THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

DECEMBER 1941

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'THE AVENUE'

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXX. DECEMBER, 1941. No. 96.

INTER ALIA.

IT WAS the beginning of the Autumn Term. We were back at school once more. Yes, it was the same old place, same smell, same bustle, same atmosphere. There may have been a little fresh paint here, a general extra cleanliness ; but we did not notice that. We were still remembering the holidays, still apprehensive of the work to come.

As I sit here, looking out (in my more unproductive moments) on the bare trees of the Avenue and the Biology Lab., surrounded by black-out shutters, I have time to look back on the main events and changes of the term. Those boys playing football out there on the playground are different from those who were playing football last year. Yes, changes in people, that is what one notices first. What have they been ?

The Tottenham girls have left us. They are now carrying on at premises in South Road. We are always glad to see them here, as we have many memories of their year with us, not least of which was the Sunday when their parents visited the school at the end of last term. We wish our Tottenham friends all good fortune.

We are pleased to welcome Miss Adams for French. She replaces that stout (?) citizen David Pearson who left us last term : some of his work appears elsewhere, as promised in our last issue. Mr. Hughes now takes the Biology in place of Miss Foster. Mr. Koebel visits us to take the German. In the San. we are very sorry to say goodbye to Nurse Faircloth who has now left us. In Sister Pengelly we find a worthy successor. Her place in the school is ably filled by Nurse Powell.

To all those who have left us we give our gratitude. To those who have come we give our welcome.

There have also been changes in other ways. Owing to the fulness of the Junior School, some small but courageous members nightly brave the terrors of the Mistresses' Walk and sleep in the San.

Nowadays we are allowed to remain upstairs when the siren sounds. A handsome settlement! But we are glad that we have scarcely needed to use it.

The custom of music after Sunday evening meeting has been revived. We are glad that the revival has coincided with the visit of Mr. Foster, a fine violinist stationed near here with the R.A.F. His playing has afforded us much enjoyment. Mrs. Luck has also played to us and we are very grateful to her and to Miss Clarke, Mrs. Radley, Mr. and Mrs. Thorne and Oliver Hughes for the pleasure they give us on these Sunday evenings.

A change has taken place in assemblies. Instead of the alternating readings of Mr. Littleboy and Miss Clark, members of the staff have also been reading. The variety thus obtained has relieved the two Heads of some of the difficulties that taking assembly presents.

Every Saturday morning there are collection boxes put out for varying charities (the amounts raised have tended to decrease with the approaching end of term !)

Mr. Hughes has revived the Meccano Club. Its great activity has been shown by numerous type-written notices on the boys' notice-board.

One of the outstanding events of the term has been the visit of the Adelphi Players. These are a band of professional actors who travel, giving performances. They lead a simple life and aim to give performances in the poorer districts free. They were a pleasant united band. In their short stay they gave us many good acting tips and two fully enjoyed performances. One was a group of "The Little Plays of St. Francis," the other a new play by Laurence Houseman, called "Abraham and Isaac."

The final dropping of the old houses and the formation of the new School Council is told elsewhere. One of the first arrangements put in hand by this body is the new use of the playrooms by both boys and girls. Mr. Brereton spent some of a half-holiday

afternoon marking out a immaculate Tennikoit pitch in the Boys' Playroom. Table-Tennis has been played in the Girls' for several weeks now.

About the middle of the term a party of boys cycled over to a hostel run by the Friends' "War Victims" Relief Committee near Newmarket. We spent a bracing day digging in the garden.

On Monday and Tuesday our Gym is used by the Boys' and Girls' clubs from the Town with which some of us, staff and scholars, have been joining.

Every Friday evening this term, Mr. Perry, who is in charge of the Town's First-Aid Service, has given talks to the Stretcher Squad. Not only has he taught us much first-aid but also he has shewn us that one can not only be a craftsman in wood or metals, because we have met one in bandages.

And so the term has slipped by. These are the scattered events and changes that stand out in my mind, which will go together with all the small incidents of living, to form the memory of this Autumn Term. It has been a term that has brought many new members and great changes. They were strange at first but now form part of what we know as school. The great and never ending process of life at Walden has nearly flowed on through yet another term. The end hastens towards us. And after all it will not be long before somebody else may be writing, "It was the beginning of the Spring Term. . . ."

David W. Bolam.
(Sixth Form).

FIREWORK NIGHT.

IT'S nice to be out on firework night,
And see the rockets flashing bright,
Roman candles shooting gold,
Like the fairy tales of old,
Sparklers flashing silver rain,
Up in the air and down again,
Catherine wheels go whizzing round,
Chinese crackers leap and bound,
I hope that when the war is done,
We'll have Guy Fawkes' day and lots of fun.

Donald J. Bush.
Junior School.

G. STAFFORD ALLEN.

IT is not often that members of the School become aware of the existence of the School Committee, but it is none the less right to pay tribute in the School Magazine to one whose service to the School as a member of its Committee has been of the greatest value over a long period of years.

G. Stafford Allen first joined the Committee in 1901, and from 1920 to 1936 he was its Clerk. His wise judgment and wide knowledge of affairs made him valuable not only in dealing with matters of personnel or of education, but also in everything to do with the premises and estate. He would often pay informal visits to Walden when some special piece of work was going on, and he made a point of attending School Plays or similar functions whenever he could, for his interest in the people who made up the School was just as keen as his interest in its fabric.

No one imagined that his visit to Walden for the October Committee would be his last, and by his sudden death soon afterwards the School has lost a friend who, for forty years, has never ceased to give his thought and wisdom to the problems of its management. The School of to-day owes a deep debt of gratitude for this loyal service over so many years.

G.L.

LUCY FAIRBROTHER.

WHEN I was a boy at Ackworth School one of the younger teachers on the Girls' Side attracted our notice because of her prowess with the cricket bat. It was this same teacher who a few years later, in 1894, came as Head Mistress to Saffron Walden, and the girls had to readjust their ideas regarding Head Mistresses when Lucy Fairbrother, young and vigorous, replaced her staid and elderly predecessor. She was greatly amused when, at her first School gathering in the Lecture Room, one of the girls placed a hassock at her feet; it was the first time that she could recall having been offered a hassock. However she did not betray her feelings, but accepted it in the spirit in which it was offered.

One of the innovations that she introduced to the School was the playing of cricket by the girls on sound lines, and she showed them how to keep a straight bat. Indeed she spent a good deal of her life in trying to teach people how to hold a "straight bat." She had a keen sense of right and wrong, of justice and injustice. Her calm and dignified demeanour rather tended to conceal the adventurous spirit that lay beneath the surface, but it was this that led her to spend holidays abroad at a time when foreign travel was not at all common. And it was in the same spirit that on her retirement from Saffron Walden, in 1920, she took over a girls' private school in Bournemouth, and she made quite a success of the venture. She was more than 60 years old when she learnt to drive a motor car, and at the age of 75 she drove her car an 80 mile journey through London to attend a meeting of the School Committee, shortly before her death in 1941.

Even after she had retired from teaching and disposed of her school, she was not content to live an inactive life, but on several occasions acted for the Friends' Service Council in Holland and Germany, where her knowledge of languages proved useful.

Lucy Fairbrother had considerable linguistic and artistic abilities, but it was her personality, even more than her abilities, that left her impress upon many of her girls.

Just because of her strength of personality, once she had formed her views she stuck to them, and as the years passed by she found that instead of continuing to introduce innovations she was called upon to use her mature experience to check the less experienced and sometimes rash ardour of younger educationalists.

Though she is only a name to the present generation of Scholars, there are still some members of the Staff who were at one time her colleagues, and she is still remembered by people in the town who numbered her amongst their friends.

C.B.R.

"THE DIPLOMATIC REVOLUTION."

WHEN the well known second Thursday of Term brought forth no House Meeting in which various staff exhorted members to excel in all directions and, if possible, to reduce their own punishments, rumours began to circulate with

swift silent steps. Reasons, such as there not being time to allocate new pupils to their Houses, soon held no water. In due time the staff decision was made public.

The House system was to be dropped. Also there was to be a new School Council consisting of the Headmaster and the Headmistress and four other staff elected by the staff. These were Margaret Yapp, Gertrude Beatty, Arnold Brereton and Campbell Stewart. The scholars on the Council were the school prefects and a boy and girl representative from Group C, B Upper and B Lower, chosen by the respective groups. Later a day boy and a day girl were also added.

The first two meetings were concerned with retaining advantageous parts of the old House system, such as Athletics, Leisure-time Exhibitions and House Plays in modified forms to suit the circumstances and the wishes of the school.

For the running of various contests in Athletics the school was divided into three sections by three captains chosen by Group C. These captains will be assisted by junior captains from the lower end of the school. Any section, known by a name and colour chosen by it, could challenge any other to various contests, such as mixed hockey, mixed table tennis and tenikoit as well as playing the usual winter and summer sports, the records of these matches being kept in the Library.

Communal use of both playrooms for the purpose of playing table tennis and tenikoit has been running smoothly for sometime. The blackouts have been improved for this purpose.

The Council is developing very well and will be a great asset in bringing staff and pupils together over matters concerning the running of the school from the school side. Later on it is hoped that the Council will take an increasing part in all the out of school activities as well as in the business of the Council itself.

Though we had lingering regrets for the old House system which has lasted us well for a quarter of a century, we believe that a system more suitable to the present circumstances will gradually be developed.

J. C. Needham
(6th Form.)

GIFTS OF BOOKS SINCE AUGUST, 1941.

TITLE	AUTHOR	DONOR
Henry T. Hodgkin	H. G. Wood	Howard Diamond
Short History of International Affairs	Gawthorne Hardy	,, ,,
Ground Plan of English Parish Church	Thompson	,, ,,
Land and Life of Japan	R. M. Shepherd	,, ,,
Land and Life of India	M. Read	,, ,,
The Apple Cart	Shaw	Miss Yapp
A. Neave Brayshaw	The Woodbrooke Extension Committee	The Authors
The Trojan Women	Euripides (Gilbert Murray)	Girls' Reading Club
Antigone	Sophocles (,, ,,)	M. Sylvia Clark
The English Tradition	J. Aubrey Rees	Miss Hall
The Widow in Bye Street	Masefield	F. Alec Marsh
The Essential Shakespeare	Dover Wilson	,, ,,
Outline Survey of Saffron Walden	G. Morris's collected articles from the "Avenue"	
Chambers Etymological Dictationary		Stephen Walker
Birdie Bowers of the Antarctic	Seaver	Gerald Littleboy
From Pillar to Post	Osbert Lancaste	Sylvia Smith
Commander of the Mists	D. L. Murray	D. Minchin
Communism and the Alternative	Penty	Edgar Dunstan
Personal History of Lord Bacon	Hepworth Dixou	,, ,,
From a College Window and about 20 other books—a most interesting and useful collection	A. C. Benson	,, ,,
Fanny's First Play	Shaw	J. Millett
India : the Road to Self Government	Coatman	Gerald Littleboy
Prefaces to Shakespeare (3 vols)	Harley Granville Barker	Adelphi Players
Name and Nature of Poetry	A. E. Housman	E. Sparkes
When we Build again	Bournville Village Trust	The Author
Baby Animals at the Farm and how to draw them	Vere Temple	Miss W. Lee
Drawing Dogs	Diana Thorne	,, ,,

SO THIS IS SAFFRON WALDEN?

(Extracts from a longer essay).

THE very first impression of the building, is that it is dark inside, especially the middle passage. Another striking point is the bareness everywhere, a fact well illustrated by the barn-like appearance of the play-rooms and the very high ceilings of bedrooms, group-rooms and dining hall.

At the beginning of a new term there is an extremely strong smell of polish and paraffin everywhere, which one always associates somehow with one's first term here. On the first day too, there is an indescribable babel of voices everywhere. Everyone seems to be chatting and calling out for friends or suddenly realizing something in a very loud voice.

One amusing point is the terrifying impression upon new people, made by Mr. Pumphrey, partly due we assume, to his magnificent eyebrows.

To begin with, one is struck very much by the lack of privacy, a way in which boarding-school life differs very much from home. Here, one never lacks company, which goes down well with young people.

Perhaps the most astonishing revelation to the newcomer, is the seemingly casual way in which everyone speaks to the staff. There is no jumping up out of desks to speak to any teacher during lessons. However, as one grows more used to school life, this friendly atmosphere from and to the staff, is more and more appreciated. It makes one feel more like an equal member of a large community than one sheep out of a flock strictly disciplined by a chosen few.

The last and possibly most pleasant impression is made by the extremely friendly feeling among the boys and girls. Everyone tries to welcome new people and is continually asking them their names. There are never any quarrels, except among the brats on the boys' side.

Why do some people not spend their spare time reasonably instead of waiting until some opportunity is thrown at them? Perhaps it is just human laziness. Or perhaps it is because so many matches are arranged for us, but then these advantages should not be abused by taking them for granted and wasting the rest of our free time.

One feature in which we are very lucky, is our swimming bath. We certainly use this to the full extent we are allowed however and realize our good fortune.

Another possession which sometimes we do not appreciate fully because it comes so naturally, is our extensive playing-field. The advantages of this are obvious, especially where games are concerned.

But now to return to the building. The twisting stone stairways soon become easy to negotiate, and it wants scarce thirty seconds to reach the top floor from the bottom, providing one does not meet too many obstacles on the way.

We have remarked before upon the bareness of the building, but in some cases we stumble upon an entirely different impression to the dull uniformity of group-rooms and bedrooms. An outstanding example of this is Nurse's surgery which definitely has an atmosphere all its own. This is in one's mind by reason of the white cupboards and the lino and the smell of disinfectant—definitely the smell.

Other places which make one forget about school, places where there is an atmosphere of homeliness are the staff studies, mainly, we suppose, brought about by the furniture and possibly a coal-fire—certainly by the carpets on the floor. A carpet can make all the difference to a room.

The last of these spots with different and appreciable atmospheres, is the library, which is necessarily different because it is more modern in design than the rest of the school building. Here we have a place for quiet work and an opportunity for reading good books and putting in some study. It is to most of us, the most congenial spot in the school for working and also the most pleasant because it contains the best furniture.

It is strange, when we come to think of it, how far away from school-life one can feel in these various places.

We do not intend to say much about the people around us, but one striking impression which one does receive at first is the apparent lack of individuality of thought. We realized without even trying, that it would be very hard to collect ideas on this subject from many people, as it is not a thing which most of us seem to worry about. All which we should have been likely to learn, was that this is not "a bad old hole." It is hard to fix people's minds on a serious subject here.

We must not pass without a very few sentences on the school vocabulary, which can, however, easily be summed up in the few words: "chort," "cinch," "foul," "super," "crude" and "peach." There may be a few more, but this is an example of what we mean by "lack of individuality."

The attitude of the girls to the boys and the boys to the girls is a very interesting psychological aspect. The boys at first seem to think of the girls as a mixture between narrow-minded goodness and cattiness. Well, that is too bad! and we are very pleased to know that it does not last long. As to a girl's impression of the boys, sometimes we think that they are extremely conceited, but we realize that this does not go very deep, perhaps they are only trying to deceive themselves that they are superior to girls. They certainly summon up much banter on the subject, but we realize that this is not to be taken seriously.

One more impression is the tremendous difference between the summer term and the other two terms. It is truly amazing to one in one's first year, but perhaps it merely comes down to the fact that the summer term is an outdoor school-life as opposed to an indoor school-life in winter.

To us, school life is still a puzzle, but we have come to the conclusion, that though we have dealt mainly with impressions about the building, it is the people who make up our school-life and not the building. Character can make all the difference to any life and we are sure that Miss Waring will agree, that life here in the holidays is not so interesting and eventful as in term-time.

RUTH COLLINSON,
Eileen Elmes

TYN-Y CAE.

AT the end of last term it was arranged for those members of the school who felt equal to the task, to go and work for a week at a Friend's hostel in South Wales, namely, Tyn-y-Cae. This hostel is run, under the supervision of Penrose Whitlow, for refugee boys to learn carpentry; as the hostel had only been there a few months they were not yet properly settled in. There were about fourteen boys there, their ages varying from th youngest of eleven to the eldest of seventeen. Unfortunately their carpentry master Hans was ill in bed, but we were able to see how hard he had worked and how much they all liked him.

We were warned to take our oldest clothes, so we arrived with shorts and other such suitable garments; we certainly needed them as digging up potatoes (an art which I am sure we are all experts in by now), weeding and other such jobs do not make for cleanliness. I am rather afraid the number of apples decreased whilst we were there, but when apple trees are situated so conveniently, one cannot help being in the need of a little refreshment.

The housework, kitchen help and washing up we did by rota. Fortunately for some people we were let off the customany fines for such crockery as was broken.

Despite all the work there was plenty of time for entertainment and we all enjoyed ourselves to the full. We certainly were neither starved nor overworked, and when I got home everyone told me I was fatter than ever, but then they always do.

The impression left on me of that week in Wales is that of the happiest week I have ever spent. Those of us who came from school saw a different side of one another which it is impossible to get at school and consequently got to know one another better. We made friends with the people there and could appreciate the work Penrose Whitlow and the other staff did for the boys.

There was a certain indescribable atmosphere, one could never be unhappy there.

When I think of Tyn-y-Cae itself, I remember the high beacons sometimes clouded over, the pine trees leading up to the house, the hill behind, and I know that if I ever went back it would be the same.

Rachel Morgan
(Upper 5a.)

Dear Editor,

You asked me to write about the visit to Tyn-y-Cae from the point of view of the host. Is this a fair request? Can a host keep strictly to "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth" without—! However within limitations I make the effort.

We had been looking forward to the visit eagerly for some time, with hopes and certain misgivings. How different the garden was going to look afterwards! And did it? We-e-ll, yes. Could we make things sufficiently comfortable for the present generation of Walden scholars? We gave fair warning of our conditions and outwardly and politely indeed they seemed satisfied with what was provided. Then again would our simple fare prove adequate and acceptable? Judging from the manner in which dishes were emptied the latter seemed true, but was the former? Lastly, how would our visitors mix with our own boys? After a day of mutual shyness the problem proved to be no problem at all. Subsequent correspondence has shown that contacts were made, and the comradeship was spontaneous.

In short, in looking back the visit from our point of view was, in the words of a school report "Quite Satisfactory." The Walden party did a lot of work—by the way we finished digging the potatoes soon after it had left, and the crop was not a success! I'm not sure that on the whole the girls did not do more than the boys, but perhaps I am libelling the latter. The work done was very useful to us, and was much appreciated. Out of work hours we had some good times, even though I was personally suspected for some time of the murder of David Bolam! There are some Waldenites who will not forget how to play "Danish Billiards," judging by the use made of the board. I think also the Beacons will stay in many memories.

Only one thing more. The test of a visit from the host's point of view is:—Do I want the guests again? In this case there is no hesitation in my mind. Most certainly, yes! Please come again, and make your visit a bit longer—we could do more in every way if we had more time. It is a pity you cannot come in July when the strawberries are ripe, but August might be a better month next year than September. Any way, come when you can, and we will do our best to make you welcome.

Yours very sincerely,

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

IN YORKSHIRE, 1941.

LAST summer about fifteen of us spent a week at Miss Clark's cottage in Yorkshire. Some arrived by train, some by cycle, and a belated Mr. Stewart rushed north on a 20-ton lorry, hitch-biking (get him to tell you about "Trunk Drivers I Have Known.")

We spent the week at Appleton-Le-Moors, about six or seven miles from Pickering, and made cycling and walking expeditions with Miss Clark's cottage as our base. Everyone enjoyed their food (we forget how many loaves of bread and bowls of honey the party ate.) Joyce Francis came fresh from a first-class domestic science diploma to help the party in her own way, and soon her porridges were famous; and you should have seen the vegetables from Miss Clark's garden that we rooted up—and ate.

We slept in the upstairs part of the cottage which is made up of two large rooms and a smaller one. Mr. Stewart told us stories about circular billiard tables, and we could hear Ruth Collinson laughing far into the night. Godric Bader developed "an 'acking corf" and was removed to lower regions where we could only hear him faintly.

Our first cycling trip was to Castle Howard, and there we found the estate worthy of its fame. We bathed in the lovely lake there. We also visited Rievaulx Abbey, a Cistercian ruin in a considerable state of preservation: here we were fortunate to have the help of some local friends who told us a great deal that we should not otherwise have known of the significance of the various parts of the Abbey and its precincts. These same kind friends had invited us to tea on the Sunday when we had gone for a fine walk over the moors after going to meeting at Kirby Moorside.

Our visit to Rievaulx had the remarkable double indisposition of Procter and Brenda, when Procter turned a distinctive colour. Some say this was because of the first-aid attention he received (let it not be told from whom !) However, both Brenda and Procter went back home, part of the way quite against the King's Regulations in an army lorry. But even that law can be waived when people are as green as Procter and as wan as Brenda.

We visited Lastingham Church and saw St. Chad's Saxon Chapel. We went to Pickering and saw what is reported to be a truncated effigy of John of Gaunt, "time-honoured Lancaster," and on the last day we went for our longest walk over the moors, and lovely it was.

The weather was not always what is usually called "good," but we enjoyed all our week fully. We were very grateful indeed to Miss Clark for the opportunity of seeing Yorkshire, the very good time she gave us, and (may we add) her excellent cooking. Our thanks are also due to Miss Beatty and to Mr. Stewart and especially to Joyce Francis for the work that they put in in the organization and for the way they helped things along. The party has much to remember. Who were they from the school? Brenda Buck, Beryl Kilford, Jean Henderson, Patience Hicks, Ruth Collinson, Godric Bader, David Bolam, John Bell, Stephen Walker, and your obedient servants,

KEITH IRVINE,
PROCTER LEMARE.

THE TERROR OF LONE GULCH.

[One of Mr. Pearson's stories written for Middle Lit.: many of our readers will remember having heard it. It will be published in serial form in this and the succeeding two issues.]

WINNINGTON LASCELLES felt thoroughly fed up with his life in the City. Ever since leaving Eton he had never felt really at home in the offices of his father's law business in London. Fine financial prospects were before him if only he cared really to throw himself into his legal studies and get through his "finals." His father's huge business was a great success and Winnington had only to step into his father's shoes in another decade or so to become one of the most successful solicitors in the City of London. "And what then"? Winnington had asked himself many times, and always the answer had been the same. Life in London could still remain dull and uninteresting. Law cases would still strike him with an air of triviality and futility. No! he really must get out of all this and take up something with some ginger in it—something into which a

strong spice of danger and adventure entered. But he couldn't think for the life of him where such a life was to be found. The colonies were too tame—with their well ordered civilisation and money-getting ideas. And then he was by no means satisfied with the manners of the average colonist. But even the colonies *might* be preferable to London; a city in which the very traffic was congested.

This afternoon he was more than usually fed-up. Snatching an evening paper from an aggressive paper-boy he made his way to his station and in a few more minutes was comfortably settled in a corner of a first-class carriage on his way to the family Surrey mansion. He was puffing furiously at his briar when he caught sight of a large head-line in his paper: GREAT DISCOVERY OF GOLD—thousands rushing to Klondyke. He eagerly read the heady information that sprawled through two columns of print. He wasn't keen on gold as such but the life in a new mining camp out in the Klondyke wilds was certainly something that had its attractions. "I'm off," he said to himself, "if I can only talk over the pater and mater."

During dinner that evening it was obvious to his parents that the boy had got something into that head of his; consequently his father was not surprised when Winnington followed him into the library. "I say, dad, I want your permission to go to Klondyke and join in that gold-rush this paper talks about." They talked long and earnestly and in the end Mr. Lascelles give his permission, subject to Mrs. Lascelles giving hers. Mr. Lascelles was a broad-minded man and it had been clear to him for a considerable time now that Winnington had not taken to City life. It was no good trying to force the lad; he couldn't do legal work without throwing himself into it. Mrs. Lascelles took longer to talk-over but in the end she gave way to the boy's entreaties. But she insisted that he should not depart before a week had passed. During that time there was a faint hope that he might change his mind—in any case there were preparations to be made for the long journey.

. . . . .

Six months had passed and Winnington was sitting before the log fire of his wooden shanty quietly smoking his pipe after a busy

day by the stream. The work out there had proved hugely exciting in spite of the hard work. He had thoroughly enjoyed it and also he had been extremely lucky. Lone Gulch had literally proved a gold-mine to him. He had already sent six big consignments of gold to the bank in Mikakow, the nearest town, fifty miles away over virgin prairie. These had all got safely there—which was more than could be said by many miners. The lure of gold had brought a curious assortment of humanity to Klondyke and many of those in Lone Gulch had proved themselves quite up to sample. Fights were frequent and murder and sudden death of almost daily occurrence. Fine young chaps who had come out there prepared to work night and day to make a quick fortune found themselves cheek by jowl with some of the greatest scamps as yet unhanged. This latter variety were bent on the gold without the slightest scruples as to the means by which it was to be got. Robberies, murders, suicides were rife. A quite alarming number of honest miners had been murdered after they had laboriously accumulated a tempting supply of the yellow metal. Gold had certainly become a yellow-peril. Roving bands of bandits had wiped out many a gang of miners who had set out for Mikakow with their find. Some of these bandits had been captured and shown little mercy at the hands of their captors. It was a rough and exciting life whichever way you looked at it and Winnington was enjoying it immensely. In addition to the dangers there was an element of mystery about the place. Some hinted at police corruption when they discussed the doings of a certain band of thieves who had hitherto escaped capture. They seemed to know everything about the camp and it certainly looked as if they had spies in the place. Some of the most carefully planned journies to Mikakow had failed. It was reputed that this particular band was under the leadership of a clever scoundrel going by the name of Red Pete. Nobody seemed to know much about him: it was reputed that he had come north from Mexico, where he had been connected with some shady business in connection with one of their annual revolutions. It was certainly agreed that he was cunning and possessed a courage which was above the ordinary.

TO BE CONTINUED.

(Who is Red Pete? How does Winnington fare? Read next term's instalment of this absorbing tale!)

[With apologies to Mr. Pearson!]

FROM FAR AND NEAR

IT is encouraging to hear that this article is of interest, and sometimes of help to our readers. This collecting together of the activities of Old Scholars, be they nine or ninety, helps us to see the school with which we are allied, in a new way. We welcome information about anyone.

DESMOND MATTHEWMAN, who was reported in our last issue as having taken his commission in the R.A.F., has been awarded the D.F.C. We would wish to give him our congratulations on such a high achievement. We do not yet know any details. Perhaps he might tell his friends by medium of "The Avenue" of his experiences.

GODFREY PRATT and JOY MILLETT, who left last term, are both at Regent Street Polytechnic studying surveying and building respectively.

G. DAVY THOMPSON was married at his home in Lincolnshire at the end of July. So far as we know he is still working at an aerodrome in the north.

JOYCE FRANCIS is now an assistant-cook at St. George's School, Ascot. She obtained a first class Domestic Science Diploma.

THE IRVINE family left Walden at the end of last term. ELSPETH and ALISON are at Manchester High School, and KEITH is now at Manchester University. With him are ROLAND PAGE and PETER LEMARE.

JUNE CORNISH spent a week-end at school this term and told of her work with the Friends' Service Council. She is now doing secretarial work with the War Resisters' International.

JOHN HEBER is now at Leighton Park working for his First M.B.

ROGER STANGER visited us this term, and is now in a London branch of the Westminster Bank. BRIAN has refused to attend his medical and his tribunal : he is awaiting the developments now.

HERMANN PERGER is still in Walden, and is working at Engelmann's.

STEPHEN HATT is working in his father's business in London. We see him from time to time when he comes down for the week-end.

URSULA ALSBERG is studying art in a Surrey Art School.

RALPH RODWELL is now at a Technical College in Derby.

LEONIE FARRELL has started a two years' course of preliminary nursing, training at Beckenham Hospital, with the expectation of completing her training at Guy's afterwards.

BERYL KILFORD has started on her course in Dentistry at Edinburgh. She is sharing rooms with ROSALIND BARKAS.

MARTIN DAVIES is a member of the second F.A.U. Party to go out to China. The last news to reach the school about him told of his safe arrival at Rangoon, from where he planned to go to Chungking by the Burma Road. HENRY RODWELL was in the first party, and is probably now at Chungking.

GODRIC BADER is starting a course in Engineering at Queen Mary College, now evacuated to King's College, Cambridge.

STEPHEN WALKER seems to be thoroughly enjoying his training as a Teacher of Handicraft at Loughborough.

ANTHONY BEST is one of the party of "War Victims" workers associated with the Petersfield evacuation centre, and was present when the whole hut establishment was burnt down. He is now enjoying the prospect of taking part in the rebuilding scheme.

RALPH SNAPE is deserving of much praise for his persistence in attempting to pass his Matriculation—efforts which have at last proved successful. He is now in the R.A.F. for wireless work.

LIONEL YOUNG—Sergeant Observer, Air-Gunner—paid us a brief visit early in the term. He was then stationed at an aerodrome not very far away.

EDWARD HUGHES has obtained a state bursary for engineering and has started work at the Northampton Polytechnic in London.

ALAN JENNINGS completed his first college year by coming out first in Physics and winning a special prize. JOHN GREAVES has joined him this term at the City and Guilds Institute.

D. R. S. ALLWARD, has now been a prisoner of war for nearly 1½ years, and has now been promoted from a 2nd, to a full Lieutenant, in the Gordon Highlanders. He was captured at St. Valery, where he and his battalion fought until they had no ammunition left.

The whole Regiment, part of the "Glorious 51st Division," was

either killed, or captured to a man, with the exception of one—on sick leave in England. He was first imprisoned in the notorious reprisal camp OFLAG VII (now closed) in Bavaria and was moved to the underground reprisal camp at Pozen, Poland (to be closed), but was soon moved to Prussia, when the conditions of the camp were made known. He is expecting to be moved again soon—where he doesn't know. . . . .

MAURICE F. ALLWARD is getting on well as a Junior Draughtsman at Hawkers and is also attached to the special Hawker Home Guard as a heavy machine-gunner. He now lodges, owing to excessive travelling times and distances.

PATRICK J. CAMPBELL is still serving his apprenticeship at D. Napier & Son, and is a "bomb-slinger" in their Home Guard. He also lodges near his work, for the same reasons as Allward.

"PADDY" ALLWARD has just started work as a machinist in a Croydon factory as a means of filling his time until he has reached an age sufficient to allow him to join the Royal Navy.

PHILIP HOLMES is working in a London Bank (National Provincial) and seems to be getting on well.

FROM THE MIDDLE EAST.

Below are some extracts from a letter sent to us by Denis Greenwood, who taught here from 1939-40.

I RECEIVED the July copy of the "Avenue" today (Oct.) after it had returned the odd 1,000 miles too far that it had travelled! I found it very interesting, particularly so now I am so far away from Walden in space and it often feels in time too. . . .

As you know, we all got away in an incredibly short time, and all arrived here safely after an incident-free voyage. We were billeted in a very hot and stuffy boat for the first three-quarters of our journey, but the last lap was done in the greatest of comfort on a luxury liner. . . .

We have not been in service in the desert yet . . . For the time being I am attached to a base hospital, but I expect from time to time I shall be doing different work. The country is very fascinating indeed, a thought too flat perhaps, and too hot at midday, but

quite bearable. The flies and the smells are perhaps the most obvious things, the latter of every describable variety and of extreme intensity, ranging from jasmine flowers via the minor horror of garlic to things dark and unmentionable.

We don't get much spare time in the week, but our week-ends are easily filled by various explorations, and I expect it will be a long time before we exhaust the items of interest that abound in the neighbourhood. The medieval mosques and houses are extremely fine and buildings and ruins of earlier date are almost too numerous.

We are awakened in the morning by a barrel-organ player below our window at 7 a.m. and the streets are full of life for almost the whole 24 hours. Street scenes are very strange: if you want milk you can get it from a cow milked whilst you wait, or you can have your fortune told in the sand, or buy a banana (or a hundred bananas!), all just outside your front door. I must say the food and the abundant fruit are very welcome! The native costume is quite up to standard, and veiled women, and men in long flowing robes throng the streets. In the native quarter one can easily forget the twentieth century, but in the main streets the incongruity of tall modern buildings and motor cars set against the age-old native dress and customs is continually forced on one. . . .

We miss the Autumn scenes and variety of country. Here it is like a continual summer and all the land is either cultivated, built on, or just plain desert!

Please remember me to all at Walden. . . .

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT.

IT WAS with a certain amount of misgiving that we looked at our First Game this term and saw the material from which the 1st and 2nd elevens had to come. There were only one player from the 1st XI and one from the 2nd XI of last year, all the others were from the 2nd and 4th Games of last year. They realized that if a team were to be chosen to play for the school they would be the ones called upon. Though they have a long way to go yet before a high standand is attained, they have worked hard and the combination and co-operation of the players as a team have come on quickly.

As is usually the case our forward line is weak. On some occasions only do they successfully evade the opposing defence, and their goal-shooting is very poor indeed. Control of the ball in emergencies needs much practice and all the players must learn to work out methods of attack and defence as the needs arise. On the whole they are singularly lacking in initiative and speed.

The Middle School players have nearly reached 2nd team standard and as these girls are in U4 this year it promises well for the future.

We decided that when we were playing clubs Mrs. Furze and Miss Beatty should supplement the school team and this has worked out quite well. We are greatly indebted to Mrs. Furze for the time and energy she had give to us this term.

G.B.

BOYS' GAMES REPORT.

WE STARTED the season with a young, light and inexperienced team. There were many faults and weaknesses to be corrected, and it seemed difficult at first, to find a point from which to begin building up. However, gradually cohesion has come, and we have achieved some measure of success in our matches. In those cases where we have been defeated it has mainly been due to a difference in stamina, for usually we have managed to hold the attack till after half-time and the majority of the goals against us have been scored in the last quarter of an hour when the youth of the team begins to tell.

There has been a good deal of shuffling in the forward line, partly as the result of injury, but now the positions are more or less stable and there is more drive in the attack. The team as a whole has improved in ball control, positional play and passing but there is still too little attempt at kicking with the "wrong" foot and the heading in most cases is poor. We are looking forward to next term's matches with more confidence.

B.B.J.

MISCELLANY.

Questions : Use the word "dilemma," "peruse," "conjecture," "perspective," in a sentence correctly.

Answers : "When the girl said she was seeing impossible visions her mother said she was having dilemmas."

"The Peruse gentleman walked away because he did not understand the language."

"In my geometry there was a conjecture of two triangles. I felt astounded."

"They send you a perspective when you are going to a new school."

. . . . . .

"If my friend got something into his eye, I would get a clean handkerchief if I had one or a corner which was clean and look in my friend's eye and try to find out where it was by asking them, then I would fish about in her eye until I got it out."

. . . . . .

"A bullace is a female bull all dressed up."

. . . . . .

"'Trunk' is a strangely interesting word. How often have we packed things delightedly into this rectangular receptacle! And if we are an elephant, what things we find with our trunk. And then we can blow our nose a long way away from our body, or since it is so far away, forget that it needs blowing at all. Think what handkerchieves elephants save!"

. . . . .

"A boa thinks a great deal of himself and dandifies himself so that the girls will look. He often wears a flower in his buttonhole and puts on powder after shaving."

. . . . . .

"There was a young boy nicknamed Moses,
With toes like ten little pink roses,
Their delicate flush,
Was like the sweet blush,
Which colours the ends of our noses." (in winter!)

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

General School Examination.

School Certificate (with Matriculation Exemption) :—

Ursula Alsberg, Godric Bader, David Bolam, David Brereton, Brenda Buck, Joy Chamberlain, Ruth Collinson, Paul Fordham, John Heber, Keith Irvine, Godfrey Pratt.

School Certificates :—

Leslie Allward, John Bell, Eileen Elmes, Christopher Grillet, Elizabeth Grillet, Stephen Hatt, Jean Henderson, Patience Hicks, Procter LeMare, Patrick Pawsey, Ralph Rodwell, Roger Stanger, Stephen Walker.

R.L.S.S.

Elementary :—

M. Balk, L. Buck, M. Lansdell, E. Law, J. Mitchell, J. Palmer.

Intermediate :—

A. Brooks, A. Jones, D. Marsh, R. Palmer, D. Simpson, G. Soar, G. Allen, I. Brereton, J. Burman, M. Eggleton, J. Everett, D. Garcia, E. Hirschel, E. Irvine, P. Jeffrey, P. Kaye, J. Lyell, A. Martin, K. Moore, M. Radclyffe, J. Ritson.

Bronze Medallion :—

J. McCarthy, E. Garcia, D. Heber, D. Yardley, A. Appleton (*bar*) D. Rees (*bar*) A. Irvine, J. Hopwood, M. Ball, J. Eggleton, A. Palmer, M. Comber (*bar*) J. Millett, P. Dunstan, P. Milford, M. Palmer, N. Needham,

Silver Medallion :—

K. Irvine, J. Bell, R. Collinson, L. Farrell (*bar*)

Instructor's Certificate :—

2nd Class—D. Rees. 1st Class—J. Bell.

NOTICES.

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

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

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You will then have full particulars of all functions direct from the O.S. Secretary, Henry B. Rowntree, "Gilmore," Links Drive, 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 : *Cambridge & County High School, The Beckside, The Georgian, The Cupola, By Kent and Skerne and The Island.*

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