THE AVENUE



JULY 1932

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

Nearing The End

After stocktaking we come across pieces of cloth which are nearing the end—leaving just a single suit length, with here and there an extra pair of trousers.

These cloths are ordinary 7 and 8 guinea suitings —but each year we offer these to our friends at a substantial reduction; in this case the price is **£5-2-6** the suit.

This time we have only a dozen or so—so hurry up!

Merchant DIX *Tailors*

Sole Makers of the School Blazer

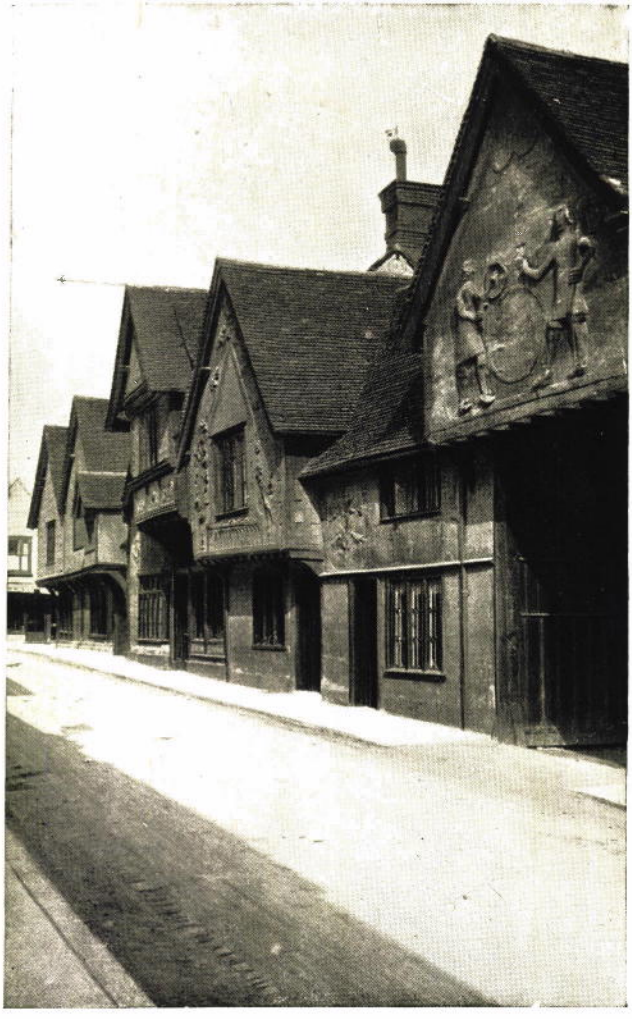
161 STRAND, W.C.2

'Phone: Temple Bar 3639

and at

1b FENCHURCH STREET, E.C.3

'Phone: Royal 3783



THE SUN INN, SAFFRON WALDEN



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXIII. JULY, 1932. No. 68.

FOREWORD

AFTER last term's visit of Influenza, almost all were able to return at the right time, thoroughly restored in health. Fortunate were those who escaped it! Owing to it also, the usual Spring Term Sports had to be cancelled. On our return, therefore, we were looking forward to a good Summer Term. A few changes marked its opening. We regret that owing to ill-health Nurse Taylor has had to give up her work and rest for a time, while Mr. Dawson, one of this year's Student Masters, has decided to take up other work. We are glad to welcome Mrs. Elworthy, as temporary Girls' Matron, owing to Miss J. Waites' unfortunate accident a few days before our return. To the twenty-three new girls and boys we extend a hearty welcome and hope their stay with us may be both happy and

profitable. Their entry has made a considerable difference in our numbers, there now being 187 pupils, three more than the previous record of 184 which has been reached on two occasions.

The Junior School now numbers twenty-two happy little pupils, so that only a few more could be entered at present. What has for years been a very quiet corner, now hums with young life.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking most heartily all Old Scholars and friends who helped to provide the funds which procured for the School the new Bechstein Grand Piano. Though it was presented to us during the Lecture School week-end, comparatively few of the subscribers then had an opportunity of seeing and hearing it. We hope that they may often have the pleasure of hearing it or performing on it in the future. It delights the pianists and music-lovers in the School and will be a great asset at future concerts. We very much appreciate this valuable gift.

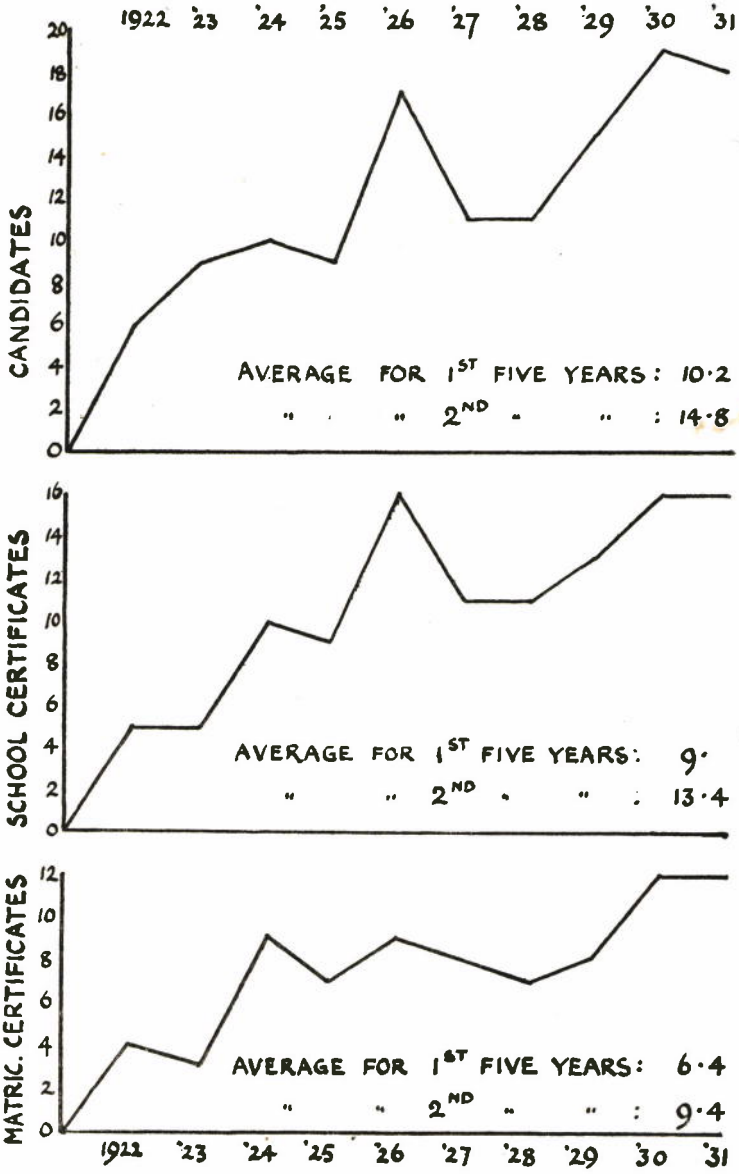
Early this term some members of the Senior Orchestra entered for the Chamber Music section of the Cambridge Festival of Music. Quartets and trios for strings, and duets for piano and strings were played by them. The adjudicators were much impressed by the " spirit " and obvious enjoyment of the music throughout the Festival. The performance of the string quartet led by Diana Close was highly commended, and special praise was given to Jean Sleight for her pianoforte work in the duet.

As it is now ten years since the School has sent in candidates for the General School Leaving Certificate of London University, the results obtained so far are published in graph form in this number.

We would like to call the attention of our readers to the Town Clerk's letter about the preservation of the Sun Inn.

S.W.

GRAPH OF GENERAL SCHOOL LEAVING EXAMINATION RESULTS, 1922 – 1931.



WET-SUNTIDE, 1932

"AT Wet-suntide did C.B.R.
A Great Reunion decree,
That we might come by train and car
Or pedal fiercely from afar
Down to the Sunless Sea.*
So in the Merry Month of May
To Walden came the O.S.A.,
Nor one of them repents
That on a field of fertile ground,
With Water, Water all around,
The Faithful pitched their tents. . ."

* * * *

To the chronicler of Whitsun, rain is almost a God-send. One Whitsun is so much like another that it is usually impossible to write any record which is not merely a repetition of the last. The result is that our written accounts are criminally unjust to a very noble institution. The impression conveyed to the reader is about as accurate as the "howler" which informs us that "in Christian countries a man is only allowed one wife: this is called monotony." In a similar sense, Whitsun is monotonous.

* * * *

What does this convey to you ?

Friday. Arrival and Dancing in the Gym. at 9 p.m.

Saturday. 10.0, Display and Relay Races in the Bath.

And so on. You will say: "Everybody knows that: why not republish last year's report ?"

* * * *

Of course it is always quite true to say how *well* everything was done ; and sometimes we feel it was done even better than last time ; but such comparisons are always odious. Why not simply say that the School won both the swimming relays (nothing unusual, I fear) and as much of the cricket as the weather allowed it to play ? Scores, of course, for the curious.

[Please fill in Saturday's score on first innings, etc.]

* Probably the Swimming Bath, but possibly the lower Asphalt.

As to the tennis, the rain scotched that completely; and when we were cheering all our friends round the bonfire on Monday night we did not forget three boos for the weather.

* * * *

The Law of Compensation was nevertheless in operation. The rain that drove us indoors conspired with Ken Morriston to make Community Singers of us. It was significant that the only innovation in the printed programme this year was a "Practice of Bonfire Songs" after the Sunday supper. Perhaps the Secretary had wind of the weather. Anyway, there was a great deal of this community singing during the week-end, and somehow most people had enough voice left to make quite a record noise round the Bonfire, with unusually accurate synchronisation. The Swimming Bath, too, got its share from our surplus spirits: community bathing there took the form of a sort of water-rugger without any rules except a popular preference for prolonged scrums.

* * * *

Things that I shall always remember:

1. The riot on the dance floor on Saturday evening, when the band struck up the back numbers. . . .

2. The expression on an Old Scholar's face on discovering that he had put salad dressing on his pie by mistake for custard. . . .

3. Mr. Beer surpassing himself in "Johnnie Smoker."

4. The crying of the "Baby" when the School played Galsworthy's "Little Man" on Monday evening.

* * * *

Personalities: Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree and the Staff, our Secretaries and all the other people whose work makes Whitsun a success—what can we say about them that hasn't been said before? Or how can we discriminate in our compliments without being gauche?

* * * *

What remains to be told? Many, many things if we knew them all, or knew how to tell them.

Was it only for chocolates or buns or ginger pop that such crowds filled Fitche's ? Or was it a sort of ritual that linked us again with our schooldays ?

What thoughts were passing through the mind of Penrose Whitlow as he stood again " on duty " at the door of the boys' wash-room on Monday night ? For a moment I wondered whether he saw the wash-room at all ; or whether it was the ghost of the old Lower School-room that he saw. (I can never go through the Chemical Lab. myself without being haunted by fantastic Fourth Form memories.)

And what were the mysterious whisperings in Mrs. Midgely's garden—the cabalistic conclaves of the great that always precede the Whitsun meeting of the Old Scholars' Committee ?

No, I don't think description can do justice to Whitsun.

* * * *

Of Tuesday I forbear to speak—
It is the worst day of the week :
An early meal—the London train—
Hurried adieus, and work again. . . .

You may be sure we were very sorry for ourselves. But, after all, as the Frenchman said, " Ah, ces beaux jours quand j'étais si malheureux ! "

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

NIGHT

" SOFT the veil of evening falls,
The busy footsteps pass no more ;
Each house, enshrouded by its walls,
Becomes a thing of mystery.
The pool of shadows at the door,
The windows with their half-hid light,
Like eyes fast shut in dreaming sleep,
Hold all the secrets of the night."

Honor Liddle
(*Stage 7*).

ON PEACE PROPAGANDA

THOSE who, following the path of duty as they saw it, bore the brunt of the war in the trenches tell us that a saving sense of humour alone made life bearable then. To-day, anyone who answers the call of proclaiming the better way of Peace will find that sense of humour an asset, too. Perhaps, "anyone" may be too sweeping a generalisation, for the experiences I am about to describe are due mainly to three factors: my audiences, my motor bicycle and my own incompetence.

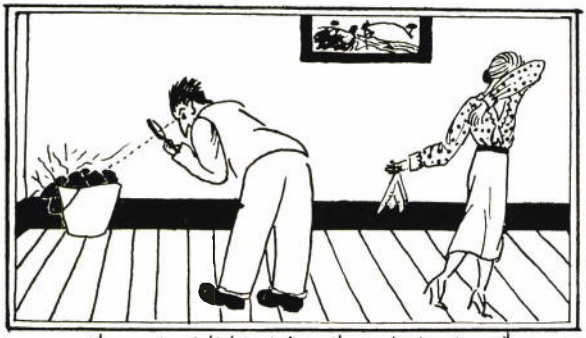
To many readers the antics of my machine are already a by-word. For those unacquainted with its "personality," I need only add that it cost five pounds, verges on the obsolete and submits to the major operation of being "taken down" once a month by its owner, whose ignorance of the capacity of machinery for adapting itself to altered circumstances is equalled only by his optimism that leads him to hope that each operation will be more satisfactory than the last. A feeling of loyalty to this old servant of mine, without whose help most of my opportunities for Peace work—I had almost written Piece work—would not be available, prompts me to explain that when I turned up at a meeting at Earl's Colne ten minutes late, black to the elbows with grease, it was my neglect to readjust the driving chain and not any inherent defect in the machine that caused it to boggle at climbing the hill at Finchingfield. Again, it can hardly be charged fairly against my faithful steed that the supply of petrol ran out on another occasion when I found myself at midnight vainly trying to find my way out of Clare, where most of the road signs seem to have humbly retired to the sides of the houses where they cannot be seen—at midnight. And to attribute to the sturdy veteran the attack of lumbago which visited my solicitous wife the day after my return at

2 a.m. from another meeting, chilled to the bone, would be anything but just. A snowstorm had blotted out all recognisable features of the landscape and had reduced me to the monotonous absurdity of finding myself every half-hour or so back at the same hamlet. But for my machine I might now be rotting at Wratting!

I may as well complete this indictment of my incompetence by adding that in my zeal to attend an emergency meeting of the L.N.U. to be held in London on the Sino-Japanese dispute, I asked for a day off from school. I put in some useful visits to school publishers in the morning, marked time most delightfully in Kensington Gardens in the afternoon and at seven o'clock made for the Albert Hall, where the meeting was advertised to begin at eight. I was agreeably surprised, when I got there, to find that Peace was a more popular platform subject in London than I had found it to be in Essex, for the space round the hall was packed with cars. Another surprise, however, was in store for me, for, on presenting my ticket at one of the doors, instead of my being welcomed in to a meeting to be addressed by Lord Cecil on world peace, I was ignominiously turned away from a prize fight for the world's middleweight championship! I had neglected to verify the date upon my ticket.

But meetings have their humorous side. On one occasion I was to address a village meeting in the schoolroom. The vicar met me at the entrance and kindly warned me that possibly no one would turn up, in spite of his having given it out at Evensong the previous Sunday. Just then the children trooping out through the doorway gave him an inspiration. Sending them all back again, he secured forthwith an audience of some sixty disappointed youngsters.

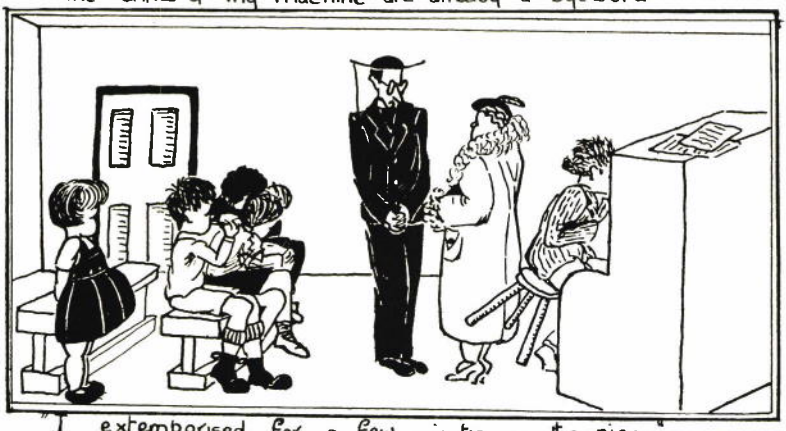
"Now, children," said he, after the desks had been converted into seats, "this isn't a Punch and Judy Show—he reiterated this several times—but I have heard that our speaker is an entertainer." Turning to me, he asked if I would sing



"Peering with a torchlight into the hole in the wall"



"The antics of my machine are already a byeword



"I extemporised for a few minutes on the piano"

M.M.B

some songs at the piano and sandwich a speech on Peace in the middle. I had no choice but to acquiesce when I saw the now expectant faces.

So I began with " When I was a boy at school." The first verse was interrupted by the arrival of the village aristocracy who, standing in a queue right in front and between me and my audience, discussed the weather with the vicar while seats were being procured for them in the front row. The piano being on the floor, the children could not see me, and began to stand up in their seats, much to the perturbation of the clergyman who tried unsuccessfully to make them sit down. Lest this voluble queue should realise to their embarrassment that they were interrupting my song, I extemporised for a few minutes on the piano ; and when the situation and the queue had settled down, I began the second verse. Hardly had I begun, when in came, to the accompaniment of even more commotion, two officials of the Branch who, happening to be passing through, had called in on the way.

I managed to persuade them to speak forthwith, while I recovered. After they had both spoken, I was invited to resume my entertainment, this time assisted by a young lady who would like to recite if I didn't mind. I didn't, nor did the children, if their laughter at hearing Kipling's " If " dramatically recited was any criterion.

Then came the time for the meat in the sandwich or, paradoxically, the pill in the jam. The vicar preceded my address with the announcement that he was going to be very extravagant. He would offer three prizes, of 1s. 6d., 1s. and 6d. respectively to the boys and girls who wrote the best essays on what the speaker was going to tell them about the League of Union (sic): " But," he added, " the writing must be very good." Whereat the schoolmaster went to a cupboard, abstracted a piece of paper and, slipping to the back of the room, proceeded to take down all I said. I concluded my speech was to be relayed, but not simultaneously.

How later I shared supper with my host and his wife, each at an end of the largest and longest oval table I have ever seen, and how I had to get out of my seat every time I tried to pass the food to them ; how he was distressed that the diocesan surveyor had that day been discovered by his wife peering with a torchlight into the hole in the hall which she had been at pains to cover with a coalscuttle ; how she, on the other hand, was distressed at the contumacy of one of the village women who, at the annual distribution at her hands of blankets provided by an ancient charity, had written to the Archbishop of Canterbury to say she wanted sheets ; how both were agreed that free education had spoiled the once grateful members of their flock, I can only hint at. I left finally, primed with a pamphlet written by my host to prove that Shakespeare was altogether not himself when he wrote his plays, nor was he Bacon, but a local patron who lay unrecognised in the vault in the local churchyard, and who would one day come into his own, " Which," added the vicar sympathetically, " would be bad for Stratford-on-Avon but good for the parish." If sundry repairs on my way home delayed me a little, I had plenty to keep me cheerful on the journey.

How seriously the Peace movement can be taken by some of its supporters I was to learn at an annual meeting which began at 8 p.m. By 9.30 the meeting had discussed four matters on the agenda: a year's correspondence from Headquarters, for the committee had not met in the interval, and which was mostly " taken as read " ; a heated controversy over the proportion of the local subscriptions which the Central Office demanded under a quota system which no one understood ; the presentation and passing of the accounts of the Branch, showing a surplus of £7 of which the meeting didn't know what use to make ; and the sending of a resolution about Disarmament by the Branch, a matter arising out of the previous correspondence. I have room here only to dwell upon the last mentioned.

Someone in the body of the meeting called attention to the recommendation from Headquarters that a resolution be sent, and it was unanimously agreed to send one. But what resolution ? And to whom ? The letter, dated October, had recommended it be sent to the local M.P. It was then February. A member pointed out that he happened to be in America on a lecturing tour, so the resolution to send it was unanimously rescinded.

" Could we not send it to Headquarters ? " urged the irrepressible person in the hall. But Headquarters had initiated the proposal! They needed no persuading!!

" Then," he persisted, " could we not send it to the Disarmament Conference meeting that week at Geneva ? " This suggestion met with general approval. But to whom ? To the British Delegates ? In the discussion Sir John Simon seemed to be the favourite, so they would send it to him.

" Would a postcard do ? " ventured the Secretary. That was ruled out as indecent. " A letter, then ? " But that would be too late ? How then ?

At this point I rose to tell them what my group had done ; we had sent a telegram. Wasn't that expensive ? Might they enquire the cost ? When told it worked out at 3d. a word, general dismay supervened.

What had we said in it ? I told them " X.Y.Z. ask you to take an adventurous lead in the direction of disarmament." The apple of discord had been dropped in their midst! It was the word " adventurous." Was it honest ; just ; democratic ; to pledge their absent members—the great majority in fact—to such a drastic expression ? Honesty—and thrift—won the day. The resolution, drafted at last, read " Good luck, X.Y.Z." What they did with the rest of the £7 I don't know.

After an hour and a quarter of discussion had elapsed, it occurred to the meeting that the speaker might be asked to give his contribution. At 9.20 p.m. precisely the chairman introduced me in a ten-minutes' speech, in which he surveyed

most of the ground I had been asked to cover, and then called upon me for my address. Instead of rising and saying "My address is the Friends' School, Saffron Walden," and sitting down again, I asked if I might speak to their condition. As no one realised what that Quaker phrase involved, they agreed, and, as kindly as I could, I told them what I thought of their activities in the cause of Peace. They perfunctorily clapped the twenty minutes' insult.

The next business was the election of the committee for the ensuing year. The retiring officials were proposed en bloc from the chair, to the disapproval of the irrepressible gentleman. "If they did nothing last year, what is the good of appointing them this year?" he argued. A compromise was reached to comfort the discomfited officials present: they would have power to co-opt anyone he might think suitable. His nomination was a lady—a live wire, the vicar assured them—and she was unanimously elected, only to be unseated when a stickler for the constitution pointed out that she was not a member of the Branch.

At 10 o'clock I left them, as they were passing a resolution, urged by the same persistent member from the body of the hall, that "The new committee do consider ways and means of carrying out some of the suggestions made by our speaker to-night."

There are big hearted people still in England. You may not believe it, but I was asked to address their first open meeting a month later, and the hall was packed!

S.G.K.B.



AUTUMN

RAIN is falling,
Mists are swirling,
Far away are curlews calling,
Wailing softly down the wind.
Morning's dusky,
Evening's murky,
Men complain in voices husky,
Autumn's here again.

Leaves have fallen,
Flowers have faded,
Far away, the birds are called,
Flying swiftly overhead.
Football's started,
Harvest's carted,
Summer's warmth has all departed,
Autumn's here again.

Michael Green
(*Stage 4a*).

SENSE OF HUMOUR

THIS is a subject which the more you look into it the more you realise its complexity. There is a danger of gazing over-long at it, and to the normal person developing spots before the eyes ; big green spots that will cloud perhaps the little clarity of vision you had to start with. I will try to be explicit though.

It is a fairly well recognised thing that men have a greater sense of humour than women. The rising of indignant females, that might be caused by such a statement, would be immediately quelled by logic and facts, the actuality of what is. Men have been educated years and years before women ; this naturally tended to create a broader outlook and more tolerance ; to have a fine sense of humour you must be tolerant. Men have a much greater sense of tolerance, they tolerate each other

more. If a man asks his friend his opinion of another man, although the friend may not like this other man in question, he will say: "He is all right. I expect he is quite a good sort, but I can't see much in him." On the other hand, a woman in the same position would be more inclined to say right out: "Oh, she's hopeless."

I am not saying that no woman has a sense of humour; most of us have an individual one of our own. But I fear that fewer women have that broad, fine sense that is more or less indifferent to detail. Those who have, however, are less easily understood by their friends; they puzzle them rather; they are looked upon as masculine. On the other hand, there are quite a few men who haven't the general sense of humour. Other men realise vaguely that there is something lacking, but they do not know what.

Nearly everyone has a particular sense of humour of his own, and its trend is usually in accordance with his temperament. A narrow-minded person is often disgusted by some jokes, and only perceives something to laugh at in the most obvious. A cynic invariably has a very dry sarcasm in his humour. I know a man whose sense of humour seemed to be entirely confined to sarcasm, but a jovial kind of sarcasm. There are those of a slower perception who are often accounted to have no sense of humour, because they don't laugh when told a joke: we are often given for example, the Scotsman, but ten minutes later, when he does see it, he laughs just as appreciatively as the rest.

I think that the later generation have more truth and less prudishness in their humour. If you take, for instance, those in the teaching profession; the old-fashioned kind would find nothing to laugh at, in certain turns of events during class; they would just condemn them as "not quite nice." They would have the all-work-and-no-play idea; would punish perhaps indiscriminately, and find no joy in "howlers." I am speaking more of the Victorians than Edwardians. They

lost their sense of humour with their sense of proportion, which was lost with the life that they led.

But nowadays those in the teaching profession are not perhaps quite so straight-laced ; they have not too serious an outlook, and often, I imagine, have to control their mirth lest the originator of the " howler " should be hurt. They retain their sense of proportion (so essential to a sense of humour) for although, while teaching, they may live in a world quite apart from the outside world, generally they keep in touch with things much more. The fairly well-known definition of a teacher—" A teacher is a man among boys, and a boy among men " is less justifiable than it was once.

A sense of proportion is certainly most necessary, and those who definitely lack it, such as fanatics or cranks, often do not have a very definite sense of humour ; or at the best their humour is slightly warped. Thus peculiar circumstances, occurrences that may even be termed ludicrous, appear quite normal to them ; and so they miss that refreshing element of the ludicrous. For instance, supposing an eccentric old gentleman perceived his friend strolling down the road in a dirty pair of Wellingtons and an old panama, he would not see the same thing to laugh at, that the ordinary observer would see. " Very sensible," he would think " it's wet underfoot, yet the sun's hot."

Clowns appeal to you through your sense of the ludicrous. But in the agonies of mirth you might stop and ask yourself, " What makes me laugh ? " Very often it is seeing something happen to someone else that might so easily have happened to you. Comedians realise this, and it is partly the secret of their success ; in Charlie Chaplin it is most noticeable. If something unfortunate happens to someone else, like having the hiccups or falling over, the desire to laugh immediately rises within you. Often it has to be quelled, for he who has fallen over only feels hurt. One often finds that the clowns of every-day life lack real humour. They have a wit of their own, and quite

often they make you laugh ; but being constantly funny is mostly the result of conceit on their part ; subconsciously they are gratifying their desire to be in the limelight. But all their fun is usually comicality, so often confused with humour.

Were I asked to define humour I do not think I could. Real humour is too fine and whimsical, too subtle to be defined ; so absolutely without reason that it cannot be explained, because the humour immediately disappears in the explaining. If you have ever had to explain a joke you realise this immediately. A joke that is just humour and nothing else, is not seen by the practical, for they try to explain it to themselves by logic. Thus they miss the point, because there isn't any logic.

A sense of humour can be used as an antidote for many things. It can act as a medicine. If people are ill but can still see the funny side of things and be gay and forget their illness, the illness itself diminishes by the very fact of being forgotten. It is on the same principle that if you are concentrating hard enough on one thing, you can forget another. I know a lady who was very serious minded, religious, and inclined to be fanatical. She was suffering from nervous strain, and for a cure her spiritual adviser actually recommended her to develop a bump of humour. The man who prescribed it was a psycho-analyst, and having a great sense of humour himself, perhaps did not realise the difficulty of acquiring a little. The lady has not developed her bump yet ; she is contemplating becoming a nun.

If you likened life to an egg, you could say that the sense of humour is the pinch of salt ; it makes just the difference between something flat and rather tasteless, and something that is nice to eat.

A good test for a sense of humour is to be able to appreciate a really good joke against yourself. I can't.

Betty Snow
(*Stage* 5).

THE OLD SALT'S TALE

I'VE sailed all round the Cape, sir,
I've weathered the Biscay Seas,
And high up in the Crow's Nest,
I've battled with many a breeze.

One day straight for the Arctic
Our bonny ship did sail,
When out of sight, we in the night
Espied a monstrous whale.

Heave ho! my lads, the Captain cried,
A meal for us I see.
While I aloft in the Crow's Nest,
Rocked to and fro with glee.

Up swam the whale with water spout,
Out from a coral reef,
And lo and behold, its gaping mouth
Had rows of white, false teeth.

The Captain at the sight of this
Gave way to violent nerves:
And a sailor on the quarter deck cried:
"Brandy he deserves."

The First Mate, he fell overboard,
And as for poor old me,
I shivered and quaked in the Crow's Nest,
Till someone rescued me.

The boat then sprang a leak, sir,
And I climbed down by the mast,
And then, sir, the St. Mary, sir,
Went down mid the stormy blast.

But I, sir, found a tub, sir,
And tied it up with staves;
And into it I jumped, sir,
While the others found their graves.

And in this tub I sailed, sir,
For almost thirteen days ;
And next I sighted land, sir,
Amid the stormy waves.

And for this land I sailed, sir,
In the tub I stayed no more ;
I discovered that the land I'd seen,
Was a place called Singapore.

For a week I stayed right there, sir,
And was later homeward bound,
And as I've already told you,
My tale is true and sound.

Peggy Woolf
(*Stage 4b*).

THE LECTURE SCHOOL

THE March Lecture Week-end was devoted to the study of "Modern Tendencies in Theatre and Cinema," the lecturer being Mr. W. H. Williamson, author and journalist. About a hundred Old Scholars and friends were present during the week-end and, as was to be expected, enjoyed themselves. We were sorry to learn on arrival of the illness of Mr. Pearson, and a postcard of greeting and good cheer to him was circulated for signature. We also missed Tony Skelton, who was unable to get down, while the absence of Mr. Whitlow, without whom the majority of us had never known the School, was very noticeable. As is usual on these occasions, the weather was very good.

Friday evening was a time of meetings and reminiscences. Some of us in the Lecture Hall made the acquaintance of Mr. Williamson, and had in his conversation a foretaste of the enjoyment we were to have later on in the lectures.

The first lecture was on Saturday morning, when Mr. Williamson spoke on the Cinema, giving us first of all a historical review, pointing out that the Film is the Cinderella of the Arts, having no heritage. At first, the moving picture was a novelty. Following the entrance of the moneyed interests, the next phase was " what the public wants," with very poor stories, slapstick, and so forth. Chaplin was, and is, the genius of this particular style. People began to look for stories to film, and the technical side of production began to improve, when D. W. Griffith invented the " close-up." The War gave America the virtual control of the industry, and Hollywood as such is a development from this time. Inevitably, stories began to repeat themselves after a time, and Warner Brothers, in the search for something new, made experiments with synchronisation, which attracted the public, but checked the artistic development. The silent film has now nearly disappeared, despite its universal appeal. People all the world over can appreciate comic situations such as appear in Chaplin's pictures, but with the talking film there is the language difficulty. So far great writers have not been attracted to the film. There must be people who can tell a story and write good dialogue, and the producer has to use his imagination, but in the constant fight between producer and camera man, the author's script has no chance. The discussion which followed the lecture was interesting, but had unfortunately to be curtailed owing to shortness of time.

There were the usual football and hockey matches during Saturday afternoon. The Old Scholars made a very good showing, the hockey match being a draw, 2—2, and the football match resulting in a win for the Old Scholars, the score being 6—2.

On Saturday evening the new Bechstein piano, subscribed for by Old Scholars, was presented to the School by Mrs. Rowntree, President of the Old Scholars' Association, and was accepted by Mr. G. Stafford Allen on behalf of the School Committee, and by Mr. Rowntree for the School. A concert

followed, which must have been one of the best ever given at Walden. The artistes were Miss Hettie Bolton, pianoforte, Mr. Charles Woodhouse, solo violin, and Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, singer. The new piano was thus inaugurated in great style. After supper a number of people spent the remainder of the evening in an impromptu Sing-song in the Dining Hall, with Mr. Beer at the piano, " Grand Opera " being a feature of the programme.

Sunday morning brought Meeting in the Meeting House. Without this quiet hour, there would be something missing from a Walden week-end. In the afternoon we proceeded to consider the Theatre, having first regaled ourselves with coffee in Miss Dow's room. Mr. Williamson said that a play was a story in action, and that acting was the key to the theatre, this fact explaining the failure of many plays. He again gave a historical sketch, from the Miracle Plays, by way of Shakespeare and the Restoration Comedies, to the eighteenth century. In Restoration times, men invented plots more ingenious than probable, but their dialogue was very witty, even though to our ideas it was coarse. From this came a slump to the pompous style, with the " How are you, laddie ? " type of actor. The lecturer quoted the use of the telephone for " asides " as an example of modern technique, as being far better than the old style. Dealing with modern playwrights, Mr. Williamson said that Shaw is living on his wit. His characters have no life in themselves, but become Shaw speaking through them in a very little while. We do not mind this, because he talks very well. Sherriff's " Journey's End " was a success on account of its realism. Edgar Wallace was a wonderful contriver of stories, and had a good sense of character. The conclusion was that the future of the theatre lies in plays where human nature is truly observed and faithfully represented. The discussion afterwards showed the interest that Mr. Williamson had aroused.

Evening Meeting on Sunday was addressed by Miss Myrtle Wright, of Woodbrooke, who spoke of the adventure of breaking down national and international barriers.

Monday morning saw us scattering to the four winds, and we left with a sense of gratitude to the School Authorities for their hospitality, to the Old Scholars' Association Committee for arranging such an interesting programme, and to Mr. Williamson for his lectures and the pleasure of his company throughout the week-end.

H. T. L. CHAMPNESS
(1914-21).

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD



AM most interested in the study of tiny children, and as everyone of us at some time will mix with them it is essential that we do not forget our own early childhood.

Little children may often be managed quite easily if we remember our own feelings and sorrows, for the nature of children does not change very considerably with passing years, and we often see children going through the same stages that we went through ourselves.

I very soon learnt that to deal with children one needs *tact*, yes, a great deal of tact. Fond modern mothers, wishing to study their children, often show their intentions to the child, who immediately puts forth his obstinacy. The Montessori School is quite often spoken of as " The School where children do what they like." That is quite true, but the teachers are very skilled in seeing that the children like to do what the teachers want them to do. This seems the most successful attitude to adopt with children. I remember when I was small that when my nurse ordered me to wash my hands I hated it, but when mother pretended I was a camel, and the bathroom a place to fill my hump, I just loved to wash then.

Children are rather quick to confide in adults, but many mothers can never inspire that confidence. I think this is because they speak to the child as one far superior. Now no child likes to be thought a child, so speak with them on an equal as far as is possible. I was once talking with a small girl and priding myself upon having interested her for so long. Feeling confident, I asked: "And what did you do in school to-day?" As soon as I had asked this question my little darling said: "Oh lots of things," and there ended my further confidential talk for that day.

This brings me to the subject of Education. I strongly believe that a child's education starts from the minute it is born. The games it plays are not a trivial matter, but one which needs thought and study. I am much in favour of adopting the Montessori games as far as possible: playbricks of different sizes fitting into one another, and discs of different colours are two of the types I mean. Although I never could, and can't now, tolerate jig-saw puzzles, I think they are extremely beneficial to children. These games, as well as being interesting, train the brain to concentrate.

A child passes through a pretending or imaginary age. I went through it very vividly. When I was small I pretended I was a great piano player. I would sit on a foot-stool and pretend to play on a piano, and as I did so I would sing. That seems very futile, but I amused myself for a long while in this manner, until some fond person laughed at me; then it was over. I went through stages of wanting to be a teacher, a nurse, a maid, a cook and, lastly, an actress. Every girl at some time or another has fancied similar occupations, if not the same, and small boys have a peculiar liking for busmen, engine-drivers, milkmen, etc. Don't spoil the Age of Imagination. I quite often see the younger members of the School playing imaginary games, and I stop and look back on myself before I laugh. If you see a small child playing bears, don't tell him that a bear doesn't say "gr-a" and go into lengthy



I pretended I was a great piano player.



I would stand with eyes glued to the window.



I felt so guilty and disgraced...



I collected food from places secretly...

details why not. He's played that game that way heaps of times. Don't alter his idea.

When I was quite small I went to the Tower of London and saw the block on which Lady Jane Grey and others were executed. When I reached home, this thought still remained prominent, and we played executioners for hours by chopping every head off every flower in the garden.

I believe that children should be sent to school at the earliest possible date, for the comradeship of other children is very valuable. Did you ever belong to a gang ? I did. It was a wonderful gang, with secret signs and codes and calls. Nearly every child knows the excitement of the rivalry of one gang with another.

Every child I think, too, goes through a period of being bullied. Some little wretch a year or two older than yourself seems to make your life unbearable. I was bullied by a boy called Cecil Pink. I often long to meet him now! He compelled me to give him sweets, do his work, and thoroughly slave for him. Even now I look back with terror on that year at school.

I think the years about eight are the most adventurous for a child, for that is when your gang climbs haystacks, rides horses, when you are chased by farmers, and other blissful enjoyments, which one cannot do at the superior age of fifteen.

Did you know children were superstitious ? Perhaps " superstitious " is too strong a word, but at least children invent myths in which they believe. I invented a rule in which I believed for a long while. If I wanted something to happen I would say the opposite over and over again. For instance, if I wished the rain to cease, I would stand with eyes glued to the window and say over and over again, " It won't stop ; it won't stop ; it won't stop," firmly believing that at the end it would. Another of my rules was one for finding missing articles. When I was seeking for a paint-box, I believed that if I closed my eyes and counted five it would appear.

I have very definite views about punishment. I believe that children who have been dealt with in the correct manner from birth do not need strict punishment. By many masters and most boys to whom I have expressed my opinion on punishment the answer is given that there is a type of boy to whom nothing but the stick is of any avail. This is most probably true, but I believe it is because the lad's punishment was not *carefully* dealt to him in earlier youth. Little punishment was needed for me when I was tiny. In class we used a kind of chicken corn for counters. One day I was eating one of these when the teacher yelled: " Are you eating sweets ? " " No," said I in a frightened voice. " Yes, you are. Open your mouth. Yes, go and stand out there." I felt so guilty and disgraced that it was with tears that I left for school in the afternoon.

I went through the tempting stages. That is, the temptation to steal, to tell stories. Every child, I believe, passes these stages. The stealing stage in my case took the form of storing food. I was not by any means an under-fed child, but I collected food from places secretly and hid them under chairs. Then I would creep alone and devour butter, oranges, currants, sugar, all together. And then lieing! I told a friend of mother's I was mother's step-daughter, and someone else that I had a brother who died in the War. " Queer kid," you are saying, but can you not think of similar instances in your own early recollections ?

In thinking of the co-education of my early days, I remember that most little children have girl and boy friends, but most children drift apart later. The boys scorn the milk-sop girls ; the girls hold contempt for the rough boys.

Most people will agree with the saying, " School-days are the best days," and no doubt they are right. But I prefer to assume that every age has its beauties ; that the school-days are just one age in which all the sorrows, fears and tremblings have been forgotten and only the happiness is remembered.

I have said "I wish I was at the Junior School," forgetting that the mental capacity of the Junior School child finds its work just as difficult as I find mine, and the same thing takes place when adults remember their childhood.

In conclusion, I would say that fond as I am of tiny children, to amuse them for any length of time is extremely difficult. When I have been amusing little Tommy for several hours, and am busily fastening up the tiny buttons, there is always a smile of relief on my face ; and as I push his tiny hands into tiny gloves, wishing the thumb would not go where the middle finger ought to be, and as I wave my hand as he patters out of the gate, I must admit, I *am* glad my charge has gone.

Dilys Rees
(*Stage* 5).

WHEN DAYLIGHT IS ENDING

IN the joyful month of May,
Upon a sunny spot I lay,
And watched with a delighted eye
The swallows as they darted by.

Journeying on, homeward bound,
Calling with melodious sound,
While the sunset far away
Showed me then the close of day.

Shadows of the sun from trees,
Buzzing of the honey bees,
Evening's calm and tranquil time,
Glorious silver on the lime.

This is what I heard and saw,
As from books of fairy lore ;
Sweet flowers fragrance in the air,
Night time's nearer, evening's there.

Joan Watson
(*Stage* 4*a*).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS

FOOTBALL.

THIS season proved to be well up to the standard of the previous one, both as regards play and results. After rather a poor beginning, the Boys' XI. played much better football, and their victories easily outnumbered reverses. St. Christopher School was again beaten in each encounter: in the match at home by 4—0, and by 4—2 in the match at Letchworth.

In spite of the fact that the School XI. triumphed over the Old Scholars in the Autumn Term by 3 goals to 2, they turned the tables during the Spring Term by beating us 6 goals to 2.

Illness and injury played havoc with our fixture list in the short Spring Term, the Masters' XI. often consisting entirely of boys, but obtaining almost as good results as before.

Towards the end of the season a good combination for the forward line of the Boys' XI. was found in Buckmaster, Reader, R. McLeod, C. McLeod and Thring. Both Hughes and Barry maintained a high standard throughout the season in the half-line. Mr. Pumphrey, Captain of the School XI., was helped greatly by both Mr. Edmundson and Mr. Baldwin.

It is hoped that the standard attained by the team will be kept up, as it well may be under the tuition of Mr. Edmundson, who hopes to begin more systematic training next season.

During the season colours were awarded to Raymond McLeod, John Reader, John Phillips and Donald Thorley.

Clifford J. Smith
(Post-Certificate).

HOCKEY.

The season proved to be very successful, for during both terms only one match was lost and three were drawn, although in the Spring Term three had to be scratched owing to the 'flu epidemic.

We were lucky enough for some of the matches to have Miss Priestman in the XI., who took up her position again in the field, this time as goalkeeper.

In the tournaments played during the Autumn Term, Crosfield House won an easy victory, with Morland second.

The " Merit Halves " mixed games were generally a success, partly owing to the fact that more of the Staff joined in.

At the close of the season colours were awarded to M. Wilson, M. Smith, D. Palmer, I. Goss and R. Francis.

Ruth Francis
(*Stage 7*).

GENERAL MEETING, 1932

AN opportunity for a visit to Walden, and the certainty of a warm welcome and a pleasant day—which of her Old Scholars would not be glad ?

The General Meeting, which was well attended, opened at the Meeting House soon after the arrival of the London coaches which had been specially chartered from Friends House. After a short period of worship, the scholarship awards were announced by G. Stafford Allen (Chairman of the School Committee) to three boys and one girl.

A very interesting address was then delivered by J. Howard Whitehouse (Warden of Bembridge School, Isle of Wight). Taking as his subject " Education and the New World," he showed remarkable ability in speaking in a manner equally intelligible to scholars and to adults, by using illustrations which would be easily understood and remembered.

These proceedings over, lunch was awaiting the visitors in the Dining Hall, when full justice was done to the good things provided.

Shortly after lunch an excellent Aquatic Display was given by the girls, in which even members of the newly started Junior School took part, to the great delight of all present.

The boys' Gymnastic Display, given on the "Lawn" Tennis Court, under the direction of Mr. Edmundson, seemed particularly clever and interesting—in fact, could well be described as brilliant. This was a new feature, and proved such a success that it is to be hoped that it will be repeated.

The usual Exhibition of Arts and Crafts in the Classrooms drew most of the visitors for inspection and admiration. Some of the parents perhaps wondered whether their cooking abilities were even to-day equal to that of their daughters! while the improvement shown in plain and fancy needlework and in all handiwork generally must have made many a parent quietly proud.

The School Orchestra, showing great musical promise, gave an open-air Concert, which seemed to be well in harmony with the gloriously sunny afternoon.

Tea, served in the shady Avenue (of which all Walden scholars are justly proud) brought a memorable day only too quickly to a close, as most of the visitors had the homeward journey to consider.

As an Old Scholar, I realised once more the depth of feeling so well expressed in the School Song:

"Mother School of Walden, how shall we best show thee
All the love we bear to thee, pay back the debt we owe?"

* * * *

We'll "Ne'er forget the golden dreams, the memories of the past!"

MARGARET E. KRIPPENDORF
(1926-1930).

CORRESPONDENCE

SIR,

Many of your readers in their School and later days must have often admired that very pleasing specimen of mediæval architecture built in timber and plaster known as "The Old Sun Inn," Church Street, Saffron Walden.

It may be of interest to them to know that a movement has been inaugurated to hand this property over to the National Trust, in order that it may be saved to the Nation, and to enable this to be done it is essential that £1,500 should be raised. A considerable portion of this money has already been found, and possibly many of the Old Scholars would like to help in raising this fund and I shall be happy to acknowledge any donation, however small, which may be sent to me for the purpose.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM ADAMS,

Town Clerk.

SCHOOL DIARY

1932.

Jan. 14th.—School re-opened.

,, 16th.—Lantern Lecture: "Flights of Fancy," Mr. Oliver Simmonds.

,, 18th.—Merit Half-holiday.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Muriel Poulter; Essays: "Rare Types of Cloud," Farrand Radley; "Pembroke Shells," Christopher Meredith; "The Life Cycle," Betty Harland; Current Events Report, Honor Liddle.

,, 22nd.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* S. Christopher School, Letchworth, away, won, 5—3.
2nd XI. *v.* Langley, home, drawn, 3—3.
Hockey Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, won, 4—2.

,, 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, John Peet; Essays: "Peace-makers," Myfanwy Butler; "Manners," Donald Thorley; "Oil Drilling in Cuba," June Cornish; Gramophone Records: "Menuet from Mozart's E flat Symphony," Grainger's "Molly on the Shore."

,, 30th.—Dramatic Recital: Miss Fanny Mason.

Feb. 6th.—Lantern Lecture: "The Romance of the Peak District," Mr. Platt.

,, 8th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Myfanwy Butler; Essays: "The Second Reading," Cyril Thring; "Manchuria," Denis Allward; Reading from the early history of the Mount School, Miss Priestman; Pianoforte Solos: "No. 4 from Three-Fours" by Coleridge Taylor, Lucille Rayner; "Csikos et Bohemienne Csardas" by Carl Bohm, Ruth Francis; Trio: "Gavotte" by Frank Bridge, Honor Liddle (violin), Farrand Radley ('cello), Miss Noreen Wright (piano).

Feb. 13th.—Hockey Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, drawn, 3—3.
Lantern Lecture: "Round the World," Mr. Philip D. Priestman.

,, 15th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Lucille Rayner; Current Events Report, June Cornish: Essay, "Roman and Saxon Architecture," Muriel Poulter.

,, 17th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Ericsson's XI., home, lost, 2—10.

,, 19th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 20th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Peter Snow's XI., home, lost, 4—7.
Lantern Lecture: "How the Elephant got his Trunk," Mr. Walter Rowntree.

,, 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Farrand Radley; Essays: "World Peace," L. Barritt; "The Penal Code of England, America and France," Betty Enock; "Salisbury Plain," Kathleen Francis; Pianoforte Solo: "Polish Dance" by Scharwenka, C. J. Smith; Recitation: "The Passenger for Crewe," Joan Mulholland.

,, 24th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, home, won, 5—0.

,, 27th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Duddenhoe End, home, won, 3—1.
Lantern Lecture: "The Lake District," Mr. Alfred E. Binyon.

,, 29th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Current Events Report, Clifford Smith; Talk on a Watermill, Edgar Rawlinson; Essay: "Birds in Flight," Elizabeth Meredith.

Mar. 5th.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Ware Grammar School for Girls, home, won, 7—0.
Lantern Lecture: "Mediterranean Pictures," Mr. James Lidbetter.

,, 7th.—Girls' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 8th.—Merit Half-Holiday.

,, 10th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Daphne Palmer; Gramophone Recital, Mrs. Henry.

,, 12th-13th.—O.S. Lecture School Week-end.

,, 12th.—Hockey Match *v.* O.S. home, drawn, 2—2.
Football Match *v.* O.S., home, lost, 2—6.
Concert arranged by Frederick Woodhouse, assisted by Charles Woodhouse (Violin) and Hettie Boulton (pianoforte). Presentation of the Grand Piano to the school.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Edgar Rawlinson; Current Events Report, Honor Liddle; Weather Report, Farrand Radley; Essay: "Mars and Venus," H. Rowell.

,, 19th.—Lantern Lecture: "Morocco," Mr. Fothergill.

,, 22nd.—Packing-up day.

,, 23rd.—End of term.

Apr. 20th.— School re-opened.

,, 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, John Reader; Essays: "Food and Diet," John Buckmaster; "Porlock and its Surroundings," Ruth Francis; "The Fascist Régime," Mario Dobrashian; Reading: "Melpomenus Jones," Robert Harper; Pianoforte Solo: "No. 5 of Coleridge Taylor's Three-Fours," Mary Bond.

,, 27th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* L. Howe's XI., home, won, 110 for 9 wkts.—109.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Expedition to the Cambridge Botanical Gardens and the Fitz-William Museum.

May 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Christopher Meredith; Reports of the Expedition to Cambridge, June Cornish and Honor Liddle; Current Events Report, Muriel Poulter; Essays: "The Life Cycle," Betty Harland; "Rivers," W. Taylor.

,, 7th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, lost, 42—50.
Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, won, 81 for 6 wkts.—30.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Joan Mulholland; Essays: "Josef Haydn," Irene Goss; "Legal Lynching," John Peet; "Beliefs of the British Israelites," Margaret Harland; Gramophone Selections: "Scherzo" from a Symphony by Berlioz; The Overture to Rossini's Barber of Seville.

NOTICES

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Articles or Subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following were awarded Scholarships by the School Committee:
1st—Denis R. Allward.
2nd—K. Margaret A. Harland and Cyril F. Thring.

Christopher H. R. Meredith was also adjudged as of Scholarship standard, as he is returning to the School for a post-Matric. course, no award was made yet.

THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

VIOLIN, Higher: Jean M. Sleight.
Elementary (Honours): Judith Lockspeiser.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of *By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *The Georgian* (Harpenden), *Stramongate School Magazine*, *Cambridge and County High School Magazine*.

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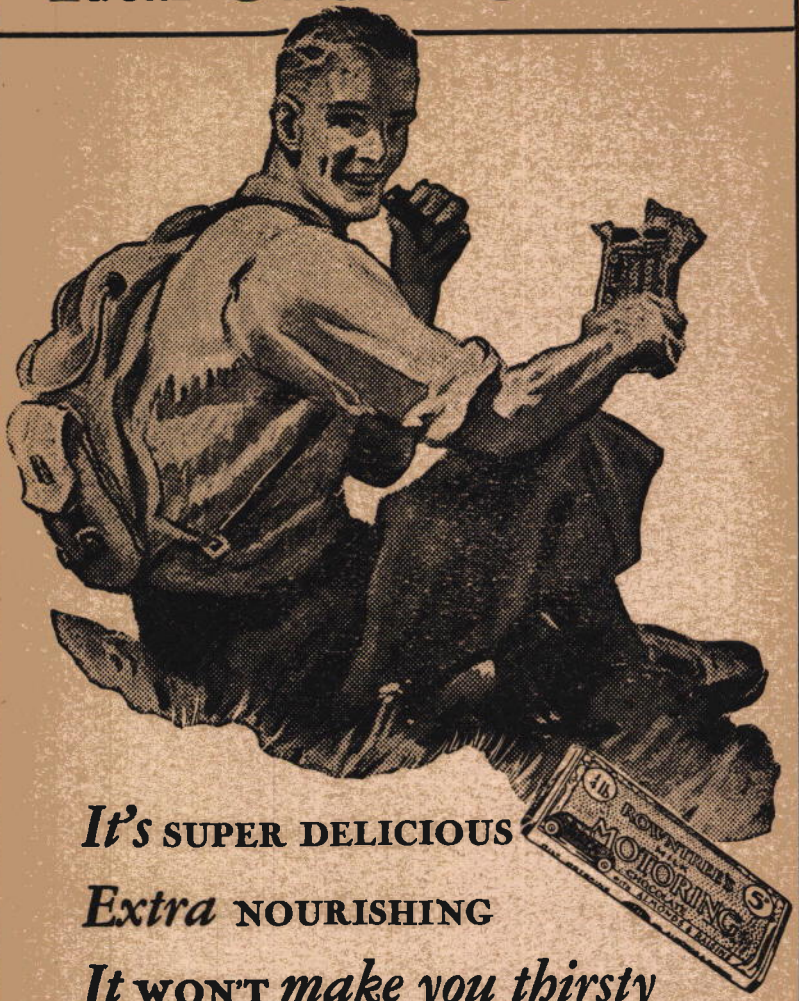
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