

The Burian



April 1964

VOL. XXXI., NO. 6

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

CONTENTS

	Page
Headmaster's Notes	157
School Hockey	159
House Notes	164
Cross-Country	168
C.C.F. Notes	170
Chess	171
Music	171
Scout Notes	173
Theatre	173
An Endless Story	175
Life at K.E.G.S.	177
Wandsworth	177
Got Him !	178
The Aged	178
Beans	179
Instructions from an Art Master	180
The Earth Movers	181
The End of Day	181
Proletarian Bliss	182
Words	182
T.V. or no T.V.	183
In Wake of Battle	183
The Fair	184
The East End Ripper	184
Old Burians' Association	185
"And some there be which have no Memorial"	186
Allez-Oop.. .. .	187
A Letter from Aldermaston	188
News of Old Boys	191
School Notes	192
Valete	192

HEADMASTER'S NOTES

The School's numbers this term have been greater than ever before. Although the second phase of our building programme was completed as recently as 1962, we have had to erect a temporary unit of three form rooms, in which the teaching of modern languages will centre, and permission is being sought for a new building programme designed to house 600 boys.

The old entrance to the School from Eastgate Street is now closed and we are rapidly finding ourselves in a built-up area. Gone are the days of a porter's lodge with its iron gates and its flag flying on match days, and gone are the days of driving up to the School on a deserted drive hard by pleasant meadow land. The new entry is a hundred yards further east in Eastgate Street along a beautiful road soon, no doubt, to be lined with television aerials. A new strip of playing field has been added—the strip of cultivated land from which so many footballs have been retrieved at the expense of barren maledictions—but unfortunately the close proximity of newly constructed houses, and the extension of Nice's Garage, with its spaciouly tempting windows, have introduced some disturbing hazards to add to the existing hazard of the Methodist Home's Summer House which in the course of a recent hockey match on the lower field received the full benefit of a hard shot at goal. The ball will not always select the wooden part of the structure.

Thanks to the kindness of the Borough Council, which has loaned us an extremely large glazed bookcase for the Schoolroom the valuable books of the old Library are now adequately and visibly housed, and books that were given to the School, and used by the School, four hundred years ago, in many instances, can now be seen and, on request, examined.

1st XI HOCKEY TEAM



BACK ROW:

C. Middleditch; R. Lock; S. Korn; P. C. Mills; E. A. Brown; R. J. Wakeman.

FRONT ROW:

I. R. Napier; M. S. Smith; D. A. G. Bremner (Capt.); M. McKenzie; M. Chaplin.

SCHOOL HOCKEY

1st XI REVIEW

Record: Played 7, Won 4, Lost 2, Drawn 1. Goals for 19, Against 8.

After the Football 1st XI's fine example the Hockey 1st XI attempted to equal, or perhaps better, their achievement. This, however, proved very difficult. It was noticeable that the team fought and won against poorer opponents but tended to lose all spirit in the face of heavy opposition.

If one is to blame any one part of the team for the defeats it should be the attack. The forwards were for the most part half-hearted except for Brown and his goal-scoring sprees. (One wonders how many more goals Brown could have scored had he thought a little more.) The attack tended to bunch in the centre and consequently their attempted moves suffered. Corners showed the rather indifferent attitude of the forwards as there was no attempt to follow the ball up. Their approach work was generally good, the inside forwards receiving the ball from the defence intelligently moved towards the circle but too often this was where the attack ended. One never had the feeling that the other goal-mouth was really under fire. The wingers did not provide that so necessary cross-pass service into the circle as often as is necessary and one winger often lacked vital fire in chasing the wide pass or loose ball.

As a result of the attack's rather languorous state the defence often shouldered too much responsibility. Goals against us then almost seemed inevitable. The full backs, Korn and Lock, played a well combined game, often foiling attacks and attempting to put life into the forwards. The half-back line lacked cohesion and too often there was a gap in the centre. Mills proved a good solid stopper and passer as did McKenzie. Both these backed up the attack with good passing or with their actual presence in the circle. Perhaps with the tackling tenacity of Lock and McKenzie the forwards would have scored more often.

Team spirit has been the main pivot on which the balance of success and failure has rested; with it we were able to win although lacking in skill and finesse, without it we lost to superior skill.

As always we are deeply indebted to Mr. Wyard and to Mr. Dart for the pitch and fixtures respectively; also I would like to thank Mr. Parry for organising the team.

Full colours were awarded to Brown, Korn, McKenzie, Mills, Napier; and half-colours to Bowers, Lock, and Smith, M. S.

Appearances: 7: Brown, Korn, Mills, Napier, Chaplin, Smith, M. S. 6: Bremner, Lock, McKenzie, Wakeman, Bowers, 2: Middleditch. 1: Pettit, Howlett and Hadley.

Goal Scorers: Brown 14, Wakeman 1, Smith, M. S. 1, Napier 1, Bowers 1 and Chaplin 1.

D.A.G.B.

RESULTS

MATCHES PLAYED DURING SPRING TERM

	1st XI	2nd XI	3rd XI
25th January	v. H.M.S. Ganges Won 8—0		
1st February		(A)v.Framlingham College Draw 0—0	v. Framlingham College Draw 0—0
6th February	(A) v. St. John's Col. Cam. Won 4—1	(A) v. East Anglian Brigade Draw 1—1	
8th February		v. Sudbury G.S. 1st XI Won 5—0	
15th February	v. Northgate G.S. Won 3—1	(A) v. Northgate G.S. Won 3—1	v. Northgate G.S. Draw 1—1
20th February	v. Bury St. Edmunds Y.M.C.A. Won 2—0		
27th February	(A) v. Perse School Lost 0—3	v. Perse School Won 2—1	(A) v. Perse School Won 5—4
12th March	v. Woodbridge Lost 1—2	(A) v. Woodbridge Lost 0—3	v. Woodbridge Won 3—1
14th March	v. Culford Cancelled	v. Culford Cancelled	(A) v. Culford Cancelled
21st March	v. Old Burians Draw 1—1	v. Old Burians Draw 1—1	
	Under 15 XI	Under 14 XI	
1st February	v. Framlingham College Lost 0—4	(A) v. Framlingham College Draw 0—0	
8th February	(A) v. Silver Jubilee Draw 1—1	v. Sudbury G.S. Won 4—0	
15th February	(A) v. Northgate G.S. Won 3—1		
27th February	v. Perse Won 2—1	v. Perse Won 2—0	
12th March	(A) v. Woodbridge Draw 0—0	(A) v. Woodbridge Won 4—0	
14th March	(A) v. Culford Cancelled	(A) v. Culford Cancelled	

2nd XI REVIEW

This term's record of three wins, three draws, one lost, and one cancelled match, gives a fair overall picture of the team's achievements during the term.

Throughout the term, we had a core of regular members, who gave good service to the team. But as a result of injuries and illness, changes had to be made throughout the team, and this tended to upset any rhythm which had been established in the previous game.

The defence was usually quite competent, with Hadley at centre-half playing soundly throughout the season. There was however one fault, namely that of failing to mark the opponents closely enough. Of the forwards, Howlett improved a great deal and finished the season playing for the 1st XI. The rest of the forwards on the whole played well, but there was a lack of shooting power, thus chances were squandered. Our thanks go to Mr. Little for his help and also for umpiring.

Those who played were Pettit (Captain), Ceurstemont, Cooper, Corbishley, N., Cutt, Davis, Goodson, Hadley, Hedges, Howlett, Hurst, Keen, Kelly, McKenzie, Middleditch, Miller, Revett, Taylor, Wakeman, Walgrove. M.F.P.

3rd XI REVIEW

The 3rd XI has experienced a fairly successful season, winning two of the games and drawing the other two.

The team was chosen from the following: Cooper, Corbishley, N. J., Corbishley, R. J., Miller, Keen, Smith, R. N. W., Revett, Wootton, Kelly, J. W., Oliver, J. S., Crane, Jackaman, Pearmain, Davis and Cracknell.

Unfortunately the first match against Framlingham never really opened up and resulted in a 0—0 draw, but we had a much improved game against Northgate and were unlucky not to win. A breakaway attack within the last few minutes of the match gave Northgate the equalising goal whilst the School had kept the game mainly in the Northgate half.

The Perse School, as usual fielding a strong side looked at half-time as though they were going to beat the School but the School fought back in the second half and with a succession of goals won 5—4. Ending the season with the match against Woodbridge, the School had a convincing win of 3—1.

Special mention must be given to Kelly and Revett to whom most of the goals must be attributed and to Pearmain and Jackaman who provided a reliable defence. Special thanks must be given to Mr. Beck for his help and encouragement for all the matches. N.J.D.

Davis set the side a very fine example of keenness and skill; his ball control was excellent and he was completely tireless. F.P.B.

UNDER 15 XI REVIEW

It was obvious from the trials that last winter's unsporting weather had left its mark on this year's hockey; sticks were swung with joyous abandon and the ball was occasionally hit. Stickwork and control improved as the season went on, but it was keenness and energy that brought what success we had. Lack of skill and speed in the circle meant that in two or three games we spent long periods in the enemy twenty-five, but could not make good shots.

We lost to Framlingham, for, though we played hard, size and experience told against us. We had three-quarters of the game against the Silver Jubilee, but managed to score only once, and draw. We beat Northgate, and with a little more coolness in the circle our score might have been five or six instead of three. Perse were more skilful than we, but our spirit was stronger, and we beat them. In this game Howard fell awkwardly, and as a result, went to hospital. We hope his knee will be healed by the time this appears in print. The final game, against Woodbridge, was drawn, and although this was a fair result one cannot help thinking sadly of the little work their goalkeeper was given by our forwards, who were in his circle on numerous occasions during the game.

Colours were awarded to Ison, who, as captain of the side played a powerful game at centre-half, and to Howe, our most dangerous forward, who played with enormous and inspiring energy, attacking at one moment and falling back to hit hard, long clearances the next.

The whole team played enthusiastically and sportingly, and tried so hard that it was a pleasure to spend one's time umpiring and coaching them.

C.P.N.

UNDER 14 XI REVIEW

There was some apprehension, before this season began, about the standard of this year's Junior hockey team, for last season's weather had left us with little or no experience of the game. But experiments were made and results have been satisfactory in the four matches played. Davies at centre-half and Boyman at centre forward have been the mainsprings of the side. Brookes in goal has been competent on every occasion, Hill, Slater, N., and Rowlinson have improved immensely, while Tricker, will be a likely prospect for later elevens at inside forward, particularly when he can hit the ball more confidently. Others who have played—and played well—have been Pettit, Wales, Lockwood, Lord, Last, T. R., Peck, Catton and Banham.

In view of the slender experience of so many Under 14's the practice games and House Matches played this term have been quite memorable for the zest and enthusiasm shown.

Tricker (Captain), Davies and Boyman are awarded Under 14 colours.

INTER-HOUSE HOCKEY COMPETITION

SENIOR

Preliminary

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
Stuart	3	2	1	0	4	1	5
Windsor	3	2	0	1	5	4	4
School	3	1	1	1	2	1	3
Tudor	3	1	1	1	8	7	3
Lancastrian	3	1	0	2	5	6	2
Yorkist	3	0	1	2	4	9	1

Semi-finals

School 1, Windsor 3
Stuart 3, Tudor 2

Final

Windsor 1, Stuart 0

FINAL RESULT

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

JUNIOR

Preliminary

	P	W	D	L	F	A	Pts.
School	3	2	1	0	13	4	5
Windsor	3	2	1	0	6	3	5
Tudor	3	1	1	1	7	4	3
Stuart	3	1	1	1	4	4	3
Lancastrian	3	1	0	2	3	4	2
Yorkist	3	0	0	3	1	15	0

Semi-finals

School 5, Windsor 0
Tudor 0, Stuart 1

Final

School 3, Stuart 0

FINAL RESULT

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

FINAL HOUSE CHAMPIONSHIP TABLE

1st Windsor	4th Tudor 8pts.
School 16 pts.	5th Lancastrian 4 pts.
Stuart	6th Yorkist 0 pts.

HOUSE NOTES

LANCASTRIAN

This term has not been quite as successful as we would have liked. The Hockey team, although ably captained by E. A. Brown, did not reach the semi-finals this year. Of the three matches played, one was won and the other two lost so leaving us with only two points. This lack of points does not, however, judicate a corresponding lack of spirit as everyone, I feel sure, has done his best for the House.

The School Cross-Country Race brought us our biggest success, and once again every Lancastrian pulled his weight. The conditions for the race were favourable, which was a great help to our stronger runners. J. A. H. Knight was our cross-country captain, and his efforts to inspire our runners to give their all were unceasing.

House Chess has been completely dormant, as the Competition has already been played, and the points will count in the final totals.

We look forward now to the Cricket term, which I feel sure will bring us success. The House has quite a number of creditable performers who together will form quite a formidable team.

D.R.F.

SCHOOL

From the beginning of term the House realised that it must be very successful in all activities in order to catch Windsors in the Championship race. To this end we began and we had a large measure of success but it is apparent now that to win the Championship we must not only count on our success but also Windsors failure in the remainder of the year.

In the Hockey Championship the House has been fairly successful. A combination of third place in the senior competition and first place in the junior placed the House equal first with Windsor and Stuart.

Throughout the season the seniors played with at least one usual player out of the team owing to illness or injury. The resulting constant changes did little to improve our team play. In all our games the defence played well, dominated by Korn at centre-half who seemed to cover up for the mistakes of the others. Smith and Corbishley, N., saved the side from trouble more than once with strong clearances into our opponent's half.

The forwards although they inter-passed quite well nearly always lacked that vital goal-scoring finish to their attacks, and only scored three goals during the whole season. (Hurst 2, Edwards 1.)

It was the side's steady defence and Hurst's two goals which put the House into the semi-finals, where, drawn against Windsor House, the eventual winners, we fought hard and lost by three goals to one.

The juniors fielded a very enthusiastic team, and several players showed that they were on the right trail to a place in the School 1st XI in future years. This well balanced side drew one game in the preliminary matches and won every other game, making no mistake in the final with a score of 3—0 against Stuarts. In the defence Rowlinson and Hill are to be congratulated on their prompt tackling and hard clearances. Of the forwards Boyman, who scored 18 out of the side's 21 goals, showed that goal-seeking urge which the seniors lacked.

In conclusion I must thank the members of the House who gave very welcome support to the teams.

However much most of the House wished, the School cross-country race was not scrapped, so unwilling boarders trooped to the starting line. From this point on all members did their best and with fine packing in the lower field the seniors were able to return the honour of the Championship to the boarding house. Smith led (perhaps bullied would be better!) the team very well and in the race finished eighth. Gooch was the next boarder home, finishing in the sixteenth place. The U15's were able also to defeat heavy opposition and take the coveted first place. The U13's were a trifle disappointing in only gaining fifth place over all but it was pleasing to witness their enthusiasm and effort.

The School again used the talents of the boarders for its teams. Several boarders represented the School in cross-country races during the term. Korn and McKenzie are to be congratulated for gaining full Hockey colours and Boyman on gaining junior Hockey colours.

D.A.G.B

STUART

During the term, some success has come the way of the House, especially in Hockey, where both Senior and Junior XIs were defeated in the Final. Thus we finished joint first in the combined senior and junior table, which is a very creditable performance, due to some good team spirit.

Next term we hope to do better, and maximum effort is required from all if we are to improve on last year's position. Similarly, in athletics, maximum effort will be required from all participating.

Our congratulations this term must go to our Cross-Country runners, especially Mortlock, Wheeler, and Mulley who were awarded full colours, while Howe was awarded Junior colours. Due to some members not giving of anything like their best, the efforts of the above, and a few others were of no avail in the Inter-House Race.

Next term Pettit will be cricket captain, Middleditch athletics Captain, and Lomzik, swimming captain.

M.F.P.

TUDOR

In the Cross-country competition at the beginning of the term there was a spirited display by the U13 team, who were equal on points with Yorkist House but were placed 4th. For the house Barber came 2nd, Ronaldson 9th, and Wootton 13th; three very good performances.

In the U15 race the team came 6th, the best performances being Bimson's and Wilman's, 13th and 14th respectively.

The team was placed 5th in the Senior Race, with Napier 6th, Ceurstemont 12th, and Campbell 13th.

In the hockey competition the Junior team was unlucky to lose to Stuart House, in the semi-final, by 1—0 in extra time. Davies was an able captain, and Ronaldson one of the most prolific goal scorers. Those who played for the team were: Edwards, T, Last, Cooper, Edwards, M., Allen, Holman, Harvey, Davey, Wordley, Ronaldson and Slater.

The Senior hockey team also reached the semi-final, only to be beaten 3—2 by Stuart House. The main characteristic of the team was the amazing fighting spirit. It was a privilege for me to captain a team which gave me full support and never stopped playing until the final whistle.

Those who played in the team were: Jackaman, Hunt, Kelly, Ceurstemont, Hedges, Crane, Whittaker, Oliver, J. S., Knights, Challacombe and Singleton.

Taking the results as a whole this term has been a reasonably successful one for the house. The junior section of the house is very strong and enthusiastic, and this augurs well for the future. Those who have taken part in the sporting activities, have all supported the various captains, and only bad luck has prevented better results.

I.R.N

WINDSOR

The rise in the fortunes of Windsor House continued throughout the Spring Term. The Senior Hockey Team won the Inter-House competition with a fine 1—0 victory over the strong Stuart House Team in the final. As in the football competition, the House's success was due to wonderful team spirit and consistent performances by every member of the side. The highlight of the season was the Hockey Team's fine win over School House, which enabled them to qualify for the semi-finals.

The Juniors also did well in their hockey competition, finishing third. Windsor House also provided several players for the school Hockey teams, and G. M. Bowers, and R. Lock are to be congratulated on being regular members of the School 1st XI, and P. M. Hadley and J. F. Taylor for performing regularly for the School 2nd XI.

Windsor House attained considerable success in the Cross-Country competitions. The Seniors finished second in the Inter-House competition, largely owing to splendid individual performances by G. M. Bowers, G. J. A. Miller and R. Cracknell, who finished 3rd, 4th and 5th respectively. The Under Thirteens also did well, attaining 2nd place in their competition, and T. Smith is to be congratulated on finishing 3rd in his race.

G. M. Bowers brought further honour on the House, by being selected to represent Suffolk in the All-England Schools Championships at Leicester. Furthermore, congratulations to G. J. A. Miller on being awarded Full Cross-Country colours, and to G. M. Bowers and R. Cracknell for their half-colours.

In conclusion, I want to urge every member of the House to do their utmost to attain standard points, and to co-operate fully with J. F. Taylor, our Athletics Captain. Standard points are vital, if the House is to do well on Sports Day.

B.F.W.

YORKIST

This hockey season has been rather disappointing. The juniors lost all their games. However, all played well and enthusiastically, but a lack of really good players in the third form hampered their chances of success. The junior XI were ably led by A. P. Lockwood, with Caban deserving honourable mention. The Seniors started the season badly by losing 0—3 to Windsor House. However, in the following match against School it was pleasing to note definite improvement in the way the team played as a whole. The match against Tudor House was the highlight of the season. Both teams had only 10 players, although we started with only five! The team, notably Smith, M.S., played well to draw 4—4. Mention must be made of Kelly, J. W. N., Smith, M. S., and Smith, K., in the forward line, and Davis, N. J., Jarvis S. C. and Howard in the defence, all of whom played consistently well.

P.C.M.

CROSS-COUNTRY

There is little doubt that the School's senior team this year was the strongest yet—and no doubt at all that it gained appreciably in strength from the camaraderie that developed among the runners and which resulted in the determined "packing" we saw twice in four days towards the end of term. Much credit for this is due not only to the Captain, R. A. Mortlock, but to all the boys concerned: they deserved, one is tempted to suggest, a little more than the success they achieved.

In the Suffolk A.A.A. Championships, held over our own course, in the Youths race in a field of 39 we claimed 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 9th and 11th places and, but for the fact that one of these boys had been nominated for the "B" team, this would have secured the coveted first place for the School instead of 2nd (yet a 3rd a few years ago seemed beyond our reach!). At Soham we were at first somewhat subdued to realise that no less than five Holbrook boys had finished before our best, yet one must see this in perspective. Holbrook were quite exceptionally strong this year—their Boys team won the Eastern Counties Championship, beating 28 other teams—and if their superior fitness was just too much for us, we in turn were more than a match for the other two competing schools.

Mortlock and S. A. Wheeler had a remarkably consistent term, the latter beating his school-fellows in each of the races, while Mortlock never allowed an opponent to separate him and Wheeler. The record of G. J. A. Miller was only a little inferior, and it was pleasant indeed after occasional disappointments in past years to find him now so reliable. Neither K. J. Morgan nor P. Ceurstemont took part in the Northgate fixture, but ran splendidly on March 7th and usefully in the other races—the former, with little success behind him, determined to make a name this year, and Ceurstemont offering wistful reminders of past glories.

These, and also R. F. Mulley, 5th in the S.A.A.A. Boys' race and a valuable member of the School senior team, were given full colours; while half colours went to G. M. Bowers, I. J. Campbell and R. Cracknell, Bowers finishing an excellent 3rd in a field of 100 at Beyton and going on to qualify as reserve for the Suffolk Schools Intermediate team. I. R. Napier, with a most useful 11th place in the Youths' race on March 11th, H. C. Bishop, D. W. Chapman, J. A. H. Knight and R. N. W. Smith were others to wear the School vest with distinction.

Junior Colours were given to T. P. Austin and R. L. Howe. There is an apparent dearth of cross-country runners of the expected quality in the Middle School, and a School team as a consequence lost to Soham for the first time.

P.F.J.D

RESULTS

West Suffolk Inter-School Championships

February 19th (at Beyton).

Senior Race

2 complete teams: 1st K.E.S.; 2nd Newmarket G.S.

Intermediate Race

1st K.E.S. "X", 82; 2nd Silver Jubilee School, 161; 3rd Stoke-by-Nayland, 163; 9 other teams (including K.E.S. "Y" 10th).

Junior Race

1st Silver Jubilee School, 61; 2nd Stoke-by-Nayland, 138; 3rd Sudbury Mod. Sec. School, 154; 4th K.E.S., 171; 8 other teams.

K.E.S. versus Northgate G.S.

February 15th (at Ipswich).

Senior Race

1st K.E.S., 16; 2nd Northgate G.S., 20.

Suffolk County A.A.A. Championships

March 7th (at K.E.S.).

Youths' Race

1st Ipswich School, 22; 2nd K.E.S. "A", 24; 3rd K.E.S. "B", 73; 3 other teams.

Boys' Race

1st Royal Hospital School, Holbrook, 10; 2nd Ipswich School, 48; 3rd K.E.S. "A", 76; 10 other teams (including K.E.S. "B" 12th).

Quadrangular Match

March 11th (at Soham)

Senior Race

1st Royal Hospital School, Holbrook, 15; 2nd K.E.S., 44; 3rd Newport G.S., 75; 4th Soham G.S., 88.

Under 15 Race

1st Royal Hospital School, Holbrook, 16; 2nd Soham G.S., 68; 3rd K.E.S., 71; 4th Newport G.S., 78.

Forty boys, some coming from outlying villages, spent a cold two-hour vigil as markers. The school is grateful to them indeed, and also to Miss Kilpatrick, Mrs. Ronaldson and six boys for providing refreshment for about 150.

Inter-House Races

Senior

1st S. A. Wheeler; 2nd R. A. Mortlock; 3rd G. M. Bowers; 4th G. J. A. Miller; 5th R. Cracknell; 6th I. R. Napier.

Houses:—School, Windsor, Lancastrian, Yorkist, Tudor, Stuart.

UNDER 15

1st T. P. Austin; 2nd R. L. Howe; 3rd D. Boyman; 4th D. M. Wallace; 5th L. G. Dover; 6th D. C. Bonney.

Houses:—School, Stuart, Lancastrian, Yorkist, Windsor, Tudor.

UNDER 13

1st S. W. Howlett; 2nd K. C. Barber; 3rd T. C. Smith; 4th I. P. Fresco; 5th J. A. Slater; 6th P. J. Ellis.

Houses: Lancastrian, Windsor, Yorkist, Tudor, School, Stuart.

C.C.F. NOTES

If one had to sum up the main activities of the C.C.F. in one word it would in all probability be "Courses" this term. During the Christmas leave period two were attended by cadets from this contingent. Two cadets returned successful from an apparently very interesting First Aid Course held at Colchester. An N.C.O. Cadre Course at Bedford caught the attention of three other cadets who all passed out, in fact two of them took the top places of the course.

During the actual term the Barracks again organised weekend Drill Courses which School cadets attended. The three cadets involved were all successful.

Fourteen cadets took their A.P.C. Part II exam and eight of them were successful, four of the remainder only failed in one subject. Sgt. Smith is to be congratulated on his credit mark.

On the 3rd of March the Contingent held its annual field-day. The battle-ground this year was at West-Tofts. The day's work proceeded with an attack planned by the N.C.O.s. Although all movements were carried out with average efficiency the attack was halted by two rather over-camouflaged cadets. The rest of the morning was used to teach cadets the elements of section attacks.

After refreshment, the C.C.F. undertook platoon attacks. The afternoon was valuably spent as cadets moved in platoons over a wide battlefield. One platoon however turned "rebel" and was not seen all afternoon!

This term generally has been a successful one for the C.C.F. Apart from the results of the courses and field-day most of the instruction work fell upon our own N.C.O.'s shoulders and therefore gave them valuable training and experience.

The range came into use this term and has been almost constantly used since. This surely is a great addition to the C.C.F. since it brings unparalleled enjoyment and that spark of enthusiasm which at times has been so sadly lacking.

D.A.G.B.

CHESS

... There has been no Chess, competitively speaking, at all this term. The House competition was run last term, and there have been no inter-school matches. A lack of practice is only too obvious in both the Junior and Senior teams. The Junior team particularly seemed to favour the policy of playing to their opponent's last move, rather than to any preconceived plan. In an attempt to remedy this, one of the Seniors gave about four lectures on two different openings, and the principles behind the opening play. It is hoped that these lectures will continue next term, and that at the end of them our Junior members will have some definite ideas in their minds before even the first move has been made. Next term I hope to include a new interest in the chess club activities.

D.R.F.

MUSIC CLUB

President: The Headmaster.

Chairman: C. R. King.

Secretary: M. J. R. Thompson.

Committee: I. R. Deeks, J. R. Otley, M. J. Painter,
Mr. J. O. Bridges.

Once again the committee have provided a varied and entertaining programme for the 41 members of the club during the term.

Talks on a wide range of subjects have featured prominently this term. P. M. Green and C. G. Baker gave a most interesting talk on string instruments; the speakers played the 'cello and violin to demonstrate the points of their talk. A new venture this term was a "Verse and Music" recital for which selected poetry and prose was read before a piece of music, dealing with the same or a similar theme, was played. J. Otley played the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight" sonata, the other musical quotations were on record. The club was very grateful to M. L. West for coming to speak. His subject was the "Life and works" of César Franck. Gramophone records were used to illustrate the talk. The club enjoyed a talk on jazz given by two of its senior members, M. Painter and C. Francis.

Again, this term the club had a "Record Request Week" and a "Desert Island Discs" programme, in which Mr. Farrow was the "castaway" and B. Harber the interviewer.

The ability of members was again shown when they took part in this term's concert. The club is grateful to those members for such a fine concert.

M.J.R.T.

RECITALS

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 5th, 1964

ELIZABETH WARLAND — PIANO

DAVID JOHNSON — TENOR

The programme consisted of five groups of songs: (i) 17th and 18th century songs; (ii) Lieder by Schubert; (iii) Songs by Benjamin Britten; (iv) Operatic Arias and (v) Folk Song Arrangements. The soloist commented helpfully and at some length on each group, so that the audience followed the performances attentively and appreciatively, favouring especially, it seemed, the operatic group of songs.

It was thoughtful and gracious of Mr. Johnston to include among his carefully chosen pieces some songs by Britten, whom Suffolk claims as her own composer; but these, unfortunately, did not make their best effect on this occasion, although "The Ploughboy" came near to a desired achievement. Schubert's "Das Wandern" and "Die Liebe Farbe" made a fine contrast, the singer displaying a masterly change in tone and mood from the one to the other of these numbers from "Die Schöne Müllerin."

The unaccompanied folk-song, "William Taylor," held the audience in rapt attention and amusement. For all the other items, Elizabeth Warland accompanied upon the piano with unobtrusive efficiency.

RECITAL

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4th, 1964

MARCELITA LOPEZ KABAYAO—PIANO

PROGRAMME

<i>Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue</i>	<i>Bach</i>
<i>Sonata in F major, No. 7 (K.332)</i>	<i>Mozart</i>
<i>Allegro; Adagio; Allegro assai</i>	
<i>Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2</i>	<i>Chopin</i>
<i>Sonata, No. 3, Op. 28</i>	<i>Prokofiev</i>
<i>Two Old Folksongs from the Philippines</i>	<i>Kabayao</i>
1. <i>Dandansoy</i> . 2. <i>Leron Leron Sinta</i> .	
<i>Jeux d'eau</i>	<i>Ravel</i>
<i>L'Isle Joyeuse</i>	<i>Debussy</i>

We were very fortunate indeed to have as our recitalist, the brilliant young Filipino pianist, Marcelita Lopez Kabayao. This recital was her second in England. Her first recital was at the Wigmore Hall in London. She received her first piano lessons at the age of three, and made her debut when she was seven years old. Since then, she has played in many countries throughout the world.

Miss Kabayao opened her recital with Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. Her fine technique was clearly displayed in this piece. The Mozart Sonata was played very well, but I felt that Miss Kabayao tended to over-accentuate the tonal contrasts and this marred the otherwise good performance.

Much vivid colouring was shown in the performance of Chopin's D flat Nocturne and Ravel's "Jeux d'eau." Prokofiev's third Sonata was one of the pieces I thought the audience most enjoyed.

Miss Kabayao seemed to be "more at home" when she played her own composition, an arrangement of two old folk songs from the Philippines. Debussy's "L'Isle Joyeuse" concluded a brilliant recital. As an encore, we were delighted with a short lively piece, "Musical Box."

Judging by the applause, the audience greatly enjoyed the recital.

J.R.O.

SCOUT NOTES

The Scouts have been severely hit by sports activities this term, and consequently little could be hoped for or achieved. Although there was a shortage of members at the meetings the number of Scouts has diminished to a size that we can handle more easily, and we also hope there will be more enthusiasm at future meetings.

The few members who attended most of the meetings during the term have enjoyed occupying their time well with explorations of the surrounding countryside, tracing the path of the River Lark in both directions from the school, and several wide games to some nearby woods and quarries.

Very few tests have been passed, but, in spite of other inconveniences several junior members have been prepared for investment. Our thanks to Mr. Woodhouse for testing Wright on the Astronomer Badge.

A patrol of Senior Scouts is being formed, and, in turn, there are several changes amongst the Junior Scouts who now only possess five small patrols. We hope the Senior Scouts will show enthusiasm at camps and other activities so that more might be achieved.

R.J.W.

THEATRE

HAMLET

On Friday, 7th February, a party went to the A.D.C. Theatre in Cambridge to see Gabor Cossa's production of "Hamlet."

In the title rôle, Michael Pennington gave us yet another interpretation of the Prince's character. His interpretation was one of an immature, highly emotional young man, at times arrogant, at times overwhelmed.

Peter Smith, as Polonius, succeeded in conveying a tiresome, old man, within limits. It is extremely difficult for youth to portray old age.

Ophelia, especially in her madness, was well played by Sarah Frederick. David Lascelles' Rosencrantz was extremely insignificant against John Quysner's Guildenstern, a fop producing a great deal of laughter. The two gravediggers were disappointing.

The general high standard was marred by the scenery and costumes. Tim Fell's scenery did nothing but clutter-up the stage throughout the performance, the main ramp being a very poor imitation of the scenery of the National Theatre's "Hamlet." The costumes were a great disappointment, being badly in need of a good clean.

A wandering stage-hand obtained the greatest laugh of the night, in conjunction with Claudius. The lights came on too soon, showing a stage-hand putting on a chair while Claudius was running on stage. His speech, "Must we suffer this man wandering about . . ." could hardly have been more appropriate. R.F.F

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The Dramatic Society's activities have been very much behind the scenes this term, but, by the time these notes have been printed, two important productions will have taken place.

The first of these will be an excerpt from the play, "The Love of Four Colonels," by Peter Ustinov. This will be performed at the Theatre Royal on Monday 27th April, and is the Society's contribution to the Suffolk Drama Festival. Among the schools taking part in this Festival are the County Grammar School for Girls and the Silver Jubilee Boys' School. Although the facilities available will not come up to the standard of a well-established theatre it will be a great honour to work in the historical theatre—and much valuable experience will be gained by members of the Dramatic Society.

The next play to take place at school will be "The Happiest Days of Your Life," a farce by John Dighton, which will be produced early next term. This play was chosen because it will provide the younger members of the Society with some acting experience. Rehearsals for both of these productions are now in "full swing."

It is also proposed to introduce an Inter-House Drama competition into the school, which will take place annually, halfway through the Autumn term. Each house will produce either a one-act play, or an excerpt from a larger play. The winning house will receive a commemorative trophy. C.R.K.

AN ENDLESS STORY

Something caused me to awake that night. I stared into the unrevealing darkness. Nothing was visible except the window but I could sense that someone was in the room. The interior of the room gradually took shape. The cupboard, the bookcase and the shadowy figure of a man formed out of the darkness. He was looking about the room. I reached for the button. Hearing me he turned in my direction. Alarm bells sounded somewhere and running footsteps echoed along the corridor towards my room. The master-key turned in the lock and as the door burst open an expression of enlightenment appeared on his face.

The door opened and a tall fair-haired man strode in. I scowled at him; he could have knocked. After closing the door he seated himself in the more comfortable chair, took out a cigarette and lit it.

"Hello," I said. A short silence ensued.

"I'm from Military Intelligence," he said, realising something was required of him. "I've just interrogated your visitor." I had told our security chief all I knew. This I explained to him. What more could he want? I tactfully suggested that he should leave. I was inwardly pleased when he rose to his feet and stubbed out his cigarette. He walked to the window. Having decided that my visitor had not climbed through a window behind the security officers' hut, he decided to bait his hook.

"He comes from the future you know." I contemplated it but like the wary dace I kept my distance. I made a quick decision and then I was hooked.

The Military Intelligence Man said: "I'll tell you the story as though it were true, which it is not. He works here at the Rocket Research Department. In the year nineteen-eighty-seven he was sent back into the past, the present to us, by a dentist's drill. That's how he visited you in nineteen-sixty-five. He would like to see Dr. Mason."

"I'll see him. What's his name?" I asked.

"Oh! Don't you know? He says it's Dr. Mason."

Dr. Mason made Dr. Mason rather confused when they met. He was myself from the future come back in time so now there were two of us. He had many other absurd ideas but one thing was clear. He knew more than he should about the work I was associated with. He was insistent that the new rocket plane would blow up on her maiden flight. I soon formed the opinion that either he was a mad spy, or a lunatic who was not careful where he left bombs lying about. A bomb was soon found.

"I forgot about the bomb," he said quietly when I saw him the next day. "It will still blow up. A fault in the rocket motor. I can soon show you it. But spies or madmen are not allowed near top secret planes."

He escaped from custody later that day and the security officers reported a gun missing. In the afternoon he sneaked into the hangar and quickly knocked out the security officer on duty there. From a corner of the hanger I saw him fire a shot in the air and run towards the plane. The fitters at work on it ran for cover. I picked up the fallen guard's gun and chased after him. He clambered onto the plane and peered into the rocket tailpipe. He fired another warning shot towards the now conscious guard. I fired and he fell to the ground.

"Don't ever blame yourself," he told me. "It had to happen. I knew it would but I had to try." He was dead before the ambulance arrived.

* * * * *

After the crash the Opposition tackled a "censure motion" over the way the government wasted public money. Britain should "stop pretending to be an independent space power. We should set an example to other powers by abandoning the space race now!" The opposition was, in fact, firmly convinced that Britain had begun the space race.

Many Ban the Space Plane campaigners paid ten-pound fines for the privilege of sitting in the rain in Trafalgar Square, and the police put forward a claim for extra pay.

* * * * *

"I'll use one of the new drills," said the dentist. "They've been modified, so it's safe now." I hoped so for several people had been nearly electrocuted with one. The drill bore in. There was a hot searing pain followed by a pleasant sensation that I could associate with none of the normal senses. It soon passed. The drill had stopped and I could see nothing. I looked around anxiously. I could see a window. It seemed that I was in a fairly small room, but how could I be? I heard something move on my left. I turned in that direction. Alarm bells sounded somewhere and running footsteps echoed along the corridor towards the room. A key turned in the lock and as the door burst open enlightenment came to me.

R. N. COOK, 5.F.

TWO RAPES OF 'THE RAPE.'

LIFE AT K.E.G.S.

Close by those Fields forever cut with Mowers,
Where Lark with Pride surveys her falling Tow'rs,
There stands a Structure of Victorian Frame
Which from the Royal Edward takes its Name.
Here Bury's Scholars oft the Fall foredoom
Of Tyrant Masters, and of Nymphs at Home;
Here thou, Great Master, whom six years obey,
Dost sometimes lessons take—but most times tea.
Hither the Brainchilds and the Blocks resort
To taste awhile the Pleasures of the taught;
In divers Talk the dreary hours they past,
Who did the Prep, or paid the Sports-Sub last:
One speaks the Glory of a Beauty Queen,
And one describes a charming Wrestling scene;
A third bemoans Detentions, Lines and Lies;
At ev'ry Desk there Discontentment sighs.
Puffs of the Fag supply each Pause of Chat,
With Shouting, Kicking, Punching and all that!

S. N. CRISP, 5.F.

WANDSWORTH

Close by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs.
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Wandsworth takes its name.
Here Britain's con men oft the fall foredoom
Of banks and such, and of a rich man's home;
Here Thou, Great Guv'nor! Whom three gangs obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes pay!
Hither the gangsters and the crooks resort,
To taste awhile the sentence of a Court;
In various talk the long, long hours they past,
Who robbed the bank, or came to prison last:
One speaks the harshness of the British law,
And one describes a brilliant plan for more—
Of money, cash, mezooma, and of lard;
At ev'ry word a bank's repute is marred.

B. H. N. WOODROW, 5.F.

GOT HIM!

The sunlight distils softly through the gaunt branches,
The nip in the air bids the day awake;
And a gentle breeze nestles the forsaken leaves about my feet.
A late dragonfly rustles earnestly across the water,
A lone chiff-chaff warbles on
And the squirrel forlornly rummages above my head.
Movement out over the water?
The sunlight dazzles; I cannot see.
Now my line slips out.
A bite!
"Strike!"
He rushes frantically for the weeds,
Gentle pressure turns him, but still he surrenders not;
He bores straight in. Tighten the gut!
Now he is tiring—he will soon be mine
A last defiant flick as he slides over the net.
Gently lift him out; and my day is made.

PEARMAN, 6.1.

THE AGED

At first they came twice a week: "Just came to see how you were getting on, Grandma," they used to say, characteristically, but with a look of obligation in their eyes.

That was only the beginning, however, and after a short drift of time she gladly welcomed them only once a month.

That was years ago, however. She did not know how many years! perhaps eight, she thought. Since then she had suffered eight long, hard years alone and unvisited.

During none of that time, however, had she yielded to ask for charity—in her old eyes a certain sign of weakness. She had managed on her Old Age Pension and the few pounds that she and her husband had scraped together. That was the start of it all—the death of her husband—she had died then really, but the grief did not conquer her aged body, and she lingered on.

That same day, however, she had been released from her pathetic, pain-stricken world into a better one—anything would be better, she felt. And now, while the wind lashed her window-pane with stormy gusts of rain, while the moth tore great holes in her simple wardrobe of clothes, and while the black beetle shuttled across the worn, rough carpet, she slept heedlessly—in the old armchair in which her grandmother had often sat, and which she, herself, had occupied many times, knitting and talking, hour upon hour, with her husband now long dead.

A. J. LAST, 5.F.

BEANS

Stink. Sweat. Smoke. Jake paused at the swinging saloon doors, then, instinctively adjusting his gun-belt, strode in. A long bar stretched along one side of the great room; gaudy hostesses flaunted around the tables as the mean-eyed cowboy made his way to where the barkeep stood.

"Beer," grunted Jake, and the barkeep, his close-set eyes frightened, noting the lowslung iron and the black clothing, hurriedly placed the foaming brew before him.

Slowly the gunman slid round to face the room, his arms outspread on either side of his body. The chips of chilled ice that were his eyes swept round the scene: the tables filled with sweating, poker-playing cowboys. The bar itself was propped up by others, all anxious to wash the trail-dust down their parched gullets as quickly as possible.

He exuded death and killing as he lounged there, but here was someone obviously intent on talking to him, wending his way through the rabble. The hombre was prosperous-looking: probably had a big spread out Tucson way.

The rancher stopped before Jake:

"Howdy, friend!"

"Friend?"

"Why, sure! Name's Hanson. Pleased to meet you." He extended a hand, which the gunman ignored.

"Been in Town long, cowboy?"

"Nope."

"Stayin'?"

"Mebbe."

"Done much work with beeves?"

"Some."

"You're mebbe handy," he hesitated momentarily, "handy with an iron?"

The cold eyes of the gunman slid like a snake's on to the rancher's fat face. Without moving his eyes, he drew his iron and shot the ash from the cigarette of a cowboy 30 feet away. The eyes flickered away from the face.

The rancher ran his tongue over his lips, nervously.

"My spread is the Slimy S. I'm short a hand, stranger: you're mebbe looking fer somewhere to sling your saddle?"

Jake sneered, non-committally.

"Bunkhouse is real comfortable."

The gunman finished his beer and spat heavily onto the sawdust.

"Meals best in the County." Vague interest became apparent on the cowboy's mean features.

"Fifty a month and beans," added the rancher, hopefully.

Amazed delight spread over Jake's sour face.

"BEANS!!" he exclaimed unbelievably, "BEANS!!! Mr. Hanson, you have just hired yourself a hand, yes, SIR!" Happily, he ordered another beer and surveyed the room again. But this time, his eyes were warm.

R. A. EDWARDS, 6.2.

INSTRUCTIONS FROM AN ART MASTER

Draw this boy.

No, don't use that paper—it is too thin—use this.
That pencil will smudge you know;
It would be wiser to use one made of wax.

Sit still! I know it's hard, but we've hardly begun.

Now, let's not forget our basic facts:
The human body consists of three oval shapes,
Two arms, and two legs.

Sit still! Read your book!

Don't draw the eyes too high on the head,
And the mouth is half way between the end
Of the nose, and the chin.

Sit still!—No, you cannot chew!

The nose does not lie in a flat plane
Between the forehead and the chin:
It is built out in a triangular fashion.

Sit still! You can have a break soon.

Your drawing is too timid; be more bold,
And do not make your lines too rigid:
Let them flow from your pencil as ink from a pen.

Sit still! Keep quiet!

You are mixing shadow up with colour,
They are quite distinct. Represent only the shadow,
And not the colour.

Sit still! And please do not speak.

We are now in the difficult process of drawing
Your mouth. The ears are between the top of the eyes
And the tip of the nose.

Sit still!—Oh!

*Why did you not inform me that the chair was
collapsing?*

C. R. KING, 6.1.

THE EARTH MOVERS

What is the fascination?

Where is the irresistible pull?

"Men and women anywhere
Go to excavations everywhere!"

"But why?"

"You ask me why? Have you never felt

The fascination,
The irresistible pull?"

"Of what?"

"You ask me what?
Of excavations everywhere!"

"To see?"

"To see them!"

"Them?"

"The leviathans! those huge and heavy machines
Coloured yellow and orange and green.

They roll slowly, inexorably, surely.

Over the ridged, turned earth

Of browns and reds.

They pant and shift and heave.

Gleaming rods

Hiss out of oiled jackets,
And move articulated jaws

To chew the ground.

Blunt teeth open,

And deposit mountains

Of sliding earth."

"But where

The fascination and irresistible pull?"

Commuter, executive, mistress,

All are with the man

Who controls

The questing shape!

J. RIMMER, 6.2

THE END OF DAY

And now there's dark where once was light:

Silence settles through the land

The day is sinking with the sun:

The Sun sinks out of sight.

For now all things are still

And darkness reigns supreme.

I sink through slumber's satin sea

And float into a dream.

C. LOMZIK, 5.M.

PROLETARIAN BLISS

Dad sits—
His eyes two blood shot squares.
Fixed on the heaving sweaty bodies,
Bathing,
Grunting,
Contorting,
Bruiser Beast—seventeen stone two—
Has the big toe of Black Pierre
(Champion of Marseilles)
He is slowly twisting it.
While he sits squarely
On Pierre's diaphragm—
Dad grunts in sympathy
"Do the French Basket,
He always fights dirty."
Rolling flesh,
Furrowed faces,
Synthetic grunts of agony
Dad doing his nut
The door opens—
Mum's smiling face
With the Tele Tray—
Cups of Milo,
Bread spread with Stork,
Gale's Honey
And the soup with the heart.
This is my Saturday afternoon.

S. W. PLAYLE, 3.M.

WORDS

Words fail:
Words destroy thought;
Entangle it in itself
Until it is lost—gone forever.
Wakeful souls yearn to pour
Healing thoughts onto their world—
And searching—can find only words,
Which turn them sour until—
No longer worthy—they are discarded.
Dead seeds left on barren ground
Seeds which might have grown
Into a plant whose fruits of light
And comprehension would be plucked
And greedily devoured.
But words o'ercome all—save the few—
Or carry but a shadow,
Which is more bitterly resented
Than defeat itself.

B. W. DOUGLAS, 6.1.

T.V. OR NO T.V

T.V. or no T.V.: that is the problem
Whether 'tis better in the home to endure
Those dreadful programmes which we often see,
Or to revolt against that box of trouble
And by opposing, sell it? T.V. no more—
But by a quick sale can we say we end
The square eyes and th'unprecedented stare
Caused by the telly—'tis a proposition
That should be long considered. The T.V. gone;
All gone! perhaps for ever: ah! there's a point;
For in the next few days the thoughts that come
When we have thoughtlessly got rid of it
Must make us pause: there's the point
That makes the ultimate decision hard.
For who would bear the rubbish in those adverts,
"Play of the Week," or "Coronation Street,"
Or "What the Papers Say," "It's Dark Outside,"
Detergents washing whitest, or the "Flash"
That cuts the kitchen cleaning time by half,
When he himself could end the dreadful row
By "flogging" it? I ask you who would not
This simple task perform without delay,
But for the dread of something after sale—
Those endless evenings in which we find
Nothing at all to do—that gives us thought,
And makes us rather bear the row we have
Than risk some other that we know not of
And thus the dreadful task of the decision
Is covered over by enormous doubt.

H. C. BISHOP, 6.1.

IN WAKE OF BATTLE

The field was a shambles, all covered in blood;
With swords, shields and helmets sunk deep in the mud.
Here lies an arm and there lies a head;
Wounded and bleeding, dying and dead.
The relatives weeping because of their lost;
For they all hate fighting, as death is the cost.
Villagers wait for the news that they dread;
Wounded and bleeding, dying and dead.
Oh let us live happily, free from this strife;
Let each man stop fighting and not lose his life.
Remember the soldiers and those that have bled,
Wounded and bleeding, dying and dead.

B. FRESCO, 3.M.

THE FAIR

They come in lorries,
They come in vans,
They come in old caravans.

Some are Women,
Some are Men
Some will never
Come again.

Up goes a tent
Up goes a stall,
There's work and money
For all.

These men and women
Belong to the Fair,
And when they are there
There's fun in the air
Down comes a tent
Down comes a stall
There's still work and money
For all.

They go in lorries
They go in vans
They go in old caravans.

S. R. HALLS, 2.M.

THE EAST END RIPPER

It was midnight as the town clock struck twelve o'clock. Mr. Higgins was walking home from the pub, when suddenly out of the swirling mist came a figure.

Mr. Higgins shrank back, his scalp tingling. Although he was drunk, he could remember the macabre stories told of this region.

The form was tall, with an odd-shaped head, and its feet were large, and made the cobbles echo with every pounding step. In its hand Mr. Higgins could see a long black club, with a gnarled handle. The figure was dressed in black, and had a long face with an enormous nose.

Mr. Higgins turned and ran, but a great hand shot out and clenched his shoulder with a grip like steel. He screamed, kicked, and struggled, but he could not escape.

Next morning, as the fog swirled around the building, like a great grey ghost, Mr. Higgins awoke in a cell, on the charges of being drunk and resisting arrest.

R. LAW, 3.F.

OLD BURIANS' ASSOCIATION

President: Lord Wise

Chairman: J. McM. Abbott.

Hon. Sec.: John Knox, Preston Manor, Lavenham, Sudbury,
Suffolk

Although the origins of the O.B.A. may be veiled in the mists of antiquity, the present membership has not only kept the association well and truly alive, but it has also made a firm and successful effort to keep pace with the tremendous competition which is offered by the multitudinous other organisations, both sport and social kinds, which normally attract school leavers.

The whole idea of the association is to create and maintain a fellowship amongst Old Burians of all ages. It is largely for this reason that the meetings are as informal as possible, and usually held in the convivial atmosphere of a tavern.

As in any other organisation, some sort of regular procedure is adopted for the conduct of business matters. The Chairman and the Committee are elected at the Annual General Meeting, and for the following year hold meetings on the last Friday of the month. Any Old Burian is welcome to attend these meetings, because they generally wind up with a social hob-nob, and, above all, an opportunity of making new friends as well as renewing old acquaintances. The Sports Committee are also keen to learn of anyone wishing to play regularly in addition to the fixtures with the School.

A good deal of work goes on behind the scenes, and it is well worth it when the year culminates in the highly successful Ladies' Night Dinner-Dances which have been held over the last few years.

Perhaps the following extracts from the Minutes of an O.B.A. Annual General Meeting may be of interest.

"In his report for the year, the Chairman mentioned the success of the Ladies' Night Dinner-Dance, and said that the Committee deserve greater support for their efforts. The help and support of the School staff, not only for this event, but also for all O.B.A. activities for the year was thoroughly appreciated. The Chairman had held his office for nine years, and he felt that the Association would benefit from a younger leader. He wound up with his thanks to all for their support during the last year.

The Secretary presented his report in which he echoed a number of the Chairman's comments. He also spoke of the lack of response to circulars. In view of this, the list had been reduced substantially.

Treasurer's Report. The Treasurer produced a statement which showed a promising situation. The Ladies' Night showed a credit balance of £13 compared with a loss on previous years. He had sent out 60 reminders for subs., but had received only six replies. This was very disappointing as the income from subs. covered the running of the Association.

The Sports Secretary reported the results of the year's fixtures against the School. The league football team had not been quite so successful again but they had enjoyed the games. The Secretary would try to arrange for a fives match against the School for the morning of the football match. He again repeated that players should be Association members.

Then followed the election of Officers, and sundry other business."

These extracts, chosen for no particular event or reason, show that the Association is thriving. The interest of more and more members is urged to keep it so. It is worthy of mention here that, as the Chairman said at the A.G.M., the O.B.A. enjoys the splendid co-operation and interest of the School Staff, quite a number of whom make regular attendance at meetings and materially assist the Association in every possible way.

"AND SOME THERE BE WHICH HAVE NO MEMORIAL"

There are probably few schools in the country with a more distinguished list of Old Boys than King Edward VI School. An archbishop, a duke, Lord Chancellors—it is a list containing some of the greatest names of the last four hundred years.

Perhaps it is strange that any made their mark at all considering the death rate at School and afterwards. Smallpox was a frequent visitor and in 1711 killed six boys including Henry Davers. For him it was probably a pleasant relief as his brother, Admiral Davers, was killed by a cannonball while his cousins came to even stickier ends:— Robert (scalped by Indians), Charles and Thomas (shot themselves in a greenhouse on Angel Hill) and another Thomas who merely "died by his own hand." Some Old Burians even helped each other on their way (one by name Rokewood did not succeed on a certain November 5th but paid the penalty later) when no doubt the Corn Exchange bills read:—

Thomas King v Sir Seuster Peyton

Hon. Wm. Tollemache v Hon. Wm. Carnegie

Few survived these bouts! Even more harmless pastimes have produced dire results for in 1831 the Bishop of Peterborough's son was killed in a cricket match at School. Little wonder that Royal Chaplain Keller preached such sermons as the one on the virtues of being killed in a well bucket!

In an age when the younger generation are condemned, it is interesting to note that a hundred years ago William Nunn had to be chained to his music stand while he practised. Of John Lawton all that is recorded is that he was threatened with expulsion for being insolent. Two who succeeded in leaving by these means were George Plampin (later a distinguished clergyman) and Thomas Sparrow who locked the headmaster out.

One virtue which Bury School seems to have induced was a love for Suffolk. Some took this to extremes including a vicar of Coney Weston who stayed in the parish for 73 years and never ventured further than Lakenheath. Bury Gaol seems to have provided almost continuous employment for Old Burian clergy for three centuries. William Pyke stayed there 40 years—as chaplain. It seems, however, to be those that roved who achieved "real fame" for William Young about 1850 found himself the adopted son of King George of Tonga. Perhaps pride of place in the halls of strange Old Burians belongs to Sir Arthur Beckwith. After "not graduating" at Cambridge he left on his travels and ten years later became King—of Madagascar in 1700!

D.L

ALLEZ-OOP!

When one is standing at the foot of the Eiffel Tower, one thinks one has some idea of the scale of that iron edifice. Having ascended the structure one is inclined to recall Shakespeare's words: "Poor fool, how they have baffled thee." The base of the tower exists only in the form of four iron girders tethered to the ground by a thick veneer of concrete. These girders rise diagonally to the first floor, a mere 57 metres above ground.

Two, somewhat apprehensive, Burians entered a lift along with thirty or so other people, the door slid silently into place, and we were slowly pulled off the ground—not straight up as is normal with a lift—but diagonally. The city of Paris stretched out before us and the higher we went the more it seemed as if we were leaving the city in some new type of aeroplane. Then the lift slowed and the first floor was reached. A brief pause to exhale passengers, and once more we were rising skywards. The girders were few and far between, the space all around us seemed to increase.

At the second floor it was all change for the top. Through a combination of the ambiguous nature of the un-English signs, and an application of a theory that what goes up goes up, we contrived to enter the wrong lift, and found ourselves back on the first floor. We then retired to the café on the premier étage to review the situation and work out a plan to beat the French signs. Later we ascended to the second floor, a height of 115 metres. Here the four columns unite, and the greater part of the tower rises in a central section to the third floor. A long queue had formed by

the lift shaft, most of which were Americans. It took a quarter of an hour for the lift to arrive from up top, this gave us some idea of the height still remaining.

Now, at any rate, we were sure that the next stop was the top, or so we thought! After five minutes' ride straight up into the sky in a box with seventy people the driving force ceased, and we just dangled around waiting for something to happen. The glass walls of the lift began to mist over. Then an event occurred which might frighten anyone who had not studied the tower well with a telescope before making the ascent. The lift-man got out, indicating that his seventy passengers should do the same. Well we did not mind obliging him, after all he was a nice enough chap, but there was nowhere to get out onto! Suddenly, whoosh!—another lift dropped out of the sky and hovered yo-yo fashion about ten inches from our box. A door opened and a whole army of people started slowly but surely pushing themselves into our lift, we were forced out of the door into their lift. The space between the two lifts enabled one to see right down to the floor below. The third floor was finally reached and we were surprised to find a shop and a bar up there only 280 meters above terra firma. A few steps soon took us up onto the roof of the bar where we emerged onto what seemed like the roof of the world. The wind threatened to blow us over the edge and it was several minutes before we had summoned up enough courage to look over the railing and look down, but it was really worth it. The iron girders swept gracefully down 280 meters to the ground where full grown trees seemed but pot plants. The River Seine resembled a motorway in its sombre colour and not a movement could be seen. The view was "vraiment incroyable".

Later in the day we discovered that no less than 2,500,000 rivets hold 15,000 pieces of metal together in that unique structure and it was built in the year 1887. A thunderstorm was raging outside; we were thankful not to be up the tower as lightning flashed around it.

D. E. WESTON.

A LETTER FROM ALDERMASTON

I have always felt the urge to be a journalist, or even just one of those people who write one highly successful story book and then retire on the proceeds, and are for ever after introduced at parties as "Mr. So-and-So, the Author" (always with a capital *and* underlined at the *best* parties). . . . But do you know, when I sit down to try and answer the simple question "What have you done towards your ambition?" I am in an awful spot, so I have decided to let my old friends know that so far I have done one thing toward a career in journalism, and that in one word . . . Nothing.

Grandmothers can have an awful lot of influence upon the son of a favourite daughter, and it was soon decided that I should become an apprentice with that admirable institution known now as the Marconi Company. They taught their apprentices everything about electronics and attempted to give them an interest in the trade. In three years the sports and social club taught me to sail and canoe, and that essential ability, the propulsion of a punt with a pole which should only enter the water on one side of the boat, and gave me more than an interest in Mixed Hockey.

Of course the simple things I remembered from the "8 to 5" part of the apprenticeship served me well when the Air Force decided me worthy of two stripes after twelve weeks holiday in the beauties of Staffordshire and the wonders of Wiltshire. Of course they too decided to teach me something and in the six weeks of holiday per year graciously donated to us as essential to our well being I discovered the beauties of the network of canals which once covered all of Britain with their silver veins. I discovered, too, the dogged determination of those still living the lonely boatman's life, his world a cabin seven by ten in a boat seven by seventy, his street a winding ribbon of water perhaps from Reading to Bristol, or Wolverhampton to Chester.

I joined them for a time, when I was crew in the first boat to pass the locks of the Basingstoke Canal since 1946; when I was mate on the narrow boat "Margaret" when it became the first horse drawn boat to travel the Grand Union Canals since that same time; and when, as steerer, as the honour is called, I saw the narrow boat "Clara" through the meanderings of the main line of a canal built by an uneducated wheelwright, who did his job so well that even today the boatman uses locks of a design almost forgotten in the rest of the country, and travels nearly three times as far as the proverbial crow would fly since that same wheelwright believed that the longer a Canal the more places it passes. . . .

But military service is nothing without a trip abroad and after a very important period of training in radio direction-finding I was sent to that delectable desert known as Christmas Island. Inhabited mainly by land crabs and houseflies Christmas was once a thriving coconut plantation. Now it is one of the most comforting places in the Air Force's selection of holidays in the sun. Imagine it, two degree north of the equator, first-class airport, free accommodation, stage and cinema entertainments and its own radio station. I soon settled down as Chief Projectionist at the cinema.

I was later given a week's holiday at Waikiki, *the* Waikiki, in Hawaii, and sent to a smaller island as acting NAAFI. Here my training re-asserted itself and I was able to get down to some real work. The natives taught me to play the ukelele and their children to speak the language, "Taetae ni Kiribatiti" if you don't mind me using the phrase. A very useful language for

which I developed respect when I discovered that "I tangira" means "I love", and "I prefer" as well as being the everyday request "I want".

All things come to an end and I found myself back in England as a factory charge hand almost before you could say "Would you like to stay in for another eight years?". But the Itchy Feet were calling and after exploring the Fenland rivers with my own boat, and learning to like folk dancing I decided to settle down and become a domesticated animal, leaving for work regularly and returning to a happy home. So I thought I'd better have a wife. Now this was not too easy, my girl friends tired of waiting for me to return from the Pacific and married a doctor instead, so after another unfortunate choice, my eye fell upon the Ideal Girl. It was just after Easter when I saw her, in Bury St. Edmunds at that . . . The trapeze artist in a family Circus.

I followed the show for a couple of months and then suddenly, inexplicably lost it . . . But the proprietor had made me an offer, a holiday with the show, so writing to him as soon as I knew the dates I asked and waited. "Please do come and see us," said the eagerly awaited reply. So leaping into action I did. It was just as before, exactly as I remembered it. I asked my burning question, barely able to ask in case I gave away my feelings. "Oh, her. She ran away with the Billposter last month." But although I had lost her I enjoyed my holiday which was on Walt Disney's film set for "The Three Lives of Thomasina" in the beautiful countryside around Pinewood Studios. I can most certainly recommend film making as a holiday!

Now billposters in the circus seem to do lots of things as I found out, for having sold my little motor cruiser I then was able to enjoy the pleasure of travelling with this show until the end of the season. I soon found that even if I was a billposter this was the thing I did least of. I might do anything from holding the lead of a hundredweight of determined Himalayan Bear, to leading a little pony in the ring, to arguing the price of a bullock's head for the lionesses supper—anything except . . . post bills. The one thing that surprised me was work; work, work and more work, and I enjoyed it. One day they asked me to go on the road again, and without thinking, I went. Another season has passed and with it I have worked in a Circus with a four pole tent, with a two pole tent, and a one pole tent. I even became a clown in the course of my duty!

And next time someone tells you a Circus clown has an easy job, don't believe him. To you, sitting in your seat precariously balancing your programme and trying to decide whether to have a choc ice or a tub, it may look easy but believe me it isn't . . . I've tried. My job had included rigging the lights and the gramophone speaker, putting on the records, and seeing that the props were on hand, and of course I had ample opportunity to listen

to and watch all the activities of the clowns, or "Augustes" as the popular painted-faced tramp is more correctly named. And when the equestrian side of the show went off one Saturday to perform in a gala taking half the staff with it, there was a vacancy for a clown. Have you ever tried standing two chairs on their legs, ten feet apart when a rope from back to back requires them to stay within nine? The obvious calamity, when one chair overbalances the other, surprises the operator almost as much as it is expected by the audience. That little incident, taking less than a minute may be the results of years of experience and hours of practice.

That's it for now; I can't write the next paragraph until I live it. Our show should have opened on May 1st in Johannesburg and I'll have another chapter toward the book. If any Old Burian comes around he will be more than welcome. Maybe I'll develop into an author yet.

X. BENDALL.

NEWS OF OLD BOYS

T. W. Blumfield who was at the School from 1941 to 1948 and obtained a B.Sc. Hons. Degree in Chemistry at Nottingham in 1951, is now married with two children, and is living near Melton Mowbray. He is now employed as a sales representative by the Geigy Co. Ltd., before which he was a textile chemist with the Bradford Dyers Association.

C. D. Phillips (1946-1953) is now working for the Bata Shoe Company in Southern Rhodesia as Deputy Export Manager. He flew home for five weeks leave at Christmas, and returned on January 26th. Since then he has been transferred to the Company's Headquarters in Tuoka, Northern Rhodesia.

P. R. Lilly is now an Apprentice Accountant of Cost and Works with the Dunlop Rubber Company at Manchester.

John A. Crick hopes to take a Post-Graduate course at Wye College in Kent for Farm Business Administration.

O. C. M. Jennings spent a short time in India on a research project in the early part of this year. He took advantage of his homeward trip via the U.S.A. to call and spend a few days with youngest brother C. R. Jennings who lives at West Ryde, Sydney, N.S.W.

M. O. R. Minns, T. W. Blumfield, the Watsham brothers, R. L. Steele, D. W. Marriott, A. F. Jennings and J. Tripp were amongst the many Old Burians who live away from Bury St. Edmunds who returned for the Ladies' Night Dinner-Dance this year.

D. Buck is training in computer work, and has passed his first programming course.

M. Spence, following a similar career, talks about a machine handling half a million banking accounts.

E. H. Pask hopes to give an organ recital at School if his five choirs and numerous concerts permit.

G. Snell hopes to enter the University next October, and in the meanwhile has undertaken Community Service work in Birmingham.

R. Burges Watson is now at the British Embassy, Bamako, Mali, French West Africa.

M. F. H. Simpson hopes to have a play produced in the Third Programme shortly.

Congratulations to R. J. Davies on his Diploma in Technology, and to C. E. I. Bailey on passing his Bar Finals.

B. R. Payne is with the International Atomic Agency in Vienna, working on the peaceful uses of atomic energy.

J. A. Nicholson is hoping for a teaching appointment in East Africa.

SCHOOL NOTES

Unlike last year's, this term's sport has not been upset by the weather, the hockey matches against Culford being the only ones cancelled. As usual, our cross-country runners have represented the School well, one being chosen as a Suffolk reserve for the All-England championships.

This Easter a party of boys are going to Paris, while during this term, a number of boys went to Colchester to see "Julius Caesar." This term both recitals have been of an exceptionally high standard, over 100 boys attending each recital.

This term we have entered four teams for "Opinion," a discussion competition for schools and youth groups, one team obtaining first place in its group and going on to the area finals.

Senior Hockey Champions were Windsors, while School House won the Junior Championship.

Burian prizes for the last edition were won by Mills 6.2, Rimmer, 6.2, and Orbell, M. J., 2M.

M.F.P.

VALETE

Fifth Form: Knock, D. J. (December). *Fourth Form:* Austin, D. J.; Fairley, M. W. (December). *Third Form:* Critchley, R. J.; Hurrell, S. J. *Second Form:* Armstrong, E. *First Form:* Walker, S. A.

