

knife-like edge, whose summit was in the clouds, obscuring what must have been a wonderful view. Although we did not think we would be able to sleep on the hard floor, we discovered, on waking, that we had been able to. Friday was the day set for the ascent of Snowdon, so we went by truck to Llanberis Pass, and from there, supplied with food, we started to contour round, through stream, snow, mist and wind. The summit was reached, but we did not realise this since we could not see it. Lunch, mainly consisting of dry, hard, nutritious expedition biscuits, was eaten in the coal room of Snowdon station, after which we came down past some disused copper mines and mountain lakes, which last were still covered with thick ice. From there it was but a short walk to the truck, which soon returned us to the centre.

The other group walked. We went up A5 for two miles and then turned off over a long moor, climbing steadily to the head of Llyn Cowlyd, a reservoir, and a high one. We walked beside this to the dam at the other end, and, from here, tramped beside the water pipe line to a ruined cottage, one of about a dozen in the valley, which was completely deserted, although it had its own railway, to serve the pipeline. Both the night and the cottage were very cold, so we slept fully clothed, remaining, nonetheless, rather cool. The following morning, we had intended to climb Carnedd Llewellyn, one of the highest peaks in Wales, but the weather decided us against it. We walked to Trefriw, a small village, where we stopped for a while. A very quick walk took us to the head of Lake Crafant, where we split up and walked, in small groups, beside the lake and over to Capel Curig and the hotel.

Both parties were back by four o'clock, and we spent the last night playing table-tennis or cards, and talking about our respective expeditions. On Saturday, we were driven to the station at Betws y Coed, and, after a speedy journey home, reached Southgate at about 4 o'clock.

P. BORROWS AND R. SKILBECK.

### MALHAM TARN FIELD CENTRE

The Centre, situated beside a tarn in a remote part of the Yorkshire Moors, consists of a very old house, given over to the field studies council, to house, every year, numbers of students interested in the geography or plant life of the surrounding country. In the second week of October I was lucky enough to be one of the fifty students attending a Geography Course.

Every day we set out in two groups walking to places of interest. The nearby country contains some very impressive scenery including Malham Cove a steep cliff face rising up from the dales and Gordale Scar over which run a series of waterfalls. We spent each day seeing for ourselves features of this limestone country as well as noting the local farming and vegetation. In the evening we would sit in the library or laboratories writing up notes or discussing various aspects of the days work. We were comfortably housed and well fed and everyone seemed to spend an enjoyable and profitable week there, especially as the weather was particularly kind to us.

This was my first visit to the North of England and the country was completely new to me. The thing that struck me most was the stone walls. Wherever you go there are miles of drystone walls—they run along the sides of streams, over the tops of the moors and even down almost precipitous hill slopes for when the boundaries were fixed, many years ago, no consideration was given to the contour or nature of the land.

The country around the tarn is completely unspoilt. The peace and quiet that can be felt here is very beautiful. It must however be difficult to imagine peace and quiet in a region containing fifty energetic teenage students.

J. BARLTROP, U.VI Arts.

## SCHOOL ANTHOLOGY

### (1) EXPEDITIONS AND EXHIBITIONS

#### In Brussels 1958

A huge silver sphere glittering in the sunlight above the trees, was the first sight I had of the vast Atomium which dominates the Universal Exhibition at Brussels. The one day I spent at the Exhibition only gave me time to receive an impression, to see it properly would need at least a week.

The Exhibition is a city in itself, with wide roads, graceful fountains, imposing buildings and even buses to enable people to travel easily from one pavilion to another. Each country has put a great deal of thought and care into the preparation of the pavilions, and many new and exciting shapes, materials and designs have been used.

By far the most impressive pavilion I saw, was that of the Soviet Union. Every phase of Soviet life was illustrated; a day on a collective farm to the latest medical equipment; the production of caviar to models of the Sputnik. It was an illuminating experience to realise how much this country has achieved in the forty years since the Revolution.

The United States pavilion, which stood opposite the Soviet one, did not come up to my expectations. The circular construction of the pavilion did not live up to the promise of the exterior.

From the outside the British Government pavilion was highly original, and inside I found it interesting as well. The Hall of Tradition exhibited all aspects of our pageantry, from the Orb and Sceptre, to the Budget Box and the Trade Union Bell. The rest of the pavilion was concerned with British achievements, past and present.

By far the greatest engineering achievement at the exhibition was the Atomium, which symbolised the hope of the atom. It seemed to be fragile and floating, despite its enormous size; and how each of the spheres was supported is still a mystery to me. My last sight of the Exhibition was, the same as my first had been, of the Atomium; but at night with its lights twinkling as it stood silhouetted against the sky, it seemed to be an even more impressive symbol of man's ingenuity.

MARILYN FRAYMAN, L.VI. Arts.

#### In a Colonie de Vacances

Each year during the long summer holidays, many harrassed French mothers send away their children for a month or two to a 'Colonie de Vacances'. I was there to look after them.