THE AVENUE



MARCH 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 (LONDON) LIMITED *Tailors*

Sole Makers of the School Blazer

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Photo by] THE SCHOOL FRONT [*H. Bedford Lemere*



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD

THE beginning of the Spring Term of 1932 was not marked by many changes among the Staff. The office of Housekeeper, vacated by Miss Rose, has been filled by Miss Wilson. Mr. Beer has been assisted by Miss Robinson, who has come here for a short time as a student from Woodbrooke, Birmingham.

Since our last edition the Avenue Concert and House Plays have been performed. Both these events were considerably helped by the efforts of some of the senior boys, who made it possible to have efficient stage lighting at these performances.

During the Christmas holidays enterprise was shown by three boy prefects, who covered the walls and fixtures of their room with several layers of colour-wash and brown paint. Such initiative, however, was not confined within their walls, for at the end of the Autumn Term the members of Stage 5 Civics entertained the inmates of the Union with a concert. This commendable effort was greatly appreciated.

Our Old Scholars and others have also displayed this spirit, and by continual efforts have been able to purchase the Beckstein Grand Piano, which has just been presented to us.

Our record of health over a period of three years has been broken. During this term an epidemic of influenza disorganised our small community for a couple of weeks, and one case of scarlet fever placed us in quarantine early in the term. Those who remained unattacked found additional interest and some excitement in unaccustomed tasks performed between the Dining Hall shutter and the coal-shed, but space does not permit me to enlarge upon the numberless small services which have been performed by willing hands so unobtrusively. This short term, however, has been, and will probably remain, one of the most eventful for some years.

John Buckmaster
(*Stage 7*).

THE OLD SCHOLARS' SOCIAL GATHERING

THE Annual Party was held on January 6th in the basement of Friends House. Upon arrival one was handed a piece of verse on a slip of paper, and soon the hall was filled with past and present scholars seeking to find the continuation of their piece of verse. After standing about and talking to acquaintances for some time, everyone fell to eating, the present scholars with particular avidity, since the Old Scholars had to pay. After a lengthy period for refreshments, the organisers of the party thought that blowing up paper bags and running at top speed round a row of chairs might be a profitable pastime. During this game the organisers were busy sticking drawing pins into the walls, bearing postcards on which were photographs of various instruments used in sport. The next quarter of an hour was spent in trying to decipher pictures of cricket bats and tennis racquets taken from unusual angles. After this relaxation, a line of chairs was placed back-to-back, and the party

divided into two, and then a number of coloured balloons were sent up into the air, and the two sides attempted to knock them down into their opponents' ground. Several of the balloons went off with loud bangs, but in spite of the growing shortage, the fight waxed furious until the whistle blew, and then a dispute arose as to which side had won. This game was followed by the star-piece of the evening, the Shadow Pantomime, in which we had a brilliant all-star representation of that famous play "Jack and the Beanstalk," projected on to a screen. Other games followed, and then, owing to the fact that no one present could play "Sir Roger de Coverley," the evening was brought to a slightly untimely end, with everyone crossing hands and singing "Auld Lang Syne."

John S. Peet
(*Stage 7*).

REVOLUTIONS

"HULLO! Are you a new boy?"

I remember distinctly seeing a small boy with protruding teeth and spectacles utter these words in a slightly Cockney accent to another small individual, who, I presumed, was making his first acquaintance with School life.

"Have you got a penknife?"

This was again from the first youngster who, having duly heard that the other was a new boy, ventured into a timid conversation.

"No," came the rather surprised reply.

"I have!—" and here a large penknife was pulled out of a pocket and proudly brandished in the air! It is many years since that little episode, and although we smile at it now, it is well to remember that perhaps we were once like that!

Now it is different. I meet that same boy every holiday, when he tells me all about his life at School and at home, and I find on looking back that he has changed almost beyond recognition. He has now begun to think in a critical way of everything he sees and hears, and his attitude to life is totally different. In fact he might almost be a different person. The change I observed was a sudden turning over of all he had been accustomed to think and to do. A spirit of enquiry, as it might be called, had been working unconsciously below the surface, showing itself in little outbursts here and there, until it had suddenly welled up, overwhelming, and changing all before it. The results were in some ways drastic, in others even ridiculous, and it caused some unpleasantness and opposition both in himself and in his friends, but as time went on his ideas and thoughts began to round themselves off as a result of contact with other people and their ideas.

Wild aspirations had come to him, and he thought and talked of the day when all men would be brothers, when food, industry, education and such things vital to man would be run by the co-operation and not the competition of men and nations ; when a man would strive for the common good and would work for ideals and not for money. But no one seemed to worry about any of these apparently vital things, so long as he or she was well off, and his or her income tax was not too great. Why, he asked, were the many so-called " peace-loving " men not straining their soul and body for the cause they talked of ? No! The world was all hypocrisy.

He went, so I was informed one day, to visit his rich aunt. Sitting back in an armchair which nearly enveloped him, and warming himself before a large fire, he learnt from his sorrowing aunt how her husband's investments were now only bringing him £4 a week, whereas in the years that had gone they had brought in considerably more. Their leather trade, too, was being affected by the general slump in trade, and she felt sure that soon they would be saving only £500 a year. Oh! What

was the world coming to ?——On passing out of the large gate in front of the house he saw a little metal plate which said, " No hawkers, circulars or tramps." There seemed so many people like that in the world and most of them attended church regularly and were shocked if anyone tried to rise above his social standing ; in fact they rather tended to keep the poor down than to feed them as the Bible taught. This, among other things, almost drove him to declare openly his faithlessness in Religion and his feeling that the Church was the opiate of the Proletariat. And I confess I could hardly find fault with him. . . .

Now his ideas have become less extreme, and he is, I find, less inclined to make sweeping condemnations of things. Indeed

" Nativity, once in the main of life,
Crawls to maturity. . . ."

But let us consider what was the main driving force behind all these violent yet commonplace happenings in this boy's mind. Is it not the force that has driven man onwards since his race began, the impulse to rise and improve his own condition ? Mankind has risen to immense heights of power and intellect because of the sacrifice of millions of unknown heroes. Men have given up their lives for future generations which they will never know and which will never be grateful to them for anything they may have done. Surely this is a strange contradiction in the midst of all the grabbing and self-indulgence we see around us.

In Ibsen's " Peer Gynt " we find the Troll king impressing upon Peer the Troll motto, " Be to thyself enough," and in the end Ibsen leads us to the conclusion that this is not sufficient—there is something more. But what is this something more ?

Looking at things in a cynical light, the greatest of all revolutions man has known during recent times, the Industrial Revolution, was a result of a constant desire of man to make

inanimate objects work for him, thus saving him work and producing for him more and more wealth. Apparently this is borne out by the fact that in the factories, busy trebling their output of textiles, and in the coal mines, yielding ten times more coal than before, men, women and children were kept in indescribable misery because of man's desire to progress. On the surface this may look plausible, but it is grossly superficial, for was the man who invented the power loom or the automatic shuttle thinking of the misery following as a result of his inventions ? No! Most certainly not. He was driven on by a something of which he was not fully conscious. Again, if we look at the French or Russian revolutions, we find men oppressed for years rising and overthrowing their tyrants. Was it because they had a selfish idea of gaining liberty and revenge ? I do not think the idealists of the revolution saw thousands of men and women slaughtered just for pleasure ; they were thinking of the common good which was to follow the revolution.

But although we talk of the nobility of human nature and of the ideals striven for, we find that most of the greatest upheavals that have led to progress are nearly always caused by mankind being forcibly reminded of his position by circumstance. Man, becoming uncomfortable, begins to realise that perhaps he might rise a step higher, and he begins a struggle, sometimes violent, from which results progress, a thing commonly attributed solely to ideals and high desires.

At the same time we find one thing which is common to all revolutions, no matter whether they are material or otherwise. Although we may say that the French Revolution began with the fall of the Bastille in 1789, in actual fact it began more than a century before in the minds of idealists and even perhaps in those of the peasants who, in spite of their ignorance, cherished for a long time a deep hatred for the nobility and the feudal system of France. Nevertheless it was Voltaire, Diderot and other educated men who, working for years, moved

the country to a state of upheaval and all that time the revolutionary feeling was slowly rising until it burst and overflowed in a mad outbreak, when the mob stormed the Bastille in order to release the thousands of suffering wretches put there by the nobles. Incidentally they found only the jailer and one man condemned for murder! But it is thus with all changes, the world over. They begin in a small way in the minds of a few, and slowly they spread like infection until a nation rises and throws off its oppression.

This rising or explosion is always sudden, and it is a time when man loses his sense of proportion, and goes for the first thing someone suggests. In the case of the French it was the Bastille with the ludicrous results mentioned, and it was the march of the women of Paris on Versailles, both of them mad impulses, which gained for the revolutionaries little but the satisfaction of the wild desire of revenge. They went for the Bastille because it was to them the symbol of oppression, and the women marched on Versailles because some mad revolutionary suggested that the bread famine in Paris came about because the king (who was as poor as a church mouse) had bought up all the bread from the shops. Now anyone in their right senses would never have done those things, but it was the spirit of the past in them driving them on with force so irresistible that the French, being blinded by the fever of revolution, could not control or direct it.

It is a well-known fact that people in a crowd go back generations in their mentality, and consequently do things with very little cause. A mob becomes easily excited, absolutely brutal, and what is more, it scatters like a flock of sheep when it scents danger. A revolution accentuates all these features of a mob, and it becomes more detestable than a pack of wolves, for they at least show some compassion to their fellow wolves ; but not so with the crowd——during the bloodiest phases of the French Revolution it watched with eager eyes the lines of tumbrils as they rattled over the cobblestones towards

the thing which personified the Paris mob—the Guillotine. At the beginning of the next century, men embittered against life because of unemployment caused by the Industrial Revolution, gaining cold comfort from the abstract economy of Richardos and his followers and the theory of " laissez-faire," gathered in crowds and smashed up machinery. Their action was perfectly senseless, for were they attempting to stop the trend of progress, or were they benefiting themselves thereby ? No, they were merely acting upon impulse as all mobs do.

The actions of a mob are disastrous ; they are done in a second, but years do not always right them. Thus the aftermath of revolution is a mass of wreckage, which affects a country for fifty years or more, for famine and starvation follow in its wake, political and economic troubles arise, and this state of affairs, disastrous in itself, often provides newspapers with propaganda against Socialism! But in time all becomes settled and it is always the authority of a few which pulls things round. Democracy fails after a revolution, since it does not only mean upheaval at home but opposition from without, for it is in man's nature to oppose a big step forward made by someone else, when he himself has not also progressed. Thus do names like Napoleon, Lenin and Mussolini rank among the greatest, for they were the men who triumphed in the time when the glamour of the revolution had worn off and man was left to clear up and to re-consider what he had done.

To-day perhaps we blame the French for their bloody massacre. We blame them for the thousands that perished, for the soulless way in which the crowd cheered as the knife of the Guillotine dropped, but let us consider what all this really meant. Many of you may condemn the whole thing because of '93. In that case you are being unfair ; a cloud had been collecting for five hundred years and you are blaming the thunder clap. The years that lay behind the outburst were fraught with murder and massacre, oppression reigned everywhere, and the French idealists supported the Revolution with

its bloodshed because they supported a cause which meant the end of degradation for women, the end of night for children and the end of slavery for men. They supported the glorious dawn of "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity," and the end of error, prejudice and oppression. Can you now blame them ?

No! nor can you condemn youth with its dreams of brotherhood and liberty and of the overthrow of all in the world that is unjust or untrue, for was not the period which passed from the fall of the Bastille to a quarter of the way through last century the adolescence of France ? It is the same with men and nations ; for years a cause will rise until it bursts forth with violent upheaval. Then slowly ideals and aspirations are rounded off, and the magnificent building up of something new takes place.

John R. Reader
(*Stage 7*).

THE FOX WITH A SHINGLED TAIL

A FOX one day was caught in a trap
And left his tail behind,
But he walked off merrily humming a tune,
And said, "Well! I don't mind."

He told his friends that the fashion now
Was to wear a shingled tail.
He said, "I've had my own cut off ;
Do likewise without fail."

But they laughed at him and said, "Oh, no!
We'll leave our tails alone ;
You wouldn't think shingled tails so fine,
If you hadn't lost your own."

Sybil M. Hatton
(*Stage 4b*).

CAMPING EXPERIENCES IN NORFOLK

"EXCUSE ME, but could you tell me if we are anywhere near Snettisham?" I asked the porter after having sat in the train for about two hours.

"Next station!" he shouted, and the train moved off.

About ten minutes later we were on the platform at Snettisham, vainly rushing about looking for the friend that was to meet us. "Hey, Miss—Miss," a voice behind us suddenly said, "Mrs. Lynn says she can't meet you and she axed me to tell you t' leave your things at the station and walk down tut' sea."

"Thank you," we said and departed.

We met Mrs. Lynn standing outside a farm near the sea. She was carrying an extraordinarily dirty and rosy cheeked baby and she was surprisingly dirty herself. "Hallo, Anne," we yelled.

"Hallo," she said, "so you've come!"

* * * *

My first impression of camp was one of surprise mingled with pleasure and a little distaste. The tents were in a field about half a mile from the sea and were protected from the casual gaze of passers-by, by a high hedge.

We sat on rugs and ate some porridge before we went to bed. . . . "Anne," I said, in a somewhat awed voice, after looking at the various pots and pans strewn about the camp. "Anne, do we *wash* before we go to bed?"

"Oh—sometimes," she said cheerfully, "you can wash all you like if *you* go and get the water."

"Oh," I said doubtfully. There was a pause.

"And do we *undress*," I asked, surprised.

"Um," she said, "sometimes I do and sometimes I don't. It depends. The nights are rather cold down here at camp,

you know. I advise you not to—but here, Margaret, shut your sister up, will you, she's showing up all my weak points ! "

The first night was ghastly. We were all crammed into one big tent, I vainly struggled to find a hollow somewhere in the ground so that I could sleep comfortably. I was jammed in between Anne and Margaret. But unfortunately there was a hollow on Margaret's side and a hollow on Anne's side and I was sleeping on a large bump. I vainly tried both hollows only to be kicked out. To make matters worse, the brat kept waking up and howling, and I could hear things suggestively crackling and tickling in the bedclothes. In the morning I found several squashed earwigs and a few live ones lying about.

The next day was sunny and we got our two little cotton tents set up. Consequently, I had a good sleep next night, with my head stuck out of my tent. Early next morning I woke up feeling a little cold, so I got up and put several jumpers on. The moon was still shining and the dew was on the grass, so I poked my head out of the tent for a few moments in order to admire the view, and then snuggled down into my blankets again. There was a slight wind, and I kept imagining I heard footsteps in the grass. When I *did* hear footsteps I trembled.

" Hello, kid, are you awake ? " somebody whispered loudly.

" Good Heavens, you didn't half give me a shock," I said, " I thought you might be a man with a fishy character, a thief or—or even a murderer or somebody—just like you to go sneaking round people's tents at this time of the morning."

" Sorry, brat," she apologised unconvincingly, " I was cold, are you ? How do you get warm ? Isn't it a lovely night ? "

Then it began—the rain, I mean, and Margaret bunked, I fell asleep. I woke at nine o'clock and it was still raining,

but a high wind had risen. " No good getting up," I thought, so I stayed in bed.

At twelve o'clock Anne came up with a saucepan in one hand. " I say, isn't this awful," she said, " we'd better have some dinner or something now though. Get up and come along to Margaret's tent, because the big tent's blown down."

I made a dash through the rain and crawled into the tent. It was a foul dinner. All four of us were crammed into one small tent, and as we couldn't help touching the sides, the rain came pouring in, and got into the treacle pudding. " If this goes on much longer," said Anne, " I think we had better go, because our blankets are wet and we won't be able to sleep tonight."

" We'd better go at once I think," I said, " because my tent's blown down twice and yours has blown down and Margaret's is wet and we can't stick here getting wetter and wetter."

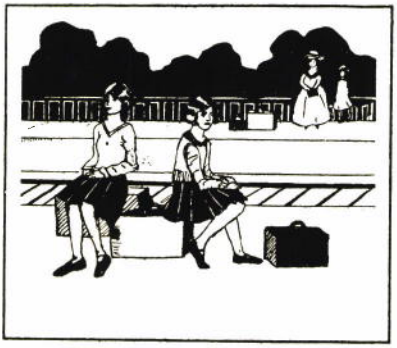
" Yes," said Anne, " go and wrap your things up in your groundsheet and come along." I did a hasty retreat and returned apparelled in my pyjamas, shorts, two jumpers, a blazer, a navy blue school woollen cap and an umbrella.

In such costumes we trudged along the road in the rain, walking against the wind. " Isn't it funny," I remarked. " Yes," said the others and laughed.

We tried two farms and a public house, but they couldn't put us up. Then, with little streams of water running off the ends of our noses, and our hair in rats' tails, we queued up at the back door of another inn and knocked nervously.

We heard a rustling of skirts and the door opened. " *Bless* me," cried the landlady, " come along in. Yes—I've got a bed. Why you look like drowned rats, you do. Poor you-ou. Come along ducksie, there's a good little boy." This last addressed to the baby.

She led us upstairs into an old fashioned bedroom, with striped wallpaper, numerous and ironical Bible texts, many









CAMPING EXPERIENCES, by Betty Harland (Stage 6)

family photographs and a large double bed. She then bounced about getting us hot water and soap and patting the baby on the head.

When we were at last in bed, arrayed in some night gowns that she had brought us, she came in and gave us a huge pile of *Home Notes* to read, and told us about the two girls who got wet camping last year and died of double pneumonia. " Were they very strong," asked my sister, nervously.

" Oh yes ! " said the landlady, " big, strong girls they were, just about your age." So saying she sailed out of the room.

The landlady was a dear old soul, who reminded me of a rabbit, but she was a great gossip and kept dropping in and talking. She was frightfully amusing. She told us all about each one of her large family and the people in the village.

We stayed in the pub for three days, because it rained all the time, and then returned to the camp.

The remaining six days at camp were tolerably fine. Occasionally we walked three miles through the woods to the village to shop, and got acquainted with all the characters of the country yokels and the farmers' wives.

The person we got our cream and butter from was a great big enormous woman called Mrs. Linge. Her face was like a man's, for she had a double chin, kindly blue eyes, whiskers, and a very deep voice. She had a habit of saying how " tremendrous " everything was, so for the sake of convenience we called her the " Tremendrous Woman." Anne said that sometimes she wore very faded print dresses, patched with the bright original material, but unfortunately we never saw her.

Anne also said that when she was about eighteen, there had been a woman down in the village who dressed in long, flowing white or red robes, and rode about on a scooter. It was her habit to dance on the heath in the moonlight, and Anne had seen here once, swaying and waving her arms about and looking exactly like a white ghost.

We wanted to go and see her, but she had gone.

One advantage of the rain was mushrooms. We found dozens of them all the week. Anne found a lovely big one and we ate it for breakfast. After I had eaten all mine, I found a small note in my tent.

" I found one hundred and twenty-seven and a half worms in my mushroom this morning. I have an awful pain."—MARGARET.

I liked camping before the end of our time. I soon got used to being fairly dirty, and found that it was really quite a pleasant change. Also one could get up and go to bed exactly when one liked, and loaf about the countryside in almost any costume.

The last day at camp consisted of showers with sunshine in the intervals, but the evening was fine, and there was a beautiful sunset over the sea. I sat on a gatepost and watched it. We built a big fire and lit it at dusk, and we sat round it wrapped up in rugs with our supper: stewed mushrooms, junket, bread and cheese and coffee I believe it was, and none of us had nightmares. We sat talking and laughing till all the stars were out and the moon was quite high in the heavens.

Next morning at sunrise we got up and took our cameras up into the woods to take photographs. Half-past eleven saw us on the station platform. In a few moments the guard waved his green flag and the train slowly puffed out of the station.

" Bother," I said, and began reading.

Betty Harland
(*Stage* 6).



A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF THE REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA

BEFORE sending forward this short article to the Editor of the *Avenue*, I should explain that my literary powers never were good, and I must ask for an " E. and O.E." clause to be attached.

Colombia lies in the north-west of the southern continent, with northern coastline on the Caribbean Sea, and bounded by the Pacific Ocean on the west. Three distinct ranges of mountains—the Cordilleras—split up the country and make transport and communications most difficult—although traffic developments are gradually linking more and more the various sections, by rail and road. So far as climate goes, all types exist, from low-lying tropical jungle to exceptional peaks of 18,000 feet which are snowcapped.

Its people are a curious mixture, the Dago being the descendant of the Spaniard and South American Indian ; by nature they are conservative, but their desire to copy the white man in so many things makes the net product a " half and half " between antiquity and modernity, accentuated the more when one sees quite a number dressed in black suits and hats—but barefooted ! The religion, of course, is Roman Catholicism almost without exception, Church and politics being too closely interwoven to make the best success of either.

In a few of the up-country districts one still finds hamlets composed of Indians, who—in the main—are shy, reserved but industrious people. The average Indian, although more simple, is a straighter-living individual than the average Dago. The Indian men (some of whom do not speak the national language of Spanish) customarily dress in white shorts, a thick " ruana " (or cape) over their shoulders (over a sort of cotton jersey), and a flat straw hat, their legs and feet remaining bare ; the women are heavily clothed in flowing skirt and shawl, and it is not

uncommon to find them spinning or engaged in some primitive handicraft as they walk along, even when they may have a small child slung on their shoulders. One very backward and isolated district is still reputed to contain some of the feathered and painted Indians inclined to hostility, but contact with such points is seldom made from civilisation.

It is not easy to recall amusing experiences exactly when one wishes. Although on occasion I have been compelled to sleep in some extremely uncomfortable places when up-country, I think perhaps one of the worst was when I was crossing by car on the mountain high road, which attains some 11,000 feet at the summit, and which runs from Ibague at the foot on one side to Calarca on the other. It was the rainy season and landslides on the road were prevalent. Being in haste, I decided to risk crossing by night, and left at 8 p.m. ; the distance should be covered in five hours normally ; although the car wheels had chain grips, it turned out to be a very wet night and progress was awkward. Reaching the cloud-covered top about midnight, it was discovered that a landslide had occurred each side of the car, and no dwellings anywhere near ; regarding it philosophically, the only thing to do was to sleep in the open tourer, whilst the rain, slight wind, and raw coldness due to the altitude, went through one like a knife !—and all within about 5 or 6 degrees of the equator ! It was 8 a.m. before a gang had been able to clear sufficient of the fallen earth and rock to permit traffic.

Talking of fires—various kinds occurred—the bush fire and the town fire—accidental or otherwise ! Last summer was very dry and we had quite an epidemic of outbreaks ; recently the whole business quarter of Buenaventura (the Pacific port) was gutted—it burned the more easily for being largely built of wood—cause of the outbreak unknown. It was not difficult to make a guess at the causes of a number of outbreaks in other towns amongst various Syrian merchants, who were not making money fast enough because of trade depression !

In a number of the up-country villages the market day is on a Sunday ; it is a strange sight to watch the crowded church attendance in the early morning, immediately after which the market opens in earnest ; the stalls usually cover the main plaza, almost up to the church steps. More business, as a rule, is done on market day in small villages than in the whole of the rest of the week—the farming folk sell their small quantities of produce, and then proceed to buy the week's supplies for the home.

Bull fights are not quite so popular as they used to be—fortunately ; the most entertaining time really is when occasionally a tame bull (comparatively), with padded horns, is put in the ring, and all the small boys in the crowd who fancy themselves as would-be bull fighters, are allowed in to try their hand ; the ring is usually so full of boys that the poor bull is at a loss almost to know whom to attack first !

Riding on an overhead cable was quite a novelty to me ; one sits in a cage which is fixed to a travelling cable, resting upon wheels on cross-arms at the top of steel structures after the style of wireless masts. The sensation was not too good, however, when I found myself over a ravine of some 500 feet in depth, and the cable stopped to take breath !

Some of us—not very long after we had been out there—were energetic enough to do a spot of " hiking " ; we once excelled ourselves by deciding to climb to the summit of the highest mountain in sight of Medellin ; we started at 3.30 a.m. and it took about two hours to reach the foot of it ; we soon left all traces of civilisation behind, just various stages of wooded mountain-side, getting denser and denser ; from time to time it was necessary to climb trees to take our bearings, but we had to admit ourselves absolutely lost quite often. The last stage was the most trying, squeezing through tangled bushes and trees, and all were so wet, as the clouds hung most of the time on the mountain ; so far as clothes went, and personal appearance, the last state of those men was worse than the first !

Having rested by a solitary palm tree on the top and surveyed the world beneath, we tried to descend the same way as we had come ; this having been done—chiefly less than more—it was a grim set of faces which arrived home at 8 p.m. to agree unanimously that it was all right to have accomplished the feat once—but never again !

ROY TAWELL
(1915-1921).

WISHES

I'D like to be a teacher, and a teacher I shall be ;
No ! I think I'll be a preacher, yea, I think so, verily !
But I'd like to be a tamer and keep lions in a cage ;
Yet I'd like to be an actress and act upon the stage.
I'd like to be a journalist and write things for the papers ;
But oh ! I'd like to be a clown and cut such funny capers.
But then there are such lots of things to be,
I really don't know what is meant for me.

Of course it must be nice to be a jeweller ;
A fishmonger they say is much cooler ;
To be an artist must be very nice ;
I shouldn't like to be a grocer and sell rice ;
To be an explorer must be so exciting ;
And so must be a lamplighter and lighting ;
And then, of course, I'd like to be a sailor,
To daily go out fishing in a whaler.
I should like to choose what I should like to be,
But I am sure it won't be left to me.

Doreen M. Anderson
(*Stage* 3).



THE SCHOOL SANATORIUM

19

AN INVALID'S EXPERIENCES

THE experiences of a 'flu patient are many and varied. One does not usually associate influenza with interesting experiences, but, nevertheless, the boys who fell ill during this term seemed to get mixed up in plenty of fun.

Of course when I went to Miss Waring she told me I was just about fit for the San., and rated me heartily for not going to her before. I meekly admitted that I supposed I *should* have gone before—not that I really thought so, but our redoubtable Matron's arguments are irresistible.

When I arrived at the San., I was put into the big ward with two other boys. I was asked my age and lots of other things which didn't seem to have much bearing on the case, but when I got into a comfortable bed I decided that life was not so bad, and tried to sleep all the rest of the day.

At night it was the recognised thing to receive an aspirin to make us perspire. I will not say much about it, except that it succeeded nobly in its object. However, I suffered in silence, for I was not the only martyr. After the night-nurse had been introduced I settled down, and had precisely two hours' sleep that night. After a lengthy discussion on motors, we kept quiet for a time. Presently I began to feel glad that I could swim. Meanwhile my neighbour alternately blew his nose loudly and groaned. I followed his example.

At last I began to doze. . . . Suddenly a great babble of words, apparently uttered in the Chinese language, came from the next bed but one. My neighbour asked what was the matter, whereupon the person who had been talking in his sleep woke up, and, coming to the conclusion that he was intoxicated, said so. Presently with a loud rattling of the coal-scuttle nurse made up the fire. This she did at intervals of half-an-hour. At midnight there was a terrific crash, as something fell. Then a strange feeling came upon me. I was

a giant, and the room rapidly magnified until it became enormous. As I gazed dreamily at the fire it, too, began to magnify at an alarming rate, and I hurriedly turned over again. After two hours' sleep nurse woke me up and asked me tenderly if I had had a good night.

We spent that day reading and talking. I was pained, grieved, but not surprised to hear that we should have no food. Several more boys and girls came down that day, and the following day still more arrived, until we had nine boys in our ward, including two vegetarians, representing one quarter of their little band.

Gradually we regained our health, and soon we were able to get up—just in time to be packed off to a bedroom at School, on account of a case of scarlet fever which had developed in the San.

Unfortunately the sight of School made me feel ill, so I went to bed again for another week. I was put in bedroom 8 with nine other boys, to be cared for by the redoubtable Miss Waring, who proved a very jovial nurse, her nicknames and her faith in senna creating much amusement. One poor individual had the misfortune to be called " Uriah Heap," another " Mr. Peter," another " the sad-faced one " alias " Jeremy," and yet one more " Step-hen." More laughter was caused by a knob in the floor, put there to stop the door from swinging back. Anyone who came in usually managed to look in the wrong direction and trip over it.

After we had existed on senna and other stimulating drinks for a week we began to get tired of this, so decided to get up again, and we had our quarters in the Matric Room. We experienced an uncanny wobbliness of the knees, but this soon passed, and we had a very jolly time, our " waiter " being Mr. Smillie. Our occupations were sleeping, eating, reading, going for walks and playing ping-pong. The latter we did with great gusto, and it was with mixed feelings that I heard I should soon go into School again. My general impression

was that it was worth while getting 'flu so long as you had the sense not to go to bed again for another week, but, after all, there is nothing more desirable than plenty of work, youth and good health.

E. Robert Harper
(*Stage* 6).

EVENING

THE curlew heralds the approach of night ;
The wingèd bat is flitting here and there,
And in the path of its low-lying flight,
Meets one small bird, lost in the dusky air.

A mist has come up from the still and silent brook,
Enfolding all the trees and hedges near ;
A streamlet babbles in a dark and shady nook ;
A roaring sound comes over from the weir.

A swallow calls its last and best good-night ;
A cuckoo echoes lullabies from far ;
The shadows creep in swiftly dying light,
And in the east shines out the first bright star.

The fields are bare of man, or bird, or beast ;
The song-thrush twitters out its evening air ;
A second twinkling star is in the east,
And over all the peace of night is there.

Ethel B. Pool
(*Stage* 4*a*).

MOMBASA TO VICTORIA NYANZA

Being Extracts from a Journal Letter
by J. Penrose Whitlow

FROM Mombasa I had a second-class compartment on the train to myself. After crossing an arm of the sea we immediately began to climb, the gradients and curves being so tremendous that we could often see the engine and guard's van on a semi-circle with the engine much higher than the guard's van. Of course they go slowly. The fuel is mostly wood, and at every station there is a platform with billets of wood piled on it, and the engine is filled up regularly.

We soon passed through a forest of cocoa-nut palms, with native huts here and there. After that we came to open, broken, rolling country, over which we could see for miles. There was a wild sunset and it soon got dark.

You hire bedding on the train for 3s. and the boy makes your bed up for you. I was fortunate in having no one else with me, and slept very well all night, until wakened by a boy bringing me early tea. It was rainy and cloudy, but soon cleared. We were passing through the great Kenya game preserve, a flat plain stretching for miles. We saw birds of all sorts—Kites, Buzzards, and lots of smaller ones. Then we saw herds of buck and antelopes of all sorts. They seem to know they are safe on the southern side of the railway and are said to cross from the north if a motor-car appears when they are on that side! Next, herds of zebra and, after a time, ostriches. Only a few seemed disturbed by the train ; most just went on feeding about a hundred yards or so away.

We were near Nairobi, when the ticket official came down and told me that they were running a special train to Kampala, as members of the Railway Council had been meeting in Nairobi and wanted to get home. I thought I would take the

opportunity, as Kampala would be a pleasanter place to wait in than Nairobi.

I found the train only a small one, and only myself for the long journey besides the railway magnates, so I had a first-class compartment to myself.

The chief feature of the afternoon's journey first of all was the coffee plantations—miles and miles of them. Later we came to the Great Rift Valley, the sides of which are some 2,000 feet above the bottom, which itself is about 3,000 feet above sea-level. We looked right across it, about forty miles here. The valley is not flat, but has volcanic hills (extinct) in it. We wound down the sides of the valley, and reached a place called Longonot about sunset.

After breakfast the next morning it got very hot, and the dust from the red soil penetrated the gauze windows of the train. It seemed to grow cooler about 2 o'clock, and a little later we ran into a swarm of locusts. For about two miles the air was thick with them—so thick that they often knocked into one another and the noise of their wings was like a heavy rain on trees in leaf. Soon after we had passed through them we stopped at a station and I got out to look back. It appeared like a thick brown cloud moving slowly northward, and shut out everything for about thirty feet from the ground—like a thick brown fog. Over the top was a swarm of big birds—about two hundred, I should think—which were evidently making a good meal of those flying highest. Many of the locusts had been hit by the train, and fell off the top of the coaches. They are from an inch and a half to two inches long, like big, brown grasshoppers. I don't think I shall ever forget that whirring mass of millions of great insects. They hadn't settled to eat, so I didn't see the havoc they cause, but I understand they have been very destructive in Kenya this year.

After this we passed through a shower of rain, which soon cleared. All along the plain, in the cultivated patches (tea and bananas mostly here), there were great ant-hills thrown

up, varying in size from four to six feet high and three to ten feet in width at the base—all formed of the prevailing red earth.

Just at sunset we stopped at a place called Jinja, where one of the railway people told me to look out for the Jinja Falls. We were in Uganda now and could see one end of Victoria Nyanza. Winding round in a semi-circle, we passed over a new bridge ; this crossed the Nile, which was below us, tumbling in rapids from the lake. Suddenly I saw the Falls, coming out of the Lake—the source of the Nile.

We reached Kampala about 8.30, and one of the magnates gave me a lift in his car to the hotel. To-morrow I am hoping to see Harvey Agnew.

A MUDDLE

HEY diddle, diddle, the cow and the fiddle,
Tom Thumb jumped into the moon ;
The old sow screamed, and, as it seemed,
Fell head first into a swoon.

Hey diddle, diddle, the cat played the fiddle
And made all the old people jump ;
An old man with a yoke, then saw the great joke,
And spilt all his milk in the pump.

Hey diddle, diddle, the mouse and the fiddle,
The cat and the mouse in full chase ;
But the mouse made him laugh, till he split right in half,
So he went home with a beam on his face.

Hey diddle, diddle, the end of the fiddle,
For along came Daisy the cow,
And saw Mr. Rat in his grayish top hat,
And swallowed him, fiddle and all.

Philip Fausset
(*Stage 4b*).

A TALK BETWEEN FATHER CHRISTMAS AND THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

CHARACTERS :

Postmaster-General - -	*P.G.*
His Son - - - -	*A boy of six.*
Twinkle-toes - - -	*A Fairy.*
Skip-high - - -	*A Gnome.*
A Messenger - - -	*An Imp.*
Father Christmas - -	*F.C.*

Scene 1. (A living-room in the P.G.'s house. P.G. sitting by the fire nearly dozing. Clock strikes, and he sits up with a jerk.)

P.G.: "Oh dear! I suppose I shall have to start work again. I can't bear to think of all the letters and parcels waiting to be delivered. What misfortunes I have! First my old horse breaks down, and now my two helps are ill, and there is no time to get fresh ones." (He sits gloomily by the fire. His little son enters.)

SON: "What's up, Daddy ?"

P.G.: "Only that I'm afraid a lot of little boys and girls will be disappointed to-morrow, as I can't get all those parcels sorted out and delivered in time in this blinding snow, and without help. It's no use trying."

SON: "Oh, Daddy, what bad luck to think of all those children waiting for presents, parcels and letters! But I know what I'll do. I am just going to send a note about my presents up to Father Christmas, and I will add a note to say that you need help." (Runs out of the room joyfully. P.G. sighs gloomily, and starts sorting out a sack of bulky letters and parcels in the corner of the room. He sighs, and then suddenly there is a tap at the door and there enters a little imp.)

IMP: "Are you the Postmaster-General ? H'm, I thought so. Father Christmas received your note, and told me to come and fetch you. Hurry up and get ready."

P.G. (looking bewildered): "But I can't understand." (Then suddenly realises.) "Oh! I see. My son's note got to him then! Fancy that!"

IMP: "That is enough. Idle talk. Come on, stand by the window and hold on tight to me and count thirteen."

(END OF FIRST SCENE.)

Scene 2. (A room like a workshop, where many little gnomes and fays are making different toys. Enter P.G. and Imp.)

P.G.: "Well I never! What next? I do believe we're in Father Christmas' workshop. Why, here comes the dear old chap himself!"

(Enter F.C.)

F.C.: "Well, here you are! and what do you think of my workshop? You wanted help, so I am going to take you round with me, and you can deliver the letters and parcels, while I deliver the presents. How's that?"

P.G.: "However can I thank you enough?" (Suddenly looks downcast.) "Oh! I've left my sack at home!"

F.C.: "Don't worry, old man." (Turns aside to a couple of pixies.) "Twinkle-toes and Skip-high, go to the Postmaster-General's house and bring his sack."

T. and S.: "Yes, master, we will be very quick." (Exit.)

P.G.: "It is a long time since I saw you last. How are you getting on? It seems funny to think we were at school together."

F.C.: "Yes, doesn't it? Why ever did you ask the Fairy Queen if you could be a mortal?"

P.G.: "It was very silly of me, I know."

F.C.: "Well, well! We all do silly things sometimes, but I'll tell you what. I'll let you come on my rounds with me every year. But here come Twinkle-toes and Skip-high, so we shall have to be going."

(They go out, and in the distance is heard the twinkle of sleigh bells, and the P.G.'s voice.)

P.G.: "Thank you again and again! To think that this was all because of my son!"

THE END.

Doreen M. Anderson
(*Stage* 3).

FROM FAR AND NEAR

OWEN PARSONS (1925-30) wrote in August:

"Last Friday I had an invitation to be a steward at Mr. Gandhi's reception at Friends House and of course leapt at the offer. I was well placed and, having an easy task as a steward, was thus enabled to see and hear him excellently. He, Miss Slade, Pundit Nehru, and a whole group of others came in at the back door of the big Meeting House, and he received the greatest reception I have ever heard. We all stood and cheered and clapped him for a good three minutes, the applause sinking and rising again and again, like the waves on the sea. It was truly the most remarkable sight of my life to see old and respected Friends climbing on to seats and shouting. Even the Press (600 of whom applied for admission and who filled the front row of the gallery all round) were moved.

"Gandhi himself is a perfectly remarkable looking man. Clad in a sheet which wrapped round his whole head and body (for some unearthly reason called a 'loin-cloth'), bare-footed, weather-beaten, deeply wrinkled and very, very short and bowed, he looked but part human and quite unattractive. 'Weird' is the best word to use. When he spoke, however, one lost all consciousness of his body, and it was easy to be carried away by his speech. Truly Mr. Gandhi is a living testimony to the fact that it is the meek who will inherit the earth."

BESSIE MCGOWAN (1922-28) writes from Graystoke Training College:

"I managed to get in eight days of my school practice, and enjoyed it very much, though it was very hard work and involved three hours' travelling a day. It was rather thrilling to be so near the River Thames, which always fascinated me, and to hear the girl who looked after my little clock tell me it was right by Big Ben. The children were very charming too; I prefer the Transpontine child to the genuine Cockney, and find quite a difference between them, though this may only be imagination and lack of experience. The class I taught have a wonderful enthusiasm for their work. They would talk to me in playtime, and say: 'I love history,' or geography, or arithmetic, or English. It was really a pleasure to teach them. I was very much surprised to find how well they understood and grasped the sense of Edmund Blunden's poem, 'Almswomen.' It is not a child's poem at all, and being about country life it seemed to be quite beyond the experience of the eleven-year-old Londoners. But they loved it; they have never ceased talking about it, and they seemed to understand it wonderfully. My supervisor was in the room at the time, and she asked a child near her if she knew what all the words meant, and Vera said, 'Yes,' she did. The first line is, 'At Quincey's Moat the squandering village ends,' and quite a lot of children were ready to explain that it meant a straggling village. One of the girls is the proud possessor of two old grandparents who live in an almshouse and the others are very envious of this distinction."

* * * * * *

IRIS M. HARRIS (1922-27) wrote on leaving Westfield College in July:

"College life is just great, one sees and hears so many great and interesting people and one has wonderful opportunities of exchanging ideas in open debate or class, but more often over tea and biscuits by a fire that has burned far into the night

one has a chance of following up any line of interest in the numerous clubs, which are always growing in number. There is one's room to furnish as one pleases, the chance of following up any line of thought and really working at something which interests one, and shelves and shelves of books full of material waiting to be used. Then, of course, there are all the parties and plays and socials, and at Westfield at any rate it is all so happy and friendly. Westfield certainly makes a very noble second to Walden's first place. . . . Until the Exam. was over I didn't think of much else, and when it was over we had only one crowded week in which to take leave of the wonderful life we had enjoyed for three years, and also to plan our tramp, which was a wonderful time. I have a great pile of notes, postcards, flints, plants, sketches, forty undeveloped photographs and other odd things, together with a huge collection of memories. Colchester we found very fascinating with its Castle, Museum and many churches, while none of the loveliness has gone from Ely since last I visited it one 'Natch.' Excursion. The Suffolk churches were big and bore traces of former richness, while in Essex we came upon many a wee old church attached to a manor hall and dating back to Norman times or even earlier days."

SCHOOL DIARY

Oct. 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, David Hughes; Essays: "Alsace," John Peet; "When we are dead," Una Sell; "Music," Farrand Radley; "Pevensey," Margaret Smith; Pianoforte Solo, "The Witches' Dance" by Macdowell, Mary Bond.

,, 28th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 0—3.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S., away, won, 3—1.

,, 31st.—Hockey Match: 1st *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, home, won, 5—4.
Lantern Lecture: "Tramps in the Peak District," Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

Nov. 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, June Cornish; Current Events Report, C. J. Smith; Meteorological Report, Farrand Radley; Essays: "River Birds," Lucille Rayner; "Shells," E. Rawlinson. Report on Mr. Paul Mauger's excursions, Muriel Poulter.

,, 4th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Homerton Training College, away, drawn, 3—3.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow Wednesday, away, won, 2—1.

,, 7th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 7—4.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Langley, home, won, 6—2.
Mock Election.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Essays: "Revolutions," John Reader; "The Use and Abuse of Wireless," Corinne Snow; Pianoforte Solos: "Polish Dance" by Xavier Scharwanker, C. J. Smith; "Waltz from Three-Fours," by Coleridge Taylor, Mary Bond; Violin Solo: "Adagio non troppo," by Corelli, Honor Liddle.

,, 11th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, lost, 3—6.

,, 14th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Sawston Village College Junior Team, home, lost, 0—10.
Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, won, 6—2.
Lantern Lecture: "America's Natural Parks," Mr. Carl Engelmann.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Lucille Rayner; Current Events Report, Denis Allward; Essay: "Some Pond Animals," Joan Watson; Talk on Sark, Miss Priestman.

,, 18th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, away, won, 6—1.

,, 21st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Great Chesterford, away, won, 2—0.
Hockey Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 1st XI., home, lost, 0—4.
2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex H.S., away, won, 3—1.
Lantern Lecture: "The Pyrenees," Mr. Backhouse.

,, 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Charles Macdonald; Five Minute Speeches; Pianoforte Solo: "Nos. 3 and 4 from the Imaginary Ballet Suite" by Coleridge Taylor, Geoffrey Sparrow.

,, 25th.—Hockey Match: Girls' 1st XI. Hockey Match *v.* Cambridge County School, away, won, 1—0.

,, 28th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge "Bootham O.S.," home, lost, 2—4.
Avenue Concert.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Collar; Essays: "The Growth of Architecture," Muriel Poulter; "Architecture of Hadstock Church," Elizabeth Meredith; "Chrishall Church," Peter Dobrashian.

Dec. 2nd.—Football Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Harlow Wednesday, home, won, 6—1.
Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Haverhill Ladies, away, won, 3—2.

Dec. 5th.—Hockey Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 1—0.
2nd XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies 2nd XI., away, won, 4—0.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Overall's XI., home, drawn, 4—4.
Lantern Lecture: "London's History and Romance," Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Barbara Headley; Essays: "The Sun," C. J. Smith; "Switzerland," Mary Bond; "Scientific Progress in Recent Years," Geoffrey Sparrow; Pianoforte Solo: "The Ring," by Chopin, Kathleen Francis; Pianoforte Duet: "In der Halle des Bergkönigs," from Peer Gynt, Kathleen Francis and Mary Bond.

,, 9th.—Football Match: Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 1—4.

,, 10th.—Girls' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 12th.—Football Matches: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Letchworth, home, won, 4—0; 2nd XI. *v.* Sawston Village College, away, drawn, 3—3.
Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Perse School, home, won, 5—3.
Lantern Lecture: "Norway," Mr. George Morris.

,, 15th.—House Plays.

,, 17th.—End of Term.

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