THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

APRIL 1941

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'THE AVENUE'

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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INTER ALIA.

THE expected epidemic of measles did not finally descend upon us until half way through the term. Once the first case had definitely materialised many of the suspects decided to have measles 'good and proper,' and it has been reported that many colourful rashes have been raised by the afflicted.

Apart from the sudden apparition of a 'Dornier,' life at Walden has been comparatively unaffected by 'The War.' Fire and Stretcher-Squads have undertaken occasional fire-watching duties, and are still prepared for all comers. Each of the couple on patrol is equipped with a protective helmet, and supper is served before going on duty. A mysterious stranger who haunts the shadows of the lower asphalt usually reveals his identity with the words—"Beautiful day for you, children." (This at 11.30 on a rainy night). The siren 'down town' is not always easily heard, and so a siren has been installed on the water tower. I need hardly add that it will be some time before it will be in working order.

Sports are taking place this term for the first time since '38. There was a brief insurrection one afternoon owing to a misunderstanding of the regulations. The twenty minute siege of Group C was raised when the garrison entered into negotiations, and the matter was brought to a successful conclusion.

The Upper part of the school went to see the "Great Dictator." People disagree about the film. The humour and potential tragedy need no comment. My two outstanding thoughts on it were:—that Paulette Goddard should never have been included—or rather that her part should never have been written, and that a marvellous opportunity was missed. Charlie Chaplin at a Totalitarian microphone by mistake! And he makes an impassioned speech about Humanity! A good speech—but good speeches are as common as sparrows at the moment. Incidentally I liked the Storm Troopers' song ("We are the Ary-Ary-Aryans").

The only other change at Walden is that Prefects' Table is supplied with napkins! But the Prefects don't always use them!

In connection with the production of "Good Friday," by John Masefield, an appreciation of which appears elsewhere, we should like to express our gratitude to Dr. Hepworth and the Town Dramatic Society for lending us apparatus for "effects" and lighting. On the success of this part of the production much depended and the play would have been much less effective without these valuable aids.

Keith Irvine
(Upper 5a.).

MONSIEUR DUPONT OR THE TYPICAL FRENCHMAN.

HE is small and corpulent; olive complexion and dark hair combed slightly further back than Hitler's outline Monsieur Dupont's physical features.

He holds a Government post, which he secured by various wire pulling. He is always willing to help you because you are a relative of a member of the Senate or because you need help and he is a Roman Catholic.

He will argue about anything with anyone, and I do not see how Monsieur Dupont will get a Government that will suit him because he always finds fault with it and is ready to criticize it.

He has charm of manner, but will push his way through a crowd waiting for the bus with total disregard for anyone, except a pretty woman or another man stronger than he.

His appreciation of good food and his ready wit enliven the table.

He loves France and his family above everything and he is not ashamed at displaying these feelings for he will kiss his wife in the street yet he will not scruple to hurl a brick at his political enemy.

Monsieur Dupont is too anxious for public approval, rather parsimonious and he has too great a love of controversy. He is extremely patriotic and, if called up, will leave everything that he holds dear in two hours, without a murmur, weeping and singing "The Marseillaise." He is a homely man and will visit his parents in their country house instead of going to play golf for the week-end, and he will spend the evening with his wife and children rather than play bridge at his club.

He has a passion for saving, a strong feeling for his language. Two things can make Monsieur Dupont react with extraordinary force, beyond all reason: the defence of his right, and the defence of his honour.

Elizabeth Grillet
(*Upper 5a.*).

"GOOD FRIDAY."

By *John Masefield.*

(The play was performed in the Assembly Hall, by members of the School, on Saturday and Sunday, March 29th and 30th).

IT is a brave thing, and an unusual one, for an English poet to dramatise a great event of Christianity. There is the risk that, with our inborn and inbred sense of how much deep feeling may decently be exhibited (and religion should be deep feeling) we are going to misunderstand him, and be a little ashamed of so much emotional display.

In his poetic drama, "Good Friday," John Masefield takes this risk; and in "Good Friday" he is justified. The only shame that one could feel is the humility that must have made up part of the emotion of those people who met Christ in the flesh, the only indecency, that you, a partial disbeliever, should doubt anyone so sincere as the physically absent, spiritually omnipresent, Jesus of Masefield's play.

The drama does not depend for its success on one or two impassioned speeches and an ecstatic climax, but has a sustained completeness. Light and shade of emotion there is, of course, but there is no wasting of action, no trivial, distracting aside. Throughout is presented, with ever-growing truth, the certainty that the Jewish rabble has caused to be killed, in its lust for blood and its rights, not only their King, but ours also. The sense of unavoidable tragedy pervades the whole action. Had the crowd been modern conquered, the Romans modern conquerors, the setting a European capital, the clothing and the customs twentieth century, the deep impression that the play makes would have remained the same. Though the crowd contributes by its desires and lusts, they are not desires and lusts peculiar to a Jewish crowd alone. They are the lusts of huntsmen after the hunted, the desire for blood of any frenzied mob. Ancient or modern, mob mentality varies little, and the fierce mob mentality portrayed in "Good Friday," only by the happening of time that of a Jewish mob, is universal and timeless.

Common, also, to the ages, is the voice crying in the wilderness, the fanatic with superhuman vision, who sees and knows, but is helpless, portrayed by Masefield as the blind beggar, but present throughout time in one guise or another, crying out the truth. despised by the people as a madman. We have our blind beggars to-day.

It would have been impossible for Masefield to have partially succeeded in conveying the feeling of the first Good Friday; had he not been able to transmit the ideas and the emotions to us, his audience, complete, he would have failed entirely. He may, for all I know, have failed completely with some members of his audience, both those who heard, and those who read for themselves, but for me at any rate he has made Good Friday mean more than formerly it did. I feel as though I myself had been a powerless witness of the tragic, inspiring events of that first Good Friday.

I have written of the Crucifixion as a tragedy; it is an inadequate and, taking a long view of some twenty centuries or so, perhaps a somewhat untruthful description. At the time, to those who, like the blind beggar, realised what was happening, it must have been tragic indeed, and almost unforgivable, but I wonder whether, were that

same blind beggar alive now, he would think so? Nowadays in this world of bloodshed, misunderstanding and brotherly hatred, it seems as though the Crucifixion was a needless waste, a tragedy indeed. But, when the world grows up, shall we then justify the sacrifice that Jesus made? And, a passing thought, if Christ came on earth again now, would we inflict upon Him a modern horror equal in cruelty to the Cross?

To those who interpreted the play a great deal of praise is due. Without an even, sustained and sincere performance on the part of all the actors, the action would lag, would seem false and maybe even a trifle ludicrous. And it is not easy when you are young to be sustainedly and seriously sincere without feeling selfconscious.

It was an ambitious thing to attempt, this performance of "Good Friday," and, I feel, ambition ended in success.

MARYAN MORGAN
(1935—39).

. . . . .

The outstanding impression made by the acting of John Masefield's play was the very reverent spirit in which it was played.

The scenery was good and the green doors opening mysteriously and silently at the back of the stage were very effective.

The costumes were good, full of colour and variety and true to the costumes of the time, and the effects during the storm were most realistic. The lighting, too, was most effective.

But in a play the most important matters are the characters, and the acting, most of which was excellent.

Pilate was very good and not only looked like a Roman official, but displayed his indecision well in what must have been, in life, a hopeless dilemma. His wife, Procula, too, was good.

The Centurion's acting after his return from the Cross was most convincing. The Roman Soldier was better in his acting than in his appearance, and his conversation about Christ with the old man was impressive.

The Chief Citizen of the Jews looked and acted his part and portrayed the quality of hatred very well. The crowd could at times, perhaps have shown their anger and hatred more convincingly. But the best acting of all was by the blind beggar. His diction was wonderful, and his action was excellent and his spirit most reverent.

The whole play breathed the spirit of Good Friday. The author's idea in having Christ always out of sight left in the mind a wonderful picture of Our Lord during His last hours. One could feel His effect on different men—on Pilate, and even more on Pilate's wife, on the centurion and on the soldier, but above all on the old beggar man who went about spreading abroad the love of his Master who had loved and served him, and this power of Jesus was well brought out by the players.

The whole play brought the feeling of Good Friday better than any amount of reading or imagination could have done.

F. R. IRVINE.

THE LAST DAYS OF FRANCE.



PARIS, the only remaining tower in France, fell and was crushed under the invading army. The panic-stricken people came tearing down to the South of France in battered cars. I saw one girl who had walked from Paris, through Orleans, and down to Bordeaux in twelve days.

We were at this time slightly South of Biarritz; and three days after the fall of Paris, we decided to try and get to England.

I remember it was on a Sunday night at twelve o'clock, news arrived that we had to leave so we started packing. Next morning we were awakened at five o'clock by our friends, as they were leaving before us and we had promised to see them to the station.

All that Monday we spent packing and at six o'clock in the evening we arrived at Bordeaux Station where we were obliged to sleep among the wretched refugees, who were lying on the filthy

platforms. We huddled up round our luggage to keep warm. There were about twenty of us with only five grown-ups.

Next morning . . . . France had capitulated. Bordeaux's streets were hushed, and the usual bustle of a French town did not exist. Only old men could be seen crying with sad hopeless faces.

Late that morning we went to Bordeaux harbour. We were taken on to a ferry-boat with orders to leave our luggage, which was to follow us. But it never did. Then came something I shall never forget: we stood on that ferry for five solid hours, going from one ship to another; but every one refused to take us. And it was getting dark and it started to rain when at last in despair we turned back towards Bordeaux. I do not think I have ever felt so down-hearted in all my life. But suddenly somebody remembered there was a Dutch cargo boat going to England. Fortunately they took us.

The ship carried us to Falmouth without any adventures, except that when we were crossing the English Channel and we were sleeping for the first time with light hearts, the captain anxiously paced the deck all night long.

At Falmouth again we had to stand for hours on end, and we were so tired we went to sleep in the streets. And so, a day later we arrived in London, hungry and exhausted.

David Castillejo

(*Lower 5a.*).

OLD SCHOLARS' LECTURE WEEK-END.

D.P. IS as hard-hearted as ever. No sooner had I been welcomed by our President, Miss Murray, than he started tracking me. He eventually ran me to earth talking to G.S.P. in the boys' playroom. I knew what he was going to say the moment I saw him, but he apparently thought it sufficient to thrust on me a penny exercise book inscribed '600 words.' Lest I should think this some new kind of punishment he hastened to assure me that it was only 'a short report for *The Avenue*' that he wanted. Resistance was useless, so here it is.

Lecture Week-end at Walden this year concerned itself with Social Reconstruction after the War. The difficulties of making arrangements and the ever-changing topic of general interest made it doubly difficult for the committee to decide on a suitable subject for debate; and I must confess that they solved the problem most satisfactorily. Two Old Scholars, Will Hall, Socialist M.P. for Colne Valley, and Paul Mauger dealt with the political and architectural aspects; while Sam Peel told us his plans for educational reform which would be possible at the end of the present state of emergency.

All of the lectures were followed by lively debates—I must admit I was sorry not to hear the voice of any present scholar raised in the discussion—and it was quite obvious that we all realised the importance of 'winning the peace' as well as winning the more immediate victory. Our ideas may have been a little too ambitious, and we tended to keep our eyes on the distant horizon without looking to see where our feet were treading. A remark made by Arnold Brereton summed up my general attitude towards the debates. He considered it our task to fix our mind on some ideal state, and then work steadily towards it even in the knowledge that we shall never attain the ultimate state of perfection. With this idea in mind, our efforts to secure a better world after the war are bound to succeed in no small measure.

We were not content with exercising our minds only. Many of us exercised our bodies more than discretion advised, and after the football and hockey matches we recalled with envy the days when we were in better training. However, The Old Scholars' teams, with the aid of present scholars and staff, were able to give the school teams a good game. The School won both matches, and they thoroughly deserved their successes.

The great joy of the gathering was not experienced in the more tangible discussions and games, but in the general atmosphere of friendship. The reunion with friends whom we meet all too infrequently, the knowledge that we were welcome when it meant so much extra work for the over-burdened school authorities, the cheerful way in which our invasion of schoolroom and playground was taken, the reciprocal pleasure shown by Old Scholars, staff and

present scholars alike—all these things made the memory of the Lecture Week-end a thought to be treasured in the welter of mundane and cheerless experiences of every-day life.

ON THE SPOILING OF THE COUNTRYSIDE TO-DAY.

AND thus it was the aged rustic told
Of how the new had stolen from the old.

"There was a time when all that was a wood
And trees stretched down the sloping hills, which could
In solemn dignity curve down to meet
The tired ending of the village street.
But now the red brick houses have grown up
And when the sun dips down into the cup
Of night, their crazy scarlet roofs reflect
The golden rays with glaring, hard effect.
There was a time when all the perfumed air
Smelt sweeter than the orchid flowers rare
Because the wildest, smallest plants that grow
Had scents more precious and more fresh to show.
But now the smell of petrol's everywhere
And how it stinks, our once unsullied air.
I well remember in my early days
How we could walk along the hidden ways
And never see things but of Nature's make,
Yet now, as through the bracken. rabbits break
Disturbed and frightened of the human haste,
They leave behind the mark of others' waste.
Old tins, old glass, and crumpled paper bags,
Stale crusts and crumbs, and orange peel and rags,
The village now is haunted by a stream
Of volatile young motorists, who beam
Upon the so-called 'quaintness' of our life,
They call it 'different' from their world of strife.
Each mops his streaming brow, his face too red,
And says he'd love to stop awhile instead

Of racing back to town 'to win the war,'
They do not know the heart of England's store
Of patience and of work is here in us,
So far away from London's speed and fuss.
For centuries our ancestors have toiled
And we have watched our country being spoiled.
We do not mind, but are quite reconciled.
The soul of England is still undefiled."

Jean Foote
(*Lower 5a.*).

A PARODY OF SIR RODERIC'S SONG FROM "RUDDIGORE"

(*With apologies to Sir W. S. Gilbert*).

WHEN the siren howls in the chimney cowls, and the 'planes in the searchlights fly,
And dusty clouds, like funeral shrouds, sail over the midnight sky;
When the shelterers quail at the bombs' sad wail, and black dogs bay at the tune,
Then is the airman's holiday—then is the 'plane's high noon!

As the "all-clear" breeze sweeps over the trees, and the bells are heard on the fen,
To dismal stones that once were homes retire the women and men,
Then away they go (what a sorrowful sight), to the fate that comes too soon,
For sunset limits their holiday—the start of the 'plane's high noon!

And then each one with his gas mask box to his underground bed takes flight,
With his arm in a sling or his head bandaged up, with a grisly, grim, "Goodnight,"
Till the welcome sound of the "all-clear" round, howls forth its jolliest tune,
And welcomes them out of their hiding place—finished the 'plane's high noon!

Donald P. Simpson
(*Upper 4a.*).

THE JYMI SLUVVER JUV.

HE plucked the flowers so sweet and coy,
He knew he was a naughty boy,
He only did it out of spite
'Cos Nanny said it was not right.
One day he trapped a humble fly
And tugged its legs and made it die;
He loved to hear its head go crack;
To tweak its legs; to break its back.
One afternoon when out with nurse,
This sinful child did something worse,
He spied there seated in the road,
A great, green, slimy, goggling toad.
He lifted it by its leg, oh! sad to tell
He chased his nurse, who gave a yell
She ran as fast as she could go,
'Tis said she ran to Jericho.
Then from the misty skies above,
Came the Jymi Sluvver Juv.
He seized the child who full of fright,
Screeched and screamed with all his might.
But this was all to no avail
The monster liked to hear him wail.
He spanked him till his face was blue,
And so my child I'm warning you,
Be careful of your nurse in case
A Jymi Sluvver Juv comes out of space.
From plucking flowers yourself restrain,
And squashing flies on the window pane,
Or you will find without a doubt
The Sluvver Juv will be about.

Rachael Morgan and Bernice Luck
(Lower 5a.).

MEDITATION.

WHAT is a clock? It is but a lowly object wrought by the hand of man. How strange then, that this man-made thing, has man as its slave!

What can man do without time? Nature sent him into the world strong and lusty with time to play with; how in his funny fashion, this topsy-turvy being has changed things around! Instead of playing with time, time now plays with him.

In the present age, man has no time to do this, or that; no time to get away from time, from the cities to the country where 'space' makes no difference.

The more man tries to get away from nature, the faster he lives—the more he finds himself in the grips of time.

Man becomes a mere machine, to do the bidding of—a clock.

Ralph Rodwell
(Upper 5b.).

HOUSE PLAYS, 1940.

THE House Plays, given during the afternoon of December 17th, were as usual a source of much enjoyment to the school. This year the judges, too, enjoyed their task, for though they varied slightly in the details of their estimates of the worth of the three plays, they were unanimous in their opinion of the order in which the different sections of each performance should be placed.

In "Strutham Amateurs Present," by Godlee, all the characters knew their parts well and the play moved quickly with no noticeable pauses. At times the movement was almost too rapid, but this is a good fault. The choice of play was suitable for its purpose though the setting would have been better if the stage could have been less crowded. The parts were well cast, the girls showing up better than the boys. All the actors contributed to the quick action of the play; they spoke up well and clearly and remembered to act to their audience.

"Good Blood, Bad Blood." performed by Crosfield was handicapped throughout by being a less suitable play for its purpose than either of the others. A play which has high social life for its setting needs more elaborate scenery and staging than was provided and the actors are much less naturally at home in their parts than they are in circumstances more familiar to them. The result was that the play did not move with the ease and speed of the others, and though two of the characters were promising, the cast, as a whole, did not pull together as a team. The performance gave the effect of a well-learned recitation but not of a scene from real life. Obviously the actors had put in some hard work and the experience gained should be of help to them.

Morland in "Hot Water" had the advantage of an audience already keenly enthusiastic and from the moment the curtain went up the play moved quickly and easily. The setting was simple but suitable for its purpose. It would have been improved, however, had the counter and shop door been fully visible. The casting was good and all the actors seemed at home in their parts which were performed in a natural and convincing manner. They are to be congratulated on a promising piece of work.

AN APPRECIATION.



HE is small and you can lose her in a crowd, but once you know her you forget her physical size and are overwhelmed by the strength of her character. She is not at all beautiful or even attractive, and one of her eyes is hazel while the other happens to be green, but you will always remember the light in those eyes and the set of her mouth.

Her aim in life seems to be to make other people happy. And although she has only four children of her own, many other young people will confide in her rather than in their own parents; and when they leave her they can be confident that she will never repeat anything they have told her. This sense of discreetness is so strong

in her that she has, so far as I know, never yet read a postcard addressed to any of her children without their having seen it first. She is one of those parents who will never inquire into her children's doings outside their home, and consequently even now when the boys are men and away from home they can still tell her of all their affairs without any feeling of compulsion.

Although it might not seem obvious there is one element that is lacking in her, and that is religion. I do not think that she has any definite faith, although Quakerism appeals to her strongly. As in most other questions of a controversial nature, so in religion her mind is always open to accept other people's ideas with a wide tolerance. She can never make a bold statement like "Roman Catholicism is wrong," but instead she will say "It is their faith and to them it is the right faith. I only wish I could believe in God in this way."

Coupled with this tolerance are her unconventionality, her natural cheerfulness and her courageous outlook in the face of great odds.

To me she represents an ideal of right living and I feel that if only I can follow her way of life, I shall be of some use to those around me.

Ursula Alsberg
(*Upper 5a.*).

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

MOST of the news we have received about Old Scholars has been of those only recently left, and we should like to commiserate with those who read this and see only a few familiar names. Perhaps they ask what has happened to the Older Scholars. So do we, and we should like to make a suggestion in that connection: if anyone has interesting news of people who have been connected with the School, let the editor of "*The Avenue*" know. He would be very pleased for any information about Old Scholars.

. . . . . .

MARY WINTER (1932-36) (née JACKSON), is now the mother of a baby boy, and we would offer our congratulations to them both for

their courage in adopting their respective states at such a time as this.

DAVID JACKSON (1933-40), has taken an external matriculation exam., and has been successful. He is now studying Dentistry in Bristol and in his odd moments serving as a Home Guard.

JOHN GREAVES (1936-1940), should now be in Australia, but his appendix had to be taken out first, so he is still in England. He is well, as his presence here a week or two ago shewed.

ALAN JENNINGS (1935-1939), is continuing his science course at the Imperial College of Science and Technology in London.

MICHAEL KING BEER (1933-40), has decided to take up a fruit farming job, and hopes to follow this training through.

MARYAN MORGAN (1935-39), has now left the Admiralty, and is working in Cambridge. Our news of her says in rather puzzling language that she is "settling lunatics' estates." What it may be, we do not know.

JOAN DURELL (1935-39), we are told is probationing as a nurse in a men's hospital in Wales.

CATHERINE WEBB (1933-39), is now a Wren.

RUTH STEVEN (1936-40), intended at one time to spend a probationary year at the Retreat to see if nursing was the calling she should accept. We have not heard that she has not done this.

DESMOND MATTHEWMAN (1932-38), is in the Royal Air Force, and has now reached the rank of Sergeant-Pilot.

MARGARET MILLS (1933-39), is still in Rio-de-Janeiro, and the contact with the war is fortunately not so great there. She is well, though she has an occasional nostalgia for Europe.

ANNE MARIE GOLDSCHMIDT (1934-37), is in London, and has undergone hardships during these last months. Hers must be a story similar to that of many other friendly aliens similarly placed, and that it can be told reflects little to the credit of this nation.

DENIS GREENWOOD, who was on the staff 1939-40, is still in London with the F.A.U. His work in shelters and rest-centres has enabled him to take an active interest in dances, concerts, lectures, allotment schemes, and even projected holiday schemes for child-shelterers.

HENRY RODWELL (1929-34), who is also with the F.A.U. has left England with the advance party which the Unit is sending to China. Henry is to be away for a minimum period of seven years, and we wish him and his comrades plenty of work to do and the spirit to do it well. We hear that his ship was bombed and he is back in England at the moment waiting to go out again.

ANTHONY BEST (1933-38), is at Spicelands, learning reconstruction work.

JACK TURNBULL (1933-35), is the conscientious objector who was so widely quoted last January in certain sections of the press as having been refused the right to join the A.F.S. in Saffron Walden. It would seem that perhaps that is not all of the story.

G. DAVY THOMPSON, who was on the Staff from 1938-40, and is now in the R.A.F., paid us a delightful surprise visit during the Term. His skill has been quickly recognized (it is reported that the system of marking is such that on one piece of practical work he gained 104 out of 100 !), and he has now been appointed lecturer in basic metal work attached to an aerodrome in the North. He says that he will be back to see us again soon.

FOOTBALL REPORT, SEASON 1940-41.

THIS has been a season to look back upon with a fair amount of satisfaction. In September it looked as if any sort of match programme would be almost impossible to arrange, but as a matter of fact the opposite has been the case, and we have played more matches this season than for several years past. This has been made possible by the formation in the town of several new clubs with whom we have had some keen games, with the honours about evenly shared, and with whom we have established relations of keen yet cordial rivalry. There have also been quite a few matches for the Colts and Under 14 elevens where we have perhaps been not quite so fortunate against teams from Schools in the town.

There has been a steady improvement in the quality of the play which while not brilliant has at any rate given our opponents determined opposition right up till the final whistle. The main

weakness of the team has been lack of thrust in the forward line and unwillingness to seize opportunities for taking a shot at goal though there has been a good deal of improvement in this direction.

It is to be regretted that in both the games against the Old Scholars' a good many substitutes had to be found so that the results of these games are somewhat misleading

For the latter part of the Spring term Sports training took the place of games although the weather was not very kind.

A detailed criticism of the team follows :—

H. PERGER—A courageous goalkeeper with a very safe pair of arms and greatly improved anticipation. Place kicking not so good. Colours.

S. J. HATT—Reliable and cool both in attack and defence. Ball control with either foot and with his head good. Tackling very effective. Colours.

S. T. WALKER—Much improved though still very much one-footed and unwilling to use his head. Slow in recovering. Blazer.

J. C. NEEDHAM—Has played consistently throughout the season. Tackling and anticipation good. Ball-control improved, though still weak with his left foot and at heading. Blazer.

G. E. S. BADER (Captain)—His play has been a good example to his team for it is both intelligent and hard. Ball-control and tackling both good and he uses his long legs to advantage. A good shot when occasion offers. Colours.

J. A. HEBER—Much improved in every way. His covering in defence is especially valuable and his ball-control is now quite effective. Blazer.

S. A. BAILEY—A fast wing forward with a powerful kick. Needs to co-operate more closely with his inside forward and to keep further up the field in attack. A useful shot on occasion. Needs to develop more variety in his own attacking play. Blazer.

R. STANGER—His ball-control has improved a good deal and he has shown more dash, and, of late, greater willingness to attempt a shot in front of goal.

J. T. BELL—As centre-forward has not always shown the vigour that this position demands. Too slow in controlling and distributing the ball.

A. R. APPLETON—A neat footballer who combines well with his wing. However, sometimes has a tendency to hold on to the ball too long, trying to do too much with it. Blazer.

R. C. RODWELL—A courageous and tricky wing forward. Sometimes slow in centring. Has scored some good goals. Colours.

FOOTBALL MATCHES.

January :—

Saturday, 25th.—Boys' XI. v. St. Christopher's
Won : 5—1.

Junior XI. v. St. Christopher's
Won : 5—0.

Wednesday, 29th.—Junior XI. v. Saffron Walden Junior Wanderers
Lost : 1—7.

February :—

Saturday, 1st.—Boys' XI. v. "Spitfires"
Lost : 0—2.

Wednesday, 5th.—2nd Boys' XI. v. Saffron Walden Wanderers
Lost : 1—4.

Saturday, 15th.—1st XI. v. Saffron Walden United
Won :—1—0.

Thursday, 20th.—1st XI. v. Saffron Walden Thursdays
Won: 2—1.

Saturday, 22nd.—Boys' XI. v. "Spitfires"
Won: 4—2.

March:—

Saturday, 1st.—Boys' XI. v. "Old Scholars"
Won: 2—1.

Saturday, 8th.—1st XI. v. Saffron Walden United
Lost: 0—2.

Saturday, 15th.—Boys' XI. v. Saffron Walden Wanderers
Drew: 1—1.

GIRLS' HOCKEY.

ATHLETICS has taken the place of hockey practice for a month of this term, but matches are still being played. On the whole the team have improved but they are too slow to put different methods of attack and defence into practice when playing.

The following is an individual criticism of the 1st XI.

R. MORGAN (Goal)—A reliable player whose footwork is sure but not speedy enough. She must make up her mind to attack more quickly and rely less on the defence.

P. TAWELL (R. Back)—A steady and resolute defence, sure in tackling and having a good drive. She must try to recover her position more quickly when playing up the field.

R. COLLINSON (L. Back)—A newcomer to the defence line who promises well. She has not yet got sufficient command of the position to feel thoroughly at home in it.

B. KILFORD (R. Half)—Has improved this term. Her stickwork is good, and she plays with determination. Speed in clearing the ball after a tackle needs practice.

R. HOLLAND (C. Half)—As captain and pivot of the team she has played a good part in the successes of the team this year. Her stickwork and ball-control are good, and she is always in the right place for attack and defence.

J. HENDERSON (L. Half)—Rather erratic and does not conserve her energy by keeping in her position.

L. FARRELL (R. Wing)—She has not yet accustomed herself to wing play as she previously played on the inside. With more practice and determination her speed and ball-control should improve. Centre passing good.

P. HICKS (R. Inside)—Plays a good attacking game, but could be still more forceful if she kept up with the forward line and did not encroach on the work of the half. Passing and stickwork much improved.

P. CLARK (C. Forward) —Has speed but lacks the necessary ball-control which should accompany it. Goal scoring is not good because she does not position herself to receive passes. Her progress has been disappointing.

H. EADE (L. Inside)—She must learn to get the ball more quickly on to her stick from passes. Positioning in the circle needs practice. She is inclined to dribble the ball too far towards the opposing backs instead of using her other forwards for passing.

B. BUCK (L. Wing)—She has improved this season and her reception of passes is good. She has scored some useful goals, and has accomplished 'rushing the goal' tactics with good results.

YOUTH.

WE are begot
Of the sup and the earth.
Eternity blessed
The passionate birth.
Minute projections
From Earth's teeming brain;
Born of the dust
And the travail of pain.

Primeval children of Earth's potent youth;
We are divinely moulded, for her soul
Gives wise, eternal guidance. She alone
With eager love, can help us to our goal.
Projections of her coursing life, a part
Of Nature's Consciousness, we saw the dawn
Of beauty, ecstasy and passion; but
We plucked forbidden fruits and sin was born.

Yet, from the light, through waves of ether, still
We can discern that distant, pleading call
Back to the vital childhood of the Earth,
Before man's unpremeditated fall.
We still can faintly hear the wistful cry
That tells of ages long since come to nought,
When outer form was not reality
And simple races worshipped inner thought.
When self was not imprisoned in a shell
Of drab illusion. When the world was young,
And that first man existed, from whose loins
Degenerated nations sprung.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

BY Capias' brink a brighter reign is lifted to the skies,
By Athens' towers man strives again to reach a nobler prize,
For Grecian gods in exile fled before the earth was old,
And cramping chains of Popery were broken by the bold.
Religion rises from the dust, to fight man's sins of war and lust
In brighter robes of gold.

Where Jews once reigned in dread and power, with thunder from the air,
And Romish God with vengeful hate, demanded awe and prayer,
A gentler creed will fill the heart, with love for fellow men,
A sweeter trust of hope and joy, now hidden from our ken.
For though the mighty empires fall, and flags before the ages pall,
Our God will come again.

Hilary Rees
(*Upper 5a.*).

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Higher School Certificate:—

Edward M. Hughes.

General School Certificate (*with Matriculation Exemption*):—

Roger S. Blackshaw
Margaret N. Johnstone
Glenis N. Jones
J. Christopher Needham
Christopher J. Nickalls
Roland B. Page
D. Ruth E. Steven

General School Certificate:—

Kenneth T. Francis
Jean M. Huggett
David S. Jackson
Christine M. H. Kent
Joy Millett

General School Certificate (*additional subjects*):—

M. Beryl Kilford
Michael King Beer

MISCELLANY.

FROM a story by a small one, "I am a Fighter Pilot":

"As I was flying over Berlin my 'plane got a direct hit from an A.A. shell which exploded under my seat. So I baled out. . . When I reached the ground I was seized by rough hands and put into a consternation camp . . ."

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Heard in collect: "Has anyone seen a bone scalpel. It's made of steel."

\- - - - -

We are indebted to Sidcot for many things. We hope that they will forgive us for printing the following which appeared in "*The Island*." The story has a universal validity.

'Habitually late master meets habitually late pupil who has just arrived: "Hullo, (supply what name you will)! Late again?"

"Yes, sir, so am I."'

\- - - - -

Erata—for "erata," read "errata"*

\- - - - -

M-. --c-b: "One each apiece all round."

\- - - - -

-r.-t--a-t: "What is the exact word for that part of a church where the altar and choir stalls are found?"

N--m--n: "The Vestry!"

-r. -t--a-t: "Come, come. The vestry is the place where the priests put on their vests, or, to be exact, vestments."

D--n--d: "I suppose the pantry is where they put on their pants."

\- - - - -

In the "Inter Alia" we mentioned our gratitude to outside helpers for apparatus lent for "Good Friday." We should also like to thank P-----r --m-r- for the use of "Bugle Call Rag," which produced a very sedate and stirring bugle-call. No blame should attach to the owner for a wholly unwished for selection from the rest of this record at a most inopportune moment.

\- - - - -

Laugh, would you! You try producing "*The Avenue*."

* For "errata" read "erratum"

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.

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

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

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

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

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

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

"*THE AVENUE*" BOARD.

President: Gerald Littleboy. *Treasurer*: David Pearson.

Editors: Keith Irvine, Beryl Kilford, Winifred Lee, Arnold Brereton, Campbell Stewart.

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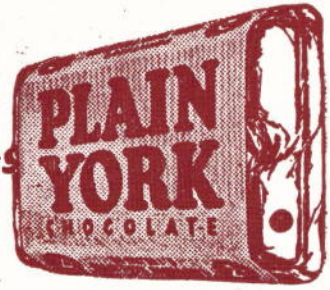


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