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'THE AVENUE'

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. XXX. MAY, 1943. No. 98.

INTER ALIA.

SINCE we now appear twice in a year, we must remember things which happened a good long time ago. Our first mention must be apologies for omissions in the November issue. Those who passed examinations in 1942 were not forever fixed in print as they deserved. We are sorry: we cannot think what possessed us to forget them, and we have hastened to set right the wrong elsewhere, six months late. Another apology is due too (oh, the shame!). We did not include a music report which was given to us. Mr. Thorne has forgiven us in the kindest way—by patiently writing more notes for these pages.

There are no more apologies to make, we earnestly hope, so we will come quickly to the happenings on our record.

Miss Barlow, Miss Jimson and Mr. Hughes have left us since November, and we should like here to thank them for the work they have done in our community. Miss Southwell and Miss Mills have come to interpret the Ministry of Food to us. Anyone who can fill a school stomach regularly demands our deepest respect. Mr. Harris has taken on most of the biology work, and Dr. Clifford has the rest. Mrs. Rice came in January to take the art, though Mrs. Worth has still a little. To all our newcomers we give welcome.

From January to mid-April (well into the holidays) there was mumps (or should it be "were mumps") in the School. The general swelling included Mr. Littleboy. So far this term we have had a slight ripple of measles. However, despite these small afflictions, the school seems as full as ever it has been.

We have felt for a long time that the Matric. Room could be livelier and lovelier in its decoration. The School Council asked Mr. Pearmain to direct a party of scholars willing to help in this work. As a result we have a far brighter and more interesting room, and those who are often in the room have kept it well. We congratulate Mr. Pearmain and his scrubbers, sweepers and painters on their fine work. It is worth adding here that the scholars are now taking on more of the general domestic run of the school than before. It is necessary work and at the same time good experience.

David Bolam has been awarded the West Scholarship in Arts' Subjects at University College, London. He deserves such a reward for his work and we are glad at his success. Paul Fordham won the Skelton Prize, awarded to him for his Entomological Diary.

We were pleased to welcome Philip Clarke for one week-end. He is an Old Scholar at present engaged in the coal mining industry and he gave a most interesting lecture on his work. Other Old Scholars doing interesting work, please note . . . . . For another week-end we were privileged to have a visit from Jean Inebnit who has worked so long with the International Voluntary Service for Peace. As a result of his visit a party of boys worked on a project with the I.V.S.P. in the Easter vacation. In the same vacation Miss Morland and some of the senior girls again visited Lady Margaret Hall Settlement for a week's work.

At the end of the Autumn Term, just too late for comment in the last issue of "*The Avenue*," two plays were presented by the scholars. Pauline Milford produced "The Little Man" by John Galsworthy, and Bernice Luck produced the Workers' Play from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." These choices are a fair indication of the interest in dramatics, for neither is an easy play to produce, and the success of them both was most marked. The productions shewed a thoroughness and forethought which made the plays well worth while from the point of view of actors and audience. The acting was good on the whole, in some cases very good, and the laughter of the audience would have gladdened the heart of Mr. Cochran.

In the Spring Term the scholars and some members of the staff produced "Murder in the Cathedral" by T. S. Eliot. A full criticism of the play appears elsewhere. There were two performances at the School, when, from the collections taken, £20 was sent to funds for famine relief in Europe. A third performance was given in Thaxted Church at the invitation of the Vicar. To all those who took part, this was a remarkable experience, and though the new setting (such a splendid one) made difficulties, it is said by people qualified to judge that the performance was of a remarkably high standard for amateurs, the chorus, in particular, being praised. Father Putterill hopes that the School will keep up this connection. He found pleasure, he says, in the absence of fuss with which the play was presented, as well as in the production itself. We found pleasure in his kindness as well as in his beautiful church.

Later in the Summer Term we have a musical "extra-mural" activity. The School is taking part in a local festival to be held in Bishop's Stortford, and is working hard in preparation for it.

* * *

Many of our readers knew Ursula Alsberg and Judith Mitchell. Ursula died late in January, and we heard of Judith's death at the

beginning of this term. Ursula had begun to make her way at the Guildford School of Art—she had won a scholarship which would have carried her through her training. Judith left us only recently to go to another school because her family had moved out of the district. We should like to gather in these words the sympathy of all those connected with the school who knew them, that the relatives of Ursula and Judith may know our thoughts.

HAPPY MEMORIES WITH URSULA ALSBERG.

THE joy of living over again happy memories is perhaps amongst the most treasured of our gifts : I can remember one evening—both of us were spending a holiday in the Lake District at the time, when we had been for a long mountaineering walk all day, on which had occurred all manner of humorous incidents ; I can remember we all sat round a table and related our unusual adventures—only the sort one reads about in books, we thought—it was a perfect evening, and there we sat, laughing our heads off—a thing we always seemed to do on those happy evenings back in the summer.

What is this life which for some must be ended before it has really begun ? We are so blind that we think we can only see ourselves and our life as a meaningless shadow in a huge and terrifying Universe—but something tells us that is not all. . . . .

F.W.

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL."

It was an ambitious project for the School to tackle "*Murder in the Cathedral.*" Here is a deeply religious modern drama calling for reverent and tender handling and finely controlled acting. It is a strange blend of Greek tragedy, Old Testament prophetic poetry, and Shavian polemics ; but its thought is consistent. It puts forward, with compelling power, the dark question which every true martyr must weigh for himself—will the way of Death lead on to Life ? Or in Becket's own words :

> Is there no way, in my soul's sickness,
> Does not lead to damnation in pride ?

Thus its production demands, first, pure poetic diction to do justice to its many passages of extraordinary beauty. Next it asks of a producer a strong sense of dramatic grouping and of group movement. Then too he must have some skill in linking up the more contrasted elements in the play, to give a thread of unity. And through the whole drama must run the clear *leit-motif*, the unsparing revelation of the inner mind of a martyr.

I do not want to seem to be giving extravagant praise, but on all these counts the school gave a performance probably as good as one would expect from a professional production. In one respect I am pretty sure that it surpassed that standard. That was in the chorus work. There is a theory that schools have the possibility of doing better with the dramatic chorus than fully adult companies, whether professional or amateur. And after seeing this Walden production I am inclined to agree. The "Women of Canterbury" carried the play through by something more than mere team work. The lilt and rhythm of the long passages never grew ragged. The matched rise and fall of the inflections, the varying pace, all implied an understanding such as players in a good string quartet develop. I might borrow a Quaker term and say that the members of the chorus were "gathered." They showed a strong group feeling for their functions, which were to create atmosphere, to sound the note of foreboding, to express the pain and pity of the inevitable climax, and by the note of lyricism to relieve the tension afterwards.

The character of Becket as portrayed by T. S. Eliot probably bears little relation to the Becket of history. That is a small matter. It is not a play about history but about martyrdom. What matters is the man's inner integrity. He is the martyr type, not a particular martyr at one point in history. That is an essential point of difference between this and the other great martyr play of our time, *St. Joan*.

The part calls for much the same qualities in an actor as any part in high tragedy, say Hamlet or Macbeth. At the performance I saw my impression was that Campbell Stewart was almost too restrained in relation to the intensity of the rest of the cast, especially of the chorus. His sensitiveness, sincerity, and clear diction were remarkable; but the general impression was of rather too much stoicism and too few wrestlings of the spirit.

The scene in which the four Tempters play for the soul of Thomas-à-Becket was a good sample of the balance and team work which Campbell Stewart aimed at and achieved in his production. These four parts were originally intended by the author to be doubled by those of the four Knights. A man usually plays the part of the First Tempter, but Pauline Milford made the part far more dangerously seductive. David Bolam and Paul Fordham also did well as Tempters Two and Three. Number Two, the courtly, subtle diplomat, found a foil in Number Three, the bluff country squire who knows "a horse, a dog, a wench." But the supreme temptation is reserved for the Fourth Tempter, and in this part David Castillejo achieved an almost Mephistophelian suavity with his alluring vision of Thomas dwelling forever with the Saints while his persecutors writhe in eternal torment in the gulf far below.

Two scenes in the play provide decided anti-climaxes One is the interlude in which Thomas preaches in the Cathedral on

Christmas morning, 1170. A dramatist who changes the whole character of his medium so abruptly must be prepared to sacrifice suspense and continuity.

The other anti-climax is of course the curious "coroner's jury-like" scene in which the Four Knights make their excuses for the murder they have just committed.

Brian Harris as the First Knight, Reginald Fitz Urse, and Dennis Yardley, David Castillejo and Richard Best as his colleagues were admirably plausible and level-headed. The Knights are merely the dramatic means by which T. S. Eliot makes a fully intentional appeal to the reasoning level of the intellect immediately after the very climax of his tragedy. But I must repeat that I think it emotionally and dramatically an artistic error. However, there is always a place for experiment, and much may be forgiven a poet who can write with Eliot's imagery and intensity of feeling. The chorus which begins "I have smelt them, the death-bringers," with its projections into the life of sea-anemones and sponges and all kinds of birds and beasts, must surely be one of the most vivid expressions of the nausea of horror in the language.

I seem to have given more space to criticizing T. S. Eliot than in appraising the School's performance of his play. But perhaps that is an indirect compliment to all those who spent so many hours in perfecting the production. A word of praise must be given to the setting and lighting. The effect of a cathedral was suggested by simple hangings of coarsely woven fabric. The lighting effects were always unobtrusively controlled and in harmony with the mood and development of the play. A work of art seen for the first time makes one want to discuss it. The performer who only draws attention to himself is the worse artist. It is a pity to think that so creditable a school performance could not be seen by a wider audience than was possible at either Saffron Walden or Thaxted.

G. W. WHITEMAN.

NUMBER 4840 H.M. BORSTAL INSTITUTION, F——.

AT last it had come, and as the Magistrate mumbled "six months" I felt a certain sense of relief. Nothing could alter my life for a little while, the machine had been set in motion and neither thinking nor worrying on my part could alter it.

After a terrible night in a bug-infested police cell, a sixteen mile ride in a sweltering hot cubicle in a Black Maria, I arrived at His Majesty's Borstal Institution, F——. Here I was to spend the first six weeks of my "stretch" as a "Young Prisoner."

I was soon put through "reception" and was ready to face the worst. My new clothes consisted of a pair of rather tight brown shorts, small grey socks and large hob-nailed boots and a well mended but very small coarse grey shirt. Apart from this clothing I had nothing.

I was taken along what seemed to me to be miles of brick corridor and let through several gates which had to be unlocked and locked again. The Officer (or warder, usually referred to as a "screw") who went with us was fairly friendly and altogether things seemed none too bad. At length we arrived at a big room where the "screw" informed me "There are some more of your fellows in here." This was cheering news and I have often wondered why he told me that. In this room I was handed over to another "screw" who seemed to be in charge of the room. As I stood there waiting my turn at the desk, several tough looking fellows called in a very loud whisper "Whatcha in for, mate?" I formed the letters C.O. with my lips and saw the information passed from table to table. Then I was told my number by the "screw," also my dormitory and bed number. After that I was told to sit at table three.

I found, to my great delight, that there were three other C.O.'s at my table and the rest of the evening was spent in talking to these. I soon learned all there was to know. There were two "houses" of "Young Prisoners" (Y.P.) and three "houses" of Borstal Boys. Each house had about seventy inmates. Young Prisoners (all under 21) did not mix wilh the Borstal Boys. There were about ten C.O.'s there then, five of whom were in my house.

The following day I was informed that I should be working with the "maintenance party," and spent the day scrubbing floors. Most C.O.'s I learned, were in the maintenance party which included plumbers, electricians and carpenters and decorators. By a stroke of good fortune I found myself with a carpenter. I was the only one working with him for a few days and during that time I told him all about myself and learned a lot about him. Our jobs were very varied. Fixing lavatory seats was my first job, and my last, putting on pigsty doors.

Our food amounted to a little more than ordinary prison diet, but even so I never felt I had enough to eat. Apart from its insufficiency there was little to complain of, although I could have readily eaten anything, however badly prepared.

At 8.30 p.m. we went to our dormitories where we were locked in till 6.30 in the morning. One side of these dormitories was mostly wire netting through which the night "screw" could look from the passage outside. There were fourteen in my dormitory and I am glad there was never any trouble during the six weeks I was there, although in other dormitories fights, bullying and far worse went on,

At night I learned about many of my fellow prisoners. Most were in the Forces and most had deserted. Every other word they used was a swear word, and filth and crudeness composed most of the conversations. Plans were laid for further "jobs," mostly burglary. They had been convicted for all manner of things, stealing, robbery with violence, bribery, larceny and black-market offences. I learned how to break open a gas meter and telephone box, how to force a Yale lock, to forge a post office bank book and many other things.

After a time I tried to find causes for all these crimes and in common with other C.O.'s we questioned and discussed particular cases. In nearly every instance the conditions of home life was the cause of the trouble. Unwanted in the large family they were left to fend for themselves with no moral code or sense of values and no one to trust. They had mostly graduated from the gutter through the Approved School and Borstal Institutions. By careful questioning, sympathy and understanding we were able gradually to gain the confidence of some of these outcasts, despised by society and with little hope for the future except further imprisonment. We were able in one or two cases, to advise and suggest and some brought their problems to us as soon as they saw they could trust us. They, apparently had never been able to do this with anyone before. Some of the real toughs—supposed to be the worst class of criminal—broke down when relating their stories.

Some may ask "What good has Borstal done these fellows?" I can assure any such questioner that in my experience the vast majority are far worse for entering such institutions. The reason for this is very plain to anyone who has been through it. There is little human contact or attempt at understanding any particular case. People who need the most careful, sympathetic and understanding treatment are in charge of officers who are inadequately trained and drawn from entirely the wrong sort of men, who, in most cases, have no sense of vocation whatever.

The rules governing penal institutions to-day require but very little alteration compared with the pressing need for a complete change in personnel to officers who are properly trained with a full sense of responsibility to men under their charge and to society as a whole. It is only fair to say that there are reforms afoot in the more enlightened institutions.

The remainder of my sentence was spent at Wormwood Scrubs which is another story.

BRIAN STANGER.

BEETLE MEMORIES.

HE came from underneath a stone in the field. When he was found this poor defenceless creature little knew what a life of ease and luxury he would live in my box. From that time onwards he owned the roomy box with his name on the lid in beautiful red capitals, for who has not heard the saying, "A Beetle's box is his castle"?

Wimpey was a highly versatile animal, and, indeed, earned his name from the way he would, at my bidding, haul a piece of wood about the floor when it was tied to his leg by a piece of cotton. It was a highly edifying spectacle to see people bombing the wood with opened-out dividers until some maliciously inclined persons took sly shots at the patient worker. At this I stopped the amusement and Wimpey started leading a life of seclusion, only coming out of his box on special occasions and Sunday letter-writing. Doubtless, during his confinement the high-minded creature took delight in solemn meditation and, had he been supplied with the materials, could have written many learned works.

This state of peace could not last, however, and one evil day, six weeks from his rescue from the wild field, the last night of term, he went.

His travelling box, an old Elastoplast tin padded with blotting paper was in readiness, and to sustain him on the long hazardous voyage from his native home, I gave him a grasshopper on the dormitory window-sill. O! Thankless beast! When I returned to put him away for the night he was gone, only leaving behind him the legs and feelers of the meal which I had so kindly provided: not even a note of thanks!

Nearly a year has elapsed since I last saw Wimpey. Now the beetle-sickness creeps over me again and I am lonely. Will no-one respond to my grieving plea for a sophisticated and pleasing beetle?

"*Diffy.*"

AN ALLEGORY.

ONE day a boy was on a journey to Edition-of-the-Avenue, a town where he intended to make his name. His way was beset with dangers and this is the recital of a few.

This boy was called John and his two great enemies were Editor-of-the-Avenue, who had a powerful weapon called Editor's-Blue-Pencil, and there was the very swift giant Date-of-Publication.

John's weapons were Inspiration and Quiet, though Quiet was not so reliable since it was so easily broken.

With Inspiration John soon badly injured Editor-of-the-Avenue, but Date-of-Publication came on, and with him two other giants he had befriended called Bad-Grammar and Bad-Spelling.

John was a clever boy so he had not much bother in killing Date-of-Publication's friends, although this made Date-of-Publication come on faster as he was getting angry.

By this time Editor-of-the-Avenue had recovered and got together an army which was called Board-of-Editors, but as all the members of the army quarrelled there was not much danger from that direction.

Then came a race to get to Printers, a place near to Edition-of-the-Avenue, before Date-of-Publication. John won as Date-of-Publication was getting tired.

With all the dangers past, it was an easy journey then to Edition-of-the-Avenue, and there he is, though he realizes he has to stay there for a time before he can become one of the best known citizens.

Christopher Todd
(Upper 4).

FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

Devonshire Court,
The Esplanade,
Durban.

18th November, 1942.

To collect all one's worldly possessions and get out of a country in two and a half days is not an easy job, but that is what I had to do when I was told by South Africa House that I could have a passage to Durban.

I managed it, and when I woke up from the hustle and bustle of those two and a half days I found myself on a cargo ship of 10,000 tons, which had been converted to carry passengers, with 139 other passengers bound for the same country as myself.

The replanning of the ship was carried out in America, and I wish some of those who were in on it, had had to travel on her through equatorial weather. There were 6 in all cabins, and space was limited. But despite all these minor inconveniences we enjoyed ourselves, and once we left the shores of an island very dear to my heart, and steamed into good weather, games were organised, and if imagination were allowed to come into play we could have been travelling on a luxery liner.

The voyage was uneventful until after Freetown. Then we were fortunate, in that we escaped what was collected by another ship in the convoy, and those passengers lost everything they possessed, in the dead of night. Later we learnt they were all picked up by our escort destroyer.

Five weeks and three days later we landed in Cape Town. The approach into the Harbour is not to be forgotten. Over everything Table Mountain dominates, and the surrounding country is small in comparision. I went to the top, 3,000 feet, but not by my own steam as you might expect—time did not allow for that—but by cableway, which was a box affair pulled up on a cable. It was an eerie sensation feeling the ground disappear farther and farther away and when one looked at the certificate posted on the wall of the box which said that the engineering had been carried out by a German firm and was last tested in June, 1940, all doubts were confirmed!

The panoramic view from the top was magnificent, but I prefer Table Mountain from the sea. The lights in Cape Town at night were a wonder to all of us, we stayed out most of the first night ashore enjoying them. I am glad now, because Durban is blacked out.

I had to wait three days for a fast train to Durban. It leaves on a Friday at 6.45 p.m. and arrives in Durban on Sunday at 3.30 p.m. If this train is fast, then I would like the South African Railway officials to have a ride on the Flying Scotsman! The gauge is a narrow one and so any great speed is impossible. With the exception of the dust we collected going across the Karoo the journey was comfortable and full of interest. The Karoo is everything the geography books say about it, and I think I could add a bit more. We passed through it in Spring time and every now and then there were flowering shrubs and odd weeping willow trees standing by themselves in the midst of all the barrenness. We passed through Kimberley and Ladysmith, and I was sorry that I did not remember more South African history, but there was a walking encylopaedia in my carriage who supplied all the missing facts.

Before we ran down into Durban we rose to 4807 feet and from there, which is about 70 miles from Durban it took us 4½ hours winding our way in and out of the hills with an electric engine which we acquired at Ladysmith. Now do you wonder that I query the express?

Durban is enjoying Spring weather at the moment and is dressed in the mauve blue of the jacaranda tree and the pink and white of the cherry and almond trees. As I write this I am sitting at the window of my flat which is on the seventh floor of a block of flats overlooking the harbour where all the little and big ships come in. I know, or I think I know when the English mail comes in, and that is always a bright day for me out here.

I should hate to tell you about the food, fruit or chocolates, but they are all you can imagine them to be, and the electric hair dryer has come in very useful!

The school is mostly day scholars. There is a boarding section where 56 girls live quite apart from the main school. There are over 400 scholars altogether and although I have been here four weeks, if I know thirty names I am lucky. They find surnames amusing just as you did! We are swimming now and playing tennis, in both of which they have competitions with other schools. But they only play once a week and have one gym lesson a week much to my horror, but space and equipment are very inadequate. By comparison with Walden the swimming pool is all I would like you to have. It is lovely. Outdoor, same length and breadth, ten feet deep end, with two spring boards and an eight foot diving platform, but the standard of swimming is not high—yet!

The European population of Durban is over 93,000 and education for Natives and Europeans is quite separate. Native schools are run by the government, and one has to be bi-lingual to get a job with them. In all schools Afrikaans is taught, and from next year, at least one subject has to be taught in Afrikaans, not P.T.! Some individual members of schools take the London matric, but most take the Cape matriculation which they say is more difficult, but here opinions differ.

In three weeks time we have our Speech Day, which is run on the lines of Speech Days in Public Schools at home. Ours lasts for two days I believe, and we are all dressed up in our best bib and tucker.

I miss Walden, and I cannot get used to the fact that there are no wee boys about to be a nuisance. I wish there were!

I have contacted some Friends in Durban, and I have met an Uncle of Reginald Reynolds, and another man who met Denis Greenwood when he passed through here.

I hope this article will relieve some of you from having to get up in the wee small hours to write something for the "Avenue."

G. BEATTY

THE WOOD.

THE first fingers of dawn reached from over the mountain.

There was a slight stir in the blackthorn bush by the blackbird's nest. The blackbird hopped away from the nest and sang one note as though trying his voice, and then quite suddenly a wren warbled. The blackbird, as if outraged by this, burst into a gay song. The other birds then started to sing. A little shyly at

first may be, but quickly gaining courage till the wood was filled with joyous songs.

As the day wore on a great sense of uneasiness hung like a cloak over the wood. Flip, the oldest rabbit in the wood, had seen Man and had told Imp the squirrel. Imp had run up his tree and told one of the blackbirds, the blackbird had told the chaffinch and the chaffinch had piped it to the jay, the jay had screeched it all over the wood. Five minutes after this fuss, Man was seen by the jay. He was the gamekeeper (and poacher-in-chief). The animals knew this and disliked the very thought of him. The gamekeeper had two traps in his hand. The bright eyes of the jay spied a small fox terrier of a fierce nature running in the shadows by his master. This dog was not trained for catching foxes but rabbits and game.

The jay flew ahead and warned the rabbits in the warren that 'that nasty piece of dog-meat' was coming. The jay inevitably used bad language so the rabbits were used to such sayings.

The man passed by and went away with 'that nasty piece of dog-meat' running by him.

Evening brought sad news to the wood. Three pheasants had disappeared. But also it brought good news, the blackbird's eggs had hatched.

Jane Morgan
(Lower 4a).

LECTURE WEEK-END.

EVERY time I come back to Walden, I notice that the boys' playroom still has exactly the same smell that it had in my time. I can imagine that there might be revolutionary changes in the organisation of the school (changes that would appear revolutionary that is) but that the smell of the boys' playroom would be unaltered. The title of the lecture week-end, "You and the World to-morrow," makes one suspect that when to-morrow comes the world will still be the same old show in most of the details which make up our lives. However it is well to discuss plans for those details which may alter. The gathering was certainly pleasant and I hope that it could justly be called instructive; for I understand that the School were only allowed any extra rations from the Food Office on the strict understanding that it was an educational week-end; "not like your usual ones." The fact that we cannot hold our less edifying gathering at Whitsun this year may have induced more Old Scholars than usual to come to the Lecture week-end. Over 50 came for a night or more and about 15 came as day visitors.

In spite of a breakdown on the Saffron Walden branch line, some of us arrived on Friday evening and were welcomed at supper by Mrs. Beer, Mrs. Littleboy and Miss Murray. It cannot be easy to cater for an extra 50 people in these days but we did very well and we congratulate Miss Barlow. Old Scholars were asked to help by bringing a little food with them and by taking turns in fetching and carrying and washing up, except on Sunday when Lena came and looked after us.

The Lectures began on Saturday morning at 11 a.m. in the Library. John Burtt, who was to speak on education, could not be present, which was a pity, but saved us from mental indigestion, because we barely had time to give a proper hearing to Norman Eames and Frank Cadman. Norman Eames discussed the Beveridge Report with the aid of a leaflet tabulating the chief points. Frank Cadman, basing his address on the Scott Report, put before us the needs of the agricultural community and illustrated it with apt personal experiences and a fine set of maps and photographs. Both were congratulated from the body of the meeting on their excellent addresses and were gently attacked on the grounds of impracticability; but there was no time for a general discussion, and we all went to lunch.

In the afternoon the Old Girls beat the School at Hockey 2-1 but the Old Boys were beaten by the School 5-2. An Old Scholars' committee met and got through their business fast, being but a few and anxious not to waste their precious week-end in mere Committee.

In the evening Old Scholars and School gathered in the Hall to hear Mr. Arnold Whittick of the Town and Country Planning Association lecture on "Housing and Planning." He dealt very ably with the planning of cities; showed slides of garden cities in Britain and model flats in Germany, Holland and Scandinavia; and ended by discussing the futnre of housing in this country. He would like to see the large cities broken up into groups of towns in accordance with the way that industries have been spread out since the war started. He denied that any great dislike of change would be met in those who now live in crowded places and certainly not among the younger people.

We met again at 8.30 in the Library for questions to be put to the lecturers. It was obvious that we had material for several discussions arising from the three lectures of the day, for the Beveridge Report alone took up our time until 10. The view was put that dealing with the Report should be postponed until after the war, but the opposite view that it should be dealt with now was much more strongly supported.

Sunday was a succession of pleasantly ordered events; half an hour more in bed; meeting in the town; the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree and consumption of tea and home made cakes

followed by a bask in the sun on their lawn ; lunch ; more of this exceptional March sun and then the final session at 2.30 in the Library when Arnold Brereton outlined his conception of a new social order under the title "Palliation or Cure." He gave an analysis of the evils of the profit making system and described an alternative scheme of production for use involving a much greater conscious direction of the training of people and the use of resources. I think he expressed very clearly thoughts which were present (in some cases vaguely no doubt) in the minds of nearly all his audience, and that accounts for the absence of opposition in the discussion which followed, apart from a doubt concerning the fate of artists on which point we were reassured. It is to be hoped that the chaos of profit-making groups will be reduced to order but, like the smell of the boys' playroom, we must expect men to be much the same. This brings us to Harold Holttum's address in evening meeting in which he stressed the part played by people themselves in any social regeneration.

Evening meeting was followed by music from staff and Old Scholars. The latter met in Miss Murray's room for a last exchange of gossip after supper. I went to bed early so as to get up with less difficulty for the 7.10 next day. As I went upstairs I reflected that one thing really had changed in that now I feel an end-of-the-holidays depression on leaving school, while on the other hand I look forward with eagerness to coming back.

EDMUND BURTT.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

ANYONE who achieves mention in these lines is there through direct or indirect communication or through happy accident. Some come, some write, some just emerge.

. . . . .

STEPHEN WALKER who visited us a few weeks ago is just completing his course at Loughborough College. He says he is supposed to teach the young anything, but especially handcraft.

BRIAN STANGER, an interesting article from whom is on another page, is now on the Ackworth Staff as craft master. He is considering making his aim to teach in an Approved School (this is not causally related to Ackworth of course!).

We have heard from DAVID JACKSON who, when he wrote, was going through one of those waiting periods which so deaden the spirits of those in the Services. He is deeply interested in flying, and eager to get on to operational work. But in the present plenty, he has to wait his turn. He hopes to be able to pay us a visit soon.

MARY, his sister, may now be in the Wrens. She is in the final stages of publishing a novel.

We have news of IAN CROSSLEY who is also in the R.A.F. He is abroad now, but he has been ill, and was unfit for a good time. However, so far as we know, he is in good health again.

MICHAEL PAWSEY is in India with the R.A.F. as a motor mechanic. What his views on his work or his surroundings are, we cannot at present say.

While we are East of Suez, we might mention an interesting letter from MARTIN DAVIS who seems to work the India-Burma Road-China beat often and in various capacities. He mentions HENRY RODWELL as being a sort of Traffic Controller on certain sections of the Road, though to judge by the rate of change and versatility of the members of the F.A.U., he might easily be Sanitary Inspector to the Great Cham by now! When MARTIN wrote he was to be stationed in India for some time.

KEITH IRVINE worked for some months with the Fighting French, and during that time read a great deal of French Literature, including some which "devastated" him. He rose from his spiritual prostration in time to join the Navy, and we do not yet know if the Eumenides had the nerve to follow him to H.M.———. Ah, ah! Did you think we would put the name down in print? He and STEPHEN DUNSTAN and ROLAND PAGE seem to be running a kind of cultural communism, sharing books and records.

MARYAN MORGAN who visited the school the other day is completing her nursing qualifications at Addenbrooke's. She did some work at "The Morning Post Embankment Home" in her short holiday. JOAN DURELL is another of the sorority of ministering angels. At the moment her aerial orbit is a hospital for tubercular cases in Manchester.

EILEEN PUCKNELL who also visited us, is now working in the Land Army near her home in Kent. She is enjoying the work, and might possibly continue in some such work after the war, if she can.

PETER MILDRED, ALAN SARFAS, GODFREY PRATT, JOY MILLETT, ROGER STANGER, the NEEDHAMS, and other occasional visitors, are in their former line of business, so far as we know, only rather farther along.

JOAN HEPWORTH is going to the London School of Economics, at present evacuated to Cambridge, so we look forward to occasional visits from her and any others who are there.

If this were to continue, it might be full of a lively fancy, but not of the facts for which you look. So we will stop. 'Twere better so. Enough!

I WALKED IN THE DEPTH OF THE DEEP.

I WENT in a dream last night to a wondrous world
Where time was long ago forgotten
In a liquid eternity.
Where all is governed by a ceaseless surge of substance
Ever moving restlessly.
And all that we can understand in our earthly existence
Is estranged in a luminous gloom,
Like lamplight on hedgerows at midnight,
Or absent altogether.

And I wondered as one unknown to myself,
A stranger to my own mind.
My body was ageless as the world that lay without me;
My brain numbed to a timeless lethargy.
I walked in a deep shade, purple and turquoise,
Rich with the intensity of velvet.
And all about me grew lank grasses,
Blown like long hair let down in a breeze,
Fingering my face, pawing at my feet,
Forever beckoning,
And I following in calm consent.
The ground lay soft and yielding like wet sponge,
And through the stagnant mosses bulged great boulders
Like indignant gods awakened out of sleep.
Hewn by the master hand of hate
So cold and merciless.
Silence, so intense that it hummed like engines.
If only I could see some moving thing,
A friendly wink, a scurry,
Some colour vivid with the strength of sunlight.
But only purple velvet through a sickly muslin mist.
The grasses swaying and hovering like restless cats
Bored with their own company,
And the great grey gods still stretching.

I was the weary traveller, lost and alone
At the mouth of a spacious cavern
That loomed in shadow
More hollow-huge than space itself.
I had wandered unaware from the cliff of the world
Into an empty void, that sang contempt
In silence ——

Thus wrapped in my loneness,
Peering in dulled expectancy to catch some note of life,
My eyes met other eyes within the shadow——
Ice green and goggling.

But my heart leapt to the recognition
Of a fellow creature, something lithe and living.
And I stretched my hand to touch those scaly sides.
To feel the throb of nerves that pulsed within,
But I groped in nothingness——
My friend had gone in a swirl of water-silk,
That sprinkled many lights
Like dust caught in a sunbeam through the window.
Only stillness. Darkness.
He, alien as I to such deadness was gone
—— But trespassers.

This was the world so deep in the pit of the earth,
That the fathomline can only dangle in its skies.
Where the fish will only come in curiosity,
As one will lean o'er the bricks of a silent well,
Fearful of its density.
We, who know so much, still know so little
Of that world within our own world's shell.
The fish that dies in our net,
The weeds and slimes that rot,
The brilliant coral that fades,
The jelly fish that runs to water,
Tell us nothing
The very oysters build a hard pearl shell around their secret
And the clams clamp down their doors to our intrudings,
But I walked in a dream last night
In the very depth of the deep,
And what to mankind is a mystery,
Was revealed to me in sleep.

Bernice Luck
(Sixth Form).

TREES.

THE lovely flowering almond,
With buds in its branches;
The yellow laburnum,
With its hanging plumes;
And Oh! the stately elm,
With its brown seeds a-fluttering,
And the Avenue of limes,
With their crinkly-edged leaves.
If I had a choice, I'd pick the almond gay,
For that is the loveliest blossom today.

Barry Barber,
(Intermediate).

MR. MIDDLETON'S GARDEN.

TURNIPS, potatoes, carrots and peas,
Buttermilk, margarine, icecream or cheese,
Which does he grow? You never can guess,
He cultivates parsnips and fine watercress.

He gardens, he broadcasts and sows all the day,
And never has time for meals or for play,
He tries to grow onions as big as his head,
Until they're so heavy their weight is like lead.

He grew some large sun-flowers ever so tall,
Till their bold yellow heads peeped over the wall,
A short-sighted motorist stopped by the way,
And said "Will you sell me some petrol today?"

Susan Whiteman,
(Intermediate).

FRENCH.

LEARN the Future thoroughly,
Then an expert you will be.
Perfect is an awful bore,
But you must know it, and what's more—
Past Historic soon will follow,
And Imperfect you must swallow.
When you've learnt all these, as well
Comes "Passé Conditionel."
When revising, please remember
All the months (up to December)
February is Février,
And put M-A-I for May.
Though you hate French, please don't ask
Why you do this weary task,
For replies will always be—
"Why, my dear, but don't you see—
You may go to France some day?"
Then you grunt, and go away
Resolving, privately, to shun
That land which, 'spite of glorious sun,
Uses tenses strange and new,
Which may seem "all Greek" to you.
Take my advice; "if you've the chance
NEVER visit 'Sunny France!'"

Vera K. Day
(Lower 5th)

RECENT GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY.

		Given by
4 Vols. Works of Robert Louis Stevenson, Tusitala Edition		Mr. E. Neale
Bowling 'Em Out	Verity	Kenneth Francis
Palmerston	Phillip Guedalla	Elizabeth Grillet
The Men of the Burma Road	Chaung Yee	Mrs. Littleboy
Model-making for Schools	Evans and Udale	Mrs. Worth
Sixty Poems	Rudyard Kipling	Stephen Walker
So Shall Ye Reap	" "	
Modern Cabinet Work	Wells and Hooper	
Autumn Journal	Louis MacNeice	Pamela Bower
Pope and His Poetry	E. W. Edmunds	
Milton and His Poetry	H. W. Hudson	
Applied X Rays	George L. Clark	Mrs. Lonsdale
Force	Lord Davies	The Author
Spanish Circus	Martin Armstrong	Ursula Alsberg
Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Her Poetry	K. E. Royds	J. Penrose Whitlow
Works of Ralph Waldo Emerson		
Poetical Works of Thomas Hood		
26 Vols. Complete Work of Thackeray		Mrs. E. M. Nicol
Brazilian Adventure	Peter Fleming	Mr. W. V. Best
Saint Joan of Arc	V. Sackville West	
The Duke	Phillip Guedalla	
Letters of T. E. Lawrence	Edited by David Garnett	
2 Vols. Selected Prejudices	H. L. Mencken	
The Modern Use of the Bible	H. E. Fosdick	
Miss Mackenzie	Anthony Trollop	

Mr. Best gave, among other books:

8 Volumes of "The Thinkers' Library"	
Four-Part Setting	Ann Bridge
What is Quakerism?	Edward Grubb
Instincts of the Herd in War and Peace	W. Trotter
The Happy Return	C. S. Forester
Rabble in Arms	Kenneth Roberts
The Religion of the Open Mind	A. G. Whyte

GENERAL MEETING.

SOME genial scribe usually writes about General Meeting with ample pen. This year we are going to be sparer but, we hope, no less genial.

The weather was splendid, and a good number of parents and friends found it possible to get to the School on May 29th. Scholars and visitors quite filled the Hall for the Meeting for Worship in the morning. David Bolam had later the pleasurable embarrassment of walking the length of the Hall to receive congratulations on being awarded a First Scholarship. Bernice Luck was awarded a Second Scholarship and Paul Fordham and Dennis Yardley walked the same Scholarship path. All four are going on to University or Art School.

James Strachan spoke in his ripe experience and shrewd humour of "The Prospect in Education." Nursery schools, the school-leaving age, boarding schools, religious education, education in industry and other such wide prospects came within his scope, and the Chairman had to keep a firm hand on those who should have questioned but who tended to air a pardonable view. Lunch seemed to be eaten very much after the manner of friends, with joy and food in widest commonalty spread.

The exhibitions artistic, scientific, garmentual in the Senior, Intermediate and Junior Schools were seen by everyone who could be squeezed in, and the Model Club drove trains with obvious ease. The high standard of past years has been well maintained in craft, art, needlework and scientific interests. The Intermediates have brought that freshness that we associate with the work of younger scholars, and Junior House shewed again the originality we have come to expect from them.

The Concert took the form of choral singing and choral speaking both in German and in English. About two thirds of the school were in this varied programme, and we were charmed or chilled with equal delight. Glue, jazz, Handel, cats, Lilies-Bolero, sudden death (mercifully only heard by us in the preparatory stages) and Thomas à Becket, were choired about to an appreciative audience.

And then we saw the Boys' Gym. Display and the Girls' Swimming Display, and Mr. Jacob and Miss Galbraith deserve congratulation on having overcome the uncertainties of illness in the teams. We enjoyed the vigour of the boys and we saw quite a bit of the girls' skill over a couple of broad shoulders while contriving to breathe in a congested area. The population of the bathside was dense, believe me.

Light refreshment, conversation ("Is Charlie being a good boy?" "We always give Prissie Bemax at home") and the day was over. We enjoyed it, and nobody we saw didn't.

MUSIC NOTES.

WE are again indebted to several friends outside the School who have helped the music staff in providing the usual Sunday evening music. Among our visitors have been Mr. Parry Williams who with Mr. Foster played the Bach D mi. Double Violin Concerto with Mrs. Radley at the piano. On another occasion Mr. Foster and Mr. Thorne gave a performance of the Kreutzer Sonata. Mrs. Monica Waterhouse gave us a delightful violin recital one evening. We were especially pleased to welcome again Francesca Woodhouse who on this occasion played Bach's Sonata in A, the 1st movement from Beethoven's "Spring" Sonata and a group of solos.

In December a concert was given by the Senior and Junior Choirs and various singing classes. The Lower 3 Percussion Band and the Junior Orchestra also took part. On December 5th, the Intermediates gave a most successful entertainment, the main part of which was a performance of Heathcote Statham's operetta "The New Master." On March 16th there was yet another concert, this time of piano-music given by piano-pupils.

We congratulate Oliver Hughes on passing the advanced Examination (violin) of the Associated Board and the Grammar of Music Examination (Grade IV). Other successful pupils have been Doreen Barber (Lower) and Julia Dyer (Primary) both for piano.

S.T.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT.

THIS SEASON we have been very fortunate indeed with regard to the weather, as no matches had to be scratched.

The match results were not good, but we are hoping for a more successful season next year when quite a number of the 1st XI will still be here and we should be able to get a more permanent team with fewer changes. The forwards were weak in shooting, but by the end of the season had learned to combine well with each other.

Group matches and some mixed group matches were played with the usual enthusiasm. The staff played the school in two very exciting matches In the Autumn term the school pressed hard and were decidedly the winning team. In the Spring term the staff strengthened their ranks and were gratified to win after a close match.

Netball was started with the Juniors whose enthusiasm for the game was responsible for a high standard of play for beginners.

S.G.

BOYS' GAMES REPORT.

THE Spring term has been an encouraging one this year from the football point of view. In the Autumn the team had shown a certain amount of promise, but had been lacking in cohesion and drive. With the new year, however, it began to play together much better as a unit, and to show the individual initiative necessary. The defence has been sound. Its main weakness has been in clearance. In mid-field play, though the tackling has been good, passing has been weak. The forwards have been more thrustful, though the insides have been too reluctant to come back in defence when necessary. Shooting has improved, but still lacks power and accuracy. In spite of these criticisms there has been a most commendable keenness, and the standard of individual control and play is higher. Bearing in mind that the team is young, and that a fair proportion will be with us again this autumn, we look forward to a good season next year,

We have also had some keenly contested and very enjoyable under-14 matches against the Boys' British and Castle Street Schools, two of which were drawn, and the third went in our favour.

Individual criticisms of the team are as follows :—

J. R. HOLTTUM : Has played some good games in goal. His fielding is good, but he is not so certain with ground shots. He has played in other positions too, with steadiness.

J. G. MCCARTHY : His defence has been very good. In tackling, anticipation and clearing he has been most reliable. Perhaps still slow in recovering. Colours.

D. CASTILLEJO : His tackling is good. He is deceptively fast, and plays an intelligent game. Clearance weak.

D. YARDLEY : Hard working and covers well in defence. His control is uncertain and kicking weak, but he has been most valuable to the team.

R. M. BEST : He has played well at centre half, and his all round improvement is most marked. Tackling, kicking, control, anticipation, covering—all have been good, and he has captained the side with good judgment. Colours.

G. W. BOLAM : Has improved his attacking power, but is not yet sufficiently forceful for a winger. Centring needs practice.

P. E. FORDHAM : A tenacious player. He has not always combined with the other forwards as he should have. Shooting could be improved.

K. BALL : Much improved. His individual skill was a great help, and both as centre forward and in the halves, he gave stability and thrust to the side. Colours.

A. D. BROOKS : Has played with energy. Perhaps rather slow, and so too seldom back in defence when needed. Shooting needs care, but he has come on a lot.

M. CLULOW : As a left wing he has played well. He gets the ball across well and has scored some fine goals by well placed shooting.

R. G. PALMER : Has played hard and has improved. His control and kicking are good. Slow in recovery, and does not use the rest of the forwards as an inside should.

D. W. BOLAM : He has played in goal for many of the matches, and has improved. His hands are safer, but he still needs better balance for ground shots, and his judgment overhead is uncertain.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

Midsummer, 1942.

Higher School Certificate :—

J. Christopher Needham.

General School Certificate (with Matric. Exemption) :—

Richard M. Best,
Rachel E. Morgan,
David A. Rees,
Dennis A. Yardley.
David Castillejo,
Walter R. Neumann,
Alan J. Sarfas,

General School Certificate :—

C. David Allen,
Arnold D. Bridge,
Julie M. Eggleton,
Donald Heber,
Pauline G. Milford,
Margaret Palmer,
John A. Soar.
Geoffrey S. Blanden,
Pamela J. Dunstan,
Christopher N. Grillet,
V. Bernice Luck,
H. Robert Norman,
David J. L. Scott,

NOTICES.

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Articles and subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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

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

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

You will then have full particulars of all functions direct from the O.S. Secretary, Edmund Burtt, Penn Club, 22, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1.

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 Georgian, The Cupola.*

"*THE AVENUE*" BOARD.

President: Gerald Littleboy. *Treasurer*: Helen Radley.
Editors: Winifred Worth, Bernice Luck, Arnold Brereton, Campbell Stewart, David Bolam, David Castillejo.



Give your family

ROWNTREE'S COCOA

The meal-time drink that is a food as well

Half the Fires in the Country are caused by matches and cigarette ends

Most fires are caused by "CAREFUL" people

Don't just be careful———

TAKE EXTRA CARE

BLOOM & SON, SAFFRON WALDEN, ESSEX.