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DECEMBER 1939

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S. G. KING BEER

S. G. K. B.

YOU will be with us wherever Walden shall gather,
Wherever her stories are told or her songs are sung,
Bound to our lives by the same invisible letter
That held us when we were young.

Brave heart, we shall remember you now and hereafter—
You, who were joyous, we will remember in joy,
Singing the tunes that you played for us, hearing your laughter—
Man with the heart of a boy!

Whether alone, burning the midnight oil,
Or meeting the friends of our youth as we go our ways,
We shall remember the nights of unreckoned toil
And the gay-hearted days.

For the heart of man is still with his buried treasure
And the dreams of youth are the greatest treasure of all:
Still shall our feet dance on to a distant measure
And follow an echoed call.
Life is a masque and the revel is still before us,
We who were boys must stand on the stage as men
Till the curtain of Death shall rise for the final chorus—
And we . . . shall look for you then . . .

AN OLD SCHOLAR.

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The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

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EDITORIAL

THERE is a story told of a young woman of four who had fought against the firm will of her mule-like parents, and had lost gloriously. Seated in the comfortable corner of a large settee, looking very thundery, she muttered, so the story goes: "My, it's jus' t'rrific to be able to hate and hate, and have lots of hate left for another day."

Anyone who has tried to write an editorial can understand to the last atavistic syllable, this truth. What to say, where to start, what to leave out, how to say what is said? One feels like the Almighty the American visualized when he said, "I guess the Almighty must have been pretty amazed what to do with the Creation when He saw it first."

But, as with Creation, things take shape and mould. Within School we have lost and welcomed—to what extend appears elsewhere: but, to many, nothing written or said can mean what they mean when they think of the passing of Mr. Beer. Outside the School, we are at war with Germany . . . .

Each moment as we live, causes have their effects upon us. Many of the effects we do not notice, for the influence is not large enough or important enough to register in our immediate consciousness. Many we do notice, and many we can control. Those of us who are living at this time cannot hope to see all the effects events are having upon us, much less hope to control all those effects. In any case, looking into our inner workings is an exercise only few of us have the inclination or the ability to perform : being honest with ourselves is very hard work, and the reward is not an obvious one. Some of us are too young to be thus honest, some too full of themselves, some too hardened to letting themselves off lightly to notice what they are doing. Let us for a moment look into ourselves and see what effects the two happenings mentioned near the beginning have upon us. Within the School, the passing of Mr. Beer : outside the School, the war with Germany.

Emerson wrote :

" How many people there are who worry themselves into nameless graves, while here and there are a few unselfish souls who forget themselves to immortality."

When we forget ourselves, we remember others, and that seemed to be one of the truths Mr. Beer saw. It does not emerge at once, it is not an obvious effect like history diagrams and photographs and tuckshops. But remember his sympathy : he was ready and trained to bear more than his own burdens. " Trained " is a very important word; an athlete trains his body to be fit for its purpose. A personality like Mr. Beer's has to be trained for many years to be fit for its purpose. Emerson says its purpose is to forget itself, and in so doing, its reward is immortality. Jesus said the same thing when he said that he who lost his life would save it.

If we try to grasp the truth of these words, we find our minds taken beyond what is merely the daily, self-contained life. At this moment, outside the School the state of war is the largest event in the world, and to

individual people it is the biggest event mostly because they, who bear most of the war, hate it, and yet, almost by a horrible fascination, must watch themselves and men in general, drawn into it. Each person is small and rather fearful, vast and solid though many little persons look in an army machine. It is unpleasant to see your little life pulled into a vaster thing than you imagined, a thing which has a devilish course to run, and no clear end. If life is built up in the small area bounded by our School and our home, this absorption into a tremendous system is going to break our happiness and our hope. And it is here that what we learned of forgetting ourselves is so plainly true.

If we think only of what our life at school or elsewhere is going to do for us, we are missing our own greatest use and happiness, and we are looking at our feet. We are a part of history, and to know that, we must, on some occasions, look back whence we came, and, at others, look ahead whither we go. We cannot skip the war, but most of us should see what happens after it: we must live through it and bear its sorrow as fully as we can. But all things have an end.

Mr. Beer, besides the history that he taught us, shewed us that unselfishness leads to fearlessness. We need the belief just now, but we shall need it just as much when peace is here again.

* * * *

" D'you fink we'll ever 'ave peace, George? "

" O' course! "

" Well, what is it, and when d'you fink it'll come?"

" Why, it's wha' we'll 'ave when we beat 'Itler, an' it'll jes' come, nacheral-like, when we do beat 'im."

Do you think so?

INTER ALIA



E have already become accustomed to seeing numbers of R.A.F. men in the town, but these have now been joined by a great many of their friends in khaki. A good deal of interest was also aroused at the arrival of a few light tanks, and also at the placing of a machine gun on the mound by the water tower. The latter, incidentally only remained for two or three days, before being removed.

We were very sorry at the end of last term that Miss Wright and Mr. Douglas left us. We have however, a considerable number of new staff : Miss Butler, Miss Levy, Mr. Nottridge, Mr. Greenwood, Mr. Phillips and Mr. Leyland, the last two being student masters. We offer them all a very hearty welcome.

There has been a notable drop in the numbers of boarders in the School this term, mostly on the girls' side. This is, of course, due to the fact that many people either find it inconvenient or consider it unwise to let their children come back here under war conditions. However, the number of day scholars has gone up to 63, quite a few of whom have been evacuated into the district by the Government.

For the last two or three years Senior Lit. has gone to see the play produced in London by the English Schools' Theatre Society. This year, however, the Society has been unable to obtain the use of a theatre in London, so it is giving performances in suitable halls in districts where there are several schools. We are very lucky in having them to perform Goldsmith's " She Stoops to Conquer " in our New Hall on December 1st. This is as yet a future date, but we have no doubt that it will be an extremely enjoyable entertainment.

Senior Lit, after a very hesitant start at the beginning of this term, now has a large attendance of boys, but not, unfortunately, of girls. Although the first meeting this

term was not held, subsequent meetings, held every three weeks, have shown some excellent essays and spirited discussions.

Middle Lit. had only one girl in the Society last year, but this year they have a much better attendance from both sides. They have only had two meetings so far this term, but these have both had interesting essays and good discussions. Since all their meetings are held in the library, they now have no musical recitals, but they still have occasional recitations and readings.

Junior Lit., who have meetings every two weeks, have had a very full programme. This has included a certain amount of amateur drama.

Senior Natch has a fairly small attendance this term, but its members are very keen. There have been some excellent lectures, and the society has gone on one excursion to Engelmann's, which they enjoyed very much.

Junior Natch is carrying on as usual with a full attendance, but the numbers of members that go to the hobbies' meetings vary greatly. One excursion has been held, described as " a ramble round in the direction of Newport."

As will be seen from the particulars which appear elsewhere in this issue, the G.S.C. exam results last term were exceptionally good. There were 14 exemptions from Matric, 7 certificates, and only 5 fails. We offer those who succeeded our heartiest congratulations.

No doubt some of the more enterprising listeners-in will have made their acquaintance with the English news from Hamburg. However, for those who have not yet listened to these highly instructive bulletins, it might be of interest to note that they have told us that " Saffron Walden, that ancient town in North-West Essex, has been destroyed " and twice that the aerodrome near here at [censored] has met with a similar fate. Incidentally, soon after this latter piece of news was issued, we played a football team from that same aerodrome.

A small item of news that may interest female Old

Scholars : D.P. kissed a girl for the first time in 40 years. This did not come from Hamburg, and of course we should be the last to doubt it, but . . . well, he must have been rather young when he last allowed of this menace to his celibacy! The salutation which broke this long abstention was at a wedding, when he kissed the bride : both she and her husband will vouch for the truth of this.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas (née Williams) on their wedding at the end of last Summer Term.

E. M. Hughes
(Post Matric)

PRE-TERMINAL ACTIVITIES

ON the morning of the 2nd of September, the day after the German Government had ordered its people to invade Poland, when the end of our state of 'peace' was imminent, most members of the School received a letter inviting them back to the School, in view of the grave situation. In response to this invitation nine people had returned to the School by that evening and in the course of the next three weeks this number gradually increased to thirty.

I don't remember much of the first night. For one reason I arrived late, and for another, everyone was impressed by what was about to come and few of us felt inclined to talk. We had to go to bed by torchlight as hardly any of the rooms had curtains. We also washed in cold water. This was probably noticeable for the whole three weeks as the layers of paint we accumulated did not respond well to cold water.

Next day was Sunday and as nobody was up at School to direct 'blacking-out' activities we were left to our own devices. Most of us attended meeting in the

morning and the rest of the day was spent in welcoming new arrivals and listening to news bulletins on the wireless. That night we had our first air raid warning. The siren was what was later described as " typically Walden " and nobody in the School heard it. However we did hear the police cars which came up to standard and succeeded in waking most of us up. The rest were tipped out of bed by those who had heard the hooters. One of our number was not ' tipped ' and slept unnoticed until the ' all clear ' went ten minutes later. We had trooped down stairs to our allotted rooms, expecting something to happen, and I think some of us were disappointed when we returned to bed, nothing having happened. The only other warning we have had occurred two days later, at half past seven in the morning. This warning lastetd much longer but we took no notice of it. The only thing I remember about it was that I was putting on my trousers when the siren went.

During the next week most of our time was occupied in blacking-out the School building, putting up blankets, making screens and painting windows. The painting job was most popular as it was the messiest and no skill was required. After a week had passed the novelty of it wore off and interest began to flag.

During this time Walden received its first batch of evacuees. The School was asked, or offered, to provide accommodation over the night for those evacuees who had not already been billeted. The only place that could hold the probable number was the gym. Mattresses were carried up there and about thirty-five were fitted in, leaving a little floor space. The evacuees began to turn up and by the time that two, three and even four people had been put to a mattress they ceased to come in. We served them out with hot tea and bread and butter; children were howling and the place was soon becoming a pig sty. No sooner had we finished carrying cups of tea round than a fresh lot of evacuees turned up. There were fortunately only about twenty

in this new contingent, and these were put into the geography room. Mattresses had to be provided and tea served again. They had the best of it, though they looked as tired as the people in the gym for the geography room kept, comparatively speaking, fresher than the gym. The only source of noise they had was a small tame puppy that had been shut in the geography room cupboard. This we rescued and put in the boot-room and provided it with a basket. In the morning we were all awaked by it. Having recovered from its intermittent whimpering of the previous night it had regained the full power of its small, but nevertheless hearty lungs.

After this incident, each day was very much like the one before and we had a definite programme of activities for each day, which, though varying in details, kept the same general form.

Every morning we were awakened by Mr. Pearson clapping his hands. He had been deprived of the use of the bell with which to wake us up by the Government, and had to resort to vigorous applause. The familiar bellow of his voice, which is to be heard at ten to seven in term time, also went unheard, but whether because of Government action, I don't know.

Eight o'clock was breakfast time and after this we made our beds and were supposed to sweep the bed-rooms and floors. The stairs however, usually went unswept. The washing-up was done by four boys every day. There was a rota for this duty and it fell to each boy to wash up about three times in a fortnight. We developed this into a skilled job worked on the 'belt' system and I guarantee that four boys working on this system could beat eight girls washing-up in the ordinary way. Of course the finished article might not have been so satisfactory but it was the only way of deriving amusement from the job.

In the course of the morning any 'blacking-out' that needed doing was done by boys whom Mr. Thompson

had managed to conscript, and at eleven some entertainment or walk was fixed for us. In the afternoon we played games, usually podex. After this we were left to our own ends and on a few momentous occasions the boys had their bath-time. As the boy's baths were being re-floored we bathed in the girls bath-room, and we did not like them as much as our own, but we always enjoyed them as a Saffron Walden boy, strange as it may seem, does enjoy a bath.

After tea Mr. Stewart read to the boys and Miss Clarke or Mrs. Sparkes to the girls. I don't know what the girls listened to but we chose a detective novel from the " Penguin " series.

After this and before this we played games in the gym. These varied between deck tennis and ' murder.'

I think most of us enjoyed this holiday at school, although we might have preferred to be at home. I think we were all profoundly thankful to those who made this time enjoyable for us.

David Jackson
Stage 7.

AT THE TRIBUNAL

(Written by a former " Enemy-Alien ")

IMMEDIATELY after the outbreak of war the aliens of German and Austrian nationality were established and certain restrictions were laid upon them. All Germans and Austrians became " Enemy Aliens," a word, which I did not like. Later on the authorities considered, that most of these aliens were refugees from Nazi oppression and came to the conclusion that they ought to set up tribunals. These tribunals should tackle each case separately and had to decide, whether the individual should be interned

or exempted from all restrictions. It was the best thing which the authorities could do because the possibility of spies among the refugees is very great.

Though I had no reason to be afraid of the tribuanl, I looked forward with horror to the time when I should be called for it. There was no chance to escape my fate. The police sent me the unpleasant invitation to come to Chelmsford on a Friday at two o'clock. The tribunal would deal with my case at the Shire Hall, in the Grand Jury room. I had a shock when I heard it would be on a Friday, because I am very superstitious. But then I encouraged myself and tried not to worry.

It was a very dull morning and the weather seemed to me as a bad omen. Heavy rain fell upon the windows of the classroom and the sky was covered by black clouds. When I left the school building, everybody wished me " good luck." . . . .

I went with two other refugees to my friend, an Englishman, who was going to defend me at the tribunal. Our journey passed without many accidents. Once two policemen stopped our car. I thought they were searching for enemy aliens, but they only asked our driver for his licence. At Chelmsford we called in at the Friends' Meeting House, where we remained until the hour came.

Before we started, we cheered up each other, then we made ourselves ready. I had an unpleasant feeling, when we entered the Shire Hall. But the worst thing was, that I had to wait for two hours. At last I heard my name. It seemed to me, as if the call came from a great distance and I got up from my seat like a sleepwalker. When I entered the Jury room, my heart was beating hard and I was very nervous. I looked round and was highly surprised to see that the judge was a kind old gentleman. After I sat down, the Judge started questioning in quite a friendly manner. First he asked me, what I was doing at the school, then he enquired why I had left Austria. This question reminded me of

all the sufferings which Nazism had brought into my life and I told him everything that had happened to me. Then he questioned my friend. After twenty minutes I was called in again to hear the decision of the tribunal. The judge said with solemn voice : " The Tribunal has decided that you may be exempted from internment and all the restrictions applicable to enemy aliens. You are permitted to take up any position in this country. From now on you are a friendly alien." When he had finished his speech, I was as happy as I had never been before in my life.

Our return-journey was specially pleasant. It was getting dark and the full moon rose above the hills. The countryside was overflown by a magic light. I was immensely happy to see this beautiful scenery and I had only one thought, thankfulness to England, to this lovely country of freedom and justice.

Gustav Perger
Stage 7.

MEMORIES

Miss Wright sends us a letter from her new home in Sussex.



FEW days ago I received a letter from the Editor, reminding me of a rash promise I had made last term, to write something for " The Avenue."

Looking back over thirteen years spent at Walden, it is difficult to mention or to do justice on paper to all the people and experiences that will always live in my memory. Is it a sign of advancing years that most of the outstanding memories are concerned with the earlier years?

The first term, beginning in May is a memory of the fresh green of the Avenue trees, of sunshine, and walks on the field in the late summer evenings when the great

expanse of sky, and field, deserted at that time of day, gave a feeling of peace. Most of the staff had been at the School a number of years, which gave the feeling of stability, as well as of good fellowship that existed amongst us. Sometimes after supper we would have a bathe which began in the twilight and often ended in darkness, as there were no lights in the building then. Mr. Pearson trod the Avenue in those days too, and he always came to afternoon tea on Sundays, which was a social occasion for all resident staff. In summer it was on the end of the Avenue, or on the little lawn outside the Music block, in winter we gathered round the fire in the Parlour. It was on one of these occasions that Mr. Beer put a chestnut before the fire to roast. It went off with such a bang, that Miss Anne Wright who had forgotten about it, upset her cup of tea over her best dress, and wouldn't speak to Mr. Beer for several days.

One Hallow'een we had a party. At the end we gathered round the fire in Mrs. Sparkes' (then Miss Irvine's) room, while George Morris told us a wonderful tale, about himself taking part in strange happenings in a foreign land. I drank it all in as gospel truth, and I remember feeling very disappointed when he told us afterwards that he had made it up since tea time! He was interrupted in the middle of his tale, by a large and very noisy ghost who burst into the room. So substantial was this phantom, that George Morris strained a muscle in trying to remove him. He thought it was Miss Murray but it turned out to be Mr. Pearson wrapped up in a sheet.

During those first years, we watched the rock garden grow from nothing, into a thing of beauty, under the hands of two members of the staff.

Another outstanding memory is Lena, who never failed to give you a welcome to her kitchen, as well as a cup of tea, and such good tea! She would " saucer " hers if it was hot, and she was in a hurry. She was always a picture with her little lace cap and rosy cheeks.

It was also a delight to hear her talk. There will never be another Lena.

I was reminded more than once last term that the orchestra was born during my first term. It did not have an easy start. There were neither stands nor music, and very few players. We had a stormy passage for the first five or six years, but we had the never-failing encouragement of Mr. Rowntree and Miss Priestman.

There are two players who stand out as having contributed so much to the building of the orchestra in those first difficult years. Diana Close and Ralph Erskine. I was always sure of their support. I remember Ralph objecting to my decorating the platform for the first orchestra concert, on the grounds that it looked like a harvest festival! I feel sorry that those two members had left before we had won our first victory at a competitive festival. That was a great day for us, and though our second victory at Chelmsford was of greater value, I don't think it equalled the joy we experienced in our first.

In 1934 we had to say good-bye to Mr. Rowntree, and in doing so felt that we had lost a very loyal friend as well as a head master.

In 1936 I bought my cottage, and many and happy were the expeditions made there, with some of the children, to scrape beams and doors and strip walls. Shelley Fawsett was often there to do the " tough jobs."

And now the visitors' book records many other happy gatherings there, of Whitsuntide Old Scholars, of Staff and children, and of forty trampers on Coronation day.

My last term is full of memories of fellowship and goodwill. Whitsuntide, with its tokens of remembrance from old scholars and past members of the orchestra, of the bon fire on Monday night, and the experience of being carried round it on two shoulders which seemed such a long way above ground!

The last orchestra concert when every player did their very best, which holds the cherished memory of a

bunch of carnations being handed to me by a small player, " from all the orchestra."

The Staff party on the last Saturday when the cottage stretched itself to hold twenty-four people, and those left at School on duty, did extra, in order that as many as possible could come.

There is one more memory before the curtain drops, it is of Mr. Beer, at the end of the Sing Song on the last night of term, sitting at the piano, and playing while we join hands and sing—

" Should auld acquaintance be forgot—for the sake of Auld Lang Syne.

NOREEN WRIGHT.

STANLEY G. KING BEER

What follows is from what was written by Mr. C. B. Rowntree in " The Friend " of August 11th, 1939.



N 1917, at the age of 26, Stanley King Beer came to Saffron Walden, after having seen the inside of six prisons as a Conscientious Objector. When he came here the boys and girls quickly came to regard him as their elder brother rather than their history master. His versatility was remarkable. A born actor and musician and clever with anything of a mechanical nature, he was possessed of a fund of patience and perseverance that enabled him to master detail. This patience and perseverance, and his fertile imagination, gave originality and life to his history lessons. In recent years he was an enthusiastic photographer.

Anything in the nature of suffering or need, whether in man or beast, evoked his instant response, and this endeared him to many. Some years ago, when a wounded chaffinch was brought to him, he improvised splints

for its broken leg. Later, when the leg was set, the bird was liberated; but a whistle from its benefactor would at any time recall it to perch on his hand. He did much in the School to foster this love of animals.

In 1918 he married Mabel Milward, and their house was a focus for varied forms of useful work, not only in the Local Meeting, of which they became members, but also in the town, where Mrs. Beer has served for some years as a Borough Magistrate, and where Stanley Beer was Hon. Secretary of the District branch of the League of Nations Union. His worth was recognised in the positions of responsibility he held within the Society, and in 1937 he went to the World Conference of Friends, which was held in America, as the delegate of his Quarterly Meeting. He was often asked to speak at meetings inside the Society and outside, and as an entertainer he was perfectly capable of providing a whole programme by himself.

He was deeply interested in the School Tramps and it was his delight to introduce the trampers to the grandeur and beauty of Dartmoor. It was while he was actually conducting a party on the moor that his passing came with tragic suddenness on the evening of July 31st. His wife and son, Michael, were members of the party on tour, though Mrs. Beer was not with them on that day.

The Cremation took place at Plymouth, followed by a Meeting for Worship where there was a deep sense of thankfulness for the inspiration gained by so many people from the cheerful, unselfish life of one who demonstrated that Christianity works in practice as well as in theory.

Mr. Littleboy wrote in the same issue of "The Friend."—

"By the death of Stanley King Beer we have lost not only a teacher of great originality and skill, not only a colleague whose friendship was given in full measure to

us all, but a very lovable person, humble and unassuming, devoted to the welfare of the School. How much of the happy relationship existing between Old Scholars and the School is due to the affection which he inspired in his pupils we shall never know. He appeared to be tireless when calls, official or unofficial, were made for his help, always ready to give of his best and frequently anticipating the need before any approach to him had been made.

There are many, both among his colleagues and his pupils who are thankful to have known his friendship and whose lives have been enriched by his radiant personality. Matthew Arnold's lines about his own father in " Rugby Chapel," quoted at the Meeting for Worship at Plymouth will sum up for many their gratitude for what he has meant in their lives."

FIRE WORSHIP



ND it came to pass in the 6th year of Gee-ell, High Priest of the tribes that dwell on the summit of the Southern Hill, a plague of darkness fell by night upon all the land. Yea! and it was darker than the night itself for the light of the moon and the stars entered not through the portals of the dwellings of the tribes, neither did the light of their torches shine forth into the night. And all was hushed without. Therefore called they this plague ' bla-kowt ', and in the morning and in the evening did they worship before its face.

Now the prophet who dwells in the upper sanctuary of Mass-bloc spake with a great voice, saying, " This is indeed the work of A-Dolph in whose land I have made pilgrimage many times, and I say unto you that he will come upon clamourous wings to bring also the plagues of Aitch-ee, Evil-Air, and the Scourge of Fire."

Hearing these words uttered, the prophet of prophets who dwelleth in the lower sanctuary of Mass-bloc, gathered together the tribe of Staph and said, " Lo ! we must prepare ourselves against these plagues according to the will of the great god Ay-arpee at whose shrine I have worshipped and been ordained. Therefore take with you the chosen elders of the tribe of Cee and make in them worshippers of fire, and those skilled in the mending of broken bones, and give to all people ugly veils that the evil air may be frightened away."

Then there arose the priest of cunning from his temple known as Kraft-rheum, and summoning the worshippers of fire from their many moons of sleep he gave unto them many mystic signs and mystic numbers. And they went about writing their mystic signs and numbers upon walls and mystic chests, and they chanted mystic words as they ran about the mystic dwellings of the tribes. For all their ways were mystic. Then did they take entrails of cloth many spans in length and bound with many cubits of brass and with them they leaped from place to place with loud clamour. As for the waters from the springs of Hi-drant they made them to run through the entrails of cloth that they might torment the fire. But Lo ! the fire came not for all their chanting and gambolling.

Then did the worshippers of fire return to their tabernacles to sleep saying " Woe unto us for the fire cometh not neither do the waters flow at our command." And all was hushed.

But, Lo ! it came to pass one day that there passed that way some men of the tribe of Blen-heim, which were friends unto the People of the Southern Hill : yet came these in the same flying chariots as the tribe A-Dolph, and the People of the Southern Hill were sore afraid.

Then up rose the prophet of the house of David and cried with a loud voice, " Fear not, my children, for they are to us-ward " : and at his words, the people took

courage and feared no more.

And so the People of the Southern Hill lived, with their prophets of fire and those skilled in the mending of bones, for all the time that the tribe of A-Dolph was a menace to the land. And when all the evil was past they returned into their own land which was called Nor-mal.

G.D.T.

REFUGEEING



FTER the disturbance caused by the assassination of M. Calinescu, the former Prime Minister of Roumania, we thought it was time we got out of the country, especially as nearly all the other British women and children had gone.

Most of the Iron Guard, who were at the bottom of all the trouble were caught and put to death, nearly two thousand in all. Two or three corpses were stuck up in the market place of each of the towns near Bucharest with a notice above them saying that this would be the fate of any person committing an act of treason against his country.

We were in the last batch to leave, our party consisting of four grown-ups and six children.

We left Bucharest at ten o'clock in the morning. That evening we travelled along the Danube for a while, and passed the Iron Gates. Later in the evening we passed the frontier into Yugoslavia; here the customs officers came on to the train. They were the most inquisitive set of people I have ever met. When they came to a case full of toys, they carefully examined each one, poked into purses and notebooks to see if we had hidden any money or jewels. They even went as far as nosing into my brother Stephen's pockets, and seemed to think it all a great joke.

Nothing interesting happened after that until we reached Italy, where the train ran along side of the Adriatic Sea for some miles. We passed a fine white castle just before reaching Trieste, where the train stopped for about half-an-hour, so we had time to get out and stretch our legs a bit. We wanted to buy some post cards and bread, but did not know what language to use as none of us knew Italian. Finally we discovered that German was understood the best.

While the train puffed out of the station, we handed out the post cards for some one to post.

In the evening, before reaching the Simplon tunnel, our train was hitched on to an electric engine so as not to make smoke when going through the tunnel.

We passed through Switzerland during the night, and by the time we got up next morning we were in France. We should have arrived in Paris at 9.30 but the train being late we did not arrive until eleven o'clock. We were standing on the platform counting the luggage and seeing that all ten of us were there, when all of a sudden the station seemed to be empty, except for porters, who were telling us to hurry along because there was an air raid warning. Only then did we realise that the siren had been going for a good few minutes, so we hurried along, as fast as possible dragging babies and teddy bears behind us, to the exit of the station; where officials told us to go to air raid shelters. We had not the vaguest notion where these shelters were, so we asked, but all the officials could do was to point down the street and say " Là bas! Là bas!" Then to our great relief a Cook's man appeared. We all clustered round him like a flock of sheep, and asked what was to become of us and our luggage. He also told us to go down the street and find a cellar; so we asked him to come and show us where this wonderful cellar was. But he said that he would have to go and get his gas-mask first.

" But what's to become of us? " said we.

" Oh, it doesn't matter about you " he said, " I've

got to have my gas-mask."

As soon as the Cook's man had deserted us, an officer came along and said that we could on no account stay near the station, so we again said " Where shall we go?" He too was very helpful, pointed down the street and said " Là bas ! Là bas !"

We decided it was about time we did go " Là bas," so we went down the deserted street to where there was a cluster of people at a doorway. Here we found the cellar. There were some other people there too, who made room for Auntie Agnes and baby Kenneth to sit on a box. Kenneth soon went to sleep. The other people cheered us up by saying that the last time there had been an air raid warning they had to stay down in the cellar for four hours. Luckily this only lasted twenty minutes. It was pitch black down there, and we had to feel each other to make sure we were all there. When, at last, we got out of that stuffy place we went straight back to the station and found the luggage just as we had left it.

As we had missed the last train for Boulogne we spent the night in Paris.

After all we had heard about black-outs, we were very surprised to see how well lit the streets were. Although the windows were darkened, all the street lamps were lit, being shaded so that the light shone straight down onto the street. It was only when we reached London that we realised what a real black-out was.

Everything went smoothly after this until we reached the Customs at Boulogne; here we had to wait in a queue for at least an hour before the Customs' officials decided that it would not be a bad idea if they made an appearance. Every one had to go separately into a room and be cross-examined (families could go in together). There our cases had to be examined, but the officials seemed only interested in undeveloped films.

At last we stepped on to the boat, where each person was given a life jacket and told to put it on as soon as

the boat left the harbour. Just as the boat was beginning to move we heard the air-raid siren, and an aeroplane went up. We had been told by people who had travelled recently that the boat would go on a zig-zag course, and have a destroyer accompanying it. But it did neither. The crossing was very smooth and the life jackets turned out to be fine chin rests for dozing in the sun.

Before getting off the boat at Folkestone we had to wait in a queue for over an hour, before being given our registration papers. In Folkestone the Customs people were very anxious to have any letters we had brought with us from Roumania to post or had written on the way. Apart from that they were no worse than usual, except that they took a very long time over it all, and it was only, thanks to a kind official, that the train did not go off without us.

Although it was only about seven o'clock when we reached London, it was almost impossible to distinguish what luggage belonged to whom. The streets were very dull and the whole place seemed deserted. By the time we had bought the tickets for Glasgow it was quite dark. We made our way along to the train and found that the train lights had not yet been put on. The porter had to show us our compartments by means of a match. There we just sat helplessly in the dark, waiting for the guard to come and put on some lights.

Compared with London, Paris was an illuminated city.

We arrived in Glasgow next morning after having changed at Edinburgh.

It was grand to go into a home again, and to think that we had very nearly done with trains and boats.

COLINETTE LEITCH
(1934-39)

GIRLS' GAMES

Hockey Season 1939-40

THOUGHTS were rather sad when the hockey season approached this year. Memories of last season's invincable team were still vivid in our minds and we hoped that those whose job it was to carry on would aspire to reach their standard of play. Practices began soon after School reassembled and two teams were chosen early on in the season.

As is generally the case, our defence is strong, being both accurate and speedy, but the forward line is slow, in anticipation and inclined to muddle. All five players fail at the critical moment to position themselves to the best advantage for scoring. Their middle-field play has improved tremendously and the dodging between the wings and insides is well thought out, but their circle play needs careful practice and concentration.

Matches have been few so far, owing to rain, and difficulties over transport.

The lower games in the School have shown improvement already. There are a number of new Lower School girls who are beginning hockey this term; they are being coached by Miss Erskine and Miss Macaskill.

House Matches are being played as this goes to press—may the best house win.

G.B.

FOOTBALL REPORT—AUTUMN, 1939

AT the close of last season's report we expressed hopes of better things in the future. It is very gratifying to be able to state that these hopes have been realised in great measure, and we can look back over the progress of this term with very considerable satisfaction. The intervening year has largely made up for the lack of stamina due to youth, and though the Boys' eleven

misses the services of P. Matthews, who showed such promise last season, and of D. Bridge who has been unable to play because of temporary heart trouble, yet the Masters' eleven has been strengthened by the presence of Mr. Leyland and Mr. Phillips who have come from Bootham as Student Masters. There has been a great keenness shown by all to improve their play and First Game now plays an additional voluntary game per week. Practice games are harder and of greater benefit and in matches both the first and second elevens have played with greater determination than was the case last year, while several Colts' matches have revealed promising material for the future.

The main weakness in our Boys' XI has been the poor co-ordination between the half-backs and the forwards. The defence is the strongest part of the side. H. Perger has proved himself a most reliable goal-keeper, while, of the backs, J. Brereton is vastly improved this year and J. Kemp as reliable as ever. The tackling of the rest of the team has been hard and well timed but the passing for the most part has been inaccurate, and positioning faults are the cause of much wasted effort. Anticipational positioning must be our next objective and will render the side more dangerous in attack. The standard of shooting has improved and though the shooting is not yet strong, it is more accurate.

The wing forwards should learn in a break-away to cut in more often when in possession instead of hugging the touch line. J. Greaves has made a thrustful centre-forward and he and R. Blackshaw, whose centring from the right-wing has been most valuable, have combined well, and E. Hughes behind them has given valuable support by sound tackling and clean kicking. J. Dutton as centre-half, has marked his opponent closely and well but his greatest difficulty is a lack of ball-control which renders his passing less effective and so frequently deprives the forwards of the chance of a scoring opening. C. Groak at left-half tackles well but tends to hold the

ball too long, and thus his passes are often hurried. D. Jackson, G. Bader, R. Rodwell and R. Masters have filled the remaining positions and each has shown a good deal of improvement. We are looking forward to the second half of the season with confidence as most, if not all, of the present team will be here next term.

B.B.J.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

General School's Examination

Certificate with Matriculation Exemption: Ralph Arnold, Rosalind Barkas, Margaret Delves, Kenneth Dunscombe, Stephen Dunstan, John Dutton, Maurice Gardner, Daphne Gillett, John Greaves, Geoffrey James, Alan Jennings, Peter Le Mare, Margaret Mills, Maryan Morgan.

Certificate: Mary Barnett, Anthony Beard, James Brereton, Beryl Kilford, Michael King Beer, Eileen Pucknell, Sheila Smith.

THE ROYAL SCHOOLS' OF MUSIC

Schools' Examinations

Violin: Grade VI. Margaret Garner.

Piano: *Grade* V. Margaret Gardner. Grade IV. Jean Parkin. Grade III. Margaret Comber. Grade I. Judith Layng.

Theory: Grade IV. Paddy Ball.

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

Award of Merit: Audrey Bates, Michael King Beer, Beryl Kilford, Catherine Webb.

Bronze Medallion: Enid Barkas, Howard Barritt, John Bell, Derek Blackburn, Ruth Collinson, Margaret Delves, Leonie Farrell, Jutta Fleischmann, Margaret Gardner, Barbara Hartnell, Jean Henderson, Lois Kaye, Richard Masters, Robert Nickalls, Jean Parkin, Patrick Pawsey, Godfrey Pratt.

Intermediate Certificate: Maurice Allward, Allan Appleton, Margaret Comber, Pamela Dalton, David Eaton, Alison Irvine Christine Kaye, Pegeen O'Flaherty, Bernard Page.

1*st Class Instructor's Certificate*: Michael King Beer, Margaret Mills.

SCHOOL DIARY

Sept. 20th.—School re-assembled; those who were not already here.
„ 24th.—Meeting: Mr. Littleboy.
„ 30th.—Girls' XI v. Old Scholars—Lost 1-7.
Oct. 1st.—Meeting: Miss Clark.
„ 7th.—Masters' XI v. Langley—Won 4—3.
„ 8th.—Meeting: Mr. Littleboy.
„ 14th.—Masters' XI v. R.A.F.—Won 6—3. Girls' XI v. Hockerill T. C.—Scratched.
„ 15th.—Meeting: Mr. Alan Jacobs.
„ 18th.—Masters' XI v. R.A.F.—Lost 1—3.
„ 21st.—Girls' XI v. 27 Club—Scratched.
„ 22nd.—Meeting: Miss Clark.
„ 28th.—Girls' XI v. Bishops' Stortford L.H.C.—Scratched.
Masters' XI v. Duddenhoe End—Scratched.
Lecture: "Syria"—Mr. H. J. Turtle.
„ 29th.—Meeting: Mr. H. J. Turtle.
Nov. 1st.—Boys' XI v. Newport G.S.—Won 4—3.
„ 4th.—Boys' XI v. Mr. E. Boun's XI—Won 4—3.
„ 5th.—Meeting: Mr. G. W. Whiteman.
„ 11th.—Boys' XI v. Saffron Walden Grammar School—Drew 3—3.
Girls' XI v. Girton College—Lost 0—2.
„ 12th.—Meeting: Mr. G. Morris.
„ 18th.—Boys' XI v. Saffron Walden United—Lost 3—5.
Girls' XI v. Saffron Walden L.H.C.—Lost 1—2.
Lecture: "Nature in the Wild"—Mr. E. Hosking.
„ 19th.—Meeting: Mr. A. Brereton.
„ 22nd.—Boys' XI v. Newport G.S.—Lost 1—4.
„ 25th.—Girls' XI v. Saffron Walden T.C.—Won 4—1.
Recital: Mr. Frederick Woodhouse.
„ 26th.—Meeting: Mr. Frederick Woodhouse.
„ 29th.—Girls' Gymn. Competition: Seniors: Moreland, Crosfield, Godlee. Juniors: Moreland, Crosfield, Godlee.
Dec. 1st.—English Schools' Theatre Society presented "She Stoops to Conquer" by Goldsmith, in the New Hall.
Lecture: "The Trail of the Cowboy"—Mr. Escott North.
„ 2nd.—Boys' XI v. Saffron Walden G.S.—Won 3—0.
Girls' XI v. Tottenham H.S.—Won 8—0.
„ 3rd.—Meeting: Mr. Arnold Brereton.
„ 6th.—Masters' XI v. R.A.F.—Lost 5—6.
„ 9th.—Girls' XI v. Saffron Walden T.C.—Lost 1—2.
Boys' Gymn. Competitions: Senior: Crosfield, Godlee, Moreland. Junior: Crosfield, Moreland, Godlee.
Lecture: "Tasman: New Zealand's Highest Peak."
Mr. Alan Brown.
„ 10th.—Meeting: Mr. Paul D. Sturge.
„ 13th.—House Exhibitions: Nativity Play by Tottenham High School.
„ 16th.—Girls' XI v. Bishop's Stortford L.H.C.
„ 17th.—Meeting: Mr. Littleboy.
„ 18th.—House Plays.
„ 29th.—School goes home.

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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Articles in *The Avenue* by boys and girls are signed in italics.

C.S.W.O.S.A.

You may join the Old Scholars' Association by giving your name and paying 1s. (the special rate for first year Old Scholars), to Mr. Littleboy before you leave School.

You will then have full particulars of all functions direct from the O.S. Secretary, Henry B. Rowntree, 16 Wood Street, Chelmsford, Essex.

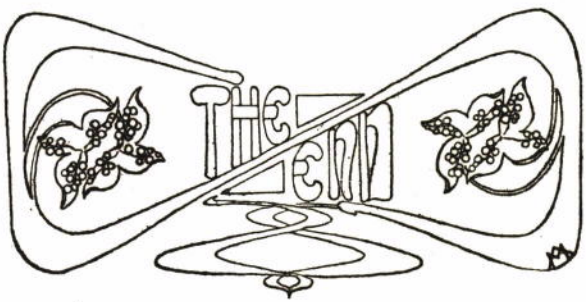
SCHOOL MAGAZINES

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the magazines of our companion schools which arrived after going to print at the end of last term, and those which have arrived so far this term. Besides the obvious interest to us, the exchange of magazines is a courtesy we much appreciate.

The magazines received are: *The Beckside, By Kent and Skerne, The Cupola.*

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