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THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1935

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THE SCHOOL FRONT



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXVI. DECEMBER 1935 No. 78.

FOREWORD

THE School is very different this term, and there are possibilities of its being even more so in the future. Besides forty new boys and girls, there has been a great change among the staff; to replace Miss Beecham, Miss Pugh, Miss Bird, Mr. Heap, Mr. Badger and Mr. Lindley, we welcome Miss Denton, Miss Gray-Kean, Mr. Thorne, Mr. Jacob, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Ransome and Mr. Fitzpatrick, together with Miss Thorpe as Form Mistress for Stages 2 and 3.

Together with a great influx of younger new people, a remarkable number of last year's "Matric." stage are staying on. Thus we have a full school except for a very few vacancies on the Boys' side. We also have two new German boys among us, who seem to be settling down and picking up the language very well.

As indicative of this period of change in the School, *The Avenue* has also changed, owing to a general feeling that it would be better as a magazine and as an account of school life if it were edited and managed more by the children themselves, whose ideas it should really express and whose product

it should really be, than by the staff. Thus the Editorship has been handed over to a boy and a girl, with Mr. Baldwin as Consultative Editor.

A great improvement has been made in many parts of the building by the repainting and distempering of walls. This is especially noticeable in the main passage which has been rendered much lighter by painting in light colours. Electric light is now installed all over the first and second floors of the building. A short time ago Mr. Littleboy announced that considerable and very necessary building extensions will be carried out here during this coming year as a result of the decisions of the School's Committee. These will be a new block of classrooms, including a biology laboratory, to be erected by the side of the Boys' Playground adjoining the field, and a new School Hall, the plans of which are not so far advanced, to be built on the vegetable gardens next the Junior School. It is hoped that the former will be in use by the beginning of the Summer Term, and when the School Hall comes into use the Lecture Room will be converted into an efficient Library, several new books having already been introduced into the present library this term, preparatory to a thorough "turning out" and re-organization of the present collection of books.

A complete re-organization of House Council and of the House Competitions has also taken place; the name "House Council" has been changed to "School Council" to give its activities a wider and more fundamental scope, an executive committee has been appointed, and it is run on an altogether more constitutional basis. One of the main objects before the School Council is to encourage a greater interest in the activities and competitions among the Houses, not so much from the point of view of "House Spirit" as of individual accomplishment.

Hobbies of one sort or another, from weaving to photography, are being introduced to a much greater extent this

term, especially for the lower stages. This policy is accompanied by certain alterations on the time-table, which include the splitting up of all lessons into forty minute periods as far as possible, and the addition of an extra period on Saturday morning. Lantern lectures are now fewer, the remaining Saturday evenings being occupied by hobbies, classes or meetings of the Music Society.

EDITORS.

THE AGE OF BACH AND HÄNDEL

To all those to whom Händel is immortalized only by his "Largo" and who still pronounce Bach—"Batch", I dedicate this article.

EVERYONE who listens to or takes an interest in music must needs have his own favourite period, style or composer, whether it be ancient music, of the Romantic period, or such modernists as we find in Hungary to-day. Indeed, I am led to believe that even some jazz fiends have a preference for Nat Gonella.

So Johann Sebastian Bach and George Frederick Händel were the culmination of a popular and very important style known as contrapuntal. This, as you may have guessed is one of my favourite periods. Bach's son, Carl Phillipe Emanuel, was the stepping stone from this old style to a new Harmonic style in which one could say you think vertically rather than, as in contrapuntal,—horizontally. I do not mean to say that the old style had no harmony, for it had, but it consisted of a number of tunes of equal importance set over against each other (counterpointed), to form a harmonic whole, whilst in modern music some parts and some instruments are subordinated to form an accompaniment only, although, of course, that is important in its way. Counterpoint means putting one note (point) against (counter) another, and a knowledge of this form is absolutely essential to any composer to-day, because

although it is swamped by the new style it comes into nearly every composition a man can make.

Haydn was the first great exponent of the new style which rapidly gained ground over the old with the improved instruments of the invention of a piano that could sustain notes and play either loudly or softly (hence the name—pianoforte).

Although Bach and Händel were born in the same year and in the same country, although they were influenced by the same style, and their names are so often associated with each other, they had little really in common. Händel was a man of the world, and although absolutely honest, was not overcome by any particular religious fervour. He had an uncontrollable temper, undying energy and a love of food. Bach, on the other hand, came of a long line of staid, religious "Bachs"; all musicians in a small way, and one of the few remaining respectable families, forming the backbone of a declining Germany. Whilst Händel's place was in society where he was ever popular, Bach's was in the organ loft. Bach was always of a religious tone of mind, although he was often forced to write for a religion in which he had no faith. Again, Händel catered for a pleasure-loving public, Bach catered for no one except his own artistic conscience.

Händel has always been appreciated by the English (though not so much on the continent), for he was really more English than German, and he has always been a very popular composer. Bach, on the other hand, is considered by the ordinary man to be the very essence of dryness. In fact, only recently, among intelligent people and musicians, has Bach become a generally appreciated composer. He was not taken any notice of for about fifty years after his death; but in England since the war there has been a great Bach revival, and now he is one of the most "paying" of composers.

One dare not speculate as to the respected merits and demerits of these rivals (for they were not friendly in life,

Bach having been known to say, when asked what he thought of Händel, "Oh, he has a few pretty tunes in his head"), because they were both supreme in their way. However, Bach is often considered the superior musician, and many place him higher than any composer that has ever lived.

Bach is chiefly famed for his organ works, his cantatas, his suites, and his immortal "Brandenburg" concertos. We must not forget "The Mass in B minor" and "The St. Matthew Passion", both of which are considered by some people to be the world's masterpieces.

Händel started by writing Italian opera, which was so popular at the time. In fact, it was so popular that English libretto had to be translated into Italian before English audiences would listen to it. However, these operas were very slight, and Händel could put one together in a fortnight, much to the dismay of the poor librettist who had hardly time to write the words. Only isolated fragments remain of these works to be considered of merit to-day. Händel changed his tactics and began to write oratorios with a view to pleasing the middle class who were tired of operas. These did not have so much success as his operas, but "The Messiah" alone is enough to immortalize any man. It is a majestic work, forming a monument to the true style of that age.

After Händel had set the pace, in a sort of blind alley, English music ceased to be of any importance, whilst Bach paved the way for the Viennese, and finally for his countryman, Beethoven.

Perhaps it is because Händel is isolated that Bach is held in higher estimation, but in any case they both terminate a glorious era of beautiful, free, crystal-clear music, and for that they cannot be forgotten and ignored. This music is not antiquated or simple, or if it is the latter, rather does its simplicity enhance its beauty.

John F. Fleming
(*Stage* 7).

GENEVA



ENEVA is the home of the tired politician, and to this place, after a very great amount of correspondence, I set out from Victoria on July 31st. The first part of the journey was, of course, uneventful, except perhaps for the comfortable carriages, how comfortable we did not realize till we had travelled in some French trains! The crossing was perfect, rather to our disappointment, and being very stupid we walked about for the whole four hours. From Dieppe to Paris was the worst part of the journey ; we crossed Paris at 6 a.m. when the city was already busy, and there we had our first continental breakfast, which is far superior to the banquet that the English have. Next started a twelve hour journey over the most uninteresting country and just as the train began to climb into the mountains we all began to fall asleep.

We arrived at Geneva on August 1st, the day of the national celebrations. There were flags, fireworks and general holiday making. We were first driven to our hotel which was on the top of a hill, and from the roof we could see right over Geneva and the lake to the mountains beyond. Being on the top of a hill had of course its difficulties, for we had to walk for half an hour to reach the Secretariat, or the bathing place, which were both on the other side of the lake across the main bridge called the Pont de Mont Blanc, from which in fine weather it is possible to see Mont Blanc. The bathing at Geneva is perfect, the water is cool, the weather hot, the people brown, and we always knew our party by their absence of sunburn. Another very pleasant feature of Geneva was its ice creams—we used to pass from one stall to the next all the way round that corner of the lake, much to the detriment of our money, but what we spent on ices we saved on trams,

for we walked everywhere, although it took us some time to get used to traffic on the wrong side of the road.

We actually went to Geneva to hear about the League of Nations. The lectures were really interesting, and fortunately most of them were in English. Some were on League work, not so much about peace work, but on health, opium, slave traffic and mandates work. The economic lectures were the best, for they dealt with everything, and not just with League work. Every lecturer was quite convinced that nothing could be accomplished without any economic planning on Socialist or more extreme lines. One lecturer was a journalist, and we had to strip his language of its unnecessary paddings in order to understand what he was talking about. The best lecture was by Professor Rappard, who looked extraordinarily like Hindenburg, and who talked on the relations of the individual to the state. He confuted most lucidly some of the views of the extreme Fascists and Communists on the place of an individual in the state. We also had discussion groups, and we had to present a report to be criticized at the end of the school ; one of these discussions we held in a park overlooking the lake, to the accompaniment of a small boy on a scooter and a noisy hydroplane.

We were shown over the new, unfinished and imposing Palais des Nations, and from the roof looked over a park and the lake to Mont Blanc in the distance. We also visited the International Labour Office, the League Assembly Hall, and at the end we were shown over the Secretariat, which had before been in use for a Council on the Abyssinian question.

There were other excursions—one to Mont Salève, which is higher than Snowdon ; we had lunch half way up, tea at the top, and then returned down again, in places a little faster than was exactly convenient. Another excursion was to the Mont Blanc range and the Mer de glace ; to reach which we had a two hour coach journey amidst the most marvellous scenery, climbing up all the time. At Chamonix we boarded

a little mountain train and tried to eat our lunch as it jerked slowly upwards. When we reached the glacier we hired a guide and ventured on the great ice waves, jumping over cold blue chasms with the roar of water far below ; after that we climbed round, up and back again to our starting place, and ended by having an argument with the guide as to how much it should cost, but he won it because we could not speak French well enough.

The last excursion was a four hour journey on a lake steamer to the Château de Chillon. The château itself looked very small in comparison with the surrounding mountains, but was most exceedingly interesting inside. We had tea at Montreux, which I remember mainly for a mad, wild dash up flights of stairs to fall into a train at the last minute. That night, our last, we had a dance on the roof of the hotel ; it was much better than one we had had earlier in the week, for most of the people had already returned home. We did not get to bed till 12.30, and the next night we started back, astounding the Genevese by the uproar we made on the station. We passed the night in uncomfortable carriages. My neighbour's elbows were greatly in evidence, so also were the snores from the next carriage, and so we returned to England, rain, disbelieving customs officials and comfortable trains.

Doris Turner
(Stage P.C.).



SPIRITS

STEALTHILY moving they glide through the night
Whispering softly when there is no light,
They dance through the hall with a stately grace
Turning oft-times a familiar face.
With hardly a sound in that stately dance,
Never a mis-step, never a prance,
Softly and slowly and turning around
Lightly and gently with scarcely a sound.

The old house does echo with laughter and cries
Laughter and music without any sighs,
Clinking of goblets o'erflowing with wine
Sweet scents of old flowers, of violet and thyme.
With dancing and singing they wait until day,
When the party breaks, to fade away.
When day is over and fades in the west
Back they will come to dance after rest.

Mary Birkbeck
(*Stage* 4).

SUMMER SPORTS

GIRLS

DURING this season tennis has been particularly in the foreground, on account of the individual tournament for the racket so generously offered to the winner by Mr. Owen Clover. In this tournament Eileen Edmunds won the racket, with Margaret Brereton as the other finalist. The usual House tournaments were won by Godlee, with Crosfield second. During this season we had only one match and this we lost; so that we had few outside games by which to judge our standard. The individual champion and the runner-up were awarded colours.

Cricket for the season was of no great interest; very few matches were played and only one of these resulted in a win for the School. Of the House tournaments, that of the Morland v. Godlee match, which resulted in a tie, was the most interesting. Similarly the final results, Godlee and Morland being equal. In consequence of her good play and captaincy of the team, Eileen Edmunds was awarded her colours.

Swimming was the sport that held most attention during the term, and in all places a high standard was kept up. Of our two matches, we won one and lost the other, the results being very close in each case. The House sports were won by Morland, both Seniors and Juniors doing very well. Godlee however showed up in the plunging, and ran a good second in the other events.

A larger number than usual entered for the individual championships this year. In this Morland people distinguished themselves. Mary Byles was Senior Champion with Mary Jackson as runner-up; from the Juniors, the champion was Enid Shiner, with Catherine Webb as runner-up.

The usual large numbers entered for the Life Saving exams., doing quite well on the whole. As a result of a season's hard work, colours were awarded to Judith Lockspeiser, Eileen Edmunds, Megan Bebb and Mary Byles.

BOYS

Cricket, 1935

1st XI	..	Played	9	Won	6	Lost	3	Drawn	0
Boys' XI	..	,,	8	,,	1	,,	6	,,	1
2nd XI	..	,,	5	,,	1	,,	4	,,	0

1935 has been a bad season for School Cricket generally —it is true that the record of the 1st XI looks fairly satisfactory, but those of us who played know that too often we should have been beaten but for the batting of Messrs. Heap and Lindley.



THE COOLING WATERS OF DARTMOOR

On the occasions, and there were some, when they did not come off, there were few who were capable of, and none who could be depended on, to make a modest 20 or 30.

To my mind the success of a season depends much more on the possession of a number who usually do moderately well, rather than on a few outstanding performers.

Mr. Heap was quite the best wicket-keep we have had for years and Mr. Lindley, although he rarely got going with the bat, gave us a taste of his quality once or twice and was invaluable as a bowler.

Our best game was undoubtedly with Audley End, where we just managed to win by one run.

The Boys' XI was weaker in all departments than it has been for some years, although there are several batsmen who should develop satisfactorily, but the dearth of bowlers is as great as ever and the standard of fielding was not up to that one has a right to expect from a School team.

"Colours" were awarded to Bent-Marshall, Chubb, Osborne and Shepherd.

TRAMP REPORT

THIS year the Tramp, conducted by Mr. Beer, went again to Dartmoor in search of a holiday. Mr. Beer's extraordinary knowledge of Dartmoor made it all the more enjoyable and, added to that, we had virtually perfect weather from start to finish; the only cloudy afternoon being Saturday, the day we went from Plymouth to Princetown.

The way Mr. Beer led us over apparently little-used paths was, to most of us, wonderful, and the way we arrived at a point, to all appearances miles distant, in a comparatively short time, led us to believe that Mr. Beer's knowledge of the moors was uncanny.

This year we were joined by three Old Scholars, C. J. Smith, Robert Clarke and Doris Kingston, who, in the absence of any lady member of the staff, took charge of the girls.

PLYMOUTH

We spent only two days in Plymouth, but we were there long enough to become acquainted with the chief places of interest.

On arrival Mr. Beer showed us round the town, taking us first to the Mayflower Stone, which is there to commemorate the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers in their famous little ship from that town.

Mr. Beer also pointed out Drake's Island, a fortified government possession on which no one is allowed to land, just across the Sound.

We then went to our hotel, the Athenæum House Hotel, and found that some of us boys would have to sleep out, there not being enough room in the hotel itself. That evening some people went round viewing Plymouth from the top of a tram while others visited a local cinema.

The following day the early risers went round waking the heavier sleepers in order to take them down to the sea to bathe.

Later, after crossing the Tamar on the ferry boat, and climbing a long hill, we saw before us long glistening beaches and high cliffs, the kind of scenery one reads about but never sees. After descending the cliff we paddled and then had a strenuous game of football, after which Mr. Beer offered a Devon pasty to the first boy and the first girl to reach the memorial at the top of the cliff. Lysbeth Everard and Fausset were the lucky ones. Soon after dinner we started back, returning by way of Mount Edgecombe, having again to cross on the ferry boat much farther up the river.

The following day we left Plymouth on the train for Plym Bridge. Here we descended and tramped to Shaw Bridge, the junction of two rivers. From here we climbed up to the

Dewar stone where we had lunch. The last thing we did that day before climbing into the snail-like train to Princetown was to climb to Sheep's Tor and visit the Pixies' Cave. I think we were all pleased to arrive at Lloyd's Café about half past seven that evening.

PRINCETOWN

The day after we arrived at Princetown, Sunday, we tramped over the North Hessary Tor, then across to Vixen Tor, where we had our open-air Meeting in wild and austere surroundings. We then tramped across to two more Tors, seeing an adder on the way. While on the top of one of these Tors, Thompson caught an Elephant Hawk moth, a magnificent specimen.

Lunching on Great Staple Tor we visited a great hut circle, then went down to the stream to drink and paddle. Truly no water tastes so good as that of the Devon stream!

We climbed Great Mis Tor and others, the names of which convey little to those who did not come with us, or who have never been on Dartmoor ; from all these view-points we could see an equally glorious panorama of brown moor and dark granite Tors stretching before us.

We were up betimes the next morning, for this was the day we were to weary ourselves by tramping to Cranmere. We began bog-hopping about eleven. Before long we were most of us heartily tired out. It took us some time to find Cranmere pool, and the famous pillar box. It turned out to be much smaller than we had expected.

The return journey was even more tiring, it being a broiling hot day and there was a consequent rush for the stream when we arrived at the Cowsic Valley. After that we enjoyed the walk home in the setting sun, and that night we ate more at dinner than usual. Many of us were also beautifully pink with sunburn.

The following day, which was very hot and we were still somewhat tired, we tramped over the moors to the east of Princetown, visiting Crassenwell Pool, then going on to a farmhouse which is run by a kind old lady and her two sons, and here we had some scalded milk to refresh us. From here we went to Didsworthy Warren where there are several prehistoric remains. Not far from here we settled ourselves for lunch, our last on Dartmoor. Nun's Cross, our next stopping-place, was placed there to guide monks across the moors. We rested here, and Mr. Beer told us about his life in the war. We were back in Princetown quite early that evening.

On Wednesday morning we sadly said farewell to Princetown and tramped off along the road to Yelverton where we entrained for Plymouth. At Plymouth we just caught the train for Paddington, leaving three of our number behind to come by a later train.

Mr. Beer left us at Exeter; so ended the Tramp of 1935.

Ranald Steven
(*Post Matric. Stage* 1).

POEM

I AM a reed whose stem shoots up
From banks luxuriant with scented blooms;
Around my roots the air is heavy—sweet
With clinging vines and drowsy-perfumed flowers,
Which cluster importunate along the bank
To seize and crush with over-ripe embrace
My brittle growth.

I and the flame rise up
Alone I reach the clearer atmosphere
Free from this gaudy luxury and slothful air.

I am the flame
Which, shooting far above all slower growths,
Rises serenely
Triumphing
In a superbly arching glow of light and fire
Higher above.
Celestial and supremely calm am I—
Ever I grow in stature and in strength—the flame—
Which swiftly, surely, never waning climbs to the topmost
pinnacle of light,
Then dies.

E.F.F.

AN IMCURS(ON ONTI THE REALM IF TECHN @CALITY



TRYPEWRITER, Got wot, os a finnicky ,ach9ne: for ut nwver does wgat you 3ant yt to½ I somejow mever ,anage t7 jit the rijht keyd% and jet it s£eemt 4asy ebough, edpecoslly qhen O go slpwly)

I fust ,ade a neginming qhen I waz asled to trype a sing out fpr a xlass. U9u wll jnow ot ' thonk—for ut vegons/ : ?

Yarly)ne Mirnong½ kust is tha son was rosong?
I herrd a MAid dinG on rhe 'alley bellow/
£Uh— sont feliebe mexx x ugh! muver jieve mu½%
Gow ciuld you bLeat a soor naideob so &

This was nut a bery prolitious effout for a begudding, as hou woll agrrr. And I sent such a lob of tyme in that piuce of work too ?

[NOTE: "He was early cut off in dreadful agony."—EDS.]

THE WORLD EXHIBITION IN BRUSSELS

DURING my summer holidays I had the great chance of having a week-end at Brussels to visit the world famous "Exhibition". I had no idea what this exhibition would be like and I don't think anybody can imagine an exhibition of such a size without having seen it.

Brussels was overcrowded with people of different nations. Negroes, Chinese and Japanese were quite often to be seen in the streets.

On our arrival at Brussels on Saturday evening it was already getting dark, so we drove down straight away to the unimaginably huge place where the exhibition is erected. We were welcomed by hundreds of red, green, blue, yellow and other coloured lamps. Searchlights, coming from a tower, were running over the cloudless sky.

After entering by one of the many entrances we walked along one of the roads. To our right and left the pavilions of the different countries were built up. We couldn't see much of them because they were all closed at that time of the day. In front of them were the most wonderful compositions of lights and huge fountains, changing the colour of their water from minute to minute. We seemed to be in quite a different world. Through all this indescribable beauty ran a little train, to take visitors round the exhibition.

The "Luna Parc" and "Old Brussels" are the only places to be visited in the evening. "Old Brussels" is built up exactly like Brussels used to be in the Middle Ages. Old houses and churches are all in mediaeval style. The pavement of the streets is made of uneven stones. Most of the houses are made up as little inns where refreshments are served.

The "Luna Parc" is an amusement place. It is almost like a fair, though much bigger, much nicer and much more

exciting. It is always crowded. There are big roundabouts and switch-backs, there is also a tower, from which people can jump down in a parachute. Many little shops where sweets, ice creams, sausages and other eatables can be bought are put up amidst the other stalls where people can shoot or amuse themselves with all sorts of games. It is the fairy-like illumination, the beautiful little town of "Old Brussels" and the entertainment at the "Luna Parc" which are most enjoyed in the evenings.

In the morning the exhibition gives quite a different impression. The fountains look like other fountains, the lamps like ordinary lamps. Many loudspeakers are broadcasting music and news from all parts of the exhibition.

During the day up to seven o'clock the pavilions are open to visitors. But as I was there only on a Sunday, I could only see a few of them.

The first place we went to was the village of the Red Indians. There were little straw huts showing all the different kinds of things which those people make and wear.

From these more or less uncivilized places we went to the parks of higher standing. One of the most beautiful of these is the one representing England. In the Hall is a huge blue globe and a blue sky above changing in colour from night to day, from dark to light. In the different parts of the building the various products of the British Empire are on show: machinery and cars, textiles, silver and foods, such as rice, from the colonies. One part was especially reserved for artistic things, beautiful pictures and statues were to be seen.

Another big building is the "Gare Modèle". It is a very modern station with about ten platforms. On each platform are the most glorious carriages from all the different countries. Dining and sleeping cars with luxurious chairs, tables and beds, and third-class compartments with seats as comfortable as armchairs. The whole gave a good impression of modern technique.

Another big pavilion is called "Old and New Art". The whole is divided into two quite different houses. One of them exhibits choice pictures of an early period. The other contains objects of modern art.

There were still many different pavilions to be visited, but since we were only staying from Saturday afternoon till Sunday night in Brussels, there wasn't enough time to see much more.

I have tried my best to give a little sketch of the whole exhibition. But to take in all the beauty and work of this superb display, one should have seen it for oneself.

Annemarie Goldschmidt
(*Stage* 6).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES, 1934-35



BIRD'S-EYE view over the activities and Societies shows them all still in the bloom of youth: there has been no lack of enthusiasm and work done, even though, at occasional times, some of the work has shown a carelessness in actual detail.

The "Senior Lit." again shows that throughout the year there has been a greater number of girl than boy members. There has been no outstanding essayist, but there has been a general high standard of essays that have included a wide range of subjects and the essays have shown considerable thought and wide reading. In the discussions, which might have been better, there was a frequent tendency to side-track; more *constructive* criticism was wanted. The report on the "Middle Lit." is varied. Too often hastily prepared work has been read and the standard of reading

sometimes has not been so good as in previous years. There has been a very wide range of subjects treated ; there has been a great difference in the standard reached and the average, on the whole, cannot be said to have been good. The music has been good but rather restricted to few performers. The "Junior Lit." reports a successful year. There has been a constant flow of items,—essays, poems, music, which have varied from fair to very good. Although one or two members have been frequent contributors, essayists have been numerous. There has been a very large membership and never a lack of variety in the essays.

The meetings of the "Natch" Societies have been interesting, although the standard of essays has not been quite so high as that of last year, possibly because many essayists tended to write their essays too direct from books. Mr. Badger gave some interesting talks on his adventures as a geologist in South America, and Mr. Morris planned two excursions for the Senior Society, one to Strethall and another to Grimes Grave, Brandon and Thetford. The Junior Society, which has had a somewhat decreased membership, especially on the girls' side, went to Takely Forest for their excursion.

The Reading Clubs' reports are the most generally satisfactory, for both Clubs have seen a good membership and a very lively interest. The Boys' Club assert "that this past year has been one of the most fruitful that the Club has experienced for some time". An innovation was made in this Club by having a special evening for the reading of Galsworthy's "Justice", and the experiment will be repeated. The "introductions" in the Girls' Club have shown a greater power of appreciation and the days of the "summary" are now being left behind. Amongst the books read by the boys are: "Dogs of War" (Yeats Brown), "The Story of San Michele" (Axel Munthe), "Peace with Honour" (A. A. Milne), also read by the girls, "Edward Wilson" (George Seaver), "The Kangchenjunga Adventure" (F. S. Smythe).

Amongst those read by the girls: "Wuthering Heights" (Emily Brontë), "The Testament of Youth" (Vera Brittain), "The Bridge of San Louis Rey" (Thornton Wilder) and Tchekov's "Schoolmistress".

In the Musical Society there has been a lively interest, and a great variety of programme, especially amongst the music performed by members themselves. There have been one or two special meetings given over entirely to the performance by members or visitors and once again the Society has given thanks to Mr. Snow and his friends for an excellent meeting.

There has been a great demand for and keenness in the Workshop. A great number and variety of models have been made, especially in after-school hours. Now that the School provides time for hobbies, an even greater enthusiasm has appeared.

A School is an ant-hill of industry, but there is much to show from these various reports that the business of its members is about something more than a mere living, and the critic who asserts that a busyness is a way apart from thinking and action is here unfounded.

SCRIBLERUS.

FRIENDS' OCCUPATIONAL CENTRE AND FARM, BIRMINGHAM

TO enter the city of Birmingham from New Street Station is rather alarming for a newcomer, and it was with some difficulty that I at last found the bus for Perry Common. On arriving at the terminus, the Occupational Centre was pointed out to me by the bus conductor and I found Mr. Bruten waiting at the gate.

While we waited for the rest of the party, five in all, to arrive, which they did after half an hour, Mr. Bruten showed me round the workshop and explained what our work would consist of. Men drifted in from time to time and discussed the potato crop or chickens.

We were living, in most cases, in the houses of unemployed men, by all of whom we were given warm welcomes and large teas on arrival. Everyone seemed to be afraid we should starve and the meals increased in size all through the week. In the evening we walked three miles to the farm, which consisted of one large field, to which three more were to be added, and two huts, one being the dining room.

We had been warned that work started at nine o'clock on Monday morning, so the girls rose early and arrived in plenty of time. The boys, who had borrowed bicycles, rode up about half an hour later and the men wandered in at any time during the morning.

During the first day the girls picked up stones from a corn field and carried them away in wheelbarrows, moving about five tons altogether. Meanwhile the boys and men hoed weeds in another field and attempted to manipulate "Maggie", the motor-plough. We drank an extraordinary amount of tea in the breaks at 11 a.m., 1 p.m. and 3 p.m. and the average number of cups for the day was about ten.

Work stopped at five o'clock, when we were taken home on Mr. Bruten's motor-cycle in relays.

On the second day the girls were promoted to hoeing, and the boys began digging the foundations for some farm buildings. By this time the men were surprised to find that girls could work for more than half an hour without fainting and came down to help us blow the bonfires alight.

There had been no rain for weeks and the ground was very dry so that we were enveloped in clouds of dust most of the time. By the end of the day we were covered with a thick coat of dust. Mr. Bruten did his best to remove it from our

faces with handkerchiefs but his efforts resulted in a worse streakiness.

Friday, as the last day, had been planned for a party in the afternoon, but by the time we were half way to the farm it had begun to rain and when we reached the hut we were soaked. The fire was only small but we managed to dry ourselves by it a little and then returned home in borrowed mackintoshes.

On two occasions we received visits from the press, on which occasions we had to make intelligent remarks or look as if we were working, while we were photographed.

On Saturday most of us returned home and we gathered at the Centre in the morning to say goodbye to the men. Everyone was sorry the end of the week had come and we received warm invitations from everyone to return.

Besides merely working, we had gained some insight into the life of the unemployed men and had got to know the men on this farm very intimately. They found the Friends' Occupational Centre and Farm a tremendous blessing as they would find anything which took them away from the miserable condition of having nothing to do. At Perry Common they were living under especially good conditions, having been moved from the slum area on to a delightfully organized and designed estate.

We are all, and especially those of us who went to Birmingham, very sorry to hear of Mr. Bruten's death in a motor-cycle accident which occurred near the farm in the early part of September. Those of us who met him realized his genius for organization, and his self-sacrifice in helping these unemployed men.

G. Edmundson
(Stage 7).

BERTRAM MILLS' CIRCUS

IN the Easter holidays I went to Bertram Mills' Circus. We bought a programme and went in the big tent. I cannot remember what order the acts went in, but they were all very exciting. There was an Indian on a bouncing rope named Bombayo. He was very clever and his star turn was turning a double somersault on the rope when it was bouncing as hard as it could go. It had elastic on each end to make it bounce.

Another act was a French boy. He had a big white pole with a sort of seat on top of it that reached nearly to the top of the tent. He did all sorts of clever things on this pole. His star turn was to stand on one hand holding on to this seat while the pole was swaying perilously. It really looked as though it would snap.

One of the best acts was entitled "Captain Wesley's Sea-Lions". The sea-lions balanced balls on their noses whilst climbing ladders. One clever one waddled along a rope with only his front flippers on the rope and his back ones hanging down. While he did this he balanced a stick on the end of his nose with a ball on the end of the stick. I liked it because their master, Captain Wesley, was so very kind to them; he seemed to understand them. Two very clever ones played "God Save the King" on trumpets. There were several trumpets, each of a different note, fixed on a stand. The Captain put this stand in front of a sea-lion who played a bit but then got so excited that it had to stop and laugh. Then it started again and got a bit further but had to stop and laugh again. A third time he started and got right through. He got a lump of sugar for that. Then the Captain took the stand to another sea-lion who played it. He did not play it so well as the first, but he did not take so long to start properly. He also got a lump of sugar.

There were six baby elephants who each had a different trick, a trapeze girl and "Togare and His Tigers". Togare

was an Indian. The tigers jumped through rings and did all sorts of clever things. In one act a big stand was put up and a curtain was pulled round. When it was taken down there were a lot of golden statues on it while it was slowly rotating. They were really people painted gold. Then the curtain was pulled up and when it went down there were coloured lights on the stand and fountains playing on it. Then the curtain went up and the people went away. In the interval people could pay to go and look at giraffe-necked men and women with brass rings round their necks.

After the circus we could pay to go and see all the animals in their stalls and cages.

It was a very interesting afternoon.

Helen Wood
(Late Junior School).

SUMMER

THERE are four seasons in the year,
Spring with breezes cool and clear.

Autumn with its falling leaves,
Apples red and barley sheaves.

Winter comes so bright and gay,
Giving sunshine all the way.

Strawberries in June you pick,
Raspberries and currants thick.

Then midsummer, that's a day,
When fairies come one's way.

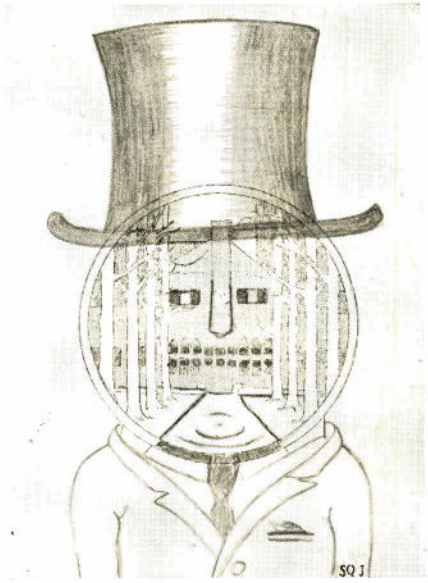
And when at last the summer's o'er,
You know that it will come once more.

Maryan Morgan
(Stage 4).



LINO-CUT

R. *Browning*
(*Stage* 5R)



THROUGH THE EYES OF THE AVENUE.

(What happened to one of the programmes during the Avenue Concert on 23rd November.)

LETTER TO EDITOR

To the Editor of *The Avenue.*

DEAR SIR,

At present the world is attending to one man who dares to attempt to conquer a big country in Africa against the wish of the whole of Europe and only with the right of the stronger and the mightier.

BENITO MUSSOLINI!

THE NAPOLEON OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

I believe we are not wrong in this comparison.

The first question to be considered about the possibilities of this war are these: Will the critical economic situation allow a long lasting war? Will the financial situation of Italy itself allow a long lasting war? And will the various European powers allow it?

A few days ago I read in a paper that there are only certain days in Italy on which people can buy meat and it is a fact that Italy has already borrowed money from various nations without having paid back her debts to America. Most nations represented at Geneva have now applied or agreed to apply sanctions against Italy (economic sanctions and arms embargoes). The British Government has been trying to maintain the peace by other means than sanctions and, like France, has been frightened to speak outright until it is too late. Thus, as in 1914, we are placed in a difficult and muddled position. Mussolini has gripped hard on his objective and only now has the League of Nations awoke to something like co-operative action, attempting to shake off the heavy coat of Imperialism.

If we go back 125 years we see that Napoleon conquered nearly the whole of Europe. He declares war on Russia and captures Moscow, but the terrible Russian winter sets in and he is forced to retreat and reaches the Prussian frontier with only 2,000 men. He is beaten in the following fight of the

European nations for freedom ; this is his final crushing, he is eventually made prisoner on the Island of St. Helena. There dies the man who had once ruled nearly the whole of Europe. His life and death were the life and death of a great adventurer.

Mussolini, like Napoleon, was an ordinary, simple man and we must admire him for the way in which he worked up to his position.

After his success in unifying Italy he is trying to conquer Abyssinia. Mussolini's might and dictatorship are now at the point of his sword ; if he wins a quick victory over Abyssinia he is the hero of Italy once more, if not, he is lost and will go the way Napoleon went. Perhaps Napoleon is his great hero and ideal, for he has written a book about him called "Hundred Days", or perhaps his ideal is Caesar, but we cannot imagine the success of an attempt at rebuilding the Roman Empire.

Yours, etc.,
Hans Frei
(*Stage* 5).

THE HOUSE COMPETITION, 1934-35

	Crosfield.		Godlee.		Morland.	
Athletics ...	15·80	(12·94)	15·38	(11·94)	18·82	(16·12)
Other out-of-School Activities ...	14·25	(17·74)	17·35	(15·25)	18·40	(17·01)
School Work ...	15·16	(14·68)	19·48	(18·32)	15·36	(17·00)
Conduct ...	16·35	(17·20)	17·48	(16·60)	16·17	(16·20)
Totals ...	61·56	(62·56)	69·69	(62·11)	68·75	(66·33)

YES—the event for which we have waited so many years has happened. Not only has Morland lost its premier position, but it has lost it to Godlee, the Cinderella of the Houses, who has not been at the top for some fourteen years.

The figures at the head of this article show that Godlee improved in every section and we may be sure that they will do their best not only to retain their position but even to improve on their present figures during the coming year.

The lesson that their success should teach is the importance of each member of a House, for they owe their position to the two sections where everyone in the House counts.

What of the other Houses ? Are they downhearted. The answer is surely in the negative.

Godlee's triumph means that there are once more three Houses in the field, that success does not come for the asking but for the striving—perhaps that a hard fought loss is better than a facile victory.

And who is going to win next year ?

That is a question to which only you can supply the answer.

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Concerning Old Scholars

J. Cawdron is living at home where she has a small pupil.

Peter Chubb is studying catering in London.

Eileen Edmunds is helping in her sister's business in Manchester.

Elizabeth Jossaume is hoping to go to school in Switzerland in the spring.

Raymond Lyons is working in his father's office.

Helen Pontefract is at a Secretarial College in Leeds.

Ethel Pool is at the Mount School, York.

Margaret Smith is studying music, coming to Miss Wright for violin lessons.

Lionel Young is in an accountant's office.

Megan Bebb is working for G.S.C. at home in Nottingham.

Brian Phillips is at Bootham School, York.

Geoffrey Rowell.

Tony Wright is helping in his father's building business.

Betty Gundry is living at home and taking needlework classes in Cambridge.

WHIPSNADE

FIRST we went and had a ride
On the elephant and then saw the monkeys.
It was an extremely hot day.
The bears were very kind.
We saw the spotted deer and then the tigers.
Then before we saw the lions
We saw the polar bears who went
Rolling backwards.
Then we saw the wallabies.
They are like baby kangaroos ;
The porcupines ; they are not poisonous.
The ostriches are very dangerous birds,
They are very fast runners indeed,
They run like billyo!
The hippopotamus was lying fast asleep . . .
The zebras were wide awake on the field.
Then we had tea in the tearooms.
We had strawberry pie,
And a lot of lemonade.

Hugh Prince (age 7)
(*Junior School*)

SCHOOL DIARY

June 25th.—Swimming Matches: Girls *v.* Cambridge Ladies, home, lost, 20—23 points ; Boys *v.* Cambridge Men, home won, 18—15 points.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Christopher School XI., home, lost, 45—131 runs.

,, 29th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, won, 140—86 runs.

July 1st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Eileen Edmunds; Essay, "Man Has Ascended," Ranald Steven; Pianoforte Solo, "Wood Nymphs' Dance," by Thomas Dunhill, Doris Townshend; Violin Solo, "Adagio from Concerto No. 7," by P. Rode, Margaret Smith; Quartet, "Presto from C. Major Quartet," by Haydn, Eileen Edmunds, Megan Bebb, Margaret Smith and Philip Fausset.

,, 2nd.—Swimming Matches: Girls *v.* Luton Ladies, home, won, 21—20 points; Boys *v.* Luton Juniors, home, lost, 15—18 points.

,, 3rd.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, won, 134—110 runs.

,, 6th.—A.S.A. Swimming Films shown.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Eileen Edmunds; Introductory Talk on the N.H.S. Excursion to Grimes Graves etc., Mr. G. Morris.

,, 10th.—House Socials.

,, 12th.—Merit Half-holidays (two).
N.H.S. Excursion to Fleam Dyke, Brandon, Grimes Graves and Thetford.

,, 13th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End XI., away, won, 100—99 runs; 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., home, won, 63—59 runs.

,, 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Joan Cawdron; Essays: "Ideas on Death," Jean Stubbs; "Good Ground," Terence Thompson; Pianoforte Solo, "Wedding Day," by Grieg, Ethel Pool; Quintet, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by O. Nicolai, arranged by Hermann, Margaret Smith, Mary Byles, Raymond Lyons, Philip Fausset, Ethel Pool.

,, 16th.—Swimming Match: Boys *v.* Saffron Walden Town, home, lost, 9½—30½ points.

,, 17th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Stanstead, home, won, 145—108 runs.
Lit. Soc. Social.

,, 18th.—Reading Club Mtg. (Girls).
Merit Half-holiday.

,, 19th.—Reading Club Mtg. (Boys).

,, 20th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School 2nd XI., away, lost, 72—115 for 3 wkts.; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School 3rd XI., home, lost, 35—87 runs.
Cinematograph Film of Children's House, Bow, Mabel Goss.

,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Mary Byles; Current Events Report, Geoffrey Todd; Reports of N.H.S. Excursion, David Mattingly (Archaeological), Cyril Osborne (Botanical); Report of Survey of Birds' Nests in the School Grounds, R. Tawell and R. Browning; Essay: "Travel," Megan Bebb.

July 27th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Radwinter 1st XI., away, lost, 29—39 runs.

,, 31st.—End of Term.

Sept. 19th.—School re-opened.

,, 23rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Current Events Report, Gertrude Edmundson; Essays: "A Submerged Forest," Joan Rodwell; "Story of the Life of a Little Dog," Annemarie Goldschmidt.

,, 28th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Flora, home, won, 5—0.

,, 30th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Terence Thompson and Betty Cawdron; Essays: "Kew Gardens," Alan Thompson; "Back to Nature and yet in the Centre of Civilization," Doris Townshend; Gramophone Record, "Concerto in D. Minor for 'Cello and Orchestra," Haydn.

Oct. 5th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, drawn, 4—4.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 3—2.
Concert.

,, 7th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Joan Rodwell; Current Events Report, Geoffrey Todd; Astronomical Report, David Mattingly; Essays: "Brock the Badger," Francis Batten; "Some Ideas on Heredity," Ada Goldschmidt.

,, 9th.—Football Match: Junior XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, away, won, 3—0.

,, 12th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., home, won, 3—0; 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., away, lost, 1—11.
Lantern Lecture: "Nine Lands in Ninety Minutes," Mr. Clifford Collinson.

,, 14th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Alan Thompson; Essays: "Purpose and Progress," Doris Turner; "The Father of English Literature," Margaret Brereton; "Various People," Mary Byles; Gramophone Record: Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, played by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

,, 16th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 1st XI., away, lost, 4—7; 2nd XI. *v.* N.G.S. 2nd XI., home, lost, 0—4; Junior XI. *v.* N.G.S. Junior XI., away, lost, 0—4.

,, 19th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 1st XI., away, won, 5—4; 2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex H.S. 2nd XI., away, lost, 0—2.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Christopher School 1st XI., home, lost, 2—5.

,, 21st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Terence Thompson; Essays: "Seed Structure," Alan Thompson; "Methods of Seed Dispersal," Gertrude Edmundson.

Oct. 23rd.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, lost, 5—6.

,, 26th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, home, lost, 1—4.
Lantern Lecture: "The Building of the *Queen Mary*," Mr. March.

,, 28th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Mary Byles; Essays: "Highway Robbers," Betty Cawdron; "Upbringing and Education," Gertrude Edmundson; Violin Solo: "Sonata in A, opus 5, No. 9," by Corelli, Philip Fausset.

,, 30th.—Tramp to Arkesden.

Nov. 2nd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* St. Mary's Convent, home, won, 4—0.
Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., away, lost, 5—7; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., home, lost, 2—4.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Philip Fausset; Current Events Report, Desmond Minchin; Essays: "Climbing Plants," Margaret Lyon; "Fossils," Stanley Fitch.

,, 6th.—Gloucester-Scott whole holiday.

,, 9th.—Lantern Lecture: "Scillonia," Mr. C. J. King.

,, 12th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 13th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 1st XI., home, lost, 0—3; 2nd XI. *v.* N.G.S. 2nd XI., away, lost, 0—4; Junior XI. *v.* N.G.S. Junior XI., home, lost, 0—4.

,, 16th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Great Chesterford, home, won, 4—1.
Hockey Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School 1st XI., home, won, 5—2; 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School 2nd XI., home, won, 1—0.

,, 17th.—Cinematograph Films of Madagascar, Mr. Cuthbert Wigham.

,, 18th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Francis Batten; Current Events Report, Roger Browning; Essays: "Migration of Fish, Insects and Mammals," Philip Fausset; "Migration of Birds," Cyril Osborne.

,, 20th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Harlow, home, lost, 1—4.

,, 23rd.—*Avenue* Concert.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop Stortford Ladies, home, won, 3—2.

,, 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Philip Fausset and Enid Brett; Essays: "The Cinema," Lysbeth Everard; "The Parthenon," Joyce Farrell; Pianoforte Solo: 1st movement of Beethoven's Sonata in C. Sharp Minor.

NOTICES

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LONDON GENERAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION. JUNE 1935

Matriculation

Peter J. L. Chubb (M), Ada E. Goldschmidt (G), Helen F. Pontefract (F, G, M), Ranald J. M. Steven (M, C).

School Certificate

Mary D. Byles (M), Gertrude Edmundson, Lysbeth B. Everard, John F. Fleming, John E. Fordham, Elizabeth F. Jossaume, Raymond F. Lyons, Ethel B. Pool, Margaret Smith, A. Terence Thompson, Lionel C. Young (G).

(F, G, M, C indicate distinction in French, German, Elementary Mathematics, Chemistry respectively.)

MUSIC EXAMINATIONS

Grade VI.—Violin—Judith Lockspeiser (Honourable Mention).

Grade V.—Violin—D. Rhoda Davie.

Grade IV.—Piano—P. Joyce Francis.

Grade III.—Piano—Helen R. Goodey.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines since our last issue:

The Beckside (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *The Cooperian* (Coopers' School, Bow).

For

the young man

of 20

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