

## The Boy with a Cart

<i>People of South England</i> .....	JENNIFER HEATHER, RUTH AINGER, JILL SUMMERVILLE, SUSAN GOULD, MICHAEL DAVIS, KEITH GREEN.
<i>Cuthman</i> .....	STEPHEN BUTTERS
<i>Bess</i> .....	MARILYN FRAYMAN
<i>Mildred</i> .....	SUSAN FISHER
<i>Matt</i> .....	MICHAEL REEDER
<i>Tibb</i> .....	MARK SHOLL
<i>Cornish neighbours</i> .....	JILL SANDERS, ELUNED PHILLIPS, KEITH WATSON
<i>Cuthman's mother</i> .....	FREYA LEVITT
<i>Mowers</i> .....	GEOFFREY SHARP, WILLIAM BARRIE, PETER GOLDSTONE
<i>Tawm</i> .....	STEPHEN ROTH
<i>Tawm's daughter</i> .....	DIANA STANLEY
<i>Tawm's son-in-law</i> .....	BRIAN KAIN
<i>Villagers of Steyning</i> .....	DAVID CADY, MICHELE BENJAMIN
<i>Farmer</i> .....	ROGER MASON
<i>Alfred</i> .....	NEIL TOMKIN
<i>Demiwulf</i> .....	DAVID SKINNER
<i>Mrs. Phipps</i> .....	JILL SMITH

## KING JOHN

The journey to Stratford was indescribably exciting. The law of libel prevents us from giving a fuller description. On arrival at Stratford the complete party on the "educational outing" was allowed to explore the town until the performance was due to start.

The modern appearance of the Memorial Theatre contrasts strangely with the Tudor buildings of the town. Many places of interest both old and new were visited and some athletic members of Minchenden sprinted across the fields to Ann Hathaway's cottage, but managed to return in a condition fit to appreciate the performance.

The opinion of the school was almost unanimous in agreeing that Alex Clunes, as Philip the Bastard, was by far the best actor. The remark, which I overheard, that "the acting of Constance was bordering on the melodramatic" is a distinct understatement. Both kings spoke their parts with vigour, but there was some confusion as to which was which, owing to the extraordinary number of unnecessary characters wandering about the stage. Although the costumes were good the scenery, effectively described as a "toy castle" gave a ludicrous effect. We also found it amusingly unusual that a dying king should deliberately stand up in order to dramatically drop dead immediately. The boy Arthur acted well in spite of the disadvantages previously mentioned and the scene in which his eyes were to be put out was very effectively produced. Even if not an excellent production it was interesting and the journey was by no means a waste of time or money.

R.A.

## PLAS Y BRENIN, 1958

On Saturday, the 22nd of March, we, a party of ten, with Mr. Carver, arrived at Plas y Brenin for a week's stay. This is a mountain activities school, run by the Central Council for Physical Recreation, and the week-long course was to provide us with an introduction to the mountains of Snowdonia.

Plas y Brenin, which in English, means 'house of the King', used to be the Royal Hotel, but, under the George VI Memorial Fund, it was converted into a mountain school for Snowdonia. To reach it, we had to go by train to Betws y Coed, where we changed to a crowded bus, which took us to the hotel at Capel Curig. The hotel is set in a valley, at the head of Llyn Mymbor, the Twin lakes, and is surrounded by snow capped mountains, with the Snowdon horseshoe to the West, Cefu y Capel to the north, and Moel Siabod to the south.

On Sunday, work began with an introduction to map-reading which we tried out during the afternoon with a walk up Cefn y Capel, where we found much unmelted snow on the northern side, which provided a fine sliding run. In the evening, we were shown a commando film on rock-climbing whose instructions we put to good use on Monday when we went rock-climbing nearby. After being shown how to use the ropes, we were taken up to the rock faces, one of which was an overhang, which proved awkward. But none of it was dangerous, and all was enjoyable. After lunch, we were given a practical lecture on "living out of doors", followed by coloured slides about the C.C.P.R. which has a number of of centres for all physical activities in various parts of the country.

On Tuesday, the hottest day of our stay, we went ski-ing. In this, we were very lucky, since much of the snow had melted by the time we came down. The slopes were several miles up A5 and an hour's walk up the hills in a long cwm, called Cwm Tryfau. On arriving at the cwm, we were shown how to ski by David, the instructor, until lunch, after which came more instruction, and same fast ski-ing from high up the hill-side down to our reasonably level plateau. Going back, many skied to the snowline, but some soon found it impossible. In the evening, we were given a talk on first-aid, followed, as usual by table-tennis, tea, and bed.

Wednesday dawned dull and misty, and, in pairs which later amalgamated, we set off towards Moel Siabod, to do our map-reading test. Although it was no real test, we enjoyed the walk, and came in pleased with our identical results. There followed the more advanced rock-climbing, including a narrow 'chimney', another, worse, overhang, and a moss-covered 'wall' which some could not climb. In the evening, slides on glaciation were shown, some having been taken in Snowdonia, which was once glaciated country.

On Thursday morning, everyone collected kit for our expeditions, where we split up into different groups. One group went in a Utilibus, driven by Mr. Carver, who said he could drive, and proceeded to do so in a somewhat dubious manner. This party installed itself in a deserted cottage, whose walls and ceiling yielded considerable quantities of plaster when touched. In the afternoon, we walked up Cnicht, a peak on a