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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXV. JULY 1934. No. 74.

FOREWORD

WE were very sorry to say good-bye to Mr. Nicholson, and to Miss Baker, who had been with us during the Spring Term; but we welcomed Mr. Westgarth as the boys' gym and games master for the Summer Term.

This welcome we also extend to Dr. Lumsden, who is to succeed Dr. Oliver as School Doctor; to some of us he is already a familiar figure of the School and Sanatorium.

Art continues to flourish in the School, and our music artists find an outlet for their talent in the new Musical Society, which meets every Sunday evening under the guidance of Miss Wright and Mr. Baldwin. We wish that it may be very successful.

The Summer Term has brought forth the usual enthusiasm for swimming, cricket and tennis, and a mixed tennis match was played early in the term against a Cambridge club.

At Whitsun there was again a record gathering. It was with regret that we heard Mr. Rowntree, as Headmaster, speak for the last time in Whitsun Evening Meeting.

A new feature of General Meeting this year was the Slave Pageant, in which over thirty people took part. Mr. Beer was untiring in the ceaseless work of a producer and it was mainly due to his talent in this direction that the pageant met with such appreciation.

So the Summer term brings to a close yet another successful School year and with it the enlistment of yet more Old Scholars.

Dilys Rees
(*Stage* 7).

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY v. AUSTRALIANS



BUS, in which certain members of 1st Game and portions of dinner were firmly wedged, accompanied by a most superior taxi, left the School at 10.15 one Wednesday morning. We heard it mentioned that their actual reason for going was to watch the Australians play cricket, but it looked very much as though they were going to enjoy themselves. On arriving at Cambridge we were counted into the grounds through a turnstile and found to be thirty-five.

Mathematics was not missing in the day's outing; by trigonometrical ratios regarding the angle of the sun and the position of the pitch and scoreboard, it was decided that we should sit on the side furthest from the Canteen.

Our dinners being deposited, a professional examination of the pitch was made by certain members of the party and "a bowler's wicket" was murmured by some who knew all about it.

An hour was passed in watching some Australians play at the nets, surmises about their identity being made and the whole of the Australian team being suggested; Ponsford and Brown were the final two decided upon.

The spinning of a silver coin (for such we heard it was) brought us scuttling back to our seats; with joy we greeted Ponsford, not thinking that he would overstay his welcome.

Lunch was well started and several people were seen to be enjoying, munching a meat pie the while, an " over " of Davies' or watching, while eating a banana, Darling's classic strokes. Mr. Hindle's excellent binoculars were much in demand, but we willingly handed them to one person when she exclaimed, " Glasses, quick ! here comes Bradman ; yes, that's he, I know his nose ! " It *was* Don Bradman. Someone is said to have swallowed a meat-pie whole on seeing Bradman out fourth ball, but we do not vouch for the truth of this statement.

During the afternoon's play, when one of Ponsford's balls eventually reached the boundary amid loud applause, several girls were able to display their powers of throwing.

In the tea interval, while the School photographer was busy with his Brownie No. 2 taking photographs of the Australians, a certain smallish member of the party was seen to be peering hopefully up through the legs of the huge crowd, presumably intent on seeing Bradman's nose again, other people were firmly wedged against the counter of the tea canteen.

When stumps were drawn for the day, at 6.30, and we were again bundled into the bus, someone remarked, " What a pity we can't have the Australians over to play the 1st XI on Saturday, but unfortunately we've got an important match then ! "

D. Close and D. Turner
(*Stage 7*).



A WEEK-END AT BLAKENEY POINT

THE School Committee have once more "turned up trumps." They fell before the persistent entreaties of Mr. Hindle to finance a week-end at Blakeney Point for members of the Post-Certificate Stage, accompanied by three members of the staff.

Soon after the beginning of the present term, four of us walked proudly out of breakfast, entirely ignoring those poor people who had got to sit in stuffy classrooms, attended by the persistent drone of the teacher's voice. Collecting huge cases of food from the kitchen, and equally huge bundles and cases of clothes and apparatus, we managed to squeeze into Miss Waites' and Miss Yapp's cars, and were speeding along the road soon after breakfast had officially finished.

Arriving at Morston quite intact, we left the cars in a garage, and proceeded by launch to the lifeboat house, where we intended to make our headquarters. Fortunately the tide was almost full and we did not have to carry our baggage very far to the lifeboat house. We arrived there to find our future abode very efficiently equipped with almost every practical cooking utensil and many tempting diversions which were strictly forbidden!

The fire had already been lit, and in a short time the dinner was on its way to the table—the quality of our fare can be judged by the fact that one of our party was a respectable member of the Domestic Science class. After dinner the boys experienced the pleasure of washing up the greasy plates, while the others got ready for a preliminary survey of the Point.

Throughout the week-end life consisted of eating, sleeping, working, and last, but not least, of washing up. The boys

were almost tempted to swear that they would not remain bachelors !

About half-past nine, the junior members at any rate began to nod their heads, at which the older members suggested that bed was the only satisfactory remedy. So we collected our supply of blankets and mattresses which had been airing in front of the fire, and bid " good-night " to the rest of the company. The two girls shared the " dog-kennel "—an attic in the lifeboat house with a small opening through which the larger members would have had difficulty in passing (had they tried) : and the two boys found their quarters in the laboratory, a red-tiled and green-shuttered building about 200 yards from the lifeboat house. Naturally it took us a long time to make our beds, since the eagle eye of the master-on-duty had no terrors for us —we were subsequently reminded that our light might have been extinguished earlier !

Next morning we had all arrived at the sad conclusion that we had not used enough blankets and promptly put some more to air before the fire. Before all the members of the staff had assembled for breakfast, the water supply had been brought, the hut swept clean and the breakfast cooked.

During the morning's work many of us found that not only was the wind rather tiresome, but also that the sand storms were even more of a nuisance. The braver members of the party went for a dip in the sea just before dinner, but they returned with red legs caused by the sand. Even when everybody was assembled in the hut for meals, it was deemed necessary to sound the bell which hung from the roof of the hut.

The most amusing part of our work was digging for clams. We took off our shoes and socks, and, where necessary, rolled up our trousers : then we proceeded to "splosh" about in lovely, oozy, black mud in search of these shell-fish. Whenever we saw a small round depression in the mud, we put our finger in it : if it got sucked down we dug furiously (there was no need to dig like this, but it was more exciting) until we unearthed the

clam, usually in a much battered condition. The week-end came to an end much too soon. After tea on Monday we tried to leave things much as we had found them, although herculean efforts by certain individuals did not quite dispose of all of the food, which we reluctantly left behind. Unfortunately the tide was very low and we had to carry our cases over miles and miles of mud flats. After what seemed an interminable time we arrived at the cars and were soon on the road to school.

C. J. Smith
(Post-Matric. Stage).

JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING



FTER a hurried breakfast at 6.30, eight of us arrived at the station where we met Mr. Brereton who was to take us to Friends House.

We reached our destination just before a quarter past nine and had scarcely enough time to take our belongings to the cloakroom before Mr. Knight's Topical Talk on Yearly Meeting began in the Small Meeting House. During this talk he gave us a rough plan of the Large Meeting House showing us where many famous Quakers who might speak would probably be sitting.

At ten o'clock we attended the Yearly Meeting Session in the Large Meeting House. After a short period of worship Jean Thompson and Shipley Brayshaw gave reports on conditions in the North on behalf of the Industrial and Social Order Council; both reports were most interesting and a lively discussion ensued.

Soon after 11.15 we, the Junior Yearly Meeting, retired to the basement for coffee and biscuits and to meet and get

to know each other. About twenty minutes later we assembled in the Small Meeting House, where Philip Radley read the Epistle of the Junior Yearly Meeting of Friends in New England, which gave us an account of their activities during the week of their Junior Yearly Meeting in which they held discussions, played games and visited interesting places.

After the reading of the Epistle, Clerks were appointed for the Afternoon Sessions. Doris Turner (Saffron Walden) was appointed Clerk and Tony Reynolds (Sidcot) Assistant Clerk. A short discussion followed concerning the subject for discussion in the afternoon. The subject, " Our Use of Leisure Time ", was decided upon and our session was concluded with a few minutes' silence.

At a quarter to one we all proceeded along Euston Road to the basement of Express Dairies for lunch, towards the end of which we were informed that tours of Friends House, Euston Station or London University Buildings were being conducted for those who were interested, but that others could do as they liked. A few people who went to Euston Station were lucky enough on their return to Friends House to be shown over the Euston Road Fire Station. Others even managed to visit Madame Tussaud's Waxwork Exhibition.

Our second session opened at 2.30 with a short period of worship. The discussion on " Our Use of Leisure Time " was quite good and concerned chiefly the different ways of spending our leisure time and the principles which should guide us in our use of this time. Unfortunately the discussion degenerated after a while and the tendency to wander away from the point was coupled with a constant repetition of views, but expressed in different words.

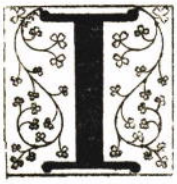
Tea was at 3.45 at Express Dairies, where arrangements were very well made for our crowd of over a hundred. At 4.30 the discussion was continued and our thoughts were turned to the subject of " Quakerism as a Way of Life." The discussion was rather slow in starting, but soon became warmer as we

tried to decide what Quakerism means to us and what is really of value in life. Our session closed with the preparation of Minutes and a short period of silence.

At 6.45 we (of Saffron Walden) met at the fountain in the yard at Friends House and started off for F.S.S.W. with plenty about which to think and talk.

H. Rodwell and *W. E. Rawlinson*
(*Stage 7*).

HEATHER



HAVE always wished that Scotland's emblem could have been heather instead of the thistle. The sight of heather or the smell or the thought of it always conjures up for me a vision of Scotland—of lochs and mountains, of moors and headlands, of gentle rain and happy peace, whereas the thistle makes me think of Edinburgh rock and Harry Lauder. Both of these latter of course are utterly Scotch and utterly delightful, but should we want our English rose to be an emblem of Banbury cakes and George Robey?

An argument in favour of the thistle may be that it seems to be peculiar to Scotland, while heather grows everywhere where there are moors; yet I seem to remember having seen roses in Scotland, and shamrocks in Wales.

I was once lost in a fog on Bodmin moor. It was supposed to be a summer day, but I, clad in a summer dress and light coat, found that grey skies, wet earth and a heavy mist did nothing to promote warmth. We had been walking, and with the impatience of youth I did not enjoy the moderate pace any more than the little path we were keeping to, so that I swung

across an expanse of moor which set me smiling again. August, a blue sky continually transformed by grey-white clouds which appeared to have no inclination to mass together; on the far horizon a placid strip of sea—and everywhere there was heather. I looked down at my feet, and saw it bravely meeting the pressure of my careless foot, and looking back watched it springing back to its former position as if it were the customary thing for it to do. It probably was.

The heather fascinated me. Very dark green leaves, entirely eclipsed by tiny mauve and white bells which gave the air a sweet and lasting atmosphere and perfume made the scene perfect, and I was so entranced that I very nearly collided violently with a little man who, to my joy, looked as though he found life and the world so sweet that he would not have raised the slightest objection to my bowling him over completely! I became filled with ecstatic delight; I wanted to rush and hug the whole moor and its wonderful blanket. This seemed hardly the thing to do, but who cared? I fell on my knees and, in unconscious cruelty, snatched up handfuls of the heather. Its roots were deep and clung tenaciously (if anyone had hinted then that I was being destructive, I should have been highly indignant). I did not notice the clammy mist which was rapidly forming all around me. I did not feel the cold moisture of moorland rain; but I did hear my sister's unsuccessful attempts to yodel for me, and, strangely enough, although the night before when she had considered it right and proper to practise extensively at about 11.30, I had put in strong objections, I felt no inclination to strangle her this time. On the contrary, the weird sound seemed to be an essential part of this lonely moor and I stood up and heard it grow louder to a crescendo dangerously near and then fade gradually away, for the better part of half an hour.

And when eventually they found me standing cold and damp and happy amid the heather, they were astounded to hear me raise objections to being carried away.

But it was impossible for me to go willingly when well-meaning aunts fell on my neck and murmured, "Poor child! She shall have a nice hot drink when we get her home! All alone on this nasty cold moor, with nothing but heather around!"

Ethel Pool
(*Stage* 6).

THE FILMS OF INDIA



N the films on Thursday we heard about a boarding school in India. We heard about a little boy called Livingstone Patrick. He was paddling in a river in Sohagpur and he was washing his clothes like the other people and he dropped his shirt in the river.

The boarding school had girls only. Every Saturday the girls used to clean out the whole school.

They had lovely geography lessons. The small children made little huts and the bigger children learnt about the mountains and clouds.

In the holidays the children who had no parents used to stay at school. They went for a picnic in the jungle, but the ones that did not like the tigers and the elephants did not go. There were some lovely snakes, very long ones.

They had a lovely lot of rivers to bathe in. They could swim very nicely. The little children did not wear anything when they were swimming, but the big ones did.

The camels were very funny when they sat down.

There were lots of mules which carried baggage.

There was a lovely waterfall.

On the station of Sohagpur there were some people selling cucumbers and some men selling teas, sweets and cakes.

That is what I saw on the films by Miss Backhouse.

Elisabeth Grose
(*Junior School*).



LINO CUT NIGHTMARE *Betty Gundry* (*Stage* 5).

THE BEES



AST Summer Term Mr. Seed kindly presented to the School a hive of honey bees which was accommodated in the Biological garden.

During the Winter we fed the bees on syrup in place of the honey we had taken, but unfortunately we did not medicate it with thymol to prevent its fermenting. This probably caused the death of the Queen. Certainly she was not in the hive when we came back to School.

This Term, however, we have been far more successful. On the Friday after Whitsun some of Miss Midgley's bees swarmed and she very kindly let us know, so Mr. Hindle and I went to get them. Following Miss Midgley's instructions, we caught the bees in the skep she had lent us, and put them into a new hive which had luckily been bought not long before.

Some more of Miss Midgley's bees swarmed on General Meeting Sunday and these she gave us ; this time we successfully mixed them with those without a Queen.

Two days afterwards a swarm came over the field and settled near the end of the boys' drive. Mr. Hindle caught them in a box and we hope to have another hive made in the workshop.

We were able to exhibit two supers (frames of honey above the Queen excluder) from the " Queenless " hive at General Meeting.

A. T. Thompson
(*Stage* 6).

THE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

THE end of the Spring Term again brought us to the happy prospect of spending another most enjoyable hour with the School orchestra.

We were sorry to hear that Margaret Smith (a 1st violin) and Cuddy (Cudbird), a member of the Junior Orchestra, would not

be able to play to us because of illness. Miss Wright took Margaret Smith's place in the quartet and Judith Lockspeiser took Cuddy's place in the duet with Jackson.

The programme was divided into two parts. First of all the Junior Orchestra played us :

1. Music to " The Fairy Prince," Arne.
2. Contra Danse, Rameau.
3. Duet, March, A. Carse.
4. Rustic Dance, A. Carse.
5. " Drink to Me Only," traditional, arr. W. H. Reed.

The Senior Orchestra then played us :

1. Eine Kleine Nachtmusik, Mozart.
2. March, Bach, Woodhouse.
3. Quartet, Mozart, No. 1, G Major.
4. Suite for strings, Purcell. Arr. Hurlstorne.
5. Widdicombe Fair.

All of which clearly showed us that Miss Wright had spent many hours of careful work with the orchestra and that the players must have practised a great deal.

The quartet, played by Diana Close, leader, Miss Wright, second violin, Jean Sleight, viola, and Dorothy Wood, 'cello, again proved to us that the standard of playing had risen to a very high level.

To finish the concert, the Senior Orchestra gave us a very lively performance of " Widdicombe Fair." The orchestra, this time, included two drums, a triangle, a pair of cymbals and a tambourine.

At the end of the concert, Miss Wright was presented with two batons to show the appreciation of the orchestra for the time and energy she had expended.

Mary Wilson

(Stage 7).

THE STORY OF TREMENDOUS TRERMAIN

IN the far away African jungles there was a lion whose name was Tremendous Trermain. This lion ate everything he liked and what he did not he turned up his nose at.

Now he had a wife whose name was Soft Paw; she had not wanted to marry Trem (this is his name for short), but her father had died and Trem had killed her brother.

One day Soft Paw went to her sister's marriage. Her name was Soft Tail. She was marrying a lion called Great Main.

When the marriage was over Great Main fought Trem and killed him and made peace for ever.

Peter Carr
(Junior School).

"BE YOU MERRY, MY FRIENDS"

THE longest evening of the longest day of term had come. Trunks were packed, indeed were at the station, and everybody possessed the clothes he wore—or so we thought until later events proved that some people could still borrow.

Instead of the usual end of term sing-song on Tuesday, March 7th a concert of a very high standard was given by some members of the staff and school.

The programme opened with community singing when everybody joined heartily in songs all knew. After that the real programme began. Eileen Edmunds and Mr. Williamson gave us a vivid version of "Die Lorelli," Eileen charming her victim to destruction in a realistic manner.

Then followed Mr. King Beer in "Grand Opera," rendered as only Mr. Beer can do it. If Covent Garden has missed a star we gain thereby!

Mr. Baldwin came next with what he called a " Low Down Song," in which, however, he was so much at home that we wondered! The audience joined very lustily in the chorus. Then Dilys Rees, Diana Close, Messrs. Baldwin and Nicholson demonstrated how a quartette should be sung—or that was their intention.

Miss Clarke and Mr. Beer then sang a very soulful duet, " Because." The words might have been English or they might have been Italian as Miss Clarke's rapturous gaze and Mr. Beer's pained expression caused so much laughter that they were not heard. This item was accompanied on the piano by Miss Noreen Wright, and Diana Close tucked her fiddle under her chin and put in an occasional obbligato note.

One of the events of the evening was a contest on the latest addition to the orchestra, the double bass. This instrument had not been in school many days. We congratulate the competitors on their swift mastery of so difficult an instrument.

Mary Byles came first and we all knew that she played the National Anthem—we recognized some notes. Then Margetts gave his rendering of something unknown, probably original. Mr. Rowntree was undoubtedly the winner, though his effort was really a duet, also the instrument was wielded in an entirely new manner. Mr. R. tucked it, or tried to, under his chin and played it as a violin whilst Mr. Beer stood at the far end and fingered. The result was indescribable, but then we do not understand modern music.

Next came a marvellous orchestra. Rayner as a conductor showed restraint and had his players well in hand. The attack was excellent though the tone was not always as pure as one would wish. Rowell produced a new harp which might be recognized as the pedals of a grand piano while we believe the horn also does duty as a megaphone. We had drums though.

Mr. Beer now gave an election speech in which the audience joined. At the end of it we knew little about politics, but

all felt quite capable of voting for anything, longer holidays, perhaps, being the most popular.

An excellent shadow show was given by Messrs. Baldwin and Nicholson, Ruth Stubbs, Betty Whitfield, Margetts, Lyons, Rodwell and Dutton. We were shown advertisements, nursery rhymes and characters, and asked to spot the stars. The most easily recognized was that of Miss Waring with her popular gargle.

We cannot close without a word about the dress of the performers. Schoolgirls were transformed into charming and elegant young ladies. Gone were tunics and blouses and we beheld wonderful evening frocks which though tight were very becoming. The Harris tweeds, plus fours, grey " bags " of the male section gave place to evening dress of various ages. We had tails, black ties, and flannels—from whence came they ?

Thus a happy evening ended with mixed feelings. We had laughed until our sides ached, laughed together so that friendship was deepened. Regret there was that Sir Henry Wood, Sir Thomas Beecham and Mr. Cochran do not know what they miss ! There was some relief, too, for was not Mr. Beer still safely inside his suit ?

Above all as we parted was the realization that in the morning we were going home.

L.G.

BEHIND THE SCENES

A PECULIAR musky odour made one pause at the door. Warm, sickly, unbearable, it could not be dispelled by open doors and windows : the only solution was a mousetrap.

The first trap was inefficient. It necessitated murder in the early morning, for it did not kill. The second was, though cheap, very successful in frightening those who touched it by mistake or examined it before it had gone off ! It required

nerve and determination to set it : and to sit alone in the room with it was torture, for the mice were not always considerate enough to be caught in the night—and the trap went off like a pistol.

By the time eight mice had been caught in a week the prefects' nerves were hardened, but no more mice were caught for a long time, although later there were fresh signs that they had been tempted by the sugar and the crumbs and they inhabit the skirting and cupboards to this day.

There must have been a magician or some mischievous imp living in the room, for nothing was ever to be found where it had been left. They were always accusing one another of borrowing, or hiding the missing books and there were many scuffles as to whom should use the only one that could be found. Prep. usually started off quietly enough, but after a few minutes one of them would start to search for her " Pratt." Soon someone would be accused of having hidden it, and, after repeated denial, she would be found using the book on the quiet. For a few minutes they would dodge, giggling, round the table, endangering those who still tried to work and when they tired of this they would place the book between them and all would be peace once more except for the scratching of pens. Such a state could not last for long, however, perhaps a problem would present overwhelming difficulties ; or more paper might be needed ; the thoughtful humming of a tune would set off a discussion on jazz or films. The regular click, click, of knitting pins would get on someone's nerves and a dissertation on the easy life of a " Post Matric." as compared with the trials of those who were about to take the exam. would be followed by a denunciation of Domestic Science and a speech on the Equality of Sexes. Suddenly a tennis ball, skimming in at the open window, would miss somebody by a fraction of an inch and a scuffle outside would indicate that the culprits had fled. After an attempt to entice them from their hiding places the ball would be dropped out again and work would recommence.

A few minutes later a regular " cats' concert " would start in the room above, indicating that a joyful lower school had been released from prep. and, it being impossible to do maths. to the tune of " Clementine " or even " God Save the King," serious work would be abandoned and " context questions " would be fired at one from all angles, or poetry would be read aloud. Finally we lean back in our chairs and wonder whether it will be of any use complaining about the hubbub which so regularly foils our attempts to work !

What a relief after an hour and a half of hard work to get out deck chairs and cushions and sit round the fire ; to sip hot coffee and nibble biscuits and chocolates in glorious relaxation !

But what of reality . . .

" Now, then, come on Molly, you slacker ! Set to and get the coffee ! " " But the pan's filthy." " AND there's all the washing up to do." " This kettle's full of water. Will it do ? " " Who's going to fetch the milk ? Run along, Rufus ! " . . .

" That kid's doing the washing up quite happily." " Did you ask her to ? " " No, I just told her how kind she was to do it ! " . . .

" Your egg'll soon fall off here and you'll wish you'd never left it ! " . . . " Hannah ! The bell ! It's nearly twenty past ! " . . . " Isn't this milk boiling yet ? I've come to the conclusion that if you get two cushions, a deck chair's quite comfortable ! " . . .

" Blow ! Half these things aren't dry." " Did you give her anything ? " " No, I told her to come to-morrow. We might have some biscuits."

A rap at the door—" Come in." " Hannah, will you ring the second bell please ? "

" Has the coffee been made ? Don't we need some water for it ? " " Oh, somebody wash this jug, it's full of sour milk." . . .

"Ssh! What's that?" "A mouse in the kettle"! "Is it a tap upstairs?" "Hark to the words of wisdom! It's water in the gas."

"I hope your mother brings some Ovaltine down at the week-end; I can't bear this chicory coffee!" . . .

"Can I get this egg out with something or other . . . or would you like to get it out with your fingers? I don't like catching hold of red hot things." . . .

"We need a strainer. Have you got one?" "The boys have got it." "I say, look at this stuff on top!" "Let's pour it through a hanky." "Not one of mine . . . I've had cheese strained through them." "Can I have this cup? I like a whole one! Let me pour it out myself." . . .

"Is there any salt?" "No we threw it away, it was mousy." "If the salt hath lost its savour! If the egg has lost its flavour!" . . .

"Has everyone got some coffee? Is that yours, Molly?" "No, that's Hannah's. . . . It's all right, I'll have mine out of the glass." "Who's bagged my spoon?—Oh, here it is!"

"Huh! Nobody's put any sugar in this, not even me! I wish you'd look after me better, Close." . . .

"HILLCROFT." "Goodnight." "Goodnight." . . .

Ruth Stubbs
(Post-Matric. Stage).

WHITSUNTIDE

WHITSUNTIDE festivities at Walden, being for the most part held out of doors, the question of the weather is always considered with some anxiety. But this year, as in most years, Walden weather was good, though sometimes a bit on the cold side, and suggesting at times that it might prove temperamental.



Photo by] [*J. Flinton Harris*

WHIT-MONDAY, 1934

Presentation to C. Brightwen and Gertrude Rowntree.

An unusual number of Old Scholars, parents and friends turned up and all seemed to have had an enjoyable time. Whitsun at Walden this year was the last one under the kindly and efficient supervision of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree, who have done so much for many years to make these gatherings the success they have been in their days. Few can have vividly realized how much time and energy they have shown even before a single visitor can turn up.

The first of these gatherings was held thirty years ago, when thirty people came for the week-end and 170 came on the Monday. Since then there has been a steady growth in numbers and with it an ever increasing complexity in the arrangements that have to be made. And so it was eminently fitting that this year should be one that should mark the appreciation of the Old Scholars' Association for all the good things they have owed to Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree.

On Monday afternoon, after dinner, a numerous and enthusiastic gathering on the lower asphalt showed their vociferous and tangible appreciation. There were about 550 visitors on the Monday. Owen Clover, as President of the Old Scholars' Association, took the chair and after an eloquent eulogy of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree's work, handed over to them a handsome cheque, to which about 650 people had subscribed. James Watts, the Treasurer of the Old Scholars, said he had received so many letters that the postman must have thought he was running a sweepstake. Mr. Rowntree was further presented with an album that is to contain the names of all the subscribers to the cheque, and Mrs. Rowntree was presented with a suit case.

Then came a surprise item. A number of trampers marched up to the table and presented a silver replica of the famous Trampers' Billycan to show their appreciation of what Mr. Rowntree has done in making the School Tramp so successful and enjoyable.

On the Saturday and Monday the usual cricket matches and tennis tournaments were played. In the tennis, Irene Goss and Mr. Turner were the winners. The Boys' Cricket XI, all being out for 56, lost to the Old Boys, who made 150 for 9 declared (Parsons, 53). On Monday, the Old Scholars beat the School XI, the scores being 126 (Fowler 43) and 83 (Mr. Baldwin 25). On Monday, too, the Old Girls and present girls played their cricket match, each side playing for an hour, the former making 74 for 8 and the latter being all out for 60.

But it is really at swimming that our girls excel. On Saturday before a crowded "house" they swam beautifully to music and by request this fine exhibition was repeated on Monday morning. On Saturday there were the swimming relay races, the Old Boys beating the present boys and the present girls beating the Old Girls.

No Walden gathering would be complete without the time honoured Terza, that game in which all but the very stout can so pleasantly take part. It is one of the few games that adds to the gaiety of nations.

Mr. Rowntree spoke at the Sunday Evening Meeting of the hope that history afforded for a qualified belief in progress, and illustrated it by reference to the changes at Walden he has seen since he came thirty-three years ago.

On Monday evening two performances of a very amusing Variety Entertainment were given in the Lecture Room by the "Forty Years On" Company. The nimble sprite behind all this was Reginald Reynolds. Those taking part acted splendidly and rose well to the facetious opportunities afforded them by "Ike."

Then came the handshakings and the farewells, and the thanks while

> "The tumult and the shouting dies—
> The captains and the kings depart."

D.P.

A STORMY SEA

THE waves they beat high and the spume sprays afar,
The dark, angry waters surge over the bar;
And dark is the night lit by moonlight alone,
With the aid of the lighthouse of massive grey stone.

The whole of the ocean is wakened from sleep,
The storm-winds arise, then are lost in the deep;
A rocket goes up from some agonized souls,
But what cares the cold ocean, for over it rolls.

Jean Lyons
(*Stage* 3).

THE SLAVERY PAGEANT

IT was not until about a fortnight before General Meeting that people began to get wind of the fact that Mr. Beer was organizing some sort of an Anti-Slavery Pageant. Soon ideas were moulded into fact and notices were put up about performers and when they should rehearse; rehearsals took place in the Gym and Lecture Hall, and the Slave Pageant became a subject of general conversation in the school. During all the rehearsals Mr. Beer showed a wonderful genius for acting and organizing.

The dresses arrived and on the Friday evening before General Meeting we had a full dress rehearsal in order that performers might became accustomed to their dress and make-up. The Pageant was to be acted in the open-air on a stage erected between two trees on the Avenue facing the Girls' playground. Everybody, of course, was extremely excited about their own particular dress and wished to put on as much grease paint as possible; the rehearsal itself was not very successful, but the actual performance on Saturday was much better.

The play itself consisted of eight scenes, two showing up the horror and brutality of slavery by introducing a note of tragedy,

others relating to the lives of famous pioneers against slavery such as Lincoln and Wilberforce. Finally there was a scene in which several important countries were represented by a leader and several slaves who marched up to Liberty, a figure very well acted by Miss Barrie, and confessed the number of slaves they still held or had freed. Thus they were grouped on either side of the stage to give the audience some idea of the amount of slavery still in the world to-day. In between the scenes a dialogue was kept up between Liberty, whom I have mentioned before, and Public Opinion whose part was taken by Megan Bebb. Liberty illustrated her statements by the eight scenes of the play.

By the use of Mr. Beer's wireless and a gramophone pick-up, negro spirituals helped a great deal in the general effect. There was quite a large audience of parents, Old Scholars and present pupils ; to them the pageant probably appeared, and was a serious and rather sad performance. However, behind the scenes in the dressing rooms the atmosphere was rather amusing ; a pungent smell of sweat and grease paint, people continually dashing in and out, tearing off clothes and putting others on, changing their moustaches and putting another dash of lipstick somewhere with amazing rapidity ! In two of the scenes there had to be a number of black slaves and dealers, who had to be blackened nearly all over, therefore a great deal of grease paint was used ; Mr. Westgarth was very helpful in the dressing rooms with the blackening of people and used a great deal of energy in spite of the fact that he had a bad arm. The weather conditions were good and the audience sat in rows of chairs arranged on the Girls' playground. Apparently most people enjoyed it ; for its success we owe thanks to Mr. Beer and his strenuous perseverance with chiefly amateur actors, during the week preceding he almost lost his voice, but not his energy.

Philip Fausset

(*Stage* 6).

IMPRESSIONS

IT is obvious now that all this should have been written before reaction had set in. As it is I know not whether the after effects will be too much for me.

We (I use the word "we" because it is less personal than "I," and less objectionable than "one")—who have left Walden as recently as last Summer, find ourselves watching a cricket match betraying every sign that we have quite forgotten our subscription to the C.S.W.O.S.A. Had I watched the "relay" I might have been found screaming "School."

Possibly I was made wrongly in the first place. Certain it is that I felt no sense of a gulf between myself and the present scholars. I would as soon talk with them as those who had left. I was pleased to note that there was a lack of that intellectual arrogance in the Upper School that permeated us (contemporaries please note) in the not so old days.

My first impression, however, is the wonderful solicitude for my personal welfare displayed throughout the school, from Group A to Group C. Out of the welter of conversation during the week-end there are two phrases which stand out, not for their intrinsic worth, but their constant repetition.

"What are you doing now, James?"

"When are you going, James?"

You may know of only two methods of answering the first question. Either give a detailed and truthful account of one's activities, or else be funny about it. Rapidly the soul sickens of the detailed account, and to be funny about it dies of exposure. A third method evolves of ignoring the question altogether. The second question is pure insult, and is probably best dealt with by the effective, if unquakerly, method of

smacking the inquiring child's head. Looking back I regret that I did not adopt the course.

Some historians have dwelt lovingly on dirty knees and sticky fingers, inky collars and burst buttons. For the benefit of the younger scholars who have been thus libelled I can truthfully say that these things are so much legend, though I would not go so far as to suggest that each child is a living shop dummy.

The familiar surroundings of the Old School, though no more familiar than their own homes, seemed to affect the Old Scholars with a kind of chronic insomnia.

If insomnia is the principal characteristic of Old Scholars, Poverty has claimed those of the Present. To produce money in sight of the "stall" or the gentleman who dispensed ice-cream, meant instant and insistent popularity. Even children whom I had never seen before (and have no particular wish to see again) seemed to entertain the highest regard for my capabilities. Yet the younger scholars seemed well educated in the virtue of restraint and good behaviour. Any noticeable departure from those principles emanated from Old and older scholars.

I am sorry that I have not waxed lyrically sentimental yet. No doubt many beautiful poems could be written (not by me) dealing with the varying emotions entailed by the simple process of walking up the drive, or coming into sight of the School Tower. I have not, because I might seem to lack the judgment possessed by many Old Scholars—who felt, or rather said, that the School had changed for the worse.

"The School is going to the dogs (reverent pause——)." It is an old tale, but by now something of a cliché. So that nothing short of physical infirmity or financial instability will prevent my hearing the next batch of recruits pronounce the time honoured "benediction" next year.

J. F. S. Edwards.

THE PROGRESS OF READING

UNTIL I was about five, I never took any interest in reading. I liked to be read to, but that was all. However, when I was nearly five my brother started to learn to read. When he proudly read to me the first two pages of the Infant Reader, for the first time, I was really interested. For one thing, I was awe-struck. Before then, I had looked upon reading as a kind of grown-up's privilege, to be enjoyed some day in the dim future.

Then, I was jealous. If he were allowed to read like a real grown-up, then I was going to read too. So I immediately requested that someone should teach me how to read. My mother tried, but unfortunately for her, after my first lesson or two, my interest in the novelty of it wore off, and I had to be literally dragged to my books.

Then came a long space when I didn't bother about books or reading, as an accomplishment. The only thing in connection with reading that I remember is getting angry with my father because he wouldn't tell me a story. He said he was reading, I didn't doubt his word, but I was sure something was wrong, because he just held a book in front of him and looked at it, occasionally turning a page. After climbing all over my long-suffering parent and sulking for a time, I retreated in great disgust.

The first time I actually read for my own amusement was when I was eight. I remember the time very well. I had nothing to do, and I was looking through the family book-case for a picture book. I pulled out a child's version of the "Knights of the Round Table." The pictures interested me so much that I for once read the words beneath each picture. I found I could read it quite easily, and I started reading the stories. I finished that book, and started another. Nobody

could get me away from them all that day, except of course for meals.

After this beginning, I really started to read. I obtained a ticket for the Children's Library, and I read about two books a week. I somehow got a mania for reading. I read as much as I could all day, I read till late at night, by torch if necessary, and I read early in the morning. I kept strictly to fairy stories and stories about children. I had a few favourites which I read and re-read. The " Water Babies," " Alice in Wonderland " and " Robinson Crusoe " easily had first place in my affections. The jungle books, Andrew Lang's Fairy Tales and the Arabian Nights Entertainments also attracted my imagination, partly because they rather terrified me by their fantastic stories.

As for poetry, I was quite scared of reading it. Even children's poems seemed dull and boring for some unknown reason. This feeling remained with me, until once at school, a little boy from the kindergarten was brought into our class to show us how beautifully he could read. He read a poem from a magazine. Hearing a poem, I immediately woke up, and stared at him wide-eyed. At the end he was congratulated by the mistress for reading so well. He calmly said, " Oh well, you see, I liked the poetry so I learnt it all by heart." This confession did not lessen my admiration of the infant prodigy, but the mistress was flabbergasted.

After that I was more favourably inclined towards poetry in general, but I never liked it enough to read it for pure pleasure.

Soon I realized that my friends liked school stories. Naturally, I discovered I liked school stories. I read all Angela Brazil, and all Ethel Talbot. I simply revelled in them, and thought them the most marvellous books in the world. I bought various " Schoolgirls " and " Schoolgirl's Own " papers each week and eagerly read the exciting stories of midnight-feasts, form rivalries, games, matches, fires and the descriptions

of various heroines or mistresses, with their nicknames, colour of hair and eyes, their characters, etc., as given in tabular form with the copies. After a while I grew dissatisfied because the people in different books always did the same sorts of things. Very often some new girl was wronged by a mean girl, who " cribbed " the exam. papers from the teacher's desk, then put them in the new girl's desk and so put suspicion on her.

The new girl shielded her enemy, and is put in Coventry by the rest of the school, but everything comes out happily in the end because the wicked deceitful girl confesses to her crime after she has been rescued from fire by her hated enemy.

From cheap schoolgirl papers, I turned to " penny bloods " as they are commonly called. I was astonished at my daring in reading such exciting stories. I was thrilled by stories such as " The Jade Mystery," " The Clawing Hand," " Big Joe of the Badlands," and such like rubbish. I admired the detectives, and sometimes the villains. I made up glorious mysteries with myself as the central figure and I imagined myself relentlessly tracking some murderer, adding clue to clue in the proper and approved fashion. However, I left the cheap " penny dreadfuls " off, as I got tired of them in a few months. Still thirsting for bloodshed at the early age of eleven, I read Edgar Wallace, Conan Doyle and Sapper to my heart's content. At last tiring of crime, the next stage was adventure stories, mostly about the sea. I read a great many sea stories, Collingwood was a great favourite with me, I think I read most of his books.

I prided myself on knowing the names of most of the parts of a sailing ship and most of the various types of ships. I liked a little mystery and there had to be treasure to be found in the story or it was not worth much in my opinion. I liked " Treasure Island " but not as much as other such adventure tales. Although many of these stories were quite realistic, I had an uneasy feeling that so many different people could not all have found real pirate treasure as there weren't as many

pirates as people. So I gradually took to reading historical stories where there was more of a chance that they might really have been true. Because of this, I always felt a thrill when I read a story that I knew was founded on facts, such as " Round the World in a Yacht," " Morrett of Death Valley," and " Scott's Last Expedition."

Perhaps due to the unconscious psychological influence of the cinema, I decided that I wanted books with love in them. I started with " Lorna Doone," I liked it, except that it took such a long time to get into the story, with pages of just talk.

I tried Scott, but some of his books were so long-winded that I could not get through them then. The same occurred with Dickens, although I liked " The Christmas Carol," " Oliver Twist " and " Barnaby Rudge." I approved entirely of " Jane Eyre " because it was original, yet it might have happened to anybody. I got a craze for reading classics. I read at this time, " Westward Ho ! " " Silas Marner," " The Three Musketeers," " Lavengro " and several others besides.

Some classics I found easy and enjoyable to read. Some were very much on the long-winded side, but somehow I managed to plough through the pages of soliloquy. A good book is often spoiled by skipping parts, but with some it is necessary if interest is to be kept alive.

Some people think any book which is not generally styled as a classic is not worth reading. Other people would give a wide berth to any book recognized as classical. As for myself I read any book, classical or otherwise that catches my fancy, or that has been recommended to me. I like a good novel just as much as I appreciate a good classic. I think some novels are as well written and as interesting as most classics, but this is probably not the opinion of most people. When I feel like it, I read biographies, books of travel and other more serious books, but after I have been working hard, I find a lighter book a much wanted relaxation.

" Robinson Crusoe " was one of the first fiction books to be written of its kind. Now we have a world full of books, and yet more are being written. I think you will all agree with me when I say I don't think any of us would like to be without our books, or without the chance of getting more.

Joan Rodwell
(*Stage* 5).

SCHOOL DIARY

March 7th.—Girls' Gymnastic Competitions.

,, 10th.—Lantern Lecture: " Ourselves and Our Animals," Mr. Cannon.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Doris Turner; Essays: " Schubert and His Music," Eileen Edmunds; " Superstition," Gertrude Edmundson; Pianoforte Solos: " Nocturne," by Chopin, Edith Pool; " No. 3, Serious Dances," by York Bowen, Olive Cutmore; " Arlequin," by Chaminade, C. J. Smith; " Novellette," by Schumann, Betty Whitfield; Pianoforte Duet: " A Spanish Dance, No. 4," by Moszkowski, Ethel Pool and Gertrude Edmundson; Violin Duet: Violin parts of a " Sonata à Très," by Corelli, Philip Fausset and Raymond Lyons.

,, 14th.—Football Match: Boys' Junior XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Scouts, home, lost, 1—2.

,, 15th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 17th.—Lantern Lecture: " Great Cathedrals," Mr. H. H. Gleave.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Astronomical Report, Harold Rowell; Essays: " The White Ant," Mary Jackson; " Dogs," Megan Bebb.

,, 24th.—Visit of School Orchestra to Clare (Suffolk) Music Festival. Lantern Lecture on the School, Mr. C. B. Rowntree.

,, 28th.—End of Term.

April 26th.—School re-opened.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Current Events Report, Alan Thompson; Diary, Phyllis Rayner; Essays, " The Crow Family," R. Jossaume; " Venomous Snakes," Ethel Pool; " Locusts," Gertrude Edmundson; " Extinct Monsters," Joan Rodwell.

May 2nd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 52—92 runs.

May 5th.—Tennis Coaching (Girls), Miss Ransome.
Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, lost, 92—108.

,, 5th-7th.—Post Certificate Class (Biology) Week-end at Blakeney Point.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Raymond Lyons and Jean Stubbs; Essays: "English Dramatic Art," Mary Jackson; "Musical Pipes," Philip Fausset; Gramophone Record, Schumann's "Mondnacht," sung by Emmy Bettendorf.

,, 9th.—Merit Half-Holiday.
Visit to Cricket Match: Cambridge University *v.* Australians.

,, 12th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Takely Forest.
Mixed Tennis Match: 1st VI. *v.* Fenner's Sports Club, Cambridge, away, won, 6—3 sets.

,, 14th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Jean Stubbs; Essays: "The Study of Mind," John Fleming; "Abraham Lincoln," Olive Lovell; Pianoforte Solo: "Chorale" from a Bach Cantata, Mr. Baldwin; Pianoforte Duet, "Spanish Dance," by Moszkowski, Ethel Pool and Gertrude Edmundson.

,, 16th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v* Harlow College, home, lost, 67—124.

,, 18th-21st.—O.S. Whitsun Week-end.

,, 19th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* O.S. "A" XI., home, lost, 56—150 for 9 wkts.

,, 21st.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* O.S. 1st XI., home, lost, 83—126. Girls' XI. *v.* O.S. Girls' XI., home, lost, 60—74 for 8 wkts.
Presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree.

,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, R. Jossaume; Account of East Malling Research Station, Eileen Edmunds; Accounts of Blakeney Point, Christopher Meredith, Clifford Smith, Ruth Stubbs.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 87—168 for 8 wkts.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, home, drawn, 103—92 for 7 wkts.

,, 28th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Christopher Meredith; Essay, "The Present World," Raymond Lyons; Reading, "Le Revenant," Dilys Rees.

,, 30th.—Tennis Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Fowlmere, home, lost, 5—16 sets.
Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College XI., away, lost, 37—107.

June 3rd.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Reynolds' XI., home, lost, 72—90. Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, won, 117—60.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Arnold Gillett; Current Events Report, Ruth Raven; Report of some Flowers, Christopher Meredith; Talk, "Methods of Feeding and Attracting Wild Birds," Molly McGowan; Introduction to Rothamsted, Mr. Hindle; Talk, "Birds' Nests in the School Grounds," B. Headley.

,, 9th.—General Meeting.

,, 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Ruth Stubbs; Gramophone Record, part of "Brigg Fair," by Delius; Essays: "English Law and Justice," Molly McGowan; "Wireless and Broadcasting," Ethel Pool; Gramophone Record, part of the Adagio from the New World Symphony (No. 5) by Dvořák.

,, 12th.—Swimming Match *v.* Cambridge Amateur Swimming Club, home, girls, won, 26—17 points; boys, lost, 19—24 points.

,, 13th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., home, drawn, 149—120 for 7 wkts. J. Barry 88 runs. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., away, lost 66—79.

,, 16th.—Cricket Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Miss Marjorie Pollard's XI., home, lost, 33—341 for 8 wkts. (declared).
Junior N.H.S. Excursion to Wormley Woods.

,, 18th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Eileen Edmunds; Current Events Report, Gertrude Edmundson; Meteorological Report, Philip Fausset; Essays: "Bee-keeping," Terence Thompson; "Minor Diseases of Horses," Mary Byles.

,, 20th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, lost, 43—50.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County High School 2nd XI., home, won, 180—70. E. Rawlinson 50, A. Wylie 46.
Tennis Coaching (Girls), Miss Ransome.

,, 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Clifford Smith; Essay: "The Progress of Reading," Joan Rodwell; Pianoforte Solo, "Scène du Ballet," by Coleridge-Taylor, Ethel Pool; Violin Solo, "Corrente," by Henry Eccles, Megan Bebb.

NOTICES

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

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following were awarded Scholarships by the School Committee:

1st. Clifford J. Smith, Ruth M. Stubbs.
2nd. Christopher H. R. Meredith.

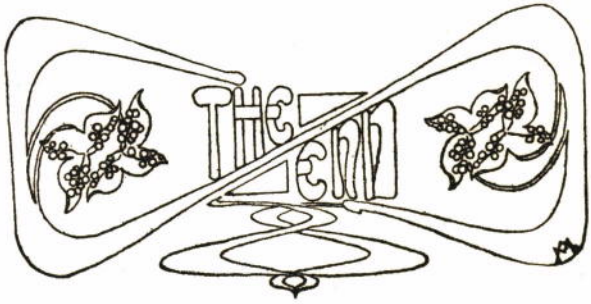
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SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Violin. Jean Sleight, Advanced, Grade VII.
Judith Lockspeiser, Higher Division, Grade V.

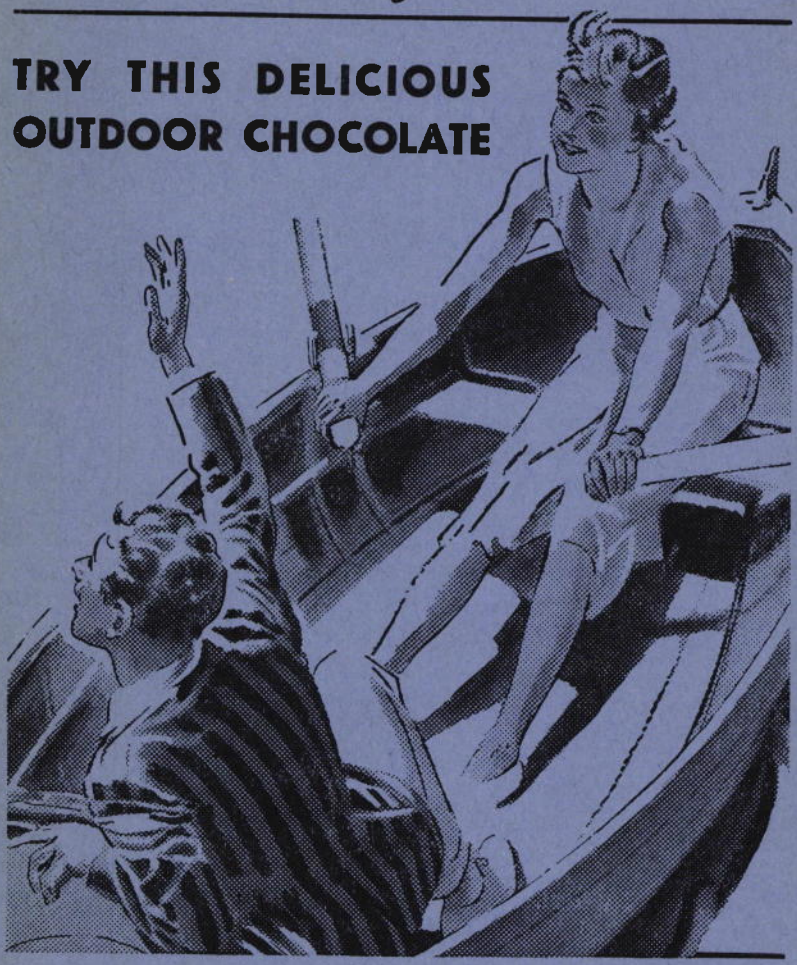
SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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