THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

JULY 1941

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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'THE AVENUE'

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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EDITORIAL.

THE Avenue and the Mistresses' Walk—have you ever compared them? The Avenue, with its lines of trees, standing clear of each other, symmetrical, lovely, changing their colour and dress in an orderly sequence, stretching on to the next group of rather smaller trees, and on to an even younger line, till a corner is turned and one can see no more. The Mistresses' Walk, short, varied, with trees and shrubs, Almond and Yew, Bay and Bullace, Quince and Copper Beech, jostling each other, coming into leaf at different times and turning into different browns and reds.

On looking back over our school year, I have thought that we have moved from the Avenue and have spent the year in the Mistresses' Walk, too many of us, and consequently too tightly packed and certainly not of a pattern.

What have we gained and what lost by having the tenor of our life thus disturbed? We shall answer that question in various ways; but this we, the permanent members of the Friends' School, will feel, that we are losing this July a companionship and a contact which we shall miss and are sorry to lose, despite the jostling and the packing, the shared desks and hymn books, the overcrowded collects and cloakrooms.

Since the evenings have been light enough, our Tottenham friends have come in more and more frequently to spend their free time here, to share in bathes and tennis, in Societies and dances, until they have becoms so much a part of ourselves that we find that we shall miss them indeed.

And so, to Miss Fallet, Miss Foster and Miss Hall and to the pupils from Tottenham, we say goodbye. Come back to see us.

But Mr. Pearson never left the Avenue. It would have taken more than fifty newcomers to change his habits and he has paced

his "sixty" faithfully this year as before. Will he really not be there to keep the grass from growing, next year? It is hard to believe.

May you find, in your second childhood, another Nurse waiting to look after you, to dose you and to chide you and if she is not able to provide large enough plates of ham for you, in these difficult, if "beautiful," days. Come back, too, to see us.

S.C.

OUR YEAR AT THE FRIENDS' SCHOOL.

NEVER before having had the experience of co-education, we first came to the Friends' School with a certain amount of trepidation. Naturally we felt very strange and out of place at first, and wandered around doing our best to get out of everybody's way. It is surprising how many times our girls managed to stumble up the three dark stairs in the corridor, or to become lost in the intricacies of the stairs leading up to Boys' C. However, we soon adapted ourselves to the new conditions, and learnt the geography of the building with a certain amount of success.

Since we had only met boarding schools among the enthralling pages of Angela Brazil, many everyday occurrences were new to us. One thing which struck us particularly was the appetizing smell which assailed our nostrils in the regions of the kitchen, and as they passed, we wrinkled up our noses in a good imitation of the Bisto Kids. But soon such things surprised us no longer, and we settled down in earnest to hard work. The weeks raced by until even the examinations, dreaded during all the years we had spent at school, were over and we could relax without piles of revision pricking our consciences. Then it was that we realised how the months had flown since we came to the Friends' School, and how many new friends we had made. Not until this moment had it dawned on us that in a few more weeks we should be leaving the school.

What also struck us was the fact that we were going to experience something probably unqiue—we were leaving two schools at once and thus had the right to become members of two Old Scholars' Associations at the same time. Before the war such a position could

not have been visualised, but we had high hopes that it was also going to develop into two leavers' parties, instead of one. However, these high hopes did not materialise, and we had to be satisfied with one.

And now we are leaving school in circumstances very different from those we had anticipated and all that is left is to thank the staff and pupils of the Friends' School for making our last year at school so memorable.

INTER ALIA.

MISS Wilson, as we knew her, and Mrs. Lewis as she now is, left us at the end of last term. She had managed to sustain us remarkably well through the many difficulties of the first year of rationing. We wish to thank her for the work she did, and wish her all happiness in her married life. She has had experience with incendiary bombs in the part of Surrey in which she lives. The bombs quailed.

Miss Raby has come to us at a very difficult time from the rationing view-point, but she is as skilful as we have been spoiled into expecting our housekeepers to be. So skilled is she that she might be thought magical. We hope that she will find our community congenial.

There have been one or two main changes in the school organization. First we have a new system of correcting wrong-doers. No detailed analysis of it is necessary here, but for those who remember the days when schools were schools and think any change is bound to be for the worse, we ought to say that "words" are now replaced by "marks," a certain number of which necessitate periods of careful writing. There are other divisions of the system too. We asked for opinions on this scheme for publication from sufferers and non-sufferers alike, but no complete idea was given. Perhaps at another time . . . . .

Mrs. Sparkes has taken on the duties of Librarian, and the library itself is now beginning to have a selection of books worthy of such a lovely room. Many books have been given, a list of which appears elsewhere, and, besides, we have been given a regular grant by the Committee. We were very grateful for the generous gift of

nearly ten pounds given by those who were here for General Meeting. Already we have increased the number of books very considerably, and we hope to keep this addition of worth-while books high during the next few years. The gift of a book to the School Library is a good and useful leaving present for those who wish.

We hear that those revising biology for the G.S.C. found valuable and interesting material in three films shown to them. This branch of educational equipment has not yet been sufficiently widely recognized.

David Pearson is leaving us this term after many years of characteristic service to the school in many ways. He has been treasurer of "*The Avenue*" during that time, and no magazine could wish for a more efficient treasurer. We wish to shew our gratitude to him in some way, so we have decided to publish one of those stories which were written "a hundred years ago," and were read to the Middle Literary Society each year. Length of the stories necessitates a serial form, and we are ready to take orders for next term's issue now. We do not yet know whether we shall have "The Bloodstained Shadow" or "The Terror of Red Gulch." We shall see.

We are most fortunate in having Helen Radley to take over the thankless and necessary duties of treasurer. She is most welcome.

We would ask all those who are leaving us this term, whether the "Tottenham" part of our school or the "Walden" part, to keep in touch with us if they possibly can. "*The Avenue*" is a very useful way.

TO "THE AVENUE."

My Dear Avenue,

I think that it is time that somebody spoke to you quite seriously about yourself. You have been much slimmer of late, it is true, but I am doubtful if even this is an improvement. No! you must pull yourself together. Please don't delude yourself into thinking that you represent the school. It is true that you represent a part of the school, but you must remember that you are the school magazine, run "By the School, For the School." You are not an Old

Scholars' magazine. By being topical you will interest them as much as their own magazine, you will keep them in touch with Walden. You should make your rival magazine your partner, and you must not "encroach on its preserves." As it is you have built up such at radition that the school cannot visualise you as you should be. Of course tbe school should write more, but they have no suitable precedent to follow. We want articles, essays and stories on relevant subjects. Forget your dignity, and then it's up to the school to take its opportunity. Look at other school magazines! examine them! compare! be ashamed!

Yours sincerely,
Keith Irvine.

PIKE'S DILEMMA.

"WHEW!" gasped Wilfred the minnow, as he darted behind a clump of water-weeds, "Whew!"

He had been doing thus (dodging I mean, not 'whewing,' although he had 'whewed' now and then, just to impress upon himself what a narrow escape he had had) for the last ten minutes, and it was clear to him that he could not go on much longer. The fact was—he was tired, as I expect you would be if you were a minnow, who had been playing hide-and-seek for your life with a great, ugly, pike on your tail, for as long as Wilfred had. Up and down they raced, in and out, and though Mr. Pike longed to give up the pursuit of that wretched little minnow who dared to defy him so long, yet he was hungry, and that hunger had to be satisfied.

. . . . . .

Allan Riston felt extremely lazy that afternoon. He was an ardent fisherman and loved to spend hours or even days by the rivers and lakes. But to-day—well it was different. The fish weren't biting anyway, and the rod had lain idle by his side for an hour or so while he lay dreaming. He drowsily opened one eye,—then the other and gazed stupidly at the rippling brook. Suddenly all traces of sleepiness left him. A fisherman he had started out that morning and a fisherman he was, though to other eyes he certainly did not look it.

"A pike. Gosh!" he murmured. "Looks the terror of all Charlton Brook to me." (As indeed the wily old pike was).

Wilfred on the verge of collapse dashed in among some bull-rush roots, and the unsuspecting pike swam right past the hiding place. He could not have stopped anyway, he was going too fast, and all this was just visible to Allan on the bank.

On and on downstream went the pike, when he suddenly became aware he was only chasing a startled water-beetle. He gobbled it up greedily and turned angrily round to find his former prey.

The most important member of the audience (there were only about two, the other being a lazy, well-fed, looking water vole) sat up as silently as he could and picked up the fishing rod. The bait was already on the end having some time before failed to attract a wise old trout, who at the moment lay sleeping in the sandy shallows.

Then slowly and silently the rod lowered and the hook floated temptingly and peacefully on the water. The furious pike was dashing for the roots where he had just spied the poor Wilfred, when he caught a glimpse of a dainty morsel dancing on the sparkling surface of the rippling brook.

He darted upward and seized it—and the fatal end of many another fish became his.

Wilfred,—the small but thankful minnow,—was saved.

Barbara Condon
(*Upper 3a.*).

WHITSUN, 1941.

BACK to School again—what a happy release from the grown up world of to-day!

About a hundred-and-fifty Old Scholars succeeded in keeping up the good old Whitsun atmosphere. The unusually high proportion of recent leavers may have been, at times, even merrier than considered desirable: but their efforts made up for the less fortunate weather, which was decidedly below Whitsun standards.

Nevertheless, the familiar programme was followed with the same enthusiasm as ever, the missing bonfire being the only reminder of the war.

As an Old Scholar, I'm glad to say that the sports results came off well in our favour, both the Old Girls and Old Boys winning their Monday cricket matches. The O.S. Second team however

were not so lucky, the original score, which was just one in our favour, being reversed by a convenient recount !

As for swimming, the traditional relay races were replaced by a complete match—diving, plunge, breast stroke, back stroke and freestyle races, etc.—a change which I hope will become permanent. The O.S. made a good start by winning the above by 36 to 23 points, these figures including the result of the girls' relay race, which, unlike that of the boys, was won by the School.

The lack of a swimming display was made up for by an unrehearsed fully dressed life saving demonstration provided by Dixon Smith and Eric Peverett.

Besides this, the bath was very much in demand, particularly for cooling down after terza and " bad eggs," the latter being a new form of entertainment provided by a few of the younger Old Scholars.

In spite of numerous ' dud spots ' on the courts, tennis was played throughout the week-end, the tournament being carried out on the Monday.

The evenings did not lack activity, especially the Saturday flannel dance, held in the School hall, which proved just the right size to accommodate the 130 Old Boys and Girls dancing to the " Mixed Grill " dance band.

The assembly hall was also considered sufficiently soundproof to hold a heartfelt sing-song on the Sunday evening and a second dance to the radiogram, and later the B.B.C., on Monday.

The latter followed a film show on the excellent work of the Friends' Ambulance Unit, both at home and abroad. It is noteworthy that at least a dozen Saffron Walden Old Boys are now members, three of whom were present at our Whitsun Gathering.

The enormous appetites of so many O.S.—which could not be lessened by the customary ' Tuck Shop '—were remarkably well catered for by the School, and special praise must be given to the new housekeeper, Miss Raby.

Owing to the continued wintry weather, the Avenue could not be used for the Monday tea, nor for the presentations to the two retiring members of the staff. With the loss of Sarah Waites (1912—40) and David Pearson (1916—41), better known as Sally and D.P., the School will have lost two of its best known teachers.

Miss Waites will long be remembered for her life-like French classes, her brilliant needle-work, her generosity, especially with regard to her car, and within recent years, for her remarkable activities as a detective.

Many events come to my mind when I think of Mr. Pearson. For twenty-five years, he has never lacked vitality, a sense of humour, and a keen interest in his pupils due to his studies of philosophy, etc. Personally, I shall never forget the sixpence he gave me for my spelling of "valeigh" for "valley." I believe he is in possession of a remarkable collection of "notes" collected in class which will keep him amused during the years to come! His passions for little girls and hot roast beef, his daily dozen on the Avenue, and his familiar phrases all go to build up what we know so well as "D.P."

I must not omit to mention the invitations given by Mr. and Mrs. Littleboy and Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree to visit their gardens where we were regaled with a welcome cup of tea. The address delivered by the Headmaster, on Sunday evening, was followed by the musical entertainment which has always been so much appreciated by the School in particular.

Once again we parted and went our various ways, hoping to meet again in the Old School next Whitsuntide.

W. A. JENNINGS
(1935—9).

A PARENT'S DAY.

SAFFRON WALDEN! At last, thought Mrs. T—— as she climbed down onto the platform. It did seem a quiet place. It rather reminded her of a town in Gloucestershire she had been to once. It didn't seem at all like the historical town Mrs. M—— had been telling her about in the train.

"What lovely flowers," exclaimed Mrs. M—— as she walked up the hill with Mrs. T——. Yes, they were lovely, and those apple trees up there; just look at them i. It rather reminded her of the cherry tree in *her* garden.

Was that the School ? she asked Mrs. M——. Yes that was it. How grand ! And who was that man in a grey suit coming towards them ? Mrs. M —— couldn't remember ; was it Berton ? Bearton ? . . . Brereton ! that was it. What a charming man thought Mrs. T—— as she was ushered into the building. At that moment Johnny came running up to Mrs. M—— and kissed her dutifully on both cheeks as he peered round to see nobody was looking. Then he led grandma and Mrs. T—— to hear the music. It was lovely and the little children were so charming. And of course Mrs. T—— liked the last tune when she could beat her foot to time.

Next came the boys' gym display and everybody crowded round a tennis court, and the boys, all dressed in white, did very difficult things, and it did remind one of dear George, thought Mrs. T——, when he used to do all his exercises while training for the army.

When the gym was over everybody moved towards the swimming bath, and at that moment Mrs. T—— overheard something appalling : somebody said, " Jack was very excited because Elizabeth had invited him out to tea "—well really; thought Mrs. T——, one would say this was a marriage agency or something of the sort. However, she joined Mrs. M—— and they entered the swimming pool. The display was marvellous ! But just as Mrs. T —— was going to see somebody diving through a red piece of paper, she heard a deep voice beside her saying : " Yes, she's got her head too full of trousers," and then a significant wink. What did he mean ? she wondered, in any case it didn't sound very nice.

Next came the tea—Mrs. T—— declared she hadn't seen so many buns since the war started. How could the school have got them ? In London one hardly saw cakes at all.

Mrs. T—— liked the pictures—except those bright yellow ones, they were too bright—and she was sure the biology experiments were very interesting. . . But they must be going or they would never get back to London, so they put on their hats and coats and said goodbye to Johnny.

Well, thought Mrs. T—— as she was sitting in the train again, it isn't such a bad place after all, and she was sure it had been a very interesting afternoon. But in her young days those boys and girls . . . . . .

David Castillejo (Lower Fifth).

GENERAL MEETING, June 14th, 1941.

Dear D.P.,

I was glad to be able to visit Walden again for General Meeting. It is always good to renew old friendships and acquaintances,—this year above all, when the world is so full of all that endeavours to negate friendship and fellowship.

I was surprised to see so many parents and friends at the School. The Swimming Bath can seldom have seen such a crowd, although I do remember one or two occasions when second performances had to be given because of the large number of spectators.

It seemed so strange this year not to have a full day for General Meeting and especially strange that there was no Meeting for Worship. This one day of the year, when the School can and does give so much that other Schools cannot give, seemed to lack somehow, a focussing point. I had the feeling that the proceedings were not properly begun.

The greater number of parents did not begin to arrive until after dinner and all were directed immediately to the Hall for a concert of orchestral and vocal items, given by both the Juniors and the Seniors.

By the time that I had made my way from the Hall to the Girls' Tennis Court, the Gym. Display was already in progress and a great crowd was already stationed round about. Mr. Jacob, I feel is to be congratulated upon his offering us such a performance, so varied, full of interest—and amusement, in which there was such a degree of co-ordinated precision and smartness that is not often to be seen nowadays. The Gym. Team are to be praised and commended for they obviously enjoyed their exercises. They have indeed learnt a valuable lesson,—to do a thing well for its own sake.

A crowd had already collected in and outside the Swimming Bath, too, by the time I had arrived (I'm no longer quite so quick off the mark as I used to be . . . . . or did I think it undignified to start an ungodly rush across ?). Anyhow, the "early door" crowd received a rap across the knuckles for arriving early, although most pointed out that the express request to keep away from the Bath for a time they had not heard. The Bath during the display was

this time, not so overpoweringly hot as it has been in many former years, but the afternoon outside was dull and a trifle cold. It was good to see so many girls taking part in the performance (there were over thirty I believe). To have so many performers points to a very good all-round standard.

The lack, for obvious reasons, of exhibits in Woodwork and Domestic Science was very noticeable this year. But the Girls' Needlework classes (or am I supposed to refer to them as Sartorial Seminars ?) had obviously been working overtime before having to work out the Higher Mathematics of dressing in coupons! I am always amazed at the ingenuity and the excellence of the modern girl when she has a piece of material and a needle and thread. The Play room was not the best place for the exhibition,—it seemed strange having all the exhibitions, including the Art, and of course the Biology on the ground floor, but then the War has necessitated many a change.

The Junior School had a most attractive exhibition in its building and seldom were the rooms free from the pressing crowd. There was a great variety of material, from weaving and drawing to chalk carvings, which had a most professional air, and illustrations of writing that would put many a Fifth Form boy that I know to shame. The Matchbox house was a tribute to patience, interest and fine workmanship, and so was the Junior School Post Office, complete with enormous sheets of imitation stamps, and a Pillar Box, that was so realistic that a special guard, I believe, had to be posted alongside to prevent visitors from posting their letters inside. There was such an unforced air about this exhibition and I am glad that some spelling mistakes had been left for us to see.

And so the evening and the return home! The visit was all too short and as I sat in the train enjoying again the events of the afternoon, the companionship of old friends, the promise that the School holds for the future, I did feel again that there had been one great lack, some central point of the day, and I could think of nothing to explain it except the absence of a short Meeting for Worship.

But perhaps next year,—who knows ? The world may be different, wiser, chastened, and Walden may be able to celebrate more than just the achievement of another year—the return to health and

sanity of this world, when time will no longer be pushed, when rationing will seem part of the once-upon-a-time stories, when the blackout will be a nightmare of bygone days and the dismal moaning of the siren a call from a long distant world.

Our thanks are due to all who gave up their time and energies for our welcome and entertainment. Such Meetings mean so much more than most of the participants are actually aware of.

Yours sincerely,
SCRIBLERUS.

[What follows was written without any suggestions or aid as an imaginary letter from the seaside].

Eccles-on-Sea,
Norfolk.

Dear Mummy,

If you could see how brown I am you would think that I had been painted. I went a ride in the donkey-cart with Daisy Pitman, but the donkey wouldn't budge.

Daisy is a little girl staying in Mrs. Johns' cottage. Her father is in India while her mother died a few years ago.

Mrs. Bailey's daughter, Anne, broke her leg last Sunday and when I go down to the village all the old dames sitting on their doorsteps say " Poor Anne, I bet she'll die " " Sure she will."

On Sunday Mr. Johns took me to the Bay, it was great fun.

I do hope Maryan is better from having Scarlet Fever.

Um, sniff, sniff, I can smell hot scones for tea, I hope with honey. Mrs. Stone has 8 hives of bees and she has just got 100 pounds of honey. Well, I really must say goodbye, as my stomach is calling out for food.

Love
Jane
X x X x X x X x X

P.S. My shorts are torn badly at the seat.

Jane Morgan
(when in Junior School).

WERE THEY TO BLAME?

THE sun shines on the stricken plain,
The war sounds drift away,
No more are heard, the cry of pain,
From those who did obey.

They fought and slew, they knew not why,
On that unholy day,
"Am I to blame?" their hearts would cry,
"I only did obey."

And whilst they strove, did they recall,
The words "Thou shall not slay?"
Was theirs the fault that men must fall?
The men who must obey.

They were not stone, they did not hate,
They did not seek to slay,
But victims of a cruel fate,
Which forced them to obey.

O men in power who give the word.
Think you of world decay;
Of those compelled to take the sword,
Because they must obey?

Is theirs dishonour? theirs the stain,
Of having gone your way?
Is blood on them for having slain,
When you made them obey?

For God your soul to them condemn,
On that great Judgment Day.
Will you accept the guilt for them,
Who only did obey?

JOAN MESSER
(Lower 5a).

APPLES.

I LIKE apples,
Apples red and rosy,
My Brother likes apples,
Apples green and dull.

I like apples,
Apples sweet and juicy,
My Brother likes apples,
Apples sour and dry.

ANTHONY MARSH,
Junior School.

THE STRUGGLE.

BEHIND the coffin with its Union Jack
A tall young man walked slowly, clad in black,
Before it, with their slow and measured tread
Some airmen paid their tribute to the dead.
The small cortége passed to the burial ground
Where, by the empty grave, a little mound
Denoted that another gallant soul
Had fought and had acheived the human goal.
Again salutes were fired for yet one more
Whose greatest deed is common in a War ;
And then the Last Post held its plaintive sway,
For one there was who stood and watched that day
And as he heard the sweet, appealing note
Which sounded on the hill-top so remote,
And as the last immortal question dawned,
He mourned, and knew not quite for whom he mourned,
The world, or just the human wreckage here,
The sacrifice supreme, or just the fear,
And from the anguish that was in his mind
A prayer was born, "O God, make me not blind
To what is right." He had affirmed before
An English court that he most clearly saw

His path was one of peace—he would not fight,
His God would not allow him to use might
Against his foes, though they might seek his life
He must not kill; he loathed the blood, the strife,
The pain of other men who for their land
Their ideals had to fight against us, and . . . . .
He walked a mourner where the sun shone bright
On ivied cottages and lanes of white
Where flowers flaunted loveliness in vain,
He saw none of these things, for hideous pain
Had gripped his mind, and held it tortured there,
Tormented, feeling nothing but despair,
Despair, because he could not think to kill
Was right—Oh! better far to die, than kill
His fellowmen, who lived and laughed as he,
Who loved as he—Oh no, he could not see
That that was right. But yet could he remain
And watch the others die, the others' pain,
And see them crippled, blinded, limbless men?
Oh! surely he should fight and win, and then
Be happy knowing he had done his share
Of willing suffering and patient care,
Yes, fight the sin and be like other men,
For Christ had not ignored the devil when
He had the three temptations. No, He fought
And overcame the evil, lest the thought
Should take conviction from Him, and perhaps
Might mark in His perfection a collapse.
Were it not better for mankind to fight
If by so doing they preserve the right
To live as men in sweet tranquillity
Serving their God with due humility.
He would renounce the faith which once he held
And go and fight because he was impelled
By higher thoughts than those which had before
Inspired him to resistance against war.

Jean Foote
(Lower Fifth).

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY

SINCE MARCH, 1941.

Llewellyn Williams ...	... 3 dozen folders for Magazines.
Winifred Lee ...	... Lettering for folders.
G. Stafford Allen ...	... *The Countryman* for 1941.
M. Sylvia Clark ...	... *New Statesman & Nation*, 1941. Complete Works of Jane Austen. *Precious Bane* (Mary Webb) and several others.
F. Alec Marsh ...	... 7 Plays (Bernard Shaw). *Skeat's Etymological Dictionary* and others.
David Pearson ...	... More than 100 books from his library.
Stephen Walker ...	... 7 books, including :— *Craftsmanship in Wood* and "*Escapers All*" (Ackerley)
Paul Hood	... "*London Perambulator*" and about 20 Reprints of Proceedings of the British Academy, 1916-38.
Helen Radley ...	... *Family Bible* and *Book of Common Prayer.*
Reginald Dale ...	... "*Peace News*" for 1941.
M. G. Yapp ...	... *Charles Dickens* (Gissing), and several others.
Mary V. Whiteman ...	... *The English Miss of To-day and Yesterday* (Percival). *A Faith to Fight for* (John Strachey).
J. Wallaby Whiteman	... *Vermeers Pictures.*
Keith Irvine ...	... *The Fountain* (Chas. Morgan).
D. Castillejo ...	... *Adam Bede* and 2 others.
Kathleen Pearson ...	... *Life of William C. Braithwaite.*
Dr. Eileen Brereton ...	... *Westward Ho.*

Librarian of Ackworth School...	*Decimal Classification* (Melvil Dewey).
Desmond Minchin ...	... Three Novels by Margaret Irwin.
Dr. Hughes ...	... *Mechanical Engineering Science*, *Elementary Engineering Science*. *Electrical Engineering Science*.
James H. Hudson ...	... *Confirming the Facts* (Dr. Salter and others).

NEAVE BRAYSHAW'S MEMOIR.

EVERY one of our Friends' Schools has its own special list of well-loved men and women who have given unbounded and enriching service to colleagues and pupils. Those of whom we may well say that we thank God on every remembrance of them. Neave Brayshaw had associations with Bootham which might justify that school in making special claim to him, but now he belongs to us all, and we could have few higher ambitions than to be worthy of him and his belief and trust in us.

His Memoir and Selected Writings* will recall his loved figure and accents to hundreds of boys who count his friendship and care as amongst their most cherished memories. Good as Philip Radley's chapter of "Recollections" in this volume is, it is all too short. We wish that much more biographical information had been included.

Amongst the articles and addresses the longest and most comprehensive is the Introductory Address given at the Swanwick Summer School in August, 1911. Notes are included also of some addresses given to the College Class at Bootham in 1933, 1936 and 1938, much of which must have been given also in our other schools. The outline of his inimitable talks on textual criticism is introduced by Gerald Hibbert, and there are other characteristic papers.

EDGAR DUNSTAN.

* *A. Neave Brayshaw: Memoir and Selected Writings.* Published by the Woodbrooke Extension Committee and obtainable from The Friends' Book Centre.—2s. 6d.

EXPERIENCES DURING EVACUATION.

WHEN official evacuation commenced, we trailed our cases dispiritedly to the station in an interminable crocodile and each wearing an extremely large label. A large label produces many results on the wearer, the chief one being that any lurking inferiority complex is guaranteed to grow bigger and bigger. Everyone stared as we slouched into the station, draped ourselves gracefully over our cases and patiently waited for a train. Eventually a rather grimy local train chugged its laborious way in at about ten miles an hour, and we were all bundled in irrespective of school or age, whilst Miss Jones flew around in a flurry of despair on seeing us melt away before her eyes for an unknown destination. Luckily we all managed to crowd in and the train puffed off at its break-neck speed while we all made wild guesses as to where we were going.

Every time the train stopped so that tired looking officials could dole out strongly disinfected water, we were sure it was our final halt. But it never was, and the train crawled on until Saffron Walden was reached. Everyone climbed out, gazed around with interest, and then trotted dutifully off after some powerful officials with red bands on their arms, who led the way up South Road. The journey to the Training College seemed miles and miles, as we all had heavy cases and not one of the gaping yokels gathered together to stare open-mouthed at this sudden invasion of their town, offered to hlep us. When we reached the College some more water was given us, and then the distribution began. Some were unceremoniously packed off to Great Chesterford by mistake, and were lost for several days while Miss Jones frantically rang up every conceivable village for miles round.

A few hostesses turned up and wandered around the room choosing what girls they wanted, until we were irresistibly reminded of cows in the cattle market. But the rest of us were safely distributed and after the awful journey our hostesses were wonderful and made us feel at home immediately.

The first few weeks of evacuation were spent in the New Hall working under considerable difficulty, since French had a habit of getting mixed up with the incantation of Latin verbs a few seats away. But between lessons we had plenty of leisure, and so we

helped at Lagden's Farm weeding the maize, stooking the corn and washing out milk bottles until we became quite proficient at farming. But all good things come to an end, and one day the news came round that we were to start school again in Freshwell House and Myddylton Place. However, starting school meant something very different from beginning a new term at Tottenham. There we had been used to coming back to a conspicuously clean and tidy school, scrubbed and swept by a skilful group of charwomen who took over during the holidays. At Myddylton Place before starting work again in earnest, we had to turn ourselves into charwomen and furniture removers. The dust of ages lay thick everywhere and after a copper had been installed, cleaning operations commenced. Then, armed with scrubbing brushes, pails of hot water and large lumps of soap, we scrubbed—and scrubbed.

All our humblest apologies are offered to the many respectable families of beetles and spiders who had probably vegetated among the dust and their ancestors before them, but necessity must when the devil drives and we were forced to scrub them vigorously away. We discovered that the last tenant had been an elderly lady with a large family of about twenty cats. We also obtained the strongest proof that they had an exceptional liking for sardines, since we found in one dark corner a large pile of empty, rusty tins which told their own tale.

After all the necessary scrubbing had been accomplished, one day we eagerly awaited the arrival of the furniture vans with all our desks and chairs from school. When they did at last arrive everyone began to carry precarious piles of books or chairs to the right form rooms. We had never realized before how many twists the staircases had or how many steps there were until we struggled up them with heavy loads. Doors miraculously narrowed and jutting out pieces jutted out even further as we approached. But the worst problem was yet to come, for the room consigned for the laboratory was on the ground floor at the back and no amount of persuasion would make the cumbersome science benches squeeze round corners or pass through narrow doors. However, we decided it would not be desirable to have science lessons in the streeet, so our brains were wracked for an answer to the problem. The problem was eventually solved and all due credit must be given to the removal men, who with great strength and ingenuity effected the

entrance of the benches. First they put them through the upstairs windows. and then handed them down to more men in the yard at the back, who in turn passed them through the windows into the lab.

The furniture was arranged at last in spite of such minor hindrances as the attic ceiling falling down, a large hole in the centre of one class-room over which a desk was placed for safety, and rotten floorboards through which the street below could be seen. However it is remarkable what you can get used to in time, and after the first one or two bumps, we even learned to rise carefully in attic classrooms where low ceilings offered great danger to unwary heads. After our abnormal beginning we soon settled down to normal school routine, and in many ways our school life resembled that which we were used to in Tottenham.

Hilary Rees,
Jean Smith.

DO YOU KNOW THAT . . . ?

(Principally for Boys).

. . . the boys' playroom used to be the gym.

. . . the san. was over the girl's archway.

. . . Boys' Groups A and B were the washroom and the surgery.

. . . the washroom was Boys' Group A.

. . . the bank along the lower edge of the field was made from the earth removed in building the swimming bath.

. . . the pavvy was in the middle of the "fence" facing the cricket square.

. . . the Chem. Lab. was situated in what are now the boys' bathrooms, while what is now the Chemi. Lab. was Boys' Group B.

. . . the Boy Prefects' room was the Masters' Common Room.

. . . there was a fives' court on the site of the Art Room block.

. . . first house matches were played on the Boys' play-ground.

. . . when (in 1910) the School became co-ed, there was complete silence at the first (mixed) meal, because everybody was too embarrassed to speak. (Scholars please read, mark, and inwardly digest).

SENIOR NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY, 1940—41.

THE Society this year has been a very small one, and members have expressed a decided inclination to vary the character of the meetings—to wish for a more practical, rather than a purely verbal, session.

We have had no outings as yet, because of unsuitable weather, but plan to visit a few places when the Matriculation examination is finished.

D.M.F.

THE SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

THERE has been a greater number of members than usual this year, so, as might have been expected, the year has been a good one. The standard of essays has been high, and volunteers are never wanting to write them. The first meeting consisted of a play-reading of "Abraham Lincoln," which went down well. There have been essays ranging from Art, Early Drama and Classical Music to such up-to-date subjects as Plastics and High Explosive Bombs. On the musical side, the society has been well supported by Ruth Collinson and Eileen Elmes. Meetings have also been supplemented by records. The year concluded with a visit to the "Marriage of Figaro" produced by the Sadlers Wells company at the Arts Theatre.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT.

THE Summer term usually affords much opportunity to the girls to become proficient at one game or another. We have cricket, tennis, rounders and swimming. The cricket team has not done well against other teams mainly because our bowlers are not as good as they might be. In House matches both the bowling and the batting reached a fair standard.

Rounders matches were arranged for the Tottenham girls and though their opposing sides were much stronger than they were, they gained valuable experience in bowling and fielding.

The school Tennis team have not had much opportunity to show their prowess, having only played two matches. Some of the members promise well, and they are all very keen, but all of them must concentrate on backhand driving and court tactics.

The first five weeks of the term were used in the swimming bath in getting ready a display for General Meeting. Since then we have put in some hard practice on crawl and style, both of which show marked improvement. Now we are concentrating on Life Saving and House matches.

G.B.

CRICKET.

WE have not had a successful season, and, while there has been improvement in some directions, it is only fair to say that we have not succeeded because we have not deserved to. Most noticably is this so in the fielding. It has not been unusual to have four or five catches dropped in an afternoon. On at least three occasions matches have been definitely lost because of this laxity in the field.

We were unfortunate to lose Mr. Pumphrey early in the season because of a leg injury. He was able to resume towards the end of the season, and celebrated his return by taking seven wickets. The bowling of Rodwell and Hatt has, on the whole, been steady, but it is a pity that more people do not use their free time to practise bowling. Hatt has twice done the hat-trick without any help from the second -t.

No big score has been made in batting, but it has been pleasing to see in most of the players some readiness to learn and to play good strokes. One visitor who ought to know commented on the improvement in the batting during the course of the season. We hope for still further improvement.

There has been a splendid feeling of good fellowship in the side. Towards the end this spread also to a greater efficiency because of keeness. We hope this will continue with those who will be here next year.

We should like to thank Roger Stanger for his umpiring and Donald Simpson for his scoring. Each has done his job very well.

C.S.

CRICKET SEASON.

1941.

A. MASTERS' XI.

May :—

Saturday 10th.—Saffron Walden C.C. XI. Lost : 31—142.
Wednesday 14th.—An R.A.F. XI. Lost : 41—78.
Saturday 17th.—Seward's End C.C. XI. Lost : 101—111.
Wednesday 21st.—Army XI. (Newport). (Did not arrive).
Saturday 24th.—Saffron Walden C.C. XI. Lost : 48—148 for 9.

June :—

Monday 2nd.—Old Scholars First XI. Lost : 37—70.
Wednesday 4th.—Army XI. (Newport).
Won : 100 (for 9 wkts.)—74.
Saturday 7th.—Seward's End C.C. XI. Lost : 59—118 for 8.
Wednesday 11th.—An R.A.F. XI. Lost : 62—74 for 7.

July :—

Saturday 5th.—10th. Rifle Brigade Lost : 73—102.
Saturday 19th.—Seward's End C.C. XI. Lost : 46—57.

B. BOY'S FIRST XI.

May :—

Wednesday 28th.—Newport G.S. 1st XI. Lost : 33—108.
Saturday 31st.—Old Scholar's 2nd. XI. Won : 67—66.

June :—

Saturday 21st.—Saffron Walden Wanderers. Won : 46—37.
Wednesday 25th.—Newport G.S. 1st XI. Lost : 81—127 for 6.

C. BOY'S SECOND XI.

May :—

Wednesday 28th.—Newport G.S. 2nd. XI.
Lost : 17—37. (1st innings). 29—87 for 2. (2nd innings).

June :—

Wednesday 25th.—Newport G.S. 2nd. XI. Lost : 43—104.

D. COLT'S XI.

May :—

Saturday 24th.—Saffron Walden Wanderer's 2nd. XI.
Won : 119 (for 4 wkts.)—25 and 65 (2nd innings).

June :—

Wednesday 11th.—Saffron Walden Wanderer's 2nd. XI. Lost: 25—163.

Wednesday 18th.—Boy's British School XI. Lost: 31—86.

Saturday 28th.—Saffron Walden Wanderer's 2nd. XI. Lost: 94—129. (2nd. innings).

July :—

Wednesday 2nd.—Boy's British School XI. Lost: 43—64.

SUMMARY :

Team	Played	Won	Lost	RUNS For	RUNS Against
Master's XI.	11	2	9	745	1019
Boy's 1st. XI.	4	2	2	227	338
Boy's 2nd. XI.	2	0	2	89	228
Colts' XI.	5	1	4	312	467

BOYS' SWIMMING,

JULY, 1941.

THIS term has been marked by no outstanding events but rather by a sustained keenness shown by an increased concentration on improvement in style. On Wednesday afternoons and all day on Thursdays as well as three mornings per week before breakfast, the bath has been reserved for soldiers. This has meant a considerable reduction in the available practising time and some of the swimming clubs and general bathes have had to go.

Although it was not the boy's turn to prepare a swimming display for General Meeting, yet at Whitsuntide so many of the younger old scholars turned up, those who have been the stalwarts of the school teams in recent years, that it was possible on the Sunday afternoon to run a full swimming match instead of merely the usual team race. The school were handsomely beaten but it was a very enjoyable event and we hope it will be repeated in future years.

Apart from this, the claims of exams. held late in the term precluded further fixtures, although we were disappointed when a team from the Rifle Brigade stationed in Walden were prevented by manœuvres from giving a display from which we had been hoping to get much fresh inspiration.

The Royal Life Saving Society's exams were held at the end of term and all the candidates were successful.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

G. DAVY THOMPSON is still a lecturer in basic metal work at an aerodrome in the North. He is to be married on July 31st, and we wish him and his wife-to-be all good fortune.

A. DENIS GREENWOOD is going abroad with the F.A.U. very soon. He has been working very hard at holiday camps with children and young people of the East End districtwhere he is working.

MARY JACKSON is now recovered after having had her appendix removed.

JOHN FORDHAM is training as a fighter pilot in the Fleet Air Arm. He is flying (hush !) F—y Ba—s in his training course. See ?

C. BRIAN PHILLIPS finished his year at Cambridge, passing the first part of the Mathematical Tripos, and is now training in the F.A.U. camp that began at the end of June. This was what his tribunal advised.

PERCY HOLMES, MARY FAIRBANKS and JEAN HUGGETT have lately taken up posts in various banks.

MICHAEL BEER is not going to continue with agriculture as we thought he was when he wrote last time. He now hopes to carry through a degree course from Manchester University, and is working for Matriculation exemption.

JOHN FLEMING and CHARLES WOODHOUSE are in the F.A.U.

SHELLEY FAUSSETT is or has been at Spicelands.

HOWARD BARRITT is working in the electrical and radio department of a Colchester firm and hopes soon to train as a wireless operator for the Merchant Navy.

DESMOND MINCHIN is in an Armoured Brigade of Home Forces, and has very kindly sent us a gift of money with which to buy a book for the library. This is an act which we would highly commend to the notice of others! Write to anyone with the enclosure, or send a book!

MAURICE ALLWARD is doing designing work at Hawker's aircraft factory.

JIM CAMPBELL is working a machine at Napier's aircraft factory.

MARY BYLES, M.R.C.V.S., is now assistant to a veterinary surgeon in Surrey. She was placed second in surgery, and her fiance was placed first, gaining the first credit for some years. Think what their waiting room will be like when they go into partnership!

RALPH ARNOLD is a wireless operator in the Merchant Navy. He has been home some months recuperating after a very exacting experience of internment. He was in Dakar harbour at the capitulation of France and spent some months in terrible conditions. He hopes to return to sea soon.

DAVID JACKSON has given up dentistry for the time being and is waiting to join the R.A.F. with a view to becoming a pilot.

DESMOND MATTHEWMAN now holds a commission as pilot officer having been a sergeant pilot for some time.

MISCELLANY.

WITH all the talk about pipe-lines, what our juniors think is obviously influenced :

"On the way to India you have a very hot and stuffy passage through the Sewage Canal."

\- - - - -

Much rhubarb had been served one dinner-time. Mrs. Sparkes asked if the eaters had ever heard of the widow's cruse.

"It was in the Mediterranean I think."

\- - - - -

"Who was Abraham ?"

"The son of Lincoln."

"No, he wasn't. It's the second book of the Bible."

\- - - - -

Extract from an essay on "The Underworld,"

"There was Chaos with his ferry-boat, ready to ferry us across."

\- - - - -

"If chewing is a volunteer system, breathing is conscription."

\- - - - -

Did you know D.P. hopes to have an Eskimo to cook for him in his retirement ? When she needs a holiday he is going to give her a fortnight in the refrigerator.

\- - - - -

"Who's within ?"

"The Quaker saint that it rains after for forty days and forty nights fast."

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC.

JULY, 1941.

Piano.	*Grade II.*	*Pass.*	M. Balk. R. Comber.
	III.	*Pass with credit.*	D. Barker. I. Brereton.
		Pass.	J. Layng.
	Grade IV.	*Pass.*	J. Burman.

NOTICES.

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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.

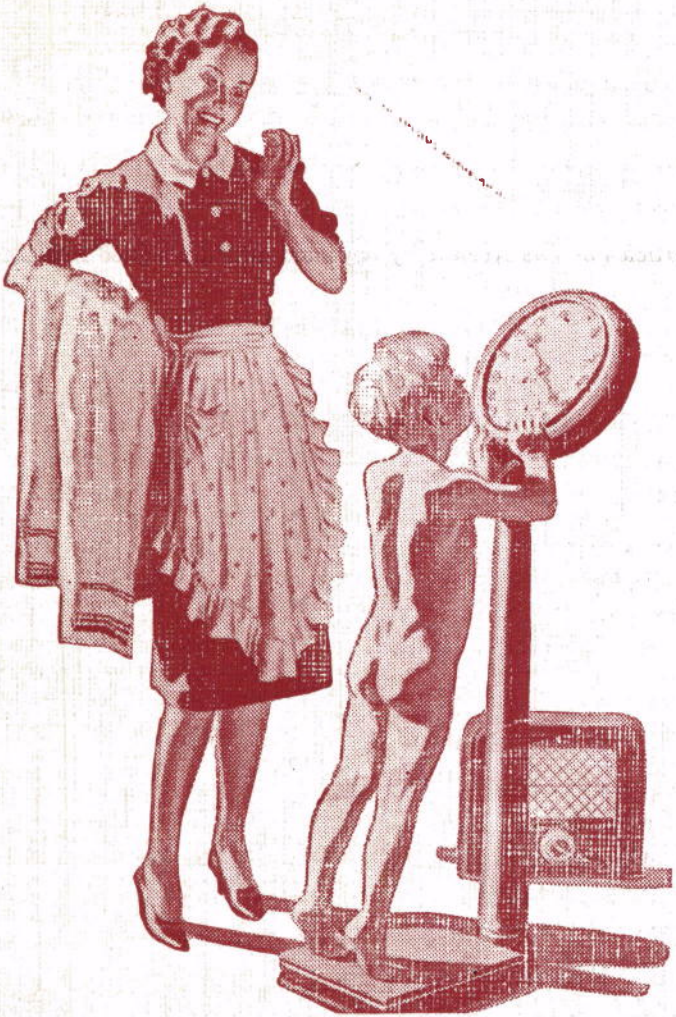
We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the magazines of our companion schools which arrived after going to print at the end of last term, and those which have arrived so far this term. Besides the obvious interest to us, the exchange of magazines is a courtesy we much appreciate.

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

"*THE AVENUE*" BOARD.

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



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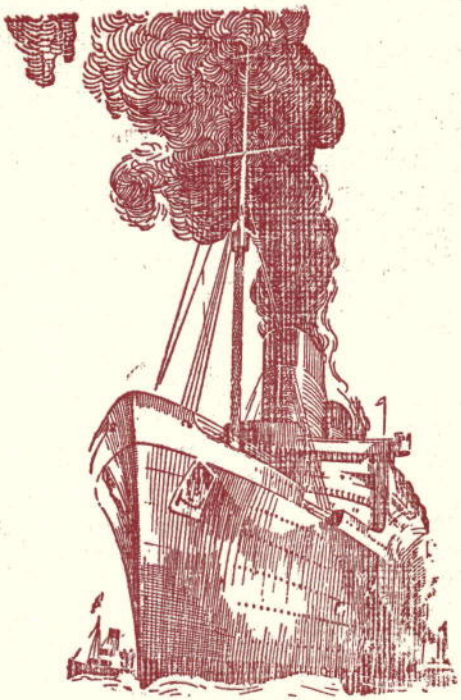
4 Help the eyes to see in the dark.



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But as years pass and his income rises, his establishment grows. There are children to educate. The whole family has become accustomed to a far better standard of living. The responsibilities on his shoulders have multiplied even faster than his income. And although that insurance policy still gives him a feeling of security, actually its capital sum would not keep his family, in their accustomed comfort for more than two years—possibly not for as long. Does *your* insurance fit your present responsibilities? Can you truly say, when you pay your premiums, that you are doing your utmost to preserve the security and happiness of those you love.

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