The Clayton Volunteers

Every summer a group of about twenty young men and women leave England for America to spend three months working in the 'down-town' areas of such cities as Washington D.C., New York, and Boston. They are all members of an organisation known as The Clayton Volunteers founded some years ago by Rev. P. B. (Tubby) Clayton. The Claytons (as they are called) work with either a Church or a Social Agency on their summer programmes which are designed to keep children out of trouble during their long summer vacation when they are left on the streets all day while their parents are at work. Each Clayton is put in charge of a group of up to twenty children (Negro, Puerto-Rican, Chinese) aged between 8 and 15, and has to organise activities for the group — bible study, arts and crafts, field trips, sports, etc., etc.

month holiday in the summer (sume-september). When you are in America all board and lodgings are paid for you, and you also get some pocket money, about £40. We usually advise successful applicants to take over an extra £50 overand-above this to cover any extra expense which may be incurred. The air fare is £60 return, and we ask those going to contribute as much as they can to this, the organisation making up the

At the end of the summer the Claytons get a holiday of between two and three weeks, and during this time they can travel extensively and see something of America and Canada.

during this time they can travel extensively and see contenting the challenge, and be considered If anybody feels he would like to take up this very worth-while challenge, and be considered for a position in one of the future groups, further information can easily be obtained from the Secretary, The Clayton and Winant Volunteers, 41, Trinity Square, London, E.C.3. Applications

must be in by 31st January of the year in which you wish to go. I can assure any would-be Claytons that it is a tremendous experience, and something that

Roger Wikeley: St. M's 1955-1959.



Norfolk

will never be forgotten.

The flat and reedy wastes that line The shores of muddy Wash. The oak, the elm trees and the pines Sedately rise in long straight lines Along the northern coast. The hills that suddenly appear, The curlew's lonesome cry. All these sad things both far and near Are things which Norfolk folk hold dear; But all are strange to me.

The South's my home, not sucking sand Of which the beach is made. Not driving squalls which soak the land And blot the view on either hand; No, Norfolk's not for me! A VAGRANT.

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