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MARCH 1934

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Photo by] [*H. Bedford Lemere*

THE SCHOOL FRONT



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXV. MARCH 1934. No. 73.

FOREWORD

WE returned to School this term with little change in the personnel of the School. Mr. Wigglesworth has left us to go to a school in Kent; and we have with us Mr. Nicholson and Miss Baker, both of whom are studying for their Teacher's Diploma.

As we survey the last term, we are reminded of many pleasant little incidents which are interesting to recall. Under the influence of several posters displayed by the "Baby Committee," we took the daring step of "adopting" a child at a new Rachel MacMillan Nursery School in South Wales. Everybody is sharing in this new venture; and gifts of money, clothes, and toys, are flowing in freely. Late in the term, some of the older boys and girls went, with three members of the staff, to their first stage appearance. They formed part of a large caste appearing in the Penn Pageant at Friends House.

The *Avenue* Concert, although not including the usual play, was once more successful, both from an entertainment and a financial point of view.

Although only a few present scholars availed themselves of the invitation to the Old Scholars' Social at Friends House, those who went spent an enjoyable evening under the able organization of the C.S.W.O.S.A. Since our last issue, we are pleased to note that an Old Scholar, Myfanwy Rees, has played in an international hockey match—an often thought of, but rarely attained ambition of all hockey enthusiasts. We are proud to record such a notable feat.

C. J. Smith
(*Post Certificate Stage*).

THE SAILOR BOY



HERE was a sailor boy,
Who climbed into a tree,
Along came the owner,
As quickly as could be.
Said the owner to the sailor boy,
"Come down out o' my tree."
Said the sailor to the owner,
"No, I'm comfy as can be."
Said the owner to the sailor boy,
"Now are ye comin' down?"
Said the sailor to the owner,
"No, I'm watching all the town."

Margaret Johnstone
(*Junior School*).

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL CHRISTMAS PARTY

WHEN the day children had come to the party we had a game of "Nuts and May." Then we took our partners and went into tea and we had jelly and cake and sandwiches. After crackers we went into the class room and just as we were playing "Oranges and Lemons" we heard someone outside. We stopped and looked round and who should we see but "Father Christmas" and he was shouting, "I was up in the sky when I heard the shouts of boys and girls so I came down here to empty my bags. How shall I get in?" So Miss Barrie showed him the way in, and when he had come in he rubbed his face and hands and said, "Now who is here, I think I had better guess, John," and he came up and "Father Christmas" said, "What a good guess!" and so he went on till we all got presents.

When he had gone we played more games till it was time for the play. We acted a play, which was called "Dr. Dolittle." We had a duck, parrot, monkey, Dr. Dolittle, pig, Prince Bumbo and a Pushmipullyu. It went off very well.

After the play we had the band and some of the children conducted. Helen Richardson, Brenda Friedrich and John Sparkes played the piano. Some of the pieces Miss Harris conducted with Helen playing the piano.

After the band the parents and the day children went home.

Ann Kerpen
(*Junior School*).



THAT PENN PAGEANT

By "A QUAKER GENTLEMAN"



HALL I ever forget it, you ask? No, I don't think so! I enjoyed taking a part in it tremendously and I am quite safe in vouching for other people. I'm not going to tell you much about the performances, but mostly about the episodes behind the scenes, since they are much more interesting.

When we reached London we were given hot drinks and then we went straight on to a final rehearsal with Michael Cadbury as our Penn. It took us a little time to get used to the size of the hall but we soon settled down to work and got through the rehearsal quite well. Then we went out for half-an-hour.

I want to take you straight to the costume room. Mrs. Woodhouse was a marvel; her patience with the 130 odd people there was wonderful, and her ingenuity as regards costume seemed unending.

Scene: The Costume Room, long table at one end with equipments for making-up. Huge linen baskets full of costumes everywhere. Long seats full of people round room, people receiving costumes, talking noisily, greasing, powdering, etc. Percy Fletcher to the fore, receiving cap and gown.

P.F.: Oh, and what am I going to be?

HELPER: You're the proctor in the Oxford riot scene.

P.F.: Good! Now, quiet please everybody! (*Quiet is restored with difficulty.*) Queue up in Acts. There must be NO SPEAKING at all during the Pageant, is that . . .

HELPER: Six Red Indians wanted, please! Yes, you're tall enough—what? no, you can NOT be a papoose, you great big lumbering boy . . . now then, a dark girl next, please . . .

MRS. W. (*at a huge basket*): Try this wig—does it fit? Good, run away. . . . Are you a juryman? well, you must borrow a Quaker's hat. Here's a wig . . . no, that's dreadful, try this—good. . . . Next please!

DYSON (*making someone up*): Now, next please, who are you, age? greased? Look up, please. No. 6a please, s——— and powder . . . Next please . . . who? Oh, I'm glad I've got you, I want to block your teeth out . . .

[*Enter* P.F. *just as gong sounds.*]

P.F.: First Scene, are you ready—quiet all. Second and third queue up. . . . No one is to speak above a whisper [*at this point one of the soldiers drops his armour with an appalling clatter. Hushes from all, including* P.F.].

QUAKER GENT: Who on earth are you? Oh, yes, why you look terribly fierce! As for the Clerk, I didn't recognize him at all! . . . What on earth have you done to your face, old man?

SOLDIER (*with a grin*): That's just it, I *haven't* done it. Dyson has given me this wonderful complexion . . . Help! Look at the Recorder, I'm glad I'm not Penn, I shouldn't survive.

RECORDER (*his face very heavily made up, with great black lines*): I wish they'd hurry up. I'm sick of standing on my feet.

[*People are standing about in groups, waiting for their scenes.* P.F. *comes up to the fore again.*]

P.F.: Are you all queued up ready? Sh! s-s-sh, do try to be quiet, down there!

[*Quiet reigns for about 2 minutes.*]

At the end, we queued up again in one long line for the procession. We were started on the first line of "Father Eternal" and proceeded to walk right round the Hall. It was most extraordinary the sensations the procession gave you. When my partner and I reached the middle of the platform, I could hear behind me in the passage, people just starting a

verse ; we were on the second line, and ahead of us the people who had just finished were ending the verse. I don't know what it must have sounded like to the audience. That last procession on Saturday night had very mixed feelings for all of us. We were dead tired, but the thought of school on Monday morning was truly awful—we had had such lots of fun out of the Pageant.

However, we finished and had hot drinks and filed off into our buses, to be jolted home with many very pleasant reflections, not to be forgotten in a hurry.

THE HOUSE PLAYS



S the day for House Plays looms nearer, harassed House Captains send home urgent post cards demanding more one act plays. In secret these plays are read, and one by one dismissed as too long or too short or too serious. Why there should be an air of secrecy about the choosing of a play, nobody quite knows, but by the time everyone's part has been laboriously copied out, and the book lost two or three times, and announcements of its size, colour and title given out in " collect," the secrecy is over, and the talk of house plays begins in earnest and rehearsals as a background to the talk commence too.

So, in the usual way, did the rehearsals for the house plays of 1933 begin. But the days when brutal force paved the way for rehearsals are over, for the House Captains met at a " Peace Rehearsal Conference," to agree upon the fair distribution of the rooms suitable for rehearsals. From that moment House Captains never stopped tracking down their over-worked

artists, and shouting in their ears, " Rehearsal at three. Do you know your part ? "

If you could have pressed past that fierce yell, which greeted you as you looked in at Crosfield's rehearsal, you would have seen Dooley, the butler, tenderly working his automatic telephone, quite oblivious that his cue had been said three times, and that his overseer, more in the way of a Hockey Captain than a producer, was ordering him to leave his beastly invention alone.

Or the whole cast might have been seen, doubled up in mirth, at the sight of Jeremiah Pipkins attempting to hold his corporation up, whilst he chased the panting Maria Fibble round the table.

Godlee's rehearsals were as a rule most sedate, but they stood the risk of losing their one and only actor, when the mirror, being unable to stand the strain any longer, came down suddenly knocking him into a maze of dazzling hats, and hatstands, which the company had already spent much time in arranging.

A peep at Morland's rehearsal would have shown two girls of this modern age doing their utmost to look upset over the death of a canary. Or you might have heard the producer explaining wearily what the point in the play *was*, and ending lamely with " Well it's the best I could find."

Everywhere one went stray actors could be seen carrying round solitary parts bound in the cover of an exercise book, and for some reason, maths. books were preferred, and producers talking excitedly always in the first person plural, in the vein of " We will never know our parts in time," " We can't find a bird's cage anywhere." The last few days were spent in visits to the kitchen for buckets, bowls, jam, etc., and visits to the Staff for articles of clothing were frequent. Morland people when asked why they stared into people's windows so scrutinizingly, made reply that they were in search of a bird's cage without a bird ; and two of Godlee's number were seen staggering up the hill with piles of hatstands and hats.

At last the evening arrived and Crosfield with the advantage of being first, had their scenery well placed and ready before the audience assembled. They presented "The Doctor's Patients," with D. Rayner as Doctor and J. Sleight as his wife. The butler was acted by D. Margetts, and the Aunt by H. Liddle and Uncle by J. K. Brown. The play was acted most successfully, much more so because the prompter, though very efficient, failed to find the book until the play was ended; it is also true that one actor in his nervousness announced the astounding statement "The soup's in the fire now Dolly," but the audience either did not notice or forgave.

Godlee presented "The Milliner," with B. Snow as the young wife and J. Seed as her husband. Megan Bebb played the part of Madame Felice, and Ruth Raven was a "gushing elderly young thing." This was also acted well and fully deserved to come where it did—first.

In contrast to the humorous plays which had gone before, Morland staged a dramatic play, "Trifles," with J. Barry as the young Viscount Attorney and Alexis Peresleny as Sheriff; his wife was D. Turner; L. Young was a Farmer and D. Rees his wife.

So the plays ended, but not the tense feeling which lasted until the next day when Mr. Beer gave a very full and interesting criticism upon the plays and their acting, in which he remarked that the actors were unwise not to have used the make-up box, in order to have produced the characters they were meant to portray; but it transpired later that the honourable critic himself had failed to produce the offending make-up box. The final result gave Godlee first place with 58½ points, Crosfield 57 points and Morland 54½ points.

The remark that House Plays this year were of a higher standard than usual was received with much pleasure and was no doubt due to the fact that the three producers were of the fairer sex.

HOCKEY SEASON, 1933-34



T the beginning of this season we were faced with the problem of forming a new "half" line. The problem was eventually solved by bringing Mary Wilson from her position as right inner to centre half, and Barbara Wooldridge and Eileen Edmunds to right and left halves. After a surprisingly short time this line more than fulfilled expectations and went far to ease our fears of a somewhat weakened defence. To fill the remaining vacancy Diana Close came in as left back, and she has, with praiseworthy success, partnered Doris Turner's steady and experienced play as right back. June Cornish, our goal keeper of last year, has continued to defend with the same enthusiasm, and consequently she has improved in accuracy and judgment.

This season, we are fortunate to possess the best forward line the School has had for several years. They are essentially attackers, and their attention to stick work has raised the general standard of their play. Of last year's forwards the centre, Betty Snow, and the two wings, Ruth Stubbs and Jean Sleight, have kept their former positions. Dilys Rees was transferred from right to left inner, but this change has not hindered her from scoring goals with the same determined regularity as before. The position of right inner has not been definitely filled, but has been taken at different times by Phyllis Rayner and Gertrude Edmundson. Both of these players show promise, although they have not yet quite reached the standard of the rest of the line.

The season opened with a full programme of matches, and we gained our first success against the Old Scholars early in October. At our next match we were honoured with a visit from Miss Marjorie Pollard. We were very pleased indeed that as a result of this visit, she offered to bring a team down to play us on December 13th. This match was looked upon

as the fixture of the season. The team she brought was a representative one, containing, besides herself, Miss Chamberlain (Midlands and Northants), and a number of County players, including an Old Scholar, Myfanwy Rees (Glamorgan and Wales). Although the actual result was a loss (3—8), the game was an even one, and we felt that our own team gained considerably from contact with such experienced players. Apart from this game no other match has been lost up to the time of writing.

Although the 2nd XI.'s fixtures are considerably fewer in number, they have not, so far, lost a match this season. Their standard of play is equal to that of previous years, but it is considerably inferior to that of the 1st XI., with the exception of Mary Byles, who has made rapid progress as right half.

As it is now some years since the School has seen the Hockey Film, we arranged for it to be shown to the girls in November and Miss Pollard again kindly visited us to explain the film. We were very pleased to receive the news early this term that one of our Old Scholars, Myfanwy Rees, who has been in the Glamorgan team for two years, has now been chosen to play for Wales. Her first International match is against England at Merton Abbey on March 3rd. As she is, to our knowledge, the first Old Scholar to become an International we hope that others now will be inspired to follow her example.

H.B.

FOOTBALL

THE team showed great promise at the start of the season, but towards the end began to get a little weak owing to the illness of some of its members.

We were pleased to welcome Mr. Wigglesworth into the team. He was a great help to the forwards, and also to the defence when he played in goal.



Photo by] [*H. Bedford Lemere*

JUNIOR SCHOOL CLASSROOM

The School XI. was very strong at the beginning of the Autumn Term, and out of the eight matches played, only two were lost.

In the Boys' XI. however, we were up against the usual trouble of a weak forward line. The defence in both teams was strong and played well throughout the season. We are sorry to lose Long, who played some good games at right half; and Mr. Wigglesworth, who also left us at the end of the Autumn Term to take another post at a School in Kent.

We opened the present term by welcoming Mr. Nicholson into the team, and Mr. Baldwin as Captain of the School XI. in place of Mr. Wigglesworth.

Owing to illness and the loss of two players we have not done so well this term. Quite a number of matches have been scratched owing to a case of scarlet fever in the School.

This season, colours have been awarded to J. B. Seed and J. Long, while E. Rawlinson has been awarded his blazer.

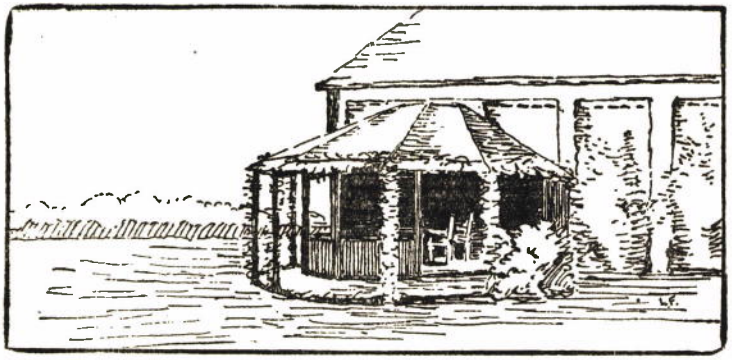
Result of matches played in the Autumn Term:

Team.	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
School XI. ..	8	5	1	2
Boys' XI. ..	5	4	—	1
Junior XI. ..	3	2	—	1

J. BARRY

(Captain of the Boys' XI).

(Stage 6).



"SAFFRON WALDEN CALLING"

"THIS is the Friends' School calling. This evening's programme is being relayed in order to discover local talent, so please bear up under it; it won't last long." Thus announced the B.B.C. Official, who after a short time we all realized was Mr. Beer. And so began the concert which we all thoroughly enjoyed and which was remarkable not only for the originality and variety of the items, but also for the whole-heartedness with which the players entered into their various parts.

The first half of the programme consisted of more or less musical items; some were more, and some less. Among the former were "Rigadoon," by Alec Rowley, played by Judy Lockspeiser. Two pianoforte performances, Miss Clarke playing John Ireland's "Island Spell," and a duet, Betty Whitfield and Jean Sleight playing Tchaikowsky's "Marche." I pity all of these performers, because Mr. Beer took the opportunity to be very amusing at their expense; in fact it was through Mr. Beer being so exceedingly witty that I was at last driven to the conclusion that it could not be a B.B.C. Official.

Then came one of the items which showed that singing talent has been lying dormant in our midst, for four people, "nourished," as Mr. Beer remarked, on "Bird's custard," sang an original version of "Old King Cole." Actually I heard only two of the singers, of the other two, one was so high and the other so low that they were entirely outside my range of hearing.

Then we were treated to the less musical item; for we were informed that we were to listen to a symphony—not that all symphonies are unmusical. At this point Mr. Beer made such a horrible pun that it cannot bear thinking about, let alone putting down in writing. First of all a small girl—no, I beg your pardon, Miss Wright, complete with long hair, head-band and 'cello, entered, followed by a smaller boy—there again we

were mistaken, for it was Mr. Baldwin, with a velvet coat and short trousers. Miss Wright played the 'cello with quite good success and Mr. Baldwin the violin—though luckily for us, Mr. Beer at the piano drowned the discords that seemed to have occurred, judging by the expression on Mr. Baldwin's face. This trio was given a great ovation and performed again ; the second time we knew what to expect and luckily for us our laughter drowned what *may* have happened the time before, but what certainly happened this time, namely a most awful row.

We then had a song story competition organized by Miss Bird. I believe my neighbour recognized " John Peel." At the end of this Mr. Beer stated such impossible conditions of the competition, that there was an interval needed for us to recover in.

Mr. Beer then rose with solemn face, and stated in a very serious tone that we were to witness a shadow version of that drama " Macbeth." This had evidently been prepared with the help of medical authorities, for not only did Macduff perform minor operations while enlisting soldiers, but also managed to test the heart, bones and innards of a very stalwart warrior played by Dutton. The drama I'm sure made us all weep, for not only did we see Macbeth (Mr. Baldwin) persuaded by Lady Macbeth (Mary Jackson) to kill Duncan, but we also saw this dastardly deed accomplished, in fact Macbeth had to use his foot to lever out the dagger. We saw Banquo killed, and more distressing we saw his ghost at the banquet rise up, helped by a very solid piece of string.

That soul-stirring scene, where Lady Macbeth sleep-walks, was carried off with great success, although the candle nearly fell off the head of this unfortunate lady.

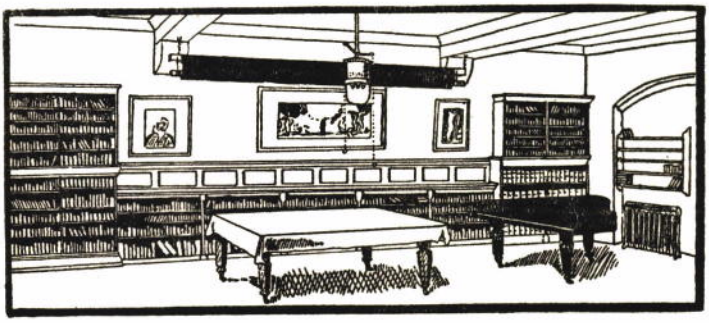
Strangely enough, from somewhere, the producers of this sketch had obtained the most extraordinary methods for duelling. First Macbeth stood still while Macduff plunged his sword through him. Then Macduff stood still and allowed Macbeth to have his turn.

They evidently believed in the principle of Communism—equal rights for all—this is believed to be the influence of another member of the cast.

The tragedy was ended, when we saw the dreadful spectacle of Macbeth, without a head.

In order that we should recover from this tragedy, they presented a sketch to us, where none of the players were present, and where the action of the play was helped along by the commentator, " Mr. Pears Davidson, D.P.," in that helpful way that commentators have. This was a simple story of a fair damsel who is entrapped by the bad, bold Baron in the exceedingly Baronial Hall, from where the hero rescued her. The bold, bad Baron, we imagine, was not so sorry to be out of the running, he appeared to have been a little daunted at the thought of the fair damsel's mother, although the fair damsel was not daunted at the thought of his possessions. The sound effects were well carried out, especially when the bold, bad Baron fell over a tin knight, dribbled him up the wing in square eight and made a splendid shot in square two although the fair damsel who was watching in square six shouted " Offsides."

Thus ended this most successful School Concert, after two hours of entertaining mirth, and we only hope that in future it will be considered as a regular event every Spring Term.



LECTURE SCHOOL WEEK-END

MARCH 2ND TO 5TH

VERY nearly a hundred visitors must have been at the School for varying lengths of time during the week-end. Of these quite a large number came down for the Sunday only. On the Saturday afternoon the usual games against the School were played. The hockey match was won by the School, in spite of the absence of one or two regular members of the side, by five goals to two. In the football match the School team were better able to stand the pace and won by six goals to three. On both Saturday and Sunday evenings we enjoyed concerts given by Old Scholars and School in co-operation.

It is not easy to write impartially of the main business of the week-end, the lectures. "Germany To-day" was the subject chosen. Herr Schirmer opened the proceedings on Saturday morning by putting the Nazi case. His main points were: (1) We, who have enjoyed national unity for centuries, must not judge Germany by our own standards. It was Hitler's first duty to give Germany that unity. (2) The Nazi régime has ended a party warfare which was ruining the country. (3) Certain restrictions on the freedom of an individual, whether employer or employee, are necessary in a modern state. (4) The main Nazi appeal is to a sense of race unity, to a brotherhood of all Germans. This is a new nationalism since it recognizes the right of other peoples to a similar nationalism. (5) The national emphasis has so far been made; the emphasis on the socialist side will follow. An interesting discussion was limited because of time, and because it was difficult to find a basis of facts on which to argue. Herr Schirmer denied, for instance, when the Socialism of National Socialism was questioned, that Herr Thyssen had in any way financed the party. It was felt, however, that he had helped us to understand why the Party makes such an appeal to youth and idealism.

On Saturday evening a dual lecture was given by Mr. Plowden and Mr. George Cadbury. The former gave us a general picture of Germany in order to enable us to view current events in their perspective. He spoke of a German Romance which can be traced back for hundreds of years and has culminated in German Youth Movements to-day, of an attitude to sport quite different from ours, and of a possible inherent liking for obedience. George Cadbury, in an extremely able manner, indicated the relation between the Fascist Revolution and other revolutions. The Nazi régime is not a German phenomenon pure and simple, its root causes lie in a world crisis. In Russia Socialism triumphed; in Italy, Germany, Austria, Fascism has triumphed. Fascism is, in fact, the dying struggle of Capitalism. A policy which requires that a country shall be so strong that all other countries shall be bound to co-operate with it is bound to lead to war. Afterwards Mr. Cadbury addressed a meeting, by special request, on Socialism.

On Sunday afternoon, Herr Liebermann, a young ex-member of the Social Democratic Party, put his point of view. He traced the course of events since the war, emphasizing the tolerant nature of his party's policy. They had made no attempt to crush opposition and as a result Herr Hitler had been able to organize his party. His methods, his appeal through socialist slogans, and so on, had been much more subtle than those of the older nationalist parties. Hitler was assured of success, when, after losing votes in the 1932 election, he was given the backing of the big industrialists and the reactionary forces in general. The lecturer dealt ably with questions and impressed everyone by his absence of bitterness.

In the Sunday evening meeting Bertha Bracey spoke on "Our Responsibility for Germany To-day". She dealt with the horrors of the blockade and of the inflation, and of an Allied policy which gave no atom of assistance to the moderation of Brüning and Stresemann. Our part now is that of

encouraging a spirit of friendship and goodwill, of honest appreciation of our responsibility, which alone can ease a dangerous international situation. It is dangerous to assume the responsibility of summing up the feeling of the gathering, especially when both extremes were represented, but this account would seem to be incomplete without some such attempt. In the first place it was necessary to find out why such a movement had received the support of the majority of the German people. The suggestion put forward is that it does appeal to idealism and to romanticism. Also, after an unsettled post-war period, it does seem to offer an ideal of service, a kind of Puritanism which suits a reaction from the freedom of recent years. Whether this idealism is genuine or not can only be tested by time. It was also felt that the Socialism of National Socialism was at least of doubtful quality, and that possibly the most dangerous aspect of the whole movement was its attack on culture and its replacement by an extreme materialism.

Our thanks are due to the five speakers who helped us so much and to all those who were responsible in any way for the efficient management of a thoroughly enjoyable week-end.

K.F.N.

FRUIT

THE Scene is Miss Waring's Room; outside numerous small boys are squealing and all talking at once in high-pitched voices. The fruit to be sold is arranged on the table.

MISS WARING: Keep the door shut, please.

SMALL BOY (*entering and speaking in a cheery voice*): What's for sale to-day, Miss Waring?

MISS W. (*quickly*): Oranges, apples, bananas, pears, lemons, nuts and raisins, grape fruit, pears, dates and peaches.

S.B. (*wearily*) : Haven't you got any cherries ?

MISS W. : It is mid-winter now. Usually there are no cherries about in mid-winter. I say usually, of course there may come a time when there will be cherries in mid-winter, but at present I'm afraid you will have to be satisfied with the fruit I have mentioned before.

S.B. (*innocently*) : What fruit did you mention ? (MISS W., *overcome, merely looks at him.*)

S.B. : Well, one apple, please.

MISS W. : Apples are 2 for 2½d., 1 for 1½d.

S.B. (*dreamily*) : Two's into 2½d. . . . but it ought to cost 1¼d.

MISS W. (*icily*) : We don't run into farthings : 2 for 2½d. or 1 for 1½d.

S.B. : I'll have two then.

MISS W. (*triumphantly*) : Two apples for M———, Group A, 2½d. Thank you ! Next please.

[*A rather bigger boy enters.*]

BIGGER BOY : Could I have a handkerchief please, Miss Waring ?

MISS W. : How many times have I told you *not* to come for a handkerchief when I'm doing fruit ? You boys seem to think you can come to get handkerchiefs *any* time of the day and I'll give you them. Well, just understand once and for all (*boy retreats unobtrusively into corridor*) that I am *not* here to give out handkerchiefs when I am doing fruit. If you would rather not have fruit, well and good, it will save me a lot of trouble (*boy is half-way down corridor*) but if you *do* want fruit you can't have handkerchiefs. *Good*bye !

MISS W. (*to next boy*) : What do *you* want ?

THIRD ENTRANT : I want W——— 's fruit that he ordered. One packet of nuts and raisins and half-a-dozen oranges. He's got House-song.

MISS W. : Well, *kindly* go and tell him to come at once to gargle and see me, when he will be given a *nice* dose of Gregory

powder. The very idea! How dare he try to sing when he's got a voice, I mean a cough, like that? Send him within *two* minutes (*boy goes out.*) Now, perhaps we can get on (*as apples begin to roll off table.*) Oh, dear! there go the apples. (*She bends over table to pick up apples and in doing so knocks off a lemon. Picking up lemon.*) Oh, you *naughty* lemon! How *dare* you roll off when I'm not looking! (*Resumes normal upright position.*) There, now we really can get on. (*Fruit boy gives oranges a discreet push and they roll gently after one another to the floor. He seems to like hearing Miss Waring talking to her fruit, but she addresses him now instead.*)

Oh, you bad boy! If you're not careful I'll give you a *nice* dose of Gregory powder. (*She picks up oranges, but the fruit continues to pour over her in a perfect deluge. At last she succeeds in getting it all back on the table and we hear her continuing,* "Four apples, 5d., 5d. for so-and-so. No, there are no more pears left. Only oranges and one lemon. No, it has not been on the floor.")

What a life!

[An imaginative account which, we understand, is not true to fact.—EDITORS.]

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE



NCE upon a time on a very dark night as I was standing by the tree, a shiver went through my spine. For, not more than a hundred yards in front was a figure clad in white. This wonderful apparition, for such it was, stepped towards me, beckoning to me, then it stopped. I shrunk back at the mystic beckon, but it drew me towards it. I shivered. I knew it was a ghost. I remembered that in my childhood I used to laugh when people

had said they were afraid of ghosts. But now could I laugh when a ghost was straight in front of me ?

Suddenly the ghost turned and walked slowly on, pointing forward and beckoning to me as it walked. I shivered. I shrank away. But that beckon like a grip of iron made me go on. On and on I followed not knowing where I was going, unconscious of my surroundings.

The white figure walked steadily on, with so quiet a walk, that I was barely aware of the fact that it was just in front of me. The wood became denser and denser. Suddenly I felt a lonely feeling, I wished to go back. I turned away to escape, but that beckon, like a grip of iron, dragged me on. I tried to shout, " Help," but I could not ; I tried to run away, but found it impossible. I had to go on.

I looked again at my mystic visitor, but my gaze shrank away from him. I looked around at my surroundings, but I felt more lost than ever when I saw nothing but countless numbers of shrubs, trees, bushes, brambles, surrounding the woodland path. Still I followed. The wood gave way to a forest. The clear stream which had been running along beside me disappeared. Instead of it grew up denser shrubs, more brambles, more trees. Still I was dragged along by this mystic spell.

Could I be imagining it all ? I looked. No ! there the spectre was, beckoning to me.

My mystic visitor and myself had now passed into an open glade, where the white moonlight shone upon my visitor's features. I took one look and shuddered.

No longer could I laugh at people who were afraid of ghosts.

Through the slit-like eyes of the ghost came a piercing light, which seemed bright enough to blind me, had not I placed both my hands over my eyes.

I shuddered, I nearly shrieked, but my efforts were all in vain. On I went weary of foot, wishing that I had never said I was afraid of ghosts.



Photo by] [*H. Bedford Lemere*

GIRLS' "B" CLASSROOM

I took my hands from my eyes but the ghost had disappeared from my sight. I felt relieved; I prepared to run, but to my surprise I found I could not. I was still under that mystic spell. I looked straight in front of me and then the ghost appeared to my view, about fifty yards ahead.

Again the piercing light came from the ghost's eyes. I put my hands to my eyes; I felt myself falling; I groped blindly around, staggered, tripped and fell. For a few minutes I lay motionless, but at last I looked up where the ghost had been. I saw it shrivel up, and dwindle into a sheet. The forest dwindled into a bed, and I found myself lying on the floor, by my bed, with my sheet a few feet away. The whole adventure had been a nightmare, and a very horrid nightmare, too!

Harold Mattingly
(*Stage* 3).

THE STORY OF ESSEX

ESSEX, through its nearness to London, has from earliest times borne the brunt of any invasions into England. Its long creeks and low-lying shores have always provided suitable landing places for invaders from the sea.

The first known people in Essex were the Trinobantes. These people were a branch of the Celtic race and from all accounts were skilled in war. It was this race, who under Cassivellaunus, opposed Caesar. Indeed, it was not until domestic discord had divided the British forces that Caesar was able to overcome them. The struggle took place at Verulamium, the modern St. Albans, which was well fortified by forests and marshes.

The next known chief after Cassivellaunus is Tasciovanus, who ruled over the district which corresponded to Middlesex,

Hertfordshire and Essex, and had his capital at Verulamium. Little or nothing is known of this chief except on his death in A.D. 5 he was succeeded by his sons, one of whom, Cunobelinus, or Cymbeline, reigned at Camulodunum, Colchester, over the Trinobantes. While Cymbeline was reigning at Colchester, Claudius marched against the city with a great army. At the fall of its capital, the kingdom of Essex fell into the hands of the Romans, who held it for nearly four hundred years.

Cymbeline's son, Caractacus, fled to Wales and bravely resisted the Romans till finally he was captured and sent to Rome.

Another notable event in the Roman History of Essex was in A.D. 61, when Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni, led an army against the Romans and defeated them. The Roman general, Suetonius, hastened to Essex to avenge the defeat. The battle took place somewhere between London and Colchester. The well-ordered Roman soldiers broke through the ranks of the British soldiers, who came to the battle shouting and singing. Boadicea is said to have ended her life by poison.

The Romans made Camulodunum their chief colony in Essex, which formed part of the division known as Flavia Caesariensis. At Colchester to-day can be seen the remains of the great Roman buildings.

To ward off the attacks of the Saxons the Romans built forts all along the coast, which were put under the custody of the Count of the Saxon Shore. The chief Roman fortress in Essex was Othona, which was probably at the mouth of the Blackwater, where the little town of Bradwell now is.

Between the years 400 and 435 the Romans gradually left England and the country fell to the Angles, Jutes and Saxons.

Essex was attacked by the Saxons, who sailed up the Crouch and the Blackwater to Camulodunum, where they founded their capital, Colne-ceaster.

The kingdom of the East Saxons rose about A.D. 492. It included the modern counties of Essex, Middlesex, and part of Hertfordshire. The first of the fifteen Saxon kings was Erkenwine. He began to reign in about A.D. 527, having London for his capital. It was not an unknown thing in those days for two or three kings to be reigning at once, and the days were filled with strife.

There are, however, a few important events in this period of struggle. The Essex people were converted to Christianity by Mellitus. Afterwards they reverted to paganism, but were finally converted to Christianity by Bishop Edd, who founded a monastery at Bradwell. The main portion of the monastery is now under the sea. The remaining part was, until about ten years ago, used as a barn. It was then that the barn was found to be the only remaining part of the Chapel of St. Peter's-on-the-Wall. The church was repaired and is now used as a pilgrimage place for High Church people.

In A.D. 823 Essex ceased to be a separate county and became part of the dominion of Wessex, which was ruled by King Egbert.

The Danes re-appeared at intervals during the tenth and eleventh centuries. During the reign of Ethelred the Unready they sailed up the Blackwater to Maldon, where they were met by the East Saxons under their Alderman, Brihtnoth. Both sides fought bravely and many men, including Brihtnoth, were killed.

After three Danish kings had reigned, Edward the Confessor was chosen king. During his reign Essex was part of a district known as Harold's County. Edward built himself a dower house at Havering-atte-Bower, and Harold built a church at Waltham, where it is supposed that he was buried after the battle of Hastings.

The Norman Conquest affected Essex in many ways. While the Tower of London was being built, William lived at Barking. Though the people of Essex offered little or no resistance to the

Normans, they were treated very harshly and nearly all the manors were confiscated and given to William's favourites.

The Domesday Book deals very fully with Essex, perhaps more fully than with any other county. It is estimated that the population of that time was about 80,000, of whom 14,000 were slaves or villeins. The names of some Essex villages such as Tolleshunt D'Arcy or Stanstead Montfichet give evidence of the Norman conquest.

In 1348 the Black Death swept over the country. It was one of the most destructive plagues ever known and it is estimated that it killed between half and two-thirds of the population. Large numbers of villages were left desolated and there was no one to cultivate the ground and in consequence wages rose. Parliament made an attempt to fix wages which caused great discontent. In addition to this there was a poll tax to raise money for a war with France.

In 1381 the Essex peasants rose under the leadership of John Ball, a Colchester priest, and Jack Straw of Fobbing. The Essex peasants joined those from Kent at Mile End, just outside London. There they met Richard, who promised them a free pardon and begged them to disperse. However, the king broke his word and a commission under Walworth, Lord Mayor of London, was sent to Essex and nineteen people were hanged.

After the Wars of the Roses, which affected Essex but little, the nearest battlefield being St. Albans, the Tudors came to the throne.

During Henry VIII's reign most of the religious houses in Essex were closed and as a result there was great discontent and poverty.

In Edward VI's reign there were many new grammar schools founded or old ones re-started.

During most of his life Edward lived with his two sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, at Havering, in the dower house built by Edward the Confessor.

Elizabeth came to the throne in 1558 and in 1588 there was the danger of the Spanish Armada. It was supposed that the Spaniards would attack in Essex, either at Harwich or at Tilbury. At West Tilbury were garrisoned four thousand Essex soldiers prepared to withstand any invasion.

During the Stuart period, Essex had many troubles. Owing to the religious persecution many Puritans were forced to leave for America, where there were many settlements named after Essex towns and villages.

When in 1642 the Civil War broke out, the most part of Essex sided with Cromwell, but Colchester declared for Charles and for some time Sir George Lisle and Sir Charles Lucas held out against a siege by Fairfax. Finally they were forced to surrender and both generals were shot.

During the plague of 1665 efforts were made to prevent the Londoners from crossing the Lea into Essex, and thus prevent the spreading of the plague. Despite their efforts South-West Essex was infected and many people died.

In the early nineteenth century, when there was fear of invasion from Napoleon, Martello towers were built along the coast and there were military camps at Danbury, Warley and Lexden Heath. However, it was soon found that these precautions were unnecessary.

After this time Essex ceases to have any individual history, her lot being part with that of the rest of England.

The history of Essex is one of conquest, first by the Romans, then the Saxons, the Northmen and the Normans. These people have all left their mark on the manners and customs of the people. The country, however, has not changed and there is little to remind us of the time when Cymbeline opposed the Romans.

Molly McGowan
(Post-Matric Stage).

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in Group C last Term:

Honor M. Liddle is studying in Gien (France), preparatory to entering Newnham in October.

Jack Long.

Jack Seed.

Una Sell is preparing for the Civil Service.

* * * *

Ursula Helf (1933) writes from Wilhelmshaven, Germany:

"I hope I won't make too many mistakes in this letter. But before I have been in England I could not have written a letter like this without seeking for words and using much time. Now I must learn very much for my school—chiefly Mathematics. I have a private lesson every day, so I hope I will soon know all what the others have learned during the time I have been in England. The tunic seems very funny to all my friends because we have not got anything like it. I will keep it as a souvenir for the time I have been in the Friends' School. I send my love to the whole School. It is so helpful for me now that I have been in England."

* * * *

Eleanor Sawdon (1925-29) writes from Kingsmead, Selly Oak:

"Last term was very enjoyable. I spent my time studying Physics and Chemistry, and attending lectures on Psychology, Quakerism and Social Outlook here. . . . For the last

three weeks I have been helping in an Orthopædic Hospital not far away from here. I am now helping in the babies' ward where there are fourteen babies between the ages of 11 months and 3½ years. It is an open-air hospital and one end of the ward is quite open. Even in the midst of winter the children are out if it is not raining. Several of them are on frames so that they cannot move their legs or backs, and so they need a good deal of looking after. . . . The University of Birmingham is stiffening up its medical exams., only eleven out of sixty got through the first M.B.Ch.B. this June, so it looks as though I shall have to work pretty hard."

* * * *

MARGARET MATTINGLY (1929-33) writes from Berlin:

"I am in the 'Unter Sekunda,' where there are girls of 14 and 15, but they seem and look much older. It was a rather terrifying experience arriving at the school, as there are just over 700 pupils, and the street outside was thronged with girls of all ages and sizes. . . . We have to stand up when a member of the Staff comes in and if we are spoken to or answer a question, and I keep on forgetting. . . . We had gym. once on a very cold day out on the play-ground, wearing only black cotton shorts, white sleeveless blouses and gym. shoes. However we soon got warm running round the play-ground about six or seven times."

* * * *

D. JOAN MOORE (née Gundry, 1923-27) writes from the *Warwick Castle, en route* for South Africa:

"We have had a very good voyage so far; quite a calm sea and never too hot. We were expecting great heat in the tropics but it actually rained and the wind blew something like an English autumn wind. We land at the Cape on

September 18th and take train up to Ndola. The train journey takes about four and a half days. After staying the night there we go by lorry for the next two days to Mhereshi. That is the station where we are going to learn the language for the first year."

* * * *

ARTHUR LUCIEN BARRITT (1921-26) writes from West Australia :

" We've carted the hay and are now in the throes of harvesting, which is of course a very different procedure to the old English binding, stooking, carting, stacking and threshing business. Out here we simply drive machines round the crop that strip off the ears and thresh them *en route*. I'm driving one at present with eight horses and can harvest 15 to 20 acres of wheat a day. We've got 1,000 acres of wheat to strip, also a small area of oats and barley. There is one other machine on the job which they are pulling with a tractor. Of men, there is the boss, his son, another chap and myself. I wonder how many men it takes to harvest 1,000 acres in England.

" It was fairly hot during hay carting, in November ; it reached 106° in the shade one day, but of course January and February are the real hot months. . . . We're on one of the allegedly rabbit-proof fences that run from the north coast to the south of West Australia, which were of course designed to repel the rabbit invasion from the east. Nowadays, however, there are more rabbits in West Australia, west of the fences than east of them. The rabbit population runs into countless millions and the emus and kangaroos are also great pests in many parts, while down in the orchard districts they have the parrots and cockatoos to contend with. In fact most of the animal life of the country makes itself objectionable, not forgetting the dingo, which is very partial to young lamb."

SCHOOL DIARY

Dec. 2nd.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Langley, away, lost, 3—6.

Hockey Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Perse School 1st XI., away, won, 5—1. Girls' 2nd XI. *v.* Perse School 2nd XI., away, won, 2—0.

Lecture: "Bad Language," Mr. Abbott.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diaries, Lysbeth Everard and Phyllis Rayner; Current Events Reports, P. Fausset and Christopher Meredith; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell; Weather Report, P. Fausset; Essays: "Sugar Beet," C. Osborne; "Herons," Bertram Headley.

,, 6th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Harlow, away, drawn, 1—1.

,, 7th.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 9th.—Recital, Miss Hopkins.

,, 11th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Dorothy Wood; Pianoforte Solos: "Scherzo," by Chopin, Betty Whitfield; "A Little Waltz," by Mario Tarenghi, Olive Cutmore; Violin Solo, "Wicklow Fair," by C. Dalmaine, Jean Sleight; Violin Duet, "Sonata in B flat," by Handel, Jean Sleight and Honor Liddle; String Quartet, by Haydn (Opus 79, No. 1), Diana Close, Honor Liddle, Jean Sleight and Dorothy Wood; Recitation, "The Rider at the Gate," by Masefield, Honor Liddle.

,, 13th.—Hockey Match: Girls' XI. *v.* Miss Pollard's XI., home, lost, 3—8.

,, 15th.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 16th.—Football Match: Junior Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Scouts, home, won, 5—1.

Lecturettes.

,, 18th.—House Plays.

,, 19th.—Lecturettes.

,, 21st.—End of term.

1934.

Jan. 18th.—School re-opened.

,, 20th.—Lantern Lecture: "Our Heritage of Art," Miss Lucy Fairbrother.

Jan. 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Christopher Meredith; Current Events Report, A. Thompson; Astronomical Report, H. Rowell; Essays: "The Nightshade Family," T. Thompson; "Spiders," Molly McGowan; "The Evolution of Sex," C. J. Smith.

,, 26th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 27th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Langley, away, lost, 2—3.
Lantern Lecture: "Life in the Rockies," Mr. G. F. Smith.

,, 28th.—Lantern Lecture: "Persia," Mr. Balls.

,, 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, C. J. Smith; Essays: "The National Character," Betty Whitfield; "Buddha," Dorothy Wood; Gramophone records: Schubert's "Lachen und Weinen," and Saint-Saëns' "Le Cygne."

,, 31st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School XI., home, lost, 1—2.

Feb. 1st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* The Lilies, home, lost, 2—3.

,, 3rd.—Song Recital, Mr. Owen Bryngwyn.

,, 5th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Eileen Edmunds; Current Events Report, Christopher Meredith; Weather Report, P. Fausset; Account of a tornado in Vancouver, read by Miss Priestman; Essay: "Birds and their Nests," Robert Tawell.

,, 10th.—Lantern Lecture: "Country Ways and Wits," Dr. Habberton Lulham.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Betty Whitfield; Essays: "Stamp Collecting," Mary Byles; "Vivisection," Christopher Meredith; "Garden Cities and Town Planning," Diana Close; Pianoforte Solo, "Arabesque," by Debussy, Jean Sleight; Violin Solo, "Andante from Sonata in A," Beethoven, Opus 12, No. 2, Jean Sleight.

,, 17th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies, home, lost, 1—2.
Lantern Lecture: "A Regional Survey of Saffron Walden," Mr. G. Morris.

,, 18th.—Lantern Lecture: "Canterbury," Mr. G. Morris.

,, 19th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Mary Byles; Current Events Report, Ruth Raven; Essays: "Tropical Fish keeping," John Fleming; "Mimicry," Christopher Meredith.

Feb. 21st.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, drawn, 1—1.

,, 22nd.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Thursday Lilies F.C., won, 2—1.

,, 23rd.—Hockey Match : Girls' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Training College, home, won, 2—1.

,, 24th.—Football Match : Junior Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Scouts, home, lost, 3—4.

Hockey Match : Girls' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies, home, won, 6—2.

School Concert.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming ; Essays, " Democracy," Dorothy Collar ; " On the Way," June Cornish ; " There is no Royal Road to Success," Olive Cutmore ; Pianoforte Solo, " Prelude," by Rachmaninoff, Eileen Edmunds ; Violin Solo, " Concerto in G. Minor," 1st Movement, by Vivaldi, Jean Sleight.

,, 28th.—Hockey Matches : 1st XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School 1st XI., away, won, 1—0.

2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 2nd XI., away, lost, 1—7.

Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* St. John's College, Cambridge, 2nd XI., away, drawn, 3—3.

March 3rd-4th.—O.S. Lecture School Week-end.

,, 3rd.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 6—3.

Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 5—2.

Lecture : " Germany, from the Standpoint of an Impartial Foreign Observer," Mr. George W. Cadbury.

NOTICES

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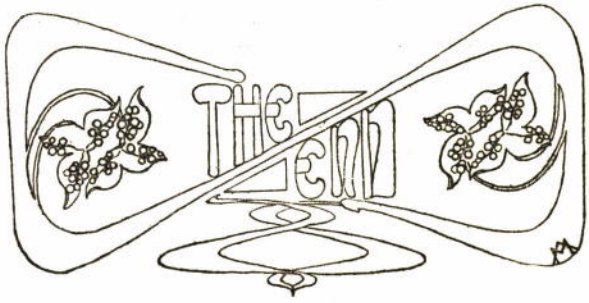
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Violin: Intermediate: Diana A. Close.

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