THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

MAY 1942

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'THE AVENUE'

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. XXX. MAY, 1942. No. 97.

EDITORIAL.

"THE AVENUE," though exceedingly valuable to an important and considerable section of British opinion, is a prey to circumstance and restriction. This appearance in May is not due to any accident. We have been compelled to issue ourself less frequently. Some Old Scholars have been heard to mutter low that in their day "The Avenue" was never short of material, that there was enough for six issues if the critical editor had wished. The fault lies not in the material (though it very nearly does, sluggards. Why don't you write, you ink-starved, pen-clogged, clot-thoughted perusers. You are literarily dammed). From now on we find ourself compelled by two main sets of conditions to appear twice a year only, in May and in November.

First, there is considerable paper difficulty and the shortage and strictures will probably increase. Second, "The Avenue" has been a public benefactor for too long. Paper is very difficult to get and its cost has risen greatly, as the general cost of production has risen. After the widest economies had been applied, each issue of ourself for some little time has been sold at a loss of over a third—you paid eightpence and your copy really cost a shilling. So, besides cutting down the number of issues, we have also grown more expensive. So now you have two "Avenues" per year and each costs a shilling. The editor has long had a dim aspiration that perhaps he may have enough material over each term to form the main part of the next term's contents. It may happen that with two thirds of the space to fill he may achieve relief from his tormented uncertainty. It may be that he will no longer have to cajole, to bombinate, to wheedle, to castigate to raise his copy to a gasping quota. We would earnestly suggest that someone write for the editor's great need helpful little brochures like the following :—"On Modes of Abuse," "The Cultivation and Care of Leader-Writers," "On Lighting Literary Lights," "How to be Happy though an Editor."

If our less frequent and more expensive appearance is to be the occasion of livelier and more varied matter, we think our readers will not grudge the changes which only necessity has caused us to make. We may say, in conclusion, that our present charge is by no means high as the average cost of school magazines run. We want to give you full value for your money, so we welcome all contributions from essayists, controversialists, photographers, artists, poets, journalists, novelists, reporters—and from *you* about ***your*** **interests.**

INTER ALIA.

EASTER TERM :

IT is an awkward moment for those on the "Avenue" Board when the question is put: "Who's to do the Inter Alia?" We *usually* leave it to the other person. We can do so no longer.

This spring term there have been several departures with appropriate arrivals, and there is much in the social service line which is new to us, and much to our benefit.

Mr. Pearmain has come to teach carpentry and has shown himself very capable for the task, having aroused enthusiasm among some of the girls, whom he has offered to instruct. He has also taken an interest in the athletic activities of the school.

Miss Raby has unfortunately left, but we have found an able successor in Miss Barlow, who causes much impatience at meals with appetising dishes, served so hot that quantities of water are necessary. We congratulate her on her success in war-time catering.

Miss Yapp's illness during the term has necessitated an operation from which she is recovering; we are glad to see her up and about again, though not yet teaching. Her place has been fillled by Mr. Strachan, who was until lately H.M. Inspector of schools, and is now a member of the School Committee.

Mr. Köebel left us hurriedly at the beginning of term, having obtained a much desired post in the B.B.C., the whereabouts of which is so "hush, hush" that it is said he has "gone to the country." Mrs. Lachmann has enthusiastically taken his place and introduced German into the dining room.

We were sorry to have to say goodbye to Miss Drew of the San. (usually known as "Little Girl") who has gone to work in a hospital at Norwich. In her place has come Miss Norman.

Unhappily for us Miss Edna Clark is leaving to get married, after being with us for over eight years. We think the applause she received at the end of term concert, when she was presented with a silver toast rack, expressed our gratitude for her work here. We wish her every happiness in the future. We only hope the rolling pin will not be put to too violent misuse.

Rushing off at a tangent we come to sports. Owing to really appalling weather we could not have athletics this year. For the same reason hockey and football have suffered, but we have managed to play a few matches between the Group teams, which are mentioned in full further on.

Now for the more social side. The greater part of the term was spent by the staff in rehearsing for "The Lady from Alfaqueque." They managed to keep all particulars and even the name of the play unknown until the week of the performance. There is a very fair criticism of it in this issue. Nearly £20 was raised. This money was divided between the Russian Red Cross and "The

Avenue" Fund. So we can say that the play was not only well attended, but much appreciated. We hope that it will be put on again on Whit-Monday.

Mr. Dale has taken great pains in organising a musical half-hour every Tuesday, and we are very grateful to the many visitors and all who have played on these occasions.

The older boys, in a really unexpected stroke of energy have embarked upon social service, and have been digging in the boys' gardens, and peeling potatoes à la Heath Robinson, while the girls have been doing much work in the dining room and cleaning their bedrooms, because of the shortage of domestic staff.

And so the term has come to an end, with much done, and much still to do.

STOP PRESS: The beginning of the summer term witnesses more changes in staff. Miss Ormerod has taken the place of Miss Edna Clark; her home is in New Zealand.

The Junior School has for the last term or so been overcrowded, we now have some of the overflow in the form of an "Intermediate Class," which sleeps and has meals with us, but otherwise behaves very independently. They are in charge of Miss Morland, another new member of the staff. We hope both Miss Ormerod and Miss Morland will enjoy being with us.

In a moment of optimism we have moved our bedrooms and classes to pre-war positions, and have not yet had a chance of regretting it.

We are all extremely glad to see Miss Yapp back, although many of us only catch glimpses of her at meal times. And talking about meals, the Old Scholars probably have heard that the school cannot provide them with food at Whitsun week-end, and that Whit-Monday is to be "the day." The swimming bath will not be available for some little time because of boiler trouble and we hope they know that too.

So we close. You will have the pleasure of two splendid compositions like this instead of three each year. We know you will be grieved at the prospect.

Bernice Luck,
David Castillejo. } *Upper 5*

THE TERROR OF LONE GULCH.

[*Being the second instalment of Mr. Pearson's story for Middle Lit. Winnington Lascelles has gone out to prospect in the Klondyke goldrush. His success and that of others was threatened by a gang of bandits led by Red Pete. Now read on.*]

Lone Gulch had had a public meeting that afternoon to discuss ways and means of bringing the career of Red Pete to an end,

After some discussion they had appointed six miners, under the leadership of Winnington, to draw up a plan of campaign. Ever since his arrival in camp Lascelles had been popular with the best men in the place. His cheery good-nature, combined with remarkable courage and an intelligence which commanded respect, had made him beloved. It was obvious to the roughest miner in the place that he was a well educated youth and one on whom they could thoroughly rely. Shooting-irons were not enough in a campaign against Red Pete—they wanted a man of education and intelligence. So the choice of leader had fallen on Winnington. It was a great responsibility but he did not shirk it. In fact he jumped at it. He was as anxious as anybody to settle Red Pete once and for all. He sat meditatively puffing his pipe, wrapped in possible plans of attack. He felt the band must certainly have associates in the place and these must be rooted out first. But who were they ? He was going over in his mind a list of possible characters when he suddenly felt a pair of steel-like arms about his throat. He struggled to free himself when something like a clap of thunder sounded in his ears—the floor seemed to give way beneath him, the room began to sway. and then all became dark.

When he awoke he found himself lying, bound hand and foot, but otherwise free, Whether he was in a room or not he could not see. The place was in complete darkness. An earthy smell seemed to indicate that he was under ground—but where, he had not the remotest idea. He tried to stand up but he found the place was far too low to allow his doing so. He must have been lying thinking for an hour or so when he became conscious of something or somebody crawling towards him. He raised himself as well as he could and peered in the direction from which the sound came. It was too dark to see anything. But whatever it was, the sound of crawling came slowly nearer. Out of the darkness came a rough voice : " Well, Lascelles, we've got you and we mean to come to some arrangement before you get out of this."—" Oh, you do, do you ? and pray, what is the arrangement, may I ask ? "—" It's this, Lascelles," came back the answer, " you've either got to quit this country and get back or you rot here in this place."—" Thank you kindly, but I never was a rotter, and I don't propose to be one now."—" Now Lascelles, chuck your rotten punning or you'll regret it. We mean business. Just stop this high falutin nonsense and accept the proposition. Your number's up this time, my boy." Then something began to dawn on him. There was something curiously familiar about the unknown voice, but he couldn't for the life of him remember where he had heard it before. It seemed to call him back to the years of his early boyhood. It was strange. He continued his banter just to hear that voice and to see if he could recognise it. But he got no nearer a solution. At last he asked, " Who are you and why don't you strike a light so that we can talk better ? This is a subject on which I certainly need some light." A laugh was his only response. And then, " Come Lascelles, I want your answer. I give you 48 hours in which you

decide and you get neither food nor drink unless you make up your mind to quit this country. Your word will be taken—it's surety enough for us. You are a dangerous man and I don't mind telling you so. But you are a true man all the same. So as I have just said, your mere word is enough."—"Well, I'm not going to quit before I want to, even if you offer to pay the expenses. So, there you are." A curse from the unknown followed this reply and then,—"Then you'll rot here; but if you see your way to change your mind you've only got to shout. I warn you against trying to escape—my orders are that you are to be shot dead on the spot if we have any hanky-panky. I'm sorry, but I mean it." Then the unknown began to creep away and Winnington was soon alone in the pitch darkness.

He was sorely puzzled. Who could he be? He was evidently the leader because he had spoken of '*my*' orders. Why did he wish him to leave the country? They could have made away with him long before this. And that memory-stirring voice? If it were Red Pete,—and who else could it be?—why had he expressed a regret at having to shoot him did he try to escape? There had been a genuine ring about the words "I'm sorry, but I mean it." He couldn't for the life of him get any satisfactory answer to these questions that he kept turning over in his mind. There must be a reason for all this if he could only find it.

He lay thinking for what must have been a few hours, though it seemed an eternity, and then began to feel peckish. If ever he was to escape from this mess he had better make the effort before prolonged hunger rendered him too weak to give a passable account of himself. He decided to get out of his bonds. "My captors must have *some* brain. They've forgotten I've a good set of teeth," So he put his wrists to his mouth and began to chew for all he was worth. It didn't take long before his teeth got *their* chance and he was soon free. He then proceeded to unfasten the rope binding his ankles. When he had finished it was with difficulty that he was able to restrain himself from shouting hurrah. Now the dangerous work was to begin. He remembered the order about shooting and he must go carefully. Not a sound was audible. It was as still as the grave. He took off his boots and placed them on the ground. Then he started to crawl—oh! so carefully—in the direction the voice had gone.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.]

"THE LADY FROM ALFAQUEQUE."

By the Brothers Quintero.

(Translated by H. & M. Granville Barker.)

HOW she adored her Alfaqueque! There was no place like it. The white houses, the flowers in the valley, the little almond cakes, the walnut paste and the spice cakes.

("Don't talk to me about spice cakes," said Realito. "I once ate 67 for a wager.") But her love was her undoing. Any glib young charlatan like Felipe with a tale of woe and claiming to be a native of the home town could get round the Lady from Alfaqueque. Fernandita's heart melted. The fainting poet was carried off to the spare bedroom. And Don Pascual shrugged his shoulders with patient tolerance.

I was at the school one evening after a rehearsal and found two members of the cast rolling in despair on a table. They need not have worried. The play went smoothly from the word go. Everyone was soon chuckling at the gaucheries of Mr. Pumphrey as Realito. He is a simple son of the soil (from Alfaqueque, of course) whose idea is to get a job in Madrid, but who can only think how clever his cousin Benito is. But when he meets the Lady, then the chemical action of the home town begins to work. Soon he is gaping at the romantic pictures of Alfaqueque (done by David Castillejo), and in the end is tramping up and down bawling "Fine ripe Medlars," to the astonishment of Don Pascual.

Mr. Thorne as Nicholas, the testy "Porcupine," brought the house down. There was a fine stormy crescendo about his lovers' quarrel with Blanca. It was all over children—she wanted them, he didn't. "Very well, then," soothed Fernandita, "you must compromise."

Whether David Castillejo as Felipe looked quite the Don Juan he was supposed to be may be open to doubt. Still, it is asking much of a scholar to expect him to make love to three damsels on the staff simultaneously. What he lacked in masculine charm he more than made up by sensitive gesture and a feeling for irony. The art lay in leaving you guessing: was he really a poet after all?

Miss Clark and Mr. Stewart as the Pascuals played these kindly if much abused patrons with understanding. The Senor's quizzical patience was the right foil to his wife's trusting enthusiasm. One can imagine the Lady played with more rapture, but Miss Clark's interpretation had warmth as well as composure. How well a Spanish coiffure suited her!

Miss Beatty as the aristocratic servant Rosita smashed the coffee set with complete unconcern, and lost her heart and her vocal chords with equal deftness. Mrs. Fulford's Blanca was all we asked in gentleness and grace. And Miss Lee's sketch of the inquisitive and garrulous Adoracion, the sweet-maker, was touched in with colour and character. David Bolam was the over-courteous Noblejas, and Miss Barrie and Miss Adams played the minor parts of Paloma and Alberta effectively.

As a result of the two performances a sum of more than £19 was raised for the Russian Red Cross, and "The Avenue" fund.

G. W. WHITEMAN.

LECTURE WEEK-END.

THE SUBJECT of this year's lectures, 'Leisure pursuits and development of the full life' was introduced by Arnold Brereton, President of C.S.W.O.S.A. The opening lecture was by C. Brightwen Rowntree whose story of the development of leisure moments from pressing flowers as an infant through the variations of brass-rubbing, joinery and egg-collecting, not to mention photography of birds' nests and insects, stamps and postmarks, was as interesting as it was instructive.

Three short lectures followed: one by Paul Mauger on Sketching, one by Henry Rowntree (read by Mr. Brereton in his absence) on Mountaineering, and one by Leonard Watts on Photography. The first and third lecturers illustrated their subjects with specimens of their own high class workmanship.

In the afternoon the match honours were even, the Old Scholars winning the hockey 6—1, and the School, the football 9—3. But for Miss Beatty's gallant effort the former score would have been 6—0.

Howard Diamond excelled himself in the evening when giving a lantern lecture on "Saffron Walden and Cambridge District." Not only were the coloured slides good, but the accompanying explanations were full of anecdotes and showed a surprisingly detailed knowledge of all the nooks, crannies and corners of the district.

On Sunday after the morning meeting we enjoyed a rehearsal of the first act of "The Lady from Alfaqueque" by the Staff. We could not but envy them their diction, self-confidence and easy grace, particularly the "Lady" herself! On Sunday afternoon Hugh Collinson gave a lantern lecture "Travelling to some Purpose." The ground covered was East Anglia and the lecture was illustrated by slides of his own sketches.

At Evening Meeting Dora Larg of the Friends' Service Council dealt with the social aspect of leisure. Her main themes were the value of languages in relation to the work of Friends abroad; music as an expression of joy and happiness shared internationally without language barriers; and postage stamps in connection with the Friends' Service Council.

Afterwards Mrs. Radley entertained us with a most enjoyable, but all too short pianoforte recital.

So one more week-end at Walden was over, a very good one from every point of view. Our thanks are undoubtedly owed to the originators of the syllabus and to the impromptu promotors of the informal discussions.

Miss Barlow, the new housekeeper, deserves special praise for the way in which she catered for the O.S.

JOY MILLETT.

RECENT BOOK GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

The Three Musketeers	Dumas	J. Hopwood
Our Sovereigns	Osbert Lancaster	J. Millett
How to make Good Pictures	Kodak Manual	D. Peverett
Portraiture and the Camera	Natken	,,
Portrait Photography	Williams	,,
The Countryside Company	Stephenson	,,
Design and Decoration in the Home		Miss Lee
Friends' Book of Discipline		Mrs. Lee
Exiled	Galsworthy	F. Alec Marsh
Shakespeare's Comedies	Shakespeare	
A Bit O' Love	Galsworthy	
Shakespeare's Tragedies	Shakespeare	
The Voysey Inheritance	Granville Barker	
Across Africa	Margaret Wong	The Author
How to Draw Trees	Gregory Brown	D. Hughes
Lives of Donne, Hooker, etc.	Izaac Walton	D. Hughes
The Universe of Light	Sir W. Bragg	Dr. and Mrs. Martin
Poems of Swinburne	Swinburne	F. Alec Marsh
Uses of Diversity	G. K. Chesterton	
Concerning Man's Origin	Keith	
Place of St. Thomas of Canterbury in History	Tout	Paul Hood
Political and Social Doctrine of Fascism	Mussolini	,,
Ireland's Place in Prehistoric and Early Europe	Bremer	,,
The Wind in the Willows	Kenneth Graham	Mr. Hopwood
Dictionnaire Complet Illustré	Larousse	Howard Diamond
The Country of the Blind	Wells	Dorothy Pollard
The Passing of the Essenes	George Moore	
The Way to the Present	Van Druten	
Life of William Blake	Gilchrist	
About 50 vols. including:		Helen Radley
Complete Works of Robert Browning		
,, ,, ,, *Burns*		
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The Wisdom of the Simple	Holme	Sylvia Clark
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Geneva	Bernard Shaw	Mrs. Littleboy
Quartette of Comedies	H. G. Wells	Miss Yapp
Trimblerigg	Housman	Gerald Littleboy

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

WE HAVE not had a great number of direct communications from Old Scholars, though a good deal of information has come to the School by various means.

G. DAVY THOMPSON has taken a technical commission in the R.A.F., and after a course in the South, is now stationed in Wales. He writes :—

" It is peaceful with just a faint drone of aircraft outside and an occasional click from the typewriter. The lay-out is beautifully organized ; my desk in the centre topped with five trays and and four papers (including blotting paper). The trays are marked " In," " Out," " Pending " and " Ash." Tray " Out " displays my Income Tax return which is the only thing the clerical staff next door allow me to fill in as well as sign, and I'm hanged if I know how to do that. I am sitting wearing an important frown and a pipe, thereby exercising tray ' Ash.' "

R. LYONS is stationed with his regiment in Hampshire and wrote a stirring letter asking for the aid of all in a purposeful contribution to what he called " The people's struggle for a free and happy society."

CHARLES WOODHOUSE was imprisoned for refusal to obey orders as a conscientious objector. He seems to have learned much from his experience, and says he found sympathy in many unexpected places. He has now been released and allowed to do relief work with one or another of the Friends' bodies. HARRO WUNDSCH went to visit him while he was in prison to the open concern and displeasure of Charles's guard. HARRO is in the Pioneer Corps.

ELIZABETH GRILLET and JEAN HUGGET are both in the A.T.S., the latter in transport work.

DERRICK LEYLAND who was here as a student master is now teaching gymnastics at Bootham.

We have heard of a few Old Scholars who are connected in one way or another with hospitals. JOYCE FRANCIS has changed her job ; she is now working in St. Thomas's Hospital instead of in a school. The hospital is evacuated to Surrey, and Joyce is cooking the most succulent meals for the patients, or some of them. We believe that RHONA HOLLAND intended to take up nursing, but we have not heard further of her. MARYAN MORGAN is a most industrious probationer at Addenbrook's in Cambridge, and has developed a considerable weal where her collar chafes. She says she has learned a great deal in the modest tasks and life of a probationer. STEPHEN MATTINGLY has been serving in the F.A.U., and the medical experience he has gained thus has

encouraged him so that he has now started training for a medical career.

HERMANN PERGER who was working in Walden after leaving school, has left England with his mother for Venezuela, where they will meet his father. He has been hoping for the permit for some time, but much disappointment had sapped hope. However, the best has turned up.

PADDY BALL is now at Sibford as assistant secretary. She went there a few weeks ago, and is enjoying her life thoroughly. MOIRA BALL is working in a nursery and undergoing a training in horticulture. BARBARA HARTNELL is working in the Land Army now.

HELVECIA GARCIA who took a secretarial training in Birmingham after she left here, is now working in that town. JOY CHAMBERLAIN is working in a bank in Saffron Walden.

A daughter has been born to BRIAN and PHYLLIS HINDLE. Her name is Sandra Margaret. We send our best wishes to all.

DENIS GREENWOOD writes from the British Red Cross Unit in the Middle East, where he was detailed from the F.A.U. He says they are busy, and he is learning much in his lab. work. He is able to spend some time at Cairo University, and so continue his botanical studies to a limited extent. He also claims to be living well, and had eaten strawberries and cream before he wrote. Our stomachs yearned as we wrote this.

DAVID PEARSON lives as secluded a life in Cheadle Hulme as he said he was going to. He seldom writes and the period is not sufficiently long for a visit from him. But he promised before he left that he would visit us, and we have that pleasure to come. He has been studying mathematics for relaxation.

SARAH WAITES has been doing a full-time teaching job in the North. We thought she would not rest for long.

MARY BUTLER who taught music from 1939 till 1940, is engaged to be married. Her fiancé is an agriculturist.

RONALD J. RULE sent us a contribution for *The Avenue* (others please copy) which space considerations have kept out. If you can give us some of your experiences, we shall have a good reserve for the future. When Ronald wrote he was (we think) a lorry driver. He has been so many things that he may be something utterly different by now.

PROCTER LEMARE came back to see us last term, and he seems to be very interested in his architectural work at Liverpool. He found few people who wanted to re-visit their schools after they had left more than members of Friends' Schools. It would be interesting to hear the opinions of others on this, for there are probably some people who disagree more or less strongly.

We appeal again for news of you or your friends. Letters are often invaluable for the shared pleasure and instruction of all our readers.

CHRISTOPHER NICKALLS, now at Bootham, was asked to return to the school early recently in order to help clear the mess occasioned at the school by the raid on York. The request crossed a letter which he wrote offering his services. No considerable damage of a lasting nature was done, we believe.

ON THE BURMA ROAD.

[*Henry Rodwell is an Old Scholar serving with the Friends' Ambulance Unit.*]

Kweyang, 24th Sept., 1941.

as from : Friends' Ambulance Unit,
c/o British Embassy,
Chungking, China.

Dear F.S.S.W.,

We of the advance Party of the F.A.U. have at last reached China.

The best wishes of your Greetings Telegram did their bit in our second attempt. We had an uncomfortable fortnight leaving England, during which several ships in our convoy were sunk by submarines. It was specially unnerving because we had just had a taste of the War at sea, also because there was nothing one could oneself do about the situation.

We were very glad when we reached Rangoon, after 2 months and 2 days, having called at The Azores, Capetown and Durban. Our next adventure is more pleasant to look back on, i.e., the Burma Road, every inch of which can be called an adventure.

One can almost laugh at danger when one has a good deal of control over one's own fate, however. Driving on the Road is a whole time occupation, there is no time to relax. It is only possible fully to enjoy the scenery when sitting beside the driver.

Firstly, the Road surface requires full attention, for though the Road in Burma is tar-macadamised, the Road in China is macadam without tar, " metalled " is the term used here. Rain plays havoc with this sort of road, every truck (i.e. 3-ton lorry) which goes over a disintegrating patch helps to churn up the mud leaving " pot-holes " which are almost worse when dry, as the soft cushioning effect of mud becomes a hard jolt. It is difficult to express preference for either the mud of the Road in the rain belt, or the dust clouds of the dry stretches.

Secondly, the number of h irpin bends and blind corners is astonishing. I confess that I was not fully prepared for this aspect of the Road. Many people had told us that it is a terribly bad

road, by which I understood that the surface and gradients were very difficult to drive over and up. The result was that these appeared to be far better than I had expected.

Steep gradients are avoided by zig-zagging. I gave up counting hairpin bends long before we reached the 30 mile descent (all in low gear) to the Salween River, which is followed by 35 miles climbing in low gear before repeating a similar descent to the Meking River

Without having mentioned mountains, I think you must have guessed the grand nature of the scenery. In purely scientific terms, for those who like to compare with Great Britain's hills, the lowest point of the Burma Road in China is 4,000 odd feet above sea level, the highest point 8,000 odd feet. Mount Tali, by the Road at Hsiakwan, is 13,000 odd feet high.

Parts of the Road are extraordinarily grim. After a gentle ride in a cultivated valley one is faced with the rocky wall of a mountain which must be climbed. Here the zig-zagging road is cut out of the mountain-side. On one side of the road you look down a perilous drop into the valley below, whilst on the other side rises a towering precipice. If the precipice is not all rock, rain starts land slips which are continually being cleared by men, women and children of the local peasant tribes.

Once one reaches the top of a range of mountains, one has the joyous feeling, for a few kilometres, of riding on the the roof of the world. Many mountains in Burma are thickly wooded but trees become scarcer as one approaches the K'umming end of the Road, thus at various points along the road one gets views of different mountains stretching away as far as the eye can see. The tribes-people too are very interesting, we saw Shans, Cochins, Loles and Miaos each with a different form of dress (usually of blue cloth, some with pleated skirts and decorated with beads and embroidery) and each with a different method of carrying goods. Some carry a load on each end of a pole, others have baskets on their backs with straps over the shoulders, while some sling baskets on their backs from a band round their foreheads.

But to go back to the Road: the third reason why it is impossible for the driver to relax is that there are other vehicles on the Road! This seems obvious, but it means far more to a driver here than in England. The "keep to the left" rule is observed when meeting another vehicle, but usually one drives on the best part of the road, often the middle. The rule *should* be kept at blind corners, but is too often broken even there. The result is that one approaches a blind corner hooting madly and I usually try to pick a place where I can easily pull in and stop. Petrol is very expensive, anything from 5/- to 10/- per gal., so many drivers succumb to the temptation to coast down every hill with the engine off. The prospect of meeting one of these dare-devils at a blind corner is not a very happy one!

Including a day's wait whilst the road was repaired after being washed away for 15 yards or so by a stream, and a day wasted cleaning and re-cleaning the petrol feed pipe of dirt in the petrol, we managed the trip from Lashio—K'umming, a distance of 1,146 kilometres in 9 days.

The work the F.A.U. will do first is to help to tackle the problem of transport of Medical Supplies in China, later we also hope to run a base hospital and do other medical work.

News has just reached us of other overseas work of the F.A.U.. I was interested to discover that Denis Greenwood is off to the Middle East to work in a Blood Transfusion Service.

We were glad too to hear that things are quieter in England. Walden certainly seemed close to "things" when last I visited.

Yours sincerely,

HENRY H. RODWELL.

GOING PLACES.

BEFORE THE WAR STARTED.

I AM going to take you to two countries—Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia, besides the ones we shall pass through on our journey.

We are going to start off from Germany, which is (for the time being) going to be our base. We are equipped with rucksacks containing a change of clothes, boots, eatables, etc.

At last we are all ready, and the train is speeding towards the frontier. We thunder past green fields, children playing by a river, an old-fashioned windmill, and huge, smoky factories and towns. After a considerable time we arrive in Salzburg, the lovely old Austrian town, where we are going to spend the night and the next morning. We have lovely rooms (for very little money), and the food is good and plentiful. As it is a clear evening, we can see the old castle on its hill outside the town, framed in the golden glory of a summer sunset.

Next morning we visit Mozart's birthplace and the famous opera house where Bruno Walter, Toscanini and other great people have appeared, But time flies, and soon we find ourselves in the train again, and before we know where we are, the train stops at the little village of Kranjiska-Gora, which is our destination. We look at all the Jugo-Slav names and feel our hearts sink within us as we see the name of our house, "Villa Skrlatika." However, the landlady welcomes us with a handshake and starts talking Austrian, which makes us feel very much at home.

The next morning the sun is shining, so we go out into the garden and lounge in a deck chair, or sit beside the river Sava,

which is quite near. The landscape is very beautiful, green trees are all around us, and we can see the snow-capped mountains in the distance. We are told that the swimming bath is one mile off, so we set out for it. We return for dinner and plan an outing for the afternoon. Unfortunately, a thunderstorm surprises us, so we stay at home and have a look at the cows or write a card home to our friends so many miles away.

After a few days of profound laziness, we take the train to Bled one of the larger towns of the country. We are surprised by the beauty of it all. The town lies by a lake, and you can hire a boat and go for a trip if you like. We decide to do this. In the middle of the lake we see an island with one of the king's holiday palaces on it. There also is a lovely church on the island, but time is short, and we must return. The evening train brings us back to the village.

The mountains draw us up to them, so one day we decide to try and climb one of them. We find it is not so hard as it looks. The cool shade of the trees is refreshing, and we find quite a number of mushrooms. The view at the top is a bit hazy, and we are rather disappointed, because on the top of that mountain three countries—Jugo-Slavia, Italy and Austria—meet. We do, however, find some snow (in July !)

We have a cup of tea with our sandwiches and begin our descent. We arrive back at the village in time for supper.

The next morning nobody feels like moving about (owing to stiffness.) We decide to be really lazy for once. In the evening I go to watch the milking. Apparently the cow does not appreciate my presence, because she gives me a smack in the face with her tail.

The last week passes quickly, and once more we find ourselves in the train. Soon we are back in Germany, where we tidy ourselves and our equipment up. After only a few days, we are ready for our second trip, to Czecho-Slovakia. This journey does not take us such a long time. We go to a little village in the heart of the Bohemian Forest, called Eisentrass. We find our lodgings, this time a little hotel, with its own swimming pool. At our first meal we find that the owner himself helps serve the food. Everything is very unforced, which is good after smoky towns and offices. We find that the people are very friendly and that they are ready to help one whenever one likes.

Our unpacking done, we decide to go for a walk. We soon come to the little church of the village, with its onion-shaped roof, typical of that part of the conntry. We do not need to go far till we come to the clover fields, with cows grazing peacefully on them. The melodious tinkling of their bells mingles with the murmuring of the wind in the trees and the gurgling of the brook, and is very soothing to listen to. We also notice the still very primitive water supply ; not every house has water laid on, and in the morning the young girls queue up in the market place by the pump and wait

their turn to fill their pail. Women still sometimes wash their clothes in the river as in the old days.

We return for supper, with which we have a delicious cup of hot cocoa, with a great blob of clotted cream swimming on the top. We soon sink into our beds and forget the worries of the world for a while.

Next morning we spend in lazing about on the lawn and getting sunburnt. In the afternoon we go into the woods and pick two pounds of huckleberries in an amazingly short time. We discover a little slope, crowded with raspberry canes, and we find that we can lie on our stomachs and pick the fruits with our mouths !

The week is spent in climbing the mountains through the lovely forests, bathing, visiting other villages, writing letters, etc. It goes all too quickly, and we find ourselves once more speeding towards another destination, Eisentein. At the little station, small girls and boys offer to sell us little tumblers full of the largest, reddest, roundest wild strawberries. We find our lodgings on the balcony and a lovely view on to the Arber, one of the higher mountains of the Bohemian Forest. We decide to take a look at it more closely the next fine day, which happens to be very soon.

After breakfast, consisting of fresh milk, home-made bread and honey, we set off, with our rucksacks containing our bathing things and provisions, on our backs.

We have no need to walk very far before we come to the cool shade of one of those beautiful woods, which are so frequent in Czecho-Slovakia. We find it lovely to come to a cool part, because already the day is rather hot. We rest on a tree trunk that lies by the side of our path.

After about four hours of climbing we come to a clearing in the forests, where we find a little wooden hut with a bench outside it. There we have our dinner and indulge in a little nap, among bluebells, daises and—ants !

Soon we go on climbing. We reach the steepest part at about half past two. The sun is boiling hot, and this time there is no forest to give cool shade. It is funny, but we always seem to come to the steepest part of a mountain when it is hottest !

When we reach the top however, we are greatly rewarded for our troubles, for there is a beautiful view. The day being a clear one, we can see over the tops of the trees and beyond the fields almost to the frontier of Germany.

We go down by a different route, so that we can have a look at the lake which belongs to the mountain and which is about half-way up. This time there is plenty of forest, and the old fir trees wave their branches majestically when the wind touches them. We keep each other in good humour by singing songs and find that we get on twice as quickly.

At last we reach the lake. The pleasant little inn of which we have been told, is hidden by a clump of trees. We quickly slip on bathing things and enjoy our swim, being very warm. When we float on our backs we can see the clear, cloudless sky overhead and around us the dark fir trees encircling the lake. The lake itself looks black from the outside, but once in we find the water as clear as can be, the blackness being caused by the reflection of the trees.

After a good tea at the little inn we set off for our house. It is now about five o'clock, and we are refreshed after our bathe and the rest we have had. As we descend we pass many fields, and we see busy people making hay. All the same they find time to say a cheery " Grüss Gott " to us, which is the greeting of the people in that part of Czecho-Slovakia.

As we are nearing " our " little village, we hear the melodic sound of the bells the cows wear round their necks. Soon we see the cows themselves who are being driven along by a small boy. The leading cow has a larger bell than the others which makes a deeper tone which sounds very fine.

The next Sunday we attend the service in the little church with its lovely onion-shaped roof. We find it conducted on very much the same lines as at home. Afterwards we take a great interest in the Sunday attire of the villagers, some of whom wear their old national costumes.

The time flies, and the train brings us to our last place of stay Burgstein, which is another village but more modern than the others.

Fortunately we find an old lady who will provide us with lodgings. " Fortunately," because we find the place full up with holiday makers.

The next day we go to the lake that has been turned into a swimming bath, with lovely white sand by the side of it. By the boathouse we find a man with a little monkey, who is fastened to a chain. When the man lets go, the monkey jumps into the water and swims a little way, but always comes back to the man again. We can hardly believe our eyes, but there it is ! We hire one of the paddle boats. Just as we get going however, somebody leans too far to one side and we all get tipped out. Fortunately we are in bathing attire, so a little wetting does not do us any harm.

We find that there are hardly any mountains around us, but plenty of woods. It is therefore decided to go mushrooming, after a wet night. We discover quite a lot of eatable mushrooms, which together with some fir-cones for our landlady's kitchen fire take up a considerable amount of room. We stop the postman on his way, but he has no letters for us. As a consolation he offers us a huge mushroom, with a top about six inches in diameter. He also shows us some smaller specimens, which he carries in his post bag.

When we ask him the price of the giant mushroom, he says : " I often come up to your landlady's for a glass of beer, so payment isn't necessary." With that he strides off, and we are left to meditate on the kindness and generosity of the Czech people.

In the evening we go to another hotel, where there is dancing going on. The people are all friendly with one another, and in the interval the guests joke with the men from the orchestra.

So the days slip by, until one day we have to say " good-bye " to that lovely country we have been visiting. We take with us innumerable picture postcards, and each of us has a little basket for jewellery, handmade very near our village, which has been given to us by one of our friends from the hotel. Our landlady has provided us with some fresh ham, bread and butter, and with a bunch of white and pink carnations from the garden. Unfortunately we have to leave these behind at the frontier, but we still remember them.

So we return to Germany and from there back to England, where we attack our work with a new vigour because of the lovely holiday we have had.

I hope you have enjoyed yourselves, and that one day you will go and explore those beautiful countries for yourselves.

Eva Hirschel,
Lower 5.

ANGLO-SOVIET RELATIONSHIPS AFTER THE WAR.

(A report of a Conference held at Friends' House, April 10th and 11th.)

ONE GOOD result of this war is that it has given us something new to talk about. Anglo-Soviet relationships is one of the topical subjects acting as a subsitute for the pre-war weather and sports gossip. We must thank the National Peace Council for collecting together the varied experts, both English and Russian, on this very worth-while but complicated problem. All of us who went to this conference at Friends' House had the pleasure of listening to some very fine speeches and gained much useful information and many helpful ideas.

The Conference was held over four sessions, each dealing with a different aspect of the general subject. The session on the religious problem was addressed by Prof. Macmurray and Prof. Lampert ; that on the cultural relations by Prof. E. F. Carrit and Prof. Konovalov. Prof. Maurice Dobb, Mr. Marshall and J. Middleton Murry were the speakers at the session on the economic factors and the conference was concluded by a session on the political issues addressed by Harold Laski and William Rothenstein.

All the speakers were good, though, quite obviously, I appreciated certain speakers more fully than others. I will remember Prof. Macmurray for his lucid, penetrating and stimulating paper on the religious situation. Prof. Konovalov stands out (not only because he is about seven feet tall) for his good-humoured and encouraging talk on the possibilities of cultural co-operation.

Prof. Maurice Dobb was striking for his cold, reasoned, fact-filled analysis of the economic factors. Harold Laski was prominent for his brilliant, concentrated, very full essay on the political issues.

The man who took the crowd's fancy was that "innocent, inquisitive" fellow, J. Middleton Murry. This entertaining pessimist considered that after the war there will be no Anglo-Soviet Unity. The world would be divided into great economic blocks of convenience, which he called in his "Anglo-Saxon reticence,"—"muddled mix-ups."

The time allotted to open discussion and questions was very well used and led to some lively moments. The four chairmen, Henry Carter, Lord Horder, Herbert Elvin and Prof. Norman Bentwich, all performed their duties very well, being both firm and fair.

I enjoyed each session. Not only were the difficulties of this problem constantly being revealed but also how very much was hidden beneath the apparent situation. Take for example the religious problem, apparently here was a Christian nation and there was an atheist state. Henry Carter asked whether a state that had fed the hungry, had clothed the naked, had helped the poor and nursed the sick was in fact not an example of atheism but of practical Christianity. Macmurray showed that whereas in England religious tolerance was a keystone to that political freedom we so much cherish and that history had always portrayed it as such, in Russia religion has always been associated with a tyrannical government, their Church has always been the agent of reaction and autocracy. It was therefore scarcely surprising that Russia had repudiated religion at the same time as she overthrew her harsh oppressors. Russia, continued Macmurray, has growing up within her a truer, a more virile, a more keenly felt form of Christianity; it is Western Europe which must look within and reform, else it will be she who will be the stumbling block to religious unity with Russia.

I felt the true and valuable message of the conference to be that true world-peace can only come when nations are prepared to co-operate one with another. Co-operation can only come when they trust each other. Trust will not be present unless they know each other. It is the duty of all of us to get to know as much as we can of the other nations of the world.

Excellent as conferences are (this conference was a fine example) for the purpose, it is only possible for a few hundreds to attend them. All of us can and must read as much as possible, discuss as much as possible and make the fullest use of any personal contacts.

David Bolam
Sixth Form.

THE NIGHT MALE.

WHEN anyone speaks of the blackout,
I shudder, and sadly recall
A night when adventure befel me,
And made me feel shamefully small.

That night, I was out in the blackout,
'Twas darker than pitch, with no moon,
I was hurrying through all the blackness,
And hoping to reach my home soon.

I stumbled along, searching blindly
For the kerb, but, alas, searched in vain,
Till I knocked against a gentleman,
And he groaned, as if in great pain!

I flung both my arms around him,
He was cold; but then 'twas a cold night,
I said, "Oh, I'm sorry I hurt you!"
But he wasn't a wee bit polite—

For there was no reply for a moment,
So I started to look for my hat,
When bellowed a voice from behind me,
"It was ME you bumped into, not that!"

So I looked, and perceived through the darkness,
A *pillar-box*, standing there,
While the gentleman sat on the pavement
With no hat, and mud in his hair.

I felt embarrassed, as *you* would,
And was glad when I reached my own porch,
So now, on my walks in the blackout,
I will always carry a torch!

Vera K. Day,
(Upper 4.)

IN THE LIBRARY.

FRANTICALLY biting at that pencil
Is he pondering over some great calculation?
Dreamily blowing fragments of pencil across the table
Is he wandering in his imagination?
Moving his lips with the "2 × 2 = 4" expression.
Is he working at that Arithmetical Progression?
With that frown of consternation
Is it really concentration?
Raptly, eyes on the girl in the corner
Is he learning why the pobble has no toes?
Or must I say he was discerning
The number of freckles on her nose?
Who knows!

GIZZARD.

IF THE buzzard lost its gizzard,
It would be a tragedy.
For the gizzard to the buzzard,
Is of great necessity.

If the lizard found the gizzard,
And had it for its tea,
And the buzzard ate the lizard,
Then complete once more he'd be.

THE MOSQUITO.

THE mosquito is an active bug
Not lazy like the dormant slug.
And with a buzzing roundelay
He'll wiffle out his helpless prey.
The only foes to stay his capers
Seem to be the daily papers.
For the patent wire swatter
Only seems to stun the rotter.

Bernice Luck
Upper 5.

THE UNWILLING CLEAN.

"NO I WON'T! AND I WON'T!!" shouted Tony angrily, almost losing his voice in his anger and tugging away from his nurse's hand in furious resistance.

The nurse sighed wearily ; it was always the same, every time he was asked to put even so much as a finger in a bowl of water. And yet he loved the rain.

Directly he saw that it was raining he would run out of the back-door into the garden and hold up his hands and open his mouth as if to catch the falling shower. Then she would have to run out herself to bring him in, and again it was "No I shan't, I shan't ! !," accompanied by the same outraged resistance.

Now she took him firmly under the arms and carried him, very much against his will, to the bathroom, where she had to put him down and take part in another scuffle, during which she contrived to snatch the sponge, soap and towel.

Then an idea struck her, "Now stop fighting Tony," she said, "or I'll turn the tap on and splash you." Tony calmed down abruptly. "Aw'right," he said "go on."

But she only started running water into the bowl and he waited for about ten seconds. Then he climbed on to the bathroom stool and began rocking himself to and fro, backwards and forwards, chanting to himself all the while in a very loud voice, "Bad nursie, wicked nursie, bad nursie, wicked nursie!"

At about the tenth repeat he was silenced by a brisk rub of the sponge over his face. He came up like an indignant hippopotamus which has just been ducked, his mouth opening wide to show pink and white, his skin sleek and shiny with water.

"Ach!" he said, sneezing the soap out of his nose. Silence again while the soap was washed off.

"I'll—" he began indignantly, but now he was being rubbed dry with the towel.

He came up happy and smiling from the third smothering.

"All over now!" he said with a dazzling smile.

The nurse laughed happily, relieved too, only in a different way. "All over till next time," she said.

Eileen Elmes,
Sixth Form.

THE OLD MILL.

IT STANDS there, silent and stately beside the placid-flowing stream which is for ever playing with the pebbles on its rocky bed. The mill is ageing now, and in the last stages of decay. Soon death will take it.

Once the paddles revolved, and the blades churned each other round in an everlasting race.

Everything now is hushed as if it wanted to be in accord with the distant hills, which frown across the smiling plain. Even the mill-race which used to bustle and roar and tumble over itself in its yawning channel is silent.

No longer do children come to watch the miller at his work; for he is dead, and the children are old men and women. No longer do the bearings groan and grumble at the strain imposed upon them. No longer does the sunlight creep through the windows; or the door stand ajar to release some of the gambolling, imprisoned dust.

Now the bearings are rusty and weak. The door bangs and screeches on its ancient hinges. The windows have long since disappeared, and the sunlight filters through the dusty cobwebs which glitter and gleam in its light.

That ancient, stately mill will be destroyed soon: but before it dies completely it will do one more service to man kind, it will kindle his fire with the joyful flames licking the cruel wounds of the destructive axe.

Arnold Bridge,
Upper 5.

CHANGES AT SCHOOL.

IT WAS just after Christmas in 1939 that the sirens first began to be troublesome in Norwich. We sometimes had as many as nine or ten warnings a day or which was worse a long one which lasted perhaps all day. That winter, as you will remember was a very cold one, it snowed and froze all day.

At first at school the idea of going down to the trenches appealed to all of us exceedingly, but before very long it got colder and colder and also before very long our headmistress had decided we were to have lessons down in the trenches. It was then that we changed our minds and decided that after all it was nicer to have our lessons in classrooms.

The lights were very bad, many of us got headaches and we were very cramped and dreadfully cold. One day my friend brought a blanket to school and that day we sat in the trench with the blanket stretched tightly over as many knees as possible, while those whose knees weren't under it darted envious glances at us.

The next day everyone had brought rugs, nearly everyone had them sown into a kind of cloak with a hood, and even still it was cold.

It seemed so long too. We came to school in the morning, went into the trenches, came out for ten minutes at dinner time and came out again at four when we went home.

The girls who brought their own dinner in mysterious and sometimes messy looking brown paper packages ate their dinner in the trench.

At first we had ours brought to us, half cold all the way from the kitchens, but later we went and had ours in the dining room, rushing madly to the trench if the school's electric alarm went, clutching our plates.

Sometimes the siren would go in gym and we would dash into the gym cloakroom and run half dressed across the playground, putting on our things as best as we could in the trench to the accompaniment of the trench mistresses', "Hurry up there! Whose stocking is this? Do sit down!"

Then it began to thaw. I don't know now which was worse, the freeze or the thaw. I think the thaw was.

The water came through the roof. The first day it began the mistress said helplessly, "The girls with wellingtons on will have to sit in the drips, and no-one must lean back, the walls are running with water."

It wasn't very long before half the girls in the school were away with bad colds and it wasn't so bad because we could find more dry patches to sit in.

In late Spring we had fewer and fewer sirens. This as it happens was also the time our education committee decided to do something

to improve the conditions in the trenches. They put in hot pipes under the benches, they bettered the lights and tarred the roofs to keep the wet out and finally said we were to have crash warnings and needn't go down for ordinary sirens.

Only once during that winter did anything happen. The school was machine-gunned in mistake for an aerodrome nearby.

Jenifer Palmer
Upper 4.

GIRLS' GAME REPORT.

IT is difficult to give a detailed report of hockey for the second term of the season, as is the usual custom. Snow and frost kept us otherwise employed and though there was a fair amount of groaning and grumbling when a run to the Mansion was mentioned, those who wished to show what tough stuff they were made of, cantered quite happily there and back, and greeted those who stood to admire their finish with a broad grin and said they weren't in the least out of breath. Others were not so sure about the breath but were quite sure that their legs would be useless for days to come.

Interspersed with this we had Monkey House, which pleased the juniors, and Swedish Dancing which pleased the seniors.

We played two hockey matches and lost both, though they helped us to realize how out of practice we were.

Matches were played between the three Games Groups and the keenness for these was so strong that the umpire hoped that other material on the field would not be mistaken for the ball.

Mixed Group matches were also played, and these provided amusement at any rate. The boys played with great earnestness and devotion to duty and with a notable tendency to mow down obstacles in the path to goal. The girls may be congratulated on adding robustness to the normal skill and delicacy of their game. There was a most pleasing spirit in all the games, and long may it be so.

G.B.

BOY'S GAMES, SPRING. 1942.

THE Spring term, 1942, will linger long in the memory for two reasons. Firstly, because of the weather, it was impossible to have any games on the field until after half term so that runs took their place. We obtained quite an intimate acquaintance with the road between the School aud the Mansion Bridge or the Roos Farm while two more adventurous spirits assayed the run round the Aerodrome, but were rather sorry for themselves afterwards. However the general effect on stamina and wind and morale was good and stood us in good stead when we eventually were able to resume games.

In the second place we are able to record with gratification the fact that this term for the first time for at least seven years, the School has won 100% of its matches—in both cases by a handsome margin. We can also record with gratification the fact that there was general improvement throughout the season in the standard of play both in the team and in the compulsory games where enthusiasm was well maintained right to the end. Towards the end of the season changes in the forward line resulted in a more forceful attack. B.B.J.

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, St. Christopher's, By Kent and Skerne, The Leightonian, The Newtown and The Georgian.*

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