

The Burian



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

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Editorial

The original Burian magazine came to an end in 1886. Publication was resumed in April, 1895, with the magazine its present size. We have entered, then, the seventy-third year of continuous production.

There is nothing that requires so little thought, so little effort, as criticism of a school magazine. Yet, term by term, the history of a school is being written. And the boys of the school are the authors.

Headmaster's Notes

We were very sad indeed to hear of the death of Mrs. J. R. M. Wright. Although the wife of the Comptroller, she moved around amongst us in a quiet, unobtrusive way at School functions, and sought no place on the platform, but her interest was very real.

Dr. O. Wood first joined the Staff of the School in 1942. He left us, for one term only, in July, 1944, returning in January, 1945. He retires at the end of this term. Twenty-five years is a long time, but we had looked forward to an even longer time. We say farewell with regret, but with gratitude. Many boys found themselves historians in spite of themselves.

Our best wishes also go to Mr. A. F. Taylor who leaves us this term for a post in London.

At the moment we are busily expending £800 in the examination room—that is what it costs us to enter our 'A' and 'O' level candidates each summer, usually about 150 in number. But let's look at it another way—there were 466 subject passes last year at one level or the other.

Sports Day was rather bleak, but we completed our programme. The Founders' Day Service was excellently supported, and the singing outstanding. But the highlight of the term has been the address of Lord Wells-Pestell on Speech Day. I am indebted to the East Anglian Daily Times for the following summary.

A major aim of education should be to cultivate concern for the thoughts, feelings, wants and needs of other people, urged Lord Wells-Pestell at the speech day of King Edward VI Grammar School.

Addressing the boys and a large gathering of parents and friends, Lord Wells-Pestell, a sociologist, who lives at Combs, Stowmarket, said he believed we were on the threshold of a new era, and were living in a frightening period, in a state of balanced terror, in which man seemed bent on his own destruction.

Most people were bewitched, bothered and bewildered by events of today. The civilisation of the world appeared to be in the hands of a few powerful people, any one of whom could destroy civilisation by a press of a button.

Yet the maintenance and continuance of everyday life, the wellbeing of the community, would depend more and more not less and less on people "like you and me".

The things in life that were really worth while were integrity, sincerity and moral courage, and the power of decision. We could not go through life running with the hare and hunting with the hounds as some people seemed to do who wanted to be popular.

"We must be prepared to take a stand for that which we believe to be right and not shelve responsibility," Lord Wells-Pestell continued. "Taking the right line may mean risking popularity . . . I think we are born with a debt to society we can never repay. Man owes something to man. It is not the clothes a man wears, or the job he does. It is the kind of man he really is.

"Many people try to prove their patriotism to their country. The real test is what we are prepared to do for it. . . . The power to do what is right rests with each one of us and it is a power and a right we should exercise."

The Dramatic Society

The Summer term's activities have been devoted to preparations for the presentation of "And so ad infinitum", better known as the "Insect Play", which is reported elsewhere. The Theatre visits, accounts of which are also to be found in this edition of the Burian, were also sponsored by the Dramatic Society.

Because several members of the Society Committee leave at the end of this term it has been necessary to elect successors. Douglas Watson now becomes chairman of the committee, with Reginald Allen as publicity manager and Stephen Paske as chief electrician. Their testing time lies ahead with the presentation at the Theatre Royal of the first part of "Henry IV" in October next. The casting for this play is now complete, and is notable for the inclusion of a deal of new blood in some of the key roles.

With the fall of the curtain on "And so ad infinitum" we lost the services of P. D. Smith, who has so ably carried out his office as electrician, both at the Theatre Royal and School Hall productions. Anthony Buckle, whose characterisations have ranged from a doddering clergyman to a murdered cricket also leaves the School this term, as do Anthony Allaway and Nigel Thorning, both of whom excelled in their rôles in "The Merchant of Venice". Thorning's subtle yet powerful portrayal of Shylock will long be remembered. We wish them all success in their future careers.

"And so ad infinitum"

by the BROTHERS CAPEK

This play is a cutting satire about human behaviour. The leading character is that of the tramp, whose attention is drawn to life in miniature as seen in the insect world at his feet. Gradually he realises the likeness in many respects to human behaviour; here are the beetles who occupy themselves collecting worthless rubbish, which they hoard, there the Ichneumon Fly whose victims he uses to perpetuate himself in his daughter, his pride and joy. The fleeting life of the butterflies is briefly expended in the frivolities of love-making, whilst the detailed organisation of the ant hill results in the thoughtless but obedient activity of the worker ants under their dictatorship. Whilst superficially this play gives great opportunity for pantomime, it has a deeper, more sinister and somewhat pessimistic message to convey.

Here follows a criticism by C. R. King of the Open Day production staged in the School Hall:—

"The play was both fascinating and admirably performed, and it was the ant section which came over quite the most powerfully. It was all rather terrifying and overawing, and yet not really

frightening at all. All those black ants marching around were extremely effective—especially in silhouette, and coming into the auditorium they created an intense personal feeling of sympathy, and produced an impact that I shall long remember. I liked the symbolic blood red of the set at the end of the act.

“The other section of the play which I thought approached the same intensity of feeling was that of the crickets and the Ichneumon Fly. Anthony Gowers was particularly suitable as a cricket, and so was David Holmes as the parasite—and I cannot help thinking that their natural features were cunningly exploited! Douglas Watson did particularly well as the tramp. His acting seems to have matured considerably since his first appearance in “St. Joan”. I was also impressed by Brian Dow’s acting, and I can see him being of considerable use to the Society in the future. Christopher Jackson as the chief engineer of the black ants was as good as always, and somehow he evoked the complete confidence and belief of the audience.

“It was good to see some girls from the County School taking part again; they always seem to add a sparkle of life which it is difficult for boys with female parts to command. However, the two boys who had female rôles in this production did very well, and it was a delight to hear Andrew King’s singing voice once again. Douglas Watson’s singing was surprisingly well done too, and the recorder music, under the direction of Mr. C. F. Taylor, excellent.

“The lighting was perfect, and the set by Michael Vincent was extremely interesting and well used, with the ample forestage and the intriguing tunnel beneath. It was pleasing to see the House Management team in operation once again, but, oh dear, I do think the performance lost something from not being in the Theatre!”

C.R.K.

“The Artist Speaks”

—an Exhibition at the Town Hall. June 17-24, 1967.

This term eight sixth formers were responsible for the staging of an art “exhibition with a difference”, to quote the East Anglian Daily Times. One of its chief deviations from the norm lay in the fact that the paintings were accompanied by the personal comments on interpretation of their works by the artists themselves. It aimed at provoking people into a positive liking or disliking of what was on view—at challenging them to ask themselves again about the real nature of art.

That the work on view was certainly not of the sort about which it was possible to be complacent or neutral is evidenced by the number of comments recorded in the book provided for the purpose, and in the letters received. The following is an attempt to compile a fair and balanced representation of these comments, both flattering and critical.

Mrs. M. Wigg, art teacher at the Convent Senior School, said “In my opinion this is one of the most stimulating and interesting exhibitions ever to be held in Bury St. Edmunds since I came here in 1929.” John Garbutt of the Wayfarer House Youth Centre commented that the work was “confident, lively and forward-looking.”

On the other hand, B. W. Douglas said, “One recognises the influence of several familiar styles, but there is a vitality about most of the exhibits which denies the use of the word ‘imitation’.” M. Baglin, an old boy of the School, and now a student at the Cambridge College of Art wrote, “I believe that most of the artists concerned have over-reached themselves to a certain extent, and have entered into a field largely out of their depth. They are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm, but enthusiasm is not all.” Another old boy, Clifford King, now of Leicester Fine Art Diploma Course, was rather kinder to the exhibition contributors. “The actual execution of the works was well up to Diploma standard, and came over most powerfully in many cases. I was glad to see a wide variety of media used, and to note a number of differing approaches in subject matter and style in each individual artist.”

The honorary secretary of the Bury Art Society, Mrs. A. M. Panson wrote, “May I congratulate your boys on the splendid exhibition; quite exhilarating.” Mr. Neville Blackburne of Nowton Court added “. . . that exhibition is far and away the best I have ever seen in Bury St. Edmunds. It is exciting, it is fun, it is skilful and it is very much alive, as is the catalogue.” However, R. W. L. found himself in disagreement with this last comment. “The artists’ own commentary seems a bold and good idea, but in the event it is simply another excursion into the art critic’s jargon and does little to help aesthetic appreciation—and never can.” Finally I quote a verbal two-bladed sword from Rosemary Pettit who said, “. . . an excellent renewal from the five-year-old art that I teach.”

After these general comments it would only be right to quote some which are more specific and particular. Without doubt, the work of Edward Whittaker provoked most comment, and especially his “206”, with the sinister gaze of its bespectacled grey head following wherever one went. The vitality of his work, and its variety, gave cause for many remarks, whilst the brutality and sadistic elements in many compositions gave some viewers discomfort. However, Mrs. Mary Chamberlain, herself an art teacher, summed up the feelings of many others when she wrote that she “was particularly impressed by the sustained menace of Whittaker.”

Mr. R. W. Scott, the architect, complained that “some of the paintings—for example ‘Composition’ by P. Lay, and S. Playle’s foam rubber untitled work—left me rather baffled. I could not see any point to them, and didn’t even find them pleasing to look at.” On the other hand, Mrs. Chamberlain wrote of “the versatility of Playle,” and of being impressed by “the psychedelic adventures of

Lay." However, another commentator (C.R.J.) stated that "the painting by P. Lay called 'Composition' seemed to me unworthy of his talents." More complimentary remarks were forthcoming in respect of the swirling purple forms of 'The Witches' Sabbath', and the pathetic clown in 'A flower to be looked at' by the same artist.

Michael Vincent was strongly represented by his landscape drawings and paintings, and one of the latter—'Knettishall Heath'—won universal acclaim as one of the most enjoyable paintings in the whole exhibition. R. Allen, amongst others, did "not consider that Vincent's 'Dance Suite' portrays the music in question. Bartok's great quality was ordered confusion; I consider this to be lacking in the painting." In several of the works exhibited by others he found disturbing "the general unhappiness and discontent." These give the impression that these artists have no hope for the future, and this is especially evident in Soames' 'Crucifixion'.

Roger Soames' unusual and striking self-portrait, together with his abstract called 'Still Life', earned enthusiastic comments, especially in respect of the richness of their colour schemes. In contrast, the severe black and white 'Op. Art' exercises of John Anderson and Roger Davey showed considerable dexterity and spatial realisation. This was deemed most successful in the former's 'Op Art I'.

The very scale of David Crawford's backcloth for the Theatre Royal production of 'The Merchant of Venice' dominated one end of the gallery, and his comments in the catalogue are significant in relation to the appreciation of his particular style. "Abstracts as such have never really appealed to me, and the more realistic a work of art, the more I like doing it—which explains the attention to accuracy of detail in my still-lives." In this context Simon Playle's philosophy is diametrically opposed, and similarly explains the difference in his attitude to painting. He writes, "It is comparatively simple to paint and reproduce a subject as does a photograph, and someone who does this is merely a good draughtsman. He becomes an artist as soon as he can project and develop his work, eventually reaching the stage of not having a subject, but letting the painting communicate simply as a painting just as the artist made it."

Perhaps it can be claimed that if the exhibition has stimulated thought and given cause for debate it has been worthwhile. In the midst of so many statements of opinion, possibly one might be permitted to close with at least one statement of fact. During its eight days of showing 987 people visited the exhibition.

There have been four organised visits to the Theatre Royal this term; the first to the Irving Club production of Arnold Wesker's 'Roots', and the other three to the professional productions by the George Baker Company. The latter form an experimental six-week season to discover the potential support for the permanent housing of a professional repertory company in Bury St. Edmunds.

The present season is to be used as a test case for the essential financial support of the Arts Council. The following reports indicate the enthusiastic support with which the School has received the three plays currently staged by the Company, and the excellence of acting, presentation and direction have won a firm following from members of the School, both staff and boys.

"Ghosts"

by HENRIK IBSEN

Many of the plays of today set out to introduce us to a new morality. 'Ghosts' did precisely that when first produced in 1881. It was spoken of as a "daring innovation in the theatre" because of the freedom with which personal relationships were discussed.

Brian Oulton portrayed Pastor Manders brilliantly, as did Jane Baxter, Mrs. Alving. Manders was given a sufficient amount of lovability, yet remained irritatingly naïve and priggish. He was fussy, middle-aged, middle-minded, a man who says much but does little. Jane Baxter, who usually plays comedy, was completely at home as the lovable, much abused Mrs. Alving. Having once been in love with Pastor Manders, and perhaps still in love with him, she takes refuge behind a screen of artificial gaiety, and only her pale, haunted looks in repose reveal the tragedy of her married life. At the end of the play she left her audience stunned—only for a roar of applause to follow.

John Gulliver played the very difficult part of Oswald, Mrs. Alving's son, who suffers from epileptic fits, whilst Tom Watson played Engstrand who, somewhat surprisingly, manages to bribe Pastor Manders, whilst Tandy Cronyn was Engstrand's supposed daughter.

"Private Lives"

by NOEL COWARD

Four highly individual characters of the 1930's constitute the Play—frothy dialogue and frothy situation, in this case on the balconies of adjacent hotel bedrooms. Nothing to think about. Two honeymoon couples—the husband of the one couple and the wife of the other having previously been married.

George Baker was the suave, flippant ex-husband of Amanda (Jane Hillary). Geoffrey Colville was the loyal, honourable, but uninspiring fellow who hates 'cads', Tandy Cronyn his wife. Rosemary Vinlin was the maid.

Timing, humour, polish, and an elegant set. Typical of Noel Coward and the 1930's.

“Double Bill”

‘Augustus does his Bit’ by Shaw, and ‘A Resounding Tinkle’ by N. F. Simpson gave us refined satire on the one hand and almost farcical humour on the other.

Simpson ridicules the absurdities of middle-class life in suburbia. Probably the funniest scene in the play is when George Baker as Bro Paradock, Jane Hilary as Middie Paradock, and Tandy Cronyn as Uncle Ted stand and enjoy piped religion from the radio.

In ‘Augustus does his Bit’ George Baker is Augustus, an inane Army officer, with Jane Hilary as the suave spy. Shaw does not spare the aristocratic Army officer of his day, nor that sacred preserve, the War Office.

Debate

On the 30th of June, with examinations behind us, we held a joint debate with the senior girls of the Bury St. Edmunds County Grammar School.

“That the eccentric has an important part to play in Society.”

Teresa Houghton, proposing, showed how much we owed to Einstein and Newton. Angel Jones seconded. Watson led the opposition and he was supported by Allen, who made one of the shortest speeches he has ever been known to make. Hitler was evidenced as an evil eccentric.

Speeches from the floor were slow in coming, but when they did the accepted rules of debate went by the board until Simmons, chairman, took a firm line.

The motion was carried by twenty-one votes to five.

Sixth Form Religious Instruction

This term the Lower Sixth has been examining the varying emphasis placed upon fundamental aspects of the Christian Faith by different Christian bodies.

During the course three outside speakers kindly came to speak and answer questions on their beliefs and attitudes. Mr. C. F. N. Reed, a Baptist minister, stressed the importance of following to the letter Christ’s teaching, particularly in respect of reformation of character before baptism; Mr. L. S. Ivory, a Congregational Minister, described the feeling for unity which exists in his church, especially in offering a form of worship representing contemporary and local needs, while Mrs. Susan Shaw, of the Society of Friends, discussed the value of silent meditation, and gave an outline of the Quakers’ practical view of Charity.

Another welcome visit was from the Rev. L. Baker, of Ixworth, who addressed the Upper Sixth on “Christianity and Human Equanimity”, an appraisal of traditional Christian Doctrine and its relevance to the peace of mind which is the basis of all creative living.

The Sixth Form were privileged to meet these busy people, who stimulated a lot of thought, and made them question their individual views.

Life Saving Awards

Instructor’s Award and Bar to Bronze Medallion:

P. Goddard.

Award of Merit and Instructor’s Award:

B. Devine.

Scholar-Instructor’s Award:

C. J. Wilkinson.

Bronze Medallion:

C. R. Allen.	J. N. Brookes.	D. R. Pledger.
J. M. Anthony.	R. Dowse.	N. J. Slater.
B. W. Ashenden.	C. S. Gowers.	A. P. Stewart.
D. M. Barrass.	M. J. Peachey.	D. H. Wright.
	M. H. Yeoell.	

Intermediate Certificate:

W. H. Brown.	G. C. Dow.	R. Osborne.
J. R. Day.	D. A. Lidstone.	C. L. Palmer.

Elementary Certificate:

S. W. N. Cole.

CRICKET

First XI Review

The School XI showed distinct improvement as the season progressed and by the end of term a number of players had begun to realise just what ability they possessed.

A. Davies was the most successful batsman, and often gave the team a sound start to its innings. But the discovery of the season

was P. Lord, whose accurate bowling and nagging length tied down aggressive batsmen, and whose timing of the ball when batting was first-rate. Lockwood ultimately proved himself an efficient fast bowler who was constantly attacking.

Of the ten games played, two were won and five drawn.

Full colours were awarded to T. P. Austin, and half-colours to A. D. Davies, A. P. Lockwood, and P. J. Lord.

2nd XI Review

A combination of circumstances reduced our seven fixtures to three, and we suffered defeat against Northgate G.S. by 50 runs, and against Culford School by ten wickets. Parton was very successful as a bowler and took 5 for 15 against the Silver Jubilee School, and 5 for 26 against Northgate Grammar School.

3rd XI Review

Although three defeats were suffered in three matches, all matches were conducted with great enthusiasm. But enthusiasm cannot make up for the lack in talent that was obvious in this year's team. Against Thetford and Northgate the team was weakened by the demands of the 1st and 2nd XIs, and it was in these two matches that the team turned in their worst performances. A much stronger team, however, turned out against Culford, where, despite the failure of the bowlers against a talented Culford team, the batsmen came close to reaching the 112 set to win. The notable performances in this match were those of Carter, who hit a fine 27, and Howlett, who bowled with great determination and very little luck. Two other players also deserve mention for their services to the team; they are Breach, who bowled his seamers and spinners almost unchanged in all matches, and Devine, who hit out with great gusto whenever the opportunity arose.

Under 14 Cricket

The Under Fourteen Eleven did not realise its potential this season. Four matches were played, of which one was convincingly won, two narrowly lost, one overwhelmingly lost.

Few players had a successful season. However, Aldous showed promise as a batsman and slow left-arm bowler, while Bartram also bowled well.

All must be congratulated on their willingness to practice seriously, but one or two things must be remembered. First, the fast ball is not to be run away from. Secondly, hitting across the line of flight of the ball is invariably fatal. Lastly, run-saving is as important as run-scoring.

Under 13 Cricket

The success or otherwise of a season in junior cricket cannot be measured solely by statistics. At first sight the number of victories appears very good, but on reflection was due more to our opponents' shortcomings than to our own strength. All is far from well when no member of the side in the course of five innings is able to score a total of fifty runs. All is far from well when a member of the side declined to play in a practice match because "I think the sides are unfair."

It is the spirit in which cricket is played that is so important; true sportsmanship, appreciation of skill by both friend and foe, concentration at all times, determination in adversity, thought for the side rather than for self, sympathy and bonhomie at the right moment—these are the intangible qualities one wants to predominate. Boys can help themselves by watching better players; parents can help by encouragement and example.

To turn to members of the team: Hill, Janes, Jones, Cullen, Edwards and Smith are all promising bats; so too is Hunt; Hitchcock would join the elect if he would develop a backlift and follow-through. Mention must be made of Hall who only played once but made himself master of several shots through sheer enthusiasm and practice. Success at batting is unlikely to come unless there is concentration, and it is just this which is often completely lacking and rarely sustained.

The bowling was shared by Edwards, Lewis, Jones and Smith. Edwards lost his length and style this season; Lewis was very unlucky; Smith, a left-arm bowler, will do very well when he slows his pace; Jones was the most successful, taking 23 wickets in five matches; he has a good action and gives the ball plenty of air, which causes most opponents to mistime their shots.

Catching was good and so was much of the ground fielding, but much improvement would take place if fielders were more mobile instead of being rooted to the ground, thinking of things other than cricket, or not even thinking at all.

Cricket has a lore and literature that is unique in sport. In the past each generation has provided its quota of devotees; may this generation of boys not fail the Muse. Read Wisden, follow the county championship, have your own heroes, study the laws, and above all play up and play the game.

Under 12 Cricket

Although, like last year, there has been boundless enthusiasm amongst the members and aspiring members of the two teams, there has been a shortage of real talent, and hence all our games, against Cadogan House, have resulted in defeats.

In the first meeting the 'A' team were routed. After more practice and preparation, however, we did much better at the second attempt, and but for poor fielding would have stood a good chance of victory.

For the 'A' team, Smith and Wootton have bowled well, and Bax and King, M., have looked the only two reliable batsmen. For the 'B' team, Underwood and Kostecki are, if not the most talented, at least the most vociferous. But there is hope that this year's efforts may bear fruit next year.

ATHLETICS

Sports Day

We have become accustomed, in recent years, to dull weather on Sports Day. This year's light rain, however, did not delay the proceedings.

School House once again won the House Championship, and two records were broken, by J. S. Goodson in the Senior 220, and by D. J. Horgan in the Under 15 long jump.

POINTS SCORED

School House	332
Yorkist House	240
Tudor House	218
Lancastrian House	165
Windsor House	146
Stuart House	88

The School Champion was J. S. Goodson, the Under 15 Champion R. H. Bartram, and the Under 13 Champion R. D. Lewis. M. K. Wilkinson won the Adrian Gould Cup for Field Events.

West Suffolk Schools' A.A.A. Meeting

In spite of the demands made by Cricket, the School team was very successful in the Inter-School Sports on May 13th, being placed first in the Senior age-group, first in the Under 17 age-group, and second in the Under 15 age-group.

Suffolk Schools' A.A.A. Meeting

Of the boys chosen to represent West Suffolk, C. McNair was second in the Under 15 hundred yards, and he must be congratulated on having been chosen to represent Suffolk in the All-England Schools' Sports. R. H. Bartram was second in the Under 15 long jump, J. S. Goodson second in the Senior long jump, and N. W. Burdge second in the Under 15 triple jump.

Suffolk A.A.A. Meeting

This meeting was held at the Silver Jubilee School on Saturday, 3rd June. M. K. Wilkinson was second in the Junior shot and J. S. Goodson third in the Championship long jump.

The greatest competition Athletics has had to face has been from Cricket. An athlete must have competitive experience and incentive. Great efforts have been made to combine Cricket and Athletics, but the problem has not been solved.

School Athletic Colours have been awarded as follows:

Full: J. S. Goodson.

Half: S. Crick.

Junior: C. McNair, R. H. Bartram, N. W. Burdge, D. J. Horgan.

School Notes

Sports Day, Founders' Day, Speech Day, the G.C.E. examinations. So ran the Term.

Unfortunately this year, for the first time, the taking of Standard Points was limited to a period of one week. Yet they are the one certain means by which House spirit is fostered, the one certain means of ensuring that the Athletic Sports is not dominated by the individual, the one certain means of introducing some vestige of training.

On Speech Day the Mathematics Prize was awarded to J. S. Walker, the Science Prize to A. E. Buckle, the W. R. Rayner Prize for Geography to E. Whittaker, the Writing of English Prize to S. York, the Art Prize to M. J. Vincent, whilst the Arts Prize was shared by J. G. Pettit and M. K. Wilkinson. The range of the exhibitions was somewhat limited this year, for the G.C.E. practical examinations had to take place in the Labs two days later.

The Founders' Day service was, as usual, well attended by parents and visitors. The address was given by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese. The collection, all of which is used in connection with the activities of the School, amounted to. £10

Several boys have won life-saving awards in our swimming pool this term. Our thanks are due to Mr. Lang for making this possible.

It is with regret that we say goodbye this term to Dr. Wood and Mr. A. F. Taylor.

Old Boys' Notes

It was a privilege to be asked to the wedding of C. J. Knight and to give him the best wishes of the School. His brother, J. A. H., was best man.

W. Hewitt is now teaching under the Salford Education Committee.

John Hart is to become a Medical Missionary among a tribe of Quechua Indians in Ecuador.

P. Ceurstemont has given up his job with Lloyds Bank in Cambridge and is seeking admission to a Teacher Training College.

N. V. Farthing, of St. Martin's School of Art, will by now have completed his course for the National Diploma in Art and Design, studying Fine Art, and specialising in Painting, and he now seeks a Teaching Post.

H. C. Bishop has been awarded two prizes at Bangor University and been admitted to an Honours Degree Course.

Eric Pask visited the School recently. One of his sons is being taught by A. S. Marshall.

David Salt has made application to join the Administrative Class of the Civil Service.

Congratulations to J. C. Doornkamp on his Ph.D. A Lecturer in Geography at Nottingham, he is pioneering a Geography Laboratory.

G. W. Challacombe, with a firm of Solicitors in Sudbury, hopes to go to the College of Law this autumn.

Congratulations to W. Hewitt (B.A. Manchester) and J. B. Critchley (B.Sc. Hons. 2 Manchester). Hewitt is now teaching in Salford, and Critchley working for his Ph.D.

Congratulations and best wishes to R. L. Flack on his marriage, to J. A. Gillingwater on his marriage, and to G. A. Butterfield, recently drama adviser for Oxfordshire and now Lecturer in Drama at Culham College.

Valete

AUSTIN, T. P.; School Prefect; 1st XI Cricket Captain (full colours); House Cricket Captain; 1st XI Football (full colours); House Football Captain; 1st XI Hockey (full colours); School Cross-Country Captain (full colours); Suffolk Cross-Country; West Suffolk Athletics.

BAALAM, P. N.

BEATTIE, J. H.

BOREHAM, I. D.; 1st XI Football (half-colours); 1st XI Cricket.

BUCKLE, A. E.; School Prefect; Dramatic Society; School Orchestra; Science Prize.

CARR, W. D.; Head Boy; Head Boarder; House Athletics Captain; West Suffolk Athletics (half-colours).

CHAPMAN, R. J.

COLWELL, J. R., 2nd XI Football.

CRAWFORD, D. G.; School Orchestra.

DAVIES, A. D.; 1st XI Football (full colours); 1st XI Hockey (full colours); House Football Captain; 1st XI Cricket (half-colours); House Cricket Captain; West Suffolk Athletics.

DIGBY, P. T.; XI Football (half-colours).

DORLING, R. F.; School Prefect.

DRIVER, R. R.; School Prefect.

DUNNINGHAM, J. N.

FORTE, J. D.

GALL, T. J.; School Prefect; Dramatic Society (house manager).

GODDARD, P.; School Prefect; Dramatic Society; Life-Saving Instructor; School Choir.

GOOCH, P. W. L.; Deputy Head Boy; 1st XI Cricket; 2nd XI Hockey; 2nd XI Football Captain; School Cross-Country (half-colours); House Cross-Country Captain; School Swimming Captain; West Suffolk Athletics; Burian Staff; Dramatic Society.

GOODSON, J. S.; 1st XI Hockey (half-colours); 2nd XI Football; Suffolk Athletics (full colours); School Cross-Country.

GREEN, B. E.

HANLY, C. J.

HOPWOOD, G. W.; School Prefect; School Choir; 1st XI Football; 1st XI Hockey.

HOWARD, R. J.; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey (full colours); House Hockey Captain.

KLONEK, C. C.

LAST, A. J.

LEDGER, M. D.; School Prefect; Choir.

LEWIS, M. J.; School Choir.

MALT, M. E.

NUNN, J. H.; 2nd XI Football; House Hockey Captain.

OSBORNE, A. M.; School Prefect; 2nd XI Football.

PENDLEBURY, J. R.

ROSE, J. D.

SHERIDAN, M. K.; School Prefect; School Cross-Country (full colours); House Cross-Country Captain; 1st Cricket (); 2nd XI Hockey ().

SMITH, P. D.; School Prefect; Dramatic Society.

STEBBENS, D.

STONEHOUSE, R. D. W.; School Prefect; School Cross-Country (full colours); House Cross-Country Captain; West Suffolk Athletics; Choir; Dramatic Society.

STRONACH, A. A.; 1st XI Football (half-colours); 2nd XI Cricket Captain; 3rd XI Hockey Captain.

WAKEMAN, R. J.; School Prefect; 1st XI Hockey Captain (full colours); House Hockey Captain; County Schoolboys' Hockey; 2nd XI Football; 3rd XI Cricket; West Suffolk Athletics (half-colours); Queen's Scout; Burian Staff.

WALKER, J. S.; School Prefect; Choir; Mathematics Prize.

WALLACE, D. W.; House Cross-Country Captain.

WHITTAKER, E. B.; Choir; Geography Prize.

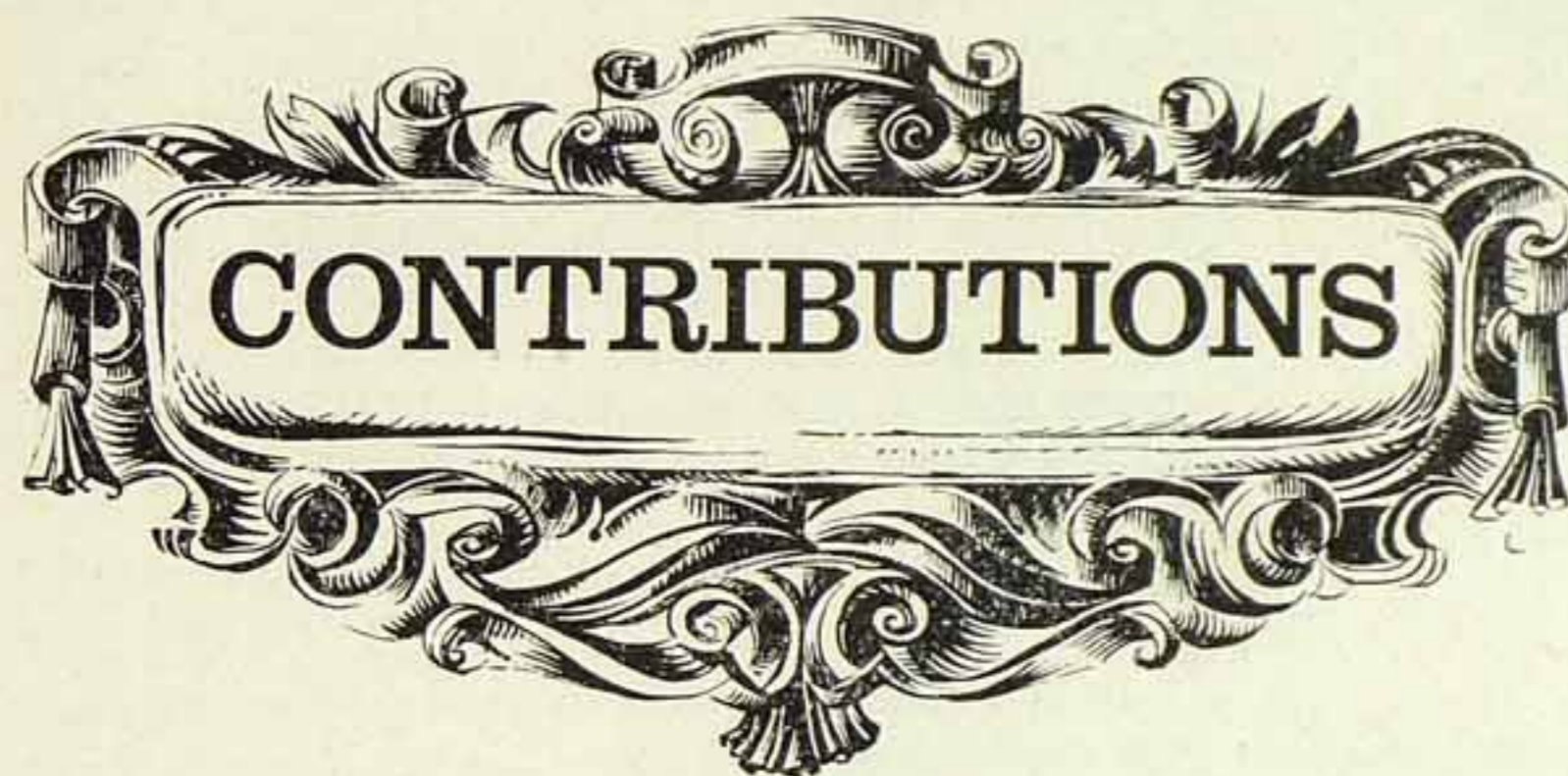
WILKINSON, M. K.; School Prefect; Suffolk Athletics; School Athletics Captain (full colours); 1st XI Cricket; House Cricket Captain; 2nd XI Football; 3rd XI Hockey; Arts Prize; Burian Prize.

WILMAN, S. D.; House Cross-Country Captain; Dramatic Society; School Orchestra.

WRIGHT, D. H.

YORK, S.; Thingoe Prize for the Writing of English.

YOUNG, G. E.



'Quo Vadis?'
After frantic searching
Through the dark green filing cabinets
Of the memory
One repeats—'Whither goest thou?'
But what of the answer?

He stands
A vacant look
Etched on his face.
His eyes gaze blankly,
Seeing nothing but a misty haze
Where figures move, yet have no shape.
His life is ruined by the taint
Of opiate which eats him
From within. What has he left
Of lasting worth?

*"Got the junk?"
The death-dealing gram
Slips into hand,
Goes into pocket.*

*Worn old note,
Last in the wallet,
Slips into hand,
Goes into pocket.*

*It began,
That straight road to death,
With one 'for kicks',
One for the pleasure.*

*Death awaits
Those fools who gamble,
Who deal with that—
The death-dealing gram.*

The wall is a nodel point of the succeeding ages. Once it bounded the vinefields of the Abbey. Today it affords foothold to the climbing ivy. The older leaves are a deep sage green, brightened by yellow-cream tributaries from the mother vein. Replacing the ivy at the top of the flints is an elder bush, where pigeons seek out the black berries.

The artist slaps paint on a canvas, rolls about over it, throws sand at it. He has said what he wants to say, and feels the better for it.

There's a numbness in the air;
A glacial simplicity fills the craters of human design.
White confetti weds the dawn and the day;
The sun's cheerful resistance slights the tyranny of discomfort;
Soft notes of tranquility fall on the jagged depths.

*Today they fitted Mrs. T. with plastic feet and toes,
With silicon tubes all round her lungs and running down her nose;
Her crowning glory is a mass of blonde bri-nylon thread
All toned with care by bleach and dye to match her rubber head;
Her fingernails are polythene to contrast with her eyes,
Whose diamond lights have crimplene lids to shield them from the
flies;*

*Her stomach is of finest steel, her liver's made of tin,
Glass fibres spun to hold her brain and all her innards in;
And Mrs. T. she fears not, although in excess heat,
She's coated with a plastic gloss to keep her fresh and sweet.
O plastic sky, O plastic world, O plastic folk therein,
And yet I'll not forsake my hope till plastic souls come in.*

Silently we gathered our belongings and made for the corner. Our leader had not yet arrived and we stood, not knowing what to do. Presently a figure could be seen making its way towards us in the shadows. Some whispered consultation, and notes were handed round. A quick inspection revealed that no-one was overloaded.

We moved off in small groups, hearing no-one, seeing no-one. The sound of feet on gravel might give us away, and we moved along the edge of the lawn.

Presently the vague outline of the house was discernible and we moved in. A few final adjustments, a little passing from hand to hand, and we were ready. There was only one light burning, and that in a room to our left.

"Once in Royal David's City." We did the carol full justice.

Electronics as a hobby

My first interest in electronics began when I received an electronics set for Christmas. Inside were instructions on how to make various radios and other experiments. I began by making a radio. Gathering the different components and placing them on the control panel was quite easy, and I had soon managed to make my radio, and for a first attempt I thought I had done quite well.

Strangely enough, the method of power worked, because instead of using a battery, I used a solar cell, which is mainly a piece of metal, coloured black. Black absorbs the light, so I placed the control panel in a way that the sun faced the solar cell, and leading from this solar cell were two wires, which led to another important component. I decided to differ the wires to see what the effect would be, and it worked well, for I had a better reception.

As I was so pleased, I decided to experiment with a morse-code tapper. I wired the panel and the result was splendid.

Philately

The acquisitive instinct is strong in us, and Philately is a means of satisfying it, often at a profit, and certainly without harm to others.

The rich man in the fashionable auction room nods and a little piece of printed paper becomes his for five thousand pounds. A smile of pleasure passes over his face.

A few miles away a small boy looks through a shop window at the hundreds of stamps displayed. At last a smile of pleasure equally genuine passes over his face. He has found a stamp to complete a set, and he has the threepence in his pocket.

Making a Garden Pond

A well-kept garden pond is most interesting and exciting.

The bottom and sides must be lined with concrete or plastic sheeting. As concrete is poisonous to fish the pond must be filled and emptied every three weeks for nearly six months before fish are put in. If at any time the water looks cloudy all you need do is to put in a few water mussels.

Fishing

If you are interested in fishing it is better to save up and buy the better quality tackle. Buy a rod with two top sections. You will find a long keep-net useful. A fixed spool reel avoids the need to pull out the line before casting. Casting should be practised at length before you start fishing and in your early days you should not fish under trees or bushes.

Coarse Fishing for Roach and Bream

The Roach is the most popular fish. It is widely distributed and is found in waters varying from the small wayside pond and tiny stream to our largest lakes and rivers. Roach can be taken at various depths, but the best fish are always on the bottom. A look at their mouths will show that the upper lip protrudes over the bottom one which indicates that the fish turns its mouth down when it takes food. For this reason the best method is to fish with the bait on the bottom, either by laying-on, or with the tackle travelling with the current. This may lead to fewer fish, but they are larger. Groundbaiting is essential, particularly on a well-fished river.

"Spratt's Angler's Bait" is good for Roach, and with this on the hook, groundbaiting with "Silvercloud" is all that is required. If maggots are being used, a few should be thrown in from time to time, using the groundbait merely as an attractor to bring the fish into the swim.

Roach are fish which like the company of their fellows, so, having got one, you can be sure there will be more about.

Bream are fish of the warmer months of the year, although it is sometimes possible to catch them in winter when the days are not too cold, and if one is fishing in deep water. A very pleasant evening can be spent sitting by a quiet lakeside waiting for one's float to go under to the pull of a big Bream. Although these fish grow to a large size, the old idea of using heavy tackle is fast being superseded by light lines and small hooks, with the result that better fish are caught. These fish usually inhabit still or sluggish water, so the tackle should be light, as they have all day in which to inspect the baited hook; if their suspicions are aroused, they will not take the bait. The angler should start, as in Roach fishing, by getting out a sprinkling of groundbait round the area he intends to fish. This feeding should not be too heavy, and here again samples of the hook bait should also be thrown in.

The baited hook should lie well on the bottom for Bream, and one should not be in a hurry to strike, as the fish are very used to taking their time over things.

If the fish are biting shy, a size sixteen hook with a very tiny bait will often bring them on to feed. It is also wise to get the tackle out near a weed bed when these are about. All fish are to be found in such places, as weed beds provide shade from the sun and protection from their enemies, in addition to providing a source of food supply in the shape of the small water insects and snails which abound there.

Rotterdam

Rotterdam's vast, modern architecture stands as a memorial to a city that had to start again. Built on the ashes of twenty-odd years ago, Rotterdam is one of the busiest ports of the world, one of the biggest, and one of the most modern.

The docks are bright and lively. The tugs, painted in bright colours and clean as a new pin, have a hint of urgency about the way they go about their business.

The streets are wide and clean. There is no litter. Shoppers walk to and fro in safety, for the shopping centre is for pedestrians only. Flowers, and even birds in cages, line the centre of the streets.

The shopkeepers are friendly and trusting. On one occasion I chatted away happily for ten minutes and when it became apparent that all I wanted was to ask the way I was even told of other places of interest to note on my route.

During the Easter Holidays, escorted by three of the Staff, a party of thirty boys set out on probably the most inspiring journey they had ever known, the journey to Rome, 'the eternal city where one enters in ignorance and emerges an established man'.

Buildings and places which before had been marks on a map became reality, the Colosseum, the Roman Forum, St. Peter's. Rome's many fountains delighted us, as did her art galleries. On the other hand, the Victor Emanuel Monument aroused a great deal of controversy, and became known as the 'thing'. Perhaps the highlight was the visit to Vatican City, where we saw Michelangelo's 'Pieta' and the Cistine Chapel.

On Easter Sunday we formed part of a ninety-nine thousand crowd in St. Peter's Square, waiting for the Pope to give his Easter Blessing, which he did shortly after mid-day, clothed in magnificent white and gold robes.

Very striking in Rome is the poverty in which so many live, and often we felt ashamed as hopeful hands were held out for the odd lira.

[A similar article on the trip to Rome speaks of interesting conversations with the 'natives'.]

The Field Trip to Shropshire

On the tenth of April nineteen intrepid Sixth Form Geographers ventured forth from Suffolk into Shropshire, a county not crossed by any immense mountain ranges, but a county affording its problems to one portly member of the party.

The first day entailed an arduous hike, with full packs, across quite rough country, from Hope to Bridges. Before he was one quarter of the way up the first hill, Broml Callow, our friend had no further use for Shropshire in general, or Broml Callow in particular, and indeed by the time we had reached the Devil's Chair, he was prepared to use his little remaining energy in ending his miserable existence, particularly so as his trousers had suffered whilst barbed wire was being negotiated. However, we all arrived at the Bridges Youth Hostel, Shropshire's own Hilton, complete with running water—from the stream nearby.

The next few days were packed with really interesting field-work, with Sunday an uneventful day for the many, the few visiting Ironbridge and Coalbrockdale—the birthplace of the modern world, for here in 1709 Abraham Darby perfected a method of smelting iron ore using coke rather than charcoal. It seems that the Company is still using the same plant, yet another example of Britain's great technological progress.

Our plump student was of this party and once again deep emotion gripped him, for, missing the bus, we had a four mile walk on a gruelling hot day before climbing the Wrekin. But I survived.

The Shooting Calendar

January is the last month of the pheasant-shooting season, which starts on the first of October and finishes on February the first.

Most Saturday afternoons during this period my father and I and Sandie, our yellow Labrador, walk the hedges and ditches. As soon as Sandie smells a pheasant in the ditch he stops and pushes his head into the long grass, his tail wagging furiously. A word of command sends him to flush the pheasant, which is usually shot by my father, and then retrieved by Sandie.

Immediately following the pheasant season comes pigeon shooting. There is no official season for this sport as pigeons are classed as vermin. As the afternoon draws on my father and I go down to Rushbottom Wood where we wait for the pigeons to come to roost. This is great fun as the flight of the pigeon becomes most erratic once it has spotted a human form lurking amongst the trees.

The next date in the shooter's diary is May the twelfth. This is the recognised date for the shooting of young rooks. It takes place as the young rooks leave the nest but can only fly very short distances. This probably appears to be a cruel method of controlling rook numbers—but it is the only effective way.

One Man

*A button pressed,
One man condemns a world to death.*

*A button pushed,
From concrete caves all Hell is loosed.*

*Straight up they fly,
Thin pencils of destruction, to the sky.*

*A thousand million dead,
"No one will let it happen," they had said.*

*The earth is sand,
And Adam crawls from cave with club in hand.*

*That summer day
He smiles. He throws the club away.*

Ships

The very word conjures up
Thoughts of pirates and buccaneers,
Of coral islands and treasure,
Of Nelson, of the Armada
And Drake, of a game of bowls
While the Spaniards sailed up-channel,
Of explorers feeling their way
Into unknown seas, of tall Indiamen
And tea clippers, of storms,
Icebergs, and waterspouts,
Of clanging shipyards
And of busy dockyards,
With tugs bustling to and fro,
Coaxing great liners into their berths,
Of passengers embarking and disembarking,
Of Captains and Pilots,
Of shipwrecks and lifeboatmen,
Of an oil tanker and pollution.

The Eagle and the Hare

Walking across a hill-side one morn,
I spied an eagle flying above.
He turned his head, his piercing eyes
Had spotted a mountain hare running alone
Along the heather-covered mountain slope.
He glided on his outspread wings
Towards his unsuspecting prey.
The mountain hare stopped, listening now,
Listening to the ever-increasing thud
Of the eagle's wings.
The eagle dived, a long, straight drive,
The terrified hare died instantly.
The eagle squawked, conscious of victory,
And lifted the corpse higher and higher,
Till only a speck was seen in the sky.

Photography

The room was silent with expectancy as I developed the film. When I took the negative out of the developing tank my hands were shaking. I held it up to the light. There could be no doubt. The deep-set eyes, the high, protruding forehead—it was a perfect likeness of my mother-in-law on Clacton Pier.

The Housing Estate

We were going to see our new home. Father had collected the key. The whole family was crowded into the car. Suddenly my brother turned his radio to full volume and my mother started violently. Order was restored only for my brother to start insisting that father might let him drive. A point-blank refusal brought nothing but fidgets in the back seat. But we arrived. And the key would not fit. Had we the right key at the wrong house, or the wrong key at the right house?

Jaunting Cars

Irish Jaunting Cars are to be found only in Killarney, and during the summer months. They are parked in a rank, as our taxis are parked, and the rank, close to the Town Hall, may consist

of fifty vehicles. The drivers try to persuade the tourists to take a whole day trip to the lakes of Killarney, or a one-hour trip to Ross Castle.

You mount by placing one foot on a wrought iron step, kicking oneself from the ground with the other foot, and then putting that foot into a wooden foot-rest. A turn has then to be made and you are able to sit down.

When the horse begins to pull the rear of the vehicle tips violently, giving a rocking motion which is magnified by the flimsy looking rods which spring the central axle. However, one grows accustomed to this and indeed one enjoys a very pleasant outing.

Dr. Bombard

Alain Bombard, a French doctor, was distressed by the number of shipwrecked sailors who died because they were not able to live off the sea and because they lost the will to live. When they were desperate, sailors drank sea water, although the human system is incapable of absorbing any quantity of salt water. He argued that if a sailor grew accustomed from the beginning to drinking a little sea water there would be no ill effects in an emergency. His second theory was that, for food, a man with a fine-meshed net could live off plankton, a minute organic life that swarms in the sea.

To prove his case he set out in a craft made from two rubber dinghies and sailed across the Atlantic from the Cape Verde Islands to Barbados. He suffered great privations but he survived. Survival drill for seamen is a direct consequence of his work.

Retribution

*Now I've been sent to the Staff Room,
Can anyone tell me what for?
I only cut through a desk or two
With my father's electric saw.
Now I've been sent to the Staff Room,
Won't someone tell me what for?
Could it have been that I was seen
Unhinging the Library door?
Now I've returned from the Staff Room,
Don't bother to tell me what for!
Let's say I was guilty of something,
For the place I sit down on is sore.*

Thought and Action

From infancy we are indoctrinated with the belief that thought should precede action; "Think before you speak," or "Think before you do such things" are two comments I myself distinctly remember from my Primary School days. The person who uses these clichés apparently assumes that thought will obviate useless or harmful actions; apparently it is assumed that the child who receives the clichés has reached a sufficiently high level of education to be capable of using logic to act in a sensible manner. Whether this assumption is to be taken lightly, I do not intend to argue, but one of the major follies of such methods of teaching is to produce an excessive quantity of introverted children.

Despite these early indoctrinations, it is by no means certain that thought ever precedes action. Indeed, in nature, one is governed solely by instinct. Human civilisation being insufficient to destroy one's basic instincts, it is a matter not of great surprise that people think as little as possible—thus are created the television-watching 'cabbage' people of recent fame.

There are of course certain actions which are made entirely without contact to the brain—the automatic reactions such as blinking, the working of the iris, and, perhaps most important, the heart beat. Such actions as removing one's hand from a hot poker are automatic; the sensory nerve sends an impulse to the spinal cord where, instead of going to the brain, it is diverted to motivate the muscles. By this process, valuable tenths of a second are often saved, instead of an impulse having to go all the way to the brain, having to be considered, and then returned again to the muscles. In these situations, thought and action are ever separated.

In matters concerning the higher realms of human action and emotion, it is usually believed that much thought always precedes actions. This is however only the case in very limited percentages of the population; again one is governed predominantly by natural instincts. He who tells us that thought and action are inseparable, is almost invariably wrong.

The exception, who tries always to be governed by thought, is something of the Machiavellian type; he is usually despised by those who know him as a "vile politician".

The roaring dies away,
Dust settles.
The wrecks of buildings stand
Gaunt, unfeeling,
Silhouettes against the sky.
Columns of smoke arise,
Followed by flames.
The sirens wail,
The ground spews forth its living contents
From their shelters.
They stop and stare into the distance.
Suddenly the silence is shattered—
By the cries of children.
But will these children, terrified now,
Remember these things,
When they are the politicians?

Along the line of the White Cliffs
There were six black-headed gulls
Floating along the crest of the wave
The gulls were crying their mournful note
The sea was laughing on the golden sand
As I was walking
Along the line of the cliffs.

The Start of the Season

The anglers are grimly sitting on the riverbank, rods at the ready, and hooks baited up. One angler blows into his hands to get more feeling in them, looking at the church-tower-clock, and counting away the seconds before midnight, after which the season will begin. He whistles to his mate on the opposite side of the river. Then the bells of the clock-tower chime twelve times. In go all the floats and baits to seek out the unwary fish. One angler yells, "The first of the season," and he expertly brings out a small Perch from the chilled waters of the river. He carefully retrieves the hook from the fish's mouth and puts the fish into his keep-net. Again he casts, waiting for the next bite.

It was dark
I floated
there was nothing
I was alone
wondering
drifting—alone
I was empty
a void
floating aimlessly
far away life existed
life on planets orbiting stars
the stars were very distant
becoming more distant
still I drifted
onwards
onwards
ever onwards
up down sideways were no more
gone
I drifted tumbled onwards
it was very dark
black
I was surrounded by nothing
emptiness
I drifted on
time passed
still I drifted
galaxies that were born died and were no more
life on planets grew old and died
still I was alone
I grew tired
I grew old
civilisation died and the galaxies died
leaving nothing
I floated on
a speck of life in a huge vast emptiness
the only life in the emptiness
and there was nothing.
then I died

*We came from lands more fair than you have seen,
Of tall trunk'd trees, of suns that set in flame
On far horizons. Our people all were fair,
Our royal cities pierced the sky's blue screen,
And starlight touch'd the softly falling rain
Or glittered brightly on our children's hair.*

*Today we see them come and go in dreams;
And now upon this empty desert plain
We gaze, and think of things that were so rare
We thought could never be. A spiteful queen
Whose spite and malice never missed its aim
Left us forsaken, far from those who care.*

*Yet we live upon these shifting sands
Can still remember starlight on our lands.*

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