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THE AVENUE



MARCH 1936

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THE SCHOOL DINING ROOM



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXVII. MARCH 1936 No. 79.

FOREWORD

WE were sorry to lose Miss J. Waites at the end of last term. For about seventeen years she filled her position as Girls' Matron, with its multifarious and exacting duties, with a conscientiousness which was beyond praise. Her work was always carried out with a kindliness of spirit which endeared her to all her girls and her departure will be deeply regretted by all.

This term we welcome Nurse Pengelly, who, in addition to working as Girls' Matron, will act as nurse in the School as distinct from the sanatorium. We hope she will have a long and happy time with us.

New building operations have begun in earnest and both passages and classrooms at times are inclined to be witness to the fact that things are "getting a move on". Sturdy door-mats have had to be ordered to prevent some of the Essex mud from being brought into places to which it does not rightly belong. The Biology Laboratory and Geography room are being erected on part of the boys' playground. And, at

long last, a chlorinating apparatus is being installed in connection with the swimming bath. When this gets going the bath will be even more popular than it is at present.

Some people (ignorant, of course) think teachers' holidays are too long. Some colour may be lent to this curious view by the fact that two members of the staff, apparently having had nothing better to do with their time during the Christmas vacation (of all times!), have been trying operations—Mr. Baldwin and Mr. James. Both returned punctually to work, but for a few months they will, as far as vigorous games are concerned, have to regard themselves as elderly men. However, they really do look well.

When Saffron Walden "proclaimed" King Edward VIII, a number of our pupils went to witness the historic ceremonies. We suppose they will tell of these, "forty years on". Most of the School "listened in" to the funeral service of King George—most found it impressive and not a little sad.

This term we have had a return visit of some of our old friends. At any rate they have some characteristics of real friends—they certainly stick to you through thick and thin; they take you for better or for worse—usually the latter. We mean mumps and chicken-pox. "Mumps" is a slightly ambiguous term. It may mean "an acute specific contagious disease characterized by inflammation and swelling of the parotid and salivary glands" or "a fit of melancholy or ill temper (sulks)". The doctor diagnosed our visitor as the former—but perhaps there was also a bit of the latter. Chicken-pox is "a mildly eruptive disease which chiefly attacks children"—something for us old ones to be thankful for. These visits meant quarantine, quarantine and again quarantine but all in one continuous spell. When these things were mentioned, many felt a lump rising in their throat. Children don't like quarantine. They still like to get away from a school occasionally, in spite of all the things we do for them.

D.P.

THE new Editors have now had two terms' experience and feel very strongly that although *The Avenue* is probably retaining its usual standard, it is merely fulfilling its position as School Magazine and no more.

Dissatisfaction is often expressed in the School with regard to its contents; the School, however, is entirely responsible for its contents and the sooner the people in the School rid themselves of the conventional idea that the magazine only produces strictly censored literature which really has very little to do with their interests, the sooner will it be on the way towards becoming the true outlet for the ideas and feelings of the School. It is this almost complete lack of interest that prevents *The Avenue* from being the original and entertaining production that it should be.

Being a School magazine it necessarily contains certain reports etc. which are of major interest to people outside the School, but there still remains a great scope for other types of expression.

The Editors look forward to a better response to demands for contributions to the magazine in the future.

LECTURETTES, 1935

IF you, dear readers, are expecting to hear something interesting in this "piece of work"—I do not know exactly what work means at all—then you are quite wrong. It is difficult to listen to lecturettes, it is worse to remember at the end of each of them what was said, and it is impossible to write anything about them.

Once a year, namely in the Autumn Term, there is now a certain evening on which six poor creatures, two from each House—I think I remember right—have to go down the lecture-room stairs (next year they might not have that job, since the

School Committee has promised to build a new School Hall) and to hold an "impassioned" speech on a subject they are perhaps not interested in nor know anything about. All that only for the sake of the House competitions. Every person, however, knows that competitions of any kind bring ill-feeling —ill-feeling again leads to wars and destruction in politics: therefore, if such ill-feeling is already nursed in a School such as ours, how can anybody be astonished that there still is a National Government in England? (There is no logic in that discussion, but you cannot expect that from me.)

But what about the lecturettes? The old tradition of the School fixed the date of the lecturettes on the last Tuesday of the Autumn Term. Thus we walked into the lecture-room on December 17th at 6.30. A lot of boys, I do not know about the girls, were in a very sleepy state, but the prefects, of course, had brought their cushions with them. Then Miss Priestman made an introduction to the lecturettes which we were going to hear, and told the young and bold lecturers that she would ring a bell after fourteen minutes from the start of each of the lectures as a sign that the time was nearly over.

At last! The ball was set rolling by J.F., a Crosfield candidate. He had brought with him a neatly drawn map of Dorset and Devon, the two counties through which he had made a cycling tour last summer holidays, of which he wanted to give us a short account. He had started from Amersham and cycled as far as Plymouth. After some days' rest he went back to Bournemouth. It was a very interesting account, especially as he never lacked of bringing humorous topics in between rather longish-sounding parts of his tour. Yet, to be critical, his lecturette could have been more effective if he had not spoken so quickly. I know that it is always easy to criticize somebody, but to do it better oneself is normally very difficult.

The next lecturette was on "Peace and War" by M.J. (Morland). It was a very broad subject she had taken and as

the young lecturers were confined to only fifteen minutes, during which they had to say everything, everybody will understand that we only heard very little of both Peace and War. The lecturer cleverly started with telling us some of the many causes of war and she especially aimed at the great question, " Who started the Great War ? " She told us about the desire of the nations to expand more and more and that slowly two blocks were formed: the Central Powers and the alliance which the other European countries made. This lecturette was also illustrated by readings from Beverley Nichols and extracts from newspapers.

Then M.S., a born candidate for Parliament, started a splendid speech on the work of the L.C.C. He seemed to convince everyone with his first sentences that all he would say was right and that nobody could have done better than the Socialist County Council. Even those who had been fast asleep before were interested in what he said. He explained how the L.C.C. is starting to clear up the slums step by step— " Socialism of the deed! " At the end M.S. showed us some slides of new house colonies which have been built by the L.C.C., but they did not give as convincing an effect as they ought to have done. But who can be perfect with seventeen years ? M.S. received deserved applause, showing that Godlee is still by far the best house in regard to schoolwork and— brains! !

Another Godlee representative appeared. A.S. spoke about " Fire ". He could hardly reach the stand on which to put his notes, yet that does not matter as long as a person can fascinate his audience. He took us far back to the beginning of mankind and told us how the use of fire became greater and greater. He explained the origin of the word fire and mentioned some of the legends of different countries relating to this origin. It was an interesting account, but A.S. spoke too scientifically. People of our age want to hear something which can easily be understood without much thinking and which

will amuse them, rather than something which might teach them new things! We can hear such problems early enough if we go to a university but spare us from such things now, since we still want to enjoy our youth!

T.T. was Crosfield's great hope. He also, like M.S., dared to go on to the field of politics by speaking about the Sedition Bill. He was very keen in attacking the present National Government and with right suggested that a free Britain, which proudly pretends still to have " freedom of speech " within its borders, should get rid of such acts as the Incitement to the Disaffection Act, which is a great mystery still to-day. Then he gave us an example from his own life of how the Sedition Bill can affect Pacifists by describing his attempt, together with two other Friends' schoolboys to distribute peace literature on the air review day at Duxford last summer. It was lucky that he was not arrested, yet it is that type of youth Britain wants, the type which does not fear anything if it is convinced that it is doing right!

D.T. concluded the competitions with a lecture on Grimm's Fairy Tales. She spoke very freely with few references to her notes. First she suggested that grown-up people appreciate those fairy tales as much as children. The older people, however, can usually see much better the morals in these stories. She concluded by giving us briefly to contexts of some of Grimm's tales. The lecture reminded me very much of those days " when I was still young " and without troubles, sitting by the fire-side and listening to stories which told of a wonder world. Times have changed, and I really cannot agree with D.T., since life is too stern to give us enough leisure to appreciate those tales as much as in the earliest childhood.

Thus the evening of the lecturettes ended. Boys and girls left the lecture-room with the usual noise, which seems to be quite unavoidable. Perhaps some of them did not quite forget what was said but thought a bit more deeply on those subjects about which they had heard.

What a lot the L.C.C. has done! Then it suddenly came into my mind: Is a Sedition Bill really necessary in a country of free people with free thoughts and free speech? Should an abstract lecture on political philosophy or a general discussion of the duties of a Christian be an offence which leads to the arrests of many persons? No!—and "no" if the National Government says a thousand times "yes"!

Hans Geyer
(*Stage* 6).

HOUSE PLAYS



N extract from the Senior Literary Society Diary for December 14th:

"In the evening, after much excitement during the putting up of the scenery and 'making up', the first of the House plays was performed. This was Crosfield's, a play called 'Ebb-Tide', a comedy thriller. Poison, in the form of lumps of sugar, has been accidentally put in the sugar-basin and after the seven occupants of the yacht have drunk their coffee, one piece of the poison is found to be missing. The next part of the play shows the psychological effect of the discovery on the people present; no one, however, having taken it, the missing piece is found at last in the doctor's pocket.

"Godlee's play, which came next, was entitled 'The Actress'. It was a comedy in which the plot was briefly this: the daughter of an actress announced her engagement to a man whose father objected to actresses. The enraged father visits the actress and is led to believe that the mother is engaged to his son, then he realizes that he still loves the mother—whom he has discovered to be his former fiancée—and he sends his son off with the actress' daughter, even then not realizing the true state of affairs. The clever acting of a persistent maid added to the humour of the situation.

"The last of the plays was 'Good Blood—Bad Blood' presented by Morland. In this melodrama the Maharajah of Hullabaloo, while staying in a baronial mansion, is found to have been murdered in three ways. The butler, revealing himself as a disguised detective, proceeds to unravel the mystery. When the three murderers are found in the household the Duchess sees in the disguised detective her long-lost son who promises to conceal his evidence and so preserve the family name."

M. Brereton
(*Stage* 7).

"FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD"

THE remote village of Rotten Eggville is served by a single track railway, joining it to a neighbouring town. The "train" is composed of an obsolete tank engine and a couple of carriages which run an hourly service. The metals are liberally coated with rust, and the clinker between the sleepers supports many wild flowers.

Now, one day as the "train" drew up at the station with a screech of brakes and pounding of outside cylinders, an individual alighted. He was, after much discussion, reluctantly relieved of his bag by the solitary porter.

The visitor wore spats, a black suit, pince-nez and a stiff collar backwards, which distinguished him as a member of the clergy. The newcomer made a bee line for the vicarage, smiling weakly at everyone he met. His name, by the way, was the Right Rev. Bisto.

The explanation is found in the fact that, a week before, the previous vicar had left, having felt that he could stand it no longer.

However, the newly arrived vicar, who had previously resided in London, decided to give a children's pets service the next Sunday.

Next Sunday arrived and, probably for the first time, the church was thronged by the youth of the village. The service opened and all went well until, during the reading of the lesson, the Rev. Bisto discovered a snail crawling slowly but surely across his book. This specimen belonged to a small boy in the front row, who was paying most of his attention to poking a matchbox containing other snails.

The minister flicked the offending object from his manuscript, causing it to land on a lady member of the choir ; and tried his best to erase the silvery trail and look as if nothing had happened.

The next hymn was chaos ; it started when the air supply for the organ failed, but the hymn continued, punctuated by the squawkings of a parrot and cries of children. The organist banged on the keys, but the organ only emitted a feeble " fhu, fhu ". The end of the anthem was lost and, when the confusion had abated somewhat, the collection was taken.

When the plate finished its course, the contents were found to be considerably " minus ". Needless to say, Mr. Apple's tuck shop was crowded out afterwards.

Nevertheless, the Rt. Rev. Bisto tactfully started his sermon, and began preaching, in a smooth monotone, about kindness to animals, feeding of pets and such subjects that children have their own ideas about.

For ten minutes things went well when, suddenly, a child's voice from the centre of the congregation was heard to exclaim shrilly, " Sammy ! " The youngster involved burst into tears, followed by many other members of the congregation.

Looking up, our vicar perceived, frisking about in the rafters, a mangy, one-eyed squirrel. Meanwhile a large grass-snake, which had been terrorizing the choir, took its abode in the vicar's coat pocket and proceeded to make itself at home.

" Ssstop ! Ssseestop ! "—the poor man couldn't help whistling when he pronounced his " S's "—" Ssstop ! ! " he cried frantically ; I-I-I c-can't sssseeesss . . . ! ! "

A tom-cat made a hurried exit through the open window, and a bad looking mongrel upset his papers. A pole-cat scampered round his legs, and half-a-dozen piebald mice overran his sleeves. Children cried, chickens shrieked and women screamed.

In the midst of the pandemonium stood the vicar, purple faced and bristling with rage. He was speechless, and had great difficulty in keeping himself under control. Angrily he picked up his papers and made for the door.

That evening the curate took out his watch. It was a wonderful watch, as it had originally belonged to his grandfather and had been passed on to him. The curate was very proud of it and was often seen studying it, ignoring the fact that when it was going it gained at least five minutes a day. However, on this occasion, it was going, and the curate, after scrutinizing it for a considerable time, decided that the hands stood at a quarter to seven. He stood for a moment listening to the growing uproar in the church, and then remarked to no one in particular, "The vicar's late t'night."

Meanwhile, that hard-used gentleman had boarded the little "train" and was speeding back to town.

R. H. Arnold
(*Stage* 4).

KING ALFRED'S SCHOOL

"YES, we go past there. One o' them 'no-discipline' schools, isn't it?" answered the conductor.

The bus was waiting at Golders Green Tube Station, our rendezvous, where five of us had successfully met. We decided not to wait for the remaining member of our party, and go on.

We had very little idea what we were going to find at our destination. An hour before the "squash" left on going home

day a letter had come inviting three boys and three girls to a dance at King Alfred's School, Golders Green, and we had ultimately decided that we had been honoured by an invitation to an end-of-term dance.

When we arrived, a little before eight o'clock, the mystery deepened. Two or three cars were drawn up, but we could see very few people.

Tony Epstein, Secretary of King Alfred's Party Committee, took us to the cloakroom and introduced us to three people from St. Christopher, Letchworth, with whom we had a common interest.

"You're the Saffron Walden party, are you ? I suppose you know Fitzpatrick ? "

"Oh, yes, we know Fitzpatrick ! " This in a very knowing tone of voice.

Thus acquainted we started talking about school and football, topics we discuss now and then with Chris. boys in the event of a match. We went into the gym. which was magnificently decorated with silver paper on the walls which gave a shimmering effect, the floor was polished and there were small tables and chairs round the edges. The radiogram was playing through loudspeakers hanging from the ceiling, so we started to dance.

I'm afraid we reflected little credit on the School, for our chances to learn dancing had been almost nil in comparison with the others. It happened that all five of us who arrived together were at our first dance, excluding the historic occasion of the first dance at Saffron Walden.

While dancing we discovered that all the visitors were representatives from co-educational schools and soon the Captain of King Alfred's explained the situation. She said they had felt that there was too little contact between co-educational schools, so the scholars had arranged the dance to bring some co-ed. representatives together. The whole evening had been arranged by scholars, since most of the staff had been sceptical.

She welcomed everyone heartily and said that the results depended on us all.

The applause suggested that everyone was prepared to accept the responsibility, and we continued dancing feeling like the champions of a noble cause.

Besides King Alfred's and ourselves the Schools represented were St. Christopher, Letchworth ; St. Georges, Harpenden ; Sidcot ; Bedales ; and Dartington Hall.

What an assembly of free thinking youth brought together under one roof! Six progressive Schools and the Friends' School, Saffron Walden! We were amazed to have qualified for representation at such a gathering, but hardly disappointed.

After a little while the Headmaster of King Alfred's spoke to us. He said he had not been concerned at all with the arrangements as the scholars had organized everything. He thoroughly approved of the scheme which ought to lead to great things and he asked us to go ahead and have a good time.

We did.

We danced till about ten o'clock with frequent and wild riots of " Paul Jones " and ingenious " Excuse me's ", talking all the time about our respective Schools and hearing about the others.

At about ten o'clock we had supper.

Sitting with three representatives from Bedales we discussed the advantages and disadvantages of School and Schools, over coffee and sandwiches ; lessons, exams., games, entertainments, hobbies, religion and worship, meeting and assemblies, staff, parents and particularly co-education. We were amused to hear that everyone at Bedales shakes hands with the Headmaster before going to bed every night—a particular ceremony which has never occurred at Walden, I imagine. However, we found, as we had expected, that we were far behind in general " Progressiveness ". For instance, dancing was a quite usual feature of their school life, while to us it was a very recent innovation.

After supper the dancing continued and it was noised abroad that the success of the venture had caused the Headmaster to consider an extension of time after midnight.

Whether the extension was granted or not is not for me to tell, for all Saffron Walden representatives had to leave soon after eleven to catch last trains home. We said goodbye to the Headmaster and as many of our friends as were available, and reluctantly departed after a most enjoyable evening.

In organizing a magnificent dance, King Alfred's raised the banner of co-education as an institution which will unite enlightened youth. We co-educated ones know that from such a beginning a great deal is bound to result, and we must support co-education for its practical possibilities and intellectual advantages.

Thanks and congratulations to King Alfred's.

T. Thompson
(*Stage 7*).

NEW MOON

PURE cradle moon hung in a silver dawn,
The Alchemist would fain have wrought white gold
To rival half thy slender brilliance ; born
At birth of day, 'neath the clear morning star ;
Fresh, untarnish'd ; still a month untold
To view man's earthly passions from afar,
Inquisitive at first, but soon to find how mean they are.

How is there wonder that the Turk of yore
Saw in thy virgin loveliness of form
A fitting emblem for his native shore.
Through timeless ages thou art still the same,
Whether intense with calm or rocked in storm
Of flying cloud ; thy steadfast burnish'd flame
From mightier source is drawn ; no lowlier one can tame.

Jean Stubbs
(*Post Matric.*).

14

MY HOLIDAY EXPERIENCES



E got up very early the day before packing-up day because we had to be at Dover by 11 o'clock to catch the boat for Calais. We went by car all the way which, needless to say, was very thrilling.

We went through France and Belgium, and in the morning of the next day we arrived in Germany, with its beautiful wooded hills on each side of the road.

At about 12 o'clock we arrived in Cologne and looked at its wonderful cathedral which seemed almost to scrape the sky. After dinner in Cologne we went on with our journey till at last we reached home at about 10 o'clock. We went through the old streets of Göttingen which were hardly recognizable in the dark.

Almost the very next day we started exploring the woods with a good deal of success. After wandering about the beautiful old forest for about an hour we suddenly saw a blindworm disappearing in the grass. I ran forward and tried to catch it but instead of getting hold of it I caught a beautiful, long lizard; I don't know how we managed it, but we caught two blindworms and a lizard that day and brought them home very proudly. We put them into a cage and fed them with midges which were flying about in hundreds, though they were not very easy to catch.

After about a week, when we came to the cage to bring some midges, we saw lots of little black creatures running about the cage. We could not make out what they were at first, but after looking closer we saw that they had beautiful delicate tails and pointed heads with bright, glittering eyes; in fact they looked very much like little lizards would look when they are first born. Yes, it was true, our lizard had got babies. We were full of excitement and it did not take



THE SCHOOL GYMNASIUM

very long for the whole house to know about the growth of our family.

A few days after this great occasion, we packed our cases to go to the river Weser for a little holiday. We went in one of the little country trains that go from village to village at a very slow pace and have hard wooden seats all round the carriage with a big space in the middle for the peasants to put their huge baskets on. It took us over two hours to get there, and then we had to walk over a mile to get to the Youth Hostel at which we were going to stay. The Youth Hostel was one of the old cloisters and looked as if it were going to fall over. Inside everything had been freshly arranged and painted up, the only thing that gave the show away were the old beams across the ceiling. We went for long walks in the deep forests that lay all around. Wherever we looked we saw deer and stags running away on seeing us, making the fallen leaves rustle slightly. The delightful week passed very quickly, far too quickly for our liking, and we had to say goodbye to the river and its mossy banks. Very soon after we got home we had to pack up our cases again ; this time not for a holiday, but for school and England.

R. Barkas
(*Stage* 4).

FOOTBALL, 1935-36

FROM the football point of view this season has not been a very successful one. Our record of matches shows a distressing preponderance of defeats over victories. This has been partly due to the fact that it took some time for the team to evolve and settle down into its final form, and partly to the fact that through a series of misfortunes first one member of the Staff and then another had to retire to the operating table, so that what was virtually a boys' eleven had to contend against much heavier adult teams. However, by the end of

the Autumn Term the boys' eleven had developed into a united team and in the last match, against St. Christopher, gave a convincing display of good football keenly played right to the final whistle.

The Spring Term fixture list has been completely upset by an epidemic of both mumps and chicken-pox, which not only put the School in quarantine but depleted the ranks of the players so that an even weaker team than usual had to be fielded in the few matches we were able to secure. Added to this, training for the athletic sports began rather earlier than usual, which meant abandoning the games routine.

Notes on the Team

†Fordham started the season as inside right, but won his place in the team as goalkeeper. His gathering of the ball has improved but he needs to cultivate a longer place kick.

*Wellington. A steady and resourceful right back with a powerful clearance.

Fausset has developed this season though still rather unreliable in his first-time clearances.

*Batten. A plucky and tenacious right half. Must learn to use his left foot and be more on the look out to make openings with his passes.

*Osborne began the season as an inside forward but has found his place as centre half where he has developed into a steady, energetic and hard tackling player, effective both with his head and with either foot.

*Mendes. A clever wing forward who has also played as inside right in several matches. Needs to run with more determination and must be ready to make towards goal and put in a first-time shot.

*Marland. A forceful centre forward with speed and dash. Has learned to use his head and has gained greater control over his shooting.

WYLIE. A very dexterous player, both with his head and with either foot, clever at making openings for his forwards. Has a tendency to hold on to the ball too long.

*BENT-MARSHALL. A speedy and effective wing forward. Centres well and can put in a useful shot at goal when required.

Several players have played in various positions in one or more matches; amongst them are:

†SHEPHERD, who has played in most positions in the team and perhaps is most successful as a half, has a strong kick and is not afraid to use his head. Must learn to keep his position.

WOODHOUSE has developed into a useful and energetic half.

MATTHEWMAN is clever with his feet but must develop a stronger centering kick.

B.B.J.

Junior colours have been awarded to W. Beard and G. Godfrey.

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
1st XI.	9	2	1	6
Boys' XI.	10	2	1	7
Boys' 2nd XI. ...	6	1	1	4
Junior XI.	2	0	0	2
Total	27	5	3	19

HOCKEY

HOCKEY has been played with considerable keenness throughout the Autumn and Spring Terms, although since Christmas many matches have been scratched owing to bad weather and quarantine.

We were lucky to start the season with a good proportion of last year's first eleven still at School. Doris Turner, Mary Byles, Gertrude Edmundson and Jean Stubbs

* Notifies the award of colours.
† Notifies the award of a blazer.

are all experienced match players and make a sound foundation to the team. At the beginning of the Autumn Term we moved Margaret Brereton from half to centre forward, where she has played intelligently and well ; she has an excellent shot and has scored many goals. In the defence, Annemarie Goldschmidt in goal has played consistently well. The side halves, Joyce Francis and Joan Holland, are both young and very promising players who are improving all the time, especially with regard to positioning and covering.

The two wing positions have changed hands a number of times, but have always been weak spots in an otherwise well-balanced team.

1ST XI.—1935-36

Goalkeeper . .	Annemarie Goldschmidt.
Right Back . .	Lysbeth Everard, Nancy Gough.
Left Back . .	Doris Turner (Captain).
Right Half . .	Joan Holland.
Centre Half . .	*Jean Stubbs.
Left Half . .	Joyce Francis.
Right Wing . .	Molly Ryan.
Right Inner . .	*Gertrude Edmundson.
Centre Forward . .	*Margaret Brereton.
Left Inner . .	Mary Byles.
Left Wing . .	Joyce Mills, Victoria Rayner.

THE LECTURE BY CHIEF OSKENONTON

WE have had many people from all round the world. But we have never had a Red Indian before. He had a tom-tom, and he showed us how to make one. He tuned his tom-tom by shaking up the water inside. He showed us all

* Denotes award of colours.

his head-dresses. He had four. He had the medicine man's head-dress with bison's horns and the eagle's beak and claws. He had the scout head-dress which had feathers sticking up in the middle of it. He had the bald eagle's head-dress and golden eagle's one. He told us how to make it. He told us that his dress was entirely his own making.

He sang several songs, some with piano, one with his rattles and some with his tom-tom. Last of all he made fire, it was lovely! We were nearly off our chairs when he made fire!

When it was the end he said: "When I want to go I just pick up my house and go," and he folded up his wigwam.

Joan Matthews
(*Junior School*).

CONTEMPLATION ON A BEAUTIFUL EVENING

A FREE enchanted stillness bathes this life
Which but so recently was open, clear and full of noise,
This deepening silence is but nature's well earned rest
A tranquil halt in life's unceasing turn.

Surely, should the mind turn from exultancy,
I'd wake the sleeping grass and trees, and violate
The sweet communion of nature's quiet slumbers.

This is beauty, clear, and strong and powerful,
A mighty rendering of the co-eternal power
To melt away the petty but engrossing thoughts of self
And leave the limpid soul to swoon and be immersed
In purest pools of everlasting loveliness.

P. S. Fausset
(*Stage 7*).

LECTURE WEEK-END, MARCH, 1936
BROADCASTING

"IT does not matter what subject is selected for discussion at the March week-end, Old Scholars will always turn up." So say the pundits, and usually they are right. This year, I regret to say that they were wrong. In spite of the Annual Meeting selecting a most interesting subject, and the Committee producing a brace of excellent lecturers, Old Scholars did not appear. I think there were two reasons for this. Either they were afraid of the mumps and chicken-pox, which were, unfortunately, raging in the School at the time; or everyone thought that everyone else would be there and they did not wish to cause overcrowding. What is the good of the School building a new hall specially for the benefit of Old Scholars if we are not going to use it? In these circumstances it gives me great pleasure to tell all absentees that they missed a very fine specimen of that rare species—Walden Week-end.

On Saturday morning Leslie Baily gave us an introductory lecture on "The Growth of Broadcasting", and in the brief time at his disposal he succeeded in giving a very clear survey of this growth. Among the early workers may be mentioned Hughes, Lodge and Hertz, although Marconi was the first to make wireless of any practical value. In 1897 he sent signals fourteen miles from the Isle of Wight to Bournemouth; and in 1901 transatlantic radio-telegraphy was achieved for the first time. The next important development was the discovery of the valve by Fleming, and its subsequent development by de Forest. During the war both radio-telegraphy and radio-telephony developed apace. Wireless was no longer a laboratory experiment, although it was not yet ready for the general public. Shortly after this America discovered the possibility

of advertising on the air ; and within a few months the idea was pushed to its logical conclusion—to the extent of hundreds of stations all advertising. To this day American broadcasting has not recovered from this orgy of " Pink Pills for Phuddle-headed Phools ". In this country, broadcasting was under the control of the government and was severely restricted. However, public opinion prevailed and in 1921 programmes were sent out from Writtle for half an hour each week. Programmes ? Suffice it to say that Captain Eckersley's fooling soon became famous. 1922 is an important date in British broadcasting. The first big station—London 2LO—was opened ; the simultaneous broadcasting system was developed ; and the British Broadcasting Company was formed. This latter became the British Broadcasting Corporation in 1926. This period may be taken as the beginning of wireless for the man-in-the-street, and as such is the beginning of broadcasting as an influence on the life of the people. In a very short time the B.B.C. learned the arts and crafts of talks, concerts, plays and outside broadcasts. To-day the B.B.C. caters for all tastes during various periods of its broadcasting hours—it even supplies alternative programmes. Obviously the next great development will be television, but how, and when, nobody knows.

Roger Wilson gave a very able and interesting introduction to some of the problems which the B.B.C. must face. All programme makers must consider such things as the exact timing of, the newness of, and the public interest in their items. Further, it must always be deemed that there is a large enough potential audience for each item. Various types of programme must be sent out at different times of the day. For example, talks for the housewife are arranged during the morning, talks to the unemployed in the afternoon ; while the peak period of the day it between 8 and 10 p.m. This means that the largest audience must be catered for at this time of day, and also that the entertainment must be light. The lecturer was very concerned

about the dangers of "Background Listeners"; people who just turn the wireless on—and forget it. If you think the B.B.C. is sometimes rather high-brow, try to remember that it is probably good for you! In the early days Mr. John Reith decreed that the B.B.C. must always be a little ahead of public opinion.

In a lantern lecture on Saturday evening, Roger Wilson described some of the more interesting features of Broadcasting House and the provincial stations. Several photographs of historical interest were also shown.

The discussion on Sunday afternoon produced many topics. It seems to be a general thing in these lecture week-ends that the lecturers and some of the audience can always produce indisputable facts of quite opposite character; and neither party ever convinces the other. This year such disagreement occurred over the questions of the influence of broadcasting on the musical profession, and the impartiality, or contrariwise, of the B.B.C. The value of the Schools broadcasts was questioned and it was also decided that it was unfair to blame the B.B.C. for our inherent laziness.

In evening meeting, Roger Wilson talked at considerable length on "What do we want from Broadcasting?"

After this week-end, I am stronger in my opinion that we are fortunate to have our broadcasting run by such competent people as the B.B.C. We can all pick holes in their programmes—I complain as much as most people—but think how very much worse they might be. I should like to modify the Director-General's remarks by misquoting D.P. "The B.B.C. should always be a little ahead of public opinion—but make sure it's a little."

On Saturday afternoon the Boys' football match was drawn 1—1, while the Old Scholars won the Girls' hockey match 4—3. Concerts were held on Saturday and Sunday evenings; the "high-spot" being a "Song to Miss Murray" by Arnold Green.

THE BOYS' DARKROOM

THE Boys' Darkroom has such a secluded position in the Boys' Music Courts that it is quite probable that many people don't even realize we have a darkroom. We have, and lately it has been progressing very well.

It is fairly well equipped, although of course there is room for improvement. My hopes were raised quite considerably when I heard there was going to be a Darkroom in the "new block"; I was disappointed to hear that it was merely for biological experiments. But with these "ultra-modern" methods it seems hardly necessary to have a darkroom, one just has to put some desensitizer into the developer and it is possible to develop by candlelight. I personally think it is much more interesting to develop a film in the dark.

The membership has been fairly high, about thirty members in the Summer Term and ten in the Autumn and Spring Terms. Owing to the constant use of the darkroom in the summer months we had to change the developer and now, instead of buying chemicals prepared for immediate use, we buy the chemicals and make the developer ourselves. We also buy printing paper and since we buy it in large quantities we can sell it to people more cheaply than they could otherwise buy it.

Last Summer Term we attempted to co-operate with the girls. This was fairly successful during that term, but owing to lack of enthusiasm in the Autumn Term, we abandoned the idea.

This term Mr. Beer and myself decided to start a photographic library. This was owing to the generosity of John H. Quinn who sent us the 1930-35 volumes of the British Journal Photographic Almanac. We have also started to take the "Amateur Photographer and Cinematographer" every week and we hope to get them bound at the end of the year.

All these arrangements and improvements are mainly due to Mr. Beer's advent into the Darkroom and I am sure that they will continue in the future.

A. T. Thompson
(*Stage 7*).

MOG

SLEEK and complacent one!
With what serene detachment
Do you purr and blandly close your eyes.
Lovely, soft and comfortable
Yet at any time prepared
To leap to action, arch the back
And flash those dreamy blinking eyes.

What subtlety rests in those luminous orbs!
All the mysteries of the darkness
With a natural wisdom bound.
Faithless but domesticated tigress
You have indeed man's folly found,
He feeds you but you love him not
His dotings leave you undefiled!

To think that you, so languid now and satisfied,
In carnal ecstasy would shake a rat
And tease the dooméd beast until,
When all was done, you'd lick your bloody chops
Prowling nimble, elastic, soft of paw.
At once dependent and detached you are
But ever smug and ever self-possessed.

P. S. Fausset
(*Stage 7*).



LINO-CUT MISS GRAY KEANE

THE RESULTS OF HOUSE COMPETITIONS: AUTUMN 1935

	Morland.	Crosfield.	Godlee.
1. Athletics: Football and Hockey	14	12·5	9·5
2. Out of School Activities:			
(a) Plays	7	5·5	7·5
(b) Craft Exhibitions	12·86	14·66	7·48
(c) Lecturettes ..	2	1·35	1·65
3. School Work	17·02	16·83	21·15
4. Conduct	20·77	20·36	21·87
Total	73·65	71·20	69·15

THE EVOLUTION OF MY TREE-HOUSE

IT was in the Easter holidays of last year that the beginning of my tree-house was made.

In our garden there are two trees about four feet apart which have been half cut down, leaving about nine feet of trunk and plenty of branches.

My friend and I put an oak plank between them from the top of one trunk to the other and drove in some nails to make the plank firm. Then another problem faced us—how were we to enclose the house completely and yet leave enough room to move about ?

We answered this question by cutting down the weak branches and leaving the strong ones standing, and then weaving the weak branches between the strong ones, to make walls on both sides from one tree to the other. This was repeated at the north end of the tree-house, leaving the south end exposed for the door.

The roof came next. For this we found a large piece of sackcloth and put it over the tops of the branches ; we then pulled the ends down and fastened them with pins and pieces of string. The sackcloth had an unusual feature as it was covered with paper on one side, thus making it waterproof for the tree-house.

We now had to invent a way to get up. There was a strong branch on the trunk on one side of the doorway, we cut it half off and used the stump to hold on when we were coming up.

To get up we jumped from the ground and caught hold of the branch with the right hand, putting the left hand round the trunk, drawing the feet up and putting them on a knot that was projecting from the trunk. We then grabbed the sides of the doorway and drew ourselves in.

We then began to think about the furniture. We got a small carpet the size of the floor of the tree-house and nailed it down. Then we obtained some round pieces of wood and nailed them on the trunk to make seats and shelves. A table was constructed of a piece of wood placed from one wall to the other ; it rested on the horizontal branches which were in the sides of the tree-house. The door was made out of an old curtain fastened across the entrance.

The tree-house was then complete, but we added some luxuries to it. One was the installation of my wireless crystal receiving set. We managed to make an aerial out of a broken one by attaching the free end to the set while the other end was still up on the old aerial post. We used the tree trunk as an earth connection.

The wireless was a boon when we had our tea up there sometimes, for we were not interrupted by any oscillations at all, though it used to oscillate indoors.

Grown-ups usually seem frightened to accept my invitation to come up, but an old lady of nearly eighty years of age has actually climbed up the tree and been inside the house. We were delighted to hear that she enjoyed her visit.

I am glad to say that the tree-house still lives, although there have been fierce gales, and I hope that it will improve in future years.

Michael King Beer
(*Stage* 4).

MALTED MILK

THE doctor took my shirt away,
He did it for the best:
"If you must have my shirt," said I,
"Pray let me keep my vest."

But this the doctor would not do,
And went to sound my chest;
He prodded me and tickled me,
And said it was a test.

Then he thumped me and he bumped me,
On my tummy and my breast:
"It's 'night-starvation', my dear boy."—
I said, "Well I'll be blest!"

"Try Horlick's Malted Milk at night,
Before you go to rest,
For malted milk when you retire
Will rid you of the pest."

So every night at ten o'clock,
With Horlick's I would fill;
And never had a sleepless night
Until I saw the bill!

For pay the bill I could not do,
I hadn't got a "tanner";
But when I meet that doctor next,
I'll pay him with a hammer!

R. Arnold
(*Stage* 5).

FROM FAR AND NEAR

BETTY WHITFIELD (1930-34) writes from St. Swithun's School, Winchester:

"I've been doing a lot of work lately. It's a well-known fact that the science people in the 6th have to do about twice as much as anybody else. We have to have two hours' practical in chemistry, physics and biology, as well as all the theoreticals, and electricity and properties of matter and mechanics and the ordinary sort of things like German, English and Scripture.

"Also I am the House science representative which means that I have to organize the science collection. Each House does a collection on its own, which means that they have to write a long detailed account of something or other with drawings and models or a collection of something. It gets harder each year to think of something that has not been done before. I decided that we'd do parasites this year, but I don't know whether it's a very good idea. Anyway we've started it now, only their isn't much time because we're doing a House play, 'Euripides' Alcestis' (in English). I have to provide appropriate music on my fiddle so that means every Sat. morning's taken up with rehearsals.

"I'm also doing a bit of a lecture on Colour. I'm doing the biology part, someone else the physics and someone else the chemistry. . . . I'm longing to come back to see all the alterations and all the people I know, if I still know any. Even the staff seem to be changing."

MARGARET HARLAND (1927-32) writes from Bristol:

"Yesterday we had a most exciting entertainment provided for us in order to raise funds for the World Student Federation. It was a 'Scavenger Hunt', and for an hour and a half we had to collect a list of things and bring them to the judges in the Union, who marked them off and then we took them back. The things included a live pigeon, a washing wringer (100 points), a dustbin (70 points), a 'To the Zoo' notice, a

dentist's drill (70 points), a palm tree, a Scotch kilt, a violin (50 points), and various sundries such as a telephone directory, surplice, armistice poppy, six University scarves, red button, blue handkerchief, penholder, Christmas card, hatpin, etc. It was tremendously difficult getting the washing wringer. We went round all the houses in the neighbourhood, but no one had a portable article at all. One of us six who were working together got one however. She went to a lady whom she has been introduced to and found only her husband at home, so she asked him if he could lend her a wringer and a dustbin and he was very pleased to do so. Then she went round to her grandmother's to borrow a hatpin and, leaving the dustbin on her grandmother's doorstep, went on to a vicar this man had told her about, to borrow a surplice. I, meanwhile, had also succeeded in conveying a dustbin through the streets to the Club and back again and had also found a dentist and borrowed a drill from him. We couldn't get a pigeon or a palm, although we gate-crashed a very smart restaurant where a Masonic ball was being held to get a palm and surprised a lot of Masons wearing skull and cross-bone paper hats."

DOREEN ANDERSON (1931-34) writes from Winchmore Hill:

"I have been an apprentice on the staff of a newspaper syndicate firm in London and also worked on the staff of our local paper for a few months just for experience.

"Just at present I am learning shorthand and then I am going to return to our local paper as a reporter with a view to getting a position on a county paper some time in the vague future. . . .

"I have met several people from Walden since I left and talking with them makes me quite school sick again."

MARY WILSON (1928-34) writes from Battersea Domestic College:

"Everything felt very strange at first, but I soon managed to get into the way of things and now that I know my way about I find the work most interesting.

"We do every branch of household management, which includes the organizing of a small household as well as large institutions. It is possible to take a two-year course besides the one-year course which I am taking. I am called a 'one-year housewife' which I think is not at all appropriate."

SCHOOL DIARY

Nov. 26th.—Meeting of School Council.

,, 30th.—Hockey Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies H.C., away, lost, 0—4.
Football Matches: 1st XI. *v.* C.U.B.S., home, lost, 0—3; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Linton Juniors, home, lost, 0—4.
Lecture: "The Red Indian in Song and Story," Chief Oskenonton.

Dec. 2nd.—Girls' Reading Club Mtg.
N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Doris Townshend; Current Events Report, C. Osborne; Essay: "Bears," Desmond Minchin; Lantern Lecture: "Ants," Mr. Douglas.

,, 4th.—Hockey Match: Girls' 1st XI. *v.* King Alfred's School XI., home, lost, 0—3.

,, 5th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 7th.—Concert by members of the choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, John Fleming; Essays: "The Cult of Death," Philip Fausset; "Florentine Painters," John Fleming; Pianoforte Solo, "Humoresque," Opus 6, by Grieg, Doris Townshend; Violin Solo, "Larghetto," by Tartini, Ada Goldschmidt; Violin Duet, last Two Movements from a Sonata by Boyce, Mary Byles and Judith Lockspeiser.

,, 11th.—Hobby Exhibitions.

,, 12th.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg.

,, 13th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Training College, away, won, 3—2.

,, 14th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher School, away, lost, 1—4.
House Plays.

,, 17th.—Lecturettes.

,, 19th.—End of Term.

Jan. 16th.—School re-opened.

,, 18th.—Lantern Lecture: "Wonderful Bridges," Mr. Shirley Smith.

Jan. 25th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Flora, home, won, 2—1.

,, 27th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Margaret Brereton; Essays: "Romantic Ballads in Twelfth Century Germany," Hans Geyer; "It is Born Within Us," Ada Goldschmidt.

Feb. 1st.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Langley, home, lost, 2—6.

Lantern Lecture: "The Black Forest," Mr. John Quinn.

,, 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Terence Thompson; Current Events Report, Alan Thompson; Essays: "Household Biology," David Mattingly; "Fleas and the Housefly," Geoffrey Todd.

,, 4th.—Meeting of School Council.

,, 5th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Wedd's XI., home, lost, 1—8.

,, 8th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Langley Reserves, home, drawn, 2—2.

,, 10th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Hans Geyer; Essays: "Youth in a Foreign Country," Annemarie Goldschmidt; "Democracy—its Development and Destiny," Nancy Gough; Pianoforte Duet, "Allegro" from Haydn's Symphony No. 17, Annemarie Goldschmidt and Gertrude Edmundson; Viola Solo, "Andante" from a Concerto by Handel, Doris Turner.

,, 15th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies H.C., away, lost, 3—5.

Lantern Lecture: "Rustic Life and Humour," Dr. Habberton Lulham.

,, 17th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Richard Jossaume; Current Events Report, Cyril Osborne; Essay: "Mimicry in Insects," Basil Upton.

,, 18th.—Meeting of School Council.

,, 22nd.—Group C Dance.

,, 24th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Doris Turner; Essay: "The Art of Writing a Short Story," Mary Jackson; Violin Solo, "Andante Cantabile," by Tartini, Ada Goldschmidt.

,, 29th.—Football Matches: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher School, home, lost, 0—4.

Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Choir XI., home, drawn, 3—3.

Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Ladies H.C., home, lost, 2—3.

March 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Diary, Alan Thompson; Current Events Report, Mary Byles; Essays: "Introduction to Evolution," John Fleming; "Cell Division," Ada Goldschmidt.

March 4th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Stevenage Ladies H.C., home, lost, 2—7.

,, 6th-9th.—O.S. Lecture School Week-end.

,, 7th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, drawn, 1—1.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* O.S., home, lost, 3—4.
Lecture: "Broadcasting House," Roger Wilson.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Diary, Stephen Mattingly; Essays: "King Arthur in History and Legend," Judith Lockspeiser; "Proverbs—Wise and Foolish," Joyce Mills; Pianoforte Solo, Waltz in "A" flat major, Gertrude Edmundson.

NOTICES

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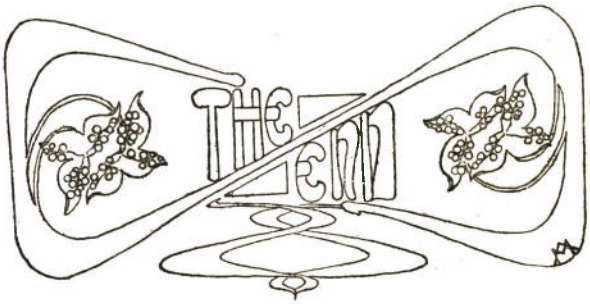
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SCHOOL MAGAZINES

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