THE AVENUE



MARCH 1933

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THE SCHOOL FRONT



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXIV. MARCH 1933. No. 70.

FOREWORD

THE Electric Sale, which followed weeks of co-operative effort, was the outstanding feature of the Autumn Term. A Committee was formed to make the necessary arrangements, various articles ranging from tinned fruits to vanity bags were collected, and invitations were sent out, with the result that the Sale was well attended by parents and visitors from the town. While money passed freely over the counter in the Dining Hall, concerts, a cinematograph, refreshments and sideshows, held in various parts of the School, also proved to be excellent means of making money.

Some of the profit of £75 supplemented the sum of £22 10s. made at the Summer Fête in providing electric light in the Dining Hall and the Lecture Room, while with the remainder, plus a grant of £50 from the Reckitt Fund, further extensions to the electric light system will be made throughout the School.

The Avenue Concert maintained its usual high standard, both in the musical items and in the play, the "Crimson

Cocoanut", produced by Mr. Beer. An unusually large collection was taken.

The Cambridge University Extension Lectures, given by Guy N. Pocock, M.A., on the "English Story-tellers in Prose and Verse", were attended by four of the older scholars. At the examination which followed, all gained certificates, Muriel Poulter with distinction.

Somewhat more radical material than usual was included in the January issue of the "Sunday at Home", when several people from the top of the school contributed to a symposium on "What I Expect from Life."

For the first time for some years Morland won the House Plays, with their production of "Wurzel-Flummery", while Crosfield were again second, although by only a very small margin. Godlee made a good attempt to produce a difficult play.

This term we are very glad to welcome Miss Yarwood and Miss Kingston (who is an old scholar), as Student Mistresses, and Mr. Todhunter as a Student Master.

We regret that owing to illness Miss Dow has not returned to School this term.

Several members of the Staff and a number of the juniors fell victims to the 'flu epidemic, which fortunately did not reach the proportions of a year ago. Mr. Abbott, of Mitcheldean, Glos., filled for a fortnight the place of Mr. Brereton, whose illness was of a more serious character. We are glad to have his contribution to this number.

We have heard of O.S. broadcasting, but the first member of the Staff to do so was Walter W. Baldwin from Vienna in January on "Camping and Hiking in England."

Charles Macdonald
(*Stage 7*).

SAFFRON WALDEN! NAME OF BEAUTY!

SAFFRON Walden! Name of beauty!
At its sound my heart, my mind,
Feel again the glow of friendship;
Friendship brief but true and kind.
Recollections? These are mainly
Of a sort which seldom dies.
Not all "places",—these fade quickly
When compared with "kindly eyes".
And one golden-tinted evening
Leisurely we talked and strolled
Down and up a tree-lined pathway;
Eager learners,—young and old.
Now as we perambulated,
Four and five abreast (or more),
Recollection of a saying
In a book of ancient lore
Entered in my mind;—thus reading,—
"**N**arrow is the way and straight."
Did this avenue I walked in
Symbolise that way of fate?
Suddenly this thought came to me,—
"**C**hums are walking by my side.
Here's some wisdom in a nutshell,—
'**O**ur right road is straight,—but wide.'"
Onward Saffron Walden scholars; men may one day sheath the sword,
Led by stalwart lads and lassies up a path that's straight and broad.

R. E. ABBOTT.

4

A CHAT WITH LENA

THE other day I went down to the kitchen and met Lena—strange to say, not very busy. I began it: "I suppose you've been here an awfully long time, haven't you, Lena?"

"Well, it was in 1901 I came here, just afore that big affair, the Bi-centenary. A little tot of a thing, with pink cheeks, I was then—I worked in the kitchen for fifteen months, and then I was in the laundry.

"There were only eighty-one boys and fifty-nine girls, six masters and seven mistresses then. There was no Bath, no San., no Art room block—nor these kitchens either. The hospital was where we sleep now, and we didn't so much as know what a trained nurse was.

"Meals? Why for breakfast they always had the same—porridge, bread, milk and treacle. For tea they had hot milk—never no cold then—bread and marge with jam or cheese or marmalade in turn. They didn't used to have no sauce or custard with their suet puddings, but they've always had apple pies.

"When there were little apples from the gardens that weren't any good for cooking, they used to be given two each as they came out of dinner. They never had any fresh fruit but that. They did have stewed fruit once a week, but not with rice. Yes, there's a great deal of difference, but dinner's always been at 12.15 on Saturdays. They've changed most things, but they haven't changed *that* yet.

"The Committee used to come every month then—big burly farmers they were and the ladies used to come in their poke bonnets, they did."

Here Lena paused, so I asked her: "Were the terms the same length then as they are now?"

"Terms? no, they didn't have Terms then, they had Halves. They had four weeks at Christmas and six in the summer. It used to seem awful long."

" Lena, did they have co-education then, or were the boys and girls separate ? "

" The boys didn't sit with the girls then. They were hardly allowed to so much as look at each other. When they went to meeting two by two, if they clashed at the gate the boys had to wait till the girls got past. But they got round it. The boys used to go to the girls' practising room windows. I saw them from the laundry, but I never told anyone. It was their only chance. Sometimes a boy would go to look for something in the Dining-room and made signs to the girls along the passages. One day someone dropped a love letter in the bedrooms, and one of the Staff picked it up. That did it ! "

" You know, Lena, we have ever such a lot of work to do now. Did they do as much then ? "

" Lot of work ? the girls don't do a quarter of what they used to do. They set and cleaned all the tables, and swept and dusted bedrooms. They used to haul all the washing to the laundry, too, and when I was working there, we used to give them rides round in the baskets. And look at the pinafores they used to wear : a white one on Sundays, washed once a month, coloured ones in the mornings, and white in the afternoons—washed every week they were. They wasn't allowed to have curly hair. I remember one day — — put hers in curl papers, but she had to stand outside the washroom door and brush it for ages till it was all straight again."

" What was it like during the war ? " I asked. " Oh, we had an awful time when the soldiers came in—December 9th it was and the children were all packed and sent off that very day. They even had to take their clothes home wet. Then the soldiers came in with their gramophones, and their whisky, and their barrels of beer. The men slept in the dormitories and ate in the Girls' Schoolroom, and the officers had the Dining Room, and slept in the San. The Girls' Playroom was a butcher's shop—four hundred of them there were, and some not more than sixteen—I felt sorry for them. They had their own cooks, and I

wasn't meant to help them. I was looking after Mr. and Mrs. Walker, but they couldn't manage the fires, they couldn't, and I took pity on them and used to help them. They used to come and take my puddings and leave their own horrible ones, black as ink. At night when I was doing a bit of washing for them, I'd hear someone coming and then I'd put out the light, or pretend I was going to bed. They packed up on February 29th and left on March 1st. It snowed fit to cut your eyes open, and they said they was going a long march."

"Can you remember the 'flu epidemic?" I said.

"Well, let me see. There was only five or six of us altogether that didn't get it. Every bedroom was turned into a hospital and parents and people came in from outside to help. Of course there weren't any classes. It lasted about a month, and they went home as soon as they were convalescent.

"I used to see more of the boys then, as we didn't have such a boy as Leonard, and they used to go down to stoke."

Just then I heard a bell ring somewhere where I knew I ought to be, so I thanked Lena for her jolly talk, and then ran.

QUESTION MARK.

THE OLD SCHOLARS' PARTY

THERE was a very large attendance at the Old Scholars' Party on January 5th. After a period of greetings and handshakings we gathered in the tea room and proceeded "to eat, drink and be merry." Another time of gossiping among the elders followed while the younger people manipulated the lifts, and amused themselves in different parts of the building.

When we were assembled again we were directed to look at various cards on which were shown the names of towns in

painted symbols. " Manchester " was a man hitting a ball with his chest. Derek Schove received the first prize with sixteen out of forty.

" Hyde Park " followed. Towards the end of the game, when there were only a few couples left, the chairs were pulled about in order to prevent the players from circling round the same chair, some people sitting down heavily on the ground through trying to sit on a moving chair.

A film " Whitsuntide Doings at Walden," taken and shown on the white-washed wall by Mr. Donald Peverett and accompanied by his running commentary, afforded many laughs. We saw a master on duty and a mistress sipping tea, both of which created much amusement. We also saw the cricket and tennis matches, clock golf, tenniquoits and terza.

Then came the " star turn " of the evening. Miss Jean Champness had (so the announcer said) learnt all the addresses of the Old Scholars. She sat at a table draped with a green cloth reaching to the floor. Someone in the audience would call out the name of the Old Scholar. The announcer would then call out the name (adding comments concerning the person's subscription). Miss Champness gave correctly the addresses of all the members whose names were put forward, but unfortunately the person who was underneath the table could not get away unseen.

Next the members of Godlee, Crosfield and Morland played " Clumps " in three groups. All subjects were solved except " the fourth word of the King's speech on Christmas Day."

Musical chairs and " Sir Roger de Coverley " were followed by " Auld Lang Syne," and we all went back to our different homes, feeling very grateful to the Old Scholars for giving us such an enjoyable evening.

Raymond F. Lyons
Lionel Young
(*Stage* 5).

SUGGESTED BY WALDEN CHURCH

AS I looked down the music-shaded aisle,
And heard the ringing footsteps die away,
Through those old stainèd windows, wondrous light
Shone dim, to mark the close of parted day.

Then, rising through the stillness like a chord
Of all the songs that swept the Sun-God's lyre,
A slumbrous swell of music filled the air,
As though Olympus breathed its dying fire.

Trancèd, I listened to the silver strains
That filled the shadowed arches, thrilling all
Their great majestic pillars, e'en as Heaven
Should sound to nobler men a higher call.

Then through the Western windows glory fled,
And sadly soft, the music ceased once more;
An instant echoes trembled in the vaults,
Then all the church was silent as before.

Una Sell
(*Stage 7*).

POSSESSED

"TRAMS or omnibuses?" said the conductor. "Well I must say I prefer omnibuses. With trams you can't do anything but keep to straight lines already put there for you. Now with buses it's different; why I often think that if I liked I could run this bus with all the people in it to Land's End, and no one could stop me. Of course I should lose my job, but I should have had my fun, and I'd be willing to pay for it. Not but what you can have some fun with trams," he went on reflectively, "I had a brother once as was a genius. At least so he said, though we all thought he was a bit off it,



LINO CUT

Richard S. Walker
(Stage 6).

more'n anything else. Anyway one day he decided he'd have a bit of a change in his life, and when he'd got a lot of people in his tram he wouldn't stop anywhere.

"It was a rainy evening, and all the people that got in were looking as tired and solemn as might be. When my brother began to go past their usual stopping places, some of them began to get anxious, and some angry, but they dared not go and speak to my brother about it because he had a nasty sort of gleam in his eye and they thought perhaps he was mad, so they just sat there. He went faster and faster, never thinking for a moment of stopping, and by-and-by he caught up another tram on the same lines, but that didn't stop him. He just went a little faster, and pushed it on in front. Of course the people in the other tram didn't know what was happening and you should have heard the things they said. He caught up several more trams, and soon he was pushing a whole row of them with their brakes all twisted like so many sticks of liquorice. Where the power came from to drive them all I'm sure I don't know.

"It got darker and darker and lights began to show in the shop windows, but my brother didn't stop. He stood there humming a little tune to himself, going faster and faster all the time. Crowds of people stopped to stare at the row of trams, and some tried to follow, but none of them could keep up, and they gradually fell back. The people in my brother's tram seemed as if they were under a spell, they sat there still and terrified ; but the people in the ones in front kept banging away at the glass with their fists and shouting at the passers-by. They couldn't make them hear, and anyway they didn't have time.

"Presently they left the town behind, and then there wasn't much use in hitting the glass, and making faces so they stopped and sat quiet, like the ones in my brother's tram. I think they must have thought it was the devil himself driving them, because the air seemed full of electricity, as if it were ready to burst into flame at any moment, and there were great blue sparks overhead

and around them. Anyway, they were muttering prayers and looking suspiciously at the two little curls on each side of his head, which I must say looked from behind very like sprouting horns. Then rats and weasels with green, fiery eyes kept running across the road, birds kept starting up from the hedges each side, and altogether there was a sort of eerie feeling about which they didn't at all like. Then the front tram ran over a cat, and it screamed out so like a soul in torment that they all made sure they were on the straight road for Hell itself. The only people who weren't terrified were two little boys in front of my brother's tram, and they were a bit frightened at first, but when they found nothing bad happened to them, they got interested and sat there bouncing up and down with excitement as the tram rocked from side to side.

"The trams had passed the terminus long since and heaven knows how they did it, but somehow they ran on just as if there had been lines there for them. They passed through villages and set all the cocks crowing, while the villagers, thinking it was the end of the world, hid their heads under the bedclothes, and pretended not to be there. All through the night my brother drove on. I don't believe he was thinking at all, he was simply possessed by a demon of speed.

"Then it began to grow light again, the sky grew grey, and all the fields and hedges seemed emptied of colour; gradually the darkness disappeared, and just as the first lark began to sing my brother stopped. He collapsed in his seat, quite worn out, and the other people couldn't do much more. Yes, the company discharged me, though it wasn't my fault, and they knew it. As for him, he was just put in the asylum, though he would persist that he was a poet, a genius, and hated being kept on other people's lines, but must be free. Anyway, if genius is like that, I'd as soon not have any, nor madness either."

Honor M. Liddle
(Stage P.C.).

II

JACK FROST

NOW the trees stood bare and coldly,
In the silence on the hill;
Now the river rushed on boldly
Through the valley past the mill.

Now Jack Frost has thrown his mantle,
O'er the dull and dreary world;
Changing now the cheerless sunset
To a fairyland of gold.

Every tiny web and window,
He has touched up with his hoar;
Changing every thing to silver,
Every tree upon the moor.

Peggy Woolf
(*Stage 4a*).

WRITING AN ESSAY FOR "MIDDLE LIT."

IT was on the 15th of June and I was playing games. I was feeling rather lazy when I remembered I had got to bring in a title for Middle Lit. which was on Thursday. "Bother, I wonder what I can write about?" I thought, but my thoughts were interrupted by a chorus of shouts, and I saw that the ball was coming towards me. I made a snatch at it and managed to stop it, but not without hurting my fingers.



The next day was Thursday and when I was in class I started thinking of a title to give in at the meeting which was in the evening. Suddenly, however, the master's voice interrupted me, and he gave me thirty words for not attending.

In the afternoon I decided to write my essay on birds, so, borrowing two huge volumes from the lab., I started doing a rough copy of my essay. That evening I gave in my title of the essay.

The next day was Friday. After dinner I was going on with my rough copy when the master on duty wanted me to do my hour's standing which I had forgotten to do in my hurry to get on with my essay. When I had nearly finished the master on duty said I would have to start again because I had moved. When at last I finished I went onto the field, too bored to continue with my essay.

On Sunday after Meeting I had decided to get on with the rough copy of my essay, when a bell for collect went and we had to collect in the playroom because some one had thrown a banana skin on the cupboards in the bedroom. When this had finished I again started, but in about half an hour first bell for dinner went. " I'll just do a little more," I thought, but I forgot the bell had gone until second bell went, so I had fifteen words for being late.

In my hurry I mislaid my volumes on birds which I had been copying from. On Monday I asked in collect if anybody had seen them, but unfortunately no one had, so I searched all day for them, on Tuesday I found them behind the boxes in the playroom. How they got there I don't know, but I had got them.

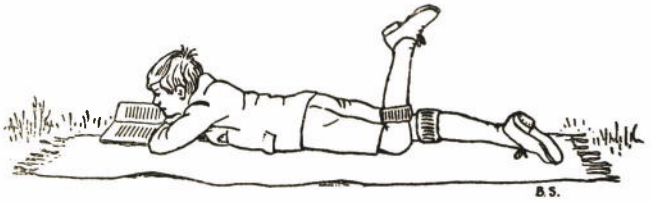
The next day being Wednesday I did about half a page, but it was such a nice day that I went out.

On Thursday after dinner I sat down to get on, but my pen ran out of ink, so I tried to borrow some. After searching unsuccessfully for a quarter of an hour I had to spoil my nib by filling my pen with black ink from an ink well, for which the ink boy gave me a 2d. fine.

On Friday I got bored writing out my essay in rough so I decided to do it straight away in neat, so I went to find the stationery boy. When I found him he said that I had to get essay paper from Mr. Pearson, so I went to look for him. I

looked all over the school and at last I was told that he had gone for a ride in one of the masters' cars, so I went out for a little rest.

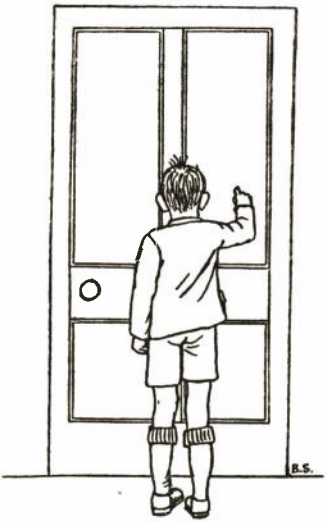
When Saturday came I determined to finish the essay by working all the afternoon, so directly I came out of dinner I sat down to get on with it. After I had been working for about a quarter of an hour I was told that the master who was on duty wanted me. So I went to him and he said I had got thirty words which I had forgotten, so he gave me ten words for not attending punishment collect, and ten for forgetting, so consequently I was gated and when I had written my words I had two pages of Tappan to write out for being gated. When at last I finished my punishment I dropped my pen on the floor and the nib was bent back, so I went to find the stationery boy. I found him on the other side of the field, and I asked him to get me a nib from stationery. He gave me the keys and told me to bring them back (being his brother he trusted me) so when I had got the nib out of the stationery desk and taken the key back to him I managed to get on again with my essay, but I found that it was too lonely and too boring in Group B, so I went out and watched the match.



On Sunday it was such a nice day that I lay on my rug and read nearly all day. On Monday I was going to get on with it, but I thought I would have a rest.

On Tuesday I started doing my essay in Prep. I had done about half a page when the master confiscated it and gave me an hour's work. " I'll have to hurry now," I thought.

After Prep. I managed to copy the part that was in rough on my new piece of paper, although you could hardly read the writing.



On Wednesday, in the afternoon, I did some of the essay until I was only one page behind my other copy. Then I was told the master who had confiscated my essay wanted me, so I went to him hoping for the best, and he said that because Middle Lit. was the next day he would give me my essay back. This was rather annoying, but I went on with my first copy.

On Thursday I did some before breakfast, but still had a page to do, so I did it in Prep. At last I finished my essay with sixty-five words, two hours standing and a 2d. fine.

(NOTE: In the interests of truth we feel it right to state that any excess in the above is an effort of the imagination. —EDS.)

Alan Thompson
(*Stage 4a*).

A NIGHT IN A BOARDING HOUSE

WHEN I arrived, cold, wet and dreary, at my boarding house, I rang the bell. The door was opened by an austere landlady, who invited me in, and kindly requested me not to ring so loud, as it disturbed the residents on the ground floor. I was shown up to my rooms and told that supper would be ready in ten minutes.

At the right moment, I sallied down to the dining room which had had a ticket on the door saying the times of meals. I went in and sat down at a table in a corner, and looked around at my fellow-lodgers. There were an apoplectic old man who turned out to be a retired colonel, a young man and his fiancée, a very upright old lady and a solemn middle-aged man.

The apoplectic one sidled over to me. " Where do you come from, hey ? Bristol, hey ? Good place, Bristol ! I trained there in '99, with the old 65th. How long are you going to stay, hey ? A night, hey ? Ah ! here comes the supper." When we came to the bread, cheese and coffee stage, he came and sat at my table. At my refusing a cigar, he began to ruffle his feathers. " What a non-smoker, hey ? " and bubbled over with heys and grumbles, and mumbled them into his whiskers. Most astonishing whiskers, his were ! the sort that curl into long ringlets, and get in the way when you drink.

After some more conversation with the whiskered one I retired to bed. When I got into bed, I found a stone hot-water bottle there ; it had apparently been put there the day before to air the bed, but now it was stone-cold. I threw it out in disgust, and wrapped my vest round my feet. Even that did not help much.

About two hours later, I awoke and found Felix and several of his cronies practising for a concert in aid of catsmeat on the kitchen roof below. I got a match alight, found the hot water bottle, took out the stopper, and emptied its contents on to the chorus below. That silenced them, and I went to sleep.

In the morning I flopped out of bed, into a bath of cold water placed there ; after having said naughty things to the landlady, the lodgings, the bath, and to the world in general, I got out, wrung my wet pyjamas, dried myself and dressed. After breakfast, I told my landlady what I thought of her, and packed my things and went.

Wm. H. Evens
(*Stage* 3).

16

BEWILDERMENT

NESTLING at the foot of a great hill was a pretty hamlet, composed of a few whitewashed cottages and those two most important features of village life, the Inn and the general shop. Few signs of the great city, which was twenty miles away, had marred the peaceful rural scene.

Sitting outside two of the prettiest and brightest cottages were two women. They were conversing rapidly to each other. " My sister, her what works for Farmer Giles, you know, well, her said he be a powerful good man. He said, he did, that I could come with him, on market days."

" There now," muttered the other woman, enviously, " that be a rare turn of luck, it do. So you'll be going to-morrow ? "

" Well, I'm not so sure. I'm that scared o' all them motor cars—though I did want to buy something for Lizzie. She'll come twenty-one next week. But the traffic . . ."

" Come now, you're not scared of them, are you ? And to think how fine it'll be, getting your Lizzie's present."

" Well then," replied Mrs. Evans weakly, " I s'pose I'd better let Farmer Giles know."

Mrs. Brown always decided things for Mrs. Evans, whose weaker nature made it impossible for her to dispute the former's authority.

The next day dawned clear and bright, and Mrs. Evans would have enjoyed the drive if she had not been so nervous about the coming purchase. Farmer Giles left her near the market square, saying, " Be here at four o'clock, and I'll drive you home."

Farmer Giles disappeared into the crowd, and Mrs. Evans stared dazedly about her, not knowing where to go or what to do. She walked hesitatingly up the street and saw on the other side of the road a shop where umbrellas, purses and similar articles were prominently displayed in the window. She gazed

at the shop with such obvious longing, that a good-natured man, standing near her, exclaimed, " Come along, mother, I'll take you across."

The ease with which her companion crossed the busy street surprised the old lady. Ah ! now she was across the road and could look at the wonderful things. But there was no one to take her inside the shop, so she stood outside, a forlorn little figure of a countrywoman.

She wandered up and down the street, wondering why she had been so foolish as to come to this great, noisy city. As she was thinking thus she felt a touch on her. She saw a stranger standing near her.

" Excuse me, but are you Mrs. Evans, of Bromley village ? " Something in the woman's look and gesture was oddly familiar, but Mrs. Evans could not recollect where she had seen her.

" Yes," she answered in surprise ; " Yes, I am."

" Then don't you remember Sarah Byng, your old friend ? "

" Sarah ! " she exclaimed. " Well, who would o' thought of meeting you here ? "

She remembered the woman now ; she was an old schoolfellow, whom she had not seen for a long time.

" Sarah, would you do some shopping for me ? I must buy something, but I'm mortal feared of them big shops."

" Why, to be sure I would," replied her friend cheerfully.

The purchase was made successfully, and now that she had nothing to do but to wait for Farmer Giles Mrs. Evans felt quite confident of her own powers. She had always secretly resented Mrs. Brown's dictation. Now she felt that she had an opportunity to surprise her. So when she arrived home she immediately went to Mrs. Brown's house. "Oh, I just thought I'd show you what I brought," she said with would-be indifference.

" Well, now, so you brought it, did you ? And you weren't afraid, were you ? " Mrs. Brown looked somewhat surprised.

" No, not I," replied Mrs. Evans, scornfully. " I just went, I did, right into the biggest shop, and I asks for it, and mind it's the best in the shop, I says."

" Well," exclaimed Mrs. Brown ; " Well, you never knows what you can do until you try, do you ? "

Margaret Rowell
(*Stage* 5).

THE VAGUE ONE

" 'ERE, Bill," said old Jim one afternoon to his friend, " I want to take 'ee to the pictures to-night." " What do you call 'em ? the pictures ? And you do what ? " " Sit in t' row." " I know you wander round the room and look at pictures." " How can you, if you are sitting, you topsy-turvy old chap ? "

* * * * *

" Jim ! Jim ! I don't see any pictures," said Bill, getting agitated.

The buzzing of the electric motor starts.

" Hi ! is that the devil let loose or is it an aeroplane ? " shouted Bill with the whole audience looking at him ! " Please, sir ! Please, sir ! " said an official trying to pacify him.

Bill quietened down, and gave his attention to a train roaring along on its rails. This time he burst out with, " Help Help ! " and was bundled outside the door.

Robert Tawell
(*Stage* 3).

MODERN BERLIN

WHEN I first arrived in Berlin two things struck me almost immediately. The first was the superb and embarrassing courtesy of the Germans and their strictness of discipline; and the second was the military spirit of German youth as shown by their strenuous political campaign just before the Election.

As an example of their courtesy, this is what happens if you are a bit late to dinner. First you curtsey and kiss the hand of the lady at the end of the table. Then you go all round shaking hands with everyone else before you sit down. One day a boy came to visit his sister. One by one all the girls came in, eleven or twelve, and to each he was introduced and bowed deeply; then by the time he had been introduced to everyone his sister was ready and he had to repeat the same performance shaking hands with everyone and bowing deeply all over again. He looked very relieved when he went out.

I am always a bit worried over this kissing of the hand. Generally I just curtsey, but one day when I was introduced to a lady I decided I had better be polite. So I seized her hand rather roughly (not being used to it) and kissed it vigorously. This was wrong, I learned afterwards. But one is bound to make a few mistakes at first.

The first time I came across the strict discipline you read of so much was when I entered a German school. I had been told that at 10 o'clock I was to telephone to someone, so on reaching the school I enquired at the office if I could borrow their telephone. "It is forbidden," I was informed. "Well," I said "surely in a special case one may use it. I *must* telephone, it's important." "No," they said, "it is forbidden, but if you go to a bookshop quite near the school you may telephone from there. Let me see, you are in classroom 2, and it is beginning now." "First," I said firmly, "I must go to this bookshop." "But", they said, "it is not polite to be late." "Polite or not," I said, "I must telephone, it is a pity it is not polite but it

doesn't matter." (My knowledge of German is too limited to explain sufficiently and nicely in cases like this; I have to put it crudely.) So I went to the shop and I telephoned. What strictness!

German youth is a strange mixture. I noticed the Election excitement on my very first day. I was going through the streets with a girl, and every now and then she would say "Heil Hitler" to one of the passers-by. Then proudly she pointed out a group of boys with brown shirts and red flags marching down the road as "Some of our Hitler-Jugend boys." But it is not only the Nazis who are militaristic. The big parties all have their own signs, their own badges, their passwords, and their flags. Strewn all round the streets on the Sunday before the Election were bits of paper with catch words or symbols on them, the Hammer and Sickle, the Swastika or the Three Arrows, and everywhere flags, the Nazi flag and the Communist flag flying defiantly from two windows side by side. The Nazis have their Storm Troops, the Social Democrats have their Iron Front, the Communists their Red Front, and the German Nationals their own Youth Movement with no particular name, all ready to fight to the death in case of civil war. "Do you think there *will* be a civil war?" I asked once, and was told, "Perhaps, it is quite possible but it depends on what happens after the Election." There have been many political murders especially of the Nazis; in Berlin alone eleven members of the Storm Troops and two boys of the Hitler-Jugend have been murdered this year, and mostly by Communists. I was warned it would be safer not to wear my Swastika in Election time. One day when I was in a shop a lady of another party said to me indignantly "Take off your Swastika, take off your Swastika," which I obediently did, not remembering enough German in the agitation of the moment to ask why. But luckily, beyond a few angry scowls and disgusted looks and mutterings from several people when they saw me, nothing happened, and the smiles and "Heil Hitler" from the Nazis were worth it.

During the four days of the Great Traffic Strike there was great excitement and political feeling ran high. It was entirely unexpected I think. I rose from my bed in the middle of the night on November 3rd (at least to be exact it was 6.0, but it seemed like the middle of the night) and made my way to the nearest Underground station. To my disgust and surprise iron bars were placed across the entrance and a large crowd was collected outside, all very excited. I went back to get my umbrella and reported the phenomenon. "The Strike, the Strike!" they shouted. "What," I said, full of hopes, "a real strike! Does *everything* stop?" "Yes, everything!" "Oh, grand, no Russian!" And I fared forth to see the fun.

That then was as far as it affected me. But two million people had to walk in the rain to their work that morning. The police started a few buses and trams, but at night several were stormed and the windows broken, so I was warned to keep out of them. The streets were full of crowds which were dispersed by the police, and four Nazis were killed, all by accident. New posters were put up showing a Nazi and a Communist arm in arm, both with beaming smiles like the Bisto Kids, with the inscription, "The Nazis and Communists head the strike. Therefore vote German National" (or Social Democrat or Zentrum or Young Radical Movement or German States party, or People's Party or Evangelical movement. There are twenty-eight parties, but I can't remember the others). Yes, party feeling was certainly strong.

They say Germany is the danger spot of Europe. I think it is true. "Germany is marching," said one paper. Yes, everyone is marching, in spirit at least, with cries of "Heil Hitler", "Heil Moscow" or "Freiheit", marching under the Hakenkreuz, the Red Flag, the red, white, gold of the Reichsbanner or the red, white, black of the Nationals, down the long, long road of armaments. Where will it all lead?

K. MARGARET A. HARLAND

(1927-32).

SPRING

THE springtime with its showers
Has reached us once again,
The sun with all its powers,
For spring shall truly reign.

The birds are sweetly singing
In the pink apple tree;
The swallows their ways are winging
O'er meadow and o'er lea.

Beside the little sparkling brook,
The buttercups grow near,
And violets sweet in every nook,
Whisper, "Spring is here!"

Joyce Purkiss
(*Late Stage* 3).

I SKATE (-ING)

"LEFT, right, left, right."

No, I was not marching, but skating (at least trying to) and not on the lower asphalt, but on an ice-covered lake at about 10 o'clock at night, during the spell of hard frost which we had at the beginning of January.

The ice, which was lit by the headlights of the cars parked on the bank, was like polished glass, so that it was with great caution that I stood on the blades of my skates and surveyed the scene.

The lights made golden paths on the surface, into which the swiftly moving figures of the skaters were plunged for a brief second as they twirled and raced. Merry laughter filled the air, which contrasted strangely with the heavy thumps followed by

groans, which denoted that some unlucky person had fallen with undignified haste.

" Now," said Uncle, " hold on to the chair and push off—that's right, one, two, one, two, steady now. Ah, you're improving." I sincerely hoped so, for I had been pushing a baby's high chair round and round, up and down (more especially down) for about two hours and I was getting impatient.

" Elizabeth ! " " Hullo," I said. " Daddy says we must go home now—it's twenty past ten," shouted my brother. " Coming," I answered, so with heavy head and many yawns I unstrapped my skates and we went home.

Next morning we went again to the scene of our previous night's sport. How different it seemed in the wintry sunlight : the ice sparkled and shone and the air was keen. I could now go without the chair and my spirits rose visibly. I went carefully at first, but after a while I gained confidence and borrowing a hockey stick, I prodded a small round piece of wood over the ice—my progress being interrupted every twenty yards by falling either on my head or knees.

The lake was now becoming thronged by skaters in brilliantly coloured jumpers, berets, scarves, etc. (What queer things people wear when they go skating !)

Parties on the banks refreshed themselves with hot coffee and sandwiches, beginners were praised and the experts offered helpful criticism. Daddy and Uncle were playing ice-hockey with a score of others, about a hundred yards away. This is an absorbing game to watch, being extremely fast and I stood fascinated till my watch warned me to make hay while the sun shone, for a thaw was promised by the daily weather experts and we should probably have no more skating after to-day.

" Crrack," went the ice, " crrack," as if protesting against the heavy load of humanity which it was forced to bear. Just then Uncle came up to me and said, " Try coming with me, now that you can go alone, it's good practice for you." Holding his hands we shot across the ice with a swaying motion which was

delightful. We slowed down and turned a circle so as to stop. " That was grand," I said, " now I'll get something to eat, I'm terribly hungry."

That evening we went again, and although the ice was rather cut up by the many skaters during the day, we could still go very quickly. The lights from the cars were supplemented by a hurricane lantern and several people carried torches.

An hour and a half seemed to go like magic and there were evidences of elaborately concealed yawns from even the most tireless of enthusiasts who for the most part had been skating all day.

As I was turning for the last time I overheard someone say to a friend : " I think skating's grand sport," and I agreed.

Elizabeth F. Jossaume
(*Stage* 5).

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS

CHRISTMAS ! only the mentioning of the word when I was younger used to give me a thrill of delight and expectation, and wisps of thought associated with it floated through my mind : a frosty morning, or even a moonlit snowy night gazed at through an open door by wondering eyes, cosy rooms lit up by blazing logs, brightly coloured Christmas cards laid out on the mantelpiece, the anxiety of finishing presents in time, the dread of having to " do one's bit " and recite or play something, light laughter and crackers, many people, flickering candles, also mystery.

I remember how, on Christmas Eve, with my brother and sister, I used to discuss in low tones the details of the coming of Father Christmas ; each vowed to stay awake and catch him in the act of distributing gifts, while visions of disappearing red and white coat tails around the corner of the door filled us with a sense of superiority and victory ; our imaginations

were so real that often, the next morning, we swore we had really seen him and could describe him to the minutest detail.

Next came the important and exciting moment of hanging up our socks, by securely fastening them to the bedpost with enormous safety pins, when I threw rather envious glances towards the pair of dangling socks, which privilege my sister, being the youngest, was allowed, trying to convince myself that my larger one would hold as much as her two.

Then I remember a gentle drowsiness, when I was only faintly aware of a soft, white pillow and the contented feeling of having done my best in the way of gifts and that anyway it was too late to alter anything now.

Often I woke very early in the morning, when the only sound of life was the crowing of cocks answering each other at equal intervals, and although only half-conscious, was aware immediately that something, something important was going to happen ; then suddenly a tingling feeling would run all over me like an electric shock ; I opened my eyes wide, whispered in a thrilling voice, " It's Christmas morning," and gazed round in the semi-darkness, where shadowy forms could be distinguished on the little table beside me. I shot out a hand and felt for my sock ; yes, it was full ; running my hand down it, feeling carefully the various bumps, I came across the well-known orange at the very bottom, then I fell back on my pillow and closed my eyes with a contented sigh.

The sun was streaming in through the slits of the shutters some time later, when an excited voice speaking in my ear, awoke me again : " Joyce, wake up, it's Christmas to-day, and I've felt such a funny soft thing in one of my parcels . . . " standing by my bed was my little sister, a long, white nightgown and a mass of yellow curls.

" Happy Christmas," I whispered, and the long looked forward to day had begun.

Joyce Myers
(*Stage* 5).

CORRESPONDENCE

DEAR EDITOR,—In the December 1932 issue of *The Avenue*, page 88, you say "John Barry scored 159 not out, being a record which will take some beating."

I believe Howard Brooks holds *the record v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, June 18th, 1884, when he scored 188 *not out*, a second wicket stand of 285.

If you wish to report in *The Avenue* you might like a fuller account of the match as taken from the "Natural History Journal and School Reporter," October, 1884. "S.W.G.S., 43: P. Starling, 7, A. Joaquin 7. F.S.S.W., 285 for 2 wickets: H. Brooks not out 188—a fine innings without a chance after reaching 80—E. V. Lucas 70, W. Smith 10."

Yours sincerely,

President O.S.A.

(All due apologies.—EDS.)

FROM FAR AND NEAR

CONCERNING OLD SCHOLARS.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term:

Mary Adams.

Mary E. Bond is in a laundry at Isleworth.

Robert F. Matthews is learning Farming with Keymer Burtt.

Margaret M. Pool.

Wilfrid Taylor.

Cyril F. Thring is in Marshall's Engineering Works, Gainsborough.

CYRIL F. THRING (1929-32) writes from Gainsborough:

"The work (with Marshall's, Engineers) is extremely interesting and I am enjoying it tremendously. The only snag is having to get up at 6.30 in order to be at work by 7.30. It's so dark and dreary now that it requires a bit of an effort—still it's jolly nice on a Saturday morning (I don't work on Saturdays)

listening to the buzzer, then turning over and going to sleep again. It's a grand life and I'm enjoying it."

* * * *

JOYCE HEATON (1931-32) writes from Minneapolis, U.S.A. :

" Before Christmas we had some below 0° weather, but recently it has been quite warm. On the Saturday night it must have snowed quite hard, because in the morning there were eight inches of snow. It made a beautiful Christmas morning and the trees were especially pretty.

" We are now in the end of our first week of holidays, as we only finished school on the Thursday before Christmas. We have only a fortnight's holiday at Easter and Christmas, but we make up for it in summer, when we have three and a half months. . . . If I found a gold mine I'd come straight to England and to Walden."

* * * *

DAPHNE PALMER (1926-32) writes from Lausanne :

" Haute Rampe is beautifully situated, over-looking Lake Geneva and the mountains. I have got the room that all the other Waldenites have had, and I really believe it is the best room in the house. Of course it seemed strange to be one of eight girls instead of eighty to ninety, but I soon got used to it. The walks are lovely, and speaking French is great fun, although it hampers my speech at times.

" For the Winter Sports we went away to Mégève, a little village in the Savoie mountains. It was just sixteen days of pure bliss—ski-ing and skating all day and picnics in the snow. We were staying in a chalet that was a veritable little palace, with beautifully polished wood and huge fireplaces and sweet little bedrooms with hot and cold water—not at all my original idea of a chalet."

* * * *

JOHN READER (1926-32) writes from Penketh :

" There are only four masters on the Staff here, so that I have quite a lot of duty for my position (of student master—EDS.). I have to take two Preps. per week, two afternoon duties

and various oddments such as Recess and Dinner collect . . . It is certainly a new aspect of school life to see things from the point of view of the staff; the difficulties involved in the giving of punishments, etc.

" I teach English and History, and I find teaching immensely interesting; so much so that I am longing to do more. The mistakes I make and those it is possible to make have never presented themselves to me before, and I see for the first time a few of the schoolmaster's trials and difficulties.

" Every morning at 6.45 I take a gym. class for the older boys who care to come, and most of them do. They were amazed and interested at the co-ordination exercises I showed them, that I had learned during my one year under Mr. Edmundson. I make it as near a Walden morning gym. class as possible.

" Every Wednesday night I go and help at a children's Play Centre in Warrington for children on the streets. We use the Meeting House for our work and while the others try and teach the older boys and girls needlework, fretwork and designing simple things, another fellow and I organize a physical exercise and games department in the big Meeting House. The noise is deafening, but I bought a whistle and when we want to get them fairly quiet I blow this till the hall echoes, and then they stop shouting for a bit."

* * * *

IRENE BARRY (1925-1930) writes from Chungking, West China:

" The ' war ' up country seems to be over for the time being, but no-one knows exactly what is happening or when it will start all over again! The Missions' Yearly Meeting and Conferences are usually held at this time of year, but most people have been prevented from attending this year owing to all the rumours of fighting and the moving of troops from one place to another.

. . .

" You will be interested to hear that the Friends' School here has come out top again in the Government Competitive

Examinations. Mr. Yang came in to give us the good news this morning only. There were thirty-seven different schools competing this time, and naturally he is awfully pleased that his boys have done so well. . . . I intended getting this letter finished last night and ready for the post this morning, but a very big fire started in the city just as we were leaving the office, and for some time it looked as though all our property was going to be burnt. Naturally we were terribly nervous, having been burnt out twice before, and Daddy was over in the city from nine o'clock till half-past eleven last night, just standing-by in case we lost everything again. Houses and shops on either side of the office were burnt, but fortunately nothing reached us, and we have escaped with only a few broken tiles on the roof. Hundreds of people have lost everything, but we hear to-day that only one man was burnt to death. He was over seventy and probably too old and feeble to get away during the general rush and panic. Mother and I watched the fire from the verandah, and we could hear children's voices shouting to their parents above the roar of the flames—it was just terrible. Daddy and I went over to the office this morning and had a look at the wreckage. One does feel sorry for the people ! "

SCHOOL DIARY

Nov. 23rd.—Football Matches : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 0—2.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, lost, 2—10.

,, 26th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Great Chesterfield XI., away, won, 3—1.
Lantern Lecture : " Round Africa ", Mr. J. P. Whitlow.

,, 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, C. J. Smith ; Essays : " Deep Sea Fishes ", Elizabeth Meredith ; " What We Believe ", Honor Liddle ; " Moths and Butterflies, their Differences and Activities ", Betty Harland.

Dec. 3rd.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge University Old Bootham Scholars, home, lost, 0—3.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 10—0.
Avenue Concert.

,, 4th.—Lantern Lecture : " Relief Work at Brynmawr ", Mr. J. S. Hoyland.

,, 5th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Peter Dobrashian ; Essays : " The Scottish Highlands ", Mary Bond ; " Society among Nations ", Peter Dobrashian ; " St. Cross ", Diana Close ; Pianoforte Solo, " The Little Bird " by Grieg, Ruth Stubbs ; Violin Solo, " Two Movements from a Sonata in E Minor " by Sammartini, Diana Close.

,, 8th.—Electric Light " Sale of Work."

,, 10th.—Hockey Matches : Girls' XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School, away, won, 3—0.
Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 2nd XI., home, drawn, 3—3.
Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Barclays Bank, home, won, 7—0.
Lantern Lecture : " The Romance of Modern Industry ", Mr. Seed.

,, 12th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Rollason ; Current Events Report, Honor Liddle ; Meteorological Report, Farrand Radley ; Essays, " Cathode and X-rays ", Christopher Meredith ; Talk on " Fishing ", R. Walker.

,, 17th.—Lecturettes : " Political France ", Farrand Radley ; " Armenia ", Peter Dobrashian ; " Mahomet ", Muriel Poulter.

,, 19th.—House Plays : " Wurzel-Flummery ", Morland ; " The Stepmother ", Crosfield ; " The Experiment ", Godlee.

,, 20th.—Lecturettes : " Psychology in Tennis ", C. J. Smith ; " The Five Year Plan ", Cyril Thring ; " Fly Fishing ", R. Walker ; " Y.H.A. ", Michael Green ; " Palmistry ", Betty Snow ; " Swiss Popular Resorts ", Mary Bond.

,, 22nd.—End of Autumn Term.

Jan. 19th.—School re-opened.

,, 21st.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, lost, 0—1.
Lecture : " Nuremberg ", Miss Fairbrother.

,, 23rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Muriel Poulter ; Current Events Report, Christopher Meredith ; Astronomical Report, Harold Rowell ; Essays : " Owls ", Philip Fausset ; " Adaptations of Heath Plants ", Honor Liddle ; " An Introduction to Vertebrata ", C. J. Smith.

,, 28th.—Exhibition of the Bedford Institute Film, Mr. Durrant.

Jan. 30th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Peter Dobrashian; Essays: "Early Irish Culture", Dorothy Collar; "Christianity", Jonathan Edwards; Violin Solo, "Gavotte", by Rameau, Diana Close.

Feb. 4th.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies' 2nd XI., away, won, 7—1.
Lantern Lecture: "The Indians of Paraguay", Mr. Collier-James.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Christopher Meredith; Current Events Report, Elizabeth Meredith; Essays: "Glow-worms", Myrtle Elven; "The Management of Horses", Joan Colston; "Worms", Lysbeth Everard; "Grey Squirrels", Mary Byles.

,, 11th.—Hockey Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 1st XI., home, lost, 1—2.
2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 2nd XI., home, lost, 1—4.
Lantern Lecture: "Life on a Modern Slave-trading Route", Mr. Joseph Burtt.

,, 13th.—Merit Half-holiday.
Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, F. J. Edwards; Essays: "Bath without a Guide Book", June Cornish; "Have We Progressed?" Charles Macdonald; Pianoforte Solos, Mendelssohn's "Caprice", Joyce Reynolds; Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique, First Movement", Jean Sleight; Violin Solo, Corelli's "Prelude and Allemanda", Honor Liddle; Trio, Veracini's "Trio-Sonata in C Minor", Diana Close, Jean Sleight, Farrand Radley.

,, 15th.—Football Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Banks, home, lost, 1—2.
Junior Match *v.* Lynton Juniors, home, lost, 0—1.

,, 18th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill L.H.C., away, won, 9—0.
Lantern lecture: "Byways in Ceylon", Mr. George Morris.

,, 20th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Philip Fausset; Current Events Report, Joan Colston; Meteorological Report, Farrand Radley; Essays: "Evolution (Part I.)", Una Sell; "Perching Birds", Eileen Edmunds; "Mistletoe", Margaret Rowell.

,, 22nd.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, lost, 1—4.

,, 25th.—Lantern Lecture: "Ancient Egypt", Mr. E. D. H. Rowntree.

,, 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Muriel Poulter; Essays: "The Northamptonshire Iron Industry", Judith Everard; "The Problems left by the Great War", Christopher Meredith; "Dreams", Betty Harland; Recitation, "An Exercise in Strong Verbs", Dilys Rees.

March 1st.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 1—4.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, lost, 2—4.

,, 2nd.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 4th.—Old Scholars' Lecture School Week-end.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 3—0.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, won, 5—1.
Cinematograph Film: "Russia", Mr. Cuthbert Wigham.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Honor Liddle; Current Events Report, Muriel Poulter; Astronomical Report, Harold Rowell; Essays: "The Care of Puppies and Dogs", John K. Brown; "The Natural History of Trinidad", Betty Harland.

,, 11th.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, lost, 0—4.
Lantern Lecture: "Suicide or Murder?" Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

,, 13th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Charles Macdonald; Essays: "Words", Honor Liddle; "The Ten Commandments", Farrand Radley; Pianoforte Solos: Heller's "Nuits Blanches", C. J. Smith; "Sonata, Opus 2, No. 2, Movements 2 and 3" by Beethoven, F. J. Edwards; "Prelude" by Markham Lee, Judith Everard; Violin Solo: Farjeon's "Chant d'Été", Jean Sleight.

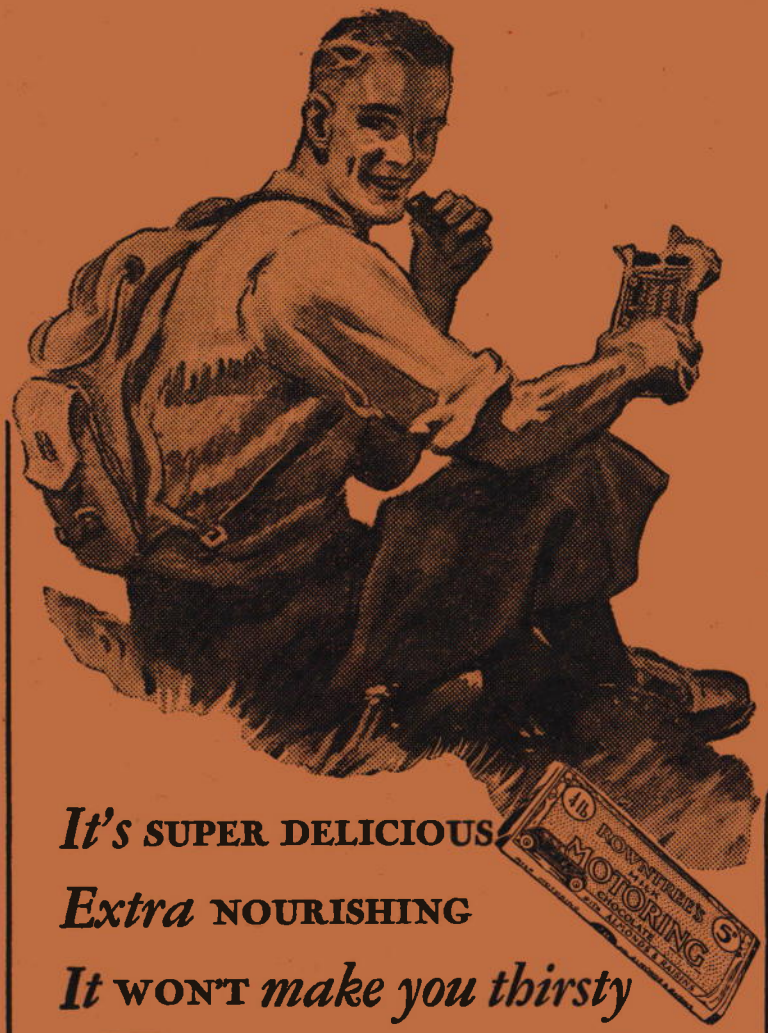
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