THE AVENUE

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DECEMBER 1944

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 35. DECEMBER, 1944. No. 102.

WATERBOUND

"IT never rains, but it pours." No words (understood literally) could more truly describe the conditions which prevail to-day. With this fact very much in evidence, and assured by the comforting words of the headmaster that "it doesn't matter if it's a bit shorter than usual," I sit down to write this editorial. We have, in fact, for once received more matter (of a printable standard) for inclusion in this issue than we can possibly use.

Recalling the now far-distant beginning of term, and of the school year, I remember hearing before I even arrived on the school premises reference to nocturnal visits from flying bombs in this neighbourhood. One fell so near as to break two hundred or so windows in the school, and to damage Mr. Brereton's house. What audacity! We have not, however, incurred any damage since we have been back at school, and what disturbances there have been from this source have been only of a minor character. The number of colds contracted from hasty midnight removals from a warm bed to the cold floor has not been great.

To progress to a more specifically scholastic subject—one that is well-worn but nevertheless most essential—that of staff changes, it is significant that in accord with a still increasing total number of pupils (now 282), one extra member of staff has been appointed. An event took place at the end of last term which was of more importance than the regular comings and goings of assistant masters and mistresses—the departure of Miss Clark from Saffron Walden. It is inevitable that her chickens and mathematical instruction should remain inseparably connected in my mind, for she so intimately intermingled the two. Less distinct are memories of her digressions from a study of the history of Quakerism in a Lower Five Scripture class, to tell us of her life on the Yorkshire farm which occupies so soft a spot in her heart. The gap caused by Miss Clark's departure has been filled by Miss Ellinor in the capacity of headmistress, and Miss Taylor, who has taken over the Mathematics classes. Miss Ellinor is able to devote more time than was previously given to Scripture classes, and to Civics and allied subjects. All these topics fit in well with her knowledge of History, which was her main subject before coming here.

Miss Chown has come to teach Art in the place of Miss Tyler, whom we still see about the building and in the town at various times, and Miss Morland's former task of teaching the Intermediates is now carried out by Miss Payne. Mr. Osborn has taken over a worse job—that of teaching French, which Miss Adams so nobly tackled in the past. Finally, Mr. Stanger, who has been working with Mr. Jacobs on general maintenance and repair work about the premises, has joined the teaching staff as Woodwork master in place of Mr. Pearmain, who also left last term. To all newcomers we extend a hearty and sympathetic welcome.

Only one important change in School arrangements has come about this term—the establishment of the Sixth Form room for the benefit of the record number of people returning after passing their School Certificate. This has caused the ending of the use of the "Matric." Room as a general common room, but no strong grievances seem to be felt amongst the rest of the school on this account. As for the way in which the Sixth Form behaves on occasions when in the comparative privacy of its own room—the less said about it the better.

We have had a number of visitors to the school this term. Edgar Dunstan and Penrose Whitlow, both good friends of the School, have made week-end visits, as have the Rev. Patrick Figgis (General Secretary of the Peace Pledge Union) and Mr. Herbert Banyard, formerly a London taxi-driver. Edgar Dunstan gave a fine talk in Study Circle on Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." Penrose Whitlow lectured on the Saturday evening on his journey "From Cairo to the Cape," and Mr. Banyard kept us laughing when he talked under the title "So this is London." He also gave an inspiring address in Sunday evening meeting. Patrick Figgis spoke both at Peace Group and to Study Circle on Post-War Problems and Reconstruction. Other visitors have been Miss Maxwell-Lyte and Una Forward. Miss Maxwell-Lyte gave a recital of songs one Saturday Evening. She sang classical songs, folk songs from various foreign countries, and some humorous English folk songs. Una Forward, an old scholar, came to speak to Peace Group on "The Reform and Abolition of Prisons." She was imprisoned as a result of her conscientious objection to war; we hope present scholars will not try to find out for themselves by more offensive means what the inside of a prison is like.

Now, my work o'er and my duty done, all that remains for me to do is to retire, commending the following pages to your thorough perusal, and wishing you on behalf of the Editorial Board a Merry Christmas!

D.P.S.

THURSDAY MEETING

BEAUTY rises out of silence
Far away from foolish fears,
Freeing man from hate, with patience
Sent to ease the burdened years.

Through the room a pregnant stillness
That shall bear its fruit in years:
Hope and trust, a sudden clearness
As long-waited glory nears.

This, a lull in morning bustle,
Dews the mind with day-sought rest;
Here above infrequent rustle
Comes the peace that Christ knew best.

RONALD S. MALLONE

THE RIVER

TWISTING, curling,
Winding, whirling,
Onward through green pastures turning,
Onward, onward, onward ever,
Never ceasing, never, never.

Waters green and clear and cool,
Ever turning—as a rule—
Onward, onward, onward ever,
Never ceasing, never, never.

Where the trout will jump and play,
In the water all the day;
Onward, onward, onward ever,
Never ceasing, never, never,
Flows the devious River Towey.

Susan Fry
(Age 12

ORDEAL BY FIRE

YOU do not know, you cannot tell
What anxious moments I have had;
My hair is white, my brow is sad.
That thick dark smoke! That horrid smell!

More wan am I with each new trial.
His food is slowly filtered oil;
His job to make the kettle boil.
With Cheshire grin or brassy smile,
His heart bursts forth in sudden rage;
Spiteful growls and angry roaring;
Flames from out his mouth are pouring—

* * * *

We all must have our cup of tea,
On that, I'm sure, we all agree!
But this, alas, cannot be so
Because the primus will not go.

Marygold Lansdell
(Age 15)

GIRLS' SUMMER GAMES REPORT

LAST season we did not have a large number of matches and the results were not good.

The Tennis VI. lacked confidence and any real power to attack; they need to move more quickly and get up to the net with stronger drives to push their opponents back. Angela Newman played well and steadily; the rest of the team were too erratic. The remaining five members of the team, with constant practice, should make a useful team next season. There are a number of promising players in the middle school and some did very well in the Mixed Tournaments, House Matches and Singles Tournaments. Colours were awarded to Angela Newman.

There were no cricket matches last season; several players showed promise as bowlers but fielding on the whole was slow.

There was quite a good standard of rounders throughout the school and fielding was usually quick but rather inaccurate at times; batting improved during the season. The Juniors did well in their only school match and had some exciting house matches. The seniors had a good match with the Training College.

There was good work in Swimming especially by beginners, who made excellent progress. Next year it is hoped that a number of girls will take their Silver Examination. Out of 58 entries for the R.L.S.S. Examinations there was not one failure. No colours were awarded. Gymnastic colours were awarded to Paddy Haigh, Joan Barnes and Kathleen Moore.

RESULTS

May 13th.	Tennis v. S. W. Training College ...	Lost 36—63.
„ 27th.	Old Scholars—Mixed Tennis	Won 53—46.
June 15th.	Swimming v. S. W. Training College...	Lost 11—32.
„ 24th.	Tennis v. Chantry Mount	Lost 44—55.
	Junior Rounders v. Chantry Mount ...	Won 15—1.
July 1st.	Rounders v. S. W. Training College ...	Lost 1½—2.
„ 8th.	Staff v. School Mixed Tennis ...	Staff won 66—33.
„ 12th.	Girls v. Boys Tennis	Boys won 54—27.
„ 15th.	Tennis v. Berbice House, Dunmow ...	Won 80—19.

Senior Tennis Champion—Angela Newman.
Junior Tennis Champion—Anna Sargant.

S.G.

HOCKEY, 1944.

IN spite of very wet weather we have made a promising start to what we hope will be a successful season. The 1st and 2nd XI.'s realise the value of speed, determination and quick accurate passing to keep the ball moving about the field though all these points need to be much improved, as well as the power to rush and shoot when in the circle. We have had two good matches with Hockerhill Training College—the 1st XI. game was very even and we drew 1—1. The 2nd XI. game was very keen but we tired sooner and lost 3—1. The beginners are making steady progress; house matches will be played in the second half of the term. On Wednesday, October 25th, there was an enjoyable, energetic and exciting game of mixed hockey, Staff v. School, which the School won by 4—2.

S.G.

FOOTBALL, 1944.

October 14th. Masters' XI. 3 (Plank 3) v. Saffron Walden Junior Wanderers 3.

The School defence was unnerved by two early goals, but later played well, especially against wind and slope in the second half, when only one goal was conceded—and that in a desperate rally six minutes from the end. Mr. Lenz and Palmer were outstanding in the defence, and Plank and Mr. Worth in the attack. On the right wing Mr. Dale was starved of the ball, while on the other wing Simpson centred too late. The halves did not play up enough when the wind was behind.

October 16th. Masters' XI. 4 (Mr. Worth 2, Palmer, Simpson) v. N.F.S. 4.

The School had most of the play, but were careless when near goal; with a greasy ball long-range shooting pays. The defence was good, although a little slack when the score was in our favour at 4—3. Our opponents' dangerous centre-half was given too much freedom at the throw-on. Some bad feeling was displayed by both sides. Simpson again tried ambitious centres too late.

October 18th. Boys' XI. 2 (Brooks, a Newport back) v. Newport Grammar School 10.

This game was played in a gale, and the School suffered from a bad attack of "Newport nerves." The score eloquently emphasises the cardinal weakness of the School team—feeble and inaccurate kicking. Most players treated the ball as something to be got rid of—not as an opportunity to be exploited. The backs did not cover one another, and were lying too far up effectively to deal with the long kicks of our opponents. They did not kick sufficiently for touch, especially against the wind. The passing was appalling.

October 21st. Boy's XI. 2 (Plank 2) v. Harlow College 3 (Away).

This was an energetic game: a small pitch made rapid attacks by forwards easier. Barbanell and Greenland played particularly well, but a more effective right-half would have curbed Harlow's left-wing to a greater extent. The opposing centre-half and centre-forward were dangerous, but were on the whole well subdued, especially in the second half. The forwards were handicapped in the second half by a slippery goal-mouth, which made quick movement and accurate short passing difficult.

October 31st. Masters' XI. 6 (Plank 4, Mr. Worth 2) v. N.F.S. 1.

Our opponents were completely out-paced, and often as completely out-manœuvred. They were helpless against the powerful thrusts of our forwards, and Mr. Worth and Plank made no mistakes once within range. Our defence was too speedy to allow their forwards any liberties. Palmer had a good game; his heading was a joy to watch. The passing was stronger and more purposeful, and the centring more accurate.

OTHER RESULTS

Nov. 4. Searchlight Battery 4 v. Masters' XI. 0.
„ 11. U.S. Army XI. 1 v. Masters' XI. 9 (Plank 3, Clulow 3, Mr. Worth 2, Opponent 1).
„ 15. Newport Masters' XI. 9. v. Masters' XI. 1 (Plank).
„ 18. Harlow 8 v. Boys' XI. 1 (Plank).

C.A.M.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

DURING the Summer Term we had four meetings. The first was an informal discussion meeting, the subjects being "All education should be co-educational at the post-primary stage" and "Equal pay for equal work between men and women." Each was supported and opposed in brief introductions by Miss Yapp and David Castillejo, and Pat Jeffery and Derek Neale.

Next we had a free essay meeting, there being three essays. Rayleen Calvert wrote on "The work and life of sea pilots," Roy Smith on "How sugar is manufactured," and Renate Bondi on "Music and Art." Our third meeting was a playreading of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and at our last the subject was "Parody." There was a short introduction, followed by readings of parodies, one musical parody being included.

This year the Society is perhaps slightly smaller than last year, but nevertheless there is a good-sized group, consisting of some thirty to thirty-five members.

As there was not much time for arranging our first meeting, it was devoted to prepared speeches, lasting from two to five minutes each, the names of those to speak being "drawn from the hat" on the spot. The speeches varied; some were humorous, others serious; some were biographical, others on abstract subjects or on concrete objects. Nearly all reached a good standard.

Our second was an essay meeting on "Science in Relation to Literature." The subject provided two good, interesting essays (by Renate Bondi and John Moon), which in turn provoked much valuable discussion, ranging over much ground in a way regrettably impossible to summarise here.

At present most members are involved in learning parts and rehearsing for the next meeting, at which the court scene from Galsworthy's "The Silver Box," and "Good Beating," one of Housman's "Little Plays of St. Francis," are being acted. Afterwards there is to be discussion on them.

The following meeting is to be another essay meeting, on "Pessimism in Literature."

D.P.S.

MIDDLE LITERARY SOCIETY

LAST term the Society continued to maintain quite a high standard of essays on many subjects. These varied from imaginary holidays to biographies of many famous people. To break the monotony of the meetings, Miss Yapp chose six of the

best essays of by-gone members, and some of the present members read them.

This term, however, the number of members has greatly diminished, leaving no boys and only about a dozen girls. It has therefore been decided to reduce the number of essays to two a meeting and to introduce three or four voluntary readings. These readings have been well chosen and are a great success. On the whole the essays this term have been written more carefully and their reading has also greatly improved.

Brenda Milford (Age 14)
Alice Kendon (Age 13)

SENIOR NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

DURING the Summer Term a number of rambles were organised covering the surrounding district. These were, however, of minor importance compared with our annual "Natch excursion"; and one Saturday towards the end of term thirty of us set out on bikes to Takeley Forest. As always, the lake was the main attraction and little actual nature work was done, but I think the outing was enjoyed by all.

At the first meeting of the Autumn Term old members of our Society were overwhelmed with prospective new members for the coming year—sixty in all. It was decided, however, that forty was the maximum number for a school society.

So far this term we have had interesting essays on "Bird-watching," "Viruses," "Ants" and "Astronomy." Mr. Lenz has undertaken to give us a series of lectures on "Evolution" Towards the end of term we hope to have another evening devoted to nature films.

Judith Layng
(Age 16)

BADMINTON

WITH the Winter season, the Sixth Form Badminton Club has commenced its activities on Sunday afternoons again. To fill vacancies caused by school leavers, Iona Brereton, Judith Layng, Greenland and Brooks were elected to membership.

A match between the Sixth Form and the Staff resulted in a win for the staff. The Sixth Form were unfortunate in losing the services of one of their chief players—Collinson—owing to an injury to the hand.

M. LENZ

ROYAL LIFE SAVING SOCIETY

AWARDS WON SUMMER TERM, 1944.

Elementary Certificate: Helga Bass, Benita Barber, Margaret Clarke, Margaret Durrant, Michael Flatow, Jane Hopkins, Colin Jones, Leonie Lane, Anne Marriage, Alastair Martin, Elizabeth Plumb, Elizabeth Rice, Margaret Robinson, Hazel Sapsed, Naomi Sargant, Ann Talbot, Anne Whittick.

Intermediate Certificate: Hazel Appleton, Jonathan Ayscough, Roderick Blackburn, Anthony Brown, Lois Buck, Michael Coleman, Grace Doggett, Anne Dutton, Julia Dyer, Anthony Edwards, Daphne Faussett, Kenneth Frizzell, Susan Fry, Pauline Goddard, Stewart Goddard, Jean Green, Adrian Hall, Lorna Harris, Barbara Hastie, John Hinton, Peter Hopkins, Michael How, Alice Kendon, Patricia Lamond, Judith Layng, Michael Littleboy, Susan Maguire, Anthony Marus, Brenda Milford, Jane Morgan, Jenifer Palmer, John Plank, Katherine Procter, Carys Rees, Jean Rose, Michael Rossman, Anna Sargant, José Stubbings, Gerald Todd, John Woods.

Bronze Medallion: Mary Balk, Iona Brereton, Anthony Brooks, Jean Burman, Ruth Comber, Mollie Eggleton, Pauline Goddard, Muriel Hockley, Peter Hopkins, Patricia Jeffrey, Marygold Lansdell, Judith Layng, Jean Lyell, Kathleen Moore, Derek Neale, Jean Palmer, Jenifer Palmer, Margaret Radclyffe, Michael Rossman, Roy Smith, José Stubbings, Gerald Todd, Gerard Wakeman.

Award of Merit (Silver Medallion): Derek Barbanell, Owen Morice, David Powell, Geoffrey Soar.

Instructor's Certificate, 2nd Class: Iona Brereton, Mollie Eggleton, Muriel Hockley, Judith Layng, Owen Morice, Derek Neale.

Instructor's Certificate, 1st Class: Jill Hopwood, Owen Morice, David Powell.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

Higher School Certificate, 1944: David Castillejo, David Eaton.

General School Certificate, 1944. Certificate, with Matriculation Exemption: Doreen Adams, Gillian Allen, Derek Barbanell, Joan Barnes, Iona Brereton, Vera Day, James Greenland, Peter Hopkins, Patricia Jeffrey, Terence Meux, John Moon, Donald Simpson.

Certificate: Godfrey Bolam, Anthony Brooks, Jean Burman, Anthony Edwards, Paddy Haigh, Pamela Hall, Judith Layng, Jenifer Palmer, Richard Palmer, David Powell, Margaret Radclyffe, Abilio Sanchez, Geoffrey Soar.

Additional Subjects to Certificates already held: Daniel Butler, Oliver Hughes, John Morice.

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE ROYAL SCHOOLS OF MUSIC

Grade I. **Pass Certificate:** Barry Barber.

Grade II. **Pass With Credit:** Colin Jones.

Pass Certificate: Benita Barber, Julia Dyer, Alice Kendon.

Grade VII. Pass Certificate: José Stubbings.

"SHAKESPEARE AND ALL THAT CRUSH"

AFTER a sumptuous banquet (of school fish and half-cooked "spuds," plus currant "stodge" beneath a coating of lumpy custard), a stupendous and breath-taking dash was made for the grimy precincts of Saffron Walden station by the majority of our number, while the more energetically minded members of the Form leapt upon their trusty steeds, and pedalled furiously away in the direction of Cambridge.

Where were we going, and why was a harassed-looking Mr. Mallone rushing up and down the platform supervising a mid-term "squash"? To supply the answer to this question, it is necessary to travel back to the seventeenth century, when that unpopular inflictor of torment upon defenceless school-children—Shakespeare—was writing odes to winter winds, and wondering whether or not he should "be." About this time, it is presumed, that with or without the aid of Bacon, he wrote, or rather attempted to write, a play about domesticating a near cousin to the field-mouse. (Mr. Lenz, please note!). Yes, you've guessed it! We were off to see the "Taming of the Shrew," at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge.

After engaging in loud controversy with a porter, on the virtues of leaning out of carriage windows, three of us won our point, and

continued to hang out, all the way from Audley End to Cambridge, where a free fight ensued outside the Arts, centring around Mr. Mallone, from whom we were endeavouring to extract tickets. However, that worthy gentleman handled the seething mass with supreme courage, and won the battle. That is to say, we all received untorn and undamaged tickets, although most of us found ourselves seated beside those most antagonistic to our own most peaceful natures. (For instance, my neighbour and I spent half the performance in violent altercation over the ownership of my programme.)

However, I am crossing my bridges before either horse, cart, or chickens are hatched! (Mixed metaphor and zeugma!) Back to our arrival at Cambridge. The long-suffering inhabitants perceived a long and continuous line of moderately well-behaved, but incredibly noisy children, stream from the station and begin the "Great Trek" (1835, Mr. Dale, please note!) to the town centre. Three of us, priding ourselves on our fast walking, led the procession, with Mr. Mallone and others "chugging" along in the rear. Then calamity befell! We felt hungry! So, armed with 11¾d., and followed by a band of trusty (but equally starving) comrades, I stormed the market-place, and discovered an apple vendor, who, taken by storm, gave us in his flurry one too many apples for our pound! Turning round after our purchases, however, we could see no tail-end of the procession, and comparative silence reigned in Cambridge, even though it seemed to be market-day. But a faint heart never won the day, so we truant members of the party ploughed our way to the back of King's College (where our feminine intuition had led us), and joined the rest of the Form, whom we had expected to discover by the river. (They were still minus the cyclists, however, who later joined us outside the theatre, looking terribly out of breath, and panting, yet assuring us that they hadn't hurried at all, and in fact had been lounging in a milk-bar for the past hour or so!) Here we spent a pleasant half-hour, sitting on the bridge, and making rude faces at the ducks swimming energetically below, wagging their tails, and waiting expectantly for pieces of our much-disputed apples, which, of course, they got, but not without great reluctance on our part! In fact, we were loth to leave our ducks, and I became quite attached to "Archibald," who inevitably received at least 11d. worth of my 11¾d. When we had torn ourselves away, however, and indulged in the combat outside the theatre, already referred to; had joined the industrious cyclists, struggling hard for breath, and had eventually seated our noisy persons, we subsided into a hungry silence, to watch the curtain rise on one of Shakespeare's less complicated and therefore much more amusing comedies.

The whole Form thoroughly enjoyed the performance, and I am sure that a hearty vote of thanks should here be proposed to Mr. Mallone for consenting to take us anyway, and for succeeding in controlling such an unruly band in the way he did. Of course, the

supreme effort was required in getting us home safely, but somehow this Herculean feat was accomplished without mishap, which is perhaps rather fortunate, for where would the school be without its excellent Upper Five?

Barbara Condon (Age 15)

WAR

THE sound was gradually increasing. Then it developed into a piercing scream. Ward B was hushed, waiting in silence for the inevitable. Someone shouted "Duck!" and the nurses threw themselves over their patients, some of whom were terrified to hysterics. Then came the most terrific explosion imaginable; walls caved in, part of the ceiling came down, splinters of glass flew across the ward, beds and lockers collapsed, and the lights went out; but it did not leave the place in darkness, for an ominous orange glow of a spreading fire shone through the ruined walls. A voice of a warden was heard as if from nowhere.

"Anyone hurt?" he cried.

At that the nurses and doctor began to move, slowly, as if they were coming out of a dream.

"The beam! It's fallen across Andrew's bed," said the doctor.

The warden picked his way across the ward, where he saw a small boy, about eight years old, pinned down by a large beam, the weight of which had made his bed collapse. The light from the spreading fire flickered on the boy's face, showing large gashes and ghastly streaks of blood. Realising his strength was not equal to moving the beam, the warden called to the doctor (who was attending to another patient) and went to fetch two of his companions.

The glow from the fire had now increased into a radiant light, and it was easy to perceive the destruction wrought by the bomb. Glass, plaster, bricks, mortar, doors and window frames littered the whole floor. Where the beam had come down—bringing with it the ceiling—one could look up into the sky, which was pierced with white stabs of light made by the searchlights. The doorway had also collapsed, and, through the hole made thereby, nurses could be seen helping the patients who were able to walk, to the shelters, which were the only places not in immediate danger of fire. The stretcher squad was taking the bed-ridden patients to safety.

In Ward B the heat from the fire was tremendous, and the atmosphere stifling, but the wardens still strove to release Andrew from his agony. While they were striving profitlessly, the doctor

was considering an amputation of his leg, which had been completely crushed by the beam.

All the other occupants of the ward had been moved to the shelter, and a young nurse came in to see if Andrew had yet been released. Her cap had been blown off by the blast, her face was blackened by dust, but in her manner she was just as efficient as she had been when she first came on duty. The doctor asked her to fetch the sister and the necessary apparatus for amputation. She started at this, and, as she looked at the small boy lying there so helplessly, a look of extreme pity came over her face, for she remembered what a lively little soul he had been been.

After the sister had arrived, Andrew opened his eyes and looked vaguely into the sky, muttered something incoherent, and then became unconscious.

The "All-Clear" sounded as the doctor finished performing his painful duty. Andrew was then taken to the shelter.

The next morning a long string of ambulances evacuated the entire hospital to the country. Many of the patients who had been badly hurt were mercifully unconscious most of the way—Andrew was one of them.

The fire had not been put out before it had completed its destruction; the hospital now stood as a black and empty shell, its crumpled walls strangely resembling the ruins of an ancient castle.

A new hospital was formed in what had previously been a large country house, and its peaceful atmosphere helped to calm the troubled minds of many of the patients. In some of them it awakened a strange emotional feeling. One old man, who had never been out of London before, said: "It ain't 'alf strange t' think that a place like this—so calm like—could be foun' in wartime."

When Andrew regained consciousness he was naturally very upset at the thought of having only one leg; for as a normal young child he looked with horror upon a handicapped life; but he was too ill to brood upon the subject for long.

By the evening the hospital had settled down to something like order; sleeping draughts and medicines were being given out as Andrew stared with large eyes at the nurse who was telling him to "Go to sleep. There will be no more sirens to-night." He was just dozing when the methodical drone of 'planes came nearer. He shivered, remembering the previous night, but these 'planes did not stop: they went on until all that could be heard was a faint purr. Then there was silence.

Pauline Goddard (Age 16

AT AN I.V.S.P. CAMP, 1944.

PERHAPS it was rather foolish to set off to a camp in Worcestershire, when all I knew about it was: "A camp under canvas for thirty girls, in the vale of Evesham. Work mainly Fruit-picking and Market-Gardening, Boating and Bathing." However, I risked it.

The camp was one of the I.V.S.P. (International Voluntary Service for Peace) Youth schemes. Run on I.V.S.P. principles, all the money earned at work went to the running of the camp and to I.V.S.P., and no one had to pay extra for their keep. Everyone was on friendly terms with each other—staff being called by their Christian names—and there was, theoretically, no class distinction: factory worker, school teacher, the rather snobbish boarding school girls, and others mixing together for all activities.

The camp itself was situated in a large apple orchard, overrun with young turkeys, on the outskirts of Chropthorne, a small village near Evesham. Actual equipment consisted of six large bell-tents for sleeping, each supplied with six or seven large groundsheets, palliasses, and blankets for its occupants. There was also a large marquee used for storage, meals, and "wet day" activities; a fairly large wooden cookhouse, supplied with a stove, two primuses, and utensils; a store and sick tent; and roofless enclosures for washing.

Each weekday we were wakened at six o'clock and had to be washed (a very "lick-and-a-promise" affair with cold water) ready for breakfast at 6.30. Breakfast was cooked by the day's orderlies (two volunteers who stayed in the camp all day), who had previously risen at 5.30 to do this. It usually consisted of porridge (invariably burnt), some dish such as bacon and fried potatoes, and a piece of bread and marmalade, with tea to drink. After breakfast, morning jobs were done: potato peeling, washing up, cleaning the washtent, filling buckets, wrapping-up sandwiches and general tidying, until 7.30. Then for half-an-hour we folded our bedding and prepared for work. At 8 the lorry arrived, and we were driven to work, complete with sandwiches.

There were two farms for which we worked—Bomford's and Massingham's, and great rivalry went on between them to see who could do the most work. While I was at camp (the first two weeks of August) we had beautiful weather all the time, and work was in the fields picking beans, onions and leeks; hoeing; and weeding or tying tomatoes—all very back-breaking, as you had to bend down all the time. We worked from the time we arrived until eleven o'clock, when there was a ten minute break, and on until one o'clock. At one there was an hour's break when we ate our sandwiches (cut the day before) and drank water from a "not always clean" dixie—not a very appetizing meal! However, we

made up on any fruit the kind old foreman brought, and usually slept for the rest of the hour.

From two o'clock until four we worked again, growing hotter and hotter, and were not sorry when the lorry took us back to camp. Perhaps the ride on the lorry was one of the best parts of the day—work was over, we had a bathe and the evening before us, and we were all perfectly happy. What a noise we made! Once back at camp, letters were collected, and the more energetic ones rushed off for a bathe in the river, while the others had a *hot* wash and a rest. Dinner (two courses) was at 6.30 and after that we were free until "cocoa" at nine o'clock and "lights out" at 10.30.

Free time—evenings, Saturday afternoons and Sundays—was spent in different ways. In the evenings there were sing-songs, fancy dress competitions, parties with other camps, ping-pong tournaments, and talks on I.V.S.P. and other subjects for those who wished to stay in camp. Since most of us had bicycles, and "hitch-hiking" was easy on the main road, many evenings were spent on the river, or at the Cinema in Evesham. Cycling and walking excursions to the Cotswolds and other places of interest were arranged, and on Saturday afternoons and August Bank Holiday Monday (which was free) trips were made to Stratford-on-Avon.

On August Bank Holiday several of us "hitch-hiked" the sixteen or so miles to Stratford and saw "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Memorial Theatre. Later, others saw "Macbeth" and "Hamlet," I believe.

Although the running of the camp was far from perfect—there was not nearly enough discipline, for one thing—I think it would be fair to say that most people enjoyed their stay there. Work was not easy, but free time quite fun; and it was interesting having so many types of people living together.

Iona Brereton (Age 16)

YOUTH HOSTELLING, 1944.

THIS Summer has brought forth more cyclists from the School than any other year. This is probably due to a number of causes, foremost among which are the traditional independent spirit of the members of the school, and the love of rough, open air holidays which has previously been expressed in the school rambles.

This year ten of our boys were cycling in groups of two or three in Devon, the Midlands and the Lake District. They slept at Youth Hostels, houses owned by the Youth Hostel Association, furnished

very simply and placed in the care of a warden. Some of these hostels provide a hot supper and a breakfast; at others one has to cook one's own food with the utensils provided.

I was with Derek Barbanell and Edwin Wrigley, cycling through the Peak District to the Lake District and home to London. Our holiday was probably typical of them all. We enjoyed ourselves, made many friends and learnt much about our countryside and its people.

For any holiday, food is a major consideration. We were able to take our emergency ration books with which we obtained small quantities of fats, meat and jam. We took with us a supply of tinned food which unfortunately disappeared very quickly. Our usual midday meal was a new loaf with jam or meat consumed by the roadside. Hostel meals were good on the whole, but occasionally we had to supplement them with our own concoctions, cooked on a primus or a faulty gas ring.

One of the best parts of a holiday of this type is the fellowship. We made friends with all sorts of people. One Lancashire lad, known to us as " George," arrived at a hostel of which we were the only occupants at past nine o'clock at night. He was having four days' holiday, travelling light, that is with no spare clothes or food. We shared our breakfast with him and he stayed with us for another day and night. We didn't even know each other's names but we talked and joked as if we had known each other for months.

On another occasion we met three boys from Ackworth and Bootham. I played chess with them, while at the same time they exchanged school stories until after ten o'clock, so that we all had to find our way to strange beds in the dark.

Hostels varied. Some were excellent, one even having a bath (though there was no water laid on), while several had hot water but no baths. At the other end of the scale there was one hostel divided into three parts: the bedrooms, outside in the yard, the washroom entered by steps through a window, and the dining-cum-common room also entered only through a window. Meals had to be eaten in two shifts, there was a shortage of bedding, and red-setter dogs roamed loose all over the building. Needless to say we shall not visit that hostel again.

Of the cycling it sufficeth to say that in spite of punctures (of which I had more than a dozen), faulty three speed gears, brakes that worked overtime, cobblestones and hailstorms, we always reached the hostels in time for supper. We also discovered that whatever speeds we might go over whatever distances, we always arrived at the hostels between seven and eight o'clock.

This account could go on for ever, but for the sake of "The Avenue's" reputation, it must, like all things, come to an end: but for those who enjoy open air holidays with plenty of freedom, those who wish to meet interesting people and see interesting sights, I can only recommend a hostelling holiday.

Derek Neale (Age 15)

A VIEW IN THE LAKES

STANDING half-way up the mountain side, on a ledge which jutted out from the steep slope many feet above the floor of the valley, I gazed below at the scene of beauty and quiet content. With its outward appearance of peace and calm, I idly wondered how busy were the villagers, the farmers, the shepherds, the house-wives, the old inhabitants and the children at the tiny school nestled beneath the shadow of the stone church, all industriously working at the simple life they loved.

In the far distance I saw the purple-headed mountains standing like sentinels over the valleys beneath. The large but not ungainly monster nearest to my mountain—for it was mine, and I felt as though I owned it and that nobody could seize it from me—overlooked a large but nevertheless beautiful lake. The gentle rippling of the water added, in some unfathomable way, to the entire splendour of the scenery. Turning my eyes to the left, I saw flat and marshy ground with here and there a pool of stagnant water. A little farther away, almost out of view, for a mist was creeping nearer, were rugged crags covered with a carpet of ferns and bracken. From some remote spot I could faintly hear the cry and echo of sheep answering each other till the effect was as one of crying babes.

By now I could see only as far as the bottom of the mountain, for the mist had almost entirely enveloped the scenery, covering the lake, the valley and the mountains in the distance, with a blanket of cold and clammy air. Another day must come before I should once again see the view from which I had gained so much pleasure and acquired so much knowledge—as others before me had done.

Mary Balk (Age 14)
Ruth Comber (Age14)

GIFTS TO THE LIBRARY

"Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" and "The Sea Tower" (Miss Yapp); about twenty books on Geography, Geology, Archæology, and other Sciences (Mrs. Morris); "A Book of Modern Palestine" (Stephen Marsh); "Deutsche Dichter" (Pamela Bower). M.K.B.

RECENT OLD SCHOLARS

THE following information concerning last year's "leavers" may be of interest to some of our readers :—

JONATHAN AYSCOUGH has joined the Bedford Secondary School.

GODFREY BOLAM is continuing his studies at the High Wickham School of Art.

DAVID CASTILLEJO is reading history at King's College, Cambridge.

CHRISTOPHER DAY is waiting for an opening under the Y.M.C.A. scheme for training in farming.

ANTONY EDWARDS is at the Brixton School of Building.

JOHN FISCHER is at a school near Aberdeen. Last holidays he met with a serious accident but he has now recovered.

ADRIAN HALL is attending the Chigwell School.

MICHAEL HAMSHAR has entered Framlingham College.

OLIVER HUGHES is reading for his Inter. B.Sc. Econ. at Brighton.

STEPHEN MARSH has gone to Bootham School.

ANTHONY MARUS is at the Oratory School, Woodcote, Reading.

TERENCE MEUX is continuing his studies at Leighton Park.

DAVID POWELL is waiting for a ship upon which to work his passage to America so that he can proceed to California where he expects to study Biology in the University.

GEOFFREY SOAR expected to join the Technical Staff at the B.B.C. station in Manchester, but his appointment has been stopped because of his conscientious objections to war. He is at present working in a Radio and Domestic Service repair shop.

DAVID WISEMAN is working on his father's farm.

PAMELA BOWER is continuing studying for the Higher Schools Certificate, with Ruthven Todd, a modern poet, as her tutor.

JEAN BURMAN is studying Music at the Guildhall School of Music.

IRENE DAVID is taking an Art Course in Cambridge.

VERA DAY is to start a Drama course at the Guildhall School of Music, next January.

INGA GOTHA has entered Cheltenham Ladies College.

ANGELA NEWMAN is taking a course at the Cambridge Technical School preliminary to beginning her training in nursing.

JENIFER PALMER is to start training as a nurse next July. Meanwhile, she has been visiting various schools with her mother, assisting in weighing and measuring children.

RECREATION

RECREATION is fundamentally the period of relaxation in between working hours. It is generally understood to be entirely free to be employed just as the mood of the individual dictates. Naturally its specific form will vary enormously with age, sex, type and taste. For while the old lady, remaining still for hours on end, complacently contents herself by looking out from her bedroom window, dreamily meandering through the happy days of her childhood, perhaps knitting, rug-making, or simply chatting, youth as a whole would unanimously prefer a more physical, exciting occupation. Nevertheless, both are equally happy.

Recreation, apart from being inevitably regulated by age, is influenced also by other deciding factors. Type and taste are both displayed by the choice of occupation. For some, infinite pleasure may be wrought from skating, swimming, cycling, or simply the whistle of the challenging wind as it ferociously blows its way through clothes and hair.

For others, this freedom of nature may hold no attraction. Their happiness, perhaps, lies in the realms of books, discussions and debates. Incidentally, if this latter class, with all their extensive education, cannot endure the solitude of nature's unsophisticated world, cannot stimulate and amuse themselves, and successfully substitute their own thoughts for the company of others, their intellect has profited them nothing.

However, just as one man's meat is another man's poison, so one man's hobby is another's profession. Recreation to some

would be work to others. Therefore, for just as long as recreation takes the place of a refreshing interlude, enabling the real work of the individual to be accomplished the better for the mental, or physical, change it affords, it has achieved its purpose.

The individual who makes his hobby his recreation, is achieving both a practical and a profitable end. For, presuming that this voluntary occupation is not self-imposed from any underlying motives of duty, it is the successful combination of both creative thought and pleasure. Thus, by an ideal method, it is achieving what is for many the whole ambition of life: the expansion of the faculties to their fullest extent.

Finally, the whole charm of recreation lies, in my opinion, in the simple fact that it spells complete relaxation, and has the ability to achieve the admirable state of mind of satisfied contentment. With the abolition of this achievement vanishes the whole value of recreation.

Jean Lyell (Age 15)

A WESTERNER IN THE EAST

AT the end of the Prologue to "Traveller from Tokyo," John Morris introduces some interesting reflections on India. He takes the view that any attempt at a compromise between the European and the native outlook on life is impossible, because the different backgrounds are of such long standing that they have permanently influenced the lives of the natives. The servility and lack of education which have become traditional features of their lives have caused apathy towards the affairs of the country. This is particularly noticeable in the inefficiency with which many concerns are run. The perpetuation of the traditional European superiority complex in India would only seem to aggravate matters, and therefore the only sensible remedy (though Morris does not actually reach this conclusion in words) would seem to be immediate self-government for India, aided when needed by British advice, not control.

Here in the Prologue the reader gains his first impression of the author's style. He has an unusually broad vocabulary, which he employs in accurate and interesting descriptive writing, enabling one literally to see in the mind's eye the scenes as the author saw them. This quality, together with his sound (though not fluent) style, and his natural interest in people, fits him particularly well for the discussion of the Japanese and the way in which they react to their present environment, which is his theme for the main part of "Traveller from Tokyo."

The clear-cut considerations which the author introduces into his discussion of the problem of India do not, however, extend to his

treatment of Japan. This is probably because the Indian problem is easier to see as a whole in its right perspective than is that of Japan. What conclusions the author does try to reach in his Postscript are, I think, rather more those arising from the standard British outlook than from his own personal beliefs. The same liberal view which he advocates for India is also recommended for Japan, however, in that he suggests Allied collaboration with the more liberal-minded of the Japanese statesmen, in an attempt to set up a moderate Japanese government, aided and advised by the Western democracies and by China, which would be willing to co-operate in some sort of world administration. John Morris very easily dismisses Japanese claims to territorial extension on the grounds that there is plenty of room for the surplus population in territory already Japanese-controlled. This presupposes willingness to emigrate from the homeland, however, which would be resented by many people.

One of the characteristics of the author which becomes more evident later in the book is his enlightened attitude to life, and his refusal to conform to the official view as such. He determined to carry out his first visit to Japan as planned, although advised not to by official circles, merely for the sake of obtaining a broader knowledge of the country while he still had the chance. By reason of his wide travel and the broad background of knowledge gained from it, he is enabled to compare Japan, England, India, America and Germany with each other and with other countries.

In certain things the characteristics of Japanese life seem to form one large paradox. Whilst great efficiency and initiative are shown by the secret police in obtaining information, the army seems quite incapable of carrying out an operation which has not previously been thoroughly rehearsed, and though the army is rehearsed and organised to the maximum, the government does not seem to mind chaos in other directions. A striking example of this is the fact that the houses in any particular street are numbered in the order in which they are built, so that the numbers finally become quite useless to everyone, particularly to the postman! In contrast with this, ninety per cent. of the houses in Japan are built on an almost exactly similar plan. The latter is but one example of the willingness of the Japanese to submit to a pattern type and stern control.

This paradoxical blending of ideas is shown again in the implicit reverence and homage paid to the Emperor, and indeed to any particular guest of honour, contrasted with the singular lack of respect for the ordinary individual, symbolised by a queue of neighbours waiting to use the telephone in the author's private study. The private individual is felt to be a mere cog in the State machine, and his significance and importance as such are not recognised. Compared with this lack of respect is the system of Neighbours' Associations, which the author describes in some detail, and the very genuine

friendship extended to him by the Japanese neighbours while he was living amongst them, isolated from his fellow countrymen.

Similarly most of the other details described in the book present a country whose civilisation is descended from the same source as that of China, but which has become sadly corrupted by the selfish misapplication of rights and powers held by the men of responsibility in the State. In addition to this has grown up an overwhelming desire to Westernise the country, but unfortunately in this attempt the less valuable features of Western civilisation have been exaggerated, and the more valuable ones have been adapted and degraded to suit the scale of values which contemporary man attaches to life.

Donald P. Simpson (Age 16)

JUNIOR SECTION

THE JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

THE Junior Literary Society have for the past term met on every alternate Tuesday. The stage has not been used to its best advantage, the chief fault being that the plays have not been properly prepared and were often done at the last minute. One or two people have the idea that anything funny is all right. Some of the girls have got quite good acting ability, but most of the boys play around too much.

David Jones has distinguished himself by giving a series of readings from "Alice through the Looking Glass." Charlotte Morgan read a very good extract from "The Scene is England," written by her father. We have had a few nice poems read in the last few weeks. Some people have given us an exciting time by making up General Knowledge Questions about what they have been doing in their past few History lessons.

Naomi Sargant (Age 10)
Leonie Lane (Age 11)

HOLIDAYS

HOLIDAYS are very nice,
As all we school boys know,
But often it is just as good
When back to school we go.

Football, cycling, climbing trees,
Passes many days,
But when at school and swimming starts,
Fun comes in other ways.

Glynn Abrey (Age 10)

THE PEASANTS' LIFE IN SWITZERLAND

TUCKED away somewhere amongst those lovely Swiss mountains is a small hamlet. That is where my heart is. In winter the snow lies like a mantle over the mountains. That is when the peasants have their fun. Sledging and snowball fights! But the main thing is ski-ing. The peasants get up at six o'clock in the morning, stopping only to have a dinner of hot soup, then going on again till six o'clock at night. When they reach home to their little wooden houses they have a big supper of thick vegetable and bread soup, fresh from the pot.

The summer is fun for the children. They mind the goats and cows. Merrily singing, they set off at seven o'clock in the morning, and do not return till eight at night. All day long they play about on the mountain, picking flowers. That is when my heart aches for that mountainous country. Let us all thank God for this beautiful world that we live in.

Charlotte Morgan (Age 10)

MY HOLIDAY IN CORNWALL

ABOUT two months before I came to this school I went to Cornwall. I went in a car. There were five of us, three girls (including myself), a lady and a man. It was one hundred and twelve miles there, and we stopped and had our dinner half way. We saw a notice as we were just reaching the moorland, and it said "Beware of ponies and cattle." It was quite true, for they were running from one side of the road to the other. Also we saw lots of chalk hills that came to a point at the top. I was very excited about what the sea and cottage would be like. It was really beautiful blue sea, with golden sand.

It was hard to find the little road which led to the cottage, but we soon found it, and I found it was a lovely little cottage. We stayed for a week and I had a lovely time. The first thing I wanted to do was to paddle, so I took off my shoes and did so. As I was paddling I saw a jelly fish. They are like star-fish in shape and are slippery like jelly. The next day I made a very deep well, until I came to a spring bubbling away. There were lots of people enjoying themselves beside myself. The time seemed to pass quickly, and soon I found myself at home again.

Clare Moon (Age 9)

THE JUNIOR SCHOOL HARVEST FESTIVAL

AT our Harvest Festival we had a lovely time.

The room was beautifully decorated with old man's beard, white bryony, spindle, red and yellow creeper and sycamore.

On the Harvest table were vegetables and fruits of all kinds, potatoes, tomatoes, cabbages, onions, carrots, beetroot, celery and parsley. There were apples, pears, plums, grapes, blackberries, eggs and flowers of many kinds.

At the beginning of the Service we sang "We plough the fields and scatter." Next we had some readings and then a harvest song about sowing the seed and it growing. Then we had another harvest song and a story. After that we recited poems about Harvest and Autumn. Last of all we had our little "Thank You" verse.

Then we put all the gifts into a wheelbarrow and wheeled them down to the local hospital. The matron let us go up into the children's ward and give them the flowers, and we all hoped they had a nice time.

Janet Rice (Age 7)

JUNIOR SCHOOL SPORTS CHAMPIONS

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