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DECEMBER 1936

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LINO CUT

[*Alfred Mendes* (*late Stage* 7)]



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXVII. DECEMBER 1936 No. 81.

FOREWORD

WE returned to School after the summer holidays to find many changes. New routines, new staff and new scholars. Last term we said goodbye to Miss Jones, and to Miss Thorpe, who is running a school of her own in Saffron Walden. We welcome Miss Willans and Miss Erskine in their place. We also said goodbye for the time being to Miss Denton, who went to America on the R.M.S. *Queen Mary* to play hockey for England. She is to resume her place on the staff just after half-term. In her place we welcomed Miss Hunt, who is also an international hockey player. All the previous stage seven have left, with a few exceptions, but so many new people have come that the school numbers have broken their record and swelled to two hundred and two.

The School has been considerably brightened by a new coat of paint along the corridor and half-way up the stairs

in both the girls' and the boys' blocks. Also inter-staff communication has been rendered easier by the introduction of a telephone system into the rooms of some of the more privileged; there is now a telephone connecting Nurse Pengelly's room with the Sanatorium.

A new element has been introduced into the School by the formation of a Boy Scout group under the leadership of Mr. Thorne. It consists of the "Peewit", the "Owl" and the "Pigeon" patrols.

The Old Scholars' games week-end was a thorough success in spite of the fact that we lost both the hockey and the football matches.

The progress in the building of the New Hall has been anxiously watched during the term and it was with great disappointment that we heard that the dining hall will be in request again for the *Avenue* concert, and that the opening of the Hall by Sir Michael Sadler is to be postponed until next term. Builders are inevitably behindhand. It was only at the beginning of this term, instead of the middle of last, that we were able to begin using the New Block. That does not alter the fact that it is a very fine building.

This term the School is a hive of activity; lecturettes, craftwork exhibitions and house plays follow one another in quick succession, besides preparation for such events as the *Avenue* concert. All the societies, including the school choir, are flourishing. The Senior Literary Society has now a new Secretary in S.G.K.B. The Society has introduced seating on a more informal basis and instead of having essays written by rota, one essay only is read during the evening. Poems, essays and music are contributed, having a bearing on the theme of the essay. The senior members join in the essay writing and occasionally an evening is given up to original contributions. The Society only meets once in three weeks, alternating with the Natural History Society and Mr. Thorne's Music Society.

Great excitement was felt by members of Group C when they were allowed to visit the local cinema. The film was H. G. Wells's "Things to Come".

We hope to have a new cover design for our next issue. We can hear you exclaiming callously, "Yes, and about time too!" But what about submitting a new design yourself?

Joyce Farrell
(*Stage 7*).

VISITING

THERE are some children who seem to enjoy going visiting. They like to put on their "second best" dress, their "best" shoes and their Sunday hat and coat and sally forth with their mothers to go visiting. But I am not one of these peculiar (to me at any rate) children. I detest visiting and prefer to spend my time sitting by the fire in a comfortable chair with a book, or playing something with my sister in peace and comfort. In other words, I would far rather stay in quiet and seclusion at home than go out to tea.

However, one can only rest in peace when one is safely buried, and one afternoon in the holidays I was told by my mother that I was going out to tea that very day. That is one of the things that I do not like about grown-ups; they are apt to accept things for you that are not at all desirable, even the best of them. So I uprooted myself from my nice seat by the fire and prepared to go out.

As usual, my things were roaming around the house, so that I took a long time to get ready. Before I had even found such things as my coat or a handkerchief, my mother called to me up the stairs to hurry up because she was waiting for me.

So I flew down the stairs (not literally, of course) with my shoe-laces all undone and looking " all anyhow ". My mother, of course, had to put me straight, though having to look nice to go out to tea doesn't seem reasonable, as people don't or at least shouldn't, ask you for the sake of your clothes.

At last we got going and walked down the road until we came to the house of our hostess. My mother and I always look a little peculiar when we go out together as we are exactly the same height, but of course look a good deal different in our features.

We arrived at our destination and walked up the garden path, after having come through a small gate with very squeaky hinges. I think people must have gates like that so they can look out of the window if they hear it squeak and see who is coming. Anyhow, I am sure that we were being regarded from the windows hung so decorously with lace curtains. When we reached the front-door I requested that I might ring the bell, as it gives me a silly pleased feeling to hear the bell ringing because I have made it to do so. (This, tea and leaving are the only pleasures I get out of visiting, besides, of course, writing an uncomplimentary essay on the visit afterwards.)

Presently a very prim maid came to the door and showed us into a sitting-room that was just like all other villa sitting-rooms, where a middle-aged lady sat, who was just like all the other middle-aged ladies who live in the type of detached or semi-detached house with coloured glass in the front-door and lace curtains in the bow-windows.

From that point onward the visit was exactly like all other visits. The lady, Mrs. X, and my mother talked of the things that you always do talk about when you go out to tea, such as the weather, your children, what is in the papers and so on. I must admit that we had a nice tea, but you don't always have a nice meal when you go out, as I have found by experience. The general rule seems to be: " a lot of cake,

some scones, jam, and no bread and butter ". But I'm not very fond of cake.

After tea my mother and Mrs. X, with me in tow, went round the garden, which was just like other gardens with very few variations.

One thing that always cheers me when I go out is the sight of some books somewhere where I can look at the titles and see if I know any of them. Also books show people's characters very well. In most houses of the type that I was visiting, you have books all set out in very tidy rows on the shelves in the best parlour ; usually old-fashioned books by such authors as Jane Austen, Emily Brontë, Dickens and Thackeray. They are often arranged in neat sets, perhaps bound in red with gilt lettering, perhaps prizes of your hostess's youth. It isn't often that you find a detective story or a book like that among them.

At the house I was visiting that afternoon there were no books, however, and I was forced to listen to the conversation of my elders, which, interesting though it may have been to them, had the effect of making me completely bored and a bit sleepy. I suppressed my yawns as best I could until we came away. It both annoys and amuses me to hear and see someone saying goodbye after they have been out to tea. They have to say how nice it has been and how nice it was of their hostess to ask them, and things like that ; even if they don't think so at all.

All visits and goings-out and callings on people are much like the one that I have tried to describe above. People say the same things, live in the same sort of houses and wear the same sort of clothes ; so it isn't very interesting after the first time or so. That is why I dislike visiting, calling on people and going out to tea.

" Visitor "

(*Stage* 5).

GHOSTS OF THE HIGHWAY

A-GALLOPING, a-galloping across the open plain,
The ghosts of the highwaymen will ne'er be seen again.
For they have dug the old road up and put white concrete down,
And on the plain they loved so well, they've built a smoky town.

They used to hold the stage-coach up, they used to rob the mail,
They used to stop the gentry folk who rode along the trail.
But now no more—alas no more—will they come through the town,
For their horses' hoofs would make a row, on the concrete they've put down.

What ails the County Councils ? What ails the people when
They build these smoky townships and stop the highwaymen ?
They might at least forbid the smoke and make the towns more quiet.
And make the roads a softer grey instead of staring white.

A-galloping, a-galloping across the open plain,
The ghosts of the highwaymen will ne'er be seen again.
For they have dug the old road up and put white concrete down,
And on the plain they loved so well, they've built a smoky town.

Eleanor Littleboy
(*Stage 4A*).



"Q" CAMP

ANY Tuesday or Friday morning, after the G.S.C. Exam. last term, you might have seen some of the laziest of the male candidates setting off for the day on bikes (or in Mr. Littleboy's car) to the "Q" Camp at Bardfield. This camp is the first of a kind that aims at providing, in the words of Norman Glaister, "an environment of material and psychological security in which the natural eagerness and potentialities of maladjusted youths (age 17-25) can re-emerge from under a defiant, suspicious and anti-social crust". However, contrary to the current rumour of the time, we were not going there as delinquents or merely for pleasure, but for the purpose of doing some work and helping the inmates and staff to make the camp of a more permanent nature.

When we arrived, the camp was only six weeks old, but was already highly organized and some small part of the field of about twenty acres was under cultivation. There was one semi-permanent erection of wood and sacking, but for the most part the members of the camp lived in tents. While we were there we helped to erect a large hut that was to be used during the winter.

On the first day we unfortunately lost ourselves in finding the way there and so although we had started out in high spirits, they were somewhat damped by the time we were introduced to the "first cheese", David Wills, and to Walter Smith, the agricultural expert. It did not take us long to fit ourselves into the working of the camp and, after lunch, owing to the excellence of the meal provided by Mrs. Graham, we all at least professed to be feeling fit for a great deal of work.

On a typical day at the "Q" Camp we would arrive somewhere between half-past nine and ten and be told what

we were to do. The jobs varied between cutting up trees and chopping wood, hoeing potatoes, digging, helping dig the water hole, mixing cement for the foundations of the new hut and various other occupations. It was rumoured (and I would be loath to deny it) that we did more work than anyone else in the camp ; but it must be admitted that our day was not entirely devoid of pleasure! When the gong went for lunch we would go down to the ford of the stream to bathe or wash. It was this practice, together with that of going about stripped to the waist (all the members of the camp were beautifully tanned by the sun) that earned the camp the title of "nudist colony" among the villagers. We found nudism attractive, and on hot days after a bathe some of us would roll about in the long grass doing all the gymnastics we knew. The afternoon was usually the scene of more work than the morning. After another bathe, and perhaps some exploring of the river, we would return home to eat up the remnants of the school tea.

John Fleming
(*Post Certificate*).

SCHOOL SOCIETIES AND ACTIVITIES 1935-36



CHOOL Societies provide opportunities for individual research and opinion and, judged by the amount of effort and output throughout the past year, all Societies have had a successful time. The number of members and therefore of contributors has, on the whole, been larger than in previous years—this is especially true of "Junior Lit." which had a membership of something in the neighbourhood of sixty.

In "Senior Lit." the essays have been many and good, combining a great interest in the subject matter with a good literary effort. In some of the essays, however, there was a shapelessness, which was responsible for sidetracking the

discussions as to minor details. The discussions themselves have been limited to a few people ; many members have not felt free to voice their own opinions, an inhibition they would do well to conquer. Suggestions were made towards the end of the year to re-organize the type of meeting for the Society, and already these suggestions have been considered and are being acted upon. In "Middle Lit." there has not been such a wide range of essays as in former years, this is especially true of the boys' essays, but the quality of those essays was better than it has been for many years. The ensuing discussions, however, were not good and showed that there had been little effort to appreciate the essays as wholes. There has been no original poetry and but few readings, but there has been an abundance of good music. The success of the meetings of both the Junior and Middle "Lits." depends very largely upon the Junior Secretaries, and much praise is due to these four keen people. In the Junior Society, the output of material has been prolific, but most of it has been of the same type. The discussions on essays have all been pert but they have seized, for the most part, on imperfections rather than excellencies. There has been a tendency to leave the writing of essays until the last minute, a fault which is now being remedied.

In the "Senior Natch." many of the lectures and papers have reached a high standard and have shown considerable thought and preparation, but some have shown the opposite. In the summer an excursion was made on bicycle to Takely Forest, where observation was made of the relation of animals and plants to their environment, and another excursion was made to the British Museum of Natural History, where Mr. Morris acted as guide and a very interesting time in his care was spent. In the Junior Society, the papers, which have been read were, for the most part, not good, although the resultant discussions were. This Society has made many a local excursion and one to Takely Forest. The meetings in the summer term were given over to hobbies.

In both Reading Clubs there has been a lively interest and some excellent introductions and discussions—and already such a statement as this would seem to be entirely superfluous! In view of the excellent discussions, it is rather surprising that the auction sales of books in the Boys' Society have been so poor. Among the books read by the boys were: "Creative Society" (John Macmurray), "The Brook Kerith" (George Moore), "Africa View" (Julian Huxley), "My Struggle" (Adolf Hitler), "Pilgrims of the Wild" (Grey Owl). The play readings have continued to be successful. Both Societies joined in the reading of Galsworthy's "Escape". Among the books read by the girls were: "Arches of the Years" (H. Sutherland), "Reynard the Fox" (Masefield), "The Cathedral" (H. Walpole), "The Rakonitz Chronicles" (G. B. Stern), "Broome Stages" (Clemence Dane), "European Journey" (P. Gibbs).

The Musical Society has firmly established itself and ranks now with the two other "Senior" Societies. Some excellent papers on various composers have been read and illustrated by scholars. The Society records its thanks to its energetic Secretary, who will be much missed next term.

The popularity of "Crafts" is increasing and the standard of work done is definitely higher. The old Biology Lab. has now been taken over as a Crafts' room and alterations therein are well on their way. Equipment for pottery is now being made in the workshop, so that before long we may see yet one more branch of activity opened up. Last term at General Meeting, part of the exhibition was taken up with a display of the various models produced and many were the complimentary remarks overheard, amongst others, concerning the weaving. This year has seen the formation of a very energetic and flourishing "Meccano" Club, a Club run entirely by the members themselves.

Yet another innovation comes in the formation of the "Friends' School Troop" of Boy Scouts, under the leadership

of Mr. Thorne. At present it consists of eighteen Scouts divided into three patrols. In the summer term there are hopes for a combined camp of the Friends' School and Leighton Park troops.

Frequently the *new* drives out the *old*, but the staid and established Societies of the School have suffered in no whit from the invasions of the newcomers and the *new* are complementary rather than mere external additions to the life of the School.

SCRIBLERUS.

THE NAUGHTY LAMP-POST

ONE night the lamp-post opposite Mr. Green's shop winked and went out. Next morning it was not there! It was a patent lamp-post invented by Professor Trottens. It was alive!

On this special night it was going to be extra mischievous.

His favourite fruit was oranges, and one day he found a whole lot of oranges growing on black and white stalks. He picked one and it broke in his hands.

Now the lamp-post had invented a new game. He walked right over London popping oranges as he went. But one man had seen him.

"Hey! Taxi," called the man. A taxi came spinning across the road.

"Take me to Mr. Hore-Belisha," he said.

"All right sir," said the taxi-man.

So the man got taken to Mr. Hore-Belisha's office.

"Every Belisha beacon in the town is broken," he said.

"Disgraceful," said Mr. Hore-Belisha.

In the meantime the lamp-post was walking over London Bridge and he leaned over a bit too far to pop an orange. Then "SPLOSH!"—he was in the river.

John B. Diamond (*Junior School*).

WAR

THIS sodden battlefield of trampled wheat
Is of Love's making, who alone is strong.
Alas! The hands of Love and Love's swift feet
Have wreaked this measured agony of wrong.
Hate were too frail to dare and to withstand.
A mighty god is here who yet is blind:
A narrow love of home and child and land,
Whose splendid passion desolates mankind.
Ah, Lord and Master with the sightless eyes,
The wilderness would bloom if Love were wise!

MABEL KING BEER.

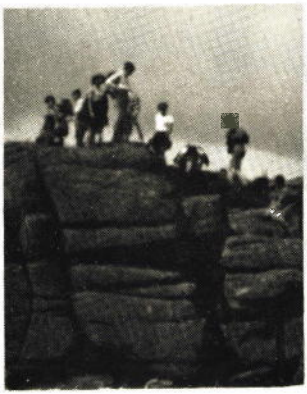
DARTMOOR AGAIN

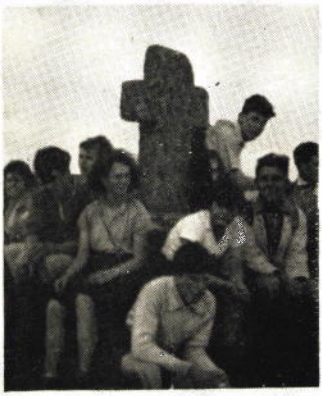
"YOU must imagine us on Dartmoor, tanned by the sun and bitten by the adders; get out boy, I'm trying to work!" Thanking my informer most profusely (he is probably still wondering why), I left the room. The problem was solved! I had been supplied with my opening paragraph.

Most of the old scholars were joining us at Plymouth at midnight, so it was a very select party that met at Paddington on July 31st. The weather, hitherto overcast and dull, brightened up considerably during the two hundred and forty mile train run, and the sun actually condescended to shine on our arrival at the model resort. The rest of the day was spent in bathing by some of the more Spartan, and in looking for sand of which there seemed to be none.

We woke up on Friday morning to find that the weather had been very unkind to us overnight, and a most piteous









SCHOOL TRAMP 1936

[Photos: S.G.K.B.—the leader and organizer of an excellent tramp]

drizzle, which persisted throughout the day, was distressingly obvious. Breakfast at 9 being the order of the day, we got up at 9.30 and were ready to start our first tramp at 11 o'clock. The beautiful Cornish coast had been chosen for to-day, but owing to the uncomfortable state of our clothes, we were not able to appreciate it to the full ; nevertheless, the enjoyment of the tramp was not spoilt in the least and we were well compensated for our wet clothes by a three-course Devonshire meal. Rain has its advantages, however, it enables one to paddle without undressing and it increases a hundredfold the taste of and pasties. If you read about D.P.s later on in this script you'll know that I mean Devonshire pasties.

Saturday dawned as miserably as the previous day ; but it stopped raining during breakfast and during our short train journey to Honorbridge the sun came out, as if to celebrate our first sight of Dartmoor. Our destination was Princetown, which we reached via Pew Tor (where we partook of the D.P.s), Feather Tor, Staple Tor and the Great and Little Mis Tors. Dinner at Princetown was another of those luxurious affairs which make it difficult for the vegetarians to stick to their principles. After the meal a small party of us visited the renowned prison. It looks as gloomy as anybody could make a building, being composed of dirty black bricks with monotonous rows of square windows. It is not surprising that its inmates have no desire to return, once free.

During the next three days we radiated around Princetown, visiting the Dewerstone, Dartmeet and Sheep's Tor. The first of these tramps turned out to be the longest, but was not intended to be so. We approached our destination via the beautiful wooded Meavy Valley, where we held our Meeting for Worship in idyllic surroundings. The ascent of the Dewerstone entailed several scratches and bruises (which were quickly attended to by the mother of the family), since its side was covered with huge granite blocks overgrown with bracken. After a short meal on the summit we started home, hoping to

arrive at Princetown in two and a half hours ; but owing to the boggy state of the ground after the heavy rainfall, we were forced to make a large detour, arriving at the hotel at 9.30 after a twenty-three mile walk. Princetown's elusive church spire, which can be seen from a distance of some miles, earned many uncomplimentary names.

Bank Holiday Monday was a very bad day to choose for an excursion to Dartmeet, for on our arrival, we found naught but people, paper and exhaust fumes. We soon left this behind however and again returned to the moor, reaching home via Laughter and Bellever Tors. Just beyond Fox Tor mire, which we crossed on the way to Dartmeet, we found a cross erected by the monks of Buckfast Monastery, in remembrance of a man named Childe. In his will he left all his lands and money to the monastery which should find his body if he died on the moor. He got lost in a snowstorm and, as a last resort, cut open his horse and got inside to keep warm. He died, however, and the monks of Buckfast Monastery found his body, hence receiving his land and money.

We had reserved the walk to Shell Top for the last day because it would be the longest tramp, and the view from there is considered to be one of the best to be found on Dartmoor. Unfortunately we spent too long talking and eating our D.P.s on Hen Tor and the proposed route had to be abandoned. Instead we climbed Sheep's Tor and were well compensated for the view we had missed by a gorgeous cream tea of Devonshire splits.

The weather reflected our thoughts on Wednesday as we walked under a downcast sky to catch the train at Yelverton. Incidentally, we nearly missed the connection at Plymouth and half the staff of the station came out to usher us into the train. Disappointed that the week should have ended so quickly, we returned to our respective homes from Paddington looking forward to the next time we should be able to tramp together.

Alan Thompson (*Stage* 7).

HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES

IM HARZ

WHEN you ask most English people who have been to Germany which part they have visited, they usually say the Rhine or the Black Forest. These parts I have often seen and enjoyed, but for sheer loneliness and remoteness give me certain spots in the Harz every time. As yet it is not too well known to English and American tourists (Gott sei Lob und Dank) and so its few towns and villages still retain a simplicity utterly devoid of those carefully calculated effects which are sometimes found in more sophisticated spots. They are models of cleanliness and picturesque naturalness. Its small-scale wood and ore industries are never intrusive—you would hardly know they exist.

The mountains are covered with dense pine forests through which roam deer and wild boar. You can walk for hours along forest paths without meeting a soul, half expecting at every turn to be confronted by the non-existent wolf. And so it is first-class hiking country—inns and Youth Hostels welcome you at the end of a long day. Many peaks invite you and there are numerous valleys—narrow, wild and lovely. The villagers are a charmingly simple people, some still believing in the legends and superstitions of their remote ancestors. If you can manage to penetrate the German dialects of the Harz, you will learn much that will both entertain and instruct you. There is a sense of homely humour there which only by contrast reminds you that Germany has been called "a land of schoolmasters".

D.P.

THE INTERNATIONAL HOLIDAY SCHOOL

A LAUGHING, noisy party of boys and girls of three nationalities might be seen toiling up the slopes of a Swiss glacier. They are all evidently enjoying themselves immensely

and there is a flow of conversation, either in fluent French, guttural German or more often in English. No doubt some of the words and phrases could never be printed in a grammar book, but all three nationalities seem to understand one another very well and to enjoy their halting efforts at a foreign language.

These boys and girls, from England, France and Germany, have all gathered at Montreux for three weeks of fun and friendship with young people of other nations.

The delights of the international holiday are many. They include excursions to the mountains and the surrounding towns, bathes in the lake and games of tennis on the courts. In the morning there is community singing in the large gym., and in the evening plays are acted on the stage which has been erected for the purpose. After the plays there is dancing, and so to bed after a long and happy day.

Miss Gilpin (now Lady Sadler) was the originator of this scheme and it was her belief that the best way to help young people meet other young foreigners and establish a friendly relationship between the nations, was for them to spend a few weeks together in the summer holidays, finding out, incidentally, that other young foreigners were really very much like themselves.

Betty Rayner
Enid Brett } (*Stage 7*).

A SIMPLE STORY

WHEN i told the editor what this short story was going to be about he shook his head and said well well and you are in stage seven go on and do your worst we must have it so here it is one night mr sidcup the housemaster said we will have a fire drill tonight so in the middle of the night buggins was

woken up and sent to ring the firebell he did it and woke everybody up you could hear a rustle as they sat up in bed then buggins rang the bell again and shouted hoarsely because his voice is breaking bedroom ten bedroom ten which was where the fire was supposed to be and everybody got up and to put it into the vernacular hared down the stairs and into the playroom some people who didn't know where the fire was meant to be ran right past it williams had to go and wake the headmaster he ran over to his house and rang the bell and banged on the door and then a head appeared at a bedroom window and its owner the headmaster said whos there whats the matter sir said williams the schools on fire i dont mind its insured goodnight said the head and if you cant see that thats a pun then youve no hope oh said williams and went back to school again when he arrived in the playroom he found that roll call was over and that mr sidcup was looking very pleased with himself at having succeeded in conducting a fire drill satisfactorily and was saying pleasantly to everyone that he hoped the school and especially his study would never catch fire because if it did he might have to run for it which would ha ha be very difficult for a fat man like himself ha ha at that moment in rushed the student master to say that mr sidcups room really was on fire mr sidcups face went white and he rushed out saying all sorts of awful things about the school the firebrigade and himself bewailing the probable loss of his gold cigarette case and other of his possessions he moaned up and down the smoky passage oh how could it have happened oh what a silly fool i am suddenly he sat down in the middle of the passage and laughed hysterically meanwhile the student master phoned up the fire brigade and for an ambulance for mr sidcup when the fire engine came the fire was soon put out and mr sidcups cigarette case was found to be unharmed after all but it was some time before the ambulance men stopped mr sidcups hysterics then he told them that he had been smoking in his study when buggins rang the bell and that he threw his

cigarette on the carpet as he went out and so it must have set light to the room well well never mind said the ambulance men theres not much damage done and theyve saved your gold cigarette case oh good said mr sidcup and got up and sent the boys back to bed again.

William H. Evens
(*Stage 7*).

NONSENSE AT THE PALACE

SING a song of lollipops
Of pickles and a bun,
Of twenty-four old beef-steak chops
Lying in the sun.
The King was in his bedroom
Eating jam and figs,
The Queen had got the hiccoughs
Which scared away the pigs.
The maids were in the garden
A-swinging on the trees,
And cook was in the chicken run
Upon his hands and knees.
The birds were singing gaily,
Waiting 'mongst the leaves
To chase away the butcher's boy
And other naughty thieves.
But suddenly the kitchen clock
Said "Now it's dinner-time,"
And then they all rushed in at once
So I must end my rhyme.

Helen Wood
(*Stage 4A*).

GAMES—SUMMER AND AUTUMN 1936

GIRLS' HOCKEY—AUTUMN TERM

1st XI

*Goal :**
Right Back : N. Gough.
L. Back : D. Shiner.
R. Half : C. Kent.
C. Half : C. Smith.
L. Half : J. Francis.
R. Wing : J. Holden.
L. Wing : V. Rayner.
R. Inner : M. Mills.
L. Inner : J. Lockspeiser.
C. Forward : E. Brett.

* Not selected.

WE have been very fortunate in obtaining Miss Hunt to carry on in Miss Denton's place until she returns from America, where she has been touring with the English hockey team.

Owing to the fact that so many of last year's 1st XI have left, this year's teams are almost entirely new and, as we might expect, the standard of play has not yet reached its usual height. Consequently, as yet, we have not won a single match. More fixtures than usual have been made this season, especially for the 2nd XI. Our first match was against the Old Scholars, and resulted in a win for them, the score being 5—0. The fact that the Old Scholars won both the girls' and boys' matches is noteworthy ; they have not accomplished such a feat for many years.

None of the matches already played have been outstanding, but they have all been very good games in spite of the disastrous scores. Owing to rain our match against Perse School was postponed and finally played on a Thursday afternoon. The enthusiasm of the two teams has been well marked, and we hope it will lead to better results in the future.

C.L.

BOYS' CRICKET AND SWIMMING—SUMMER TERM

QUARANTINE being over for the last half of the term, we were able to play most of the matches on the cricket fixture card and the honours were fairly evenly distributed. Both the Boys' XI and the 1st XI were very inconsistent. Our bowling continues to be a weak feature, though Fordham and Ransom had several good days. Mr. Douglas was a great asset to the side. The fielding, in which a school team should excel, has not been up to the standard of previous years.

Colours were awarded to Wellington, Mendes and Fordham.

Although there were not many swimming fixtures on the list the season was a very successful one. The School team are to be congratulated on winning every match ; they were all keenly contested. In the match against the Town S.C. our Juniors, by winning every event, turned the scales in our favour. Very great enthusiasm was shown throughout the season and the standard of swimming was high, though that of the diving and plunging was not so good.

Relay Team	*Plunge*
Osborne.	Shepherd.
Fleming.	Steven.
Batten.	
Matthewman.	*Dive*
Minchin.	Osborne.
Shiner.	Dutton.

FOOTBALL—AUTUMN TERM

The teams this year have felt the loss of several of the best forwards of last season and those who are best qualified to take their places have been hampered by injury. The results have therefore been very much to our disadvantage. Whilst the standard of heading is improving, it must be remembered that a person who can only use one foot is really only half a man, so that it is doubtful if we are much more than half a team!

The defence is, on the whole, fairly steady ; the half backs tend not to pass so as to make openings for their forwards and the forward line itself lacks dash and co-ordination. They should remember that the primary object of forwards is to get goals. The match against Harlow Grammar School showed what combination and thrust can do.

B.B.J.

Great keenness was shown during the tennis season. Both boys and girls played off house tournaments in addition to knock-out tournaments for two racquets, kindly offered by Mr. Owen Clover. The latter were won on the boys' side by Fordham and on the girls' by Mary Evans, with Mendes and Margaret Brereton respectively as runners-up.

CELEBRATIONS AT THE JUNIOR SCHOOL

ON October 2nd we had the Harvest Festival. We had a lovely lot of things.

The day-children brought things with them, and the boarders went and bought some fruit and vegetables.

First of all we put the gifts round and on the table in the big classroom. We had the table in the middle and a few chairs for some people who came to see it. We had some lovely big marrows and onions. We had a short service in the big classroom. We sang some hymns and Miss Harris read a story about a boy who did not know what to give for the harvest. To make the story short ; in the end he gave some wood.

And then we sang another hymn.

After that we took our gifts in the wheelbarrow. There were marrows, cauliflowers, grape-fruit, apples, potatoes, tomatoes, eggs, onions, carrots and many other things. We put all the fruit and vegetables in a wheelbarrow, and carried the flowers and jam.

When we got down to the hospital, we knocked on the front door and the Matron opened it and we unloaded and took our

gifts in. Then the Matron asked if we would like to see the new children's ward. We went up the steps outside and the Matron went up inside and unlocked the door to let us in. There was a bookcase at the far end of the room and there were five beds and four children ; three of the beds had tables coming out of the wall, which the children had their meals on.

Then the Matron thanked us and we went away. A few days later the Matron sent us a letter, thanking us again.

ON October 31st we had a Hallowe'en party in the evening. That afternoon we were not to go in the big classroom while it was being made ready for the party. Before tea we put on our crêpe paper dresses, which we made ourselves, and then had tea in them. Then we went into the big classroom and had a look round the room. At one end there was a big box filled with leaves and some toffees were put in it and we dipped for the toffees ; then, at the same end, the two easels were put together and some ivy put over them and "conkers" were put on the floor. On the table the cake was put.

The week before we wrote notes to Derick Goodman, Willem Broadly, Joan Matthews and Bernice Luck and put them in walnut shells and tied a piece of crêpe paper round them. These notes were invitations to the party.

After we had dipped we had bob-apple. The apples were put in a bowl and we had to get them with our mouths. We did not all get a try, but those who did, whether they got one or not, had an apple out of the bowl.

Then the ghost came in and hid and we had to find it. After bob-apple we had some roast chestnuts. Then Derick Goodman read us a ghost story, and Miss Walmsey told us a ghost story.

Finally we had a look at the cake and it was cut and we had some.

Hilda Cuttrell
(Junior School).

FAR AND NEAR

MARY BOLTON (1927-31) writes from St. Leonards-on-Sea:—

"You will see by the above address that I am in hospital, but not as a patient. I have been here for over fifteen months now training as a Nurse and hope to take my Preliminary Exam. in October.

"You cannot get away from Walden: not that anyone wants to. What I mean is that the world is very small. When I came for an interview I was asked where I was educated. I said 'Walden', very proudly, and Matron (Miss L. M. Kemp) said she had been too. The day I came down I was shown to my room by someone who said: 'So you come from Walden?' and when I assented she told me she knew the School very well as she comes from Debden. Then of course you know that Beryl Phypers is training here, but she is eight months my senior. . . . We get a lot of swimming and recently we had an inter-hospital challenge match and gala. We won both the cup and the diving. We are going to try the next two years so that we can keep it, so I am busy teaching the other non-swimmers to swim and dive. It reminds me of School and I wonder if ——— did ever learn to swim?"

* * *

GRACE RANSON (*née* Gibb, 1918-24) writes from Oxford:—

"Mary is a great joy to us and an increasing wonder—if that were possible. She is fair and long-limbed like her daddy and her hair is distinctly auburn. We were lent a cottage in Derbyshire for August and we revelled in the glorious weather. The cottage faced down the valley to Chatsworth Park and at

the back we looked up to Froggart Edge. The 1922 Tramp came very vividly to me as we motored about the Peak District. My husband's people spent part of the time with us, and my people came for a few days, so Mary was introduced to all her grandparents! "

* * *

JUNE CORNISH (1927-34) writes:—

"After Whitsun I accepted a position as a probationer in Barclay's chief Foreign Branch in Fenchurch St. It is most thrilling work; most of it is in French, but I hear German and Italian all round me. . . . I like translating the reports we receive from foreign banks about new or prospective clients; some of them have very interesting family histories and others are very shady customers! "

* * *

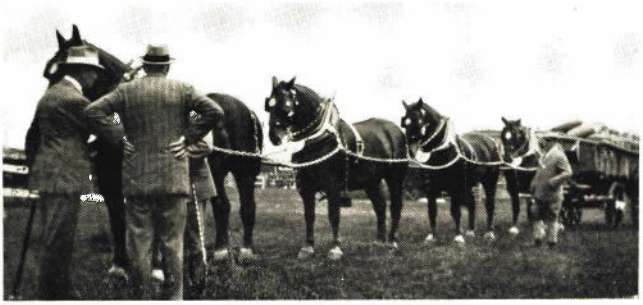
EVALINE PASK (1918-22) writes from Sea Point, South Africa:—

"I had meant to come over to Walden and tell you about the marvellous time I had in Germany. It really was a wonderful experience. . . . Since returning I have come to live with my step-mother here instead of in Johannesburg where I was before. It was difficult at first, as Cape Town is not a business centre to the same extent as Johannesburg is, and it was hard to get a job. I am now with a Jewish firm of wholesale merchants, selling materials for the clothing trade. . . . I find I must know 'Africaans', the second official language, if I am to get on at all in the Cape, so must attend evening classes, so you will realize that I am pretty busy. We have a delightful flat, high up on the slopes of Lion's Head, with a magnificent view of the sea and mountains. There are most extravagant and gorgeous sunsets here; we had a beauty tonight. It looked as if the whole world and the sea were in flames."

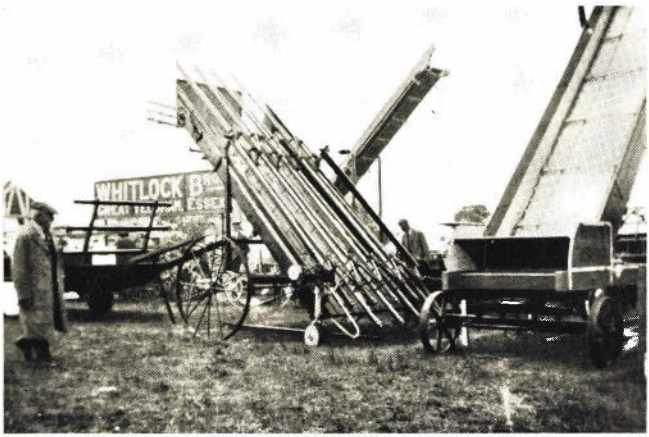
ESSEX SHOW. AT SAFFRON WALDEN, 1936



JUDGING OF A CHILDREN'S PONY CLASS IN THE GRAND RING



A TEAM OF FOUR SUFFOLKS



A HAYLOADER ON MESSRS. WHITLOCK'S STAND

[Photos: *Roger Browning (Stage 6)*]

IRENE BARRY (1925-30) writes from Chungking:—

"I am thinking about Saffron Walden very specially today as it is Whit-Monday, and wishing that I could be with you to join in all the fun, and to meet my old acquaintances again. . . . We have had a long cold winter with three days' heavy snow at Chinese New Year—a most unusual thing for this part of the world, but coming as it did during the Chinese festival, it was taken as a very good omen, and the people were delighted. The hills looked beautiful, but much more like Switzerland or the Rockies than China! I had a girl friend staying with me at the time, and we simply revelled in it. We taught the cook's little children how to snowball, and to make snowmen, chiefly as an excuse for being able to do it ourselves! . . . I am very fond of riding and although the ponies here are so small, they are always full of 'go' and wonderfully sure-footed. People who come to Chungking for the first time are always amazed at the way they can get up and down these hills.

"Now that the river is rising and the big steamers are coming through again, we are getting quite a number of round-the-world tourists, and Chungking is becoming quite famous. People come from all parts of the world to see the Yangtze Gorges, and few are disappointed. Mount Omri is also a great attraction, although to get there is another ten days' journey from here, and travelling in the interior is anything but comfortable. The trip is well worth it, however, and I thoroughly enjoyed my three weeks' holiday there last summer. Mount Omri is the sacred mountain of the West, 11,000 feet high and with Buddhist temples all the way up. Pilgrims come from all over the country to visit it; many walking for several months before they get there. The scenery is glorious and quite surpassed all my most vivid imaginations."

F.D.P.

SNOW

THE snow came down and the man, seeking for something under which to shelter, saw nothing except the snow, cutting and blinding him, chilling his fingers and damping his hair and coat. He stamped his feet and, whistling a little tune between his teeth, stumped on. Over fields, over fences, into streams and out, for what seemed miles to him. He thought of a fire, of a home, and comfortable chairs, and all the time the snow blinded him, and fields, dazzling white, spread out behind him, marked only by forlorn little tracks. . . . Then, quite suddenly, he was in front of a cottage, just a small, unpretentious cottage, with a light shining from the window, and a fire, oh good, a fire. He went to the door and knocked, and waited, and then knocked again, but there was no answer, and no noise, save for the rush of the snow, rustling as it fell.

He opened the door and looked in. No one was there and no one saw him as he entered, a strange figure, with matted hair and wet coat brushed slightly with snow.

There was a meal laid roughly on the table and he sat by the fire looking longingly at it; then, hardly knowing, he was by the table eating bread and ham, and, not knowing why, he was surprised to find everything as it was.

When he had eaten much he sat by the fire, his wet hair dripping and his coat beginning to steam, and he was cold, strangely and inexplicably. He took off his coat and shivered a little, and the idea came to him that he might look around upstairs. So, lighting a candle, he went and explored thoroughly every room; afterwards he went and sat by the fire, watching it splutter as the snow dropped on it. Going to the window he watched the snow piling up on the ground and swirling as the wind blew, a sheet of white, treacherous as a cloud on a pool of water in summer, when the leaves wither in the heat.

Joan Durell
(*Stage 5R*).

THE CHEERFUL MAN

EACH day I see him walking down the street
In busy mart, in silent strand he goes ;
He always has a smile for friends or foes,
And all the poor and rich alike doth greet.

Nor storm nor cloud can darken his bright sky ;
If his way seem drear and his hopes all fade,
He knows that silver-linèd clouds are made
And he sings as he watches them go by.

Joyce Purkiss
(*Stage* 7).

THE HOUSE COMPETITIONS, 1935-36

EARLY in the year the School Council spent a considerable amount of time and thought in determining a fresh basis upon which the House Competitions should be developed. In brief the following important changes were made:—

1. All the House activities were to be grouped under four sections of equal numerical value: Athletics, Leisure Time Pursuits, School Work, Conduct.
2. Instead of the former Reading, Recitation and Music Competitions, there was to be given by each of the Houses, a concert which would provide an opportunity for each House to show its excellence in those particular attainments.
3. There were to be two exhibitions of leisure time craft work, arranged according to Houses, one in the autumn term and one in the summer term.
4. All awards made during any term were to be collected at the end of the term so that the Houses could know their relative positions throughout the year.

These innovations did much to stimulate House consciousness, and there has been considerable friendly rivalry. Special mention should be made of the very successful craft work exhibitions and the House concerts.

At the end of the past term the fight for leadership appeared to be again between Morland and Crosfield, with Morland leading, and when in the second term Crosfield gained slightly on Morland, the excitement was intense. During the third term, however, Crosfield drew ahead and won by an easy margin, as the following table shows:—

	Crosfield.	*Godlee.*	*Morland.*
Athletics	60·90	49·38	67·06
Leisure Time Pursuits ..	68·18	59·97	59·80
School Work	64·41	66·80	56·47
Conduct	65·85	64·91	61·30
Totals	259·34	241·06	244·63

A.B.

A WINTER MORNING

I HAD left the dust and dirt of city life for a day or two and was staying in a little farmstead in the heart of the country. What a change it was! So different that I would have hardly believed such two extremes existed. From the never-ceasing hum of traffic and the smoke-filled air to an atmosphere of silent solitude, broken only by Nature's own sounds.

I awoke early that morning owing to the fresh sting in the air. I was about to turn over again and return to my sleep, but I heard a call outside which seemed even stronger. Was it the shrill crow of the cocks, or the low moo of the lazy cattle, or was it even the fresh morning air that seemed to call to me ? Whatever it was, it was strong and irresistible and I found myself pulled from bed and out to the weather.

The cows were already up and in their stalls and I could hear their low munching and the spurt of milk into the pails. The call was enticing me on yet farther—I ran on through fields and woods and the air that smarted against my face seemed ever to pull me on, so that I could stop only when I was exhausted. I lent up against a tree and looked about. As I turned towards the farm a sudden thought struck me: "Must I return again to the life of ever-present noise and menace ?"

H. M. Headley

(*Stage* 6).

SCHOOL DIARY

[We have decided to omit from this Diary in future the programmes of the meetings of the various Societies, since this information can easily be obtained elsewhere and takes up an unnecessary amount of room.—Eds.]

July 9th.—Swimming Match: Boys *v.* Saffron Walden Swimming Club, home, won, 33—31 points.

,, 11th.—Visit of Birmingham Young Friends.

,, 12th.—Tennis Match *v.* Birmingham Young Friends, lost, 9—12 sets.

,, 18th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* J. B. Smith's XI., home, lost, 63—156 runs.

July 22nd.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Stansted Wednesday, away, won, 128—62 runs.

,, 25th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, home, won, 93 for 8 wkts.—78.

,, 28th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 84—85 for 2 wkts.

,, 29th.—End of Term.

Sept. 17th.—School re-opened.

,, 19th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Electricity Supply, home, lost, 2—3.

,, 24th.—Quarterly Meeting half-holiday.

,, 26th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Langley, home, lost, 3—7.

Oct. 3rd.—Old Scholars' Games Week-end.
Football: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., lost, 3—5.
Hockey: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., lost, 0—5.
Concert.

,, 7th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, won, 6—1.

,, 10th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Braintree County High School, away, lost, 0—3.
2nd XI. *v.* Braintree County H.S., away, lost, 0—7.
Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, won, 4—1.
2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, home, lost, 0—1.
Lantern Lecture: "A Visit to America," Mr. Edgar B. Castle.

,, 14th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Banks, home, lost, 1—6.

,, 17th.—Hockey Matches: Girls' XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School 1st XI., away, lost, 2—4. 2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex H.S. 2nd XI., away, lost, 0—7.
Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* S. Christopher School, Letchworth, away, lost, 0—6.
Lantern Lecture: "The Salvaging of Ships," Mr. E. J. March.

,, 21st.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* F.S.S.W. Staff, lost, 0—7.

,, 24th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Flora, home, won, 3—2.

,, 28th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Technical School, home, lost, 3—5.
Lantern Lecture: "Winter Sports in Switzerland," Mr. P. E. J. Johnson.

Nov. 4th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 0—5.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport G.S. 2nd XI., away, lost, 0—16.
Junior XI. *v.* Newport G.S. Junior XI., home, lost, 1—8.

,, 5th.—Hockey Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Perse School for Girls, home, lost, 0—6.
2nd XI. *v.* Perse School, home, lost, 0—7.

,, 7th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 1st XI., home, lost, 0—1.
2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School 2nd XI., away, lost, 2—6.

,, 9th.—Merit half-holiday.

,, 14th.—Hockey Matches: 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College 1st XI., home, lost, 0—2.
2nd XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College 2nd XI., home, lost, 1—6.

NOTICES

Three numbers of *The Avenue* are published each year, price 8d. per copy (post free 10d.), or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 6d.).

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

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EXAMINATION RESULTS

LONDON HIGHER SCHOOL EXAMINATION, JUNE 1936

Pass: Doris J. Turner (English, Latin, French, Subsidiary History).

LONDON GENERAL SCHOOL EXAMINATION, JUNE 1936

Pass with Matriculation Exemption: Anthony W. Best, H. Margaret Brereton, Philip S. I'A. Fausset, John F. Fleming, John E. Fordham, Nancy Gough, Mary Jackson, Kathleen M. Jennings, Alfred J. Mendes, Joan M. Rodwell, A. Terence Thompson.

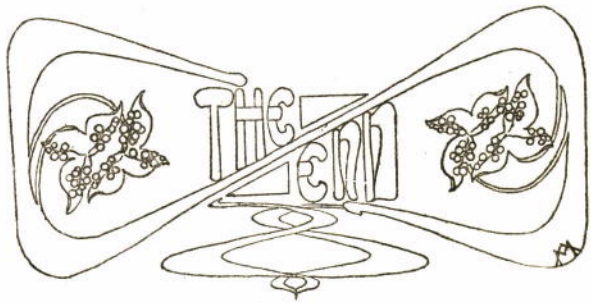
Pass: M. Betty Cawdron, Mary M. Evans, Joyce M. Mills, Norman W. Shiner, Christine R. Smith, Alan W. Thompson, Adrian R. H. Wylie.

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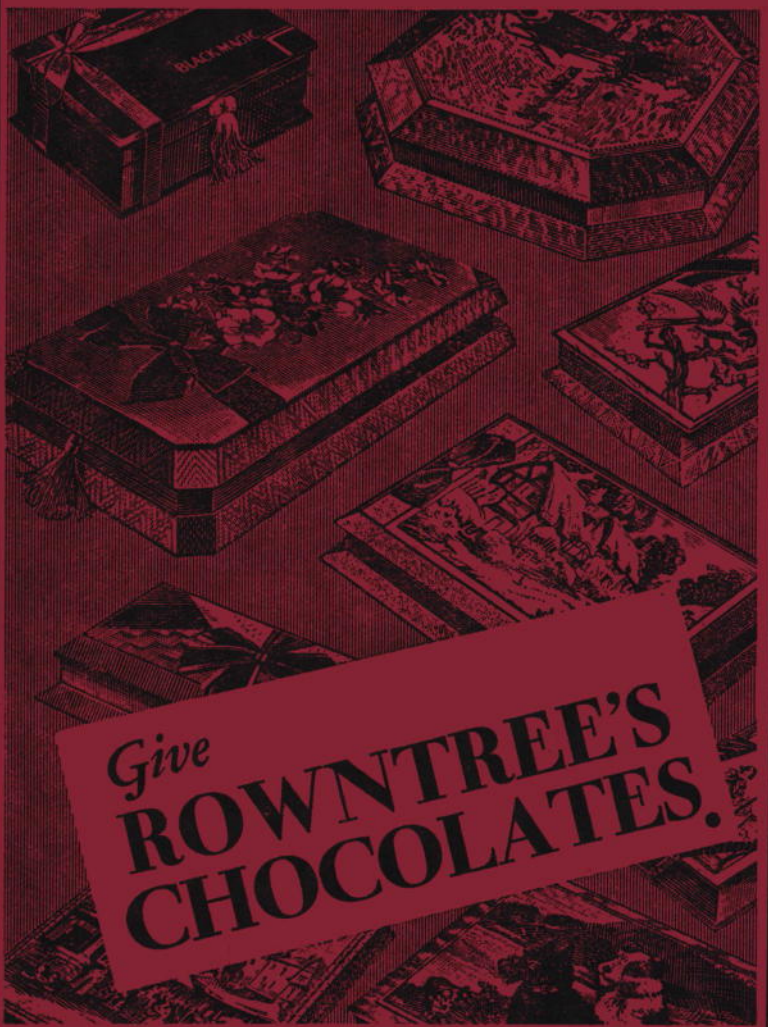
SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines since our last issue: *The Georgian* (Harpenden), *The Review* (Tavistock Grammar School), *The Island* (Sidcot), *St. Christopher Magazine, Cambridge and County High School Magazine, The Cupola* (Ackworth).



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