THE AVENUE



January 1967

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Business Manager *John Gillett*
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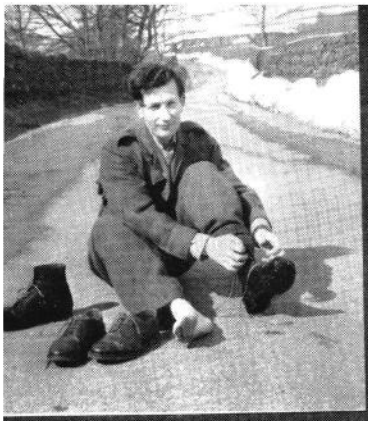
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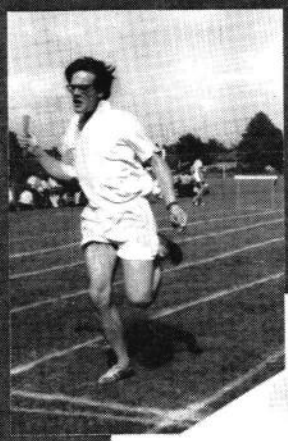
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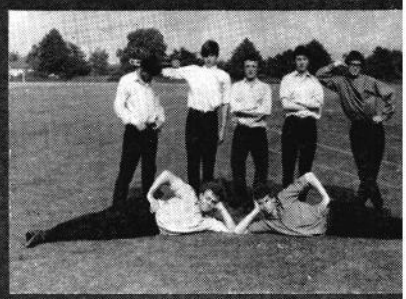
The Magazine of
the Friends School
Saffron Walden

Vol 44 No 137 January 1967





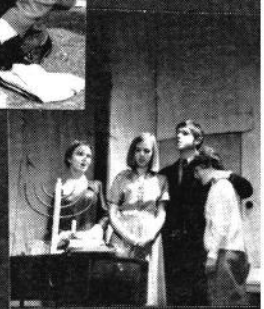



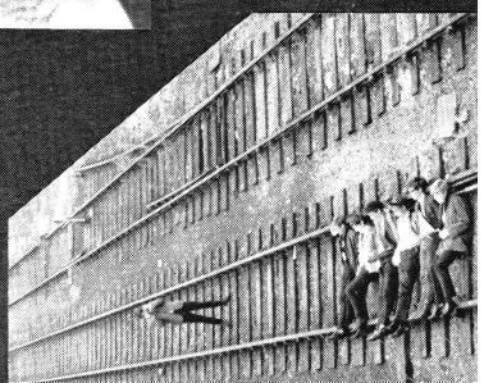












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COLLAGE made from photos by
Joy Ashford, Tom Berny, John Gillett, Roger Harrison, Bronwen Lewis, Andrew Mummery, Jeremy West

Editorial

We have been squeezed. We ought to look thinner. Squeezed by the freeze that has eased off our advertising revenue, and by our loss on recent issues.

After a year midst transatlantic affluence I find this hard to bear. But the Editor's duty is clear. To say no more.

INTER ALIA

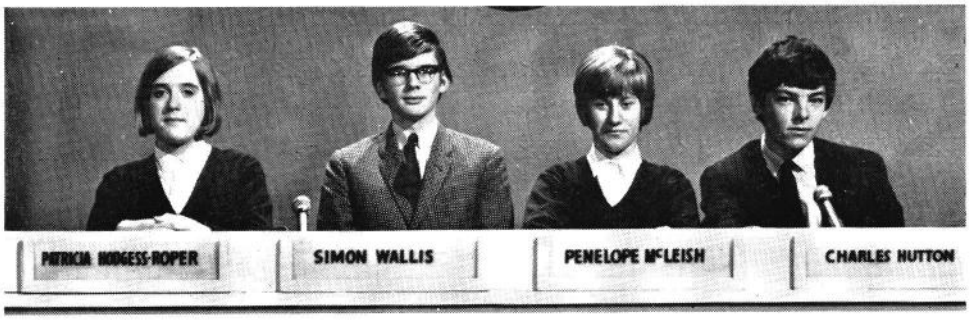
January to December 1966

This year there have been many changes in both the social and material structure of the School.

In September the prefect system was experimentally discontinued at the suggestion of the Sixth Form; it was felt that prefects did no duties that were not being, or could not be, carried out by any sixth former, and so, after much discussion, this venerable institution was suspended. Instead, most duties are being shared equally amongst the Sixth Form and the remaining jobs are allocated to the individuals most suited to them. That is the theory at any rate. The new system is probably working well enough to justify continuing with it.

The School's building programme has gone ahead and we have at last acquired a new San after a somewhat longer period of using No 90 Debden Road than was hoped for. The Friends School Association has given £50 for books for the new San and over £100 for a television set and two transistor radios. At last our invalids will be able to discard that pile of pre-war *Reader's Digests*.

The First and Second Form boys have been shipped off to the old San, renamed Gibson House, giving more elbow-room to the seniors remaining in School. There is one group of people who are not sorry to see them go, since ' getting up ' on the boys' side now starts ten minutes later. The converting of the old San into accommodation



Our latest (successful!) TV Quiz Team at Anglia Studios — clearly apprehensive before the green light

suitable for junior boys was as hazard-fraught as any school building enterprise. At one stage a mains gas-pipe was thrust through a perfectly good ceiling from above and remained there until Mr Gillett pointed it out to the foreman. Later, temporary fixtures installed by the heating engineers were carefully cemented in by another group of workmen.

During the last days of the Autumn Term work was started on a block of four new classrooms situated on the south side of the girls' grass tennis courts. After our experiences with the new San nobody is prepared to say when they will be finished. Perhaps the old formula of the longest possible time plus the shortest possible time should be applied here. When they are finished, however, the way will be open to revolutionize the use of the main building, which will become almost entirely a place of bedrooms, dining-rooms, common-rooms and libraries.

We have also rearranged the school year. The Autumn Term has been split in two by a week's break to enable us to pursue our academic labours unfatigued right up to the end of the end of term. It was felt that previously people were too tired to do anything useful in the last week or two of a full three-month term. General Meeting is now to be held in the Autumn rather than the Summer Term so as to allow summer exams to proceed uninterrupted.

There is one important reform carried out this year which should be recorded here. Most Sundays now the Sixth Form attend Morning Meeting only if they want to; alternatively they may go out with parents, attend another place of worship, or go for a walk or cycle ride. This arrangement is only an experiment, but it seems so much better than subjecting the Town Meeting to rows of press-ganged sixth formers sitting in resigned but restless silence that it is likely to be continued. Sixth formers may also have a weekend off each term provided that this does not interfere with School obligations such as matches.

In September a mysterious name ' Human Studies ' appeared on our timetables. This proved to be Scripture renamed so as to give a better indication of the changing content of these lessons.

Now to deal with the more readily noticeable changes : those which have occurred on the Staff. At the end of the Summer Term Miss Smith left and, until the arrival of Bernice Mitchell, Miss Marshall obligingly came out of retirement to fill the post of Domestic Bursar. During the course of this year we said goodbye to Shirley Neale, Dorothy Philips, Isla Williams, Nhat Pollard (still remembered by

some of us as Nhat Tran), to Ann Loveridge and Mrs Hibbs. Also to John Hill, Chris Hayes and of course Fred Sessa. Unfortunately, the suggestion that he stay another year was overruled since Westtown needed him to boost their wrestling results. The sadness occasioned by the departure of Fred is somewhat lessened by the return of David Gray and his wife, Margaret. We have also welcomed Pat Drewery, Hilary Steele, Anne Dowthwaite, Elisabeth Weech, Ailsa Neale, Brian Lightfoot, Ben Rivers and Peter Cutler. One result of these changes has been to increase the number of eligible bachelors on the Staff. Len Kneller was married at the beginning of the summer holidays; we were sorry to lose him so soon afterwards at the end of the Autumn Term.

Behind all these changes the School activities have been going on as usual. Societies and sub-committees have continued to proliferate. The Choir has made another record. The Staff operetta *Trial by Jury* and *The Bald Prima Donna* (a Chris Hayes production) were well received by the School. So was *Present Laughter*, presented to us in the Autumn Term by the Vagrants Theatre. At PTA weekend Mr Perry organized a teach-in on the Rhodesian problem, which no doubt cleared some hazy ideas on the subject.

The School has made several ventures into the world of television this year. We appeared on *Town and Around* during August, so long after the programme was recorded that most people had given up looking out for it. Our quiz team managed to win at least one of their games in the Anglia studios at Norwich, which is better than we have done in the past. In the BBC's *Where Was Moses?*, however, questions on obscure religious technicalities defeated our team; we lost heavily.

In April a party of Sixth Form geographers went to Wensleydale to tap rocks and note hanging valleys. Freak Arctic conditions prevailing in that month made fieldwork virtually impossible, yet the geographers enjoyed themselves. During the Summer Term a party of American students from Oakwood School, Poughkeepsie, visited us for two weeks and then went with our party to La Coûme. Mr Allen bravely delayed the departure of the train from Victoria so that nobody was left behind.

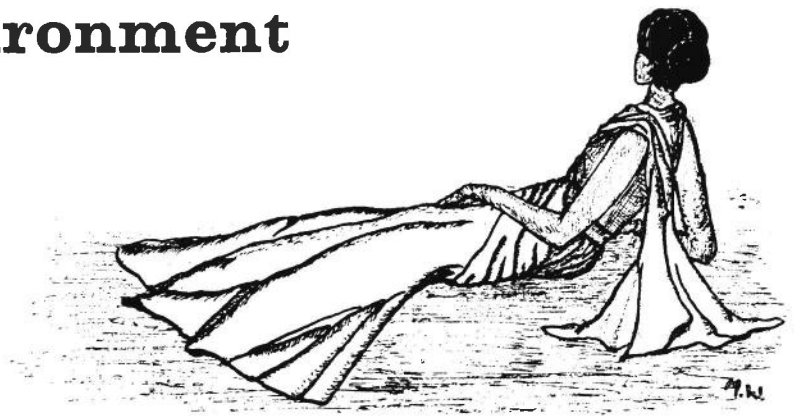
The Spring Term of 1966 saw the birth of that vigorous periodical *Hard Times*. Started by certain members of Six One, it consumed much time, energy, Gestetner stencils, paper and patience, and was received with enthusiasm by the School at any rate. It did not have the style or prestige of *The Avenue*, but then it was never in financial straits either. Eventually, however, the project lost its momentum, the well of wit and satire grew a little muddy and the third issue, which was caustic even after being heavily censored, was the last.

In the Autumn Term another, more permanent, literary work was produced, the new School prospectus. The scholars read it wonderingly, fascinated by the glowing picture of our lives that it presented. Parents, on the other hand, congratulated the Headmaster on its accuracy and commended it for avoiding 'window-dressing'. The old prospectus was a rather dull factual document, so the new one could hardly fail to be an improvement.

With one of our best end-of-term entertainments, with boys making exotic Christmas cakes in the Domestic Science kitchen, with an exhibition in Natural Sciences at Caius College, Cambridge, for John Ayton, with the ski party abandoning circuit training for Christmas pleasures, and with the Choir singing carols in Trafalgar Square . . . the year ended well.

MARTIN DRUMMOND, ROBERT GREAVES and BRIAN PRITCHARD

Environment



I live in Alipore, an area which is to Calcutta as Hampstead is to London. But Alipore is open and light, with a clear air of its own. The houses gleam and glisten in the bright sun, while in Hampstead, steeped in the smutty air of London, the houses march in grim, grey lines. It is not a very large area and although the roads are wide and there are so many lawns and trees it is not on the outskirts of the city.

The Europeans live in five large, modern blocks of flats that rise out of the green fuzz of trees, pale grey and shining in the sunlight, widely separated by their large gardens in which bushes of red and yellow flowers burn all through the year. Scattered among the flats are the large, low houses of the rich Bengalis. Their dwellings seem to be made up of many different blocks fitted together haphazardly. I suppose this *is* actually what has happened, because as each son marries he has a new wing built on to the family core for himself and his wife. They usually paint their houses pale pink or lime green, and when I gaze down on them from our flat they look like blocks of strawberry and pistachio ice-cream, laid on billiards-table-smooth lawns of angelica.

In this area lie the Zoo and the 'Agri. Horti.' Gardens. From my bedroom window I can see both : the bright splashes of reds, yellows, oranges and whites of the bushy flowers in the Gardens; the searing white sunlight reflected from the large lily tanks; the dusty, withered lawns on which scarlet-saried women recline while their bronze children play in the caves of the shiny laurel bushes.

In the Zoo the tree-lined avenues are shaded and cool; the streams of people, draped with the folds of their white saris and dhotis, meander past the cages, gazing at the animals lazing sleepily in the sunshine while flies buzz in clouds above their velvety noses.

It is in the evenings that we hear the mournful screams of the baboons as they call to each other in the still dusk. Sometimes the lions roar to one another across the closed park, and the deep booming sound echoes back and forth between the buildings and trees.

The tall blocks stand against the dark, sapphire-blue sky. They are studded with oblongs of yellow light which seeps outwards into the dusk. Pearl-grey wood smoke rises into the sky, lingering in an orange haze over the groups of servants murmuring while they cook their evening meal. The lights go out and the servants fall asleep in the deep shadows under the trees. The only sound in silent night is an occasional raucous squawk from the secretary bird perched high on its skeleton tree.

MADELINE WHEAR 5Y

The Old Man

An elderly priest visits a young boy
who has been wrongfully imprisoned

' There's an old man to see yer, dear.'

I walked into the little old room.
Bare and grim. Cold.
Imprisoning.
He was sitting on a hard, wooden chair
In front of a small, polished table.

He wasn't any old man,
His personality filled the room,
Like the scent of flowers.
Glowing.
Filling my heart with warmth.

A face puckered with wrinkles,
Hair a silvery white,
His eyes aglow,
Radiating.
A mouth turned up in a smile.

I sat in front of him
And looked into his face,
Trembling.
His manner was calm and serene.
My head hung down guiltily.

' Father, will I ever get out of here? '

ROSEMARY ZEALEY 4X

Fireside

The popping coal-gas flickers across the hearth,
The flames shine bright above the black coal,
The dark chimney is filled with rising smoke,
Full spectrums of light like rainbows
Leap from coal to coal,
Sparks and fragments of unwashed coal
Squirt across the floor.
Shadows flicker across fragile faces,
Childlike dreams shine in childlike eyes.
The red-hot embers die down into white ash;
The once fearless fire has died of its own intensity.

CERI JONES 1X

Match of the Year?

League Division Five



photo Brian Capell

Result : Staff Assorted — 2
First Form Boys — 3
Cancer Research Fund — quite a lot of money

Time : 4.30. Scene : the soccer pitch. The First Form were there, but the Staff failed to materialize. Evidently an acute case of cold feet. . . . But wait ! . . .

A noise vaguely reminiscent of an asthmatic lawn-mower is wafted on the breeze to the ears of the anxiously waiting hordes. A fast-moving maroon-and-grey speck resolves itself into Mr Allen's speeding Utilabrake, piloted in unmistakable fashion by its owner. It disgorges on to the pitch a motley crowd of footballers :

Fred Sessa, who removed a garish dressing-gown to reveal 'Gorilla' lovingly embroidered on the chest of his night-shirt;

Imogen Rowlands, looking like an out-of-work safe-breaker;

Ann Loveridge, presumably one of the Pussyfoot Indians;

Anne Marriage in her Danish Bacon outfit;

John Gillett, whose costume excited so much interest that he nearly lost it to souvenir-hunters at the end of the match;

Brian Capell, whose general appearance could only be likened to that of a recalcitrant member of the Salvation Army;

And finally David Lewis, who appeared as his usual self, once he had removed his dressing-gown and pipe.

Denby Allen, the referee, was immaculately turned out in top hat, black jacket, bow tie and white flannels. He intended to use his coaching horn instead of a whistle, but ran out of breath. Dick Perry turned out as linesman in straw hats of various hues, and did yeoman service keeping spectators from joining the game.

That this was a charity match was clear; there were no casualties other than Miss Lindegard, who lost her voice from shrieking encouragement.

We could do with more of these Home fixtures. It's where Charity belongs.

SIMON CROWE 6_2

A Windy Night in the Country

The wild winds roar and the rains rush down
While trees, forlorn, sway and swirl
In the Storm.
Safe between four sturdy country walls
The children sit, listen and sigh
With the Storm.
A clap of thunder, a lightning flash,
And the howl of a hungry stray
Blend into the Storm.
The heavens, heaved and wrenched apart,
Blend with the night-fowls' screeching
In the Storm.
The wild winds cease and the rains die down
While the trees tremble and turn with the memory;
The Storm is dead.

DOROTHY BACKHOUSE 3X



Madeline Whear

The Butterfly

Cady ran across the patch of hot sunlight, the dust warm and soft between her bare toes.

The saw stopped. 'Where've you been, Cady?'

She tossed her hair out of her eyes and looked at him.

'Where've you been?'

'Nowhere.' She walked round, slowly, scuffing trails in the dust.

A breeze rustled softly through the dry leaves. He started sawing again, watching the gold sawdust whirl in the shaft of sunlight, drop lightly on to the growing pile on the ground.

'Tom.'

He stopped again.

'You still here?'

'I found something in the wood.'

'Yeah?' He wasn't interested.

'I want you to come and see it.'

'I got work to do.'

'I want you to come and see it.'

Cady's face was serious, intent; he saw that from under her hair she was gazing at him pleadingly. He looked from her to the small pile of wood.

'Okay. I'll come.'

She smiled suddenly, and ran ahead of him, whirling in the sun like a blue butterfly, spreading her arms to the heat which beat down, stooping to pick a flower and in the same movement tossing it away, running quickly down the path.

'Hey! Cady!'

She stopped till he caught up with her, and they walked together down the path till she slipped into the cool shadow of the trees.

'This way.'

They came on a sudden burst of light, a clearing, carpeted with rustling rough grass, sprinkled with flowers.

'Here,' she said, 'I left it here.' She stooped, felt gently deep down among the smooth grass stems with her fingers, and stood up again, opening her hand to show him something.

'A butterfly,' she said in a hushed tone. 'A dead butterfly.' Cady gazed at him with wide cornflower eyes, content now that she had shown him her treasure.

He looked at the crushed and broken butterfly, spidery legs folded neatly over the dried body, the tattered wings shedding brown dust on Cady's hand, and at her rapt face, intent on the butterfly. He felt the hot sun on his back, the damp of his shirt, and thought of the coolness of the shady yard, the buzzing saw, the falling drifting dust.

'That's what I think of your butterfly!' He flicked it quickly, cruelly, from her open palm. He turned angrily, and strode through the knee-high grass; and behind him Cady stood as though she did not know he had gone, and stared after him, while her hair slipped slowly forward over her tear-burnt eyes.

JULIE HAMILTON 5X

Death of a White Goddess

Diana, mistress of the stars,
Pure goddess of the woods and chase,
Sped through the fields of history;
Behind sheer veils she hid her face.
The veils of distance, awe and fear,
Perpetual mythology
Created by man's ignorance
In multiple theology.
Then came the rockets pointing up
Derisive fingers to the skies;
As man-made thunder shook the earth
They rose to pierce time's mysteries.
Once two hundred thousand miles
Protected her from eyes of men;
Her girdle now is made of steel
And called, quite simply, Luna Ten.
Her waist is her diameter,
Her inclination five degrees,
Her golden hair is now base dust,
Her liquid eyes are silent seas.
Now in the velvet vault of space
Hangs a rock of unknown worth :
' Devoid of life,' the scientists say,
' A satellite of mother earth.'
Diana's spirit fled the moon
Relinquishing her erstwhile home,
Joined with heroes of the stars
She waits lest puny men dare come.
Undoubtedly one day a man
Will stride o'er lunar crater floors,
So, scientists of earth, rejoice;
Another victory is yours.
Yet still the huntress of the heavens
Notes the artificial breath;
Courageous man, walk not too proud
Lest you should meet Actaeon's death.

PHILIP WEBB 6_2

Cold White Light

Cold white light
Prints coal-black shadows
Upon the barren moonscape.
Crater rims, minute and huge,
Cast crescent-moon shadows,
Airless, still.
Eerie cliffs, carved by unknown means,
Pinnacles and jagged peaks
Surround immense, dry and silent seas.
The lifeless, dust-bound ground
Withholds its secrets from human eyes.

JASON NICKALLS 4X

Sea-ing

Turn, turn,
And see the sea
Creeping, creeping,
Softly up the sand.

Sigh, sigh,
And hear the waves,
Sighing, crying,
Clutching at the land.

Laugh, laugh,
With the leaping waves,
Giggling, wriggling,
Happy to be free.

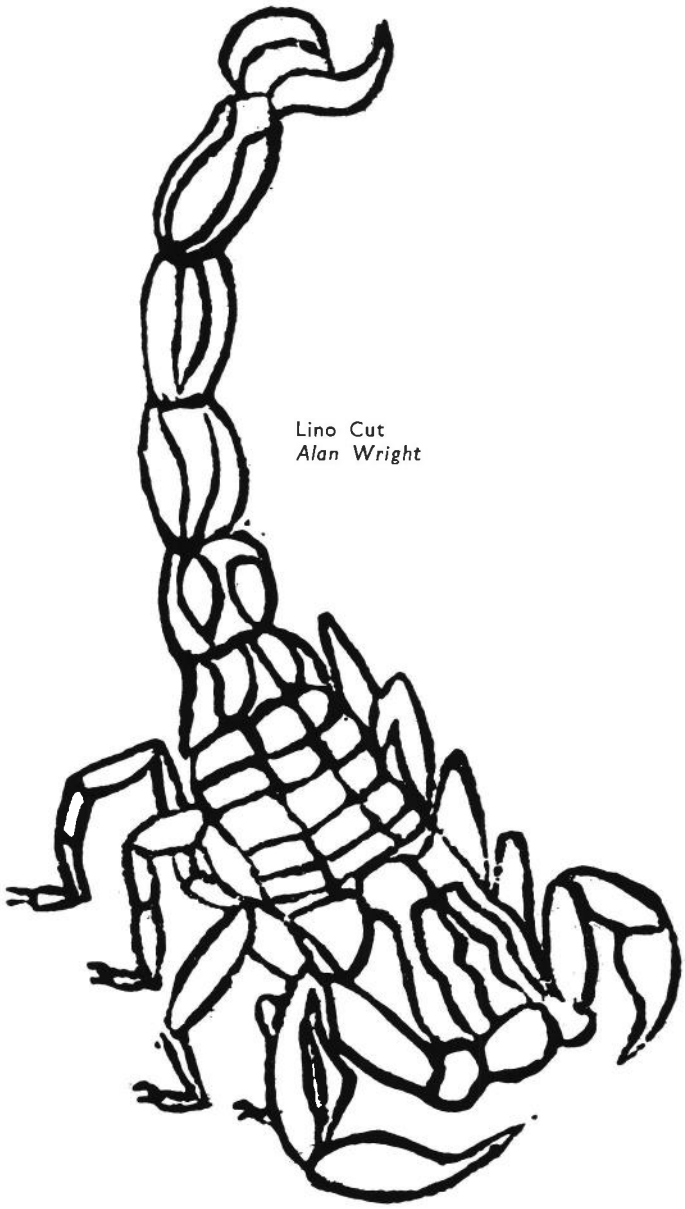
Run, run,
In the frozen rain,
Beating, sleeting,
On the storm-tossed sea.

Scream, scream,
As it drags you down
Moaning, groaning,
Drowning all your fears.

Sob, sob,
In your watery grave,
Sobbing, throbbing,
Swimming in your tears.

Sink, sink,
To the silken sand.
Sighing, dying,
Stifled by the sea.

Float, float,
In your seaweed boat,
Flouncing, bouncing
In eternity.



Lino Cut
Alan Wright

FIONA MACDONALD-WATSON 5Y



From Our Special Far Eastern Correspondent:

Ann Loveridge

Bikenibeu
Tarawa
Gilbert and Ellice Islands
Pacific Ocean

Dear Friends,

Now that I'm finally here you might like to hear some news! The journey took four days, flying almost all the time. We crossed America (endless meals and wet face-cloths!), then to Hawaii and then to Fiji. From Fiji the little Heron in which we flew to Tarawa seemed tiny after the Boeing 707 jet: a crew of three and passengers four. Below the vast vastness of the ocean glittering. One flies for hours and hours and sees nothing but sky, cloud and ocean. Then suddenly there is a pin-prick of land in the distance — an atoll, just the tiniest, thinnest wisp of coconut-covered land surrounding a lagoon. The lagoon is jewel-like, pale delicate green in colour, and seems not to belong to this world at all.

Tarawa International Airport is a grass landing strip and a thatched bus shelter. I was asked how the baby had travelled and found I was down as 'Mrs Loveridge and baby'. *They* found no baby; *I* found no suitcase — it had not been put on the plane at Fiji. I have nothing but what I stand up in. Must buy a grass skirt.

The natural environment is much more varied than I had expected, but I do miss bird song. There are only a few native birds (curlew, terns, heron, noddie and the frigate bird). The coconut trees of course are at all stages of development and ripeness. The islanders cut footholds all the way up and climb; their agility is amazing. I find continuous visual delight in the angular variety of the trunks, the leaves and the strong shadows they throw. I'm simply longing for my painting equipment to arrive.

Soil as we know it is almost unknown; coral shingle predominates. Despite this some 'imatang' (incomers) have made beautiful gardens, but everything has to be grown in tin cans in the ground, otherwise it gets devoured by land crabs. Mosquitoes are very bad. I use gallons of repellent, wear socks and a Gilbertese-style lavalava (a long tube of material wound around and tucked in at the waist). My big toes suffered dreadfully because I slept with them touching the mosquito netting. Met my first whopping cockroach in the bath this morning. It seemed to be receiving radio messages from the overflow pipe through very long waving antennae.

My bike rides are an event. No one has any sense of road safety. The bikes have fixed wheels and back-pedal brakes. A band of scruffy chickens saunter under my front wheel. I heave at the imaginary handle-bar brakes. I remount, and a child hurls itself from nowhere. I swerve to miss it on to the wrong side, and the water-tanker lorry rounds the corner at fifty. I emerge from a rubbish pit, pedal twenty yards at full speed to make up for lost time, and fail to see a deep hole filled with loose sand. The front wheel stops dead, the back one rears to the sky. By this time half the village dogs, pigs and children are following to see what happens next.

There are about seventy girls in the school. The boys' school is next door, and they are taught together. There is an entrance exam but only twenty places are available for the thousand girls applying. It's the only girls' secondary school in the Islands. Ninety-five per cent will not go home, after entering, for five or six or even ten years! Their homes are small atolls, scraps of land possibly some thousand miles from here. Boats go only rarely; even when they go they might not call back at Tarawa for years. The older girls sleep at the open ends of the long dormitories, the younger ones in the middle because most really do believe in ghosts — and it *is* ghostly here at night when everything moves and creeps around.

But above all the sea dominates everything. As I sit and write I am aware of its constant sluice upon the coral beach. A glance through the ever-open door and windows of my living-room fills my gaze with glorious deep blue and white surf breakers rushing over it. Inside the room it's cool and very breezy : everything blows away unless well ' anchored '. For the wind blows from the ocean, and the ocean rolls from beyond the horizon.

You seem far away, I do my best to transport you in my imagination.

ANN

Cease Fire on Christmas Day

' Once in royal David's city ',
    Where are Nazareth and Bethlehem?
Oranges and export . . .
    ' Stood a lowly cattle shed,'
. . . prices and incomes then, or was it just
    lynching and hard labour?
' Where a mother laid her baby '
    . . . and the hem of her gown
was soft as a bird's wing, blue as . . .
    ' in a manger for his bed.'
The skies were filled with stars, they say,
    but one star in particular,
        an astrologer's dream. . . .
' Mary was the mother mild,'
    hair falling in oblivion of a future agony,
' Jesus Christ the little child.'
    and a man, a monk,
burning in silence
    on the holy steps,
        his Calvary.

GILLIAN SLEE 6_2

When I was very little . . . .

by Martin Drummond

When I was very little I went to nursery school in the wooden hut at the bottom of the road. And there I learned to colour pictures of teddy-bears and motor cars, and princesses and castles. I used to colour my castles a surrealist pink because that was the nicest colour in the box. And in mid-morning break we drank National Health orange juice and played mothers and fathers and watched the electric trains go rumbling and flashing by on the railway line.

Once I explored the dense undergrowth behind the hut. There I came across a shell, half-embedded in the earth, with a drip of dirty water in it. I thought it was an eye, staring up at me out of the ground, and ran terrified to teacher.

Then when I was five and not so very little, I went to 'big school'. And there I painstakingly learned to read and was able to follow the exploits of that fabulous couple Janet and John. And I drew pictures of Janet and John, not with bright pink faces like the other kids did, because I knew that faces were not really pink like that. I drew them with brown faces, and people said they looked like Red Indians.

One day I drew a flowing cavalry moustache with a black pencil on my infant lip. Teacher was cross. She dragged me off to see the headmistress. And the headmistress stood me on a chair in front of the mirror and asked me what I saw. 'An old man,' I said and burst into tears.

A year passed at the infinitesimal pace that time goes for small children. And I was not quite so little as before. I used to go to Sunday school and there I was taught about little Jesus, meek and mild. The Sunday school teacher said that Jesus sat on the right hand of God, so I imagined him sitting on God's hand, dangling his legs over the edge. And I imagined God as an enormous being, dressed in black with a steeple hat and no face, who drifted around on clouds and could see you even when you were indoors.

Then one day I was sad for no reason at all, and that is when I believe I stopped being little. Looking back over the world of littleness, it all seems very strange and remote, but really I think that that world is not so different from the one I inhabit now. Everything in it is just a bit smaller.

Before the Break

Standing on the platform,
I feel the land, tense.
A tractor crawls up the rise,
Scratching open the wounds
Scabbed over by winter filth.
Trees, brazenly naked,
Writhe at the wind's cold touch.
A dross of haggard cloud
Drags across an ashen sky
And grass, paralysed by frost,
Struggles to stretch.

Gaunt rooks, in the hedge
Whose buds are hardly swelled,
Regard with starving eyes
The field where grain is flung.

JOSIE BECK 6_2



Photo *Martin Ballard*

Thoughts on being on BBC 1

The waiting is the worst part. You can't bear to sit down — so you just stand fidgeting, dog-earing the script. Your fingernails disappear one by one and your words spin round and round your mind.

Then, suddenly swung, the cameras are staring at you and the glaring spotlights dazzle your eyes. All the words you so frantically learnt race out of your brain and you can only stand foolishly.

But somehow you take hold of yourself and sort out your thoughts, and then you find yourself speaking mechanically.

A moment later, it's all over. And you're sorry.

MARY AYTON and BARBARA CROSSLEY 3Y

Cat

Cat
Stepping delicate, velvet pawed
Lazily stretching, rejoicing
In sunlight (eyes drooping, soft purr)
In strength and lean muscle
Sheathing and unsheathing pearl claws.
Cat
Fangs showing
Eyes glowing
Hunch backed
Tail high
Spit cat!
Slash cat!
Flash cat!
Streaking away like a comet
Hair on end, tail straight behind.
Run, cat, come, cat;
The door is shut,
Rest in peace.
And later, saunter lazily out in the sunshine.

JULIE HAMILTON 5X

Shatui

Tiger, you crouch with swinging tail,
Ears pricked, eyes focused, paws doubled,
Still.
You hunt in jade jungles, with crawling creepers
Twining and twitching round your padding paws.
Your eyes are fire, and flame, and Hell.
The shadows, even, pass you by,
Shivering in apprehension.
Your muscles twitch and ripple; and you wait
Shuddering, staring, hypnotized . . .

Pounce!

Kitten, Shatui, enlarged by you are trees and shrubs,
And creeping grass streamers, by the wind set free,
Have caught your eye.
Your striped, fierce body, still in youthful fluffiness,
And your green, excited, dilated eyes,
Swishing, slicing, quivering tail
Wait,
Shuddering, staring, hypnotized . . .

Pounce!

YOLANDE STEGER 6_2

Morning Solitude

Barely dawn. Grey
Glowing sky.
No horizon but houses. Black
Trees
With spiky fingertips
And still arms.
The air not even breathing.
Barely conscious.
Just alive.

Spiralling from their nests, the crows
Croak a crooked strident tear,
Disturbed by my footsteps
Which even I cannot hear.

The building reaches like a medieval castle :
Turrets rise upon turrets, towers
Upon towers, all rust-
Red but grey
In the barely dawn.

Harsh lights strike out through the unconsciousness.
There is no one alive but me. Nothing
But inhuman eyes in the cerulean damp,
And the watchful birds, afraid of an unknown power.

YOLANDE STEGER

Moon

Suspended shadow of the globe
Intangible, alone;
Concealed by a clinging mist,
The moon.
Dominated by strange silence,
Empty, echoing,
Stifling and oppressive.
Inhabited by shadows,
Lithe and leering
Mocking the abandoned world.
The landscape littered
With peaks and ridges
Crags and craters
Obscured in a dusty haze.
Scattered stones of ivory,
Pale as death, and
Opal gleaming and reflecting
Pave the ground.
Lifeless, alien,
Enclosed in a film of mystery,
The moon revolves
In isolation.

VESNA CLISSOLD 4Y





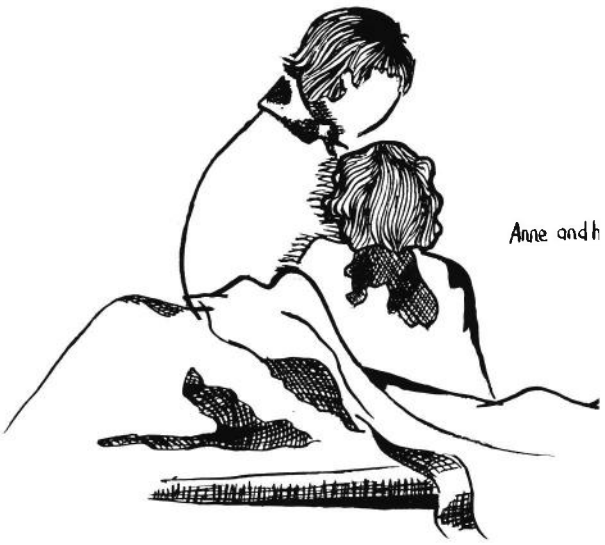
The Diary of ANNE FRANK

'In spite of everything I still believe that people are really good at heart'

They hid for two years in small rooms at the top of a warehouse to escape arrest, deportation and practically certain death at the hands of the Nazis. Locked in close confinement, they suffered and rejoiced, bickered, starved and worshipped together, while only a few yards away enemy troops marched, British planes bombarded, the hell of war was loosed.

In the centre of this stood Anne, desperately trying to shape her own philosophy of life while values crumbled all around her. Perhaps the most poignant episodes in the story concern Anne's gradual realization that she loves Peter; but her moment of pure joy is brief. With deliverance only a few weeks away, they are betrayed by a thief to the Germans. Only Mr Frank survives the subsequent ordeal of concentration camp.

As Anne and Peter, *Alison Swaisland* and *Stephen Polak* played beautifully their touching idyll which is the central interest of the play. *Stephen* gave us almost perfectly the sixteen-year-old so diffident that at times he could hardly finish a sentence; embarrassed by his mother, scorned or at best ignored by his father. At first Anne is one more problem to contend with, but he turns to her more and more, having just the time to feel the warmth of genuine mutual love before the doom closes in upon them both. *Alison*'s performance carried total conviction as she struggled from childhood to womanhood. She captured perfectly, at the start of the play, the swift immature movements and mercurial emotions of the thirteen-year-old. By the end she had developed the poise, dignity and balanced outlook on life of a mature woman.



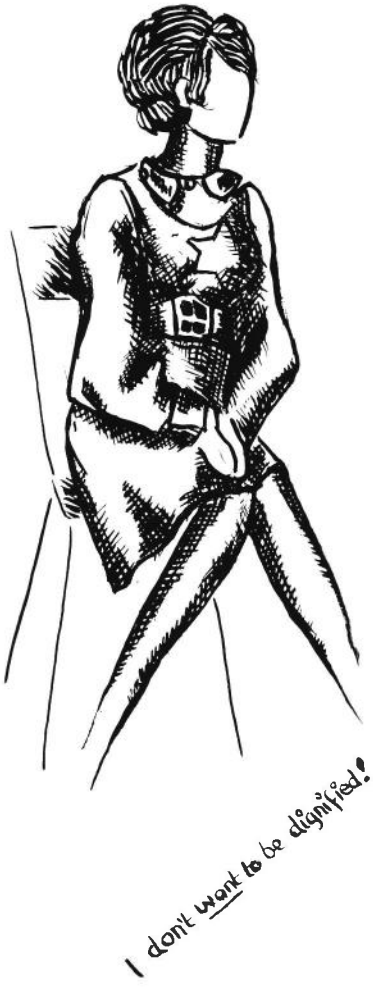


John Shippey, as Mr Frank, was a superb anchor man. Serious, sensitive and kindly, he did his best to smooth over the frequent bickerings and to help Anne's growing pains. *Jill Slee* completely lived her part, the self-effacing mother tormented by the fear of losing her daughter's love. *Jill* made the joys and sorrows real.

The van Daans, a rather brash extrovert couple, were played by *Simon Crowe* and *Heather Bissenden* with vigour and a concern to let character emerge from the dialogue and action. *Martin Drummond*, as the elderly dentist Dussel, insecure, peevish and impatient of Anne, added a vital touch of comic relief as well as pathos.

The smaller parts were capably taken by *Margaret Weston*, *Miranda Kennett* and *Philip Webb*, as Margot Frank, the remote almost saintly figure of Anne's sister, Miep and Mr Kraler, who are the lifeline of the wretched prisoners, bringing them food, and news good and bad.

By general agreement *Kenneth Whitlow*'s production was outstanding. The acting was never less than competent, and at times well-nigh inspired — a tribute to his casting and to the unremitting hard work of all concerned. Finally, some well-deserved praise to the back-room boys and girls who gave vital help in producing sound effects in profusion, prompt prompting, fine set, lighting, costume and make-up.



Dramatized by *Frances Goodrich* and *Albert Hackett*
Performed on 17, 18 and 19 November, 1966
Directed by *Kenneth Whitlow*
Review by *Peter Cutler*
Sketches by *Anne Harris*
Photography by *David Campbell*

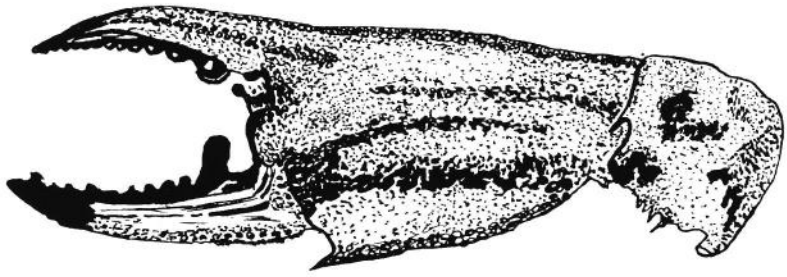
The cast

Anne *Alison Swaisland* • Mr Frank *John Shippey* • Mrs Frank *Jill Slee* Margot Frank *Margaret Weston* • Mr van Daan *Simon Crowe* • Mrs van Daan *Heather Bissenden* • Peter van Daan *Stephen Polak* • Dussel *Martin Drummond* • Miep *Miranda Kennett* • Mr Kraler *Philip Webb*

Backstage

John Miller Andrew Fry Alan Busher Nicholas Salmon Peter Cutler Martin Ballard Tony Lane Imogen Rowlands Madeline Whear Penny Barnard Jane Carlton Smith Eleni Lake

School Activities



Drawing *Catherine Bolam*

Library

During the year seventy-two books have been added to the Library and borrowings have been running at the rate of 800 a term. It has been a year in which we have benefited even more than usual from the generosity of Old Scholars, including an O.S. author, Paul Benham, who presented the Library with a copy of his *Foundrywork Design and Practice*; Hugh Busher, Ian Drummond and Jean Strachan have presented books representing their own interests; and Basil Burton and Jennie Ellinor have made much appreciated gifts. Two parents of recent leavers, Mrs Backhouse and Mrs Shearmur, have made substantial cash donations, and a parent of a present scholar, J. R. Pole, has given us his book on *Abraham Lincoln*. Another parent, Alan Gayfer, has presented us with the weekly magazine *Cycling* which he edits. Books have also been received from Ivan Cane, Professor H. Dingle and Mrs Morison (formerly of Arkesden).

An ingenious article of furniture designed to keep magazines at once tidy and accessible served us well in the Summer Term but has recently proved, like pianos, allergic to central heating.

The Junior Library has been imaginatively fitted out from money provided by Old Scholars in memory of Gerald Littleboy, the plaque commemorating this being formally unveiled by Alan Carlton-Smith at Whitsun.

It is impossible to speak too highly of the work of successive Library Committees; this year the Committee of the Senior Library is: Martin Drummond, Janet Powell, Deborah Heydecker, Sue Garrod, Simon Wallis, Hilary Bullman, Heather Bissenden and Roger Scrivener. That of the Junior Library: Rosemary Naish, Jane Garrod, Roger Leyland and John Caswell.

C. A. M. and K. L. W.

Debating Society

The Society's meetings are unfortunately rare. In the spring only two debates: 'That this House believes that the principle of hereditary monarchy is anachronistic and ought to be abolished in England' and 'That this House does not believe in one man one vote'. In the autumn we differed over whether we would send *our* children to boarding school and whether we would abolish Christmas in its present form.

Josephine Beck

Choir

After the success of the *St Matthew Passion* we began another big work, Handel's *Israel in Egypt*. Unfortunately, after practising hard for this, we were unable to perform it for reasons beyond our control. However, we did give a concert of motets in the church with the Phoenix String Orchestra, conducted by Alan Stripp, who played, among other things, Bach's Violin Concerto in E major, a set work for the last year's 'O' level Music.

Later in the term, at General Meeting, Donald Swann came to speak to us in evening meeting on his opera *Perelandra*, which is based on a book by C. S. Lewis. During the meeting he played and sang some of the music from this opera, and Small Choir also sang one very beautiful chorus, *No man may shorten the way*. Donald Swann also made a record with the Small Choir, on which there are three songs from *Perelandra* on one side and two motets by Orlando Lassus, *O let me look on Thee once more* and *Jubilate Deo*, on the other. This record is now being sold in aid of the Friends' Service Council.

This term we have been preparing for an Advent service on 4th December in which we sang two motets, one by Palestrina and the other by Jacob Handl, and Bach's *Sleepers Wake*. We are very grateful to the soloists, the Orchestra and everybody else, who made this service possible.

Small Choir have prepared their usual selection of carols, including two beautiful but difficult ones by Peter Maxwell Davies. These we sang in Finchingfield and Newport churches, Trafalgar Square (after a lovely meal at Westminster Meeting House) and Cambridge Market Place, as well as at the usual Carol Service at School.

For the end-of-term entertainment, at the suggestion of Tom Robinson, we sang Nick Salmon's arrangement of *Ego Iuvenis Sum* ('I'm a Boy').

The Choir would like to thank Miss Ashford for accompanying them through thick and thin, and Mr Sturge who conducted so well even when he had sprained his right arm.

JULIE NUNN and JANE WRIGHT

The Inquisition

During early 1964, at a time when there were six other groups formed or forming in the School, a sorry-looking trio, as yet unnamed, started playing together. Since their entire equipment consisted of two battered Spanish guitars and an orange plastic snare-drum, they survived the School's subsequent prohibition of electronic guitars which eliminated practically all opposition. A year later, after many weeks of holiday work, the group was at last able to fit out with good equipment, and performed for the first time in autumn 1965 under the name of *The Inquisition*. The following term a bass player was added. The line-up has remained much the same, although other players have stood in from time to time.

Graham Turvey (drums), who is the founder member of the group, is also the only day scholar, so his house tends to be used for practices. So far, no one has complained!

Dave Hartman (bass), as well as being the youngest, is the tallest in the group. He plays guitar, double bass and has studied the French horn.

Tom Robinson (piano, vocals), claims to be the leader of the group, and indeed arranges much of the material for performance. Although he is a singer for most numbers, Tom is the only member of *The Inquisition* who is not in the School Choir — which ought to prove something.

Andrew Fry (twelve-string guitar) is largely responsible, together with his twelve-stringed Jumbo, for the group's distinctive overall sound, sometimes most distinctive indeed!

In memoriam: Nick Hartley (alto sax and flute), leaver from 6_2 in July.

The Inquisition would also like to thank very warmly Richard Jones and John Miller, without whose generosity and assistance the group would not have been possible.

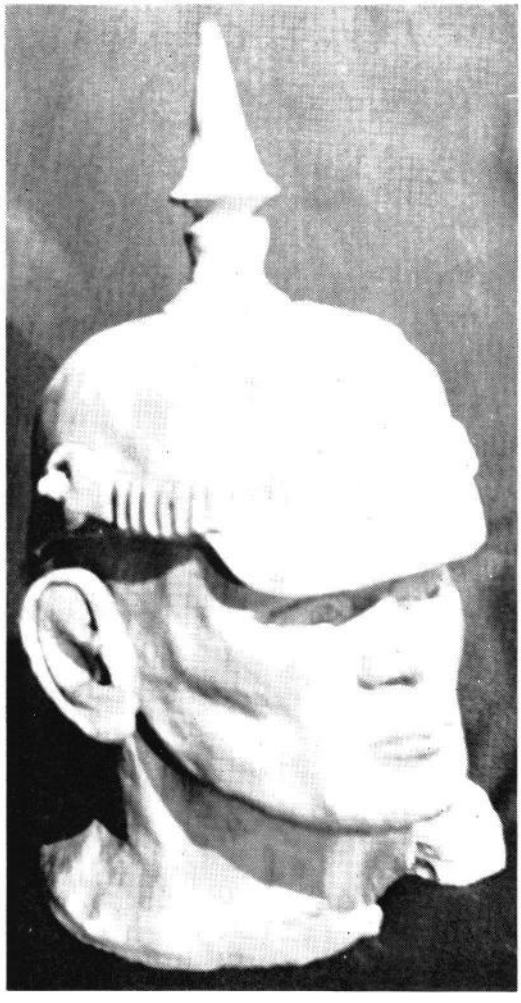
TOM ROBINSON

Senior Orchestra

Spring Term 1966 set off well in preparation for the concert. We worked hard at *Polovtsian Dance* which provided a good deal of noise but was not performed. Included in the concert were Dvorak's *Slavonic Dance*, *Georgian Tunes* arranged by Adam Carse, a tune from *The Bartered Bride* by Smetana and *Schwanda the Bagpiper* by Weinberger.

We began the new School year minus some very good players. We were particularly short of violins. However, at the end of the Spring Term we played Adam Carse's *Toy Symphony*; all members of the Orchestra except the violinists played on toy instruments! This provided a good change and plenty of amusement.

CHRISTOPHER WOODHOUSE



Schools Police Cadet Corps

Despite its name this activity is not primarily a police recruiting drive but an effort to produce a public informed about and intelligently sympathetic to the work of the police. Our School formed this group in conjunction with Newport Grammar School, at the invitation of the Essex Constabulary, and is the first group in East Anglia. It meets every Wednesday of the Autumn and Spring Terms. The syllabus is in five parts: the law in action, children and the law, ancillary services, keeping traffic moving and the fight against crime.

We have had several films. Visits include an approved school, the photographic studios of Chelmsford Police HQ and Harlow HQ, and Chelmsford Assizes. We shall also have demonstrations of police dogs at work and underwater searches by frogmen.

ANDREW FRY and TONY LANE

Head

Martin Reynolds

Photo

Martin Ballard

FSTV & SP 1966

At General Meeting, Jennie Ellinor gave a report on her studies of the School archives, and we were able to illustrate her speech with pictures and maps displayed by television. A zoom lens was borrowed to facilitate quick changes between the different-sized items. It was a great pleasure for us to work with her in preparing her address.

Also in the summer we recorded the master tape for the Second Choir record to be released in time for Christmas. This involved a pleasant day recording Donald Swann at his home in Battersea. We are very grateful for the time he has spent and the encouragement he has given us in producing this record.

On the Saturday of the Autumn PTA weekend, a Rhodesia teach-in was presented by the Sixth Form. This took place in the Geography Room and was relayed by television to an adjacent classroom. As well as the main speakers, several members of the audience gave their views, and the discussion was very informative.

At Friends School, a new use for television seems to present itself at least once every year: we feel that this is an exciting challenge, both for artists and technicians.

NICHOLAS SALMON

Chemistry Society

The Society began, in the Autumn Term, with about fifty members from Forms Three to Six.

We met on Monday evenings after prep. Every second week we had interesting short films. Among these were: *The Discovery of Oxygen, Detergents and How They Work* and *The Way in which Vanilla is Obtained.*

On other Mondays the Lab was made available to members for practical work, experiments and manufacture, the latter including making soap by boiling up olive oil and caustic soda (I do not think anybody dared to use the results), phosphorescent paint, and dye. Aspirin was purified and a crystal garden grown in waterglass.

But the highlight of the term was a talk by Bevan Braithwaite on metal fatigue. This explained how millions of pounds are wasted every year when metal machines, ships, aeroplanes, etc, break up as a result of slowly developing fatigue cracks, or sudden brittle cracks.

Many thanks to Mr Haslam for organizing this very interesting (and educational) Society.

RUTH GAUSSEN

Reading Clubs

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

6_2 Boys
Iris Murdoch *The Sandcastle*
Howard Spring *Fame is the Spur*
Falkner *Light in August*

6_2 Girls
Ibsen *Hedda Gabler and other plays*
Penguin Modern Poets : Number Six
Mary McCarthy *The Group*

6_1 Boys
John Wyndham *The Kraken Wakes*
John Howard Griffin *Black Like Me*
John Osborne *Look Back in Anger*

6_1 Girls
M. Mead *Growing up in New Guinea*
Penguin Modern Poets : Number Four
E. M. Forster *Where Angels Fear to Tread*

Rambling Club

This Club was founded by Mr Perry in the Summer Term of 1966. Many people joined and did five rambles to qualify for an all-day outing on 12th July. This outing was popular as it was on a school day!

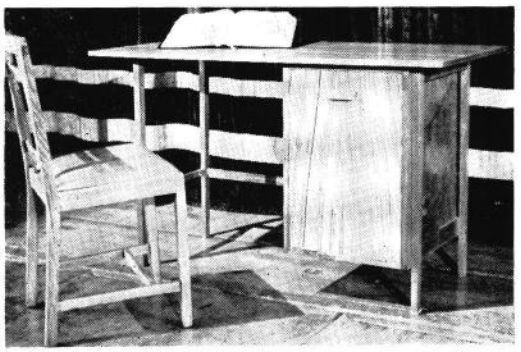
This Autumn Term, to qualify for an outing, three rambles were required. These done, we set off for an outing to the Chilterns. The morning was foggy but it cleared as we reached higher land. We approached Nettle by running down a steep, one-in-twelve, hill. After lunch we departed, leaving Mr Perry towards the rear. Soon we reached a fork: a few people went to the right into a small copse, whereas the others carried straight ahead. We strode on through muddy tracks until we came to a cross-roads. Here some people emerged with bare feet plastered with mud. Mr Perry counted numbers and found five people missing. After ten minutes of whistling and shouting and with no reply, we organized a search party. This consisted of Mr Capell and five followers. The main party continued on the set route until they reached Ivinghoe Hill. Here we found the missing party at the top of it. But Mr Capell had not yet arrived. So after a quarter of an hour we climbed back into the coach and set off on the main road. We scoured the countryside and at last saw the party wearily emerging from a nearby wood, saying they had walked eight miles. Few of us believed them!

JEAN APPLETON, ELIZABETH YOUNGS
and GWEN JAMES

Junior Concert

The Christmas Term ended with a concert which bore ample witness to the musical talent in the Lower and Middle School. The Second Orchestra is a large and flourishing organization with a full complement of strings, woodwind, brass and tympani. Only the bassoon is lacking, an omission which may soon be repaired. Having regard to the fact that few of the wind or string players had started learning before they came to the School, the standard achieved was high. Among the soloists, Roger Leyland's performance of the Rondo from Beethoven's Sonata in E, Opus 14, was of outstanding merit.

R. L. S.



Desk *Donald Litten*

Photo *Martin Ballard*

2nd Saffron Walden Guide Company

During the summer the School Guides went for a weekend camp to Barnard's Farm. The patrol leaders had had practice camps in the YFC field on two previous weekends. Saturday, 18th June, proved to be a wonderful day so we split into two parties and went for all-day hikes. That evening, after a gorgeous supper, we had a large camp fire which unfortunately was brought abruptly to an end by a sudden thunderstorm. We retired to our tents, and by Sunday morning the weather was fine again. We struck camp that morning and walked back to School in the afternoon, arriving in time for a well-deserved 'General Bathe'.

This term Mrs Drewery is assisting running the Guides. Eighteen recruits joined the Company at the beginning of this term, all of whom are now enrolled.

We are very grateful to Miss Ashford and Mrs Drewery for their help.

BARBARA WARNER

4th Saffron Walden Scout Group

At the beginning of this year a Gauntlet Challenge involving the whole County troops took place and the Kestrel Patrol distinguished themselves by doing a nine-mile hike through the snow in bitterly cold weather. Also in January a successful Wide Game with Temple Thieves, Police and a Body-snatcher was the model for another this Autumn Term, with Dope Pedlars, Warders and a Dangerous Maniac — our beloved Scout leader.

This Summer Term saw a lot of activities, all patrols doing hikes, and an historic stretcher race between Kestrels and Stags took place over a circular course. A troop team took part in the District Swimming Competition, coming a close second.

In the Autumn Term two feats were accomplished which will go down in the history of the Troop. The first was the holding, by the Stags, of their own camp in October, with no adults present. This was almost repeated by the Kestrels, but they were beset with trouble of all sorts. However, we hope that, when the weather is better, this essential part of Scouting will be undertaken by all patrols. The second achievement was the Troop's first night hike; along a Roman road 'in the steps of the legionaries', it was an activity for the 'tough guys'. With no light, and after recent rain, it proved an enjoyable and wet experience. Humour was a constant companion on the hike, and we finished with hot soup and steaming socks in Gibson House.

This year's summer camp was held on the Quantock Hills, Somerset. From the site we had an excellent view over the Severn estuary right across to Wales. Our field was extremely hilly and consequently when the local District Commissioner visited us he had to stop several times to regain his breath and admire the view.

Camp cooking was excellent and menus included roast chicken (dee-licious!), apple pudding and several meals requiring the use of our camp ovens. We also had a backwoods meal, in which no utensils were used. Opinions on this differed, but there were certainly one or two empty stomachs, and perhaps one or two aching ones, after the 'meal'.

Lastly, we should like to thank Mr Gillett for the enjoyable and useful time he has given us all, for the huge amount of time he has put aside for our benefit and for helping us to become, in such a short while, a well-established, efficient Scout Troop.

PATRICK COLEMAN and
MICHAEL MATTHEWS

Young Farmers Club and Forestry

We have had a busy and profitable year. Our main outing was to Ford's at Basildon, where we saw every stage of the manufacture of tractors. We have visited a mushroom grower, pig farms, a modernized dairy unit, the Essex Show and the YFC rally. There we gained five firsts, three seconds and four thirds, and ranked second among the participating school clubs.

Lectures have included Dairy Farming, Beekeeping, Salmon Fishing, and New Zealand Sheep Farming.

We have raised two dozen Aylesbury ducks from day old. These provided parents and Staff with several Sunday dinners. Michael Turnbull reared, from eggs, a dozen layers and a dozen cockerels. The Club now has two Clun ewes which have done well in the apple orchard, and we expect them to lamb some time in May. Enclosure of part of the far field allowed us to fatten some extra lambs this summer.

Next term we hope to grow mushrooms. Any profits from these enterprises will go towards our fund for a Club tractor.

There is a keen group of Foresters, including girls, in the lower part of the School. The traditional baked potatoes, black and smoky from the fire, are enjoyed by the gang after the hacking and hauling is over on a Wednesday afternoon.

Chairman : AMANDA CROWE
Secretary and Treasurer : DONALD LITTEN

Junior Natural History Society

This Society was revived in the Autumn Term and has been meeting in the Biology Laboratory on Friday afternoons. There are at present fourteen members, with room for a few more. The Secretary is Jonathan Harris. Field trips have included a fungus foray led by the Chairman, Kenneth Plant. We have also begun studies of local trees, mosses and the animals in the School lily pond where water boatmen flourish but lilies, unfortunately, do not. We are planning to survey birds nesting in the School buildings and the grounds next year.

K. P.

Drama Club

The idea of starting a Drama Club for the junior members of the School was Miss Neil's. At first we ambitiously proposed play-reading, debating and poetry. Soon these ideas were put aside as being too serious. It became apparent that we needed something a little lighter. We then began improvisations and charades, which were a great success. We all agree that it would be challenging to put on a performance of our own next term.

NEIL STUART

Pet Club

This year has been an extremely good one for animal offspring: Edmund East's hamster, Barbara Warner's rabbit and three guinea-pigs were mostly responsible for this minor population explosion.

There has been an interesting addition to the pet-shed — a gerbil, or Indian desert rat, belonging to Simon Cannon.

As usual, there have been quite a few deaths — some due to old age, but also some due to careless feeding by unauthorized persons. Take note!

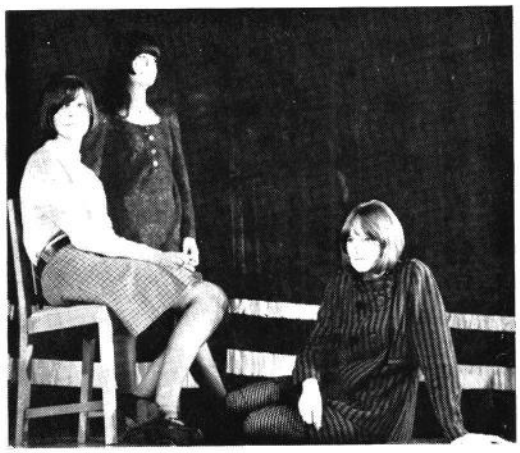
We would like to thank Miss Marriage and the Curators for providing good food and bedding.

FRANCES CONDICK and MARILYN GUY

Senior Literary Society

During the course of last year our meetings ranged from those as learned as Fred Sessa's talk on tragedy, to the fascinating programme of poetry, movement and lighting effects staged by Chris Hayes's Poetry Workshop. We would like to thank Mr Plant for the work he did with the Society during Mr Gray's absence. This term we have had a mixed programme: a poetry reading, a performance of John Osborne's *Look Back in Anger* and a lively lecture on Dickens by Keith Sawyer and Graham Lane, English graduates from the Cambridge Department of Education.

JOSEPHINE BECK



Joanna Godfrey
Anne Harris and
Rosemary Zealey
in clothes made
by themselves

Photo *Simon Crowe*

Amnesty

We would like to thank Miss Loveridge, our ex-Chairman, for carrying on the School's Amnesty Group so successfully and to thank Mr Lightfoot who kindly took over when she left in the Summer Term. This term membership has increased. The Group has organized a concert, a party and other money-raising ' efforts ', and we also hope to experiment with hiring a film.

The object of such activities has been to maintain the School's interest in Amnesty and to be able to aid our prisoners financially. One of these, Antonio Karkayiannis, a Greek, was released in May, but we are continuing our responsibility towards him. In prison for seven years under the Espionage Act 375, he is now in the army and, as a Communist, suffers persecution for his political beliefs.

In addition we now have a Rhodesian African, imprisoned for alleged activities in one of the banned African parties. With Rainer Eggebrecht, a West German who helped East Berliners to escape to the West, and Mohammed Harbi, a friend and adviser to the ex-President, Ben Bella, who was arrested in 1963, we have made little progress as information on their whereabouts has not been forthcoming. We are hopeful, however, that new contacts will soon be made and that we shall have some success in the future in freeing our prisoners or at least in helping their families.

JANET POWELL

Hobby Club

During the Autumn Term our Club for members of First to Third Forms has been very successful. We have tried to make objects with as little expense as possible, and members of the Club have made lampshades, waste-paper baskets, napkin rings, cushion covers, bags and table mats. We hope to continue our Club in the spring with even better results than at our first attempt.

G. L.

CEWC

The Council for Education in World Citizenship, set up by the UN, is essentially an organization to promote the study of international affairs as an aid to world peace.

This School has long been a member, but only since 1965 — International Co-operation Year celebrating the twentieth anniversary of UN — have we had local meetings.

Since then, with Newport Grammar, Herts and Essex SW County High, and several Cambridge schools, we have had some extremely stimulating meetings and discussions, a different school acting as host each time. Race relations, Israel and Egypt, apartheid have been among the subjects.

We have developed contact with a school in Leningrad, have fostered the Amnesty Group and have sent representatives to the excellent Christmas lectures held in London.

HELEN BRAUER

Games Reports

January to December 1966

Boys

Hockey

The 1st XI played several games of a high standard and credit must go to a team who practised and trained hard. The notable matches were those against Saffron Walden Hockey Club, an Old Scholar XI, Alleynes Grammar School and King Edward VI School, Bury St Edmunds.

The U14 XI and U15 XI came up against some very tough opposition. Notable performances were the U15 XI's win against Forest School and the U14 XI's draw against Alleynes Grammar School.

Full colours were awarded to A. Rowntree, G. Willis, J. Shippey and R. Tulk.

B. C.

Athletics

The season started with eleven boys gaining twelve first places in the North-west Essex Trials. J. Edwards and C. Davey were selected to compete in the Essex Schools Championships, in which they were placed fourth and fifth respectively.

In the North-west Essex Schools Championships, the team achieved first place out of the six schools competing, and they also won both the senior and junior sections at the Saffron Walden National Savings Fête, although competition was not high in these two functions.

In the Inter-House Athletics, J. Edwards and C. Davey both broke School records. The overall results were: 1, Tuke (532 pts); 2, Lister (430 pts); 3, Mennell (341 pts). J. Edwards was awarded full colours.

B. C.

Cricket

The 1st XI found wins difficult to achieve, mainly owing to a lack of batting strength. Several of the fixtures were for combined Staff and Boys XIs, and although the overall analysis shows more losses than wins there were several very close results. Full colours were awarded to G. Brown and D. McLennon.

The U14 XI won and lost an equal number of matches, several players showing promise, particularly bowlers R. Smart and A. George.

House Matches :

Senior: 1, Mennell; 2, Tuke; 3, Lister.

Junior: 1, Tuke; 2, Lister; 3, Mennell.

B. C.

Swimming

The School competed in five matches during the summer, obtaining two wins and three losses. Swimming was of a high standard and eight new School records were set up, one each by J. Edwards, J. Glossop and D. Hartman, two by J. Hartman and three by P. A'Court. Many people watched a creditable display of swimming and life saving at General Meeting. Mennell won the very exciting House Swimming Sports by a narrow margin, with only twelve points separating the three teams.

JONATHAN EDWARDS and B. C.

Softball

Although House competitions were not held in softball, the game was played regularly on an informal basis by mixed teams. Fred Sessa influenced proceedings considerably and was later awarded the first full colours for softball — and for the fun he brought to our PE in 1965-66.

B. C.



photo *Martin Ballard*

Rugby Club

Although we cannot report many victories, we can report a definite improvement in the team, both as individual players and as a group. Last season in four matches we had no wins and one or two heavy defeats. This season we have played four, winning two and losing two. We are also glad to see that the Club numbers are growing. Those members who deserve special mention are J. Hindle and A. Rowntree (who both received colours), S. Crowe, J. Shippey, J. Miller and N. Salmon.

JOHN SHIPPEY

Football Club

1966 saw the formation of the FSFC. A committee of four players, chaired by Brian Cappel, met regularly to discuss Club functions, the most successful being a visit to Tottenham. Thriving on hard work the Club talent developed to improve results on previous seasons. One of the outstanding matches was against the Old Scholars. In a fast and open game, our forwards forced a 2—2 draw by making good use of slack marking. The season ended with our most enjoyable match, and a very reasonable 2—3 score against Soham. Many other games were enjoyed, and thanks are due to all the Staff involved and (last but not least) to the team.

GUY WILLIS

Cross Country

We had only one senior match this year, and lost it. The House matches produced more excitement, however, with the first two runners in the intermediate race breaking the record for the course. Anthony George now holds it at 15 min 39 sec. We hope the coming year will produce more enthusiasm and therefore more matches.

JONATHAN EDWARDS

Under 15 Soccer

At the time of writing, the U15s have played only three of their five matches this season, drawing one and losing two. All the members of the team have tried hard, but have had injuries and consistently better opponents to contend with. J. Hartman in goal, A. Hindle and A. George have all played particularly well.

ALAN WRIGHT

Under 13 Soccer

After an unsettled start, we have won three games, lost three and drawn one, with one in hand. The team has scored eight goals, six by N. Fell and two by J. Stock. Unfortunately we have had twice that number scored against us despite some fine goalkeeping by J. Barker.

DAVID SHEPHERD and ANDREW GREAVES

Girls

Hockey

Spring

The 1st XI continued to maintain the improvement they had shown in the autumn, and of the six matches played they won three, finishing the season with a 12—0 win against Saffron Walden County High. During the early part of the Easter holidays the team took part in the Bishop's Stortford Hockey Festival.

The U15 XI played only two matches, winning both.

Colours were reawarded to Sheila Metson and Hilary Bullman, and awarded to Bridget Stables, Bridget Wigham, Rachel Eden, Susan Garrod and Penny Barnard.

Autumn

With six players left from last season's first team, the side soon settled down to playing good hockey. The 1st XI won their section in the Cambridgeshire Senior Schools Tournament and drew in the final. Six of the team were chosen for trials for the Cambridgeshire Junior Teams. Hilary Bullman gained a place in the first team, Penny Barnard and Nancy Ayton in the second, and Bridget Wigham, Susan Garrod and Susan Aves are reserves. But our whole team deserves credit for a high standard of performance.

The U15 team has played five matches, winning two. They have taken longer to settle as a team, but should do well next term.

A. M.

Tennis

This was not a very successful match season; the 1st VI won only one match out of six played. The general standard of play throughout the School, however, showed great improvement and we are grateful to the help given us by Mrs Willis, an LTA professional coach.

A. M.

Athletics

The girls did less athletics than in past seasons. However, Jane Stenton (shot putt) and Heather Bissenden (discus) did take part in the North-west Essex Athletics Meeting, taking firsts in the Intermediate and Junior sections respectively. Heather also took second place in the Essex County Athletic Meeting, Junior section, and was later placed tenth in the British rankings list for Junior girls' discus. In the House Athletics she broke the senior discus record with a throw of 83 ft 11 in.

A. M.

Rounders

The U13 team played three matches: one won, one drawn, one lost. Lorna Mills, Barbara Hawtin and Jill Elsom scored the most rounders.

A. M.

Netball

After a disastrous beginning when the U13 and U14 teams both lost their first match, the results improved. The U13s won their remaining games, and the other teams have played well, including a newly-formed First Form team.

A. D.

The Friends School Association

Any school community forges various links with people connected with it, besides its actual scholars and teachers at any one time. Old Scholars' and Parent-Teacher Associations bear witness to this, with mutual benefit and enjoyment. Over the past few years the Friends School has been making a link with yet another group, ex-parents, ex-teachers and some friends of the School. This link is being maintained by the Friends School Association, which aims to see that there are regular means whereby those who want to show some permanent interest in the School are kept in touch with it, and also that there are ways this interest can express itself. So far members have been receiving periodic news of the School (including a copy of each issue of *The Avenue*) and definite invitations to certain School events. Besides the value of the sustained interest of the group in the School, the Association has provided bulbs and some of the new trees planted in the School grounds; it is providing books, a TV set and transistor radios for the new San, and other amenities for the San could well become the Association's special interest.

We believe this new link with friends of the School is worth making and that there are more who would be interested to join in besides the small group, mainly of ex-parents, who have made the Association possible so far; Mr Wright at the School will always be pleased to hear from any such.

R. A. W.

The Friends School Association



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