C.B.R.

THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1934

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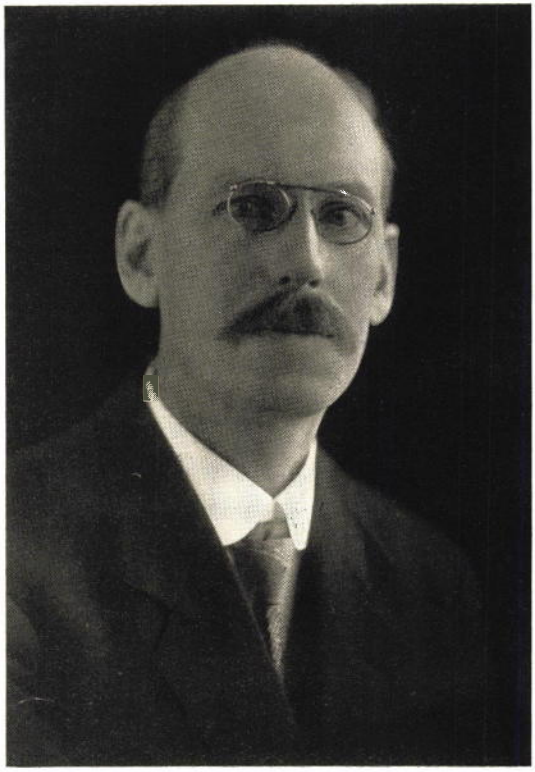
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C. BRIGHTWEN ROWNTREE

(1901—1934)



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXV. DECEMBER 1934. No. 75.

FOREWORD

THIS term has been one of many changes, the principal ones being on the staff, for we have lost Mr. Rowntree, and we welcome in his place Mr. Littleboy. Mr. Hindle, Mr. Westgarth, Miss Sandwith and Mr. Williamson have also left, and in their places we have Mr. Badger as Biology master, Mr. Heap as Gym. master, Miss Pugh as Art mistress and two student masters, Mr. Lindley and Mr. Skurr.

When we came back this term we found some changes in the School. The Dining Hall tables had been polished during the holidays; the use of cloths has been abandoned. Unfortunately, the polishing was not finished and School help was required to complete it.

It was with great delight that we listened to the new Murphy radiogram which has been installed in the Lecture Hall; we owe thanks for this largely to those who got up "The Bugler", and to those who gave so liberally at Whitsun.

A change in School routine has taken place; we have School Assembly in the mornings at 8.45 instead of the reading after

breakfast. Another innovation this term is a club for girls from the town, which is held on Thursday nights. This was a plan of the Girls' Study Circle, and is one of the first regular outside activities of the School, although quarantine has stopped any chance of its becoming a regular occurrence this term.

Last term was a successful one; the matric. results were good; many people passed music exams.; Smith and Meredith obtained "Higher Schools" and June Cornish was awarded the Diploma of the Royal Life Saving Society.

The Music Society which was started last term had the pleasure of listening to a string trio consisting of Miss Wright, Mr. Snow and Mr. Morat, leader of the Carl Rosa Opera Company Orchestra. We are glad to see that the Music Society has become as firmly established as other societies.

We were extremely sorry to hear about Margaret Emson, who died as the result of an accident. Our profound sympathies are with her parents and her brother William who is still at school.

We miss Mr. Rowntree in many ways, and one is on the School Tramp. Mr. Beer, however, assumed the leadership this year and from all accounts did so very successfully.

This term has been one of many changes and introductions, both in people and routine, and we hope that the following year may yield as many successful results as the last one.

Doris Turner
(Post-Matric. Stage).



C. BRIGHTWEN ROWNTREE

IN 1901 there came to join the staff as "Senior Master" a young man who had already had a wide acquaintance with Friends' Schools, viz. Ackworth, Bootham, Penketh and Sidcot. It was Charles Brightwen Rowntree, whose twenty-one years as John Edward Walker's right-hand man, followed by twelve as Head Master, when he built on the foundation so well and truly laid, were marked by an outstanding singleness of aim in the best interests of the School.

It was everything; himself—nothing. Others might be ill, C.B.R. (maybe as hoarse as a raven) held serenely on his way; others might go away for the refreshment of a week-end, C.B.R. left his post only on School business.

The subjects he taught were partly determined by the School's greatest need at the time; his hobbies were used freely for its enrichment.

If anyone ever knew the blessedness of the giver it was he—time, money, gifts, advice, drudgery—it was all one to him, and the less his helping hand was known and recognized the better he was pleased.

Hub as he was of the School universe (and when was he too busy to listen to a problem?) the thought of protecting himself therefore never seemed to occur to him. Extra duties on top of an already crowded day had no terror for him. The result of such a selfless leadership was a comradely atmosphere in the community which made life pleasant in the living.

His long term of office showed him to possess an outlook compounded of "the right" and "the left". He knew how to consolidate.

When he took over control in 1922 the situation was still affected to some extent by difficulties resulting from the war

years—the military occupation of 1916, the higher cost of living and the raising of the school fees, etc.—the brunt of which had been borne by John Edward Walker, but gradually these were surmounted, so that he was able to hand on a stabilized school.

Insistent demands of enthusiasts (outside the School or in) for the introduction of this or that into time-table or free time were fairly considered, but only allowed admission if they would not trespass unduly on the ordered life which forms the background of any successful community.

In his contact with people he stood out to an unusual degree as one who was able to see nothing, hear nothing and say nothing but the best, so that many a one must have shrunk from disillusioning him. This gift, combined with his power of seeing all sides of a question, accounted for his power of saying the wise word in a difficult situation.

But while thus ably maintaining the *status quo*, he could also see visions, and by patience, tact and courage could bring them to birth in spite of difficulties.

Sharing John Edward Walker's keen interest in the improvement and expansion of the buildings which marked the first twenty years of the century, he had a large share in its completion by the erection of the Art Block and consequent changes.

But it was not only bricks and mortar. The change to Co-education in 1910 had his unqualified support, while the abolition of marks and class-placings in favour of the more purposeful and scholarly scheme now in use was worked out by him with the co-operation of the staff. This new approach to work has probably done more than any other single factor to raise the intellectual level of the School, and has incidentally been the reason for widening contacts in educational circles at home and abroad.

But the forward development which may well claim to be his special "child" is undoubtedly the Junior School. The need being continually brought before his notice, he planned

to meet it, with the result that a fine piece of work is developing alongside " the big School ".

All this is some indication of his work for and interest in the boys and girls in their school days, but that was not the end, for who has shown greater devotion to the Old Scholars' Association? And was he not the Chief Tramp? The Whitsuntide gathering as known to-day, with its happy crowds and its three days of concentrated fellowship of young and old, has been built up by him. Can it always have been easy? What matter that so long as a worth-while coping-stone was being placed on the spiritual building for which he spent himself?

To his credit, too, stands all the magic of the phrase " the School Tramp ", with its carefree and strenuous times spent by twenty-one happy crowds in close contact with elemental Nature in some of the loveliest parts of Britain, where they collected memories of an inspiration that lives.

He asks no tribute, but well do those who have lived and worked with him know the one he would not refuse—that we should pass on something of what he has given.

"DOWN DEVON WAY"

THE Tramp, consisting of Mr. Beer, Miss Harris, fourteen girls and ten boys, started nominally at 10.30 on Friday morning, the 29th July, when we all became acquainted with " King John ", our engine. The journey to Plymouth was not without interest, for S—— did his best, and managed quite successfully, to put his head out of a closed window, and was the first to bring into action the First Aid outfit.

The next day the tramping began by a tram ride, a ferry journey, after a short walk a pleasant time on Whitsand

beach, and finally in true earnest. Yet the tramp itself required great physical effort, for the grass was short and dry along the cliffs.

On a number of nights Mr. Beer read to us in the Devonshire dialect some delightful stories, which were enjoyed by all.

After a hearty breakfast on the third morning we were driven in a 'bus to Plym Bridge. We tramped among trees and bracken along the banks of the river and so arrived at Shaugh Bridge to paddle and cool down while Mr. Beer conversed with a native of the place who did not envy our climb, for the next stage was a scramble up the Dewer Stone which rose steeply for eight hundred feet, and at the summit spread out gloriously in a rolling country of treeless moorland uninhabited save by innumerable rocks.

We arrived in Princetown, our destination, in the evening, after seeing many prehistoric remains, and stayed at Lord's Café, where we fed marvellously, and some had to go out and " walk it off " before bed.

After breakfast on the following day we started to tramp again, but this time lightly laden with refreshment alone, and soon reached Vixen Tor where some climbed up the thirty feet of narrow chimney, in parts barely ten inches wide, between the two rocks, to reach the summit and sign the visitors' book there. The process of descending was rather more arduous, however, for it necessitated sliding down in a number of places to the next and invisible foothold, and some who had climbed up either would not or could not get down ; and it was at this moment that we saw Mr. Todhunter wildly attracting our attention by divers gymnastic exercises, but he, unfortunately, was not able to continue on our tramp with us.

So we tramped on, to have a rest at the foot of Great Mis Tor by a stream from which we drank and then proceeded to splash up with missiles till many people were almost wet, and one had indulged in the cold bath of which he had been deprived earlier.

The next day we separated into two parties, the one bound for Cranmere Pool, the other to make a round of the Tors near Princetown.

The Cranmerites set out at a good pace, following up the Cowsic valley while Mr. Beer spent the time in summoning an army of cows and sheep to follow us, and told us of a cow which had died years ago at the source of the river, offering sixpence for the first to find the bones; however, the search was fruitless: probably a previous hiker had thought he had come across some prehistoric remains, and borne them nearer civilization.

Bog-hopping began after that, but on account of the dry season this fell rather flat for Mr. Beer insisted from the beginning on walking on the bog. However, C——, who was offered twopence and a bath if he would leap in for a photograph, found that beneath the crust the bog was not too substantial: he did not get a bath.

Then the rain began, but it was greeted with high spirits when it was noticed that M—— was oozing soapsuds from his shoes.

After a long search for the Pool, it was found at 3.30, and after a scrum in which M—— obtained a print of the Cranmere Postal Stamp on his trousers we proceeded hotelwards.

The other " tramp " said they had had the better time, the chief feature being, apparently, tea with Devonshire cream at a farmhouse.

The next day we set out for Ashburton and a new hotel. At lunch time we passed our buns to C—— for jam, to find two missing, so, after many scathing remarks from the " jammer ", bread and butter was substituted to two unfortunates. That evening two soggy buns were turned out from her rucksack, for it had rained all the afternoon and we slipped and slithered along the banks of the Dart to arrive absolutely soaked through at Ashburton, where several loans as regards clothing were made, and one girl turned up in a borrowed

dressing gown; yet the evening was ended successfully and with a rollicking sing-song.

In the morning, although it had almost stopped raining, we gave up the last tramp and finally returned to Newton Abbot, accidentally leaving the precious Can in the hotel hall, and, saying farewell to Miss Harris and Mr. Beer at the station, started for London.

The Can was later returned to Mr. Beer; in fact, the only unfortunate part of the Tramp was that the fifty photographs which Mr. Beer had taken so economically were spoilt through the irony of a diagram.

Jean Stubbs
(Post-Matric. Stage).

"I KNOW EVERYTHING!"

The Story of a Man who Would not Listen to Advice

ONCE upon a time there lived a very pompous old gentleman who would not listen to advice.

Near his house was a big meadow which had been empty for years, and one day he decided to go for a walk in this meadow.

When he got to the gate of the meadow a farm man was just coming out.

"Make way, make way," said the old gentleman very pompously, "I am going in there."

"Don't 'ee go in there, mister," said the farm man. "There be a vicious bull in there."

"Bull, indeed," said the man scornfully. "That field has been empty for years."

And he went in.

He was looking for wild flowers when something hit him behind and he went sailing over the hedge and landed in a duck-pond.

Everyone who saw him laughed, and he went home very angry.

THE END.

Margaret Johnstone
(Junior School).

TO AN UMBRELLA

[A member of the staff, discussing whether a daisy is poetical: "Well, you would be hard put to it to write a sonnet on, say, an umbrella"—or words to that effect.]

O BEAUTIFUL creation, cease thy sleep,
Unfurl thyself, shake out thy crumpled form
And stretch to full magnificence; the storm
Begins. Clouds run like frightened sheep.

The raindrops on thee shine as diamonds, bright,
And glisten in the still-persisting sun;
And now increase in size, and join, and run
In torrents o'er thee, twinkling streams of light.

The elements cease suddenly to fight
And now the cloud-dimmed sun comes into sight.
As if to heal the hurts of nature's rage
His cheering light makes thee to shine once more,
As tide-forsaken sand on spray-cooled shore;
To cheer the eyes of youth, the hearts of age.

A. T. Thompson
(Stage 7).

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

ON October 4th, a Thursday, we had a Harvest Festival at the Junior School. Everyone brought gifts in the morning, and there was a great variety, for there was jam, fruit, eggs, honey, flowers, a loaf, and two big marrows. We had school as usual in the morning, and in the dinner hour some of the boarders got the room ready. In the afternoon we went over to the Gym. for folk dancing, and when we came back we lined up and marched into the big classroom.

There were vases of berries all round the room, and creeper twined round both the electric lights. In the centre of the room there was a table with the gifts on it and around it. As well as the gifts there was a sheaf of corn which Elisabeth Grose's mother had sent.

First of all we sang some special hymns ; then Miss Harris read a Psalm, and followed it up with a thanksgiving poem. After some more hymns, we put our hats and coats on, and took all the gifts (except the corn) down to the hospital.

Eleanor Littleboy
(*Junior School*).

THE INHABITANTS OF TROPICAL SOUTH AMERICA

TROPICAL South America is covered mainly with almost impenetrable, uninhabited jungle forest, which has been cleared away only in isolated parts of the coast, and along river valleys, where a constant supply of water is obtainable throughout the year. In the forests there is an infinite variety of plants and animals, very many of which are still quite unknown to the outside scientific world. No less evident are the variety of sounds heard in the jungle, such as the singing of



LINO CUT FOR CHRISTMAS CARD

R. *Sparkes* (*Stage* 4)

birds, the humming of insects, the croaking and hissing of reptiles, and the cries of the larger animals when they are disturbed by the resented intruder.

The native population of the towns and villages are, in the main, descendants of the original Indian inhabitants, though there has been considerable admixture of Spanish and Negro blood since Christopher Columbus first discovered the New World.

There still exist even to-day pure Indian tribes which have inherited the language, dress, customs and arts of their ancestors. These, however, usually live in isolated villages in the hills, and descend to the towns from time to time, offering their wares in return for others which they require. They are mostly peaceable tribes, but there are others which keep entirely away from civilization and inhabit the more remote unknown regions of the forests where they live by fishing, and hunting with the blow-pipe and poisoned arrows. They are exceedingly distrustful of civilized people even to the extent of hostility, especially of white people, identifying them with the Spanish conquerors who drove them from their settlements in bygone days. They do not hesitate to attack people approaching too near their jungle haunts. They are difficult to locate, as they do not leave trails, nor betray their presence in any way. They are to be encountered mainly in the uncharted frontier lands between the Republics of Venezuela, Columbia and Brazil and the upper reaches of the Amazon.

The " civilized " population of the towns and villages of the Republics are mostly indolent and pleasure-loving. Their language is Spanish (but largely Portuguese in Brazil) which has survived since they were under Spanish rule. Every working class family has its plot of land, since land is free for anyone to cultivate, and they grow all the food that they require and everything grows easily without much attention. This fact, and the fact that their tastes are undeveloped, and the enervating climate of the Tropics largely account for their backward state. Moreover, the unstable character of the

Republican governments, which are continually experiencing revolutions and civil wars, leads to insecurity of personal property, and to the lack of steady and continuous development schemes such as the construction of roads, railways, water-supplies, etc., which are essential for opening up new territory and developing the trade. All these factors discourage private speculation and progress. The average native has no desires beyond the bare necessities of life, which are easily satisfied in such conditions and climates. The native habit is to live for the day, and to leave undone all work till "mañana" (to-morrow).

The granting of leases to foreign petroleum companies to work the oilfields has done more than anything else previously to develop these countries. The governments derive more revenue from the royalties imposed on oil companies than on all the other sources of revenue combined. The companies, in order to work these fields efficiently, have had to construct roads, railways, telephone lines, water-supplies, electric light supplies, landing stages for oil-tankers (ships) etc., etc., and employ and train native labour, and build villages to house them.

Besides the enormous production of petroleum, there is infinite natural wealth of other kinds which is as yet almost untouched. Gold, silver, copper, platinum, iron, etc., are found in many parts; and the natural fertility of the soil and the favourable climate produce a great variety of tropical fruits, vegetables and plant products, and there is scope for large-scale livestock rearing. With the gold we associate the history of the Spanish galleons which used to come laden with gold to Spain, and which were plundered by Drake and his contemporaries on the Spanish Main.

The future of South America is a golden prospect, when once the Republics have established stable and progressive governments, and encouraged and formulated large-scale immigration schemes.

M.H.B.

THREE WISHES

1. I wish I were a singer;
   A singer I will be,
   To sing the songs of gladness
   Like birds upon a tree.

2. I wish I were a fairy;
   I'd dance upon my toes
   And swing upon the cobwebs
   To nestle in a rose.

3. I wish I were a captain,
   To sail upon the sea;
   I'd sail right off to China
   And have some China tea.

Brenda Buck
(*Stage* 3).

IN THE HOLIDAYS

BERLIN

THE train takes about twelve hours to reach Berlin; all day it crawls over the North German plain through endless cornfields where the women are working in broad white sun-bonnets and sometimes there are low ox-wagons, piled high with hay, waiting at the level crossings. It is only when the train stops at a station and a troop of brown-shirted S.A. men marches along the platform that one realizes the change that has taken place in Germany.

Berlin itself is a modern, well-planned town with broad streets and a large number of newly-built flats. The breadth of the streets is the result of the national inclination to military displays, which are more effective in a broad street,

but the resulting spaciousness is very remarkable after London. The city has little historical interest, but now and then one steps into the full pomp of the eighteenth century, a luxurious rococo outgrowth which contrasts strangely with the brisk utilitarianism which pervades German life and architecture to-day.

This is seen everywhere in Berlin; in the schools, the streets, the houses, everything is clean and efficient and rather unimaginative. The first thing one sees in a German school are the pictures of Hitler, Hindenburg and Goering, adorned with laurels, and instead of a map in the classroom there is a diagram of the evolution of the Swastika, from its first use by the " primitive Aryans " in India, who are the ancestors of all true Germans. The same propaganda is repeated on all sides; in the cinema, on postcards and theatre programmes, and there are even Storm Trooper dolls to guide the aspirations of the young!

But, of course, one can only gain a very superficial impression in a month's stay; before one has time to begin to see into the movement it is time to come back again to England and to School.

Dorothy M. Collar
(*Post-Matric. Stage*).

A GLIMPSE OF GREECE

To anyone interested in Ancient Greece the country itself has all the fascination which Palestine holds for the lover of the Bible. You travel occasionally by the railways, of which there are a few, but mostly in battered old cars on rough and sometimes dangerous roads or on the backs of mules.

The landscape is pitifully bare: there is no grass at all, and, apart from occasional olive plantations, there are very few trees. The mountain oaks still standing look maimed and stunted, and no wonder. As I rode up the stony paths I met silent bare-footed women coming down to the villages, bent

almost double under loads of brushwood and driving before them donkeys laden with the heavier logs. In a few years there will surely be hardly a tree left. But such desolation leaves the Greeks undismayed. Walking one day near Athens I met a man watching some pine trees with a gun. After travelling widely, I was inclined to doubt whether there was a bird in Greece at all, and to find a native who in one small spot expected to shoot one filled me with admiration for the optimism of the people.

They have mostly no conception of the conditions prevailing in a big country, but even so they regard England as something rather special. " Does England love Greece ? " a hotel keeper asked me with intense interest, one evening at Sparta. Unwilling to convey the brutal truth that most Englishmen have hardly heard of Greece I replied that it did. It seemed the only thing to do. Outside Athens, which is more sophisticated, the foreign visitor is always a centre of interest. " Is that the first time you have done that, and will you put it in a book ? " said a muleteer after we had forded a river together on the back of the same beast. Had I known, I could have promised him the distinction of figuring in *The Avenue,* but as it was, the hopes which I held out were vague.

Greece is a little country well worth a visit, if only to get a taste of life at its simplest and to experience the independence and hospitality of the people.

J. O. BURTT
(1922-27).

TRAMPING IN DEUTSCHLAND

During the summer Margaret and Betty Harland, a friend of theirs and myself, spent a month tramping in Germany. It would be wrong to say that we tramped all the time because we made good use of the Rhine steamers, went some of the way by train, and we also " hitch hiked ", which was by far the most exciting.

We spent the nights in Youth Hostels, finding them extremely nice, the charge being only 30 Pfennigs per night (3½d.), and in most of them we could buy what food we wanted and also there were facilities for cooking.

Cologne, a very fine city, was our starting point. From there we went by Rhine steamer to Coblenz, calling at Bad Godesberg and Königswinter on the way. At the latter place we climbed the Drachenfels on donkeys. This hill affords an excellent view of the river in both directions and of the surrounding hills. As we sailed along, we passed innumerable vineyards and several castles.

From Coblenz we tramped to Mainz, and then went by train to Heidelberg, which is a very picturesque town, but the University buildings do not compare in beauty with those of Oxford and Cambridge. We walked through part of the Black Forest with its dense pine woods on the hills and its winding paths in the valleys.

Constance, where we found we had far less money than we thought, was our next destination, and we wished to get to Oberammergau within two days in order to see the Passion Play. We learnt that to go by 'bus would exceed our means, so we decided to " hitch hike ". Margaret and I went together, and perhaps were more successful than the others, in that all the people we were with fed us very well.

The Passion Play was wonderful. It began at eight a.m., continuing until six o'clock with a break of two hours at twelve o'clock. It was divided into three parts, the first being from Christ's entry into Jerusalem to the arrest in the Garden of Gethsemane, the second from the capture of Jesus in Gethsemane to His condemnation, and the third part from His condemnation by Pilate to the Resurrection. Preceding each act there were either one or two tableaux taken from the Old Testament, which had a bearing on the act presented. Thus the promise by Judas of Christ was preceded by a tableau showing Joseph's brothers selling him for money.

I left the others at Munich and spent a week-end with German friends in Frankfurt. I was fortunate to be there when a hundred thousand Hitler Jugend came into Frankfurt from the surrounding district for the week-end. It was interesting to watch a gymnastic display by a few selected ones, and they finished by forming the words "HEIL! HITLER".

Everyone tried to impress us with their happiness under Hitler's rule, and everywhere we were treated with the greatest kindness. We were very much impressed by all the Nazi flags, which are flown from every house and public building whenever there is an opportunity.

JEAN SLEIGHT
(1931-34).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES, 1933-34



LL Societies in the School produce reports of the "successful year" that they have had—of the increased membership, of the lively interest that has been taken in the work the Societies do, of the higher quality of the work produced.

The number of the boys in "Senior Lit." has not been quite so many as usual, but the lack here has been more than made up for by the extra large membership of the girls. All the essays written have shown evidence of a lively interest in the subject; there have been very seldom indications of the subjects having been "read up" merely for the occasion. Many of the essays showed a real research—even on some abstract problems, and some good and lively discussions have ensued. A pleasing feature has been the increased number of musical items provided in meetings, and many essays on musical subjects. The contributions from members of the "Middle Lit." were, in general, of poor quality and far too

short at the beginning of the year, but as the year progressed a better standard was reached. Many papers read to the Society have been of a high standard, and there has been a good variety. There was an increase in the number of musical items for this Society, too. The " Junior Lit." has had many interesting meetings, but once again there was still a tendency to leave too much work to a few individual members. Several plays were produced, some of which were good, but there was a delight rather in the spectacle of the play than in the content.

The " Natch " Societies report sustained activities throughout the year, and, partly because of our (seemingly now numerous) periods of quarantine, more frequent excursions, since so many matches had to be scratched. Some interesting work has been done on the mapping of rookeries in the district.

On some of the excursions much of the time has been taken up with œcological work, which the members found very interesting. Early in the year Mr. J. P. Doncaster visited the School and lectured to the Society and some visitors on the " Virus Diseases of Plants and their Insect Carriers ". In the Summer Term the Senior Society visited, on their " excursion day ", Rothamsted Experimental Station ; the Junior Society went to Broxbourne.

In the Boys' Reading Club there was a considerably increased membership. Although discussions were fairly good, some introducers to books spent rather more time than they need have done in reading extracts, instead of giving a critical introduction. Amongst the books read were :—" Private Universe " (André Maurois), " Germany Puts the Clock Back " (E. Mowrer), " Virginibus Puerisque " (Stevenson), " Cry Havoc ! " (Beverley Nichols), " Loyalties " (Galsworthy). The interest and keenness of the girls was shown by the large number of members in the Girls' Reading Club who had read *all* the books throughout the year. During the early part of the year there were some particularly good critical appreciations

given, both in introductions to and discussions on the books. Amongst the books that were specially enjoyed were:— "The Discovery of Poetry" (Lyon), "Green Mansions" (Hudson), "Autobiography of a Super Tramp" (W. H. Davies), "Peter Abelard" (Helen Waddell).

This past year has seen the birth of a Musical Society which now meets every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock in Miss Wright's room for the purpose of listening to "good music" on the gramophone, and for listening to the performances by its own members. There is no doubt that it meets a need in the School and we wish it the success of the other Societies.

A bird's-eye view of the Societies shows that each has held its own and that there has been the "more than usual keenness" necessary to the existence and development of a group who work and enjoy together.

SCRIBLERUS.

HOUSE COMPETITION, 1933-34

1. Morland .. 66·33
2. Crosfield .. 62·56
3. Godlee .. 62·11

	Crosfield.		Godlee.		Morland.	
Athletics ..	12·94	(16·90)	11·94	(11·85)	16·12	(21·25)
Other out-of-School Activities ..	17·74	(16·69)	15·25	(14·43)	17·01	(18·88)
Class Work ..	14·68	(14·61)	18·32	(15·69)	17·00	(19·70)
Conduct ..	17·20	(18·26)	16·60	(16·02)	16·20	(15·72)
Totals ..	62·56	(66·46)	62·11	(57·99)	66·33	(75·55)

The numbers in brackets are the totals for 1932-33.

THE lot of the chronicler of the "House Year" has not been very enviable lately. There has been a dull monotony about the results, but this year, although Morland are still at the top, for the sixth time in succession, they have only won by about a length and there is only a "short head" or perhaps a "long nose" between Crosfield and Godlee.

It looks as though, after shining for an unexampled time as a star of the first magnitude, Morland's light is waning and that by this time next year some lesser luminary may be flooding the heavens with equal brilliance.

Prophecy is a poor game at the best of times, but it is worthy of note that the only House that has improved in every section is Godlee. Morland owe their position largely to their athletic prowess and the fact that, unlike the other two Houses, they have not been really weak in any section.

Crosfield, it will be noticed, although the leaders in two out of the four sections, have only just retained their second place. The total this year is nine less than last year, the explanation being that no Athletic Sports were held.

MULTA NOCTE

THERE is a soft murmur
As the wind blows gently through the leaves
Of summer nights,
As the bending boughs
Touch the ground with their wooden claws;
While the Harvest Moon
Shines on the water in the weir,
While the inhabitants lie down to rest.

Every night animal,
Wherever it is to be seen—
Awake and alert by the weir,
Hides from the golden sheen
Whenever a stranger
Passes by the century-fashioned well,
For whether he is armed or not
The creatures cannot tell.

Michael King-Beer
(*Stage* 4).

WIRELESS AND BROADCASTING

MY father was one of the first men in the town to have a wireless set when we were living in Dover, and I remember quite well, on the morning of the opening of the Wembley Exhibition in 1924, seeing a room full of enthusiastic patriots gathered round the loud speaker, hanging on every word (every one that came over at least) of the King's opening speech. I remember making my exit with scorn, wondering why on earth they chose to stay in that stuffy room, threatening to lynch me if I so much as breathed, when, if they had wished, I could have displayed to them my wooden horse—a far more intriguing object.

Wireless seemed to me to be one of the very minor joys of life—in the first place its name was so ridiculous. Why it should be called wireless, when, after careful and repeated investigation on my part, the whole apparatus seemed to me to consist of nothing *but* wires, absurdly and intricately tangled, was one of the great problems of my early youth. The airy and confident manner in which everyone alluded to it as " wireless ", too, made me utterly shrink from asking anyone why, and it was left to me to figure it out for myself. Wireless was, indeed, one of the things which troubled my young life most. The only thing it did for me was to make stern severe elders stop my childish prattle at 6 o'clock for an hour, while a dull monotonous voice from the depths of a huge, black, shiny horn droned out hordes of unilluminating facts concerning such unintelligible things as " Parliament " and " the General Strike ". If I wriggled impatiently during this trying time, or made pathetic signs to my sister, who pretended to be interested in the news, various disapproving friends would shake their intellectual heads and lament the fact that " children took everything for granted these days, and didn't appreciate things as *they* used to."

However, this stage in my attitude towards the wireless gradually changed. I liked the voices of the " Uncles " and " Aunts " in the Children's Hour and, although they appeared to do rather ridiculous things, I, with the extreme condescension of youth, overlooked it because of the totally unexpected interest they took in my birthday. This was made even more intriguing because at the time my father was away, and had, of course, forgotten to leave the wireless on the station he should have done. Since it was in the days when only the master of the house knew how to control this weird and wonderful apparatus, I was despatched with all necessary speed to a friend's house because, as was discreetly pointed out to me, " There might be something interesting on the wireless to-night." It was curious that practically every wireless in the town that night was either battery-less or utterly on strike, and I was becoming decidedly weary of the whole procedure when, to my infinite surprise and delight, I learned at the other end of the town that Uncle Joe was glad to hear I was seven years old so soon, and that if I got up at an unearthly hour the next day and searched underneath the parrot cage, I might find something of advantage. This piece of information made a lasting impression on me, and from then onwards I regarded the wireless as my own particular piece of property, my conclusive argument being that it had *spoken* to me, an honour which no other member of the family could possibly claim to have.

The wireless programmes since those earlier times have improved every year. The authorities have a difficult task in front of them, because, as the entertainment grows better and better, the public expects more and more improvement, and its standard rises higher every year.

The B.B.C. is constantly providing classical music for the classically minded, dance music for those who are young and whose feet tingle, and light music for those who just " like a little music now and then ". They give us music hall turns,



WOOD ENGRAVING SERPENTINE—11 a.m. *D. Pugh*

they reproduce gramophone records, they broadcast frequent discussions between two or more people on problems of to-day which are invaluable, in that they enable listeners to see two points of view at once instead of reading a one-sided, biased account of the same subject in a newspaper.

In short, the B.B.C. tackles the intricate and difficult task of arranging programmes to suit so wide a variety of tastes admirably, and the programmes themselves are excellent.

Ethel Pool
(*Stage* 7).

NIGHT

AT night-time, when the world's asleep,
The moon shines on the ocean deep,
Becalming angry waves so steep,
For now the day is over.

Now darkness sweeps the clear, blue sky,
And now the seagulls cease to cry,
Now homeward one and all they fly,
For now the day is over.

The schoolboy in his welcome bed
Already rests his weary head,
And dreams about the books he's read,
For now the day is over.

For now the world should be asleep,
When o'er the hills the moon doth creep,
When she her nightly watch doth keep,
Like some mysterious rover.

Harold Mattingly
(*Stage* 4).

SUMMER SPORTS

GIRLS

AT the beginning of the Summer Term we were fortunate in having Miss Ransome to coach us again in our tennis, and since this visit left us with so many valuable hints Miss Beecham asked her to come again later on in the term, to see how we had progressed. Unfortunately owing to quarantine we had only one tennis match, which we lost, but it was played before our coaching had had time to be put into practice successfully. The tennis House Tournaments were not finished owing to a lack of time.

Diana Close and Dilys Rees were awarded their colours for consistently good play during the season. We played four cricket matches during the term, and were fortunate in securing a fixture with Miss Marjorie Pollard's XI. We were sadly beaten but it was a long looked forward to and well remembered game.

Our other matches were successful, except against the Old Scholars who beat us for the first time on record. As a reward for steady fielding and batting Mary Byles and D. Rees were awarded their colours.

Swimming, as seen by Life Saving results, was greeted with the usual enthusiasm. This year we are proud to announce that June Cornish obtained her Diploma. Hearty congratulations to June and thanks to Miss Beecham for her help. Joan Colston is still the triumphant holder of six of the swimming records, and though no individual records were broken this year Godlee beat their 1932 record for the Senior Relay, making it 1 minute 49⅘ seconds; also Morland Juniors broke the former record, bringing it down to 2 minutes 5⅕ seconds.

We entertained two swimming teams, Cambridge and Luton A.S.A., both of whom we were able to beat by a margin of 10 points.

Colours were awarded to Mary Evans, Peggy Woolf and Doris Turner, the last two having taken "Silver" this term.

An aquatic display was given at Whitsun and two performances at General Meeting. The usual item of a swimming figure to music was greeted with even more applause this year. A credit to the hard-worked performers and the enthusiasm they put into the practices beforehand.

Eileen Edmunds
(*Stage 7*).

BOYS

Last term's cricket was, on the whole, disappointing. In the first place many matches, just as so many of our football matches this term, had to be scratched because of the School's being in quarantine. In the second, there were few who attained the "top of their form", although towards the end of term there were some brighter performances by members of both elevens. The team itself was a weaker one than we have had for a little time. Cricket colours were awarded to Smith (C. J.), Rawlinson and Gillett.

We were pleased to have the help of Mr. Westgarth, whom we are sorry to lose, in all our sports. His special interest in the swimming largely helped to keep the high standard in and the enthusiasm for the sport. The swimming matches provided great excitement, and, although we lost the match against the Cambridge Amateur S.C., we won the matches against the Luton A.S.C. and the Saffron Walden team.

Thirteen boys took Royal Life Saving Society examinations and all passed. Swimming colours were awarded to Rayner and Osborne.

An innovation was the mixed tennis match against Fenners (Cambridge), away. The School won by six matches to three.

BIRDS' BROOK

"HUSH, hush! Whisper who dares," said Mr. Skylark as Mr. and Mrs. Hawk came down to the water to drink.

Plop! Rob Robin had fallen into the stream.

When it was dark, Mr. Howl Owl was flying over the stream, when Mrs. Sparrow flew out of her nest. "Please," she said to Mr. Owl, "will you tell me why I had one big baby instead of five little babies this year?"

"Oh! I'll tell you if you'll come with me to that old willow," he said, so they flew to the old willow together.

"Well, you see," said Mr. Owl, as soon as they had settled down on a branch, "it is——I'll tell you to-morrow," he said, as he flew away after a rat, and Mrs. Sparrow went back to her nest.

Next evening she flew over to the old willow.

She had to wait quite a while before Mr. Owl came. When he did come, he told her that he had had his supper before he came.

"Well, Mrs. Sparrow," said Mr. Owl, "Mrs. Cuckoo lays her eggs in the grass, then she picks them up and puts them in different nests."

"Would she put them in Mrs. Hawk's nest or in Mrs. Eagle's nest?" asked Mrs. Sparrow.

"No," said Mr. Owl, "more likely yours or Mrs. Robin's or Mrs. Chaffinch's."

"Oh! Thank you, Mr. Howl Owl. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," said Mr. Owl, and they both went home.

Peter Carr
(*Junior School*).

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term :

John K. Brown is working in the Gas Company's offices at Eastbourne.

Diana Close is studying at the Polytechnic, London.

Joan Colston is working at home.

E. June Cornish is at Haute Rampe, Lausanne.

Robert E. Curwen is at the Forest School in Hampshire.

Allen Evens.

Arnold Gillett.

Olive Lovell is studying at home.

E. Mary McGowan is at the Rachel Macmillan Training College.

Mildred Priestman is at school in London.

Ruth Raven is helping at home.

W. Edgar Rawlinson is at Bootham.

David J. Rayner is working for his entrance exam. to the Dental College of Surgeons.

Phyllis E. Rayner is at Haute Rampe, Lausanne.

Dilys Rees is studying at home.

Henry H. Rodwell is studying laundry work.

H. N. Hermione Rollason.

Harold Rowell is studying for his " London Inter.".

Clifford J. Smith is reading Biology at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

J. Elizabeth Snow is studying weaving.

Gerald B. Stapleton.

Ruth Stubbs is studying Medicine at Birmingham University.

Richard S. Walker is at St. Christopher School, Letchworth.

Joan F. Willis is taking a course of Arts and Crafts.

H. Mary Wilson is at Haute Rampe, Lausanne.

Dorothy Wood is studying for the London Intermediate Arts Exam.

Barbara Wooldridge is at home.

Betty J. Whitfield is at the Girls' Public School in Winchester.

SCHOOL DIARY

June 27th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, drawn, 104 for 2 wkts. John Barry 42 runs. Saffron Walden School did not bat.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Rothamsted Experimental Station.

July 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Lysbeth Everard; Report on the Excursion to Rothamsted Experimental Station, Eileen Edmunds; Essays: "Rose Cultivation," Mary Jackson; "Sea Anemones and Corals," Ada Goldschmidt.

,, 3rd.—Swimming Matches *v.* Luton S.C., home, girls, won, 25—18 points; boys, won, 25—18 points.

,, 4th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Stansted, away, won, 86—40 runs.

,, 7th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School, away, lost, 124—130 for 4 wkts.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dilys Rees; Essay, "Capital Punishment," Ruth Raven; Pianoforte Solo, "Second Movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," C. J. Smith; Pianoforte Duet, "First Movement of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony," Eileen Edmunds and Betty Whitfield; Händel's "Water Music," Members of the Society who are in the Orchestra.

,, 11th.—House Socials.

,, 13th.—Literary Society Social and Presentation to Mr. Rowntree.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Current Events Report, Megan Bebb; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell; Essays: "Otters and Rabbits," Francis Batten; "Trees," Annemarie Goldschmidt.

,, 17th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 20th.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 26th.—End of Term.

Sept. 13th.—School re-opened.

,, 20th.—Quarterly Mtg. Half-Holiday.

,, 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events: Report, Raymond Lyons; Diary, Cyril Osborne; Essays: "Prehistoric Monsters," Megan Bebb; "Foods," Eileen Edmunds.

Oct. 1st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Anthony Best; Essays: "The Language of our Forefathers," Jean Stubbs; "Disarmament and After," Ronald Steven; Pianoforte Solo, "Scène du Ballet," by Coleridge-Taylor, Ethel Pool; Violin Solos, "Rigaudon" by Händel, Philip Fausset; "Two Movements of a Sonata" by Corelli, Raymond Lyons.

,, 2nd.—Merit Half-Holiday.

,, 6th.—O.S. Matches: Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, drawn, 2—2. Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, lost 1—4.

Song Recital, Dr. Goodey.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Eileen Edmunds; Current Events Report, Gertrude Edmundson; Essays: "Weeds," Ethel Pool; "The Flittermouse in Britain," John Fleming; "Crocodiles and Alligators," Steven Mattingly.

,, 13th.—Lecture: "Model Aeroplanes," Mr. R. F. Wright.

,, 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Joan Rodwell; Essays: "The Modern Spirit of Adventure," Doris Turner; "Photography and its History," Allan Thompson; Violin Solo, "Träumerei" by Schumann, Raymond Lyons; Violin Duet, "Two Movements of a Sonata by Boyce," Mary Byles and Megan Bebb.

,, 20th.—Tramp to Seward's End, Maypole End and Tye Green. Lecture: "Pirates and Buccaneers of the West Indies," Professor Newton.

,, 21st.—Hymn Practice.

,, 22nd.—Merit Half-Holiday.
N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Megan Bebb; Current Events Report, David Mattingly; Essays: "The Polecat," Richard Jossaume; "Insect Pests of Fruit Trees," Gertrude Edmundson; "Silver Eels and Ways they are Caught," Roger Browning.

,, 27th.—Lantern Lecture: "Birds of Scilly," Mr. C. J. King.

,, 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Peter Chubb; Essays: "Aquaria and Vivaria," Terence Thompson; "Searchlight on the Leader," Lionel Young; Violin Solo, "Chanson Triste," by Tchaikowsky, Megan Bebb.

,, 31st.—Tramps to Debden via the Beeches and Green Lanes.

Nov. 3rd.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Flora F.C., home, won, 6—1. Song Recital: Miss Victoria Kingsley and M. Gustave Ferrari.

,, 4th.—Miss Wright's Orchestral Recital.

,, 5th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Current Events Report, Ethel Pool; Essays, "Fungi," Alan Thompson; "Monkeys," Desmond Minchin.

,, 10th.—Puppet Show: Mr. Walter Wilkinson.

,, 11th.—Musical Programme arranged by Miss Bird.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Ethel Pool; Essays: "The Tenth Man," Megan Bebb; "An East Anglian Market," Anthony Best; "The Development of the Idea of God," Mary Byles; Pianoforte Solo, "Andalusa" by Granados, Ethel Pool. Gramophone Record, "Intermezzo" by Granados, played by Casals.

,, 14th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport G.S., home, lost, 2—5. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd XI., away, lost, 0—3.
House Competitions: Reading, Recitation, Piano and Violin Duets.

,, 17th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School, away, lost, 2—3.
Football Match: Masters' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, drawn, 1—1.
Lantern Lecture: "Palestine, Yesterday and To-day," Miss Curzon.

,, 18th.—Hymn Practice.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Mary Jackson; Current Events Report, Joan Rodwell; Essays: "Spiders," Megan Bebb; "Molluscs," David Mattingly; "The Golden Eagle," Bertram Headley.

,, 21st.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Stevenage L.H.C., home, drawn, 2—2.

,, 24th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, lost, 2—5. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., home, won, 3—0.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford L.H.C., home, won, 5—1.
Avenue Concert.

,, 25th.—Ciné-Kodak Films: Mr. Lockspeiser.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Philip Fausset; Essay, "English Gothic Architecture," Dorothy Collar; Violin Solos: "Sonata in G Minor," by Geminiani, Philip Fausset; "Sonata in A Major" by Händel, Ada Goldschmidt.

NOTICES

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1935, price 8d. each (post free 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.).

Subscriptions may be sent to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Articles and photographs by present scholars are signed in *italics*.

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LONDON SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS, JUNE, 1934.

Higher School Examination.

Pass.—Christopher H. R. Meredith ; Clifford J. Smith.

General School Examination—Matriculation.

Honours.—Jean W. Stubbs (L, F, M) ; Betty J. Whitfield (L, F, M) ; Dorothy M. Wood (E, H, F, G).

Pass.—Ruth Raven ; Phyllis E. Rayner (H) ; Henry H. Rodwell ; Harold M. Rowell (H, M) ; Doris J. Turner (H, L) ; A. Ian Wylie (C).

School Certificate.

Pass.—Arnold H. Gillett ; David T. A. Margetts (C) ; William E. Rawlinson ; David J. Rayner ; Dilys Rees ; Jessie E. Snow (E, H) ; Richard S. Walker (H) ; Barbara L. Wooldridge.

(E, H, L, F, G, M, C indicate distinction in English, History, Latin, French, German, Elementary Mathematics, Chemistry, respectively.)

Associated Board of the Royal Schools of Music.

Theory : Grade IV.—H. Mary Wilson.

Violin : Grade VI.—Margaret Smith.
Grade V.—Megan Bebb.

Piano : Grade III.—P. Joyce Francis.

Royal Life Saving Society.

Diploma.—June Cornish.

Silver Medal.—Helen Pontefract, Doris Turner, Richard Walker, Margaret Woolf.

Bronze Medal.—Doreen Anderson, Kathleen Ball, Margaret Brereton, Rupert Compton-Ford, Robert Curwen, John Fordham, Ada Goldschmidt, Annemarie Goldschmidt, Catharine Heddle, Mary Jackson, Raymond Lyons, Desmond Minchin, Cyril Osborne, Molly Ryan, Anthony Wright.

Intermediate Certificate.—Elizabeth Allen, Francis Batten, Enid Brett, Roger Browning, Robert Curwen, Rhoda Davie, Ada Goldschmidt, Annemarie Goldschmidt, Mark Headley, Ruth Hicks, Christopher Marland, Stephen Mattingley, Margaret Mills, Molly Ryan, Daphne Shiner, Richard Tawell, Geoffrey Todd.

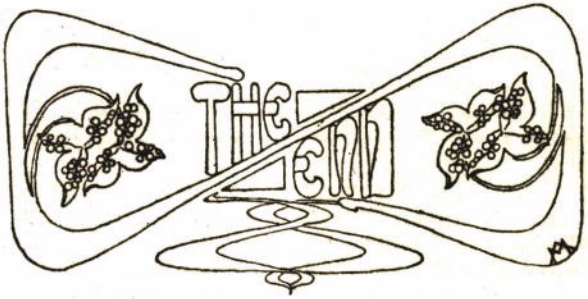
Elementary Certificate.—Christopher Marland, Desmond Matthewmann.

Instructor's Certificate. 1st Class.—Richard Walker, Joan Willis.

Instructor's Certificate. 2nd Class.—Eileen Edmunds.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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



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