

The Burian



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KING EDWARD VI. SCHOOL,
BURY ST. EDMUND'S,
SUFFOLK.

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HEADMASTER'S NOTES

By the time that these notes appear in print we shall have occupied all our new premises—until the day comes, as it will, when it is decided we are a three form entry School and still more building is undertaken.

As the organ will not be installed in the Assembly Hall until late in the summer holidays, we have decided to postpone Speech Day until October. No School can ever hope to accommodate all its pupils and all parents who care to come along and so, spacious as the Assembly Hall is, and capable of seating in excess of 500, there will have to be some restriction on admission.

The Summer Term will be Mr. G. R. Rumsey's last term with us for he retires in July. We shall be very sorry to lose his service and that of Mr. D. L. Alderton who also leaves us in July.

We welcome as new members of the Staff Mr. A. F. Taylor, who will assist with the teaching of English and serve with the Cadet Corps; Mr. J. Lang, who will take Physical Education; Mr. D. Little, a keen hockey man and Mr. Rumsey's successor; and Mr. J. Farrow, who will help in the teaching of History and take charge of the School Scout Troop.

The Founder's Day Service will be held on Wednesday, June 27th, when the address will be given by the Ven. Ivan Neill, chaplain General to the Forces.

It would be premature to say anything at the moment about additional playing field space, but the question is very much in mind and progress should be made in the reasonably near future.



1st XI HOCKEY

Back Row—Wheeler, M., Brown, Lewis, Bremner, Fuller, R., Korn
Front Row—Sandells, Cornish, Lines (Capt.), Self, Bridges, B.



1st XI HOCKEY

Back Row—Wheeler, M., Brown, Lewis, Bremner, Fuller, R., Korn
 Front Row—Sandells, Cornish, Lines (Capt.), Self, Bridges, B.

SCHOOL HOCKEY

FIRST ELEVEN REVIEW

A moderately successful season has been enjoyed by the School team, as can be deduced from the results:

Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Against
8	3	2	3	19	19

Throughout the term the eleven remained practically unchanged, so we had plenty of chance to play as a team, not as individuals. With less easing up towards the end of one or two games the results may have been better.

On the whole the hockey has been of good quality played at a considerable pace, especially in the matches against Northgate and Culford. It was unfortunate we had to play Culford as our first fixture when without real match practice. If the match had been later in the season, when the team became more settled, who knows, the score may have been reversed.

The attack this year showed much more bite near goal, where the skilful Wheeler was always a menace and despite suffering some hard battering from opposing defenders, managed to score the majority of our goals. Lewis on the right-wing showed he could both run and shoot hard and of the two wingers proved to be the more penetrative.

In defence there was a certain amount of unreliability when under pressure. Fuller used his hitting and speed to advantage and even found time for forward excursions now and again. Edwards filled the centre-half position adequately despite a tendency to hold the ball too long and was unafraid to tackle hard. Korn showed good positional sense and made some timely tackles.

For this enjoyable season I should like to thank all masters who have helped with school teams, Mr. Dart for again arranging the fixtures, although fewer in number, and Mr. Wyard for preparing the pitches.

P.F.L.

RESULTS

MATCHES PLAYED DURING SPRING TERM

	1st XI	2nd XI	3rd XI
1st Feb.	v Culford School Lost 0—3	v Culford School Cancelled	v Culford School Cancelled (A)
3rd	(A) v Framlingham Col. 2nd XI. Won 5—0	v Framlingham Col. 3rd XI Cancelled	
8th	(A) v St. John's Col. 2nd XI. Won 3—2		
10th		v Sudbury G.S. 1st XI Won 1—0	
17th	v Northgate G.S. Won 4—1	v Northgate G.S. Won 5—0 (A)	v Northgate G.S. Won 1—0
22nd	(A) v Bury Y.M.C.A. Lost 3—4		
1st Mar.	(A) v Perse School. Lost 1—6	v Perse School Lost 0—5 (A)	v Perse School Lost 0—5 (A)
3rd	v H.M.S. Ganges Cancelled	v H.M.S. Ganges Cancelled	
15th	v Woodbridge School Drew 1—1	v Woodbridge School Drew 2—2 (A)	v Woodbridge School Drew 2—2 (A)
17th	v Old Burians Drew 2—2	v Old Burians 2nd XI Won 4—2	
	Under 15 XI	Under 14 XI	
1st Feb.	(A) v Culford School Cancelled	v Culford School Cancelled (A)	
3rd	v Framlingham Col. Cancelled	v Framlingham Col. Lost 1—2 (A)	
10th		v Sudbury G.S. Won 10—1	
17th	(A) v Northgate G.S. Drew 1—1		
22nd	v Silver Jubilee School Won 3—0		
1st Mar.	v Perse School Lost 2—4	v Perse School Won 7—2	
15th	(A) v Woodbridge School Won 1—0	v Woodbridge School Won 9—0 (A)	

SECOND ELEVEN REVIEW

As seems to be customary in the Spring Term, the weather has again interfered with fixtures, and as a result three of our games were cancelled. Of the four games played, two were won, one drawn and the other lost. Hence a fair amount of success has been achieved.

Generally the defence played well, but at Perse the fast-moving opposing inside-forwards provided a constant menace to our usually sound defensive barrier. But despite the score, territorially we enjoyed a fair proportion of the play, and just could not penetrate a fine opposing defence. At Woodbridge a very close decision concerning a penalty flick in the last minute, probably deprived us of what would have been perhaps a fortuitous win. The game at Northgate was the easiest of the term, for despite losing McKenzie after about ten minutes' play, we strolled to a 5—0 victory over a weak Ipswich XI.

Individually, Carlo deserves special mention for scoring three-quarters of the side's goals, whilst the other forwards also played well. Bairstow was a hard-working inside-forward, and from the wingers Fuller D. and Rice, there was always danger. In defence, Kirkwood and Ceurstemont proved themselves reliable full-backs, while our non-resident centre-halves, Sandells and Cornish, were equally dominating in the middle of the field. Warren, who came into the side after the opening game, improved with each game. In goal Pettit played consistently well, eventually being promoted to the 1st XI in the absence of Brenner when Dodkin ably took Pettit's place.

On the whole, therefore, it was a reasonably successful season, and the spirit in which each game was played deserves mention.

On March 24th a Representative XI, consisting of 2nd XI, 3rd XI, Under 15 XI and Under 14 XI players, met a team of Old Burians. This was won by the School XI. Considering the fact that the players had never before played as a team, this was a creditable performance, and the result equally pleasing.

T.J.S.

UNDER 15 XI REVIEW

We started the season with two cancellations and played the remaining four fixtures in bitterly cold weather. Of these four matches, two were won, one drawn and one lost. In defence, Middleditch, Mills and Lock played with great energy and considerable ability, while R. Smith and Cushing did some good work but were less reliable. Cooper, in goal, improved as the season progressed. Of the forwards, Manning on the right-wing was outstanding, being fast and direct in attack. P. Miller, on the left, was slower to pick up passes but effective when he gained possession of the ball. In the vital inside-forward positions, M. Smith was good in mid-field, but lacked determination in the

circle, whereas Wootton's purposefulness and positional play improved as he approached the circle, so that he had as many shots at goal as all the other forwards. Revett tried hard in the unaccustomed position of centre-forward and met with some success. The whole team played in an excellent spirit and, in the abbreviated season, learnt a good deal about advantages of long passes and direct methods in contrast to the easier, but futile, short, mid-field passes. Many of the team should do well in senior teams next season.

UNDER 14 XI REVIEW

With 31 goals for and 8 against in five matches the Under 14 team have had a successful season. They lost only to Framlingham 1—2 in the first match of the term. Much of this success was due without doubt to the captain, Douglas, whose skill and thrust in attack was a fine example in every game, and to Hadley in the centre, whose sensible covering and assured hitting were demoralising to many an attack from the other direction. They were ably assisted. Holmes initiated many attacks by astute passes forward, Howlett's control of the ball was not all he wanted but he was energetic and forceful. Wakeman and, in later games, Bowers showed useful acceleration and reliable wing play while Crane played well in all his games. Challacombe, because of the strength of our attack, had long periods of inactivity but shows promise as a fearless goalkeeper. In addition, Ison, Keen, Goodson, J., Kerry, Miller, A. R., and Davies and a host of others who played for their House Junior teams showed that there is no dearth of talent in Junior School Hockey.

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY CHAMPIONSHIP, 1962

SENIOR

Results of Preliminary Rounds

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Agst	Points
Lancastrian	3	3	0	0	6	3	6
School	3	2	1	0	15	4	5
Stuart	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Tudor	3	1	0	2	12	6	2
Yorkists	3	1	0	2	6	8	2
Windsor	3	0	0	3	3	21	0

Results of Semi-Finals

Lancastrian 5, Tudor 0

School 3, Stuart 0

Result of Final

Lancastrian 0, School 7

FINAL RESULT

1st School	4th Tudor
2nd Lancastrian	5th Yorkists
3rd Stuart	6th Windsor

JUNIOR

Results of Preliminary Rounds

	Played	Won	Drawn	Lost	For	Agst	Points
Windsor	3	2	1	0	10	4	5
Lancastrian	3	1	2	0	9	7	4
Yorkists	3	2	0	1	4	3	4
School	3	2	0	1	6	6	4
Tudor	3	0	1	2	4	8	1
Stuart	3	0	0	3	3	8	0

Results of Semi-Finals

Lancastrian 0, Windsor 10

School 5, Yorkists 1

Result of Final

School 1, Windsor 6

FINAL RESULT

1st Windsor	4th Lancastrian
2nd School	5th Tudor
3rd Yorkists	6th Stuart

HOUSE NOTES

LANCASTRIAN

The House has had a good number of successes in both hockey and cross-country this term. The senior hockey team, ably captained by Brown, reached the final, where they were soundly beaten by School House.

The juniors, under the captaincy of Spalding, reached the semi-final before suffering a shattering defeat.

In the junior match against Stuarts, Howlett played a magnificent game, scoring all four goals for Lancastrians. In the senior semi-finals, we defeated Tudors 5—0.

The House was placed second in the Inter-House cross-country race; Carr must be congratulated on coming first in the field of well over 100 runners.

We congratulate McAndrew on being first in the Triangular Inter-School cross-country match at Thetford, and for gaining Senior cross-country colours: Carr, the House cross-country captain, received half-colours, and Spalding received Junior colours.

We hope that members of the House will give their full support to all Lancastrians taking part in Athletics events.

W.H.

SCHOOL

This term has presented us with success in three fields of the Inter-House Championships. Our first victory, somewhat to our surprise, was in the cross-country. Here, victory was due to excellent runs by Gilbert, coming 7th, the captain, Hurst, 9th, and packing in the twenties and thirties by School House runners. In the Under 15 Race we came third, Gooch being our first home

in 14th place. The House came second in the Under 13 Race; Hill had a notable run, coming 5th. Overall, the House was first, and all are to be thanked for this exceptional effort. Hurst and Gilbert represented the School on several occasions, and the latter is to be congratulated on receiving School half-colours.

In its first season, the House chess team has won the Inter-House Championship without losing a match. The juniors, Kenny and Sweeney, both played attacking chess, while R. J. Corbishley and Fish revelled in long, slow games. Spence, the captain, is to be congratulated on becoming West Suffolk Junior Champion. He and Fish helped the School to victory over Woodbridge.

Our most convincing victory was in the hockey. The seniors won the Championship without losing a match. In the final we beat Lancs. 7—0, Carlo scoring four excellent goals, raising our goal average to 25 for and 4 against. For most of the season we had four players in the 1st XI, and we congratulate Korn and Bremner on obtaining half-colours, and Manning on receiving junior colours. These three, with Carlo, Cornish, Bailey, Watts and McKenzie, were outstanding in House matches. The juniors reached the final also, but were soundly beaten by a good Windsor side. Goodson, the captain, and Wakeman, both played for the Under 14 XI.

Athletics Standards have begun, along with various heats and finals. We have fared quite well, but must obtain more standard points next term. I hope that all will follow the example set by Carlo, the captain.

Enterprise has been shown in another respect. After much hard work by Rea, Wakeman and Carr, two issues of "The Wallop" have been produced. This magazine is the brain child of A. R. Martin who has been a relentless taskmaster. Remembering that "The Wallop" is essentially a magazine for juniors, it has had a remarkable success, and whether it survives into next year, or dies, it has been a very worthwhile achievement.

We turn our attention to cricket and swimming next term. Korn and Bremner respectively will be captains and I am sure they will receive the necessary support.

Finally, I must thank the whole House for helping to make this term such a successful one.

T.S.L.

STUART

This term has been one of moderate success for the House, the one black spot being the performances of the Junior Hockey XI.

In the Hockey Competition the seniors did well to reach the semi-finals, to be beaten by the eventual winners of the competition, School House, 3—0. Small consolation! The juniors, however, were defeated in all their games, but can offer some excuse in that on two occasions they played with only ten men.

thanks to belated withdrawals by two individuals who would probably prefer to remain nameless.

As regards cross-country, the Under 15's ran exceedingly well to finish second. Mulley, R., was the first Stuart home, finishing in 4th position, Pearmain was 9th, Hill 10th and Smith, R. J., 11th. In the Under 13 age group, of our five runners, three came in the first eight, the fourth came 21st, and unfortunately our fifth member finished last, bringing the team as a whole down to 4th position.

The seniors attained a very reasonable third position, Fuller, D., Mortock, Bridges, B., and Bairstow all running well.

In the chess competition, we were defeated by Windsor House by 3½ to 1½ in the semi-finals, but still finished in a very respectable third place overall.

We offer our congratulations to Wheeler, S. A., and Mortlock for winning cross-country half colours, and to Pearmain for gaining Junior colours. Also to Middleditch, Douglas and Holmes for obtaining Junior hockey colours.

Finally may I urge all members of the House to obtain as many standard points as possible; these will have a great bearing on the outcome of Sports Day. I also hope support will be forthcoming in the cricketing sphere, under the captaincy of Bairstow. With these factors in mind our success will be furthered.

T.J.S.

TUDOR

Unfortunately the House has again experienced an unsuccessful term. The Senior House team did reach the semi-finals of the Inter-House hockey championship but for the second term running lost to Lancastrian House. However, the unfortunate absence of Napier, the School U15 captain, and the keypin to our defence, virtually meant defeat instead of victory.

The Junior XI only managed to gain one point from three matches, and, in fact, scored only four goals, showing a marked lack of striking power near goal.

In the Inter-House cross-country events we held the undistinguished position of being wooden spoonists three times. Several Juniors bravely volunteered to run in the U13 race but did not enjoy success. Of the U15 section, only Balls, who won the race, distinguished himself. Ceurstemont, the House cross-country captain, ran well in the Senior race but lacked support. However, his efforts have been recognised by Suffolk and he has been chosen to represent the County in the England Championships race.

At Chess we were again unsuccessful but our captain, Wood, represented the House in the School chess team.

Next term we have Cricket and Athletics, and it is hoped that everyone will make some effort towards both of these activities.

P.F.L.

WINDSOR

Sperate Parati

Once more the Juniors have excelled themselves and turned this term into an occasion for quiet jubilation. In the Hockey final they defeated School House by six goals to one—a truly magnificent victory. In the cross-country the Under 15 team did well to win, Nichols (2nd), Bowers (3rd) and Wootton (8th) deserving special congratulations. The Under 13's could only come 5th but Bonney (1st) and Wallace (2nd) did particularly well. The Senior team came 4th, brilliantly led by C. J. A. Miller, the House cross-country captain, who came in 3rd. In the final of the Chess competition, the House team, under the able captainship of H. D. White, lost by the narrow margin of 2—3 to School House.

J. Gurnett has been appointed Cricket Captain for next term and we hope our fortunes will be better. In the field of Athletics we hope that every Member will make an effort to gain as many standard points as possible, as we stand a good chance of doing very well here.

J.A.B.

YORKIST

Anything worthy of note this term was achieved by the juniors—the seniors having a somewhat unfortunate run of failures. In spite of the presence of three first eleven players and moderate strength in most positions, the senior eleven failed to qualify for the semi-finals of the hockey competition. After defeating Tudors, they had little success owing to the lack of cohesion among the players. In the cross country the seniors finished fifth—obviously they expended their energy in the hearty vocal effort which preceded the run. After reaching the semi-final of the Chess competition the House team were eliminated by the School side. The Junior Hockey eleven reached the semi-finals of the Hockey competition while the Under 13's finished third in their cross country.

Next term sees Sports Day and cricket. Every boy should make a genuine effort at standard points which can have considerable influence upon the final result on Sports Day.

Finally congratulations to Fuller and Wheeler who gained first eleven full colours.

M.E.K.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The School's performances both at Mildenhall and at Wickham Market were creditable enough without being spectacular or indeed achieving quite the success one could reasonably have hoped for. As so often, we lacked an outstanding runner, but to some extent the solidness of our teams, with, so to speak, batting

all down the order, was some compensation. The packing of the Junior team at Mildenhall was most commendable—but overshadowed nevertheless by that of Hadleigh.

At Thetford we were easy victors over the Grammar School in both races, but Thetford Secondary Modern School "A" team in the Under 15 race was beaten because of an excellent feat of packing—almost, as if they were Rugger forwards—by five of our boys.

More boys than ever ran for School team this year, and not only those awarded Colours played their part in winning some glory for their School. Mention might be made, in particular, of G. J. A. Miller, who was prevented by 'flu from qualifying, as he must have done, for at least Half Colours after an admirable run in the House race and goodish performances both for the School and for West Suffolk; and of I. Napier, who for the second year was deprived by illness of proving himself a consistent runner.

M. R. Wheeler, the School Captain, and K. G. McAndrew, who was re-awarded Colours, were too old to run at Mildenhall or for West Suffolk, but performed fairly well in their two races. No new full Colours were given, but P. Ceurstemont qualified again, and was consistent without quite fulfilling last year's promise, though he did well enough to run a second time in the All-England Schools' Championships this year at Birkenhead.

Half Colours were won by R. G. Carr, D. Gilbert (both represented West Suffolk), T. Balls, J. A. H. Knight, R. A. Mortlock, R. Self, S. A. Wheeler and J. Arnold; and Junior Colours by A. W. Miller, H. C. Bishop, R. C. Spalding, J. Pearmain, A. J. Nichols and G. Bowers.

P.F.J.D.

RESULTS

West Suffolk Inter-School Championship, January 23rd (at Mildenhall).

INTERMEDIATE RACE:—2 teams (others not at full strength):
School 1st.

JUNIOR RACE:—24 teams: School 3rd, 11th and 16th.

Suffolk County A.A.A. Championships, March 3rd (at Wickham Market).

YOUTH'S RACE: Ipswich School "A" 25 points, Royal Hospital School 57, Ipswich Harriers 67, Ipswich School "B" 69, H.M.S. Ganges 74, King Edward VI School 88, Framlingham College 99, Hollesley Bay 102, Culford School 139.

BOY'S RACE: H.M.S. Ganges "A" 20, Tower Ramparts School 64, Ipswich School 70, Royal Hospital School 71, Copleston Road School 77, King Edward VI School "A" 90, Halesworth Modern School 132, King Edward VI School "B" 143, H.M.S. Ganges "B" 159, King Edward VI School "C" 194, Culford School 200, Northgate School 202.

Match at Thetford, March 7th.

SENIOR RACE: School beat Thetford G.S., 30—53.

UNDER 15 RACE: School 43, Thetford Secondary Modern School "A" 53, T.S.M.S. "B" 108, Thetford G.S. 149, T.S.M.S. "C" 179.

Inter-House Races

SENIOR: 1st R. G. Carr, 2nd M. R. Wheeler, 3rd G. J. A. Miller, 4th P. Ceurstemont, 5th K. G. McAndrew, 6th D. J. Fuller.
Houses: School, Lancastrian, Stuart, Windsor, Yorkist, Tudor.

UNDER 15: 1st T. Balls, 2nd H. J. Nichols, 3rd G. Bowers, 4th D. J. Mulley, 5th H. C. Bishop, 6th R. C. Spalding.
Houses: Windsor, Stuart, School, Lancastrian, Yorkist, Tudor.

UNDER 13: 1st D. Bonney, 2nd D. W. Wallace, 3rd E. E. Tricker, 4th R. Walton, 5th C. Hill, 6th R. L. Howe.
Houses: Lancastrian, School, Yorkist, Stuart, Windsor, Tudor.

C.C.F. NOTES

Corps activities during the Spring Term have been dominated by two Examination dates — February 6th (Basic Test) and March 20th (Army Proficiency Certificate).

The standard of Candidates at the Basic Examination revealed a definite improvement; all candidates were successful and, under the marking system, the majority obtained "credit" standard. A world of difference, however, exists between the standard demanded at the Basic Test and that for the Proficiency Certificate. Cadets should not, therefore, feel too surprised at the fact that only 9 of the 30 entrants were completely successful; a further 11 candidates failed in one subject only and will obtain their Certificates when their last subject has been cleared.

Those members of the Contingent who have attended Courses of Instruction — N.C.O. Cadre or Medical — showed that initiative so essential to the Corps and all did very well. I hope that many more Cadets will have a chance to follow this example.

The Summer Term is due to bring us another much-needed Officer for the Contingent. We shall also be faced with the Annual General Inspection — but it will be an Inspection with a difference. The Inspecting Officers will arrive, not from the local Depot, but from the War Office itself. It will be obvious to all Cadets, therefore, that "Parade Dodging" and untidy "turn-out" will not be tolerated. We hope to attend Camp, this year, at Stanford; so far, about 17 Cadets have decided to come.

Finally, a vote of thanks is due to our P.S.I., Sgt. Moore and to our N.C.O.s for their hard work and loyalty to the Contingent.

W.A.A.

CHESS

The chess club has been well supported on Thursdays this term, though the attendance on Wednesdays has sometimes been disappointing.

The Inter-House competition was completed this term, in which the standard of play was quite good. School House won the competition thanks to their all-round strength. The results are:—

Semi-finals:—School, three games, beat Yorkists, two games.

Windsors, three and a half games, beat Stuarts, one and a half games.

Final:—School, three games beat Windsors, two games.

Spence is to be congratulated in winning the Bury and West Suffolk Junior Championship for the school, and Brennan also in reaching the final.

The school beat Woodbridge team three and a half to one and a half. Credit goes to Spence, White and Brennan for winning their games and to Fish for gaining a tricky draw.

H.D.W.

RECITALS

FEBRUARY 2ND, 1962
PETER ELEMENT—PIANO

PROGRAMME

Bourrée in B minor—Bach, arr. Saint-Saens
Sonata in C, Op. 53 (The Waldstein)—Beethoven
Ballade in G minor, Op. 23—Chopin
Légende—St. Francis walking on the waters—Liszt
Paganini Etude in E flat—Liszt

"Brilliant" aptly describes the programme and the execution of the music played to us by Mr. Peter Element at this Recital, which was one of the most memorable we have had the privilege of attending in recent years.

Apart from the introductory item by Bach (in an arrangement by Saint-Saens, himself a Romantic) the programme consisted of famous pieces by great 19th century Romantic composers. But Mr. Element's reading of these was moved, it seemed, by the modern philosophy of, "let the notes speak for themselves"; scrupulously exact, he allowed no personal interpretation or feeling of his own to come between the music and the audience. The result was a brilliantly clear and impressive recital which gripped our attention from beginning to end. The recitalist's purpose was well served by the first-rate condition of the instrument and the clear-cut acoustics of the room.

Whether Mr. Element's treatment of Beethoven—a highly emotional composer—had the depth which players of an older generation have given, is debatable; but of the sincerity and consistent purpose underlying this treatment there can be no doubt.

"Picture" (or "Programme") Music always appeals to a young audience, so it is not surprising that "St. Francis walking on the waters" was a favourite. A superb technique is essential for the playing of Liszt's music; no one would have realised the difficulties from hearing Mr. Element's brilliant conclusion to his recital.

MARCH 7TH, 1962

NEIL CADOGAN—CLARINET

EVELYN RIX—PIANO

PROGRAMME

Clarinet Concerto—J. W. A. Stamitz (1717—1757)

Piano Solos: Fantasie-Impromptu, Two Waltzes, Six Etudes—

Chopin

Sonata in E flat for Clarinet and Piano—Brahms

The first mention of the clarinet in any musical score is in 1720; so the first piece in the programme is one of the earliest written for the solo instrument. Lively and tuneful, this music gave us a good idea of the clarinet's agility and range, even if the piano part was sometimes a little too heavy.

Chopin's popular and brilliant piano pieces were appreciated by the audience. The music included the famous "Revolutionary" Etude, which is said to express the composer's feelings on hearing of the taking of Warsaw by the Russians in 1831.

Brahm's Sonata for Clarinet proved rather a difficult piece for the audience—which is no wonder, coming as it did at the end of a full seventy minute recital. It was a major undertaking for soloists, who acquitted themselves satisfactorily.

SCOUT NOTES

In a School Scout Troop there is not usually an influx of recruits in the Spring Term of each year, but this has not been the case this time. We have welcomed a number of new Scouts, and the number of Scouts in the Troop has enabled us to divide the

Troop into three junior and one senior Patrol of seven Scouts each.

As far as the weather and house matches have allowed, we have had a satisfactory term of Scout activities. However, the fact that the Scout Hut is being used as a temporary sports store has been of considerable inconvenience, hampering and restricting activities, because of the lack of space.

Full advantage has been taken of the few fine Thursday afternoons, with both tracking and cooking in Layhill Covert. A large number of Scouts have passed the 2nd Class journey, hiking in groups to Great Barton, Hengrave, and Little Welnetnam.

We look forward to the time when the Scout Hut will be completely cleared and to the Autumn Term when a new Scoutmaster will join the staff.

M.J.C.

THEATRE

"MACBETH" AT LONDON

The Old Vic production of "Macbeth" proved something of a disappointment as it failed to maintain the accepted high standard associated with this theatre. A tragedy depends to a large extent upon its central characters and the failure of Maurice Denham and Maxin Audley "to fill the bill" contributed mainly to the failure of the production. Neither was ever really convincing, and the audience were all too often aware that they were in the Old Vic rather than on the moors between Burnham Wood and Dunsinane, consequently the audience never fully sympathised with Macbeth and his wife; and the heroic conception one tends to feel for them at the end of the play never came about. Perhaps they were most impressive after their crowning at Scone—it was quite apparent that kingship was not all Macbeth expected it to be. As he says:

"We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it."

Lady Macbeth, after a shaky start, reached her highest peak in the sleep-walking scene where the varying tones of her voice were quite effective. The nobility of the play, Ross, Angus, Lennox and Banquo did not arouse admiration or resentment by their performances—one merely felt indifferent towards them. Macduff showed some signs of passion in the scene with Malcolm, yet his performance was not exceptional, while the porter failed to provide the audience with comic relief in his scene.

The most striking aspect of the production was the extraordinary importance attached to the minor character of Seyton. In Shakespeare's text he appears only in the final scenes of the play, whereas Oliver Neville included him from the beginning. He took the part of all Macbeth's messengers and filled the problem spot of the third murderer. The idea behind this seems to be the contest

between Lady Macbeth and Seyton for Macbeth's confidence—this is consistent with the unorthodox introduction of Lady Macbeth slapping Seyton across the face when he brings the news of her husband's approach. The first scene of the play was cleverly produced with the excellent witches circling the collapsed body of the bloody sergeant. The costume was always of a high standard, particularly in the crowning scene where it reached a scarlet splendour. This contrasted strongly with the tattered, black clothes that Macbeth wore in the final scenes of the play when his fall seemed inevitable.

Finally, our thanks to Mr. Bridges for his arrangement of the visit.

M.E.K.

"MACBETH" AT CAMBRIDGE

On the evening of the 16th of March, a party of sixth form boys visited the Cambridge Arts Theatre, to see a production of "Macbeth". The cast was young, and the acting, especially in the last scene, was vigorous. The beginning of the play was rather dull, and did not pass with the speed which Shakespeare implies. In fact, one of the most notable points of this production was the way in which the speeches were slowed, in order that we should obtain the full effect of the wonderful poetry. Of the actors, Macbeth was by far the best, whereas Duncan, Macduff and Malcolm were rather weak. The Porter provided excellent comic relief.

The murders of Banquo and Macduff's household were effective, especially the latter, where the screams of Lady Macduff and her son were really piercing.

Lady Macbeth did not seem to have enough hold over her husband in the early stages of the play, but her "sleep-walking" scene was acted with startling reality.

There were some original points of production which enlivened the play to a great extent. In the long dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff, the scene began with a procession of monks chanting "Dies Irae", emphasising the piety of the English King, with his "healing benediction". In my opinion, the last act was the highlight of the play. After some rather confused fighting, Macbeth and Macduff met. They fought energetically until Macbeth knocked Macduff down. Then the tyrant began to climb up a kind of trellis, but Macduff rose and stabbed his enemy in the back. Malcolm, the new King, entered and stood above Macbeth, thereby deleting the complication of producing Macbeth's head. This provided an excellent finish to the play.

Our thanks are extended to Mr. Sellers for arranging what proved to be a most enjoyable evening.

T.S.L.

SIXTH-FORM TRIP TO CAMBRIDGE OBSERVATORY

During our school physics lessons we learn about astronomical telescopes, and discuss them without ever examining one; and sometimes we hear about observatories, but the subject is rapidly changed owing to lack of information; some of us may have conceived in our minds a weird place in which are found many absent-minded professors. I think it was with the intention of clarifying some of these ideas that Mr. Woodhouse organised a trip to the Madingley Road observatory, Cambridge, on January 13th this year.

Having met at school at 1 p.m. as intended, we departed in a hired 'mini-bus', driven by Mr. Woodhouse. Despite a multitude of coarse comments about the possibilities of ever arriving by such transport, we reached the observatory shortly after 2 p.m. A short wait ensued while a group of Bury St. Edmunds naturalists who had travelled to Cambridge by train were fetched from the railway station.

When all had assembled, we proceeded into the observatory grounds where we were met by Dr. A. N. Argue (a man very much aware of the latest trends), who showed us into a lecture room, around the walls of which were shelves containing a great many astronomical books. We heard a talk by him lasting approximately 45 minutes about the instruments at the observatory, and their uses. Before inspecting the instruments, we examined photographs taken by similar instruments at other observatories.

The first instrument we saw was the Schmidt camera, which is a specially modified reflecting telescope. This was enclosed in an individual dome, together with allied equipment which, to say the least, was rather complex. The second telescope we saw was enclosed in a similar dome, along with similar machinery, but was used for a different purpose. This '36 inch telescope', as it was called, is used for making spectrographic analyses of stars. After seeing these instruments we inspected the fine workshop, in which special parts are made. Although we saw two instruments only, our visit lasted well over two hours, and this gives an indication of the numerous details seen at the observatory.

The inspection of the workshop concluded the visit, and now the naturalists were returned to the station, whilst the sixth form awaited the hard-worked mini-bus. It only remains for me to thank Mr. Woodhouse and Dr. Argue for organising such an enlightening trip.

J.B.C.

SCHOOL NOTES

Despite interference from the elements, which caused the cancellation of matches on two occasions, all the School teams have experienced successful seasons. The support this term has been better, but why do so many spectators depart at half-time? Surely the hockey is not that bad! Several times five teams were fielded on the same day: a fine achievement.

Mr. Dart has again done sterling work with his cross-country teams and his efforts have been rewarded with the result that one boy was chosen for the All-England Championships at Birkenhead.

With keen interest, everyone in the School has watched the progress of the new part of the School. It is hoped, somewhat presumptuously perhaps, that the new facilities will offer a greater attraction for work than did the old buildings.

The new electric bell system in the new building is certain to impress those near it. All that is needed now is some device to ring it at the correct time.

Senior students went to see productions of 'Macbeth' at the Old Vic and Cambridge Arts Theatre during the term and I gather both visits were enjoyed by all.

After no camp last year the Cadet Force are holding their camp this year near Thetford, under the careful guidance of Captain Ashenden.

The "Burian" staff would be extremely grateful if, in future, contributions are handed to them at an earlier date, so as to avoid their having to work on the magazine during the holidays, and to ensure the "Burian" can be issued promptly at the beginning of term.

The receipt of school magazines from Culford, Northgate and Soham is gratefully acknowledged.

The Headmaster awarded prizes for the January edition of the "Burian" to D. Kirkwood, 6I, C. O. Hamel-Cooke, 4F, and S. Bond, 4F.

It is a healthy sign that a new magazine, "Wallop", has appeared in the school. So far we have seen two good editions. May there be many more.

P.F.L.

VALETE

- FORM VI. Fisher, R. P., O'Toole, J. L., Edwards, T. J.
FORM IV. Fisher, M. W. P.
FORM III. Peacock, D. J. H., Walker, T., Miller, P. R.
FORM II. Van Geersdaele, P. J., Hill, C. V.
FORM I. Robinson, P.

EDUCATION IN THE U.S.A.

In the U.S.A., children start school in the September of the year in which they are six. They begin in Grade One where they remain for one school year, from the beginning of September to the beginning of the following June. They are then promoted, unless they have produced work below the standard required, to Grade Two. Here they spend their second school year. In the American system there is a total of twelve grades and one year is spent in each grade unless a child does not pass and has to repeat a grade. In the best schools, grades one to three form the Primary School, grades four to six the Elementary School, grades seven to nine the Junior High School, and grades ten to twelve the High School. Primary and Elementary School education is similar to that in Britain. In Junior High, it seems to me that the standard begins to fall behind the British level. There is no division of students into ordinary or accelerated courses, and therefore, the more intelligent student is handicapped by the slow pace which has to be maintained for the slower students.

In High School, at the age of 15, each student meets with a counsellor and selects the subjects he wishes to take for the year. He is not allowed to take more than five "solid" subjects in most cases and P.E. His time table is set up and he studies each subject for an hour a day for the whole year which, needless to say, often becomes very boring. No two students have the same time table and students of different grades are often together, which is not always fair for the younger pupil. At the end of the year five completely new subjects are selected for the following year and thus High School proceeds. This covering of a subject in a single year is, in most cases, a very poor system, especially in subjects for which a student has no special ability. Some subjects, such as Algebra, Geometry, languages, take two years to finish, but even then the English Grammar School system is far better, since it forces a person to think algebraically or otherwise for five years and the knowledge acquired is retained more readily. At the end of the High School, when a student is at the age of 17 or 18, he receives his diploma without any compulsion of examinations such as G.C.E.—the High School teachers pass their students according to their achievements through High School. No national standard is set up.

The marking system is also vastly different. It is based on a hundred instead of the English ten, and it is common for an intelligent student to have an *average* of ninety to a hundred, whereas a single mark of nine or ten is very rare in England.

To receive a High School diploma, a student must have passed seventeen subjects in most schools, during his last four grades—nine to twelve. This is not at all difficult and it is beginning to mean

less and less to have a High School diploma now, since standards are falling so low. After one year and two months at King Edward VI Grammar School, I had to be put into a grade two years ahead of my age because standards in England, or at any rate at this school, were so much higher than those in the U.S.A.

Some other outstanding differences are as follows. Discipline is very much laxer. Spelling errors need not be corrected except in English courses. The athletic programme is less thorough and the little there is is monopolized by the senior students as age is not considered. No restrictions are placed on clothing—girls can sometimes wear slacks, or shorts in a few schools, though this is not common. Last of all, there are too many extra curricula activities to take the students' minds off learning, for example, dances, parties, and clubs.

There is no doubt that most people would prefer the British Education system. Even so, America realises her need for improvement and plans are being made even now, but she has lost valuable time and in this era time is vitally important. H. J. NICHOLS, 4F.

IT'S ASTRONOMICAL

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
I don't wonder what you are;
I surmised your spot in space
When you left your missile base.
Any wondering I do
Centres on the price of you,
And I shudder when I think
What you're costing us per twink.

D. J. FULLER, 6.1.

SECRET FATHOMS

The last light fades, and gloom descends
Upon a sphere where men confined
Are lowered in the tropic sea;
What will they find? What is to be?
They will not know, until at last
Their lonely craft will come to rest
Upon some spot where Time has stood
Since rain and flood were sent
To hide that place from sight of Man;
What will they see as arc-lights scan
That ancient floor, and what is more,
What answers will they bring
When they return, and leave that place
In silence, till the sea runs dry?

K. A. SIMPKIN, 3F.

ROCKLAND

Cool, green and cool
Is the rock shadowed pool
Where limpets and periwinkles lie.
Brown, golden brown
Shining oarweed trails down
Shielding small crabs, elusive and shy.
Pink, petal pink
On a tiny cave's brink
Are sea-firs a-sway with the tide;
Grey, silver grey
As the dawn of a day,
Shrimps dart 'neath the boulders to hide.

D. BLACKMORE, 5F.

TEN CRAFTY GAOLBIRDS

Ten crafty gaolbirds, standing in a line,
One made a break for it, then there were nine.
Nine crafty gaolbirds working by the gate
Laundry van came slowly by, then there were eight.
Eight crafty gaolbirds all in bed at 'leven
One tied his sheets together, then there were seven.
Seven crafty gaolbirds, outing to the "flicks"
One hid in the "Gentlemen's", then there were six.
Six crafty gaolbirds, one of them could drive
Warder never locked his car, then there were five.
Five crafty gaolbirds, one procured a saw
His bars were made of timber, then there were four.
Four crafty gaolbirds, sitting down for tea
One went to get some more, then there were three.
Three crafty gaolbirds, one had the 'flu
Went to see the doctor, then there were two.
Two crafty gaolbirds, not having too much fun
One dressed up as a warder, then there was one.
One crafty gaolbird, the other nine had won
Thought he'd chance his luck as well—
Now there are none.

P. CARLO, 5F.

SONNET

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO THE NEW LABORATORY

At school I did much work in search of fact,
And many deadly salts and acids used;
By strange equations have I been bemused,
And still I made mistakes that weren't excused.
But still my work much accuracy lacked,
And tried to get my formulae exact.
I stained the floor, a brand new bulb I fused:—
And then I saw the new lab., all shelves stacked.
From then my work improved from day to day;
At last I proved the Laws of Faraday;
I saw the truth of all the laws of light,
And found that Boyle's and Charles's Laws were right.
And if you saw it, you'd agree with me,
To learn these facts, our lab's the place to be.

M. G. ARMSTRONG, 4F.

THE PHANTOM MONK

There is a monk of great renown,
Who walks the streets of Bury Town,
With staff and habit, arms akimbo,
People see him from their window.

When they go to see who's there,
He vanishes into thin air.
What does he seek, what does he find?
We only think of our man kind.

When all is dark he's on the prowl.
The barking dog, the hooting owl
All know that when he passes by
That they had better cease their cry.

Then at the ruins he will stop,
As though afixed to the spot.
He'll sing a mournful, wailing song,
And then, our Phantom Monk is gone.

M. E. KING, 1M.

CLEMENTWIST

On a dance floor, in a palais, where they're twistin' all the time,
Danced a beauty, a real cuty, and they called her Clementine.
All the young folk loved her twistin', they all thought her really fine,
When she danced, they cleared the dance floor, for to watch their
Clementine
See her swaying, oh so quickly, she's a groovy Clementine,
But she slipped and tumbled badly, and she broke her twistin' spine.
No more twistin' in the palais, in her grave she's lying still,
But the dancing will continue, someone else will top the bill.

T. S. LEWIS, 6.2.

OLD HERBY

We first met him one day in early autumn on a forested hill in Ireland. It was dark and a group of us was huddling round a camp fire when he appeared from the encircling gloom. We had heard of him but never actually met him, just knowing him as Old Herby.

In the warm months he worked as a backwoodsman and for the rest of the year he disappeared to no-one-knew-where. There was nothing particularly striking about his appearance except, perhaps, his benevolent weather-beaten face. At our request he made himself comfortable and we were soon listening, entranced, to the Irishman telling us tales of the surrounding woods, which he knew like the back of his hand.

I couldn't help noticing several mannerisms he had, such as the deft way he rolled his own cigarettes, and how he would occasionally look preoccupied and pensive as if engaged in some inner struggle with himself.

At one point he rose from the fireside, disappeared and then reappeared a few seconds later carrying an ancient teapot, billy and tea. He then proceeded to make us all a mug of the steaming liquid and carry on with his apparently inexhaustible supply of yarns.

Try as we might, we could not induce him to disclose anything of his background or upbringing; though for a man of his present position he seemed surprisingly intellectual. He was very conservative in his ways and was not very impressed with some of the modern trends, but quite tolerant of them.

Long into the night he talked of music, sport, animals and the weather, the fire flickering on his wrinkled, enthusiastic face. He seemed to be able to hold his own on any topic we cared to discuss. I thought to myself that surely no simple education could have been responsible for a knowledge such as his.

Eventually, he got to his feet and prepared to leave the warm circle of light. Before he went we asked him where he would sleep that night. In answer Old Herby just chuckled mysteriously and strode off into the trees and darkness to be alone with his thoughts.

A. D. FAIRBAIRN, 5F.

ESCAPE

The air was still: I was at peace with the world. A mute, almost deathly, hush heralded the fall of that Autumn day. The heavy humid atmosphere pressed down and added to our discomfort. Was I depressed? No, not any more. At last we had got away.

The last determined call of a curlew penetrating the growing gloom inspired me. Filled with relief, a new hope, a hope of eternal peace, I was free.

A small leaf floated down to my feet. It stirred me, perhaps disturbed me. In a wisp of air it rose again and floated on.

The air was tranquil, all was at peace again. Darkness had drifted in, stealthily, unnoticed. A tree, stretching itself in front of me, was silhouetted, ghostlike, against the serene sky. Lazily upwards climbed a curl of smoke, clinging to the final threads of day as it did so. A final muffled crying from the dying curlew and silence crept in, like a funeral shroud; a shroud synonymous with death; death with eternal peace.

Silence reigned. Not a sound. No movement from the small wood and grassland creatures. No rustle of leaves. No! not a murmur . . .

Suddenly a dull crackling broke the descending darkness. Nearer and nearer, louder and louder; could it be? Yes! or were we hearing things because we had been waiting here for so long? A blackbird whistled. No, not at this time of day! It was the signal. It came again and again. George and then Ry returned it. They had found us!

P. F. LINES, 6.2.

AT A JAZZ CLUB

A glinting trumpet in the distance blared
Its raucous cry accompanied by thudding drums
And the solid throbbing of the banjo.
The note is taken up by the clarinet
Which, with its reedy tone, intertwines
A melody, rich as purple wine.
At tables, glasses glint in the artificial light
And wisps of smoke curl lazily upwards
To the ceiling. Pale faces gaze in wonderment while
On the stand the raging torrent of sound
Continues rising to a tumultuous climax
And then sinks to the abysmal depths.
On the floor skirts swirl to the pulsating rhythm
Legs kick and bodies swerve encouraged
By an endless succession of stamping feet and
Clapping hands. The mind, thriving on the sound,
Is carried away, far away, and wanders
In some distant, blissful paradise where
All is forgotten in a world sublime.

M. E. KERRY, 6.2.

LOST

LOST, ORTHER SOMETIME TODAY UR TOMORN,

A SPRATTY A BABBY US EVER WER BORN,

'TES CHEEKS LIKE RED ROESIS, AN' TWO BONNYBLUE EEN,

'TAD ITS MEAUTH DAWBED WI' TRAYCLE LAS' TIME ID WER SIN.

ONYBODY AS FINDS ID CON KEPE ID,

AN' NOBODY AL KEER

COS THEM AS ES LOST ID ES GOT LOTS MOORE TO SPARE.

B. W. Hardman, 6.1.

THE FOX

The sun descended in the west;
The moon came up across the hill;
The nightjar seemed to call in jest;
Then all the night was still.

Then from a hole beneath a bush,
A fox began to move his eyes.
He hadn't eaten for a week,
But he was full of enterprise.

And so this lean and hungry fox;
A fiery flash of golden red
That broke the silent moonlit night,
Came creeping from his earthen bed.

The fox with fury flashing eyes
Crossed the clearing cautiously;
He reached the rushing river's bank,
And paused beneath a willow tree.

The weasels and the rabbits ran;
All the creatures felt a chill;
The partridge and the pheasant fled,
When Renard came across the hill.

All the creatures of the wood,
All the wildlife of the hills,
Feared this beast of noble blood,
For he had made a thousand kills—
His teeth had torn a thousand skins,
His claws had crushed a thousand bones.
His life had been a thousand sins,
His face had brought a thousand groans.

The sun had gone into the west;
The moon was up above the hill;
The fox returned home to his den;
Then all the night was still.

C. J. LOMZIK, 3M.

"THE RAILWAY STATION"

Steam, smoke and grime. They seem to enclose everything you see. Steam spurts from an engine just behind you; you are startled for a moment. The air of the station is close and feels dirty. The atmosphere is of a great, grimy cathedral with a loudspeaker, out of which a Chinese-sounding female is squawking, "The flive florty flive flor . . . is now alliving in platform flee". You realise that the train leaving next will be yours. You ask for your ticket and receive it. You approach a cell in which sits a melancholy ticket puncher, following his noble profession which requires great skill as many an inexperienced ticket puncher has found that after punching a customer's ticket, he has lost a piece of his thumb. You have your ticket punched without mishap and pass through on to the concrete platform which stretches away into the distance. On your left is a string of old dirty compartment coaches with their paint peeling. On your right is a brand new diesel multiple unit which is purring like a contented cat. This is your train. But you still have fifteen minutes left so you walk down the platform under the glass roof, which lets in rays of light through the thick grime and smuts caused by long use of the station. The top of the rails gleam with use yet the sleepers and gravel underneath are covered with ash, oil and soot. You hear a roaring as though a canon was being fired in a long tunnel, time after time. It is an express which is passing through. It flashes past like a comet with its tail of gleaming maroon carriages. The express thunders away into the distance. On another track is a small shunting engine which is puffing away merrily. It is in possession of two coal trucks seemingly bound for the coaling plant which is towering over the rows of small, dirty, red-bricked houses.

Suddenly a gigantic gushing sound is heard. A passing engine's safety valve has lifted and is emitting a jet of hot, white steam from the top of its boiler. The engine is old and rusty with a tender half full of coal. Water is coming from a pipe just below the cab. The driver is a cheery man with a round red face. He gives you a wave as he passes by with his string of empty coal wagons which are clattering and clanking like a crowd of gossiping women. You still have five minutes to wait. You suddenly realise that you have not bought a paper so you rush back down the platform, almost tripping over an uneven slab, and explain your predicament to the ticket puncher who lets you through the barrier. You rush over the courtyard of the station to a small bookstall which is run by an old lady in a blue shawl and gold spectacles. You ask for the Daily ——— and hand her the money then you dash back and through the gates into the warm, waiting diesel. The diesel gives two hoots on its horn as its signal is lifted and you travel out of the railway station which still echoes to the Chinese-sounding female saying, "The flive flifty flive . . ."

I. W. GRIMMER, 4M.

A JOURNEY FROM KUALA LUMPUR TO LIVERPOOL

In 1956, my mother, brother, and I came home from Malaya, where we had been living with my father for about two years. We had lived in the capital of Malaya, Kuala Lumpur, for the second year, and on the island of Penang, off the North-west of Malaya, for the first year.

We left Kuala Lumpur by train for Singapore, and arrived there about ten hours later. All the way from Kuala Lumpur the train was preceded by another locomotive, a few miles in front. This locomotive's duty was to blow up any mines on the railway track so that the passenger train would not be damaged, as Communist Terrorists were very active at that time in Malaya. However, the journey passed without incident.

After leaving the railway station, we made our way to our ship, the Empire Clyde, which would carry us to Liverpool. The ship left Singapore in the afternoon, and it was not long before we were sailing out of the harbour into the Straits of Malacca. After about a week, we arrived at Colombo, the capital and chief port of Ceylon. The ship stopped here for only a day, long enough to pipe on a fresh supply of water and fuel. While the water and fuel were being taken on, the passengers were allowed to go ashore to view the sights. It was very thrilling to walk through the markets, and sample the mysterious odours, and I was very sorry when we had to return to the ship.

From Colombo, we sailed across the Indian Ocean to Aden, a distance of some two thousand miles. A day after leaving Colombo, a man was seen floating in the sea, and a lifeboat was lowered to pick him up. He was a French Foreign Legionnaire who had deserted from his ship, carrying men to fight in Indo-China. When the ship arrived at Aden, the man was taken to the gaol.

On anchoring in Aden, the ship was surrounded by several boats, with a few divers in each. These divers dived for money thrown into the sea by the passengers on board the ship. The divers were very crafty, as they only dived for silver coins which were thrown into the sea. When the coins were thrown, the sun reflected off them, and so the divers could see if they were silver or not.

After taking on more fuel and water at Aden, the ship sailed up the Red Sea and into the Suez Canal. It was very unfortunate that the ship had to sail most of the way along the canal during the night, but I did see some of the picturesque villages and scenery on the sides of the canal in the early morning. When the ship arrived at Port Said, at the end of the Suez Canal, it was surrounded by a number of bum-boats. These boats sold souvenirs to the passengers at exorbitant prices, but after some haggling, the prices were brought down to a suitable amount.

The convoy of ships which included the Empire Clyde, was the last to pass through the Suez Canal before Nasser closed it at the

beginning of the Suez crisis, otherwise we would have had to sail around the Cape of Good Hope and up to Gibraltar, several thousand miles extra.

From Port Said, we sailed along the Mediterranean Sea to Gibraltar, where we took on more water and fuel. The ship was again surrounded by bum-boats, but most of the passengers had spent all their souvenir money, and so the boats did not profit much from their excursion to the ship.

After leaving Gibraltar, we crossed the Bay of Biscay, notorious for its bad weather, but there was only a slight squall blowing. From the Bay of Biscay, the ship passed into the Irish Sea and up to just off Holyhead, where it picked up the pilot who would take the ship into Liverpool.

It was wonderful sailing into Liverpool, ships, large and small on either side, and ships' sirens blaring. The ship was carefully and expertly manoeuvred into its berth, and our voyage was now at its end. My mother, my brother, and I disembarked into the cold, misty, typically British weather, the extreme to the sunny and hot climate of Malaya.

J. W. N. KELLY, 4F.

THE NIGHTINGALE

Dark shadows dappled the moonlit path as we threaded our way one warm spring evening through a Suffolk wood. Ahead of us the tree trunks stood black against the luminous glow of the sky, and near at hand, on either side, the masses of undergrowth loomed large and forbidding. All was quiet except for the slight tread of our feet on the soft earth and the gentle murmur overhead as a light breeze stirred the soft new foliage. It was a perfect setting for the song of the nightingale, and we stepped cautiously and listened intently as we approached a part of the wood where we believed a pair of these birds to have a nest.

We were not to be disappointed, for the slight disturbance of our passage stirred the cock bird into song, and we thrilled to the soft and plaintive opening notes as they swelled through the darkness of the wood. "Pew, pew, pew, pew, pew, pew, pew," he began slowly, and then burst into a rich and bubbling cascade of melody that rang into the night. Phrase after phrase poured forth, resonant and sparkling, and we cautiously tiptoed our way forward towards the singer. Soon we were quite close, and we traced the nightingale to a large hawthorn near the fringe of the wood; but he was deep in the shadows and could not be seen.

Next morning we went that way again, and we made a point of seeking out the nightingale. We listened, and soon picked out his full-throated warble among the other sounds of the wood. Rich and vibrant it certainly was, and no jot less perfect than the night before, but the effect was gone. Now he was just one voice among the many; but then, in the dark and stillness of the wood, he had held the stage, and cast a spell over the listening world.

A. C. SEAMARK, 4M.

OLD BURIANS' ASSOCIATION

President:

Lord Wise.

Chairman:

K. R. B. Abbott.

Hon. Secretary:

J. McM. Abbott, "Kipps," Vinery Road, Bury St. Edmunds.

Hon. Treasurer:

R. B. Abbott.

Hon. Sports Secretary:

P. G. Smith, "Sandhurst," 4, Horsecroft Road, Bury St. Edmunds.

The last six months have seen a revival of the Old Boys' Association. An active committee has been elected and monthly meetings are held to plan social events and to discuss a wide range of topics concerning the Association and the School.

It is hoped to extend the Old Burians' contribution to this magazine. There will be a special edition once a year which will contain items of news and interest from Old Boys in different parts of the world, and a résumé of the year's events. The cost of this one edition will be 2s. 6d. To make a success of this venture we must have full support from all members and hope that you will endeavour to make a contribution to future editions of the School Magazine.

A special drive has been made to increase our membership and owing to the enthusiasm of the School staff we have obtained in the region of 20 new members, all of whom have left school in the last few years. This is most encouraging and it is sincerely hoped that these younger members will stay with us and, in due course, take an active part in the running of the Association.

Several of the new members have looked in on our monthly committee meeting, which is not too formal, and which is held on the last Friday of each month. We hope that more Old Boys will follow this example as we usually have time for a little sociability, the meeting being held in Everard's Hotel.

We held our Ladies' Night Dinner Dance this year on March 17th at the Angel Hotel, Bury St. Edmunds. The event proved a great success and a new attendance record was established. Ninety-six people sat down to dinner and ninety-five stayed to dance to excellent music provided by Jimmy Gladwell's five piece band. Next year we look forward to having more than 100 people present and we ask you all to make a real effort to attend. We were very pleased to see several Old Boys from London but, of course, we should be delighted to see more.

The hockey fixture with the school was well supported and two elevens were put into the field. We found the boys very fit and determined and whilst succeeding in holding them to a draw in the first eleven we went down in the seconds, but everyone came off the field happy if somewhat exhausted.

Activities of the Association include the annual football, hockey and cricket matches with the School. But our principal function is the Ladies' Night Dinner Dance held on the evening following the hockey match. We have a football team playing in the Bury and District League and whilst it only meets with moderate success as far as 1, 2 or x is concerned it has earned great respect in regard to sportsmanship and attitude to the game. Arrangements have also been made for swimming, badminton, fives and tennis when sufficient support is forthcoming.

We hope that you will gather from the foregoing that the Association is once again on its feet. To keep it there, your support is required.

We look forward to hearing from you during the coming year.

HON. SEC.

SCHOOL 2, OLD BURIANS 2

The annual hockey match between the School and the Old Boys was played in considerable sunshine on a hard pitch which made the ball run somewhat unevenly at times.

The game began at a fast pace, which was maintained for most of the time and only stout work by the Old Burian's defence, in which Lacey and Abbott were prominent, kept the School from scoring. Forward, the Old Boys made spasmodic sorties but on the whole their attack was ineffective.

At half time the School led by an only goal scored by Brown midway through the half. After the re-start Hopwood scored for the Old Boys but Lewis immediately restored the School's lead. The Old Boys were coming more into the game and after an intense attack Barret levelled the score again, to secure for the Old Boys a somewhat fortunate draw.

OLD BURIANS XI

McGeehan; Steele, Lacey; Lawrence, J. Abbott, Dutton; Cooke, Watsham, Minns, Barrett (Capt.), Hopwood.

REPRESENTATIVE XI 4, OLD BURIAN'S 2ND XI 2

The match this year ended in a well-earned victory for the School Representative XI. The Old Boys played well but their lack of training lost the match for them. The first half went to the

Burians, Reeve scoring a scrambled goal. However, the School stormed into the attack after half time and in twenty minutes were four goals up, Douglas scoring two, Bairstow and Holmes scoring the others.

The Old Boys fought back but Turner's encouragement and Bartlett's good play was not enough, and the School XI came away the victors, though the Old Boys scored a consolation goal.

OLD BOYS' NOTES

Michael Orsler is a regular broadcaster on Radio Hong Kong. He reviews new books. He and Mrs. Orsler are in the teaching profession.

P. J. Radley has returned from Singapore to re-take his "A" levels with a view to going to a University.

A. C. T. Hawksley, formerly of the Royal Navy, has been appointed to assist the Provost in raising the additional money necessary to complete the cathedral extensions.

Congratulations to J. Herrington and C. Harper, each recently married.

We were very pleased to hear once again from J. M. Ross, of Wilmington, Delaware, where he continues with his work as a research chemist.

We were very pleased to hear from I. S. Davidson, who at the moment is in Beira, Portuguese East Africa. He has been in touch with D. M. Rush, who is in Nigeria. Davidson, who is with Rhodesia and Nyasaland Customs, went out in September, 1959, did his four months National Service, and was then posted to Beira where there is a Customs office dealing with cargo for the Rhodesias. He lives with the sea one hundred yards away on the one hand, and a golf course fifty yards away on the other.

K. R. Evans has passed at "A" level in Physics and Maths. and hopes to study for an Engineering Degree at one of the Colleges of Technology in London.

Christmas greetings reached us from the following: B. P. Turner, F. B. Gow, I. H. Howlett, P. Hastings, A. S. Marshall (Canada), A. Day, P. Quince, C. Bailey, C. F. Twitchett, D. Bart, A. Jermy, J. A. Crick, D. Salt, P. Cook, L. Harper, R. L. Steele, C. Gillings, E. J. L. Welham, and J. T. Mendham.

THE SOLDIER

Above the scene the sky did flow:
To him an azure muslin haze,
With double pink and white the may:
Yet in a strife still near
Ran red: dark red his life.

To turn was pain raw scarlet—
His side was open to the grass
That dwarfed his face,
Made mockery his size and grace.

He did not move,
But waited for his eyes to close:
As in a midnight-wake, his mind
Was but a shadow of itself.

Fair skin and hair, erewhile
Both living, vital parts of he who motionless
Did lie upon the earth,
Would with that earth be one
And he would melt away,
As ice warmth-hinted.

Sun bathed, and wept—
In form a mother o'er her son—
That youth should be so still!
While others did their joy embrace
But with a fleeting kiss,
Not made by love.

He innocent had been
Of cold hate or purple frenzy:
Proud man had killed proud man,
He but an unconsidered tool.

He would have graced the earth.
Yet all alone his body then
Did suffer on the grass—
So less than it that lived,
Now red from waste of life.

Again he would not hear
The words of love, the gentle touch
Of life, for she was slave to one
More cruel more than she
To satisfy her whim.

O, man! Untwine your arm from hers,
Do not her lover be . . . !
Proud father-man, bow down and see
Thy mutilated son.

B. R. HAZEL.

[Brian Hazel left school in July, 1960, and took up a teaching post at Grenville College, Clare. He goes to Exeter University in October.]

AFRICA '61

Imagine the figure of a bespectacled undergraduate, wearing old army boots, and an anarak, clutching 23 lbs. of luggage for a 7,000 mile journey from Uganda to Capetown, clambering nervously into an obsolete aircraft at Gatwick Airport last year. Returned from the dead I tell you my tale!

The most difficult part of any such journey is the planning beforehand. One has to raise money for the fare and for living in Africa, arrange a job in South Africa, plan routes, write begging letters, obtain equipment and, worst of all, satisfy medical authorities. This last task involves smallpox, yellow fever, cholera and typhoid injections, and several days of agony. The medical kit I eventually set out with occupied four of my 23 lbs., and had everything from band-aid to gutta percha temporary tooth stopping.

The flight out was uneventful. We travelled in a Douglas D.C.4, seventy of us squashed into what appeared to be a large bus. For two and a half days we lumbered along in the air, hitting thunderstorms over the Alps and sandstorms over the Sahara. I left the rest of the party at Entebbe, Uganda, and they reached Johannesburg twelve hours later. Six weeks later I also reached Johannesburg.

The first part of my journey was the easiest. A free bus ticket took me the 400 miles to Nairobi—a mere twenty hours travel. During the journey I was befriended by Indians; within two hours of leaving Kampala I was surrounded by huge bunches of bananas and piles of oranges and mangoes. Whenever the bus stopped I was whisked off to have a drink "with a friend who has a store up the road", while the rest of the passengers waited patiently. When the bus did reach Nairobi we were four hours ahead of schedule, and the time was three o'clock in the morning.

From Nairobi the real hitch-hiking began. One morning at six o'clock I was dumped outside the city on the road to Rhodesia. The Cape to Cairo route as a road is indescribable, full of potholes and strewn with rocks either heavily corrugated or covered with inches of sand. The roads are easy to maintain as I soon saw! A tractor drags a large tree behind it and the road is re-surfaced. Hitch-hiking is simple in Africa but traffic is scarce. Out from Nairobi I was picked up by the first car of the day after a four hour wait. This lift took me to Arusha, dominated by the great crater of Kilimanjaro. From Arusha another lift took me fifty miles down the road to a fork where the car turned off. I sat on my bag and ate what I had—some sandwiches and an apple. It was three o'clock and I waited confidently. I spent the afternoon and early evening prising ticks out of my anatomy with a knife, and running away from a very nasty green snake I had met. Next morning, after an uncomfortable night by the side of the road, I sat waiting for a lift and feeling very

hungry. Never has anyone been so ill prepared! At ten o'clock a car sped by me without stopping. Soon afterwards, the second car of the day picked me up. That afternoon saw me stuck in a little village, again waiting. At about midnight, after the local pub had closed up, I decided that no traffic could come that night, so I slept in a bus that was travelling south next day. One says "sleep", but second class bus travel in Tanganyika is very uncomfortable and Africans' singing, all night through, does not form a background for sweet dreams.

Next day was the most incredible I have ever spent. On the bus I tried to persuade naked men and women, dressed only in blankets, to be photographed. Masai tribesmen do not like being photographed and they carry eight foot spears! During the day I sat sweating on a sack of mealie meal, resisting the attacks of an unfriendly goat, and persuading a drunken villager that I was not a "rotten colonialist". More disconcerting, I had to assure him that it would benefit neither him nor me if he hit me over the head with his bottle of gin. During the day the driver went for a ten mile detour to see how his grandmother was, and when, later, we met a bus coming in the opposite direction, the two buses stopped and a pleasant hour was spent exchanging gossip. I reached the comparative sanity of Lusaka in three weeks, but I managed to finish the last leg with a particular flourish. From Tunduma on the Rhodesian border I got a lift with a truck carrying fish from Lake Nyasa to the Copper Belt. The driver seemed pleased to give me a lift, and during the bitterly cold night, he drank his way steadily south. Soon I found myself helping him steer the vehicle, while he indulged in his favourite sport—trying to kill hares blinded in his headlights—it was my job to act as his retriever even though one hare he missed turned out to be a lion.

In Tanganyika, Rhodesia and South Africa, I studied African Education, for which I received grants. This was not as boring as it perhaps sounds. In Southern Tanganyika I had arranged to go on safari with a Missionary from Mbeya, so according to plan, a priest, a curious lady (who ran the "Sunday School by Post") and I disappeared into the bush for a week in a land rover. In the bush, education is backward but lively. Most of the schools have been built either of bamboo and thatch, or mud and thatch, by parents wishing their children to be educated. The "Sunday School by Post" aroused little interest, a portable Communion Table not much more, but the prospect of a grubby individual pretending to explain how a parachute works, or admitting that he had never seen the Queen, seemed highly entertaining. Most appreciated, however, was my rendering of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin", and my efforts to read from a First Swahili Primer. In Rhodesia I hitch-hiked to Kariba Dam from Lusaka, and then on to the Victoria Falls. At the Falls I

saw the spectacle of white bathers swimming near a notice which read "Bathing Suicidal—Crocodiles". When I asked them why they were bathing there, they said that the local swimming baths had just been opened to black and white. From Livingstone I visited Bulawayo and Salisbury. I left Salisbury just before the referendum (on the new Rhodesian Constitution). In the African townships I found military occupation. The car I was driving was sometimes hissed, and a few days later I read that European cars had been burnt, Europeans had been stoned and many Africans had been killed in riots.

When I eventually reached Johannesburg I took a job as a clerical assistant with one of the mining houses. I was allowed unlimited time off, and hitched down to Durban. On my return to Johannesburg an unknown benefactor bought me a return ticket to Capetown, a thirty hour train journey each way. It had rained in the Karoo Desert for the first time in seven years, and as the train passed through, we were lucky enough to see some of the superb desert flowers that are only seen after rain. Of the political situation in South Africa much could be said. I found apartheid to be an iniquitous system for racial domination and a cankerous growth on South African Society. In the Republic, contact with Africans is made as difficult as possible; one can only visit African townships illegally, and to mix socially is entirely forbidden by law. In contravening this I had my name taken by the Special Branch of the South African Police. To attend some political meetings invariably meant being tailed by a police car. Life is easy in South Africa for the white man, but tensions are very near the surface. This is well illustrated by African education in the Republic. There are virtually no Mission Schools; Education is entirely segregated, and its one aim is to teach Africans to accept Apartheid. At University level, millions of pounds have been spent to provide inferior education on a tribal basis, and admittance depends as much on political subservience as on educational qualifications.

Fourteen weeks after leaving England I arrived back thinner, emptier in pocket and with my medical kit unused. My journey showed me that much of the darkness still remains in Africa, but the responsibility for this must be borne equally by black and white. Whatever is at stake in politics at the moment, Africa remains the world's most interesting and challenging continent.

J. A. NICHOLSON.

[John Nicholson left School in July, 1960, and went up to Caius College, Cambridge. In his first long vacation he went to Africa and later sent us the report printed above.]


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