THE AVENUE



MARCH 1927

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

FOR

Good Tailoring

ALL THE YEAR ROUND
YOU CANNOT DO BETTER
THAN GO TO THE

HOUSE OF DIX

MEN'S WEAR
DIX-WEAR
BEST WEAR



MERCHANT TAILORS

161, STRAND, W.C.
1B, FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.
19, WESTBOURNE GROVE, W.



Photo by] [H. B. Lemere.

THE SCHOOL FRONT.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

OF all the important events of the past term, perhaps the most interesting was the visit paid to us by twenty-two girls and boys from St. Christopher's School, Letchworth. During the afternoon the girls played a hockey and the boys a football match, and at the end of the visit the wish was expressed on both sides that the happy acquaintances we had made, should be frequently renewed.

Our Christmas Term this year seems to have been even busier than previous ones, as we gave our annual concert in aid of the "Avenue," and in addition we performed a dramatic representation of Galsworthy's "Strife." Both of these necessarily entailed a considerable amount of work and time. This was not all, however, for amateur theatricals proved popular in other parts of the school. The boys of Group "A" held a concert in their school room in aid of their library, and very soon the boys of "C" followed suit, and later on in the term a concert was organised in aid of Dr. Barnardo's Homes.

This term we seem to be almost as busy; for despite the fact that coughs and colds on both sides of the house and measles chiefly on the Girls' Side, have done all they can to hinder us, we are all looking forward to and preparing for our Annual House Competitions, and the Athletic Sports.

The weather has not been very favourable this term, and it has necessitated the closing of the Avenue for a considerable time and the postponing of a "Merit-half" as well as the cancelling of some of the girls' hockey matches, of which, even in the best of times there are but too few. The wet weather has, however, been of considerable advantage to our new tennis court, which is under construction at the end of the Boys' Gardens.

One institution which has been founded this term, and must not pass unmentioned, is the "Pet Shed." It already contains numerous healthy rats, white mice, and rabbits, and many more inmates are promised us next term.

We are indebted to Hubert Lidbetter, the architect of Friends' House, for the photograph we are able to publish opposite page 18. The Entrance Hall and Staircase of the Administration Block are shown in the photograph taken by H. Bedford Lemere.

H. D. Byles
(Stage 7).

STRIFE.

ONE thing for which all who have passed this way must feel grateful to Walden, is that it makes you think in earnest. At the end of last term we all had even more reason for feeling this, when on the last Saturday evening, we all assembled in the dining-hall to see a really great play.

Galsworthy's "Strife," at any rate as it was acted for us last term, is guaranteed to make everyone who sees it think in some way or another. Perhaps a fortunate few did so to their

own satisfaction; but, probably, the greater number had certain qualms of conscience, or, at any rate, feelings that "all was not right with the world."

For some time before we were all reminded of the forthcoming event in various little ways, although it was remarkable how Mr. Beer managed to get up such a great play with so little fuss and disturbance. At the very last moment, fate seemed to show herself against us; for on the day before, Harry Byles was forced to retire to the sanatorium, and his part, one of the biggest, was taken by John Burtt, who in turn had to hand his over to Jack Cuthbertson. Although they had next to no chance of rehearsing, both actors played their parts remarkably well, and the change was hardly noticed.

"Strife" is the story of a revolt in the Trinartha Tin Plate Works, on the borders of Wales. During the strike the workers, led by Roberts, refuse the terms offered by the owner, Mr. Anthony. Mr. Simon Harness (Mr. Brereton), the head of the Union, acts as arbitrator between the two parties, and he suggests compromising terms to which neither party will at first agree, chiefly due to the obstinacy of their two leaders.

Mr. Edgar Anthony, and Mrs. Enid Underwood, son and daughter of the owner, visit the miners' homes and realise the acute distress, prevalent there. When a meeting of the Company's board is held, young Mr. Anthony finds himself in the unenviable position in which his personal feelings contradict his conscience, and finally decides to vote against his father in favour of a less antagonistic leader, and the old manager has to resign, in spite of his forty years' service.

Meanwhile, "the men," chiefly because Roberts is recalled home to his wife just as he is beginning to win them over to his point of view, accept the terms proposed by Harness, and the strike ends, unknown for the time, to Roberts.

The domestic life of the two leaders is very distressing; Miss Rose, as Roberts' dying wife was magnificent, as was also Miss Winifred Wright who, as Enid, had the difficult task of

sympathising both with her father and "the men's" wives. Mr. Beer and Mr. Whitlow, as Roberts and Mr. Anthony, were as brilliant as usual, especially at the end when they meet—Roberts, suddenly finding that his men have acted behind his back, leaves in despair, for his lonely home. Both had been deserted because of their rigid principles, which, although we may regard them as far-fetched, cannot help but create admiration, for their staunchness.

It is not often one gets the chance of seeing such a play, and I am sure that all of us cannot help hoping . . . that . . . perhaps . . . again . . . sometime?

Molly Hodgett
(*Stage 7*).

JOHN VENDEL, HILLEGOM (HOLL.).



OME languages are made—such as Esperanto, and some have grown—such as Pigeon English, American English and Dutch Bulb-grower's English.

My first acquaintance with the last variety was made years ago, when I wrote to a certain gentleman named Telkamp, living at Hillegom, for a copy of his Bulb Catalogue. Apparently he received three communications from me that year (perhaps the second was an order for Bulbs, and the third a letter enclosing the payment), and apparently each time my name and address was added to his list of customers. At any rate next year there came, by one post, three copies of his Catalogue, addressed, respectively, to

1.	2.	3.
C. Brightwen, Esq., Rontree, Saffron Walden, Engl.	C. Rowntree, Esq., Brighton, Saffron Walden, England.	Brightwen C. Rowntree, Esq., Saffron Walden, Essex, Engeland.

Was my writing really so bad as all that ?

Apparently Dutch Bulb-growers breed somewhat after the manner of their Bulbs, for the next year nine Catalogues came at intervals in sets of three, each three being addressed as above (with the exception of variations in the spelling of England). One set came from James Telkamp, one from Gerard Telkamp and another from Johs. Telkamp—the last with a warning against other Firms of the name of Telkamp.

For some years the procession of nine Catalogues was repeated, and my orders have usually gone to whichever of the three firms happened to be the earliest in issuing their catalogue ; but gradually one after the other discovered that there was really only one and not three of me. At the same time my writing appeared to improve, until finally the catalogues arrived correctly addressed.

But last year a fresh competitor came upon the scene, by name Vendel, of Hillegom (Holl.). By way of a Christmas present a Dutch friend had kindly sent Mrs. Rowntree a parcel of bulbs—or, rather, he had asked Mr. Vendel to send them direct to her. The parcel was quite correctly addressed, except for the omission of " Mrs." and the addition of " Esq." But this year John Vendel, Hillegom (Holl.), writes to me of his own accord and informs me by means of his catalogue that " the early appearance of the firsh snowdrop, incidently brings our thoughts to the coming spring. This sure bloomer forcasts us that the awakening of nature cannot be far-off anymore."

My first impulse, to inform Mr. Vendel that unfortunately we are not having any Spring in our country this year, is, however, anticipated in his catalogue where, after admitting that " naturally the great majority of bulbs find their place in the garden," he asks, " Does this mean that growing bulbs in the house is unsuccessfull or discouraging? " Then he answers, in glowing terms, " Quite on the contrary ! When the right kind of bulbs are slected, nothing is more fascinating than to raise its own flowers in pots, in the balcony or in the sleeping

room. The growth of the plant day by day, first the green leaf, then the bud and finally the full flower, more than compensates the care and attention devoted to them."

Quite so, Mr. Vendel of Hillegom (Holl.). But why, oh why, insist on addressing these beautiful sentiments to

C. Bright Rownstreet esq
Friends Schooo
Saffron England

It couldn't have been my bad writing this time, for I've never even written to John Vendel, Hillegom (Holl.).

JACQUES.

I SAT on the bed for a minute or two to collect my thoughts, etc., and awoke an hour or so afterwards. It must have been due to the thing that was called a " Sirocco " on Sunday ! Being ignorant of anything and everything geographical I shouldn't like to say, but everything else seems to have resulted from it in a most mysterious way—for instance, colds, a mad dog and an exceptionally well-pronounced spirit of contradiction in Jacques, who is inclined to resent the changes from his old habits, which have come about since my arrival.

He is a very jolly and interesting little boy, because he is so bright and active, and is absolutely idolised by his parents, his grandfather and the maid. He rarely dreams of obeying anyone, except occasionally his father, and is perfectly happy if they let him play about the house and garden all day. But now the morning and either the afternoon or the evening have to be spent on walks or at the beach, and three words of English have to be said at suppertime (these are usually evaded !) Jacques has a great cause for grievance at all this. Luckily he likes bathing. He had never done it before and now he is anxious to learn how to swim. It prevents him from

getting home-sick during the two and a half hours on the beach every morning !

Sunday is Jacques' day of perfect bliss. He is free to potter about in the garden with his father, get wheeled about on his bicycle, inspect the chickens, and worry the cat to his heart's content.

* * * * *

(Four weeks later.)

Jacques' English is one of the funniest languages imaginable. He is really too small to have to bother about it yet, because he is just too big to pick it up without thinking about it. At first he refused absolutely to have anything to do with it at all. Then, to please his father (Jacques and M. D.——— are inseparable friends in " out-of-business " hours) he consented to learn three words or a short phrase a day. That was difficult to begin with, as he used to prefer to invent his own version of the English language and declare that I didn't know the proper English. Now, however, he worries himself about it abnormally. It seems impossible to stop him thinking about it too much, or rather worrying about it. He worries in case he shouldn't know the words to tell his father at dinner-time (although no one forces him to say them now), and says them over to himself when playing, resting or walking home. The other night Mme. D——— heard him say, " Do you speak English ? " in his sleep.

He is only five and is growing rapidly. He is very forward for his age and very active too. I'm not sure that he is gaining very much by it either ; for his babyish pronunciation of French does not translate itself into the corresponding baby pronunciation of English. Also, as soon as he really knows a word, he loves distorting it, adding endings to it or changing the vowel, merely by way of amusement. If anyone corrects he says, " I know," quite indignantly. He picks up Spanish words too, and loves making a sentence with one word of Spanish and one of French and one of English.

As for walks, Jacques objects to them as violently as ever. We spend the morning and evening on the beach now, usually in the company of Mme. D——— or the maid; for Jacques would like to take the house and garden as well as the family with him if he could. Luckily he is beginning to get one or two playfellows on the beach, which improves matters greatly.

Bathing is glorious here. Jacques tries to swim valiantly and is beginning to do the movements very nicely. He hasn't a vestige of fear left now. (At first he used to be frightened for a day or two after every time he had been out with the maid, who told him all sorts of tales about getting drowned.) Now, he insists on going out as deep as possible to be lifted over the big waves. He shrieks with delight when he gets knocked over by one of them. It takes all the entreaties of Mme. D———, who carries his bathing-wrap, and all my threats about not bathing to-morrow, to get him out of the water at all.

CONNIE NEWBERY (1920-1925).

THE MONSOON BREAKS.

THE still air breathes its heat o'er all;
A red glare glows and all reflects
Its dull red flare, 'neath which the world
Droops now so low, expectant, waiting for
The blow. Great wond'rous flow'rs that fill
The Indian plain, now wilted, pour
Into the parchéd air their sweet
And ling'ring fragrance, and where
Cool water once its tinkling freshness lent
To all, the silver fish now gaping lies,
And dust hangs heavily on palm-leaf huts.
Then, suddenly, the scene is blotted from the eyes
Of men by thick black clouds, as if

A magnet strong by unseen hand is held
To draw them hither from the ends of space.
The men, all terrified, rush from the fields,
And quaking women pour to all the gods
They know, long prayers for mercy. Mercy now,
For all the thoughts or deeds of wrong
That e'er they might have done! Then
With a mighty tearing sound a dazzling flash rends
The pall above us.—For an instant
Gapes a blinding gulf, and gusts
Of sulphur belch forth their pungent fumes
As from the very mouth of Hell itself.
Then blackness, now ten thousand times
Intenser, holds the universe enslaved. Crash!
And an awful peal of thunderbolts
Which roll upon roll fills all the world
With loud reverberations, shakes e'en
The deepest laid foundations of
This trembling earth of ours.
All is dark.
But now the rain, which pours as though
The very depths of the celestial seas
Had broken, falls as in one solid mass.
The lightning ceases, and the thunder dies
Away, like last notes alingering round
The floral capitols which grace the heads
Of slender shafts in some dim cathedral grand.
The dark'ning clouds grow lighter, and
The flowers now lift their heads again
To breathe the freshened air; man and beast
Return to work.
The Monsoon has broken.

I. M. Harris
(Stage 7).

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1926.

BY winning for the third year in succession Crosfield have placed themselves on an equality with Godlee in the number of victories. The system has now been running for ten years, and it is remarkable how the results have evened themselves out; Morland have won four times and the other two three times each.

There was practically nothing to choose this year between the first two Houses—but the small margin of 1.6 out of a total of practically 400 was sufficient to put Crosfield first. The actual adjusted totals were: Crosfield 390.5, Morland 388.9, and Godlee 363.6. As will be seen by the table given below, Crosfield led in the Athletic, Scientific and Manual sections; Morland in the Literary section, Class-work and Conduct; while Godlee headed the list in the Æsthetic section. Details (in round numbers) are as follows:

	Athletics.	Literary.	Scientific.	Manual.	Æsthetic.	Classwork.	Conduct.
Crosfield	97	22	10	26	29	111	100
Morland	95	24	9	18	29	114	101
Godlee	94	18	5	25	31	91	96

The "House Socials" day this year was unfortunately wet, and so the picnics were held in the two playrooms and the gymnasium. A fancy dress parade was held and various games were played in the Dining Hall and in the Gymnasium. The Swimming Bath was also in demand, and after tea we were able to enjoy games on the field, so that in spite of the weather we had a very jolly time, ending with some vociferous "community singing" in the Lecture Hall.

II

A RUSSIAN PECULIAR TO THE PRESENT DAY.

IVAN MARKOVITCH BIELOFF was born in the later 1870's. His father was a millowner and a busy man, but the income that his mills should have brought him was not forthcoming. The result was that he could not afford to send even the eldest of his three sons to school.

At the age of fourteen Ivan was working in an office in Vilna. He had some knowledge of simple mathematics and a far greater knowledge of Russian history and art gathered from his father's library at home.

At that time all Russia was in a state of agitation; for, owing to the liberation of the serfs in 1861, facilities for better education had been called for, and with these came the demand of the people to help in the government of Russia.

Propaganda work by Socialist agents was carried on secretly everywhere. Without exaggeration it may be said that the Central Committee of the Socialists at Moscow had under its control at that time the most highly organised secret society known to history.

Not a district of European Russia was without its representatives and group of Socialists. Even as far as Central and Eastern Siberia agents were to be found in touch with Moscow. These agents helped eager and impressionable boys like Ivan to obtain a fuller education and then set them to impart their newly gained knowledge to others. Thus the Socialist party grew.

For three years Ivan spent his evenings attending classes. Then he went into the village and helped to educate other young people, chiefly in political economy. This work occupied much of Ivan's time and entailed considerable risk, but in doing it he spent many happy days although he knew that sooner or

later th olice must get him. A friend working in the same cause had been taken at Vilna railway station. In his pocket an unaddressed letter in cypher and Ivan's address on an old piece of paper were found. When Ivan returned home the next night he found that his rooms had been searched.

The next day he was taken to prison, and put into a dimly-lighted cell containing only a little straw. As this was dirty and already fully occupied he could not lie on it. Even if he had been able to lie on it, the rats would not have let him sleep. He was allowed to see his fellow prisoners for an hour each day, while walking in the yard, and those more fortunate ones who were able to smuggle papers into the prison lent some to him. After a month he was let out on bail for a sum equal to about £50.

For a year he was allowed to work at his business. Then after a travesty of a trial he was found guilty of some trumped up charge, and sentenced to three years' exile in Siberia. The slip of paper found on the other prisoner was the only real evidence the prosecutors could find. But at that time even less was sufficient to condemn a man.

The journey to Siberia was slow. First Ivan was sent to the main prison in Vilna. There he spent a fortnight under similar conditions to those he had already experienced. Sufficient prisoners having been collected, a prisoners' coach was sent to the next town. Ivan was thus mixed with criminals and prisoners of all sorts during a train journey which lasted several hours. This process of waiting and travelling was repeated several times, till a train load of prisoners arrived at Moscow. Here Ivan was finally separated from the criminals, and put amongst other political prisoners. The month he spent at Moscow was quite jolly. His friends came to see him but almost more important than that were the new friends he found among his fellow prisoners. From them he learnt that there had just been a revolt of the students, so that many of his companions were undergraduates. Soon sufficient prisoners to fill a long special train had been collected. The

criminals went into special vans but the political offenders were put into ordinary third class coaches with the windows barred and the doors locked. Their destination was one of the largest distributing stations, and the journey took about ten days. After a wait of two days, Ivan and two others were sent on to a branch distributing station. The village where Ivan was to serve his sentence was in the heart of Siberia, though only four miles from a railway station. An officer somewhat similar to an English J.P. governed each district in which exiles were interned. His representative in Ivan's village was a man who had rather liberal ideas. This was useful later. He recommended Ivan to a very comfortable house in which to stay. It was a typical peasant's house built of rough hewn logs, with mud-mortar between them to keep out the wind. Inside, everything was clean. The furniture was home-made down to the wooden spoons and bowls. There were no knives or forks though this peasant was considered rich. The sheets were of excellent peasant linen, and the clothes and hanging carpets in the house would have been valued by a connoisseur.

The officer permitted Ivan to use his library and he was allowed to visit other prisoners in neighbouring villages. Gradually Ivan took longer walks until he came in touch with a Socialist agent about twelve miles away. After about six months, with a ticket given to him by this Socialist friend, Ivan walked into a train from the wrong side and got away. After a journey of eight days he arrived at Vilna where he was hidden by friends until he could get right away with a forged passport. For a year or so he worked for the cause outside Russia, and then came the 1905 revolution. The Czar allowed the formation of the Duma and pardoned all political offenders. Thus Ivan could have returned to Russia, but Russians age quickly and he felt that he had already done his bit. He disagreed with the extremists; for he thought that reforms should now be carried through by the Duma. So he went back to business and soon afterwards settled down in married life.

Ivan's business necessitated frequent visits to Russia, and his experiences there from 1917 to 1920 would fill another paper. The trouble was not so much the disrespect for private property, nor indeed the bloodshed which was far heavier than was necessary. The great difficulty was the fact that whenever the Communists tried to introduce reforms beneficial to the poor, they failed because the ignorant poor succeeded in frustrating any effort the new régime made to help them. One instance will suffice to show what is meant. Strong drink, vodka in particular, was prohibited by the new government. In addition to the other evils that always follow such a policy the peasants became more drunken than ever. Instead of drinking alcoholic beverages they ate the necessary ingredients, lay down on their ovens and in the course of a very short time were dead drunk and in a far worse condition than they would have been, had they taken the normal alcoholic drink. Now Ivan was a Socialist and not a Communist. He disagreed with Communism in theory and in practice, and as he saw during those three years the paradise the Bolsheviks were going to make of Russia becoming more and more remote, he decided to leave the country. To get permission to do so was impossible because the despotic rulers at that time had determined that the middle-class Russians should remain in the country although they made it very unpleasant for them to do so. Ivan could not get a passport so that a secret departure was the only alternative. One day Ivan and four others set out to cross the armed frontier into Poland. This was a dangerous undertaking and it happened that one night Ivan and two others were stopped and searched. Their two companions had been killed by a hail of bullets from the guards on this disputed frontier. Ivan and his two comrades were well clothed in furs and the search was a lengthy process, but at last as far as the two companions were concerned it was finished and they were stood up with their backs to a precipice and a firing party before them. Just then, however, the soldier who was searching Ivan came across

something that Ivan was evidently trying to conceal. The soldier's face beamed with delight as he pulled out and held up a bottle. At the sight of it the other soldiers cursed their fellow for his good luck. It must be remembered that since the prohibition of strong drink had been enforced, it was a rare chance that gave the soldiers a sight of a liquid that contained 96 per cent. alcohol. Hence their joy at getting possession of a large bottle of eau-de-cologne. Ivan, too, thought it was a lucky thing that he had been the bearer of it ; for very soon most of their captors were in varying stages of drunkenness. Some of the soldiers had, however, sense enough left to lead the prisoners to the village lock-up. There Ivan spent four days and nights which reminded him of previous horrors. At last he obtained, or rather bought, permission to see the officer commanding that section, and by good luck was able to purchase his life and freedom for ten thousand roubles. After some further delay Ivan was allowed to go to Paris where he settled with his family. And now in middle age he looks an ordinary member of the middle class, though perhaps a little more interesting than some. He reads much, is a regular theatre-goer and a collector in a small way of objets d'art. But below all this commonplace exterior there remains his regard for Russia. Having sacrificed so much for her in his youth, he has still in his heart a deep affection for her. In this he is like so many other exiles from Russia. Russia is their motherland. They are proud of her and always say the best they can for her. They have worked hard for her and hoped that great things would come from the constitution granted in 1905. They are still Socialists, and although at the present time the type of Socialism now in vogue in Russia is very different from their own, these exiles still believe that as the mistakes are corrected and more moderate counsels prevail, Russia will become once more the motherland of all the Russians.

André Mazower

OLD SCHOLARS' LECTURE WEEK-END.

THE subject chosen for the Lecture Week-end this year was Art, and as most of us know rather less in this direction than we care to think, few topics could have a more general appeal to us.

Bernard Taylor, Head Master of the Salford School of Art, gave us three very interesting lectures. He first dealt with a Problem of Modern Art, under the title of " The Grin Without the Cat," using the incident from Alice in Wonderland to illustrate conceptions of Art. Mr. Taylor pointed out that the popular idea is that of representation. When a picture appeals to us as a faithful rendering of a scene or face with which we are familiar, we say it is good, and call it Art. Mere portrayal of this sort is the Cat without the Grin, the bare subject without the touch of personality an artist gives his work, which is not Art. Most of us, we are told, could be trained to draw accurately, but if that was where our powers ended, if we could not put something of ourselves into the work, we should never be artists. Similarly, Mr. Taylor thought that the Grin without the Cat, the expression only of the artistic emotions, leaving the subject unintelligible to others, also fails. True Art presents both Felix and his smile, an able rendering enriched with such characteristic feeling which enables us to recognise the work of men like Constable and Turner.

We were next asked to consider the subject of Art in Everyday Things. Happily we have passed from the stage when it was thought that an ugly shape could be made beautiful by added adornment. The idea of combining use and beauty is familiar to us, but to be beautiful our utensils and houses must be not only fundamentally adapted to their use, but must look the part. Their proportion must be such as to convey a feeling of efficiency. Common tools are eminently successful in this

because they are made for their work, without any question of embellishment entering into their construction. Most of us can think of failures along this line. Uncomfortable chairs and jugs that will not pour do not succeed in looking right.

In the evening the whole school enjoyed with us a lantern lecture on "Six Centuries of Painting, 1300-1900." Despite the inadequacy of the time for such a subject, Mr. Taylor was able to point out much of interest in the development of painting, and helped us in discovering what makes for our enjoyment of pictures.

On Sunday afternoon Miss Winifred Wright gave us a most encouraging talk on modern methods of teaching Art. Instead of having old standards imposed on them, children now learn appreciation along their own lines of development. The fascinating lessons of to-day caused wonder and regret among those who recall long hours spent in making neat rows of blobs with a paintbrush. The lively discussion which had followed Mr. Taylor's lectures was now continued, and some valuable help was given in elucidating points, and thought was stimulated by such questions as: "Can pictures in which the subject in itself is ugly and revolting possibly claim to be works of art?"

We were fortunate in having in the Art Room an exhibition of illustrations and posters, among them the familiar Horse-guards, by Edward Bawdon, etchings by Alexander Walker, photographs by H. Bedford Lemere, as well as a considerable collection of photographic and coloured reproductions of the works of Masters.

The usual hockey and football matches were played on Saturday, but owing, perhaps, to the disadvantage which the school was under through German Measles having claimed several first XI. players, the Old Scholars were able to win both matches this time.

IRENE MAUGER (1909-13).

THE OLD SCHOLARS' CHRISTMAS SOCIAL.

THE Christmas Social of the Old Scholars' Association was held this year at Friends' House on December 29th, and everyone who was there will agree with me that we had a very enjoyable evening. People began to arrive about 6.30, and immediately the fun commenced.

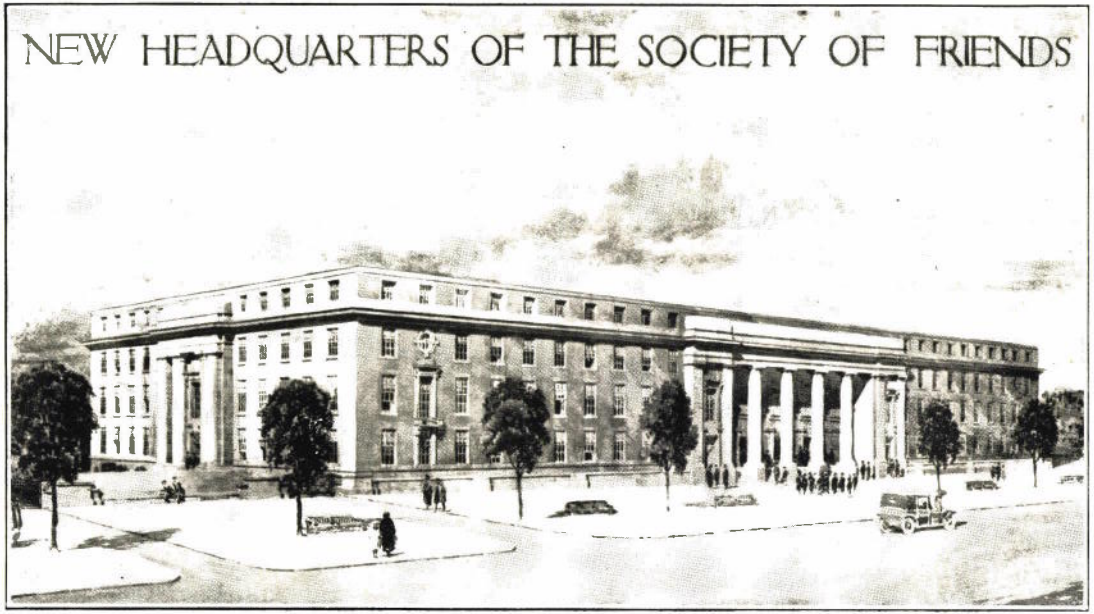
The first game that we played was "Bigamy," and this caused some fun. After this tables were arranged about the room, and we sat down in parties for tea. Just after tea had commenced a number of members of the Mustard Club seated at one table raised a complaint that the sandwiches did not contain enough mustard. This caused great amusement and the hilarity was kept up by several ridiculous but witty two-minute speeches by various people present.

After we had all helped to clear away and had arranged the chairs round the room, most of us took part in some competitions. We had "Swimming on hassocks," which caused great amusement to the onlookers as well as to those competing; then there was an "egg and fan" race, which was even funnier to watch than the swimming. The competitors were ranged in a line, and each one had an egg placed in front of him, and a fan in his hand. The aim of the competition was to see who could get the egg up to the other end of the room by fanning it along with the fan. After this prizes were awarded to the winners of the two competitions and to those who had written the best limericks.

As a welcome rest to most of us after these energetic amusements some people entertained us with music, both vocal and pianoforte, and from 9.15 onwards a few of us danced. At 9.45 or thereabouts we broke up after singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Winnie Cooper,
(Stage 6).

NEW HEADQUARTERS OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS



←——————ADMINISTRATION BLOCK.——————→ ←MEETING HOUSES.→ ←COMMERCIAL BLOCK.→

DON'T COUGH OR——?



HEN Miss Waring ruled the Boys' side,
Ruled the boys who coughed so loudly
In the class room and in Meeting,
On the playground and the Games Field,
Called she out in voice sonorous,
"Go and gargle twenty minutes;
Gargle well with salt and Condy's,
I will time you by my 'larum;
I will listen with my sharp ear
To the tuneful notes of Condy's.
Then from thence come to my small room,
To my room so full of physic—
Gregory for every boy now,
Boy who utters one cough quietly;
Gregory, the great disease cure;
Liqu'rice powder, senna also
(Good enough for Friends' School children),
Peppermint, saline and camphor."
Also she does paint their sore throats,
Whisks the brush round quick as lightning,
Laughs to see the boys' grimaces,
At the horrid taste of throat paint.
Then she puts them into hot baths,
Adds unto their heat with mustard,
Proves she is a loyal member,
Member of the Club of Mustard.

Isabel Evens
(*Stage* 4).

WRITING AN ESSAY.

"THURSDAY is Senior Lit., and I haven't thought of a subject for my essay." How many times during the last few years have I heard these words uttered by some unfortunate individual who has lightheartedly abandoned all consideration of his essay until the last few days before the meeting. Hitherto I have not felt much sympathy for these poor wretches. Anyone with any strength of mind ought to be able to tackle the problem beforehand, so that he may have a clear fortnight in which to polish up his essay before the meeting.

And now can it really be that I am in the same position, that I have not had sufficient strength of mind to bring myself down to the subject on previous half-holidays, with the result that I am now stranded without a subject, and with only half a week to finish my essay! Alas, I'm afraid it is only too true.

Since my mind seems to be simply void of ideas, I had better seek the assistance of a member of the staff. The only help I obtain from this quarter consists of a lengthy rigmarole about the wisdom of starting earlier, of thinking of a subject earlier, and other such unpleasant advice. No doubt this advice is excellent. Even I myself would have said so only a short time ago, but somehow during the last week or so my outlook has broadened considerably, enabling me to see the other side.

It sounds easy enough to sit down on a half-holiday about a month before the meeting when your essay will be due, with ten or a dozen sheets of foolscap before you, and nothing to do but to think of a subject. Any subject will do, and when you have chosen a suitable one, all you have to do is to write about it; surely there can be nothing easier. Yet here am I, with a pencil in my hand, gazing vacantly out of the window, trying to get a few ideas. I am brought to my senses with a rude jerk by a casual passer-by who looks in at the window with a careless

"Writing a Lit. essay? Hard luck!" and away he goes on his way.

Writing a Lit. essay! I only wish I were. I think and continue to stare blankly out of the window. "Think of all the subjects which are open to you if you will only take the trouble to go into the lecture room, and look inside the encyclopædia," whispers the tempter. "You will only have to copy out a paragraph or two and that can wait until Wednesday." With a great effort I resist the tempter, considerably fortified by the thought of the scathing criticisms to which I shall be subjected by at least one of the members of the Society, if I sink so low.

After several vain attempts I get into a state of something like concentration, and begin seriously to consider a subject for my essay. Then some kind helper suggests that I should make a list of the first half dozen subjects which enter my head and write on one of them. Unfortunately, the subjects when examined seem far from promising; for the first six which occurred to me were: "Rats," "The Individual versus the Community," "The Trials of a Prefect," "Bacteria," "Hockey as a Summer Sport," "Landscape Sketching." At this rate I might go on until Doomsday before finding a subject.

Other essayists have tried their hands at descriptive papers, but have not always succeeded. I might at least attempt one. Take for example the subject of "A Summer Evening." I know that a fertile imagination is necessary if one is going to write eight or nine sides describing a summer evening, but nevertheless I will make an attempt.———

The slanting rays of the setting sun light up the full extent of the valley, making the green pastures by the river shine in verdant splendour, and casting long blue shadows on the slopes beyond. Borne along the valley on the evening breeze comes the lowing of cattle, growing fainter as the herd wends its way along the vale. The sound dies away and the sun sets in crimson glory behind the distant hills. Slowly darkness creeps over the landscape and the valley becomes bathed in a thin

white mist. Familiar shapes become ghostly, while the whole view seems to have changed in the gathering gloom. Whirring cockchafers go to and fro, startling the listener with their sudden noise, while bats circle overhead, darting and swooping with shrill cries.

Slowly the dusk merges into the darkness; a deep calm settles over the valley, and the moon comes out from behind a cloud-bank to shed her cold light on the sleeping world.———

In a word night has come and my essay has only occupied a page. I must seek another subject.

It is quite possible that a Dictionary might offer some suggestions, if approached in the right way, but reading through a Dictionary in search of inspiration would take time and there is only Wednesday afternoon in which to finish the paper. One way of getting out of the difficulty would be to write the autobiography of some common object in the room, such as the looking-glass or the mantelpiece and the cushion in the corner, but there is one serious objection to this kind of essay, namely, it might not interest the audience.

This objection must be taken into consideration; for although the main reason for writing an essay would appear to be that one is compelled to do so, it is always advisable to have some thought for the listeners.

I consider some of the various other types of essay which others have produced. The humorous essay if well done can undoubtedly be a great success, but on the other hand it may be such a complete failure that the chances seem hardly worth taking. There can be little doubt that the ambition of the average essay writer is to produce a paper which will keep his hearers in fits of laughter from beginning to end. But consider the effect produced by a paper consisting of nothing but would-be humorous jokes. Think of the intense boredom with which the audience will sit through it. Obviously it is not for me to attempt such an essay when the chances of succeeding are so small.

The mystical essay is one which has often attracted me. What a splendid thing it must be to be able to write over a thousand words which are absolutely unintelligible to the ordinary members of the society ! How superior one must feel when introducing mysterious dialogues between gods, with deeply hidden meanings. This kind of essay is undoubtedly very fascinating, if one has a sufficiently lofty intellect to conceive a hidden meaning for commonplace words. Even if one cannot find such a meaning in the dialogue, the correct impression may be given if the paper is read in the right way. Besides it is exceedingly unlikely that anyone will question you afterwards as to the meaning ; for few people like to admit ignorance.

It would appear therefore that everything is in favour of my writing such an essay. In fact there are only two real obstacles in the way ; firstly, that I haven't time to think out a suitable dialogue, and secondly, that even if I had, I should not be able to read it in the correct manner, No ! I cannot write a mystical essay.

The Guide Book Essay has been so frequently introduced into our meetings that to add another to the long list of essays belonging to this class, would be far from satisfactory. My essay must therefore belong to the miscellaneous class into which we may group all the other subjects which do not come under the headings mentioned. The essays in this class are so infinitely varied that one cannot make any definite statements which apply to all, so that I have now no rules with which to work and this means that I am no further on than when I started. How futile have been all my attempts to decide upon a subject, and how dearly must I pay for being so ambitious and particular in my choice !

Senior Lit. to-day and I haven't thought of a subject for my essay !

John O. Burtt
(Stage 7)

FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term :

Marie Armstrong.

Norman Francis is learning farming.

Edith Jones is working in her father's office at Frinton.

E. Robert Spicer is at School at St. Annes, Lancashire.

* * * * *

Beatrice Freestone (1923-25) writes :

" I have experienced my first Christmas in hospital, and I really enjoyed it very much. I shouldn't have enjoyed it so much if I'd been in bed, so I was thankful I was up.

" Out of the fifty patients in our block, thirty-eight sat down to our Christmas dinner. I'm sure the dining-room has never seen so many people at once, and two extra tables had to be added to make more room. Of course quite a number of patients had to go back to bed again after Christmas, but they were glad to be up then, though some got over-tired.

" All the wards and other rooms were decorated beautifully, some being quite artistic. Our ward is quite small, containing four beds, and it seemed ever so homely with red crêpe paper window-curtains and a fire roaring up the chimney. It's the first time the fire has ever been lit in our ward, and I expect it will be the last till next Christmas. . . . I have become a fresh-air fiend, and I never imagined I could stand the cold as I do now. Everyone, including the Doctor, remarks how cold it is in our ward, because it is on the top floor, three flights up, and is exposed to the fields, but we get used to it. If it gets too severe I wrap myself up in a red blanket and cuddle down into a deck chair."

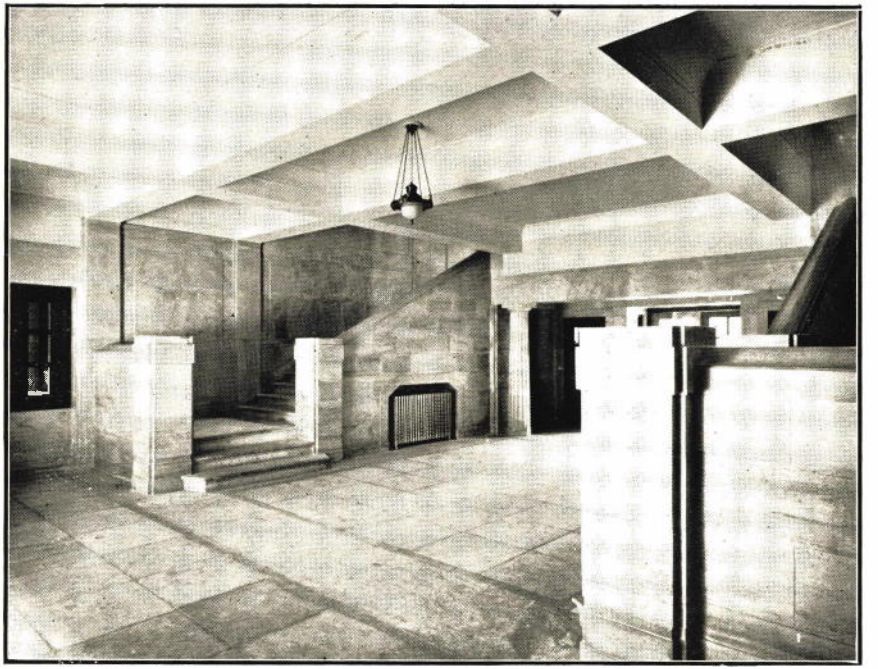


Photo by] [H. B. Lemere.

VIEW OF ENTRANCE HALL, FRIENDS' HOUSE.

Christel Lierau (1924-25) writes from Germany :

" Reading *The Avenue* Mr. Pearson sent me, I remembered all the time I spent at Walden. I am of the same opinion as the Dutch boy with regard to your School, and the great friendship between teachers and pupils. I also read with great interest the very nice essay of the 'Tramp' by Mary Close. She describes everything so lively and humorously. In reading it I saw her face, which I remember very well, right in front of me. . . ."

* * * * *

Elspeth Wells (1924-26) writes from Tresco, Victoria, Australia :

" You may think the above address seems very brief, but really it is quite sufficient, for now we are staying up country on irrigated land, about 200 miles N. of Melbourne and thirteen miles from Swan Hill, our nearest town.

" This district is noted for citrus fruits and sultanas, so it is very interesting watching daily the growth of the vines. Unfortunately as far as the oranges and lemons are concerned, we arrived after they had been picked.

" We spent six weeks in Melbourne after we landed, so saw a good deal of it. I don't think I like it quite as much as London, and the crowds seem tremendous. Passengers are allowed to take a foothold on vehicles wherever possible, and at rush hours the trams and trains are especially crowded.

" Much as I would like to see you I don't think I am ready yet to leave Australia, for we are all becoming attached to it."

* * * * *

Joyce Maybery (1920-26) writes from Street, where she is helping in the Welfare Department of Messrs. Clark & Co.'s factory :

" Everything is still very interesting at the factory, although my work comes by fits and starts. Sometimes I'm running about the whole day long and other days I have simply nothing

to do. It's deadly dull then. I have to get out agendas for meetings and give them out. Most of the meetings come at the beginning of the month.

" Everyday I have to take Canteen orders for lunch and tea, and also I have to go round to all the departments and do ' absentees.' That is rather fun. Just now there is a great deal of illness about. I have hardly room on the absentee sheets for all their names. Some departments have a book for absentees, but in others I have to ask the foremen, who are all topping. They are great fun at tea, teasing each other and making the most mad jokes. They all have their special likes about tea. Some like ' plenty of white stuff ' and others have it frightfully strong. Most of them call me ' My child ' or ' My dear.'

" We have hockey matches every Saturday here and get jolly good games. I go to Economics and Literature and Carving classes in the evenings. The two former are W.E.A. classes and are awfully good ; the latter is at a Technical School and you just carve."

* * * * *

Grace Porter (1916-21) writes from Pommern, Germany :

" I have now been here five weeks and I am so happy. Everyone is most kind and the children are dears. This house is situated in a lovely park with a large lake, and the people have their own farm, etc. We shall be staying here till after Christmas, so I hope to get some winter sports. Next Spring I am to learn to ride. I find German rather difficult, but I am having lessons with the village Schoolmistress, so I hope to get on fairly quickly."

* * * * *

Nora Child (1924-26) writes from Lausanne, Switzerland :

" There are nine pupils here, seven are Germans, one is an Austrian Jewess and the eighth is a Czech. We get up at a quarter to eight (when you at Walden are half-way through

breakfast). From 9 to 12 we have lessons, after which we are free until dinner time. If the weather is fine we go for a walk after dinner, and then I teach English until supper time, i.e., 7 o'clock. The reason why the English takes so long is that they are all at different stages and they have half an hour each every afternoon. After supper we amuse ourselves by playing Mah Jong or Happy Families or Bridge. . . .

" I had a very happy Christmas staying with two English ladies in Thonon. Belonging to a Mission as they do, of course they had a lot of work. I helped them quite a lot and enjoyed it very much indeed. There was a Russian girl staying there too, who was very interesting to talk to. She belonged to the Russian nobility and when the revolution broke out her family lost all their goods and barely escaped with their lives, going through the most thrilling adventures. One of the teachers here lost all in the Russian revolution too, and she had an awfully unpleasant time in Russia for two years. She was telling us the most awful things the other night—it made me feel quite nervous of going to bed."

* * * * *

Edith Jones (1923-26) writes from Great Holland, near Clacton :

" I am in my father's office now, and am learning Quantity Surveying. It is very interesting and I enjoy it. I don't find the eight hours a day nearly as long as I expected. I get to work at 8 o'clock in the morning and leave at 5 at night. I cycle along the cliffs and in the mornings especially it is splendid, although it is very muddy and not fit for a bicycle. . . . I miss School ever so much, and if I weren't so busy I think I should feel altogether lost."

* * * * *

Frances Gear (1921-24) writes from Bognor :

" I think I told you about my idea for a Kindergarten here. Well, it has materialised and I am in the midst of it. I was

fortunate in buying some materials from a lady who was giving up a similar school. I started off with only two pupils, but in a week or two a third came, then two others, and to-morrow the sixth comes. It is a most fascinating occupation."

* * * * *

An Old Boy, an Engineering Student at Manchester University, writes :

" On Monday I got some red and yellow material (it may have been cashmere, poplin, serge, calico or what not—anyhow it was red and yellow), and cut it into a sun and serpent and swasticas, and tacked them on to my dressing gown. Each stitch was about a quarter of an inch long, and it took about two hours' good work. Pinching a chap's bowler, I sewed some red and yellow streamers on to the top (through the ventilation holes), and borrowed a red cloth for a neckerchief and a pair of gaudy rugger stockings. These, with a pair of pyjamas, a pair of footer bags and a vest, comprised an impromptu Rag-costume. In the evening I sold about thirty ' Rag-Rags,' the last of the hundred that I had previously taken out to sell. . . . Tuesday was Rag-day, when we have free access to all trams, with our boxes or tins. Everyone is prepared for it and seems braced about it, especially bobbies and old women. All day it drizzled and some chaps got wet through, but I only got wet outside and it subsequently dried off. . . . At College we assembled at 9 o'clock to have the engineers' photos taken. After this we went down into the city, boarding no end of trams and collecting a good bit. Offices are raided, and they usually offer you whiskey, coffee or something , everyone pays up, except some old curmudgeons. A lot of people buy 10s. worth of pennies the day before and give one to each comer. Another method is to buy a £1 ' immunity badge.' We collected in cardboard boxes, but they got wet and one or two chaps had the bottoms falling out, so I changed mine three times when it was about three-quarters full ; later

on it was fine and I got my last three boxes quite full. I think I collected £9 or £10, and also got several pounds for the sale of 'Rag-Rags.' I went on tramcars, with intervals, pretty continuously all day up to tea time, around Piccadilly. It takes quite a time to 'do' a car thoroughly. . . . I got expert at leaping on and off at speed. Often someone else has been on the tram before you, but the folk usually tip up twice. We all wore an arm-band by which the police could officially recognise us.

"There was not the crowd there should have been, owing to the rain, but this didn't stop the fun, which was continuous. We engineers had bought a Ford lorry for £3 (each of us subscribed a shilling), and it had a ladder, fire-bell, etc., on it, comprising a 'Hell-fire-brigade,' numbered 55 B.C., and christened 'Fiery Fanny'; but she broke down and had to be towed. We burnt a shack in Piccadilly and put out the fire with a force pump on Fiery Fanny.

"Then someone tied a bib round Queen Victoria's neck (her statue) and put a banana in her arms. Then James Watt was also decorated, and the pancake tossing started. It was great, pancakes flying all over the shop, landing on trams, bobbies and old ladies (who got furious).

"The procession was quite good. . . . The traffic in the city was dislocated for an hour or more (the police are jolly good about this). There were a lot of lorries in the procession, a sham cow and prams, all headed by the Tramways Band and the Dragon—a motor cycle combination made up as a dragon, the exhaust being led through its nostrils. . . .

"After this there was the performance in the Free-trade Hall—which is a huge row; I didn't go. Hundreds of folk couldn't get in and had to be amused outside in the street. I went to Woolworth's Café, where I got a free meal—all Students did (see the Woolworth advertisement in the 'Rag-Rag'). We gave a Rag-cry periodically, collected money, sang and went on eating, getting our food from the 'Staff only' room. . . ."

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 10th.—Football Matches: Under 14 XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School Under 14 XI., away, won, 5—4.

Lower School XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School Lower School XI., home, lost, 0—1.

,, 11th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Hilda M. Jones, Albert Phillips and Eric Engelmann; Current Events Report: P. G. Clarke and E. Dunstan; Meteorological Report: H. D. Byles. Essays: "Christchurch Priory," Molly Hooper; "Corfe Castle," Ivor Parley; "Camouflaging in Birdland," Geoffrey Tawell.

,, 13th.—Lantern Lecture: "Two Hundred Miles in England's Playground," Mr. Bedford Pollard.

,, 17th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, lost, 2—7.

M.H.U. Lantern Lecture: "India," Mr. Douglas.

,, 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary: Hilda M. Jones. Special subject Evening: "Children's Books," Essays: "Kipling," H. D. Byles; "Some Children's Books," Mr. Whitlow; Reading: "Behind the Night Light," Miss Priestman. Songs: "Big Silver Moon," Sheena Forbes; "Nobody Knows," "Tim's Grace," "My Bed is a Boat," Marjorie Land; "Of All the Tribe of Tegumai," Iris M. Harris; "The First Friend," "Rolling Down to Rio," H. D. Byles. Pianoforte Solos from "Sussex Downs." Hilda M. Jones.

" 20th.—Lantern Lecture: "On the River Tigris," Dr. Dunstan.

,, 24th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, won, 2—1. 2nd XI. *v.* N.G.S. 2nd XI., home, lost, 0—1.

,, 25th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary: T. Francis and G. Tawell. Current Events Report: Betty Milne; Essays: "Aquariums and Fish," T. Francis; "Glaciers," E. Dunstan. Exhibition of Pressed Flowers, a hundred years old, Mr. Morris.

,, 27th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* The Rovers, home, lost, 1—2.

Hockey Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Perse Girls' School 1st XI., away, lost, 0—5. Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Perse Girls' School 2nd XI., home, lost, 1—3.

Avenue Concert.

Dec. 1st.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, away, lost, 1—2.

Football Match: Lower School XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School Lower School XI., home, lost, 0—5.

,, 2nd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 2—1.

Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary: N. E. Forward. Essays: "On Going for a Holiday," Marjorie Dell; "Southampton and some Famous Liners," Basil Clayton; "A Holiday in Scotland," Sheena Forbes; "York and its History," J. R. Cuthbertson. Pianoforte Solos: "Burlesque" by Norman O'Neill, Winifred Cooper; "Waltz Theme" by York-Bowen, J. R. Cuthbertson; "The Ride" by Martin Shaw, Molly French; "Gavotte" by Scarlatti, Alan D. Furrell; "Heartsease" by Frank Bridge, Kathleen Rees.

,, 4th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, away, lost, 0—6.

Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, lost, 0—3.

Lantern Lecture: "China," Mr. E. D. H. Rowntree.

,, 8th.—Girls' Gymnastic Competition.

,, 9th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary: Mary Close. Current Events Report: E. Le Mare and I. Parley. Essays: "Cacti," Hilda Jones; "Elephants," K. Smith; "Ants and their Ways," Marjorie Dell.

,, 11th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* The Rangers, home, lost, 2—5.

Lantern Lecture: "Rustic Life and Humour," Dr. Lulham.

,, 15th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's School, Letchworth, home, won, 6—1.

Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's School, Letchworth, home, won, 4—2.

,, 18th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Horneybrooke XI., home, lost, 2—5.

Performance of John Galsworthy's play, "Strife."

,, 22nd.—End of Autumn Term.

Jan. 19th.—School re-opened.

,, 22nd.—Lantern Lecture: "By Swiss and Italian Waters," Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

,, 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Social Evening.

,, 29th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, lost, 2—5.

Lantern Lecture: "Life and Humour in the South Seas," Mr. Clifford Collinson.

Feb. 2nd.—Football Matches: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, won, 9—1.

Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won, 5—0.

,, 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary: G. Tawell and T. Francis. Meteorological Report: D. Schove. Business Meeting.

,, 5th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Town, away, won, 5—3.

Football Matches: 1st XI. *v.* The Rovers, home, won, 6—3. Under 14 XI. *v.* The Rovers Under 14 XI., home, lost, 1—2.

Lantern Lecture: "Tanganyika," Mr. Armfield.

NOTICES.

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

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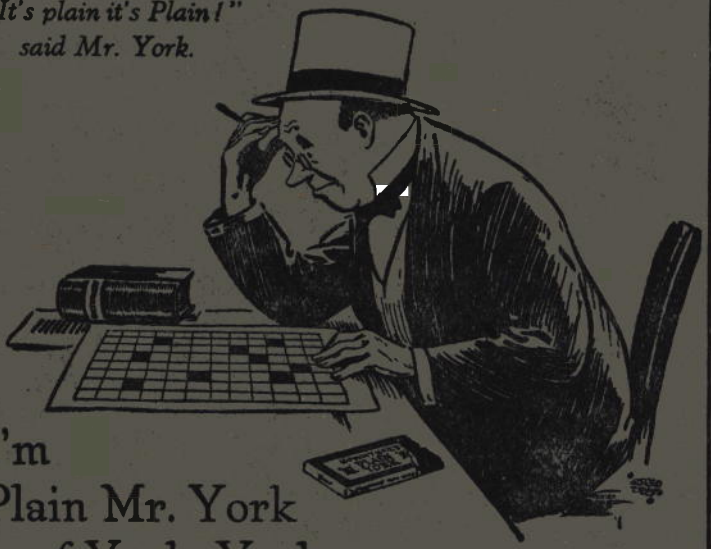
School Exams.

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following Magazines:—*By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *Stramongate School Magazine*, *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Island* (Sidcot), *Keswick School Magazine*, *The Megunticook* (Camden High School, Maine, U.S.A.), *Knole Hall Magazine*.

"It's plain it's Plain!"
said Mr. York.



I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks

I'm Plain Mr. York of York, Yorks,
I wonder how THIS crossword works?
They give YORK for the clue
For five letters, now who
Could help getting PLAIN YORK
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