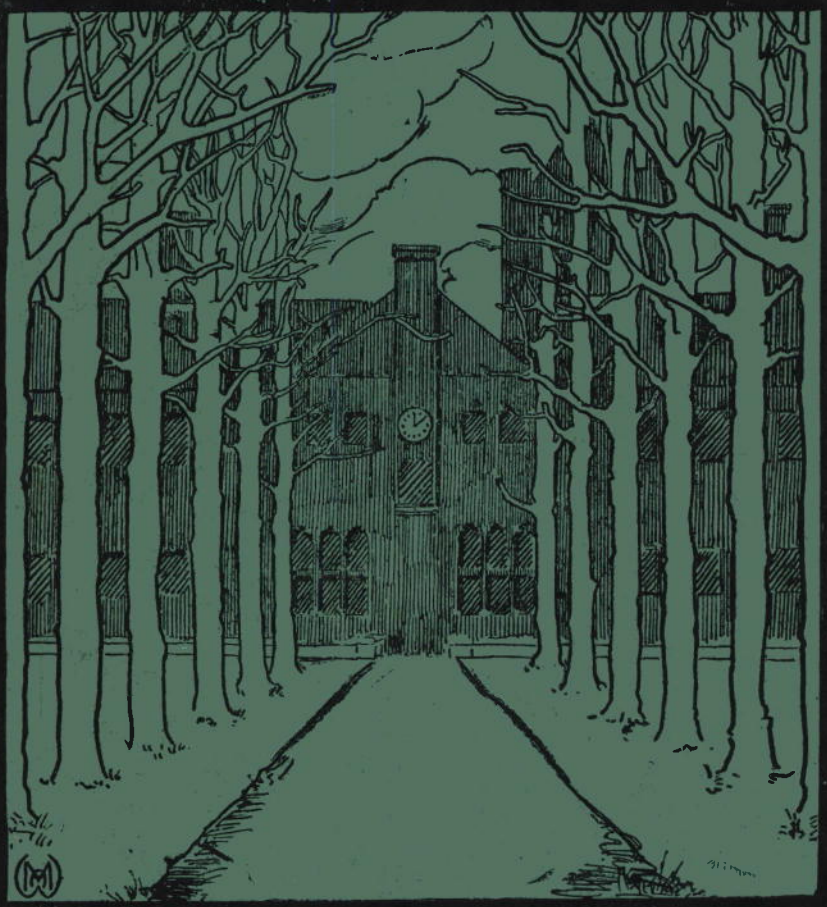
THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1937

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MISS PRIESTMAN



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXVIII. DECEMBER 1937 No. 84.

FOREWORD

WITH the start of the new school year there were several changes. Last term we said good-bye to Miss Priestman, who left after seventeen years of being Headmistress. In her place we welcome Miss Clark, who before was second mistress at The Mount. Instead of Miss Denton, Miss Beatty has come to be the girls' games mistress. Mr. Barringer is here as a student master, and Miss Williams has taken Lena's place as cook.

The proceeds of Stage 6's ice-cream stall last term have been very profitably used in providing the Sanatorium with a wireless set, and a loud speaker in every room. At Hillcroft there is now electric light, which is felt to be a great improvement on the old gas lamps. Parts of the School have received a fresh coat of paint in the holidays, and in the Laundry new machines have been installed.

Old Scholars Games Week-end, which was held a few weeks after the beginning of term, was very successful. The present

girls won their hockey match for the first time for several years. The present boys, however, lost their football match. On the Saturday evening there was an entertainment contributed by both past and present scholars, which was much appreciated. In Sunday evening Meeting, Stanley King Beer talked about his visit to the World Conference of Friends at Philadelphia.

Early on in the term the medals and certificates for the Life-Saving Examinations held last term were given out at the end of Assembly, by Mr. Littleboy. Nearly everybody seemed to have earned one, and the number of awards speaks well for the standard of swimming in the School.

Temporary Common Rooms have been arranged for members of Group C. It is to be hoped that this improvement is a forerunner of better things to come.

Maryan Morgan
(*Stage* 6).

MISS F. D. PRIESTMAN, 1920-37



EVENTEEN years is a long period, even in the life of a man who lives for his allotted span, but in the life of a school where the average duration of a pupil's stay is less than four years, it brings us into the fifth generation. Small wonder is it then that in looking back to the time when Miss Priestman first came to Walden we see a School very different from what it is now.

The first year or so of her time here was a period of many changes. The so-called "New Block" (the Art Room and Boys' B and C) was built on the site of the Fives Court, classrooms, bedrooms and washrooms were re-arranged, Hillcroft was opened as a Girls' Hostel; but other changes took place, slighter on the surface, yet felt more deeply in the life of

individuals, especially on the girls' side. Gradually bounds were extended until at last the field was open to the girls as well as to the boys for all free time ; girls began to take part in swimming displays ; much greater latitude was allowed in the occupations permissible on Sundays ; " group walks " were introduced ; no longer was there the close supervision of reading with all lighter literature kept in a locked cupboard save on half-holiday afternoons. A thrill, little appreciated perhaps at present, was felt when the girls of those days found their new Headmistress playing hockey with them, both in practice games and in matches, swimming and taking life-saving examinations with them, and, best of all, joining them in the School "Tramps" which, after being dropped for several years, were resuscitated in 1924. Into all these activities and many others Miss Priestman threw herself with enthusiasm and the girls of those days recall them with pleasure. Yet, at the same time, as one of them said when speaking of her in the holidays, " We did enjoy her friendliness towards us, but we never forgot that she was Headmistress. Even in class time it was marvellous how she allowed us freedom and yet always kept our respect so that we never overstepped the mark."

Perhaps the secret of this lay in her implicit trust in all her girls. Though sometimes younger ones failed to realize the responsibility this gave them, older girls appreciated it and failure to respond caused regret later.

After her illness in 1929 she was naturally unable to take as active a part as formerly in a good many pursuits and this led some of the more revolutionary spirits to feel at times that changes did not take place as rapidly as they desired. Yet her interest in the School and deep desire for its true welfare did not wane and many generations of pupils know that they will miss her welcome when they return. We realize, however, that that welcome awaits us elsewhere and that her interest in our doings and in the School remains firm.

May she have a long and happy retirement !

MARK HEADLEY

THERE was no doubt as to the popularity of Mark Headley, who died of blood-poisoning at the end of last term, especially among those in Group C. He was of a shy nature, and because of this he did not take a very conspicuous part in school societies and activities, but he had a reputation for steadiness and perseverance in his work and of enthusiasm for those things in which he was genuinely interested. He is remembered especially for his part in the management of Stage 6 Tuckshop during most of last term.

W. H. Evens
(*Stage P.C.*).
Hans Frei
(*Stage 7*).

GREY-TIMBER: BEING THE ACCOUNT OF A WOLF

HE was born in a hollow of a bank by an old stream-bed that was now dry and disused. He was one of six of his litter, but they were all just the same, fat, furry, little creatures, and were all quite identical. He lived with his family in their den for several weeks and saw nothing but darkness all around him, with the light shining in from one end. He was attracted by the light and always strove towards it, but his mother always gently prevented him, with her paw or her nose. Their mother always brought them an abundant supply of food of which

they gorged their fat little stomachs tight. Their mother never failed them, so may be they relied too much on their source of food and perhaps took it too much for granted; however, her returns with food began to grow less frequent day by day. One day it even got to the pitch of these greedy little creatures beginning to feel hungry. This got more and more common every day as less and less food was brought to them. After this they got daily thinner and their bones showed out visibly. Things got worse and worse, and the family got to the pitch of starvation. Their mother was out all day and very rarely came home with anything. There was a great famine over the land. The cubs died one by one till all that was left of the family were two half dead little starved cubs and their mother whose condition was worse.

One day, however, their mother failed to return altogether and a dead carcass lying out in the prairie marked her end—a death from starvation. But the two remaining cubs weren't to know that, and they still lay trusting in their mother's return, possibly with some vestige of food. As they lay in an exhausted, half-stupefied state of hunger a passing ranchman located them by their wailing, threw them into his bag, and brought them back to the ranch. As he tipped them out on to the floor in the ranch, there was one dead little wolf cub and the other with just a remnant of life still in him. This little wolf cub—the only one that survived in the struggle for existence—was Grey-Timber. He was treated roughly at the ranch; perhaps that is what moulded his clay into what it did, for he grew into a sullen, savage but nevertheless faithful wolf. He grew up to be civilized, and you would hardly tell him from a dog except for his looks, and his savagery.

One day when his master was returning to England to see his people, he took with him Grey-Timber, who was kept under strict limitations all the way. He did not like the journey on the boat at all, but he withheld his dislikes till he reached his master's house.

It was a big country house with a spacious garden and Grey-Timber liked it very much. Nevertheless, his instinct still called for a free, open-air life in the prairie, and that was Grey-Timber's only wish. He contented himself however in this country home.

One day a visitor came to his master and seeing Grey-Timber admired his magnificence, for he saw what a fine creature he was. Grey-Timber saw him talking with his master, and saw money pass between them. Eventually Grey-Timber was led away on the end of a leash by his new master. He did not like leaving as he was fond of his old master, but he knew it was futile to resist.

He was led through city streets till he came to a small, dirty, little house right by the busy street. Here he was chained up to a wall in the garden, where he spent the night sorrowfully contemplating. Next morning another man who was dressed in uniform called, then led Grey-Timber off through the busy streets again. He was led in through some open gates and there at once he saw what his instinct at once told him were his kindred. He smelt the air and saw visions of wide open stretches of prairie and of freedom, and he longed to be with his fellow wolves. He was let in through a gate which the man in uniform opened. He bounded up to his pack who treated him strangely at first. They smelt each other and eventually seemed satisfied with each other.

There was a large enclosure for the wolves, containing much open land and a little woodland. Grey-Timber being superior in size, strength and agility to the other wolves, became their leader, and thus he spent the rest of his life.

H. Mark Headley
(*Late Stage* 6).

[Written in June, 1937.]

THE SONG OF THE TREES

SHIVER and shiver again
As though in pain
Our mournful song, soft, so soft,
Yet piercing the night.

We are the trees, the gorgeous trees
That wait on God.
Our lowliness is great.
We tower in the forest, shutting out the sun
From the lives of beasts.

We are the trees, our song echoes
Out of the ages, beyond the age of coal.
In our green leaves is the gleam
Of a light which far outshone the sun
And in our roots
Runs the sap of a million years.

In our great branches lie
Cave-man remains, and the love of animals.
We bear the marks of a mammoth's tusk
From the dawn of creation.

We sigh out our lives and worship the sun.
There is no god save the sun.
Sun, sun; we sigh, golden the gleam
And our bark is brown.

Ours is the beauty,
Ours the wealth to tell,
Ours the tales
And ours the life,
Life, life, drunk from the earth
Brown and sodden
From the mists of a million years
From the rain of a changed sky.

Joan Durell
(*Stage* 5).

HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY



ARRIVED at Dieppe one sunny July day, and was met by the family with whom I was spending the summer. We started off through the cornfields of Normandy to Beauvais, north of Paris, where I was to stay a few days before going to Brittany. The road was narrow and winding, but we travelled fast and in two hours we saw the cathedral tower of Beauvais standing high above the gabled roofs. The car crossed a small river by a humpty stone bridge and drew up in front of a large yellow house. In the main hall we were met by Madame, imposing and dignified in spite of some of her ten children who were playing and shrieking around her. There was a sudden silence as I was introduced, and in my self-consciousness I forgot any French I ever knew. The next few days I spent in utter bewilderment; the only stable thing in the world seemed to be the English dictionary which I clutched nervously to me.

The journey from Beauvais to Brittany was rather like a nightmare. We spent all one day and night jolting in a French train. The family was rich, but with true French thrift, we travelled on a third-class family ticket. And we travelled "hard"; the small children were put to sleep in the racks, while we slept as best we could, curled on the wooden seats. The French trains are notorious for their dirt, hard wooden seats and general discomfort. Perhaps I slept three hours that night—every time I dozed I would fall off the seat, or the ticket collector would bustle into the compartment and at almost every station new arrivals poured into the already crowded train. With the coming of dawn we could see the country through which we were passing. The "clochers brêtons" told us we had arrived in Brittany; the churches are built of grey, weather-beaten stone, and the slender spires

seemed to lose themselves in the sky. At a country station two Brêton women, picturesquely dressed, boarded the train. Their black, full-skirted, tight-bodiced dresses were relieved by touches of bright blue at the wrists and neck, and on their heads tall head-dresses of stiffly-starched white lace were precariously balanced. We soon found that each district has its peculiar head-dress and costume; at Tréboul, the seaside village where we stayed, the women were dressed in black also, and wore small muslin caps; the Brêton sailors wore red blouses with baggy trousers and large, black, peaked caps.

Our house was perched on the cliff-edge, overlooking a beautiful bay. Across the clear blue water, low hills could be dimly seen through the distant haze. Every morning the fishing boats sailed out to the open sea, to return in the evening laden with tunny, lobsters or mackerel, their brown or red sails gilded by the setting sun.

The house was always crowded with the family and various relations, who continually came and went. Monsieur was only nominally the head of the household; the real head was "la tante Therèse", who commanded everything from the meals to Madame. She arrived a few days after our party, bringing with her two maids, four enormous wicker trunks and a yapping little dog. When I got bored with the lengthy meals and the ceaseless talk about food, I amused myself by watching "la tante's" table-manners. She insisted on having a private bottle of wine, a private pat of butter; when offered plums, every one had to be pinched till she found one to her liking.

Though I may grumble at the length of the meals, I certainly found that the French live up to their reputation as good cooks. I found the girls of the family extraordinarily domesticated, and they could cook and sew well. This they seemed to take for granted and were surprised at my ignorance of such all-important matters. My chief companion, a girl of fifteen, was a great comfort to me because she spent almost the whole day knitting, so I was left to amuse myself. I was

always glad to be left alone, because the weeks passed in such a whirl of excursions, tennis, boating and dancing.

After six weeks of such gaiety I found I was quite ready to return to the comparative peace of my life in England.

JOAN RODWELL.

THE MILL POND

DOWN by the Mill Pond the ducks swim round,
Listen, listen to the pretty sound,
Hark at the river as it runs its way,
Listen to the mill at the dawn of day.

Right in the background the steeple high
Rises, rises, up to the sky.
The church is old and the spire is grey,
Look at the spire at the dawn of day.

Look at the fields all on the hill,
Yellow ones, green ones, some by the mill.
I wish I could live in the country now
To help make the hay, and to follow the plough.

J. Diamond
(*Stage* 2).

THE BEST GAME

WHAT would I like to do to-day?
Would I like to creep away to play
By the bubbling brook that's running far
Or play in the wood where the rabbits are?
No! I will take an entrancing book
To a mossy bank or a shady nook
And lose myself in the deep delights
Of the Argonauts or Arabian Nights.

I will read how Jason lost his sandal,
Of Hercules or the magic candle;
How King Arthur's knights, who could seldom fail,
Sought for, and found, the Holy Grail
And how the Flying Dutchman sails.
These are all immortal tales
And pitiful is he indeed
Who never will their magic heed.

Stella Maude

(*Stage 5b*).

PALESTINE



ALESTINE is very generally misunderstood by the British public. They either have the somewhat old-fashioned conception, learnt from their Sunday Schools, of a land flowing with milk and honey; or else the rather more modern idea of continual rioting and murdering of officials. Few people think of it, except the Jews, as a land of great promise.

The situation in the country at the present time makes it exceedingly difficult to govern without winning disfavour of one, or both parties concerned. When the British Government accepted Palestine as a mandate, every sort of promise of better times was made to the Arabs. Twenty years have gone by but the Arab still remains discontented—or perhaps it would be fairer to say his leaders remain restless. Commissions have been set up to investigate the unrest but never yet have they found a solution to the problem. The Arab does not want the Jew in his country, he has some ruthless leaders and will

fight with amazing fortitude for what he considers to be his rights.

We think of the population of Palestine as being only Jews and Arabs. This is a great mistake. Every large town has, as all Eastern centres have, representatives of every Nation. But in Palestine, undeveloped as it is, we find colonies of Italians, Germans (Nazis, although few people realize this fact) and a certain number of French, especially on the Syrian border.

Although the Government has not exactly succeeded in keeping the peace amongst the various nationalities now occupying Palestine it has developed the country's resources marvellously in the last fifteen years. Roads have been made up, railways improved, great harbours built, in fact every possible step has been taken to improve the facilities of the country. With the opening of a great modern harbour, civilization has rushed into a native country from the outside world.

One of the oldest " trades " of Palestine, for it can be called little else,—that of the coming and going of pilgrims to the holy relics,—still continues, but under the somewhat degrading title of " tourist trade ". Most of these travellers enter Palestine by Haifa, the new port, jump into a taxi and dash off up country to see Nazareth, Jerusalem, or Bethlehem. Having seen these historic places they return direct to their ship, thinking they have seen the inside life of Palestine, and being incidentally, pounds poorer.

In reality they have seen very little of the life of an average native in Palestine. One can learn next to nothing about a country except by living right in amongst its peoples for years. I lived in Palestine for several years, yet even so, every time I return I realize how little I know of that ancient country, how mystifying the East can be, how romantic, and yet how sleepy !

Mary Greaves
(*Stage 7*).



Photo by] [*S.G.K.B.*

MISS CLARK

COUNTRY COTTAGE

WE bought a cottage
In the spring.
It seemed a very cosy sort
This little cottage that we'd bought
And this is what we truly thought
In spring.

A cottage in the country,
Charming!
The kind of cottage where one spends
The most enjoyable week-ends
(That's us, and any of our friends)
Oh! charming!

A little piece of garden,
Divine!
A little lawn, three feet square,
A lot of borders, now quite bare
But wait until the flowers are there,
Oh! Divine!

A ducky little sitting-room!
Lovely!
We do admire these old oak beams
How very picturesque it seems,
It's quite the cottage of our dreams,
Oh! lovely!

What pretty bedrooms,
How sweet!
Of course I know there's only two
But one for me and one for you,
And then the perfect, perfect view,
Oh! How sweet!

* * *

We sold our cottage
In November.
There was no bath but just a sink,
The water wasn't fit to drink,
So this is what we truly think
In November.

The cottage in the country?
Oh! Help!
On every beam I cracked my head,
I fell downstairs when going to bed,
And said things better left unsaid,
Oh! Hel—p!

The little cottage garden
Was awful.
I cannot say that we succeeded
In giving it just what it needed,
We didn't even get it weeded,
It was awful!

The ducky little sitting-room
Is rotten!
The walls let in the cold and damp,
The room's half-lighted by a lamp,
The whole place quivers if you stamp,
It's rotten!

Those pretty bedrooms?
Oh! dear!
All summer they were boiling hot,
They needed cleaning such a lot,
And two were all the rooms we'd got,
Dear, dear!

This little bit of verse,
My friend,
Is really meant as good advice.
The moral being "Always think twice
When buying things, however nice."
The End.

Maryan Morgan
(*Stage* 6).

THE GROTESQUE APPARITION OF THE HOT BATH

By Harriet V. Elsaya

"YOU know, Hunter," said Lord Piers Morte d'Arthur Flimsey, stretching out his long limbs in their lavender silk pyjamas, "I think the jolly old reputation is rather seriously overdrawn. Here am I trotting about the bally old Tellus as Public Crime-Killer No. 1, when actually my presence in any part of it is a pretty sure forecast of some dastardly deed of more than Oriental devilment. It gets somewhat depressin' at times, when crime positively crops up round one's tootsies like flies round a morgue."

"If I may be permitted the suggestion my lord," said Hunter, with his arms full of bath-salts, "I should rather put it that you 'crop up'—to use the idiom,—where your presence is most opportune. I believe I am right in submitting that it has been written: 'There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will.'"

"Hunter, if you will persist in quoting the bally old Bard at me, I shall go all Pankhurst, or Parkhurst, and raise your

salary, or appear in plus-fours and a dinner-jacket, or something. As it is, my submission to you is so abject that I can only retaliate with Kai Lung. Let's see, what does the jolly old Chinese carpet-sweeper say ? ' There is undoubtedly a celestial influence that moulds our ultimate destinies, even though we ourselves may appear to trim the edges somewhat.' It's about time somebody accused the dear old Swan of Avon of plagiarism. . . . Confound it, Hunter, I will not appear in egg, green and egg. Do you realize that they've just got in some quails at Claritz's, in my honour ? "

" May I be permitted to remind your lordship that to-day is the one arranged for the Old Harretonians' cricket match against the School, and that a ceremonial tie is usually employed on such occasions ? "

Lord Piers turned over on the pillow and sobbed like a child. " Make my bath with Hydro-cyanic acid and Attar of Roses this morning, Hunter," he said.

* * *

That afternoon, while Hunter was struggling to reconcile Lord Piers' idea of a week-end wardrobe with the Hotel Management's idea of a wardrobe suite, his employer was putting down fierce and mysterious balls in groups of six, alternating with the captain of the Marylebone Cricket Club in the previous year. For the first time since the war the School did not win its match, in spite of the heroic efforts of a small dark batsman going by the name of Pundhit Singh, who had knocked the Monrovians all over the field in the annual match between Top Hats and Boaters. At the end of a fierce day's play Hunter, with a small army of fags, left the bathrooms in the School House in a cloud of steam, for the entry of the twenty-two. Flimsey's bath was next but one the end of the room, but it had not been filled. A small scrap of paper lay in the soap dish, which he scanned and crumpled up with an air of resignation. Suddenly he turned round and gazed at the

waste plug. Small jets of water spurted from it, which, emptying from the next bath, ran past the outlets of all the others. Flimsey was puzzled. Then he bent down and sniffed. There was a faint odour of almonds. The fate that Lord Piers then expressed for himself was better suited for the parade-ground than for the cradle of Waterloo.

Three minutes later an anxious hall-porter was trying to keep pace with a primrose-haired young man with an aquiline nose and a flame-coloured dressing-gown over jasmine silk pyjamas, who travelled with the lean, ungainly speed of a giraffe. The door of the end bathroom was unlocked to discover a small, dusky-skinned youth sitting cross-legged on the floor, whilst the last of a bathful of very dilute Prussic Acid disappeared down the waste pipe. But before it was completely gone, Lord Piers had swooped upon it with a sponge, which he gingerly squeezed into a small phial, afterwards washing his hand with scrupulous haste. Only then did he turn and asked of the impassive school boy how he had discovered the danger of the bath. The reply was surprising : " It would be contrary to my religion to bathe in water heated by any other hand than that of the Great One," explained Pundhit Singh, " And since there are no hot springs in this part of your delightful country, it is my invariable custom to immerse myself only in cold water. No one has previously either discovered or censured me for so doing, and I had come to believe that it was offensive to none."

" The customs of your country have probably saved your life this time," was Flimsey's reply, " since you came very near to being stewed in a solution of the strongest poison known to our jolly old birds of wisdom."

" That could only have occurred with the sanction of other Wills than ours," said the boy.

Had Pundhit Singh entered the poisoned bath water, it is probable that he would not have been discovered for several hours after his death. Had not Lord Piers discovered the

contamination of the water, it would never have been suspected. But owing to Flimsey's uncanny knack of stumbling upon crime, less than fifteen minutes after the baths had been filled, a white-lipped fag had confessed to adding a bottleful of " almond bath-salts " to the Indian's bath, on the instructions of an old scholar. The gentleman wearing an egg, green and egg tie was easily identified as he boarded the evening train, but not so easily identified as an old Harretonian, despite the world famous colours which he carried about him in all conceivable places. When he was found to be employed by a society known as the Anglo-Nordic Purists, he was detained on suspicion.

The Headmaster of Harreton, in publicly thanking Lord Piers Flimsey for his services, asked him what had first aroused his suspicions. Lord Piers' reply that he knew no genuine Harretonian would consider ten seconds enough for thorough ablution, was received with laughter and applause. But one point remained unexplained. How did he discover that the bath-water was being emptied on the other side of a substantial partition? Lord Piers Morte d'Arthur Flimsey blushed modestly before elucidating the problem. " My own bath remained unfilled," he said, " so that the water from the adjacent one could be noticed as it passed mine. And to vindicate my old Harretonian hygiene, I must explain that I found there a note from my Valet, regrettably postponing my bath until he could obtain, by special messenger, some Verbena bath-salts. I never bathe in anything else. As for the poison, I noticed it because my thoughts had been running for some time in the direction of hydro-cyanic acid as a quick and easy method of dispatch."

Alan P. Carlton Smith
(Stage P.C.).

LIMERICKS

AN elderly spinster of Stroud
Insisted on making her shroud
When her friends asked her why
She replied, "When I die,
At my funeral I shall be proud."

Some twins, looking very alike,
Had a beautiful new tandem-bike,
But one day it broke down
Seven miles from a town
So the poor little dears had to hike.

A silly old fellow named Jones
Went hunting for fossilized stones.
But he died one hot day
In a land far away,
Now the daisies grow over his bones.

Margaret Johnstone
Eleanor Littleboy } (*Stage* 5*a*).



THE SIX MICE AND THEIR ADVENTURES



NCE upon a time there were two mice, who lived in a garden. It was a nice big garden, full of snowdrops and tulips and daffodils, for them to eat. It really was a mouse's Paradise. No cats, no dogs, nothing troublesome. They had four children, whose names were Cuthbert, Harry, Flopsy, and the little one's name was Flipsy. They lived in an iris bed, amongst the roots. The children were born in a leaf nest. One day when they were playing in the garden, they came to a little river. And Cuthbert said, " Let's make a boat." The others agreed, so they went home, and found some nails and wood. Then they made a little boat. It took a day to make. The next day they launched her ; her name was " The Happy Jack ". They sailed down the river for a bit, and were getting rather frightened, because they were a long way from home, and it was getting dark, and, of course, they had forgotten to make any oars or brakes to the boat, and it would not stop. Soon they came to some rushes which they got stuck in ; luckily they could jump ashore. They found some rope and tied it to their boat. Then they had to walk all the way home, and when they got home they were very tired, and what was worse, Mother was very, very angry with them, and she locked them all in a nasty dark little cupboard, and what was worser Mother broke up their boat for fire-wood.

The End.

Michael Wood

(*Junior School*).

THE ROBIN

THE Robin is a cheeky bird
His manner it is most absurd,
But if he heard our mothers call
To call him up upon the wall
He'd fly away.

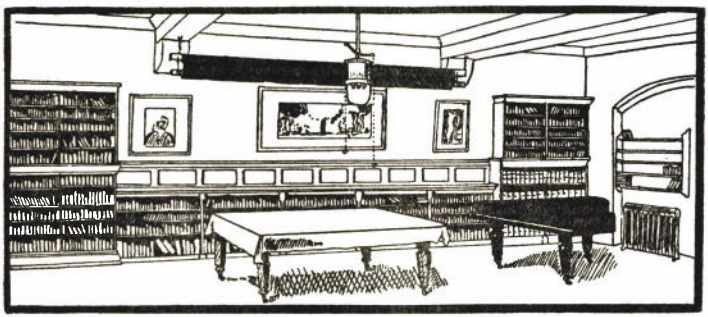
Sheila Littleboy
(*Junior School*).

THE WIND

WHEN the wind spoke to me,
He spoke of a tree.
And of little brown nests,
With soft inside crests.
And he spoke of the dew
And the drops so few,
That's what the wind has spoken so true.

Christopher Burtt
(*Junior School*).

[Modelled on a poem by Lovat Fraser.]



THE JUNIOR SCHOOL HARVEST FESTIVAL

ON October 1st we had a Harvest Festival. The day children brought gifts from home, and the boarders bought fruit from Mrs. Bacon's.

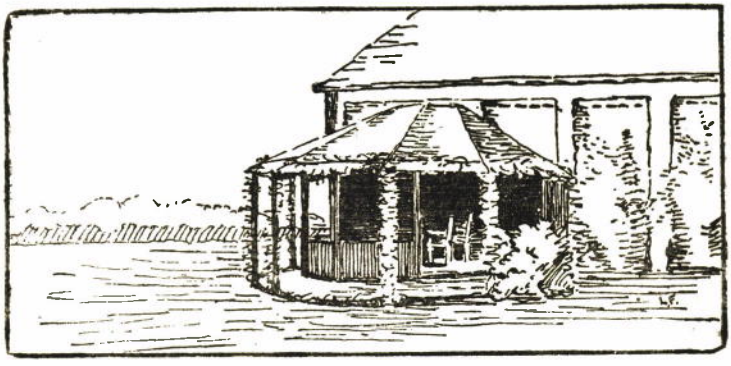
At 3 o'clock we lined up and marched into the upper classroom and sang some hymns. Then Miss Harris read a story of " The People who had never Harvested ".

After that we loaded all the gifts on to the wheelbarrow. When we were half-way there Miss Harris pulled the side of the barrow out and when we resumed our way she was very careful not to hold that side again.

When we arrived at the hospital the Matron showed us all over it. Two people went on the rocking-horse in the children's ward. After that we all wended our way home, feeling well satisfied with the afternoon's work.

Anne Martin

(*Junior School*).



GIRLS' GAMES REPORT

HOCKEY

Season 1937-38

First XI. Hockey Team:

Joan Durell (*goalkeeper*).

Enid Shiner (*right back*).	Janet Holden (*right wing*).
Catherine Webb (*left back*).	Margaret Mills (*right inner*).
Joan Holland (*right half*).	Sheila Smith (*centre forward*).
Christine Kent (*centre half*).	Judith Lockspeiser (*left inner*).
Joyce Francis (*left half*).	Victoria Rayner (*left wing*).

THE Hockey season opened with a match against Old Scholars, which resulted in a win for the School. Up to date we have not been so successful with our other fixtures. Six of last season's first XI. are playing and the vacant places are filled by members of last season's second XI.

Individually there is really some good material amongst the first XI., but unfortunately that feeling of "oneness" and co-operation which must exist amongst a forward line is not yet evident.

The half line is a formidable trio, and the other defences, all newcomers, are learning their job willingly and well.

Stick work of the team is good, but ball control and quick action of the forward line in the centre is not yet up to standard. Until these are achieved there is little hope for success, and they will not be accomplished without lengthy and ardent practice.

The Games Committee this year consists of: Joyce Francis (Hockey Captain), Mary Greaves, Victoria Rayner and Margaret Mills, all of whom are most helpful and willing workers.

BOYS' GAMES REPORT

FOOTBALL

1937

AT the beginning of the season prospects were not too good, with only four of last year's first XI. left, and only one of these in the forward line, and the results of the matches have so far borne out the worst fears, although it must be said in extenuation that due to injury and other causes, we have seldom been able to field a full first team without any reserves, whereas the other Schools we have played seem to have almost the same teams as last year.

On the whole the defensive play has improved although there is a lack of co-ordination between halves and forwards. This was particularly noticeable in the away match against St. Christopher's at Letchworth. The main trouble seems to be a lack of co-ordination and dash in the forward line and poor shooting and heading in front of goal.

So far we have not profited by the lessons taught us in defeat, namely that we make insufficient use of our wing forwards, that to be successful the short passing game depends upon the player who has just passed the ball re-positioning himself so as to be able to receive it again, and that in attack in front of the goal all five forwards should be up within shooting distance. The sooner these lessons are learned the better for the progress of the team.

House matches have been started and are in full swing, evoking the usual keen partisan spirit. The results are not yet available.

B.B.J.

SCHOOL DIARY

June 23rd.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Stansted Wednesday, won, 110—78. Away.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, lost, 103—113. Home.

July 2nd.—Swimming Match *v.* Luton Boys, won, 36—28. Girls, won, 32—22.

,, 9th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 10th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Whipsnade.

,, 14th.—House Socials.

,, 17th.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, lost, 40—107. Away.

,, 21st.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, won, 83 for 5—53. Away.

,, 24th.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., won, 51—36. Home.

,, 27th.—Cricket Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbins' XI., lost, 36—54. Home.

,, 28th.—School closes.

Sept. 16th.—School re-opens.

,, 25th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Langley, lost, 9—0. Away.

Oct. 2nd.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, lost, 3—0. Home.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, won, 2—0. Home.

,, 5th.—Half-holiday.

,, 9th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* St. Christopher's, lost, 9—0. Home.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies' " A " Team, lost, 5—1. Home.

,, 11th.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 16th.—Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, lost, 3—2. Away.
Hockey Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, lost, 3—1. Away.

Oct. 23rd.—Football Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, lost, 11—0. Away.

Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, lost, 6—3. Home.

Conjuring Performance by Frank C. Butler.

,, 30th.—Football Match : Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Custerton's Boys' XI., lost, 6—3. Home.

Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, lost, 3—2. Home.

Hockey Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Hockerill Training College, drew, 2—2. Home.

Lecture : My Visit to America by Stanley G. King Beer.

Nov. 3rd.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, lost, 5—0. Home.

,, 6th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, lost, 3—0. Home.

Lecture : Glimpses of East Africa by J. Penrose Whitlow.

,, 9th.—Football Tourney : Godlee *v.* Crosfield, senior. Godlee won, 2—1.

,, 11th.—Hockey Tourney : Godlee *v.* Crosfield, senior. Godlee won, 2—0.

,, 12th.—Football Tourney : Godlee *v.* Morland, junior. Godlee won, 5—2.

Hockey Tourney : Godlee *v.* Morland, junior. Drew, 1—1.

,, 13th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Custerton's Boys' XI., lost, 6—0. Home.

Lecture : British Railways by Wilfred White.

NOTICES

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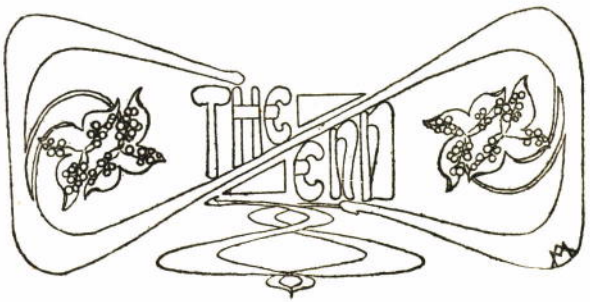
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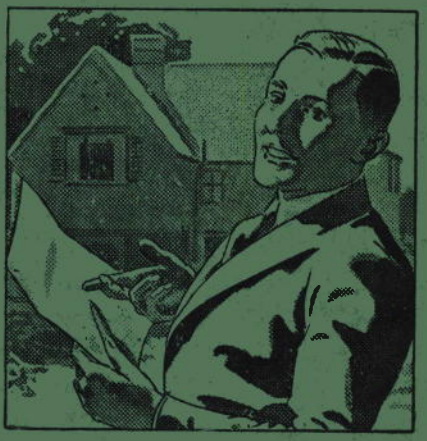
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