THE AVENUE



MARCH 1937

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

ABBEY HOTEL

(UNLICENSED)

SAFFRON WALDEN

LUNCHEONS · TEAS · DINNERS

A Hotel especially suited to the requirements of Parents and Old Scholars, terms being from 8/- per day

GARAGE ELECTRIC LIGHT

HOT AND COLD WATER IN BEDROOMS

Proprietress: MRS. E. SCOTNEY *Telephone* 100

Illawarra, Saffron Walden

"Y.H.A."

Accommodation for 20 Members

Cooking facilities or meals provided

Comfortable accommodation for other guests for week-ends or longer periods

Apply: THE WARDEN



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXVIII. MARCH 1937 No. 82.

FOREWORD

IN the interests of truth it is impossible to say that all of us were very sorry that last term came to a somewhat abrupt conclusion. The responsibility for our theoretical disappointment rested upon the shoulders of five boys and girls who succumbed to scarlet fever, of whom four expiated their crime by spending Christmas in the Sanatorium. However, the precautions taken by the School authorities were apparently adequate, as only one further case developed.

We were sorry to lose Mr. Baldwin at the end of last term, who left us after five years and a term, during which time he had played an important part in the life, academic and otherwise, of the School. In his place we welcome Mr. Evans, who is taking up very efficiently his duties of English and German master. Stage 7, however, is continuing its matriculation course under the care of Mr. Pearson.

During the holidays our premises were occupied by the Friends' Guild of Teachers, who appear to have had a very successful session.

About a fortnight after our return to School, Mr. Jacob propounded a scheme for making a pleasant walk of the New Avenue, instead of the muddy track which it is at present. There was a great response to his appeal for help, and on Tuesday and Friday afternoons most of the boys' Group C may be seen digging up the top eight inches of soil, preparatory to laying down a surface of cinders. It is proposed to use the surplus soil for the construction of another tennis court.

The School Hall was duly opened on February 13th by Sir Michael and Lady Sadler. The function was very successful, being attended by about five hundred people, including the School. In the evening the stage was used for the first time by the Lanchester Marionettes, who provided a most delightful entertainment.

The Old Scholars' Lecture Week-End is as yet a thing of the future, but we are all looking forward to a very interesting Saturday and Sunday next March. The subject of the lectures is to be "Peace".

The fact that the cover of *The Avenue* remains unchanged is a pity, but, unless you are one of the few heroes (and heroines) who submitted a design, the fault lies with you.

A. Smith.



THE FORMATION OF THE INTER-SCHOOLS PEACE FEDERATION



LAST summer term several boys and girls in Group C decided to form a School Peace Society, for discussion and peace work in general. The new Society was called the Anti-War Council, and when formed, had a membership of thirty-two, nearly half of whom were girls. Since its inauguration, the Council has held several open meetings for the School and the Staff, at which topical questions relating to peace were spoken on or debated.

It should be noted that membership of the Council was confined to boys and girls, so that members might feel free to express themselves as they wished. It was further felt that the younger generation here should be able to run an effective society, independent of the Staff.

The desire of members of the Council to prove themselves capable of managing their own affairs with regard to their organization, grew into a desire to do something for the cause of peace which would be of greater use, and so the " Jackson Peace Plan ", the idea of Mary Jackson (late Stage VII) was discussed, and approved by the Council.

The " Jackson Peace Plan " was to write to as many scholars in as many schools as possible, asking them to sign a manifesto against war, which would then be sent to the Press, the Prime Minister, and to all others whom it might concern. It was soon felt, however, that this scheme, attractive though it seemed at first to the enthusiasts, was impracticable.

The suggestion, originating from the Headmaster and encouraged by the Cambridge Anti-War Council, that contact with similar groups to ours in other progressive schools should be made, by means of a school peace conference, was felt to be more practicable, and was agreed to unanimously. During

last term, therefore, preparations were made for holding such a conference at Friends House early in January.

Letters to the Principals of all Friends' Schools, and to those of seven progressive schools, were sent out, asking them to hand on the cyclostyled letter enclosed to the Secretary or Chairman "of any peace or progressive organization" in their schools. Replies were not, in all cases, soon forthcoming, but, during the term, the then Secretary of the Council, John F. Fleming, had no lack of letters to write and to answer. Suffice it to say that, by the end of the term, a committee room at Friends House had been obtained free of charge, for January 5th and 6th, in which the Conference was to be held, and arrangements had been made for having tea at Friends House on those dates, and for accommodating delegates at the Great Ormond Street Youth Hostel nearby. Schools were invited to send four delegates, and such delegates came from:—

Bootham; St. George's, Harpenden; The Mount; Frensham Heights; Sidcot; Kingsmoor School, Glossop; Wigton; King Alfred's School; Bryanston; St. Christopher, Letchworth.

A speaker for the opening session on the afternoon of January 5th was not obtained until the last moment, as Gerald Heard, Aldous Huxley, Storm Jameson and Donald Soper were, in turn, asked to speak, but were unable to accept. The speaker finally obtained was Richard Wood, of the Fellowship of Reconciliation, who gave his views on Christian Pacifism.

Nearly fifty delegates were present at the Conference. After the opening speech, a short discussion was held on the "absolute" pacifist point of view, and then the Conference broke up for tea. After this, about fifteen delegates went to see the film, "The Green Pastures", which was then showing.

In the second session, held the next morning, W. Garrett of the British Youth Peace Assembly, spoke on its Minimum

Policy, adopted at its Conference held last November. He urged the forthcoming Peace Organization to join the B.Y.P.A. After his speech and the short discussion which followed it, a sub-committee, consisting of one representative from each school, was appointed to draw up a constitution and a policy for the Conference to approve and, if necessary, amend, in the afternoon session. This was done, and between lunch and tea, the Inter-Schools Peace Federation was inaugurated.

The main points in the policy were: opposition to war as an instrument of national policy; to the private arms traffic; the introduction of conscription; the subordination of all forms of propaganda to national military interests; and the militarization of youth.

A press report of the Conference was drawn up and sent to various newspapers and periodicals. The Anti-War Council here is now the Saffron Walden Branch of the I.S.P.F.

W. H. Evens
(*Stage 7*).

"THINGS TO COME"



HOSE of us who saw the film, "Things to Come", were probably very impressed by it. I was. Indeed, it was all so true. And there are people who would not see that film for all the gold in the world; or, if they had seen it once, they'd never go again. Why? Was it too terrible, too vivid, hard to understand? It was certainly a remarkable film—it is, maybe, a warning.

"War?—Impossible! Anyhow, it won't make any difference. Why, look at the last one—." That's what the world said in 1940; this is what they got. Too terrible, twenty years of killing. Too vivid, as war descends on the world at

Christmas, plunging every state into war, turning the world into a battlefield.

Little dictatorships spring up everywhere. England sinks back to the feudal times of the Dark Ages. The half ruined relics of to-day contrasted sharply with the improvised products of the age. Plague sweeps the shell-pocked earth, but is stamped out by the barbarous method of killing all its victims.

One follows the progress of a few who stand out against this swinging back of time: one sees their fate. Then, slowly but surely, science again arises, this time bringing peace in its wake. Again the country grows green and the scarred and battered earth is rebuilt. The cities (and what cities) are placed underground. The government is democratic, and war is abolished.

After that, science goes on from height to height. . . . But wait! Must we suffer all this to ascertain a paradise? Or can it all be tommy rot? Well, it certainly fits in with the world to-day; one might say H. G. Wells has founded it on fact.

For myself, that film, which deals with my life before me, has affected me, I can feel that, although you may not have noticed that, instead of being the latest warplane, my ideal aeroplane is a "peace-plane". And the film is valuable for other than peace propaganda.

I have no out-and-out sympathies with any political party known. Rather, I believe in a democracy, but a greater thing than England, France or Russia, with a broader, original policy. Finally, I must regret that there is no mention of religion in the film, for science helped make the war, alone she cannot rescue us. Ahead we have the future, for us to decide; not by bloodshed and revolution, dictatorships or war, but by right and a neighbourly spirit. So, if this paradise does turn up, it will be ruled by the people, and led by science, hand in hand with Christianity.

Ralph Arnold
(*Stage* 5).

CIVIL WAR

GALLANT and brave, they're marching on,
Killing a brother, a father, a son,
Nobleman, peasant, ploughboy and Don,
Bleeding, dying, fighting on.

Shouting their slogans as others have done,
Feeding the cannon, the shell and the gun,
Scruples or honour they jeering have none,
Death is marching horribly on.

Meg Ellis
(*Stage 7*).

THE SCHOOL HALL



O it really is opened at last! There had been so many delays of one kind or another that it was not until Sir Michael and Lady Sadler were actually on the School premises that we felt sure that it would come off this time.

It is almost exactly a year since work began —I was just going to say, since the first sod was turned. But there were no sods to turn, only some hedge to remove and many rhubarb roots to displace. Would this mean less rhubarb for the School during the summer, we asked anxiously. Fortunately (?) the weather and the remaining plants worked extra hard to prevent the shortage, or was it only that Mrs. Graham visited the rhubarb shop more often ?

Geologists had an unrivalled opportunity of investigating the sub-soil and seeing what undisturbed chalk looks like. We did not like it much. If the sun was shining it was too

white, and if it was raining it was ——! Surely the only right place for chalk is in the convenient little receptacle by the teacher's desk in the classroom and the rather messy stuff that they call chalk in the ground ought to be left there. (Suggested subject for research: Who puts the flints in the chalk, and why ?)

All sorts of interesting things happened as the weeks passed. Did you see Mr. Littleboy's garage walking gently down the drive one morning and out into Mount Pleasant Road ? True house-moving on the American pattern this. Fortunately it found its way home again after an hour or two and re-appeared travelling very slowly up the Boys' Drive. This act proved infectious, as, within a week or two, Miss Waites' garage, feeling lonely in its old situation, performed the same journey in order to take its place again beside its former companions.

Another notable occasion was the arrival of the steelwork which was to form the frame of the whole building. This really looked like business, but there was a bad moment when the man erecting the steelwork, when about half of it was done, decided that it had been made all wrong and went back to the makers for instructions. Fortunately it was only his own misunderstanding and in a few days things were moving ahead.

During the summer the walls slowly rose, with no other setbacks except a shortage of bricklayers, and then the roof, and the builders heaved a sigh of relief, for now the work could go ahead whatever the weather.

So the opening day was fixed. Sir Michael Sadler was to come on November 28th and *The Avenue* Concert was to follow in the newly opened Hall on the same evening. The invitations were in proof and then once again came that horrid fear lest all would not be ready in time.

The blow fell when the plasterers, about half way through their work, packed up their tools and went off. They little knew to what labour of table shifting and stage building they

condemned some of our stalwarts. But then an *Avenue* Concert has always involved vast furniture moving, tea in primitive conditions, and a fearful crush of people. Shall we not have to call it something else when we meet in the spacious surroundings of the Hall next autumn ?

With the postponement of the opening, things could proceed more quietly. Before the Christmas holidays we were able to see it cleared of its interior obstruction, with the curtain erected and with the floor nearly finished.

But the excitements were not quite over yet, for the machine used to prepare the floor for polishing broke down just before Christmas and the two men concerned worked from 7 a.m. on December 22nd to 3 p.m. on December 23rd, with only two hours' break in order to be able to spend Christmas at home.

At the beginning of this term many of us were disappointed that not even yet were we allowed to use the Hall, but February 13th came at last, and so all was well.

Rumours had hinted at the possibility of a great crowd of people, and certainly there were more cars on the School drive than we ever remember seeing before, but the Hall proved its adequacy for the occasion by finding seats for practically all who came, and the five hundred chairs were almost all occupied.

This is not the place to describe at length the proceedings. The local newspapers have adequately done that. The speeches, too, were mainly for the benefit of the visitors, though it was notable that Sir Michael's profoundest sayings were received with vigorous applause by even the front rows of the School. (Was this real appreciation of a remarkable address, or was it only a chance for a moment of activity in a proceeding involving much tedious sitting still ?)

Two matters in the afternoon that met with the cordial support of the School were the presentations to Lady Sadler of a lovely bouquet of carnations by Joan Matthews, and the suggestion by Ranald Steven, in his thanks to Sir Michael,

that he should prevail upon the Headmaster to grant a half-holiday. The Headmaster proved agreeable, and with the singing of "Jerusalem", the ceremony was over, and the visitors adjourned to tea in the Dining Room.

The charming performance in the evening by the Lanchester Marionette Theatre is dealt with elsewhere in this issue. This proved a most fitting conclusion to a successful day, and left us all full of ideas of what might be done with this wonderful new addition to our premises.

"ALPHA."

TO THE EDITORS OF *THE AVENUE*

From

ONE WHO SYMPATHIZES WITH THEIR *TRIALS* AND *DIFFICULTIES*

OH dear, I am an Editor,
And very sad am I!
Nothing I have to edit,
No matter how I try.

I've been to every person,
They're sweet as sweet can be!
"We'd love to help you really
But no *time* have we.

"We'd love to write a paper,
Or make a pretty rhyme.
But we really are not able,
Because we have no time.

"We all are very busy,
We have so much to do,
Just try some other person—
They surely will help you.

"Some good advice we'll give you,
To help you on your way:—
Just try and *improve The Avenue,*
And make it bright and gay.

"We think *The Avenue* prosy,
We do not like it so,
Just make the papers better,
And not so dull and slow.

"Just try the Coué system
Upon our Mag. to-day,
And make it better *and* better
In every possible way.

"A drawing quaint and clever,
A poem, short and sweet,
And then the dear old *Avenue*
Nothing will ever beat!

"A cover nice and gaudy,
Something that strikes the eye,
And altogether different
From in the days gone by!"

The *moral* to this poem
Is very *plain* to see!
It's *fine* to be a *critic,*
But *ne'er* an Editor be!

Poem by ANON.
Punctuation by the EDITORS.

12

FAREWELL DEUTSCHLAND

ACTUALLY I am not experienced enough to write something like advice for journeys, but after having crossed the Channel nine times from Germany to England and back, I want to put down a few impressions that have struck me on the journeys from home to School. Perhaps it is not a very big journey but it is certainly long and interesting enough to give new impressions every time.

The first thing, obviously, is packing. Sometimes I really enjoy it but sometimes I hate it like poison.

Every time, when our dining-room clock strikes 6 p.m. on the day before the last of the holidays, I go into the bedroom of my parents, where everything is in a fearful mess, with shoes, newspapers, ties, trousers, etc., lying around. In the middle of it all, like the heart of a big city, stands my trunk, and next to it my mother who, immediately she sees me coming in, shouts, "Mind where you are going!"

The next item is that I am asked to help, which I dislike for two very simple reasons: (1) As usual I feel lazy; (2) I know that my "helping" is more of a nuisance than a help.

Now all my mistakes and bad deeds turn out: I have forgotten to polish my slippers, my vest has not got a name on, one pair of socks needs washing, another one has got a big hole, the best suit has got a button missing, in fact there is simply nothing which I have not forgotten. Usually for the two hours (that is the time it takes to pack my rather small trunk) my mother is cross with me. What a different thing it is when I pack my things myself on the most horrible day of the term, the packing-up day. After hardly twenty minutes everything is squashed in somehow and that's that.

Now, after having packed, comes the moment in which my father plays the most important part. About fifteen

minutes before leaving the house my father takes me to his study and he gives me the tickets, money and passport and starts explaining to me the English coinage, for I am taking with me 15s. in English money. I believe he has done it every time and every time I have not paid attention. My father then proceeds to tell me that he is sure I will not arrive in London, at least, only in due course.

Now the taxi takes us to the station. Let me not tell you the advice which my parents give me then. I merely want to tell you that they go as far as to warn me that I should not squash my fingers while closing the carriage door.

The train left Berlin a long time ago. . . . For the first half-hour or so everybody is very stiff and silent until someone starts—eating. Yes, it is surprising but it is a fact. For soon afterwards chocolate goes round visiting everybody and everybody on his part takes out of his suitcase (at least I usually take it out of my suitcase) sweets of one kind or another. Now a conversation starts and, beginning with the weather, we end up with the magnificence of modern planes or our journey's destination ; to our greatest surprise we are all going to the same place and everything is very jolly . . . until the train arrives at the port where passport and custom control is. Here all friendship ceases and an endless pushing begins. . . . The boat is very nice, only a little small. I advise everybody who crosses the Channel on a small boat to get a deck-chair as soon as possible, for if it is rough weather you will find it a great help to be in the open air for most obvious reasons. Another thing is that if it is rough weather people are always much nicer to each other than if it were quiet, for common distress makes friends. It has always been a great help to me to make jokes when I am in a bad state of affairs, although I could usually read from the expression on people's faces that the jokes were bad. . . . Now we are coming nearer to the English coast and my first thought is " horrible ". For all you see at first is a big lump in a great

mess of fog. But when you come nearer to the coast you think it is not so bad after all.

When I first came to England, my first dramatic impression was that nobody had a top-hat on. On the Continent you will always learn that England is the home of top-hats.

The landing is a very difficult thing, especially if you cannot talk English and you have to talk to the officials in the sign language.

After the various controls I am always glad when I am sitting in the train to London. In the train everybody is very quiet and reads his paper, except me. I am still suffering from the effects of the crossing.

After a little over an hour the train enters Liverpool Street, but the joy of having arrived safely is mixed with some feeling which is not so pleasant. With these mixed feelings I send home the telegram: "Well arrived."

Hans Frei
(*Stage* 6).

THEORY AND PRACTICE

WE have heard it said, "It is one thing to be in the Government, quite another to be in the Opposition." In the Theory of Economics we have been in the Opposition, if our discussions are any guide; in the practice of it, some of us, at least, have "crossed the floor of the House".

You see, it happened like this:

We decided we would be "practical" last term, we Economists; and having "views" on things, we felt that "They didn't know everything down in Judee." Was it not possible that the text-book economists might be tied to tradition? Had they not pre-conceived notions born of the

system in which they had grown up ? True, we had some, too, and why should we not put them to the test ?

So we became a Board of Ten Directors.

Now, Ten Directors, all talking together, didn't seem to get us very far. We understood why boards of directors are usually a smoke screen behind which one or two magnates manage to get their own way and to "exploit". So we divided into Committees ; or rather, into one Committee, called "The Advertising Committee", which somehow—it is funny how things happen!—grew into "The Costings Committee", "The Managing Committee", "The Wages Committee", in fact, ran the whole show.

We are not, let it be understood, complaining. As a Board, we were responsible for everything that transpired. We just record the fact, that is all. We pay, at the same time, our ungrudging tribute to their hard work, for they worked like niggers and, incidentally, earned all the wages. But more of that anon.

At this point it had become obvious that we had become divided into two classes: the Talkers and the Workers. The Talkers, because they had nothing else to do ; and the Workers, because they had everything to do. So, to make things quite clear, we shall use the term THEY when we refer to the Workers, and WE when we mean the others.

WE commissioned THEM to advertise the magazine which we had decided to produce. True, time was pressing. The Old Scholars' Whitsuntide Gathering was due at the School within a week. So we had a rancorous time deciding upon the title of the magazine. It is surprising how old wounds, old antipathies come to the rescue and help in making decisions. We were immediately to discover, what some of us had suspected others of being, what "silly asses" most of us were in our neighbours' eyes. At subsequent meetings of the Board everyone of us seemed to have qualified for the epithet. We had heard of S.A. men elsewhere.

The Board was to decide the price of the magazine later. Did we not believe in putting first things first? As it turned out, however, the Advertising Committee decided not only the material to be printed but even the number of pages which were to be filled, so enterprising were THEY. And, at the next meeting, WE were advised that THEY had sold the magazine for 6d. post free to Old Scholars and 4d. to members of the School. THEY had arrived at the price, influenced by the consideration that none would buy it if it were any dearer, and not by any academic claims concerning costs of production. Obviously, THEY maintained, the demand had to be created, for had not last year's magazine created a slump in the magazine trade!

When WE asked for figures to support this fateful decision, WE were assured, by a wave of the hand calculated to remove all doubt, that the question had been worked out and that all would be well. But, as the poet said: "The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." So WE asked for the production of further evidence in figures at our next meeting; at the same time paying a tribute to the initiative and enterprise of the Advertising Committee. THEY had indeed secured some three hundred subscribers!

I say "Fateful decision", for THEY seemed to think that, having offered the magazine for 4d., it was now impossible to disappoint our clients, even if it meant that we had to produce the magazine at a loss to ourselves. It should be mentioned here that we Directors had each of us subscribed 2s. 6d. to start the venture; and, call it capital or not, we were anxious to see our investment returned to us, even if it returned to us in the guise of the Scriptural talent only. Even a Board of Directors has feelings; and that is why WE insisted that the figures had to be produced at the next meeting.

They were! And the result was: we decided to choose a less expensive paper; we agreed, to save the situation, that the Directors themselves should waive their claim to any



THE NEW HALL—*INTERIOR*



THE OLD



THE NEW HALL—*EXTERIOR*



'URE ROOM

[PHOTOS BY S.G.K.B.

remuneration for work done, a kind of self-denying ordinance ; economies were to be effected in the binding and the cutting of the magazine, to lessen the threatened deficit ; and we were to proceed with the production and hope for the best, decisions, you will agree, which were a tribute to our solidarity, if not to our discipline as a Board. Had these decisions moreover been recorded in minutes, we might have been saved several periods of misunderstanding later.

A two-fold difficulty now presented itself: who could manage a typewriter necessary for making the stencils ; and who could manipulate the cyclostyle machine, without which the magazine could not be produced ? That these were practical issues, you will agree, and we were ready to face them. A competition decided the former, and the latter, in the absence of any Director versed in the intricacies of the cyclostyle machine, was handed over under contract to an outsider.

We foresaw also the need for a Manager and an Editor. These being chosen, we appointed a Treasurer, who was instructed not to pay out anything whatsoever unless the request for payment was countersigned by the Manager and the Editor. You have to be careful about cash, you see.

The latter officials were soon to discover that the School Office was not a stationery shop ; that paper and stencils would have to be ordered ; that if you are in a hurry, it didn't follow that orders were completed by return of post. So, by careful and foreseeing management, time was saved in many ways.

The hive began to hum. The Boy Prefects' room took on the likeness of a Ford factory, unless Ford's specialize in tidiness. At any time of the day you would have found one or two of THEM "sweating away" at the production of the magazine. THEIR zeal was infectious, too. An atmosphere of tension pervaded the room ; language took on a colour of its own, the word "lurid" best describing it ; when anything went wrong, and things DID, it was generally someone else

who deserved "to be sacked". Kipling had it: "If you keep your head, when all about you are losing theirs. . . ." But then, there was a big job on hand, and it had to be done to time, too, and there wasn't much of that, neither!

Next came to hand a frantic S.O.S. The machinist had "struck". Was it because he had made a mistake or two? Was it the lurid atmosphere? Had THEY been unsympathetic, even abusive? WE never knew. He had told THEM to do the jolly job THEMSELVES, anyway. Truly, the employers and the Trade Union had come to grips! THEY said that the only thing to be done was to get another machinist right away. And a Director nobly offered to fill the breach.

"BLACKLEG", did you say? But then, THEY were not "academic economists", and, after all, had not the magazine to be printed?

This difficulty having been surmounted in unorthodox fashion, the question of wages cropped up again. Those of the Directors who had been slogging away at producing the magazine felt, and rightly too, that THEY ought to get some remuneration for their work, especially if the Directors as a body were to share any profits. Needless to say, like Pooh Ba, the Advertising, Managing and Costings Committees all agreed.

WE did not discover this repealing of the self-denying ordinance until it leaked out that the typist was being fined for having spoiled several stencils, and was complaining to the Directors as a whole. WE felt that to fine a man who was getting no wages was anomalous, and it was during the discussion that followed that we made our discovery.

The argument waxed warm. Had we not decided that Directors were NOT to be paid? Who had authorized the alteration? What was in the minutes? But no record of it having been put in the minutes, we decided *de novo* that work should be paid for, even if done by a Director. Just exactly where the money was coming from did not appear to trouble us.

WE made the next difficulty. Some of US had had no opportunity of earning anything. And, since Directors were now to be paid, that was a matter of importance. THEY were doing ALL the work! Could the work not be shared out more equably? This proposition won general approval. We were just about to discuss the principles upon which wages were to be paid, when news was brought that the only typewriter capable of taking the stencils broadways on had "struck work" too! The special measures taken by an expert to put matters right had involved an outlay of 10s., and insurance against contingencies of that kind had not been included in the estimates of cost of production. Moreover, we had borrowed the typewriter! To pay this account at the time seemed to be a matter of honour, and that left us with no money for wages at all!

The new problem thus created had to be settled somehow; and alternative motions were brought forward and put to the meeting: Should we discuss wages on principle, or should we abandon the problem by sharing the profits, if any, equally among the Directors at the end? WE, the majority, voted for the latter proposal. The next day the typist resigned!

Life had been hard on him. He had won the competition; he had ruined several stencils; he had been "ticked off" by THEM; he had been even threatened with being fined; he had been snubbed when ventilating his grievances to a more sympathetic Board of Directors; he had been blamed for the breakdown of the typewriter. Then let THEM get on with it!

But now another difficulty arose: THEY had advertised a forty-page magazine, but had only enough material for thirty-six pages. The writer of this article offered to provide the account which you, dear reader, are now reading, and the offer was accepted. If efficiency be a virtue, THEY had it, for hardly had the present paragraph been begun, than he learned that another "scratch" writer had filled the gap.

That is why this article appears in *The Avenue* instead.

It is time, however, that WE made amends to THEM. If THEY appear to have been more under criticism, it is because THEY did the work, and the criticism is more apparent than real. As Directors, WE were responsible with THEM for all that was done in our name. OUR weakness, perhaps, lay in a lack of respect for method; a disinclination to "waste time" over matters which later experience showed were more important than we had thought; a natural tendency, shared by most grown-ups, to let those who want to do it get on with the business, if only they don't bother us.

In every town and country in the world will be found WE's and THEY's; and it is THEY who get more of the kicks than the ha'pennies.

It was ever thus.

ONLOOKER.

THE FISHING SMACK

THE fury of the tempest was at its height. The sea in giant waves lashed by the blinding rain and hissing wind, tossed hither and thither in gigantic rolls as a serpent writhes in mortal agony.

The noise was deafening—it seemed that the elements had one and all lost their tempers with man and strove to drive him from the unconquered foe—the sea.

Amid the desolate waste lay a tiny fishing smack which had been separated from the fleet as they dashed home at the first threats of the gale.

Like a matchbox she was; one moment cradled in the arms of towering water until it seemed that the sea must close above her, and she sink; the next moment tossed to the sky as a mother playing with her child.

There were souls aboard that boat—she, she couldn't be rightly named—and they, what were they but tiny insignificant creatures against all Nature at her worst ?

In these days the power of sail seems so little against our enormous steel engines, but this tiny boat was old and fragile —she had fought the seas for forty years but could not fight much longer. So it is with man and Nature, man may win his fight for a time but soon he is cast aside and another has to take his place while Nature goes relentlessly on—for ever.

From this it will seem that she was getting old and was nigh the end of her tether. So old was she that no engine had appeared necessary to be put into her, since she was so soon to be scrapped. This night, however, with leaden sky overhead and dark seething waters underneath, the fear of the Lord was put into those precious lives aboard.

The captain, a short, sturdy, weather-beaten old man, stood on the deck (the bridge had long since disappeared) and smoked his short pipe.

His teeth were yellow and hard, his eyes steady and grey, and he faced the storm as he had faced storms in this very vessel forty years ago.

He displayed no excitement, but stood silently there, bravely in the teeth of the storm.

There were six people aboard, the captain, his mate and four crew (one of which was the captain's own young son, whom he was training to follow in his footsteps).

There was nothing to be done ; the sails had been lowered, the rudder smashed and the place closed like a trap, shut against the batterings of the mighty sea.

The other men sat against the cabin door in semi-shelter, watching the dim motionless back of their captain.

" Sandy McArth is worried to-night," screamed one of the men, with a short nod in the captain's direction. The others

looked up and, failing to hear, sank back into silence and their own thoughts.

"She'll go down to-night," thought one.

"Ah, well! Goodbye, Mary," breathed another.

But the twenty-three year old Peter McArth sat with horror in his eyes, gazing, seeing for the first time in his flippant young life the grim hard struggle between man and Nature. He thought of Angela, away in London, probably dancing, dining or drinking a cocktail—(what wouldn't he do for a cocktail now!). *Dear* Angela! If ever he arrived safe at home he'd get some decent training as an electrical engineer or something. . . . He twisted his engagement ring on his little finger and sighed. . . . One by one the men got up and strolled away, leaving him to his thoughts. . . .

A hoarse, unintelligible shout came.

"It's all over," he thought. He felt the ship lurch under his feet.

His father stood there. . . .

He will stand there till the end, thought Peter—but running to the back of the boat he saw one of the men frantically bailing water out of the boat. Another shout came and another lurch . . . terror seizing him, he flung himself into the sea.

* * *

When dawn came the dauntless fishing smack limped home broken and beaten—she was unfit for more sea use, her masts broken, her sails torn off; she was very battered indeed, but aboard were five triumphant souls. They had fought a battle they had won, the forty years' record was not broken, but . . . they had lost a life and the heart of Sandy McArth was heavy with grief. This was the end to him. His god—the sea, had taken his unproffered sacrifice.

Eileen Pucknell

(*Stage* 5).

POEM

THE night was dark and still,
And the stars looked down from the quiet sky,
When an angel hand stretched out from heaven
And slowly drew the curtain by.
The curtain of night was drawn aside,
All moonbeam entangled
And star-dew bespangled,
And the stage was left clear,
For the sun to appear.

The sun peeped over the rim of the world
And when he had eyed the scene awhile,
He rose from his heavenly bed of cloud
And brightened the earth with a glorious smile.
The sun rose up,
The birds all sang,
Arrows of light flew round the earth,
Ripples of light over meadows were dancing,
Ripples of light the woods were entrancing,
And the countryside shouted with mirth.

But over the cities dark and grim,
The sun looked down with a long sad look,
For the cities had tainted the beautiful earth,
As the angel recorded in his golden book.
And the angel told in his golden book
How man had left the simple life,
To worship the gods of Din and Strife ;
How Greed and Jealousy led him astray—
How he followed his own destructive way.

So all day long the great sun shone ;
On the cities his rays were fierce and bright,
No cooling wind or gentle dew
Lessened the heat or the blinding light.

But the countryside was full of joy,
The sun looked down with a kindly beam ;
And the merry breeze danced along the hill,
Turning the sails of every mill,
The breeze skipped along with a leap and a bound,
It rushed and it tumbled up hill and down,
But it never came near to the walls of a town.

At last the long day drew to its close,
The sun sank low in the darkening sky,
Soft clouds of purple and of rose
Drop't like a mantle from on high ;
And covered the sun from mortals' gaze
And so he sank to his heavenly rest.

Once more the angel's hand stretched out
And drew the curtain over the sky,
Once more the woods and meadows lie
Calm and still ; even the breeze is at rest
And every bird lies in its nest
Only in the cities all is not still,
And stop that murmur never will.

Joyce Farrell
(*Stage 7*).

THE TWO KINGDOMS

THERE were two kingdoms which were at war. The war was as old as they were—several hundred years—and this battle was just a part of it. Nobody really knew why they were at war, unless it was about their difference of colour,

but everyone took it for granted. It was always the white race that declared war and made the first move, but the results were very evenly divided. They always went on until one of the two kings was trapped, and then they made peace, restoring all captives. While the battle lasted, however, both sides were very grim, so much so that even the priests and queens took part, in fact, the queen was extremely important since she was allowed to go where she liked.

At this particular battle, the white race had, of course, declared war. No very great importance was attached to this battle, it just being one of the many little fights fought for the fun of it. Right at the start the blacks got the white king in an extremely awkward position, and it was only by great forethought and superb skill that he managed to escape. A counter-attack was immediately made, but only taking a knight and a commoner or two.

The next highlight was when the blacks took the white queen by surprise, but the victory was short-lived, the black queen being almost immediately captured.

Thus the fight went on, each side losing as much as it won, until an adventurous white man, with no official rank, managed to get into the innermost rooms of the black king's court, and so claimed the right to adopt the privileges in battle of a queen. From that time onwards the battle was in their hands. The black king, defended only by a castle, was soon rendered helpless. Whichever way he wished to go, he would have been instantly captured, as he would have been if he remained where he was.

"Well," said Jones, getting up from the chess table, "I think that's checkmate!"

E. M. Hughes

(*Stage* 6).

A TALE

ONCE in a forest there lived a big black bear. She seemed to be looking for something. She kept sniffing round the tree trunks and standing up. One day she was going about and she came across a he bear. They sniffed noses and seemed quite friendly. Very soon the she bear had a cub and she was very pleased with herself. The little bear, his name was Muskwa, followed his mother all over the place. He sniffed where she sniffed and he nosed up the earth where she did for roots. One day they passed a river where Muskwa found a very dead fish and wanted to eat it, but his mother would not let him. They went on a little way, but Muskwa could not resist that fish, he was determined to have it; so when his mother was busy with something else he slipped off and went back to find it. At least he hoped he would find it, so he went on in the direction he thought it would be. But he did not find it and grew frightened. By and by he saw something hop down from a tree just in front of his nose, which made him jump back about a foot, and then suddenly he saw it again and a few more as well. They were some squirrels and they were teasing him, and he did not like it. He did not find his fish and so he cried for his mother. His mother meantime was wondering where he had got to. She wanted to go on and he was not there. She soon picked up his trail and went after him. She found him at last under a tree crying, and the squirrels on the tree above. One thing his mother taught him was how to catch bats. She would sit straight up and keep still and Muskwa would watch her. Very soon he saw her pat herself on the hip and then on her nose. Very soon he thought he'd like to try. His mother told him he looked like an ant hill but he did not care. Very soon a bat hit him on the side. He was so startled that he jumped up, and the bat flew away. He kept sitting up anyway until

one hit him on the nose and he fell over backwards. He soon learned to do it, so when he did they always had a good supper.

Josephine Lipscombe
(*Junior School*).

THE MARIONETTE SHOW



A MARIONETTE is a kind of puppet, only you do not put it on your hand and work it. It is worked on a frame, and there are strings going to the arms and legs of the figures. Then the people who are behind the scenes pull the strings and make the marionettes work.

Well, on February 13th, we had a marionette show in the new School Hall. First there was some music. Then the curtain went up and on the stage was a miniature piano. Then the announcer came in and said that Paderewski was going to play the piano; he opened the piano and walked out. Paderewski came and began to play.

Then some Chinese dancers came in. After that there were some Dutch dolls. One of them had an L on her back because she was learning.

There was one scene which was of a sailor and another man. The innkeeper asked the sailor to sing a sea song, so he did. Then there was another scene of the gardener and the turnips. When the gardener went to sleep the turnips began to dance; then they all went back to their holes.

After an interval there was a circus; in it there was a tight-rope walker who was very clever. There was a scene where a Turk changed into many different people. Then came Jubilee, the horse who did some tricks with his master. There were other scenes, too, but those are the ones I liked best.

Hilda Cuthell
(*Junior School*).

28

HACKNEY DOWNS

ON the line to Liverpool Street, there is
A station, Hackney Downs,
But you hardly see any downs at all—
'Tis one of the busiest towns.

There's another station after that,
'Tis London Fields by name,
You cannot see any fields up there,
But there are some, all the same.

Then, after that, there's Cambridge Heath.
But there's no moorland there,
So there is no heath there at all,
Because of the smoky air.

But just before reaching Liverpool Street,
Is a station—Bethnal Green—
And I've heard there is *some* green there,
Which I have never seen.

So, just to end my little tale,
I'll tell you once again
That there is *some* green at Bethnal Green,
So you won't search *that* in vain.

R. C. Snape

(*Stage* 5).

GIRLS' GAMES RECORD

HOCKEY

SEASON 1936-37

The 1st Hockey XI this year consists of:—

Joyce Farrell (*goalkeeper*).

Daphne Shiner (*right back*).	Nancy Gough (*left back*).
Joan Holland (*right half*).	Christine Smith (*centre half*).
Joyce Francis (*left half*).	Janet Holden (*right wing*).
Margaret Mills (*right inner*).	Enid Brett (*centre forward*).
Judith Lockspeiser (*left inner*).	Victoria Rayner (*left wing*).

THE results of the hockey matches this season have been disappointing. Though the team has shown improvement this term, it still lacks experience and ball control, and, with a few exceptions, the players are slowed down by inefficient stick work. Only three girls remain from last year's eleven—Nancy Gough, Joyce Francis and Joan Holland—all defence players. Joyce Farrell has made a reliable goalkeeper, and Christine Smith, at centre half, works hard and marks well. The main weakness of the team lies in the forward line. Enid Brett has tried hard to make herself into a centre forward, but attacking play does not suit her, and she finds it difficult. The other forwards are young and improving—Margaret Mills particularly being very promising. I think that next season we shall start off with a team that shows every promise of being successful.

The Games Committee this year is Enid Brett (Hockey Captain), Christine Smith, Daphne Shiner and Joyce Francis. The games curating has been done very satisfactorily by Joyce Francis, Judith Lockspeiser and Victoria Rayner.

I.M.D.

FOOTBALL

THE fixtures for the latter part of the season have been mainly with the Boys' XIs. As usual, the weakness of the team has been in attack rather than defence and several changes of position were made to try and develop the short passing game, and put more dash and determination into the attack and, at the same time, strengthen the link between forwards and halves.

Matches towards the end of the season have certainly improved as a result and there have been several exciting drawn games.

Individual criticism of the team appears below:—

A. BEST. A goalkeeper who has much improved, both in gathering and clearing the ball. Needs to develop more length in his place-kicking.

W. WELLINGTON. A speedy, consistent and resourceful back, with good control and a strong clearance with either foot and an effective tackle.

H. WUNDSCH has developed into a steady and reliable back. Needs to develop a stronger clearance.

F. BATTEN. An energetic half. Needs to learn how to use his left foot and to make greater use of his head.

C. WOODHOUSE has found his place in the team as centre half. Tackles hard and fearlessly, but needs to mark his man more closely and to feed his forwards with judgment.

D. MINCHIN has improved during the season. His passing and kicking are still rather wild.

D. MATTHEWMAN. A promising winger. Makes a lot of ground in attack, but too often his centres go behind the goal.

A. THOMPSON. A hard-working forward whose play has been hampered by weak ball control. He often fails to position himself so as to be able to receive a pass.

C. OSBORNE. A competent and energetic Captain. For the first half of the season has played a steady and forceful game as centre half and tackles with determination. As centre forward has co-ordinated the attack and added the much needed dash.

N. SHINER. An inside left with a strong kick. Lies rather far back and does not realize the value of passing, being too often tackled in possession of the ball.

P. FLEISCHMANN, as left wing, takes the place of Kent who has suffered from muscle injury. Shows dash and increasing ball control and has been instrumental in scoring several useful goals.

B.B.J.

SCHOOL DIARY

Nov. 28th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* C.U.B.S., home, lost, 3—2.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Failmere Ladies, away, lost, 4—0.
Avenue Concert.

Dec. 7th.—School closes.

Jan. 14th.—School re-opened.

,, 23rd.—Lecture: "National Parks," by Captain Canning.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Flora, home, drew, 4—4.

,, 31st.—Scheme for converting the New Avenue put forward.

Feb. 6th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* St. Christopher's, home, lost, 2—4.

,, 10th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, drew, 2—2.
Children's Concert at Cambridge: Violin Recital by Orea Pernell.

,, 13th.—Opening of the School Hall by Sir Michael and Lady Sadler; Sir Michael spoke of "The New Drift of Education.
The Lanchester Marionette Theatre.

,, 20th.—Football Match: Boys' XI. *v.* Custerson's Boys' Club, home, won, 1—0.
Lecture: "America," by N. J. Mackaness.

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

NOTICES

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

Articles or subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden, Essex.

Articles in *The Avenue* by present scholars are signed in *italics*.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following magazines: *The Island* (Sidcot), *The Beckside* (Ayton), *St. Christopher Magazine*, *The Review* (Tavistock Grammar School), *By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *Cambridge and County High School Magazine*, *The Harlovian* (Harlow College, Essex).

THE AVENUE BOARD

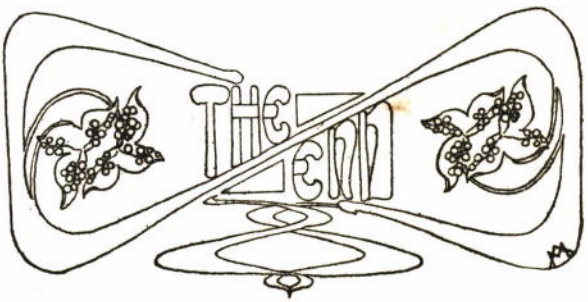
President: Gerald Littleboy.

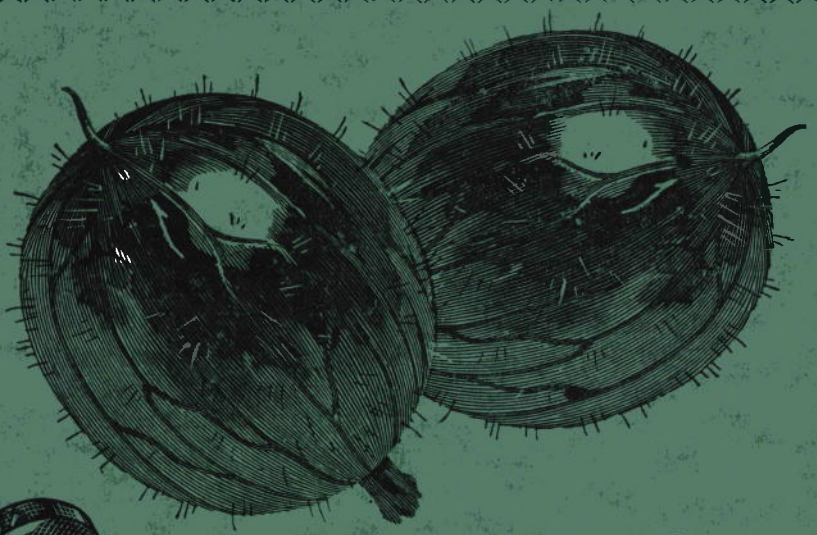
Treasurer: David Pearson.

Editors: *Joyce Farrell.*, *Alan Smith.*

Thekla A. Gray-Kean.

Marianne Morgan.





Taste the Fruit in Rowntree's Gums & Pastilles



Gooseberries — rounded, stretched tight with juiciness ! It is the very soul of gooseberry that greets your tongue in Rowntree's Gums and Pastilles. And, with it, lime, lemon, tangerine—and beneficial blackcurrant ! A luscious variety of real-fruit flavours.

2D. TUBES

3D. PKTS

6D. PKTS

FRUIT CLEAR GUMS are hard

FRUIT PASTILLES are medium

And if you like soft confectionery try 'JUICY-FRUITS' *in packets or loose 6d. ¼lb.*

YOUR FAMILY

will thank you

WHEN life goes smoothly and prosperity is on your *for this . . .* side you give, perhaps, little thought to your future and to the welfare of your family. When adversity looms ahead the picture is different. You think of what might have been: the steps you might have taken to prepare you and yours for such a contingency.

Now, while all is well with you, is the time to take stock, and to prepare for the uncertainty of the future. A little thought, a little preparation, a little money laid out each year can leave your family provided for just when their need is greatest.

The Friends' Provident and Century is here to help you to safeguard the future, and a suitable policy is explained in our folder "Provision for Dependents." Send a postcard —*now*—for this folder and particulars of the wide range of insurance that is available for every requirement—for sickness, accident, for old age, for the education of your children, for buying a house.

All classes of insurance, including Fire, Accident, Employers' Liability, and Continuous Disability are dealt with by the Century Insurance Company Limited (the whole of whose share capital is held by the Friends' Provident and Century Life Office).

Aggregate Funds Exceed **£17,500,000**
Aggregate Income Exceeds **£4,500,000**



THE FRIENDS' PROVIDENT AND CENTURY INSURANCE OFFICES

Head Offices:

18 CHARLOTTE SQUARE, EDINBURGH, 2
7 LEADENHALL STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

Headley Brothers, *Printers*, Ashford, Kent and London