THE AVENUE

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JULY 1939

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THE AVENUE





The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXX. JULY, 1939 No. 89.

FOREWORD

WE reassembled this term all ready for the various examinations which take place during the summer (including, of course, the swimming examinations, not to mention Matric), and were greeted on the first Saturday of the term with a delightful concert by Spanish refugees for Spanish refugees. They travel over the country coming from a camp at Langham, and we wish their cause all the success it deserves.

Miss Thekla Gray-Kean left at the end of last term, to marry Mr. James, and we are pleased to welcome Miss Winifred Lee in her place, and to wish them all the best of luck.

During this year many Germans have come to the School, and this term Helvecia, Delia and Elbio Garcia from Spain, and later Heinz Hoffman from Germany arrived to increase the number of scholars from overseas.

Because of the glorious weather earlier in the term we were only too pleased to leap into the swimming-bath

at the earliest possible opportunity, and judge our surprise and pleasure when we found eight new and beautiful shower-baths which have proved most useful.

Incidently, this term some of the boys have started to play water-polo with great enthusiasm, and a ball provided specially for the game. This ball is treated with extreme awe by the unitiated and is hung in a cage in the swimming-bath.

General Meeting and Whitsun were both very successful, and the weather favoured each occasion, though it seemed that there were fewer people, though no less enthusiasm for Whitsun.

At General Meeting we were glad to hear that Rosalind Barkas, Alan Jennings and Maryan Morgan had received Scholarships. Reports of both General Meeting and Whitsun appear elsewhere in this issue.

During many weeks of this term, preparations have been going on for the celebration of the tercentenary of that great Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, and many of our Stage Six have, under the direction of Mr. Beer and Mr. Frederick Woodhouse, been preparing two plays, which they performed in the " Mayflower " Barn at Jordans, in the company of other players from Sibford School, and some Young Friends from London.

At the end of this term many images of sons and daughters are to be carried home to admiring parents, since we have had a panorama photograph taken of all the School and Staff of the School.

Long times have passed with many bitter comments over the cover of our magazine, and so, after much cogitation on this and on the change of printer we have formulated a new cover, which we hope will please the eye, and herald the contents of this issue well.

Joan Durell.

GENERAL MEETING, 1939

THERE surely has not been a more successful General Meeting than this of 1939. To begin with, the weather—all important—was perfect, and visitors were welcomed with a cup of tea. Everything looked its best in the clear sunshine, and so did everybody.

The hours passed quickly and the day ended as happily as it had begun. There had been no sign of stress or undue excitement at any time; indeed, one could believe there were General Meetings at Saffron Walden every week, they run so smoothly.

Following the Meeting for Worship, the Clerk of the Committee announced the award of Scholarships to Rosalind Barkas, Alan Jennings and Maryan Morgan.

Hubert A. T. Child, B.A., Vocational Adviser to the Friends' Appointments Board, then spoke to us on "Choosing a Career." By references to our own experiences, he emphasized the importance of young people making a right start from the very beginning. He explained the scientific tests now available for helping towards this end. Circumstances, attainments, intelligence, interests, disposition, all are considered, and so the individual is summed up and fitted into one of three classes of jobs, these being, roughly, those dealing with ideas, those working in materials and those to do with people.

Everyone present must have realized the wisdom of accepting the vocational advice given and no doubt parents will now bravely tackle the examination paper they themselves are set in son-and-daughter-knowledge.

There was evident appreciation of the informative address and of the frank and kindly criticism. There were many questions and we could have gone on for another hour.

After lunch, there was much to see. The main im-

pression the work gave was of "aliveness." This quality pervaded most of the exhibits and most of the performances. What better?

Many visitors envied the scholars their biological studies. There were specimens in various stages, alive and dead and inorganic, experiments, devices new and old and some original diagrams by the younger children bearing on the life around them, in hedges, ditches and banks. This room demanded far more time than could be given; it was packed with interest.

The Arts and Crafts Section, always attractive, contained drawings of high standard, including designs well executed, some as posters. There were many useful and artistic articles in wood and in metal, articles of which the young craftsmen may well be proud.

The Home-craft side is developing, as demonstrated by the practical application of essential principles. This was particularly noticed in the planning of meals. We saw foods as body builders, body workers, body warmers and body protectors. A tennis tea and a picnic lunch were attractively set out and there were iced cakes looking really professional; a good exhibit backed up by some sensible laundry-work, better than professional. The diagram books, patterns and mending added interest to the more usual display of good needlework and knitting.

Visitors to the Junior School were full of admiration for the writing, drawing and handwork, amongst which were one or two very good carvings in chalk and many little models which one felt were not just an end in themselves. An interest in gardening is encouraged, an interest which, it is hoped, some of the children will maintain.

Everyone enjoyed the graceful gym. displays by two groups of girls and the skipping by a third. What supple bodies! And what memories! What concentration! The National Dancing of a voluntary group, boys and girls, was so fresh and natural and vigorous that one thinks that this activity must certainly keep

going.

The boys' swimming was great fun. There are plenty of ideas, apparently, and many good swimmers to carry them out.

A number of visitors had a pleasant time listening to some music in the Hall. That difficult accomplishment, the playing of a stringed instrument, is being bravely acquired by a few scholars, and the young orchestra worked nicely together. One hopes they will persevere. There was some sweet singing, both choral and solo.

Tea on the Avenue was a happy social time, the sun still shining through the limes.

The detail of organisation and the amount of hard work put in by both domestic and educational staffs in preparation for such a day, is gratefully recognised by visitors. They value, too, the thoughtfulness and friendliness shown by pupils and staff. This is expected, of course especially in a Friends' School, but we can be none the less appreciative. I believe we are.

A VISITOR.

SPAIN, 1937-8

ANYONE who knows Spain will remember the view down on Barcelona from the hill behind, leading up to the Exhibition Hill. I doubt if anyone has ever looked down over the city with more pleasure than we did on the morning of August 1st, 1938.

There were twenty of us, wounded more or less seriously, jammed into a small and very badly sprung lorry, the creaking sides of which threatened to collapse and throw us into the road with every jolt. We had been riding all night, back from the inferno of noise that was going on along the River Ebro, where we had received our wounds the previous day. Then, just as dawn was breaking, we crested the hill, and saw, spread out beneath us with the first rays of the sun catching the spires

of the hundreds of churches, the city of Barcelona. We were too far away still to see the horrible scars that repeated bombings had left on the city. From our vantage point the city looked peaceful and happy, and though we knew that this was not the case, we wanted to believe it.

I am not sure of the nationality of everyone in the lorry, but I know there was an American negro, two Czechs, a Canadian Finn and an Albanian, besides of course several Spaniards. I think everyone knows enough now of why we all went to Spain, but looking back, although all of us realized that things were very serious, not only in Spain, but in the world at large, we did not anticipate that before a year had passed, not only Spain, but several other countries as well would have fallen to the Fascist advance.

Now, in the beautiful city that we saw then, the children are being taught in the schools that war, which we took part in only because of a terrible necessity, is the be-all and end-all of life. The Barcelona that we saw was a hungry Barcelona, but it was a happy city, because it was free.

J. S. PEET.
(Old Scholar).

" H.M.S. PINAFORE "

BY virtue of enjoying the courtesy title of " Uncle," it has been my privilege on two or three occasions to visit Saffron Walden School, but not before has this privilege been joined with so much pleasure as on the last occasion, when I was invited to see the School production of " H.M.S. Pinafore." It had been a cold journey from town at a compulsorily slow pace, and the cheerful aspect of the well filled lecture hall was therefore all the more welcome.

A bold venture, to produce a " G & S " Opera with

only a School's resources, but within its limitations an excellent show, and great credit is due to all concerned in the production, not omitting those responsible for the building of the ship. I have no doubt that the young players enjoyed it every bit as much as the audience; they will at any rate have had early opportunity of learning some good healthy English tunes, which will remain with them all their lives, when countless " theme-songs " from popular films are dead and gone.

A well-manned ship, the Pinafore (with perhaps a few B.A.'s among the A.B.'s) and boldly did its crew tackle the not easy job of singing music written for tenors and basses. The girls' chorus seemed a little shy, but perhaps that was a feeling of being a little out of place on a man-o'-war.

From Captain downwards (literally) the principles showed that they had been well taught. Very sweet and effortless was the singing of the girl who played Josephine, while Buttercup's sense of the stage seemed to indicate previous experience. Of the " men " Dick Deadeye was especially good, and played his part confidently, and with sufficient grimness. That arch-opportunist, Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B., made an intriguing figure, with his sailor-like roll, and his hat cocked at a school-cap angle : we feared for that hat from the first, but when the inevitable happened, was he disconcerted? A thousand times, No !

Nor should we omit to mention the Little Tich of the caste, the perky midshipmite, with a telescope so powerful that it could be seen through even by those at the back of the hall.

It was a gratifying surprise to listen to the playing of a small orchestra adequate for the occasion. Most amateur operas suffer from the fact that indifferent instrumental playing is harder to conceal than indifferent singing, but here was nothing that was not pleasant, as sure in intonation as in expression and attack. Many amateur Societies would be glad to have such an Orchestra.

On my return journey to town, two thoughts kept running through my mind; first the hope that Josephine will make the most of her soprano voice in the future; second I caught myself thinking what I would have given for the opportunityy of consigning my Schoolmaster to ignominy and the dungeon. But then, we don't all have the opportunities which came Sir Joseph Porter's way, and besides, the schoolmaster of to-day is a different being from the schoolmaster of half a century ago!

E.S.B.

THE THOMAS ELLWOOD PAGEANT

ON Saturday, July the 1st the tercentenary of Thomas Ellwood's birth was celebrated at Jordans by a series of plays performed by scholars from Sibford Friends' School, a group of London Friends, and some scholars from this school.

Those of us who were taking part in the pageant were awakened earlier than usual in time for a seven o'clock breakfast which most of us did not appear to want, judging by the time which we took to eat it; we all finished long before the bus was supposed to arrive at half past seven.

The coach (the ' Viceroy ' company gave it this name) did arrive at the appointetd time and we all bundled into it, there was a rush for the back seat as usual and the usual argument about it apart from the fact that this ' coach ' did not have a back seat. We started our premeditated ' uneventful ' journey but unfortunately the premeditations were at fault, one of our members desiring to reject his hasty breakfast. We arrived at Jordans a quarter of an hour late at half past ten, the time we were due to start the dress rehearsal. This did not start, for various reasons, until half an hour later in which time the performers changed and were made up

while the remaining four (myself included) did work on the stage.

The rehearsal at the eleventh hour (literally) seemed to be quite successful to judge by the remarks of Mr. Woodhouse, the producer. After our rehearsals had finished the performers made themselves scarce while the scene-shifters and door closers stayed on to do the odd jobs for the London Friends and Sibford who had their rehearsal after ours.

These went on well past the twelfth hour and we were not dismissed for lunch until half past one.

We found the rest eating their lunch in a rockery well hidden from the view of the Sibford performers whose tea we were disposing of (the mistake was due, no doubt, to a technical hitch).

After dinner there was an hour to spare before the first performance which was to start at three. People started entering the grounds and owing to a rush at the last moment a lot of people were given misplaced seats in the ' Mayflower ' barn. The performance took place indoors because those in charge wisely doubted the chances of the weather being good to us.

The performance started and the hen behaved itself decently and fled off stage. This hen had to be chased by Pennington's maid and its sole purpose of the day was to be shut in a cupboard and to be taken out on three occasions to be given a bit of exercise which was enforced by the maid's broom. In the rehearsal the hen flew into the imaginary audience, but in the other two performances it did the right thing, perhaps because of the nature of the audience.

The pageant consisted of five plays about incidents in Thomas Ellwood's life. Thomas Ellwood was an early Friend converted by preaching, and a great friend of Milton.

The only fault I have to pick with the plays is that there was too much talking and not enough action. Otherwise they were very good and very well worth the

trouble of drawing the curtains in the intervals.

The first performance finished at half past five, and we had our tea (ours and not Sibford's) in the Jordans café. Our second performance started an hour later after a furious downpour of rain.

After we had done our part we withdrew, changed, and prepared for the homeward journey. After bidding farewell to Sibford the journey back started. This time it was uneventful.

When we arrived back we trooped immediately into the kitchen to drink the cocoa which we knew would be provided for us, discussed various points of the day and then went to bed to sleep well after a day that, besides its variety and interest, was more tiring than we had expected.

David Jackson
(*Stage* 7).

JUNIOR SCHOOL NATURE NOTES

LAST winter term we worked at Hillcroft making rabbit hutches. The lower class made a very big one, and one member of the upper class made a hutch for a guinea pig. This term we have seven pets : four tortoises, two rabbits and a guinea pig. We wired our small summer shed up so that it would be safe. We let the pets out to run about in the pet shed. We are expecting another guinea pig very soon.

Also last winter term we made some nesting boxes. Miss Barrie said she did not think any birds would come this year. But to our great surprise there is a nest in one of them and one egg. I think it is a hedge sparrow.

In Junior School we all have our own individual gardens. There are lots of flowers in them. We have been tidying them up for Whitsun. There are tulips and

irises in the gardens. A few of the upper class made a bird table and two window boxes. There have been some lovely flowers in the boxes, and we sometimes watch the birds at the bird table.

Over at Hillcroft we planted some vegetables. We dug the ground and weeded it. We planted spinach, and beetroot, potatoes, beans, peas, lettuces, and other vegetables. Most of them are coming up nicely. We are going to sell our produce to Mrs. Stubbs. Since writing this we have got four bantams and a hen.

Elspeth Irvine
(*Junior School*).

THE BEE

THERE once was a funny little bee
And he met a little flea,
And said " Could you come to tea
Tomorrow afternoon at three?"

Said the flea :
" I would love to come to tea
Tomorrow afternoon at three,
But I must go and see
The honeysuckle bumble bee."

Rachel Pumphrey.
(*Junior School*).

THE GARDEN

THE noon was at its hottest. Everything was quiet in the old world garden. Sparrows silently fluttered and pecked to get at crumbs dropped by a careless diner.

The box hedges no longer swayed in the breeze. The flowers lay drooping slightly in the little rings of damp earth which surrounded each one.

Round a corner lay a summer house, and some old ruins, moss-covered, with here and there a flint missing from its accustomed place where it had been for eight hundred years; and in the crevices so formed, little spiders lurked and ran.

Across a lawn, and down some steps, lay a pool. It was surrounded by four walls of high box hedges. In the centre was a fountain—a little Cupid supporting the fountain spray, a beautiful group, but now green, mouldering, and disused for several years.

No more would people admire the way the water sparkled, glistened, and fell in a shining, splashing curtain round the little statue. Nowadays people admired hydraulic jets of water, coloured by electric lights, and surrounded by a crowd who threw orange peel and sweet papers into the water. But nothing like that could possibly happen here.

Through the trees the little chapel bell struck a chime, somewhat tinny perhaps : yet it fitted in perfectly with the surroundings.

For eight long centuries these few acres had been carefully tended. For eight centuries they had been admired, and used for folk dancing.

But still the garden kept the old world charm. The gravel paths, the close clipped lawns, the well weeded flower beds, could not look modern.

But perfection is not yet. There is a flaw in everything. A steam roller puffed and hissed by itself on one of the gravel paths. Shattered was the perfect garden. Everything seemed to revolve round that ugly, noisy, hissing machine. Nothing can keep its beauty intact nowadays. Sweet papers lie around, and there are ugly wire receptacles for litter. Cigarette cards lie on the velvet lawn. The dream is broken.

K. Irvine. (*Stage 6a*).

AN EVENTFUL SAIL

IT was a rough day on Blakeney Estuary and it was against everybody's advice that my father and I set out for some sailing practice. There were several motor boats speeding about but there was only one other sailing boat. We enjoyed the sail to the full. There was something exhilerating about the way in which the salt spray stung your face and there was a keen wind blowing.

After about an hour, we thought (at least my father thought) that we had better turn back because it was getting late and we did not want to be left stuck on a sand bank. However, as we approached the channel we saw some other yachts coming out, and so we prepared to gybe and go out again.

We soon got out further that the other boats and were practising some tacking when we suddenly shipped an unexpected amount of water and one side went under. We were precipitated into the water in rather an undignified manner. The boat did not completely sink because it had some air tanks inside. We hung on to the side and with one hand tried to rescue all the loose things such as bailers, etc.

We soon saw a motor boat bearing down on us and discovered the occupants to be two nuns. One of them was standing in the bows of the boat vaguely holding the anchor above her head looking as if she wanted to drag us aboard by the hair.

My father, in rather an alarmed tone, asked her to put it in the bottom of the boat. We soon scrambled into the boat which was a large powerful and slow-moving one.

A steam yacht took our boat into the channel where we usually have it. The nuns, though very kind-hearted, had not much of an idea of how to manage a boat, and

we started to go backwards most alarmingly. We soon ended our career on a sandbank. The nuns had no idea how to get off, so my father took the tiller, and started to go in.

We picked up two other people, who had also capsized, on the way. By chance they happened to be the occupants of the only other sailing boat that had been out at first.

As soon as I got home I was given a good rub-down and temporarily put to bed with a hot water bottle. In the evening my mother insisted on taking a large basket of apples round to the nuns, and in return they showed us round the mill where they were living which as we discovered, was their summer quarters. They had still kept the machinery etc., but had turned the mill itself into a very nice, tastefully designed dwelling place.

So we got a wetting but we also made two very helpful friends and were shown over a mill and told its history. So as the saying goes " All's well, that ends well."

A. Martin
(*Stage* 3).

WHITSUN, 1939

NORMAN Eames led us to expect great things at Walden this year. And on thinking it over, even he seems to have erred on the right side. We had a splendid time.

I was one of the lucky people who was able to get down on Friday night, and for a little while I could imagine myself still at school. The playground was deserted, and the field bore that leisured peaceful air which is so difficult to recapture outside Walden. Life is lived much too quickly and superficially elsewhere to allow one to think, and plan and scheme in a rational

manner; but for a little while on that Friday night, it slowed up to a reasonable tempo.

But soon I was caught up on the happy bustle of Whitsun at Walden. Fleeting memories of the multitude of greetings, of renewed acquaintances and friendships still remind me of the time we spent together. Saturday gave us no rest. One moment we were applauding the girls' attractive gym. display; another moment we were yelling ourselves hoarse over the relay races in the swimming bath; another we were trying to get in a quick game of tennis before the dinner bell rang.

The welcome quiet of meeting on Sunday morning ordered our crowded minds, and we were glad of the opportunity to give thanks for the pleasures and joys we were having. Miss Midgley, and Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree once more extended their kind invitations to Old Scholars—and who could blame us for being late for lunch?

The Headmaster gave us much food for thought in his stimulating address in evening meeting. In the happy times we were spending, it was only right and fitting that we should not overlook the responsibilities each of us holds as a member of the whole discord of humanity. The musical programme which followed revealed a wealth of talent in our midst—although it could hardly all be described as ' music ' !

Throughout the week-end, we were very fortunate with the weather, and Monday was no exception. The honours in the cricket matches were shared. Everyone was pleased to see the Boys' XI win on Saturday, but the Old Scholars got their revenge on Monday when they beat the School XI with something to spare. Once more we have to congratulate Hilda Englemann on winning the Finals of the Lawn Tennis Tournament. Partnered by Ernie Francis, they beat Joyce Francis and another old-timer, Charles Ball in the Final.

The only dark spot in an otherwise perfect day was our farewell to Noreen Wright. Under her guidance

and instruction several of us have left Walden with a permanent blessing, whether in the nature of executive ability or a keen appreciation of good music. Walden will be the poorer for her absence, and it is with a genuine regret at her departure that we wish her all the luck which she richly deserves in anything that she hopes to do in the future.

And now I've a sad confession to make. I had to go before the climax to the whole week-end—the bonfire. As I travelled away from Walden in the train, I was thinking of what I was missing. The songs, the stokers, the rows of boys perilously hanging out of the bedroom windows keen to let us know that they can make just as much noise, the glorious blaze as the tea-box at the top of the fire comes crashing down amid a shower of sparks, and finally the cheers volleying round the playground as we try to let everybody know what a grand time we've had. Three cheers for everyone who has contributed, even in the smallest way, towards making this week-end the best of the whole year.

As we sit back and think, we can but hope it will be as good next year—and I am sure it will be.

CLIFFORD SMITH.



TITHE

A FEW months ago the Farmer's March in London attracted considerable interest and attention. This was largely a protest from the farmers of the Eastern Counties who are affected by the great agricultural depression. This so impressed the government that a new Minister of Agriculture, Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith was appointed who will, it is hoped, be the means of alleviating the burdens of the farming industry.

One of the many problems that require a solution is that of tithe. England and Wales are now the only countries in which tithe still exists. France and other countries abolished it a century or so ago while in the United States it was never established.

The payment of tithe i.e. the tenth part of the produce of the land is a custom dating back hundreds of years. It was practised among various ancient races and particularly among the Hebrews whose laws are preserved for us. Not until the Middle Ages however do we find in Europe and England payment of tithe enforced by law with a penalty for non-payment.

It became the law in England for tithes to be paid by all sections of the people whilst the clergy or their agents collected the tithes in kind—the tenth sheaf, cow, lamb, pig, fowl or even the tenth of garden produce. There were most frequent and bitter disputes between the tithe-owners and payers. Quakers always used to refuse on a matter of principle and special laws were made for getting the tithe from them and they repeatedly suffered imprisonment, fines and excessive distraint of their goods.

In 1836 a law was passed changing tithe into a money-payment thus making it a rent-charge upon the land, fixed upon the average price of corn for the previous seven years. This was payable by both landowners and tenants and was instead of taking farmers' sheaves etc. But as the amount the tenant had to pay was arranged by the squire and clergy who were interested

parties, in some parishes the tithe was made very heavy. In former times a man paid in proportion to his harvest whether great or small but now his payment remained the same every year although his cost of production had risen and the price of corn was lower.

In 1891 an Act was passed altering tithe to payment by landowners only. Thus the amount to be paid remained the same but the burden rested upon fewer people. The Act of 1925 made matters even worse as the rent-charge was increased to provide a sinking-fund to end tithe in eighty-five years. This greater burden which together with the depression after the Great War started the agitation which became known as The Tithe War. Many farmers were unable to meet the further demands and much land has gone out of cultivation and as a result thousands of workers have left the land.

Before many years farmers banded together and formed the National Tithe-payers Association to fight on behalf of the Tithe-payer who either refused or was unable to pay, the result being that the County Courts were filled with summons from tithe-collectors for non-payment. One of the leaders was Mr. Kedward, a parson. Many farmers still refused and the judges gave orders for distraint which means goods are seized and sold to obtain the money. At first these goods were either sent to the local market or sold by auction on the premises but these sales became an absolute farce for the farmers refused to bid, and one read of a cow only fetching ½d. Auction sales were abandoned and the goods were advertised for sale by tender. Even this method met with difficulty as when the prospective buyers discovered the sale was for tithe they refused to have anything to do with it. Queen Anne's Bounty then set up a Company officially called General Dealers. Ltd., of London, but more often known as General Stealers. They went with lorries and raided the farms where distraints had been ordered.

At a distraint on Mr. Kedward's farm, he and his men lay down in the roadway while others dug trenches and felled trees in order to prevent the lorries getting away with the goods.

Such agitation as this made the Government take notice at long last and a Royal Commission was set up at which evidence was given by both sides.

A Bill was introduced which, whilst making small concessions to the tithe-payer in the form of slightly reduced payments and reducing the time of redeeming tithe to sixty years, still left the main problem unsolved.

June 24th, 1936 was the greatest day in the Tithe War when the largest procession London had ever known marched from the Thames Embankment to Hyde Park by a four mile route with banners, bands, placards, pitch-forks and decorated waggons. In Hyde Park huge crowds were addressed from four platforms.

Mr. Baldwin refused to meet the deputation from the March and the Bill became an Act in due course, and so to-day farmers are still protesting against what is now called an annuity and is paid direct to the government. But still, as Mr. Kedward said, "Tithe by any other name would stink as much."

Daphne Gillett,
(*Stage* 7.)

THAT NOTHING IS "NOTHING"

THERE is a singular grace in the facility that some people have for writing; even when they don't know what they are writing about. Charles Lamb was the kind of person who could have written happily on nothing, and we should have been happy to read it. Perhaps, though, we shall not be so happy to read on "nothing" when a less competent touch is brought to bear. Well, it cannot be helped, for this article is worth exactly nothing.

"Nothing" is a problem of varying complexity. To those who are classified by their friends as "good at

games," and by their enemies as " brainless," " nothing" has little difficuly, because it is the more or less blissful state in which they habitually live. To them " some-" thing " would present a real problem, if you can see what is meant. Before going any farther, I can see that we are going to be in some difficulty over " nothing," the title, and just plain nothing as in " nothing seem to worry him " where we mean that no single thing causes him the turn of a hair (have you ever had one of your hairs turn?) This just plain nothing must be kept distinct from " ' nothing ' troubles him," where we mean the problem of " nothing " (see above in the title) really causes batches of hair to turn like the passage of wind over a green corn-field. As you can easily see, I very much hope, they mean nearly opposite things. Of course the whole thing could be settled by calling one " nothingness " and the other one by its now well-known title of just plain nothing. But that makes this much less fun, don't you think? So I'll stick to " nothing " and—yes—just plain nothing.

Now where were we? Oh, yes, the people who are good at games. Their " nothing " is a simple one. Now to great thinkers, so I am told, the problem is vast, because nothing (just plain) is really " nothing " because everything is really something. When you say " nothing " is really the parts of a fishing-net that aren't string they say puzzling things about air being there and air is a thing. And when you close your eyes and say that " nothing " is what you see, they start talking with lofty certainty about comparative light and rays and so on. Now I felt I really had got " nothing " clear the other day. I'll start a new paragraph to tell you about it.

I was talking to the heavy-weight champion of the police outside a restaurant when a delightful smell came from the kitchens beneath. The policeman raised his nose and sniffed eagerly, and I said quite blandly, " I say, you smell just like the skunks in the Zoo." A friend of mine who came to see me while I was away

from work, knows all about grammar and that sort of thing, and he told me I should have said " as the skunks do," instead of " like the skunks ". Anyway there is a soul of good in things evil, and I felt that " nothing " was really what happened in the gap between my remark and my return to consciousness. But now psychologists tell me that my unconscious mind was frighteningly active at all kinds of things then, and, though I don't know what it means, they tell me that no single thing that I think, or do, or say, escapes my unconsicous.

I've just had another thought. Isn't nothing (O) " nothing "? Oh, no. It's only the area between plus 1 and minus 1. I'd forgotten that.

No, after all, I'm afraid that nothing (just plain) is " nothing " (title), not even nothing (O). In fact nothing doing about " nothing."

O

A SUMMER DUSK

I STOOD alone upon the open field,
Save for the cattle chewing up the grass ,
And listened to the dying song of birds,
And to the song of farm-hands as they pass
Along the lane behind,
Tramping homeward on their weary way
After the work of a long hot summer's day.

I stood alone upon the tender grass,
Moistened with dew of evening coming on,
And then did see how God had made the world.
The busy day had come and nearly gone,
And I was thanking God for all He'd done.

W. A. Townshend.
(*Stage 5a*).

FROM SPAIN TO SCHOOL



BOUT two years and two months ago, I and my brother and my sister knew that we were coming to this generous country. What a joy to hear that! How pleased we were to know we were going to leave behind us the noise of the siren at the sight of the aeroplanes, our races to the refuge, the noise from the bombs when they were falling and the banging of the guns firing against the aeroplanes and the hunger that we were having to endure, especially for the last month.

What a relief for our family to know that we were going to save our lives from the horror of the war. But however, what a sadness to think that we were going to separate from our dearest people and maybe never see them again. You cannot imagine it.

I can remember the date when we embarked, it was Thursday, 20th May, 1937. How nervous we were until the evening came! What a sad day we had saying good-bye to all our relations and friends!

All our family except our brother and our brother-in-law (who were in the front line) went with us to Santurce where the ship called " Habana " was waiting for us. What an awful evening we had! It was pouring and when we reached there we were all wet; we had with us luggage so we could change. The policemen made us hurry up and we had to get on board soon so we had not much time to be with our family.

The leave-taking came and oh what a spectacle my eyes saw! Every one was weeping and embracing us and the policemen were very angry because nobody took heed to their command to get on board. At last we went on. In our hurry, we forgot the luggage which a policeman brought us when we were going up the stairs.

We started the next morning, and it was an awful journey. Everybody was sick and everywhere you went you could hear, " I want to go back."

We had not enough bunks and most of the people had to sleep on the floor as we did, with the luggage for pillow and a coat instead of a blanket for the first night, and with a mattress and some blankets for the next two. I had never travelled in a ship before and in those moments I did not want to do it again. We could hardly go to have our meals and very often we had to go back to our place to lie down.

On Saturday evening we knew we had reached the harbour of Southampton, and everybody went on deck. We could see in the sea some other ships, some seaplanes and further some gasometers. On the next morning many people came; some of them took photos and among the people some ladies from the Salvation Army were wandering about.

The people on the dockside threw sweets and chocolates for us, but the most part of them we could not catch and they went into the water. About four o'clock after we had passed the medical inspection we went on shore to the camp they had decided for us in "Eastleigh". We were there until August when it was impossible to live there any more because the weather changed and nearly every day there was rain and the water came into some tents, so we could not sleep in our own and we had to look for another which was dry and sleep there with so many people that we could hardly move; but, for the two months before we had a lovely time, with the sun shining every day. The people around us were very kind; many of them could speak Spanish and the rest learnt it later. People of Southampton and other towns came to take us out for tea or all the day. We had a cinema in the camp, showers, and, very near, a big park with all sorts of swings where we went every day.

From " Eastleigh," we came to Carshalton Beeches where we have been until we have come here. There were ten girls, twelve boys, three young women and an English matron (but she could speak Spanish). We have

been living like brothers and sisters.

One of the young women was a teacher so every day we had Spanish classes except for the three months that the big boys and girls went to an English school to try to learn English but it is so hard that still we have not learnt it. Our life there was very different from here. There we did homework and the big girls did the washing and mending.

On 23rd May, 1938, we began the first concert in our home because it was our first anniversary. We had a party for ourselves and the people who came to see it. We used to go out on Saturdays and Sundays with the people who used to help us.

Now, we have come here and we do not know how long we shall stay. Certainly, now I am too old to start again so I expect to learn mainly English but I hope my brother and sister will stay here and learn other things besides.

Helvecia Garcia
(*Stage 6b*).

CRICKET, 1939

FOR some years now, the chronicler of the cricket season has had a dreary task and alas, this season the present chronicler has very much the same story to tell.

Up to the present only one match has been won by the Boys' XI but inglorious as that record is the 1st XI from whom much was expected, have gone one better, or rather worse, for they share with the 2nd XI the inevitable distinction of not having won a match yet.

In the 1st XI the bowling has been greatly stiffened by Messrs. Stewart and Thompson whilst the latter has a batting average of almost astronomical dimensions, and yet we have lost our matches. To those whose deductive powers have been sharpened by an extensive course of detective fiction the reasons will be apparent but for the benefit of those who do not come in this category it is perhaps necessary to explain that bowlers need adequate assistance in the field and that if a batsman cannot get anyone to stay with him his ' not outs ' will give him a huge average.

These are I think the real reasons why we have lost so many matches—slovenly fielding—often aggravated by an almost complete lack of anticipation of the opposing batsman's stroke—and, with the exception of Mr. Thompson, the unreliability of our batting particularly when facing anything that is fast or looks as though it ought to be.

The Boys' XI has failed for very much the same reasons. In Blackshaw, Dunstan and Brereton they have had bowlers of about the usual standard, although the last would do much better if he bowled over the wicket, but batting and fielding have been weak and the only things that could really be relied on have been the unreliability of our batting and the certainty that quite a number of ' fours ' would be scored against us that should only have been singles.

The team this year has been unusually young and we hope that many of the present team will be helping next year to gain victories—many have shown distinct promise this year, Hughes in particular has played some good innings, but too often has not had sufficient support. With the experience of this year and hard practice next we should begin to do ourselves justice.

G.S.P.

SWIMMING, 1939

ALL Swimming for the first three weeks of the term was dominated by the thought of the Display to be given, with such little time for preparation, before the Old Scholars at Whitsuntide, and later on at General Meeting. As soon as the new shower baths had been completed, and the baths became available for use rehearsals started in earnest; but five precious days had gone. After General Meeting the thoughts of the upper part of the School at any rate were fixed more on exams, while those of the middle part of the school centred on trying to qualify for admission to the Swimming Club. Unfortunately a mild attack of pink-eye made it necessary, on the doctor's advice, to restrict the number of bathers per day, and this rather retarded the progress of training.

Each succeeding year for the past few years has shown an increasing keenness on swimming, and there is no doubt that the general standard throughout the school is at a higher level than it has been for some time, although, owing to the youth of the school, we are lacking in the usual handful of stalwarts at the top, to carry us through our matches, which are against adult teams. There is, unquestionably, some very promising material coming on, and next year, and for a few years after, when stamina has been established, we should be able to

hold our own against visiting clubs. So far this term we have not had any matches but there are three to come.

A notable feature this year has been the re-introduction of water polo, and although time for practice has been scarce we hope to play our first match against the Cambridge University Press just before we break up. In this connection we have been very fortunate in having Cyril Osborne, who left two years ago, spending the last month of term with us. He has just completed, with distinction, his training in Denmark as physical training instructor, and will be going on to obtain further honours at Loughborough College in the Autumn. In the meantime his visit has been most stimulating and helpful in every direction. We wish him every success.

B.B.J.

GIRLS' GAMES

CRICKET, tennis, swimming and rounders have occupied our recreational periods this term. Throughout the School there has been keen enthusiasm for physical work in all its branches. Some of the girls in the Middle School have reached a high standard now and it is hoped that this will be maintained throughout their careers here.

During the first weeks of the term all our time was devoted to work in the Gymnasium for a display which we gave before an audience of Old Scholars at Whitsun week-end and parents and friends at General Meeting. The standard of the work was good and the preparation and performance were thoroughly enjoyed by all those taking part.

This season we have been fortunate in being allowed a strip of the boys' cricket table one day per week for

practice. This was much appreciated by the 1st and 2nd XI and there has been considerable improvement shown in their play on these occasions. Our results have been good though we have not played many matches, Joyce Francis, Beryl Kilford and Sheila Smith being responsible for most of the runs, and Margaret Mills and Joyce Francis for the fall of wickets.

On the whole, tennis has been accepted by the girls as a game worth playing, but some are all too easily satisfied with their own mediocre standard of play. They too readily reject, unless under supervision, any innovation into their game, and thus are liable to lack vitality and their progress is retarded. The team is not up to the average schools' standard, but this, I think is due to the fact that two games are played during the summer term. The first pair have done well: their style is good, though footwork is often imperfect, and so forehand and backhand drives are not always successful.

Swimming is as popular as ever. Most of the time has been spent on the perfecting of strokes and competency in the water. This, I think, has been achieved. The R.L.S.S. examinations are near, and there are many anxious girls wondering whether they will ever be in a fit state to answer questions when they have swallowed ' half the bath ' in their endeavour to carry a body to land.

Joyce Francis, who completes her second year as games' captain this term has succeded in setting a standard of leadership not only in play but in the execution of her duties, which I hope will be remembered by the girls who achieve this position within the next few years.

G.B.

SCHOOL DIARY

March 23rd.—Merit half-holiday.

„ 25th.—Lecture: Madagascar.

April 5th.—School Closed.

May 5th.—School Reopened.

„ 10th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI v. Harlow College. Home. lost, 14—127 for 8 declared.

„ 13th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Takely Forest.

„ 20th.—Tennis Match: Girls' v. St. Mary's Convent. Away. won, 55—28.

„ 24th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI v. Newport Grammar School. Home, lost 44—71.

„ 27th.—Old Scholars' week-end: Cricket Match: Boys' XI v. Old Boys' 2nd XI. Won, 85—75.

„ 29th.—Cricket Match: Girls' 1st XI v. Old Girls. Lost, 74—77. 1st XI v. Old Boys' 1st XI. Lost, 88—190.

„ 31st.—Cricket Match: 1st XI v. R. R. Dobbin's XI. Home, lost, 107—139 for 7 declared.

June 7th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI v. Stansted Wednesday. Home, lost, 164 for 7 declared—178.

„ 10th.—General Meeting.

„ 12th.—Merit half-holiday.

„ 13th.—Matric. started.

„ 17th.—Cricket Match: Girls' 1st XI v. Homerton College. Away, won, 86—69.

1st XI v. Saffron Walden 2nd XI. Home, lost, 54—107.

„ 24th.—Cricket Match: Girls' 1st XI v. Saffron Walden T.C. Away, won, 73—40.

Boys' 1st XI v. Saffron Walden Grammar School. Home, lost, 55—59.

July 1st.—Tennis Match: Girls' VI v. Old Girls'. Home, lost 4 matches—5.

Cricket Match: 1st XI v. Sawston Church Institute. Home, lost, 99—117 for 4.

„ 5th.—Cricket Match: Boys' 1st XI v. Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI. Home, lost, 64—166.

„ 6th.—Leavers' Party.

„ 8th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wicken Fen.

NOTICES

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

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

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

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES

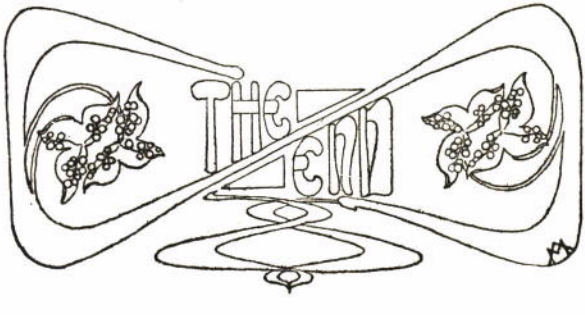
We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the magazines of our companion schools which arrived after going to print at the end of last term, and those which have arrived so far this term. Besides the obvious interest to us, the exchange of magazines is a courtesy we much appreciate.

The magazines received include: *The Beckside, The Island, The Cupola, The Georgian, Cambridge and County High School Magazine.*

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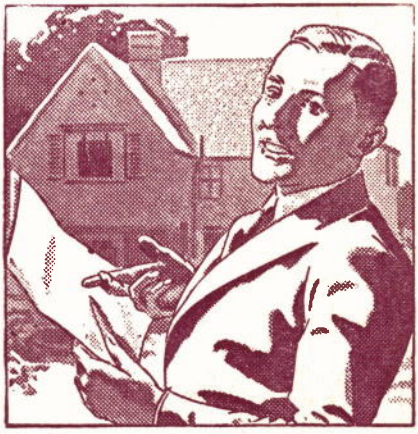


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