M.G.Y.

THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

NOVEMBER 1942

PER ARDUA AD ALTA



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'THE AVENUE'

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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INTER NOS.

EVERY *Times* has its leader, every Shaw its preface and every *Avenue* its *Inter Alia*. Such things serve several purposes; they may explain what is to follow, or set the "tone," or outline the policy of the paper, or introduce what is to follow. But what should be the purpose of any introduction? Is it enough to string together a few notable events and changes and call it "Inter Alia"?

Since all the readers know the school and its life, perhaps it is enough, for these things hold a great significance in their eyes; such writings are not meant for the eyes of strangers. Thus I feel you will understand when I just offer you these letters, which have slipped into my hands, to serve as an introduction, a setting to the rest of this *Avenue*.

The following are extracts from a correspondence between Ned Law, a wild and great figure, who lives at "Limeboughs," The Avenue, and Ripper the Robin, who lives at "Broadhedge," The Acre.

The Avenue, June.

My Dear Ripper,

General Meeting has at last gone by. For many a week the girls have been flitting round in circles, twisting and bending, and tripping over skipping ropes. The middle part of the school performed a play. One of the bees, who hover round me for my honey, went to see it. At one point he thought they were waiting for the sweep to call—he did not realize that the hideous dust sheets were a snowy mountain crest.

Whitsun was a determined little affair. No lengthy tennis finals, no dinner tables out on the asphalt, no bonfire, no crowds—just a bright gathering of the keen, the young and the fortunate—the unscattered few.

There are some new friends under my branches now. When you have finished with your brood, you must come and see them Ripper. They are the Intermediates (and amongst them we welcome Miss Morland). They play and argue, they run and get puffed, and their laughs are as numerous as the weeds on the boys' gravel.

For some days there was a clicking and a stirring in the Boys' Craftroom. Strange wasp-like creatures began to emerge. Their identity was a page-twiddler for the official circles. At last this

wood-wasp was found out. "Sirex Gigas" was the name this boring intruder bore.

I am now in my summer suit again, with a striking frilly cravat in Walden green.

I feel as gay as the pre-prep perambulators.

You really must come and see me,

Your flourishing friend,
Ned Law.

The Acre, late June.

My Dear Ned,

Yesterday I got up very early. I thought that I had caught a wriggling wonder of a worm. It had "INTER ALIA," in best Latin, right down the buttons of its shirt front. I pecked—and oh! the dust!

I choked so much that my wife (you know what she is) fluttered herself giddy.

Life is busy here but great fun,

With many chirps,
Ripper the Robin.

The Avenue, July.

My Dear Ripper,

Yesterday all was movement. Life stirred endlessly in an atmosphere of rope and labels, old newspapers and clean shoes. All was dusty, tedious, yet strangely sweet. Bells clanged without ending or meaning.

It has been a good term. Visitors have been coming and going. Mrs. Sargant spoke on her native land—Czechoslovakia; Jack Hoyland was a welcome visitor from Woodbroke; Mr. Burton, the Warden of Cambridge House, came to tell the older scholars what they were to expect when they visited Cambridge House. One Sunday evening I heard the sound of playing from the Hall and I knew that they were listening to that young-old-scholar Francesca Woodhouse.

A team of the F.AU., including several Old Scholars, paid us a visit. At cricket the school lost the game for the lack of a handful of runs; from the dashing, the plunging and the splash the school came through just losers again.

There have been exams going on in the Hall. Do you remember, that stout gentleman D.P., Ripper? He invigilated. Once more, as he had so often done before, he strode up and down my walk.

Now the grounds are very still. The Summer Term is over. The bails will not fly again for many a month. The old building stands

firmly on and my clock still ticks up there amongst the ivy. Now my companions are memories but when two months are past, bustle and chatter will begin again. Old friends will have gone but there will be new ones.

Your lonely friend,
Ned Law.

The Acre, August.

My Dear Ned,

Just a short note. You cannot imagine how full life is here. I have been scurrying around the Acre like the Boys' Matron at a Group A bath-set. My boys persist in pecking the peas. I shoo them off—but my life is an everlasting shoo!

Your flustered friend,
Ripper.

The Avenue, October.
Afternoon.

My Dear Ripper,

The school is back again. There are as many people now as there were before the numbers fell. Skaters are rushing and swerving on the asphalt. On the field a ball rises and falls, billowing shirts dash and punt and play.

Once more the ranks of the staff have altered. Miss Beatty is now in South Africa. We are glad to have Miss Galbraith to teach the girls the gentle art of hitting goals and shins. In place of that gallant oralist Mrs. Lachmann, we are pleased to welcome Miss Kemp, who teaches music as well. Once more Walden welcomes a student master—Mr. Harris, from Ackworth.

May I whisper one more change in your ear Ripper? Miss Lee has become Mrs. Worth. The whole school wishes that happiness and success will surround her and her husband.

The school is moving into life again. Work has long begun, societies have started, matches have been won and lost. The term is young, Ripper, but the year is old.

We had a great evening from a fine violinist, Louis Godowsky, one Saturday. You probably heard the applause from the delighted audience. We had some members of Cambridge House here one Sunday, and played them the dampest football match I can remember.

Night.

Few people come and kick my gate now. I am alone while the days grow short and the nights grow long. I stand and gaze at the stars—the very stars that shine on a suffering world and shine on every corner and race of it.

The school lies asleep. To-morrow, as every day, they will be busy with life again, they will be busy talking and working and

hurrying from this and that. Some days things will happen just like those I have told you of—nothing that is very exciting, nothing great or strange. A change in the staff, a school event, an accident—nothing more.

Yet these people are preparing to be citizens of this harsh world around me.

"Why is the world as it is?" "Is there a place for me, some work for me to do?," they keep on asking themselves. If they stopped and listened to the wind, the wind that sweeps through my branches, they would find answers—any answers, the answers they wanted to find.

I must stop now, a frosty morning approaches and my hands are chilly,

Ever your friend,

Ned Law.

David Bolam (Sixth Form).

THESE BELONG TO YOU.

ELEVEN different societies are flourishing here this term; some of them are comparatively new, while others are comparatively old, but all are kept up by a steady enthusiasm from different parts of the school.

One of them, which has existed for many years now is the Senior Literary Society, more commonly known as Senior Lit.. Last year it was quite a large group and mainly had essays written and read by the members. The subjects were very varied, and offhand I can recall essays on agriculture, sports, woodwork, tragedy, a very interesting one on the Gold Coast and another about crime and punishment. We also read "The Rivals" and last term we had surprise speeches—that is, the surprise was for the speaker who was given two minutes to prepare a speech. We never laughed at the difficulties of any speaker, knowing we might be in the same position in a very short time.

Corresponding to Senior Lit. we have Middle Lit. for those in the middle part of the school. Here they also read essays consisting of descriptions, stories or biographies; but the essay writing is worked out on a rota alphabetically. In the Senior Lit., of course, this is worked on a voluntary system.

The lower end of the school has a Junior Lit., in which essays and stories are read, plays and charades acted, or music is played on the piano or violin.

These are, then, the Literary Societies, but the really literary societies are the Reading Clubs. We have a Boys' and a Girls' Reading Club. The Girls' Reading Club seems to have read some very interesting books last year; among them, "Bleak House," by Dickens, "Gone to Earth," by Mary Webb and "R.U.R.," by Karel Capek. These books they read during the term and then they meet in Miss Clark's room and discuss them.

The boys also read books during term-time, but they have had difficulty in getting what they want. Among our striking books are "Christianity and the Social Order," by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and "The Mayor of Casterbridge," by Hardy, "How Green Was My Valley," "Darkness at Noon" and "Angel Pavement."

I find the name "Boys'" Reading Club is rather deceptive, seeing that we have ladies as members in Mrs. Sparkes, Mrs. Littleboy, Mrs. Brereton and Mrs. Jacob.

In another artistic branch, we have the Musical Society, which last year had gramophone and piano recitals, including some illustrated talks. The members enjoy their informal and instructive meetings. This Society meets on alternate weeks with Senior Lit. and the Natural History Society, or Natch. as it is commonly called.

Last year Natch. had a revived popularity and its activities were not only confined to the meetings. The members made two outings, one to the Cambridge Botanical Gardens and another to Hatfield Forest, both of which were not only interesting, but very enjoyable. They also read essays, saw films, and had talks from outside experts. It is greatly due to the careful work of Mr. Hughes that we have had such a varied programme.

Another firmly established Society (if it can be called a Society) is the Scouts which meet once a week, and there the Scouts are tested in skill and accuracy, and play games and learn disciplines to improve these qualities. And then of course we must not forget, at least one good deed . . . . . .

We have had three Clubs formed quite lately. The first is the Spotters' Club which is practically completely run by a few enthusiasts. The club learns how to spot and recognise 'planes, and members have reached a high standard of efficiency, and have passed examinations and received certificates from a Central Spotters' Office.

A second new club is the chess club, just started by Mr. Dale, to teach and encourage the playing of chess.

The third is a Model Club and a very Model Club too; it is most democratically run for the greatest benefit of the greatest number. A model railway line has been constructed, and it is hoped to have films on railways and to encourage the building of model aeroplanes.

These are, then, the eleven societies which have widely separated interests, which deal with many subjects, and which in spite of that, and perhaps because of that, are widely supported throughout the school.

David Castillejo
(Sixth Form),

THE MIMIC.

TOAD! wizened, shrivelled old toad,
Squat Indian-fashion under a rhubarb leaf.
Drowsy like a jewelled Eastern king.
Yawning, silent, supercilious in the sunshine.
You don't know that I watch you, or you wouldn't
Snap your jaws in that unregal fashion.
Kings have their flies caught for them,
And it just isn't done to blink.
You're the comedy of kings,
Scanning your dimmed earthy haven
From under heavy, regal lids,
Arms akimbo. Jewel-webbed slippers spread.
Earrings hung in lobeless ears, bedecking a turbanned head,
You, superior being, detached, aloof in your majesty,
Puffed, pompous with your toadish pride,
Are just a stupid, stickly-backed old wizard of a toad.
Nuzzled in the cool black earth under your rhubarb leaf.
Pretending, playing at kings and royalty.
If I was to stamp my foot or shake your canopy
You wouldn't be king toad any more.
Flop, flop under the rhubarb leaf,
Four webbed toes spread out in a highland fling.
Two large blinky saucer eyes,
And a bumpy blistered back.
Silence!
And once more just a drowsy dimpled old toad
Playing at kings under another rhubarb leaf.

Bernice Luck
(*Sixth Form*).

AN EPITAPH.

STRONG in the shell, I ate and grew,
Until you let the daylight through,
And then my hopes for ever slew,
Oh, how could you!
Now in my little grave I lie,
Oh, you who pass just heave a sigh,
Or even stay awhile and cry,
E'er you pass by.
Oh, why do humans have to eat
The peas they think are such a treat?
While me and with me, all my kin,
By death do suffer for their sin.
So when among the peas you see
Some maggots, then remember me.

Jean Lyell
(*Upper 4th*).

WHEN YOU BURY ME.

WHEN you bury me when I'm dead
Plant an oak tree at my head,
Put cherry-pie upon my breast,
When at last I go to rest.

As a child I ne'er was good,
At times was as naughty as I could.
But now that I am near my grave
My tortured soul you cannot save.

" One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
All good children go to heaven."
In our family there were eight,
'Tis I shut out from heaven's gate !

Now my sorrowing soul must roam
On and on without a home ;
So dear children, think of me,
You must *never* naughty be !

Marygold Landsdell (Lower 4b).

MOODS.

I REJOICE because I am alive, because I can breathe, sing and shout,
I rejoice for the thrush and blackbirds, their songs at dawn,
I rejoice for the trees, fields, and streams, the sea and seagulls,
But in my gladness I am sad,
Sad because—the country is spoilt by town and factories,
Children play in back streets while nature's green pastures stretch far beyond,
Beyond the reach of these and many others.
All these things make me sad.
But who am I to think on such things as these ?
Merely a tiny living creature on this small earth,
This small globe 'mongst many others, in a large expanse of space.
But many a man, small like myself.
Has received comfort and joy from his petty quarrels,
By the thought that somebody thinks of him,
His life, trials and worries ; and other people like myself
Have felt happy, kind and at peace with themselves
To have done a good deed for men.
But now—now all these things live in the past,
Men set out to kill, hurt and starve their brothers,
They bomb cities, women, children,
All helpless against this night flying bird of prey.
And yet my life goes on,
With a change here and there, some people gone, new ones in their places,
And I still rejoice because I can breathe, sing and shout.

Anne Ryan (Lower 5th).

THE TERROR OF LONE GULCH.

[This is the last instalment of Mr. Pearson's Middle Lit. story. Winnington Lascelles, a fine Englishman in Klondyke during the gold rush, is captured and bound and threatened by the Terror of Lone Gulch, Red Pete. He feels there is something familiar about Pete's voice, for he does not see his face. Lascelles escapes from his bonds. Now read on.]

After some minutes he came to a turn and there in the distance he saw something that looked like a very faint glow—now stronger and then disappearing. "Looks like a lighted pipe" he said to himself and proceeded to crawl. Sure, it was a man's form that behind that pipe—the odour of the stuff he was smoking was distinctly perceptible. Hardly daring to breathe he crept steadily on, with a deadly purpose in those eyes of his. . . . . It was soon over. The half-caste's throat had proved too yielding to that steel grip. Winnington shuddered for a fraction of a second as he propped the dead man up against the entrance of that underground passage. The man looked so lifelike in the attitude he was in. Carefully looking round in a darkness weakened only by the northern stars, Lascelles took in his surroundings. About thirty yards away he could just make out the entrance to what looked like another underground affair. And he fancied he heard snoring. He fixed the position of the place by one or two prairie land marks and then continued to crawl away. When he thought himself safe, he started to run, caring nothing about the sharp roots cutting his feet. A mile away he began to think of making for the mining camp. But where was it? At last he struck a track and something about the gradient made him turn to the left, for he felt he was not really far from Lone Gulch. His surmise proved correct. Half-an-hour's quick running brought him to the camp . . . Action must be taken at once before the gang had got wind of his escape. At dawn the dead man would be discovered by his pals. It was a matter of only a few minutes to assemble twenty men whom he felt he could trust. He told his story and after complimenting him on his escape the party, armed to the teeth, set out under his direction. One of the party he noticed carried something carefully wrapped up in a huge bandana handkerchief. To Winnington's enquiry as to what it was, he never got more than a smile. So he had to be content with that. He knew Jones always knew what he was after. In a little over an hour-and-a-half they had reached a position from which Winnington could clearly point out to them the position of the opening from which he had fancied the snoring had come. Not a sound was to be heard. They must not yet have discovered the dead man. Evidently all were asleep. Certainly no one was visible. . . . And now a strange thing happened. Jones began to run as if for his life in the direction of the bandits' lair. "What on earth is he up to," thought Winnington. And for a moment—but only for a moment—a dark shadow of suspicion flashed through his brain. "No, dash it all, it can't be. Jones is no traitor." So the rest of them commenced to walk stealthily toward the object of this search,

each gripping his six-shooter as he did so and looking round for any ambush. They couldn't afford to be caught napping in any expedition against Red Pete . . . . Suddenly they were startled by the appearance of a figure running like mad in their direction. "Don't shoot" cried their leader. "It looks like Jones." He was right—the moon just coming up at that moment showed up Jones some thirty yards away. "For God's sake, you chaps. Get back as fast as you can. I'll explain all." . . . . Then a terrific explosion rent the air—the very ground shook beneath their feet and Lascelles was hurled flat on the ground. Fortunately he was unhurt and rose to his feet just as he heard Jones explain. "Yes, I guess that bit o' lyddite's put the lid on 'em all right." . . . . They then proceeded towards the scene of the explosion. Bad as the villains were they felt they ought not to leave without seeing if some poor wretch was lying there wounded. They searched carefully; but they found no signs of any living being. Corpses blown to bits they found all about the place. The underground passage had been blown to smithereens. They were just about to return to Lone Gulch when one of them thought he heard groaning.

An electric torch soon showed them the way to whence the sound proceeded and they found themselves standing over one of the bandits, whose life was evidently fast ebbing away. He was still conscious however. "Judging by his looks it must be Red Pete himself" said one of them. "Yes, I'm Red Pete all right. But my number's up this time." Winnington bent forward to have a look at this noted leader when he fell back with astonishment muttering, "My God! My God." . . . . The dying man looked up and a smile flickered over his face. "Yes, Lascelles, I see you know me. I'm Western, the chap at Eton you stood up for with the Head when I was expelled. I always felt grateful to you for what you did . . . . I tried to save you last night—but my men wouldn't let me go beyond those alternatives I gave you . . . . I,-I,-I-" but the effort to speak had proved too much for him, and his head fell back and all was over, . . . They buried him decently and then set out for home. "And now," said Jones, as they slowly went on their homeward way, "I think I ought to explain why I blew them up. *I* felt, *we all* felt,—in fact we knew—that Red Pete and his gang were guilty. But we didn't catch them redhanded and I knew Lascelles here would never agree to their being shot in cold blood. So I took the matter in my own hands. That's why I slipped back and brought that blasting charge in that red handkerchief. The rest you know."

A POND IN THE WOOD.

SILVER and glittering, shadows skipping over and back, sunlight dancing happily in and out of the trees, the pond lay listening to all the noises around. A rabbit crept out to have a sip of water and little rings and ripples ran over the pond. A wild rose bush dropped a petal as a little breeze came along. The petal

dropped quietly on the surface of the pond but the little fishes heard it and swam quickly away. A bird trilled in a bush nearby and then flew away. Then all was silent again and the pond slept.

Jane Morgan
(Lower 4a).

GENERAL MEETING, 1942.

GENERAL Meeting this year, in spite of all the wartime restrictions was much more like a peacetime gathering than many a pre-war gathering. The number of those attending helped perhaps as much as anything to create this impression and the food question did not provide insuperable difficulties. Indeed, I marvel at the amount and the variety provided at tea-time for those " visitors from a distance."

I was glad that this year the School authorities thought fit to begin with a Meeting for Worship and remedy a default of last year. A meeting gives more point and centre for the whole day and incidentally gives many parents who are not Friends some help in realising what it is that the School can give in addition to a normal material education.

Following the Meeting there was no Headmaster's address, but after the usual formal business a chance was given to parents to " discuss with the Committee and the Staff any matters concerning the life and welfare of the School." On the face of it this seemed a dangerous innovation to make, for Everyman is Educator, but on this occasion the debatable topics were left entirely alone. Some parents had obviously been worried by their injured offspring who had been unable to bring bicycles to the School, and the adequate reasons given were ungrudgingly accepted. A suggestion that a Parents' Association should be formed was received with general acclamation and the preliminary arrangements were left to the parents who brought the matter up. During the discussion the Headmaster said that comments were invited by the School from parents on their children, for it was felt that many difficulties could be avoided if only parents would send in these comments and criticisms.

Lunch, as might be expected, could not be provided at the School. Visitors had already been asked to provide their own, but many preferred to risk obtaining lunch at the usual places in town.

The Gym. Display by the Girls of both the Junior and Senior Schools after dinner was one of the best that has been provided. The appreciative crowd, too, was a large one. A display that included so many and varying performers was indeed a testimonial of excellent work and practice,—much more so than a performance with the chosen few. The variety of the exercises performed to Mrs. Radley's accompaniment on the piano provided us with a

pleasing interlude. The girls, I am sure, are more than sorry to lose Miss Beatty.

The Swimming Display by the Boys immediately following was presented as a connected history, beginning with a mother ape teaching her young ones to swim, and stretching to modern times and depicting the Spitfire with its accompanying shadow on the ground, and between was a variety of novel events that paid tribute to the ingenuity of Mr. Jabob and his "boys." (The number of visitors to the Swimming Bath becomes greater every year. What a pity it is that there are no tiered seats inside !)

Afterwards—immediately afterwards, came a presentation in the Hall of Lord Dunsany's "*The Flight of the Queen.*" This must have been one of the most difficult productions to present during the day. The translation of poetry into dramatic representation is never very easy, either for actor or audience, but when it is done by members of the Middle School and done with feeling and enjoyment, it is to be admired. It is a task I would not like to undertake and Mr. Stewart together with those who gave him help with lighting and scenery did well to give such a finished production.

The Exhibition of work done by scholars, was, as is to be expected, not so good this year. Materials are more than difficult to get in this third year of war. The girls' needlework classes however put forward a praiseworthy display, even if it was not quite so extensive as in previous years.

The display given by the Junior School of work and activities there was very good. There was a freshness of thought and presentation which were most enjoyable. The eager friendliness of everyone in the Junior School was another of the examples of the creative work done there.

General Meetings are always rather trying ordeals for Schools, for they give so much work and preparation to those at the School, and they disorganise so much of the School Routine (perhaps it is just as well that this is so at times), but in spite of this, we are treated kindly when we come along and are given a warm welcome, and we depart from Walden feeling the better for the coming to the School,—especially in these difficult days.

SCRIBLERUS.

THOSE KIDS!

LAST holidays I spent five weeks in a war time nursery, which is really an evacuated home for children up to five years of age. As I was the youngest person on the staff, my duties were very varied. One of them was to help another nurse take out the toddlers for a walk. By doing this, I learned quite a lot about the children and their characters. They could not bear not to possess anything that somebody else had got, but consoled themselves

with " My mummy will bring me one to-morrow," and so on. On one particular occasion I was talking to a little girl about an auntie of mine. She said " I've got an auntie too," and immediately a boy on my other side piped up: " I've got an auntie, I've got a *NEW* auntie!" He was always trying to outdo the others. Yet this same boy was always seen with one particular little girl, and it was for evermore: " But I want my Helen to come too," or, " I want my Helen to play with me," or from her, " I want to give it to my Vincent." He would not go to bed without kissing her " good-night."

Sweet though they may seem, the children were not always good. One of the things they loved to do was to drop stones down the drains, or throw the freshly-cut grass at each other. At mealtimes too, if it was something they did not like, on the floor it would go, and you would call them " good children, for eating up their dinner so nicely," only to find later on that the liver had been deposited on, or under, the chair!

Matron was the only one allowed to smack the children, and even she did it very rarely. One day however, she had to punish a little girl and was just turning round for her brother, aged two-and-a-half, to give him similar treatment, when she found him, his hands touching his toes and his rear part in the air, all ready for her! It was as much as she could do to keep a straight face, so John got off very lightly.

None of the little ones was afraid of raids, as they had been told that the good Fairy Siren blew her horn to tell people that there were some good children near.

I saw the children at all times of the day, but I think the thing I liked most, was to see them all coming downstairs to their bedrooms from the bathroom with their pyjamas on. If however you tried to imagine halos and wings to them, you would soon be disturbed by the cry, " Nursy, I want . . . . . "

Eva Hirschel
(Upper 5).

RECENT GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

Education	Herbert Spencer	Margaret Yapp
The Mixed School	Howard	,,
A Quartette of Comedies	Wells	,,
Several Books on Quakerism		Helen Radley
Geneva	G. B. Shaw	Gwendolen Littleboy
The Wisdom of the Simple	Constance Holme	Sylvia Clark
The Cherry Orchard	Tchekov	,,
The Life of William Blake	Gilchrist	Dorothy Pollard
The Undivided Mind	Edgar Castle	Sally Jacob
A dozen books on English Literature	Herford, Pollard Seebohm, etc.	Anna Littleboy
How Green was my Valley (also Cheque)	Llewellyn	Mrs. Barbanell
Illuminated Lettering	Johnston	,,
Cambridgeshire	Cox	,,
Prague braves the Hangman and other books on Czechoslovakia		Mrs. M. Sargant
Life of Alfred Gilbert	Isabel McAlister	Mr. Percival Alum
Peoples of all Nations		Hugh T. Crosfield
Africa View, Life of Cecil Rhodes and several other books		
An Outline of Psychology	McDougall	Fred. Stephens
Producing Plays	Purdom, C. B.	
Conditions of Peace	Carr, E. H.	
How to Draw Trees	Brown, G.	Stephen Walker
,, ,, *Dogs*	Thorne	
,, ,, *Birds*	Sheppard	
Kagawa	Axling	Gertrude Beatty
Half-Breed, the Story of Grey Owl (also Cheque)	Dickson	
Distant Point	Afinogenev	Raymond Lyons
East Anglia	Wallace	Ethel Bettison
Cambridge as it was and is to-day	Steegman	
Modern One Act Plays	Marriott (Editn.)	Gwendolen Littleboy
Great Modern British Plays		
The Spectator, 8 Vols., Calf Bound	Addison Steele, etc.	Geoffrey James
The Æneid	Virgil	,,
Ronald Ross Memoirs		Gerald Littleboy
How to draw Locomotives	Mann	Donald Hughes
Music Calling (also Cheque)		Mrs. Rees
Cheque		Proctor Lemare

THE SEAL.

IT was a wet, dreary day when I saw him. The sea was grey and cold, only gently rising and falling. There was a sea fog. as well as a land fog. I was idly watching the grey water before me, when I saw a long black shadow, with bubbles breaking above it, very near to the rocks. A head slowly disclosed itself; a small brown seal looking rather like a nigger boy was rising from the water. His sleek wet coat, covering a plump body, glistened beautifully in the pale light; then he frolicked in shallow water, nearer the rocks. He came on to the rocks so that most of his tapering body was showing. He lifted his sleek head, with its enquiring snout and brushed-back whiskers, as if to sniff around. Unfortunately I moved forward, and he flipped back into the water immediately, evidently startled. Then, all I could see was a dark shadow. He swam back to the rocks, lifted his head, and was off, twisting and twirling his way along. I watched till he swam over rocks that shewed dark, and I lost him.

Pat Jeffery
(Lower 5a).

" APPROCHEZ ! "

" APPROCHEZ ! "—a word that will bring back pleasant memories to those who were at the Ross-on-Wye fruit picking camp for the first fortnight of its month's duration.

When we hear that word, we shall think of Mr. Herbert, of Sibford, who used it instead of the " le dîner est servi " of D.P., to call us to meals, made the more appetising by the excellent cooking of his wife and daughter.

From the first, it evident to us that the Skipper, Mr. Fenton, of Sidcot, had thought of nearly every possible detail of organisation. Indeed his thoroughness in this respect deserves the highest praise, and to him much of the success of the camp is due.

There were scholars there from three Friends' Schools,—Sibford, Sidcot and Saffron Walden,—and from King's School, Harrow. Thus the camp was theoretically in four sections, but after a few days it became unified as its members intermingled, no school keeping aloof from the others.

When I say, " camp," I am using a word which may be deceiving to the reader; for we did not sleep under canvas, but in a large barn divided into three sections, one for cooking and eating and two for sleeping, the larger sleeping portion being known as " Buckingham Palace " and the smaller as " The Holy of Holies " ! One ground sheet, one paillasse and two blankets were provided by the Government for our comfort.

The day began at 7 o'clock when the Skipper came in saying, "Up chaps, rise and shine. Show a leg," in a manner absolutely unforgettable, but impossible to reproduce on paper. Breakfast was at 7.30 followed by a short devotional period.

The work, consisting mainly of plum and apple picking, lasted from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., with a break of one hour from 1 o'clock to 2 o'clock, for dinner. Our evenings were free except for those who liked to do overtime.

In our free time there was a wide variety of occupations, ranging from the cinemas in Ross, to climbing hills in the district, or visiting the famous beauty spot of Symonds Yat, four miles away.

One evening we had a sing-song, another a "rough house" on the floor, and on Sunday a short service conducted by Mr. Fenton; but whatever we did, was done in that spirit of happy comradeship which is, perhaps, found only among those who work and play together in the open air.

I think we all agree that the camp was a great success, both in providing us a useful and enjoyable holiday, and in providing valuable help to a farmer, trying to harvest in time, the biggest crop his 500 acre farm has ever had.

Paul Fordham
(Sixth Form).

SETTLEMENT WEEKS.

WHEN Mr. Burton, Warden of Cambridge House Settlement, came to School last term to talk about his work, the interest he aroused was sufficient to encourage Mr. Stewart to arrange for two parties of senior girls and boys each to spend a week of the summer holiday at a London Settlement.

One party was divided into two and part stayed at Cambridge House, in Camberwell, and a smaller group at the Lady Margaret Hall Settlement in Kennington. The second party was smaller and stayed at Cambridge House only. The programme for the course was very full, and was planned by the Wardens with a view to providing as comprehensive a survey as possible of the various channels of Social Service. It followed, therefore, that the greater part of the time was given to visits and lectures rather than to practical work.

Welfare work is an elastic term. It has to be wide enough to include without sense of strain both the municipal and the voluntary systems. That the two sources should exist side by side so vigorously, and often supplement each other so harmoniously, was a pleasing discovery.

The municipal part of the programme showed such things as the Juvenile Employment Bureau, the Kennington Rest Centre, a Day Nursery, the Women Police, the workings of local government at Camberwell Town Hall, the running of a large hospital, and the work of a Probation Officer. All were investigated, and all claimed their share of interest.

One visit which was felt to be especially illuminating was to an L.C.C. Housing Estate. Here was dark, insanitary, ramshackle old property, compared with well-planned tenement blocks. Some re-housed tenants sighed for the independence of a back-yard and no neighbours above and below.

Work done through voluntary sources is more varied, and meets a personal need. First in the field here would seem to be The Charity Organisation Society. This amorphous body is catholic in its help; it may explain the rationing system to an old person, or it may supply false teeth. Perhaps its most valuable contribution is that it fills in the gaps left by other Social Services. Some of the school party assisted practically in C.O.S. work by paying visits to old-age pensioners in their homes. This is a bare statement of an exacting, depressing, yet well worth-while afternoon's work.

Various clubs were visited. There was the Hungerford Club where each night about ninety or a hundred "down-and-outs" would get a bed and a hot meal. There was the club for old people, all ex-patients of St. Thomas's Hospital, where in three hours chatting no mention was heard of anyone's illness or operation. Those who stayed at Cambridge House had a particularly good opportunity for joining in the Boys' Club activities. Several boys and girls felt that in Club leadership there was a possible way for them to give service.

Scholars from Ackworth have been working during their vacations for some time past at the Mary Ward Settlement, and we were glad to have the opportunity of meeting them on many occasions. One of them took five wickets in six balls during a memorable match against Cambridge House!

The programme was so well-fitted as to be almost exhausting at times, and more so for the people who had not brought bicycles with them. Nevertheless two parties, a theatre and a visit to the Open Air Ballet were fitted in. Some determined sight seeing, had necessarily to take place before breakfast!

On the last morning a summing-up meeting was held. It was clear on this point: that whilst the social work now being done is admirable in itself, it is merely touching the fringe of a big problem. And it was emphatic that the next visit to a Settlement must be to work there.

MARY FULFORD.

MIND YOUR MIND.

I THINK of my mind as a small English town. It is one of those ideals that only seem to occur in wishful thinking and fiction, where every man is master of his craft and essential to the running of the community as a whole.

A man does not have to be a councillor to be of value, for where would councillors be without drains and roofs to their houses, and so the plumbers and builders are equally important with the councillor and financier. "Without the hands the clock is worthless."

The members of my town live in large families, each family responsible for the efficiency of one particular craft. The largest and oddest family is the "Moods." If the family of Moods does not live in absolute harmony I shall be known as "Moody" or "Bad-tempered." This is because my police force of "Control" has been overtaxed and my Moods become master.

Yes, even my ideal town has a police force. But it is not one that parades the streets with an eagle eye and ready truncheon, so much as a citizens' advice bureau, or critical observer who controls even the good parts of my town, so that nobody can say "Oh! he's too much of a good thing."

Every community must have some amount of lead, a parliament to see that method and logical order are practised. My town has a Mayor and Council, ideally, representative of every Craft.

Because of the conflicting views of my Moods and Crafts, active discussions occur. This is as it should be I feel, so that my worthy parts will not become sluggish through lack of opposition.

But to prevent short sighted actions on the part of my Council I have as chairmen two worthy colleagues "Theory" and "Practice." When a move has been thrashed out in the council chamber and a decision been reached, that decision is made more precise by "Why?," "When?" and "Where?," and so finally passed or not passed by "For what purpose?"

"But," you say, "with so efficient an administrative machine to control my life, how is it that I can make such blunders, and display such undesirable traits as anger and deceit? Ought not I to be perfect?"

It is that outlaw "Self" thriving in the dark places surrounding my town who causes imperfection, using as agents such disillusioned moods as "Greed," "Hate" and "Jealousy," who by their brute force and cunning turn a pure minded act to Self's advantage. Self is my greatest enemy.

I have tried to tell you something of the inhabitants of my mind, their characters and armies, and have also explained the manner of

their government, how it is my actions are either worthy and co-operative, or when twisted by Self become worthless and rebellious. I should like to mention "Speech," and the treasure of my town, "Memory."

One family of Crafts employ themselves in a factory across the river from the rest of the community, manufacturing words. This is an intricate business as each letter must be formed and chiselled by hand so that my pronunciation will not be faulty. While the rest of my town is working efficiently, and "Co-operation" is the party in power, the factory is able to produce speech of a superior quality. But when "Self" takes power into his hands or my Moods are out of control, my factory becomes confused and word production poor.

At such times the Speech factory may employ itself as a camouflaging agent, hiding my mind's confusion by flippancy, and its blunders by lies. So not only is Speech my town's daily newspaper, but it is the means by which my reputation is lost or regained.

As with most towns and most people my mind has one great treasure that is revealed to the welcome only. That is "Memory," a beautiful museum standing on a hill overlooking the rest of the town. It was built by my five senses, "Sight," "Hearing," "Touch," "Smell" and "Taste" in the days when my mind was no more than the cave in which "Self" lives. In those days he was the ruler of my mind, demanding all that took his fancy without consideration or reason. But now with the growth of an organised town he has retired into hiding, and with opposition to his will is the more terrible.

He has no care for "Memory" except when it discloses his own triumphs, and would if he could, make "Vanity" his door keeper so that only the adoring might enter, and "Patronage" his host that all might marvel at his glory.

But "Time" is my tender, and his diligence adds a grandeur to my museum. But he is old and occasionally forgets to dust a treasure so that it becomes fusty and dull and no longer worthy of close examination.

My museum needs a lot of attention, and "Time" is only responsible for its preservation. But funds are provided by its builders in the form of new gifts. "If my senses are lazy my museum will be shoddy."

So this is my mind, a busy centre of life. A manufacturing town, growing thought and building it into word and action. A town run in a systematic manner by a council whose methods and aims are co-operative. It is a historical town with a pride in its Memory, and a keenness to improve its methods and speed progress, and if it were not for that bogy "Self," what would I not do.

Bernice Luck
(Sixth Form).

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

ANY writer of a feature like this has to be arbitrary and choose to give only news of the people whom he knows about. We expect that many of you know what has happened to many of our Old Scholars, and are more or less annoyed that no recognition of them appears here. Letters to the Editor or to members of the staff at large are used for all they are worth, but they are not usually frequent, and often they are from the same people whom we mentioned before who are keeping up a correspondence with old friends. We should like to cast our net wider, and we should like to hear of all the people we can have space to include. Perhaps some helpful Old Scholars will write a letter of general personal information to "*The Avenue*" from time to time.

GERTRUDE BEATTY who left the staff in July to go to a new post in Durban, as mentioned elsewhere, has safely arrived in South Africa after a long voyage. When last we heard, she was wondering how she would settle to work after a period of relaxation and doing as she pleased.

DENIS GREENWOOD, who is with the F.A.U. in the Middle East, writes cheerfully of the interest his work has for him, and of his surprise to find himself in so vastly different a position from what he had expected two years ago. He finds the food in his part of the world very good.

JOHN GREAVES is coxing a London University crew in the intervals of his engineering course. He says that he picked up a good deal of valuable experience during a post he took for the University vacation, and was given responsibility he did not expect.

DAVID BRERETON is making good progress in his course of training with the G.P.O. His elder brother JIMMY is in a similar line as many people know. He has done exceedingly well, and has an exciting and responsible post as his reward.

We had a visit from CHRISTOPHER NICKALLS and RALPH ARNOLD a few weeks ago. RALPH, after his severe ordeal in prison outside Algiers after capture during service with the Merchant Navy, had further adventures which his modesty will not allow us to publish. When he registered as a C.O., he left the Merchant Navy and joined the F.A.U., where he now is. CHRISTOPHER has left Bootham and is now training in the F.A.U. So far as we know PROCTER LEMARE is training with him, for he mentioned that he was going to join the Unit soon.

STEPHEN HATT came into school a few weekends ago, and he is at the moment on deferred service for the R.A.F., having been accepted as a pilot.

We have also had some visits from STEPHEN DUNSTAN who was working for a few weeks at a local farm, helping with the

potato crop. We hope that he has by now found permanent employment. BRIAN STANGER was with him there too, and we are glad to see Brian again after his time in prison. We hope that he will be allowed to return to his College to complete his course, which ought to be of great use to him in immediate and in more remote work, for a craft specialist has valuable gifts and training.

PAMELA DALTON has obtained her G.S.C.

GODRIC BADER, according to our information, is now training for a medical career.

MALCOLM SHEPHERD, has gone overseas with his regiment.

JOHN FORDHAM is now doing ferrying work as a pilot in the Fleet Air Arm.

URSULA ALSBERG is to be congratulated on winning a scholarship at the Guildford School of Art, where she has been studying for some time past. This will help her for her whole course.

EILEEN ELMES is at a hospital in the West country training in occupational therapy.

RACHEL MORGAN is at an agricultural college in Hertford beginning what she hopes will be an agricultural career. She is feeling her way a bit at the moment.

For any misinformation, or for anything that is out-of-date, we apologize. There is, of course, one remedy . . . . . .

"ANCIENT AND MODERN."

IT WAS on a spring Sunday afternoon when I first met Mrs. Wodehouse. I was sauntering along a country lane, when, as I turned a bend, I saw an elderly lady walking in the same direction ; she was busy taking in the scenery about her. She wore a shawl, long skirts and a hat resembling a bonnet in shape ; her clothes differed little from the everyday, old-fashioned style worn by the typical old lady.

It was not long before we were amiably chatting and she seemed very pleased to hear that I lived but half a mile from her rooms in the village. We walked home together and I learnt she was a widow of 68, and her husband had been dead six years and had formerly been the village carpenter.

When in later months our friendship had increased, I saw that since the death of her husband she had been living almost entirely in memories while in reality, hardly living at all. Her kind nature and goodness had made her respected throughout all of her little world, but I don't fancy she was much aware of this, her actions having arisen from instinct.

I have since become one of her best friends and I think it has helped her to see and hear the doings of young people again.

Jean Lyell Upper 4th).

LITTLE JOE is a dirty little coward like most bullies. He delights in clipping the ears of the small boy next door, but is in undisguised fear of the older boy called Charley on the other side.

Joe lives in the East End of London and has been or will be one of the worst children of the neighbourhood. He has been discovered several times stealing fruit and other eatables, smashing windows and so on.

Maybe it is not his own fault that everything around him is bad. He has six brothers and sisters, two younger than his eight years, while the rest are considerably older. His mother does irregular charing and his father works as a docker for very low pay. Half of the pay he does get goes to the nearby public houses on Saturday nights. The children hardly ever see their father, and when they do it is usually for a beating.

Joe's elder brothers (two of them) are both on probation.

All the children did, or do loathe school intensely and regularly play truant. Joe's playground is the narrow, filthy back road in which daily there is a free fight either between the parents or the children. All the inhabitants of the street swear most fluently at almost anything. Any person who dares to go to church is called a sissy.

This is how Joe is and lives, a tyrant to all younger than himself and in constant fear of his elders.

Michael Stoner (*Upper 4th*).

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT, 1942.

THE first half of the term was devoted to hard practice for the gym display that was given at the General Meeting, and which, by the compliments heard afterwards was enjoyed greatly by parents and friends who came to watch. I know the girls taking part certainly enjoyed the display in spite of grumblings at being called upon to practise so often.

When we came to survey the possible players for a Cricket XI., we were dismayed to find that only two remained from last year's team. This meant that the XI. lacked experience and consequently suffered two bad defeats in their cricket matches.

The Tennis VI. were in a still worse position since there were no players left from last year at all, and the two matches that were played were lost. But it was not quite such a walk-over for our opponents as we had expected.

Swimming has been as popular as ever, and a great willingness to improve was shown by all. Everyone did seem to improve too. Life Saving Exams have taken up much of the time of a number of

he girls, and their keenness to succeed is shown in that all of them passed.

Group matches were played with customary zeal, and for weeks beforehand all spare moments of the captains' were given over to coaching some member of their team.

Although the Summer term did not bring many victories to the school, it has been very valuable for future years and we look forward to greater success next year.

We welcome this term Miss Galbraith, who has come to take gym, and games, and wish her all happiness while she is with us, and many victories for her sides on the playing field.

Miss Beatty left at the end of last term for Durban where she will be teaching at a Girls' College. We were very sorry to say goodbye to her, as she had been with us for five years, and had done a great deal of work for the common good of the school. We wish her every success in her new work, and hope to see her again in the not too far distant future.

Margaret Palmer
(Sixth Form).

BOYS' CRICKET.

IN the season under review the 1st and Boys' XI's lost all their nine matches, the 'Colts' won their single event and the under 14's shared the honours in their 2 games. This is indeed melancholy reading—especially to those who remember the years when the school teams regularly won more games than they lost. Has our standard declined? Or is it that we have remained the same whilst our opponents have improved? The latter is I think only true of Newport, who have undoubtedly some batsmen of outstanding merit, so we must accept the fact that our standard has deteriorated greatly, and look about for the reasons.

Some of these are, I think, as follows:—

1. There is not the keenness for cricket in these days and as a result practice is not so frequent or so serious.

2. The foundations of batsmanship remain the straight bat and the forward stroke and every batsman should concentrate on these first—actually few of our batsmen can be relied on to play with a straight bat or to play a correct forward stroke. A less mobile right leg would help here.

3. So far as bowling is concerned, length is of primary importance, pace, break or swerve are of little value if length is poor and a consistent length can only be obtained by practice.

4. Even if batting is poor and bowling variable, good fielding will cover a multitude of sins—but it was no uncommon thing for half-a-dozen catches to be dropped in the course of a match and for faulty ground fielding nearly to double our opponents' score.

All of these are faults that can be remedied but only by effort, and persistent effort too. Without this, school cricket will remain the rather unsatisfactory game we knew last season.

Our best match, and incidentally the only one in which we topped the hundred, thanks to Mr. Stewart's 66, was against the London section of the F.A.U. This was a thoroughly enjoyable game which but for faulty fielding, we should almost certainly have won.

Alan R. Appleton was Boys' Captain, and was also awarded his 'Colours.'

G.S.P.

SWIMMING REPORT, 1942.

FROM a swimming point of view the Summer Term, 1942 was quite a success. Great keenness was maintained throughout the school and by the end of the term almost every boy could swim although the number of beginners had been unusually large. The Swimming Club was more popular than ever and many boys passed the necessary tests and an all-round swimming team was built up. Matches were held again after a lapse of two years. We were defeated by teams from the F.A.U. and Old Scholars right at the beginning of term, but were victorious against Newport Grammar School, towards the end. This latter fixture was a very welcome innovation and we hope it will become an Annual event.

For General Meeting the boys gave a Swimming Pageant recapitulating some of the episodes in the history of Walden. For the Life Saving Exams there were more entries than for a number of years past and all but one boy were successful.

B.B.J.

NOTICES.

Two numbers of *The Avenue* are published each year, price 1/- per copy (post free 1s. 2d.) or 2s. per annum (post free 2s. 4d.).

(*Regular subscribers will pay only 2s. 2d. for year 1942-43, and so their account will be met*).

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, "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 and The Georgian.*

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