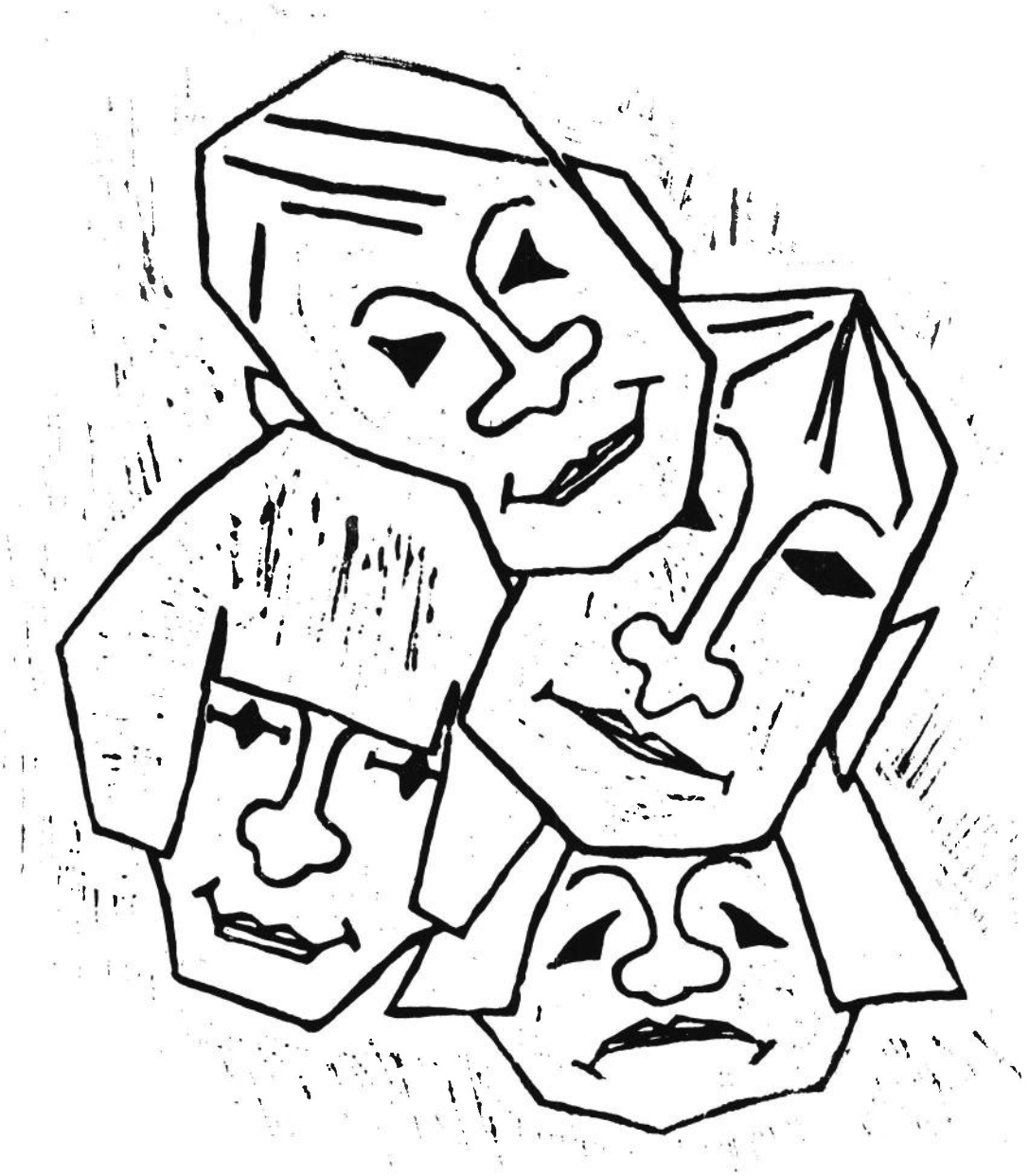
THE AVENUE



January 1966

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of
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Saffron Walden

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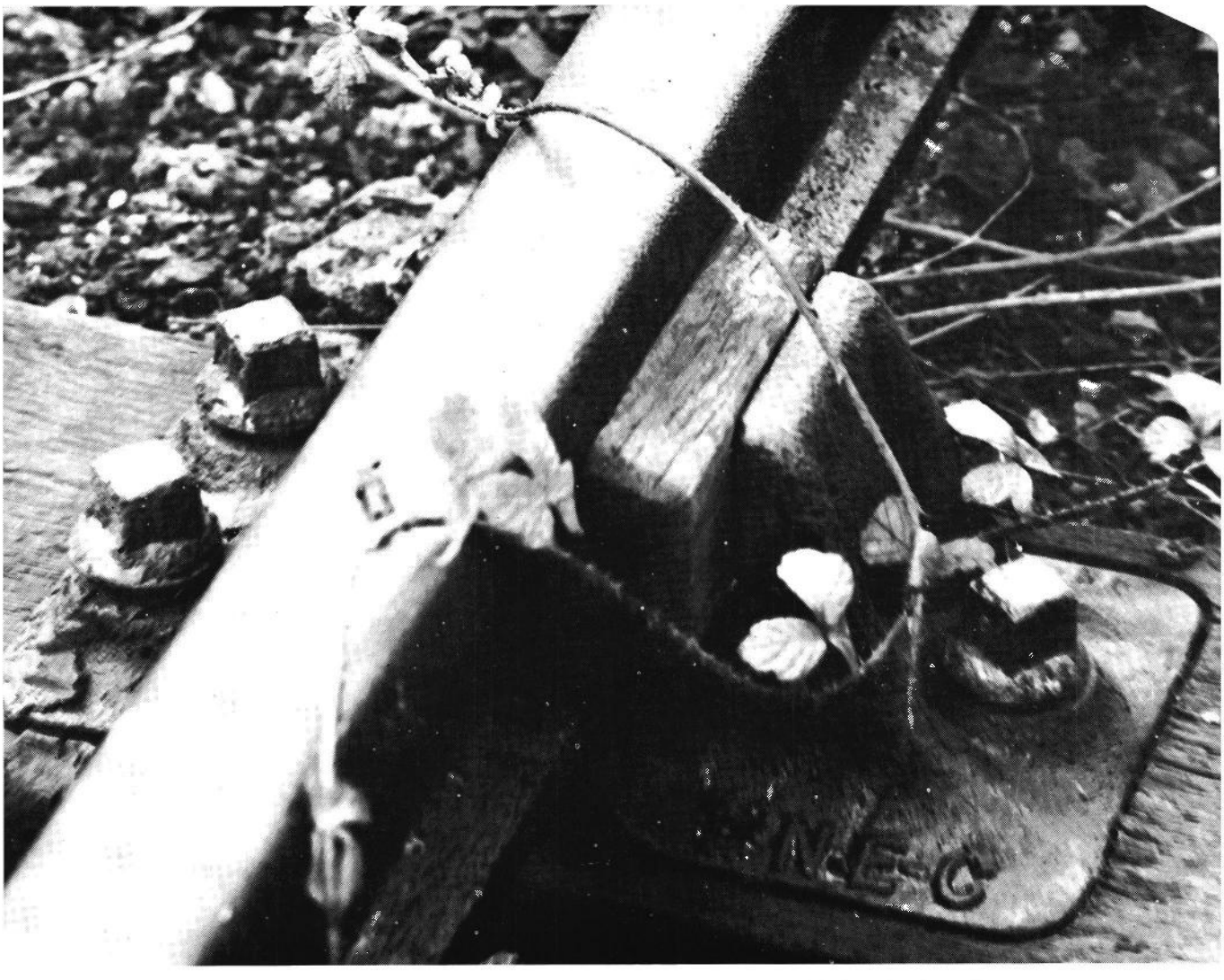


Photo : Andrew Mummery

Branch line

O, you are busied in the night,
Preparing destinies of rust.
Iron misused must turn to blight
And dwindle to a tettered crust.

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Editorial

The last two numbers of *The Avenue* have achieved a standard of excellence which we cannot hope to emulate. The reasons for this are simple. Anyone who has any knowledge of magazine production will have recognised that an immense amount of thought and work and care went into their creation. Boys and girls took a full share in this work but the overall responsibility was David Gray's. This year his contribution is a letter from America. While he is away we are doing our best to carry on. We shall not make further apologies than that. We believe that the material which has been put at our disposal is excellent and that as a result we have been able to produce a readable and interesting school magazine. But it lacks something in variety, partly because last year's edition left us in the red and economies have been essential.

What is the function of a school magazine? To give boys and girls the opportunity of taking some share in its production, to offer an opportunity for some of the best which has been written or drawn or photographed to be published and thus to give pleasure, to show the School (or some aspects of the School, some of the better ones) to the world. And the School we have to show is an exciting place. Those of us who are deeply involved in it are far from uncritical. We know very well that we are failing in some respects, that some things are not as good as they should be, that the quality of the life we share in our community could be better. But we would all agree, I think, that the place is alive. Any list of all the good things that happen in any term is a long one; so is any list of all the opportunities which are available to anyone who has the eyes to see them and the imagination to use them.

The New School Year

With public examinations finishing earlier, by the end of June, we have decided to re-shape the School Year. The first change will come at the beginning of the Autumn Term, 1966; that term will start on 7th September; in 1967 it will be even a day or two earlier than that. Compensation will come in the form of a longer break in the middle of the Autumn Term, actually from 23rd October, the end of the Parent-Teacher Meeting, till the 31st. The Spring or Easter Term will follow roughly the present pattern (though in 1967 an early Easter demands an early end to the term and hence a very early start to the Summer Term). The Summer Term will end at the beginning of July, starting in 1967, and General Meeting will be transferred to the Autumn Term, just preceding the mid-term break.

No one imagines that these proposals will meet with universal approval. What changes would? But they are rational, they do make the best of the teaching time available to us, and they give parents the best value for money. Parents who live abroad may have some difficulty over the autumn mid-term holiday. The School will do its best to help; it may even be possible for boys and girls to remain at school during that time. Those sitting for autumn scholarship examinations might well want to do so. Our only aim in making these suggestions has been to adapt ourselves sensibly to changes which we had no part in making.

The Avenue 1965

We have been asked to send three copies of the January 1965 *Avenue* for the British Council Touring Exhibition of School Magazines. The Exhibition will be travelling through Africa, the Middle East and possibly the Far East.

In the list of the National Association for School Magazines top twenty for 1965 *The Avenue* came sixth and *Cupola* (Ackworth) eighth.

INTER ALIA

January to December 1965

The Spring Term is better remembered for its ending than its beginning: an epidemic of 'strep' throats, followed by two varieties of 'flu virus, encouraged the School to break up three days early. But in spite of the inconvenience caused by 'bugs' of one sort or another, the term was full and interesting. A team from Six one entered an Anglia TV Quiz and lost against Peterborough Grammar and High Schools combined. The Speech Competition, on the subject of 'Education and Peace', was won by Susan Files, with Hugh Busher and Rufus Miles close behind.

At Old Scholars' Weekend, the Moot House Players reintroduced the Seniors and Old Scholars to 'theatre in the round' with *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams, thereby setting the theme for the weekend, 'The Theatre Today'. Jack Mitchley gave a lecture on this subject and there was an 'Any Questions' session with a panel of theatre experts.

On the musical side, the concert by the First and Second Orchestras proved to be an ambitious and successful move by Mr Cane; members of the orchestra almost outnumbered the 'rest'.

Nor did Saffron Walden miss the headlines, with the by-election providing interest and fame. Jo Grimond used the Assembly Hall and had the misfortune to catch the School cold, and Seniors were allowed to attend political meetings in the town, and even to canvass.

At the end of term Phyllippa Brown, the Headmistress, left and Joy Ashford very ably took her place. Judy Allen changed her title from Miss to Mrs, and we said goodbye to four student teachers: Mr Peel, Miss Sewell, Miss Mitchell and Miss Allison.

We welcomed Brenda Brown back at the beginning of the Summer Term, and Anne Marriage, an Old Scholar, who came to put the teams through their paces.

There were two new arrivals on the School field: a car-park mushroomed up near the swimming pool, and a caravan, presented by Edward Backhouse, was used by the Guides and Scouts for their activities on the field.

As the term progressed and the weather worsened, we thought enviously of Richard Sturge, who was spending his sabbatical term in Greece; but the rain held off for the Whitsun Fête, which was an unqualified success. Not only did the School reach its goal of £450 for an Indian village, but School Council has debated this term on how the remaining £100 should be spent. There were fewer Old Scholars than usual, but the entertainment drew the School's attention to a future MBE award winner — Beatle Lewis — whose outstanding performance in *Alfred and the Danes* augurs well for the future. Other School productions include a reading/acting of *Marching Song* by John Whiting, produced by members of Six one and Six two English sets; an excellent performance of dancing at General Meeting; and an exciting and varied concert in aid of Amnesty. The usual end-of-term entertainment was

televised by FSTV, and the first production of *Refraction* was transmitted to the Geography Room and Room 10.

Our links with La Coûme were strengthened when another party went to build a bridge and finish *le terrain de sport* there, at the end of the Summer Term; and a party of Boy Scouts (a new School activity) spent an equally energetic nine days in the Cotswolds under the watchful eye of Mr Gillett.

There were several Staff changes at the beginning of the Autumn Term. Miss Smith took over from Mrs Andrews as Domestic Bursar, and Catherine Coyand replaced Michel Corradot as French Assistant. We lost Mrs Papps, Mr Evans, Mrs Allen and Sister Worrall, and gained Miss Lappin, Miss Neale, Miss Williams, Mrs Pashley and Sister Still. David Gray has done an exchange with Fred Sessa, and while David Gray enjoys Westtown School, Pennsylvania, we hope that Fred Sessa finds Walden to his liking. Mr Haslam was married during the summer holidays, but has remained with us.

Our representative in Tokyo, John Cadman, has added writing to his accomplishments and has just published a book on hockey, which includes numerous photos of past and present scholars.

The introduction of a half-term break was a welcome innovation in the long Autumn Term, and the break will be even longer next autumn.

The School Play this year was *Berkeley Square*, while other dramatic productions this term included *Magic in the Mirror*, produced at PTA and acted by members of the Second Form, and a number of varied short sketches by the First Form, under the direction of Chris Hayes, an Old Scholar who has aroused a lively interest in poetry and drama.

Another Six one team entered another Anglia TV Quiz and, following the example of last year's team, lost against Ipswich Grammar School. But for entertainment value the Saffron Walden team remains unchallenged — or so the Anglia technicians say!

Small Choir has added to its laurels by making a record of Christmas carols.

Unfortunately we had to say goodbye to Mr Cane at the end of the Autumn Term; his valuable work on the music side and his enthusiasm will be missed. Miss Hooper left to get married, and Miss Tran returned in the Spring Term as Mrs Pollard. We hope they will both be very happy in the future.

Finally, at the end of the Autumn Term the Choir followed its round of singing and the term ended peacefully.

RUTH BRAND, JANE RAWLINGSON

Encounter with a Leopard

Black towering trees against the starred sky, and the murk of undergrowth, surround us like a wall of fathomless gloom. The moon silhouettes an owl tu-witting on the sinister shape of a dead tree, and it lights the dew-covered path in front of us into a grey band sandwiched by the forest's blackness. Dense air, warm and humid, rustles the countless leaves around us. Water, hidden in a fern-covered ditch, trickles past muttering an incomprehensible tune. Crickets chirp in their nocturnal song, mosquitoes whine as they drive into my white arm, face, and other uncovered skin. A moth flutters crazily round our hurricane lamp that we three carry on our way back to a village in the Uturi jungle.

Then, quite suddenly the jungle dies. There, motionless on the path, a leopard appears from the surrounding gloom. A shudder of fear grips us, we freeze, our eyes watching this animal that is blocking our way.

A leopard. Its golden coat blurred with black rings from Kipling's nigger's hand. A coat vulnerable only to the cold iron of a spear-head or the crack of a bullet; the supreme camouflage that blends into the mottled leaves of a forest floor, or into the sparkling leaves when the cat lounges during the day in the upper branches of some towering forest tree. Its round ears listen to the hum of our hurricane lamp; a moist black nose flashes golden as it smells man in the jungle air. Four powerful legs stand motionless on the path. Legs that one day are crouched cramped in the assisa grass beside a native path; legs that bound four hundred pounds of living death at a woman, toppling the water pot from her head, and at her dying scream, claws dug deep into human flesh and are stained by her warm red blood. These claws are now hidden in soft gentle fur.

The light catches one of a jaw of white canine teeth that show between a black, crinkled, evil upper lip as the cat snarls. A sound that resounds in six terror-stricken ears. Then we are seen by a dazzling pair of green eyes. As our eyes meet, the leopard vanishes. In one leap it reaches the black wall of forest and is gone, leaving a path crossed by a line of black spore as it goes on without a sound through the tangled creepers and ferns and over the leaf-covered forest floor.

The crickets resume their song. Once again we hear the mosquitoes and the owl. Then without a word we move on over the black spore of that machine of death, watching every leaf of the forest wall for the beast's return; the leopard which a few minutes before had been motionless, standing a few yards from us here.

CHARLES HUTTON (5)

Torches in the Night

There is a School rule according to which scholars shall not be in possession of torches when within School premises. but just as much as there are no laws to say that Martians shall not hereafter invade Earth, so there are no rules specifying that there shall be no toast-eating at one o'clock in the morning.

It was one o'clock in the morning, and smoke was uncurling from the burnt edges of my toast, like blood does in a river. The gas fire grinned sadistically in the dark. My torch was held by what had been a clothes-hammer, which was twisted agonisingly as though in bearing the weight of all my crimes.

My torch had not long returned from Radio Club, minus many parts, having proved, I was told, quite beyond repair. The carcass I now contemplated had known some terrible instruments : a stabbed, dead, fried-brown, sliced, forked, chewed and considered, torch.

While I meditated thus, I was rudely disturbed by an attempt at silent movement outside in the corridor: a footstep, misplaced, a thud, a word, quiet and intense. I watched an astonished eyebrow of light shoot up from under the door to the room, waver and vanish, and heard a door close, apologetically soft.

I froze still, like death, where I lay by the white, hot radiator and the seconds tick-tocked by, and silence grew like a half-born droplet at a half-closed tap, even when eventually I moved to investigate.

The difficulty of silent movement across an unrelieved darkness is similar to that of tapping out one of a bottle of pills, without emptying the bottle. The door knob gave me an icy feel, and complained — but oh so slightly — about my tentative fingers.

'Open, Sesame!' I thought, vaguely. Quite without my aid and much to my annoyance, the door obeyed precisely. I turned to run.

However, Fair Nature's other blind eye, the full moon, chose now to make an appearance, diluting the darkness and my hopes. I turned again, to bluff, my mind a breakfast-clutter of excuses.

I reached out and lowered two switches.

A light flickered on like morning eye-lids, summoning darkness to the windows. Light on, another fused, and shadowed — yellow, white, black, confusing the master, and reducing to an absurdity a torch he clutched as a drowning man might clutch a straw.

'Mahadevan?' he suggested.

'I know.'

'Where have you been?' I cannot say with what look he said this, as he was fumbling his torch off. It occurred to me, when he had achieved this, to plunge the affair into darkness by switching the room lights off too, but I merely indicated the toilets at one end of the corridor.

'What were you doing down there?'

'What do people usually do down there?'

He sighed. 'Have you a pen?' he asked, relieving me of mine. I watched him as he discovered by a painfully slow process that the top pulled not screwed off. Then he produced a black-covered book, with white pages, many with black, neat and nasty

entries. He turned quickly through it, black, black on white, white, black — back to the cover. He tried again.

'Only nasty people write in that,' I commented.

He looked taken aback. 'Why?'

'Nasty people's book.'

'Why?' he repeated.

'Because,' I pointed out, 'only nasty people write in it.'

He stared, he shrugged, he sighed. I sighed, I shrugged, and switched the lights off. I thought I could hear him fumbling his torch on even after I had clambered into bed.

The next day his gaze fell upon me, from across a dinner table. He seemed to recall a bad dream. But then he smiled to himself, disbelievingly.

D. MAHADEVAN (5)

Mermaid's Joy-ride

It is moonlight and surf is groaning,
Thundering, resonant,
Jarring the sea-bed,
White spray streaking the foam-flecked palm-fronds :
Zig-zagging jewelled drops
Guiding, as shooting stars, the path of the moon.
In the rocking deep I can hear them calling,
Echoing, sighing;
And the squeals and screams as of horses galloping,
Tense, excited,
Snorting fire from their foaming nostrils,
Snapping up snakes in their seething jaws;
Their long manes dash upwards, tails swish wildly
Like spray, ecstatic,
Trying to touch the star-spattered dome.

A lulling stillness falls — I can hear the lapping
Of the liquid lagoon in the looming darkness,
And hiding the sea is a range of sombre reef.
I swim to climb up the frozen ranges
Sweeping upwards,
Rime-covered, sparkling;
Phosphorescent glows jump, quivering, animated,
Shooting their flame through the bottomless deep
And the eerie chasms,
Wavering lights in the murky gloom,
Snakes slithering silent in the soft, still lapping :
While the reef looms cold and black.

Summoned from the swelling deeps by enchanting moonlight,
Mermaids with silver hair ride the silver horses,
Silver flesh gleaming, playing in the white-capped sea,
Tossing back their dazzling sword of hair to the waves,
Laughing wildly,
Lost in their laughter;
While the curling horses heave in the white wave,
Rearing up, shattering,
Fading from a shape to swirling shadow and then nothingness,
Leaving the beaches sodden and silky.

Born in the chasm of the deep to live
A short life, silvery
Incensed by their freedom,
In their delirium they want no recognition,
Champing warriors,
Proud, rampaging,
Crashing into breakers and a raging turmoil,
Dying and dying on the silver sand.

Captured by this vision I imprison it within me,
Locked in the seas' throb,
Shivering by the palm-trees, the silver-haired palm-trees;
Foam-flecked and frothy, I live but for a moment,
Locked in the soul of the leaping horses,
The tense, silver mermaids;
By the silver reef threading through the chain of islands :
Beating, pulsing,
Booming, moaning,
Dulling the senses,
Dying and dying on the silver sand.

YOLANDE STEGER (6_2)

The Flint

Perhaps the gnarled and hairy paw of an early man
Held this flint as I hold it now,
Staring at the warm honey-coloured surface
Flecked with russety orange, crimson, black and cream.
Down in the flinty depths he may have looked
As I look now, through a glazed window at spots of
Misty white and orange.
He may have felt the rough surface, likening it to his own skin,
Gently stroking with a stubby fingertip
The smooth parts where he had chipped away the surface
To make some awkward tool.

CHLOE CHEESE (2X)

Westtown looks at Saffron Walden

Countries are like people, it is in the outward things that they differ: appearance, language, the naming of things. But in the inward things, in feeling, in meaning, and in things as they are, they do not differ. But it takes living in a country to see the inward things, and there are things which one never sees deeply.

There are some things which are felt very readily, as if one has known them from before his visit: the hush as the speaker rises at Evening Meeting, the elation with one's fellows at the scoring of a try, the feeling of relief when the last class ends on Saturday morning. There are other things which are never felt: what the women say, standing in the cold morning, waiting for buses, and what the men think riding home from Cambridge on their bicycles, the air already dark at 4.30.

Many things fall in between; there is a hint, but only an understanding for a fleeting moment. What is it like to walk in the town on Wednesday, with one's friends in the Second Form? What is it like to have supper in the Second Form, and then have it in the Sixth Form — and understand the difference?

There are things to which one is so conditioned before arrival that there can only be a blank reaction: School uniforms, the mass of green girls, the drab brown-checked boys — ugh! The great plastic vats of bread consumed at recess, the boys crowding in line to have it — gosh! The First Form cheering when one enters with *Tom Sawyer* under his arm, and then the silence that comes when one opens it to read — great!

One comes from another country, but the School itself is so much the same: Quaker simplicity is here, in many different ways. Meeting on Sunday, the collections in the play rooms, the discussion of students in the Staff Room, the final quiet in the long hall at night, once everyone has disappeared — these are all familiar and seem to link Pennsylvania and Essex very closely.

One thinks that perhaps he will be different, he will be changed in this new country. But we bring ourselves with us, and talk and manner are much the same. One says the things he wishes later he hadn't said, but also says the things he is glad he said. Sometimes it is hard to believe this is another country, and when the next corner is turned he expects to see the turnpikes and hamburger stands of Pennsylvania, with long cars speeding along, and boys in tight jeans littering the pavements and streets with the wrappers from hot dogs. But it is not so, it is another place, and one only needs to see the pubs, the 'Ind Coope' signs and the whitewashed buildings, to know it is not Pennsylvania. And usually it is a pleasant realisation, and one is elated with the Essex countryside.

There seems more independence in England, more tolerance, more ability to laugh at oneself. The serious side of things is seen in their proof, and not just in their existence. In a sense, Sunday is a pleasanter day in England, though people do not go to church in droves, and many wash their cars. There seems no nonsense about the day, it is a day for doing what one wants, and not what one feels ought to be done and has little joy in it.

One wishes there was more joy, more fun at Friends School. Work is good, there is time for serious discussion and for pleasant chats in the halls, but there is not

enough fun. There are no picnics, not enough dances, not enough community functions, not enough social affairs where real fun is had. Though one does not know what to do about it, and that is sad. But it seems something that will be solved with no easy solution, and one can often see ideas and improvements here and there.

Most of all, one likes the people. There seems no difference in knowing persons as persons, no matter what the country, to come back to the beginning of this article. The friendships, the sudden perception at seeing a clump of trees while running cross-country, the laughter and good things said in a discussion, all those things are part of the greater whole. One cannot say much more than it is a great and exciting thing to be here, and the return to the United States will be made with numerous and heartfelt misgivings, and indeed, in a far corner of the consciousness, the question of even wanting to return is found. It is fine to be here.

FRED SESSA

SAFFRON WALDEN LOOKS AT WESTTOWN



'We certainly have fun'

Central, Westtown's centre corridor, like most things here, reminds me hauntingly of Saffron Walden, and, like most things here, is on a very different scale. The corridor is about a quarter of a mile long. Classes are just half Saffron Walden size — rarely more than sixteen students. Fees are exactly twice those at Saffron Walden. Westtown has twice Walden's proportion of Friends in the student body and on the faculty (staff), and proportionately half as many day scholars as Walden has.

Yet so much is similar. A Quaker school, boarding, co-ed, within the commuter orbit of a big city (Philadelphia is one hour away), set in the country, a long red-brick building, a centre corridor, go in at the front door and turn left for the boys' end, and right for the girls'. Both schools are very congenial to teach in, with a most competent teaching staff who overfill their time with all the 'voluntary' extra things they do around the place besides their teaching.

But teaching here is easier, *much* easier. We have classes only five days a week. And in effect I only teach two lessons a day, for every day at first period I teach a lesson to fifteen sixteen-year-olds, and third period I teach the same lesson to another

class of the same age group. Period four, a second lesson to fourteen seventeen-year-olds, and sixth period the same lesson to another similar group.

Westtown is rich in so many ways compared with Saffron Walden, though not compared with some schools here whose facilities and extravagance are breathtaking. I recently visited Penn Charter, a Friends school in Philadelphia, to see their new Athletic Arena. It has two massive gymnasia, each with four basketball courts inside; a sporting goods emporium where students can buy anything from shin-pads to skis; a natatorium (swimming bath, to you and me) with massive spectator stands and electronic scoring boards, underwater glass panels for the professional swimming coaches to observe from; and the whole building flanked by a stone triumphal-arch entry for the cost of which we could have built four large classrooms at Saffron Walden. Westtown isn't rich like that, but rich in having superb grounds including a large lake for canoeing and skating; an orchard that grows peaches so large and luscious you have to get into the bath to eat them; acres of farmland and woodland to roam in, including an arboretum; six school-owned cars for school and faculty use; large, varied and roomy buildings that give one a sense of space and privacy for living and working. But most of all Westtown is rich in human qualities, a tremendous tradition of family and old scholar support, a high proportion of faculty to students, a high proportion of administrative and office staff to faculty.

Teaching staff have far more time to be with the students in work, free time, leisure activities, and most importantly play. Americans just do play far more than we do; they have more time and money to spend on it — the affluent society. But in part this results at Westtown in work expanding to occupy the people available to do it. The three days of faculty meetings, ten hours a day, before term began are an aweful symptom of this. We expend acres of banda paper on organising ourselves and each other. My mail box has its lining coated with purple ink.

At Westtown the Student Council is very important. In particular its Social Life Committee is entirely responsible for watching and guiding joint activities outside school hours. Boys and girls see less of each other during the week than Walden pupils do, and there are hours of the day when they must keep to their ends of the building. There is much less freedom for them to wander together out of sight of the building. There is even an amusing postal system between the two ends of the school, when (last thing at night) a boy and girl appointed as bearers meet in Central to exchange baskets filled with billets doux each carefully folded in a peculiar and peep-proof pattern dictated by years of tradition. The temperature of relationships between boys and girls is kept lower, and any couples who offend decorum are eldered, effectively and without any apparent resentment on either side, by the Social Committee. A boy and girl found outside after dark are in danger of automatic expulsion. This the Head Boy explains to the school clearly at the beginning of the year. It is the students' own ruling. It saves everyone a lot of nervous wear and tear, and keeps faculty right out of this difficult area of discipline. Many other areas of rule-breaking are also handled by the Council. It leaves faculty free for more positive contacts with students.

All this does not seem in any way to detract from the spirit of the place. Again I am reminded of English schools of an earlier age. There is a great fund of enthusiasm for supporting school teams, for making social activities a success, for home-made entertainment.

The jargon amuses me. When I am to be absent I brief a student to take my lesson, not so that my class shall be ' taught ', but so that ' they shall have an ongoing

classroom experience'. A teacher will say (without irony) of a student that 'he has been exposed to a year of Physics'. You do not 'plan' your lessons, you 'structure' them. And we endlessly 'evaluate' ourselves, our classes, our students. Americans have a passion for knowing if they are 'making the grade', which is not metaphor for them but grim reality. At Walden if a teacher gives a query or cross it's up to the pupil to *work* or recognise that he'd better drop the subject. Here to be 'flunked' in a half-term assignment is a minor catastrophe. To fail is not admissible, because to have got into Westtown is clear evidence that one is capable of the work required. So 'flunking' students must attend special timetabled evening tutorial sessions with their teachers, or be tutored (for a fee) by a successful student. Everyone *must* make the grade, and the teacher who fails a student then sets about getting him up to standard. It takes time. Curiously, none of my students looks like flunking. Perhaps to avoid the stigma of failure marks are made easy to get. Pass mark is 65%! An asterisk indicates marks in the upper nineties. A red tick, or beta, means about 90%. The average mark in Westtown termly exams is said to be 85% to 88%. I find this so preposterous I cannot bring myself to give percentage marks at all, and I stick to alpha, beta, gamma grades. And yet it's largely a relative matter what marks you decide to give to the pass-standard student. My fear is that the abler students here have too easy a time while the teacher coaxes the laggards. And that the 'democratic' assumption that everyone deserves some marks for simply attending the course leads to academic flabbiness. At good schools like Westtown this hardly happens. But in the state schools it seems to be the norm.

What else of note? The capering cheerleaders at soccer matches. (Very attractive, all girls!) Westtown disapproves of American football but some of the professional football ballyhoo creeps in. I don't mind. Bonfire and barbecue pep-rallies on the running track the night before a big match. Camp suppers and skits (one-act sketches) down by the lake on warm summer nights, with the deafening orchestra of crickets, cicadas, katydids and tree-grasshoppers as a background. Canoeing parties going off at weekends on the creeks and rivers of the Appalachians. Friends School Day, which is the day when no teachers are allowed on campus and the students run the whole school, Head Boy in the Headmaster's study, all classes taught (very efficiently) by elected student teachers, informal sports day after school, and so on. We certainly 'have fun'.

And what are the differences in me? It's hard to say. I have given up trying to speak American — not that I ever made a real effort to do so. But certainly rhythms and intonations that are American are evident in our speech. Peter speaks a mixture at school. His Essex accent overlaid by Philadelphia drawl was hard to bear at times, but on the whole he is settling for a hybrid Pennsylvanian. I haven't got a crew cut — yet. On the whole the Beatle cult has made hair lengths here very like our own. We live happily in our 'apartment', we eat 'tomaytoes', we throw our garbage in the 'trash can' and we drive our really very smooth, large American station wagon (whitewall tires, automatic-transmission, power-operated windows) on the right-hand side of the eight-lane thruways with a sophisticated insouciance. Yes — we like it here.

DAVID GRAY

Berkeley Square

Members of the audience of a school play are naturally tolerant; they come mainly to see their children, or their contemporaries, and much cider passes for champagne in their eyes. However, the fact that *Berkeley Square* was universally acclaimed does not mean that it had no merits — it had several, but the many interesting ideas raised lay concealed beneath a thick layer of sugar, and the audience appreciated them in spite of the playwright.

The plot was simple. An American given to idealisation of the past changes places with a ' colonial ' of 1784, and, faced with the mercenary attitude of his hostess (who wishes to marry her elder daughter to his imaginary millions) and the uncleanliness of eighteenth-century life, his admiration is soon replaced by bitter contempt. Helen, the younger daughter, who realises who he really is, dies of a broken heart when he hastily returns to his own century. In such a story there is obviously much scope for melodramatic and tear-jerking scenes, and the playwright indulged himself to the full. Indeed, though the cast did a magnificent job with their lines, and often transcended them, many of the scenes of the play recalled *Murder in the Red Barn.* What could the cast do with such touches as the slowly-opening door at the end of Act One, with Marjorie screaming at the mysterious, inexorable entrant, ' Oh Peter, I'm afraid of you '? Or such Twentieth Century-Fox effects as, ' Oh Peter, I love you, God help us both '?

Marion Bailey and Jane Rawlingson were consistently good as the sisters, but Marion's tempests were overdone at times and Jane was unbearably sweet-natured (although she commanded respect by her unembarrassed portrayal of Helen, the archetype gentle and understanding saint). Martin Drummond as Throstle, a bird-like individual, and Jeremy Shearmur as Cumberland were equal to their meaty character parts. Jeremy's studied Teutonic courtesy to the Duchess of Devonshire was a delight. Josephine Beck as the Duchess captured the audience with her vivacity, while Gavin Brown was the epitome of stoic soldierdom. John Shippey did the best he could with the uninspiring part of Standish, the hero, but Philip Webb's American accent slipped so alarmingly at times that I wondered whether he was portraying a schizophrenic. Lastly, Jill Doncaster was superb as the middle-aged Lady Anne Pettigrew — hers was undoubtedly the best and most subtle performance of the evening. We must thank Kenneth Whitlow and the cast for a very enjoyable evening.

RUFUS MILES



The Cast

Tom Pettigrew	Jeremy Buncombe
Maid	Jane Bright
Kate Pettigrew	Marion Bailey
Lady Anne Pettigrew	Jill Doncaster
Mr Throstle	Martin Drummond
Helen Pettigrew	Jane Rawlingson
The Ambassador	Philip Webb
Mrs Barwick	Susan Lewis
Peter Standish	John Shippey
Marjorie Frant	Rachel Eden
Major Clinton	Gavin Brown
Miss Barrymore	Helen Boggis
Duchess of Devonshire	Josephine Beck
Lord Stanley	Simon Crowe
HRH The Duke of Cumberland	Jeremy Shearmur

The play directed by
KENNETH WHITLOW

Tube Travel

Posters slapped on every square inch. Toothpaste, pantomimes, exotic Jamaica! Andrew's Liver Salts, Mars Bars, ' Lord Jim ', and Danish butter. Everything imaginable. Stretching as far as the eye could reach. Plump businessmen in well-starched suits reading the *Evening News*. Mothers and nannies harassing over-confident little boys back. Teenagers experimenting with chocolate machines. Shrivelled old ladies fumbling for their tickets. Couples saying their last farewells. Motherly hens pecking the cheeks of their offspring. Gossips hob-nobbing. Battered cases, faded ink. Memories of distant places. Indian princesses in long white linen. Isolated young people, dreading that they may never see England again.

Distant rumblings. Sudden little huffs of warmth ruffling papers and perms. Lights flashing colours. Capitals in little rectangular boxes glowing. Microphone crackling, coughing, announcing ' All stations to London Bridge, Charing Cross, Victoria.'

Mounting excitement. Thundering more incessant. Vibrations, whistles, pressing back of crowds, a great suck of air, and materialising from the blackness, the monster thunders in and glides to a halt. A sudden silence. The doors silently parting. Then . . . Everyone, Everywhere! Rushing, running, gabbling, hugging, chattering, pushing, bustling, crashing, chaos!

London!

RUTH GAUSSEN (4)

Epitaph to a Failure

As a child he wandered and wondered,
As a boy he knew suffering and sorrow
And as he lived he learnt,
But learnt too late,
And his problems grew great,
Greater than he.

His ghost returned, by the will of a God,
To a timeless pinnacle where he was allowed thought
And where he sought long for a formula for life
And found none, for there was none to find.

Yet some who have seen say, ' Surely,
Surely that is not the ghost of a boy of yesterday,
Surely that is the spirit of a man of tomorrow.'

D. MAHADEVAN (5)

Autumn

Leaves,
Autumn is leaves.
Red, yellow, brown and orange.
Falling from the branches,
Swirling and dancing in the gusty wind.
Swirling and dancing.
Autumn is warm sunshine and bitter cold.
Black buildings loom wetly.
Brittle leaves curled up and crackly,
Whispering to each other,
Caught in odd corners with bits of paper.
In your hair, around your feet,
Leaves,
Whispering.

CHLOE CHEESE (2X)

Photo : Andrew Mummery



Towards Prayer

Wide is the hand
Which curls around me,
And yet I dare not name it.

Warm is the love
Which I feel in folds about my head
When I am happy.
Yet,
When some moods call me,
There is nothing but chill,
And loneliness,
And unloved misery.

While I wish to remain young,
How can I
Commit myself
To solidifying my ideas?

And still
I need an answer.
If only I had a faith
I would pray for others,
Convinced that I was helping them.

AGNOSTIC

Remembering a Visit to Lanercost Priory

In the damp and windy land
Between two ridges,
The ruin stands.

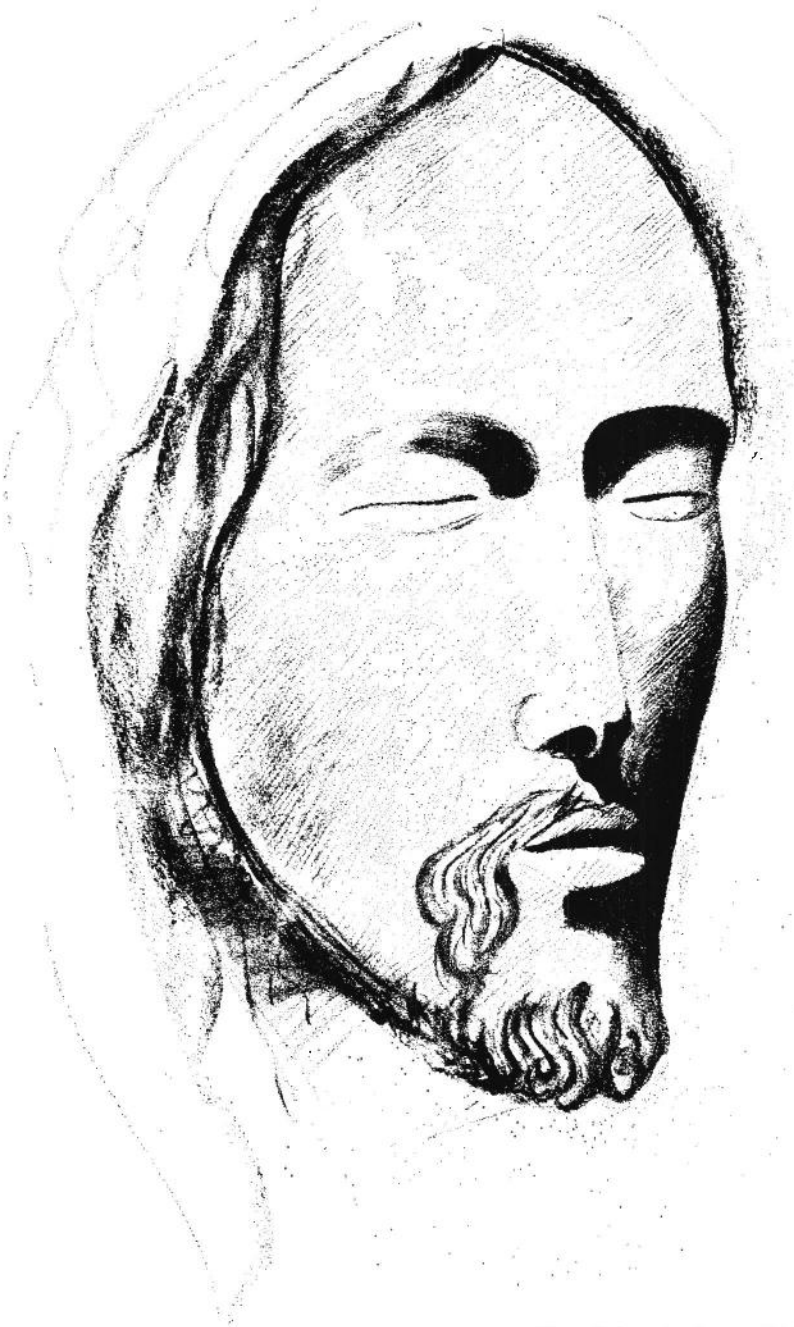
All that is left of the church
Are the great sandy surfaces
Of walls,
The gaping black shapes
Which were windows;
Thick-slabbed, chilly tombs,
And a wind-broken silence.

The roof is a soft expanse
Of swooping storm clouds.
The floor,
A scythed lawn and a slippery path.

I remember four wet steps
Which rang in the empty dusk.

And on the stone coffins
In the echoing chapel,
There were no flowers.

JOSEPHINE BECK (6$_1$)



Sketch by Anthony Wright



Martin Hall

Trav'ling

Trav'ling roads with no destinations
Are you and me and your sad relations.
Mine have long ago given up the fight
Descending backwards and into the night;
So must we onwards and onwards ever.
We, being young, think that this endeavour
Will lead to something.
But the older know,
Though they still go on, there's nowhere to go.
They are driven by fear of turning back
Or of standing still and so, sad, they track
Along with us.
Once they told us the truth
But now are silent; we, young and uncouth,
Would not believe them and in expectance
Of a glorious end we said we'd let chance
Take care of the rest.
And we still believe,
In the hope of youth, there'll be a reprieve
From this muddy road and the pain of life
That we suffer but enjoy, and say the strife
Is but a way to better things.
We, young,
Ignore the nettles and so are not stung.
We know in our brilliant hopes that there
Is a great reward at the end somewhere
For you and me and your sad relations
Trav'ling roads with no destinations.

RUTH BRAND (6_2)

Camel

It's the way he runs that's so odd;
Quite unlike a horse or a dog or a cheetah;
Nothing that runs, runs like him :
Great flabby blobs of feet on the ends of knobbly-kneed legs
Breaking backwards and forwards,
While his whole body swerves and sways,
Up and down from side to side.

Big furry velvet muzzle
With thick incongruous lips
Lipping at water when he can.
Flies hovering, whining
Around great flap eyelids and long coarse lashes.
Grunting and puffing as he lowers himself to the ground,
Front first, then behind,
Kerr-plomp — and a great outblowing sigh.
And the big furry velvet muzzle
Like a puff-ball at the end of his face,
The sorrowful eyes looking down, yellow.

Great blobs for feet,
Big and outstretched, full of spread,
Small tail,
And a laughing puff-ball face.

Sue Garrod (4)



Bullfight. Michael Turnbull

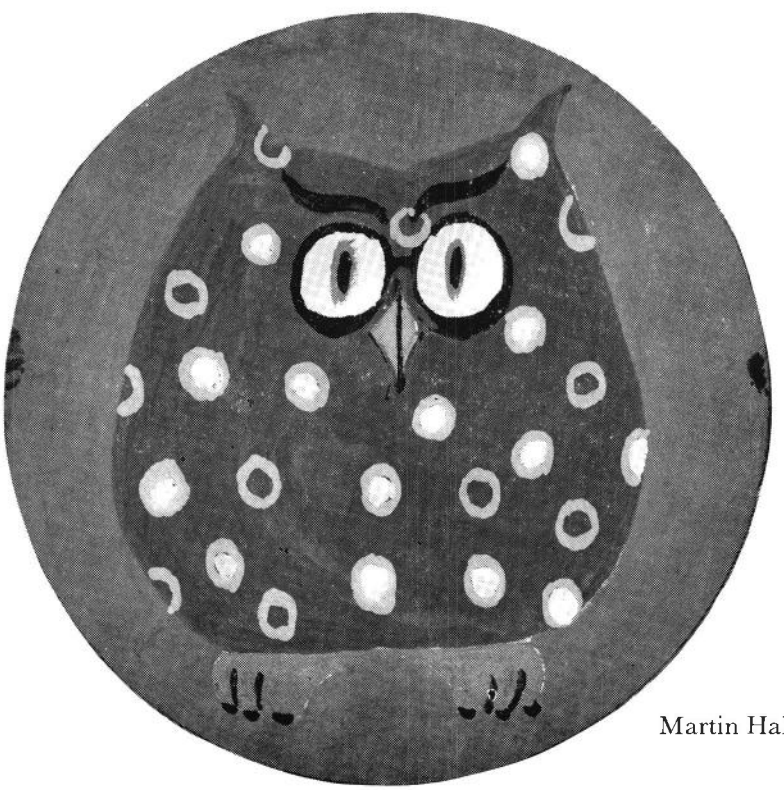


D. Mahadevan

Lines sent anonymously to Mr Brian Capell upon the loss of his tonsils

Owing not a little to
Rudyard Kipling

If you can drink fruit juice when all about you
Are eating great big meals of mince and stew,
If you can flirt with every Nurse who treats you
Yet keep your pulse a steady 62,
If you can raise a smile at six each morning
And watch the others drink their scalding tea,
If you can watch them wheeling out the corpses
(' There but for the grace of God goes me '),
If you can sit for hours upon your bedpan
Yet in delay keep bitterness suppressed,
If you can stand the bedsores and the back-ache
And suck the old thermometer with the rest,
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve their turn although their strength has gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to you, Hold on!
If you survive the trials of constipation
By struggling on till you fulfil your aim,
If you can meet with Matron and Ward Sister
And treat those two old dragons just the same,
If you can talk with Nurse, nor lose your virtue,
With surgeons chat, nor lose the common touch,
If neither pills nor jabs nor gargles hurt you
Although you think the dose is far too much,
If you can fill your fourteen days of sick-bay
With 356 long hours of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And, what is more, we'll have you back, my son.



Martin Hall



Ivan Cane

When Ivan Cane was first invited to Saffron Walden for an interview he was prevented from coming by a snowstorm. I for one am very conscious of what we should have missed if the weather had not relented four days later and allowed him to come, just in time. For he has spent nearly nine years here; his contribution has been considerable and we are all going to miss him. First, I know of no one, and such unanimity amongst music critics is rare, who does not agree that he is a splendid 'cellist and that his work for and with the School Orchestra has been of rare quality. And then, he is such a friendly chap, quite incapable of being petty, always generous in his judgements and in the giving of his time, a good colleague and the best of company. We have enjoyed, too, seeing his wife Beryl and from time to time hearing her sing. And who else on the Staff has twice produced the best baby of the year, at least of the Saffron Walden year, and whose failure to do it three times remains unaccountable? He leaves us, to our great regret, to become a peripatetic teacher of the 'cello based on Norwich. What does peripatetic mean? ' Of the school of Aristotle (who walked while he taught) ', but not, presumably carrying a 'cello or driving a mini. But we do hope that his peripatetions will bring him Saffron Waldenwards.

K.N.

Games Reports

January to December 1965

The House Championship

During 1965 sixteen House Competitions took place. Both enthusiasm and performance varied considerably in these competitions, TUKE, winning five competitions, carried off the House Trophy, with 81 points, MENNELL (65 points) were second, and LISTER (36 points) were third.

Association Football

The season has on the whole been a very successful one and has been enjoyed by all concerned. Contrary to expectation the fixture list has not been radically altered from last year's and the team has once again come up against the bigger-school giants like Soham and Newmarket. These rather unequal matches could be discontinued, or we could field a School XI strengthened by one or two members of Staff. This type of School XI has twice played this term, against Essex University and against Cambridge University Falcons, the first game being particularly successful and resulting in a 2—1 victory; this game can be described as the highlight of the season, if we discount the splendid lesson given to us by the Falcons, who brought the best side they have ever shown us since the fixture was started four years ago. We think that it might have something to do with the 4—3 result last year. . . .

I would like to say that I consider it a great privilege to have been captain of a team who have always shown the greatest enthusiasm and sportsmanship and thus promoted such a good team spirit and understanding. On their behalf I would like to thank Mr Lewis and Mr Capell and Colin Benson for the unfailing support and encouragement that they have given the team throughout the season. Our thanks also to the ground staff, the kitchen staff and the laundry staff, who have all helped the season to be run so efficiently.

BRIAN SIMMONDS

The Under-fifteen team has suffered from frequent team changes. Jeremy Hindle has been playing regularly for the First XI and his absence has handicapped the team and at least partly accounts for the two heavy defeats they have suffered.

The Under-thirteen team has had a successful and most encouraging season. They have shown excellent team work. Roger Lenk has already shown that he is a candidate for the Under-fifteen team next year and there are others from this team who will probably join him there. A number of First Form boys have been playing regularly and they will be a useful basis for next year's team.

Cricket

As far as results go, the season was successful. Out of nine matches played, six were won, two lost and one drawn.

Whitsun saw a good victory against an Old Scholars XI, the School succeeding where the Staff had failed.

Martin Lamborn captained the team admirably and himself batted consistently well throughout the season. Gavin Brown, David McLennan and Mervyn Willcock bowled notably well and their performances were an indispensable contribution to our victories. As a whole batting was not the strong point of the team. The runs never came in great quantities and the strength of the team was in its bowling. The whole team worked very hard and thanks must go to Mr Allen, who coached them, and to Harry Purser and his assistant, who prepared the square.

Full colours were awarded to Gavin Brown, Martin Lamborn, Mervyn Willcock.

The Under-fourteen team failed to find the confidence needed for successful batting. Several boys bowled well, notably Anthony George, Jeremy Hindle and Christopher Guy. Many of the team looked promising as batsmen in practice, but match atmosphere upset them and their performance. Since the average age of the team was young, we look forward to good things next year.

BRIAN CAPELL

Hockey

Girls

With only four players remaining from last year's First XI, the team is taking time to settle down and get used to each other's play. The forwards need to be more forceful in front of goal and the

defence must learn to position themselves more quickly — the backs especially are too often caught on the wrong foot. The Under-fifteen XI is showing a lot of determination to do well and should meet with success as the season progresses. Hilary Bullman is to be congratulated on being selected for the Cambridgeshire County Junior Second XI. Colours were awarded to Sheila Metson and Hilary Bullman.

ANNE MARRIAGE

Boys

Six victories, and only two matches lost against School sides; this sums up what has been a very successful season. At first we thought the team would have two or three serious weaknesses, but the newcomers worked hard and it was pleasing to see how they developed and fitted into the team, Richard Joynes at right back and John Shippey at right half in particular. Jeremy Hindle showed that he will be a strong contender for a place in the team in 1966. Two difficult matches were played in mid-season, against Saffron Walden Hockey Club and the Old Scholars. In the first a two-goal deficit was eventually turned into a 4—2 win, with Mervyn Willcock scoring three fine goals. In the Old Scholars match the score was 3—1, the scorers being Willcock and Rowntree. Full colours were awarded to Gavin Brown, Martin Lamborn, John Shippey, Roger Tulk.

Tennis

Girls

The First VI had a good season and won five matches out of seven. They lost to Cambridge County High School and the Old Scholars. Colours were reawarded to Barbara Allison, Barbara Burtt, Ann Ludlow.

The Second VI played two matches and lost both. The Under-fifteen VI lost the only match they played.

ANNE MARRIAGE

Boys and Girls

In May we played a mixed tennis match against the University of Essex; we won. Boys' teams also played matches, notably against the Parents. In the local Hospitals Cup the singles title, won last year by Martin Lamborn, was this year won by Mr Haslam, but Owen Powell and Robin Pollard did not succeed in winning the men's doubles for the second year.

✪ ✪ ✪

Swimming

Girls

We had matches against Newmarket Grammar School (which we won by 130—77) and against Manor House School (which we lost by 192—217). In the mixed match against Granta Swimming Club the girls lost by 168—198. Fourteen girls took the Royal Life Saving examinations in July.

ANNE MARRIAGE

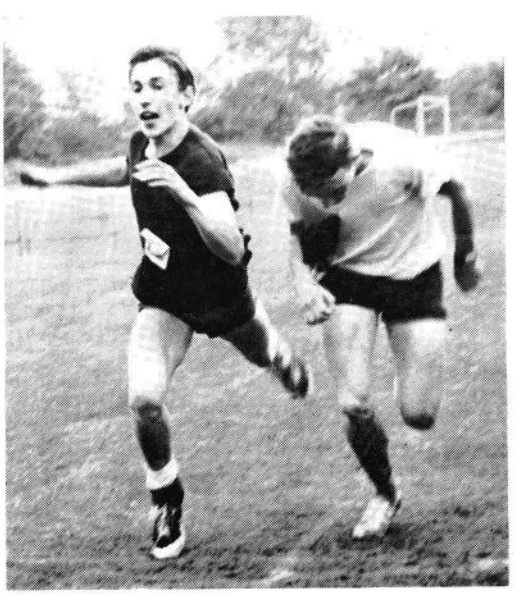
Boys

Opposition in matches has been strong, notably from Felsted and Bishop's Stortford College. The two matches against Manor House Boys' School were very exciting, the first match being a tie and the second a victory for our opponents by two points only. In the North West Essex trials ten of the thirteen events were won by swimmers from the School, and seventeen boys represented North West Essex in the North versus South Gala. Of these boys, Paul A'Court, Jonathan Edwards, David Hartman and John Hartman gained first places.

1965 saw the introduction of Personal Survival Swimming and a group of boys gave a demonstration at General Meeting. Most of these boys are about to attempt the Gold Standard award and a number from the Fourth Form are to attempt the Bronze Standard award.

I should like to thank Stanley Smith, who has given up many hours to help train boys.

BRIAN CAPELL





Athletics

The Inter-House Sports were held in cold, rainy conditions. In the boys' events good performances were recorded by Donald Maxwell in the Senior Hurdles (16.3 sec), by Jeffery Stevens and John Wigham in the 880 (2 min 13.5 sec), by Jack Craig in the Mile (5 min 0.1 sec), by David Hartman in the 220 (26.5 sec), and by Graham Stevens in the Junior 880 (2 min 27.8 sec). David Hartman went on to win the North West Essex 220 yards and just failed to qualify for the Essex championships, whilst Graeme Shepherd and Jeremy Hindle did good times in winning the North West Essex Intermediate and Junior Mile Walks. In the North West Essex championships we gained eleven first places, not always against very strong opposition. Next year the Pole Vault will be included in the School Sports.

The Senior Cross-country team met some very good opposition during 1965. John Craig improved as the season progressed and he set up a new School record of 25 min 53 sec in a match against Soham and Newport. He was awarded his full colours.

The School record for the Under-fifteen team was broken in all their matches and was eventually lowered by Robert Lunnon to 16 min 2 sec. Four other boys came close to this time.

BRIAN CAPELL

Rounders

The Under-fourteen team had a good season and were unbeaten. We drew with Newmarket Grammar School at home, beat Saffron Walden High School, Hadham Hall and Newmarket Grammar School away. Top scorers were Heather Bissenden, Ruth Bradley and Jane Garrod.

The Under-thirteen team had a less successful season but played enthusiastically nevertheless. They lost to Cambridge High School and Saffron Walden High School, and drew with Hadham Hall.

The Junior House matches were won by Mennell, with Tuke second and Lister third.

HEATHER BISSENDEN



Netball

Owing to two cancellations the netball teams have had few matches so far. Of those played, six have been won, three have been lost, and one has been drawn. The Third Year team, who did not play any matches last year, have raised their standard considerably.

SHIRLEY NEALE

Rugby Football

Rugby House matches were played in the Spring Term and were won by Lister, with Tuke second. So far we have played four matches; there are still two to come, but we see no hope of preventing the season from being described as a poor one. Full colours have been awarded to Bernard Dutton and John Shippey.

Duke of Edinburgh's Award

The above scheme was introduced into the School during 1965 and at present ten boys and two girls are engaged in the various activities which are designed to test initiative and sustained effort over a predetermined period of time.

The scheme is made up of four sections, each of which can be taken at either Gold, Silver or Bronze level.

They are:

(a) Rescue and Public Service. These require the candidate to undertake a period of training so as to be qualified to be of service to the community (e.g. first-aid).

(b) Expeditions. The candidate must undertake training so as to be able to carry out an expedition ranging between two to five days.

(c) Pursuits. The candidate must do some form of creative or purposeful activity for a period of six to twelve months.

(d) Fitness. Certain standards must be achieved in various physical activities.

BRIAN CAPELL

School Activities

Senior Orchestra

The First Orchestra has enjoyed an active year, although membership has diminished slightly. Mr Plant has now joined our ranks, making a very welcome addition to the woodwind section.

The concert in the Spring Term was well supported, and the encored 'Gate of Kiev' was as enthusiastically played as received, especially as, for the first time in FSSW Orchestra history, both First and Second Orchestras joined together. One unusual result of this was that three members of the Ayton family, First, Third and Sixth Forms, were playing together.

All members of the Orchestra join me in thanking Mr Cane for the work he has put in and the results he has achieved during his time as conductor. We are very sorry to see him leave but we are sure that he will be very happy at his new post.

Mr Woodhouse has taken over as our conductor and will no doubt carry on in the same form as his predecessor.

HARRIET CONWAY

Sixth Form Visits to the Theatre

This term we have been lucky enough to go to the ADC Theatre in Cambridge twice, first to see *The Devils* by John Whiting and then *Death of a Salesman* by Arthur Miller, both of which we enjoyed very much.

The stage is small, lighting and scenery are limited and the actors lack professional polish, but, in both productions, director and actors made a remarkable effort to overcome these drawbacks and only in the crowd scenes in *The Devils* did the lack of space really make itself felt.

The Devils, based on Aldous Huxley's book *The Devils of Loudun*, takes place in France between the years 1623 and 1624. Action is centred around a priest, Grandier: how he affects the daughter of the Public Prosecutor and the sisters of a nearby nunnery, his troubled mind and his downfall. Grandier (Richard Syms) and Sister Jeanne (Sally Kinsey-Miles) were both extremely well acted.

Death of a Salesman, to me the more impressive play, takes place in the New York and Boston of today. Willy Loman, brilliantly played by Roger Garland, is dissatisfied with life. He is getting old and none of his ambitions have been realised; he is jealous of the riches his, now deceased, brother Ben made in the diamond mines; and, most of all, he is upset because his favourite son, Biff, is not getting anywhere and seems to have ceased caring for his old father. Tormented by these factors, his mind has become deranged and he meets a tragic end, guaranteed to make the most lively person subdued.

SUSAN LEWIS

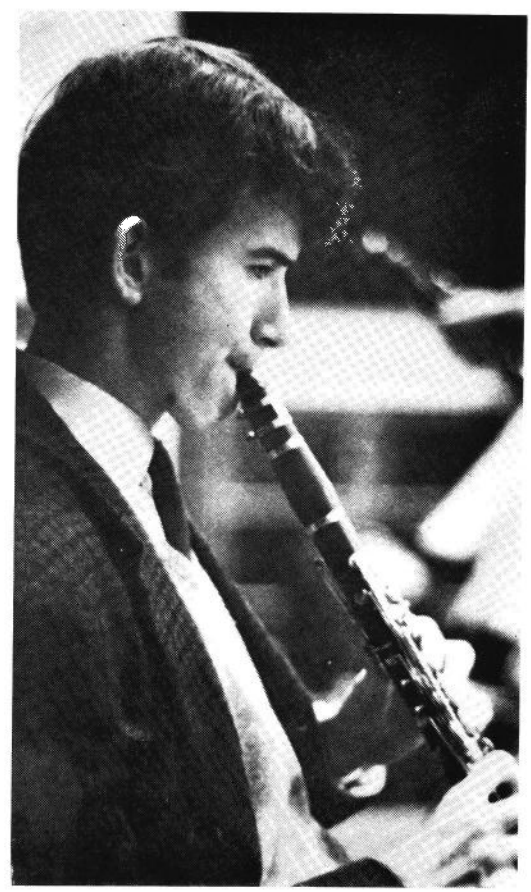


Photo: Andrew Mummery

Mull Survey 1965

The first night we were the guests of Kenneth and Robin Greaves at the Friends School, Wigton in Cumberland. We camped by the cricket pitch, Brian Capell and his party joining us around midnight having driven the last fifty miles through Lakeland mountains, the indicator of his Jaguar showing no petrol.

The next night was spent on the shores of beautiful Loch Etive, and the following morning we boarded the ss *Colomba* for the wilds of Mull.

Forty minutes later we set tentative feet on Mull and immediately leapt into our transport, the Perry-mobile and the Slee's elderly vehicles. We drove along the main A road, noting with admiration the potholes and the excellent way in which thick grass served as a white line. We noted with glee the impact of glaciation and vulcanism on these soggy, windswept mountains.

Commander Dick Perry deserted each party at their respective destinations, threatening to return in due course.

Gill Scrivener and Bridget Stables settled down happily near Bunessan in a marsh, Gill to study Archie Macdonald's croft and its inhabitants, and Bridget to tramp miles of coastline seeking interesting geology.

Jeremy Buncombe and Alan Rowntree lived in a roofless croft and surveyed the lives of Bunessan's inhabitants, much to the distress of some. However, they were befriended by Nurse Gibson, who dried them out and fed them periodically.

Robin Hicks and Peter Clark joined the people of Fionnphort, where they pitched on a pink granite cliffside. Robin examined dykes and raised beaches while Peter pursued the human geography.

Heather Denselow and Susan Backhouse left Mull for the mystical isle of Iona, where they settled on hole nine of the golf course. After being flooded out by torrential rain they moved into a potato house. Heather studied sea-level changes and the spouting cave and Susan surveyed the population and land use, and they also nearly converted the Iona community to Quakerism.

Robin Pollard, joined by Michael Lewis from the Outer Hebrides, was surveying coastal features at Carsaig, noting a profusion of dykes. They climbed the Dùn Da Ghaoithe together with Mountaineer Perry and Brian Capell, and, having visited the mountains previously, became even better acquainted with their ridges and midges.

Judy Clarkson and Jill Slee stayed at Burg, a simple crofting farm. They began by camping near the farm but were invited in, after two nights of heavy rain, by the friendly MacGilvrays, and in return they raked hay and even learnt to milk a highland cow. Judy discovered a long-lost fossil tree while studying geology.

Gavin Brown and James Wallis roared up north on their scooters to the Glengorm Estate, where Gavin worked last year. They examined modern land usage.

Geographer Dick Perry dropped in on the various groups, offering help and advice where necessary, and from time to time Brian Capell was observed sprinting from dyke to dyke muttering sweet geographical nothings and sinking into the bog. They were joined by another geographer, Mrs Papps, and her husband, who was enjoying his last few weeks of freedom before entering Wakefield Prison — as a Borstal Service trainee.

The fortnight drew to a close and we regretfully boarded the ss *Colomba*, having grown extremely attached to Mull and its friendly and generous people. The expedition was a great success, and Mull certainly far surpassed our expectations.

6₂ Geographers

Guides

In the Spring Term the Company was awarded the Campfire Badge, for which each patrol had to entertain the rest of the Company for at least ten minutes with a sketch or play. At the time 'the bug' had struck the School and as a result of this some people had to act two parts! In one of these sketches, members of the patrol imitated voices broadcasting from different radio stations. Frequent changing of programmes produced amusing results. In addition to this we had to sing a variety of songs.

The following term we were given a caravan by Mr and Mrs Backhouse, for which we were very grateful. It was used during the two weekend camps for storing equipment and supplies.

The Guides on the first camp arrived at the site at about five o'clock on a very hot afternoon. Unfortunately we were one tent short and so we had to spend the night squashed into three instead of four.

The next day there was a continuous downpour, so the hike of five miles back to School was not quite so enjoyable as the journey there. Nevertheless the weekend was great fun and enjoyed by everyone.

This term we were very pleased to welcome Miss Miller and Miss Porter from Saffron Walden College to our Company, who have helped about fifteen recruits pass their Tenderfoot test.

We are very grateful to Miss Ashford for all the time and energy she has spent on the Guides.

Amanda Crowe, Dorothy Backhouse

4th Saffron Walden Scout Troop

After a gap of many years, Scouting in the School was restarted at the end of the Spring Term 1965. It was decided not to have too many in the Troop at first, so we started with twelve, divided into two patrols: the Badgers and the Kestrels. As we have no headquarters yet, meetings have been held on the new field or, in bad weather, in the gym.

We quickly passed our Tenderfoot tests during the Summer Term and also had two weekend training camps at Debden, by the kind permission of Mr and Mrs Mays. The first was held in cold weather and as a lot of us were inexperienced campers, the general standard was not very high; but by the second camp the weather was warm enough to make choc-ices most welcome and, as we had learnt more, we were more successful and certainly enjoyed it. There was great competition between the two patrols and the Assistant District Commissioner, who paid a surprise visit, was clearly impressed by our fireplaces and 'gadgetry'.

At our Friday evening meetings we have had games based on the Scouting skills we have learnt (such as first-aid) and there has been a big emphasis on observation and initiative. On a scavenger hunt we had to produce such unlikely objects as a fly-in-the-ointment and a stick-in-the-mud, and we have also been on treasure hunts around Saffron Walden. On one of these we had to ring up an unknown person and ask: 'Where is the nearest madhouse?' Another trail led to a house where we inquired: 'Have you got the body?' On one memorable occasion we had a game where the Badgers were guarding the bridges on the Saffron Walden to Audley End disused branch line while the Kestrels had to try to creep up and 'demolish' them with rockets. Unfortunately, Audley End station was nearly blown up in the process!

Now we are all trying for our Second Class Badge and during the last few weekends have been doing our eight-mile hikes. We hope the Troop will continue to flourish and we should like, as a Troop, to thank Mr Gillett for all the work he has done.

MARTIN ELLIS, ADRIAN MORRELL

Scout Camp



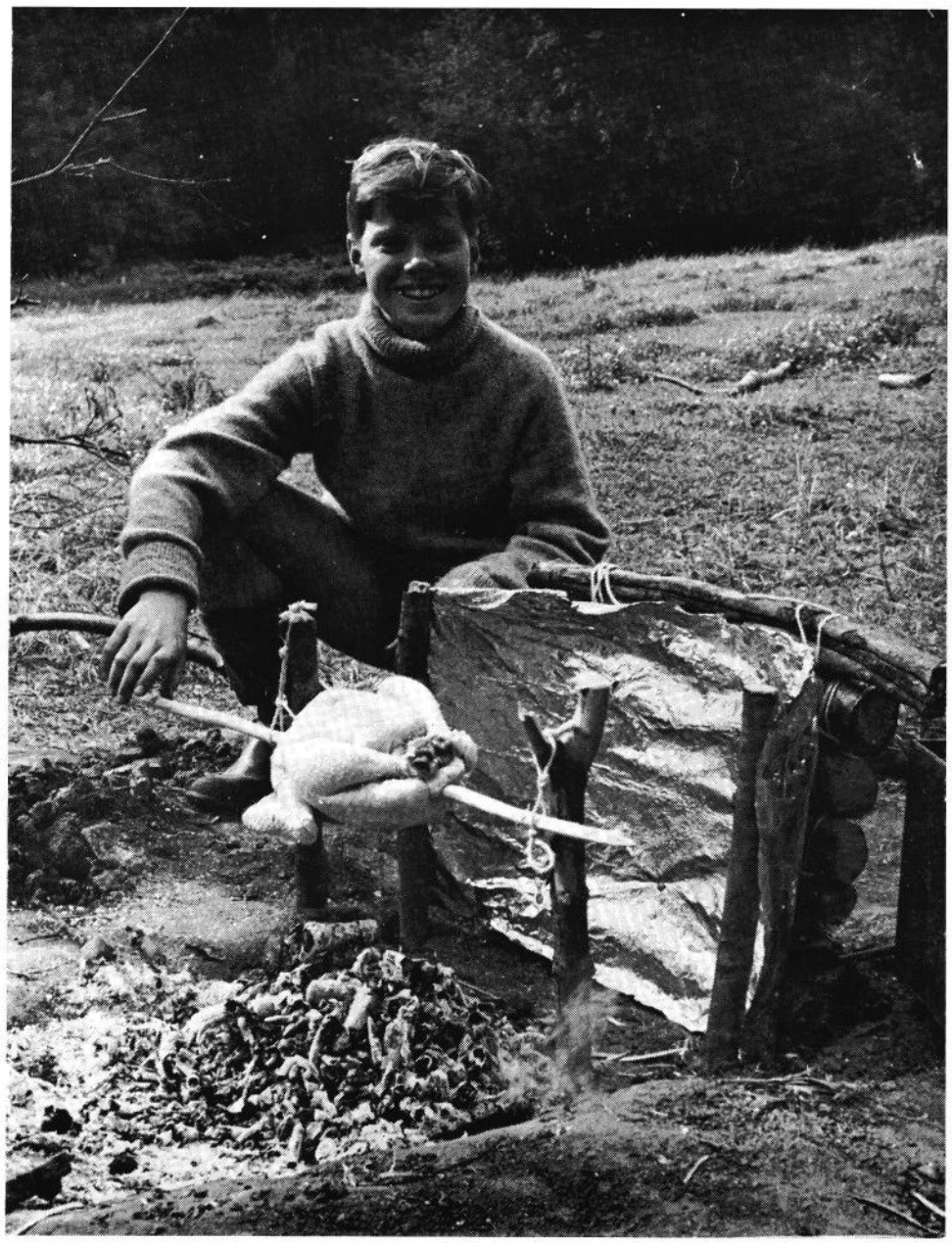
The site of the camp was halfway down a steep valley in the west Cotswolds, overlooking the Severn into Wales. The field, which was lent to us by a tea magnate and local cattle farmer, was surrounded by miles of dense woods which were full of wild life, including badgers, kestrels, snakes, squirrels and foxes. It was an isolated spot, the nearest farm or road being over half a mile away, and there were fine views to the new suspension bridge, the Malverns and the Black Mountains.

The advance party, consisting of Mr Gillett, Michael Ellis, Mick Harper of the 5th Cambridge and myself, left in the Dormobile after school on the last day of term. At six o'clock we parked as near as we could to the site and as it started to rain we took some of the kit down a treacherously steep, muddy path to the field and erected a tent in gloom illuminated by flashes of lightning. Then we returned to the Dormobile, where we had supper and spent the night.

The next day we were up early, digging the latrine and preparing the main store tent. Mr Ashford arrived at midday with the remaining kit and food in his Landrover, but there had been such heavy rain that he became bogged down in the valley and had to be hauled out by tractor. A little later Mr Allen arrived with the rest of the Scouts, who had a quick lunch and set about erecting tents and digging fireplaces and wet-pits. Each patrol had a separate site and there was much competition to see who could dig the deepest wet-pit or build the best 'Guthrum's Glory' (a kind of dresser-table). The Badgers' wet-pit was rather shallow as we came across a layer of solid rock, but Charles Garland dug the Kestrels' so deep that when he stood in it he couldn't be seen! Although it nearly stunned several members of the patrol as we put it up, our Guthrum's Glory was strong enough to provide table and seats for eight, as well as room for storing billies and plates, etc. The Camping Competition was finally won by the Kestrels, but we weren't far behind.

There was plenty of variety in the food: shepherd's pie, toad-in-the-hole (renamed 'frog-in-the-bog') and jam tart cooked in home-made ovens; chops, cheese dreams, steamed puddings and pineapple fritters cooked on trench fires; and — best of all — chicken roasted over the embers of a reflector fire. It was one of the best chickens I have tasted.

We had many expeditions, including those to Painswick and Harescombe Beacons, Belas Knap's Long Barrow, Winchcombe and a wide 'wide



game ' around Sheepscombe, which should have resulted in mortal combat between ' lamb-lovers ' and ' cheese-chasers '. Although rain came almost every time we put kit out to air, the weather didn't seriously affect our programme, even if the tents were nearly blown away one night.

The end of the camp seemed to come much too soon and we only just put the final touches to our Guthrum's Glories when it was time to dismantle them. On the last full day we partly repaid the farmer's kindness by rounding up his beef cattle — ninety cows in nearly a hundred acres — and we

should now like to express our thanks to Mick Harper and his brother, and all those who helped with transport. Mr Ellis came in time for the final Camp Fire and the next day, after a frantic rush, we left a very bare-looking field, feeling that the camp had been a great success.

TIM KAY

La Coume 1965

La Coûme lies at the foot of the Pyrenees. At the end of the last Summer Term, a party of Sixth Formers, Mr Lewis and Derwin Hope went there to build a bridge (later christened 'Le Pont des Anglais') and to finish the sports ground started the year before.

We left Saffron Walden on 12th July and, naturally, while we were in England it poured with rain. However, by the time we reached Paris the sun was shining, and we felt in need of the scheduled meal. Dinner was marvellous but it nearly ended the trip, the last of our party just boarding the train as it pulled out of the station. We then had to batter our way down the corridor, and politely turn out some Dutch students from our compartments.

Pitt and Gérard, two of the staff, met us at Prades, a little town some thirty miles from Perpignan, in a fertile, fruit-growing valley.

From here it was a further eight miles to La Coûme, where we arrived about midday in glorious weather. The English jinx, however, stayed with us and the next day it rained. Our bedroom looked out down the valley to the Canigou mountain, which lay behind Prades, and also on to the 'réfectoire'. Thus we did not need to move until somebody yelled 'à table' (come and get it!).

During the first afternoon two phenomena that were to be a source of permanent interest came to our notice. The number of flies was fantastic, as also was the quantity of clothing that Adrian wore for protection against them. Neither lessened noticeably during the course of our stay, except perhaps when we went to the Mediterranean for the day.

Our main task, after preparing the bridge site, was to fetch three enormous chestnut trees from the hills. Having brought the logs down to the stream with only one casualty, the whole party then had to drag the trunks some three hundred yards across marsh and stream, uphill and over tree stumps, to the bridge site. When the bridge was nearing completion, most of us transferred to the sports ground and began de-weeding the terrain and erecting wire fencing, while others worked on the road to the bridge.

Though it may seem as if we did nothing but work, this virtuous impression ought to be dispelled, for we had many enjoyable evenings — the time we listened to classical music after dinner, when the tables were cleared, the lights turned out, the fire lit; the weekend we went to Andorra, some of us travelling by train and coach, the others by Gérard's minibus. Several of us had hoped to go to a bullfight but the torrential rain had turned the ground to mud. In the evening we went to a night club, 'La Rotonda'. Time, however, forgets many details: so shall we! Perhaps the most amusing detail of our stay was an attempt to teach the French children Scottish dancing, without any conspicuous success, though they enjoyed it tremendously. Canet Plage conjures up memories of heat and roads that scorched your feet when you walked on them without shoes, of Italian ice-cream and pistachio, of volleyball on the sands, and the return journey in Gérard's van with a large quantity of ice in the back. The door had to be opened at every set of traffic lights to prevent flooding.

When the bridge was completed, we had an opening ceremony at the end of the afternoon. Yvès cut the ribbon and was presented with a bunch of flowers by Pio-Pio (Paul Price-Smith was so called after our visit to Andorra, for reasons best forgotten!), and then the success of the bridge was drunk in champagne.

Our farewell banquet: of seven or eight courses, it lasted until early the next morning; would be impossible to better; made an unforgettable experience.

The time had come to leave. All of us were sorry to be going, though looking forward to seeing England again. A group of us spent that afternoon in Perpignan, just sitting in a pavement café, watching the traffic go by. After a meal in the station restaurant, much different from the packed lunch we had had on the train from Prades to Perpignan, we were seen off by Yvès and Gérard. As the train pulled out of the station, Derwin threw the neatly-wrapped hand-brush that had been in the aforementioned packed lunch to Gérard. Gérard tossed it back again, but fortunately we managed to leave the brush with him in Perpignan. This light-heartedness is typical of La Coûme, for La Coûme is run as though it were one big family. There, time means nothing and Nature much. The children have no radio and the only clock is in the kitchen.

I should like, on behalf of the 1965 La Coûme party, to thank Pitt and Yvès for allowing us to share in the peace of La Coûme, to thank Gérard for his inspiration and sense of humour, to thank Mr Lewis for taking us, and to thank all those whose help, financial and otherwise, made it possible for us to go. May there be a La Coûme party for many years to come.

HUGH BUSHER

Winter Sports 1965

Once again a School ski party shuddered on to Victoria Station, eager for the clear air of the Tyrol. Fortified by pre-ski exercises and secure in our waterproof clothes, we were going to test the slopes of Hochsölden.

Twenty-five tired hours later we arrived at Sölden. But where was our STS man to tell us what to do next? Undaunted, we donned blankets and swung up the longest, coldest chair-lift in Austria — while somewhere in the valley below two lonely, frustrated bus drivers waited for their passengers.

Hotel Enzian was a little way down a 45° slope which most people navigated toboggan-style on their suitcases. That night we were refreshed by a good, Austrian veal supper. We soon discovered, however, that our cook believed in using every available part of the animal and after ten days we had eaten everything but the tail and the eyes!

The bedrooms were quite pleasant, although one bed collapsed on the first night and if one leant on certain walls they crumbled gently. On each bed was a large feathery 'duna' which, though we eyed them sceptically at first, in fact kept us very warm.

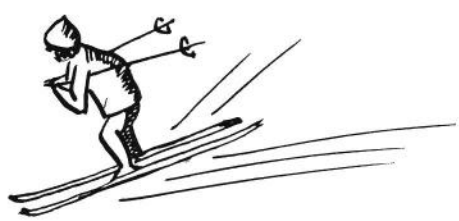
Ski lessons began the next day with Aleweis and Aberhart. We soon found ourselves in two groups: the less capable ones with Aleweis and his eternal 'Now we do zee snowplough. One after the noder. NOW!', and the others who rose from class to













A.L.

class and from peak to peak. But the snow was soft and our only casualty was a sprained ankle.

There was much to do besides ski. One could visit neighbouring villages were evocative names like Obergurgle, and Hochsölden itself was worth exploring with its shops, church and milchbar. Next to our hotel was the 'Sport' which became a favourite haunt for us and the other ski parties; it boasted a group named The Vienna Quartet who had an electric double bass (a very strange-looking instrument). Or, of course, one could always play chess; loser buys the lemonade.

Tobogganing was another much-enjoyed pastime; the hairpin bends of the road to Sölden providing many exciting moments. Six one kindly took the staff with them one day and succeeded in reducing them to a state of terror.

All too soon and very sadly we took leave of our friends in Hochsölden to return to Sidcot and Saffron Walden. If anyone wants to do something different after Christmas we would recommend skiing as a thoroughly worth-while holiday,

A.L., R.B., S.M.

Report on Community Service

We are in a position to report some encouraging developments.

Early in the term three members of the Committee visited St James's Hospital one Saturday evening and they were escorted around the wards by the Matron. She is a very friendly person, with new ideas and a readiness to experiment. She is very willing for us to enter the hospital at almost any time. Members of the Sixth Form have visited regularly on Sunday mornings to chat with the old people, but we hope to give more practical service in the future. The Choir will sing carols at the hospital near the end of the term, and next term we may be able to take some of the patients out in wheel-chairs and do some rough digging in preparation for flowerbeds.

Three members of the Committee visited the Wardens of Stanley Wilson Lodge (house for elderly) and Four Acres (individual houses and flats for the elderly with a meeting room attached to the Warden's house). The Warden of Stanley Wilson Lodge expressed great appreciation of the work done by Senior girls for two years now in July, after O and A levels. She produced a carefully kept log of those who attended and the jobs they had undertaken. This term Fourth Form girls have helped with teas during the week, but they found there was a greater need at weekends and now attend on Sunday morning to make preparations for lunch.

The Warden of Four Acres was very welcoming and glad to have our help. Sixth Form girls have gone in pairs to help with refreshments at the Social Evening held once a fortnight, and Fourth Form girls are helping to make Christmas decorations for their meeting room. Eighteen members of the Third Form have visited some of the old people in their flats, but unfortunately this has been regarded by the old people as an offer to do a job rather than a social visit and many say they will not have jobs to do until the winter has really set in. On Wednesday, 17th November, some Sixth Formers will be giving them an entertainment, and we shall take the opportunity of explaining to them that Third Formers would like to come for a social chat and will be able to do jobs like shopping, fetching coal, writing and posting letters, whereas more expert people can be provided for decorating, gardening and cleaning, on request.

In addition to the entertainment we hope to bring the old people to the School Hall on 1st December for a repeat of the Dramatic Entertainment which was given by the First and Second Forms at Parents' Weekend (which means that every form will have played some part in Community Service). The following week we hope that the Choir will sing carols at Stanley Wilson Lodge and Four Acres.

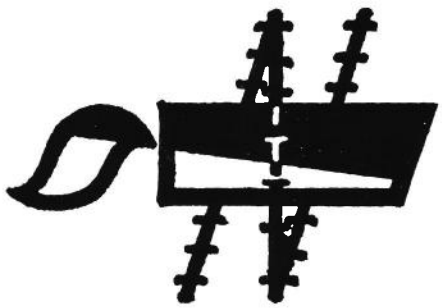
Two Sixth Formers and two Fourth Formers have attended the centre for mentally handicapped children on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. This could be a very depressing job and one which calls for much patience. The help required is with simple craftwork, encouraging them to write their names and tell the time, which may take weeks or months. We hope a group of these children will also come to School for the Dramatic Entertainment on 1st December, and there may be other occasions in the future when we could invite them for some special function or to watch matches.

We are hoping that groups of Seniors will become experts in decorating, cleaning and gardening. The Decorating Team is well on the way to being founded, and one or two are starting on the gardening.

Visiting old people in their homes and taking an old gentleman out and to church continue, as last year.

Lastly, we hope the Forestry Unit will gather wood for distribution.

Iorwerth John



Amnesty Report

The work of Amnesty has continued throughout the year. All our prisoners have now been released except our Chiefs in South Africa, and we continue to do what we can to help their families. In June we had our annual concert for Amnesty and collected about £14. In July we sent a dressing-gown and pyjamas to Denis Khati in South Africa so that he could go into hospital for an operation.

The group got off to a slow start in the Autumn Term, but we have now received the names of three new prisoners. The prisoners are Antonios Karkayiannis, a Greek, who is in prison for supposed Communist activity; Rainer Eggerbrecht, an East German, who is in prison for helping students escape from East to West Berlin; and Mohamed Harbi, an Algerian, who is in prison because he was Ben-Bella's adviser and henchman. Shortly after we had received these names Eleanor Aitken came and gave us an inspiring talk on the conditions in Greek prisons, the position of Greek political prisoners, and advised us how we could best help Antonios Karkayiannis.

We are extremely grateful to the organisers of the School Play for giving us the opportunity to collect money for Amnesty at the performances. With this money we can now go ahead and give our prisoners and their families practical financial help.

Our thanks are due to all those who have helped us during the year, especially those who have translated letters for us.

SUSAN BACKHOUSE

Debating Society

Debating not only gives people practice in speaking formally in public but also provides an excellent opportunity for practising something that happens to us many times in our lives: defending an impossible case. When people say 'What a boring subject!' or 'Who can say anything about that?' I think to myself: 'So much the better — if it's boring it will have to be made interesting; if nothing can be said about it, then an original approach will be required.' We are at school, after all, to learn to think, not to cram ourselves with facts, and there can be no process more conducive to thought than trying to find a defence for something that one finds boring or tedious. Ideally we should always debate the same motion, but I doubt whether this would go down very well. We do the next best thing by choosing tried subjects like Racial Discrimination, Birth Control and the Ecumenical Movement. Take, for example, last year's programme: 'This house has no objection to euthanasia', 'This house would give Berlin to the East Germans' and 'This house believes that hereditary monarchy in England is anachronistic and ought to be abolished'. A study of the voting, however, indicates that it has not been in vain. Although Friends School still seems to breed a compliance with the positive standpoint (all three motions here carried), an element of doubt and an ability to see the opposite point of view has crept in. In the first the majority was seventeen; in the last, one. It is wonderful to see the state of Parliament so accurately represented in the Society. It has been a good year for membership and many capable speakers have come forward.

RUFUS MILES

Senior Literary Society

The danger with anything is that it may get too big and lose the initial enthusiasm. This happened to the Christian Church, and it seems to have affected the Senior Literary Society. Membership has gone up and up (has the need to show a wide range of interests on one's UCCA form got anything to do with it?) and enthusiasm has descended into the depths. This increase is always praised, although this is probably just another aspect of our quantity-not-quality society: none stops to think about its consequences.

Despite this, the Society has enjoyed some interesting occasions over the year. Mr Gray began with a talk on W. H. Auden and later in the Spring Term *Pygmalion* by Bernard Shaw was produced. In the Autumn Term Fred Sessa, Mr Gray's replacement from Westtown, Pennsylvania, spoke on Tragedy; Phoebe Pickard spoke on Drama; and Rufus Miles and Jeremy Buncombe introduced *The Lord of the Rings* by J. R. R. Tolkien and *The Water Babies* by Charles Kingsley respectively. The Poetry Workshop production directed by Chris Hayes was the most original contribution.

It is to be hoped that people will still join the Society, but the current trend of people 'adding feathers to their hats' and collecting as many scalps of societies as possible is to be deplored. The Society has much to offer those genuinely interested.

RUFUS MILES

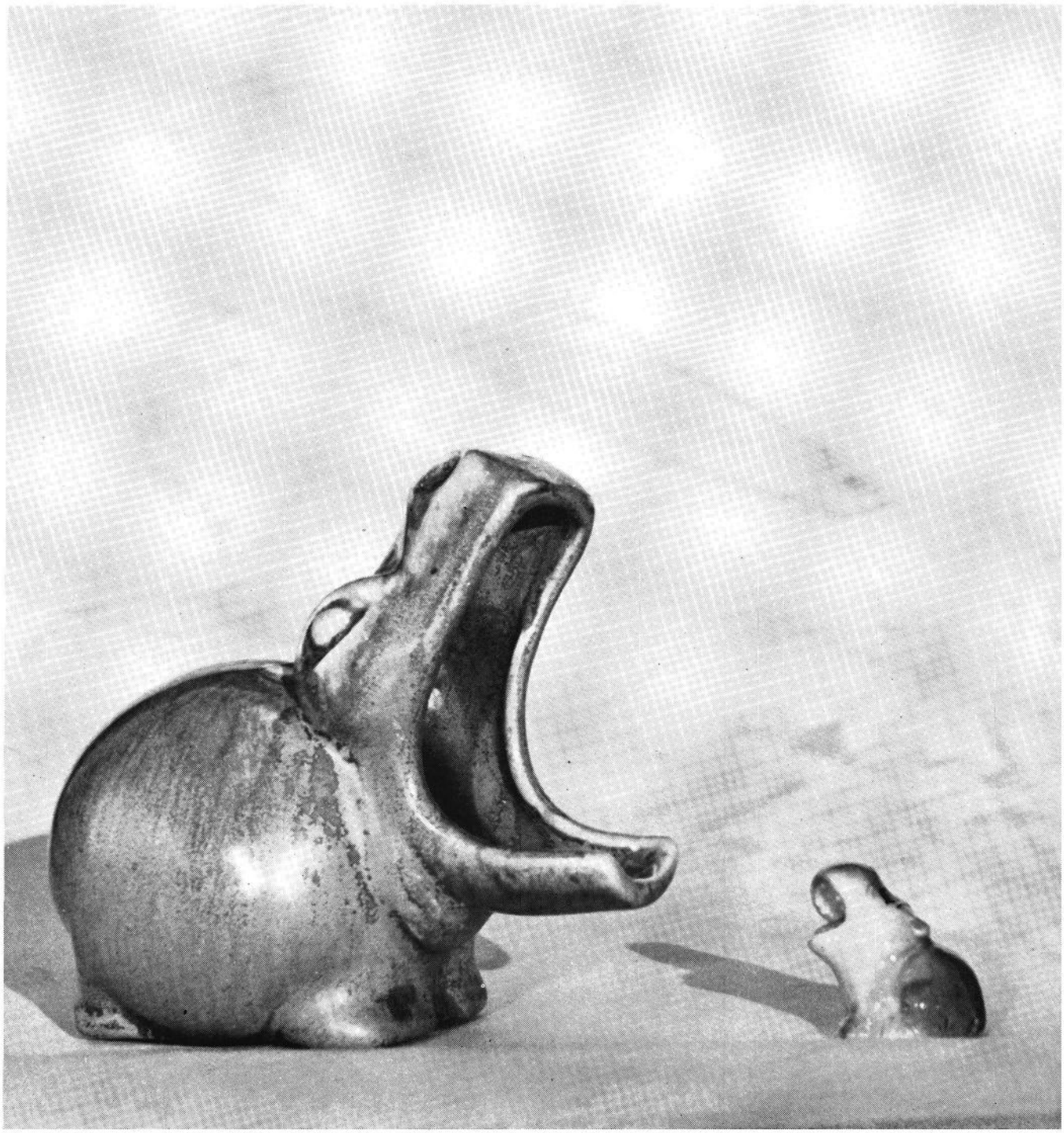


Photo : Andrew Mummery



Bridge Club

The Bridge Club started in the Spring Term with a clique of bridge players who wished to get away from Radio London. We chose the Geography Room on Sunday evenings after Meeting, and after initial troubles established ourselves. Mr Craig consented to come in and help us with the finer points of the game, and despite a general lack of interest among the School we enjoyed ourselves considerably.

RUFUS MILES

Library Report

During the year 134 books have been added to the Library, the Chemistry section being the one most strengthened in the process. Basil Burton's continuing generosity to the Library has enabled us to purchase Lawrence Stone's *The Crisis of the Aristocracy, 1558-1641*, and Mr A. V. Hardy, in presenting *North American Landscape*, has joined the list of authors to whom the Library is indebted. Richard Clymo's lively interest in the Library has again been demonstrated by his gift of W. Keble Martin's *The Concise British Flora in Colour*. Charles Swaisland and Anne Vine have also made generous donations of books.

The most urgent problem to be faced in the Senior Library is that of further adapting it as a place heavily used for study for fourteen hours a day: to make it more functional, it is evident that some lessening of the sense of space and graceful mellowed lines will have to occur. It is hoped, however, that the Junior Library will become a place of greater beauty, for the Old Scholars have consented to the use of some of the money raised under the Gerald Littleboy Memorial Appeal being used to transform the Junior Library from a glorified book store into a place for quiet study and comfortable leisure reading. This is a fitting memorial to Gerald Littleboy, whose love of reading, shared with his family, was conveyed to the School in his imaginative planning of the present Library and in his and Gwen Littleboy's work for the Senior Reading Clubs.

The Libraries would grind to a halt without the help of Library Committees. The Committee of the Senior Library is: Ruth Brand, Jeremy Shearmur, Rufus Miles, Susan Lewis. Martin Drummond, Janet Powell, Simon Wallis and Sue Garrod. The Junior Library Committee is: Heather Bissenden, Miranda Kennett, Robert Lunnon and David Morris. In Mr Gray's absence Mr Lewis is continuing the good work which has been done over the years in the Study Library.

C.A.M., K.L.W.

Refraction '65

It was, not unnaturally, the Anglia studios at Norwich which first gave us the idea. Looking at their chaotic workshops, shoddy cameras and makeshift studios, and yet the high standard of output, we wondered if, with our equally rough equipment, we too could put on a television programme. The idea was mulled over for six months and from out of the various schemes came some concrete plans. A date was fixed, people were approached to help and we decided to write, produce and televise a programme in the week following the summer exams. Lunchtime jokes suddenly became a comic sketch, poetic inspirations were put to music, an outlet for views about School was found and a play was hurriedly hatched one Sunday evening. Little by little *Refraction* began to take form, as did the setbacks, expected but feared. Apparatus broke, or failed to arrive; our hopes of broadcasting to Cambridge were dashed within days of the programme; but the arrival of an Anglia programmes editor at the dress rehearsal relieved our fears a little ('Your chaos is nothing to what we're always in,' she assured us) and having Assembly outside on Saturday morning meant that we could set the Hall up. It was divided into three 'sets': music and poetry; the play, or the panel; and the announcer, or the comic sketch. The stage was used for sound transmitting, with telephone communications to the Geography Room; and the cameras, microphones, director, producers, monitors and everything else were in front of the three sets.

Seven o'clock ticked by and we had lost one of the play characters; they became impatient in the Geography Room and Room 10 where we were broadcasting to; and then at 7.20 we began. It didn't go as planned, or hoped, or rehearsed, but by 8.15 all our work and energy had been exhausted and suddenly it was all over. We felt strange so cut off from the audience, not knowing if they had liked it, laughed, been bored or annoyed, but gradually reports came through. It was not a dismal failure or an unqualified success, but we had tried a new medium for School activities and learned a lot.

Jane Rawlingson, Rufus Miles,
Nicholas Salmon

FSTV & SP 1965

Refraction was, of course, our major work of the year. There were, however, several other activities worth mentioning.

In March, during by-election canvassing, Jo Grimond, MP, addressed a party meeting in the Assembly Hall. We relayed this to the new wing for an overflow audience (mainly members of the School). During the Summer Term we decided to attempt the transmission of a swimming match to a screen in the Physics Lab. Coverage of the bath was almost complete with one camera on the diving boards and another on the side path. As extra lighting was needed we borrowed several floodlights from the Drama Department and hung them on the rafters above the water. We found the most difficult task was to provide a continuous commentary!

At the Whitsun Fête, FSTV provided an announcement and advertisement bureau, using the stage as a news studio, feeding a large monitor in the Hall. We also ran a 'See yourself on TV' stall to contribute to the Indian Village Fund. Later in this term we provided the usual relay of General Meeting. This autumn we are again using TV to relay the School Play backstage as a cueing aid.

On the sound side, we recorded the Orchestra and Amnesty concerts held in February and May respectively. At the time of writing we have just completed our most important sound project yet — making the master tape for a record of motets and carols, sung by the Small Choir, to be released at Christmas.

Nicholas Salmon

Young Farmers' Club

Our fifty day-old chicks arrived,
The brooder warm, the rail survived.
Oh raise your pitchforks, raise them high,
They soon were feathered fit to fly.
Then suddenly — it wasn't nice —
The poultry-boy contracted lice.

The glass-hive bees were rather fab'
And taught to live inside the lab'.
Oh raise your pitchforks, raise them high,
To move them to the field we'd try.
Not far enough, we now conclude:
They all came back to the bilge lab tube.

A swing, a hack, the angle's good,
A cry of 'timber' in the wood;
Oh raise your pitchforks, raise them high,
With butts to wind and kindling dry.
The ashes cold, the fence in line,
Five foot a beech, five foot a pine.

Simon Crowe, Christopher Dyer,
Denby Allen

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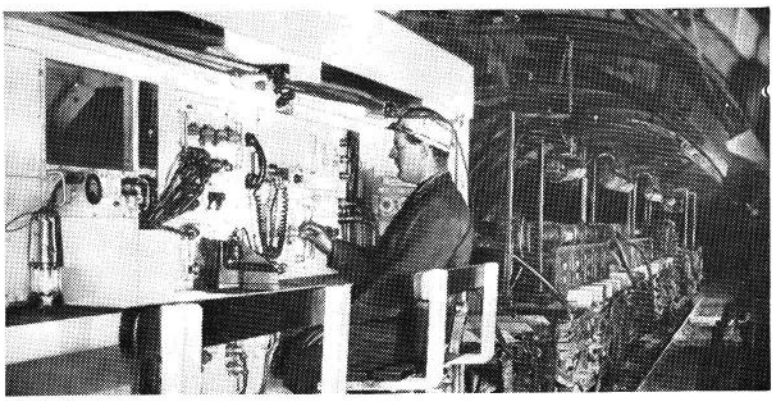


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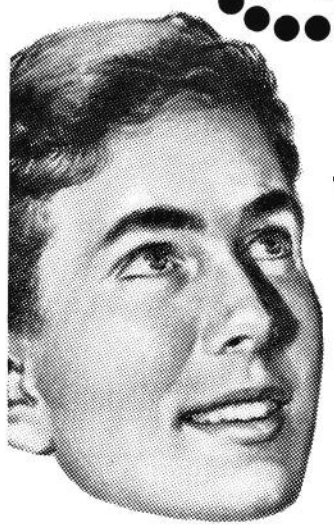
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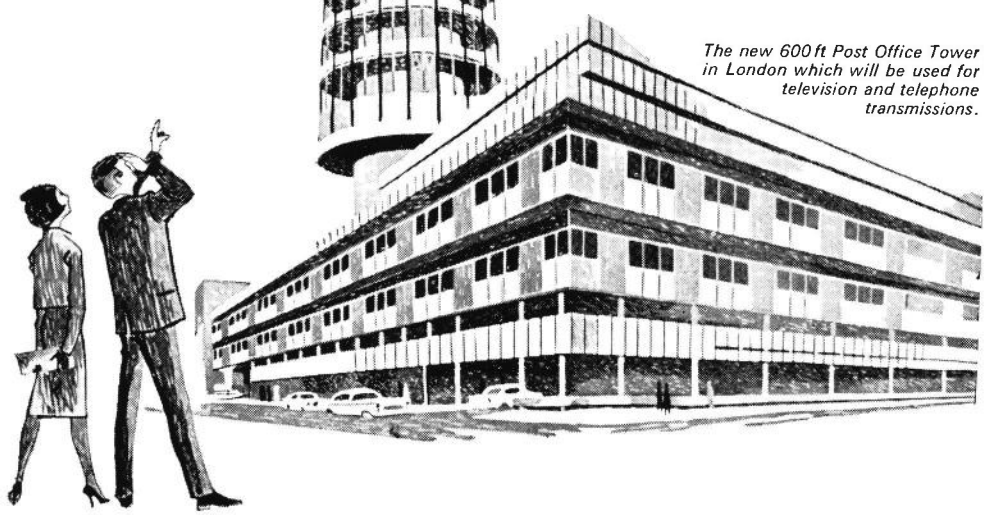
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