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MARCH 1931

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

IN the interval between the last issue of this magazine and the present time, there have been comparatively few events of outstanding interest. The most important event which comes to our mind, concerns the arrangements for Athletic Sports this year. Some time ago we heard that we were to have them again, and already this term we have had the first concrete evidence—Mr. Brereton and Mr. Pumphrey conducting a number of boys over the new cross-country routes, and the construction of a new long jump pit in the north-east corner of the playing fields. This year the training will be taken really seriously, and will be compulsory for everyone. In previous years individuals have tended to regard sports from the "championship" point of view, but this year only the selected representatives of the three Houses will compete in the special Athletic Sports events. It is hoped that this change will stimulate the House spirit.

We have been pleased to welcome Miss Taylor as nurse, and also Miss Smith, who will be the nurse's assistant at the Sanatorium.

Building operations in connection with the extension of the Junior School are progressing, and, if all goes well, the new

rooms should be ready for use early in May, so that next term the Matric. room will again be available for general use.

On Sunday, February 15th, a relay of the address by Mr. G. K. Hibbert from Friends House was carried out. This relay to our own Lecture Room was made possible by the boys of the "wireless room," and their arrangements were very successful. It was thought that the atmosphere of a Friends' Meeting came over quite well. Every word of the address was clearly heard, and the violin solos, too, were well reproduced.

Tom Harris
(*Stage 7*).

THE OLD SCHOLARS' NEW YEAR PARTY.

THE Old Scholars' Association again arranged an enjoyable evening at Friends House, for those of us who were able to be present.

Upon entering the room each person had a slip of paper pinned to his back, on which the name of some well-known character was written, and which they had to guess by asking questions of other people before another slip could be obtained. This continued for the greater part of the evening, and both the winner and loser were duly rewarded.

After light refreshments a successful programme of games, arranged by Mary Close, was started. These games included a team race, which caused considerable amusement, a balloon game, passing keys round a circle to music, as well as the old favourites, "Winking" and "Hyde Park."

Bernard and Eric Le Mare gave us a short sketch entitled "The 'Ole in the Road," a comic dialogue between a road-mender and an aristocratic gentleman recently come to live in that neighbourhood. This was followed by a two-syllable charade, of which the obvious solution, "Walden," was soon guessed by the audience.

Nearly everyone joined in the dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley," and when this was finished we made one large circle and concluded by singing "Auld Lang Syne."

Perhaps the part that is enjoyed even more than the arranged programme on these occasions, is the reunion of old friends. Old Scholars are able to mix, not only with one another, but also with those who have taken their places in the old School, and thus a very close connection is maintained, by the recalling of bygone incidents and by the spreading of recent School news. It is the feeling of comradeship and the linking up of both Past and Present that makes these annual parties so much worth while.

Barbara Greenwood
(*Stage* 6).
Eileen Wooldridge
(*Stage* 7).

A'WHEEL.

GIVE me a grey tarred road on the hills,
With a good stiff climb to try me ;
A wind that my lungs with its freshness fills,
And the road-banks slipping by me.

The dip and catch of the roadside wires,
The thrill of the free-wheel downward ;
The chuckling purr of the gripping tyres
At the sign-post pointing townward.

The aching legs at each weary round
Of the cranks' and pedals' turning ;
The joy of home, and a bath, and rest,
And an appetite worth the earning.

J. C. Smith
(*Stage* 7).

ROME.



AST holidays I was fortunate enough to be able to spend my time in Rome. I had been there in my younger days, and could still remember parts of it, but it was not old Rome that struck me this time, but the new modern city of Rome. On one side of the Tiber lies St. Peter's and the old part of the city, where the streets are dirty and very narrow, and the shops are of a very low class. One has only to cross the river by one of the numerous bridges to find a complete change. The houses are new and up-to-date, with broad roads with trees on either side, and big electric bulbs suspended on wire running down the centres ; for there are few lamp-posts in Italy. It is also on this side of the river that some of the famous hills of Rome are situated, such as the Janiculum, the Aventine, Monte Verde and the Pincio. Nowadays these have been built over and form part of the residential quarter of Rome. The Pincio is one of the gardens or parks of Rome.

Before we continue it is necessary to say a few words about the city of Rome as regards shops, etc. The Oxford Street of Rome is the Via Vittorio Venito, commonly known as the Via Venito. Besides being the most expensive shopping centre, it is by far the most beautiful, and is the meeting place of large talkative parties, which are a common sight in all towns in Italy. On one end of the Via Venito lies the picturesque Villa Borghese, which is not a villa, but a park covered with pines, summer cafés, a " Rotten Row," and a horse jumping arena. In size it is about equal to Hyde Park. At the other end of the Via Venito is the city, which is always crowded, and to avoid too great a crush, people are forced to walk down the street on one side and up on the other, policemen being there to see that this rule is carried out.

Rome is not like Paris for shops. They are all very small and crowded, and clothes such as ladies' dresses and men's



Photo by] [*J. Penrose Whitlow*

TEMPLE OF ANTONINUS AND FAUSTINA.

suits are always made by a dressmaker. Very few of the shops have standard prices, and the owner is always ready to strike a bargain, and to raise the price to anybody English.

One would think that Rome had few amusements, and was only a town composed of Coliseums and Triumphant Arches, but it is exactly the opposite. The Italians love the cinema, and one has no difficulty in finding them. They are much cheaper, and give English talkies without the talking but with the words written in Italian. Mussolini has built within the last two years a magnificent Opera House, but the Romans are not musical, neither do they appreciate the theatre, of which there are only four in Rome. Museums and picture galleries are also open to view, mostly free of charge, but one's passport has to be shown.

The private life is quite different from what we have in England. The difference in climate accounts a good deal for this and changes the working hours and the times for getting up and retiring for the night. The housing system is typically Italian. There are no private houses, except the private villas outside Rome. The nearest approach we can get to the Italian house is the English block flats. Some person or persons unknown own the house, they sub-let every flat to another person, who takes one room and the kitchen for herself, and lets the other rooms to the different people requiring lodging. She gives them food and cleans the rooms, so there are no domestic problems. Down in the old part of Rome, in the true Italian fashion, half-a-dozen people live in a dirty room, which an English cat wouldn't deign to enter. The food in Rome is good, but is influenced by the English, and there are very few places where one can get a real Italian dinner.

Up to the present I have said nothing about the remains of Ancient Rome, but no account would be complete without mentioning them. They add interest to the already interesting city. Such well-known places as the Coliseum and the Castle

of San Angelo are quite commonplace to the Romans, being situated in the centre of the town. The Castle of San Angelo is now a museum. The Forum and the Palatine Hill are by far the most interesting of all the remains. Once in the Forum you can imagine yourself back in Rome two thousand years ago. More interesting still is the Palatine, which is the continuation of the Forum. On here are situated the enormous palaces of the Roman Emperors, with many interesting and preserved rooms. There are many tales told about Nero's palace and his underground passage to the Coliseum. From the top of the Palatine one can see on one side, the Roman Forum, on the other the remains of the baths of Caligula, higher than the Coliseum, while in the distance is the Appian Way, running perfectly straight to Brindisi. Along its sides are tombs, some leading into the famous catacombs, which can be seen at any time of the day under the guidance of a priest. On the other bank of the Palatine lies the Circus Maximus, of which only a bit remains, being mostly covered by factories. From the Palatine one can get an excellent view of Rome, with St. Peter's and the Vatican standing out, and gardens contrasting against the roof-tops of the city. In the centre of Rome is the huge monument put up to Vittorio Emanuele II, while in the distance are the Appennines, standing out upon the flat plateau.

Mario Dobrashian
(*Stage* 6).

NATURAL HISTORY DIARIES.

THE awards made, under the terms of the Skelton Memorial Fund, for the best Diaries kept during 1930, are as follows:

1st, Margaret Rollason.
2nd, Margaret Harland, Betty Harland.

No awards were made for Archæological Diaries. In view of the excellent work that has been done in previous years in Archæology, it is to be hoped there may be a revival of interest in this subject during the coming year.

The following extracts have been taken from a Natural History Diary of things and events in Trinidad.

A Night in Trinidad.

At about 7 p.m. I wandered outside. It was dark, and the noises of night had begun. From the trees cicadas and tree-frogs were calling, and from the water round the greenhouses came a musical chorus of frogs, standing out clearly against a background of other strange night noises. On the lawns were the hopping toads, both great and small, but they are shy and will not let you catch them. Instead of birds, bats swoop round, often coming, chasing one another, through the house. Instead of butterflies there are fireflies, which are as numerous and beautiful, though perhaps not so varied, as butterflies. I wandered through the cotton plants, hoping that some tree-frogs would jump out at me, and fervently hoping that I shouldn't step on a poisonous snake or centipede. But everything seemed shy that night. Even the frogs, when I went near the greenhouse, ceased their calling and went plop! into the water.

The Painted Lady Caterpillar.

On a river bathing expedition, as I was hanging on to a bank, I saw a caterpillar. It was about one and a half inches long, and was a kind of discoloured grey and white, with antennæ on its head. I recognised it as a Painted Lady caterpillar, which confirmed my belief that there is another food-plant for this species, that grows in the woods by the river. But unfortunately the caterpillar was not on this food-plant. It had left it to pupate. I took it home with me, and went to find some of the plant that I generally fed my Painted

Ladies on. To my delight I found two more little black and white caterpillars. These caterpillars remain on the underside of the leaf, and as they feed they cut off slices from the edge of the leaf. The full-grown caterpillar loses its brilliance and becomes muddy-coloured. It will not eat during the day before pupating, and in the night it weaves a little pad of silk and hangs suspended by its feet with its head doubled under. My Painted Lady caterpillar suspended itself by its feet in the night, and hung there all the next day, looking very miserable. That evening it cast off its skin and changed into a pupa in the shape of a boot, and was a pretty creamy, shiny, yellow colour, with black markings. At 8 o'clock the next morning it was much the same shade of yellow, only if anything the top part was a bit deeper colour. At 9 o'clock it was changing opalescent, but the colour was really still yellow. You could see pink and mauve and green in it by turning it round in different directions. At 10 o'clock it was opalescent all over, with the exception of the markings. At 1.30 it was at its best. It was still opalescent, but the top part had a suggestion of gold about it that showed it was turning. At 7 o'clock it was lustrous gold all over, with the exception of the black markings, which seemed to be permanent. The next day the chrysalis turned silver, and six days later, that is eight days after pupation, it hatched out. The chrysalis turned black just before hatching took place. My Painted Lady butterfly hatched out on the morning of the eighth day, and by night time it was flying round the room.

MOSQUITO LARVÆ.

In the finger bowls where my sister keeps her tadpoles there are some mosquito larvæ. These are very small, the largest being about a quarter of an inch long. They have long, brown and white striped bodies with a tail split into two at the end. They have white heads with about six black spots on them, and what looks like hair on both head and body. They swim

by wriggling their bodies from side to side, and tumbling over and over, the hairs probably helping them along as well. The favourite resting position is upside down with one end of the split tail sticking out of the water. Probably it is a breathing organ. I found a tiny little striped object floating on the top of the water. It was probably a mosquito pupa. When I picked it up, it did not move away, but wriggled a little when I held it in my fingers, just as a butterfly pupa does.

THE PITCH LAKE.

We went to see the famous Pitch Lake today, a drive of forty miles. Trinidad is not such a small place as some people suppose. The drive was glorious—miles of smooth road, occasionally passing through cocoanut plantations and Indian villages with queer mud huts. Some of these huts have hand-marks on them. I believe it is the custom, when a man gives a party, for each guest to dip his hand in a dye or paint, and make an imprint on the outside of the wall. As far as I can remember, it is always the right hand. The lake itself is quite small, about ten acres, I think. It is a dirty black or grey colour, with pools of water alongside it. In some places the pitch is very soft, especially in one place, called the Mother of the Lake, where it is liquid. In most places it is hard, that is, you can stand on it with safety, but in a few minutes the part under your feet gets soft and squashy. There are no plants growing near the lake, but it is a curious phenomenon that in the pools of water are fish. These fish are blind, and must be a very special species ; for if ordinary fish are put there they die. The water in the pools is very shallow, and, warmed by the sun, has quite a considerable temperature.

The pitch is dug out of the lake by men with pickaxes and loaded on to lorries which take it away. If you chew a fresh piece of pitch, it is rather like salty chewing-gum and not at all bad, but the stuff on the surface is rotten. It is all gritty and earthy. If you leave your car on a track leading to the lake, in

about five minutes it sinks in, and unless you have a very powerful engine, you have to have your car pulled out by bullocks. This costs quite a lot of money.

Margaret Harland
(*aged* 14).

"THE MIDNIGHT FEASTERS."

(A PARODY.)

THE sheets were nearly frozen, and they chilled the naked hand,
The floor was like a slide, where the feasters scarce could stand.
The wind was a Nor'wester, which made a whining noise,
And all there was to see was food, and beds, and naughty boys!

. . . . . .

The sleepers all were snoring after that great midnight feast—
'Twas only with the break of day that all the snoring ceased.
Oh! what a mournful groan arose, and then a long-drawn sigh,
For all the feasters felt as if they wanted just to die!

All day they groaned, and moaned, and sobbed, and wished they hadn't done it—
All day each one said to himself, "Next time I'm going to shun it."
All day, as sad as sad could be, in bitter pain and dread,
For "very life and nature" they lay still as still in bed!

The evening comes—they heave a mighty sigh—each boy that's there;
For midnight feasts the feasters who were ill, have ceased to care.
All that they can think of now is the darkness and the cold—
So let my readers profit by the story I have told!

Robert Harper
(*Stage* 5).

II

TALKIES.

DURING the major part of the summer holidays residents in Welwyn Garden City were familiar with the sound of heavy bombardments from the gravel-pits, which are across the fields a quarter of a mile from our house. There the British Instructional Film Company had dug trenches and erected barbed-wire entanglements, and were filming the fighting in Gallipoli for the talking picture, "Tell England."

It was in connection with the school scenes in this film that my brothers and I called at the studios at half-past eight one morning in August. As we were early, we were allowed to see round the outside of the studio. Against the south wall was a full-sized model of a London street, with shops, houses, police station, theatre, etc., all looking very real, though rather battered and deserted. Going through one of the shops, we found the remains of an aeroplane, the engine of which had been taken to create winds. Round the corner of the street, which was littered with boxes labelled "Shells—White" and "Shells—Black," we came upon the bridge of a ship, sticking up out of the ground, and looking very real from one angle, though made of painted three-ply. This was used in the film "Windjammer," recently released in London.

Running parallel to the street, but away from the studio, was a trench complete in every detail. Our guide told us that the shots taken here and at the gravel-pits would be fitted in with those taken actually at Gallipoli, and that it would be impossible to say which was which. They had filmed the famous war-time landing at Gallipoli, for which purpose Anthony Asquith, the producer, had borrowed a fleet of twenty assorted warships from the Admiralty. At one end of the trench was the scene of an explosion, and the remains of lifelike dummies looked rather too deathlike for my comfort. One man with his face blown off was particularly ghastly.

The manager having arrived, we signed on, and went home to return on the following Monday.

Next Monday was the beginning of the heat wave, just the right weather for outside work. We were taken by two General omnibuses down to some open-air swimming baths, belonging to a restaurant on the Welwyn Bye-pass. There we saw the two electric cameras, the giant searchlights, and other apparatus being unloaded. Inside the baths we found the crowd-artists, men and women, the ladies very charming in their long skirts, and the men very proper in their formal suits. At the deep end of the bath, where they could get a good view of the diving-board without danger of splashes, sat the stars. Fay Compton, in a flowing silken dress, whose draped folds and indefinable golden hue brought a strange taste to the mouth, was adjusting a broad-brimmed hat with dainty, white-gloved hands, subsequent to applying a thick mask of make-up. This dispelled any illusions I possessed as regards a film star's complexion. On her left side sat a gentleman arrayed in yellow whites. White itself is too glaring to photograph well. On the other side sat Tony Bruce, giving a few extra touches to a shining ringlet of black hair that strayed with studied carelessness from beneath his straw hat. In the intervals of applying yet another layer of greasepaint, he chatted with Carl Harbord, who stood by him, dressed in a yellow bathing costume.

While the relay race, which was swum in a very leisurely fashion, was being carefully rehearsed, programmes and straw hats were given out. The former had on the cover:

CRAWFORD SWIMMING
SHIELD.

Kensingtowe (holders) *v.* Albury School.

Kensingtowe Swimming Pool. Wednesday, July 15, 1914.

Inside was a list of the five events, with the names of the competitors. This programme is an example of the careful

attention to detail, regardless of expense, that characterises the film producer's work.

After we had found hats to fit us, the business began. I cannot describe here all that happened in the two-days' work at the baths. Most of the time seemed to be spent in long, dull waits in the glaring sun, with intervals of violent "enthusiasm." The scene, when finished, will probably be something like this:

A man in yellow bathing dress does a swallow-dive from the top board, amidst applause. One of the judges announces through a megaphone, "Clean dive! Albury, Johnson!" A man in blue mounts to the top board and dives well, for which he is politely applauded by the crowd of schoolboys and visitors. "Kensingtowe, Doe!" announces the judge. Carl Harbord mounts the steps, hesitates, and dives flat, amidst groans and good-humoured gibes. Some back-chat takes place amongst the boys, which is not very complimentary to Doe. Doe's mother (Fay Compton) overhears, and his father (Tony Bruce) turns round and shuts them up.

The judge then announces that Albury has won the dive, and gives the score, which we note in our programmes. He continues, "The events are now two-all! Last event, relay race, five heats, the swimmers going two lengths of the bath. On the right, Albury, blue. On the left, Kensingtowe, yellow. Are you ready, Kensingtowe? Are you ready, Albury? On your marks? Five—Four—Three—Two—One—Off!!"

After a most exciting race, Doe, Kensingtowe's fifth man, picks up half-a-length and wins by a touch amidst tremendous cheers. In a breathless hush, the judge announces, "Kensingtowe has won the relay by one-fifth of a second!" Then, to quote the director, who did most of the producing work under Anthony Asquith's direction, we all "go balmy." Straw hats fly into the air, to land in the water, Doe is carried round the bath amidst cheers, while we dash after him, and Mrs. Doe is left gazing proudly after her son as the scene closes in.

The shot was not, of course, taken all at once. They took seemingly innumerable shots, filming a " number board " before each, and a board on which was chalked " N.G." after each unsuccessful one. The last heat of the relay, being the climax, was what they concentrated on most. It was filmed from various angles, and we were moved accordingly from one part of the bath to the other. Our straw hats got ruined after a few immersions, so " Props " brought us more. When they were filming the turn, most of the boys were put up at the shallow end. The swimmers trod water just out of the picture, and the boys cheered to a running commentary through a megaphone of what was supposed to be happening. Then the swimmers came on, Doe leading by a head. He spoiled his turn the first six times, but at last did it sufficiently well for the faults not to be noticeable when the film was speeded up. He was a very bad swimmer, and the other man had difficulty in going slowly enough for him to catch up. As the swimmers could not hear the director's shouts, a great deal of time was wasted.

Carl was a plucky chap, however, for he managed to dive flat off the top board, which is no joke, especially when he had to repeat it several times.

The " track-shots " were very interesting. The camera was on a truck, which ran along a narrow-gauge railway track laid along the side of the bath. The camera-man lay on the little truck and worked the controls as he was pushed along. They took track-shots of the swimmers, of a row of us cheering, and of Doe being carried triumphant round the bath. A laughable sight was presented by the meek Anthony Asquith vainly trying to persuade a smiling, red-faced matron, who was among a crowd of onlookers, to take her baby off the bath-wall before this last shot was taken.

Eventually, the time being past two, we were given lunch, and, the work being finished, were taken back to the studios to be paid. The locals got 7s. 6d. a day, while those from agents

in London were paid a guinea a day plus train fare. My chief impression was one of the most complete boredom, such as I could never have imagined before. Also I was appalled by the appalling extravagance in time, labour and materials, and in the construction of elaborate "sets" for apparently unimportant scenes.

Peter Green
(*Stage* 7).

THE LECTURE WEEK-END.

MARCH maintained its leonine reputation with a vengeance at the Old Scholars' Lecture Week-end. A cold wind chilled us steadily throughout the period, so that we were glad to keep indoors and find comfortable fires.

The subject under consideration was Politics and the speakers who laid it before us were Stanley G. King Beer, who dealt with the History of Political Parties, Richard R. Ludlow, who presented the point of view of the Liberal Party, William G. Hall, who advocated the ideals of the Labour Party, and J. Gurney Braithwaite, who stated the case for the Conservatives. The order of the appearance of the speakers was controlled by their personal convenience, and it was not found possible to get them all together for every lecture and discussion. In spite of this difficulty, it was surprising how the addresses of the separate speakers dovetailed together, making a complete and valuable series of addresses.

On Saturday morning Mr. Beer prefaced the series with his Historical Survey. In keeping with modern diplomatic usage, we were invited to join in a luncheon with the speaker, and to that end he had brought sandwiches. These proved to be most satisfying fare in the shape of a complete series of diagrams, showing the bases on which the political parties were built up, and analysing the trend of legislation from 1650 to

1930. A colossal undertaking we thought, but on amplification by Mr. Beer it proved simple and clear. In fact, the series of diagrams was so valuable that they were in constant use for reference throughout the week-end. No one has yet fathomed the hidden meaning of the funny faces on page 4, but they were extremely decorative.

The basis of Tory stability was in the land and was maintained on the principles of orthodoxy, authority, responsibility, etc. The Whig type was induced by movement along the Trade Road and was actuated by evolution, non-conformity, adventure, etc. The Labour School of Thought found its reason for existence in discomfort, impatience, brotherhood. With these fundamentals each took its place and part in the growth of the Nation.

Further diagrams were considered, showing us the categories into which the various Acts, passed by the Parties throughout their Parliamentary History, had fallen. This set of diagrams and their explanation were most valuable assets to the series. They laid the foundation of the whole subject, and for those who were weak in History or had forgotten what they knew, the diagrams were a constant source of help. Mr. Beer is to be especially congratulated on this piece of work, and his effort had the reward of full success.

Finally, we had a resumé of the growth and branching of the Parties, showing the straight root at the formation and the deviation of the "rebels" from the Parties and their mergence into the new Parties, so that finally we stand today with the three main Parties with tentative branches in Crusaders, Simonites and Mosleyites.

We were glad to find that Mrs. Ludlow had been able to join with us at our Conference. Her help and co-operation in the discussions were both valuable and welcome.

Mr. Ludlow, in his address, stressed the point that the Liberal Party stood under the banner of Liberty. This Liberty was complete in so far as it involved Civil Liberty, Social

Liberty, Personal Liberty and National Liberty. The Liberals held that these were essential conditions of their existence. They believed in allowing natural development to take place in National affairs, and in Social Reform. The assistance of Parliament rather than the Coercion of Parliament in reform was the true road to advancement.

The Industrial Revolution, which all speakers stressed as the focus from which the Parties we now know had radiated, was more particularly responsible for the development of Liberalism as it is known to us today.

The idea of allowing maximum freedom to the individual and individual effort, rather than to community effort, was the essential difference between Liberal and Labour policy.

The Liberals were automatically opposed to war as it primarily involved a loss of Liberty.

Miss Priestman, who kindly assisted the Old Scholars by taking the chair at this meeting, invited questions, and discussion continued until time put a closure on the meeting.

Mr. Hall claimed that Socialism could not be defined, but grew and altered in accordance with changing outlook. Socialism looked to Community effort to deal with Community functions. In effect, the public services were a form of Socialism. The Labour Party would take this further and control the conditions of working in factory and on the land. In foreign policy, the spirit of Socialism was essentially that of working together for the good of all and not for the single aims of one Nation.

The Labour Party as we know it rose from the Labour Representation Committee about the year 1900. Although this was the earliest serious Labour representation, the Party had its beginnings in the Industrial Revolution, the belief being that the old Parties could not cope with the new conditions. The Reform Bill of 1832 had proved useless to the working man, and Chartism had developed as a result of this deficiency. Adam Smith's theories of the advancement of Self as a means

to enriching the State was unsatisfactory to modern thinkers and Socialism repudiated the theory as unsound. The enquiries of Malthus into the cause of poverty, and Ricardo's statement on the laws of rent and wages tending to reduce the standard of living to subsistence level, had brought to light the belief that man should not be dependent on an employer for the right to live.

The speaker claimed that the Labour Party had done well whilst in office, but was yet hopeful of further efforts towards the abolition of inequalities in opportunity.

Mr. Braithwaite, after a review of Political History, brought to our notice the fact that Bright and Cobden had assumed that Free Trade in England would cause the other Nations to follow suit, and this had not been the case. Joseph Chamberlain, the stalwart advocate of Protection, had not had the opportunity to put his theories to the test as propaganda connected with the Boer War had side-tracked the issue.

Reference was made to eight experiments in Tariffs which had not resulted in increased prices, but had definitely revived the trades concerned. The object was not to keep out Foreign goods but to put them on a fair basis of competition with the Home produced goods and in this way stimulate Home Trade.

In foreign affairs the British Empire through the League of Nations had introduced into the Embassies of Nations the idea of Fair Play. Through example and precept the object of the British Empire was to be the main pillar in the Temple of Peace.

J. Penrose Whitlow presided at this meeting and we were very grateful for his real assistance.

On Sunday evening Barrington Whitlow led the meeting in the consideration of the relation of Religion and Politics. Christianity and Politics must go hand in hand, not by the control of the State by the Church, but by the only sound method of bringing our Religion to bear on our Political life and actions.

Apart from Politics, the week-end gave opportunity for some music. The games matches were fully appreciated, although somewhat spoilt by the high wind and the cold. The Old Girls were beaten at Hockey by 7—1, and the Football Match with the Old Boys produced no score after a ding-dong battle.

The Old Scholars are again grateful for the opportunity of meeting at the School and we left feeling very grateful for the kindness we had received.

JOHN H. QUINN.

CAPTURED BY BANDITS.

LEN SHIN was sitting in a teashop in the small mountain town of Lan yo mio, talking to his friend, Graham Garrett. They were on their way up to the Dragon Lake, where they were going to spend the hot weeks of the summer.

Suddenly the peace and comparative quiet of the little town changed to uproar. Men, women and children rushed hither and thither, and the streets were filled with people. Len asked a child what was the cause of the noise, but the child did not answer, only ran out of the shop and joined the crowd, which swayed this way and that, uncertain which way to go. Soon, however, they found the reason for the alarm. Men, wearing uniform and looking anything but soldiers, came into the shop and roughly ordered the boys to follow them, tying their hands with a rope, and dragging them along, when they asked the reason. These men seemed to pick out only the younger men and boys and the pretty girls, leaving the old women and little children.

The prisoners were taken to the outskirts of the town and the robbers plundered and destroyed as they pleased. Soon the order to march was given, and an official came and asked Graham if he would rather ride on a loaded mule or walk. He said that he would rather walk, because he thought that if he rode there would be less chance of keeping with Len.

For six long hours they tramped over the mountains, going along many seemingly disused paths, for the most part narrow and steep. When they got into the next valley, they crossed the river by a rickety old bridge and then ascended the opposite hill diagonally, until they entered some woods. Here there was a hollow in the ground and an old, many-courted house lay in it, hidden from all casual passers by the woods.

Officers stood at the gates, and the courts and surrounding rooms seemed to be crowded with people. The boys were taken up to the third court, so they realised that they were important prisoners and would have better treatment than the rest. They were put together in a little room containing a bed, two benches and a table. There were two windows looking out into the court, but they were small and the lattice was covered with paper, to keep out the draught.

The boys were brought a bowl of rice each and were then left to themselves for the night. They knew that the door was not locked or bolted, but they heard the even tramp of sentinels marching in the court, and realised that they were well guarded. Neither of them wished to sleep on the bed because they did not know who had been there before, so they asked their guard for some straw. A few minutes later two men brought it in and the boys slept on it all night.

The next morning they were taken up to the fourth court, where they were told by an important looking man that they would be kept for ransom. For two or three weeks their captors would keep quiet so as to arouse the anxiety of their people. This they hoped would be a means of getting a greater sum. The boys would have no chance of escape ; they would be too well guarded for that. All day and all night an officer would keep guard, marching past their door every one or two minutes, and another would always be on guard at the gate of each court.

Then the two boys went back to their room again and talked together of possible ways of escape. It seemed pretty hopeless, but at last they decided on a plan.

That afternoon they asked their guard if they might be taken for a walk. He seemed doubtful, but said he would ask the chief. When he came back he said he would take them in a little while, but first he must finish his sentry duty.

In about twenty minutes he came in again with a short length of rope, one end of which he fastened round the waist of each of the boys. " The orders of the chief," he said as they left the room, " are that if I lose you I lose my head."

They passed through the courtyards and out into the open. Then the guard said, " Most prisoners are only allowed exercise in the court where they are sleeping. Where will you go ? " Both boys wished to go through the woods, toward the river, and they said so.

When they reached the river they saw that it ran in a narrow and very deep gorge at this point. The guard told them that the river was steadily rising and that it would soon be a rushing torrent of foamy, brown water. Then they went back through the woods again by the little track which had been made by charcoal burners.

That evening was disappointingly fine, and so was the next, but the third was dark and cloudy and fitted in very well with their plans.

Soon after it became really dark they listened for the guard, and when he had passed their door, they slipped out and closed it quietly behind them. At that moment it happened that the guard stopped to speak to an officer, and they had a chance of getting to a dark recess near the first gateway before he resumed his parade. When he had passed them twice more, they crept along to the gateway in the shadow of the wall and slipped through just before he passed by again with his lantern. The next court was not so well guarded, there being two guards who were talking together and not taking much notice of what was going on. The second gate was kept by a half-drunken man who had evidently just taken on his guard. The last court was not guarded at all, but at the outer gate was stationed

a very alert looking officer, and it was a long time before they had an opportunity of passing him. Once out of the buildings and round a corner in the path, they ran up through the woods until they reached the river. When they heard the roar of the torrent, they felt very depressed ; for they had planned to climb down to the bottom of the gorge and get across by the rocks they had seen when they were there before. As it was they decided they had better walk downstream to the bridge they had crossed when they first came, although there was more likelihood of their being caught. Accordingly they started downstream, but it was a rough path and difficult in the dark. However, they had not gone more than half-a-mile before light began to appear in the sky and they could see a little way ahead.

Just a little farther on a tree had fallen right across the stream from one cliff to the other. After a little hesitation the boys decided to cross by it. At first it was not bad going, but about three-quarters of the way across, the trunk got very thin and it was most precarious work, crawling along it with the prospect of being plunged into the foaming torrent if they missed their footing. They went one at a time, because they doubted if the tree would bear their combined weights. When Len was safely across Graham started, but the tree bent dangerously, and both heaved a sigh of relief when they stood on the opposite bank. Then they tried to climb the hill, but it was impossible on account of the steepness and dense undergrowth, and in the end they had to give it up. When they climbed down on to the cliff edge again they walked down stream. Gradually the cliff got lower, and after they had walked about a mile, a corn field lay on one side of their path. They entered this field, but kept on in the same direction, because they did not want to lose their way. When they had walked about half-a-mile farther, they came within sight of the bridge, so they went more carefully. They walked through the corn by the edge of the road until the field ended. Then they

had to take to the road itself, and they hurried along because they expected to be pursued.

Suddenly rounding a corner they came on about a dozen men, evidently some of the bandits by whom they had been captured. The men were going in the same direction, but the boys almost bumped into them, and one of the men saw them. He gave the alarm and the boys turned and ran back, with the men behind them. Steadily the men, who were only about ten yards behind them at first, gained on them and the boys were soon caught. They were not secured by ropes, but were marched back along the path which they had twice traversed before. When they got to the bridge again it was only about a foot above water level, and just as they were crossing, it gave way, and all of them were carried down stream by the swirling water. Len and Graham were both fairly good swimmers, but it was no good trying to get to the side in that current, so they swam slowly with the stream, taking care not to exert themselves except when they were likely to be dashed against a rock. At last, when they were getting tired, they saw a large log floating just ahead of them. They swam to it and then floated down stream holding on to the log. It was impossible to reach the side, and the only thing they could do was to float down the river until it joined the more slowly moving Min. This they thought would take them about three hours more, and until then they hoped that they would not get dashed to pieces on rocks or get drowned in the pool of a waterfall. After floating down stream for some considerable time, their log got caught on a rock about eight feet from the rocks at the side of the stream. They climbed on to the rock and then rested before attempting the leap shorewards.

Len, a good jumper, took the leap easily, and encouraged Graham to come on, which he did, after a little hesitation. He just landed on the rock, but slipped, and would have fallen back into the torrent, had not Len caught hold of his coat.

After that it was easy to get to the bank, where they rested

before climbing to the top. They were too exhausted to go any farther and they just climbed up among some bushes and fell asleep. When they awoke it was late afternoon and their clothes had been nearly dried by the hot midday sun. Greatly refreshed by their sleep, they tramped down stream until they reached a little village, where they told their adventures to the sympathetic people and obtained a good meal and a night's lodging. Next day they made their way back to their own people.

Ruth Stubbs
(*Stage* 5*a*).

THE LARK.

SOFTLY the notes come floating one by one
Down to where we
Sit, watching to see
The lark ascending to the glaring sun.

Then faster, shriller, like a chiming peal
Of silver bells,
All heaven he tells
Of the great joy a tiny bird can feel.

Mounting with throbbing wings to disappear
At such a height,
That out of sight
His song grows faint, but still the notes are clear.

Then down he comes, still singing as before,
To find the nest
Where he may rest,
Till he has strength to fly above once more.

Honor Liddle
(*Stage* 6).



Lino Block by *Bertram Headley (aged 12 years 10 months)*

BEFORE THE DYING EMBERS.

OUTSIDE the cottage the night was exquisitely picturesque. The tall pines were black and fantastic—beautiful, too, in an eerie way—against the spotless snow of the open moor ; the heavens were lit by a myriad stars, and from the tiny crescent moon a pale shaft of light danced on the snow with ethereal beauty.

It was lonely on the moor, and the cottage was solitary. Every light was out, and dainty lace curtains were drawn across its darkened windows. But stop! Every room was not in darkness ; on one pane there was a glimmer of firelight, and within the room was a woman. Chin in hands, she was gazing into the fire. The cinders were glowing, and the embers were scorched to a fiery radiance by the heat of the ashes. In those depths made real by the unreality around, lived a thousand changing scenes and fantasies, awaking echoes in a fanciful soul.

The fire had burned very low, and shadows were lurking in the dark, ghostly corners of the room, but the woman did not heed them ; for the firelight fascinated her. There *was* a great deal to see there, scenes ever changing. . . .

There were great cavernous depths with a crystal sea around luminous rocks, that seemed far more real in its way than the waters of our world. The rocks shifted a little—the caverns changed their shape. . . . What of the scene ? The caves had disappeared, and in their place was an old stately castle, with turrets, portcullis, drawbridge and dark ramparts sharply outlined against a dull red sunset glow. It seemed that the old half-ruined fort was desolate, but was not that an elf that vanished round a corner ? It was, for thousands more were there in a beech wood, while golden-red leaves were falling, and ripe nuts littered the ground. Elves were everywhere,

having a splendid time. . . . The glowing cinders stirred a little, became rather grey and ashen. . . . Perchance the seasons were moving on—for snow was on the gnarled trees, while a cheerful light glowed somewhere, though soon it began to die away. . . . The semblance to a forest had gone, and the red light from the hot coals was fast fading into grey, while the shadows in the room were grimmer than before, and bold enough to leave their hiding-places.

All around was strangely tranquil. The dying fire, the slender figure before it, hardly discernible now, the distant, clear stars in the deep night sky, and the tall pines against the unblemished snow, united to make a perfect calm and restfulness.

The fire died down ; the shadows met and enfolded the room in a dark robe. . . . Surely there was still beauty in the fire ? Yes, there was, but a beauty too unreal for description. It was the best scene of all, and conveyed something very like Perfect Peace.

Una Sell,
(Stage 5).

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C. last Term :

Denise A. Brown.
Graeme S. Kenneth.
Myfanwy Rees.
Kenneth E. Spurge.

* * * * *

Myfanwy Rees (1927-30) writes from Lausanne:

" My room overlooks the lake and on the far shore are the snow-capped Alps. At night the lights look simply topping, shining on the lake, and at sunset we get a beautiful reflection

of the sunset on the Alps, which I think is equal to the real sunset. I attended for the first time today a Scottish Church. The service was given in English, and I found it very difficult to keep my mind on a sermon after being able to think for myself."

* * * * *

Edith H. Kilbey (1924-30) writes from Wells, Norfolk:

" Do you remember Mrs. Rutter who came down to Walden some time ago ? She has only just come back from a tour round the world (America, New Zealand, Australia, China, Japan, India, etc.), and she came here to give us a talk. She showed us numbers of photos, three of which were of the Yearly Meeting in New Zealand. One was the Ackworth group, another the Sidcot group, and the third the Saffron Walden group. This last one consisted of two people—Frances Waters and an ' older Old Scholar ' who was at school at Croydon."

* * * * *

Betty Milne (1922-27) writes from the Hampstead General Hospital, where she is recovering from an accident:

" I am able to report some progress now, as the surgeon said on Saturday he thought the bone was beginning to knit together, so I am hoping to be sitting up at least in a week or two, though I shall not be out for about a month yet. If it were not for the waste of time and the fact that I shall not be allowed to take Inter. this year, I should not mind being here. In many ways it is very interesting here, as I have always wanted to know what hospital life was like. I am very lucky in being in a small ward, as I have company and yet can have visitors almost any time. I do hope you can read this scrawl, but I am not very expert with my left hand yet."

* * * * *

Peggy Krippendorf (1926-30) writes from Grindelwald:

" From my windows here I have a perfect view of three great mountains, Wetterhorn, Mettenberg and Eiger, and in the foreground stands a mass of pine trees laden with snow.

We have already been here five weeks and are staying for another month. Of all the sports I really don't know which I like the best. The most thrilling, perhaps, and incidentally one of the laziest, is going on the ' Bob Run.' One takes the train for about a quarter of an hour towards Kleine Scheidegg, then one gets out and luges down a distance of three miles in four and a half or five minutes. Going round the S bend was, I think, one of the most exciting seconds of my life. As for ski-ing—well, I can ski, but to stop is another matter, and the most successful way I have found is to fall. Skating I enjoy very much and I am just starting to learn my first fancy step. We have been for a tailing party, seen ski-jumping—the winner jumping 58½ yards—and also we have seen two or three ice hockey matches. We have lessons from 8.45 a.m. to 10.30 and from 5.15 p.m. to 6.45, with the rest of the time for sport.

" In March I am going to Germany, first to Freiburg and then to Darmstadt. Afterwards I am going to a school in the Harz Mountains for four months. . . . I shall have had a lot of experience, having met with girls from nearly every European country and having seen many places of interest. I was very pleased to hear that Godlee had pulled up and I wish the House all the best of luck for this year."

* * * * *

Eric Lemare (1922-28) writes from Walthamstow:

" Since last October I have been at University College, London, studying for the University of London Diploma in Librarianship. The examination for this is in two parts, one I take in July, 1931, and the other in the following July."

* * * * *

John Edmundson (1917-24) writing from Southampton, where he has started on some new work with the Southern Railway, says:

" At present I have about seventy men, half-a-mile of track, two five-ton travelling cranes, a fifty-foot pile frame and a few tons of forty-foot sheet-piles, also two boring rigs—one hand

and one power. I also have a supply of about 300 cubic yards of chalk per day. In addition there are two dredgers close by, dredging out a ' grip ' for a couple of banks. They remove the loose mud, leaving a firm bottom for the ballast, which is placed in position by a Bankwell bank-building machine. The job is to make the site for the new graving dock (for the new Cunarder) safe for the contractors to do the excavation work, and it consists in surrounding the site with a bank dumped round a timber trestle ; then, to render this water-tight, we drive interlocking sheet-piles right round the site."

DIARY.

Nov. 17th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, C. J. Smith ; Essays : " Sound," Richard Dell ; " Insects of the West Indies," Margaret Harland.

,, 19th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School XI., away, won, 7—2.

,, 22nd.—Football Match : Boys' " A " XI. *v.* Horneybrook, home, won, 1—0.
Avenue Concert.

,, 24th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Betty Enock ; Essays : " Two-Minute Speeches," Margaret Smith ; " Newspapers," John Peet ; " The Story of an Old English Town," Felix Hull ; " Shopping," Eileen Wooldridge ; Pianoforte Solo : " Pas des Escharpes " by Chaminade, Geoffrey Sparrow ; Violin Solo : " Two Movements from a Sonata by Corelli," Margaret Rollason.

,, 26th.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, lost, 1—2. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, lost, 2—3.

,, 29th.—Football Match : Boys' " A " XI. *v.* Langley, lost, 0—2. Lantern Lecture : " Nature and Man in Africa," Mr. Victor Murray.

Dec. 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lecture : " Plant Life in the Malayan Peninsula," Mr. R. E. Holttum.

,, 3rd.—Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, won, 7—0.
Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* The Cubs, home, lost, 0—5.

Dec. 4th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 5th.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 6th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, won, 7—3.
Lantern Lecture: "Travel in the East Indies," Mr. R. E. Holttum.

,, 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Cyril Thring; Essays: "Relations," Muriel Anderson; "True Greatness," John Reader; Pianoforte Solos: "Passe-Pied" by Richard Jones, C. J. Smith; "One of a Suite of Five Pieces" by B. Gardiner, Richard Dell; Violin Solos: "Minuet" and "Gavotte," Peter Green.

,, 10th.—Hockey Match: Juniors (mixed) XI. *v.* Fowlmere Village, home, won, 5—2.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Duke's XI., home, lost, 3—4.

,, 13th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's XI., home, won, 3—1.
Recital: "Songs of all Nations," Miss Hilda Knight.

,, 15th.—Competition Concert.

,, 16th.—House Plays.

,, 18th.—End of Term.

1931.

Jan. 15th.—School re-opened.

,, 17th.—Lantern Lecture: "From Baghdad to Palestine," Major Parker.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report ("The Mysterious Universe," by Sir James Jeans), Honor Liddle; Diary, Margaret Rollason; "Weather Report, Autumn Term, 1930," Richard Dell; Lecturette: "The South Downs between the Arun and the Adun," Muriel Poulter.

,, 24th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's School, away, won, 2—0.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, away, lost, 3—1.
Song Recital, Mr. Frederick Woodhouse.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Cyril Thring and Muriel Poulter; Essays: "The Manufacture of Chairs," Mary Bolton; "A Boy's Religion," Derek Schove; "Opera," Farrand Radley. Pianoforte Solo: "Caprice de Nanette," Vera Brewis.

,, 28th.—Hockey Match: Juniors (mixed) XI. *v.* Fowlmere Village, away, won, 4—0.

Jan. 29th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 31st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* The Rovers, home, lost, 1—7.

Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, drawn, 4 all.

Lantern Lecture: "London's Underground Railways," Mr. Rowntree.

Feb. 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Denis Allward; Current Events Report (Mars and Eros), Richard Brooks; Essays: "Regional Survey," Myfanwy Butler; "Birds," E. Rawlinson.

,, 4th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, away, won, 3—2.

,, 7th.—Lecture: "The Indian Situation," Mr. Yusuf Ali.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, John Buckmaster; Essays: "Books and their Making," Mary Bond; "Judgments," Donald Seed; "Colchester and Its History," Vera Brewis. Pianoforte Solos: "Pas Triste, pas Gai" by Sterndale Bennett, Eileen Wooldridge; "Wedding Day" by Grieg, Ivy Hubbard.

,, 14th.—Hockey Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies' 2nd XI., away, won, 6—3.

Lantern Lecture: "Persian Art," Miss Collins.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report (Human Sacrifice in the South Seas), Margaret Harland; Diary, Myfanwy Butler; Essays: "Newts," Joan Watson; "Some Superstitions of Weather," Derek Schove; Report of Weather for January, Richard Dell.

,, 18th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow Wednesday, home, won, 6—3.

,, 21st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Goss' XI., home, lost, 3—4. Lantern Lecture: "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," Mr. Hind-Smith.

,, 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Kathleen Francis; Essays: "The Universe in Figures," Clifford Smith; "A Life History of Myself," Myfanwy Butler; "Parties and Politics," J. C. Smith; "Horses," Rhona Chapman. Pianoforte Solos: "Minuet" by Beethoven, J. C. Smith; "Joy" by Yorke Bowen, Kathleen Francis; Violin Duet: "Concerto" by Bach, Ralph Erskine and Peter Green.

,, 24th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 25th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, lost, 1—2. 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, lost, 0—1.

Feb. 28th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 1st XI., home, lost, 0—1. 2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 2nd XI., away, won, 2—1.
Football Match: Boys' "A" XI. *v.* Great Chesterfield, home, lost, 1—2.
Lantern Lecture: "Life Boats," Mr. Beer.

March 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report (Wilkins' Enterprise), Denis Allward; Diary, Joan Watson; Essays: "Cheddar Caves," June Cornish; "Carisbrooke Castle," Elizabeth Meredith; "Life after Death," Betty Harland.

,, 4th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Barclay's Bank, home, lost, 2—4.

,, 6-8th.—Old Scholars' Lecture School Week-end.

,, 7th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, drawn, 0—0.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 7—1.
Lectures: "The Development of Parties," Mr. Beer; "The Liberal Party," Mr. R. R. Ludlow.
Concert.

,, 8th.—Lectures: "The Labour Party," Mr. W. G. Hall; "The Conservative Party," Mr. J. Gurney Braithwaite.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Play Reading: "Mrs. Adis" and "The Mock-beggar," Sheila Kaye-Smith and John Hampden.

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