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THE SCHOOL SANATORIUM



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXVI. JULY 1935 No. 77.

FOREWORD

A SMALL list of leavers at the end of last term and an unusually large entry of newcomers this term has taken our numbers—including the Junior School—well over the two hundred mark. At the time of writing there are 205 scholars here. This approaches very close to the record number of 209 reached three years ago. We rejoice in this evidence of a full school after the difficult years through which we, along with so many others in this country, have passed.

While we extend a warm welcome to all the newcomers, we are especially glad to have an addition to our foreign scholars in the person of Hans Geyer from Germany. May his time here be very happy!

We said good-bye to Mr. Smillie at the end of last term with much regret. During his twelve years here there have been many boys set on the way to good craftsmanship by his example. Mr. James, who has taken his place, quickly showed us that Walden is not to be allowed to fall behind in craft work. Enthusiasm is infectious, and a new chapter in the history of the workshop has opened auspiciously.

Several other smaller Staff changes call for record. Mr. Skurr, after two terms as a student master, has left to take up Engineering. Miss Chard is no longer assistant at the Sanatorium. These duties are being done for the time being at any rate by Miss Barritt, who was until last term assistant at the Junior School. We welcome Miss Walmsley who has come to take this latter position.

We heard with great regret of the accident to M. J. Grover (1920-2) whose aeroplane crashed during a snowstorm near Royston and who was killed instantaneously.

The extra week put on to the end of last term was regretted by some, as fourteen scholars were left behind in the Sanatorium with chills when the rest went home. The last of these had gone, however, in five days and everyone was able to enjoy the Jubilee celebrations at home instead of at School. We missed seeing the crown on the Water Tower lit up, but Walden had a repeat performance of its procession on the Saturday which a good many of us were able to see.

Features of the early part of this term have been the visit of John S. Hoyland, as a result of which a small group is to join one of the Work Camps he is organizing in the Summer holidays ; and the visit of eighteen Young Friends from Birmingham who, arriving in instalments in the course of a Saturday afternoon, played tennis against the School between showers and joined in our life through the week-end.

Whitsuntide and General Meeting are referred to elsewhere. We were glad to hear at General Meeting yet further evidence that the state of the School Library is under review. We hear of a lot of new books that are coming and look forward with keen anticipation to their arrival.

We print elsewhere in this issue notes of some achievements of Old Scholars. We know that this list is far from complete and we would urge Old Scholars and their friends not to be reticent about their achievements, so that we may make this a regular feature. G.L.

A WINTER'S WALK

ALONG the smooth, white carpet,
Along the snowy field,
Rough footprints deep were printed,
Into the pure white shield.

The trees to me were bowing,
While flakes of snow fell down,
As if they owed me tribute,
As if I wore a crown.

And as I walked on quickly,
With care, along the field,
The snowy, soft, white carpet
Beneath my feet did yield.

The cold north wind was bitter,
The snow was colder still;
The snow was falling quickly
Upon the distant hill.

No animal was stirring,
From out the barren wood,
The sleepy trees were shaking
Beneath their snowy hood.

All mankind was still sleeping,
For now was barely dawn.
The single, only sign of life
Was a robin on the lawn.

Harold B. Mattingly
(Stage 4).

GERMAN EDUCATION

THERE are hardly any private schools in Germany except a few small ones. Nearly all schools are governed by the State. The teachers and headmasters are directly under the Minister of Education. Parents are supposed to send their children to school at the age of six, but not before this age. Now, every child from six to ten years of age goes to an elementary school. Working-class people keep their children there till they are fourteen years old and their education is then finished. Parents who want to give their children a higher education take them away when they are ten and send the girls to a school called a Lyceum and the boys to a school called a Gymnasium, both of which are on the same level as the secondary school.

People who want to take Matric. go on till they are eighteen or nineteen or, when they are especially dull, twenty; those who do not, leave when they are sixteen.

Co-education does not exist except in the first two stages of the elementary school.

The holidays are set the same length for the whole country only there is a slight difference between North and South Germany. We have only five weeks' holiday in Summer, therefore two weeks in October as well as at Christmas and Easter.

We begin school in the morning at eight o'clock in the Summer, at 8.30 in the Winter. The lessons at my last school began straight away, without Assembly or Prayers except on Mondays when we had Prayers in the Hall.

There are nine stages leading up to Matric. They are called by Latin names: Sexta is the bottom stage, then Quinta, Quarta, Lower and Upper Tertia, Secunda, and Prima is the highest stage.

The lessons are much the same as here. We begin in the Sexta (what would be here Stage Two) with English; after three years we take Latin and after two more years French. The method of teaching in general is, of course, in all schools different, so I can only speak from the experiences I have had in my last school. For modern languages we, unluckily, don't have a foreign teacher but a German master. A French woman student came into our French lesson once a week to read aloud to us so that we should hear the right pronunciation. She sometimes taught us little French folk songs as well. I never heard English properly spoken before I came here. In our English lesson we read *Three Men in a Boat*, which is considered rather difficult for foreigners to understand. We used to read one page first in the lesson and then translate it.

The behaviour of the class in the lessons is absolutely different from that here. The class is much more lively. In the lessons here the Stage sits there silently attending or silently sleeping just as they feel and the teacher has most of the work to do. The pupils here are hardly ever, as far as I know, really naughty, or loudly laughing and having private conversations in the lessons, which is the danger in a more lively class. When our Stage was interested in a subject, they worked really well. On the other hand if we were bored, or we felt that the teacher had not firm control over us, then we could be unbearable, as I openly confess.

In connection with the punishment, every class has for itself a big blue book in which the names of the whole class are written, also the results of the tests, when people were late into lessons, etc. There is one column in this book which is intended for the punishment. When a girl has been rude, or has done anything which deserves severer punishment, the teacher writes into this book the surname of the pupil and the crime she has committed. Then a letter goes to the girl's parents informing them about the behaviour of their dear child.

I will now come to the subject which is most interesting for English people, that is, games and sports. Games do not take such an important place in Germany as in England. We have neither cricket nor hockey, or if hockey then only out of school and not many people play or even know about it. We have a few games, which we play in gym., but they are not so much team games. So we are lacking in this team spirit which is so typical of the Englishman. Tennis, swimming and everything like that is done out of school. Therefore we have more gym. We have five lessons a week. In the Winter we do " apparatus ". We are very enthusiastic about this and have competitions with other schools. Gym. is a very important subject, especially in the Germany of to-day. In the Summer we go out on the field, specially kept for this purpose, for the use of different schools in the same district.

We have all our lessons during the summer term outside in the open air, even when it is sometimes cold or slightly raining. During the summer term we practise jumping, running, throwing the javelin and putting the weight. All these outdoor exercises and the exercises at the apparatus cannot, of course, be done in dresses, so we have a special costume for gym. We wear a white sleeveless stockinette vest and black shorts of the same stuff. But although we have a special costume for gym., we have no school uniform. I found the English uniform, when I first came here, very awkward, especially the tunics, which are so short, and then the black stockings ! I could not at first imagine a crowd of girls all in black stockings ! When I saw in London a girl in black shoes and stockings I always said, " Ah, that is a pupil of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden," because I thought that was a speciality of this School !

Of course the German educational system has been altered a lot since Herr Hitler entered into the public life of Germany. I don't want to criticize or go into details, but I just want to state facts briefly. The greatest change I think has taken

place in the Biology lesson. We did not learn any fundamental biology such as the " blood system " or " bones ", etc., but the only thing taught was heredity, but that very thoroughly. Politics, which was before strictly kept out of lessons, takes, now, a great part in schools. The mere fact that when we see a teacher in the morning or at any time out of school in the street, we don't greet him in the civil way, but with the Hitler salute, states the part that politics take in school. In every German, History and Scripture lesson politics is brought in somehow. Be it that we begin in German with a drama of Schiller, or in History with Bismarck, or in Scripture with Christ, the discussion always ends somehow with Herr Hitler or his government. As I mentioned before, special value is laid on the gym. lessons and physical training, which includes for the boys now marching and other military exercises, while we practise marching home in good order from school in case hostile aeroplanes come and drop bombs on Berlin.

With this I am coming to the end of my essay. I tried to work out the difference between a German Day School and an English Boarding School as clearly as I could. Both systems of education have their advantages and disadvantages. I am glad that I have had my first education in Germany, but I would not like to miss this year of English education.

Ada Goldschmidt

(*Stage 7*).



A DESCRIPTION OF SCHOOL ON A WET MISERABLE DAY

ALL the playground is wet, and muddy, and sloshy, and filthy. The asphalt is like the Lake District, because it is covered with puddles. The tennis net is dripping with tear-like drops of rain. The grass Tennis Court is sodden, and boggy. The " Bumble Dinkies " drip, drip, drip, the whole time. The gardens steam, while the flowers drink and swim in the rain. They enjoy it all.

The old School gets a regular bath from old Mother Nature, and shines in happiness, and steams with a look of energy and a rich glow of health and cleanliness.

. . .

But, inside,—

Everybody is growling and grumbling and bad tempered and cross, sour *even* to their best friends, and disagreeable.

We don't like it perhaps, but outside things and animals do, they love it ; so please, if there is a spot of rain, DON'T GRUMBLE !

Diana Madeley
(*Stage* 3).

ONE NIGHT IN DECEMBER

IT was a windy night in December and the wind moaned outside, as Mr. Holbrook came into his bedroom. " It's a cold night," he said, and then a gust of wind came in through the half-closed window and he shivered. He crossed over to the window and shut it, and then he got undressed ; he turned off the light, and fumbled into bed.

He lay there for some time, listening to the wind howling and moaning outside. He fell into a doze and was nearly asleep when he thought he heard three taps on the wall beside him.

He opened his eyes and looked round, but he couldn't see anything, so he thought it must be his own imagination. He shut his eyes and was trying to get to sleep again when, suddenly, he heard the three taps again! "Who's that?" he said sleepily, but he received no answer. He sat up and looked round the room, but as before, there was nothing there. He lay down and shut his eyes, and tried to go to sleep for the third time, when again he heard the three taps.

"Bother! I wish whoever the person is would let me go to sleep," he said crossly. He got out of bed and put his dressing-gown on, and went round the room to see if he could find the cause of these mysterious noises; but he found nothing.

He was about to go back to bed when, to his horror, he saw a ghostly white figure standing by his bed.

"Who's that?" he said, but there was no answer. He crossed over to the door to switch the light on, but there was something wrong with it and it would not work. He remembered that he had left his torch downstairs, so he hastily crossed over on to the landing, not daring to look behind him. He went downstairs, and when he reached the bottom he saw the white figure behind him.

Terror seized him, and he ran, but the figure followed him. He went along the hall and he heard footsteps behind him. He dashed into the dining-room, and was going to put the lights on when he felt a cold, clammy hand touch him. He cried out, and ran into the next room.

There was a long passage at the end of this room, and he ran along it, when suddenly he felt two horrible ghostly arms round him. He screamed—and then he knew no more. When he recovered consciousness he found himself back in his own bed, while the sun streamed in through the window, and there was nothing there to tell of last night's adventure. "It must have been a dream," he said.

Margaret Lyon
(*Stage* 4).

WHICH ONE?

IF I were rich, what would I do?
I'd leave the horse just ready to shoe.
If I were poor, I think I'd cry,
"Oh, pity a poor one or else I'll die."
If I were mad, what would I do?
I think I'd make a hullabaloo.
If I were king of many a land,
I would rule it with a mighty hand.
But if I were only a beggar man
I think my bread would be baked in a can.
But as you know, it's plain to see,
I could not choose which one I'll be.

Ann Kerpen
(*Stage* 3).

THE MOORLAND FOG

IN a world of misty moorland,
Where the whiteness coldly swirls,
Where the smoke from lonely chimneys
Struggles up and slowly twirls;
Where the white sheep move sedately,
Drifting with the drifting fog,
Suddenly from out the stillness
Comes a shepherd with his dog.
Like a ghost with noiseless footfall,
Treads he on the sodden ground,
Till suddenly he stoops and listens
To a lamb that he has found.
Gently up upon his shoulder
He lifts up the tiny thing,
Heeding not the old ewe's bleating,
Softly he begins to sing.
Then he trudges slowly homeward,
Back the weary way he came,
Till the fog with clinging whiteness
Hides him from our eyes again.

Joyce Farrell
(*Stage* 5).



LINO-CUT

B. Stanger
(Stage 4r)

GENERAL MEETING

SEVENTH DAY, THE FIFTEENTH OF SIXTH MONTH

Forty Years On

ONCE a year those who once sang lustily these words they now recall wistfully, step backward through the frame from " the Other Side " and breathe the air of " This Side " for a brief day whiles the Little Old Man, " Mr. Bultitude " for the nonce, welcomes " my people " and self-consciously shows them round; the visitors comment audibly upon the advantages of education and tacitly reflect how much more significant their own names and persons would have become in the world " if only we had had the chances these young folk enjoy " !

Saffron Walden Reverent

Proceedings began with the assembly in the Meeting House, girls and boys on right and left flanks respectively, a few Friends in the Ministers' Gallery, other weighty ones with the Headmaster on the form below, parental visitors in the middle space and high gallery, with light and air flooding the room and a quietness reminiscent of the many worshippers whose past presence hallowed the place. After the short half-hour of silence occasionally broken by brief exhortations, the Clerk of the Committee announced, after the manner of a famous chapter on Snakes in Ireland, the award of scholarships, there being none awarded.

Then the Headmaster told us something of his hopes and ideals for the future of the School. No mere

" Cramming his head, to butter his bread "

but a discipline, broad and free, to develop all the faculties of body, mind and spirit latent in any boy or girl; this should be the kind of curriculum parents should demand, resisting the pressure of all those influences that vociferate their wish for a " business training ". Teachers should be free to give their

best to their pupils, and above all in a Quaker school should be themselves zealous to stir a response where " Spirit with Spirit may meet ".

Saffron Walden Static : Work Done

Following the Headmaster's directions when we reached the School, or piloted by eager and evident guides, we visited the displays of finished work. The girls' workshop furnished with a bench and the promise of a loom offered much opportunity for future skill, the B. (or was it Bee, certainly some had been busy) Room upstairs held a bright display of needlework, withal in harmonious colours, and dainty frocks (what a pity we couldn't have a mannequin parade), and a centre table whose delectable dishes we appreciated, regretfully, only by the medium of eye-gate.

Then through great stretches and wastes of corridor and play-room we found our way to the Biology Lab. where ants (*formica sanguinea*) held revels beneath drawn curtains and the mortal vestiges of frog and dogfish turned our minds to graver thoughts, but more cheerfully we beheld beans and peas springing into life and some of the very least of God's creatures, though decanted from a pond into a beaker, irrepressible in captivity. On to the woodwork shop next door, swept and waiting to be garnished, with a few stools and the lesser breeds of furniture, first-fruits of a new régime. We climbed the stony steeps to Parnassus, haunt not of Poesy but Art, and admired much in general and in particular the wood engravings, and patterns printed from potato-cuts.

Out once more in the open our hearts were gladdened by the sight of our old friends the Limes in such restored vigour and verdure, and then across the playground where we were a little overpowered by the voracity and loquacity of three youthful jackdaws and the savour of two lithe creatures described to us as polecat-ferrets. Just below the tennis courts the rock garden was resplendent in a glory of cistus, aubretia,

campanulas and many other lovely flowers whilst the pond was tenanted by a golden water-lily and a few fish with far from golden tempers.

Saffron Walden Dynamic: Work Doing

Out upon the lawn, beyond the girls' playground, with a bower of greenery for background and the terrace on the flank with tree-sheltered spectators, many of us sat on forms beneath umbrellas to watch the Gym. Display and, after it, a rendering of Miles Malleson's " Paddly Pools ". The team work, with one or two lapses, was a credit to both the boys and their instructor and there were notable examples of promising athletes.

In his armchair in the play Grandpa reposed with an easy posture which betokened long habit, Tony was really very troublesome—what is worse than a disturbed nap ?—the Little Old Man looked very swart and sinister with his Bolshevik beard but the merry Soul-of-all-the-Rabbits disporting amid the sylphs of sunset and sylvan glades restored our confidence in the sweetness of Nature.

Then away we hied to the deeper pool where :—

" We watched the white spray foam
About the limbs of laughing girls
Whose sires had come from home "

(profound apologies to Macaulay).

The sunlight on the blue rippled water, the warm sienna of the mural tiles, the gay diversity of coloured costumes, the bright balloons and the warm flesh tints made a picture to which only some van Gogh or Cezanne could have done justice. The excitement of a hard-fought team race rendered the result dubious, the swimming did credit to every competitor, we were glad to hear that Godlee had won—but we wondered !

Saffron Walden Germinant: The Juniors

We saw wonderful things over at the Junior School, sandpit architecture, Scandinavian farm, realistic ships rolling

upon turbulent seas and such evidence of the work of agile minds and busy fingers as augured well for the future.

Tea: but not under the Limes

Faith failed amid the fickle weather and we steered our way with infinite precaution through the dining-room bearing precious loads of tea and cakes between the Scylla of gesticulating males and the Charybdis of dainty female frocks.

The Comet

We had seen several prognostications of the Coming of the Comet and before our departure were assailed by an Editor, Publicity Manager and Financial Secretary combined in one charming personality and cajoled into subscribing for this portent; what its advent may presage, what star of genius in the ascendant, what fall from privilege and power—we are left conjecturing. But we cherish those bright visions which are the heritage of a day past and the promise of a future one.

Cornelius Scriblerus.

JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING 1935

RISING early on the morning of Saturday, May 25th, fourteen representatives left Walden and were soon caught up in the vortex of the swirling Metropolis, and arrived at Friends House in pouring rain.

Our first assembly in the Small Meeting House was for the purpose of being introduced to Yearly Meeting by Harold J. Morland who succeeded for a few minutes in detaching our inquisitive gaze from the other children around us. We were then moved off into the gallery of the Large Meeting House in which the morning session was just opening. Personally, coming to a really large Friends' Meeting for the first time,

I was very impressed, although it seemed to me that the principle of silence, the beauty of the Quaker Meeting, cannot express itself on this large scale. After about fifteen minutes the business of the meeting commenced when Joan Mary Fry gave a report on the work of the Allotment Scheme. She gave statistics and made a proposition with regard to the combining of the Slum Clearance and Distressed Areas Schemes with the Allotment Scheme. She encouraged the co-operation of Young Friends in this work and described the functions of the scheme as it is at present. The discussion afterwards was made very interesting by the personal experience of an unemployed miner in the meeting.

Our Clerk was Tony Reynolds of Sidcot, our Assistant Clerk Mary Perkins of Muswell Hill, and Mr. Brereton was Recording Clerk of the Meeting. The important item of business in the first session was the reading of an Epistle from the Junior Yearly Meeting in New England and the decision to send our own Epistle, to be drawn up at the end of the day, to Friends in New Zealand.

After an excellent lunch at the Express Dairy in Euston Road we returned for the second session of our meeting which began with a short period of worship. In order to give us something to " chew and digest " in this period of worship, Mr. Brereton first read an extract from *The Quakers* by Neave Brayshaw describing briefly the attitude of Quakers towards the present social conditions. The Quakers realize fully the need for change in these trying conditions and seek it by means of religious inspiration and an application of Christ's teaching.

Then George Edwards spoke to us on the practical side of the Allotment Scheme work, explaining how class barriers can be broken down by going to work among unemployed men ; this is a great step towards world peace.

The subject under discussion was " The Quaker Peace Testimony " and it was proposed to follow the train of thought suggested in certain sections of a preliminary letter which had

been sent round beforehand. These sections dealt with one's individual responsibility in the prevention of war.

After a written report from Sidcot had been read, which dealt with each of the points as they had discussed them, the meeting began to gain courage, although to begin with it was naturally rather self-conscious and unresponsive.

Here are the main points brought up in the discussion: The barriers in social life are a great obstruction to the cause of peace. The social ostracism of the man who has made a moral mistake was emphasized. The question of war has a direct application to the individual on a small scale, our own moral conflicts are very similar on a small scale. The change must come about in the individual. The influence of the Press in radiating hatred on both sides was discussed. The fact that although certain individuals may aspire to the truth of the matter, their influence is not nearly great enough to move the masses and cap the crisis before it bursts, was brought to our notice.

In the evening session, after the minutes for the day had been read and approved, we discussed the evils of drink, bad housing, etc., inasmuch as they influence war. The gist of our talk was that if a man indulges in these vices, taking into account that they may be thrust upon him by the bad conditions under which he lives, he will be more likely to give way to the glamour of war. After discussing the Church as an influence against these vices and finding that although it was sincere in purpose it was distorted in outlook, we decided that societies should be formed in our schools for practical peace work and discussion. The idea of a " peace discussion group " with a nucleus at Sidcot was to be brought before Yearly Meeting in the form of a minute. This was a very important outcome of this session.

By 8.30 p.m. we were back in Saffron Walden.

P. S. Fausset
(Stage 7).



LINO-CUT MALVOLIO *Daphne Skinner*
(Stage 5)

by Stanger, Mathewman and Godfrey : Stanger failed to equal the record by one-fifth of a second. The tests were thoroughly enjoyed and carried out efficiently thanks to the unstinted help of various members of the Staff.

The tests were completed on Friday, March 29th, and the following day was to have been our Sports Day. The programme arranged was as follows :—

100 yds. Senior Boys 100 yds. Senior Girls 100 yds. Junior Boys 100 yds. Junior Girls	Shuttle Relays (teams of 4)
200 yds. Senior Boys 100 yds. Junior Girls	Relays (teams of 4)
Discus. Senior Girls	
200 yds. Junior Boys	Relay
Discus. Senior Boys	
100 yds. Senior Girls 440 yds. Senior Boys	Relays

The Discus was to be non-competitive, but rather as an introduction for next year.

Saturday, March 30th, dawned wet and cold so that the Sports Day had to be postponed, and as the weather did not improve, there also being a mild outbreak of " flu ", the scheme eventually had to be abandoned.

To obtain the final result of the Sports, the average number of points per person was obtained for each House. The girls had seen their results posted on their notice board as each day went by, so that they were not surprised to hear their result :—

Morland	..	20·85
Crosfield	..	17·14
Godlee	..	16·86

But it came as quite a shock to some and a pleasant surprise to others to learn the result of the boys' tests :—

Morland	..	24·35
Godlee	..	17·35
Crosfield	..	16·77

ATHLETIC SPORTS

THE Athletic Sports this year were a very successful experiment. We were favoured with fine weather throughout the training and testing, which allowed us to go through according to plan with the greatest amount of ease and pleasure. Unfortunately we could not devote more than two and a half weeks to training (because of football fixtures), which meant that some people were unprepared for certain events when the testing started.

In order, first, to eliminate nervous and physical strain so usually found with competitive sports where individuals *race* and also carry considerable responsibility as the representative of the House, and secondly in order to encourage the whole House to take part all the time, instead of a selected few, we drew up a scheme of standards for boys and girls, seniors and juniors, whereby the performance of each could be assessed. Points were gained for the House by each member according to his or her performance in the test for each event. This made it possible for even the weakest and slowest to gain at least a few points for the House, while the better athletes had the satisfaction of gaining a considerable number of points.

The testing started on March 21st, and throughout the following week the interest was running high. Stanger, the best Junior, shows considerable promise for the future, whilst Peresleny and Mary Evans both achieved a high all-round standard. An amusing incident occurred in the Senior Boys' High Jump when Neal sat on the bar and yet survived at 4 ft. 8 in., whereas Chubb, who has cleared over 5 ft., failed to " step over " that height! The worst boys' event was the Throw, many boys failing to score even one point, not because the standard was too high but because their throwing was bad! On the whole the best event was the 220 yards, where nearly everyone managed to score. There were no records broken this year though an attempt was made at the Junior 220 yards

Morland thus retains its reputation by a good margin, whilst Godlee and Crosfield tussle for second place.

Our sincere thanks are due to all those who in any way helped to make the Sports a success. To the Staff for their untiring efforts throughout the training and testing, to the Headmaster and committees and individuals who were responsible for the drawing up of programmes, standards and tables, and last but not least to the scholars for their loyal co-operation and enthusiasm. We all look forward to an even better time next year, when we hope the Discus may be flying well, and the whole standard of energy and performance be raised still higher.

J.R.B.H.

THE WHITSUN GATHERING

IT would have been very difficult not to have accepted that really sincere invitation to " Come along this Whitsuntide ", and those of us who were fortunate enough to be able to escape from work on the Friday evening were soon made to feel quite at home, although I doubt if *many* of us felt at all shy. It is surprising what a difference a cheery welcome, a cup of tea and a short dance can make. Our only regret was that all our comrades were not there to enjoy the first evening with us.

Saturday morning dawned brightly and relieved the fears of tennis players, cricketers, photographers and the like. We knew the swimming display would be excellent—and it was, even more excellent than usual, perhaps because the girls co-operated still more enthusiastically to make Miss Beecham's last display a tremendous success. At the end we were pleasantly surprised to see a girl in a bathing costume, holding a cake dish in her hand, and after a short speech hand it to Miss Beecham as a souvenir of her many swimming practices and displays.

Immediately after the swimming there followed a gymnastic display under the supervision of Mr. Heap, and it was easy to see the amount of thought and hard work that had been put into it by both the master and boys.

The cricket match resulted in a score of 155 for the Old Scholars' 2nd XI. and 43 for the Present Boys. Saturday's succession of pleasures reached its climax (for the Old Scholars) in a dance in the evening, although it must be added that several people still found it necessary to slip away surreptitiously from the Ballroom to have " just one more sausage roll " or another helping of jelly.

Practically everyone went to Meeting on Sunday morning and afterwards accepted Miss Midgley's invitation to walk round her garden. Luckily the weather was very fine and so people could continue the photography and the long stream of conversation, consisting mainly of, " Do you remember when ? " and " Wasn't it funny when ? ", which seems so necessary to people who have not seen each other for a few months.

In the evening Mr. Littleboy read us a fable, in which the author was trying to point out the different possible outlooks on Life and the inadvisability of always trusting to Time alone. Then Mr. Littleboy spoke of the importance of our school-days and reminded us that besides loving the School for all the happy times we have had there it is still necessary that Old Scholars should help in increasing the educational facilities and in furthering the improvement of the School as a whole.

Everyone knew that there would have to be rain on one day of Whitsun, so we weren't very surprised to find it pouring down on Monday morning. Nor were we downhearted, but I hate to think of the gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair that there might have been had not Mr. Beer, Miss Bird and Mr. Littleboy put their heads together to devise some plans for keeping us quiet.

After lunch there were presentations to the three members of the Staff who are leaving: Miss Bird, Miss Beecham and Mr. Smillie. They can have no accurate idea how very sorry we shall all be to lose them, and I think even *we* shall not realize for some time how much they have contributed to the wellbeing of the School.

The result of the second cricket match, that of the Old Scholars *versus* the School, was again in favour of the Old Scholars, their score being 163 for 8 declared, and that of their opponents 65 all out. The girls' cricket match was scratched on account of the rain, and for the same reason the tennis tournament which had been begun with great enthusiasm on Saturday was subjected to a change in the playing off of the finals.

The dramatic performance, given once for the School and once for Old Scholars, provided plenty of amusement. This is the third time that the Old Scholars have taken it upon themselves to produce this concert, and some of us feel rather strongly that it would be even better still if next year there could be a *combined* concert. This idea might present difficulties, but there are ways of overcoming nearly all difficulties. At the end of the concert Mr. Beer moved a vote of thanks to the host of people who helped to make us so happy; and when he had drawn our attention to all those people who work so hard behind the scenes, and whom we are sometimes apt to forget, I think it was generally agreed that it would be almost impossible to find anyone in the School who had not done something towards making us feel quite at home and comfortable.

The rain in the morning did one good thing: it prevented us from exerting ourselves too much out of doors, so that we still had some energy left for the bonfire. During the few minutes of singing and dancing everyone had a chance of voicing his opinion about the Staff and things in general, and within half an hour all the people in Saffron Walden must have known that the Staff were *all* " jolly good fellows ".

But the best of times must come to an end, and on Tuesday morning we departed, all regretting that Whitsun was over, but already looking forward to Whitsun next year.

DOROTHY WOOD
(1929-34).

SNIPPETS FROM EXAM. PAPERS

IN spite of the annual abuse that is poured upon our friend, Examination, he is fruitful in providing some interesting sidelights on character and interest, and his company is enjoyed by more than one person.

Here we are introduced to our future writer and critic: "Many people believe he [Dickens] was a Londoner: he was not born in London, but to all intents and purposes he was. He loved London and it was his greatest ambition to have a house there, preferably Bleak House. He attained this. He went to America and came back and wrote about the type of people and the time he had: somehow the Americans never appreciated this work."

Or the description of Cæsar's Funeral as given by a young writer: "Cæsar's funeral is like this when Cæsar's son came up to the platform Brutus came with him to make a speach at the first to say the Ch [*sic*] Cæsar just died or was murdered by some unnown person then Cæsar's son came on to the platform and said he hoped they (the crowed) would be happy and have him as their Emperor and there were a few cheers and others mourened and then the coffin or whatever it was, was carried out."

Or did you know that Samuel Pepys wrote "Kubla Khan", Shakspere the "Faerie Queene" and "In Memoriam"; that John Buchan wrote "Paradise Lost", and John Milton "Il Benserosa"? Or did you know that "Alexander Selkirk is a myth who was wrecked on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe"?

THE ADVENTURES OF SIR PERCIVAL

ONE fine day Sir Percival rode out on his horse, with a plume in his helmet and his armour glittering in the sunlight. By and by he came to a wood and going into it he came to a lovely glade. He dismounted and presently he heard the sound of sobbing. He went in the direction of the sound and presently he came in sight of a lady weeping.

"What is the matter ?" he asked.

The lady looked up. "Who are you ?" she asked.

"I am Sir Percival," he said, "Who are you ?"

"I am Lady Juliet," she said, "and a wicked dragon has stolen my daughter."

"Where does this dragon live ?" he asked.

"If you follow this path, you come to the end of the wood," she said, "and there you will see a big, rocky mountain, and half way up there is a cave and it is there the dragon lives."

So Sir Percival rode off and came to the cave. He fought the dragon and killed it and rescued the maiden.

They went home to the castle and Sir Percival married Lady Juliet's daughter and they lived happily ever afterwards.

Helen Wood
(*Junior School*).

THE VISIT TO CLARE

THE 23rd of March was a very wet Saturday afternoon, but that did not trouble those of us who were going to Clare to play in the Orchestral section of the Annual Competitive Festival.

By 2.30 p.m. the special bus which had been ordered for us was waiting and we had ample room even for the Double Bass, as there were two privileged people who were to follow us later in Mr. Littleboy's car.

When we arrived at Clare Town Hall the singing competitions were still in progress. These afforded us an entertainment until the tea interval was announced. For this we adjourned to the " Half Moon ". Two tables had been set apart for us in a large room where there were also other parties of competitors. With some difficulty we managed to save places and some tea for the rest of our party who had not yet arrived. We looked anxiously towards the door every time anyone entered, for they were three very important members of the Orchestra.

When at last they did come, we set up a cheer. I noticed that Mr. Littleboy looked rather anxious, and again he looked relieved when he saw that there were places and tea offered to them. I understood why when he confided in me that they had lost the tea tickets !

Having done justice to the tea we returned to the Town Hall. By this time our opponents had arrived, and we all began tuning up ready for our first entry. In this class, our weaker team, some of whom had only played in the Orchestra for two or three terms, played the March Militaire by Schubert and Two Dances from Comus by Arne. Our opponents, Clare Village Orchestra, played first.

After both Orchestras had played, it was announced that the judge would like to conduct the combined Orchestras. It was amusing to see the look of dismay on the faces of our Orchestra, particularly the leader, who promptly knocked over the stand and music in his effort to find his mute, which, as one of the other members pointed out to him, was still on his violin !

However, the adjudicator soon made them forget their nerves and let themselves go, while he called forth much laughter by telling them that " That was better, but cloudy like Scrubbs Ammonia " and other similar compliments. Afterwards he gave us some helpful criticisms, and placed the Clare Orchestra a few marks ahead of us.

Then came the more serious business of playing the first three movements of the Eine Kleine Nachtmusik against Mr. Snow and his band of more or less experienced and grown-up players.

By this time the Town Hall was crowded. We played first, and had quite an enthusiastic reception from the audience. This may have been partly due to the fact that some of our members were obviously very young. Here again we were placed just 2 per cent. below the Walden String Players. However, the adjudicator gave us a very encouraging criticism. He said he would like to congratulate what he was pleased to call " our little band ", and our leader in particular. He was reluctant to have to mark us as he felt the criticisms were of much greater importance.

The bus ride home was all that was now left of our visit to Clare. Most people fell to singing as soon as we had left the village behind us, but I was thinking that it would not be easy to explain, when we were asked at School, that although we had not won, we had not entirely failed. Then I heard a voice behind me saying, " It is at these times that I wish I were coming back to School next year." One or two others echoed, " So do I." I wish they were, too, but I forgot about what we should say when we were asked if we had won, and felt the visit had been worth while.

N.W.

AN EARLY SPRING MORN.

NOT a soul in sight, not a bird or animal to be heard. The misty grey dawn just peeping; the moon now waning in the west.

Then, slowly as the new spring day creeps upon us, the first signs of life come to our eyes or perhaps to our ears.

The first small bird awakens and twitters its song, the sleepy cows in the far misty distance begin mooing. Faster and faster the countryside then awakens, more birds, more

animals begin their morning calls in the country at five o'clock.

The mist rolls away over the tops of the valleys and the sun appears to awaken the rest. The barking of the sheepdog from the small shepherd's home in the far distance, the cock's crow, the dairyman's cry, the continual " blare " of the sheep as they wander slowly to their pasture lands.

The cawing of the rooks as they slowly and lazily fly to their feeding grounds all makes a perfect opening to an early spring morn.

By now the sun is sending its strong yellow beams of light to every fleecy cloud, tinting it with red. The trees and woods are either silently listening or murmuring in the spring breeze to the songs of the birds, the cries of the rabbits, the callings of the sheep and cows.

On trees the pigeons are cooing; on barns the doves are quietly resting, cooing gently to one another.

The butterflies chase each other from shady patch to sunny flower, with the sun reflecting on each gaily coloured wing.

Day begun, work begins, the farm men toil with the grassy sod.

The sheep and cows lie in the shade of the great English oaks, chewing mechanically.

Although an engine may be heard throbbing along the winding roads, the country is still the only place for peace and quiet, and for a glimpse of the real English Nature in the real English Countryside.

F. J. Batten
(*Stage* 5).

FAIRY TALES

FAIRY tales are the myths and legends upon which the children of a nation are spoon-fed.

Almost as soon as they can understand human speech, the unfortunate babes are crammed with nonsensical tales about giants and dwarfs, witches and pixies, which do not now exist

and probably never existed. They should be brought up to face facts, right from the very beginning, and not dragged up full of silly stories, moral and otherwise, which are apt to make a child too optimistic about life.

For instance, in real life, the hero and the heroine rarely live happily ever after as in the fairy tales. The villains of to-day are far too clever to be downed by a single metaphorical stroke of the hero's metaphorical sword.

Again, fairy stories are just as apt to make a child pessimistic about life as optimistic, because, when the child is disillusioned and told that fairies, etc., do not exist, all his ideas about his future and his life will probably be done for, as he will think life hardly worth living.

Doubtless, all fairy tales are very pretty, imaginative and instructive, but not half so instructive as a book with a lot of pictures in it describing various useful things, such as gas masks and military aeroplanes. If he asks why the latter are useful, let him be told that they are part of a brilliant governmental scheme for decreasing the unemployed and eventually the surplus population of this well-governed, peace-loving, democratic and constitutional country, England. Almost the same reasons might be given for the existence of gas masks.

If the child must have interesting reading, let him read some of the annuals that deal with children and various adventures that they have, and when the child gets older, books on travel and exploration should be given him, as well as any decent fiction that he desires. In fact, anything that he likes, but not, *not* fairy tales.

For examples of the bad effect of fairy tales, one does not have to look far. The average child's fear of the dark is more often than not caused by foolish parents or nurses stuffing him with stories of dreadful ogres, who will come and eat him if he is naughty.

Another bad effect is that various weak-minded people who have a slight literary bent, fall back on writing fairy stories

as an easy means of livelihood. Similarly, certain teachers who, for want of imagination on their part, give poor, unsuspecting, harmless and well brought up children essays to write on this ghastly subject, should be slung out on their necks, for causing bad feeling and bad language.

William H. Evens
(*Stage* 5).

TARTARY

IF I were Lord of Tartary
I'd have a thousand men,
I'd win each fight quite easily,
And write with a golden pen.
And great big humming birds would fly
In every greenwood tree,
While minstrels play their harps near by
And sing their songs to me.

Helen Wood
(*Junior School*).

AUTUMN

THE year is going,
And the wind is blowing ;
Now apples are falling,
And robins are calling ;
Old leaves are dropping,
While dry twigs are popping
On fires that are flaming ;
While squirrels are claiming
The nuts that are right,
And will shell with a bite.

Godfrey Pratt
(*Junior School*).

FROM FAR AND NEAR

Concerning Old Scholars.

Eric Holltum (1907-11) writes from the Botanic Gardens, Singapore :—

" This is Jubilee week, and there are so many local celebrations that it is impossible to see them all. One of the most spectacular was the Chinese lantern procession two miles long, to which over 200 clubs and organizations contributed. It was in fact too long for most people's taste, and too much repetition, but of course they all wanted to do something. For hours beforehand people were assembling all along the route, and cars were parking in all the side roads near. The way these people will sit patiently waiting for hours, and then enjoy a long and monotonous procession, is astonishing. Crowds in Singapore are very quiet and well-behaved. The Muslim community, the Hindus, and the South Indian Mohammedans all had their processions, the Hindus (or rather the Chettiars) providing fireworks also. The Japanese provided daylight fireworks during a Municipal reception this afternoon. These fireworks were rockets which burst and liberated flags hanging below parachutes, small balloons, and even a man on horseback. Some of them were not fired high enough, or burst prematurely. There were, of course, military parades, a Government House garden party, and thanksgiving services ; also a British trade fair throughout the week, two patriotic concerts, and the town has been most astonishingly illuminated. From across at Sea View, four miles away, the effect was very fine, with the lights on the ships in harbour also."

SOME RECENT SUCCESSES OF OLD SCHOLARS

(The Editor is well aware that the following list is far from complete, but hopes that, by the co-operation of old Scholars a more complete list may appear in future issues.)

Denis R. Allward (1929-32). First class in Solicitors' Intermediate Examination. Out of 400 candidates only six reached this standard.

Dorothy M. Collar (1926-34) has been awarded an Essex County Major Scholarship—£80 a year for three years.

Ursula Holttum, neé Massey (1909-15), now in Singapore, has been presented with a Silver Jubilee Medal, chiefly in recognition of seven years' work for the Orphanage for Chinese Waifs and Strays, where she has taught needlework and served on the Committee.

H. A. Farrand Radley (1927-33) has been awarded an Essex County Major Exhibition—£50 a year for three years.

Una Sell (1928-33) was 21st out of about 2,000 candidates, and 1st in English, in the Civil Service Examination for which she entered recently.

Jean M. Sleight (1931-34), was awarded a Silver Medal for being placed 2nd in the British Isles in her Music Examination—Advanced Grade Pianoforte.

Ruth M. Stubbs (1927-34) has passed her Pre-Medical Examination.

SCHOOL DIARY

Mar. 16th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher School, Letchworth, away, lost, 1—9.
Song Recital: Miss Elfrida Vipont.

,, 18th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Diary, Mary Byles; Current Events Report, Peter Chubb; Astronomical Report, David Mattingly; Essay: "Sheep and Sheepdogs," Megan Bebb; Talk on South America (continued), Mr. Badger.

,, 20th.—Boys' Gymnastic Competition.

,, 21st.—Girls' Reading Club Meeting.

,, 23rd.—Clare Music Festival.

,, 24th.—Pianoforte Recital: Miss Rosamund Ley.

,, 25th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Alexis Peresleny; Essays: "William Shakespeare," Elizabeth Jossaume; "The Owl Hooted Thrice," Raymond Lyons; "A Biography," Alexis Peresleny.
Pianoforte Solo: "Hola," by Percival Driver, Ethel Pool.

,, 30th.—Lantern Lecture: "Rock Climbing," Mr. Fothergill.

Apr. 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Terence Thompson; Current Events Report, Stephen Mattingly; Essays: "Industrial Arts," David Mattingly; "Diseases of Animals," Francis Batten.

,, 4th.—Orchestral Concert.

,, 6th.—Cinema Films: "Stanley's Adventures in Central Africa"; "The 1933 Mount Everest Expedition."

,, 10th.—End of term.

May 9th.—School re-opened.

,, 11th. Girls' Tennis Coaching: Miss Ransome.

,, 13th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Gertrude Edmundson; Essays: "Let the Lave go by Me," Ethel Pool; "Question Time," Malcolm Shepherd; Gramophone Record, "Marche Joyeuse," by Chabrier.

May 15th.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, home, lost, 32—108. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, lost, 25—43.

,, 18th.—Visit to Birmingham Young Friends.

,, 20th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Current Events Report, Mary Jackson; Report of Excursion to Elmdon, Francis Batten; Essays: "Cage Birds," John Todd; "Yellowstone National Park," Stephen Mattingly.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 53—75. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, lost, 36—150 for 8 wkts.

,, 25th.—Cricket Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Harlow, away, lost, 72—77. Junior Yearly Meeting.

,, 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Malcolm Shepherd; Essays: "Ambition," Joan Rodwell; "Gypsies," Margaret Smith; Violin Trio, "Moment Musical," by Schubert, Margaret Smith, Joan Cawdron, Raymond Lyons.

,, 29th.—Cricket Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, lost, 68—131 for 8 wkts.
Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, drawn, 67 for 4 wkts—158 for 7 wkts.
Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, lost, 26—114.

June 1st.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* J. B. Smith's XI., home, won, 139 for 9 wkts.—52.

,, 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Philip Fausset; Current Events Report, Joan Rodwell; Essays: "Grasses and Reeds," Alan Thompson; "June, July and August on a Farm," Francis Batten; "Searching for Fossils at the Clay Pits," David Mattingly.

,, 7th-11th.—Old Scholars' Whitsuntide Gathering.

,, 8th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* O.S. "A" XI., home, lost, 45—155.

,, 10th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S. 1st XI., home, lost, 63—163 for 8 wkts.

,, 12th.—Cricket Match: Boys' Junior XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, home, won, 66—35.

,, 15th.—General Meeting.

,, 17th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Visit of the Dorian Trio.

,, 19th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, lost, 55—92.

,, 22nd.—Cricket Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge and County School 2nd XI., home, won, 102—70.
Girls' XI. *v.* Hockerill College, away, won, 51—39.

,, 24th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Mary Jackson; Current Events Report, Stephen Mattingly; Essays: "In June on the South Downs," Doris Townshend; "Paridae," Cyril Osborne.

NOTICES

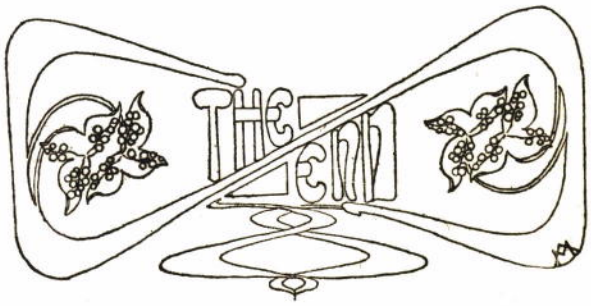
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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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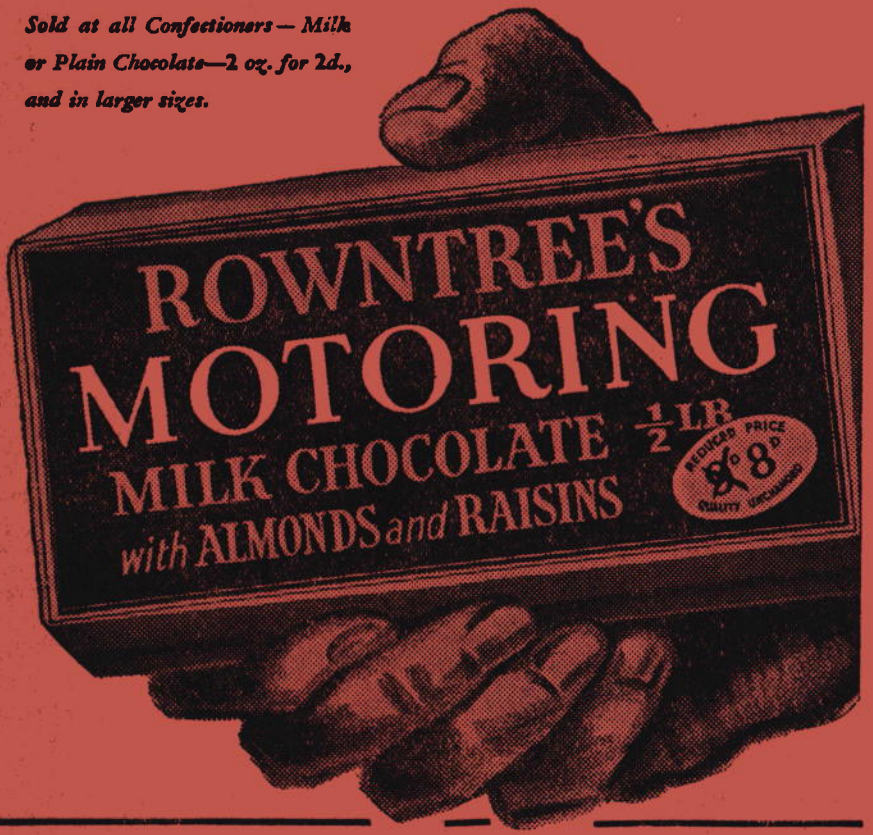
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