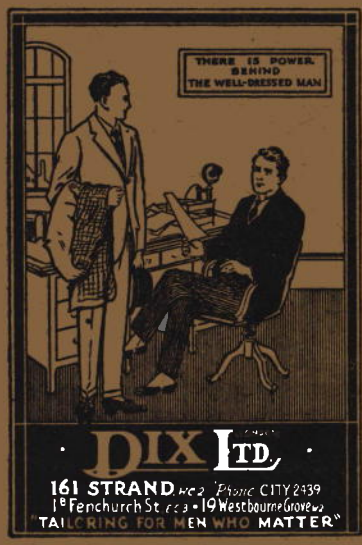
THE AVENUE



MARCH 1926

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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THE SCHOOL FRONT.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XVII. MARCH, 1926. No. 49

FOREWORD.

PERHAPS we may be allowed to express our pleasure in being able to record a steady increase in our numbers throughout last year. Our present total is 172, consisting of 82 girls and 90 boys. Next term the School will be full, and a "waiting-list" is once again in existence.

Keen frost with snow prevailed all over the country for quite a long period after Christmas, and although we did not experience quite such severe weather as did people living farther north, yet for a few days some of us were able to enjoy winter sports.

House Competitions and Athletic Sports will take place this Term, but results will not be known in time for details to be published in this issue.

The Avenue Concert held last Term fulfilled its two-fold purpose very successfully. It provided a most enjoyable entertainment and considerably lessened the Treasurer's uneasiness.

A "Peel Magazine," produced and circulated by the girls who assisted at the Peel Guides Camp last summer, was in existence in the School last Term. Each reader paid a small sum weekly which went to the Peel Institute Funds. Over £1 was raised in that way. The same girls gave a concert in the School on February 6th. The effort was very praiseworthy and added a further £4 10s. to the funds.

On January 1st the Old Scholars held their Annual New Year Social in the New Hall, Westminster, and this again proved to be a very successful gathering.

ROBERT P. SMILLIE.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1925.

CONGRATULATIONS to Crosfield House on winning first place for the second time. It was eight years before they gained their first victory, and this year, as the analysed points show, they carried almost every section. The total points scored this year were as under :

1.	Crosfield	268.7
2.	Morland	233.7
3.	Godlee	224.9

It will be noticed that Morland and Godlee have changed places.

As regards the sectional points, Crosfield's superiority is shown chiefly in the Literary and Æsthetic departments. Godlee's small majority in the Athletic section is due chiefly to their swimming and gymnastics, in both of which they gained a clear lead over their rivals. Morland heads two sections by a narrow margin—General Conduct and Scientific. The points gained in each division were as follows (decimals being ignored) :

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Music, Art, etc.	Class work.	Conduct.
Crosfield	62	24	9	33	38	18	92
Morland	58	14	10	21	28	7	94
Godlee	63	9	3	32	22	15	79

A feature of the music and elocution competitions in the Spring was the short play which each house produced. Two of them were taken from Dickens, the winning one from Martin Chuzzlewit, in which Crosfield House introduced us to Mr. Pecksniff's pleasant family gatherings. The concert also was a great success.

It was Crosfield's turn this year to stay at home for their picnic; Godlee went to Chesterford to F. J. Emson's farm; and Morland found a delightful meadow in a farm on the Little Walden road belonging to one of the Wiseman family. As usual, each House was certain that they had had the best time, so all were satisfied.

J. Penrose Whitlow.

THE OLD SCHOLARS' NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

ONCE more, with the advent of the New Year, the Old Scholars arranged a first-class party, to which the present scholars were invited. This time it was held at the Westminster Central Buildings, yet the spacious room allotted to us seemed hardly large enough for the number of scholars, past and present, who turned up.

I am sure that all who went to the party felt that it was even more of a success than previous similar gatherings have been. This was due almost entirely to the excellent programme that had been arranged, and through the efforts of Paul Mauger, Anthony Skelton, Dorothy Reynolds and others, the time was never allowed to lag, but things were kept moving wonderfully well. We began with tea at small tables ranged at intervals round the room. This was followed by a great variety of games: bean bags; drawing caricatures of people, the names of whom we drew from a hat; males with their mouths full of biscuit whistling well-known tunes to females who had to guess them.

After these, Paul Mauger judged the caricatures, and prizes of toy donkeys, rattles, etc., were distributed to the successful artists and to the winners of several of the other games. Then followed more games with bean-bags. Linked in two large circles we concluded the evening with "Auld Lang Syne," and when Mr. Watts had made an appropriate speech we went our several ways.

Bernard A. Le Mare,
(Stage 7).

ACROSS CANADA.

WE are now just a few miles from Saffron Walden and the Friends' School. We are not quite at the end of our westward trip, for we expect to cross over to Victoria in a few days. We are having the time of our lives. It is grand to be travelling about all on our own, pleasing ourselves where we stop and how long we stay.

After leaving Southampton on August 22nd, we had a grand trip across the Atlantic. Some of the sailors said it was the roughest trip of the season, but Tony and I enjoyed every minute of it. We used to make a point of walking a mile and a half up and down the promenade deck after each meal.

Just before sighting land on Thursday, August 27th, we passed an iceberg within 400 yards. It was like passing through a cold storage room. We took the North passage, and thanks to a north wind all the fog was cleared out of the Straits and we had a fine view of the coasts. I am not going to buy land in Newfoundland. It is about the bleakest spot I have ever seen.

On landing at Quebec we went straight on to Montreal, where we spent a week-end. We were both disappointed with Montreal. It is too Frenchy. In fact it is a city of foreigners, all nations appearing to be represented.

From Montreal we took train to Toronto. We shall never forget our trip to Niagara. We took a steamer from Toronto across Lake Ontario to Queenstown, and then the electric car up the side of the orchard-covered cliffs to the head of the Falls. I consider the Canadian section—the Horseshoe Falls—finer than the American section. The American Falls are higher by a few feet, but they are quite straight. Below the Falls is a bridge across the river from Canada to the States, and over this bridge pass two continuous streams of cars. It was amusing to watch the Customs Officers searching for contraband. It reminded me of contraband at School, and our parcels being opened by the Matron. There was smuggling at School even in those days. I guess we are born smugglers. As soon as you tell a man he must not have, he immediately finds a means of getting what he mustn't have. Prohibition is ruining the States and Ontario, as far as I can see. Ontario is "dry," yet I saw more drunkenness in Toronto at the Exhibition than I have ever seen in any town in England. I was talking to an Englishman in Toronto about Prohibition, and he told me he has seen painters skimming the top of the paint pots before stirring up the paint, and drinking that stuff.

The Canadian National Exhibition, which we saw at Toronto, was a great show. To me it seemed like a cross between Wembley and our Royal Agricultural Show. A very large section was given over to cattle, horses and other farm stock. I was disappointed with the cattle. Anything that would give milk was a cow. The horses, too, seemed very light.

Our next move was to Winnipeg. I don't like the Canadian trains. They are quite comfortable, but horribly stuffy. You can't open the windows because of the smoke from the engine. I never saw such filthy smoke. We did not think much of Winnipeg. It has two main streets and then miles and miles of wooden houses and factories running north, south, east and west.

Our trip from Winnipeg to Calgary was very interesting, but rather monotonous. At Calgary we found the cowboys everywhere with their great sheep-skin leggings and spurs big enough to cut a horse in two. One day we took a walk down to the stock yards and Pat Burns' Plant. Pat Burns is the cattle king. Things were moving down there. The cowboys were driving herds of cattle into the pens as fast as they could. Nearly all the meat for Western Canada is killed at Pat Burns' Plant. Pigs pass into the Plant, are caught up by the leg on a huge wheel, and in fifteen minutes are in cold storage as pork.

Our next stopping place—Banff, in the Rocky Mountains—is the most beautiful place I have ever seen. We think it would be ideal for next year's School Tramp.

From Banff we proceeded to Vancouver and thus almost to the end of our holidays. I must say that Canada is a grand place for a holiday, but I should not like it for ever, and I should not like to farm out here. I have met Englishmen out here who have been farming from ten to fifteen or twenty years. They just scrape a living, and would give anything to be back in England. As regards getting jobs out here in good places, Englishmen are not wanted. Quality in farming doesn't count for much. It is all " Hunt the dollar," and get it how you can, by fair means or foul.

RICHARD SKELTON (1913-1920).
ANTHONY SKELTON (1917-23).



7

THE AVENUE CONCERT.



OW we all looked forward to November the 21st! Who could ever forget the great day while mysterious sounds of orchestra practices constantly fell upon our ears! At last we were able to satisfy our curiosity and find out the secrets of the performers, as we sat in the Dining Hall on that Saturday evening.

There was a variety of music, including piano solos and both boys' and girls' choruses. Besides these, the School orchestra made its first public appearance—and a very creditable one too.

The chief items of the evening were the two plays, one of which was given by juniors only. This was "The First Letter," from Kipling's "Just So Stories." We were introduced to the tribe of Tegumi by one of the senior girls, in a song followed by a recitation of the first part of the story. Then up went the curtain, and we watched eagerly how Taffy attempted to send a letter to her mother by means of picture-writing. Unfortunately the Neolithic ladies misinterpreted the letter, and this led to trouble for the stranger messenger as well as for the "small person without any manners who ought to be spanked"!

"Of all the tribe of Tegumi" was sung by another of the older girls, at the close of the play. It must be remembered that the actors had no prompting, so that their play was especially successful.

The scene of "The Crimson Coco-nut" was laid in Spaggheti's restaurant—a suspicious place already under the eye of Jack Pincher, the detective. When left alone with Robert, the only visible member of the Spaggheti staff, Madame Gliserinski, the Russian anarchist's wife, became very confidential, and left the waiter in charge of a peculiar bomb which to our unpractised eyes looked remarkably like a coco-nut! A careful explanation warned Robert that when this was about to explode, it would turn bright red, as a warning in case of an accident.

Presently an elderly military man and his daughter came in for a meal, but obviously the cooking was not of the best quality, which was hardly to be wondered at, considering the fishy way in which Robert carried on with " Cooky " through the speaking-tube whenever he had a chance.

The detective soon came in once more and he accidentally started the machinery in the bomb. It grew redder and redder, much to the horror of the two diners. When the Russians came in for dinner, their plans of destroying the Bank of England were suddenly shattered by the appearance of a second course in the shape of the crimson cocoanut ! In terror the couple rushed out, straight into the hands of the police, amidst the thundering applause of the audience.

What an evening we had had, and who will deny that it was the best Avenue concert on record ?

Kathleen Robson
(*Stage 7*).

SOMETHING ABOUT GERMAN SCHOOL-LIFE AND EDUCATION.

[The conclusion of an article that appeared in our last issue. EDS.]

THE boys' schools and the boys' matric. are quite different from the girls'. The boys' Gymnasia or Grammar Schools are usually divided into two classes : one teaches the ancient languages, Latin and Greek, while the other teaches modern languages like English, French and in lesser degree Spanish and Russian. The first class of schools is decreasing very rapidly.

The stages in the Gymnasia have Latin names. They begin with Sexta and go on with Quinta, Quarta, Lower Tertia, Upper



Photograph by] [H. Bedford Lemere

SOUTH FRONT OF SCHOOL.

Tertia, Lower Secunda, Upper Secunda, up to the matric. forms, Lower and Upper Prima. The boys' matric., called "Abiturienten-examination," is more like the English matric. The examination papers are sent to the Berlin University, and for the oral examination professors from Berlin and other important universities come together to form the Matric. committee. Only when a pupil has passed the boys' matric. has he the right of entry into a university.

For a long time there have been efforts to get Gymnasia for girls. Some have been very successful, but during and after the war when there was not enough money, no girls' gymnasia could be built, and the poor girls had to go to the boys' schools. I know several who had rather a bad time there.

When the boys have passed the matric. they wear red velvet caps with their initials in golden silk. The lower matric. form gives those caps to the successful boys, and besides honours them in a very fine way. When the matric. boys come out from the committee room, the Lower-Prima boys are waiting for them. They present to them the red caps and take every matric. boy high up on their shoulders. Then they march in good order through the chief streets of the town, and of course, everybody cheers. In the evening a small party and dance ends the day which brings good luck to some and bad luck to others.

This custom seems funny to English people, but there is another one still more amusing. It does not surprise you when the boys always take their caps off or bow when they meet a teacher, but that the girls do something else besides saying "Good-morning" or "Good-afternoon" may seem strange to you. Whenever and wherever schoolgirls or those who have recently left school meet their mistresses or masters, they curtsey! It would be very impolite not to do it, and although many foreigners smile a bit about this custom, we keep it up, and I shall do it, too, when I go back to Germany again.

As regards school punishments, we never get and write words in German schools as we do here. Girls' and boys' schools have

the same punishments. There is in every class a large book, big enough to last for one school year. Every thing that has been done during the lessons has to be put in this book. A small space for punishments is left for every day, and when a pupil does naughty things, his name and what he has done are put down. He gets a lecture from his form master, is sent then with the book to the head master, from whom he gets another lecture, and after that a letter to his parents is sent home. This punishment, which we call " Tadel," is counted for the conduct on the report.

Since the Revolution every school master and mistress has been ordered not to be too strict with the pupils. Every form is allowed to have one afternoon which is quite free from all preparations. We don't know the gaiety of English week-ends in Germany, but many of the forms asked for the Saturday afternoon to be free from school-work, so that we could go away on Saturday afternoon, camp outside and have a glorious time till Sunday evening.

After the Revolution the government gave a privilege to all German schools. One day each month had to be taken as a holiday. This day had to be used for long class-walks during the summer months, and for ice-skating and sledge-driving in winter. I always loved these excursion days, particularly in winter-time.

Very often I have been cross about horrid school lessons and strict teachers, but I already look back to those school years, full of little troubles, but not at all touched by the great sorrows of real life.

Christel Lierau
(*Stage* 6).

II

CRICKET CHAT.

THE cricket season will open shortly. Already enthusiasts have been examining their gear, and schoolroom talk has begun to hammer at the lore and logic of the game. So perhaps a few remarks from a former Walden captain may interest, and possibly help, some who are hoping to win team colours this season.

All of us, no doubt, would like to be good batsmen. The safest road to success is patience and constant practice. Choose your bat carefully, and get the right weight. So many boys, and men too, use a heavier bat than they need. Remember that the great cricketers do not use bullock strength to get their runs. It is accurate timing and the correct stroke which lead to big scores. A six, over the Bath, should not be a great muscular effort, but a graceful easy stroke that sings sweetly away from the bat. Such strokes mean constant practice, perfect control of hand and eye, and patient, steady training.

Practice your weak strokes every day. Do you find it difficult to play a straight bat? Practice coming from above the shoulder down along a straight line. Are you poor on the leg side? Then get someone to bowl at your legs every day. Another tip some find useful to help judgment is a white line across the practice pitch, marking the pitch of good length bowling.

Do not start straight away with the idea of making large scores. Aim at playing cricket; learn the various strokes; train eye and hands and feet to work together, and runs *will come.*

The bowler has, I think, an easier task—he has individuals to beat and ten men to help him. We were always told, when I was at school, that the beginning and end (middle as well)

of good bowling was "keeping a good length." But there are other very important things a bowler must do. One that schoolboys so often neglect is, the study of the batsman.

Test him. Watch how he treats the various types of balls you send to tempt him. Mix your bowling so that you find out sooner or later what he doesn't like. Place your field according to your plan of action, but always remember that each batsman is a problem for the bowler to solve.

Tempt the man who plays a straight bat forward to everything. Tempt him by gradually shortening your length almost imperceptibly. He will probably realise your plot too late and you have him caught and bowled.

Do you always carefully watch the new batsman take guard and ask yourself why he takes two leg instead of centre, or one leg instead of two?

But you may not get your cap either as a bowler or a batsman, yet there is still a chance for you.

Every keen, safe fieldsman is worth his colours to any team, particularly, I think, to a school team. Slackness in the field gives away more runs than many of us make, and, worse still, it undermines the morale of the team.

A good fieldsman always backs up even when it seems unnecessary. He learns to pick the ball up as he is running and to pick it up and throw it in in one continuous movement.

Again, only use your feet in fielding to back up your hands. Feet together, hands in front—don't play soccer with a cricket ball.

Finally a few general points that are very important. Always spare bowlers any extra work, even unnecessary stooping. Unless you are captain don't talk in the field, nor too loudly in the pavilion, whoever you are. Always let your captain lead out the team to field. And to captains, one word of advice: praise binds a team together and the blame most keenly felt, often, is when nothing is said.

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

13

THE GOD'S DECREE.

THE hot sun shone on the yellow sands of the desert. It beat upon the stone sides of the pyramids and on the imperturbable face of the Sphinx, before which a solitary rider had dismounted.

He was a man of about thirty years, with a strong, active body. His face was that of a high-caste Egyptian with well formed features and large black eyes. He was dressed in a white sleeveless tunic, reaching from shoulder to knee, richly embroidered round the neck and hem. Round his waist he wore a belt formed of links of gold, and from it was hung a golden hilted dagger, ornamented with jewels. On his arms were bands of the same precious metal, in which were inscribed the crook and whip, symbols worn only by high officials of Egypt. On his head he wore a helmet over which were the crossed wings of the ibis, the sacred bird of Egypt. Meanwhile he was leaning on the saddle of his horse, which was flecked with foam from hard riding, and both horse and man looked very tired. Indeed, he had been riding for many hours and his horse could not go much farther. "I must be going onward," he muttered, as he looked up at the smiling face before him. "I doubt if I shall reach Tanis to-night." His face set in an expression of despair as he mounted his horse and rode slowly on. There was some sort of a road from here to Memphis, and on one side of this was a small but very beautiful temple dedicated to Amen-Ra. Just as he was passing this, his horse, startled by something that the rider could not see, reared and plunged and finally galloped away along the road towards Memphis. The man, totally unprepared, was thrown to the ground, where he lay stunned.

There he lay for a long time on the sandy road, and nobody passed him, perhaps, as he said later, the better for him. When

at last he opened his eyes it was evening. The sun was sinking and casting lengthening shadows over the desert. He rose to his feet somewhat unsteadily and looked around him. He saw the marks of his horse's hoofs on the sand, and realising what had happened, he seated himself on the steps of the temple and buried his face in his hands with a low cry of despair.

Through the pillars she came. Out of the shadows of the Temple, a girl robed in white, a priestess of Ra. As she walked slowly down the steps her eyes were fixed on distant Memphis. She did not see the man until she was nearly on him. Startled by the sound of footsteps he looked up. His sudden pang of terror passed as he saw only a white robed girl before him, and he stood up. " Can I do anything for you ? " she asked, and then, suddenly, she realised who it was that stood bareheaded before her. Only one man in all Egypt could be wearing round his forehead that circlet of gold with its cryptic symbol of a hooded snake ; and that man was the Prince of Egypt.

She turned to run, but the Prince stopped her. " Come here, girl ! " he said. " Can you hide me anywhere ? My life is in danger. Nay, do not call yon band of tale-telling priests. If you cannot keep my presence here a secret, tell me, and I will go. But if you can, show me some place where I can talk with you." Without a word she led the way into the cool, shadowy temple, and placing a finger on her lips to enjoin silence, she took him up some steps out on to the flat roof. Then she turned and looked up at him, a slight blush on her pale face.

Seating himself on the stone parapet he motioned her to sit beside him and then began :

" As you see, I am the Prince of Egypt. I did not mean you to know, but since you do, I must explain to you why I am here. Four days ago, Pharaoh, my father, died, and I appeared on the steps of the Royal House to be proclaimed Pharaoh in his stead. But to my horror the multitude yelled against me, menacing me with weapons. The priests refused to place the

crown on my head, or the sacred symbols in my hands. I knew not the cause of this hostile reception. Behind me stood my younger brother, Asemen, with a smile on his pale face. " The people heard that you would give the country to the Ethiops, and say they will not have you for their king," he said. " Though I love you, Asecti, as I love myself, they bid me take your place, and give you but two days to flee. On the evening of the second they bid me pursue and kill you. I begged them to spare you, but they refused. Even now you may escape, if thus the Gods decree. But now, my brother, farewell, the people call for me." And I stood by with a heavy heart, while he was crowned. I had entertained no intentions of giving my country to the Ethiops. I was astounded, yet, as I stood there a priest came to me and said, " I have heard of thee, O Asecti. Thy brother has told me often of thy plans to destroy the Temples. The mighty Ptah forbids that you be crowned. Flee, thou wicked one." Then I knew that it was my brother who had slandered me in the eyes of the people, and I fled, just as I was. Thrice have I crossed the Nile ; twice have I been beaten back again. My brother's soldiers are everywhere, and, but for them I should be in Tanis now, where I hope the people will be faithful to me. But now I can go no farther. Priestess, it is now the evening of the fourth day. Hide me, for I am young, and love life, and hope yet to avenge myself on my brother."

The priestess looked into his face and saw it hard and stern. She looked to the north, then to the south, and as she looked she rose to her feet with a smothered cry. " See, O Prince," she said, " your brother has wasted no time." He stood up and beheld on the horizon a mighty cloud of dust.

" Hide me, priestess," begged Asecti. " I am but one, they are many. I have done no wrong, and when I am Pharaoh, I will reward you. See ! they draw near."

She placed a finger on her lips. " Hush," she said. " I can hide you, but after the soldiers have gone by you must keep

your hiding-place a secret from all men. The priests would kill me if they found out that I did this."

She led him down the steps into the temple, and behind the altar to where there was hanging a heavy curtain. This she drew aside and Asecti saw before him a massive figure, the idol of Amen-Ra, twenty feet high. "Surely you will not hide me here?" said the Prince in a surprised tone. "The gods repulse me; they will betray me." "Nay," smiled the priestess, "never believe the words of the gods when spoken through the mouth of a priest."

As she spoke, she pressed a lever and a large door in the god's back opened to disclose a large cavity. Into this she pushed Asecti, and closed the door after him. Then she ran down and joined the priests on the steps of the temple.

Nearer came the army. In front was a chariot, followed by about five hundred mounted soldiers. The priestess turned back to the stairs and ran up again to the flat roof, where the other priestesses were now collected.

Onward came the army till it reached the temple steps. Then one of the men pointed excitedly to something lying in the sand, and a priest ran forward to pick it up. A loud yell rose from the soldiers, for all recognised the helmet that had fallen from the head of the Prince. The young man in the chariot gave an order and about twenty men dismounted, drew their swords, and entered the temple with their leader at their head. In spite of the protests of the priests, they searched every corner, prodding curtains with their swords, looking into ante-rooms, and loudly bidding the fugitive to come forth.

They were about to depart when the arms of Amen-Ra were slowly raised above his head, while a long-drawn wail issued from the body of the god. This was caused by the Prince inside the deity, which was, as were many such statues, operated from within to make the religious ceremonies more impressive. Asecti had nervously clutched one of the levers and caused the somewhat surprising effect. Pharaoh Asemen turned and

pointed to the statue. "See," he shouted, "the god forbids my departure before I have killed my craven brother." He walked up to the altar, mounting in his eagerness the block on which human sacrifices were offered. "O mighty Ra," he cried, brandishing his sword, "show me where my brother is hidden."

As if in answer to his prayer the body of the god swayed and crashed forward. As it fell, the door at the back sprang open, leaving the Prince standing erect, but his brother, Asemen, lay dead, crushed by the mighty statue.

For a moment there was silence. Then did Prince Asecti descend from his hiding place and stand before the people. From five hundred throats arose the cry, "Hail, O Pharaoh, king of the upper and the lower lands, beloved of Amen-Ra, who has protected thee. The gods decree it; thou shalt wear the double crown." The priestess, descending the stairs, heard the shouts, as the army moved on with Asecti now at the head. "He has gone," she murmured plaintively, "and forgotten me, and they will slay me."

Two years passed ere Asecti came again to the temple of Ra. Trouble on the borders had engaged him, but as soon as he was free and the land was secure from invasion, he hastened to Memphis. Once within the temple, he called to the cringing, fawning High Priest, and asked for the priestess who had saved his life.

The man looked terrified. "She is dead, O saviour of thy people. The great god Amen-Ra demanded a priestess for a sacrifice. 'Tis the god's decree." Pharaoh Asecti turned away. He was the king of Egypt and wore the double crown, but there was heavy sorrow in his heart, for he could not thank the priestess who had given her life for his.

Bessie McGowan
(Stage 5).

OLD SCHOLARS' LECTURE WEEK-END.

I THINK I may safely say that it was with great pleasure on the part of all that on Friday, March 5th, we began to assemble for our annual Old Scholars' Lecture Week-end. Some were lucky enough to be able to get down on Friday evening, and for these there was a reception and welcome at School, at 7 p.m.

As the lectures were not to begin until the next morning, the remainder of the evening was passed very pleasantly in conversation, and the renewal of old acquaintances.

On Saturday morning, Mr. Carl Heath started the series of lectures by an interesting talk on Friends' International Service. He pointed out that the Friends had begun their international work during the war with the ambulance service, the War Victims' Relief, and the help given to aliens. This work, organised by the Quaker Embassy formed at Skipton in 1916, survived the war, and developed into the Friends' International Centres of to-day.

Mr. Heath then gave us individual accounts of these "Centres of Goodwill" as the American Friends call them, in Paris, Geneva, Vienna, Poland, Russia, Greece, and Tangiers.

The main aim of the Friends in instituting these centres, we were told, was to promote a feeling of intelligent affection between hostile countries. This they have succeeded in doing between Poland and Germany, as shown by the late conference at Warsaw. Many and varied are the philanthropic works which they have undertaken incidentally, but this is their high ideal.

Mr. Heath succeeded, I believe, in convincing us all of the nobleness of the work, as well as impressing us with a vivid sense of its reality, and we left the room with the words of George Fox, quoted by the lecturer, ringing in our minds,—

" walking cheerfully through the world, answering to that of God in all men."

After a short interval we returned to the Lecture Room to hear Mr. Fitzwater Wray on " After Stevenson through the Cevennes." This proved to be most interesting, and was profusely illustrated by lantern slides. Mr. Wray and a friend made a cycling tour through the Cevennes following the track of Stevenson and Modestine, and it was most interesting to see the places of which we had read, and more particularly the photographs of Madame Morelle, Father Ambrose, and Clarisse which Mr. Wray was able to show us.

Personally I was most interested in Mr. Wray's account of the Trappist monastery, " Our Lady of the Snows," where he spent a night, following the example of Stevenson. Brother Ambrose he did not see, unfortunately, as he is now the head of a neighbouring monastery, but we saw his photograph.

Soon after twelve o'clock we emerged again into daylight, and turned our minds to very different subjects, dinner and the afternoon's matches.

The latter were favoured by a fine, bright afternoon. The girls had an energetic game, the Present Scholars gaining a victory of seven goals to one. The boys however were able to save our reputation somewhat by a win for the Old Scholars by four goals to three.

In the evening we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wray again, this time on another cycling tour which he and his wife made to Venice. Like the morning lecture it was well illustrated by slides, mostly taken by the lecturer himself. They illustrated the route of the travellers through Normandy, Central France, Switzerland, and North Italy, to Venice. Mr. Wray made the journey most interesting to us by his seemingly exhaustless fund of amusing anecdotes and comments.

After the lecture Mrs. Wray favoured us with several songs, and then the Present Scholars withdrew, leaving the Old Scholars to their usual enjoyable musical entertainment.

The last of the series of lectures took place on Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Carl Heath spoke to us again, this time on Ideas in International Work. He pointed out to us the great need there is for creative ideas in present-day internationalism. Human life, he said, was too dynamic to be ruled by any man-made system; the essential factor in the evolution of social conditions was not organisations, but the basic principles of society. This made a need for thought and ideas which should drive the spirit to find expression in creative action.

It was this thought, and consequent action which characterised the early Quakers, and the result of their reflections had been to convince them that there is a spark of the divine in every man, which is always worth seeking. This was the principle on which Penn worked with his Indians, and it is the principle on which the Friends' International Service is working to-day, opposing to the doctrine of repression so prevalent now, their doctrine of faith. As Mr. Heath said, it is the spirit of Locarno as contrasted with the spirit of Versailles, and the motive power behind it must be the spirit of God in society.

A short discussion followed, and then we dispersed, feeling that although we might not have been able to appreciate the full meaning of Mr. Heath's ideas, he had given us food for deep reflection.

In the evening, meeting was held at the School, and again we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Heath.

Monday morning saw the departure of the Old Scholars each one to his or her particular work, with pleasant memories of Walden to last until the next eagerly anticipated visit.

MADELEINE M. C. BAKER (1918-24).

A RAMBLE AROUND A FARM.

I AM going to try to tell you something about a ramble on a farm. I expect some of you have had the experience or at any rate have lived in the country, and have enjoyed the lovely free feeling that one has when alone outside with a dog in the morning.

First of all we hear the cocks crowing, anxious to be out getting worms. All else will be quiet. But before long everything will begin to awake. The dogs will begin to bark, and there will be heard the distant lowing of a cow, the tramp of the labourer's feet, and the whinnying of a horse. All the farm is astir.

The old cart horse is seen dragging a manure cart to a field not far distant, while a young boy, sitting on its back, whistles a merry tune as he starts out for the day's toil. In another direction the tractor is noisily starting up the road.

After perhaps fifteen minutes they will all have gone their various ways, and the farm will be quiet once again, unless threshing has already begun.

The morning of this particular ramble all was quiet except for the young puppy that tried to tell me that he did not wish to remain chained up all day. I went over and unchained him. He jumped up and down, and frisked about, trying to lick my face.

We walked over towards the fields, Roger, the puppy, running in circles behind or in front of me. Suddenly he sees a rabbit in the distance, and away he goes before I can stop him. We see many other rabbits jump up and run to their homes, but Roger in his clumsy puppy-hood cannot even catch the fur of one of them. Roger has evidently been to this rabbit warren before. He scratches round the holes, putting his head and front paws down, and leaving his stumpy little tail wagging

in the air. Then he jumps out again, sniffs and runs away to another. I then decide to see if there are any new birds' nests. I climb up on top of a tiled roof along the top of which are some circular tiles, which have become loosened with age. Under the first there is nothing but crumbled mortar, but under the second there is a lovely little feathery nest, oblong in shape, to fit the tile. Hay and a hen's tail feather form the outside of the nest, but inside there is a warm thick silky lining of feathers beautifully woven into each other. In this nest there are three mottled brown eggs in colouring very like that of the feathery lining. The eggs of the sparrow vary considerably in size, shade and colouring; some of them are round and almost covered with dark brown markings, others have grey markings, while some are oval shaped with just a few black spots.

We next go to see if the thrushes have built in the Lorustinus as they have done for very many years. I peep through the bushes and there I see them busily building. I want to stay and watch, but they hear me and are already flying away. At my feet is our tortoise, "Croc." We have had him for several years. Every September we bring him indoors and keep him there until the cold weather is over. He is very fond of buttercups and will eat them from our hands.

I then make my way to a pond that lies at the back of the house. Around it grow a great many rushes which form excellent hiding places for moorhens and wild duck.

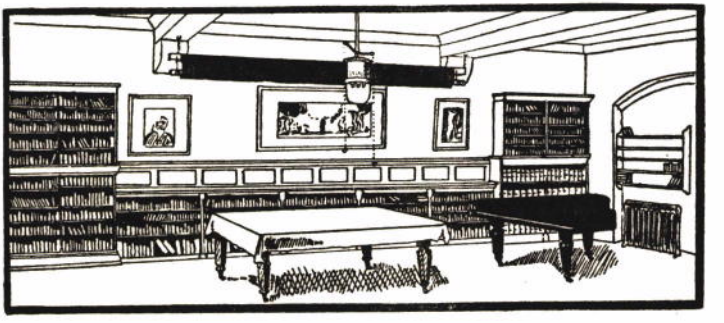
The moorhen builds its nest of rushes with a lining of sedges and grasses. Into this nest she often lays as many as twenty eggs. The eggs are oval and about one and a half inches long, with a brownish-grey background and brown markings. The moorhen swims slowly about the pond, bobbing its head and neck curiously as it proceeds. The young moorhens are able to swim as soon as they hatch out of the egg. They look like little lumps of black fluff floating about on the surface of the water. Other birds such as coots and pied wagtails are also found by the pond, although the coot is not often found in small

ponds, but more often in lakes. The wagtail swings his tail up and down as he moves along the margin of the water in search of insect food.

The insects and fish that are found under water are also of great interest. The eel is very interesting as it always returns to the sea to breed, although there is absolutely no water passage from the pond to the river. The dragon fly is a very beautiful inhabitant of the pond. The first and greater part of its life is spent under water. There are nearly fifty different species and the method of egg-laying varies. In the Diplax the female is said to lay her eggs in a chain. Some species cut slits in soft aquatic plants and insert their eggs in the slits, while others drop their eggs as they fly over the water. The young larva is very different from the grown dragon fly ; it is very awkward in its movements. It may cling to a plant for hours without moving and then suddenly it will attack its prey which has not noticed it. The young larva will consume snails, tadpoles, insects and perhaps even small fishes. It remains in the water for two or three seasons, then it climbs up a stem to the surface of the water, and, after some time, the perfect insect emerges.

After having seen all these places and things I am thoroughly tired, so I return home wondering where my next ramble will lead me.

Yvonne Gundry
(*Stage* 4).



24

FRAGMENTS FROM FRANCE.

IT is quite strange to revert to English after four or five months of thinking, writing, talking in French. For at Romans, the picturesque little town on the banks of the river Isère, tourists are practically unknown. Many of the inhabitants have never been so far north as Paris, or farther south than Nîmes. Thus it is from actual experience, and with actual contact with real French mannerisms that I am writing.

Romans is far enough south to be considered in the Midi, and the people certainly have the temperament of that region. One day I went down to the kitchen to take a message, and I found two of the maids throwing the cooking utensils about as a result of a slight disagreement. But though the people are quickly roused, their anger soon passes, and they again show their affection far more freely than an average English person would do. But although their feelings may very easily be aroused, they can stand a very great deal of real hardship. I find that though the majority hate the Germans with an intense hatred, yet they put a brave face on the matter and smilingly go about their business, many poverty-stricken, and most of the men disabled in some way or other.

The school where I am at present belongs to the town, and although everything is organised and directed by Madame la Directrice, when it comes to a question of special authority, it is Monsieur le Maire who takes command. The school is run on very different lines from those I know of in England. For one thing there is very little punctuality in anything. Sometimes girls go to bed at eight o'clock; sometimes it is between half past ten and eleven. The girls appear to be very fond of work, or, perhaps I should say, of *being in class*—which is a different thing. They always make a special point of asking Madame to allow them to get up at five or half-past for the purpose of work—a request which is usually granted.



Photograph by] [H. Bedford Lemere

ART ROOM.

The staff arrive at eight o'clock, and classes commence. At eleven o'clock the staff take their departure, for they have nothing to do with the girls outside lesson times. It is Madame with the help of *surveillants* who takes over the control.

It is remarkable how much of the domestic work the girls do. With the help of the two maids (who change about every ten days) and the concierge, they do all the school domestic work, including the cooking.

Naturally the meals are very different from what we have in England. One thing that surprised me on my entrance into this school was the fact that on most days of the week the girls are given wine at the mid-day lunch and at dinner at night. For the *petit déjeuner* in the early morning the girls have chocolate, and they have nothing after the mid-day lunch until dinner, which is nominally at seven o'clock.

The school has no special religion, but as most people are Catholics, we attend one of the smaller churches in the town. After the meetings at Walden School this was very strange for me, and, at first, the services amused me and aroused my contempt. Now that I understand better the views of those who attend these services, I am able to appreciate them rather more.

Fêtes play a large part in the lives of the French people, and the school participates in very many of them. Practically every Sunday and often one day in the week has its carnival or procession in the streets, ending with a ball in the principal square or at one of the cafés. I shouldn't like to have to count all the cafés even in a small town like Romans, and apparently these cafés are always full, no matter what hour of the day or night.

Romans has still another occupation for Sunday—that day is the principal market day. The town overflows with people from the neighbouring villages who make the day an opportunity to do shopping, attend mass and visit a theatre or cinema.

Sundays and Thursdays are holidays at the school, but excepting that the girls do not get up until half-past eight, and are allowed to go out with parents and friends, there does not seem to be much difference. The girls still spend the greater part of the day in class for study, although sometimes a walk is organised.

French girls have no games whatsoever. Their chief exercise is dancing, but though they have dancing lessons three times a week, they do not become adept. They have also a kind of country dancing which they perform in the cloisters, accompanying themselves with old peasants' songs.

The French people are temperamentally very different from the English. Perhaps they are too emotional and too much inclined to frivolity, but they have the kindest hearts and there is always sunshine in their faces as well as in their skies.

JOYCE M. RAYNER (1921-25).

FAR AND NEAR.

CONCERNING OLD SCHOLARS.

Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term:

Madeline Andrews is at Cadbury's, Bournville.

André Mazower is at Woodbrooke, Birmingham.

Winifred Watson.

Harold Williams is working in the Editorial department of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

* * * * *

Peggy Horsfield (1916-21) writes:

"After leaving School I took a six months' Secretarial training and am now working in Mr. Nicholson's Office at Devonshire House. . . . I have been doing something so interesting for the last six months or so. Cambridge University Settlement in Camberwell runs a library which is very popular, largely

because of the friendly spirit they always meet with when they come in to change their books. I spend one evening over there and find it very helpful to meet and talk with other people, people who live such totally different lives from mine."

* * * * *

Norman Eames (1919-23) writes:

"I am much looking forward to seeing the old school and the old faces who welcome us down. These week-ends are a great source of pleasure to me—there is something good that I derive from them—from the evening meeting at School—from the sight of boys who can still play a hearty game every day instead of being cooped up in an office. . . . To-day Philip Smith, Roland Teakle and I gathered for lunch and talked of old times at school. We all felt we wanted to be back there, even if it meant reading 'Emma' ten times. . . . I have now taken up hockey and play against teams like Mid-Surrey, Royal Observatory, etc. One day I shall bring an Old Boys' hockey team down. Lawrance Palmer also plays the game. . . . I keep myself fit by doing physical jerks every morning and running three to four miles every Wednesday evening—one needs all this when one is in an office all day."

* * * * *

Connie Newbery (1920-25) writes from the home of Christel Lierau at Frankfurt an Oder:

"This morning was Frau Lierau's birthday, so we had a 'Lebenslicht' (wax candle or life light) burning all breakfast time [at least at the first breakfast; one *seems* to have breakfast or dinner every hour or so, and everyone seems to think it extraordinary that I can't eat a normal sized meal every time!] and a wreath of flowers round her plate. The gifts have a special table in another room. I'm getting on well with German ceremonies, as I've been to a wedding, a market place (thrice weekly affair), learned to say the customary 'Gesegnete Mahlzeit' after the mid-day and evening meals, and seen a school regatta on the Oder. . . . My visit to the barber

was still more funny than my attempt to buy envelopes, although Christel accompanied me. As she was having her hair done at the same time, I was left quite at the mercies of the barber. He'd no notion what to do, but I managed to stop him from shingling it in the first place, and then from thinning the top of my head out with a razor; so he cut lots off, shaved both sides of my forehead and then said 'Fini'! most triumphantly, evidently thinking that I was French."

In a later letter she adds:

"This is just to let you know about my removal to Hamburg. I came here on January 19th, and am enjoying everything very much. It would be hard to find a nicer family to be with. Herr K. is an elementary school teacher (chiefly of gym.). Christel is hoping to be taken on at the Berlin Universitäts bibliothek sometime this year. She is working as hard as ever."

* * * * *

Kathleen Coates (1918-24) writes:

"I went to the O.S. Christmas Party last Friday. It was lovely to see so many old friends. . . . I am hoping to be able to come down to Walden for the Lecture School Week-end. I am starting to save up already so as to make sure of it! I am still playing hockey practically every Saturday. We run four XI.'s now, so I feel quite elated when I occasionally play for the first. The second is my proper team.

* * * * *

Frances Waters (1919-25) writes from Westhill:

"Of course the huge difference here is that there is not *one* rule. I find the habits, formed at Walden, of cleaning shoes, turning mattresses, and *keeping rooms tidy* (if you can imagine it!), etc., extremely useful. How I would love to come back to school, but I must be thankful for six years and not be greedy. . . . I see Owen Clover frequently and I went to tea with Mrs. Clover the other day. 'Elizabeth' is a perfect

darling—not a scrap like Elizabeth Pumphrey, but just as sweet."

* * * * *

Madeleine Baker (1918-24), writes from University College, London:

"I am getting on much better with work this year, finding it much easier than last. . . . It seems such a long time since I left school. I haven't heard from any of the Matric. class of our year just lately, but I think our circular letter is still going strong. I have had it twice so far, and I do hope we shall be able to keep it up for a good long time."

* * * * *

Madeline Andrews (1923-25) writes:

"I got into Cadbury's quite easily. Yesterday I took the exam. for the offices, but at present I do not know the result. . . . As after Christmas there is not so much work to be done, the new applicants (110 altogether) are working only half-time. . . . Everyone has to go to the Works School for at least one half-day a week until they are eighteen. You can go twice and I shall. We also have to attend Gym. and Swimming classes, and we can go to Evening classes too. I am ever so pleased to know that I shall be able to follow up my Life Saving. I went to an evening Gym. class yesterday, and although I knew no one I thoroughly enjoyed myself. Hockey is on Saturday afternoons, and I hear that there are twelve teams, so I have hopes of getting into one. There are 11,000 workers now at Bournville, and we were told that for every *one* admitted, ten were refused. . . . I'm much better off than I ever dreamt I should be, and it is *almost* like another school."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 21st.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, away, lost, 3—4.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, won, 1—0.
Avenue Concert.

„ 26th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary: Iris Harris and Yvonne Gundry; Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Current Events Report, E. Farrell; Essays, "Seeds," Dorothy Brown; "Flowers," Mary Close; "Fruit," Joyce Maybery.

„ 29th.—Lecture Recital: "Don Quixote," Rev. A. R. Runnels-Moss.

Dec. 3rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Social Evening.

„ 5th.— Girls' Gymnastic Competition.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* O. W. Tebbit's XI., home, lost, 4—6.
Lantern Lecture: "G. F. Watts," Mr. Taylor.

„ 10th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary: J. O. Burtt and R. Alexander; Current Events Report: Beatrice Freestone and D. Edmundson; Meteorological Report, A. Mazower; Essays: "Surrey Heaths and Pinewoods," Kathleen Robson; "The Kingfisher and the Skylark," T. Francis; "A Ramble on a Farm," Yvonne Gundry; "The Natural History of the Hawaian Islands," Mollie Hooper; "The Cuckoo and its Foster Mother," G. Tawell; "Nature around Llandrindod Wells," A. Phillips; "The Fox and the Rabbit," E. Engelmann.

„ 12th.—Musical Recital: Miss Bird's pupils.
Lantern Lecture: "The Taming of Wild Animals and Birds," Dr. Joy.

„ 16th.—Football Match: The Four Schools *v.* Old Newportonians, at Bishop's Stortford, drawn, 0—0.

„ 17th.—End of Christmas Term.

Jan. 14th.— School re-opened.

„ 16th.—Lantern Lecture: "The Pilgrim's Way," Mr. Morris.

„ 21st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary: Nora Child and W. Armstrong; Essays: "Some Places of Interest on my Holiday," R. Alexander; "Advertising," Mary Close; "If Winter Comes," W. Armstrong. Pianoforte Solos: "Prelude" by Rachmaninov, Nora Child; "Valse in F. Maj." by Chopin, J. R. Evens; Gramophone Selections: "Nocturne in B," by Borodine, the Léner Quartette; Bach's "Air for G. String," The Court Symphony Orchestra.

Jan. 23rd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, lost, 2—6.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, won, 3—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Air Travel, To-day and To-morrow," Captain Oliver E. Simmonds.

,, 27th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v* Newport Grammar School, home, won, 10—0.

,, 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary: Betty Milne and Doris Marshall; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles; Current Events Report, Mr. Morris and Mollie Hooper; A Paper by Grant Allen, "The House Sparrow," read by Mr. Morris; Business Meeting.

,, 30th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, away, won, 8—1.
Hockey Match: 1st. XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, lost, 1—3.
Lantern Lecture: "The Romance of the Scottish Borders," Mr. Platt.

Feb. 3rd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, away, lost 1—9.

,, 4th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary: Yvonne Gundry; Essays: "Some Sidelights on Berlin," D. A. Bartlett; "Pleasant Days in the Lake District," Winifred Cooper; "A Village in the Pennines," J. O. Burtt; "Point of View," Marjorie Dell; Pianoforte Solo, "Sea Song," by Macdowell, Dorothy Brown.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Hadstock Church.
Peel Concert.

,, 10th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Friends, home, won, 4—3.

,, 11th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Diary: P. A. Clarke and T. Francis; Current Events Report, E. Le Mare and E. Dunstan; Meteorological Report, H. D. Byles; Report on the Excursion to Hadstock Church, D. Edmundson; Essays, "Some Scarcer British Mammals," J. O. Burtt; "Rooks," P. A. Clarke; "Southwark Cathedral," E. Farrell; Reading, Extract from Gilbert White's Natural History of Selbourne, Kathleen Priestman.

,, 13th.—Hockey Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, home, lost, 2—3.
2nd XI. *v.* Fowlmere Ladies, away, lost, 0—5.
Football Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, lost, 1—5.
Concert given by the "Country Town, Village and School Concert Party."

Feb. 17th.—Football Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, won, 11—0.

„ 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, D. A. Bartlett ; Essays, " The Progress of Games," Winifred Eisenhardt ; " A Walking Tour in Wales," H. D. Byles ; " Appearances," Molly French ; " Some Peculiar Place Names in England and Scotland," F. A. Edmunds ; Pianoforte Solo, " Romance " by Jean Sibelius, D. Edmundson.

„ 20th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Foxes, home, won, 3—1.

„ 24th.—Visit to the Livingstone Film.

NOTICES.

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Articles in *The Avenue* written by boys or girls are signed in italics.

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