THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1938

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ASSEMBLY HALL



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXIX. DECEMBER 1938 No. 87.

FOREWORD

THERE are in the School this term 99 boys and 105 girls. Among these we have welcomed newcomers from Budapest, Shanghai and Ajmer, as well as old friends from Africa, Palestine, Roumania, Germany, Brazil and Spain. We welcome, too, Jessie Macaskill, in place of Miss Willans, and Campbell Stewart, who helped Mr. Evans at the end of last term and who has now come to take his place.

As usual, the builders have been busy during the holidays. They have moved the shutter from Boys' A to Girls' B and have erected a permanent partition in Boys' A; the smaller room being the new home of the wireless. This leaves the Matric Room for use as a quiet common room and removes the evening's programme farther from the Library.

Our afternoon time-table has been changed again, this time in the number of lessons. School now begins at 3.45 p.m. and there are two periods of forty minutes, thus allowing time of thirty-five minutes' preparation before tea at 6 p.m. After tea there are fifty minutes' preparation and everyone has finished

work by 7.30 p.m. and is free to attend hobbies or societies, orchestra or choir, without having to make up preparation.

The Assembly Hall was used as a distributing centre for gas masks on September 28th, and on that day we were all fitted for ours, the boys in the Gymnasium, the girls in the Surgery. Otherwise we were very little disturbed during that most disturbing week, though, as we expected, fewer Old Scholars than usual were able to come down the following week-end. The Old Boys did manage to bring a full XI, but the girls had to lend their opponents two players.

The Extension Lectures at the Training College on Friday evenings are being given by D. R. Hardman on English Drama. They are well attended and are being much enjoyed by the older boys and girls.

M.S.C.

I HAVE WRITTEN AN ARTICLE

I HAVE thrown away six sheets of paper
with unwanted scribbles
in the margin,
and filled all the waste-paper baskets in the place,
but it isn't any good.

I have chewed the ends of innumerable pencils
and will probably die
of lead-poisoning,
or choked with bits of wood,
a pencil in my gullet,
but it isn't any good.

I have rejected hundreds of titles
ranging from film stars to the Flood
and including a very learned piece
on the Habits of a Horse and how,
but it isn't any good.

I have written the last lines of two poems
that were going to be as good
as those of Keats or Shakespeare,
and I have made several funny remarks
about nothing much,
but it isn't any good.

I have started at least three brilliant essays
and one equally brilliant short story.
I have also stalked miles of corridors
and cold passages
in search of inspiration,
but it isn't any good.

My hair lies strewn in heaps
where I have pulled at it
in mad despair.
I have been spoken to
by D.P.
and patted on the neck
at least twice,
and the Editor has sworn at me,
but it isn't any good.

I have wasted more time on this
than I should like to think.
I have even declared in a rash moment
that I would write on nothing.
This, in case you ever want to try,
is very hard indeed
and not at all amusing
for the reader.

I even contemplated
doing something extraordinary
so that I could write about it,

but, as I haven't the brains, the courage, the
means, the nerve, the strength, the eye
or the cash,
it isn't any good.

I have said a few nasty words
about people who expect other people
to write things for the asking
and I have thought a lot more,
but it isn't any good.

So at length I have written this,
but it isn't any good.

X.Y.Z.

IMPRESSIONS ON MOVING INTO A NEW SUBURB



BOUT a month ago we moved into a new suburb. Our last home had been in a district where you could do much as you liked without anyone saying anything. In fact, we had all been on very good terms.

Perhaps I might introduce the family. I am a middle-aged man, not very big or tall, who works in an insurance company. Every morning, at eight forty, I take a train to town, and every evening I return at four thirty.

Mother is about my age. I really cannot say much about her, but she runs the house, and Theodore is our son, who studies English and History at Oxford.

Besides these we have a maid who is learning to cook, a cat, and a bowl of goldfish. Now I will briefly describe the house and garden.

The house is two storied and stands about twenty feet from the front gate. Theodore has a shed in the back garden, which is forty feet wide and sixty long.

We moved in late one May evening. When I returned, expecting to find a nice comfortable home, I found the front garden littered with furniture. A large removing van stood quietly outside the gate. Four men consumed bread and cheese, and raised black bottles bottom upward to the vault of heaven. I surveyed the scene, and even as I did so Theodore came round the corner of the house, wiping his manly brow, which was running with honest sw—perspiration. I raised my eyebrows questioningly.

"The key," he said, "is lost. These imbeciles have been here since three. It is now five thirty. I alone have moved in. Mother has gone for the locksmith. Have you seen my trumpet?"

Luckily I hadn't, but none the less he plunged valiantly into the midst of the confusion, and presently gave a shout of triumph. My heart sank to my boots. Theodore emerged with some sheets of music. My heart rose again.

"Dad," he said, "come and see my place." From sheer lack of will power I followed him down the garden path to the shed. My first thought on entering it was that I should never willingly enter it again. Strewn over the table were dozens of sheets of music.

"I'm just cataloguing," he said to explain, "chronological order and all that rot. See"—he indicated some grubby sheets. I read:

"Riverboat Shuffle. 1927."
"Tailspin Blues. 1927."
"Basin Street Blues. 1928."
"Harmonizing. 1928."

Need I say that I disapprove of my son's deplorable taste in "music"?

"Now," he said, reaching for a saxophone which I observed with horror on the wall—when to my relief there was a disturbance in the front, a crash of glass and crockery.

"Hurrah!" he said, "mother has come. At last we are moving in." I collapsed weakly.

* * * * *

The next morning I left early. I returned that afternoon. Half way down the road I heard with horror that Ruggles and his Ragging Rascals were with us once more.

On reaching home I assumed a masterful air and strode indoors. Theodore was tap-dancing. The wireless was roaring, and a pile of letters addressed to me lay on the table. With a deft turn I shut off the wireless. I opened the first letter.

"DEAR SIR,

For many years I have been a respectable inhabitant of this neighbourhood. I have never in all my life had such a terrible day. Is it a sick cow? If so, I insist, in the interests of humanity, that it be put out of pain. If it is only your son, I shall soon be out of pain.

Yours,
P. MORRISON."

The others were much in the same style.

"Theodore," I said, "why not spend your time in exploring the surrounding countryside? These are letters of complaint about the terrible noise. I personally will expend twenty pounds towards a motor bicycle, so that you may take the accursed instruments miles away, and blow them till they burst."

"Very good, father," said the cause of the trouble, and four days later the motor bike arrived.

At the same time the torrent of complaints, which had dwindled to three per day, rose, and I tried to discover from

the letters what was the trouble this time. I will give a fair sample.

"DEAR SIR,

At last the cow has died. It is good to know that it is past its pain. Your son, however, sees fit to take a motor bike into your back garden, place it upside down and to labour for hours. My children have learnt many new words. The motor bike thunders at intervals. How long can this last ?

Yours,

A. J. SIMPSON."

I spoke to Theodore.

"If in future anything goes wrong, take it to the garage."

"Yes, father," said Theodore, still more meekly, "I will stay in the neighbourhood as little as possible."

The next night I received the following epistle:

	£	s.	d.
"3 hens—10s. 6d. each ..	1	11	6
2 ducks—12s. 6d. each ..	1	5	0
Speed Limit	5	0	0
Obstructing Officer ..	2	10	0
	£10	6	6

Signed, at Ickering Police Station,

By J. BROWN, *P.C. in residence.*"

"Theodore," I said, "the motor cycle must go."

That very night the cat got his head stuck in the saxophone, and rushed round the garden, screaming with fright. More letters. At last I hope we can settle down in peace and comfort.

* * * * *

After writing this Theodore has taken up chemical experiments. The hut has been blown up. Theodore just escaped with his life. We are moving to another suburb.

M. K. Irvine

(*Stage 6a*).

" EDITOR "



WAS once puzzled by the word " Editor " and where it had come from until I was told this story by a friend.

There was once a publisher of a magazine who wanted to get a novelty for his magazine, and he thought that it would be a good idea to have a " readers' page " where readers of the magazine could contribute humorous stories, photos and other things.

So, in the next number of the magazine, a notice was published stating that readers could contribute to the magazine.

The idea worked splendidly for a time, but later people got hold of a better idea, which was rather a nuisance to the publisher, because this was the kind of thing that happened.

The publisher would be sitting at his desk working hard, when the door of his office would be pushed open (sometimes the person would knock) and someone would come in with a contribution which they would put down on the desk in front of him, and then they would slam the door while they were going out. It was most annoying, especially when some of them stayed to talk. It wasn't so bad when some of the young females did so, but when some of the older ones talked about " Mrs. Jones's baby ", or other such subjects, it was rather awkward for the publisher.

The publisher was very annoyed about the matter. He didn't want to stop the " readers' page ", because he couldn't think of a good enough excuse. The result was that the publisher spent many sleepless nights thinking about the problem, until one night he thought he had the solution.

Next morning he said to his office boy, " You know the fair just down the road ? "

" Yes, sir ! " said the boy eagerly, with memories of the night before.

"Well, you know the sideshow where you get a large hammer and hit a knob, and if you hit it hard enough a bell rings?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"No 'buts' and no questions; just go along and buy that hammer." The publisher dealt out the necessary money and told the boy to be quick. The boy was soon back with the hammer, wondering what on earth the publisher wanted it for. The publisher just put it in the corner of his office near the door.

Suddenly the publisher heard the footsteps of one of the contributors coming along the corridor towards his office. So he grabbed the hammer and took his stand by the door. The contributor entered and the hammer descended upon his head. The person's contribution was taken from him and he was placed or kicked out into the road.

The office boy and the publisher quite enjoyed hitting the people and dragging them out again.

Of course the people decreased or sent their contributions by post, and the publisher soon earned the name "head hitter". The place was in London and most people didn't bother to sound their "aitches", so it became "'ead 'itter". It gradually became differently spelt, until it became the modern way of spelling it, "editor", and for all I know it might have changed again.

J. D. Blackburn
(*Stage 5b*).



THE SCHOOL TRAMP 1938

TRAMPERS were instructed to be at Euston Station by 11.30 a.m. on Tuesday, August 2nd. This left half-an-hour, which was spent mainly in buying eatables and unreadables.

The journey lasted for six and a half hours, which passed off fairly uneventfully, our only mishap being the loss of a shoe through the window (Lucky it was only one!). Mathematicians may deduce from all this that we arrived in Keswick at 6.30 p.m. Here we were allowed to look around for a few minutes, before setting out on our five mile walk to Grange. During these few minutes some of the party staged a sit-down strike, but a heartless policeman advised them to move along just at the point where they had made themselves comfortable (?) on other people's rucksacks.

Finally the party arrived at Askew's Hotel, Grange-in-Barrowdale, where Mr. Douglas broke the news that seven of the boys were to sleep in a tent. It would seem that they were overcome by insects and a cow, however, for they arose at 4.30 a.m. and took exercise in preparation for the coming day.

At 8 a.m. on Wednesday, breakfast being finished, rucksacks were packed and Miss Willans rendered first aid to those in need of it. This ordeal she went through twice daily for the whole of the week.

We set off through Grange and the woods by Castle Crag stopping first, officially, just above some disused slate quarries at a height of about 1,500 feet. Our next stop was on Dale Head, where we had lunch, with a magnificent view of the Newlands Valley. Here the party split up. Some went home via Battermere, up Newlands Hause and down to the foot of Cat Bells. Others modestly went straight back through the Newlands Valley, and had hot baths in comfort.

Some of the braver members of the party bathed in the cool waters of the River Derwent before breakfast on Thursday, and were afterwards eager that other people should follow.



Photos by
H. B. Douglas

SCHOOL TRAMP 1938

Miss Clark's car (for which we had, on several occasions, reason to be thankful) brought provisions from Keswick, and at 11.30 a.m. we started off in the direction of Watendlath, passing the Bowder Stone on the way. We almost felt that we had "done" the Lake District, for on the same day we saw the Devil's Punchbowl and the Lodore Cascade.

Finally we arrived at the Lodor boat-house, and rowed out to St. Herbert's Island, where we spent the afternoon.

By Friday morning everybody seemed rested but thoughtful. We started off up Watendlath Beck and on above the tarn ; then over the fells by Blea Tarn, meeting the road which runs round Thirlmere at the bottom of Dob Gill. We kept to this road, walking first in a southerly direction, and then up the east shore of the lake until we met Miss Clark's car (the owner being engaged, at that time, in climbing Helvellyn). After a lengthy rest we took a short cut up Helvellyn. Half way up it began to rain, but by the time we reached the top it was fairly clear, although very cold. We took shelter behind the monument, however, while three "originals" climbed down to examine Striding Edge.

After some delay the party set off over the Dollywaggon Pike (where the leader of the party saw fit to leave his camera) and down Tongue Gill, to find the car and lunch awaiting us. Then we walked on to Grassmere, saw Wordsworth's tomb and had some tea. From Grassmere we went on to Langdale Estate, Great Langdale, where we slept, in the "Wayfarer's Lodge", for the rest of the week.

On Saturday we took a short walk up Tilberthwaite Gill, and a short cut home through Hodge Close slate quarries (at this stage somebody noticed that we were walking directly away from our destination).

On Sunday morning the girls decided that the Langdale Pikes were, perhaps, more suitable for young ladies than Scafell Pike. We walked through Chapel Stile and went up Dungeon Gill. Quite near here we stopped for half-an-hour's meeting,

and then kept to a path which led us to the end of Langdale Valley. After a hard climb up Rosset Gill, several people were in favour of another meeting, but lunch was served by Angle Tarn.

Here the parties separated, the girls going up Stickle Pike and down Dungeon Gill, and the boys up to Esk Hause, across Broad Crag, on to the summit of Scafell Pike and back the way they had come.

Unfortunately one of the girls fell in Dungeon Gill, and four people hurried on to fetch Miss Clark's car from the Estate, while the remaining two members of the party stayed with the injured one. Fortunately we got a lift (three of us sitting in a springless "dickie"), which saved a lot of effort.

The next morning we arose at 7 a.m., and it proceeded to pour with rain—the first time the weather had really failed us. We had to hire a bus to take us to Windermere, finally arriving at Euston at about half-past four that afternoon.

In the words of Mattingly (which are, I believe, sincere), "The tramp was over, but we shall remember it for a long time."

Enid Shiner
(*Post Cert.*).

AN F.U.W.C.S. CAMP

THESE camps are held by the Federation of University Women for schoolgirls every summer in all parts of the country. Some are in schools or big country houses and some are "canvas" or "barn" camps.

The object of the camps is to bring girls of different schools together and help them to learn more of the Kingdom of God and how Christians should live.

Three of us from Saffron Walden went to one of these camps in the Isle of Wight. The site was about four miles from Yarmouth, on a hill slope sheltered by a wood, from which we

gathered our wood daily. There were twenty-one campers there and eight officers.

Each day we got up at 7 o'clock and at 7.45 a.m. there were short prayers. Breakfast followed at 8 o'clock, which we had sitting in a circle on groundsheets. After breakfast all the orderly work was done, each office being allotted to one tent and we changed round each day. At 10 o'clock we had discussion groups, all the campers being divided into groups according to age. We discussed the Kingdom of God and its many different branches. Then, at about 11 o'clock, we had a bathe.

After dinner, which was at 1 o'clock, we had a canteen and bookstall opened, after which we had an hour's resting, in which we could read or write letters or do any other quiet occupation.

Some days, after resting, we went for a ramble in the country nearby, and on other days we had a second bathe, whichever was preferred.

We usually had high tea at 6 o'clock and then prayers were at 8 o'clock, in which different officers gave talks on " The Road of Life " every night. Sometimes we had prayers sitting round a camp fire, and then afterwards we would sing songs, or if it was late we went to bed.

We only had two days of bad weather during our visit, so these we spent in a barn of the farm nearby, and played games and had competitions.

Whilst we were staying at camp we went for several excursions. One afternoon we went to Yarmouth and another to Shalfleet. One day we went by coach to Carisbrooke Castle, and then on from there to Blackgang, Chine and Alum Bay.

Altogether we had a very enjoyable time and hope very much to be able to go again next year.

Ruth Steven
(*Stage 6a*).
Margaret Delves
(*Stage 7*).

HOLZMINDEN INTERNATIONAL SUMMER SCHOOL

THIS year the International Summer School was held at Holzminden am Solling; but the school itself, the Landschulheim, was a little way out of Holzminden, situated on a hill, and among thickly forested hillsides and deep valleys, typical of that part of Germany.

The Landschulheim is one of the well-known German boarding schools, and which, in all probability, corresponds to our Public Schools, except for the fact that it is co-educational.

The building was divided into three houses, Ober, Mittel and Unter Häuser.

We slept in the Mittel House, and the bedrooms here were the best, being more of a study and bedroom combined. The sleeping accommodation was arranged so that one of each nationality, namely, German, French, English, slept in the same bedroom.

There were numerous activities in which we all took part. In the morning we rehearsed plays, folk dancing and charades for the evening concert. For this we were divided into groups, these being changed every week, so that we all had an opportunity to try our hand at each. After this group work we would saunter down to the swimming pool, which had been made by the boys of the Landschulheim themselves. We were also at liberty to play tennis, ride and do many of the sports which the facilities of the school offered.

The surrounding country provided us with a great variety of walks, and one thing we noticed was that in the midst of a seemingly lonely forest there would be beer gardens. Here, on Sundays, German peasants would bring their wives and children.

Whilst at Holzminden we made excursions to places of interest round us. The first one to Hamlin, which is a quaint

town with tortuous streets and old timbered houses. They differed from our old buildings by the carving on the frontages being painted in bright colours. We saw the Rattenfänger House, which has now been converted into a café.

It struck us that Hamlin had been commercialized—made into a centre for the tourist trade ; every shop sold souvenirs of the Pied Piper, rats and Lord Mayors.

Perhaps one of the most interesting places we visited was a village on the Weser. The main street was wide, cobbled and lead down to the river. The houses were strange to us because each one possessed a barn in the middle. This barn was the width of the house and connected the back of the house with the front by two large carved doors. These were also painted various colours as in Hamlin.

In sports, singing and everything else that we did it was very noticeable how efficient the Germans were. Whereas most of us treated the singing, which we did in groups according to our nationality, as a joke, the German party took it seriously and showed us how German folk songs should be sung. And we must admit that as far as singing was concerned they were undoubtedly the best.

We were expressly told before we arrived at Holzminden that politics were barred, as in the previous year difficulties had arisen over a hot discussion between some English and German boys, thus closing for us a very interesting subject. But despite this we had some very enlightening and interesting discussions.

The school broke up at the end of three weeks, and the English party departed a day earlier in order to see Cologne. Here we stayed for a day, and then travelled on homewards via Ostende—Dover.

Margaret Mills
(*Stage* 7).
Audrey Bates
(*Stage* 6*b*).

WHEELING WESTWARD

DURING the summer we decided to cycle to Cornwall and back, staying there for a fortnight. Meeting at Ewell on a Tuesday, we took six days to reach our destination, which was Newquay.

We set off on a Wednesday, planning to reach Winchester on the first day. It was very hot, but we arrived at three o'clock and, after we had found the Youth Hostel, we visited the Cathedral and looked round the town. On the following day we had less than forty miles to go, and so we spent the morning in the docks at Southampton. The ride through the New Forest to Christchurch, although very fine, is monotonous. and so we hurried, and luckily missed the storm which was travelling around the country at that time, by a few minutes.

There we spent the night, staying with a school friend, and on Friday we went on, seeing Salisbury Cathedral and Stonehenge on our ride to Bath, where we stayed at the Youth Hostel. We continued up the Avon Valley to Bristol, where we saw the Clifton Suspension Bridge ; on to Weston-super-Mare, where we bathed, and so to Minehead.

The following day, climbing Porlock Hill (1 in 4), we crossed Exmoor, passing through Lynmouth and Lynton on our way. Before arriving at Bude, we went down to Clovelly, which is a very curious little village. We arrived at St. Columb Minor, about a mile out of Newquay, on the next day.

During our stay in Cornwall we visited several of the well-known towns, including Truro, Perranporth, Falmouth and Penzance, and we also went on a trip to the Scilly Isles. However, we started back on a Tuesday, just a fortnight after we had arrived.

On the first day of our return journey we covered sixty miles before lunch, which we had at three o'clock beyond Plymouth. At about half-past four we reached the Youth

Hostel near Totnes, where we heard the latest Test Match scores (Hutton—300, not out).

Spending most of Wednesday in Torquay, we went by way of the coast to Starpoint, across the ferry to Exmouth, and to the Youth Hostel at Ottery St. Mary, in Devon.

The next day was our longest run, as we cycled practically one hundred and ten miles. Going over the hills between Honiton and Dorchester was rather difficult, but between Dorchester and the Youth Hostel it was quite easy. From the Youth Hostel we went on to Christchurch and back again the same day.

On Friday we covered our route between Christchurch and Southampton again, and stayed near Portsmouth in an old fort, converted into a Youth Hostel, which was very interesting to explore.

The next was our last full day of cycling, and we went along the coast, going through Chichester, Bognor, Littlehampton and Worthing, and stopping in Brighton for an hour or so. Spending the night at Steyning, we ended our ride by going against the main London to Brighton traffic on Sunday morning. We reached Ewell before midday, having covered exactly 1,066 miles, and so finished a most enjoyable holiday.

W. A. Jennings
S. E. Dunstan
(*Stage 7*).

THE HARVEST FESTIVAL

ON September 29th we had a harvest festival. On the morning of the day we went out and collected some berries with which to decorate the big classroom.

The boarders bought things in the town, and the day children brought things to school. There were fruit, vegetables, eggs, flowers and some corn.

Then the things were put on and round a table in the middle of the classroom and we got in a circle round it and sang hymns. Miss Harris read a story called "Sam Dowell's Thank Offering", and then we got the wheelbarrow and took the things to the hospital.

Martin Snape
(Junior School).

THE GHOST

AS I went upstairs last night
I heard a haunting creak ;
And then I heard a hollow groan
Which ended in a squeak.

I went into the bathroom ; there
A ghost was jumping in
Through the window, open wide.
I pricked him with a pin.

He did not yell, he made no sound,
A ghost of high esteem!
And then I woke up in my bed,
The whole thing was a dream!

Martin Snape
(Junior School).

THE FARM

ON the farm there are some chicks,
With a kind mother hen ;
They play about among the ricks,
And among the men.

On the farm there are some pigs,
In a nice warm sty ;
And when the baby piglets come
Their mother they keep nigh.

On the farm there are some cows,
And perhaps a little calf ;
Oh they are so sweet and funny,
They would make you laugh.

On the farm there are some sheep,
With some little lambs ;
When the men shear their fathers
They call them rams.

On the farm there is a farmer,
And a kind farmer's wife ;
She never cut the blind mice's tails off
With the carving knife.

Sheila Littleboy
(*Aged* 8¾, *Junior School*).

GAMES

WE'RE playing Indians,
Real Red Indians,
It's lovely playing Indians,
With the old tent.

We're playing polar bears,
Lovely, furry, polar bears,
It's great fun playing polar bears,
All in the snow.

Sheila Littleboy
(*Aged* 8½, *Junior School*).

MY SUMMER HOLIDAYS

ON July 29th we started out to the sea at a quarter to seven in the morning, and had got well on our way by our normal breakfast time. Of course, we had had a fairly small breakfast and we had an apple and six sweets each by nine o'clock.

After we had gone sixty miles of the two hundred and eighty, my brother Colin begged for a story, and, as I wasn't thinking, I gave in, and had to suffer the consequences, for he made me tell him stories all the morning and all the afternoon, except for the last half-hour when I had a sore throat! At about half past four we got there, and we could not see much for fog, but at about seven o'clock we could see the Worm and Lundy Island. The place we went to was called Rossilly, which is in Wales, and the county was called Gower. It was only a quarter of an hour's walk to the Worm, a rock sticking out into the sea, but we never went because Colin might have fallen into the sea, or something like that, and while we were helping him, we might be cut off, as the stepping-stones over to it get covered at high tide. While I was there I saw two sea urchins, and one of the pools had hundreds of fish in it, but you could not get any as there was a cave about twelve yards long and a foot high and a foot wide which was all under water. We had tea on the beach every day except one. Once it rained very hard just after tea, so we covered our legs with sand, put our macs on, dug our hands into the sand, and waited. After about five minutes it stopped, so we put on our bathing suits and went into the sea, and had a lovely time, as everyone else had gone home.

And after about a fortnight of this life we went back home, contented.

Alan Owen Jones
(*Junior School*).

CRICKET, SWIMMING AND FOOTBALL REPORT 1938

SWIMMING

THE 1938 season has not got anything startling in the way of outstanding successes in matches, or long lists of examination passes to make it especially notable. It has been a year, however, of steady preparation and the laying of foundations, for, while the elder boys were more interested in cricket, the middle and lower parts of the School were very keen on swimming, and made noticeable improvement.

We had three Swimming Matches and, as far as the boys' events went, lost them all, though by a narrow margin in each case, so that competition was always keen and excitement well maintained. The personnel of the teams has been very young, with a big proportion from the Middle School, so that when age and stamina have been taken into account, our performance has been quite creditable, and we should have better success next year when the teams will remain practically the same, although we shall miss the help of Matthewman.

With regard to the Life Saving exams., the story is the same—numbers kept low by youth. A number of boys have passed their Intermediate examination but are not old enough to take Bronze till next year. This has meant that the numbers taking the exams. have been somewhat small, though the percentage of passes to entries has been almost 100 per cent. The list of awards appears elsewhere in this issue.

FOOTBALL 1938. SEPTEMBER

HEARTS were rather low at the beginning of the season, when it was realized, firstly that only two survivors of last year's team were left, and secondly that there were only three boys in the School over sixteen (and none of them was in the team). With such young and inexperienced material

it was obvious that we were in for some severe reverses in our matches. Nevertheless there has been a greater keenness displayed and a greater anxiety to learn than for the past three seasons. It has probably been a good thing, as we have to start almost from scratch, that there have been no outstanding performers left upon whom too much reliance might have been placed, to the detriment of proper team co-operation.

We have been fortunate in obtaining as coach Mr. Lloyd, who has played for West Bromwich Albion and other well-known teams, and under him the team has already made considerable improvement. We are also to have this term three visits from a coach sent by the Football Association. So that although we have already had several severe defeats—particularly to the Boys' XI—yet we are looking forward to better things in the future when the team has gained in experience and stamina.

B.B.J.

CRICKET 1938

	Played.	Won.	Drawn.	Lost.
1st XI	8	1	3	4
Boys' XI	9	3	0	6
2nd XI	3	0	0	3

THE brief record of the cricket season that appeared in the last number of *The Avenue* only dealt with the time up to half-term and the promise then foretold did not materialize.

In the Boys' XI there were a few good individual scores, but as they were often the product of risky strokes, it is not surprising that they did not occur frequently.

Only once in the season did the team pass the century mark, and that alone speaks for the batting.

The bowling also has been rather disappointing, for although occasional good balls were sent down, neither Mattingly nor

Keeble, on whom the brunt of the bowling fell, seemed able to avoid sending down a very large proportion of "long hops", and "long hops", as every bowler knows, are one of the best ways of asking for trouble.

The 1st XI did rather better than their record would suggest, and it was interesting to notice how much better some boys played in these matches than they did in the Boys' XI, although they were up against better bowling, probably because they had someone at the other end to give a little confidence.

Mr. Douglas is to be congratulated on his century, the first that has been scored by the School for a number of years.

The lack of a good boy bowler or even one who could keep the runs down has been a great drawback; for whatever has been happening at one end our opponents have usually been scoring too freely at the other to enable us to win our matches.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Forward play with a straight bat remains the essence of both offensive and defensive play and it is impossible to run away from the ball and play to its pitch with a straight bat.

When these principles are grasped and carried out, and much practice is needed before they can be carried out efficiently, a batsman is more than half made and the finer arts of cutting, gliding and the like will soon follow.

So far as bowling is concerned, it cannot be too strongly emphasized that break, swerve and pace are nearly useless if the length and direction of the ball are bad, and of these two the most important is length.

Once again the only way of achieving success is constant practice. It would be unreasonable to expect a school team to consist of polished batsmen and to contain excellent bowlers, but it is not unreasonable to expect nearly all the team to play with a straight bat and for the bowlers to keep a fairly consistent length. If that is done it is amazing how the runs mount up and how the other side get themselves out, always,

of course, assuming that the bowlers are backed up well in the field. In this matter of fielding there is no reason why a school team should not be as good as or even better than many a first-class county team.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT

HOCKEY

SEASON 1938-39

1ST XI:

J. Durell.

E. Shiner.	M. Barnett.
C. Webb.	A. Bates.
J. Francis.	S. Smith.
C. Kent.	M. Mills.
R. Holland.	M. Gardner.

SUCCESS in the results of our matches has at last come our way. We opened the season with a match against the Old Scholars which resulted in a win for the School. This seemed a good omen for the season, and the results of our other matches may be seen in the School Diary.

We lost four of last year's 1st XI, and at the beginning of this season it was thought that the team would be rather weakened by their departure, but their places have been satisfactorily filled, and on the whole the standard of play has improved. The forward line is still our weak spot. When in the circle they are too slow to anticipate good positioning and are inclined to rely too much on their right inside. Their shooting is much better than last year.

The defence lines are strong in stick work and ball control, but they must try to make more speedy recovery when left behind.

We succeeded in securing Marjorie Pollard for an afternoon's coaching, but unfortunately she had to cancel her visit owing to the crisis.



It is encouraging to see so many very promising players amongst the girls in the Middle School. They are keen and enthusiastic, which speaks well for the teams of the future.

The Games Committee this year consists of Margaret Mills (Hockey Captain), Catherine Webb, Sheila Smith and Audrey Bates.

G.B.

THE SLUMS ON A WINTER MORNING

IT was very cold in the draughty room in which all eight members of the family slept, huddled together on a tiny mattress, covered with a few old coats and the remnants of a yellow, meagre, blanket.

Presently the mother slid out of the sleeping bed, and put on her scanty garments in the semi-darkness.

She went into the next and only chamber which the hovel boasted, and raked the ashes from beneath the grate, and relaid and lit a fire, which consisted mostly of rubbish from litter-baskets (brought home by the children) and a few precious lumps of coal. She put the kettle on to boil.

She then commenced to set the breakfast upon an upturned door, supported by sugar boxes and covered with newspaper. A few thick, white, cracked cups and plates, sugar, milk and bread were the only ornaments of which it boasted.

The morning, still young, was chill and the family would need something warm. She herself would have to do without, but then, she was used to that now, and so she hunted round for some crusts, and with the aid of a few slices of the precious loaf upon the table, she had sufficient for her needs. She then turned her attention to the water ; half a pint would have to suffice, for water to them was dear. She then added a little butter and a pinch of salt, and put the mixture to warm upon the stove. It was a poor substitute for bread and milk, and she was thankful that the children would be provided with a free dinner at school.

Half an hour later, father and the children appeared, dressed in clothes that were poor protection against the frosts, fogs and rain. Cheerfully they sat down to their meagre breakfast, and bravely they set forth a little later to their individual destinations, leaving the poor mother smiling in the doorway, and wondering whether she should spend the few coppers she had upon meat or bread.

Diana Madeley
(*Stage 6b*).

SNOWFALL IN THE COUNTRY

MY feet crunch through the snow and as she falls she silences everything, gagging the birds and smothering the ground. She smuggles herself in all the holes, she fills the ruts and embroiders the borders of the road, then piles herself against each cottage door and wall. Dresses the trees with socks and gloves, covers the fields with a smooth white coat, brushes the ricks and powders the woods. But the sun comes out and so she weeps herself away.

E. Grillet
(*Stage 5a*).

MAGIC

MAGIC is a strange mixture of religion and superstition, and, although most people may deny it, is still practised extensively, not only among primitive tribes but in civilized countries. It would be impossible to enlighten anyone believing in magic, for the rules governing the practice of such an art would have narrowed the outlook on life of such a person to the extent that any attempt at reasoning with him would be a mere waste of time.

One reason for the continuance of the belief in the power of magic is that magical rites are so often based on natural developments. An example of this is the man who every

morning causes the sun to rise by lighting a candle. He is incapable of believing that anything other than the lighting of his candle should have caused the sun to appear, and no amount of reasoning would shake his convictions. For, since the sun does invariably rise after the candle has been lit, there is every reason to believe that there is some connection.

The idea on which magic is based is that like produces like, or that an effect resembles its cause, and things that have once been in contact continue to effect each other after the contact is broken. These two types may be termed the Law of Similarity and the Law of Contagion respectively. From the former the magician infers that he can produce the desired effect merely by imitating it, and from the latter that his treatment of a material object will similarly affect the person with whom it has been in contact.

The best illustration of imitative magic, or the theory that like produces like, is the attempt made by a man to kill or injure his enemy by maltreating his image. Just as the image suffers so does the man whom it is supposed to represent. The images of the proposed victims are composed of various substances. North American Indians make figures in sand or clay and prick the parts where they wish them to be affected. The Ojibway Indian makes a wooden image and treats it in a similar manner. If death is the desired punishment the image is either burnt or buried.

There is an elaborate ritual for the cure of jaundice. The main idea is to banish the yellow colour from the skin of the diseased person and to pass it on to yellow creatures such as birds, and to obtain in its place a healthy red colour. First of all the magician recites a spell, then he gives the patient a drink of water mixed with the hair of a red bull and also water resulting from washing the animal. He has then to be bound up in the skin of a dead bull and to have red hairs glued to his skin. The magician then daubes him from head to foot with yellow porridge and attaches three yellow birds,

usually a thrush, a parrot and a wagtail, to various parts of his body. The porridge is washed off and the birds are released, with the result that the birds and the sun assume the yellow colour and the patient absorbs the red colour from the skin of the bull.

Although these laws are not formulated or even understood as such by the believer, yet they are implictly believed by him to regulate the course of Nature quite independently of the human will. The believer in the power of magic assumes that by the application of the Law of Similarity or the Law of Contagion, he will inevitably bring about a certain consequence. He also assumes that if he does not act in a certain way he will not bring about a certain consequence and he therefore refrains from doing anything that might have an undesirable effect. This idea is called taboo, which is a negative application of practical magic. Positive magic, or sorcery, says, "Do this in order that so-and-so may happen." Negative magic, or taboo, says, "Do not do this lest so-and-so should happen." Both consequences, the desirable and the undesirable, are supposed to be brought about in accordance with the Laws of Similarity and Contact.

An example of taboo derived from the Law of Similarity is the Blackfoot Indian who has set a trap for eagles and will on no account eat rosebuds. His argument is that if he eats rosebuds and an eagle alights near his trap, the rosebuds in his own stomach would make the bird itch, with the result that instead of swallowing the bait the eagle would merely sit and scratch himself instead of walking into the trap.

Contagious magic is the application of the law by which a magical sympathy is supposed to exist indefinitely between a man and any severed part of his person, such as hair, nails and teeth. These are mostly examples of the part played in a man's life by his discarded teeth. Not many years ago in a Sussex village a maidservant remonstrated strongly against the throwing away of a child's cast teeth. Her argument was

that should the tooth be found and gnawed by an animal, the new tooth would resemble that of the animal that had bitten the old one. She had an undeniable proof ; an old man had a large pig's tooth on his upper jaw which was due, he declared, to the fact that his mother threw one of his cast teeth into a hog's trough.

It is curious but true that a relationship is supposed to exist between a wounded man and the agent that wounded him, so that if a man is pierced by an arrow and an enemy somehow manages to obtain the instrument, he has the power to cause the death of the man merely by maltreating the arrow.

In Suffolk, if a man cuts himself with a scythe, instead of investigating the wound he oils the scythe to stop the wound festering. A man having run a thorn into his finger whilst hedging went to a doctor. On being told by the doctor that it was festering he was distinctly puzzled and remarked, " That didn't ought ter, fer I greased the bush well arter I pull'd it out! "

If the horse of a German peasant breaks its leg, instead of fixing the bone, he goes to his house and centres all his attention and that of his family on binding up the leg of a chair ; no one is allowed to sit on it or knock up against it for fear of retarding the recovery of the animal. There can be no possible connection between the horse and the chair and yet a supposedly sane man treats the leg of a chair in precisely the same manner as a veterinary surgeon would have treated the horse's leg.

There are two kinds of magicians, the one who believes wholeheartedly in the doctrines he practises and the more intelligent magician who is aware of the fallacy of the rituals he performs. It is obvious that the latter must have the advantage, for whereas the sincere magician believes in superstition, the rogue anticipates the failure of his charms and is able to prepare excuses and to reinstate himself in the high opinion of those who are most earnest believers. The result of this deception is that the supreme power falls into the hands of

the intelligent rogue, who naturally uses the stupidity of his associates to further his own ends. However, a shrewd rogue is preferable to an honest fool any day, and he would probably do more good than harm in the long run.

It is generally supposed that the native tribes are the freest of all peoples, but this is not true, for they are enslaved for life by their crazy ideas. They spend all their time performing rituals that are either absolutely futile or are intended to bring about a consequence which would occur in any case, such as the rising of the sun and the coming of the seasons.

Joan Blanden
(*late*) (*Stage 7*).

LAST TERM'S LEAVERS

We have endeavoured to collect information about the doings of those who left in July last. While the information that follows is not complete, it is, we believe, correct as far as it goes.

Anthony Best is still at home, hoping for an opening on one of the railways.

Harro Wundsch has begun a three year apprenticeship with the Essex Rivers Catchment Board.

Joan Blanden is studying Horticulture at the Essex Agricultural College at Chelmsford.

Roger Browning is working with a firm of Auctioneers and Estate Agents at Colchester.

Peter Cudbird hopes to be articled to a Solicitor shortly.

Peter-Paul Fleischmann is studying Engineering at the Regent Street Polytechnic Institute.

Hans Frei was looking for a job in New York when last we heard.

Mary Greaves has been living at home, but hopes to start shortly on Secretarial Training.

Ruth Hicks has also been living at home. She expects to have six months in Switzerland, and then to start Domestic Science Training at Battersea.

Mary Hinder is taking a Secretarial Course.

Janet Holden is studying Domestic Science at Edinburgh.

Joan Holland is living at home and learning Shorthand and Typewriting.

John Jennings

Graham Keeble is studying at home and hopes to take Matric again shortly.

Judith Lockspeiser is putting in some time at the Guildford School of Music and with the League of Health and Beauty until she is old enough to start her Massage training.

Desmond Matthewman

David Mattingly has started his course in Electrical Engineering at the City and Guilds Institute at South Kensington.

Victoria Rayner

Robert Tawell is farming.

Martin Wilson is studying Horticulture at Lancaster.

Paul Winfield is studying Latin, and hopes to take his Law Preliminary Examination in this subject shortly.

Charles Woodhouse is studying Music, and has begun to learn to play the horn.

Kathleen Townshend is keeping house for her father for the present.

Betty and Peggy Evans were in Germany when we last heard. Peggy had been operated on for appendicitis but was making a good recovery.

Nancy Peel is expecting to start shortly as a Junior Librarian in one of the Norfolk County Libraries.

Bryan Stanger is studying Handicrafts at Shoreditch with a view to qualifying as a teacher.

Mary Willis is living at York for a time and acting as " Mother's Help " with a family of small children.

Beatrice Brayshaw is at Sidcot School and Barbara is at The Mount.

John Sparkes and Malcolm Godfrey are both at Bootham School.

Ann Godfrey has started a year's probationership at The Retreat, York.

Doreen Jones has been working at Pitman's College, Manchester, for a Civil Service Examination.

Barbara Clements is attending a Day School, taking commercial subjects in addition to the ordinary work.

Alfred Molson is at Framlingham College.

Tony Maberly is at Bedales School.

Maurice Matthewman is at Sutton County School.

SCHOOL DIARY

July 2nd.—Cricket Match : 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI., home, lost, 169—94.

,, 6th.—Cricket Match : Boys 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost, 90—51.

Cricket Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost, 108—68.

July 9th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County High School, home, lost 97—25; 2nd innings 68—55, neither side out.

,, 20th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Harlow College, home, lost, 99—73.

,, 23rd.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, home, lost, 158—104.
Cricket Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, away, lost, 115—99.

,, 26th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. *v.* R. Dobbin's XI., home, lost, 170—59.

,, 27th.—School closed.

Sept. 15th.—School re-opened.

,, 29th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, scratched.

Oct. 1st.—Hockey Match: *v.* Old Scholars, home, won, 2—0.
Football Match: *v.* Old Scholars, home, lost, 6—3.

,, 5th.—Football Match: Masters' XI. *v.* Harlow College, away, lost, 9—0.

,, 8th.—Violin Recital by Alan Bartlett.
Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Langley, home, lost, 4—2.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, away, lost, 6—2.
Hockey Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Herts. and Essex High School, scratched.

,, 12th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 10—0.
Football Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost 9—0.

,, 15th.—Football Match: 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, home, lost, 10—2.
Football Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, away, lost, 4—2.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County High School, home, won, 4—0.
Hockey Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Cambridge County High School, scratched.

,, 22nd.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill College, away, lost, 2—1.
Hockey Match: 2nd XI. *v.* Hockerill College, away, lost, 2—1.
"Gliding, Soaring and Parachuting," lecture by Mrs. Naomi Allen.

,, 29th.—Football Match: Masters' XI. *v.* R.A.F., away, lost, 5—2.
Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Girton College, away, won, 4—2.

Nov. 2nd.—Football Match : Masters' XI. *v.* R.A.F., scratched.

,, 5th.—Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies' Hockey Club, away, won, 6—4.

,, 12th.—Football Match : Masters' XI. *v.* Landley, home, lost, 2—1.
Football Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Lads' Clubs, home, won, 4—1.
Lecture : "The Speaking Voice in Prose and Verse." Frederick Sargent.

,, 16th.—Football Match : 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost, 9—1.
Football Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, home, lost, 8—1.

,, 19th.—Hockey Match : 1st XI. *v.* Training College, won, 1—0.
Hockey Match : 2nd XI. *v.* Training College, won, 6—1.

NOTICES

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

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Piano.	Grade VI.	Daphne Gillett (credit).
	Grade IV.	Margaret Gardner (Distinction).
	Grade III.	Jean Parkin (Credit).
	Grade II.	Barbara Brayshaw, Margaret Comber.
	Grade I.	Bernice Luck (Distinction).

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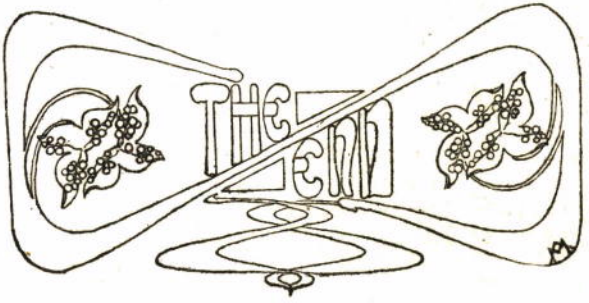
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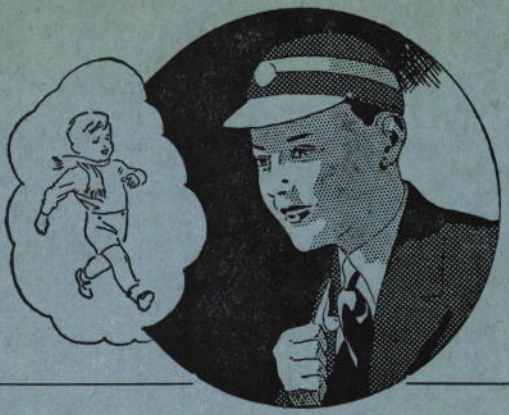




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