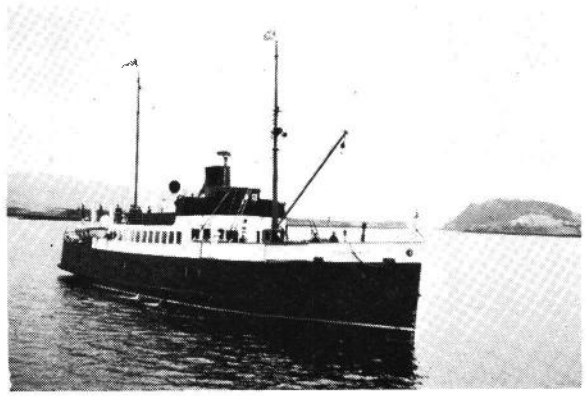
A description of the physical background is necessary to an understanding of the human problems of such an environment. The maritime climate of Tobermory is very mild, with warm winters and comparatively cool summers. In winter there is little frost and virtually no snow. Rain falls throughout the year; a total of 73 in, compared with our 25 in in the Saffron Walden area. Wind directions throughout the year are 60 per cent of the time either southerly or westerly, bringing milder, wetter conditions from the North Atlantic.

The geology and structure of Tobermory is dominated by the plateau lavas which are built up in the form of basalt steps, dropping steeply to the sea. These basalt steps were first covered by glacial drift deposited during the Ice Age, and more recently parts were covered with river alluvium from the melt water from the ice-sheet. The immediate hinterland is covered with rough pasture, heather and grass moorland with an occasional fertile patch suitable for arable cultivation.

History of Tobermory

The relevant history begins in 1789 when the British Society for Encouraging Fisheries began to develop Tobermory. Numerous plots of land were sold at cheap rates and everything was done to encourage fishermen to make Tobermory their base. At about the same time Mallaig and Oban were also developed. But being on the mainland these towns were able to distribute the fish to the markets of Edinburgh and Glasgow, quicker, more easily and at a lower cost than Tobermory.

Thus it was not very long before the fishing industry began to fail. Before the Second World War there were twelve fishing boats; now there is only one lobster boat based at Tobermory. It fishes throughout the year for lobsters, and in summer for hake, which must be sold on the mainland. Thus Tobermory, which started primarily as a fishing port, now gets very little fish at all, in fact only what a passing trawler will sell.



RMS *Lochnevis* berthing at Tobermory

Major Causes for Decline in Employment

Farming. Depopulation was greatly accelerated in Tobermory between 1841-51 when a potato famine occurred similar to the one in Ireland. In the following decades the landowners changed from arable to pastoral farming, which employs fewer people. On a farm of 3,300 acres at Ardnacross, a few miles north-east of Tobermory, the farmer needs to employ only a man and his wife full time because only seventy acres are devoted to arable farming. The same is happening on all the farms of Mull because a year or two ago the Ministry of Agriculture advised all farmers to sow all their arable land with grass, for it is the only thing that grows naturally on the island.

Forestry. As farming declines so forestry becomes increasingly important on Mull, because it provides steady, well-paid jobs. Even so it is unpopular because of the irregular hours and the unpleasant duties involved. Men have preferred to find alternative employment on the mainland where the conditions are better. Timber is taken from Salen by boat to a pulp-mill near Fort William, but the money obtained from this export does not offset the expenses incurred by the importing of prefabricated wooden materials.

Building. The building trades are providing more employment than usual because a housing estate is being built at Salen, and several houses are under construction in the Calgary area. Nevertheless during the winter months the industry is virtually at a standstill, forcing the men to find temporary employment or go unemployed. This leads to their eventually moving to the mainland to find full-time, regular employment. Houses are built fairly cheaply as Macbrayne, the shipping firm, transport building materials at very cheap rates. Plumbers, stone-masons, painters and decorators have to accept employment all over Mull and on the mainland in order to make a living.

Roadwork. Altogether eight men are employed by Argyll County Council as roadmen and clerks in the office. The council cannot afford to employ many men, and as a result a number of the roads are in a bad state of repair, being one-tracked, with grass growing down the middle and few passing places.

Past Industries

There are now no industries in Tobermory, although several operated for a few years. In 1927 the whisky distillery discontinued after eleven years. This was mainly because it was not an attractive investment, owing to its transport difficulties, and to the large quantities of barley and peat which had to be imported every day. The immediate cause was the prohibition of spirits in the United States of America, its largest market. A knitwear factory operated in the old granite chapel on the sea front, manufacturing high quality articles for a world market. However, in 1963 it ceased operation because of poor management, lack of initiative and obsolete machinery, even though its owner was given a substantial Government grant. A boat-building concern also failed about four years ago, again through ineffective management. The proprietor preferred to make each boat separately rather than having a production line.

The High Cost of Living

There are twenty shops in Tobermory employing about fifty people, most of whom are women, and boys under twenty-one who invariably change jobs before they are much older. Of these twenty shops at least half are devoted almost entirely to tourism, and nearly all of them in some way. Thus a specialised article, like a radio or television, may be unobtainable, and the shopkeepers make competition harder for themselves by remaining general rather than specialist dealers, and at the same time agreeing to a uniform price scale. Prices are on the whole higher than on the mainland, some as much as 25 per cent higher according to one councillor. Shopkeepers put 5½d on every loaf of bread carried from Oban, blaming the freight charges, although an official of Macbrayne's stated categorically that only ½d is charged on every loaf. Milk is 5s 6d a gallon, eggs 5s 6d a dozen in spring, meat is more but tinned foods have the same standardized price as on the mainland.

Macbrayne's

Macbrayne's employ a small number of men on their various boats. Twelve are employed temporarily whenever a ship enters port, to help unload it and then load it again before it sails the following morning.

Tourist Accommodation

There is a lack of tourist accommodation, even though there are numerous summer houses, five hotels, thirteen private boarding houses, five furnished houses and a youth hostel in a town of a population of 640. The hotels and boarding houses employ a few people full time and a large number throughout the summer months (May to September). For example, the Western Isles Hotel employs fourteen full time and thirty-two during the summer season.

Facilities and Entertainment

The doctor in Tobermory has to serve a large area in Mull, and when there is a hospital case the patient has to be ferried to Oban in a small motor-launch. The dentist calls only once every six weeks. The bus service run by Macbrayne's is virtually non-existent, except during the summer season, when excursion tours are arranged to Iona and other parts of the island.

The community centre at Aros Hall is unattractive and bare inside, which means that people prefer to watch television in the comfort of their own homes. However, Tobermory does liven up in late July and August when there are various activities to attract the tourists. These include the Mull Highland Games, regattas, various shows and a sheepdog trial. The shooting and fishing near Tobermory is excellent, and there is also a golf course, a tennis court, carpet-bowls, and boats and cars can be hired.

The Way Forward?

I would urge that a national recreation centre be built on Aros Estate. On leaving school boys could learn such skills as salmon and lobster fishing, afforestation, crofting, weaving, small-boat handling, care of boats, and the preservation and marketing of shellfish. During the holiday periods this centre could be used to teach many people interesting pastimes. In later years many people would return to enjoy the pursuits taught to them at this centre. However, accommodation has to be provided, and so it is necessary to find the money or enterprise to build cheap chalets for this seasonal lodging.

A light industry should be provided in Tobermory if the town is to prosper at all. Its raw materials should be easily importable, and the final products easily exportable, such as small instruments or watches. Such crafts as leatherwork, weaving and basketry would perhaps be acceptable, and could be taught on Aros Estate.

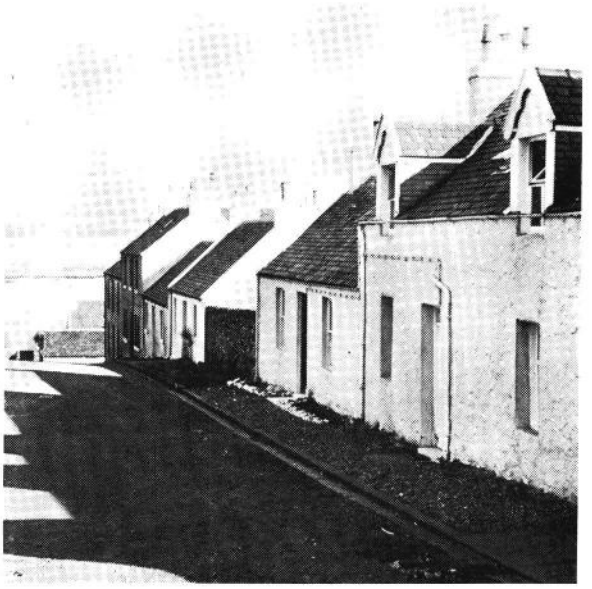
A factory could be developed, possibly in the old whisky warehouse, to process fish-liver oils and other fish by-products which could be exported economically to the mainland. Oban fishing boats would welcome this because Tobermory is three hours nearer to the fishing grounds, enabling them to deposit their catch and be off again having gained six hours on those boats going to Oban.

There is also a need for an airport or heliport on the island, providing a quick means of transport to the mainland for both hospital cases and for general use.

Conclusion

In concluding I would say that the rate of depopulation has decreased in recent years, and the population could well increase if the proposed schemes ever materialised.





Fishermen's cottages, Tobermory

The Deserted Villages of the Mornish Peninsula

By Diana Smith and Fran Andreae



Mornish seen from across Calgary Bay,
Raised beaches in the foreground

On a hot August morning, we climbed 250 ft of steep basalt steps in search of the deserted villages of the Mornish peninsula.

The first village we came across was Iniveagh, which consisted of eleven houses each with an outhouse. Later in our stay we walked across the peninsula and found several other villages, including Upper Arine.

Measuring and Mapping

Our first task was to measure the exact length, breadth, height and wall thickness of each building. This was no easy matter since the village area, especially around Iniveagh, was covered with waist-high bracken.

Previous Use of the Buildings

Having mapped the two villages of our study, Iniveagh and Upper Arine, we studied the structure of each building and tried to ascertain its past use. For the most part it was reasonably obvious; a large rectangular building was a croft, a smaller square building was an outhouse. However, in Upper Arine we did discover a rather odd construction. The circular bowl-shaped centre was 6 ft in diameter, and in front of it there was what seemed to be a small porch. The end of the building was rounded, and the walls were thick. We decided that it was probably a kelp kiln, though it seemed to be in an unlikely position.

Construction

Most of the outhouses were made of rough stone, without any sort of cement; the crofts, on the other hand, had cut stone walls, and some even had a little cement, made from sand from the bay, filling the larger crevices. All buildings had rounded corners, and none retained any part of its roof.

Most of the buildings were, owing to their derelict nature, no more than 4 ft 6 in high, and some were beginning to disappear under a coat of grass. We found one in Upper Arine which, compared with the other crofts around, seemed quite palatial.

With the help of local knowledge, we began to piece together a picture of life as it was in these villages.

Life in the Villages

The occupation of all the families in the villages was subsistence-level crofting, the crops being potatoes and oats, and the stock being hill cattle and sheep. All cultivation was probably done on lazy beds, elongated ridges where the soil had been scraped together, although we did not actually find any.

Often the potato crop would fail, and since potatoes were the staple diet of the village and famine would be the result of a bad crop, the local laird who owned the villages would subsidise them with corn.

This simple diet of oatmeal, potatoes and milk was improved by the addition of shellfish, especially mussels and whelks for which this area is now famous, which were collected from the shore, and sea-fish if the crofter happened to own a boat.

Anything needing transportation from the shore to the villages had to be carried manually or on horseback, since the use of any sort of wheeled vehicle was out of the question owing to the rough and steep terrain.

The common language in these villages was Gaelic, and even today it is spoken fairly often, though it is fast dying out.

Why, you may ask, are these villages now deserted?

Depopulation

First, in 1848 there was an unusually bad potato failure which, although it was less serious in Mull than in some other islands, nevertheless caused great hardship.

Secondly, the kelp industry failed. Kelp is a type of seaweed which was burned in kilns for its iodine, but Mull could not compete with the industrial areas of the mainland.

Another factor was the general rise in living standards in the mid-nineteenth century. Young people, who would normally continue their lives tending the farms of their fathers, were attracted away to the towns and cities of the mainland where wages were higher and prospects brighter.

Yet another cause of depopulation in the nineteenth century was the encroachment of the bracken. The abundance of hill cattle had previously managed to keep the bracken down, but as the number of cattle dwindled, and sheep took over the pastures, the bracken began to take hold of the land, and now it is impossible to walk any distance without finding oneself in the midst of it.

But by far the most important factor in the depopulation of the Mornish villages was the eviction in 1856 when the land was sold by the Clan chief to enterprising people from the south who wished only to improve the land, and cared little for the crofters. In many cases eviction was deliberate because the landowners wished to form large estates for sheep-rearing, but some crofters found it necessary to leave owing to the high rents they were forced to pay.

Ocean-going sailing ships collected in Calgary Bay, and many unwilling crofters were shipped off to Canada. Calgary, Alberta, was founded by these people. Gradually the villages died, and now only their skeletons remain. Even the sheep farming, introduced by the intruders from the south, has not been a success, and the area seems to be of very little use to anyone. However, new farms have now been established on the northern coast of Mornish, and with an increase of hill cattle and modern scientific methods, perhaps the peninsula will once again become of economic value.

We would like to thank Mrs McKenzie, of Calgary, for all her help.

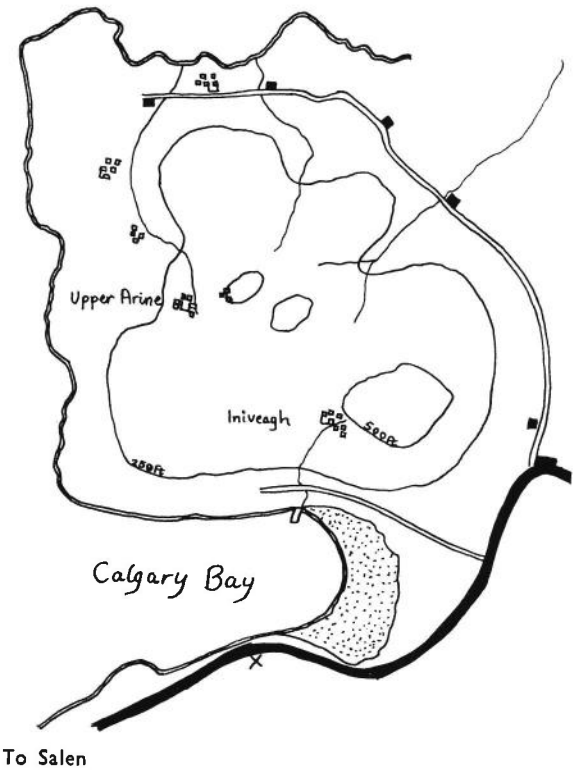
The Mornish Peninsula

Key :

X = Camp site.

■ = Twentieth Century Farms.

□□ □□ = Deserted villages.



Scale approximately 1½" to 1 mile.

BEN MORE,
the Great Mountain



from material supplied by

Michael Lewis

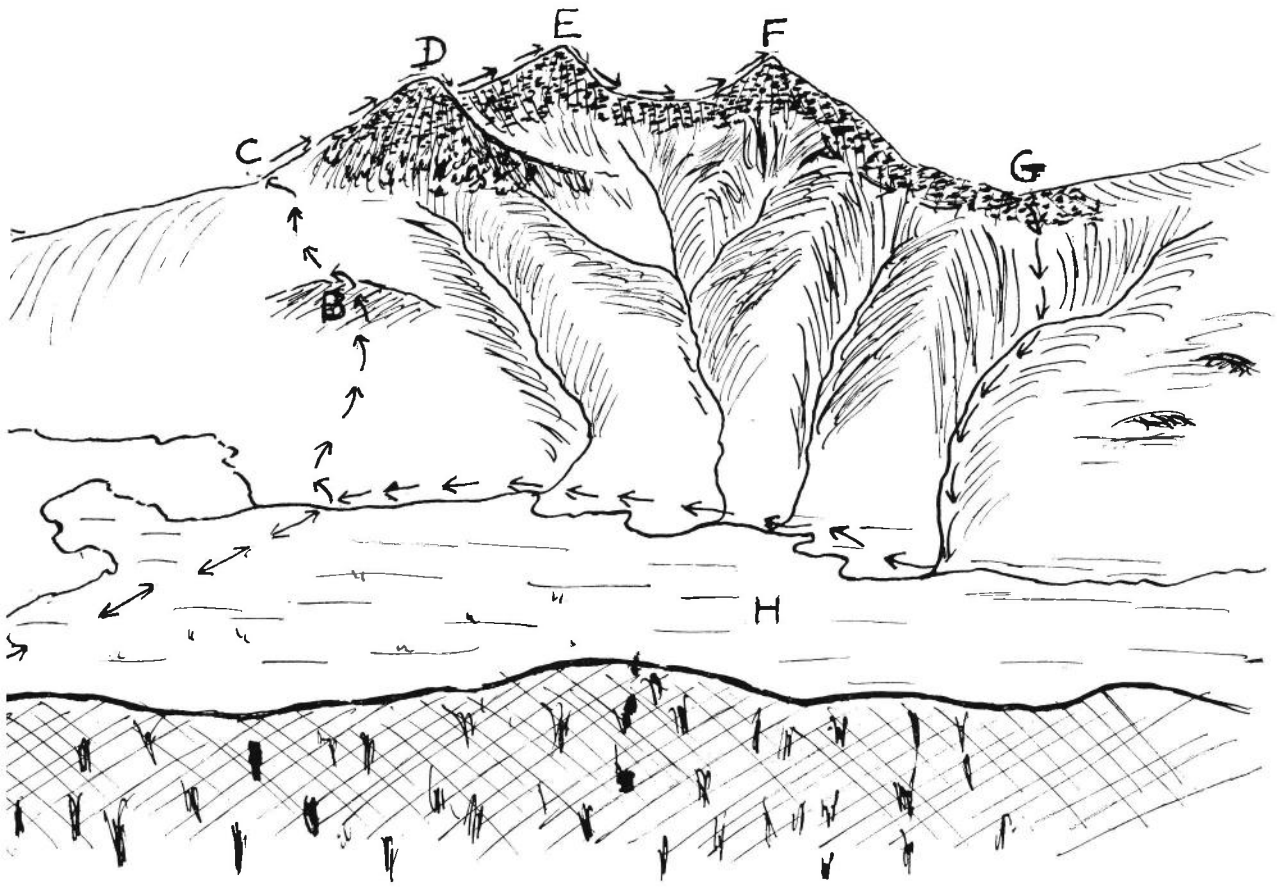
Planning the Route



We had been bitten by the mountain from the beginning, and Robert Meyer and I had hoped to study the glacial features of Glen Clachaig, a stream draining Ben More to the north-west. Early bad weather and supply problems had persuaded Dick Perry to move us to the more approachable north of the island, and so it was only after we had completed our crofting survey at Port na Ba and towards the end of our stay that we were free to look upon the mountain again. By then we had been joined by Robin Pollard, who was lured from the Glengorm area by the same mountain urge.

On Monday, 17th August, having provisioned and refueled in Tobermory, the faithful old Dormobile headed south again along with Dick and Joyce Perry and the three of us. No sooner done and the guardian gods began their work. As we approached the magnificent lava portico of the Gribun crags, on the south side of Loch na Keal, the clouds lowered and the heavens opened. Through steamed windows we glimpsed a sequence of raised beach, dyke, and smoothed rock, profusion upon profusion. What a geomorphological paradise! Defended by unspeakable weather which made photography a joke and camping a horror! Loch Scridain and then Glen More opened out before us; where should we shelter for the night? What hope would the morrow bring?

The answer to the first lay in a barn and adjacent inn on the south side of the loch, the answer to the second could wait. At least we were cosy, and there is a good table for cards in a Dormobile Romany.



The route over the mountain

Key :

X = Camp site
A = Loch Scridain
B = Am Binnein
C = Maol nan Damh
D = The summit ridge
E = Ben More summit
F = A'Chioch summit
G = Head of the Sleibhte Coire
H = Western outlet of Glen More

To Climb, or Not to Climb?

With heavy squalls blowing against the tent, Monday night proved somewhat sleepless, and a grey dawn showed only the base of Ben More visible across the slaty waters of the wind-whipped loch. During breakfast eyes turned frequently to the mountain. Surely the clouds were lifting a little, weren't they? Is the wind now quite so strong? At least it is not raining, not like yesterday. We sought to reassure ourselves. Would it be safe? What is the sensible decision . . . to stay? Right, we go; who is going? Robin was game, so was Dick Perry. Joyce preferred to stay and wisely have a quiet day, while Robert had other fun in mind. What a day for crossing the narrow strait of water to Iona in the open boat which passes for a ferry!

The Ascent

We left camp at ten o'clock, clad in all we could spare with towels as scarves around our necks, and leaning against the blast of wind which seemed to be coming down from the mountain. She was going to fight us off if she could, and although as we walked round the head of the loch she began to lift her veil of cloud, she kept her face coyly hidden. If it is difficult to stand at sea level, what will it be like at 2,000 ft, let alone the 3,169 ft of the summit?

We left the road past a sheep farm, so typical of Mull, passing the time of day with the shepherds as they penned their sheep for shearing, and then gingerly we picked our

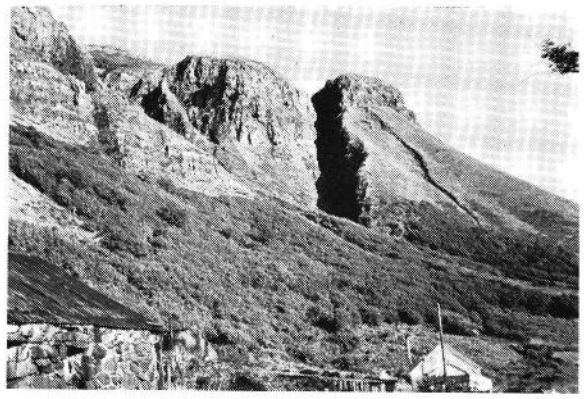
way across an equally typical bog beside a torrent before moving on to the south-western spur of the mountain, Am Binnein. By eleven-thirty we had reached this 1,200 ft threshold, snatching for breath in the face of the gale and our poor physical condition, and each secretly wondering at the impulse that drove us on.

To our surprise, after this point the higher we climbed the more the wind dropped and the cloud lifted. By now legs and lungs were attuned and it was a delight to scramble on the springing heather and grey-green alpine grass, turning every now and then to look at the ever-increasing view. There beside the old barn across the loch were the little specks of the Dormobile and the tent, so tiny that there was no sign of Joyce busy about her chores. We learned later that in spite of Robert's powerful binoculars she could not find us either. So like ants we crawled on to the pre-summit step of Maol nan Damh and flopped beside a peaty pool which mirrored the angry sky in its ruffled countenance, our backs resting against a low bluff which sheltered us from the wind. Here we ate: we gorged, we drank, we rested, and as we grew cool we stirred, ready for more.

Above and behind us rose the steep screes of the main summit ridge, so steep that it appeared to be crowding down upon us, loose and forbidding. Again our fears were groundless. The wind fell right away so that there was an unreal calm, the scree was firm and easy to climb and it amused us with its variety of fractured shape and geological origin, although it may be the rucksack carrier was less amused as his load increased with samples. Once the summit ridge was gained it was nothing but a quiet stroll to the peak itself, and it was an odd pleasure to be standing upright once more. At two o'clock our satisfaction was complete; we were within the shelter of the cavernous summit cairn. The central buttress had fallen to us, and as the veil of cloud lifted we could say Mull was ours.

The View

From the top it is easy to distinguish the differing areas of tertiary volcanic scenery. In the west the basaltic extrusions, great sheets of lava in the form of steeply scarped plateaux, stretch away to distant Ardmeanach and the 'Wilderness'. There lies the fabulous fossilised tree sought and found by Dick and Joyce. What we see are huge slab-like terraces rising crag upon crag to some 1,500 ft. Closer at hand and to the east are the plutonic districts where the great volcano once heaved, spat and subsided. Here the mountain slopes reflect the series of ring dikes and masses of intruded magma which were thrust out from a series of centres to the east of what is now Ben More. Ben Buie, formed when basic gabbro was thrust up from deep down, jagged and abrupt, contrasts strongly with the rounded contours of Cruachan Dearg and Corra-bheinn formed from deep acid intrusives. But over it all are the marks of ice. The ice-sheets of some 20,000 years ago have trimmed the majesty of this great volcanic wreck. Four great hollows press backwards into the flanks of Ben More. These giant corries were once the cradles of ice which served the distinctive Mull glacier that once had squatted near where we were standing. Our feet were upon a great pyramid caused by this back-cutting and hollowing, and nearby A'Chioch was another



Gribun Crags

such, but neither could compare with the mighty Cuillin of Skye out of sight away to the north. Large U-shaped valleys have been cut by the ice and to the north-east Glen Clachaig leads into a Glen Cannel so deeply scoured that Loch Ba has resulted, the floor of the loch being some 70 ft below present sea level. Although it is ice erosion which dominates the scenery, here and there in these deep valleys it is possible to detect the presence of superficial deposits left by the ice: mounded boulder clay, hummocky moraines and spreads of outwash gravels.

At our feet lay A'Chioch, joined to us by a rocky spine which fell away on either side in steep concave slopes of scree. Our path ahead looked unpromising. But looking up from that, northward, away cross the dark waters of Loch na Keal we could see the ribbed plateau of the north of the island, with a glimpse of Loch Frisa and of distant Dervaig. We had been there only yesterday, and yet it seemed an age. And there like a backcloth, whenever the low ceiling of cloud did not intrude, was the mainland peninsula of Ardnamurchan. Turning about and looking south, we saw over the grey white-flecked troubled waters of Loch Scridain the long narrow Ross of Mull, stretching interminably westward as if it would be some causeway to the Americas. We remembered that at its end, perhaps being tossed in the Sound of Iona, would be Robert on his lonely pilgrimage. Over beyond the Ross was a litter of islands, Colonsay and Jura among them. What a view!

The Traverse to A'Chioch

Fortified by a ceremonial drink of Martini, we picked our way over the edge and steeply downwards to the striding edge which is the tenuous link with the dual peak of A'Chioch. The rocks proved wet and slippery with occasional long and awkward reaches, all of which was made the more exciting by the knowledge that a sheer drop awaited on either side. As one looked back, Ben More seemed like a great bastion, and ahead the graceful curve to the summit of A'Chioch a most attractive path. We came upon a steep narrow gully which led into the void on our left like some giant chute to the underworld. It was straight-sided, about 5 ft wide and some hundreds of feet deep, and no doubt is an eroded acid dyke. We passed by on the other side and so arrived on the 2,750 ft peak of A'Chioch.

Impressions of Glen More

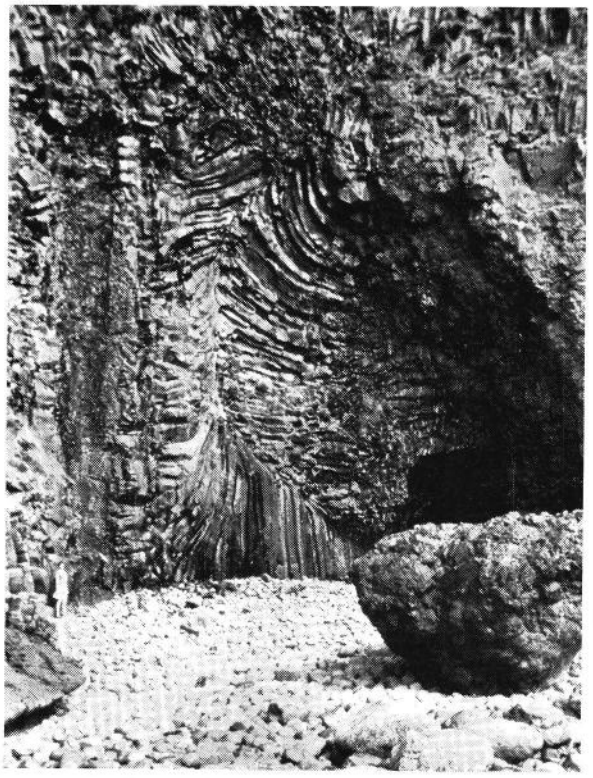
From A'Chioch we could look into the bowels of Glen More, a great glacial trough which penetrates eastward from the head of Loch Scridain. In appalling weather we had motored part way up the previous day, overawed by the gloomy rainswept hillsides all alive with the raging torrents tumbling and glistening from the cloud-encased mountains on either flank. Now we could see the great glen from a distance, still magnificent but now more complete. Occasional patches of sunlight penetrated the gloom, and the interlaced thread of the winding Colladoir and its tributaries glinted where caught by the rays, though still dark and peat-stained. The narrow strip of tarmac which passes for a main road could scarcely be detected, and the line of lonely telegraph poles topped by the occasional miserable buzzard had to be imagined, so distant were they. Closer at hand at the head of the loch the ice-smoothed valley could be seen to be cluttered with a jumble of glacial drift and alluvial terraces, and among it all the converging westward routes picked their way, coming together by the bridge near the mouth of the Colladoir, a bridge we had so gaily struggled across at the outset of our adventure. Everywhere, but never densely, were the woolly white dots which mean so much to the few surviving shepherds whose single-story cottages are spaced infrequently around the head of the loch.

The Return

Our descent was rapid, to say the least, with a helter-skelter scree-run for the first 400 ft down from the summit. As we dropped to the head of the Sleibhte Coir we saw a herd of some thirty deer crossing ahead of us, but they had our wind and were off and away, led by a huge stag, his antlers momentarily silhouetted on the skyline before vanishing among the high crags of Cruachan. We still had seven miles ahead of us, squelching down the coir and then bashing along that ribbon of tarmac that had seemed so far away, but such was the attraction of the meal we knew to be waiting that we made light of the distance. With us was the glow of exercise and the exhilaration of the mountain, and awaiting us was a good tale.

It appeared that in his joy at being offered a lift by the first motorist who passed, Robert had neglected to discover that he was travelling east and not west. It was a little while before he discovered that he was travelling from and not towards Iona. Robert made his goal in the end, somewhat chilled by salt spray and a violent wind. Maybe he ought to have been with us.

The tree Columnar basalt



Marine beach

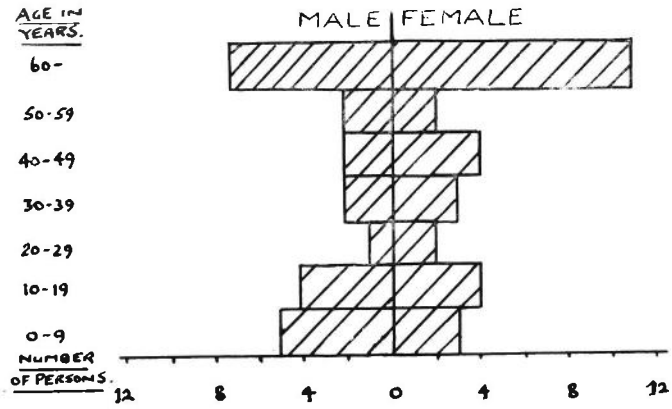
THE FOSSIL TREE OF RUDHA NA H-UAMHA

This tree trunk was discovered 150 years ago by J. Macculloch. It stands upright 40 ft in height, and consists of a hollow cast surrounded by columnar lava. The base of the cast, now capped in protective cement, is infilled with bleached basalt and charred wood and measures five feet across. It is approached over the land of hospitable Duncan MacGilvray, and after a protracted scramble along the rocks at low tide.

Boulder of consolidated ash

SALEN

Martin Lamborn
looks at a Hebridean Community



Population structure of Salen, August 1964
(Sketch map of Salen, page 17)

Introduction

Salen is a village of some 150 people on the east side of Mull facing over the Sound of Mull on to the Scottish mainland. Many of the residents let their cottages out in the summer and live on the proceeds during the winter. Other houses are only inhabited for a few weeks during the summer months and their owners live on the mainland, often in one of the big cities, and come to Salen for a quiet holiday.

The village lies upon the edge of one of the basalt flows. On the northern side are forested peaty soils, and elsewhere soils are poor with often the basalt laid bare by glacial erosion. As a result there is little farming in the immediate vicinity of Salen.

Salen Bay is a small inlet along a structural weakness in the coast and on the northern headland stands the remains of Aros Castle, one mile distant across the Sound from Salen.

RMS *Columba* alongside Craignure Pier



Buildings

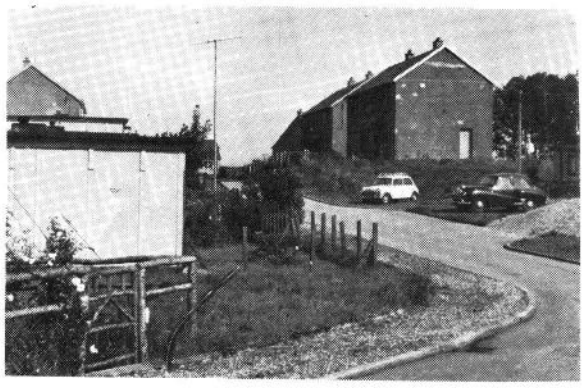
At the road junction in the centre of the village are the three shops and the local church. The Community Hall is just down the road and has a varied use from film shows and dances to public meetings. The lone hotel stands on the Craignure road and owns the cattle grazing along the coast. The police station is a private house on the new housing estate and contains a solitary cell. Salen boasts the only policeman for many miles, but very little trouble occurs in this small community.

The ages of the houses can be divided into two groups, those built before 1900 and those built in the past decade on the new Council Estate. The latter consists of sixteen semi-detached houses and eight prefabs, and nearer the pier six new semi-detached bungalows are being built to rehouse the inhabitants of the prefabs.

Communications

Salen has a small pier and in times past has been served by the steamer services. Today these pass by either to Tobermory, which is ten miles northward up the coast, or to Craignure, the new front door to Mull twelve miles to the south. It will be less easy to rob Salen of her control of the road system, as she lies at the narrow neck of land which separates the deep westward-facing gash of Loch na Keal from the Sound of Mull. Westward from Salen roads radiate out to Iona, thirty-nine miles distant around the bulge of Ben More, and two separate routes to distant Dervaig, one around the rocky coast and the other more directly via Glen Aros. Such is the importance of Salen as a nodal point that while we were there the two petrol pumps in the village both gave out and unhappy drivers had to look to Tobermory in the extreme north or Bunessan near the tip of the Ross of Mull.

Only days before we crossed to the island the RMS *Columba* was brought into service on the new car ferry to Craignure, where a new pier has been built. The cross-



Council Housing — Salen



The roads divide — Salen

ing from Oban takes forty minutes and then the fine modern ferry continues to Lochaline on the mainland before returning to Oban by the same route. Motor-coach services link with the ferry at Craignure and carry passengers and mail on to the main settlements.

Messrs Macbrayne run the island's communications. This is a firm centred on Glasgow and Oban with a near monopoly of the coach, ferry and haulage services in the Western Highlands and Isles.

Many of the people in Salen thought, after only three weeks, that the new coach and ferry service would be extremely beneficial to the island, and the only adverse effect would seem to be the impact upon the Dormobile bus service.

Services

The Red Cross ambulance service seemed to be a talking-point in the village. At Craignure there is no ramp by which a person may be transferred to a boat and in an emergency the victim has to be lowered 40 ft on a stretcher. Often the Sound is too rough to cross to Oban hospital and a few years ago someone died while waiting to cross, so that the Salen doctor's nightmare is an emergency call at night in rough weather. This situation worries the people of Salen.

The local school has two classes each of sixteen pupils, the children coming in each day from the surrounding area. They attend school in Salen until they are eleven and then if they attain a grammar school they go to live on the mainland during the week, returning home only at weekends. There is a non-selective secondary school in Tobermory. The implication of this is that the better educated are early drawn to the mainland either for employment or to depart to a distant university.

In the circumstances the general facilities of Salen are good. Shoe repairs and photographic developing are sent to the mainland, returning in a few days without extra cost. A mobile library visits once a week with a good selection of books.

Although prices of unbranded goods tend to be a penny or so above the mainland equivalents, because of the heavy freight charges, the variety of articles sold in Salen's three general stores is remarkable.

Population

We interviewed some twenty-five different families in their homes and it was unusual not to be invited in and offered a cup of tea. As is the case in most of the outlying regions of Scotland, the over-sixties form 40 per cent of the population, and children under ten form another 15 per cent. There was a noticeable absence of people between the ages of fifteen and twenty-nine.

The top-heaviness of the population diagram can be explained by the fact that Salen cannot offer the young the attractive life of a mainland city. The older folk have either lived on the island all their lives and do not wish leave or are people from the mainland who have come to the village to live the rest of their days in peace.

Employment

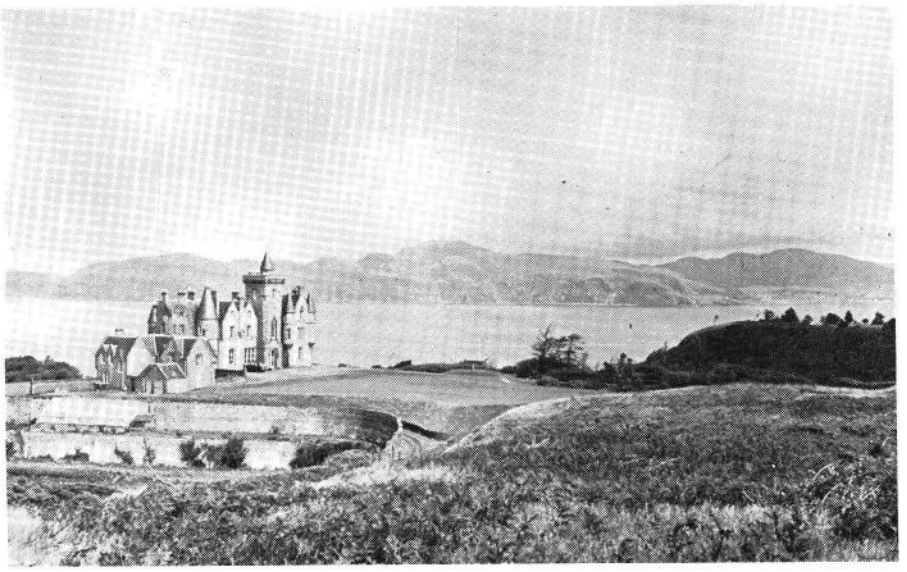
The men of Salen tend to be employed in the general running of the island's services, the common jobs being postman, road-mender and coach driver. The Forestry Commission employ fifty-five men mainly on the eastern side of Mull and some of them come from Salen. Apart from those in the local shops and the café few women are employed outside of their homes, and there are few opportunities for the well-qualified person in Salen.

Conclusion

This little community, situated as it is at an important junction of routes, is likely to retain its function as the regional focus for central Mull with its shops, garages and services. As such it is also a residential centre whose population fluctuations reflect the trends for the island as a whole, and it is likely to remain a village where depopulation is a constant worry with retired people forming a high percentage of the population. The drain of young folk to the mainland is inevitable and an economic boom springing from tourism holds out the only prospect of a check to this. Unfortunately, tourism requires merely a seasonal labour force and can produce little more than seasonally migrant labour. The new ferry may bring new buildings and outward prosperity to Salen, but is unlikely greatly to increase the fully resident population.

Glengorm Reborn, *a description of modern agriculture on the Glengorm Estate*

from material supplied by
Robin Pollard and Gavin Brown



Glengorm Castle with Ardnamurchan in the background

West of Tobermory lies the volcanic plateau region of Mishnish, much dissected by northward-draining glacial overflow channels like some giant ribbed draining board. The greatest of these channels is Glen Gorm, draining into Loch Mingary and separating Mishnish from the even more outlying region of Quinish. This is a bleak land, a nearly deserted land. Geology and meteorology have conspired with man to produce a unique scenery and it is interesting to reflect on which is the dominant partner.

We came to the area to explore. We had no special study topics in mind but were armed with a 6 in Ordnance Survey map based on late nineteenth century surveys and the expectation that changes would be evident. Dick Perry had dumped us near Glengorm Castle and the owner, Mr J. B. Carr, permitted us to camp within sight of the turrets and spires of his fairy-like nineteenth century home. It was soon apparent that the 5,000-acre estate and the development work being attempted by its new and energetic owner would hold the key to a fuller knowledge of the region.

Glengorm Estate as we found it

The estate lies mainly to the east of Glen Gorm astride a series of the more sheltered glacial channels, each with its stream and bog. The plateau-like strips of lava flow stand out as giant fingers, steep-scarped and stepped but never really high. The tertiary basalts are everywhere, if not as flows then as innumerable interfering upthrusting dykes which have provided the weakness and excuse for erosion. This geological uniformity leads to first impressions of monotony, a monotony not relieved by the wind-dominated vegetation; but it is a monotony which hides a wealth of detail, and a monotony with a lonely majesty.

Mr Carr accepted the challenge of these 5,000 wild acres only two years ago, bringing with him expert knowledge, the latest equipment and much-needed capital. Already there have been many changes but there are more in prospect. Approximately 800 acres of good pasture and 150 acres of arable land are in use and the acreages are being extended steadily. The pasture divides equally be-

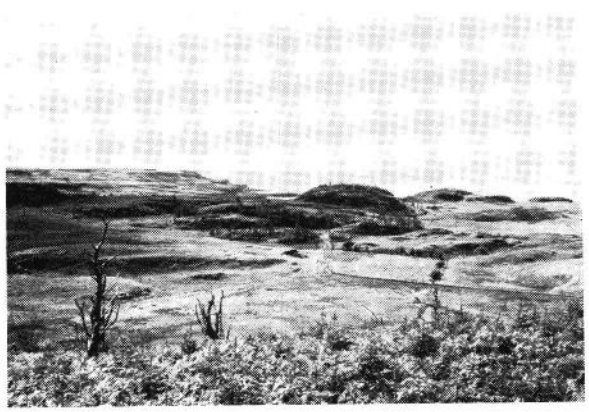
tween lowland and rough hill pasture. Of the arable land fifty-eight acres were under crops, sixteen acres of oats in receipt of a Government subsidy, thirty-eight acres seeded for silage and consisting of ryegrass, oats, barley and vetches, and four acres divided equally between potatoes and swedes. A further forty-two acres had been seeded for hay which, depending upon next summer's weather, may have to be used for silage.

Assisting Mr Carr are three men, including a shepherd, and one woman. This is a surprisingly light labour force for an estate of this size when it is remembered that from December to April it may take two men all morning to feed and inspect the cows and calves. The Government beef subsidy means that meat comes before milk and of the forty-eight calves, thirty-eight were due to be sold in the autumn The shepherd has charge of 1,600 sheep, and at shearing time the shepherds of the region come together in rotation to help each other in their mammoth and skilled task. Some 400 sheep were to be sold in the autumn, together with an anticipated 4,500 lb. of wool.

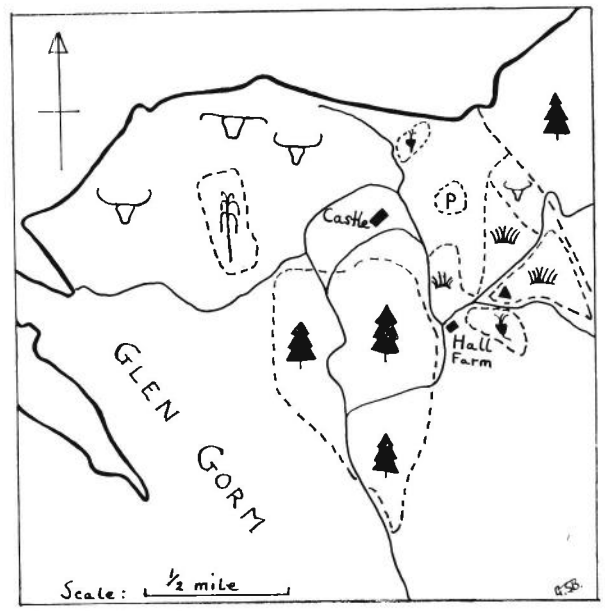
The sheep graze the heather-covered plateaux and to facilitate this in March and April, when the driest weather can be expected, large areas of heather and bracken are burnt so that tender young shoots may be encouraged. The most adequate rainfall ensures abundant sheep pasture in spite of moderate soils, but cattle tend to be less fortunate. During the long slow-growing winter months the latter are each fed about 2 lb of concentrates and 20 lb of silage a day as an additional source of nourishment. The maritime situation ensures that there need be few fears from extreme frost and even snow is rarely a problem, but the equinoctial gales and driving rain must be a source of misery to which the animals must become adapted.

Glengorm Estate as it was

Both castle and estate are nineteenth century creations and are part and parcel of the social upheavals attendant upon the destruction of traditional crofting and the exodus of the tenant crofters. Great acreages were under forest and remained so until ravaged after the death of Miss Lithgow to meet the demands of Scottish coal mining. Those patches left uncleared have since decayed, unable to withstand the gales and sea air, and so today in the waste



The Estate north west from the castle



part of GLENGORM ESTATE

grass for silage
pasture for cattle
P potato crop
swede crop
location of campsite
oat crop
forestry
main tracks
coastline

areas there remains a jumble of deathly shapes which is all that is left of a fine forest. Eight years ago 1,350 acres of the original estate were purchased by the Forestry Commission and planted with conifers, but aside from this activity little reafforestation has been attempted. The timber had provided natural regeneration of the soil, and this is now lacking. An annual rainfall of 73 in produces heavy leaching and the glacial deposits show typical podsol characteristics, acid and peaty.

The deer were much in evidence in the past and hunting was important, so that large stables and kennels adjoin the castle. It is said that only two years ago as many as 700 deer roamed freely over Mull, consuming crops and pastures, and then swimming to the next island in search of food.

Vested interests and counter-attractions have removed the deer and also the sturdy peasant crofters who had tended their precarious plots for centuries, and so in turn taxation has removed the dispossessing landlords. Yet others continue the struggle for existence in the face of age-old problems.

The Problems

Mention has already been made of many of the difficulties. The inferior leached basaltic soils are a continuing disincentive, and the relief itself has a marked impact. There is a striking north-west alignment of the country, with the parallel plateau ridges rising to nearly 1,000 ft and stepping steeply down into deeply trenched north-

west-draining valleys. These valleys channel communications within the estate, making them difficult. The tractors and tracks need to cling to the contours, with Mr Carr's amazing little light truck alone able to go where it will, clinging with its four-wheel drive to the hillsides. Superficial deposits of boulder clay, hummocky moraines, and river alluvium cause local variation in farming potential. Spreads of raised beach gravels are to be found between sea and hill, and peat extends along many of the valleys and level terraces of the basaltic plateaux. Thus, although the drainage of the area has been guided by the lines of weakening dykes, the impact of the underlying rocks is less marked in other respects because of the superficial deposits.

Every effort is being made to up-grade the more favourable of these deposits by the use of large quantities of fertiliser. A minimum of two tons of lime per acre has been applied in the last couple of years, together with half to one ton of phosphates in the form of basic slag, and three hundredweight of compound quick-acting fertilisers. Such efforts to improve arable yields and the quality of pasture would have been beyond the wild imaginings of the old crofters, dependent as they were upon the meagre offerings of the animals and upon seaweed.

The crofters consumed all that they produced or fished and had no problem of markets or communications. For a modern farmer on Mull the problem is acute. There are very few large towns on the west coast north of Glasgow, and Oban assumes a dominating role. The cost of shipping cattle is high, yet the certainty of obtaining a good price at Oban is not good, being entirely at the whim of some southern dealer. What farmer can afford to return unsold stock to his island? Because of this Mr Carr is not only building up his 'store stock', cattle which are fattened on the mainland before slaughter, but he is so improving his pastures that the quality of his beasts as well as their quantity will ensure an adequate profit to offset the high freight costs.

This problem of distance and isolation is one which affects the provision of farm labour. Few men are prepared to live for long in the distant wastes of northern Mull away from friends and entertainments, and away from the opportunity of competing employment. Thus it is that skilled and dedicated workers are invaluable and it is surprising that they exist at all. Their loyalty and love for their work transcends these other pressures. It is these few, primarily shepherds, who maintain the fight against the old factors of the environment and against modern economic pressures, and it is they who must be equally skilled with the lives of animals and with tractors. There is one vet on the island, but spare parts must travel from Glasgow or from England.

Life on Glengorm

The traveller arrives with the consent of David Macbrayne. This shipping firm controls the road to the Isles by its inevitable monopoly, and increasingly tourist competes with farmer for its favours. Indeed, the new car ferry RMS *Columba* is designed to carry cattle or cars, and both in great numbers.

In appearance Glengorm Castle, built in 1860 and already with many owners, could have come from the pages of Grimm. Its fairy turrets command a fine view of Ardnamurchan to the north, with away to the north-west in a great ring Tiree, Coll, North and South Uist, Canna, Rumm, Eigg and parts of Skye. Its windows blaze with the setting sun and, perhaps less brilliantly, with the efforts of a deisel engine and dynamo. Outlying cottages must make do with the ubiquitous bottled gas which is as much the life-blood for the islanders as ever the whisky from the now closed distillery must have been.

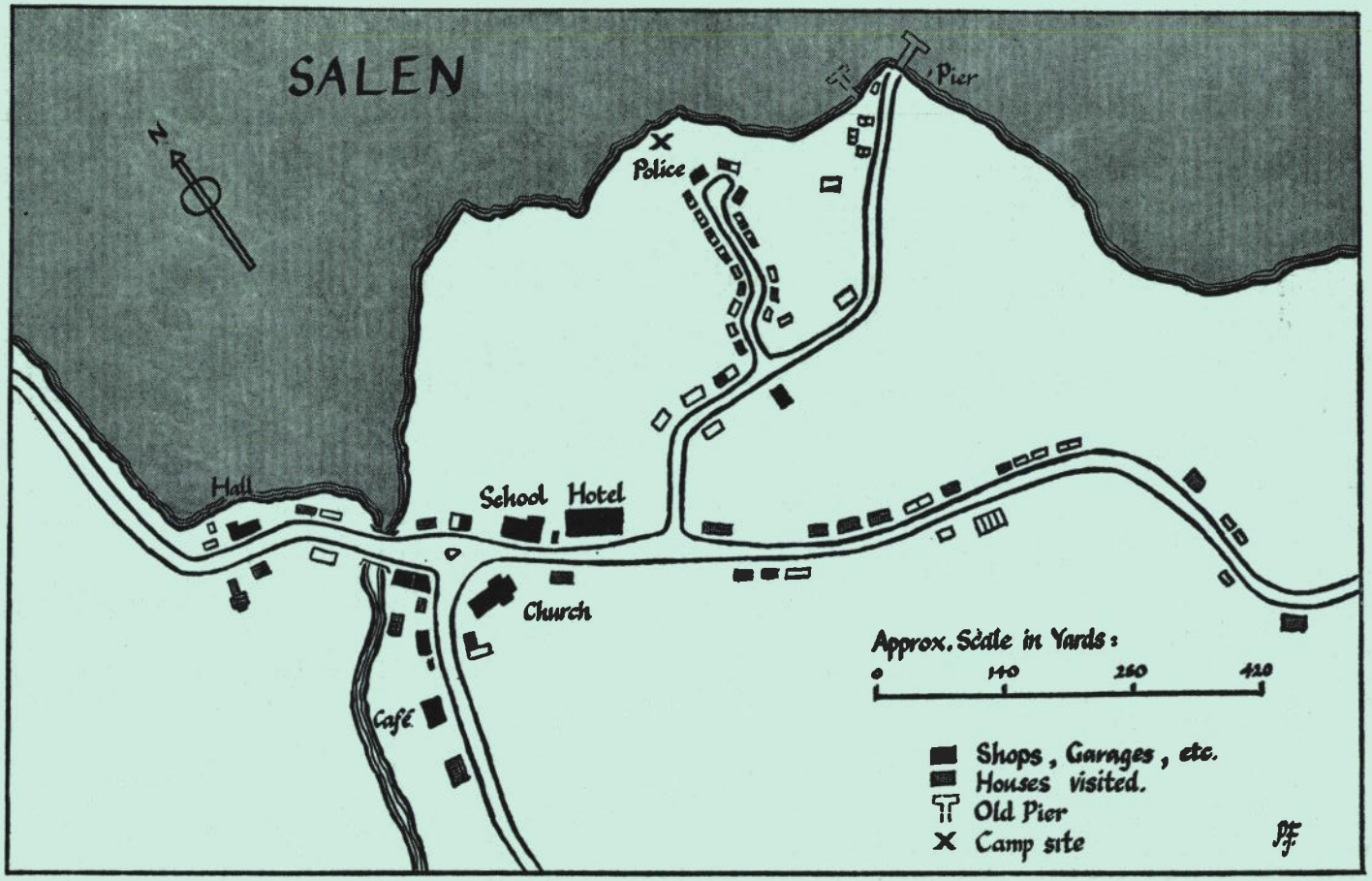
What is there to do when work is done? For us, bred in the ways of townsmen, nothing. For the folk on the estate there is the trip into Tobermory every Saturday with Mr Carr, to meet friends there and talk, and return laden with the thoughts and provisions for a week. There is the freedom of the rolling heather, the talk of the birds and the mind, the sometimes cruel mind of the wind: and then there is work, just as there has always been.



Glengorm encampment

Prospects and Plans

While Fran, Jeffrey, Martin and Michael look forward to pleasing the examiners with their original essays which they will be submitting, the lure of the island is such, and the untouched topics so many, that already plans for the 1965 expedition are in hand, and it looks as if twice as many will be going. It will be the turn of the south of the island to come under scrutiny, and maybe more southerly Jura and Islay in addition.


SALEN
N
Pier
Police
Hall
School
Hotel
Church
Café
Approx. Scale in Yards:
0
140
280
420
Shops, Garages, etc.
Houses visited.
Old Pier
Camp site

Distraction

'Glory be to God — for things . . .'
And through tall arches of diamond panes
Soft streams the dappled light.
Pied is the church, pied the people
Carried away by words that weep and do not know it.
No matter the word, nor the name
Of its spring : the sorrow is the same.
'. . . for landscape plotted, fallow and plough . . .'
Streaked stooks, straw stalked,
Straggle unsteadily to the sky,
Away through fields where chaff drifts blow.
'Praise Him' — nor reason why.
The light is warm,
Freckled and veil-thin.
The preacher is to the pulpit dumb;
The wild wind wandering, wavers on.
'Let us pray.'
— whisper, 'Amen.'

SARAH HUTTON 5X

'Man Mod'

When and how men may survive
  Atomic thunders, is beyond all
Comprehensions of the sane alive.
  The dead will know, secrets untold
Unless to dead, and then too late.
  Man never knows how to avoid
Unmerciful unforgiving fate.

Bangs and rattles rule dreams
  Of mind-muddled man.
Railway axes cut no sound,
  Airways boom through sky, and sky
Holds much and more,
  An age old wonder, love of music, is
Bent into a yearning lust :
  Scenery is noise, noise scenery,
Peace is only in the frightening
  Underwheeled torture of Death.

STEPHEN TIMPSON 6_1

Me and It

It scowled, it growled
It looked at me,
It backed, it turned
Away from me.
As if in pain, as if in doubt
It gazed at me imploringly.
Wonderingly I patted it,
Gently, slowly, gingerly.
Suddenly it smiled at me
And shyly we were friends.

ROSEMARY MONTFORD 3X

Road Hogs

Road hogs,
Dead dogs,
Dead men,
Poised pen —
'Regret to say
The death announced . . .'
Overtaking — unannounced.

JULIET HEARN 4Y

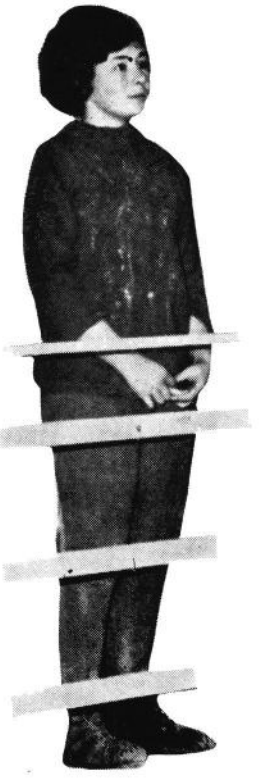
THE LARK by Jean Anouilh

in a translation by Christopher Fry

Directed by Kenneth Whitlow

Performed on 19th, 20th and 21st December 1964

In The Lark *the actors are searching for the truth about Joan. Sometimes they are, like the audience, watching events happen over which they have no control, and sometimes they are taking part in these events.*



Cast

Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick	John Shippey
Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais	Donald Maxwell
Joan	Susan Eiles
Her Father	Paul Price-Smith
Her Mother	Joanna Wild
Her Brother	Simon Crowe
The Promoter	Bernard Dutton
The Inquisitor	John Lucas
Brother Ladvenu	Jeremy Buncombe
Robert De Baudricourt	Jeremy Shearmur
Agnes Sorel, The Dauphin's Mistress	Diana Smith
The Young Queen	Jacqueline Steger
Charles, The Dauphin	Rufus Miles
Yolande, The Young Queen's Mother	Rachel Eden
Ladies In Waiting	Susan Mitchell, Helen Boggis
Archbishop of Rheims	Philip Webb
M de la Tremouille	John Hill
Captain la Hire	John Simons
Public Executioner	Gavin Brown
French Soldiers	John Toplis, Jonathan Glossop
English Soldier	John Wigham

The story of Joan of Arc provides fine dramatic material, as Shaw and others have shown us before now. Anouilh uses the trial as a focus and from the start we know, and all the chief participants explain, that we are about to see how the end has been reached in the events that have gone before. The high drama of trial, sentence, imprisonment and martyrdom is interspersed with Joan's struggles with her parents, with the squire of Vaucouleurs who first gave her a horse and men, with the Dauphin and with some of her soldiers. Beyond this is the conflict of a simple-minded girl whose peasant vision and faith range the power, learning and compassion of the Church against her. The saviour of France was a heretic in her time who later, ironically, became a saint, but who, for Shaw and Anouilh, remained a peasant and a person.

Those who try Joan contribute to the argument. The Promoter, a reactionary and a fanatic, sees Joan's proclamations and acts as the work of a real and powerful Devil. Cauchon, the Bishop of Beauvais, wishes to save Joan's soul and has the com-

Cauchon The Inquisitor



passion to see her purity and the dangers it places her in. The Inquisitor detects the independent human spirit as an adversary to God — ' man, calm and transparent as he is, frightens me far more.' *The Lark* is not just an evening's entertainment, but a play of shades and subtleties and, at all points, of considerable dramatic power.

Kenneth Whitlow's production dealt with the technical difficulties of flashbacks and changing locality with admirable simplicity in a single set. The properties were few, relevant and significant. The lighting was unobtrusively effective and the costumes excellent, both individually and in the collective colour groupings and contexts. The stage, even with its apron, is not large, and the movement was well conceived; such impressions of spaciousness as could be contrived were achieved.

Many of the characters require mature dramatic skill. While La Hire is a crude soldier smelling of wine, sweat and onions, and Joan's father is a peasant anxious about his daughter's virtue and readiness for work, Cauchon, the Earl of Warwick, the Dauphin, the Inquisitor, Agnes Sorel the Dauphin's mistress and many other parts in a long cast are not men or women of one characteristic. The dialogue is literate, elegant, argued. Understanding the dialogue is one instrument in realising a character on the stage; speaking it with clarity and dramatic power is a second; and a third is bringing these two together in a deeply felt personal experience. Everyone in this production spoke with evident understanding of the dialogue, and they deserve congratulations on the feat of memory involved, particularly Joan (Susan Eiles). However, with few exceptions the full dramatic power of the dialogue was not realised — words were spoken too casually, even inaudibly, and the dramatic temperature was thereby drastically lowered. If the attention to confident and effective speaking had been equal to that shown in the rest of the production this would have made a good achievement into a remarkable experience for audience and cast alike.

Susan Eiles had a directness of appeal which communicated itself. The deeper layer of magnetic stillness which is somewhere in the part is perhaps too difficult to reach, but Susan held the play together with her transparent sincerity. Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais, is another whose authority has to command the stage and in this Donald Maxwell was too subdued, although he looked finely. Compassion, command, severity and serenity are difficult qualities to combine and Cauchon requires them all. John Lucas gave an excellent performance as the Inquisitor — above all he *did* know what weight to give to his words and the impression he gave of an austere and intense servant of the Church was very well conceived and brought off. In a different vein Agnes Sorel (Diana Smith) gave us a good interpretation of the Dauphin's shrewd and sophisticated mistress. What a pity that Rufus Miles as the Dauphin did not speak loud enough or clearly enough to enable the audience to share fully his intelligent understanding of the part.

One would like to mention everyone by name but that is impossible. The producer, his cast and his helpers deserve our thanks for giving us so interesting and difficult a play.

W. A. Campbell Stewart

I'll Never Be an Actor

I was once in a school play which was organised by the boys. I never want to be in one again. We were told what we had to do. I got all mixed up about which lines I was to say so I never got set about learning my part.

There was no rehearsal. When the time came for the play to go on stage I still didn't know what I was supposed to say and nobody else did either. I not only didn't know my lines, I didn't know what to do or when to go on stage. I started to go on stage but I found that someone else was doing the part I thought might be mine so I tried again and this time I managed to do an act but it was the wrong act and it was somebody else's part and now nobody else knew what to do or say and the one whose part I took didn't know my part at all so he had no idea when to come in. In any case I hadn't learnt it and I got the words wrong and then they had to stop the play and I decided to give up.

You should have seen the English master's face!

BILL WEST 1X

Got a Date!

The clock ticked . . . quite peacefully, as if it were completely unaware of the stir it was causing.

She paced up and down, glancing at it every two seconds. Only another five minutes and then he would be here, and she would have to undergo that terrible torture all over again.

Last time she had nearly killed him; what would happen this time? If only, if only it were all over and she could relax once more. The humiliation — she just couldn't stand any more! This time she'd tell him and show him how strong she was — tell him that she wouldn't see him again.

A furtive glance at the clock showed her that there were still two minutes to go. What would she do if he were late?

'Oh God,' she thought, 'help me, please help me!'

She could just imagine the look on his face. . . . Then she heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel outside. The doorbell rang — she flew to answer it.

'Good afternoon, Miss Smith, ready for your driving-lesson?'

SUSAN MITCHELL 6_2

Boarders and Day Scholars

The main article on this page was written by a senior boy who grew up with the difficulty many day scholars have of settling into the life of a boarding school. It has already caused a good deal of discussion amongst those who have seen it; many day scholars and day scholar parents recognise the experience it describes. It is not the experience of all day scholars, or even of all forms. That three of our recent Head Boys came to the School as day scholars shows how central a part in school life day scholars can play.

In the School there is a clear division between the day scholars and the boarders. It is in the lower half of the School that this division is most noticeable, and it is there that it has its greatest effect, an effect which is often harmful. In fact in a great number of cases it drives the younger day scholar away from School, where he feels he is not wanted, to the comfort of his own home. In this way he misses the evening activities and the companionship of people of his own age.

In my experience as a day boy, a young day scholar who wishes to stay after school hours can find it difficult to do so as many of the boarders will treat him badly and make him feel unwanted. In fact very few of those who live near enough to do so stay on after school hours, and fewer still stay to tea, prep and evening activities. It is only obstinacy, boredom with what is at home, or sheer determination to mix in with the boarder group because he feels out of place in the day-scholar group, that will make him persevere. If for one or more of these reasons he has decided to stay, he will have great difficulty in sticking to his decision. He will soon meet with remarks such as 'Don't take our tack — go home; you can have as much as you want there' or 'Don't use our table-tennis table. We pay for what we get at this School; it isn't fair for you to use it when you can go home and watch TV. This is all we've got to do in the evenings'. He will meet many similar arguments, which at the time seem unanswerable, and though petty and misinformed they may have a profound effect on any but the least sensitive day scholar. If he is persistent, and if he breaks through the barrier, he will still see this happening to other day scholars and will find it difficult to know which side to take, whether to side with the boarders and be safe, or to side with the day scholars whose feelings he only too well understands. Added to this is the feeling of being alone against the rest.

Many boarders are not fully aware of the situation. But to a young boy it can be very painful; he feels lonely and sad, just not wanted.

There are many reasons for this division. Boarders arrive at school a day before day scholars, who seem to intrude upon them the following day. A day scholar does not share the life of a boarder; he does not sleep with him or eat with him, and it is at these times that the boarders get to know each other and become a group. A day scholar, even if he wishes to be with the boarders, cannot be with them at these important times. The average day scholar in the junior forms is only on the premises

during working hours — a quarter of the time a boarder spends in the School, and this is obviously a natural barrier. In addition, many day scholars have a genuine conflict of interests and loyalties between home and School.

This division need not be as marked in this School as it is at present. Many day scholars have broken through the barrier and have been accepted into all school activities. They have been very active members (and even secretaries) of school societies, had major parts in school plays, been prefects, been members of school musical groups, orchestras and choirs. Most of this, it is true, happens when they are in the older end of the School. If more day scholars in the Middle and Junior School joined in the social life of their forms despite the opposition they might meet, boarders would come to accept the fact of their presence and both sides would be able to enjoy school life more.

It is for the day scholars to initiate the move for a closer relationship, and the boarders must give them the chance. For the day scholar who wishes, right from the start, to enter fully into the social side, this division is a real barrier to his happiness in the Junior School. The division will inevitably exist, but it can and should be reduced to a minimum.

And a day girl, now in the Middle School, writes . . .

My first term started badly with my arriving two weeks after everyone else, and having to learn the names of the rest of the form after they had known each other for a while. However, I had the advantages of knowing several people already from my last school, and of living near enough to school to be able to be there almost any time. I was also lucky in my form, who were all easy to get on with if you yourself made the effort.

Now I stay to prep, go to entertainments and dances, and have most of the advantages of boarder life as well as those of a day scholar — that is, I join fully in all school activities, as well as having a family life. This is obviously more difficult or even impossible for day scholars who live out of Saffron Walden, but many could make more effort than they do to join in school activities.

Kenneth Nicholson, the Headmaster, comments . . .

I welcome discussion in *The Avenue* of subjects like this which have a considerable effect on school life. No such subject causes me more concern than this one. The ' difference ' between boarder and day scholar in theory does not exist and in practice should not. It is created through prejudice. We have no right to open our mouths on the subject of racial prejudice when we create our own brand of the same disease in our own straightforward community. It appears, however, that no amount of preaching, no amount of putting over the simple facts, affects the situation. I have said more than once that we owe a great deal to our day scholars; I have given the concrete instance that without them we should never have had our new wing. But the prejudice persists, and will do so until the School as a whole decides that this is an unworthy habit of thought and that it should end.

Games Reports

January to December 1964

Hockey

Boys

This was the most successful season of hockey the boys have had since the game was introduced as a major game on the boys' side in the Spring Term of 1961 by Mr Cadman. We ought to take this opportunity to thank Mr Cadman for all he has done for hockey in the School, and to congratulate him on his inclusion in the British Olympic hockey team at Tokyo. Except in its 'demonstration' match against the Hockey Association our First XI were unbeaten until their last game of the season. They went down before Chelmsford. Perhaps our best games were those against Alleynes and Hitchin, Hitchin having beaten us 10—nil the year before. This year both games were drawn, though Hitchin were able to equalise only in the closing minutes.

At the beginning of the season our strongest feature was solidity in defence, but the inside forwards improved throughout the season and the team became less disjointed. From a group of eleven people with little more than enthusiasm the team developed into a good hockey side.

The team was also a young one and should therefore be even stronger next year. Donald Maxwell and Gavin Brown have both played county hockey and will both be playing for the School next season. Among those with full colours these two and Martin Lamborn and Steve Timpson will all be staying on.

P.A.

Girls

In the Spring Term most of our First XI matches were cancelled owing to illnesses and bad weather. We played four games, three of which we won.

This autumn we have done better; nine matches altogether, of which we won four, lost four and drew one — with twenty-two goals for and eighteen against us. We also played a match against a mixed Staff XI which proved to be highly dangerous. In fact they were so fierce that our goal-keeper was forced to retreat behind the goal. Neither team escaped without injuries; but ours were the heavier — we lost 10—3! Apart from casualties suffered in this particular conflict our team was beset by injuries throughout the term and Anne Vine, though not officially a member of the team, has played (very well) in nearly every match.

The autumn's Under-fifteen team was drawn mainly from the Fourth Form. Even so they have not had a very successful season — one match won, one drawn and two lost. But they have recently trained most rigorously; so much so that they now feel fitter for rugger than hockey! They had only one casualty — a lucky one, as it turned out. Sue Garrod stained a muscle; a girl from the opposing school stood in for her and promptly scored for us the equalising goal!

First XI players: Diana Smith; Joanna Wild (captain), Susan Eiles; Bridget Stables, Judith Heyes, Sarah Mays; Judy Phillips, Sheila Metson, Barbara Allison, Barbara Burtt, Jane Monk. Also played: Anne Vine, Judy Hill and Rachel Eden.

Under-fifteen players: Judy Kemp, Penny Barnard, Sue Garrod, Trudy Wallis, Miranda Kennett, Leslie Donald, Sally Richmond, Bridget Wigham, Jenifer McClelland, Hilary Bullman and Sue Aves. Also played: Helen Adler, Eleni Lake and Hazel Bale.

Our thanks to Mrs Cadman for all she has done for PE in the School, and to Miss Allen who has succeeded her.

JOANNA WILD AND HILARY BULLMAN

Athletics

Boys and Girls

The season had a promising start for the girls when the addition of 'athletics shorts — optional' to the girls' clothing list produced an abundance of such shorts. The turnout at training sessions (by both sexes) was remarkably improved. But Sports Day was unfortunately wet and overcast, making conditions very difficult. In consequence only one record was broken: Ruth Brand raised the Senior Girls' Discus record from 67 ft to 76 ft 11 in. An encouraging feature of Sports Day was the performance of the Mennell girls' team, which reached the top after a long period in the doldrums. Jan Hopkins must be given credit for this

as she got together a very enthusiastic team which finished the afternoon by winning the Senior Girls' Relay.

However, the fruits of our increased vigour appeared most when a large number of athletes went to the Mid-Essex Sports. The girls alone scored two seconds, three thirds and four fourths. (What happened to that First?) Heywood, in the Under-thirteen Boys' 100 yards, reached the last six, out of seventy-two entries. Of the competitors who went to these Sports, McLean, Hale, Maxwell D., Heather Bissenden and Jan Hopkins were selected for the Essex Championships at Southend. All did well, particularly Heather Bissenden, who came fourth in the Junior Discus. Jan Hopkins, reaching the 220 yards final, and Paul McLean, who was second in the 440 yards, were unfortunate not to be selected for the Essex team at the National Sports.

Generally speaking, a high standard was attained in most fields before either the season, or the elastic in the shorts, came to an end.

J.F.C. AND DIANA SMITH

Rounders

We played some enjoyable matches. Six were arranged, two of which were cancelled. We lost the first two matches, but redemeed ourselves by winning the next two.

The team: Alison Thompson, Heather Bissenden, Helen Adler, Jane Carlton Smith, Rosemary Montford, Nancy Ayton, Miranda Kennett, Susan Aves, Ruth Bradley and Polly Headley, who was reserve.

SUSAN AVES

Netball

This term we have played three junior teams, and although we have not been very successful we have played enthusiastically. Now that we have established Under-fifteen, Under-fourteen and Under-thirteen teams, we are looking forward to a fuller fixture list in the second half of the season.

RESULTS

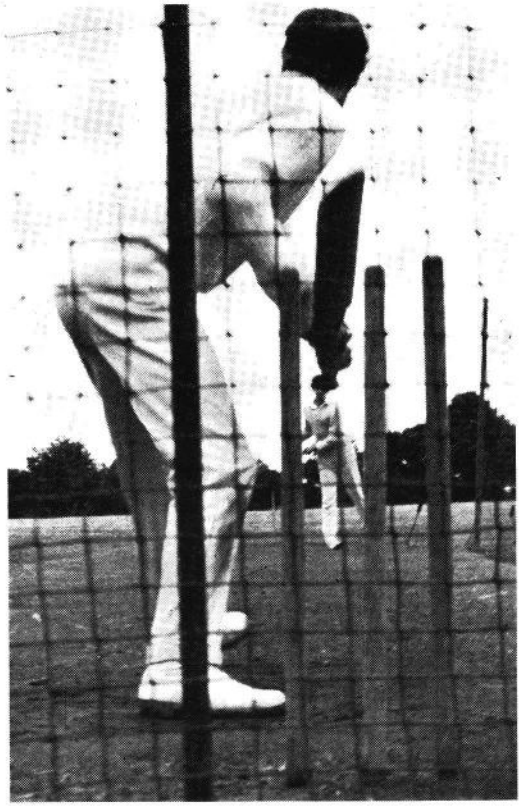
Under-fifteen team		
SW County High	Lost	26 — 19
Hadham Hall	Lost	25 — 19
SW County High	Won	29 — 17
Under-fourteen team		
SW County High	Lost	19 — 13
Hadham Hall	Won	30 — 1
SW County High	Lost	22 — 15
Under-thirteen team		
SW County High	Lost	21 — 13

M.C.P.

Cross-country

Strongly blew the wind, and slowly
Runners gathered round the line,
Numbers on their backs and shirtfronts,
Jones is last; he's cut it fine.
Swiftly running over gravel,
Past the San. and round the Stone,
Through the gate and round the potholes,
Two in sight, the leader's gone.
Past the muddy, slimy footpaths,
Over landscape ploughed and bare,
Cut the corner, mind the tree-stump,
Jump the puddle, dodge the snare.
Running past the farmyard entrance,
Curving round the slippery bend,
Keep your feet and crest the hilltop,
Harder! Harder! It must end!
Tearing over rock and pebble,
Quicker! Quicker! Hard and fast,
Steeling heart and nerve and sinew,
Faster! Faster! You're not last!
Round the hillside green and sylvan,
Through the copse and o'er the brook,
Plunge through briars, gorse and thistle,
Pass the glade, no second look!
Scramble up the slope so painful,
Climb with muscles fit to break;
Clear the briars, clear the roadway,
There two are! Now overtake!
Run, oh run; that painful moment,
Seconds drag into long hours,
Now you're past, so free and easy,
Over there a chalk crag towers.
Climb that crag to easy running,
Mount the top and round the bend,
Run, oh demon, run, oh Master,
Run, oh run, you're near the end!
Through the copse with fleeting footstep,
O'er the ditch and past the tree,
O'er that muddy, slimy footpath;
There's the end! Oh see, man, see!
Pass the San., the Stone, the tennis,
Pass the courts and pitches bare,
One more bend and one more runner,
Pass him, *pass* him, he's just there!
Past the labs and past the netting,
Gone the seats, so run, man, run!
Slowly, slowly, overhaul him,
Then at last, dead tired, you've won!

PHILIP WEBB 5Y



Cricket

First XI

The season has been one of good wickets and high scores. Of the nine games played, only once did the team fail to make 100. The two games with Newport GS were both lost, but with very close finishes. The match with Bishop's Stortford College was another close finish; with one wicket to fall we needed only twelve runs to win at the end of the game. During the season our fielding, especially dropped catches, has badly let us down. In batting, M. Lamborn, P. Allen, G. Brown and J. Wallis have scored fifties, while P. Allen and M. Willcock have each taken five wickets in an innings, the former three times. M. Duffill has kept wicket extremely capably and batted well, only failing to reach double figures once. Although the last two games of the season were won, and five lost, the season was enjoyed by all and there were some extremely good games.

Those who played in addition to the above: A. Norton, S. Barker, P. Hanson, P. Headley, D. Hale, J. Lister and J. Shippey.

Colours are held by: P. Allen, M. Duffill and M. Lamborn.

Half colours are held by: G. Brown, A. Norton, J. Wallis and M. Willcock.

Games: nine. Won: two. Lost: five. Drawn: two.

BATTING

Name	Games	Inns	TNO	Runs	HS	Av
Lamborn	8	8	0	184	55	25.5
Duffill	9	9	1	178	34	22.25
Allen	9	9	1	177	64	22.1

BOWLING

Name	O	M	R	W	Av
Allen	120	27	346	33	10.5
Brown	32.5	6	109	8	13.6
Willcock	76	15	205	13	15.8

CATCHES

Willcock — five. Duffill — four. Brown — three.

MARTIN LAMBORN

Second XI

An epic — almost Homeric — aura surrounded the exertions of the Second XI.

Against Harlow: match lost — FSSW 71; Harlow 73 for 3.

Against Fyfield: match won — Fyfield 70; FSSW 74 for 9.

The gods clearly lent their aid impartially.

But mark what follows:

Against the Staff: the Staff 211 for 9 (Mr Allen 157); the Second XI 38.

Let the Staff remember — 'those whom the gods love die young.'

Under-fourteen XI

Games: ten. Won: one. Lost: seven. Drawn: two.

BATTING

Name	Games	Inns	TNO	Runs	HS	Av
Willis	10	10	1	95	37	10.56
Hindle	8	8	0	48	31	6.0
Miller	10	10	1	52	28	5.99

BOWLING

Name	O	M	R	W	Av
McLennan	104.1	26	176	31	5.68
Shepherd	67.1	14	174	16	10.88
Maxwell	16	5	47	4	11.75

CATCHES

Willis — five. Maxwell — four. Miller — three. McLennan — three.

Bats' Cricket Club Week

Under their new name, the Bats' Cricket Club again had an enjoyable week's cricket plus the newly innovated golf tournament on the first Thursday. A good turnout of members ensured the smooth running of the teams.

The results speak for themselves. The new fixture against the President's XI and the match with the Hoboes proved especially enjoyable occurrences. The victory against O. Weaver's XI was particularly encouraging, and the party given afterwards by the visiting captain at his home was a great success. J.F.C.

Tennis

Boys

Although boys' tennis is not treated by the School with the serious enthusiasm the world's greatest game deserves, the performance of our few accomplished players this year was most encouraging. Our first match was against an experienced team from Felsted which was lost 4—5 after an exciting three-set decider which just escaped the grasp of our second pair (Paul Tinnion and Robin Pollard). The second match was a smashing 7—2 victory over Newport GS. But between these two matches the School gained the prestige of winning both singles and doubles events of the Hospital Cup (an open tournament played by the tennis clubs of the Saffron Walden area). Martin Lamborn overcame his opponent in the final after dropping a set and then he and Owen Powell beat the previous champions in the doubles final. For this Martin and Owen were awarded colours — the first to be given for boys' tennis.

OWEN POWELL

Girls

Considering how much the membership of our teams varied (owing to GCE pressures and the Pyrenees trip), we had a moderately successful season.

The First VI won six out of their nine matches, and had one match cancelled. The Second VI were less fortunate, having three out of their four matches cancelled and losing the fourth.

In all, the standard of play has not been so high this year as it was last. We think this is mainly due to lack of experience, and we hope that the Under-fifteen VI, who have had a very promising season, will produce a much better record as seniors next summer.

The First VI team: Margaret Jameson, Barbara Allison, Barbara Burtt (who were all awarded colours), Anne Ludlow, Helen Boggis, Sheila Metson. Jill Hanson and Valerie Pringle also played.

BARBARA ALLISON

Swimming



Boys

Given the incentive of four matches, interest in swimming improved. We succeeded in beating Chelmsford Swimming Club and having a close and exciting match against Bishop's Stortford College. We lost to Felsted and Granta Swimming Club. Water polo continues to flourish and we look forward to more games.

Our thanks are especially due to Mr Hudson for all the interest and work he had put into the School's swimming since he first came. We also thank Adrian Banfield for his help in recording.

CHRIS JONES

Girls

The Summer Term was outstanding for the number of girls who took and passed Life-Saving exams. Forty-one girls took Intermediate; twenty-five Bronze Medallion; Jane Heydecker, Barbara Allison, Jan Hopkins, Andrea Lincoln and Barbara Burtt took Award of Merit; and Barbara Allison and Jan Hopkins took the Distinction Award.

We lost our match with Granta, but the Under-fifteen team swam splendidly, gaining most of our points — very promising for the future. We beat Chelmsford Swimming Club easily; Susan Garrod, Susan Aves and Judy Kemp all giving very good performances. It was a pity Chelmsford failed to bring an Under-thirteen team. We particularly enjoyed entertaining our visitors on both occasions.

Training sessions were well attended; Mrs Cadman encouraged and helped many newcomers. Full colours were awarded to Barbara Allison, and half colours to Susan Garrod, Judy Kemp and Nadine Williams. Caroline Darke, Ruth Bradley, Penelope Kemp, Susan Aves and Jane Garrod, all in the Under-thirteen team, are 'highly commended'.

Autumn House Matches

Mennell	191
Tuke	179
Lister	133

Individual Champions

Senior	Barbara Allison
Under-15	Caroline Darke
Under-13	Jane Garrod

JAN HOPKINS

Soccer



Although the First XI's season got off to a good start in September with a win over St Christopher's School, subsequent victories have been hard to come by. After the first game our fixtures became progressively harder, particularly when playing teams from schools of over twice our size. Our enthusiasm waned after a succession of heavy defeats, but we rallied with a convincing win over Braintree CHS.

The highlight of the season was when, after an extremely close game, the team lost to the Cambridge Falcons 4—3. The whole team played with great determination and everyone involved should be congratulated on this best-ever score against the University side.

Next season we may revise our fixture list somewhat, as it is clear that the School finds it difficult to compete against bigger schools which play soccer for the whole season.

The Under-fifteen team's season involved much experimentation with players and positions. Although results have not been very encouraging, the last two matches have produced a great improvement. This is largely due to our arriving at a more suitable team combination and to a more determined effort by the whole team. Next season should see the introduction of several promising players from the Under-thirteen team, which has had a reasonable season.

The teams would like to express their thanks to Mr Capell for his patient coaching; to the laundry for washing our new shirts, shorts and socks; and to Harry, our groundsman, for preparing our pitches.

MARTIN LAMBORN, STEPHEN TABER AND B.C.

Rugger

The School Rugby Club, affectionately dubbed 'The Fiends', was launched in the Autumn Term 1963 under the guidance of Mr Perry. Growing in strength and knowledge of the game, our progress has been outstanding: one victory was recorded in our first season and two in this our second. What could be better than a 100 per cent improvement? This year opened with a stylish and comprehensive victory over a weakened Leys School Fourth XV. The standard of play achieved in the freedom of that occasion has not been equalled, though the performances generally have been very satisfactory and have given much pleasure.

The Fiends have played enthusiastically, though as yet they have not the experience of their opponents and defeats were experienced at the hands of Bishop's Stortford College Third XV, Netteswell A XV, and Felsted Cromwell XV. Our other victory came from the visit of our neighbours, Newport Grammar School.

There is considerable rugby potential among the Fiends and if full fifteen-a-side practices could be arranged at all regularly we could become even more diabolical. As it is, several members of the team have gained valuable experience playing for the Town Club.

We congratulate Bernard Dutton (captain) on becoming the first full Rugby Colour the School has possessed, and we congratulate Busher, Jones, McLeish, Shearmur, Shippey, Stevens, Wall and Wigham on their award of half colours. To several Fifth Formers who played so deservingly we offer our condolences. Our thanks are due to Mr Perry and our gallant band of supporters on the touchline.

THE FIENDS COMMITTEE

Society Reports

Debating Society

The Society has had another very successful year and membership has reached a record eighty-three. Many of the newer members are proving to be able speakers.

In the first debate of the Spring Term the Society rather surprisingly supported 'the present moves being made to reach the moon'. In the next debate the Society decided that it would marry a negro. As the School was having a mock election, it was decided to devote the first meeting of the Autumn Term to speeches by the three candidates, and no formal debate was held. Later on in the term the Society came to the conclusion, after a close debate, that it 'would have preferred the Plymouth Rock to land on the Pilgrim Fathers rather than the Pilgrim Fathers on the Plymouth Rock'. The final debate saw the house vote almost unanimously that it did not support the ecumenical movement.

JOHN LUCAS

Amnesty

The School Amnesty Group continues to flourish in its work of helping those imprisoned in various countries of the world for their beliefs, their conscience, the colour of their skin. Again our activities are twofold — raising money in the School and sending help to the prisoners and their dependants.

Our money-raising efforts have been much like those of previous years — another highly successful concert, and a dance. We very warmly thank our many helpers. Most of the money we have raised has gone to our prisoners in East Germany and South Africa.

During the year the Group has been concerned with several new prisoners, though we have had little success in making direct contact with them. The job of Amnesty is not an easy one, and we must not expect rapid results from our cases.

One of the highlights of the year was a moving talk given by Miss Lindegaard on her experiences in Europe during the war. Mr Evans and Mr Perry have continued as our Chairman and Treasurer; we are very grateful for their help and encouragement.

FRAN ANDREAE

Senior Literary Society

The Spring Term began with a playreading of 'The Skin of our Teeth' by Thornton Wilder, read by members of 6_1. There followed an outstanding talk on Homer's *Odyssey* by Mr Sturge. Many members missed this meeting because of exam pressure, but those who attended will remember it for a long time. The next meeting took the form of a Brains Trust, with Mrs Jacob, Patrick Allen, Mr Cadman and Jeremy Shearmur on the panel.

The Autumn Term started with a rather more ambitious production: a dramatised playreading of Bernard Shaw's 'The Applecart'; it gained considerably in topicality from the imminence of Mock and General Elections. Under Mr Gray's direction the play was acted as well as read, and with lively performances by John Lucas and Jackie Steger the idea proved very successful. For the next meeting we had another Brains Trust with Mrs Sturge, Josephine Beck, Peter Bullman and Mr Haslam as our targets. They returned our fire skilfully, supplying us with a most enjoyable evening. At our third meeting members of the Society and guests introduced books and authors to us: Edith Worrall spoke on Osbert Sitwell, Peter Bullman on Oscar Wilde, David Chatten on *Lucky Jim* and Mr Mummery on *Gone With the Wind*.

With membership at seventy the Society is obviously flourishing.

VALERIE PRINGLE

Film Talk

The first film of the Autumn Term, *Suicide Mission*, was rather disappointing — the acting was mediocre and the sound track unimaginative, though photographically the film had merits.

The Bridge over the River Kwai was a great success with the School.

The Trial of Joan of Arc in Evening Meeting came next. There were difficulties — the projector lamp blew at the outset, the sound track was in French with subtitles that changed uncomfortably swiftly. But none of this mattered, for the power of the narrative and the simplicity of the acting and production made it a very moving Evening Meeting.

Lastly, *Harold Lloyd's World of Comedy*. What can one say about it? It was brilliant. It had everything in large proportions — there was comedy, suspense, melodrama, naïvety. Has the School ever laughed so much?

MARTIN BALLARD

Senior Orchestra

A crowded hall; chatter of anticipation; little boy's laughter; an air of expectancy. Suddenly a subdued hush — what for?

CONCERT — SATURDAY, 7TH MARCH

Programme

Suite from the Water Music	*Handel*
First Movement of Piano Concerto No 1 in C	*Beethoven*
Minuet and Trio from Symphony in D	*Haydn*
INTERVAL	
Chanson de Nuit	*Elgar*
Czech Rustic Dance from The Bartered Bride	*Smetana*
Excerpts from Cavalleria Rusticana	*Mascagni*
Farandole from L'Arlesienne Suite No 2	*Bizet*

I suppose many of the audience of such a concert as this do not realise the difficulties of putting it on. A school orchestra's main difficulties are of available time and instrumentalists and the varying standards of individual performance. Mr Cane has to take these factors into consideration when choosing his programme. He is always ambitious, noticeably so when compared to programmes of other school orchestras, and this year was no exception.

Every Thursday evening of nearly two terms, between 8.0 and 9.0 a passer-by will hear strange and possibly erratic sounds coming from the Hall. Orchestra rehearsal often has its humorous moments. One sees such things as the timpanist trying to take forty winks during 200 bars rest. And, of course, the inevitable 'missed cue', a fault particularly prone to the wind section as no one can be bothered to count bars!

However, to be serious, Mr Cane makes a splendid effort with his 'raw material' and not only this year, although this year's programme seemed to be particularly well received.

There is little opportunity for rehearsal in the Summer Term, but 'jam sessions' are getting quite popular for those who are interested. It is a pity that time does not allow a chamber orchestra, or groups, to be started.

An arresting introduction to the concert was made by a roll from the side drum leading straight into the 'Water Music'. As well as doing this, Dutton helped the timpanist, Ballard, later in the Farandole. Many of the audience were unaware of his detours backstage to get into his rightful position as first oboist on the platform. At least one person thought he was guilty of a late arrival.

The Beethoven concerto is a difficult work, especially for the accompanying orchestra, with the many solo entries. I think Mr Cane achieved an excellent result in this way. It gave me a wonderful feeling to be playing with people I know and be confident that they were behind me all the time.

The lighter works after the interval were enormously enjoyed both by orchestra and audience. The Smetana dance had an ear-catching rhythm and the string playing was particularly worth mentioning. 'Chanson de Nuit' was scored for a small orchestra with piano accompaniment. The audience liked the final item and it had to be encored.

Many people thought this concert the best ever performed by the Orchestra. It was certainly one of the most enjoyable on all sides, and I think Mr Cane deserves special praise for his ability to 'keep us together' and, indeed, for all the hard work that he puts into the concerts every year.

MARGARET COLLISON

Second Orchestra

The Second Orchestra at the moment consists of about twenty-five players, most of whom are drawn from the Second and Third Forms. It meets for weekly rehearsals at 3.30 pm on Thursdays, when it is conducted and improved by Mr Cane.

One has got to realise the difficulties which occur while playing in an orchestra, as compared with individual performance. If one is a string player (of whom the orchestra is basically made up), the note one produces has to be exactly in tune; if it is as little as a semitone sharp or flat it can clash terribly. The wind players, particularly those with reeds, also have difficulties, especially when there is more than one instrumentalist to show up any defects. Although the music itself may be fairly easy, playing it absolutely exactly, and at the same time keeping an eye on the conductor, can be very difficult. The co-ordination necessary could be compared with that of a high-class team game.

Generally speaking, far less is known about the Second Orchestra than the First. Despite this it has performed a few times publicly and has gained a somewhat hazy but good reputation. We performed in both the 1963 and the 1964 Chelmsford Instrumental Festivals and came first (out of three in our class) in 1963 and second (again out of three) in 1964. Our only recent performance to the School was during the Junior Concert at Christmas 1963 (when tablespoons were used in replacement for drumsticks due to an awkward 'borrowing'); but that was only to the First and Second Forms. Even so, many of the audience would have preferred more orchestra to the individual performers who followed it.

ROBERT LUNNON

Choir

At the time of the last issue of *The Avenue* the Choir had just performed the first part of 'The Messiah'. Although rehearsal time had been rather short I think we all enjoyed singing it with the remnants of our Christmas spirit.

By the time we had realised that we had finished with 'The Messiah' we had already started rehearsing some unaccompanied motets by modern composers. Three of these were by the organist of Copenhagen Cathedral, Bernhard Lewkovitch, and had never before been performed in England. Another was 'Brazilian Psalm' by Jean Berger, and another by the French composer Poulenc. We performed these at the end of the Easter Term as Easter Music and also in May at Friends' House in London. 'Brazilian Psalm' went down best because of its arresting syncopation and interesting tune. With the motets the Small Choir sang two anthems by Dr Gordon Jacob, and one by Stravinsky. As Yearly Meeting was to be in Newcastle we gave our London performance on a Thursday evening instead of the usual YM Sunday afternoon.

As our part in the Saffron Walden Festival we sang the same programme on Whit Sunday after evensong in the parish church. We were all nervous about this performance as Dr Jacob came to hear his own works. However, we appeared to have sung them well enough, as he came and complimented us afterwards.

At the end of the Summer Term a notice went up saying that the next work to be performed would be Bach's 'St Matthew Passion'. Many of us thought that this was being rather ambitious, but so far rehearsals have proved otherwise. Under Mr Sturge's excellent coaching we can now sing 'oo' rather than a sort of 'ow', and there is much competition between the two choruses as to who can sing their part the better. We all look forward to Wednesday evenings when we can drown each other in fierce jeering choruses and immediately afterwards sing soft restful chorales.

In October many of us sang with people from the churches of Saffron Walden on the BBC programme 'Sunday Half Hour' broadcast from Abbey Lane Congregational Church. For the occasion we learned several new hymn tunes with local names or by local composers.

Small Choir have sung their annual programme of Christmas carols at Finchingfield, and during evensong at Newport. It is quite inspiring to see so many people coming to hear us sing some Christmas carols that aren't so well known.

On the last day of term we sang carols as usual on the steps of St Paul's Cathedral, in aid of the aged, especially refugees. This performance was recorded by the BBC and was broadcast on the following Monday. After an afternoon of shopping and sightseeing we gathered again at Westminster Meeting House, and were very grateful to those Friends who supplied such a sumptuous tea. Then we trooped down the road to Trafalgar Square and entertained the crowds for an hour while others went round and squeezed out of the crowds as much money as they could for the Friends' Service Council. After thanks to Mr Sturge, and various hallos and goodbyes to friends and acquaintances, we all departed for home, looking forward to more 'St Matthew Passion' rehearsals as we hope to perform it near the end of the Easter Term.

ELIZABETH MORRIS

Gramophone Club

The Club restarted in the Autumn Term. On most Sundays, after Evening Meeting, we have welcomed any members of Forms Three to Six who wished to listen to classical records in Room Sixteen. Numbers present have ranged from seven to thirty plus. The term's listening covered: Gilbert and Sullivan 'The Gondoliers', Holst 'The Planets', Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Grieg 'Peer Gynt', Britten's 'War Requiem', Dvorak's New World Symphony, Brahms' Fourth Symphony and 'Jazz Sebastian Bach'.

SARAH MAYS AND JANE RAWLINGSON

Fourth Form Dance Club

This year the Fourth Form have held Dance Club every Tuesday evening. These occasions are attended with great enthusiasm by all. The dances we have learnt include: the waltz, quickstep, barn dance, valeta, Dashing White Sergeant and Strip the Willow.

On behalf of the Form we would like to thank Miss Allen, Mr Capell, Diana Smith and Martin Lamborn for their help in organising this very successful Club.

BRIDGET WIGHAM AND SALLY RICHMOND

Young Farmers' Club

Great hens, those Thornbers 404!
They laid twelve eggs a day, or more,
Until the fertiliser bag,
Which had an inconspicuous tag,
Was used, instead of Spiller's Mash,
To fill their feeder — in a flash
Two dozen eggs a day, at least,
Were sold to locals. What a feast,
That sulphate of ammonia lay,
Fresh, guaranteed free-range, grade A.

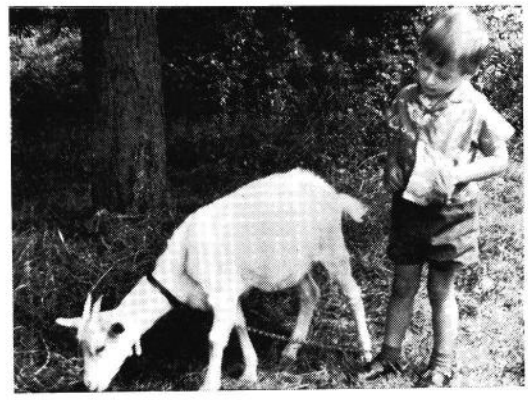
Apart from such minor upsets the poultry enterprise ran well this year, valuable holiday chores being carried out by Peter Sorrell, Judy Kemp and Michael Turnbull on the livestock side. Deadstock were plucked and trussed by the Christopher Woodhouse and Jonathan Edwards technique, their skill gaining them first and second prizes at the YFC Rally at Writtle.

Other Rally entrants who put in training time were Anne Vine and Simon Crowe (cattle judging), Guy Willis and Roger Harrison (pig judging). Both teams assessed accurately (or guessed intelligently) enough to be awarded third prize.

Effective work was put in on the Club Exhibit for the Essex Show, and in competition with all open clubs in the county our display on Egg Marketing was placed second. Members visited the Show on the Wednesday afternoon and the event proved most popular.

Other visits during the year have been made to Radwinter Turkey Farm and Hatchery, Rayment's Brewery at Furneaux Pelham, Watson's Egg Packing Station, Fison's Research Station at Chesterford Park, Cleales tractor repair depôt, the Roos Farm and Keith Wright's Dairy.

Visiting speakers included Mr Cox from Fison's Pest Control, Mr Hooper, the Essex County Beekeeper, and Mr Webber, the Farm Manager at Chesterton Park.



Betsie-Maria, the goat, was very kindly provided as a kid by Mr and Mrs Salmon, and after being tended initially by a group of Fourth Form girls has now attracted a wider interest, with a total rota of fifty boys and girls looking after her.

The reclaimed YFC plot grew potatoes last year with three different fertiliser and cultivation treatments. What Betsie-Maria has not foraged over is now in spring cabbage.

Hand-mixing of the new piggery's concrete base has been slow but steady and it is hoped to complete the building in time for fattening weaners to pork weight in the Summer Term. The Club is most grateful to the Ashdon and Saffron Walden YFC for their £10 donation from their Charity Rag (in which we took part) towards the cost of the first batch of pigs.

The Club thanks Mr Mileson, Mr Harrison, Vic Smith and the School gardening staff for help during the year. It also thanks patrons who buy our produce and services — including the parent who solved his child-minding problem at General Meeting by buying tickets for more tractor rides than the crew could possibly run in the afternoon.

D.W.A.

Reading Clubs

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

6_2 GIRLS

Spring	Iris Murdoch, *The Sandcastle.* Richard Hoggart, *The Uses of Literacy.* Thornton Wilder, *The Bridge of San Luis Rey.*
Summer	V. S. Naipaul, *A House for Mr Biswas.* Nancy Mitford, *Pursuit of Love.*
Autumn	T. H. White, *Mistress Masham's Repose.* Clifford Hanley, *A Taste of Too Much.* Durrell, Jennings and Thomas, *Penguin Modern Poets.*

Library Report

Only eighty books have been accessioned this year and, thanks largely to the enthusiasm of John Lucas, almost as many obsolete books have passed through the complex process of withdrawal. A very comprehensive binding programme was carried out in the summer holidays with help from Jeremy Shearmur.

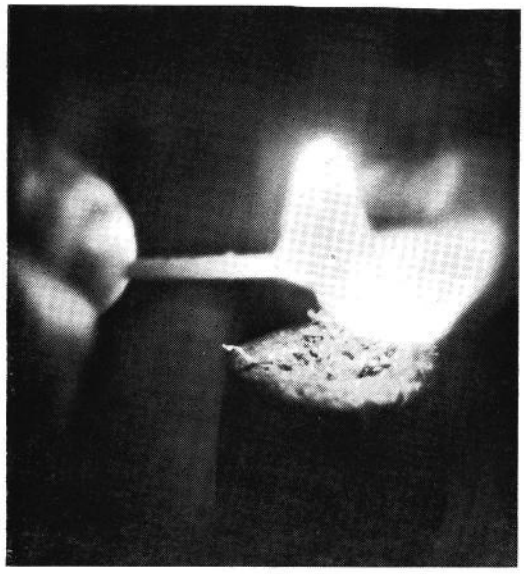
The librarian has once again enjoyed spending a generous donation from Basil Burton. Especially appreciated has been the gift by Mrs Kendon of a copy of the limited edition of *Thirty-six Psalms*, a translation by her husband, the late Frank Kendon. The School is proud to own this work (Frank Kendon's main concern in the last years of his life), for his association with the School was a long and happy one.

Professor Antony Flew has given us a copy of his own book *A New Approach to Psychical Research* and of philosophical readings he has selected, edited and introduced called *Body, Mind and Death*. Another author to whom we are indebted is Bertram Osborne for his *The Justices of the Peace, 1361-1848*. We have also to thank Hilary Chandler, Richard Clymo, Rosemary Douse, Marcus Heaster, Arthur Morris and Kenneth Nicholson for gifts of books.

Despite, or because of, the growth of the Sixth Form, borrowings have remained static at about 1,000 books a term. More books have had to be provided whose use is restricted to the library, while the Middle School is finding its needs increasingly met by the Junior Library where Mr Whitlow continues to do sterling work, backed this term by a very fine team of helpers in Andrew Fry, John Miller, Sue Garrod and Sarah Richmond. The Committee of the Centre Library, consisting of Barbara Burtt, Bernard Dutton, Ruth Brand, Jeremy Shearmur, Susan Lewis, Martin Drummond, Alison Sturge and Janet Powell, has shown the traditional dedication of this indispensable body.

The difficult and long overdue task of decorating the Library was carried out during the summer holidays, when the ingenuity of the Bursar and the skill of Ted Banks, Jock Lloyd's successor, enabled the whole job to be effected without moving or damaging a single book. The new colour scheme has made a pleasant room even more pleasant and the white ceiling has improved the lighting.

C.A.M.



6_1 GIRLS

Autumn John Howard Griffin, *Black Like Me.*
John Stroud, *Shorn Lamb.*
C. S. Lewis, *Screwtape Letters.*

6_1 BOYS

Autumn Graham Greene, *Our Man in Havana.*
P. G. Wodehouse, *Code of the Woosters.*
Kingsley Martin, *The Crown and the Establishment.*

6_2 BOYS

Spring Winston Churchill, *My Early Life.*
William Golding, *Lord of the Flies.*
Vance Packard, *The Hidden Persuaders.*

Summer Nancy Mitford, *Noblesse Oblige.*
E. Northcote Parkinson, *Parkinson's Law.*
John Steinbeck, *Of Mice and Men* and *Cannery Row.*

Autumn 'Miss Read', *Village School.*
Iris Murdoch, *Under the Net.*
Alan Moorehead, *The White Nile.*

Pet Club

Now that the Club is established we have been able to widen the variety of animals in it, by allowing Adrian Morrell to bring into the Club a pair of white fantail pigeons which are being trained as homers. We hope that the variety of animals will soon be further increased.

A number of families were successfully reared during the past year. Most of the families were of rabbits and mice.

Fortunately we have had only a few outbreaks of ailments. Some guinea-pigs had lead-poisoning because they had eaten paint on the wood shavings. Also, some mice had been bought from a poor stock and were suffering from a vitamin deficiency.

It is interesting to note that although we had reared, tamed and bred some half-wild rats, their children returned to their natural habitations and had to be destroyed; thus proving the theory that a second generation of half-wild rats cannot be reared successfully. The last of the rats we had in the Club originally, died this winter and the Club no longer has any rats.

The most exciting Pet Club event of the year was the Animal Show kindly judged by Mr Allen and entered by most of the fifty-four members. The winners wore their rosettes at General Meeting. Robert Lunnon won the rabbit class with a pure Dutch rabbit. Lesley Davison won the guinea-pig class with a tortoise-shell Abyssinian guinea-pig. Rowen Corringham won the hamster class. Jonathan Neville won the rats and mice class with a charcoal-grey mouse. Judith Kemp won the families class with a family of orange smooth-haired guinea-pigs. We would like to thank Mr Allen for expertly judging the animals.

Adrian Morrell entered his pure black-and-tan rabbit, called Tan-tan, for a show in the Essex Young Farmers' Rally. Unfortunately Tan-tan did not gain a place because she had just had a litter of pretty but mischievous babies who did not help to keep her in a good enough condition for the show.

When Miss Ellinor left last term the Club presented her with some alpine plants which we hope will remind her of all the 100 members, both past and present. The flowers showed our appreciation to Miss Ellinor for her help as the Founder and President of the Club.

We would like to thank Mrs Donald for her generous donations of straw, and Miss Richards for the work she puts into the Club to keep it running smoothly.

JANET WILLSON AND JUDY KEMP

Photographic Club

At seventeen membership stands high, but progress in the Autumn Term was limited since only three members were capable of doing their own darkroom work. So we have set about training ourselves. We hope that in the Spring Term all members will be sufficiently skilful to 'do it themselves', aided by the improved darkroom facilities (including the hot tap which the Bursar has agreed to install).

We were unable to mount our usual exhibition at General Meeting, but are again pleased to see some of our best efforts appearing in *The Avenue*.

ANDREW MUMMERY

Photo : Andrew Mummery

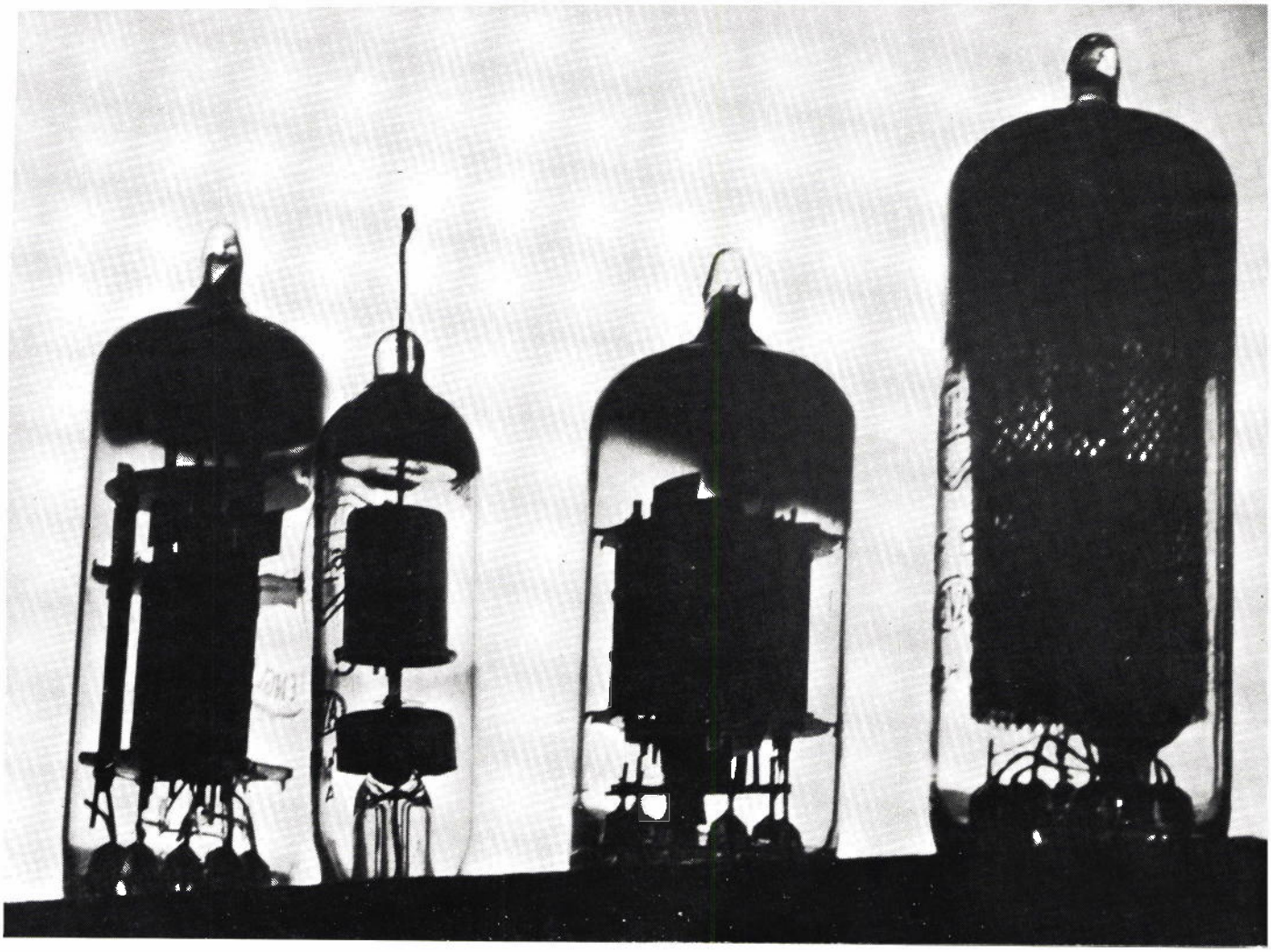
FSTV & SP

Friends' School Television and Sound Productions is a department of the Radio Club. Using our own and School equipment, we are responsible for providing TV and sound services when needed by members of the Staff and School. Already, in one term, we have several occasions to our credit.

First, the School mock election count was televised, and relayed from the Geography Room studio to Room Ten for the rest of the School. Whilst voting took place all day in the cricket pavilion we were setting up our equipment for the count. After a shortened prep the count began and was enlivened by TV interviews with various School 'personalities' and, of course, the candidates and their agents. The final result (the first to be declared on TV in the 1964 election?):

Bernard Dutton (C)	122
Paul Price Smith (Lib)	106
Michael Lewis (L)	102

Conservative majority, sixteen. Eighty-two per cent of the electorate voted.



Our next engagement was the provision of microphones and music for the 6_2 Sunday Evening Meeting programme of readings and music at Parents' Weekend. With kind permission from Mr Sturge we were able to use the School's new amplifying equipment for our music channel, keeping the Hall equipment for speech. The Meeting was praised very highly by many parents and we hope something of this sort will be arranged again for the future.

Came 19th November and the annual School Play, with our most ambitious ' rig ' yet. A closed circuit TV camera hung in the auditorium provided the technicians back-stage with accurate cues from a screen for our sound effects, and the dialogue was relayed to the green rooms for the actors' cues. Had we another small monitor screen, they might have seen the play as well!

We have also had two weeks of Assemblies with music and readings, the first by Miss Loveridge with a most varied and successful choice of music, and the second by Mr Gillett who treated the School to some fine choral works. Both programmes were made possible by the loan of Mr Gillett's tape recorder. We were also considerably involved in the end-of-term entertainment.

We hope to make for ourselves some more small items of equipment in the near future; meanwhile a new line source speaker system is being tested in the Hall at the moment which we hope will be installed permanently later. We are planning a really professional TV relay of General Meeting 1965, the televising of swimming matches and the recording of as many concerts by the Choir and Orchestras as possible.

I must end by thanking Mr Gillett for the loan of his equipment, and Mr Benson for the enormous amount of time he spends in helping and advising us.

NICHOLAS SALMON

Guides

In the Spring Term the Company entered for the Campfire Badge, which involved us in performing two charades, two short skits and a few songs from other countries. We had a great deal of fun at rehearsals and amazing talent was revealed! The badge was awarded, for the second time running.

In the summer we lost our leader when Miss Ashford took her sabbatical term. Mrs Drake, Miss Ellinor and Mrs Taverner very kindly helped out. So did Mrs Marriage, who took a one-night camp for Patrol Leaders and their Seconds. Unfortunately it rained the whole time. We cooked over a wood fire which burned well in spite of the rain. We had four sleeping tents and a wash tent.

At the beginning of the Autumn Term there were a lot of new recruits; most were enrolled within the first five weeks. A few of the older Guides are near the end of their First Class and hope to finish it soon.

We must thank Miss Ashford for taking Guides, as there wouldn't be a Company without her.

ALISON SWAISLAND



Photo : Andrew Fry

Still no snow and yet it is winter. The distant hill stands out starkly above the cold iron-grey sky where a straggling cloud creeps dejectedly along.

Footsteps on the earth resound, startling the gloomy avenue; a leaf drops and flutters through the air like a strange butterfly.

Below, the church displays its steeple where an aged iron cock, which the first strong wind could send crashing down, grates round.

And it is along the stony path, which climbs to the sorry yellowing bell-tower, that of old we would go picking wood strawberries.

DAVID CHATTEN

[from the French of Albert Glatigny]



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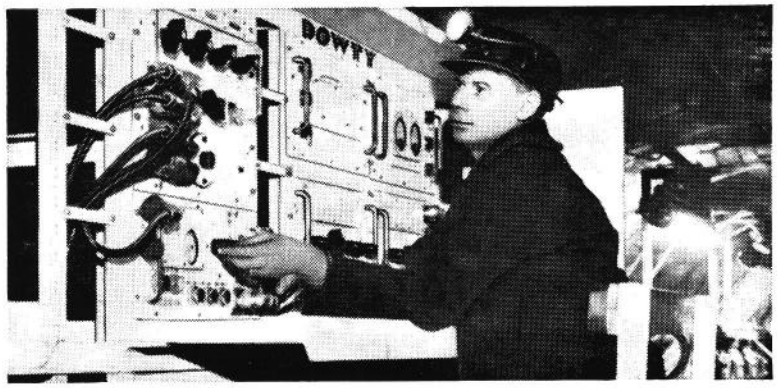
For further particulars write to the Staff Managers at 54 Lombard Street, London EC3, or to the Local Directors at P.O. Box 2, 15-16 Bene't Street, Cambridge.

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N.C.B scholars receive a personal maintenance allowance of £330 a year, and the Board pays all fees. These awards are not subject to a parental means test.

To students who would prefer to accept a local Education Authority Award the Board is prepared to offer the maximum additional grant of £100 a year.

Student Apprenticeships : For the boy with G.C.E. who wants to come straight into the industry, there is Student Apprenticeship, with a course of practical training and further study, by day release and sandwich courses (on full pay), to become a mining engineer.

Salaries range from £6-7-6 a week at the age of 16 to £11-12-0, lodging allowances are also available in certain circumstances.

To become a Student Apprentice, you need at least four passes in G.C.E. at ' O ' level including Maths and Science. Apprentices can qualify later for University entrance and apply for N.C.B. Scholarships.

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

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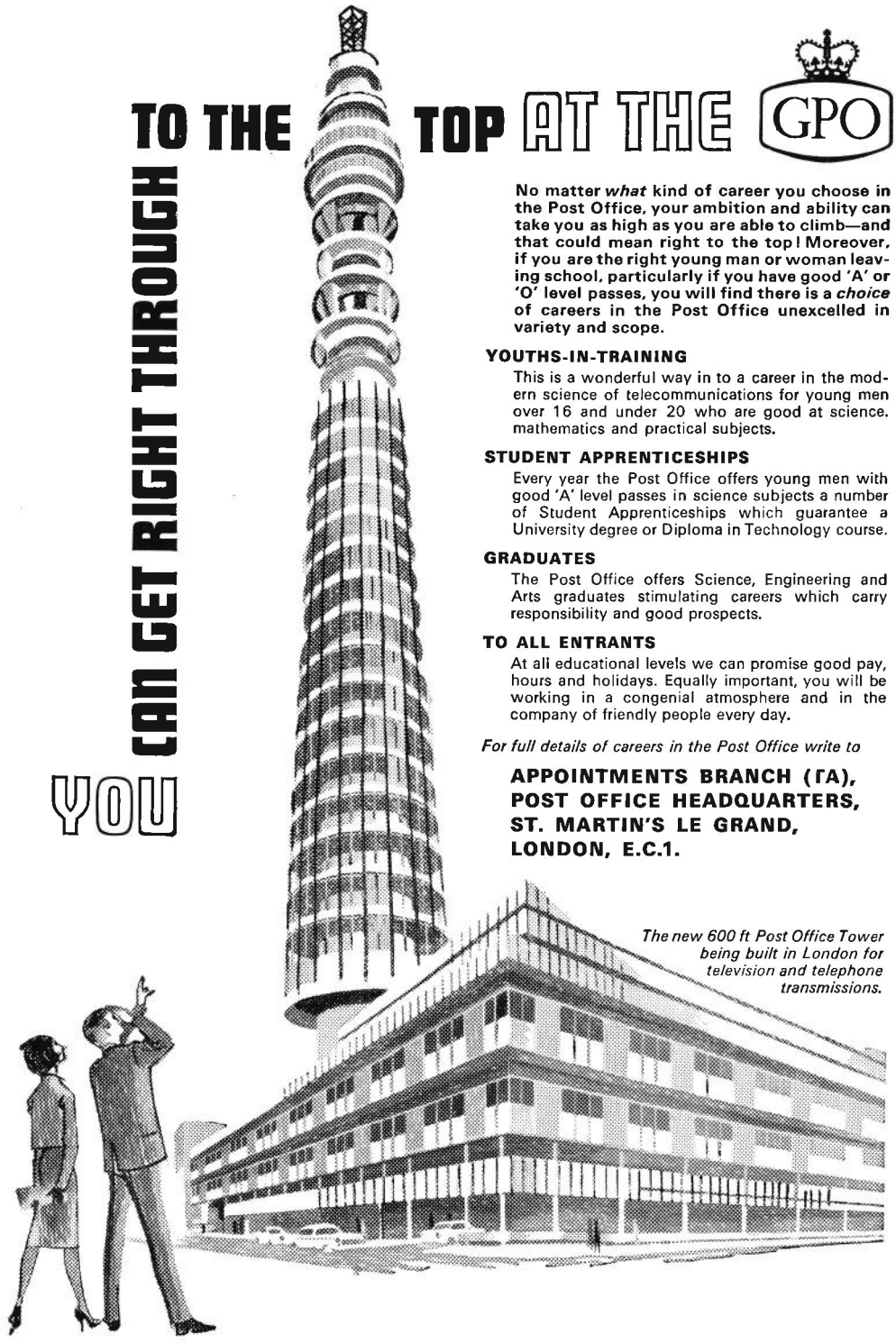
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