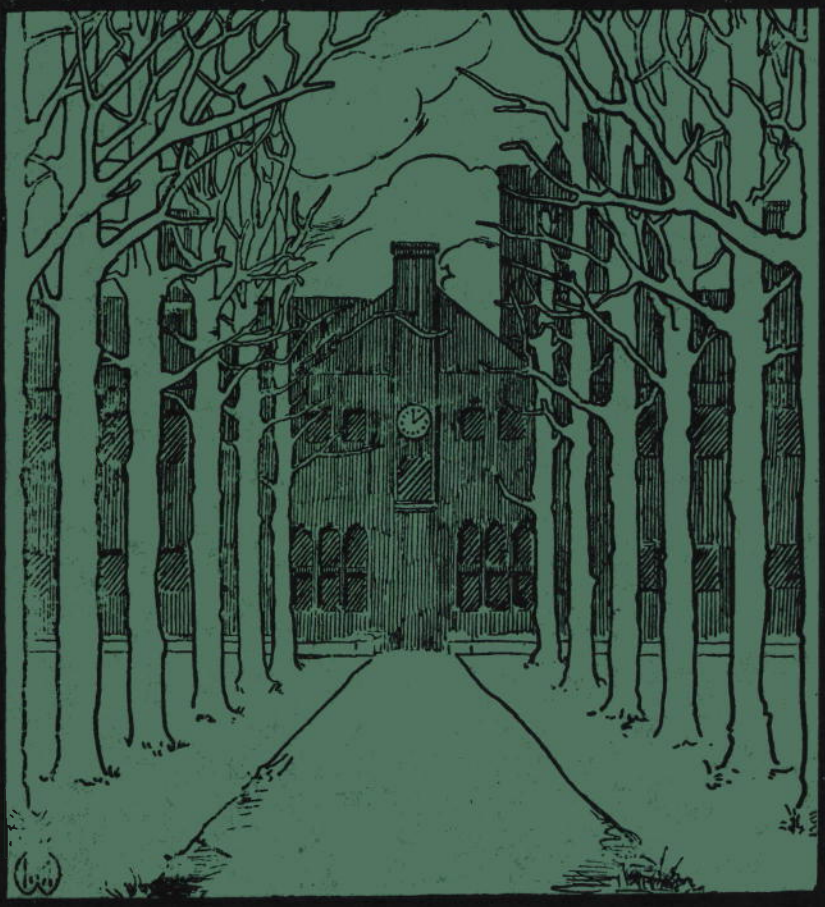
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JULY 1937

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD

AT the end of this term a number of important changes will take place. Miss Priestman, Lena and Miss Denton are leaving us. Miss Priestman and Lena have been at the school many years. But Lena is really a Walden institution. Whoever remembers the school without her? It would take an astronomer of the calibre of Sir James Jeans to estimate how many pies she has baked. Miss Denton leaves to take up an important position in a large Girls' Day School. To these three "leavers" we wish success and happiness in their post-Walden days.

The old Lecture Room, under the expert guidance of Paul Mauger, has been marvellously and most aesthetically transformed into a Library. It really is a thing of beauty. Those scholars who are permitted to make use of it treat it with the respect shown to, say, Westminster Abbey, except that they are quieter than mice. No class-room ever had that studious effect which Mauger's transformation evidently has. Truly, Room maketh Manners. Those who have an affection for the

old Lecture Room benches may again sit on those which have been placed outside the swimming bath.

And the Assembly Hall. This year, for the first time, of course, the London University School Examinations have been held therein. Never before have our candidates had so much light thrown on their examination questions. And the spaciousness of the Hall! This fact should have its effect in helping to produce that breadth of view that examiners so like to find in the answers of their candidates. At least we may hope so.

This has been the term for General Meeting and the Whitsuntide festivities. These are described elsewhere in these pages. News of the Coronation reached Walden and the scholars celebrated it by tramping, playing, treasure-hunting and eating a special tea. The rain, unfortunately, prevented our contribution, to which much time and work had been given, from taking part in the Town's procession.

The school has made a record in numbers, there now being two hundred and five pupils.

D.P.

SAFFRON WALDEN GENERAL MEETING

FOR the first time General Meeting was held in the New Hall and this made comparison with previous General Meetings difficult. The number, however, seemed larger than usual, when, after the Meeting for Worship, the Chairman announced the successful recipients of the leaving scholarships. Ranald Steven, who reached scholarship standard two years ago, was awarded the first, Nancy Gough the second, while Christine R. Smith and Alan W. Thompson were bracketed for the third.

We missed the pleasant little ceremony of the winners walking up to the front and shaking hands with the Chairman, and hope it will not be omitted in the future, even if the

Chairman has to stoop rather lower from the platform, as the boys and girls are not known to everyone and we like to see the successful ones.

After the children withdrew, Hugh Crosfield spoke of the seventeen years' service of Florence Priestman, paying tribute to her many services. In addition to her scholarship he referred to her prowess in the games field and out-of-school crafts. In connection with the latter he reminded us of the beautiful reading desk she had carved which was in constant use in the Hall.

Dr. Crowley's address on " Co-operation between the Home and School " was one that gave parents a great deal to think about and will be long remembered by those who heard it.

Then came the tour of Classrooms, Workrooms and Laboratories. Beginning on the Girls' side—as this was nearest the Hall—Cookery, Laundry and Needlework were found. On these your scribe had to consult a helpmeet as he was only a mere man. The salads looked good, the cakes felt light, and the food generally was tempting. The garments on baby dolls and spread out on the tables were beautifully finished, and the washing—or laundering—was spotless and smooth. Across to the Boys' side, with a diversion to see the working of Meccano, then up the stairs to see the Art work. Here, as in other rooms, the improved setting out showed the work to greater advantage. In the Biology exhibit there was something fishy but this was soon traced to its plaice. The care shown in making clear the various stages in the life of a tadpole and newt, and the relation of all kinds of life to each other was very good. The craft work, too, showed to greater advantage from being better exhibited. The Bookbinding, which we understand is a new venture, gives promise for the future, while the Woodwork reflects great credit on those who produced it.

If the girls keep up the exercises shown on the lawn there should be little need of artificial expedients for slimming in

future years, and a graceful carriage should be theirs. The boys' swimming and diving display certainly made a splash, and they seemed more at home in the water than they were on dry land at Whitsun.

It was a charming sight to see the younger ones acting "Hiawatha's Wedding" and "The Death of Minnehaha". The hope was expressed that it will not be the last time an item of this kind is included, and, if possibly the members of the Junior School could take some small part, a still greater interest would be added.

Once more into the Hall, where Music held us enthralled. But where were the boys? Excepting for one—who in time to come may emulate the Pied Piper—no instrumentalist from the Boys' side appeared. Were they all saving wind and limb for the swimming display? If so, perhaps some will manage to do both another year.

It is good to see that both hand and art work start in the Junior School and it augurs well for future exhibitions of craft work when these little ones have passed into the big school.

We who have visited you would like to thank all, both Staff and Scholars, who do so much to make us feel welcome when we come. As we sat at dinner in the dining-room we thought of those whose places we had taken, and wondered if you knew how much we appreciated the unassuming way in which you put up with the inconvenience we put you to, and hoped that wherever you were, you were enjoying yourselves as much as we were.

B.W.



THE RIVER AT AUDLEY END

WHERE the reedy River Granta,
Where the Saffron Walden Cam
Flows past the historic Mansion,
Slow, but gentle as a lamb—

O'er the river skims the swallow,
Finding glory in its flight;
In the dimness fishes wallow,
Turn, and vanish out of sight.

Three stone arches, worn with weather,
Span the river by the trees:
Here the swan swims in the shadow,
Here the moorhen takes its ease.

And up above, the roaring motors,
Dust and turmoil of the age;
While underneath the constant river
Flows, as if to let it rage . . .

Where the kingly cedars flourish,
Where the reeds and rushes nod,
Where the chaffinch calls his lover—
Can it be a Place of God?

Ralph Arnold
(*Stage* 5).

SÉJOUR EN FRANCE



ITTING among students of different nationalities in the Club room of the British Institute in Paris and listening to the crowning of our respected comrade George on the wireless, a realization crept slowly over me. Whilst wondering at the fact that high officials of the Church in England could iterate so much humbug in such a short space of time, and the fact that this occasion could work the British people up into such a vast frenzy of rampant enthusiasm with the aid of a display of splendid, but thoroughly superannuated pageantry (all that in itself being significant of a denaturalized attitude towards affairs !), I realized in horror and shame that I myself was born of that country. Furthermore, that I had been educated in that country ; though neither of these facts had, or ever had had, any particular value for me, sentimental or otherwise. The fact that in England a capitalist government and an immoral Church combined were able, by means of a superbly organized puppet-show of a traditional nature, to call a virtual bluff to a few hundreds of millions of English-speaking people throughout the world, seemed to me more pitiable than amusing ; and it was with amused pity (pity above all for the unfortunate king) that I thought of the country that was responsible for me, whilst enormous crowds cheered, men blew into brass instruments very hard, and a large proportion of the minds and eyes in Britain and its Empire were centred on two fairly normal personages.

D.P.—Ah yes ! It flashed into my mind now. He was an unpleasant fellow to send postcards of such an imperative nature ; he knew perfectly well that I couldn't write anyway, above all for the magazine of the school that had provided six years of such intense experience in my existence—my hand

would be locked to any such attempt. But why blame D.P. ? After all, he had without doubt an inexorable sense of humour and was only acting in accordance with his duty and his position ; he had been commanded to write that postcard which, brought to the fore in my mind, was creating an uneasy suspicion that I should have to do something about it in the near future. By whom had he been commanded ? I knew them well, those cold, calculating and unfeeling persons who sat in worried counsel with but one intention—to squeeze the creative faculties of others. And they often succeeded, the motley crew !

My unhealthy attitude of amused pity for the British people (extended by then, perhaps, to include myself), which was obviously the result of laziness and a comfortable armchair, was by then aroused to something active, with personal implications. Certain familiar figures from among the British people surged up through four months' mist of separation and assumed an alarming significance in my eyes—a board of organizers shouting and an editor wringing its hands in the suspense of awaiting the last page or so of the material which it had foolishly assumed would drop into its hands.

Eh bien ! Je tâcherais de commencer, je ferais un grand effort. These English might very well have been the collaborators in a viciously imperialist state, organized on the principles of exploitation and gross human inequality and racked by preparations for a war which it imagined it was doing its best to avoid ; that might well have been so, but the Friends' School in Walden was an enlightened institution and those emanating from it were, generally, enlightened sort of people, and therefore perhaps deserved a few words and some information from one who felt practically incapable of writing any of the former and consequently of supplying any of the latter.

With such ideas flowing through his jaded brain the writer raised himself, collected himself, departed into solitude and wrote as follows :

"What do I think of Paris? I find it a very fine city, of course, just as most foreigners arriving in Paris find it, particularly if they arrive in the Spring or Summer. The avenues and boulevards are for the most part broad and clean and lined with trees and there are a number of magnificent monuments, which inspire and lend stolidity to a city of gaiety! As a matter of fact the latter is an element in Parisian life which only becomes apparent when you look for it—perhaps it would be right to say that something like a half of the light-heartedness and folly, the dissipation and absurdity of the 'gay' life of Paris is created and indulged in by foreigners (particularly English and Americans) suffering from temporary or permanent moral lapses, making fools of themselves, and casting money to the wind like so much seed. There is nothing conceivably gay in that.

"Naturally, when I am accosted by some poor fellow in a large overcoat and a pulled-down hat, who explains in extremely bad English his desire to show me Paris as it really isn't, Paris stripped of its rooftops and in the raw, I cry loud 'Per ardua ad alta' and walk by on the other side, gazing up into a haze of Waldonian idealism with the light of conviction in my eyes!

"I have been out of Paris on many occasions, in fact my lodgings are a very short distance outside the city boundary. Particularly, I have cycled out of Paris some way to the south along great, dead-straight, hedgeless but tree-lined roads, running through flat, cultivated tracts of land with vast horizons.

"Most people realize what it means to come into a country where a different language from one's own is spoken, at the same time knowing scarcely a word of the new language with which one is surrounded. D.P. could never teach me any French, that is to say I was incapable of learning any, and he told me quite frankly that there was no possibility of my ever doing so. Therefore, on arriving here I walked for several weeks in terror

of those who spoke this foul language, which I found myself unable to grasp within a few days, as I imagined I should have been able to do. To walk abroad was to risk being spoken to and having perhaps to maintain a conversation with some innocent who would not realize how much my hearing was strained on his every word. Confidence crept up slowly, suffering terrible rebuffs, and as yet has only reached the stage which deprives me of all harassing worry!

"Do I work hard here? That question poses itself rather naturally but is really rather a ridiculous and unnecessary one. Who, being instilled with Walden tradition, has ever worked hard when he was not forced to? The British Institute in Paris is an excellent organization, they do their best to make you work there—and they often succeed.

"French people are all right. The national character and reputation of a country as conceived by other countries is an amusing thing when regarded with due humour, but it is a thoroughly pernicious thing when taken seriously, to form a prejudice. The latter is only too often the case. One characteristic which I find slightly annoying in the French is their great attention to and cultivation of the art of cooking, and the consequent art of eating that which they have cooked —but that would be the last thing to create in me any form of prejudice against the Frenchman. Individual qualities exist and must be respected. Undoubtedly the French find our national characteristic of heartiness, symbolized in our love of sport and in 'Beer is Best', an unpleasant thing.

"En tout cas: Vive le Front Populaire! And may a similar united front be soon born in Britain!"

The writer sighed and dropped his pen; the sun was shining full on the side of his face and the hum of traffic and activity rose up to him through heavy air from the street below. "I can go no farther," he thought, and he departed.

PHILIP S. FAUSSET.

WHITSUN REPORT



HITSUNTIDE this year fell towards the end of one of unpopular Mr. Buchan's Cold Spells and I think most of us expected it to be dull, or even wet. On Monday, however, we had a lovely day and it is my private opinion that Derek Schove was responsible for undoing the spell, because I overheard Miss Waring threatening him with the direst torments if he did not make the weather change.

Now, having disposed of the weather in the orthodox English manner, I will proceed. On Friday evening our shyness was quickly dissipated by the usual dance in the gym. and we all stayed till late talking about births, deaths and marriages and " what are you doing now ? "

The first item on Saturday's programme was the present girls Quakerly edition of the Folies Bergères, or the Saffron Walden strip-tease, as a friend of mine suggested. They all looked very neat and attractive in their new green shorts and white blouses.

Miss Denton's gymnastics were followed by an excellent and amusing boys' swimming display under the direction of Mr. Jacob. Both relay races were won by the present scholars.

In the evening the initiation of the New Hall was completed by its first dance to the tune of George Chalice's Newmarket Band. It was better organized this year ; there were more Paul Jones and freak dances and we all enjoyed the buffet supper in the girls' playroom.

On Sunday morning, after meeting, most of us went to Miss Midgeley's lovely and romantic garden and there lingered among the Grecian urns and cut yew trees till it was time for lunch.

After eating, we had the opportunity of talking to the staff over further refreshments in the New Hall, and I was vastly amused at the spectacle of about a hundred greedy looking hosts and hostesses entertaining a dozen or so guests.

In evening meeting Miss Priestman spoke to us of many things and it was really an encouragement for life that she gave us. She spoke of our lives before school, and during school and after, and warned us of the swift passage of time.

Music followed in which all our staff and O.S.A. musicians distinguished themselves. The concert was followed by Henry Newbolt's School Song, and the Walden School Song sung by the present scholars to a new setting by Mr. Thorne. It was an improvement on the old tune but difficult for the old scholars to follow.

Before I continue any further I had better give the week-end sports results. The boys' cricket matches this year were both won by the Old Scholars, the score of Saturday's match being Old Scholars 98, Present Boys 10 and the score of Monday's match, Old Scholars 210 and School 42. The score of the girls' cricket match was 121 to the Old Scholars and 24 to the School.

Tennis finals finished just in time for supper on Monday, and the last game, in which Hilda Engelmann and Peter Thurtle played Irene Goss and Clifford Smith, was very exciting. The first set was won by Irene Goss and Clifford Smith 6—4, the second by Peter Thurtle and Hilda Engelmann 5—7 and the last by Irene Goss and Clifford Smith 6—2.

On Monday afternoon there was a sort of continuous open air tea over at the Junior School. All the children were most polite and handed round tea and biscuits with great energy.

The most important event of the whole week-end was the presentation to Miss Priestman and Lena on the Avenue after lunch. All of us are very sorry indeed to lose them.

Lena, looking all pink and blue and smiling, was presented with a cheque and made an Honorary member of the O.S.A. for life, while Miss Priestman, for the time being, was given a new biography of Elizabeth Fry, but later she is to have some bookshelves for her new home. She entertained us with some of her lighter school reminiscences and afterwards everyone cheered heartily.

We all liked the play which some of the staff performed for us that evening, the present scholars especially, who were aroused to much mirth by all the innocently scandalous parts.

At the Grand Finale of the Bonfire, one of the old Lec. seats was symbolically burnt. The singing went well because we were fortunate enough to have Kenneth Mauritzi with us who blew himself hoarse leading songs through an enormous trumpet. We ended officially with "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne", but various attempts at noise went on till quite late at night.

With this Grand Finale I shall end because Tuesday morning is the usual anti-climax of which everyone speaks in their reports, so with thanks to everyone from everyone for such a delightful week-end, I will say au revoir until next Whitsun.

B.H.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE



WAS awakened suddenly round about midnight by a most unusual commotion which seemed to originate somewhere amongst the farm buildings. I listened intently and after some seconds the sound was repeated, only this time much louder, until finally it died away altogether. By this time I was thoroughly aroused and the beauty of the night only served to strengthen my determination to go out and investigate the cause of the disturbance. On a farm, uproars of this description, and at such a time, usually mean trouble of some sort, for cows, although said to impersonate the acme of peace and contentment, have a streak of curiosity in their nature which always urges them to prove for themselves that loose gates and fences can generally be made more so. At this time of the year the desire for the freedom of the meadows is more pronounced because of the fresh damp scent of the young spring grass. In the

country the cattle are usually not allowed to graze in the meadows before about the middle of May, in order to give the grass a chance to recover from the onslaught of the previous year.

I dressed hurriedly and went out. There was silence everywhere, save for an occasional rustle amongst the dead leaves under the hedgerows, followed by a subdued squeak as a startled mouse scuttled back into its hole, or the sudden hoot of an owl flitting silently past like a dim grey shadow, bent on some mysterious errand of which the world would never know. The night was fairly clear and the rain had ceased, leaving everywhere scented with the pungent smell of damp earth, wet grass, and rotting leaves.

It was not long before I had found the cause of the uproar —some cows had lifted a gate off its hinges with their horns, and, leaving it fastened at the other end, had stepped over it and got out. Not satisfied with having escaped themselves, they had broken down a fence enclosing some yearling heifers, enabling them to escape as well and there was now not a sign of any one of them. At first I was rather delighted at the prospect of chasing rebellious cows across ditches and fields in the semi-darkness, but when I realized that we had got to find them first and that they were probably, at this moment, careering madly across a neighbouring farmer's newly drilled fields or demolishing his seed layers, my spirits sank somewhat. However, they were destined to sink still farther when my father appeared ; he somehow did not seem to see the funny side of a midnight tramp in search of cows, of all animals to have escaped.

We repaired the gate and fences as well as possible in the half-light and then set out, one in one direction and one in another. It was arranged that whoever found them first was to signal to the other and between us we were then to try to drive them back. I went through the wood, armed with a stick, presumably to drive the cows, but in reality because

woods are inclined to be rather dark at night, and it requires but little imagination to feel the trees closing in and creeping up behind one. My father went across some fields to the next farm and after some time, completely exhausted after my run through the wood, I heard an indistinct shout from that direction and set off once more. I arrived at the other farm in time to see my father rounding up some cattle in the corner of a meadow. They all seemed rather excited and inclined to use their horns for other purposes than removing flies from their backs. As it was there were less than half the original number, but we decided to make the best of a bad job and to drive the few home rather than to lose them all by leaving them and searching for the others.

Driving those animals home was the most difficult job I have ever attempted ; they behaved worse than children at a Sunday School Treat. They ran everywhere with no aim whatsoever except to be as much trouble as possible.

When eventually we reached the farm they raced round the stacks, covering themselves with straw and mud, but after pursuing them relentlessly we finally drove them all into the yard and shut the gate. When we returned to the house it was just after two o'clock and already a narrow ridge of light was beginning to appear along the eastern horizon.

However, it was not until the following morning that it was discovered that all our efforts had been in vain. When the stockman arrived at six o'clock he went into the yard, and imagine his consternation and amazement when he saw, not our cows, but those belonging to the farmer in whose meadow we had found them. It turned out afterwards that all our cattle had been seen in the early morning by a tramp sleeping under a strawstack. He had gone to the nearest farm and the farmer had shut them up and sent word to us the next morning.

Joan Blanden
(*Stage* 6).

RAIN AND SUN

THE rain, unceasing, falls
From grey skies to the dull earth below
And dirty torrents, waters muddied with smoke and grime,
Down leaden-coloured gutters flow.

The clouds scud, swift, across the sky
Chased by a wind, bleak and cold.
When suddenly the sun pierces the clouds
And all the dreary earth turns for a space to gold.

Maryan Morgan
(*Stage* 5).

MY EASTER HOLIDAYS

IT was nearing the middle of the holidays when Mummy suggested that I should go to the Zoo. The first things we went to see were the elephants. When we had at last got there, we gave them some potatoes, watched them for a while, then went on. After having walked for a little while we came to the polar bears; they were bathing and having their photographs taken, and doing the funniest tricks. We turned around and found we were facing the goats; the little she-goats were very shy but the rams were very rough and got more food because of it. We went and saw some humming birds and their eggs and some very cleverly made nests. After a while we went and saw the kangaroos; their babies were sticking their heads out of their mothers' pockets, but one had his hind leg sticking out. We were looking at the golden eagles when it started to rain and so we went home.

Pegeen O'Flaherty
(*Junior School*).

THIS GERMANY!

I AM writing this in the cellar of the University, which is a refreshment room. The air is thick with cigarette smoke and the all-pervading odour of sausages and cabbage, and voices cut across each other in argument like knives. The impression one gets of the room is that everyone is talking and everyone is smoking. Someone has upset the mustard on my left, and someone else is mopping it up with his satchel. My neighbour on the right is wearily asking me for the third time if the University authorities imagine we are beasts to be fed with this stuff. I agree with him, the food is unappetizing, but I have had a plate of soup, a large plate of macaroni and two sausages for the equivalent of fourpence halfpenny, so it is cheap. Although it is nearly uneatable, we eat it, because we are all nearly always broke. Living is expensive in this country, and there are more important things than food on which to spend money, so that the average German student is rarely fat.

We are a poor crowd. I doubt if there is anyone at this table (and there are twenty of us) who has more than two shillings in his pocket. The English undergraduate is well fed, and well cared for, and is certain of his next meal. We in this country are not certain of anything so material, and what is more, do not care. But however scarce money is, there is not one of us who will remain at home to-night. Either he will go to the gallery of the Opera House and hear Bohème, or stand in the pit of the Residenz Theatre and see Shakespeare acted with the full appreciation that Germans give to Shakespeare; or he will buy a bottle of beer or cognac, and take it with him as a contribution to the social atmosphere of the evening, and join in a bottle party at the lodgings of a friend. At such parties one finds most entertainment of all, for there one stays talking until the early hours of the morning, over

Politics and Pacifism, and Ideals and Youth, and everyone is very excited and flushed, and there is no pause in the conversation all through the evening. Many a hostess would envy the atmosphere of these parties. If one is interested, one stays and talks, and if one is bored one goes.

It is hot. Now I am sitting by the fountain in front of the University, where there is comparative peace after the noise of the cellar. The fountain tosses up its lovely gleaming cascades of water, which veil the stately stone masses of buildings from my eyes. The sun is blazing down on the stone, and the woodwork of the bench burns to the touch. The city lies as if panting for breath under the merciless blue of the sky.

Very fat women walk up and down the street, puffing and perspiring from the heat. You have no idea of what a fat woman is until you come to Germany. They are fat because every afternoon when the housework is done they go and sit in cafés and stuff themselves with cream cakes and coffee. It would be funny, if it were not so pathetic, to watch them sighing enviously at the sight of thin young girls, and then yielding weakly to the temptation, and ordering plate after plate of cakes at the nearest confectioners. But they have an excuse, for the cakes in Germany are fantastic. The men are also fat, but from beer. Munich is famous for its beer, and no true Munchener would eat a meal without his half litre. I sometimes think it is the city of all fleshly delights, such as eating and drinking.

The passers-by are different from the passers-by in London, where there are rich and poor people, and some in between. Here no very rich people go by, and no very poor or ragged people, but everyone is neatly and tidily dressed, although with no appearance of wealth. The girls dress without taste of any kind, and with no pretence to fashion, but neatly and sensibly. If you see a girl wearing lipstick, you may be sure she is either English or American. There is no market for

cosmetics in Germany. The girls are not there to attract men, they are there to obtain posts as sensible wives to men who require women to bear their children, and keep their houses clean. This is a land where woman knows her place.

In summer the girls look very charming in the peasant costume of bright printed linen, their blonde plaits hanging down their backs. The boys and young men wear black or green deer-leather shorts, embroidered with edelweiss, with white socks and shirts. This is an attractive and practical costume although the leather shorts are caked and encrusted with the dirt of ages. The older and dirtier a pair of shorts, the more honour to the wearer.

I have come to the point in my article where I can either go on talking about trifling and unimportant things such as occupations of the people, or appearance of the people, or sights of the town, or I can talk about what I want. I cannot talk to you about politics, because this would never reach you if I did. In three weeks time I shall be in that most pathetically bankrupt and romantic of cities, Vienna. There is no disguising the fact that I shall sail down the Danube to Vienna with much the same feeling as a champagne bottle when the cork is released. And there will be sent from Austria to England an article about Germany somewhat different from this one, an article which does not contain a word over the occupations of the people, or the sights of the town.

It sounds almost as if one could not think or say what one liked in this country. That is untrue. One may think, provided one does not think in any way traitorously. One may say what one likes, provided one says the right thing.

I am exactly seventeen years old, and have lived the last nine months here in Munich, not as an English person, but as a German. I have shut out English thought and teaching as vigorously as I shut out the English language. What have I learnt ? I have learnt what the young people think, and why they think it ; their problems, their despairs,

their hopes, and the reason of their ideal. It may be a great presumption, but I think I have learnt to know the Germans, and I have found them my friends. They are earnest, and organized, and have not much sense of humour, and think in terms of masses, and otherwise do not think at all, but I have never felt myself a stranger here. They have ever been to me kindly, and charming, and lovable, and I am genuinely sorry that I have to go. I have found this land my home.

MARY JACKSON.

THE JEW OF VENICE

" FAIR Sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies ? "

" Merchant of Venice."

Antonio, in Venice,
Was always a menace
To plans that were laid by old Shylock,
Who said, in great dudgeon :
" Why should this curmudgeon
Be ever a hindrance to my luck ? "

Bassanio, a friend,
Said to Tony : " No end
Of a series of suitors importune
An heiress called Portia ;
It fills me with nausea,
For the beggars are after her fortune !

" Could I just find some money,
My fate would be sunny,
  For I'd go with fine retinue to her,
Steal a march on each suitor
Who dared to dispute her,
  And—well, I'd successfully woo her."

With no small emotion,
Antonio said: " Ocean
  Bears all the possessions I'm heir to;
But why don't you try luck
With usurer Shylock?
  My credit is yours, if you care to.

" Let's go the divil
And try to be civil,
  And see if he'll be of a nature
To lend you enough
To procure you the stuff
  To give weight to your love's candidature."

Bassanio, light-hearted,
Made speed and departed
  To become one of usury's prisoners.
Shylock said: " I'll consider it
A deal, if you bid a rate
  Consistent with what I call business!"

Then, as though he repented
Past hatred, or scented
  Some hope of a profit still greater,
" I should like to be *frients*
With you very nice gents,"
  Shylock said—and he smiled like a waiter.

" If Antonio engages
To pledge me, as wages,
  A bond that's not earnest, but funny,
I'll do you this favour,
And not spoil the savour
  By taking a cent of his money ! "

Then, suspicion disarming,
And all their fears calming,
  His innocent plan he announces :
" Tony grants me in jest
That I cut from his breast
  As much flesh as will weigh sixteen ounces ! "

Tony called all Jews hounds,
And his pride knew no bounds
  To be challenged by son of a Hebrew.
" Say on ! " said he loudly,
And thought very proudly :
  " What harm for my ships can the sea brew ! "

But I must not continue
In detail to spin you
  Each fact of our very old story.
" If his vessels go under,"
Said Shylock, " I'll plunder
  The stuff round his ribs till he's gory ! "

* * *

Very soon news came leaking
That Fate had been wreaking
  Grim vengeance on Anthony's cargoes ;
And rumours did trickle
That Fortune the fickle
  Had dealt his ships worse blows than Argo's.

Came the grim day to settle!
The Jew, on his mettle,
  Took a gaoler to Tony's apartment,
Saying: "Pay if you can!"
O, unfortunate man!
  Now he knew what "to be in the cart" meant.

To the gaol he was hustled,
And Shylock then bustled
  To take to the uttermost letter
Whatever grim forfeit
The statute-book saw fit
  To get from recalcitrant debtor.

When the day for deliv'ring
The flesh came, stood shiv'ring
  Poor Tony, the victim of Nemesis,
Before all the court,
Hearing Shylock exhort—
  When a lawyer was shown on the premises.

If ever young bounder
Was skilled to confound a
  Conservative lot of old fogies,
'Twas this little fellow,
In gown black and yellow,
  Who was master of all legal bogies.

He tied Shylock in knots
With his neat little plots,
  Thus cheating the Jew of his bacon!
Nay, to finish his fall,
They deprived him of all,
  And left him forlorn and forsaken.

At the end of the case,
With self-satisfied face
  Antonio (no doubt filled with virtue),
Said : " Shylock, you miser !
Henceforth you'll be wiser,
  Since you see with what justice we hurt you ! "

But Antonio once spat
On the Hebrew's new hat,
  An offence to turn saint to a Nero ;
So we're sorry for Shylock,
Who met with such vile luck,
  And can hardly call Tony a hero.

E.E.

CORONATION DAY

WEEKS before the actual day arrangements were being made for tennis, tramps, cricket, wireless, etc. But on May 11th it poured with rain and many people were obviously worried, in spite of the reassurances of several optimists who seemed to think that because King Alfred's Coronation day was fine, May 12th, 1937, was certain to be a glorious day,—or something equally remarkable. This was definitely a case for the psychologists amongst us.

Unfortunately, it had rained a great deal in the night, which made all tennis impossible, but the cricket was played as arranged, all the boys playing left-handed. Three of the staff—Miss Priestman, Mrs. Sparkes and Miss Erskine—turned out, but none of the masters (probably because they were afraid of having to bat left-handed).

The team captained by Miss Priestman won. Mrs. Sparkes made top score and eventually retired. After dinner there was a ping-pong tournament in the gym. and also two treasure-hunts which were very successful.

The tramp which started out at 10.30 a.m. was led by Mr. Pumphrey. We went as far as Great Chesterford by train, and walked back from there. We stopped for dinner in a clearing and there was a great deal of exchange carried on, wherein the coming generation of business men and women were heard to drive some very hard bargains in apples and meat pies.

We arrived at Miss Wright's cottage in Ashdon at about 3.30 p.m. and found some very welcome refreshments awaiting us. As we were leaving it began to rain slightly, and when we were about two miles from home, it poured quite hard, which gave just the right appearance of trampers who have come cheerfully through many hardships.

On returning home, we lived up to the reputation already gained by other "cheerful though drenched" trampers in the way of appetite.

In the evening many people listened to the broadcast of the speeches of Dominion ministers and the King. After which there was a bathe for Groups A and B, and a dance for Group C, which were doubtless enjoyed, especially the dance, as Group C were allowed to stay up an hour later than usual.

Thus, having started the day with a firm determination to enjoy ourselves, we retired to bed in the supreme contentment of accomplished duty.

Enid Shiner
(*Stage* 6).

JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING, 1937

THIS year the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends was held at Bristol, and as has been the custom for the past seven years, there was a Junior Yearly Meeting attached to it. The idea underlying this is to arouse the interest of young Friends between the ages of twelve and seventeen and

thus it is arranged that they run their meeting by themselves on the lines of an ordinary Yearly Meeting, in order to allow them to have experience and more interest in Quakerism.

Consequently, on the morning of Friday, May 21st, eight of us from Walden, including Mr. Brereton, set off for Bristol, where we arrived at 11.45, in time to have lunch with the Sibford party on the Clifton Downs near the Suspension Bridge. After walking over the bridge to test its fabulous strength, we spent the rest of the afternoon making an interesting tour of the Zoo. In the evening we attended part of the session of the Yearly Meeting, which was being held in the Central Hall in Bristol, until it was time for us to meet the others and collect in two buses for a fifteen mile journey to a Youth Hostel, on the other side of Bath, where we were to spend the night. It was a new experience for many, but very enjoyable and comfortable.

We returned the next morning to start our first session at 9.15 in the Friars Meeting House, and Mabel Tothill began by giving us an address on "Quakerism in Bristol". The Friends had turned this building, once a Dominican Friary, into a Meeting House, with the help of Dennis Hollister, a Bristol man, just before the persecution started. When this was over the Friends had time to emphasize trivialities, such as peculiarities of dress, and speech, each having arisen from some special spiritual significance. These gradually died out, and it was to be hoped we to-day would not deteriorate through lack of persecution or opposition. The speaker ended here and we all went along to a session of the Big Yearly Meeting in the Central Hall, in which the subject for the morning was the "Friends Service Council and Service".

This was introduced by Paul Sturge, followed by Carl Heath, the latter mentioning the trouble in India very particularly, including a reference to its solution.

After this it was time to withdraw for our second session at the Friars Meeting House. About 185 were present by

then and Mr. F. Parkin from Sibford, the adult recording clerk, introduced us, and also our clerks, who assumed office straight away. After deciding that four of us should help to appoint next year's clerks, we decided to reply to a New England Junior Yearly Meeting Epistle, and then a report of a school-children's holiday gathering in Manchester was given. This business finished, Mr. Brereton gave us an address on "Quaker Standards". He took the fundamental principle of Quakerism, the Doctrine of the Inner Light and explained its meaning as it seemed to him. It is superior to all authority and differs in value, intensity and clarity and is made hard or easy by an ancestry and make-up. Thus came the logical basis for those old Friends' peculiarities and we young Friends must not mind being called "peculiar" to-day, for the sake of standing out against modern evils.

It was a very fine address, and as it was now after 1 o'clock, we all adjourned for lunch, till 2.15, when our third session commenced.

The afternoon meeting was the most important as it was entirely in the hands of juniors with no assistance from adults. The subject before us was "Our Quaker Standards", a subject which had already been opened for us in the morning by Mr. Brereton. After a short time, in which discussion was somewhat conspicuous by its absence, some tentative comments were made and these started a fairly lively discussion on several of the controversial questions current to-day, peace and war, international service, individual pacifism, and equality of opportunity from the point of view of modern Quakerism. In many cases a considerable amount of original thought was shown, but it was inevitable with the wide age range of twelve to seventeen that the old platitudes should be dished up once again.

The difference in age and the wide subject tended to make the discussion rather superficial and disjointed. There were so many aspects to be considered that it was difficult to keep

to the point; however, several satisfactory conclusions were reached, and embodied in the minute which was drawn up by the clerks.

The marked difference in age was illustrated when one small boy, in answer to the suggestion that Quakerism was primitive Christianity revived, said that that was unlikely because the early Christians, such as the Druids, worshipped numerous gods whereas Quakers to-day worshipped only one.

We met again for our last session at 5 o'clock, when the clerks put forward their suggestions for the minute which had to be drawn up, and a short Meeting for Worship concluded the day.

Anthony Best
Nancy Gough } *Post Certificate.*

THE HORSE FAIR

BLACK ones, and white ones, and brown ones and grey
Are going to Derrydown horse fair to-day,
Daddy took Dobbin and Grey-patch as well,—
Two of our horses that he wished to sell.

I'm sweeping the drive to make the time go,
And I'm waiting for daddy to come from the show,
I'll open the gate and let all of them through,
Daddy with one, and the groom with two.

Josephine Lipscombe
(*Junior School*).

BOYS' GAMES REPORT, 1937

CRICKET

THE prospects of the team at the beginning of term were rather gloomy, as only four regular members of the boys' team of last year were left, and the gloom deepened as the term progressed, for the first four matches, including both the games against the Old Boys, ended in heavy defeat. However, from then onwards we have won or drawn the majority of the games, which is rather more encouraging, the most satisfactory score being 198 for 4 against Saffron Walden School, while against Cambridge and County High School we lost by only one run after a very exciting game. This is a reflection of the general improvement in the team, though exception must be made in the case of the fielding, which is still much below standard. This is a branch of the game at which no school side with all its opportunities for practice should allow itself to be weak.

SWIMMING

UNLIKE last Summer the bath was in full commission right from the beginning of term, and practice started almost immediately for the display to be given to the Old Scholars at Whitsuntide. This was really a dress rehearsal for the General Meeting Display.

So far there have been no swimming matches although one has had to be cancelled owing to whooping cough, but the prospects for the remaining fixtures seem bright as the standard of swimming is fairly high. The majority of the non-swimmers have learned to swim. Life-saving classes will be going at full swing as soon as the Matric. Exams are over.

B.B.J.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT, 1937

CRICKET AND TENNIS

A LARGE proportion of the girls in last summer's tennis and cricket teams left last July, so we started this season with few experienced players and not overmuch confidence. Matches have not gone well, but both skill and enthusiasm have increased.

In the middle and lower school, cricket is regaining some of the popularity which has been so sadly lacking lately. The playground is displaying an array of chalk cricket stumps, and cricket balls are mysteriously disappearing from the curator's cupboard. Signs, I think, which point to a better team in the future.

Four of the first cricket XI. went to Northampton to see the Australian women cricketers playing against the English side.

CRICKET

May 1st.	1st XI. *v.* Hockerill College ..	lost, 133—32 runs.
,, 17th.	1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars ..	lost, 121 for 6—24 runs.
June 5th.	1st XI. *v.* Hockerill College ..	lost, 79—40 runs.

TENNIS

May 29th.	1st VI. *v.* Herts. and Essex ..	lost, 13—5 sets.
	2nd VI. *v.* Herts. and Essex ..	lost, 14—4 sets.
June 26th.	1st VI. *v.* Daphne Palmer's VI. ..	lost, 13—5 sets.

CRICKET XI.	TENNIS TEAMS	
N. Gough (*Capt.*)	1st VI.	J. Francis
J. Francis		J. Holland
C. Kent		M. Greaves
J. Holland		C. Kent
D. Shiner		E. Brett
E. Brett		N. Gough
M. Mills	2nd VI.	D. Shiner
A. Godfrey		B. Rayner
S. Smith		C. Webb
C. Smith		K. Ball
B. Rayner		U. Forward
		J. Kirby

SWIMMING

SWIMMING is in full swing. The girls seem determined to make up for what they missed last year, and all optional bathes have been crowded. Diving and crawl stroke have been the main ambitions of the younger set until recently, but they have now given way to an overwhelming wave of life-saving. The numbers of names given in for life-saving examinations are very large—over seventy altogether—including eight who wish to take " silver ". We hope to hold these examinations in the middle of July.

There are two swimming matches to come, but since these will not take place until July no account of them can be given in this report.

I. M. DENTON.

SCHOOL DIARY

Feb. 23rd.—Half-holiday.

,, 24th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 2—1.
2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 6—0.

,, 25th.—Morland House Concert.

,, 26th.—Crosfield House Concert.

,, 27th.—Football Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Langley F.C., home, won, 5—1.
Lecture, " International Language ", by Mr. James Harrod.

March 2nd.—Godlee House Concert.

,, 3rd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Engelmann's Nursery.

,, 5th.—Old Scholars' Week-end.

,, 6th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, lost, 9—1.
Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, lost, 9—4.

,, 10th.—Girls' Gym. Competitions.

,, 13th.—" Intimate Opera ", Frederick Woodhouse.

,, 14th.—Film, " Leprosy ", by Miss Goulding.

,, 16th.—Boys' Gym. Competitions.

,, 20th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Technical School, away, lost, 2—0.

,, 25th.—School closes.

April 22nd.—School re-opens.

May 1st.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School 2nd XI., away, lost, 21—75 for 5.
Cricket Match : Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill College, away, lost.
Music Staff Concert.

,, 3rd.—Merit Half-holiday.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbins' XI., home, lost, 41—123.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Fleam Dyke.

,, 12th.—Coronation Day.

,, 15th.—Old Scholars' Week-end.
Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Old Boys' " A " Team, lost, 98—10.

,, 17th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Boys, lost, 42—217 for 9.
Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Old Girls, lost, 121—24.

,, 22nd.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Bishops Stortford College 2nd XI., home, drew, 130 for 5—84 for 5.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* R. R. Dobbins' XI., home, lost, 43—35.

,, 29th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Takely Forest.
Tennis Match : *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, away, lost, 8—2, 15—3.
Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Technical School, home, lost, 67—112 for 6.

June 1st.—Morland *v.* Godlee Boys' Cricket Tourney. Morland 87.

,, 2nd.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, away, won, 198 for 4—84.
Cricket Match : Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, home, won, 196—29.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School 2nd XI., home, lost, 34—33.
Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill College, home, lost, 41—72 for 5.

,, 8th.—Morland *v.* Godlee Boys' Cricket Tourney. Godlee 95 for 7.

,, 9th.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Stansted Wednesday, home, lost, 96—85.

,, 12th.—General Meeting.

,, 16th.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, won, 42 and 31 for 7 dec.—38 and 32.

,, 19th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* Audley End, home, lost, 52—112 for 2 dec.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Stansted Wednesday, away, won, 110—82.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match : Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden School, home, lost, 103—113.

NOTICES

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SCHOLARSHIPS

The following have been awarded leaving scholarships by the School Committee :

1st. Ranald T. M. Steven.

2nd. Nancy Gough.

3rd { Christine R. Smith. / Alan W. Thompson.

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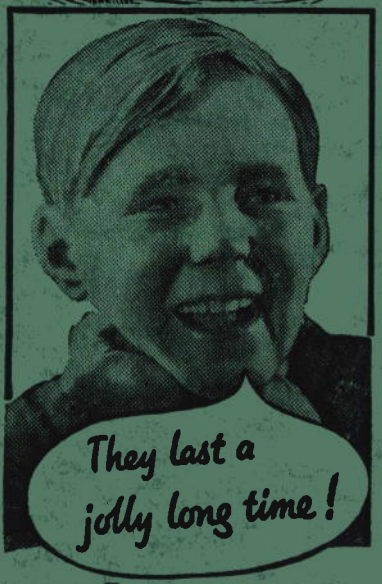
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