THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1933

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD

THIS term is remarkable for the number of changes which have taken place in the Staff. We have to regret the departure of Miss Dow, Miss Wilson, Miss Anne Wright, and the temporary absence of Miss Winifred Wright. Mr. Edmundson, too, has left us for Bootham. In their places we welcome Mrs. Sparkes, Mrs. Graham, Miss Clark, Miss Sandwith and Mr. Wigglesworth. Mr. Williamson has replaced Mr. Todhunter as a student master.

Last term for the first time, two members of the School took the London Higher School Certificate, in which they were both very successful, both gaining exemption from Intermediate Arts, and Muriel Poulter obtaining a distinction in Latin, Farrand Radley in Economics.

Because of the troublous times in Germany, several Germans have been living in Saffron Walden recently, and we have Marie Loening and Brenda Friedrich in the School with us.

The Orchestra has gained recognition outside the School walls in being twice asked to play at League of Nations Union functions, although the arrangements for one of the dates fell through.

Honor Liddle
(*Post Matric.*).

NIGHT

THE wind is whistling through the trees,
The rain is pelting down;
The tree-tops sway, the gusty breeze
Comes roaring o'er the down.
The sea is rumbling o'er the beach,
The pebbles scrape and crackle;
The wind is coming, and its screech
Is like an old time battle.
The horses rocking out at sea,
The lifeboat's angry flare,
Are all a nightmare,—in which I see
I haven't got a share.

Philip Turner
(*Stage 4r*).

MISS ANNE WRIGHT

AT the beginning of the School year there are always many fresh faces and an absence of those which have been familiar to us.

Amongst them this year we notice with especial regret the absence of Miss Anne Wright, who has retired after working on the Music Staff for twenty-six years.

Her conscientiousness and unfailing interest in her work is an example which should inspire us who follow her.

The results of her work are easily seen in the excellent examination results and the high standard of playing which



MISS ANNE WRIGHT

(1907—1933)

was attained by those who were fortunate enough to be her pupils.

When within a few years of retiring, she took infinite trouble to acquire one of the latest methods of pianoforte playing and teaching. It is a great thing, though, perhaps, in some ways a sad one, to be able to say that when she retired she was at the top of her form.

Her work in the gardens will also be very much missed, for she spent nearly as much care and affection on these as she did on her pupils. When the new rockery is at its best in the Spring we shall remember that it is one of the many things that we owe to Miss Anne Wright. We wish her the happiness which she deserves.

N.M.W.

WASHING

OF enjoyable experiences under the category of "Body-comforting" ones, washing after having become thoroughly filthy is the first on the list in order of pleasure.

To feel the warm water soothing the hands and pulling the dirt away, to compare the dirty hand with the clean one, to scrub hard and dip one's elbows further into the bowl, are to me glorious rejuvenating acts. In the nature of the average boy is the longing to clean or polish. Thus one finds people often saying: "I'll feel much better when I've washed."

How refreshing is a splash of cold water on a hot air-brushed face! It relieves one somehow of a huge burden, as if the road or coach has been hung on to one's face and collected in the corners of one's eyes and then been swept away by a tide.

We may thank God that, though there is not always much of other things for everyone, there is at any rate abundance of water.

Lionel C. Young
(*Stage* 6).

THE ROAD TO THE ISLES



AST holidays we went to Skye. You may have heard of it. Some people haven't. When we came back there was always the same formula to go through:

"Where did you go to?—oh, Skye? Yes I've heard of it, rather crowded at this time of year, isn't it? Had to go on the ferry to get there? Ferries are rather delightful, aren't they?"

Skye isn't like that. I don't believe there is such a word as "crowd" in Gaelic, and certainly the people of the Isles do not suffer from the loss.

As is inevitable in our family, we missed the ferry going over from Mallaig and had to hire a motor boat. The water was clear and icy-looking, steel blue. At last we arrived at Ardvasar, where I was very surprised to find a wooden structure, covered with barnacles, human and otherwise, jutting out to sea. It was called the "pier."

We landed and prepared to explore Ardvasar, and the Sgurr surrounding it, and so divided into parties. No one thought it any good to divide me to a party, as I invariably try as speedily as possible to detach myself from it.

I rambled through a decaying old village, where a row of very small boys with purple lips stained with blackberries were throwing stones at a decaying cat. I walked past them rather hurriedly and came to the post office. I reasoned within myself and decided that as I would feel anything but a tripper as I came down from the Sgurr, I had better do the thing thoroughly and buy postcards now. The proprietor, strange to say, understood English and he yelled to me at the top of his voice for a while.

After a rather laborious climb I came to the top of the Sgurr and from there gazed upon mountain after mountain,

lifting their rugged peaks to the sky. On the other side was a shining expanse of blue water, shot with silver, and behind that the mountains surrounding Loch-nan-Cuillean, lying grape-blue and still in the morning. And to etherealise it still more, white columns of mist rose from the farther side, shrouding the mountains with a veil of treachery. That is Skye all over. So beautiful and dreamlike on the surface, but always there are dark deep unknown things lurking in the shadows, to grasp the unwary and the untried.

I turned again (the mist had now risen) and I felt suddenly limp, for there, towering in the distance, were the outlines of the soul of Skye, the Cuillins.

The only possible simile to the Cuillin hills is not one of my own invention. Imagine Wagner's " Ride of the Valkyries " frozen in stone and hung like a gigantic frieze against the sky. Terrible, treacherous and amazing. So I walked, lost in the atmosphere of Skye, wondering if after all I myself were real.

I was brought to earth promptly and roughly. Squelch! Down my foot sank into another thing Skye is famous for—a bog. I dragged my foot out and sat down on a mass of sphagnum to take my shoe off. I always manage to sit on something like sphagnum moss. Apparently it makes a living by sucking up all the water there is to be sucked for miles and miles. I invariably manage to sit on something like that when I am in dire need of support. In future I shall avoid it.

I wended my way very slowly to the village, knee-deep in the riotous purple of heather and ling. The air was heavy, yet bracing with the hum of bees and the golden dust of the heather. I reached the post office and waited in the boat for the others. They arrived, hands and lips purple with blackberries.

" One thing I shall remember Skye for," remarked my brother, " is the blackberries."

" And the bogs," I added, in a meek undertone.

By J. B. Macarthur. "Eilean a' Chee."

The mist lies low on the Cuillins,
The sea birds wheel and cry,
And dark is the rain-washed mainland
And dim are the peaks of Skye.

But for all your sunlit southlands,
No sight or sound for me.
Like the wind-swept misty Cuillins
And the croon of the Western Sea.

Mary Jackson
(*Stage* 5).

STOLEN PLEASURES

I WAS feeling hot and bothered; we had been tramping over moorland for quite an hour and the rucksack stuck into my back; my shoes were full of heather and grass seeds.

We came up to a stone wall on the brow of a hill and the sight filled me with joy. Below us was a valley winding its way down through the hills to a green plain; it was full of tall, slender, waving trees. Up to our right we looked across bare moorland, composed of grassy downs with large crags of odd shapes standing out very impressively against the hazy blue sky. To our left we looked down heather and wooded slopes, across a large green plain stretching like a map away into the distance, where blue mountains stood out.

The sound of a horn re-echoed across the valley and away and away back between the hills. Then we heard the sharp barking of dogs, probably scenting out a fox, followed by a crashing of undergrowth and bracken. The hunt were waiting nearby for some sport. We passed them sitting proudly on their restless horses, in their gay red coats. As we ambled along, filled with a strong desire to go everywhere at once,

a strange rushing noise reached our ears. At first we thought it was the wind in the trees, but the leaves were still and the rushing noise grew louder.

Was there a river in the valley? We penetrated the mossy-floored woods, having struggled through thick bracken, and it was soon evident that there was a river in the valley, and a torrential one at that! At length we came out on a narrow path and beheld a fast-flowing river, crashing over huge boulders with wonderfully clear calm pools in between the waterfalls.

In ecstasies of joy we flung off all garb other than trousers and clambered about among the boulders. Soon we bathed naked in crystal clear pools; the water was cool and refreshing. The trees rose high on either side and almost shut in this river. We ate our simple dinner on a very large boulder, with a turmoil of waters all around us; in some pools were large, black, slippery trout, which slid very fast through the water; some of these we attempted to tickle, but in vain. There were also little shoals of fishes. Here were the waters of Dartmoor on their way to the sea, very majestic waters.

We never knew we were strictly poaching, and conversation with the owner of the land was not pleasant, but worth the pleasure we had derived.

Philip S. I'A. Fausset
(*Stage* 6).



GIRLS' SCHOOLS AT HOCKEY

TEAMS WELL TRAINED IN THE ELEMENTS OF STYLE

IT was something of a change to be watching a girls' school hockey match, after the international games in Copenhagen, and the Americans in England. I quite thought I should have to lower my standards very considerably and modify criticism, but this game in which the Friends' School, Saffron Walden beat Herts and Essex High School, Bishop's Stortford, by 9 goals to 2, was to me a great treat.

The game throughout was straightforward, simple and direct, and the knowledge of rules shown, the rapidity with which bullies, rolls in, corners, and free hits were taken would put many a good club to shame. In the first half the Friends' School scored seven goals, simply because they bustled about in the circle, and because the Bishop's Stortford backs forgot to mark and allowed themselves to be hustled out of position.

After half-time a change came over the game, and both teams scored two goals each. The play was good and even, and showed that with more practice together, the Herts and Essex School team will be able to hold their own in the return match.

The last goal of the match, scored by Dillys Rees for the Friends' School, was a gem. Their left inner, who was always in the right position, gathered the ball while it was travelling very fast, swerved into the circle, and placed the shot with all the assurance of an experienced player.

I hope we shall hear of such players as Miss Snow, Miss Stubbs, Miss Cornish, Miss Rees and Miss Close, of the Friends'

School, and Miss Welch, Miss Turner, Miss Ogle, and Miss Powell of the Herts and Essex School, in a few years' time. They certainly showed that they had been taught the game well, and had benefited by the teaching.

At the end of this game, the second XI.'s played, and a fast —at times furious—encounter ended in a win for the Friends' School by 4 goals to 2.

MARJORIE POLLARD.
(By permission of the *Morning Post.*)

(Miss Marjorie Pollard is the hockey correspondent for the *Morning Post* and an international hockey player who paid us a friendly visit during the term.)

SPRINGTIME

SPRING, Spring has come again,
And farmers are sowing their corn and grain.
And birds are beginning to build their nests,
And flowers have finished their long, long rest.

Away in the fields far away,
The ploughman and team are working to-day.
And in a farmyard, quite close by,
Some chickens are taking a peep at the sky.

And down below is a tramper bold,
And away to the west are some mountains cold,
Down in the meadow is a Jersey cow,
And a cowherd with his hand on a bough.

David Mattingly
(*Stage* 3).

GENERAL MEETING, 1933

I CANNOT say whether the 1933 General Meeting at Saffron Walden was the best ever, or whether it could scarcely challenge comparison with some of those glorious vintage years of the past which old students invariably treasure in their memories. This was my first General Meeting and I must look at it in the absolute. I cannot even make comparisons with similar functions at my old school for, although I remember them well enough, I find that it makes all the difference which side of the fence you are on—the scholar's or the parent's side. As a boy at a similar function I remember working an electrical apparatus, producing magnificent sparks, to which the pointer of a crude receiving instrument at the far end of the room spasmodically responded. Sometimes it behaved intelligibly and sometimes it did not. I enjoyed it mightily, but I noticed that I couldn't work up much enthusiasm in either my own or other people's parents and I voted them all rather a dull lot. I was probably quite wrongheaded and, as likely as not, they were tolerably well amused. Anyway now that I am on the other side of the fence I know how much I enjoyed the day at Saffron Walden, although it would not in the least surprise me to be told that, like the parents of my day, I manage to look pretty dull when I'm taking anything in.

The meeting for worship was followed by an address of much interest by J. E. Hodgkin. The machines which man has made are not being used principally for his advancement but in a large measure for his degradation and enslavement. It is not a new theme but the speaker made us realise that it goes down to rock bottom. There is a greater call on our intelligence in putting the machine in its proper place than in devising and constructing it. Furthermore the advent of machinery has raised a moral problem and involves the structure of our society. As I noticed the keen interest with which the address was being followed I

could not help reflecting that the young people at Saffron Walden would almost certainly, in the years to come, be playing their part in the struggle to control the machine. We cannot have too many people to emphasise the importance of the human personality.

It must mean a busy morning's work providing the school dinner and one felt pleased at the opportunity given to express thanks to the domestic staff for the extra work created by hungry parents. It had rained heavily during the morning and there was obviously more to come. But the boys had apparently made up their minds to give their gymnastic display in the open, and their courage or calculations was amply justified, for, after Mr. Edmundson had been carried off in triumph, there was a good ten minutes to spare before the deluge came. The display was excellent. The boys tackled the difficult gymnastic feats with spirit and ability, and, among the middle-aged audience, there must have been many a feeling of envy.

The rain gained us admission to the baths before time and soon the girls were delighting us with their swimming, diving and pattern weaving. How well they did these things and what thoroughly wet-bobs they are! To crown a first-class display the boys, swimming six lengths, tried to beat the girls swimming five. It was a near thing, but they just couldn't do it.

There was a collection of pictures in the Art exhibition. Everybody seemed able to do something. The display of needlework, embroidery and frocks warmed every mother's heart and among the woodwork were some fine examples of craftsmanship. The sun greeted us through the ample windows of the Junior school and after looking at the efforts of the little ones and remarking to ourselves how well these things are done in these days, we assembled in the Lecture Hall to hear the school orchestra. Of all kinds of music making the string orchestra is the most difficult and exacting. It was courageous on the part of Miss Wright and her young musicians to tackle an

ambitious programme of Bach, Purcell and Mozart, disdaining the very solid backing that might have been obtained from the school grand piano. But there was good playing as well as fine courage in this concert. Our hearts went out to the viola playing a lone hand with as little concern as he had previously shown in turning trick somersaults. The playing of the Haydn quartet was, for young players, an extraordinarily good achievement.

As I came away I felt relieved that nobody had asked me to show what I could do. I would not care for the double trudgeon experts to see my leisurely breast stroke, and I would, I am afraid, cut a poor figure in the somersault squad. I have never made anything as useful as a frock in my life and my drawings are not recognised as art by either ancients or moderns. But it isn't a bad thing occasionally to be thoroughly humiliated by the young.

B.L.

EXPECTATION

I WAS going to my cousin's ! ! Oh what a thought ! What luck ! What Paradise !

I dreamed of it, I slept on it, walked with it, talked with it ; in fact it haunted me completely. But it did not haunt me at all unpleasantly, nor was it mysterious or frightening in any way ; it was a cause of great rejoicing on my part. The very thought of it made me want to leap for joy.

There was a week to go. Would it ever pass ? In my own mind I'm afraid I doubted it. I counted the days and made numerous ingenious devices for the correct accounting of the days and hours. Each night I conscientiously fetched a pen and ink with which I carefully blotted out a day with a mixture between a " cross " and a " tick."

Every night I dreamed of the house where I should happily play " hide and seek," the garden flowers, nooks, crannies and

paths that I knew so well and loved so much. I dreamed of the journey there and every night the prospect seemed more marvellous.

At last the day arrived ! The day of days ! I could hardly hold myself from drastic actions in my excitement.

I heard a bell ring downstairs. " There they are," I cried out joyously. I was right. On opening the door there was my aunt, I nearly fell on her neck in my joy. But she ignored me, she was speaking to my mother. " I'm afraid John will not be able to come after all," I heard her say. I did not wait to hear any more. I lay down on my bed and sobbed.

John F. Fleming
(*Stage* 6).

AUTUMN

WHEN Summer has passed,
And Autumn has come,
The leaves are all falling
'Neath rays of the sun.

The birds are still chirping,
But swallows have gone,
And all Mother Nature
Has turned gold and brown.

The hedgehogs with bristles,
The dormice and moles,
The squirrels and badgers,
All go down their holes.

The winds they are blowing,
They're shaking the trees,
And stripping the branches
Of all their brown leaves.

The sky is at present
A beautiful blue,
But soon 'twill be coloured
With dirty grey hue.

The cold days are coming
And Winter is nigh;
Storms are more frequent,
There'll be snow by and by.

Autumn, sweet Autumn,
Of all seasons each year,
Autumn is oldest,
The sweetest, most dear.

Susie Woodward
(*Stage* 4).

THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1933

WINCHESTER station about 1 p.m. on Friday, July 28th. In front of me was the long, narrow, sunlit platform teeming with life and activity, harassed and heated porters busy with luggage, passengers preparing for their coming journey, people awaiting friends from off the London train, and all the noise and confusion which attends a gathering of people intent on different objects. Near me and quite aloof from this babel stood a group of straw-hatted Wykehamists, very polished representatives of a school whose motto is "Manners maketh man." What a contrast to the crowd of Waldenites who bundled out of the London train in various and unconventional attire. A party clad in "divers raiment" carrying badly packed rucksacks, a talkative crowd, anxious to enjoy themselves.

We left the old town of Winchester and went out to the quiet hospital of St. Cross, in the meadows near which we lunched,—a peaceful affair, except that one person had forgotten his lunch.



THE SCHOOL TRAMP, 1933

Immediate neighbours suffered for this mental aberration, and in consequence the peace of the meal was sometimes badly broken. We visited the hospital and some people applied for the "Wayfarers' Dole"—a "mug" of beer and bread and cheese; they obtained it but all were not appreciative of this charitable allowance. A visit to the Cathedral brought the events of the day to a close, and we adjourned to our hotel to prepare for the tramp proper, which began next day.

Next morning gave promise of rain, but as soon as we were on the road to Romsey the weather cleared and a hot day followed. The way to Romsey was found fairly easily, but from Romsey to Lyndhurst we allowed ourselves to be guided by a person who "knew the way." Personally I always distrust people who know the way, and in this case my distrust was justified, for before we eventually arrived at "The Crown," Lyndhurst, an extra five miles had been covered. Throughout the latter part of the day the route lay through the New Forest. The beauty and grandeur of the forest eludes description, but a few of the party were perhaps not in the mood to appreciate it, for the last five miles seemed to be the longest we had ever walked; on topping every rise in the road we expected to see Lyndhurst below in the hollow, but the place seemed to be deliberately running away from us and it was only with effort that we overtook it. The comfort of the well-managed hotel did a lot to pacify the vicious spirit displayed by a few who were not appreciative of the extra five miles of forest scenery.

Next morning was one of groans and lameness, the tramp of the previous day had stiffened muscles, and raised blisters, and it was not until we were on the road to Beaulieu that the stiffness wore off. This was one of the most enjoyable features of this remarkable holiday. The first part of the route lay through the cool glades and rides of the forest, then across sun-parched, heather-covered commons to the ancient ruin of the Cistercian Abbey of Beaulieu. Here was a part of the English countryside which had defied the onslaught of the

speculative builder, a countryside of natural beauty undefiled by modern commercialism. Beaulieu Abbey is a beneficent old ruin, where the hand of time seems to have mellowed the austere rule of the cloister and left in its place a " cloistered serenity." In the hot July sun I could not imagine the Abbey peopled by lean, religious ascetics, but rather by fat and jovial friars who knew the joy of walking through the English countryside. After leaving the peaceful sanctity of Beaulieu we made our way by easy stages to Lymington, where we stayed for the night.

The start next morning was rather eventful, for that relic of past tramps, " The Can," was somehow left behind ; without this sacred emblem the peace of the party might have been badly broken ; its recovery was therefore a matter of vital importance. It was speedily regained and whether in the jubilation that followed its recovery, or in a moment of forgetfulness, someone irretrievably lost the melons. I shall never forget the expression on Seed's face when this discovery was communicated to him ; righteous indignation and annoyance struggled for mastery, and the result was an expression of indescribable amazement. The paddle steamer we had caught at Lymington took us across the Solent to the little town of Yarmouth. From Yarmouth we walked along the coast road to Colwell and Totland Bays, thence skirted Alum Bay (with its curiously coloured sand), across to Tennyson and Brighstone Downs to Shorwell. The scenery was one of chalk downs and cliffs with sky and sea scapes ; a strong wind made the walk more invigorating than that of the previous day. At Shorwell we took a bus into Ventnor. My recollections of Ventnor are automatic slot machines on the pier, fried fish and chips, a very proper hotel and the words, " Sam, pick up tha' musket."

From Ventnor we proceeded next day by way of Bonchurch and the landslip to Shanklin, and thence to Alverstone. Here the party split into two, a few going direct by train to Carisbrooke Castle and the remainder walking along the road on

top of the Downs. Unfortunately, through lack of time, this second party did not reach Carisbrooke but went direct to Newport and on by train to Ryde, where the others met us.

We stayed two nights at Ryde, enjoying the pleasure of walking without carrying rucksacks. The tramp on the following day was to Brading Down, a select few going around by Bembridge—to see a mythical "Fram" supposed to be moored in Bembridge Bay—and rejoined the party for lunch at Brading. From Brading most of the party returned to Ryde by bus and spent the remainder of the afternoon bathing. The sight and sound of Reader and C.A.M. out together in a rowing boat was an event I shall not readily forget. A riotous sing-song brought the day and alas! the tramp to an all too early close. The walk to Fishbourne and Quarr Abbey next morning did not seem to belong to the tramp,—merely an opportunity for planning how we were going to spend our holiday next year.

Before I bring this short account to a close I would like to say how much we appreciate the way in which Mr. Rowntree devotes his time and energy to arranging these tramps, and although he has attained his majority, at least as far as tramps go (this tramp was C.B.R.s twenty-first), I hope he will carry on into a ripe old age tramping along with his rucksack, hat and camera, never grumbling, always jovial in the heat, and *never* mentioning the work the arrangements must have entailed beforehand.

CYRIL F. THRING
(1929—32).

WHY THE FROG HAS A GREEN COAT

ONCE upon a time, when the world had just begun, and all the animals could talk in human voices, the frog had a grey coat.

Now a fox wanted to catch a little hen, so he put up a notice, "Bed for one." Then he hid and waited.

Pretty soon the hen came past. She saw the notice and decided to go in. The fox sprang at her, but Froggy, who was looking in at the door, cried, " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! Cock-a-doodle-doo ! " The fox, thinking Froggy was a cock, let go of the hen, who fled.

When the fox saw how he had been tricked, he was angry, and tried to catch Froggy. He did not succeed, but his claws scratched Froggy, and the marks appear to-day.

The Great Spirit said to Froggy, " You shall have a coloured coat. Which colour would you like ? " " Green," replied Froggy, and instantly he found that he had a green coat.

THE END.

Margaret Johnstone
(Junior School).

WILLOW BAT GROWING

FIRST of all a thick branch of a willow tree is taken, one about three feet in length and six inches across. The stump or branch is then planted beside a running stream or ditch, any time between November and January. By Spring time shoots will appear and those which appear not to be running straight should be rubbed off. In four years the shoots from the pollard should be large enough to transplant, and a good plant should grow into a willow tree for bat making, in about twelve years, and the quicker it grows the better the bats should be.

The trees are sold to a willow merchant who cuts them into lengths and sends them up to a bat making firm. The trees when growing have to be rubbed down two or three times each Spring, so as to grow a nice straight grain.

Roger Browning
(Stage 3).

SOCIAL SERVICE AT LEIGHTON PARK



QUAKER Public School has no O.T.C. Instead we do other forms of public service. One of these is to foster a boys' club, which meets twice a week in term time, and gives the boys every Summer ten days in camp by the sea. Everyone rallies round to help. The Houses vie with each other in raising subscriptions, and " food " or " sweet-magnates " who have, or have had, sons at the school send generous gifts of their commodities. This year the site was Hayling Island, and in a lorry lent by a friendly haulage contractor ten of us went to prepare camp. Tents were erected, latrines and rubbish pits were dug 5 feet deep, and all was ready. The twenty-five lads arrived by train next day, and camp began.

We started each day with an early morning dip in the sea, while the orderlies remained to get breakfast. We were divided into " tents," each " tent " consisting of the six lads from the club who slept in one of the bell tents, and three " officers " from the school attached for competitive purposes. Each " tent " did orderly duty in turn, and we were all very keen to win the approval of, and high marks from, our friend Cooky.

Cooky had a motor-bike, a smile, an ability for making people work cheerfully, and absolute control over our camp oven. Even when in term time he ruled the kitchens of Grove House he could hardly have produced better food. Food is a frequent source of grumbling, but not in our camp !

Cooky was up in time to see that all was well in the kitchen, and soon each " tent " was at its table in the marquee, shouting to be fed. It has yet to be decided whether it is more fun to shout " Orderly, tea ! " to some grubby youngster, or to fill his cup in your best wine-waiter manner when it is his turn to shout and yours to wait.

After breakfast and tent inspection (how carefully we rolled our brailings !) we had inter-tent sports. In these we made the mistake of trying to do too much, when the boys would have been as well employed boating on the shallow lake near by. Later we went to the other extreme. Never try to keep people occupied the whole time, nor give them enough leisure to get into mischief. And beware of a hard-and-fast, pre-arranged programme. We were not sufficiently elastic.

Followed dinner, rest hour, canteen (nothing over half-price !), a game of puddox, a bathe, tea and a game of soccer. In the evening there was supper and a sing-song, during which the camp newspaper was read. To this the boys contributed suggestions and limericks, even the youngest, aged seven, lisping out to the Editor a delightful attempt at one. The boys enjoyed hearing news, fictitious or otherwise, about themselves, and its composition was one of the things I enjoyed most. Another was the sing-song itself. Many boys were persuaded to show their talents, and all sang lustily in chorus. As conductor, I found that the use of books is to be avoided. Know the familiar songs and sing yourself, and they will be able to follow if they get the start of each verse.

We concluded with our camp song and some Scout prayers, and went contented to bed. You may call it social service if you like, but when I go next year it will be just to enjoy myself with those youngsters again.

P. GREEN
(1926—31).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES, 1932-33

THE records show that the school societies have had a successful year not only as regards numbers and enthusiasm, but also in the steadily improving quality of the voluntary work done. In the Senior Literary Society the majority of the essays reached a high standard and were especially notable for the

wide reading and research which they showed. Musical items. which were numerous and varied, also reached a high level of attainment. During the year three special meetings were held. Two of these were devoted to music, one being a song recital by Miss Field Hyde and the other a " Brahms evening," while the third was taken up with a series of short prepared speeches. The work of the Middle Literary Society too reached a high standard in essays and music. No plays were produced during the year but owing to the good quality of the other work this omission was not felt. In the Junior Society the general standard of essay work was fairly good, and that of a few individual members outstanding, but there is a tendency to leave too much to these individuals. Several plays were given, many of them being original work, but in these and in the recitations members allowed their enthusiasm to outrun their discretion. They must realise that adequate preparation is needed. Discussions varied. In the Junior Society they were lively ; in the Middle Society they were very keen though they continued to be mainly destructive. In the Senior Society, though ample material was supplied in the essays, they tended to lag, but an improvement became evident as members grew more accustomed to thinking critically on the subjects of the essays.

Both the Boys' and the Girls' Reading Clubs maintained the high standard of introduction to their books and the further summaries given in the minutes also showed careful thought. Discussions, too, reached a good level, though in the Boys' Society these were inclined to be critical rather than complimentary. In the same section the books were mainly on political, economic or religious subjects, some of the more important being A. J. Russell's " For Sinners Only," G. B. Shaw's " Adventures of a Black Girl, " Lytton Strachey's " Eminent Victorians," and Norman Angell's " Unseen Assassins." Though the girls also showed some interest in books of this type, poetry and romance had a more important

place. Examples are Flecker's "Hassan," Wm. Morris's "Roots of the Mountains" and Axel Munthe's "San Michele," while contrast was provided by Lowes Dickenson's "Greek View of Life" and Basil Howard's "Proper Study of Mankind."

The Natural History Societies had a very successful year in every way. In both the Senior and the Junior sections the standard of essays was high, in most instances showing a first-hand observation of nature. During the Winter considerable progress was made with the Land Utilisation Survey which was undertaken as part of the British scheme. The long quarantine of the Summer term, by causing so many games fixtures to be cancelled, enabled the societies to have more expeditions than ever before. The most important of the Junior Society's was to Takely Forest when the thunderstorms only added to the excitement. In the Senior section the outstanding excursions were to the Botanic Gardens at Cambridge and to Lakenheath Warren. During the latter of these all the members devoted their time to ecological work and this was made the basis of part of the biological exhibition at General Meeting.

M.G.Y.

GIRLS' SUMMER SPORTS, 1933

IT was unfortunate that a few cases of mumps should mar what might have been a record season for tennis and cricket matches.

At the beginning of the Summer term the Games Committee decided to open the tennis season by arranging for the visit of a coach. They were fortunate enough to secure the help of Miss Amy Ransome, and her visit, although short, left us with many valuable hints, and the determination to practise hard and to correct faults in style and tactics. As the arrangement for the Senior Mixed Doubles in the House Tournament had not been a successful one, it was decided that they should be

continued as Girls' Doubles, and the Juniors should continue theirs along the same lines as before. In the Senior event Morland came first, while Margaret Brereton retained her position as Junior Champion for the second year in succession. Colours for consistently good play were awarded to the captain, Margaret Smith.

The only cricket match played was against the Old Scholars on Whit-Monday. In spite of the heat this was an evenly matched game and necessitated play continuing after lunch before the present scholars won by the narrow margin of 7 runs. In the House Tournaments Morland gained first place, Crosfield second and Godlee third. Diana Close and Doris Turner earned their colours as a reward for steady season's bowling and batting.

There was no lack of enthusiasm in the Swimming again this year. All the non-swimmers were more than usually keen, and before the end of term they had all learnt to swim, and the majority could swim the length. We were very pleased to be able to entertain Luton. A.S.A. in June, and again managed to win. The final score of this match was 37—16 points and it was disappointing that further matches had to be scratched owing to our being in quarantine.

At Whitsuntide and General Meeting the usual displays were given, including the popular item of figure swimming to music. It is the first General Meeting at which the programme had to be repeated, and this was partly owing to the inadequate accommodation in the Bath for spectators, and partly, perhaps, to a larger number of visitors present.

Joan Colston is still the proud possessor of six records, and this year she succeeded in lowering her 50 yards free style time to 35⅛ seconds and 50 yards back to 45⅝ seconds. In the House Sports Morland came first, Godlee second and Crosfield third. Throughout the term there were Life Saving classes for the Intermediate Certificate, Bronze Medallion and Silver Award examinations, and four girls taking the First and Second Class

Instructors' Certificate successfully coached their members in the Land Drills and Water Tests. To add a final stimulus to the close of a successful season Mr. G. M. Nash kindly examined and passed all these candidates during the last week of the term.

BOYS' CRICKET AND SWIMMING

WE were pleased to open last season with good weather which stayed with us throughout the term.

Most of the Boys' matches were scratched owing to an outbreak of mumps on the girls' side, but the first eleven played through the season, and, thanks to the bowling and batting of both Mr. Pumphrey and Mr. Edmundson, the team had a successful time. The boys played only one match, which they won, although the bowling and batting was not of a high standard. The batting of the eleven improved as the term advanced, and John Barry managed to score 103 against Sawston Church Institute; Mr. Pumphrey made two 50's, one against the Old Boys and the other against R. R. Dobbin's XI. Colours were awarded to Gerald Frayling and to Adrian Wylie.

Swimming, as usual, kept a high standard, and much interest was shown in the Royal Life Saving Exams. at the end of term. John Fleming broke the Junior one-length record in the very good time of 14 seconds, and John Barry broke the Senior in a time of 12⅗ seconds.

We are very pleased to see that the Juniors are taking more interest in diving and swimming than they have done before, and we hope to see more improvement in the future. Luton, against whom a swimming match was arranged, proved to be too strong for us.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Edmundson for all the trouble that he took in the coaching of games and gymnastics throughout the time he was here.

LEARNING TO LEAP

"EH, lass, there's a pole up in yon cow pasture, get the galloway and have a go at leaping."

Quaking inwardly I went and saddled the pony and, having mounted, rode into the field. The pole had one end on the top-most rail but one of the fence, and the other on a big box.

I was told to ride up the field and then let him go at it. I did this while they yelled at the pony thus: "Tip her off, lad, tip her off!" On the way all my past life flashed before me. "If only they taught us something useful!" I thought. I had jumped many a ditch but never a fence—two more yards—I felt the pony swerve to the left and myself go on, but by some turn of fate I stayed in the saddle and we only turned down the field to start again. This time I expected him to swerve, and so when he almost stopped dead I nearly came off. I had just time to dig my knees more firmly into his side, hastily invoke the gods for a safe passage, before he leapt up into the air, goaded on by a hit from the farmer, to land on the other side with all his legs perfectly stiff, or so it seemed to me. Really it wasn't a bad jump.

Twice more without mishap, and then I did the "Olympia Circus" stunt by falling to one side, standing, just, in the stirrup, and staying on in some marvellous way, and lastly succeeded in hauling myself up.

The best way to attempt to leap is never to anticipate anything. Try not to think of what may happen. Think only of what *is* happening and apply yourself to the job on hand. Never hold your horse too tight or you'll find you're on the other side of the fence from him.

But take my advice: don't ever learn to jump in the presence of a Yorkshire farmer. If you do you've only yourself to thank.

Mary Byles
(*Stage* 6).

A LONG NIGHT

I BELIEVE that nothing vexes anyone more than not being able to sleep. I know that I am vexed by it and more particularly so when I am ill in any way. On my first night spent in a hospital, about two years ago, I had been put in a ward at the front of the building.

It is a custom of most towns to build their hospitals on the main road, and this one was no exception, as I found to my loss. Cars were continually passing day and night, and the sound to one unused to it was extremely annoying.

To make matters worse the telephone was not far away and the sound of its bell tinkling at the most unearthly hours added to the confusion. I naturally felt rather out of place in this strange building, and however brave one may be, one cannot help feeling a certain nervousness at undergoing an operation for the first time, and all these things combined to stop me from sleep. I began to imagine things. I heard footsteps, and someone came into the ward. A distant whine of a powerful engine. Whoom! as a large car raced by, the first of a long stream that shook the ward, and lit it up as though it were day.

" I'm nearly asleep now " : a bell clangs somewhere, a voice saying : " Yes, he's quite comfortable." I wonder to whom that refers ? It might be me. At that moment a thought enters my head. Why was I here ? A sudden bitter hatred sweeps over me ; hatred of the doctor, the nurses, and everyone. But I must be careful. I had heard of people being delirious through that. I wonder what it is like to be delirious ?

Why can't I get to sleep when I want to ? That is the umpteenth sheep gone through and yet it is no good. Silly idea, counting sheep.

Someone else has entered again. A light, seeming miles away glimmers beneath a dark shade. The nurse bends over

my bed, and with a broad Scotch accent, says, " Eh, lad, what's the matter wi' ye ? "

" That's bad," I thought, " I must have been talking in my dreams." Another person comes in and this time they talk together in whispers.

A short silence, and then, " Here, sonny, drink this." A small glass of salty fluid is held to my lips. I swallow it at a gulp, and the light goes out. All is quiet. Suddenly a bell clangs in the distance, gradually seeming to recede as Sleep comes into her own.

Gerald Stapleton
(*Stage* 6).

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1932-3

1. MORLAND .. 75·55 (72·68).
2. CROSFIELD .. 66·46 (68·18).
3. GODLEE .. 57·99 (59·14).

NO CHANGE.

	Athletics.	Other Out-of-School Activities.	Class Work.	Conduct.
Crosfield	16·90 (13·95)	16·69 (14·12)	14·61 (14·20)	18·26 (16·87)
Godlee	11·85 (17·46)	14·43 (16·84)	15·69 (17·35)	16·02 (16·53)
Morland	21·25 (18·59)	18·88 (19·04)	19·70 (18·45)	15·72 (16·60)

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

THE result of the House Competition declared recently shows clearly that Morland have more than maintained their superiority over the other two Houses. The results of the previous year are given in brackets. After the declaration of the poll I was fortunate enough to catch " Mr. Morland," who gave me the following message for *The Avenue*.

" Needless to say it is very gratifying that once again I have headed the poll. I had hoped that our long succession of

victories would have convinced our opponents of the futility of further contests and that next year I should be returned unopposed.

" Apparently this is not to be, but I am convinced that next year . . ."

Here I saw " Mr. Crosfield " and as I had only just time to interview him before the bell rang, I left " Mr. Morland " still talking.

" Mr. Crosfield " seemed a trifle discouraged but mumbled something rather incoherent about " muddied oafs and flannelled fools," then he brightened up and asked me if I " didn't think that conduct was the most important thing in school life." Before I could answer the bell rang and he rushed away calling out " Sorry—but I don't want to get ten words for being late."

Finally I ran " Mr. Godlee " to earth, and all he would say was, " Well, anyway, we had the best House Excursion."

Curiously enough the other two had said the same.

FAR AND NEAR

Concerning Old Scholars

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term:

J. Trevor Barritt is undergoing clerical training in Colchester.

Nancy Blackstone is at a school in Lausanne.

Joy Bocock is at a commercial school at Cambridge.

Peter L. Dobrashian is at Bootham School, York.

F. Jonathan Edwards is at University College, London.

Gerald R. Frayling is working under Mr. W. F. Seed in London.

Michael G. Green is at Madras College, St. Andrews.

J. Elizabeth C. Harland is at the North London Collegiate School.

Ursula Helf is back at school in Germany.

Joan W. Land is taking a Secretarial course at Cambridge.

Charles A. Macdonald is at University College, London.

Margaret G. Mattingly is at a school in Berlin.

H. Elizabeth Pittom.

Muriel F. Poulter is at the Sorbonne in Paris.

H. A. Farrand Radley is at Leighton Park School.

Dorothea J. Rawlinson is doing social and nursery school work in Bethnal Green.

B. Joyce Reynolds is going to France after Christmas to study.

Ronald J. Rule is training for business at Ipswich.

Margaret H. Smith is a Student Nurse at The Retreat, York.

SCHOOL DIARY

June 28th.—Tennis Match : 1st VI. *v.* Hilda Engelmann's VI., home, lost, 62—91 games.

July 1st.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, home, won, 235 for 7 wkts. declared—81. J. Barry 103 runs.

,, 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture : "Cavenham Heath," Mr. Hindle.

,, 4th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 5th.—Tennis Match : 1st VI. *v.* Fowlmere Ladies, away, lost, 4-15 sets.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Lakenheath Warren.

,, 10th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Song Recital by Miss Margaret Field-Hyde.

,, 11th.—Girls' Rdg. Club Mtg.

,, 15th.—General Meeting.

,, 17th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diaries, Honor Liddle and Mary Byles ; Current Events Reports, Eileen Edmunds and Honor Liddle ; Weather Report, H. A. F. Radley ; Report on Fleam Dyke Excursion, Joan Colston ; Report on the Excursion to Lakenheath Warren, Honor Liddle ; Essay, "Some Weeds found in my Garden," Mrs. Radley.

,, 19th.—House Socials.

July 22nd.—Tramping Club's walk to Takely Forest.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won.

,, 27th.—End of Term.

Sept. 14th.—School re-opened.

,, 25th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Terence Thompson ; Current Events Report, Una Sell ; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell ; Essays : " The Crow Family," Raymond Lyons ; " The Saffron Walden District," Arnold Gillett.

,, 27th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Banks, home, lost, 3—6.

,, 28th.—Merit Half-holiday.

Oct. 2nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diaries, C. J. Smith and Honor Liddle ; Essay : " Games," Mildred Priestman ; Pianoforte Solos : Chopin's " Polonaise," Opus 26, no. 1, part 1, Jean Sleight ; Beethoven's " Sonata Pathétique," 1st movement, Betty Whitfield.

,, 4th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, won, 2—1.

,, 7th.—Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 8—1. Concert.

,, 9th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Phyllis Rayner ; Current Events Report, Raymond Lyons ; Essay, " Parasites," Honor Liddle ; Talk on the Yorkshire Coast from Flamborough Head to Spurn Head, Miss Priestman.

,, 11th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Banks, home, won, 4—0.

,, 14th.—Hockey Matches : Girls' XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School 1st XI., home, won, 9—2.
Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, home, won, 5—2.
Recital, " Hebrew Folk-song," Mr. Maurice Bannister.

,, 16th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, June Cornish ; Essays : " The International Federation of the Women's Hockey Association's Conference," Dilys Rees ; " Myths and Legends," Una Sell ; Viola Solo : " Com' süsser Tod," by Bach, Jean Sleight.

,, 18th.—Football Match : Junior XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, away, lost, 3—6.

,, 19th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Lilies XI., home, won, 4—2.

,, 21st.—Hockey Match : Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College XI., home, drawn, 6—6.
Lantern Lecture : " Sicily," Mr. Doubleday.

Oct. 23rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, C. J. Smith; Current Events Report, Terence Thompson; Report of the excursion to Takely Forest, C. J. Smith; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell; Essays: "London Waterworks," Mary Byles; "Owls," Eileen Edmunds.

,, 24th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 25th.—Football Match: Junior XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, home, won, 4—1.

,, 28th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's School 1st XI., away, lost, 2—4.
Lantern Lecture: "East Africa," Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

,, 30th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Christopher Meredith; Essays: "Music," C. J. Smith; "Folksong," Jean Sleight; Pianoforte Solo: "Si oisean j'étais, A toi je voterais," by Henselt, C. J. Smith; Violin Solo, "Liebesfreud," by Kreisler, Honor Liddle.

Nov. 1st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., away, won, 1—0.

,, 4th.—Stage 7's visit to Henry IV., Part I., at Welwyn Garden City.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Arnold Gillett; Current Events Report, Ruth Raven; Weather Report, Shelley Fausset; Essays: "Life in a Stream," Lysbeth Everard; "Wasps and their Habits," Allan Thompson.

,, 8th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Harlow Wednesday XI., away, won, 6—3.

,, 11th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Great Chesterford, home, won, 11—2.
Lantern Lecture: "The Isle of Wight," Mr. Platt.

,, 13th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Diana Close; Essays: "What we are not Taught," Betty Snow; "Freedom in Education," Ruth Stubbs; Pianoforte Solos: "Menuett in G," by Paderewski, Ruth Stubbs; "No. 3 of Three Fours," by Coleridge-Taylor, Eileen Edmunds; Violin Solo: "Allegro," by Mozart, Jean Sleight.

,, 15th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, won, 3—2.

,, 18th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's School, Letchworth, home, won, 4—2.
Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School for Girls, home, won, 14—1.
Recital: Mr. F. W. Robinson.

,, 20th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture: "Virus Diseases of Plants and their Insect Carriers," Mr. J. P. Doncaster.

,, 22nd.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, won, 5—1.

Nov. 25th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, home, won, 3—0.
Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School for Girls, home, won, 2—0.
Avenue Concert.

" 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, P. Fausset; Essay, "Organized Peace," Doris Turner; Pianoforte Duet, "Bolero," by Moskowski, Betty Whitfield and Gertrude Edmundson; Violin Solo, "Rondo," by Mozart, Diana Close; Reading, "The Baconian Heresy," Betty Snow.

NOTICES

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

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LONDON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS, JUNE 1933.

HIGHER.

EXEMPTION FROM INTERMEDIATE B.A.

Muriel F. Poulter (L), H. A. Farrand Radley (Economics, O.F).

GENERAL.

EXEMPTION FROM MATRICULATION.

Honours: Dorothy M. Collar (E, H, F, L, M, B, O.F, O.G), Una Sell (E, L, F, M, O.F), Ruth M. Stubbs (E, L, M).

Pass: Peter L. Dobrashian (E, L), F. Jonathan S. Edwards (M), Judith Everard, J. Elizabeth C. Harland (C, D), Joan W. Land, Charles A. Macdonald, E. Mary McGowan, Margaret G. Mattingly (L, M).

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

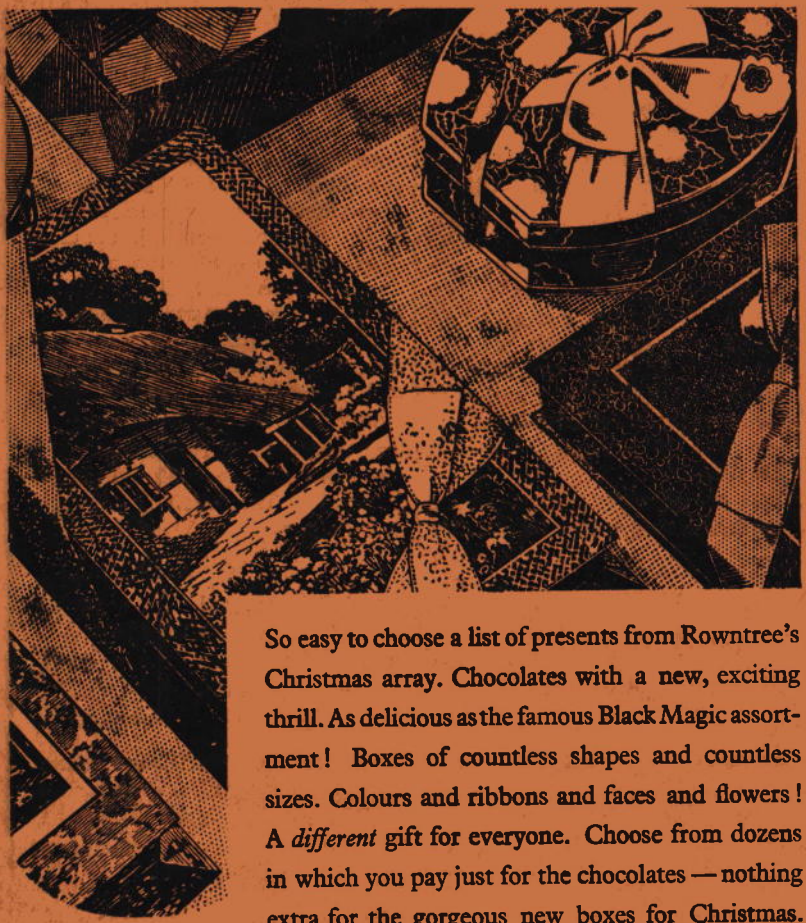
J. Trevor Barritt, H. Elizabeth Pittom, Dorothea J. Rawlinson, Jean M. Sleight, Margaret H. Smith.

(Distinctions: B Biology, C Chemistry, D Drawing, E English, F French, G German, H History, L Latin, M Mathematics, O.F Oral French, O.G Oral German.)

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks receipt of the following Magazines since our last issue: *The Cupola* (Ackworth), *The Georgian* (Harpenden), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *By Kent and Sherne* (Polam Hall).

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