THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

JULY 1940

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"THE GONDOLAS."

Ursula Alsberg (Stage 6a.).



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXX. JULY, 1940. No. 92.

EDITORIAL.

THERE can have been few Terms in the history of this School which has been filled with such a rapid succession of grave political crises as this one has been. Week by week the exigencies of war have been more closely felt and have brought with them a need for intelligent readjustment both of the daily routine and of the mental outlook of each one of us.

Many of us have realized, more forcibly than ever before, how much we have taken the future for granted and what little grounds we have had for so doing. By this time, during a Summer Term, we discuss with certainty of fulfilment the walking tour we have planned, the bathing at Brighton or the yachting at Yarmouth which we intend to enjoy. Probably we have given thought to the football team for the Autumn, and may even have let our fancy wander as far as the Christmas pudding. But now—! Who can tell what the Summer may bring? Will the football matches and Christmas pudding alike be mere memories?

I am reminded of two very well-known paintings. The first, *Millais'* "Boyhood of Raleigh," the second, *Ford Madox Brown's* "The Last of England." The first, you will remember, depicts Raleigh and his companion listening intently to the stories of a sailor who has seen much of the world. They long to go out across the blue sea to gain for themselves the experiences about which he is

talking. The second, shows husband and wife with their tiny child on an emigration steamer crossing that very sea towards which the sailor in the other picture is pointing. They are not filled with that spirit of adventure which lightens the faces of the boys. Fear, apprehension, and a sickening dread of what is in store for them in the unknown land are portrayed in their faces as they sit huddled together in the bow of the boat.

These pictures are symbolic of two common attitudes of mind. The one, of the person of clear thought, courage and eager curiosity : the other, of the person overwhelmed by concern for personal safety, fearful of new experiences, clinging to traditions and customs, though they fall away under his hands.

It would be well for us who shall live in a future so uncertain to pause awhile to consider which of these attitudes of mind is ours, and which of these attitudes will best profit us and the generation in which we live and which we serve.

Some of us may sail across that same sea which *Millais* painted. We shall find adventure on the voyage as well as at the journey's end. Many of us may stay in England where adventure of a different kind is waiting for us. None of us will find this adventure unless we seek it, for our experiences will be coloured by our attitude towards them. We shall need open eyes and an enquiring, unprejudiced mind. We shall need courage to face the truth ; tolerance and sympathetic imagination to see through the deed to its meaning. We shall need perseverance and faith in the face of apparently insuperable difficulties. But the reward is great, for it is Life in its fullest deepest sense.

Why does this spirit of adventure make such a great appeal to our nature ? Because " God did not make us perfect, He made us seekers after perfection."

What, then, is this perfection which we should seek ? What heaven should we strive to build out of the hell of the twentieth century ? I should like to leave these words from the *Gitanjali* of the Hindu poet *Rabindranath Tagore*, with you as one answer :

" Where the mind is without fear and the head is held high ;
Where knowledge is free ;
Where the world has not been broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls ;

Where words come out from the depth of truth ;
Where tireless striving stretches its arms towards perfection :
Where the clear stream of reason has not lost its way into the dreary desert sand of dead habit ;
Where the mind is led forward by thee into ever-widening thought and action—
Into that heaven of freedom, my Father, let my country wake."

W.L.

INTER ALIA.

THE last issue of "*The Avenue*" came out in an emergency—we stopped school some days early at the end of last term because we had one case of cerebro-spinal meningitis, one of our maids being the patient. Other cases were avoided, and the sufferer herself recovered.

This issue of "*The Avenue*" comes out after a term more unsettled than probably any other of recent years. The War is at our doors, but the school has preserved a most encouraging normality. Raid warnings have been taken as a part of routine, and long may such helpful common sense continue : necessity, it would seem, does unite.

During the term we have had several new arrivals, but towards the end we had several departures, as was to be expected. Other countries attract some of our number, and other parts of this country seem preferable to some. We still have a good number in the school, and we hope the situation will encourage others to come.

In the earlier part of the term we had a full inspection by the Board of Education inspectors to see that we deserved our title of "recognised as efficient," and we did.

House Socials are normally held in various places on one day in the summer term. It is a day when partisan feeling is high and outsiders are cheerfully prevented. This year the inadvisability of going far away, and the necessity for getting a number of the house events off a very full term's programme led us to have a united social on the field in which tradition and novelty were refreshingly mingled. The organization for tea was a fine piece of smooth efficiency helped vastly by sensible behaviour on the part of everybody. Podex,

swimming, house competitions, a fierce touch-rugger encounter, ice-cream, strawberries: it was a great day.

As will be seen at length elsewhere, most of the General Schools' candidates visited our sister-school at Sidcot in order to take their examination in comparative peace without the broken sleep which Walden raid-warnings caused during the term. They were treated, as was expected, with courtesy and the greatest thoughtfulness, which they all appreciated. We hope that they left to Sidcot scholars memories as pleasant as those brought back to Walden.

We have no new arrivals to report on the staff, but we have two new members of our community to welcome: Margaret Alison Thorne and Lynne Honeywood Jacob. We are told that they have a great deal more than the charming voices for which we can at least vouch, and, knowing their parents, we realize it must be so. We offer to Mr and Mrs. Thorne and Mr. and Mrs. Jacob our warm congratulations.

WALDEN WHITSUN, 1940.

NO Bonfire! No Camp! No Tuck-shop! No Petrol! No Accommodation! No Holiday (Official)! Yet, in spite of all, Walden Whitsun was as good as ever (which goes to prove something) in fact:—

BONFIRE—an imaginary one—with sensational imaginary fireworks—on the Boys' Asphalt.

CAMP—in the gym (with rhythmic snoring and "Murder" too).

TUCK—extra special tuck-in at school.

PETROL—none needed for sardines in stationary cars.

ACCOMMODATION—owing to evacuees in town originally 50 only *and* HOLIDAYS often cancelled, *but* 150 made the grade and stayed (thanks to Miss Murray and company).

Moreover (apart from showers in the bath) "NO RAIN." The sunny weather was by my special arrangement; as Clerk of the Walden Weather I used to receive from Old Scholars an overdose of rain in the school rain-gauge, and from D. P. a bonus whenever I produced a snowstorm. My forecast for next year is *sic* [redacted]

[redacted] CENSORED [redacted]

There were No Politics but Many Rumours. I am able to state definitely that it was NOT true that Miss Waring was training troops to gargle, nor was it true that parachutists, disguised as Old Boys had landed on the Cricket Pitch. What was whispered to be a special set of numbered bricks for a new gambling game, was doubtless the row of boys' numbered gas-mask cases. There was, however, some rumour about the boys themselves, *i.e.*, that they were "digging for victory" in the school gardens. I can, from personal observation, say that this report is false (unless grass is to become the staple Walden diet).

Some of the boys and girls were talking to me:

"Just before you Old Scholars arrived" said one, "many of us were taken ill."

"I am not surprised" I replied, "I often felt the same about O.S. myself." When I was in Group B my desk, and when I was a Prefect, everything from rackets to trousers used to disappear. When it turned out that these things were not happening this year it was the turn of the illness to disappear—just in time in fact to leave the san free for us as a billet and the pavvy for sport (instead of *vice versa*), although I understand from Nurse that invalids would have made their beds far better than we did.

So few O.S. had arrived on Saturday (the record was to come on the Debanked Holiday!) that they could barely get an "11 of 9" together and had to ask ME to play cricket. I did not want to play against my Old School when I heard that Rodwell (who was to get 6 Old Boys out for only 24 runs) was one of their bowlers. Indeed it was unnecessary, for what they lacked in quantity of men they made up in quantity of runs and easily beat both School and Boys' XI.'s. The "Young Girls" likewise were easily beaten by the "Old Ones" at cricket, all of which goes to show that things are not as they were in our young day (I am suppressing the result of the Relay Race).

The education, in accordance with official principles, is of the kind Inspectors praise as being "closely related to the practical needs of life." Stage 6a Civics and Stage 5 Physics provided respectively "Ice Cream in Large Lumps" and "Cups of Tea—Very Tasty, Very Sweet." Moreover, Stage 5 spent Tuesday's gym class clearing the field of litter left by O.S.

As pupils, we used to appreciate the lessons we didn't have on Whit-Saturday; this time, as ex-pupils we appreciated the lessons we didn't have (the pupils had them and didn't appreciate them). In fact, we listened outside classroom doors to "the men that tanned the hides of us." We were just saying, "What fun for us to be unmoved by school bells" when the electric rang and caused us to take hasty shelter.

We never do see as much of the staff as we want to, and this year we thought, perhaps Saturday lessons had been too much for them. Imagine the surprise we had when they were reported to be having a full dress dinner in the Staff Room. It appeared subsequently that this was the dress rehearsal of Barrie's unfinished play, which they performed for us on Monday—"Shall we join the Ladies?" Whether they did we did not know, but fans waited for the autographs of stars at the stage door.

Apart from the above-mentioned evening dress, and of course, our old school kit, there was a refreshing lack of uniform. Many O.S.'s are C.O.'s (NOT Commanding Officers) and khaki was rare; many O.S.'s are s. d. men (NOT £ s. d.) and unable to afford a blazer at present.

There were many other events—Visits to Robins' Acre and 7, Springhill Road, sing-songs, dances, ballet (by Victoria R.) and there are many we should like to thank for the happy time. We all missed S.G.K.B. Apart from that, the great thing was to find F.S.S.W. so much the same (even the Pavvy weathercock stills bats North and calls it South).

Let us hope that the future holds many such reunions and that 1941, like 1919, will break all records. Let us in fact, remembering "There'll always be a Walden," join one another whenever we are permitted, at our dear old mother school.

D.S.

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600 WORDS.

FOR what misdemeanour Mr. Pearson imposed on me this task of six hundred words I do not know, but here they are.

I am wondering whether General Meeting lost by the omission of the Meeting for Worship. Did anyone really miss it? Or was

it simply the absence of programme before lunch? One feels sure a Meeting for Worship should enhance the value of the day.

What a wonderful place the Bumble Dinkies must be! In imagination one sees the procession of figures which has issued year by year from the leafy recesses. Now there are fresh memories.

The 'old woman' obviously did not know what to do with the crowd that came from the depths of the 'property' old shoe; joyous children dancing their way to physical perfection in rhythmic, spontaneous, yet concerted action.

Then came the classic Grecians treading with grace the measures of their comedy, telling the legends of ancient days and rolling sonorous nomenclature from their lips with familiar ease (fancy calling Michael, Epimetheus). How glad we were to learn that even Grecian women possessed curiosity, as Pandora opened the casket and released those impish sprites, but it was good to remember that hope is still there. How thankful we were that 'Oscar' buried his secret in such a good stage whisper. How else should we have known that "Midas has ass's ears"? Then the stately cortège passed with Hercules whose strength baffled death, leaving the tableau of King Admetus and his Queen posed for all to see.

Such a feast could not be consumed at one sitting. An 'entremet' was necessary. But here is a mystery. Was there a deliberate disregard of the Headmaster's instructions? In spite of the very definite statement that "no present scholar would be allowed to enter the bath," the boys gave a fine swimming display. I think this time they kept more of the water in the bath, for their diving seemed cleaner than ever. The confidence with which those water-rats (I had better not say water-babies) disported themselves was a tribute to their instructor.

Now my inexpert eye must rove to other things. Of the needle-craft exhibits in the library I could only say "how pretty" or "how nice," but if I did allow myself one more remark I should say there has been improvement.

The weird and wonderful things in the 'bilge' lab are always too much for me. How shall I describe them? I should probably get horribly mixed. Most puzzling was a strange instrument like an ancient sewing machine, labelled as some part of a crocus in wax. I elucidated the mystery and the label was quite correct.

The display in the Geography Room was geographic in the sense of covering many fields of activity. The utility of the woodwork, united with good design, caught the eye (I saw a lovely trouser-press, such as I have wanted for years). I was pleased to see attention being paid to caligraphy in both main and junior schools. What some of those boys don't know about aircraft cannot be much, one would think, but I suppose they still have a lot to learn.

The Junior School seems to do, in its own particular media and degree, everything the seniors do. There will be much gardening done if all those gardening aprons and kneeling mats find their proper use.

Words and space fail me to tell of all the other wonders. In everything is evidence of constructive and co-operative effort of scholar and staff, the commendation of which lies in the results achieved.

Tea on the Avenue, a shower of rain and a less hurried departure than usual, as the train left later, brought the day to a close for most, but I must tantalize some parents by writing of the delight of half-an-hour spent in the green waters of that fascinating bath as they were wending their weary ways homeward.

E.W.S.

YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!



DARESAY you know all about these patent medicines. You must have seen advertisements here, there and everywhere for "Buk Yu Up," the One and Only Breathtaking Bracer, or "Mills' Pills," as well as others of that ilk. I was buying some cough lozenges and a new toothbrush at the chemist's, when I saw an advertisement for Victoria's Villifying Vitalizer: "Do you feel funny inside when you wake up?" it said (I do quite often, but still!). "Do you go to bed with a frown and wake up with a scowl?" (Depends what I ate the night before). "Then you should vitalize the Victoria way!" it concluded. I was wondering what "Villifying" meant, and how nice the picture on the tin would look on my washstand, and if Victoria the Great was any

relation to this Victoria, and if she had reigned for fifty years because she had vitalized or because she hadn't, when the chemist said "Anything else, sir?" for the third time, and started to tap his pencil on the glass counter.

"Oh . . . yes . . . er, I'll have a tin of Victoria's Vitafying Villifier." I then expected the chemist to lean over the counter in confidential manner and say:

"Oh yes, sir, it contains all the best fruit juices of a field of ripening corn, and all the sunshine of a roasted peanut. Everybody is asking for Victoria's now."

But he didn't, he just said, "That's one and twopence, sir, and would you like it wrapped up?"

First I said "Yes," and then thinking of the picture on the tin, said "No!"

Most of the way home I looked at the picture of the sun rising over the desert, with the legend "Victoria's Villifying Vitalizer" emblazoned across a sky of beaten gold. On the other side of the tin was a picture of a ship tranquilly floating on a sea of a most invigorating pink colour. By this time I had bumped into two people, one perambulator, and a letterbox, so I started to see whether I could turn the tin round quickly enough to see the pink sea and the golden sky at once. I found not only that I couldn't, but also that I had collided with a large and solid looking policeman. Although he was obviously on the point of detracting from my reputation as a law keeper, I hastily broke in.

"Constable," I said, "As a man of few words I would advise you to practise the Lambeth Walk elsewhere. It would affect the younger generation seriously should they observe an officer of the law dancing in the public streets. Yes sir! I repeat that! Dancing! Good day to you!" Then I avoided his eye and quietly dispersed before the enraged officer could read the Riot Act, or even Regulation 35, clause 11, and before the law could extend its long (and fat) arm, I had vanished round the corner.

However, I soon forgot the incident in the contemplation of awakening to Vitalize the Victoria way. But why wait? Why not Vitalize on the spot? I tasted! I felt Villified! I tried again. I felt both Villified and Vitalized. Thus encouraged I emptied

half the contents into my hand and consumed it with relish. The effect was stupendous! I felt Greatly Invigorated, not only that, but also Highly Hilarious, although the makers had said nothing as to that. Observing two elderly constables approaching, and obviously discussing with dejection the Decrease in Crime since their young days, I approached them with the apologetic air and timorous mien of a British subject about to ask a representative of the law of his country the time. Suddenly I rushed upon them, and seizing their still more elderly helmets, knocked them together. The law stopped dead in its tracks. It swayed backwards! It swayed forwards! It threw a glance of alarmed and befuddled antiquity at itself, then it pulled out its whistles and with great solemnity blew two piercing blasts, informing others that crime (me) had once more reared its ugly head. Then it replaced its whistles and awaited further developments with complacency, meanwhile subjecting me to a severe scrutiny. After a short interval, two further policemen emerged simultaneously from separate houses of refreshment, and regarded one another with horror. After puffing and blowing in order to attain the full majesty of the law, these reinforcements bore down upon me and removed me forthwith.

When the British Government had relieved me of a portion of my allowance I was once more set at large to the danger of an innocent and unsuspecting public. However, it was quite safe as I had somehow lost my tin, and I shall never repeat the experiment of Vitalizing. To reinstate myself in the favour of the Law I have joined a society for Elementary Medical Research (consisting of me) with Particular Reference to Patent Medicines.

K. Irvine
(Stage 6a).

SPRING.

IT was spring, it was spring,
On the mountains,
And the heather was growing around.

It was spring, it was spring,
On the mountains,
And the rabbits were all to be found.

It was spring, it was spring,
On the mountains,
And the birds were all singing their song.

There was God, there was God,
On the mountains,
Whom the birds had been waiting for long.

Elspeth Irvine,
(Stage 2).

SPRING.

YEAR in, year out, comes gentle Spring,
Always waiting for the time
When crocuses dance in a ring,
And bluebells ring their chime.

The woods are full of chirrups clear,
When cuckoos fill the dell;
And cheeky sparrows bid you hear,
The songs and woes they tell.

The trees are covered with gay sprigs,
The brown earth with green grass;
The flowers now dance their merry jigs,
Whilst breezy winds do pass.

Ann B. Bickley
(Stage 5a.).

LIFE.

UPWARDS and onwards, all of us strive,
Hoping, perchance, at our goal to arrive,
Each man's travail leaving a trace,
Which uplifts or degrades this mortal race.
In each human breast is born the urge
To fight against evil's terrible surge,
For good or ill each plays his part,
In each is God's seed of some pure art.
So, when men a perfect peace attain,
Each man has helped to break the bonds of pain.

A. Martin
(Stage 4a.).

SIDCOT, 1940.

A FEW weeks ago Mr. Littleboy received an invitation from Sidcot School in Somerset for this year's Matriculation class to go down and take their exams. there, away from the worry of air-raid warnings. After much thought, this was considered the right thing to do.

When the arrangements were complete, it was decided that we were to go on Tuesday 25th, by the 9.15 train. There were twenty-six of us going, including Miss Yapp and Mr. Stewart, who were to see that we did not get into mischief.

The journey down was uneventful, although rather long and tedious. When we arrived we were met at the station by two of the older girls, two of the older boys, and the Headmaster and Mrs. Hutchinson, with their car and trailer for our luggage.

We walked up to the school, which is not very far from the station ; and were given a substantial and welcome tea in the library. After this, we were shown over the school buildings and grounds.

The buildings are rather more spread out than those at Saffron Walden, the boys' and girls' sides being joined by a subway.

In front of the school there are some delightful gardens, in which the scholars are allowed to walk at will. The gardener there takes a special pride in collecting foreign and rare plants. He has a greenhouse full of them and they form a very splendid collection.

The sports facilities are good, including seven tennis courts and a large field, which will hold as many as four games of cricket and a game of rounders at the same time. The swimming bath is the same length as ours, but it is five feet less in width.

After being shown round the school and grounds, we were shown our billets. We went to Sidcot expecting to " sleep on the gymn. floor," but we found very comfortable beds, some in and others out of school, which was a very pleasant surprise.

The next day was half-term holiday for the school and consequently the buildings were very empty. After doing a morning's work we all decided to go out and explore the countryside. It is

wonderful country, and as we found out later affords exceedingly good walks and cycle rides.

On Saturday, Sidcot arranged a dance in the girls' playroom in our honour, and I feel sure we all enjoyed it very much indeed.

On Monday, there was a music recital, which was very much enjoyed by all those present. There is a custom at Sidcot that all the older members of the school, in turn, should thank the lecturer. I wonder how well that would work here!

It was arranged that the boys should swim against Sidcot boys on Tuesday and the girls Sidcot girls on Wednesday. The boys also played cricket against the School on Wednesday, but we would rather not say what the results were!

The next day nearly the whole party had to return, only the Art and Latin people remaining, and so came to a close a very enjoyable and eventful week.

Being evacuated to another school is like being transplanted from one world to another, in a much smaller way. When one travels, one is introduced to new characters, new ideas and ways of living. It is true that most people like to travel, and all of us enjoyed staying at Sidcot, as it gave us these opportunities.

On our arrival, there was, of course, much discussion on both sides as to the merits of the hosts and guests. We, ourselves, had a great deal to say on the resemblances and differences between Sidcot and Saffron Walden. We found Sidcot to be more like other schools, or rather more what we imagined other schools to be like, the school being divided into forms, in which each seemed to be, to a certain extent, isolated from the others. This seemed strange at first, our own school being divided into groups and stages; a system which gives little opportunity for individual isolation. On the other hand, when playing voluntary games outside, boys and girls of all ages were admitted, which is a rare occurrence here.

Many of the scholars had, it seemed, no apparent desire to be out of their form rooms, although there was good reason to be, as they had the free use of some excellent gardens and tennis courts and a playing field. Perhaps it is because they are more studious than we are!

The attitude of the staff towards the scholars was slightly different from ours; it was less familar and this had an effect on the whole atmosphere of the school. I was told the other day that Saffron Walden had the reputation of being a little noisy. Perhaps this is why we notice the rules to be slightly stricter than those of Saffron Walden, and it took time for us to accustom ourselves to them. They seemed unnecessary to us at first, but on further acquaintance with the system of the school, we realized that rules which were not needed here, may be needed there and *vice versa*. They probably did us good.

When we first arrived at Sidcot we thought it strange, but after a while came to the conclusion that it was Saffron Walden which was out of the ordinary. Even so, Sidcot scholars and Saffron Walden scholars would prefer their own school, which is only natural.

Before those who came away with Miss Yapp left, Mr. Hutchinson gave to her, and through her, to our school, a reproduction of a water-colour of Sidcot School. It is a gift usually made to those who have been closely connected with the school, and as such is a compliment to us and to our School, which we much appreciate.

Audrey Bates.
Stephen Walker.
(Stage 7).

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND.

IT was sometime in March of the year 1937 that my mother first told me that she had found a school for me in England. At first, I was not quite sure how to take this news, and so just for the sake of it I decided to shed a few tears. Nobody took them seriously (they never do!) and so I stopped weeping, blew my nose and sniffed: "What sort of a school is it?" On being told that it was a co-educational Quaker school, I thought I was going to like it.

One of the first things I can remember having said was: "Mother, just think, perhaps I shall have friends there and be in plays and things . . . ."

I think in that sentence was summed up all the misery of a childhood spent under the Nazi régime. The mere thought of not being shouted at by little guttersnipes was, at first, too heavenly to be believed. What would it feel like to be treated like other children again and not having to be careful of what one said?

The next worry was merely whether I should get my passport. Until then I was to continue going to my old school. It was hard to be patient and often I was unhappy, then my mother would tell me that I should have to bear it just a little longer.

None of the girls at the school knew that I was leaving; we were so uncertain whether I should get that passport. However, finally in May I became the proud possessor of a brand new "children's" passport, the first one issued that year. My mother gave notice to my headmaster the same day and I was free from school at last.

Now things began to move rapidly and it was not long before I had a last leaving-party with my friends, who were of course "non-aryan" as well. It was a jolly party and everybody was glad that I was to be "out of it" before long.

On May 27th I left my home-town behind me, as well as waving relations and friends—I musn't cry, I must be happy, I must . . .

My mother was with me, but only as far as Cologne. There I was going to meet an uncle and aunt of mine, who were going to Scotland for their son's wedding. My brother Dieter, who was at that time a technical student at the Stuttgart University, flew over to Cologne by 'plane to see me off.

We spent a night in Cologne and went round sight-seeing. The following afternoon I was to leave.

After lunch that day, I was terribly homesick and cried, for after all, when should I see either mother or brother again? When I think back on it I feel I cannot blame myself for crying—it is a terrible feeling, leaving home and friends to go to a relatively strange country. The thought that my youngest brother and other relations were over there in England did not ease my heart very

much, O well, it was only for my own good, and sooner than I expected I found myself in the train, speeding towards Holland.

We embarked in complete darkness and it was not long before we were off. The night was too miserable to be recorded. I did not sleep, which is, in itself, worth noting in my case.

The first I saw of the English coast was a dirty grey streak of land behind a very dirty grey mass of restless sea. I still do not think the British Isles look very favourable after a night spent on a boat—and I have had the benefit of the experience twice over.

The sun was beginning to show himself as we entered the Customs' House at Harwich. The officials seemed very aimable compared with the typically Prussian officials I was accustomed to meet. But, seeing that I did not understand a simple word of English, I may have been mistaken—further investigations, however, have satisfied me that this is the case!

Soon we were in the train, having an English breakfast—at least I was not, in fact I did not think much of the English taste—fancy having fish in the early morning! This was, in my opinion, quite unheard-of and very bad for the digestion! I had a boiled egg and was shocked at everybody else's appetite.

We continually passed big posters, advertising almost everything, but the only one I can actually remember is a "Guinness" one. We stopped several times, but where, I do not know, apart from the amazing fact that every station was called "Bovril."

London did not impress me very much, it seemed to consist of nothing but horrid black roofs and rows and rows of spikey chimneys. Slums followed slums, sooty windows, dingy curtains—a sad picture.

On arrival at Liverpool Street Station—what a station too! especially to the unaccustomed eye—we were greeted by my brother in German, thank goodness. After having talked to a porter in an impossible and sounding flow of language, he took me to a waiting car. We drove along the Embankment; there was a blue haze over the Embankment; it was very lovely.

Soon we arrived at my relations. My little cousin Antonia started to cry, because she thought I was a new "Nannie." Having been told that this was not so, she was very friendly and she

and her brother Andrew started to play with me. I honestly do not know how we managed to understand each other.

That day will ever remain in my memory, because of the absolute misery I was in—strange food, strange people and strangest of all a most impossible language. How did the little children I saw everywhere manage to speak it?

Somewhere at the back of my mind there is a feeling that my watch must have been a Nazi, because, although I, myself, soon got acclimatized, my watch never worked properly while in British territory!

Ursula Alsberg
(Stage 6a.).

SPICELAND CAMP.

Spiceland Camp is a Training Centre organised by the Quakers. It is a large country house about 100 years old, built on a spur of a range of hills, about 650 feet above sea level, with glorious views in almost every direction. About 20 years ago it was in the hands of housebreakers who stripped it of any building materials of value, and left it partly derelict.

Since 1930 it was known as Blackborough Home, and was a Training Home for young tramps who put part of it in order again. It was taken over by the Friends in March this year and re-named "Spiceland Camp" after an old Meeting House about four miles away.

We number about fifty at the moment, and when all the reconstruction work we are doing is finished, we may be able to take a few more.

The training course is divided into three monthly periods; one month on the farm and garden, one month on the construction 'gang,' and one in the kitchen and laundry. Most of our evenings are taken up with study in French and German, First Aid, A.R.P. and Mechanism of a car. We naturally cannot get much skill at any particular subject or job in so short a time as three months, but we feel that our training here should prepare us for helping in many

more ways than before, and that while we are training here for certain sorts of work, most of us would be ready for any call for service that may come. We don't know at the moment what form this call will take. There must be some scope for the work we are preparing to do in many countries now, and there are hundreds of pacifists who want to help, but the organisation required to co-ordinate the need and the help, is unfortunately developing only too slowly.

The farm gang does an hour's work milking and feeding stock before breakfast at 7.30, which is followed by a short quiet time. Then four hours work till 12.30. Dinner at 12.45, then work again till 5.30, followed by supper at 5.45. Evening classes are from 7.30-8.30, then cocoa at about 9.0 while we listen to the news. There is no fixed time for going to bed although 'lights out' in the bedrooms is at 10.0.

Saturday afternoons and Sundays are free. We have a meeting every Sunday, at Spiceland Meeting House one week, and in our Meeting Room here the next.

There are over 30 acres of land to the Estate, of which about twenty are used for farm and garden, the rest being mostly copse.

The nearest towns are Cullompton (7 miles), Wellington and Honiton (9 miles), Exeter and Taunton are about twenty miles away.

There are four Old Scholars doing the present three months' training and we have had others for a short time, just here for their holidays.

PHILIP TURNER.
CHARLES WOODHOUSE.

GIRLS' GAMES' REPORT, 1940.

Looking at our match results one does not find much encouragement for congratulation, but these do not really do justice to the standard of proficiency reached this term. In cricket the opportunity for play has been a time of steady preparation and the laying of foundations. There is an encouraging keenness all through the School which promises well for future seasons. This has been aided by the coaching given by two members of the Master's XI.

Bowling, though not fast, has become increasingly straight and of a good length, and batting has steadily improved.

Tennis has been more keenly played this year partly because of added enthusiasm which has been growing in the School for the past few years, and partly because of the prolonged sunshine. The School team promises well. The first couple is especially worthy of mention as their attacking shots are well placed and their net play has improved with the continued practice they have had. All through the School net play is considered to be beyond the ability of most of the girls. But really, all that are needed are (a) steady eye (b) steady hand (c) quick footwork (d) anticipation, and the game is as good as won.

Swimming throughout the School has been attacked with outstanding vigour, and although the number of beginners far exceeds that of other years, due no doubt to the fact that the bath was not in use during the Autumn Term, 1939, the record of beginners swimming before half-term is accordingly high. Gym bathes have been a time for really hard work and in consequence it is pleasing to see the standard of crawl and diving improving in the lower and middle School. Candidates for Life Saving Examinations are about the same as previous years and here again the standard of work is creditable.

No games' report is complete without mention of the curators and the never ending energy they spend on parallel lines though their definition would not always appear to agree with Euclid's.

Officers for the season are :—

Games' Captain—R. Holland.

Vice-Captain—P. Ball.

Games' Committee :—

R. Holland. P. Ball.

C. Kent. A. Bates.

B. Kilford.

Curators .—

J. Henderson. P. Hicks.

D. Spence. R. Collinson.

CRICKET, 1940.

THERE has been real progress in this year's cricket. In last year's report we had reason to suppose that, what was then a young and rather unsuccessful team, would do itself better justice this year, and it has been so.

On paper, the results have not been all that encouraging; the Masters' and Boys' XI., between them so far, have won only two matches. What has been encouraging has been the enthusiasm which has spread through the school. When people want to play cricket they will quickly learn, for the most part, how to play. One has only to try to pick a hazardous way across the field in the evening to know that many people want to play.

In school matches we have been pleasantly surprised by the number of people who have scored runs when they were badly needed. Kemp has batted particularly well and is much freer and sounder in his strokes, though he still has a leg too prone to be before the wicket. He has captained the side with growing ability and decision, besides giving a lead, both as a bowler and as a fieldsman. Hughes, Blackshaw, Greaves, Francis and others have made runs, and there have been in many of their strokes a pleasing vigour and ease. Footwork, rhythm and patience have all improved.

Bowling has been steady but without much venom. Hatt is now bowling a sounder length, and Blackshaw, Rodwell and Kemp are often worth watching, but we have not yet developed sufficient control of the ball to be able to bowl at a batsman's weaker spots. Practice and the necessary will should see to that.

Fielding is improved, but not yet sure enough in the case of several of us. Not many catches have been dropped, but we are not really sufficiently alert and active in anticipation or movement towards the ball, and returning to the wicket, though more accurate, is still too slow. Needham has kept wicket steadily and has taken well on the leg-side on occasion, but his technique of stumping is not yet very efficient.

We have enjoyed playing, and though we have been rained off at least two games, we have been lucky to get the fixtures that we did in these times. The Masters' XI. has included Messrs. Phillips, Pumphrey, Stewart and Thompson, and the games have been keen, even if the results would not always indicate a close struggle.

BOYS' SWIMMING, 1940.

IN spite of the fact that swimming matches had to be cut out this term owing to War conditions, there has been a more than average keenness on bathing and a continued improvement in the general level of performance. The Swimming Club has had many applications for membership and its members have practised regularly.

The boys enjoyed giving a display for general meeting.

The Life Saving Exams. have not been held yet, but a rather smaller number than usual are preparing for them. Some possible candidates, however, have gone home before the end of term.

There has been a great keeness amongst the Scouts to pass their First Class and Proficiency Tests in swimming.

A team of matric. candidates, who had been evacuated to Winscombe for the examination, had a swimming match versus Sidcot School, but were unsuccessful, though they put up a good fight.

B.B.J.

SCHOOL DIARY.

May 2nd.—School re-opened.

„ 11th.—Whitsun: Old Scholars' week-end.
Cricket Match: 1st XI. v. Old Scholars, home, lost 39—104.

„ 13th.—Whit-Monday.
Cricket Match: Boys' XI. v. Old Scholars 'A' XI., home, lost 79—111.
Cricket Match: Girls' XI. v. Old Girls' XI., home, lost 65—85.

„ 18th—N.H.S. Excursion.
Tennis Match: Girls' XI. v. Tottenham High School, won 8 sets—0.

„ 20th.—Extra half-holiday: To celebrate Mr. and Mrs. Thorne's first child.

„ 22nd.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. v. Newport Grammar School, cancelled.

„ 25th.—Cricket Match: Ist XI. v. Audley End C.C., home, lost 77—214.

Tennis Match: Girls' VI. v. J. Bocock's VI., lost, 5 sets—4.

„ 28th.—Board of Education Inspection begins.

„ 29th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. v. Stansted Wednesday C.C., away, cancelled.

„ 30th.—Concert: S.W. Junior Choir and S.W. Male Voice Choir.

„ 31st—Board of Education Inspection ends.

June 1st.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. v. Saffron Walden School. away, won 120—92.

„ 5th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. v. Stansted Wednesday, C.C., home, won 179 for 2 wkts.—87.

„ 8th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. v. Seward's End C.C., home, lost 74—190.

Tennis Match: Girls' VI. v. Tottenham High School VI., lost 110 games—72.

„ 12th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. v. Bp's. Stortford College 2nd XI., away, lost 94—111 for 5 wkts.

„ 15th.—General Meeting.

„ 19th.—House Socials.

„ 20th.—Tennis Match: Girls' VI. v. Tottenham High School VI., cancelled.

„ 22nd.—Cricket Match: Girls' XI. v. W.A.A.F. XI., home, won 122—74.

„ 25th.—Stage 7 leave for Sidcot.

„ 28th.—G.S.C. Examination starts.

„ 29th.—Cricket Match: 1st XI. v. Seward's End C.C., home, cancelled.

Tennis Match: Girls' VI. v. Herts. & Essex H.S. VI., cancelled.

July 6th.—Cricket Match: Girls' XI. v. Hockerill T.C., cancelled.

„ 8th.—Merit Half-holiday.

„ 10th.—Cricket Match: Boys' XI. v. Saffron Walden School, home.

R.L.S.S. Examinations for Girls.

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.

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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: *St. Christopher's Magazine, Cambridge & County High School, The Beckside, The Georgian, The Tottenham Evacuation Magazine, The Cupola, By Kent and Skerne, The Island.*

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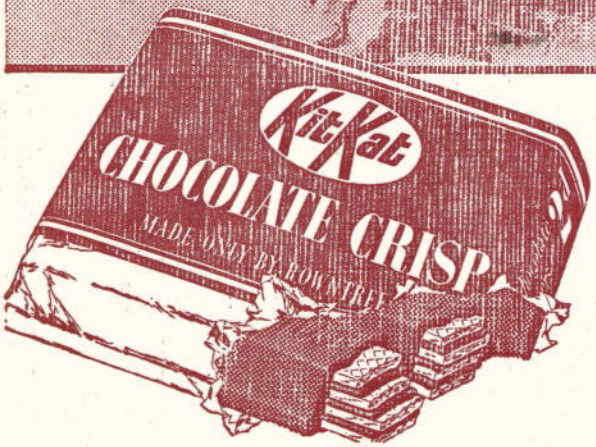
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