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F.S.S.W.

JULY 1944

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 35. JULY, 1944. No. 101.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS . . ."

OLD Scholars return to the School with such obvious pleasure, and always seem to enjoy themselves so, that I suspect there must be a certain atmosphere in the School which we who live here hardly notice.

This Whitsun we only expected four or five Old Scholars to come, but by Whit-Monday enough boys had arrived to form a cricket XI. It was so hot over the week-end that most people walked around half-asleep ; some of us managed to brace ourselves to a tennis match ; but though the School just won this, we lost the cricket match. In the swimming match the Old Scholars won a definite victory over the School. (They were fortunate in having John Sparkes to swim for them).

Old Scholars always seem to enjoy themselves most when the School has gone to bed. This Whitsun they used the Swimming Pool until about eleven o'clock at night ; as the evening cooled, *they* warmed up.

At General Meeting we also expected few parents to arrive because of the difficulty of trains, so General Meeting was "cancelled." Fortunately most of the parents were obstinate, and came in spite of this, so we managed to have a General Meeting of which a parent gives an impression elsewhere in this issue.

As to diseases, we have been lying fallow this year after last year's large crop. We have had a small epidemic of measles, but not even large enough to write home about ; although the Intermediates were thrilled when Miss Morland caught the infection. After two changes in the "San," we now have Sister Wood-Mason and Nurse Schöplien, who seem to have fitted into the surroundings surprisingly quickly (by now they are hardly distinguishable from the "San" itself : a great quality in nurses !).

We were very sorry that Miss Mills left us at the end of last term. She is now working with the I.V.S.P. She told us when she left that she had been practising on us before going to cook on the Continent. She could not have chosen a better practising ground in the way of starving children ! She certainly wielded the spoon here with great vigour, and bravely acted as cook during most of last term. Miss Southwell also left us a few weeks ago. I had never properly realised before, that (in contradiction to the proverb) it is possible to cook communally in a friendly way. We are very glad to welcome Mrs. Collard and Miss Strauss in their place.

Looking back on these last two terms there are a few events which seem to stand out. Most of us will remember the week-end when we housed Captain Knight's Golden Eagle, Mr. Ramshaw, to the great excitement of Group A., and the horror of the kitchen staff. (*Actually* he brought his own rations!) On Saturday evening we had a lively talk on Eagles, including a flying demonstration by Mr. Ramshaw himself.

Although we are not reporting fully on School societies in this issue, we have had some very interesting meetings. 'Cesca Woodhouse came down last term and played to the Musical Society. We all enjoyed the performance very much, as we always do when she plays. The School seems to take an unconscious pride in the fact that 'Cesca is an Old Scholar.

Mr. Greenwood, who has recently returned from North Africa, gave a very interesting talk to "Senior Natch" on blood testing and transfusion. He tested the blood group of everybody present. When he read out the blood groups of the different people there was a profound silence in the room, as if he had been pronouncing a death sentence. In future, if you ask a member of "Natch" what blood-group he belongs to and he looks downcast or pretends he does not know, you may be quite sure—he is a "Weak A."

Another very exciting "Natch" meeting we had was when Mr. Lenz spoke on Einstein's Relativity Theory. It was very exhilarating to hear that all the geometry we study at school is nonsense.

Besides these, we have also had some interesting meetings in "Senior Lit.," especially the one in which we read "A Midsummer Night's Dream," when Vera Day distinguished herself by her interpretation of the part of Helena.

* * *

For the sake of those who bind their "*Avenues*," this is the first issue of the 1944 volume (No. 35). We have at last corrected the error in the numbering of volumes which first occurred in 1940!

Two old scholars were so impressed with the centenary issue of the "*Avenue*" that they generously sent £2 and £1 respectively. The treasurer could not imagine what had happened!

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of these magazines: "*The Beckside*," "*By Kent and Skerne*," "*The Island*," and "*St. Christopher Magazine*."

David Castillejo

(*Age 17*)

AN IMPRESSION OF "CANCELLED" GENERAL MEETING

ON every hand we were faced with the query, "Is your journey really necessary?", while the daily press and the railway companies gave notice that trains might be cancelled without any notice whatsoever. Then the School sent to say that "in view of the present travelling difficulties, the Clerk of the School Committee has decided that the General Meeting shall be cancelled," but added, "We shall, of course, welcome others from a distance who are able to come." So, two of us, from a distance, accepting this invitation, set out. Travelling difficulties were not met with apart from a "rugger scrum" on Cambridge platform, to board the Audley End train, and some difficulties in extricating ourselves at Audley End; and everyone met these trifling inconveniences in a very cheerful spirit.

Somewhat late for the 2.15 p.m. start, we found others just arriving by train, and approached the School Hall thoughtfully. Our travelling apprehensions had proved unfounded, but what should we find at School? Would the visitors be many or few? How many parents would feel that the journey was "really necessary"? The answer was impressive, for "standing room only" was whispered by a member of the staff as he held open the door. A glance at the parents and children, a quick look of recognition and a smile of greeting from one who was expecting and waiting to see us, and we felt that our welcome was complete, that indeed it was good that we were there.

The announcement of the Scholarship Award to David Castillejo having been made and received with much applause, a few injunctions as to "do" and "do not" were given for the guidance of both scholars and parents. The junior scholars then dispersed, leaving seating room for all the late-comers. We settled down to enjoy the programme of music which followed. This included songs by the school choir, pianoforte and violin solos, and selections by the school orchestra. The whole formed a well-balanced programme which we judged was enjoyed as thoroughly by those who took part as by those who had the pleasure of listening.

This year the girls had charge of the outdoor events. With the absence of sunshine and the presence of a keen wind, the conditions were far from ideal for an outdoor display, but the majority of the visitors braved the elements. They were rewarded by seeing a programme in which the gymnastic skill of the older girls and the country dances of the juniors made a pleasing picture, with the trees as a background and the lawn as a stage.

There was a brief interval to allow the indoor seating to be arranged and then a trek to the swimming baths, where those visitors who were able to find room were keenly interested in a display by the boys, which included excellent swimming and some spectacular diving.

Those who could not go to the Swimming Display took the opportunity of visiting the exhibitions, where the work of the scholars in the realms of arts, crafts, needlework and biology was on view. These were most interesting, as scholars, with a mixture of diffidence and pride, pointed to their own handiwork, or to that of their friends. Then, tea in the School Hall followed, where the Staff dispensed the School's generous hospitality with great friendliness, and with an evident intention that no one should go hungry or thirsty by reason of failure to be asked to partake. With a cup of tea and a cake, friends walked around and exchanged news and views, whilst anxious parents sought members of the Staff to discuss the faults and failings, the talents and virtues, of child or children, and to ask for advice or guidance in planning the future. This tea interval was a most popular feature of the week-end, meeting as it did not only physical needs but providing for conferences on the many problems to be met and solved, and giving opportunity for friendly discourse and for making and renewing acquaintance and friendship.

For those who remained, Sunday brought inspiration and help at morning Meeting or provided an opportunity for a walk in the country and a quiet talk with one's own children, while on Sunday afternoon those who had been invited met in the Junior School for the Parents' Meeting.

The evening Meeting in the School Hall was a fitting conclusion to a week-end that will live in the memory of at least two who were present. The roar of 'planes overhead spoke of world war and of the tragic faith of governments in the efficacy of armed might as the solution to our problems. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul and strength," and "Who is my neighbour?" were words read to us as the background to a talk by George Whiteman on the Friends' Relief Service. The basis and nature of the work, the qualifications and outlook needed by those who volunteer, the discomforts and perhaps dangers to be faced, were dealt with. Love shown to our neighbours in their hour of need, shown as an expression of our love of God, must be the motive of the individual, said the speaker, and must be behind all the work, if it is to succeed.

Thus, thinking of the needs of a post-war world, and the work we must do to bring back hope to the world, we waited on the Lord in quietness and confidence. Then, refreshed, with strength renewed, we quietly took our leave.

H.W.

THE PEOPLE OF BETHNAL GREEN

ONE most noticeable point in the characters of the people of Bethnal Green is their pride. They have, I believe, in their poverty, more pride than the higher middle class, who in trying to make people believe they are rich, become intensely proud in everything they do.

The time when the pride of the poorer people is shown most is on a Sunday, or any other special day, when the children are meticulously washed, and dressed in the best clothes the parent can find for them. In this way the mothers unconsciously compete against one another in the clothing of their children. When going for an outing, the children are even more especially well-dressed.

Another special time is Christmas. As part of their Christmas present, nearly all the Bethnal Green children are given a new set of clothing. It is indeed a wonderful sight to walk through the poor streets of Bethnal Green on Christmas day, and see all the children happy in their new clothes, even though of poor quality. This happiness seems to be universal there at Christmas. A boy of fourteen years old said when I asked him what he had had as a Christmas present, "Oh! An orange and a thrup'ny bit!" I noticed how contented he seemed, and I thought of people who had many beautiful presents, and had more or less taken them as a matter of course.

Bethnal Green people are very often self-conscious about little things—things that people who do not belong to the poor class consider quite normal. Before the war, nothing could have made the men of Bethnal Green feel more embarrassed or self-conscious than walking down the street carrying a baby. Now that so many men are in the forces, they are proud to come back home to their small children, and it is now a common sight in Bethnal Green to see a man carrying a child, or even wheeling a pram.

The housing conditions being so bad, the children do not get much idea of what it would be like to own a garden. Financial difficulties are often so great that the children do not get holidays. Perhaps this is the reason why a small child was puzzled on being taken to a house which owned a large garden. Being only used to a small square of asphalt behind her house, she wondered why there was no asphalt there. She could not believe that the garden was in place of the asphalt, which shows the need there is for taking these children to the countryside.

Because of the bad housing conditions, also, there is far more of the feeling of unity in Bethnal Green. The women can speak easily to others across the road, and thus women are often seen standing by their front doors talking to one another. Because of this unity, when a woman with a large family is ill, all the rest of the women of the street will take it in turns to see that the woman, her husband, and

her children are all well looked after. Her shopping will be fetched, and her house cleaned by these neighbours, who will have something like a rota, so that none shall do any more than the other. This is one of the lovable qualities of the Bethnal Green folk, that even though they may argue and swear at one another, if one of them is ill or in trouble, they will always give their help if they possibly can.

Many higher class people dislike associating themselves with people like those of Bethnal Green, because of the slang and swearing that is heard, not only in the houses, but very frequently in the streets. As the children have nowhere else to go, the mothers allow them to play in the streets, which increases the possibility of bad language. They are extremely hurt, however, if comments are made about it.

There are a great many Public Houses in Bethnal Green. Drink is one of the most ruining factors in the lives of these poorer people, for often women are left to manage a large family on what money they have been able to save, while the husbands spend their earnings on drink. If you walk through the streets at the time when the "pubs" close, you can generally see or hear groups of drunken men and women, who, having gone through the stage of being merry, stand in groups and sing very sentimentally, some such song as "If you were the only girl in the world." If there were more places where these people could employ their time profitably, instead of wasting it in the Public Houses, family life would be far happier in Bethnal Green; and after these Public Houses had been pulled down there would be much more room for other houses, for there is on an average, at least one Public House in every normal-sized street of Bethnal Green.

There is not much of a future for children in Bethnal Green, and it is very hard for them to keep in the "straight and narrow way." Sometimes, if a person is extremely hungry, he will not really consider taking a loaf of bread as stealing. Thus it is that there are, perhaps, more thieves and pick-pockets coming from a place like Bethnal Green than from normal middle-class estates. Not until they receive a better chance in life, can they be blamed for it.

In many ways the people of Bethnal Green have far more lovable characters than any other people I know, and, once you can penetrate their pride, and find their real selves, you have a set of people of real worth.

Jean Burman
(Age 15)

THE VALUE OF TIDINESS

ALTHOUGH generally recognised as a virtue of much practical worth, is this system of neat simplicity necessarily an asset? It is certainly commonly considered so, and from early childhood, develops as an abstract ideal of perfection, comprehensible only as one of the emphatic whims of an exasperated

parent. Justifying this ambition of parents to breed tidiness in their children, is the obvious fact that it's the tidy, methodical worker, who, in the event of an emergency, knowing exactly where to lay hands on the "implement of salvation," secures his end without catastrophe, while the untidy is to be found, heated and flustered, hampered by the disorder of his own creation.

Furthermore, it is the tidy being, in the home and in the office, who, applying his methodical principles to the work in hand, takes an implicit pride in all he repairs, solves, or creates during the day. He thus derives twice the pleasure from mere commonplace tasks, than would the untidy, slap-dash worker. Work books of the former are easy for purposes of reference, pleasing to study, and practical to use ; his home is a pleasure to inhabit, and without pompous ornament, it bears the fresh, homely appearance wrought by the employment of neat simplicity.

Inborn tidiness cannot be suppressed : it comes to light in all the many varied occupations of work and play, stamping its mark even upon the personal appearance of the individual. Unhampered by the handicaps of the untidy—the tell-tale employment of the safety pin, invariably peeping out from all fronts, the unbrushed shoes, the socks with their holes in supremacy over darns—he has the ability to create an impression of the intelligent, responsible, and alert at will.

Despite the normal consistency of tidiness in the persons possessing it, perversity will have it that the materially untidy are often far the most particular with regard to their personal appearance, and while the immaculate beauty may have barely descended from a room of chaos, the mentally methodical may even be unconscious of what, exactly, he is wearing.

Tidiness in the above forms is admirable, but when it is accompanied, as it sometimes is, by a mind so neat and tidy itself, that it cannot bear the slightest irregularity, and yet is exasperated by regularity, and that rather than upset any schedule of material arrangement, it will forfeit an opportunity of pleasure, then the unfortunate person has arrived at the state of living for his possessions. Tidiness can, moreover, illustrate another unfortunate state of mind, for Dr. Meerloo speaks of ". . . the nervous man who arranges the objects on his desk with excessive precision, who cannot bear the least disorder, but whose life is nevertheless full of inner conflicts, and who, in the end, has a nervous breakdown."

An even more deplorable mental condition, having either directly arisen from, or existing in close relationship with tidiness, the so-called virtue, is the position of fôrever yielding to the strong desire of establishing every thought, every abstract situation, set out neatly and methodically in one's mind. To be never at rest, never really happy until the process of analysis has been successfully accomplished, indicates, I think, the main flaw arising from the tidy mind. For what if an objectionable "something" proves itself thoroughly

indespensable, refusing to be labelled and classed with a type? Is the mentally persecuted victim of such "tidy-mindedness" to live, for the time being, the infuriating existence arising from unsatisfied endeavour?

To conclude, I think that the practical worth, and the merit of tidiness, as a creator of methodical thinking, far outweighs, both materially and mentally, any disadvantages stressed in the above instances of excess.

However, it might quite justifiably be said that to be happy and free of cares is a great deal more valuable than to be immaculate and miserable, surrounded by any amount of material method. For does the one who cares not a pin about the substantial tidiness of life, ever even notice the disorder surrounding him?

Jean Lyell
(Age 15)

NIGHT MARAUDERS

REYNARD padded to the mouth of his hole and sniffed delicately at the nocturnal air. Away in the woods the rabbits crouched, also at the mouths of their burrows, waiting silently for the moon. The owl sat up in his tree, still as a statue, and gazed down scornfully on the dark and silent world beneath. Down the valley, tucked in a snug hen-house, twenty-one hens, stupefied with sleep, sat in rows on their perches, like so many balls of feathers balancing on a pole.

In the farmyard, beside the dairy, was the kennel of a sleek black and white collie. There he lay, no chain attached to his polished collar, listening intently; for, though Nick was a docile, obedient and invaluable sheep dog by day, he had found a new occupation at night. In the hills, above the valley where his home lay nestled, was another descendant of the wolf-packs, a white streak of fury, and, had Nick but known it, a sheep killer. That night, as on four previous ones, her call came down the valley. Some forgotten instinct arose in the dog. He bolted from his kennel like lightning, and was gone. Over the low stone wall that bounded the yard, over the high fence of the paddock, through the stackyard and beside the pond, scattering the sleeping ducks like chaff, to flee under the hedges for safety, and quack excitedly at each other, trembling with fright and indignation at such a rude awakening. The collie heeded them not. Standing at the edge of the wood, where the thin beams of the rising moon were beginning to shine, he answered his mate in a long wolf-like howl. Then he was gone, with only the moon and the trees to tell who had roused the valley with his call.

Meanwhile Reynard slipped from his hole, and silently padded from the wood. He had heard and interpreted the call of Eira the

killer, and Nick's answer. He realised the farm was now left unguarded, knew that in a weird, wooden thing perched twenty-one plump and very edible hens, waiting to be eaten. Stealthily he slipped from the cover of the woods. Like a shadow, his lean, grey form slipped down the gently sloping hill, into the valley, and along by various routes known only to himself, to the farmstead, lying bathed in moonlight, very still and silent. There in the shadow of a hedge, he waited patiently for a long desired cloud to blot out his worst enemy.

Upon a small rock, stood Eira, like a goddess, whilst beneath in the shadow, Nick humbly paid homage. Suddenly she jumped down to join him, and together they bounded up the valley, heading for the open sheep pastures on the hillsides. Nick but vaguely understood this new game. Not until he stood beside a large sheep-fold, with Eira edging him on to jump the hurdles with her, and destroy the senseless, sleeping and quite defenceless white creatures within, which he had learned to love and care for all his life, did the collie realise what Eira intended. Thoroughly domesticated and disciplined, Nick could not fathom the lawlessness of nature, and turning, not on the sheep, but on his mate, saw red.

Next morning, the farmer, with a good breakfast inside him, left the back door of the farmhouse, and whistled cheerfully for his dog. Nick was there as usual, waiting for his master. The farmer looked the collie over and shook his head. He had not known that Nick was wont to fight. The moon could tell him of some queer things about last night, thought the farmer. Nick had a piece of left ear missing and a mauled flank. One of his paws appeared to be very painful, and there was blood on his muzzle. Just as the farmer was about to see to his dog, his wife came running to the door.

"John, John," she called, "Evans from Newgate Farm has just been on the 'phone, and he says there's the dead body of a white dog near his sheep fold, and that one of the sheep inside is hurt. There's a trail of blood leading up our way too. I wonder if Nick was out last night?"

"He certainly seems to have been," answered her husband, beginning to see daylight. "That white dog is probably that sheep-killing pest Murray was talking about at the 'Red Lion' last week."

"Ah," said his wife, "I always said we could trust all the sheep in the neighbourhood to our Nick."

The farmer looked fondly at his friend, who responded by a wonderful exhibition of tail wagging.

Later, however, when the farmer opened his hen-house, he found only eighteen sad and bedraggled hens, with the evidence of a most unwelcome visitor distributed over the floor.

Barbara Condon (Age 15)

THE CHILD

THE faded paper roses on the wall
danced ; somewhere a child cried, and watched the heat
curl round the curtain, heard the clock strike ten
as the fair mother wiped the beer-mug ring
from the table and stared, thoughtfully, at
a blurred, framed Harry smiling on the wall.
All this will happen many times again :
only the details will be different.

Men will go out to fight each final war,
with eager words of promise on their tongues,
with light of brotherly love in their eyes,
with simple tools of slaughter in their hands.

The child moaned and turned fitfully in sleep,
disturbed by some subconscious suspicion.
A door slammed ; *an orange telegram slipped*
into the hand ; the woman stitched and sighed ;
the river stirred and passed beneath the sill ;
the young hope in the desert turned to dust ;
the child awoke, and found itself alone.

Pamela Bower
(Age 16)

NIGHTFALL

THE clouds were high as the sun rolled by
And the swallows swiftly swooped,
I could hear their cries as they dived for flies,
Till westward the red sun stooped.

Then the deep red light which heralds night
Dimmed and faded away,
And the pinprick stars like a million flowers
Twinkled until the day.

Alice Kendon
(Age 12)

ATHLETIC SPORTS, MARCH, 1944

IT would be no exaggeration to say that the School went "Athletics mad" during the last three weeks of the Spring term. A growing keenness for Athletics had been perceptible during the Autumn term, but it was deep rather than broad in its incidence. The well-trained stalwarts who outran Newport Grammar and Harlow College in the triangular cross-country fixture imbued the whole school with a like enthusiasm, and the two Sports Days, March 24th and 25th, were carried through on a crescendo of excitement

A complete break with the past was made. Training and entry for the Sports were both put on a voluntary basis, competitors were allowed to enter for four events only, while the School was divided into three age-groups—under thirteen (Junior), under fifteen (Middle), and over fifteen (Open). Inter-House competition was stimulated by the adoption of fixed standards attached to certain events, designed to measure agility, strength and endurance. These standards were such that their attainment indicated the possession of a fair degree of athletic prowess. Altogether 175 points were gained for standards, and these points together with those attained in the cross-country races gave Lister a lead of 8 points over Mennell and of 25 points over Tuke at the beginning of the Sports proper.

Ideal weather was enjoyed on both afternoons and keen competition between Lister and Mennell kept enthusiasm at fever-heat throughout. In the Open events, times and distances were mediocre. However, the Mile Open made up for much : Geoffrey Soar's time was good and his track technique perfect. Palmer's misplaced burst of speed at the beginning of the final lap shook Soar, but he immediately took after his dangerous opponent, and, wisely deciding against closing the gap at once, gradually ran his rival out and jumped past him like a veteran miler about seventy yards from the tape. Plank was the outstanding boy amongst the Middles : he is obviously going to be a fine sprinter. Neale ran the Middle Mile with dourness and determination and won very comfortably from Wakeman, who had allowed too big a gap to develop. Among the girls, Kathleen Moore's 14ft. 7ins. in the Open Long Jump was the outstanding performance. Lois Buck, in the Middle Sprint, returned such good times that it can confidently be predicted that some Open records will be smashed next year, when we hope to improve upon this splendid start.

Such an undertaking was made possible only by splendid co-operation on the part of scholars and staff. Our thanks are due especially to Mr. Lenz, who worked with prodigious energy in devising and laying out the track and who always seemed to be in the right spot on the Sports Days. Mr. Littleboy, Mr. Brereton, Mr. Dale and Mr. Jacob gave valuable services as judges and timekeepers. Miss Comber and Miss Tyler gave great assistance in judging the girls' events, while Miss Ormerod denied herself the pleasure of seeing most of the Sports in tabulating the results throughout both of the long afternoons. Miss Clark unobtrusively took a whole load of work on to her shoulders in the week preceding the Sports, which alone enabled those organising it to carry it through almost without a hitch. John Morice gave unstintingly of his time before and during the Sports, and Christopher Holmes and Mollie Eggleton discharged magnificently the duties of Starters' stewards. We all hope this is merely Number One of a long series of successful Sports Days.

C.A.M.

CRICKET, 1944

THE season has begun badly, all seven matches played to date having been lost, five of them by a substantial margin; only against a weakened Old Scholar's XI was a real fight put up.

Poor batting has been the team's downfall. On dry, fast wickets a total of a hundred is the sine qua non of success; our highest total has been 92, and we have yet to face a side comparable to our own in bowling strength. Bad calling has led to wasted runs and wasted wickets, bad judgment and impatience have led to foolish attempts to score heavily off good balls, and crass stupidity has caused hundreds of loose balls to receive little or no punishment. The most important stroke in cricket, the back stroke, has not been mastered, and so we have seen little of such cricketing delights as a well-executed cut or glide. Too many of the few runs that have been scored have come from "agricultural shots."

The bowling has been good, Mr. Pumphrey's performance against the Old Scholars being one of the finest seen on the Ground for some years. Amongst the boys, Meux, Bolam and Plank make a formidable combination, Meux especially maintaining an immaculate length.

The fielding has been poor, except in the evening fixture against Saffron Walden Junior Wanderers, where Mr. Worth was a tower of strength behind the wickets. The wicket-keeper is the pivot of the fielders, and we have failed to train a successor to Brian Harris. Morice, though keen, has not the necessary speed and polish. Plank, Palmer and Simpson have normally fielded well, while Mr. Lenz has invariably been brilliant, saving dozens of runs.

The early matches have revealed our faults; it is to be hoped that the later ones will reveal our virtues.

RESULTS

MAY

13. Seward's End 107 (Mr. Mummery 5 for 40); School 64. (M)
17. School 28; Newport Grammar 88 for 7 declared.
25. School 52 for 9 declared; S. W. Wanderers 55 for 2. (M) (after extra time).
29. Old Scholars 82 (Mr. Pumphrey 9 for 17); School 61. (M)
31. Newport Grammar 177 for 6 declared; School 75.

JUNE

3. School 49; Saffron Walden N.F.S. 74 (Mr. Pumphrey 6 for 19. (M).
17. R.A.F. XI. 163 for 8 declared; School 92. (M) (after extra time).
26. Seward's End 153 for 9 declared; School 62. (M).

JULY

4. School 67 for 8 declrred; S. W. Wanderers 77 for 3.
5. School 156 for 7 declared; R.A.F. 91. (Mr. Pumphrey 6 for 57).
8. Seward's End 133 for 8 declared; School 53.

("M" denotes an XI. including Masters.)

C.A.M.

CRICKET AVERAGES

BOWLING	O.	M.	R.	W.	Av.
Mr. Pumphrey	86	28	219	32	6.65
Mr. Mummery	100	21	276	20	13.8
Mr. Lenz	45	4	166	10	16.6
Meux	49	9	186	10	18.6
Plank	21	2	86	4	21.5
Bolam	32	7	117	4	29.2

Also bowled: Todd, 5-1-27-0.

BATTING.	No. of Ins.	Times not out	Runs scored	Highest score	Av.
Mr. Mummery ...	10	2	98	21*	12.2
Mr. Mallone ...	9	1	87	15	10.87
Mr. Pumphrey ...	6	1	41	15	8.2
Meux	9	4	40	28*	8
Plank	9	2	55	29*	7.85
Wiseman	9	0	67	11	7.44
Bolam	11	0	76	27	6.9
Mr. Lenz	7	0	38	11	5.45
Morice	6	1	24	12	4.8
Greenland	11	0	48	16	4.36
Simpson	10	0	42	9	4.2
Defries	3	0	12	7	4
Palmer	6	0	9	7	1.5
Mr. Pearmain ...	6	1	7	3	1.16

Also batted: Edwards 3, Mr. Worth 0, Todd 0 and 1, Ball 0, 0 and 0*

* Denotes "not out."

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT

SO far this term we have only played two tennis matches, one against Saffron Walden Training College which we lost by 36 to 63 games, and a mixed match against the Old Scholars which we won by 53 to 46 games. There was a mixed tennis tournament one Wednesday afternoon and we discovered some promising players. A. Newman and D. Castillejo won the tournament.

Like our tennis our cricket requires a lot of practice, but we have one or two promising bowlers and batsmen. We have a match with Saffron Walden Training College later in the term. The juniors have got a rounders match with Chantry Mount at the end of Term.

There is keen enthusiasm, and good progress is being made in swimming, and it is hoped that a large number of girls will be able to take their Life Saving Examinations this year, as no one was able to do so last year.

S.G.

MUSIC NOTES

THE outstanding recent musical event has been the Schools' Musical Festival, held in the School Hall on June 22nd. About 500 children took part in the Festival, the majority as singers, but some 50 as members of the Orchestra, either of our own school or of Newport Grammar School. The Festival was in charge of Mr. Cyril Winn, H.M.I. The morning was taken up with auditions, our own choir contributing with "Brother James's Air" and "Come, Loyal Hearts," both with orchestral accompaniment. Later, some of the choirs, including our own, took part in Sight Reading Tests. The afternoon was given up to massed singing by all choirs, many of the songs being accompanied by the combined orchestras. Possibly the most effective was Bach's "All Glory, Laud and Honour." There were also orchestral items both by the orchestras separately and together. Altogether the whole day was very successful and enjoyable.

Early in the Summer Term, we had another visit from Francesca Woodhouse, who gave us a delightful recital of violin music after Meeting on the Sunday evening. Her programme included the well-known Praeludium and Allegro—Pugnani-Kreisler.

On June 16th, we had a Recital by Samuel Kutcher, with John Lowe at the piano. They opened with the César Franck Sonata for Violin and Piano, and their programme also included the Vitali Chaconne, Schubert's Sonatina in G minor, and a group of solos.

S.T.

LIBRARY GIFTS

WE acknowledge with gratitude the following books. Donors' names are in brackets:—"The Song of Bernadette," (Mrs. Clark); "Caricature," "In the steps of Moses the conqueror," "Peer Gynt," (Miss Clark); "On being a real person," (Mrs. Rowe); "English Country Life," (Mary Whiteman).

AN UNEXPECTED PILGRIMAGE

IT was midsummer and Cairo was dusty and like an oven. One sultry night four of us who had been there for almost a year were sitting on our balcony, sleepily discussing Rommel's recent advance to El Alamein and wondering whether we would at last have our share of the travels and adventures that befall more mobile sections of the F.A.U.

We were jolted sharply out of our placid discussion by an order to be ready at dawn to drive four trucks to Jerusalem! It seemed a very appropriate comment on our talk of a few moments before, and in the upheaval of packing the advantages of a settled existence became much more obvious!

As I climbed into my seat next morning my feelings were those that are associated with the dentist's chair, because my knowledge of driving was rudimentary in the extreme! My main immediate concern was to avoid the ignominy of fouling the narrow gates of the hospital. Once through these, I soon began to enjoy the novelty of driving across the Nile delta to our first stop, Ismailia, 90 miles away on the Suez Canal.

We often had to run close to the edge of the road to avoid high-wheeled carts drawn by sad-looking water-buffaloes or to give a wide berth to traffic-shy camels. Women in black and men in white or faded blue were astir in the fields and the white egrets were flying from their roosts in the sycamore trees to begin the day's insect hunting amongst the crops. Tall wing-like sails of boats in the waterway alongside, and occasional clumps of palms or shady sycamore trees standing over the dingy mud-brick villages were among the few features that broke the level patchwork of green and brown fields.

Breakfast at Ismailia fortified us for the 170 miles of desert across the Sinai peninsula. First the Suez Canal ferry, where my worst fears were almost realised. A great lurch, confused shouts and I was on board—half an inch from the water's edge! I reflected with satisfaction that however long the desert might be it could not possibly have any more ferries.

The desert begins abruptly on the Eastern bank of the Canal and instead of lush fields a shimmering sheet of sand stretched as far as the eye could see, flat and featureless under the mid-day sun. I found it difficult to repel the insidious urge to sleep that was induced by the heat, the throb of the engine and the smoothly unwinding road. Only in the slanting rays of dawn and sunset does the landscape come to life, transformed by inky blue shadows and the play of many subtle colours, pinks and browns and gold.

As we entered Palestine the country became more hilly, with scanty fields of grain and black goat-hair tents of nomadic Beduin tribes. The last eighty miles ran North through Beersheba and Hebron past the terraced hills of Judea, covered with vineyards and grey-green olive groves. Villages of white stone crowned the hills, looking amazingly clean and neat after the dull and dirty hamlets of the Delta. The women, like hill-folk the world over, wear bright garments with embroidered blouses instead of the fusty black of Egypt. At last we saw between the hills the gleaming white buildings of modern Jerusalem that stand high around the old walled city.

Next morning we explored the old town and were transferred instantly into the teeming life and colour—and smell—of an age-old Eastern market. Amongst the closely clustered shops and houses, often hard to find, are countless buildings and sites rich in history and

legend to Jew, Christian and Moslem. Some are sacred to all three, and the most important of these stands on high ground in the South-East corner of the city.

This is the site of the Temple of Solomon and is now in Moslem hands. To them it is the place from which Mahomet ascended to heaven; and legend has it that over this same rock Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac. It is most sacred of all perhaps to the Jews, who are at present allowed access only to the "Wailing Wall," outside the "Temple Area." In the centre stands a magnificent octagonal building, roofed by an enormous dome. This, the Dome of the Rock, dominates the whole city, and its superb form gains dignity by the clear space of the Temple Area which surrounds it.

In striking contrast is the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Deeply buried in the heart of the town, it is supported, both inside and out, by a most wickedly ugly arrangement of steel girders erected because the many sects who share custody of the shrine cannot agree on more permanent measures of restoration. On the roof dwell a company of black Ethiopian monks forced outside by the fierceness of sectarian competition within! To us, accustomed to the austere tradition of the Western Churches, the lavish and haphazard wealth of ornament inside was both confusing and distasteful. The Tomb itself is so loaded with candles, images, ikons and tawdry "bric à brac" that, authentic though it is, and hallowed by centuries of pilgrimage and worship, we found it difficult to fully apprehend its significance.

We spent several days in Palestine; days indelibly laid on my memory by the manner of our coming and a realisation for the first time of the tragedy and violence with which the legacy of the past still rends this little country and its two vigorous peoples. Almost every square inch is sacred to Jew and Arab alike and yet it seems as though a wider loyalty that might comprehend both their national traditions may forever elude them. East and West, past and present, meet and mingle here, but are like oil and water which roll up into separate drops and refuse to compound.

DENIS GREENWOOD

"TWENTY ONE DAYS"

TO review the history of these twenty-one days in Holloway Gaol would easily fill a small book, so I shall confine these pages to general observations, using particular instances to illustrate points as I go.

It is difficult in an article such as this to describe fully the absurdity of prison life, yet before going any further I must say that it was the richest experience that ever I have tasted. "Richest" may sound an odd adjective to use about such a subject but if only

everybody of every age and class could know what goes on behind these stone walls and iron bars, they would have a greater understanding of their fellow beings.

Prison-life is strangely like school-life—the attitude of the wardresses, in my experience at any rate, was that of the prim and proper teacher to a rather wayward child. In the temporary or part-time officers it was much easier to find sympathy and understanding, but some of the regulars seemed to lack human feeling altogether.

As in school, so in Holloway, life is ruled by routine. After the first day or two actions become automatic and one knows exactly what comes next.

By far the most trying part of this experience was "Reception." This period is from the time sentence is pronounced until the prisoner is settled in to work the following afternoon. The police-van, popularly called "Black Maria," consists of many little compartments about a yard square which are permanently "blacked out" and have very little air. I am a very small person, yet the two hours spent in there were worse than all the rest of my time. On arrival at the prison, bodies are signed for and the person ceases to exist. No. 7402 felt very nervous indeed as she was locked in a small wooden chalet covered over with wire netting and told to undress. Baths, collecting of personal belongings, distribution of prison clothing, scrambling for shoes (never any *pairs*) and "Medical Examination" all take place in these Reception cells.

I have quoted "Medical Examination" because anything less like its title is hard to imagine. The stethoscope is placed on the collar bone and the two set questions "Any serious illness?" "When?" thrown out. The only thing that is thoroughly examined is the hair and if anything is found therein the prisoner is completely cropped and looks rather like a hedgehog! What would occur if any serious illness were apparent I have never been able to ascertain, because nobody ever admits it!

Reception does not end on leaving the reception cells. At about 7 p.m. new prisoners are taken over to the main building which consists of four main wings—A, B, C & D—and despatched to their own cells. As a general rule, newcomers are all in B wing, but having registered as a Quaker, No. 7402 was taken straightway to D wing.

You will probably have gathered from this that there is a very strong class distinction in gaol. The main distinction is between Blue and Red ties. Red ties are called "Star" prisoners and are mainly first offenders. They are housed in D wing or DX which is an extension of D—though it has many extra comforts such as hot water pipes, mats on the floor and more movable window panes, whilst the Blue ties on the other two wings are second offenders or

else the more serious first offenders. This sorting out of newcomers entails enquiries into their character and takes about a fortnight.

The food, on the whole, is good though not very plentiful. Thursday dinner is a good three-course meal, well cooked, but Wednesday for instance consists only of soup which may or may not have a little potato in it. The fish on Tuesday nearly always goes back just as it comes, for the smell from it is just unbelievable. It is amazing how prisoners enjoy an extra piece of dry bread which normally they would scorn to eat at all. The chief comment I would make here—and it is a point on which I feel very strongly—is that it is criminal to expect girls from sixteen to twenty, of whom there are a goodly number in Holloway, to make do on the very meagre diet that grown ups have.

Many adults found it quite insufficient, so what it must have been for these growing girls I just cannot imagine!

Work varies from scrubbing landings to sewing male prisoners' clothing and mail bags. Time allotted to this work is four hours a day, divided equally between morning and afternoon. I can only talk from my own experience which was in the male prisoners' clothing workroom. The Officer in charge here was very pleasant, and provided we worked well, talking was almost unlimited.

Sanitation is naturally a very difficult problem. At unlocking time in the morning (7 a.m.) prisoners take their slops to the landing closet. This means thirty-three pails to one closet. If you can imagine one of your school lavatories suddenly opened up after fifteen hours and everyone on the boys' or girls' side using it, you might be able to imagine something of the unhealthy odour which emanates from these closets. Fifteen hours is a very long time and there is nothing, literally nothing, you can do about it!

It is surprising to find how one looks forward to 4 o'clock (locking-up time) after the first few days. I suppose there are four main reasons for this (a) "That's another day nearer the end"; (b) relief at being private; (c) time for a decent wash is available; and (d) within the limits of four walls there is freedom to do what one likes. At this time of day it is possible to get hot water, which adds relish to the wash.

Letters are allowed once a fortnight and are really the only things that keep some of the prisoners sane. These are of course censored and nothing may be said about the activities of the prison.

All this seems very clear to me, but I know that it cannot seem so to you, Reader, yet perhaps you will have read enough to discover the futility of the whole penal system as at present practised. For I assure you it is futile!

I am not advocating of course that murderers and the like should be allowed to be a menace to society, but I do say that this system in itself is evil and does not achieve its object.

These people are not encouraged to be self-respecting or useful citizens, but they are trodden down and made to defend their own miserable actions in spite of the fact that they know in their hearts they have done wrong. Bitterness, defiance and revenge are all the feelings that these things bring about. The whole thing is degrading! Yet nowhere, not even in school, have I ever known such camaraderie as in H.M. Prison Holloway.

Another conclusion reached during my association with the Red ties was that during the war, at any rate, most of these people are in prison from pure bad luck. How many of you lend clothing coupons, or borrow them, or even buy them? One lass was there for receiving a stolen bike which she had bought and paid for at a second-hand shop, but because she had painted it up to look like new, the magistrate had held that she must have known it was stolen.

In conclusion, may I appeal to you by asking that if ever you meet people who are known to have been in prison, for whatever reason, do not condemn them or ignore them, but help them to regain their self-respect and make them see that they are needed to help society.

Una Forward
(1930—37)

(Una Forward was sent to prison for conscientious objection to war).

NIGHT IN THE PIT

TEN p.m. Time for us to descend our quarter-of-a-mile into the earth. With a rush of air and a sinking feeling in our stomachs, we were away, and quickly at the pit bottom.

Night-work in a coal-mine is very different from day work. There are not so many people about and not so much activity. There is present, therefore, a feeling that it is night-time, that you *really* ought to be asleep, and very often, if you *can* snatch a moment, you *do* fall asleep—quite unofficially, of course.

The work, too, is different. No coal is hewn, but the faces are prepared for the next day. Roads are repaired, and tubs of dirt removed from the pit, together with any coal that may have been left standing on the roads. Empty tubs must be taken to the faces ready for the next day's coal, together with any necessary material,

I have plenty of opportunity to watch these different jobs going on, and have developed a deep admiration for the men who carry them out. Especially does this apply to those men who use a pick and shovel all the time . . . . 7½ hours, with only 20 minutes' break. There is no slacking in a pit; for a man knows that if he gets very little work done, he gets very little money for it! It is not just the work either. One has to remember the hot, dusty and often damp atmosphere, lacking in oxygen, which produces a lethargy in the muscles—a lethargy which has to be overcome. "Snap" time at last! Twenty precious minutes in which to eat our sandwiches! Before we eat, we must rinse our mouths with water and take a pinch of snuff, to remove the dust from nose and throat. "Oo's eatin' oonions? Ah can smell t' b . . . . s a mile off." "'Ows Paul toneet?" "Coom an' 'ave a look at my Bevin Youth, 'Arry!"

But now work again. Strangely enough, the time seems to pass more quickly after 2 o'clock. Now it is 5.45 a.m., and with another rush of air, we are at the pit-head, and thence to the baths. How pleasant to be clean again after nearly 8 hours of dirt! By 7 o'clock we are in bed—quite the best place after a night's work in a mine.

If Group C boys still do half-an-hour's coke shovelling a week, do they still grumble? If so, they should remember the miner who shovelled it when it was coal.

Paul Fordham
(1936—43)

AN EVACUEE IN AMERICA

WHEN I left England in July, 1940, I went first to Canada, where I spent five weeks with my Uncle and Aunt, Joyce (née Watts, 1911—16) and Freddy Butler (1910—16), and then to Terrace Park, Ohio. I stayed in Ohio for a year, going to a public, or state, school.

I spent the last two years of my stay in America at Westtown School, a Quaker Boarding School in Pennsylvania. Westtown, a co-educational school with about 300 students, has a large campus of about 600 acres, which include a farm, where cattle are raised for milk and meat, and vegetables and numerous other things are grown. There are also a large peach, apple and cherry orchard, an arboretum, a fourteen acre lake, and 250 acres of woods and meadows.

There are few rules at Westtown; but these are very strictly enforced. School routine is similar to Walden: the boys and girls get up at 6.45 a.m., and have breakfast at 7.15 a.m. Classes are held from 9 a.m. to 12.15 p.m., and from 1.45 p.m. to 3.15 p.m.,

followed by sports and recreation till 4.45 p.m., and study after supper from 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m. "Lights-out" for the upper four classes is at 10 p.m. (The school has its own generating plant and the main switch in the power house is pulled.)

For sports the boys play soccer and baseball, the girls hockey and lacrosse. We all play basketball and tennis, and enjoy track, swimming, canoeing, and skating.

Friday night was hobby night. The workshops and "labs." were open and we could do all kinds of crafts. There is a dramatic club and several music clubs. The school also possesses a printing press on which we turned out programmes for various school events.

The school puts on several plays during the year. For example, in one year we produced a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, a play given by the senior class only; one by the faculty, three one-act plays, a Shakespeare play on Alumni day (Old-Scholars' Day) given on the open air stage (weather permitting), and one by the Dramatic Club.

The students themselves are responsible for running most of the Saturday evening programmes. During my last year I was Stage Manager, responsible for scenery, lighting and amplifying, when needed, for every occasion. I also helped with the printing of the programmes.

Friendship between boys and girls is encouraged. Every evening between supper and study time couples are allowed to meet for various activities. One evening would be for games, another for Glee Clubs, and the rest were spent either talking in the common room, or, in the Spring, walking on the Granolithic (Westtown's equivalent of the Avenue).

Most schools in America have about two weeks' vacation at Christmas and Easter and three months in the summer. My first summer I went to two summer camps, a canoeing and fishing one in the wilds of Minnesota on the Canadian-American border, and a less strenuous one in Kentucky. The next summer I spent six weeks on a farm in New Jersey and six weeks at the Westtown Work Camp, helping freeze and can food for the next school year. Last year I worked six weeks in a Print Shop in Philadelphia earning 60 cents, (2/6) an hour, 40 hours a week, and then six weeks at the Westtown Work Camp. During my vacations my headquarters were with Nora (née Matthews 1913—17) and Charles Whitney at their home in Upper Darby.

The things that most impressed me about Americans is their friendliness and the way they keep open house. In spite of the fact that I left Walden prematurely when I was evacuated to the States, I'm very glad to have had the experience.

Peter J. Watts (1936—40)

FAR AND NEAR

OLD SCHOLARS may be interested in reading the following news items concerning some of their contemporaries :—

MAURICE ALLWARD, (1938—40), is working as a draughtsman at Hawkers and looking forward to the time when he can work on Transport machines instead of Fighters. His elder brother DENIS (1929—32), is now in his fifth year in a Prisoners of War Camp in Germany, while his younger brother LESLIE, (1938—41), recently joined the R.A.F. and is now training in Wales.

DAVID BOLAM, (1936—43), finds that his gardening duties under the Friends Relief Service take up too much of his time to admit of serious study. The local dramatic societies have made good use of him.

JOHN AND MARY BURTT, (1922—27, 1922—24), are very busy in Calcutta. John has been working in the Relief Control Office which is responsible for housing homeless people in the event of raids, and during the famine took charge of all the government share of emergency feeding in Calcutta. Mary has been responsible for distributing Red Cross milk in a district as large as an English county.

JAMES CAMPBELL, (1938—40), is also at Hawkers as a Junior Napier Representative.

RUTH COLLINSON, (1938—41), is finishing her training at the Ipswich General Hospital, and is about to go to Woodbrooke to begin her degree course in Pharmacy.

MARTIN DAVIES (1934—35), is home again after service in China with the F.A.U. He is now concerned mainly with the training of F.A.U. drivers and personnel for service overseas.

JOHN FLEMING, (1930—36), is in charge of an F.A.U. section working as a small Army Field Unit in conjunction with the R.A.M.C. John's section is doing very well and is pioneering the way for others.

JOHN FORDHAM, (1930—36), has married Janet Marshall, an Ackworth O.S. Some time ago he passed out "top" after an Instructor's Course, and now, as a full Lieutenant, he is engaged as an instructor at an R.N. Air Station.

PAUL FORDHAM, (1936—43), has now completed his preliminary training, and is working down a coal mine.

ELIZABETH GRILLET, (1937—41), in the A.T.S., is working on "Radar." She finds the people in the North Midlands very hospitable. CHRISTOPHER, (1937—42), is training in the R.A.F.

JACK HARPER, (1925—29), is with the F.A.U. London Office, and is concerned chiefly with transport and driver training schemes.

ROBERT HARPER, (1925—32), is with the F.A.U., attached to the Free French Forces. He has had service in Tunisa and is now probably in Italy.

THE HATTON DAUGHTERS: DOROTHY, (1929—31), MARGARET, (1929—30) and SYBIL, (1929—33), have presented their parents with four grand-daughters within a period of a fortnight. Congratulations!

PHILIP HOLMES, (1935—40), is training as a signaller in the Navy.

FELIX HULL, (1926—31), is with the F.A.U., and keeps the records in the London Office.

DAVID JACKSON, (1933—40). We deeply regret to hear that David's Lancaster was shot down while he was bringing it back after a bombing raid last month. No further news of him has so far been received.

MARGARET LENK, née MATTINGLY, (1929—33), writing from New Zealand, gives us news of herself and her brothers, Harold (in the F.A.U.), Stephen (in his third medical year), David (training as an R.A.F. observer in South Africa).

PAMELA MOLSON, (1936—40), has just been promoted an L.A.C.W. in the W.A.A.F.

CHRISTOPHER NICKALLS, (1934—40), has been in Egypt for some weeks with an F.A.U. Middle East Relief Section.

HAWLEY POYSER, (1934—40), has passed his course as a radio-mechanic, and has recently gone overseas with the R.A.F.

RALPH RODWELL, (1937—41), has just finished his training as a cook in the F.A.U.

ALAN SARFAS, (1934—42), has been directed by the Tribunal to some form of Civilian Relief Service, but hopes still to be able to complete the part of his training as a Quantity Surveyor on which he is now engaged.

MARGARET SHEPHERD, (1934—39), is Ambulance driving with the A.T.S.

ROGER SPARKES, (1933—36), arrived in Cairo last January with an F.A.U. relief party.

HANNAH MARY WILSON, (1928—34), is a cook instructor in the F.A.U. For some years she has been partly responsible for the running of an F.A.U. summer camp for London boys' and girls' clubs.

A.B.

EDITORIAL BOARD: Pamela Bower, Arnold Brereton, David Castillejo, Gerald Littleboy (President), Ronald S. Mallone (Editor), Donald Simpson, Margaret G. Yapp (Treasurer).

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