

# The Burian



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SUFFOLK.

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

WE are sorry to lose Mr. A. W. Reynolds after only one term but some forty miles of daily motoring is a great handicap. We wish him well at Sudbury. We welcome as his successor Mr. G. J. Andrews, B.Sc., who will join us in the Boarding House for a while. He has promised to fill the vacancy left by Mr. Escott in the Scout Troop.

The results at Advanced Level were particularly good this year, and twenty-six boys left the School with excellent certificates—one with four Advanced Level subjects, some with two, but the greatest number with three. Fourteen were given County Major awards, and eleven proceeded to one University or another—Cambridge, London, Sheffield, Hull, Nottingham, and Southampton. Others will take up their awards next October.

At long last the second phase of the building programme for the School has been started and it is just possible that one portion of the new building will be available for use next September. Apart from new Form Rooms, extra cloak rooms, and extra changing accommodation, we are due to have three more Laboratories, giving us in all a Chemistry Lab., a Physics Lab., a Biology Lab., and a General Lab.

The new building will house the kitchen for the Canteen, while the present Gym will be converted into a Day Boys' Dining Hall. The new Gym-Assembly Hall-Theatre will be some forty feet wide and approximately ninety feet long, housing a stage twenty-two feet deep, with an opening of twenty-two feet. If all goes according to plan a £2,000 organ, the gift of the Endowment Governors, will be housed to the right of this stage.

## SCHOOL FOOTBALL

### 1st XI REVIEW

The School Football XI has had a very disappointing season this year, if one makes judgment by results alone:—

Played 13: Won 4; Drawn 2; Lost 7.

Goals for—26; Goals against—33.

From the very beginning of the season the team was rather shaky and unsure of itself, probably because only three of the players had previous 1st XI experience. This lack of experience, although rather telling in the earlier part of the season, soon disappeared, and after a great deal of changing and re-changing, the eleven players began to play as a team and settle down admirably. A notable example of this was the game against Newport G.S. at home when every member of the team put everything he had into his efforts, the result being an extremely pleasing draw and the gaining of confidence, a thing which had been lacking for some time.

The defence was far quicker to settle down than the forward line and many a time victory was turned into defeat by the forward's inability to put the ball in the net after the backs' continual clearance of the ball, and the starting of some really excellent moves. The absence of a forward with an accurate shot was felt heavily as the shooting was atrocious and a prominent factor in the cause of the team's defeats.

It is also true to say that the team was rather sluggish at the beginning of the season and did not adapt itself to the variety of conditions that it was inevitably faced with. Nevertheless, one thing must be said in praise of the team—it never gave up hope, always tried its best, and fought on to the last few seconds of the match.

Moreover, there are some who deserve individual praise. Lines, the vice-captain, was always to be found where he was most needed, vigorously clearing the ball or starting off a move. Miles, too, could be relied upon to put the ball out of trouble's way and Cole proved to be a constant threat to the opposing side.

Our deepest thanks must be extended to Mr. Searle, for managing the team as well as for all the invaluable work he put in on Wednesdays during the team's training activity, to Mr. Dart for arranging the fixture list, and to Mr. Wyard for keeping the pitch in faultless condition throughout the season.

## RESULTS

### MATCHES PLAYED DURING CHRISTMAS TERM

	1st XI	2nd XI	Under 14 XI	Under 13 XI
1st Oct.	v Newmarket G.S. (A) Won 4-0		Lost 3-5	
6th	v Newport G.S. Drawn 3-3		Lost 0-3	
8th	v Caius College, Cambridge (A) Lost 0-6	v Silver Jubilee (A) Lost 2-3		v Silver Jubilee (A) Won 3-2
15th	v Soham G.S. Lost 1-3	(A) Lost 0-5	Lost 3-7	
20th	v Sudbury G.S. Drawn 2-2	Won 6-0		v Cadogan House Won 13-0
22nd	v Old Burians Won 5-2	v Old Burians Won 4-0		
27th	v Thetford G.S. (A) Lost 1-4	Won 3-0	(A) Lost 1-4	
29th	v St. John's College, Cambridge Cancelled			v Nowton Court Won 7-2
3rd Nov.		v Ixworth M.S. (A) Won 6-1	(A) Lost 2-3	
5th	v H.M.S. Ganges Lost 0-3	v H.M.S. Ganges Lost 0-6		v Cadogan House (A) Won 5-3
9th	v Sudbury G.S. (A) Lost 0-3	(A) Lost 2-3		
12th	v Soham G.S. (A) Lost 2-3	Won 5-2	(A) Lost 2-9	
17th	v St. John's College 2nd XI (A) Won 6-3			v Nowton Court (A) Drawn 5-5
24th	v Thetford G.S. Lost 0-2	(A) Won 2-0	Lost 1-4	
26th	v Clare College, Cambridge Cancelled	v Silver Jubilee (A) Won 3-2		v Silver Jubilee Won 5-2
3rd Dec.	v Newmarket G.S. Won 2-0		Lost 4-7	

### INTER HOUSE FOOTBALL CHAMPIONSHIP

		Sen.	Jun.	Total
1st	Yorkist House	12	0	12
2nd	Windsor House	8	2	10
3rd	Lancastrian House	4	4	8
4th	Tudor House	0	6	6

Points are awarded as follows: 4 pts. for a Senior Win, 2 pts. for a Senior Draw, 2 pts. for a Junior Win 1 pt. for a Junior Draw.

## FOOTBALL COLOURS

1st XI Full: Harper (Capt.), Lines, Cole.  
Half: Miles, Edwards, Cooke, Carr, Cockerton, Gilbert, Snell.  
2nd XI Half: Downing (Capt.), Fuller, Carlo.

### 2nd XI REVIEW

The record of winning seven and losing four games indicates that the 2nd XI has had a reasonably successful season. In only two games, at home to H.M.S. Ganges and away to Soham, were they completely outclassed. Changes in the 1st XI meant that a settled team was not possible and competition for places was keen throughout the season.

Many players proved their worth in the 2nd team before being promoted to the 1st XI. Among these were Carr, Cooke, Snell and Cockerton. D. J. Fuller, who did not miss a match, played extremely well in goal and was particularly outstanding when facing the tough opposition of H.M.S. Ganges. The defence was generally sound. Winterbone, with first Carr and later Kirkwood, provided the steadiness required at full-back. There were several combinations in the half-back line, and Cooke, Snell, Bartlett, R. J. Fuller and Brown all played well. The forward line tended to present more problems. B. F. Bridges was consistent on the left-wing, as was Cockerton on the right before he was promoted to the 1st XI. Carlo added more punch in the second half of the season, but there was no prolific goalscorer until Gaught scored 7 goals in the last three games.

Throughout the season it was pleasing to note a fine team spirit. Everyone who played is to be congratulated for showing fight and determination at all times.

Goalscorers: Gaught—7; Downing—6; Cockerton, Carlo, Brown—4; Bridges—3; Snell, Sadler, Bartlett, Sankey—1; Own goal—1.  
D.J.D.

### UNDER 14 XI REVIEW

*It is not growing like a tree  
In bulk, doth make men better be.*

Thus declared Ben Johnson, yet if an explanation is required of why the thirteen-year-olds of 1959, who won five matches in succession, lost all eight as the fourteen-year-olds of 1960, such a reversal of fortune must be attributed in part to the fact that during the close season many of these young Burians failed to grow at all—and, *pace* B.J., some say that good big 'uns are better than good little 'uns.

As a result of illness and injury, and the inevitable changes made in an attempt to find a winning combination, we never had

a settled team. Yet, the game at Soham apart, we were not out-classed, and on at least two occasions only the failure of the defence in the last ten minutes produced a final score that scarcely suggested the closeness of the struggle for the greater part of the game.

There was constant endeavour and continual disappointment; but perhaps, if the *manner* of the defeat is important, we did not disgrace the School.

Junior Colours were awarded for the first time, recipients being M. J. Goodson and A. C. Seamark. The other regular players were R. F. Howlett, R. J. Lambourne, R. Lock (Captain), P. R. Miller and P. C. Mills.

### UNDER 13 XI REVIEW

The under-13-year-olds in the School include some very promising footballers and the best of these have played in six matches against other schools and have remained undefeated.

First choices for the XI have been R. F. Howlett, Howe, Williams, Crane, Colwell, Bowers, Ison, Metcalfe, Douglas, Holmes, Webb, Hadley, Keen and Howard, while Ceurstemont has willingly "run the line" in some appalling weather. The team has played with excellent spirit and Howlett as Captain has been a fine example. There has been some tendency of attack and defence to lose contact and this weakness was very noticeable in the second Challenge game with the under 14's on the larger 1st XI pitch. The under 14's this year deserved our sympathy, but there was no need to give them so much encouragement to pick up our clearances.

The Tuesday afternoon activity group no doubt included several boys who were disappointed that the "by invitation" arrangements never included an invitation to play in the match. The team should be grateful for the help they gave as opposition in practice.

### 3rd XI AND INTER-FORM FOOTBALL

Boys who lack football ability, often make up their deficiency by extra enthusiasm and team spirit. Thus the inter-form competition, for boys who had not qualified for the 1st or 2nd XI's, was played with rare spirit. The Fifth Form team won all their matches under Drury's captaincy, with Bailey, Chaplain, English, Gaught and Sandells giving good support. Levett's IV Form team, with Sankey outstanding, and Lacey's VI formers, each gained some success, while IV Form tried hard.

A School 3rd XI was selected from these form teams and played two matches against the East Anglian Brigade Young Soldiers XI. Each match was played in thick mud, against vigorous opponents who were spurred on by great numbers of loud-voiced supporters. Under such conditions the most effective attacks were down the wings and P. Andrews and M. Wheeler scored most of our goals from the wings. At home we lost 2-4 and at the Barracks we won 5-4.

## HOUSE NOTES

### LANCASTRIAN

The House was second in the football competition which is an improvement upon last year's result. The Juniors were the more successful team and won two of their games, which is a good sign for the future. We congratulate Lock on being Under 14 XI Captain and Howlett on being Under 13 XI Captain.

The Seniors won only one game, but gave spirited displays and showed great determination. I should like to say how ably Lewis has captained the team. He has been a tower of strength both on and off the field and has done much to build up a fine team spirit. He has been well supported by all members, and I sincerely hope that he will be given the same support during the hockey term. It would be greatly appreciated if those members of the House not actually taking part would turn out and support the teams. It is surprising the amount of difference such vocal support can make to the players. The results were as follows:

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Yorkists	Lost 2-4	Won 5-0
v Tudors	Won 5-3	Lost 3-8
v Windsors	Lost 2-3	Won 3-2

In the unofficial Cross Country Race the House took third place behind Tudors and Windsors. This result was somewhat disappointing, but two members of the team were unable to run so that reserves were put in at the last moment, but a bright feature was the fine performance of Bartlett, who showed himself to be a runner of great ability.

*Positions:* Bartlett, 4th; Downing, 5th; Fuller, 9th; Lewis, 18th; Hardman, 19th; Chaplin, 22nd; Field, 29th; Andrews, 30th.

I hope that during the coming term every member of the House will turn out for cross country training. Such training can make the world of difference to an individual's position and consequently to the position of his House. Thus, if every member gives keen support, Lancastrian House can look forward to success.

D.J.D.

### TUDOR

The results of the House football matches were:

	SENIOR	JUNIOR
v Lancastrians	Lost 3-5	Won 8-3
v Windsors	Lost 3-5	Won 4-1
v Yorkists	Lost 0-4	Won 3-1

Again the Junior Team has shown up the Senior Team, the former winning all their matches.

A House football practice took place earlier in the term; I hope this was beneficial to all who took part. It would be most encouraging if more members of the House not actually taking part

in matches turned out to give their support! Could we all try to make a greater effort in the future?

Six members of the House were privileged to play football for the School, three in the 1st XI and three in the 2nd XI. We congratulate Harper on being School Football Captain, J. Snell for gaining half colours and D. J. Fuller for earning his 2nd XI colours.

In an unofficial cross country race run at the end of term the House team gained 1st place in the overall result, with Harper and McAndrew taking first and second places respectively. Last year the House teams gained first place in the Senior and under 15 races. Let us try for a "hat-trick" this year—under 13's don't let us down.

Next term we shall have Hockey and Cross Country. The House Captains for these sports must be given all available support, please.

C.J.K.

### WINDSOR

This term the House has been quite successful. In the Inter-House Football Competition we came joint second. The results are as follows:

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Tudors	Won 5-3	Lost 1-4
v Yorkists	Lost 0-2	Lost 0-1
v Lancastrians	Won 3-2	Lost 2-3

The Senior team generally played well, but at times, as against the Yorkists, the defence was unreliable and the forwards lacked punch. The Junior team, captained by Korn, had a disappointing season, losing two games by a narrow margin.

In the unofficial Cross Country Race the House came second, Carr, Cook and Snell being congratulated on coming in the first ten home.

We hope for success in both Hockey and Cross Country next term, with all members of the House making the maximum possible effort.

Finally, congratulations to those who were awarded 1st XI colours. Cole, full-colours; Carr and Cockerton, half-colours; also to Carlo who obtained 2nd XI colours, and to Seamark who obtained Junior colours.

A.T.M.

### YORKIST

The bright feature of the Autumn Term was the House's easy victory in the Inter-House Football Championship. The scores were as follows:

	SENIORS	JUNIORS
v Lancastrians	Won 4-2	Lost 0-5
v Windsors	Won 2-0	Won 1-0
v Tudors	Won 4-0	Lost 1-3

The Senior XI is to be congratulated on playing fine football with great team spirit and a determination to win. The solid defence was the basis of the victory, in fact only conceding two goals. The attack took their chances well, often outplaying the opposing defence with clever football.

The Junior team did not play as well as one would have hoped, but they tried to play good football.

Next term, at hockey under the captaincy of Radley, we hope to continue the success achieved on the soccer field.

The House has not met with great success over the Cross Country course during the last two years and it would be appreciated if everyone tries much harder in the Spring Term.

Finally, congratulations to P. F. Lines on being awarded 1st XI full-colours, T. J. Edwards, D. G. Gilbert, and M. Cooke, half-colours, and M. J. Goodson, Junior colours. P.F.L.

### CROSS COUNTRY

A small band of very young boys undertook a cross country run each Tuesday during the Autumn Term, and a few of their elders did likewise every Wednesday. Both before the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease, when we used the full course, which passes through Mount Farm, and later, when we avoided the farm, some *very* muddy mud was encountered.

We now look to the Spring Term, when the competitive events take place, including, it is hoped, a triangular contest in February, when Soham and Thetford have promised to run over our course. These are some keen runners in the School (though also some in other categories), and prospects seem reasonably good. Some interest was aroused in the dying weeks of last term among those boys most likely to represent the School in the Under 15 West Suffolk Championships, by timing and recording their training runs: this seems to have afforded some incentive and indeed to have helped to create the team-spirit which is so desirable.

The Seniors meanwhile took part, as last year, in an unofficial House race. Tudor were easy winners, with Windsor and Lancastrian a respectable 2nd and 3rd, but Yorkist, already weak and on the day deprived of their captain and of another of their strongest runners, were a very poor team. L. Harper nobly rose to the occasion, as befits a School Cross Country Captain, and finished first, K. G. McAndrew being 2nd, R. Carr, a newcomer to the School, 3rd, and G. P. G. Bartlett 4th.

It is essential that those boys we know to be potentially good runners should discipline themselves this term, train regularly and thoroughly—and together—and do their best to help to create strong, reliable teams. Colours, both Senior and Junior, will be awarded for the first time this year. P.J.F.D.

### C.C.F. NOTES

The strength of the Contingent is now 107, a slight fall as compared with last year. During the term Contingent N.C.O.'s and Senior Cadets have carried out most of the training. On several occasions platoons have gone to drill at Gibraltar Barracks under Regular Army Instructors, while other Cadets have been firing on the Miniature Range.

The outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has affected the Contingent—not directly—as the Field Day arranged at Colchester had to be cancelled.

During the Summer holiday thirty Cadets had a good camp, the only drawback of which was an insufficiency of marching. C.S.M. West and C/Sgt. Hazel represented the Contingent at the Royal Centenary Parade at Buckingham Palace.

### C.C.F. CAMP, 1960

Pirbright C.C.F. camp is a very large cluster of green and brown tents surrounded by the trees and hills of the very pleasant Surrey countryside. The first impression is of a very peaceful, quiet camping site in the middle of nowhere. A sudden sound shatters the silence. It sounds like a dog in extreme agony. It is, in fact, a cadet officer gently summoning a careless cadet to his side, and, in a few well-chosen words, explaining that all officers must be saluted, and not given a mere cold stare. Now all thoughts of day-and-night poker sessions vanish. But this was only a first taste of army life.

The food was not bad at all, considering the numbers catered for. However, corned beef was provided at almost every meal in various forms: raw, fried, decomposed and stewed. Salad was frequent, too. We had to be careful over the breakfasts. The cooked part, having walked (so they said) from the cook-house, was lukewarm, and therefore had to be eaten before the corn flakes. The tea took some getting used to, as it was made with condensed milk.

The accommodation was good, and the tents were spacious. The N.A.A.F.I. sported a snack-bar, a television set, a piano and a typical army juke-box, which required a mere kick to set it in motion. There was a cinema, but the transport was not always punctual.

The regular soldiers gave some extremely effective demonstrations, most of which were to assist us with our training programme. On one demonstration, using live ammunition, the British Army had to extinguish the fires which their "lives" started, much to everyone's delight. A static display of army vehicles was given, and this proved to be very interesting.

The assault course, on the last day, was perhaps the highlight of the week. Major Walls claimed that if he could cross the water-jump, so could we all. After about ten minutes plucking-up courage, he firmly grasped the rope and leaped. Unfortunately he forgot to let go on the other side (contrary to the advice of our instructor) and, after a brief struggle, was deposited knee-deep, in muddy water, amidst cheers, and sighs of hero-worship. Surprisingly, nobody was really hurt on the course, although some were soaked on the water-jump.

This year's Corps Camp was, on the whole, a worthwhile ten days. The food was quite good, the demonstrations were excellent, and most of us enjoyed the training. To add to this, Major Walls drove our three-ton truck, which we at first thought he had mistaken for a tank or the "Bluebird". Gradually we became accustomed to engine stalls, clashing gears, forty-five degree tilts and high-speed turns on rough tracks. And, at least, we did not have to march everywhere.

W.H.

### LAND USE SURVEY

During the first half of the Autumn Term, the mapping of the School's 78 square miles of the 1960 National Land Use Survey was completed. Starting in the sunny days of May and June, the use of every piece of land from Great Barton and Rushbrooke in the east, to Kentford and Dalham in the west, was discovered and entered on six-inch ordnance survey maps. The principal surveyors in the upper school were C. J. Knight, J. A. Crick, J. M. Grout, C. Blake and T. S. Lewis, with valuable assistance in their home areas from E. T. Smith and I. Douglass. Out of nearly one thousand survey areas throughout the country, the School's section was the fifty-seventh to be completed and sent up to the survey headquarters at London University.

### SCOUT NOTES

In a School Scout Troop one can expect an influx of recruits in the Autumn Term of each year, and once again this has been the case; in fact sufficient numbers of boys have joined this term to warrant the formation of a new patrol, the Skuas which is led by P. B. Fairbairn.

Consequently more attention has been paid to the basic principles of Scouting rather than the more advanced work with which we have been familiarising ourselves in earlier terms. Of the ten boys who joined the Scouts this Term all except three have

been invested, and linked with this, is the fact that one boy has been invested as a Senior Scout without being a member of the Junior Troop.

As is usual in this term our activities have been hampered to some extent by inclement weather and thus much of our work has been done in the gym.

The Senior Scouts of the Troop, that is those over the age of 15, decided to meet on a separate day from the Junior Troop, and as all the Senior Scouts are boarders this is an easily solved problem.

We have been without a Scoutmaster this term, but rumour has it that one of the masters joining the School next term has been persuaded to help run the Troop. Nevertheless we are grateful to Death for running the Troop with so little fuss and bother until we get a Scoutmaster.

E.G.

### SCOUT CAMP, 1960

Unfortunately Mr. Escott left us at the end of the Summer Term and consequently was unable to organise the annual Scout Camp. However, thanks to Crick's organising ability we eventually decided to camp in the remote part of South Wales, a part of the country with which he is familiar.

Our camp, situated near Abergavenny in Monmouthshire, was in the midst of some very beautiful, but isolated countryside. A few yards below our camp ran the stream which marks the border between England and Wales. Above our camp site on the hill TyCoch (a certain play was written about this), was an ancient British fort which we explored, though its only occupants are sheep.

Surprisingly enough fine weather predominated, although we had at least one heavy shower or thunderstorm every day with one exception, when the rain was general.

Most days were spent hiking: these expeditions ranged over distances of from nine to twenty-five miles, often in stiff country. Many hills were climbed, including Waun Fach (2,660 ft.) the highest in the Black Mountains, Pen-y-Gader-Fawr, Table Mountain and the Sugar Loaf (1,955 ft.) a well-known local beauty spot. The effort involved was well rewarded by the magnificent views afforded of the surrounding countryside from the peaks and ridges of the hills.

On the whole the standard of cooking at camp was excellent, apart from the odd catastrophe: Sundays roast springs to mind. The Q.M. had bought a joint of meat and the duty cooks duly roasted it to a turn. It was left by the fire side to "keep warm" but, alas, an over-keen stoker and other circumstances brought about a charred, ashy mess when serving commenced. The cooks cleared their consciences by serving us a fine vegetable stew with dumplings the following day.

As a result of the fortnight's holiday fifteen badges were gained, by six boys: a creditable effort. One required all present to hike twenty-three miles in a completely strange area of stiff countryside in the dark in pairs. All excelled once more with the use of map and compass; none got lost and all were in bed by 2 a.m.

I am sure that Parsonson, Cornish, Hastings, Farr and P. Fairbairn join me in thanking Crick for an extremely happy and successful camp; without his efforts this venture would not have been possible and we all hope to meet again somewhere in the future.

A.D.F.

### PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY

Since this has been the first term that the Society has been in existence, and philosophy being an entirely new field for all members, a great part of our time has, not unnaturally, been devoted to gaining an insight into the basic principles and aims of this wide and far-reaching subject. The credit for this goes to Mr. Tapson, who was also very helpful in the beginning in clearing up certain fallacies about the subject and introducing us to the exact and progressive reasoning employed by the Philosopher.

We then progressed to discussion of the problem of the truth or fallacy of existence, of one's own mind, a deity, and, more recently, matter in general. The main reference for the first part was the *Reflections* of Descartes, with whom there seemed to be agreement on the existence of a "res cogitans," but disagreement, on his statement "cogito ergo sum".

Death produced a paper on the life and philosophy of Bishop Berkeley which he read to the Society. This was discussed at some length, with some opposition to this philosopher's view of existence: that men and the world in general merely exist in the mind of some supreme being whom Berkeley concluded to be God.

Following this, we attempted to come to some conclusion as to the nature of matter and laws of nature and this progressed into a discussion on the theory of science and scientific method, Newtonian Mechanics being used as an example of the fact that the scientist does not try to prove conclusions and laws from data (although Newton was forced to "prove" his theories by his contemporaries), but merely puts forward a hypothesis in an attempt to explain results obtained from a finite number of observations, leaving others to determine if it explains accurately all cases. L.J.G.

### SCIENCE CLUB

This term the Science Club has seen a number of films and on alternate weeks has listened to talks given by members.

J. Taylor (4f) dealt with *The Life and Work of Sir Isaac Newton*. Boughton (4m) talked about *Electronic Organs*. Douglass (VI) traced the development of engines from Newcomen's atmospheric engine up to the latest in gas turbines. Singleton (5f) talked

about the 'Lunatics', a group of scientists which met monthly for the exchange of ideas and discussion. They choose the night of the full moon for the convenience of travel. Finally E. T. Smith (VI) explained the remote control of models by radio.

Films seen included 'The History of the Discovery of Oxygen' and 'Colour', which traced the development of new pigments from laboratory to factory. 'Steel' dealt in a most spectacular manner with the production of steel. 'Glassmakers' dealt in a similar way with the manufacture of glass. The last two films shown were 'The History of the Helicopter', and 'Your Petrol Today'.

### JUNIORS

During this term colour photography has proved to be an engrossing subject. We were indebted to Mr. Alderton for first explaining to us the theory of the colour films and its development and then showing us a large selection of slides he has made. Mr. Reynolds also favoured us by making a large contribution to the subject when he projected many interesting photographs he had taken at Aden and in the Suez Canal with others from this country. Lilly (form Vf) extended the subject to include the cinema film in colour and showed several films that he had shot in Cyprus and in this country.

At other meetings a Brains Trust officiated while members also had the experience of speaking "off the cuff" on scientific subjects at various times. Members had also given help in organising the Junior Laboratory, which was much appreciated.

### FILM SOCIETY

The Film Society is sponsored by Mr. Gorman, who has had considerable previous experience. The team is made up mostly of fifth form boarders, with some sixth and fourth formers. P. Carlo, P. Hastings, S. Korn, D. Bremner, A. Fairbairn, and I. Fish are the main actors, but the large number of willing juniors made it difficult to find them all jobs to do.

The directors are R. Whittington and M. Spence, the producer is D. Death, and the cameraman is P. Lilly. The script was written by C. West and was slightly amended by a committee to make it more suitable for filming. The story is about life in a boarding school, with slight variations to the normal routine.

Shooting started on 13th November with some scenes in the school quad. Unfortunately, when the first reel returned from being developed, an amusing shot showing Mr. Nobes cycling across the quad complete with mortar-board and gown had been cut out, and we wondered if perhaps the workers who developed it had taken a liking to it.

We succeeded in shooting some dormitory scenes of day and night using a red filter. Although on one occasion the cameraman forgot to re-wind the camera, we progressed well.



Extra lighting was needed in the boarders' study-row for shooting, and most of the equipment needed for this was lent by M. J. Allen. Unfortunately, after a few shots, two of the lights failed, so we had to postpone operations until the following Saturday.

We were greatly hindered by the lack of spare time, the only time available being from twelve to twelve-forty on Saturdays, which did not give us long, especially when boys had to change into pyjamas.

In spite of various complaints from some of the actors, we managed to film for part of Sunday afternoon on two occasions. We had hoped to finish the film by Christmas, but as the length of time at our disposal is very limited, it will probably take us until Easter.

R.C.W.

### CHESS CLUB

The standard of Senior Chess this term has not been particularly high and there has been little challenge to Spence and White, who are at the top of the ladder competition.

In contrast, the Junior Club is thriving well, having over twenty members, including over half a dozen very promising young hopes for the future. There are several boys who have not yet found their standard in the ladder competition, which Morgan and Bond are leading, though Wood also deserves mention for playing some good chess and working his way from the bottom to the top five. The competition generally has been very keen, though the club could profit by some beginners joining.

We did not do well in the local Junior competition, but both Brennan and Spence were knocked out by most capable opponents in well fought games.

H.D.W.

### DEBATING SOCIETY

A Debating Society was started this term for people who were not members of the C.C.F.

Several interesting motions have been debated, and the standard of debate has improved during the term. Quite a number have attempted principal speeches, with varied success, and there has been some very useful comment and criticism from the floor.

The motions debated were:

1. Bloodsports should be abolished. (Defeated).
2. The Railways are out of date. (Carried).
3. Too much leisure is the cause of the increase in juvenile crime. (Defeated).
4. The school-leaving age should be raised to eighteen. (Defeated)
5. It is better to live in the country than in the town. (Carried).
6. Space travel will be of no benefit to mankind. (Defeated).
7. Books have outlived their purpose. (Defeated).

On one occasion a Brains Trust was held, when Baker, McAllister, O'Toole and Wearn dealt with questions covering a wide range of topics.

D.A.B.

### MUSIC

On the afternoon of Friday, 14th October, the School was honoured by the visit of two distinguished musicians—Niso Ticciati and his wife, Elizabeth de la Mare.

The programme for their joint recital included three duets and a number of solos for 'cello and harpsichord.

Mr. Ticciati briefly outlined the development of the harpsichord, explained its action, and demonstrated its versatility as a keyboard instrument before opening the recital with Bach's delightful Partita no. 1 in B flat major.

In sharp contrast, Elizabeth de la Mare (grand-daughter of the poet) then played the Allegro Maestoso movement from the 'cello sonata (op. 8) by Hungary's greatest living composer, Zoltan Kodály (b. 1882). The sonata is an extremely dramatic work, which demands a playing technique of the highest standard. At times it was reminiscent of the gipsy violin music one associates with that particular part of the world, whilst at others it was reminiscent of the more brutal parts of Mars (1st movement of Gustav Holst's "Planets" suite), which some critics have described as the most ferocious piece of music in existence. I wondered whether all the notes were as Kodály had written them for Miss de la Mare's performance contained several which came very near to offending the ear. On reflection—though without a copy of the music to prove me right or wrong—I have come to the conclusion that the "doubtful" notes were played as the composer intended them to be—so superb and accurate were Miss de la Mare's renderings of other composers' works throughout the remainder of the recital.

The third item—a sonata for 'cello and harpsichord, written by Mr. Ticciati himself, in the style of, and as a tribute to, the great J. S. Bach—was the highlight of the recital. Bach never wrote sonatas for this particular combination of instruments, though he frequently wrote for viola da gamba and harpsichord. The ensemble was excellent throughout, and the work itself—as well as being very pleasant to listen to—was worthy of the great master to whose memory it was dedicated.

The remainder of the recital consisted of two movements from the Sonata in A major by Boccherini (1743-1805)—a virtuoso work for 'cello with harpsichord accompaniment; a number of short harpsichord solos by Frescobaldi (1583-1643), Lully (1632-1687) and Daquin (1694-1772) and Bazelaire's arrangement of the "Pièces en Concert", by Couperin (1668-1733).

Judging by the volume of applause accorded to Mr. Ticciati and his wife the recital was a great success. I, for one, enjoyed it immensely.

As most of you know, the harpsichord was the principal keyboard instrument (apart from the organ) from the middle of the 16th Century to the early part of the 19th Century when it was superseded by the pianoforte. Mr. Ticciati's instrument was made only last year by Robert Goble of London—at a cost of just under £1,000. Miss de la Mare's 'cello is valued at twice that sum.

A very fine piano recital was given in the School Hall on the afternoon of Friday, 18th November. The performer was a young man by the name of Emile Philippe—not Alan Rowlands, as printed in the School Almanack.

The programme was varied and interesting and those present had the unusual experience of hearing Tausig's arrangement of Bach's "Toccatina and Fugue in D minor"—one of the greatest works ever written for the organ.

Polish, French, Russian and Spanish composers were represented by Chopin, Poulenc, Scriabin, Albéniz and de Falla.

For me, Chopin's "Polonaise in A flat" (op. 53) was the highlight of the recital, though had a vote been taken I think that the majority would have favoured Manuel de Falla's "Ritual Fire Dance".

M.E.A.

#### MUSIC CLUB

This term, almost all the meetings have taken the form of classical record sessions.

The music heard included the following pieces:—"La Boutique Fantasque" by Rossini (1792-1868); this tells the story of a wonderful toyshop full of dolls which come to life.

The ballet, "Coppélia" by Delibes (1836-1891). This tells the story of a beautiful puppet, Coppélia.

The "Danse Macabre" by Saint-Saëns (1835-1921). This dance is based on a gruesome legend. Death, with his violin, summons his subjects from their graves to dance from midnight till dawn in the churchyard.

"The Sorcerer's Apprentice" by Dukas (1865-1935). This exciting scherzo is about the famous sorcerer, Pancrates and his meddlesome apprentice.

"Carnival of Animals" by Saint-Saëns (1835-1921). This is a delightful group of short pieces describing the various members of a rather unusual zoo.

"In the Hall of the Mountain King" and "The Death of Ase" from the suite, "Peer Gynt" by Grieg (1843-1907).

"The Overture and Air", from the Water Music by Handel (1685-1759).

The "Emperor" Concerto by Beethoven (1770-1827) and the "Toccatina and Fugue in D minor" by Bach (1685-1750).

J.O.

#### THEATRE

#### "TWELFTH NIGHT"

On September 30th a party visited Cambridge Arts Theatre to see a production of 'Twelfth Night'. The performance of this play by the Arts Theatre Trust exceeded all our expectations. Plot and sub-plot, and the theme of shamming acted out by so many of the characters all came over extremely well.

The character of Count Orsino was finely portrayed by Colin Redgrave whose looks more than suited him for the part of a young aristocratic idealist, in love with love. He spoke clearly and well, and, in spite of his love-malady which he showed us so well, there was a regal air about his acting. Olivia, played by Gillian Goodman was, at first, a little too frivolous even for a woman mourning in habit only; but gradually we saw unfolded an underlying depth coupled with a voluptuous but sincere *joie de vivre*.

The all-important character of Malvolio was, perhaps, the most convincingly played of all. Julian Curry, his voice suitably affected, his manner harsh yet gullible, mincing and smiling his way across the stage in his yellow stockings and cross garters, certainly made himself "the devil a puritan", and yet at the same time a gentleman who "hath been most notoriously abused". We laughed at his delusion, but our sympathy went with him.

Margaret Drabble gave us a staunch Viola, hiding her passions beneath the guise of Cesario. How cleverly she showed that a single unguarded glance from a normally feelingless mask can tell an audience almost as much as a soliloquy. Sir Toby Belch, his speech slurred, very drunk and noisy, and able to make vulgar sounds in his throat and disgust no-one, was convincingly portrayed by Ian McKellen; while Sir Andrew Aguecheek, rich, effeminate, anaemic and foolish was very humorously played by Michael Burrell, a slight but athletic actor able to give a real impression of physical weakness on the stage. Maria, acted by Jill Daltry, spoke a little too quickly at times but was a very cheerful and likeable character, quite in command of the situation. Feste, the melancholy clown was cleverly acted by Hugh Walters, whose movement fitted his every word. His interpretation bordered on pathos, his voice high-pitched, haunting but resigned, was perfect for the part. Age was made the cause of his misery. He could see his place as Olivia's jester being usurped by Fabian, who was made an apprentice clown in this production, but who seemed rather nondescript beside his older counterpart.

Of the lesser characters, Sebastian, looking quite like Viola, was suitably mystified by the situation, although delighted to marry Olivia. Antonio made good use of a resounding and powerful voice, while the slow-witted bewildered priest showed us a very real "type" during his short appearance.

We would all like to extend our thanks to Mr. Bridges for arranging such an excellent, smooth-running and enjoyable evening.

J.H.

## PRECISION ENGINEERING IN BURY ST. EDMUNDS\*

Precision Engineering Products are associated with Automatic Telephone Electronics of Liverpool. Although small, for only about 70 people are employed, P.E.P. are well-known for their accuracy, and have a well-equipped shop. P.E.P. make moulds, precision turning parts, and specialise in tool making. Most of their work is given to them by sub-contract, and they made parts for the Fairey Rotadyne, and the Fairey Mark II, which used to hold the World Air Speed Record.

The works are split up as follows. The drawing office is concerned with the design and production of all works. All calculations and difficulties that crop up are sorted out before production commences.

The general machine shop is composed of the turning section comprising the lathe work, milling, and shaping sections. The shaping section roughs the material out to allow for greater accuracy in the milling section. The limits to which this shop works are  $\pm .001$  of an inch, which is approximately half the thickness of one hair.

The grinding shop does the same work as the turning and milling section, but allows for a higher grade of finish. The limits of this shop are  $\pm .0001$  of an inch.

All jobs that require holes with very tight tolerances are jig-bored. In the jig-boring shop, the machinery is kept in a controlled atmosphere and cleanliness is of the highest order. This is necessary for producing greater accuracy. The jig-borer is the only one of its kind in this area, and was made by Societie Genàvis of Switzerland. The working limits of this borer are  $\pm .00005$  of an inch.

In the production and press shops, jobs of great numbers are produced and component blanks pressed out with their own press tools produced in the shops previously mentioned.

In the hardening shop all materials are hardened to various degrees of hardness by using cyanide, salt baths, or furnace.

All completed work is finally inspected and checked to make sure that it has been produced exactly to the desired shape and measurement.

The firm has an apprenticeship scheme by which all apprentices are allowed to go on day release to study for Ordinary Level National Certificate, the Mechanical Engineering and City and Guilds of London Institute Examinations. In approved cases, apprentices are allowed to go to Ipswich or Colchester Technical College to study Higher National Certificate. Apprentices are given every encouragement and opportunity for further study.

The group are grateful to the management for conducting them round the works.

M. THOMPSON, 4F

\*On November 17th the Technical Drawing Group were shown round the works of Precision Engineering Products in Cullum Road.

## MUSIC AND MACHINES

### A CHAIN OF THOUGHTS

*A time, seconds passing; one, two . . . seven passing.  
Of life, time-scaling; our day; Heaven-scaling.  
Continually a coarse chromatic flow,  
For music the tempo Mee-zoo-rah-toh.*

*Throbbing, bobbing, cotton round, catch, weave.  
The suite, no — E; it has a sleeve.  
Driving bases, drum roll laces;  
The plucking strings and metal sings.*

*Musical cord, belts conveying:—tonic jars.  
Working noise, like 'D' one-man-jazz-band.  
The harmonized levers, nuts and bars:  
Pieces of eight, seven, six, even four. Yes,  
Machines can count—by rods and keys. Make it,  
People, make it; make your musical machines.*

P. RADLEY, 6 2

### THE MACHINE

A black, sinister mass of contorted steel  
Spitting Her venomous and choking fumes heavenwards,  
Groaning and hissing, as if She could feel,  
Throbbing and shaking—hating Her task  
Suddenly, She stops!—'Peace at last!'

But then the Creature, purring contentedly  
After Her well-earned rest, breaks out in frenzied convulsions,  
Devouring a conveyor belt greedily;  
—A veritable steel Scythian.

*'How powerful She seems! How vast!'*

Her compact body glistens with oily sweat,  
The creation of Man, but in many ways the master.  
No longer does She groan, throb or hiss regret,  
A cruel sneer flashes from Her cold heart—

*'How strong!'*—Symbol of Man surpassed!

L. F. HARPER, 6 2

## THE LONDON PLANETARIUM

In a matter of minutes one can change from the bustle of London to the beauty of the night. Soon after one has taken a seat, built specially for leaning back, the dome disappears and one finds oneself sitting outside in the centre of the city. Along the horizon we see familiar sights, the Tower of London, St. Paul's, and even dockside cranes. We are in London, yet not in London; no noise, no smoke. As we gaze in wonder, the narrator reminds us where we are. We see the sunset in the west. Gradually the stars come into view. We study a few stars, running through their history. Meteors come crashing down into the earth's atmosphere and burn up. Then in the east we see Venus, the Morning Star, rising to bring another day. The stars merge into the sky. Soon all the stars have gone and the sun is rising in full colour. Another day has come. For forty minutes we have seen the sky unfold. We have seen more than many of us will see in a lifetime. As we walk from the auditorium down the steps we are greeted once more by the roar of London's traffic.

The building was designed by George Watt, A.R.I.B.A. He had to use all his skill because the site was small and many difficulties presented themselves.

The London Underground runs just below the Planetarium. To stop vibrations 48 piles were driven 50 feet into the ground. A visitor only sees 12 of these piles. These 12 columns carry the entire weight of the Planetarium which amounts to more than 2,000 tons.

On looking carefully at the interior surface of the dome we noticed that it is perforated by tiny holes at regular intervals, twenty to the square inch. These holes are to prevent echoes which would otherwise drown the narrator's voice, and to help in the ventilation. At any one time 5,000 beams of light pass between the projector and the dome and to give the right effect these must be invisible, and so the air must be kept pure inside the building. For this reason the air is changed five times an hour. The pressure within the dome is maintained at two pounds to the square inch higher than outside. This is to help settle the dust.

The Planetarium projector was built by Zeiss, the most famous optical firm in the world. The projector cost in the region of £70,000. It is a combination of the latest developments in optics, electronics and precision engineering.

The instrument contains about 29,000 individual parts, 230 ball bearings and 200 optical projectors, and weighs more than two tons. It projects 8,900 stars, each one being correctly graded according to brightness.

The projector is able to give a picture of the stars from any one point on the earth. Viewers can also be taken out to a point about 800,000,000 miles out from earth so that they are able to see the five major planets and the earth encircling the sun and watch their orbits in relation to each other. It also can give a picture of the skies in Palestine in the time of Christ, and viewers are able to see the Star of Bethlehem.

Everything possible has been done to ensure that the London Planetarium is the finest in the world.

J. TAYLOR, 4F

## MY WALK TO SCHOOL

When from the noisy bus I step,  
Upon my way to school,  
My mind goes back to ancient days  
And Anglo-Saxon rule.

The Abbey Gate I pass through  
Holds magic and romance.  
Behold the arches high above,  
The gargoyles, and expanse  
Of stone and mortar firmly placed  
In days so long ago,  
By men who had to work by hand  
To guard against the foe.

A little further I progress,  
With flowers on either side.  
I imagine there's the Abbey  
In its majesty and pride.  
The robed men moving round about,  
I hear their chant and song—  
'Tis sad it's all a day-dream though.  
It's time to get along.

Across the Lark by footbridge,  
My feet make quite a din;  
I like to dream of olden days.  
But, "It's football, shall we win?"

D. J. SPALDING, 2F

## THE FIRST SNOW

I wake and there is a slight chill in the air. I go over to my lead-framed window and look out. The earth has a thick blanket of crisp snow, dazzling white. The trees are bending under the great weight and at intervals flurries of snow fall from them. During the white silence flakes come drifting down from the white cloudy sky, each flake different in shape, thickening the blanket of snow. As I look closely I can see where many animals and birds have walked or hopped. On the gate post is a perky little robin chirping out his creamy song. Soon a hazy sun appears making the snow sparkle like a thousand diamonds. All is quiet and still and peaceful.

P. D. SMITH, 4M

## THE INTERESTING SIDE OF FISHING

Many people consider fishing to be a dull and uninteresting sport. If you examine the subject of fishing, I guarantee that you will soon change your mind.

Fishing is a sport which requires a great deal of patience. When you become sufficiently interested, you will not mind waiting for more than half an hour before a fish is foolish enough to take the bait. Sometimes I think that making the bait is the most fascinating part. You concoct a viscous mixture of flour and water, and then roll it in your hands until it is not very sticky. Of course, after this you have to spend half an hour rubbing the paste off your hands. The variety of bait depends chiefly on the type of fish you wish to catch. It can range from a small boiled potato, to a cherry, the former being the bait for carp, and the latter the bait for chub.

My advice as to the way you fish and where, is that to-day ledgering is becoming very popular, and by this method you will catch more fish than you would if you used a float. As to the situation, a pond is an excellent place, but it is only good if you ground bait the area well. The commonest fish caught in a pond is the roach. Many people have caught very large fish weighing over two pounds.

Again, a person will say that fishing is just sheer luck, but if you ask them to watch somebody trout fishing, or pike fishing, they will soon say that it is a hobby which requires a fair amount of skill. But the real delight in fishing is when a large-size fish takes your bait. You will have to play it carefully and take your time. The main thing not to do is to get excited. A person who becomes excited nearly always loses his fish.

When after a while you have landed it, you will realise that fishing is just not throwing a bent pin, with a worm on the end, into the water and then hoping that a fish will swallow the bait. If, however, you do get bored, it is very interesting to watch the other people fishing. You get the old veteran who catches the wise old pike, the fat gentleman who catches the rather corpulent roach and the old lady ('been fishing since I was your age' she'll say), and last of all, the young boy, who is a menace to everybody, catching bigger fish than the other people.

P. THOMAS, 4M

## PISCATORIAL ADVENTURE

I do not exactly recollect whether I was spending my annual piscatorial recreation period in Lievia or Tibrobia, but what I am sure of is that the lakes of this country were teeming with monstrous pike. One morning, when the dew was still on the ground, I set off with a horse and wagon. This was essential as my tackle consisted of a very heavy rod of best quality tonkin cane, a veritable winch of a reel, five hundred yards of ship's hawser, a float (one of my empty claret casks) and an extremely large hook. My bait was trundling behind me, for it was a rotund, live pig.

I quickly realised that my cumbersome float was quite unnecessary as the impaled bait swam about on the surface. However, I soon modified this and my third cast brought up a fish. I could tell that it was fairly large by the size of the splash. After five hours I felt exhausted; nothing short of an earthquake would shift the hooked pike which was 'sulking' on the bottom of the lake.

As he was unlikely to move until his meal was digested I tied my line to a tree and proceeded to consume my own lunch. The fish had obviously taken a liking to pig, for when I took a leg of pork out of my luncheon basket there was a sudden eruption in the water and twelve hundredweight of observant pike shot out of the lake and siezed my leg of pork in its voracious jaws. Unfortunately for the fish once airborne he could not turn back. As an oak tree blocked his path the momentum of the fish, combined with the hardness of the tree, altered the shape of his head.

Thus I was not able to claim the world record, for the fish had none of the facial characteristics of a true pike.

N. J. BOYTON, 3F

## HAIR-CUT

"Next, please. Yes, sir, how would you like it?"

The words float into my left ear as I sit down on the uncomfortable chair. I wonder how often I have heard them and how often I have given the same reply, sometimes apologetically, sometimes firmly, but more often in a tone of resignation, "Just a trim, please."

"Thank you, sir," comes floating over my head as I am deftly enveloped in the white sheet.

Click. On goes the switch and the clippers begin their steady hum. They sweep up one side—too far; sweep up the back—too far; sweep all round, and I know what has happened before he switches off the clippers and reaches for his scissors. And as I watch my hair melt away I ask myself why all barbers display so great an interest in my wishes, why they always wait for my exact instructions, why they always understand perfectly—and why they never take any notice of my "Just a trim, please."

B. W. DOUGLAS, 3F

## THE RACE

The runners stood around in a group, waiting for their event, the 220 yards final. Each, with a pounding heart, eyed the other and wondered what his thoughts were. Outwardly he appeared perfectly calm, yet inside—who knew what he was thinking? Each one wondered whether he would experience the humiliation of coming last, or the triumph of being the first to breast the tape. The sun beat down on them as they waited but they did not seem to notice it as they thought of the trial to come. The weather had been hot and dry and it was said that the cinder track was becoming broken up, loose and dusty. This was certainly no consolation to them.

Now they were being called to the starting line and each with trembling limbs and bated breath took his position in his lane. They were ready now, and waiting for the commands. They crouched, poised for the start. There was a hush of expectancy, a silence charged with tremendous excitement and tension. The command of "Get Set" was given, and the runners jerked into that position. Then the pistol cracked and they were off. The battle against the imagination was over. All they had to do now was run.

A. D. FAIRBAIRN, 4F

## REFLECTION

### LINES COMPOSED AT SUNSET IN LATE NOVEMBER

. . . . The paling heavens show no trace of cloud,  
The sun shrinks from the frost of eventide  
In haze of colour, crimson, pink and gold.  
Now is the time, here in this little nest  
Betwix't the long hard pull of day and the  
Illuminated lechery of night,  
That man in his lone garret world may shun  
The ghastly tumult of a growing earth  
That makes a mockery of inward thoughts.  
Now is the time the soul can have its sway  
To feel those things that others may not know,  
And pose half-answered questions at the sky:  
To ask why live we in science-troubled times  
Where wise men preach finality in death,  
For fear of which we try to drown the mind  
In fleeting worldly pleasures of today?  
Why fear we idle talk?—peace to the mind  
Can come in through the sense in greater gush:  
Take time to feel, gaze at the distant west—  
Nothing so lovely as a setting sun  
Could be by chance pitched on the void of time  
To cease in endless nothing, black obscurity. . . .  
Take courage in the bliss that is to be,  
Reflected in our English eventide:  
A calm-thought nest, we soon will know the Truth  
For see! the slow-winged rooks in silhouette  
Flap home to leafless brake of churchyard trees.

J. R. HAYWARD, 6.3

## THE AMBITIOUS POTTER

When I first began the skillful art of pottery, I had my ambitions. At first I visualised a fair-sized dinner service, perhaps twenty-five pieces or so. I would, of course, paint it myself and even emblazon it with my own coat-of-arms. However, I realised that perhaps I should begin in a slightly smaller way. A Ming vase would be appropriate, adorned with little figures.

I began in the approved way, and finally reached the point of placing it on the wheel. The art master made what I thought to be the most unreasonable suggestion, that the size and weight of the clay was a trifle large for a beginner. I brushed this objection aside, and proceeded.

Placing the clay on the centre of the wheel, I drew it upwards and upwards. Though I say so myself, the effect was exquisite. It was about two feet high. The art master decided it was a little too high. As a result, I began to moderate my design to a wide, shallow fruit-bowl. As I began to do this, the art master reminded me to add a lot of water. I immediately emptied a bowl of water over the clay with the result that it became soggy, and started to wilt. Then a piece about four inches long fell off. This made the shape resemble a soup-tureen, so I resolved to carry on. A bit of precise handling, and it would be a work of art.

Unhappily, a bump then appeared. Whilst I was attempting to dispose of this protrusion, another piece fell off. A Wedgewood tea-cup immediately sprang to mind, and so I battled on. It was coming into shape perfectly when the disaster came. A boy jogged my arm. The effect was utterly spoiled. Now I was left with nothing but a squat, hemispherical bowl, not unpleasing to the eye, but not exactly filled with a graceful charm. In fact, it looked rather like a higher-class ash-tray. The only fault was that the base was a little wide. I pressed inwards with my fingers. To my horror, the water upon which the art master had insisted, had made the clay too pliable and the greater part of the ash-tray spun from the wheel, and landed in the sink. This left me with about two square inches of clay. Being what I am, I persevered. By this time, I was becoming angry, and jabbed at it with my thumb, thus forming a shape akin to an egg-cup. When I looked again, I realised that this might be said to be a thing of beauty. Before any more accidents occurred I took it off the wheel and placed it in the oven. After some time, the door of the oven was opened . . . With great pride I extracted my masterpiece.

Unhappily, in my haste I had not noticed that when I had taken the egg cup off the wheel its base had remained stuck to the wheel. I gazed with pride at my glazed pottery serviette ring.

D. BAILEY, 5F

## THE RIVER

From beneath a stone on the mountainside,  
A trickle of water flows.  
It quickens its pace, pushes pebbles along,  
As down a slope it goes.

Gathering speed on the downhill plunge 'tis  
Rambling, purling, ambling and whirling,  
Splashing, dashing, flashing and lashing  
Without a care in the world.

The joyful river now trembles with fear  
As it sees, in its path, right ahead—  
A dangerous precipice, it cannot avoid  
And it anxiously clutches its bed.  
It shuts its eyes—over the precipice flies  
And into a waterfall's led.

Falling rapidly towards the ground, it  
Rushes, gushes, blunders and plunders,  
Crashes, lashes, tumbles and rumbles  
Until at last on the ground doth pound.

Where, in a whirlpool it froths, bubbles  
And sorts out its troubles.  
Settling down, it resumes its course,  
Flowing along with far less force.

Now it leaves the mountain behind,  
Loses speed and starts to wind.  
Creeping and crawling very slowly  
Past factories, mills, and churches holy.

After inching along at the slowest speed,  
Its surface covered by slimy weed,  
It delivers itself with one last motion,  
Into the waters of the ocean.

WESTON, 5F

## MANSION OF MEMORIES

*It stands on a high hill encircled by old spruce fir trees. Occasionally the wind whistles and howls through the vast chambers, on its never-ending journey. Sometimes the peaceful yet ghostly fingers of the moon reach through the shattered windows and glide with ease and stateliness along the old corridors.*

*The doors creak and slam, the windows crash and rattle, but none of this will remove the memories of those by-gone days it has seen; the times of stately ladies and gentlemen; of horses and coaches; of the sound of the sweet minuet dancing through the court yard and up the winding staircases.*

*Under the deadly torture of the ivy that once stately place, now a mansion of memories, is forced into dilapidation.*

J. KNIGHT, 4M

## A FAIR GROUND

On a cold evening last October my brother and I decided that we would pay a visit to the fair. We left home early and walked briskly through the cold dampness of the night, only occasionally passing people, who appeared to loom up out of the darkness and then disappear again like phantoms.

At last we could hear gay music and the shouts of laughter and enjoyment, and within a few minutes were gazing down on a blaze of light and colour, which in the darkness of the night appeared like a shining candle flame. We ran down towards the fair and soon were in the throng of people; we toured the stalls, tried our skill at the coconut shy, the shooting range and many more besides these. As we swirled round on the roundabout it was as if we were in an entirely different world. The music played louder and louder and the excitement became greater. We travelled on all the attractions. Forgetting all about time, we were in a world of our own.

I visited a palmist, who I am afraid knew no more about the future than I did. I went to a stall where a woman sold the stickiest of sweets. They were all striped and dotted and tasted wonderful.

The time passed quickly. We had one last ride on the roundabout and it seemed to go faster than ever and we whirled round only seeing the blur of the lights of the stalls which glowed like a thousand candles.

We trudged slowly up the hill into the darkness of the night, leaving behind us the gay music and the lights, but taking with us the excitement of it all. As we walked on we could still hear the music and laughter, growing fainter and fainter after every step until we could hear it no more.

J. S. HAINES, 4F

## THE OLD CLOCK

*He stands on the stairs,  
Just half-way down,  
Weathered and worn and old and brown.  
Still is his tick and silent his chime,  
And nobody asks him "What's the time?"  
Nobody asks him, nobody cares,  
Nobody stops on the way down stairs  
To look at his battered face and see  
That he's never moved on from half-past three.*

D. MOSS, 4M

## DEATH OF AN OLD MAN

On an iron bed he motionless lies—  
A curled, greying corpse, with a gaping mouth  
And arms hanging limp. Quivering with sighs,  
A dry, inflamed throat clicks and rasps uncouth.  
Black stubble pushes through a wrinkled cheek  
Stained and smeared with tears trickling from closed eyes.  
His lips crack and bleed while he tries to speak  
To his ageing wife who helplessly cries,  
Wrapped in a long shawl. A smile twists his face—  
The moment is near when death will take life  
From a body worn weary of the pace  
Of living a life of sickness and strife.  
Death snatches his life, but takes not her love  
Nor the stream of memories, flowing still  
And flooding her mind. Thin hands make a move  
To hide a dead face and send a cold chill  
Through her feeble spine as she clasps dead hands  
To her palsied lips. Her tears blind her sight  
While her legs seem weak, as she swaying stands,  
Her chin on her breast and black shawl drawn tight. . . .  
Slowly, but surely her strength seems to wane—  
She falls to the floor to rise not again.

A. BENGE, 6.2



## SCHOOL NOTES

This term has been relatively uneventful, with heavy rain to mar its duration and no school play to mark its close. We ended the term with our Carol Service which was just as great a success this year as it has been in previous years. Special interest centred on Mr. Arnison's setting of the Magnificat, which was well received, and showed distinct promise. The solos were well sung by Mr. Gorman, G. Baker and Ottley, and M. West came down (from Cambridge) to accompany us on the organ.

On the penultimate day of term Mr. Smeltzer and Mr. Woodhouse undertook the Herculean task of showing a film of Chaucer's *Pardoner's Tale* to the whole school in relays. We all enjoyed it and the English specialists found it particularly interesting.

We are very grateful to the Headmaster for obtaining the film of the 1959 Pageant, which has been shown on television, and for showing it to the large number of boys who squeezed into the Geography room.

In the earlier part of the term the sixth form heard an excellent lecture on the Central African Federation, given by Miss Shaw, who had spent many years in Africa working with the natives, and who had consequently built up a fine understanding of their problems. Indeed, Miss Shaw's lecture gave much food for thought.

On another occasion an American missionary showed us a delightful film of life in Kenya. The theme of the film was the work of the missionaries and we saw how, by their faith, these devoted people are able to convert pagan natives into good Christian men and women. We also saw how, once converted, these men can direct their labours to benefit their own Christian society by building schools and hospitals and giving valuable assistance in all manner of social work.

We are extremely sorry that Mr. Reynolds is leaving us after so short a time; we are quite sure that had he fewer than two hundred miles a week to travel to and from school, we should still have the pleasure of being taught by him next term. We wish him every success in his new post.

The Burian Prize for September was awarded to Ceurstmont 2f.

For the first time an editorial committee of boys has helped to produce a *Burian*. Mr. Nobes hopes that in the near future this committee will become capable of seeing the magazine through all its stages with little or no guidance. Of course we shall not be able to produce a really good *Burian* unless the standard of original contributions is high. We should like to thank not only those contributors whose work has been accepted for publication but also those who made a genuine effort to produce something worthwhile for us. Keep it up. We rely on your support.

## VALETE

Summer 1960

Form VI

Evans, K. R.  
Marsh, A. R. W.

Form V

Abrey, B. H.  
Boor, C. J.  
Bowers, C. J.  
Carter, B.  
Curtis, C. W.  
Davey, M. R.  
Ellis, M. J.  
Elliston, G. A.  
Gillingwater, J.  
Gooderham, L. J.  
Goult, P.  
Harding, E. J. P.  
Hatcher, B. R. J.  
Hay, I. T.  
Hodgson, M. J.  
Kemp, R.  
Lasky, S.  
Le Seilleur, P.  
Marks, H. D.  
Miller, C. E. A.  
Murrell, I. R.  
Oldfield, E. L.  
Pettit, M.

Form V (continued)

Phillips, G. J.  
Read, R. A.  
Thurlow, M. K.  
Turner, A. P.  
Walker, N. J.  
Wilson, C.

Form IVm

McLoughlin, P. W.

Form IIIf

Farr, A. W.

Form IIIm

Cartwright, C. D.

Form IIm

High, W. P.  
Ramsey, K. C.  
Thompson, D. W. W.

Form If

Dore, P. E.  
MacMillan, A. H. M.

Form Im

Whitaker, G. R.

Autumn 1960

Form VI

Blake, C. P. F.  
Edwards, R. A.  
Salt, D.

Form V

Salt, R.  
Stagg, R. G.

Form IV

Fryer, T. V.  
Reach, P. W.  
Whitwell, K. R.

Form III

Airey, B. A. C.  
Peddar, M. R.

## NEWS OF OLD BOYS

O. J. W. Gilbert of the United Steel Corporation, Sheffield, has recently been appointed Works Study Manager.

R. C. Gilbert, a Chartered Accountant, has just returned from a business trip to Johannesburg.

R. G. Burges-Watson is finally back from the Embassy in Tokyo and will be working in the Foreign Office for the next few years. His address is 2, Connaught Close, London, W.2.

D. G. Thurlow has moved to the County Architect's Department in Maidstone.

D. S. Wolfenden is a Clerical Officer in the Ministry of Defence in London. He will shortly be interviewed for promotion to Executive Officer.

B. R. Hazel is helping for a year as a teacher in Grenville College, Clare.

J. P. Lister, Chief Petty Officer, is teaching Marine Engineering at H.M.S. Caledonia, Rosyth. He arrived to see us in a glistening Jaguar.

J. C. Stittle has qualified as a Pharmaceutical Chemist at Leicester Technical College.

B. Paton is working in a Surveyor's office in Downham Market.

R. Chappell is a Clerical Officer with Post Office Telephones and D. Towler with the Ministry of Health. Each has been selected at interview for promotion to Executive Officer.

Congratulations to P. J. Hopwood, B.A., and to R. N. Watson, B.Sc.

D. A. Bart is following a course in the School of Architecture, Hull.

J. F. M. Reed is doing a year's teaching at Beyton Secondary Modern School.

F. E. Bishop, who left in 1953, is following a course in Theology in London.

We were pleased to hear once again from the Revd. M. C. Callis of Alderholt Vicarage, Fordingbridge, Hants. (1904-12). He well recalls Sir Adolphus Ward attending School functions—Charles Ganz who wrote the music for the School song, taught Mr. Callis the violin.

P. G. J. T. Parkhouse will soon complete his M.Sc. Thesis and will then leave Durham University.

P. N. Matthews is now in his third year of articling to a Norwich firm of architects.

We are happy to congratulate P. Richardson on his engagement.

J. M. Grout has obtained a post with the British Coal Utilisation Board in Surrey.

Boys from King Edward VI Grammar School who entered University in October 1960:—

*Cambridge:* J. A. Nicholson, M. L. West; *London:* N. A. Ryan, J. A. Crick (College of Estate Management); *Hull:* A. R. W. Marsh, D. Bart (School of Architecture); *Nottingham:* G. F. Bennett, R. J. Downing; *Sheffield:* D. J. Pryke, B. Johnson, M. J. Whiting, L. Wilkin; *Southampton:* I. H. Howlett.

The Editor would welcome a letter for publication (or order for a copy of *The Burian*) from any Old Boy now at University.

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