THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

MARCH 1944

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 30. MARCH, 1944. No. 100.

THESE HURRYING MONTHS

ONE of the principal problems of petty organisation in a School is lateness. Offenders usually offer what they consider an adequate justification, but it is remarkable how often those in authority seem to think this nothing more nor less than an excuse. When, therefore, we have to explain why an issue of "The Avenue" due in November, 1943, appears in March, 1944, we fear that the reason—circumstances beyond our control—may appear to our impatient readers as merely "another flimsy excuse." Suffice it therefore to say that our late Editor, W. A. Campbell Stewart, left in July, and with a number of other staff changes taking place at the same time, essential school duties have crowded out "The Avenue."

We open this issue therefore with apologies to our readers, with a warm welcome to our new Editor, Ronald S. Mallone, and with a statement of our intention to publish "The Avenue" in July and December, 1944, thus gradually catching the time lost with this issue.

In a letter in this issue, the Clerk of the School Committee draws attention to the fact that this is our hundredth number. This has made us look again at the first issue, and we note with interest the names of several who have since had children of their own in the School. Here surely is a challenge to scholars of 1944. Which of you will contribute something to our No. 101 so that your own children when they buy No. 200 may look back with interest (and pride ?) to their parent's youthful endeavours ?

An outbreak of mild scarlet fever and tonsilitis in the Summer Term upset many arrangements, including our share in the Bishop's Stortford Musical Festival for schools. The plague did not come upon us until after General Meeting, held very successfully this year on the last Saturday in May, but early in June there began a procession to the Sanatorium which ultimately reached such proportions that it was decided to break up the School a week before the proper date. Our particular sympathy was extended to Isabel Davis, who had to spend the early part of the holidays in Saffron Walden Hospital recovering from a mastoid operation (our only serious case of illness) and to John Holttum and George Weil, who were prevented by illness from taking their School Certificate Exam. We were glad to hear that Weil made good in this connection by taking London Matriculation successfully in September.

The beginning of the Autumn Term brought a number of changes. One half of "Hillcroft" had been released by the Authorities and, after complete redecoration, we started to use it again. The Intermediate Girls, and a few older ones, sleep there, but most of the rooms have been needed for staff accommodation. We still look anxiously at the other half of the property, now occupied by Americans, and put up with over-full rooms elsewhere in the hope that before long we may step into our own again.

Reference has already been made to Mr. Stewart's departure, after five years here in charge of English, "The Avenue," School Plays, etc. Mrs. Radley, too, has severed her official connection with the School, a connection which began in 1910, and which was renewed after an interval of some years in 1927. She retains, for the present, her duties as "Avenue" Treasurer, and we are glad to believe that she will retain her interest in the School as long as she lives in Walden. Other staff leavers in July were Mrs. Rice and Mr. Harris, and to all of these we give our best wishes. To the many newcomers we extend a hearty, if rather belated, welcome:— to Miss Tyler (Art), Miss Comber (Violin and Orchestra), to Mr. Mallone (English, etc.), to Mr. and Mrs. Lenz (Biology and Needlework respectively) and to Mr. Mummery (Group A.).

Another leaver in July whose departure caused us great regret was Sister Pengelly. For several years she acted as School Nurse, and more latterly she had been in charge of the Sanatorium. There are many among us who can speak with appreciation and gratitude of her care and interest on our behalf. During her régime the Sanatorium fully maintained its reputation of being a happy place— it was almost worth while being ill for the kindly care that was bestowed upon you. For the Autumn Term the Sanatorium was in charge of Sister Ifversen who was succeeded this term by Sister Lloyd Williams.

With the increased number of masters actively interested in School Games, there has been a steady revival in the quality of and keenness in football, and we have been delighted to see budding athletes doing cross-country runs, skipping and jumping, and generally tuning themselves up for a Sports Day at the end of term. The fruits were shown in a triangular cross-country victory over Harlow and Newport Schools at Harlow. Previously we had won a sweeping victory over Harlow on our own course.

All records for numbers of scholars were surpassed in the Autumn. Our total rose to 274 in all departments, which compares with 193 ten years ago. At the moment there are many more applicants than vacancies, so that the outlook for the immediate future is good.

A sudden outbreak of illness in November upset a number of end-of-term arrangements. Whether it was correctly described as "influenza" or not was a matter of small concern to the victims who suffered a few days of inconvenience. A notable feature of the

outbreak was the regularity with which the Sanatorium staff, both regular and temporary, fell victims one after another. On more occasions than one it seemed that the whole burden of keeping the Sanatorium going, with its crowd of patients, rising once to a total of 40, was resting on Mrs. King Beer and Miss Clark, whose noble efforts were much appreciated by the victims.

So far the present term has been singularly free from illness, and once again we have been spared the rigour of winter as we have known it sometimes. Some of our younger readers probably regret the absence of material for adequate snow fights, but the older ones among us note the lack of these attractions without regret. As we write, black-out is shortening rapidly, the sun shines with real warmth, and signs of spring are daily increasing. Can we hope that the time is approaching when we can give our minds untramelled to the tasks with which School is really concerned ? G.L.

THIRTY FOUR YEARS ON

TO read through the pages of the first issue of "The Avenue" is to return to days when only the unusually politically astute could envisage world war, let alone two wars inside thirty years. In 1910 "First Class Girls" (*sic*) could laugh in verse at "the suffragettes, their vain attempts," notices could be generously spaced, three of thirty two pages could be devoted to a School Diary, and four plates added, an impossibility for those subject to the stern economy of war. None the less, if to-day we cannot afford over four pages for "Natural History and Archaeological Notes," it is at least possible that George Morris may envy us the Biology Laboratory of 1944 and the flourishing Natural History Society.

Equally strange is the contrast in form between the poems of 1910 and the poetry in the present number. "The Walden Election" and "To-morrow" have nothing in common except rime. Yet both are products of their time, one of a period when brave pioneers shouted "Votes for Women!" and "Two would-be voters" "knew that right must triumph," the other of an age when the young express little confidence in "old advice" and no longer dream of inevitable progress. Indeed, when we are witnessing the daily destruction of so much that is irreplaceable in Western Civilisation, it is not surprising to find another poet writing a "Dream of Death." All is not gloom, however. "To pack or not to pack" shows that the virtue of humour has not departed from us, and "The Hills of England" breathes a love of country free from jingoism.

What, though, of 1910's hopes for the future? We can still echo the cry of Winifred Newbery and Muriel Baker in 1910: "the Tories were victorious," and for all Piers Richmond's "The Party system old has had its day," it is still here thirty four years

later, as is "Hereditary privilege to rule." Moreover, to-day, with the bloody battles of Russia and Italy so much in the news, it is difficult to imagine a year when one could write

"of the times when man and man
Fought hand to hand, to prove that might was right,"

as though these things belonged solely to the past.

Despite all differences, however, there is one striking coincidence: in November 1909 the Literary Society's Annual Meeting (to which "The Avenue," No. 1, gave three pages) had Walden in Story as its theme; November 1943 saw "Walden, Past, Present and Future" as the subject of a Senior Literary Society Meeting, proof that we are still Walden conscious and that we, too, have hopes for the future.

It may be that an Old Scholar of 1910 would have been better fitted than a newcomer, and a young man at that, to edit this one hundredth issue of "The Avenue." Nevertheless, whatever his lack of knowledge of the past three decades of School life, the new editor expresses his determination to record the present accurately, to preserve all that is fine in the traditions of "The Avenue," and to plan for a warless future when our magazine may no longer be restricted in its efforts to reflect all that is best in the artistic and literary ability of past and present scholars.

RONALD S. MALLONE

OUR FIRST CENTURY

Dear Editor,

Congratulations on the appearance of the hundredth "Avenue." So many School Magazines have a short life, if a merry one, that Walden can be very proud of its achievement in maintaining its series unbroken for a hundred issues.

Your volumes have, I think, got a little mixed lately, for volume XXX. has covered the last eleven numbers, two of which bore the number 98; but the bookbinder will soon remedy that, and my shelves will proudly carry the long row of 34 volumes neatly bound in green cloth.

How full of good stuff they are! What stories they tell of the developing life of the school. The coming of co-education, the institution of Houses, the changing of Forms into Groups, the growth of tramps by lakeside and over the Fells; the excursions to Wicken Fen and Epping Forest. What a mine of information they are, too, about the history of Saffron Walden and the country roundabout.

Yes, the School is certainly to be congratulated on the first hundred issues of "The Avenue." May paper restrictions soon be removed so that you can once again produce an issue every term;

and so may I wish you, as Clerk of the School Committee God speed as you set out to achieve your second century !

Yours sincerely,

HOWARD DIAMOND

THE VILLAGE SHOP

ONE day I went for a long walk, and after about four miles, I came to a small shop. At first glance it had rather a drab appearance, with several posters posted on the window, advertising " Beecham's Pills—worth a guinea a box ", " Bovril ", and " Craven A "; but what I noticed most was a small, faded piece of paper saying, " We sell Mineral Waters "; and as it was a very hot day, I decided to go in and quench my thirst.

On opening the door there was a loud clanging of a rusty bell, and a loud feminine voice called from somewhere in the building, " All right, I won't be a minute."

" It's all right, I'm not in a hurry," I answered, looking round.

The shop was crowded: every nook and cranny was full of goods: sweets, pens, cheese, bootlaces, cotton, blotting-paper, beans, peas, bacon and paraffin all mixed up with coats, hats and shoes. In one small corner was the counter, mostly covered with fruit, which made me feel even thirstier.

" Well, m'dear, what can I do for you ? "

I turned round, and found myself facing a fairly tall, middle-aged woman, in a longish red, brown and yellow print dress, which was nearly covered by a voluminous pinafore. Her hair, which was tinged with grey, was twisted into a small bun on top of her head, whilst a rather straggly fringe trailed over her forehead.

" A lemonade, please," I said.

She bent down and produced a glass from behind the counter, then bustled out to fill it for me.

While I drank, I studied the views of the village which graced the wall; judging by the ladies' fashions, they must have been taken at least twenty years before.

The door bell clanged again, and in hobbled an old country yokel. After passing the usual daily compliments, from which I gathered his name was " Garge," he asked for " a ha'f ounce o' shag," and proceeded to talk about the weather, his farm work, and how things were not the same as they used to be when he was young. Then after saying, " I mus' go now, as 'tis hayin' time, an' I don' git much time to stop a-gassapin', you know," he hobbled out. Before I had finished my lemonade, another customer entered, a typical countrywoman, dressed as old-fashioned as it is possible to be.

From the order she was giving, in between a running conversation covering all the affairs of the village, I gathered that she was buying her weekly goods, as at one moment she was asking for a pound of butter, and next two reels of cotton. She soon disappeared however, as one of her children came running in crying, "Ma! 'Enry has swallowed a pin! What shall we do?"

My lemonade having then gone, I bought some fruit and made for home, thinking what a marvellous place the village shop was.

Pauline Goddard
(age 15)

ACQUAINTANCES

IN the country, one's neighbours know one's intimate family history even before oneself. At home, we are apparently distant relations of the minister next door, my father is a lunatic and a crank because he has had the dull paint on the outside of the house transformed to a bright tangerine and royal blue, and my mother is, or was, a German spy. This was perhaps due to her having remarked in one of the shops that she disapproved of war.

The Minister, our neighbour on one side, once belonged to the Salvation Army. Now he can organise efficiently anything from a religious service to a rummage sale. He also works hard and takes a helpful interest in his congregation. Although he always visits them in the morning, when they are busily cooking or scrubbing, and talks for too long a time, he is well liked by everyone.

The Rector, our other neighbour, is an equally pleasant man whose living was given to him as a wedding present. He is very meek, and so timid that people try to avoid him in the street because of his embarrassment at having to speak to them. His wife, on the other hand, is gushing, wears gaudy jewellery, and flaunts hair of a violently dyed ginger.

Opposite the Rectory lives a retired colonel, seven foot tall, who is inclined to consider himself "above the common crowd" in more ways than one. His alarming hobby once was to spend whole afternoons shooting blackbirds from an upstairs window. He must have hunted when abroad, for there are numerous hideous heads of beasts on the dining-room wall. When his temper is roused, there is no safety within throwing distance.

Opposite us lives Molly. If we hear singing in the early hours of the morning, it is Molly feeling happy. If we hear strange laughter in the evening, it is Molly slightly tipsy. If we hear of a woman arrested for holding up the traffic in her car, it is Molly completly drunk. She has been in turn a B.B.C. crooner and a dancer on Clacton Pier. She it is who supplies subject matter for village gossip. During the war, however, she has proved an excellent ambulance driver, working for many hours amidst the horror of bombed cities.

Others in the village are mediocre to the outward eye ; yet each has his or her little foible which makes him interesting.

Jill Allen
(age 15)

THE WORLD WAKES UP

THE trees are beginning to bud, and the Spring flowers push their little heads up through to the sunshine. Animals both great and small are beginning to wake after their long winter slumber. The grass is growing green, for there has been a heavy fall of rain, and everything is beginning to wake. The young seeds of the trees have long been scattered by wind and birds. Soon the harvest and dormice will awake from their long sleep through the bleak Winter. Only a few animals are left that do not sleep through the winter and those are far from friends.

The world has been wrapped in a white blanket of snow, the lakes and ponds had been frozen so that ducks and swans had been unable to swim and to catch water-insects upon which they feed. But now Jack Frost is no longer seen. And Spring with its sunshine has come again. Soon it will be pleasant to walk along the "Backs" in Cambridge and to see the crocuses and daffodils against the green grass. And yet in the jostle of the busy towns that hardly ever see the countryside, people do not stop to think of the trouble that God took to make His world beautiful for our sake.

Judy Lagden
(age 9)

THE NEST

A SWISH of wings, a rush of air and the mother wood pigeon has returned. She shoos the father off the two pearly-white eggs and lovingly surveys them before settling down to brood.

High in the old oak by the pigsty she feels perfectly safe, even though she is extremely near the farmhouse. It is curious that, while woodpigeons will shun the haunts of Man in Autumn and Winter, there is no telling what they will do in the nesting season.

A week has passed. The eggs, which were nearly ready to hatch before, have now turned into two scraggy youngsters. The platform of roots and twigs that form their home will scarcely hold them. Every day they grow bigger and stronger, and their efforts to fly become less awkward and more vigorous. One late June morning, one of the two jerks himself right out of the nest, and, flapping wildly, falls right through the branches to the ground. Quite unhurt, he picks himself up and starts to explore the strange new world he has found. His brother, badly scared, withdraws to the

centre of the nest, but it is not long, however, before he is back, flapping wildly on the edge. He is more successful, and is soon flapping awkwardly about the tree. In a few days they have left the nest for ever and begin to fend for themselves.

Michael Littleboy
(age 12)

TO PACK, OR NOT TO PACK

THE Jones family sat in misery and desperation round the large gaping trunk, out of which peered a pair of red flannel bed-socks and Grandma's best fur.

"One more try," said mother, adding hopefully, "this is the ninth time. 'Third time lucky' didn't work, maybe ninth will. It's three times the third time, you know," she added, her weak smile melting as she saw that the family did not appreciate her optimism.

With a sigh, Father sat down heavily on the trunk. A loud protesting creak rent the air, and the lid sank down half an inch further.

"This calls for combined operations," Father sighed. "I'll sit on this side, you on the other, and the children can pile on until it shuts."

This was tried, without success, for with a roar, Father went through the battered old trunk, which was packed in a decidedly lopsided way, one side being three dressing-gowns higher than the other. Mrs. Jones nearly wept.

"There's only one more thing, Henry," she said. "Go up to the attic, and if you empty out all Great-Grandma's gadgets from her trunk, we can use that."

"Emma!" exclaimed Father in horror. "You know Grandma never did like anyone touching her trunk."

"Well, she's dead now, isn't she?" answered Mrs. Jones disrespectfully. "Don't argue, Henry."

Mr. Jones went upstairs. Loud crashes were heard, and then a rumbling noise.

"What on earth—?" began Mother, and dashing to the bottom of the stairs, she managed to swerve aside in time to avoid being bowled over by a large tin trunk, which had just finished rolling independently downstairs, followed by a red-faced Mr. Jones.

"It—er—slipped, dear," he explained, but his face revealed that he had thought sliding a better way than carrying.

After ten minutes the trunk was shut; but just as Father was about to strap it up, the eldest daughter entered with a box of curlers and nail-varnish in one hand and Baby's Giant Panda in the other.

After repacking the trunk, the family succeeded in shutting it. Soon it was strapped and labelled, and Father stood back, surveying his work with pride.

"Now I can have a smoke," he said, fumbling in his pocket. With a beam of satisfaction on his face, he sank into the armchair, and puffed contentedly at his old briar. He looked happily at Mother; but his smile faded, for her white face told him something was wrong. She cleared her throat and looked at him helplessly.

"Did you—did you pack my big coat, dear?" she asked with an effort.

Father breathed again.

"If that's all you're worrying about, don't, m'dear," he replied. "I've packed it right at the bottom, it's quite all right."

Mrs. Jones was still white.

"Right at the bottom," she said. "The tickets are in that coat!"

Nina Bailey
(age 13)

TO-MORROW

WHAT will come after
the tears, the weeping and the laughter?
We saw old faces
peering from dead and hopeless places;
We felt old hands
turning the bricks and digging the sands;
We heard an old tongue
spattering old advice to the young;
With our old, old eyes
we looked upward to the scarred and rifted skies.
And with an old, empty mirth
the tears fell silently from the old face of the earth.

Pamela Bower
(age 16)

DREAM OF DEATH

THE wind is floating soft and light
I'm sailing on the loch to-night.
Down to the shore where the waves are lapping;
The little brown boat with the sails a-flapping.

The sky is clear and the moon is bright,
And soon the land will be lost to sight.

The waves are growing wild and gray ;
The white sea-horses spitting spray.
The gulls above are mournfully crying,
Tuning their throats to the wind a-sighing.

The silver sound of St. Kessog's Bell
Comes drifting down through the blackened swell.

The sea-maids make no wreaths of flowers,
Or lay me in their leafy bowers.
But sea-weeds about my face are clinging ;
Black shadows around me death are bringing.

Round my throat cold clutching hands
Bear me away to death's dark lands.

Vivienne Hogg
(age 14)

TO HILLS

I THINK if ever I lived before,
'Twas on the hills so grand and green.
It was not in fair Palestine,
Nor ancient castles on the Rhine,
Nor sunny realms of some great coral queen,
But on the hills, the hills that I adore.

I think if ever I lived before
'Twas on the windy mountain tops,
By gurgling burns and sparkling falls,
Not in great princes' crowded halls,
Nor where the murky, town-smoked river drops,
But on the hills, the hills that I adore.

I think if ever I lived before,
'Twas not in Arctic regions cold,
Or on the Prairies long and broad,
It was not anywhere abroad,
But on our England's hills, majestic, old ;
Where beauty dwells for evermore.

Marygold Lansdell
(age 14)

IN THE WOODLAND GLADE

IN the moonlit woodland glade
Fairies lightly dance.
On the pretty grassy lawn
Elves and pixies prance.

With bedclothes made of petals pink,
In walnut shells they sleep,
And maybe still at night you'll see them
If you have a peep.

Benita Barber
(age 9)

SUCH A BUSTLE

WE'RE all expecting Lady Teddy.
I'm sure we never shall be ready !

Where's the bread and butter plate ?
Set the cakes out ! Don't be late !

Dust that picture, mend that chair.
For goodness' sake, do brush your hair !

There's the bell, and we're just ready.
How do you do, dear Lady Teddy ?

Benita Barber
(age 9)

FOOTBALL REPORT, 1943-44

YEAR after year, we state in this report that, though at the beginning of the season, prospects were poor and achievement mediocre, yet by the end of the season we had managed to hammer out some sort of team, and achieve some success, however small, and we offer a pious hope that next year we may start off well and continue to win better laurels.

This year there did seem to be a little better prospect of initial success, as there were more members left over from last year than usual. However, we regret that progress during the Autumn term was poor, though there has been a good deal of improvement this term. There have been two great weaknesses in the team : first, the lack of any dominating personality as centre half, to bind the team together, combined with a weakness in the inside forward positions, has led to lack of co-operation in the forward line, especially between the centre forward and the wings. Secondly, there has been general unwillingness to profit from advice and from the mistakes of the past.

Several members have shown marked improvement upon last season's form, in the matter of general ball control and dash, but, as a result, they have been tempted too much towards selfish individualistic play. We learned a lot from one match in particular, against a very good army team—the 9th Battalion of the Durham Light Infantry—who gave us a thorough trouncing and showed us what good football can be.

There have also been displays of films sponsored by the Football Association, which have been helpful.

INDIVIDUAL CRITICISM OF THE TEAM :

C. DAY : Though somewhat weak at place kicking, is a cool and courageous goal-keeper.

D. EATON : Improved during season. Rather slow. Clearances weak.

D. CASTILLEJO : (Capt.) Useful left-back, deceptively fast. First time clearance, though improved, still his weak point.

T. MEUX : As right half has gained in confidence and control though still slow. Good tackling.

R. PALMER : (Vice-capt.) As a centre half, has improved in ball control and general appreciation of tactics. Tackling good, but must learn to feed his forwards. Kicking still rather wild.

D. BUTLER : A sturdy and tenacious, if rather unpolished, left-half.

G. BOLAM : Right wing. Must try to give greater thrust to the attack, and develop a stronger centring kick. Tends to lie too far back.

J. PLANK : Has made great progress. Has come into the forward line from the halves where his tackling and speed have been very useful. A powerful kick, but must learn to keep the ball down.

A. SANCHEZ : Centre forward. Useful speed and dash. Ball control good. Must beware of holding on to ball too long. Greater co-operation with his other forwards and attention to position would improve his play. Keen and fearless tackling.

A. BROOKS : As left inside must learn to co-operate with wing and centre forward. Should aim at greater ball control and a better shot.

D. POWELL : A fast, tricky and determined left wing. His great fault has been attempting too much on his own. Has a good centring kick and has put in some useful shots.

D. Collinson, J. Morice and D. Simpson have all been members of the team on occasion and show good promise.

B.B.J.

CRICKET RESULTS, 1943

MAY			
12.	Newport Grammar School, (H) ...	Lost 14—125 (for 5).	
15.	Seward's End C.C. (H), (Masters' XI)	Lost 47—56.	
JUNE			
5.	S.W. Junior Wanderers, (Masters' XI)	Won 195—132.	
9.	Newport Grammar School, (A) ...	Lost 39—294 (for 3).	
9.	Boys' British School (under 14 XI), (H)	Lost 19—61.	
12.	Old Scholars, (Masters' XI)	Lost 73—106.	
23.	Boys' British School (under 14 XI), (H)	Won 66—7.	
26.	Seward's End, (Masters' XI), (H) ...	Lost 126—128.	

(In the Masters' matches there were generally three masters playing).

FOOTBALL RESULTS, 1943-4

SEPT.			
18.	S.W. Junior Wanderers, 1st XI	Lost 0—17.	(B)
OCT.			
2.	Acrow Engineering Works, (5 M) ...	Won 4—1.	(M)
9.	Harlow College, (H)	Won 4—1.	(B)
13.	Boys' British, (under 14 XI)	Drew 2—2.	
16.	Acrow Engineering Works, (4 M) ...	Won 8—0.	(M)
23.	Army Cadet Force, (5 M)...	Drew 2—2.	
27.	Newport Grammar School, (H)	Lost 0—3.	(B)
NOV.			
3.	Boys' British, (under 14 XI)	Drew 1—1.	
6.	Army Cadet Force, (4 M)...	Lost 1—2.	(M)
10.	Newport Grammar School, (A)	Lost 0—8.	(B)
17.	Castle Street School, (under 14 XI) ...	Won 2—1.	
20.	Harlow College, (A)	Won 3—2.	(B)
27.	Radwinter A.A. Battery, (5 M)	Lost 0—5.	(M)
DEC.			
11.	Radwinter A.A. Battery, (3 M)	Lost 2—5.	(M)
JAN.			
29.	Durham Light Infantry, (4 M)	Lost 4—12	(M)
FEB.			
2.	Newport Grammar School, (A)	Lost 0—3.	(B)
5.	Harlow College, (H)	Won 3—0.	(B)
9.	Boys' British, (under 14 XI)	Lost 2—4.	
12.	S.W. Junior Wanderers, (1st. XI), (3 M)	Lost 0—3.	(M)
23.	Newport Grammar School, (H)	Lost 1—7.	(B)
26.	Harlow College, (A)	Lost 3—4.	(B)
MAR.			
11.	Army Cadet Corps...	Won 2—1.	(B)
18.	Old Scholars (3 M)	Won 5—0.	(M)

("M" denotes an XI which included Masters. The number of staff playing is indicated in brackets).

G.B.

HOUSE SOCCER.

JUNIOR.	SENIOR.
Mennell 2, Lister 0.	Lister 0, Tuke 0.
Mennell 1, Tuke 0.	Mennell 2, Tuke 0.
Lister 0, Tuke 1.	Mennell 2, Lister 0.

Points (including Hockey: Mennell 17. Tuke 7. Lister 6.

E.O.L.

GIRLS' GAMES REPORT, 1943-4

THE first part of the summer term was devoted to practice for the swimming display for General Meeting and later there was hard work for the swimming examinations, which, unfortunately, had to be cancelled due to the closing of the swimming-bath during the scarlet-fever epidemic. The only swimming match, which was with the old scholars, was won by the school.

There was keen enthusiasm for tennis, and the Tennis VI won all their matches. They benefited from mixed matches with the boys and realised the value of speed and accurate hard hitting, which come with practice.

Unfortunately, we had only one cricket match. This was with the old scholars, and was won by the school.

This hockey season has had some bright spots and also a number of black ones when 1st XI members have been unable to play for several weeks, but, despite this, the standard of play has improved in speed and tactics. The forward line is learning to pass the ball about the field and to work together. They are well backed up by their defence. The main fault is still lack of shooting and following up shots. There have been some keen, close matches and good play with fairly good results. On several occasions, one or two members of staff have played, which is a great help, when playing Colleges. Another season together and the team should do well. This year's beginners are to be congratulated on their good beginning.

Those who play netball have continued to keep up a fairly high standard for beginners. S.G.

GIRLS' GAMES RESULTS, SUMMER 1943

May 15.	Tennis VI v. Chantry Mount...	...	Won 58—41.
June 5.	Tennis VI v. S.W.T.C. ...	...	Won 62—37.
,, 12.	Mixed Tennis v. Old Scholars	...	Won 5½—45.
	Cricket v. Old Scholars ...	...	Won 118—85.

SCHOOL HOCKEY MATCHES, 1943-44

Oct.	2.	1st. XI	v.	Great Chesterford... ...	Won 10—0.
„	23.	1st. XI	v.	S.W.T.C.	Won 3—2.
„	30.	1st. XI	v.	Hockerill T.C.	Lost 4—3.
Nov.	20.	1st. XI	v.	Herts and Essex	Lost 2—1.
		2nd. XI	v.	Herts and Essex	Lost 7—0.
„	27.	1st. XI	v.	Girton 2nd. XI	Won 2—0.
Dec.	4.	1st. XI	v.	Bishop's Stortford L.H.C.	Lost 5--2.
Jan.	22.	1st. XI	v.	S.W.T.C.	Won 3—1.
„	29.	1st. XI	v.	Homerton T.C.	Lost 2—1.
Feb.	5.	1st. XI	v.	Hockerill T.C.	Lost 4—2.
„	12.	1st. XI	v.	Great Chesterford... ...	Won 10—0.
„	12.	Junior Netball VII	v.	Chantry Mount ...	Lost 5—1.
„	26.	1st. XI	v.	Herts. and Essex... ...	Lost 9—0.
„	26.	2nd. XI	v.	Herts. and Essex... ...	Lost 8—0.

OTHER HOCKEY RESULTS

SENIOR HOUSE

Lister 0 v. Mennell 0.
Lister 1 v. Tuke 0.
Mennell 6 v. Tuke 2.

JUNIOR HOUSE

Lister 0 v. Mennell 1.
Lister 0 v. Tuke 1.
Mennell 0 v. Tuke 0.

MIXED HOUSE

Lister 1 v. Mennell 1.
Mennell 3 v. Tuke 0.

STAFF HOCKEY MATCHES

Staff 2 v. School 1.
Staff 1 v. School 1.

S.G.

ATHLETICS

AT the beginning of the season, much good sweat that could have contributed to putting the shot was used in re-digging the long jump pit, and much good breath that could have been expended in attempting to lower the School mile record was wasted in talking about the prospects of restoring Athletics to their former glory at W. lden.

Cross-country runs were arranged fairly regularly throughout the Christmas term and much unsuspected talent was unearthed. Keenness was greatest among the Juniors. This term, devotees of the sport had their reward, in a Triangular Cross Country Competition arranged with Harlow College and Newport Grammar School at Harlow on March 15th. Soar won in 17mins. 11secs. The School was first with 25½ points, Harlow being second with 45½ and Newport third with 52.

Plans have been made for the resumption of Athletic Sports on a substantially changed basis. Among the changes proposed are the limiting of a competitor to three events only, the abandonment of compulsory training, and the adoption of fixed standards instead of a sliding scale. It is also proposed to give a bigger place to relay racing so that the fitness derived from the game of athletics may become a valued possession of the many rather than the superfluous perquisite of the few.

The girls have taken a keen part in all athletic activities—with the wise exception of the cross-country—some especially fine work being put in with the long jump.

The School won a convincing victory over Harlow College over a three-mile course at Walden on March 1st, gaining seven out of the first eight places, and returning a score of only 17 against Harlow's 48. Soar and Powell were awarded School Athletics Colours. Results:—1 Soar (18 mins. 9 secs.), 2 Powell, 3 Todd, 4 Hullett (Harlow, 19 mins. 16 secs.), 5 Simpson, 6 Meux, 7 Wakeman, 8 Neale. C.A.M.

BADMINTON

THIS term a Badminton Club has been started for the Sixth Form and has met with an enthusiastic response. It meets weekly in the Gym. A tournament between the Sixth and the Staff resulted in a narrow win for the Staff. M.L.

SENIOR NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

AT the first meeting of the Autumn term it was decided that the Society should give up the previous year's plan of inviting a large number of outside lecturers to amuse us, and let the members produce their own papers. This change from the passive to the active has had a stimulating effect, and many interesting and frequently unusual papers have been given. These included papers on such varied subjects as Fritillaries, Attack and Defence in Fish, Earwigs, Wasps, Clouds, and the Beaver. Following the reading of a paper on the Universe, the Society evinced a great desire to pursue the subject of Relativity in relation to the Universe, and it is hoped to spend an evening discussing this subject in its less difficult aspects. One meeting a term has been devoted to showing Nature films.

The reading of the fortnightly Nature Diary has been discontinued as it tended to become very stereotyped and commonplace, and of little general interest. The current affairs diary, however, has become the high spot of the evening. This deals with topical events in the worlds of Science and Nature. It has given rise to most stimulating discussions, which have frequently wandered far from the original subjects and have occupied up to half of the meeting.

The study of the stars has gripped the attention of members lately, and after a succession of cloudy nights, the telescope was erected and we gazed with atonishment and perhaps suspicion upon the craters of the moon, one of the planets and the Pleiades.

Two rambles have been held : one to study the ecology of the Clay Pits, the other to hunt for fossils. Attendance at both was disappointing, perhaps due to the coldness of the weather.

There has been a gratifying increase in the use made of the Biology Library, although mainly by the Juniors. It is a pity more Seniors do not use this library, which has a good selection of very readable books on all aspects of Natural History, as well as many useful reference and text books. E.O.L.

POETRY SOCIETY

IN the Autumn term a School Poetry Society was started by Mr. Mallone with the particular purpose of increasing the appreciation and creation of poetry in the School, and the general aim of stimulating the imaginative faculty. From November 11th there were weekly readings of an hour each around the themes of Armistice Day, Autumn, Modern Poetry, Night, Christmas, and the Poems of Keats. Readers included Wakeman, Ann Ryan, Bolam, Simpson, Vera Day, Maureen Barnes, Morice, Jean Burman, Stoner, Mrs. Beer and Mr. Mallone. Music was provided on the piano by Jean Burman and David Castillejo, from the works of Beethoven and Coleridge Taylor.

The Easter Term opened with a Burns Night Meeting at which the entire society sang "Auld Lang Syne," (it being pointed out that this was written as a reunion song), Mr. Mallone sang "Scots Wha Hae" and "Ye Banks & Braes" (Jean Burman accompanying the songs at the piano), John Morice read an account of the life of Burns, and a wide selection of the poet's poems was read. At the second Meeting, which was devoted to the poems of Wordsworth, David Castillejo gave an introductory talk on the poet and his work, and Vera Day played Haydn's "Gipsy Rondo" on the piano. The Society continues to meet weekly, and has had evenings devoted to Winter, Cowper, and readings from "Hamlet." Readers during this term included Jean Burman, Mr. Mallone, Morice, Vera Day, Castillejo, Simpson, Eaton, Bolam, Margaret Radclyffe, Helga de Schilgen and Maureen Barnes.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

AT the first meeting of the Autumn term, Synge's "Riders to the Sea" was read, and the following committee elected to arrange the year's programme :—Bolam, Miss Clark, Irene David, Mr. Mallone, Pat Jeffery and Stoner. The Past, Present and Future of Saffron Walden served as subjects for three essays by Mrs. Beer, Vera Day and Donald Simpson at the second meeting, and their interesting introductions stimulated a lively discussion to which most members had something to contribute. Hugh I'Anson Fausset read at our next meeting a paper on Leo Tolstoy, which for profundity of thought and beauty of style is not likely to be equalled for many a year. The questions which ensued on a variety of vital subjects were ably answered by our visitor, whose lecture was warmly appreciated. As the only book by

Tolstoy in the library was "War and Peace", "Childhood and Youth", "The Kingdom of God is within you and Peace Essays", and "What is Art? and Essays on Art", have since been added.

A Brains Trust (Mr. Brereton, Castillejo, Eaton, Jean Lyell, Miss Morland and Pat Jeffery) with Mr. Littleboy as Question Master dealt with questions varying from "How do you rise in the morning?" to "Who would make an ideal Premier after the war?", and when occasionally unable to answer a poser made no attempt to conceal the fact with verbose evasions. After this happy evening, the term concluded with an hour and a half devoted to the gloomy subject of Drowning. There were readings and introductions by Bolam, Castillejo, Mr. Mallone, Pat Jeffery, Morice, Simpson and Miss Yapp, and at least two of these succeeded in introducing a humorous, if irrelevant, note into the meeting, so that there were more laughs than had been anticipated.

This term we spent a most enjoyable ninety minutes reading Shaw's "Androcles and the Lion," after devoting our opening meeting to readings from humorous verse and prose. To the surprise of several members, Dickens appeared to be the favourite author. Following these two light-hearted programmes, we set aside an evening for Modern Poetry, at which—after a general introduction by Mr. Mallone—Neale, Muriel Hockley, Vera Day and Mr. Mallone spoke about and read examples of the poetry of T. S. Eliot, W. H. Davies, Siegfried Sassoon and Wilfred Owen, and W. B. Yeats, respectively. Opera is to be the theme of the final meeting. We are grateful to Mr. Littleboy for taking the chair at every meeting in both terms.

MIDDLE LITERARY SOCIETY

DURING the year the Society has met regularly every fortnight and a steady programme of essays has been carried through. A pleasing feature has been the raising of the essay standard. A number of essays have dealt with hobbies or other subjects in which the writers have been obviously interested, and there has also been an increase in imaginative essays, many of which have created a strong feeling of reality. The diaries have varied. Too often boys omit events concerning the girls and girls omit news from the boys' side. A few, both essayists and diarists, need to exercise more care in the actual writing of their work which is spoiled by poor English, careless punctuation and general untidiness.

M.G.Y.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

DURING the Christmas Term the Junior Literary Society, meeting weekly, was much more "junior" than "literary." There were far too many amateurish sketches and third-rate charades. However, the lump was leavened slightly by a thrilling

reading of "The Monkey's Paw," by some good (if brief) musical items, and by some fine readings by Donald Bush from "The Oxford Book of English Verse." A lengthy and well-prepared pantomime by Michael How brought the term's activities to a very successful conclusion.

This term enthusiasm is greater than ever and the return to the practice of meeting fortnightly has meant that the standard of performance has gone up. A noteworthy feature of the term's activities has been Donald Bush's reading from Jerome K. Jerome's "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." C.A.M.

GIRLS' READING CLUB

DURING the Autumn term, with a greatly increased membership, we read a varied selection of books—or at least, we were supposed to have read them, but whether each book actually did pass through everybody's hands is rather doubtful. The books chosen were :—"Poems of This War," edited by Ledward and Strang, "An Adventure," by Jourdain and Moberley, "Trojan Women," by Euripides and "The Good Earth," by Pearl Buck.

The introductions to these were skilful and interesting and provided much food for discussion. We also held a play-reading of Shaw's "The Great Catherine," postponed until this term, which proved successful.

This term we have two books—D. H. Lawrence's "The Lost Girl" and Priestley's "Angel Pavement."

P.B.

BOYS' READING CLUB

DUE to the difficulty in obtaining books, the Boys' Reading Club has had to read those which could be bought at the time. We have had, however, some very interesting discussions, mostly on modern subjects. The books we read last term were "The Last Enemy," by Richard Hilary, and "Reaching for the Stars," by Nora Waln. There have also been play-readings every term which have been very successful. Last term we read "Glorious Morning" by Macowan. D.C.

MUSIC NOTES

IT is pleasing to note the record number of scholars learning various musical instruments. There is a considerable "waiting list" at present of boys and girls wishing to learn the piano and the violin.

The School Christmas Concert was a very successful one. The orchestra, under Miss Comber's direction, grows continually in size and is steadily tackling more difficult work. At the Concert they played Corelli's " Christmas Pastorale " and also accompanied many of the carols. Solo items were provided by Gerstl and O. Hughes (violin) and José Stubbings (piano).

We have had two song recitals recently. The first was by Esther Salaman (mezzo-soprano) who gave us a varied programme, which included a group of classical songs and a number of Folk Songs. The second was a lecture Song Recital by Mary Hamlyn, showing the development of English Song-Writing from " Summer is icumen in " to Armstrong-Gibbs (" Silver ") and Edgar Bainton (" Ring Out, Wild Bells.") Miss Hamlyn's recital was a model of beautiful singing. Mr. Thorne accompanied.

A party of about 20 boys and girls attended the Town Hall on February 12th to hear the famous violinist, Louis Godowsky, who has on two previous occasions given recitals at the school. On this occasion his programme included the " Vitali Chaconne," the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto and the Brahms Sonata in A for Violin and Piano. Mr. Thorne was at the piano. S.T.

THE MUSICAL HALF-HOUR

FOR about two years, some dozen boys and girls (not always quite the same dozen, although some are very regular) have gathered together in the Assembly Hall every Tuesday after school to enjoy thirty—or perhaps forty—minutes of music. The fare is usually gramophone records, with explanatory comments, but spice has been added by piano, violin, 'cello and song recitals. We are now half-way through our survey of the History of Music. As the half-hour was started primarily for day-pupils unable to attend the evening meetings of other societies, we hope they will make more use of the opportunity. Meanwhile, we are a compact, happy group, looking forward each week to our musical " lucky bag."

R.R.D.

LIBRARY GIFTS

WE acknowledge with gratitude the following books. Donors' names are in brackets :— " Pope and his Poetry," " British Rebels and Reformers," (Pamela Bower) ; " London Pride," (Mrs. Dupont) ; " Homes Sweet Homes," (Judith Layng) ; " Sophocles—The Seven Plays," (Miss Yapp) ; " Biologists in Search of Material," (Ruth West) ; " Life and Reign of Edward VIII," (Joy, Audrey and Nita Chamberlain) ; " B.P.," (Anthony Edwards) ; " Victorious Troy," (Miss Clark) ; " Humilation with Honour," (Mrs. Beer) ; " Let's Do It," (Jane Morgan) ; " The Challenge of the Greek," " Education for a World Adrift," " Comenius, Teacher of Nations," " The Daily Press," " Masaryk in England," " Physics and Philosophy," " The Spanish Labyrinth,"

"Landscape," "The Scientific Photographer," (Mr. Kendon); "To-morrow Will Come," "Destination Chungking," "The Mountains Wait," (Hugh Crosfield); "The Complete Memoirs of George Sherston," "Chaucer and His England," (Mr. Stewart); "John Bellers," "Victories without Violence," "Everyman's Affair," (A. Ruth Fry); "Winter Solstice," "Beyond This Disregard," (Mr. Littleboy).

EXAMINATION RESULTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON. MIDSUMMER, 1943.

Higher School Certificate: David Bolam, with distinction in Latin.

School Certificate (with Matric. Exemption): C. David Allen, Michael P. Clulow, David W. Collinson, David C. Eaton, Eva Hirschel, O. John Morice, Janet E. Ritson.

School Certificate Derek C. Barbanell, Maureen E. Barnes, Pamela Bower, Nita J. Chamberlain, Audrey V. Davey, Irene E. David, M. Gillian Hopwood, Oliver A. Hughes, John G. McCarthy, Angela Newman.

School Certificate (supplementary subjects): David Castillejo, Dennis A. Yardley.

SEPTEMBER, 1943.

Matriculation: George Weil. G.L.

FAR AND NEAR

WE have the following information concerning some of our Old Scholars, which we think may interest others:—

MAUREEN BARNES, (1941-44), has taken a teaching post in an Ashdown Elementary School. She has found the going very rough, but conditions are improving.

JEAN BLACKSHAW, (1936-41), is understudying in a play now running at a London theatre. Her brother, ROGER BLACKSHAW, (1934-40), has almost completed his Engineering Course at Manchester University.

DAVID BOLAM, (1936-43), has joined the Friends' Relief Service, and is doing gardening at a hostel near Wolverhampton.

DAVID BRERETON, (1932-41), has been accepted for training by the R.A.F. but may be retained by the G.P.O.

JAMES BRERETON, (1930-40), though becoming a member of the R.A.F.V.R. some months ago, is still engaged on specialist work for the G.P.O. at an important fighter station.

MARGARET COMBER, (1936-43), is training to be a nurse at the Retreat, York.

RUTH COLLINSON, (1938-41), is being trained in Dispensary at the Ipswich General Hospital.

KENNETH DUNSCOMBE, (1933-39), after service in the R.C.S. in North Africa, Palestine and Iraq, is now back in Cairo as an instructor.

JUTTA FLEISCHMANN, (1936-39), is in the W.A.A.F.

JOHN FORDHAM, (1930-36), after a long period in the Mediterranean as an officer in the Fleet Air Arm, is now in this country taking an instructor's course. He expects soon to marry Janet Marshall, an Ackworth O.S. After the war, he hopes to enter the teaching profession.

PAUL FORDHAM, (1936-43), whilst awaiting his Selection Board for the R.A.F. has done very useful work in helping his father to " teach " a class of over 60, comprising three grades in his father's school. Paul also hopes to enter the teaching profession.

UNA FORWARD, (1930-37), recently served a term of imprisonment in Holloway Prison as a conscientious objector. She is now working for the Peace Pledge Union.

JOHN KEMP, (1937-40), joined the R.A.F. last year and is now abroad completing his training.

BERNICE LUCK, (1933-43), is taking a course at the Liverpool School of Art.

ROLAND PAGE, (1933-40), has recently obtained his B.Sc. Tech. Div. I. at the Manchester University. At present he is at home awaiting a call-up to the R.A.F. He expects an armaments commission. After the war he hopes to return to Manchester to take his M.Sc. and/or Ph.D.

MICHAEL PAWSEY, (1933-39), is in the R.A.F. in India.

PATRICK PAWSEY, (1933-42), is taking a Medical Course at King's College, Cambridge.

REGINALD REYNOLDS, (1917-22), has had another pamplet (" The Indian Rope Trick") and another book (" Cleanliness and Godliness ") published recently by Allen and Unwin. The latter book has been highly praised by Laurence Housman, John Cowper Powys and A. S. Neill.

MALCOLM SHEPHERD, (1932-36), is a lieutenant in the R.A.C.S. We were delighted to receive a Christmas Card from him from " somewhere in the Mediterranean ".

PETER WATTS, (1936-40), who in 1940 was evacuated to America with other Friends' children, has recently returned to England, and he is now taking a City and Guilds Engineering Course in London. A.B.

BLACK DIAMONDS

TO many people, I expect, a coal mine does not mean a great deal. At least, their idea of a coal mine will be as hazy as mine was, before I had the opportunity to inspect Thoresby Colliery, one of the Bolsover group in the Midlands,

This interesting experience I owe to the kindness of Philip Clarke, an Old Scholar, who is now the Company's Sales Manager.

Before I made the descent into the mine, I was fitted out with old clothes, a miner's helmet and a powerful electric torch. The cage dropped down the 585 yards of shaft at 50 feet a second, which seemed alarming. As we descended, the pressure on my ears increased so that it felt as if my head was being slowly compressed.

After walking half a mile along a tunnel, the arched roof of which was supported by steel and timber, we came to the "train" consisting of several tubs pulled by a haulage cable along rails. This "train" was to carry us a further mile to the coal "face". The journey took twelve minutes, so that I had plenty of time to examine the wall of the tunnel. It was surprisingly regular, except where a "fault" made necessary a change in the level of the floor. These "faults" make the use of Diesel-driven trains impracticable.

At the coal "face" the miners worked with great speed and skill, undercutting the 4ft. 6in. coal seam with a powerful electric cutter, setting and exploding charges, shovelling the coal on to an endless conveyer belt, and executing many other activities. I was surprised at the great variety of occupations in this mine, which is one of the most up-to-date and fully mechanised in the country.

The work underground is certainly very hard. What affected me most of all was the atmosphere. Everywhere is well ventilated by a huge fan on the surface, but this does not eliminate the dust. It got into my nose, my throat, and worst of all into my eyes, so that I was very glad when the time came to return to the surface for a bath. I had been underground for two hours only ; the miners work for 7½ hour shifts.

Before going to the bath-house, I saw all the surface jobs—the grading, washing and separation of steam coal from house coal. This latter operation is done by hand. When a large lump is partly steam and partly house coal, the lump is split with a small pick-axe. The small chips which break away from the two main pieces are sold as the best house coal—London Brights.

When I went to the wash-house, my only thought was to get clean. This I soon did—or so I thought, but after washing and drying myself, when I looked in the mirror, I saw myself with eyes black enough to put me on Miss Waring's parade for the rest of the term. It took me fully five minutes to clean them, especially at the base of the lower eyelashes, and my eyes afterwards were very sore.

I had learnt a great deal from this very short visit—indeed very much more than I at first had realised—but my clearest impression was this:—that even in a comparatively comfortable mine like this (with 4ft. 6in. seams instead of 1ft. 6in. seams in the Durham Coalfield), those who toil to win our coal deserve every penny they get for their labour.

Paul Fordham (1936—43)

PASTURES NEW

My Dear "Avenue",

I am not doing anything very spectacular or exciting, but live rather a different life from that of Walden. Last year I was almost the oldest pupil; now I am the youngest worker in an Old People's Hostel, with people whose working life is over. Then eighteen looked down upon the junior of eight; here the old ladies of ninety look down on the "young fry" of seventy! At school to be different or peculiar caused laughter and an "apple-pie"; but with old people queer tastes and quaint dress are expected—even pandered to. At school distinction fell to the goal-scorer and the naughtiest; here, it is ailments which are talked of and which gain respect.

You lucky people! You still indulge in two half-holidays a week, with a few months thrown in; how I cherish my Saturday afternoons. You have a wonderful Hall and stage; we use the end of a room fenced off with screens. You have a whole round of Societies—and are silent; we hold an adult school in a smoky room and chat about nothing and everything.

I no longer live an indoor life with my mind stuffed full of figures, but work in the garden, thinking how mild it is, of Walden, and of nothing in particular. No longer is work done to a time-table, but varies daily according to the weather. At school one wonders what one has done at the end of a day; now I see the result of my work grow as I go along. At school one always had before one the personal, tangible object of an examination; now one has the impersonal, less apprehensible purpose of living for others—easier to let slide than schoolwork, and every day needs to be an examination, with yourself as examiner.

It has all been like starting school again, like being a new brat once more. I have had the same feeling at times as one has at the end of term when one moment one is in the midst of a lively carriage where you know everybody and the next you are through the barrier and out in the indifferent stream of everyday life.

Yours sincerely,

David Bolam (*1936—43*)

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

MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, and Subscriptions (2/4 post free) and orders to the Treasurer, at the School. Unsigned items are by the Editor.

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