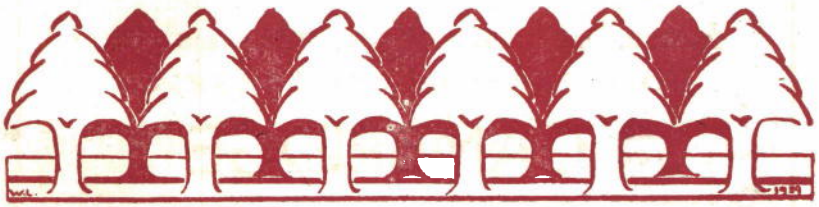
THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

JUNE 1945

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 36. JUNE, 1945. No. 103.

LIGHT OVER WALDEN

THE dominating feature of this term has undoubtedly been the victory in Europe. The school re-assembled with high hopes, and we were not disappointed. Mr. Stanger and Mr. Lenz went to considerable trouble to arrange outdoor entertainments, while Miss Taylor was equally industrious indoors. Recognizing that V.Day was more than an excuse for jollification the school held a collection for the relief of famine in Europe. More than £13 was collected and despatched. The most noticeable effect of the victory is the removal of blackout, much of which was duly burnt on the V.Day bonfire. It is now possible to see into whom one is bumping in the central corridor, while the playrooms and classrooms are correspondingly brighter. Windows which few of us have ever seen through are now doing their duty. Truly new vistas are opening before us. We are also looking forward to the disappearance of unsightly blast-walls. Mr. Littleboy has obtained the necessary tools, so it is up to the boys to finish the job. This is a time when we could use a few small bombs.

There has been only one staff change this term. Mrs. Stammers, who has a son in the school, takes over the housekeeping from Mrs. Collard, who is now at Eton. We are hoping for great things, in which I do not think we shall be disappointed, even though rations are cut.

We were privileged to have among our visitors last term a distinguished author, Vera Brittain, who talked to us about her experiences and observations in America. Myrtle Wright, who has for some years been working for the Friends' Service Council, and who was stranded in Norway during the German occupation, gave us a very interesting talk on the Norwegian resistance movement, which is unique in its pacifist methods. She herself was working with this highly successful organisation until she had to leave by way of Sweden because her activities were suspected. Lettice Jowitt of the F.R.S., described her work in Polish refugee camps in Kenya, where for some time she acted as interpreter and teacher of English. Mrs. Marsden-Smedley, a journalist, gave a very interesting and useful address on the Low Countries, with which she was well acquainted before the war. Duncan Wood, of the F.A.U., described some of his experiences, and the work which the Friends' Ambulance Unit is doing in China: attending to the sick, particularly along the China-Burma frontier, and ferrying supplies from the airport to the hospitals.

There are no reports of school societies in this issue, but the Senior Literary Society is still flourishing, with essays on Jane Austen, Thackeray, the modern poets' attitude to nature, types of poetry and Bernard Shaw. The standard of writing is rising. Mr. Rowntree gave the Society a talk on the history of the school, and there was an outing to see Shaw's "St. Joan" in Cambridge. The Natural History Society has been meeting regularly too, and a Debating Society has been started by a faithful few.

Anne Ryan, who took School Certificate in December, passed with a distinction in English Literature. José Stubbings passed with full marks in an examination in the Theory of Music, Grade seven. Such a high examination has not been taken so successfully from this school before.

Our American friends have introduced us to baseball. A pitch has been marked out and a net erected on the first game football field. We are looking forward to seeing more of the game.

Mr. Brereton has been largely responsible for two concerts by and for juniors which have occupied two Saturday evenings in the Spring term. The concerts were enjoyed by performers and audience, and it is hoped they will lead to similar ones in the coming Winter, and perhaps more serious plays as well.

With the relaxation of weather censorship we have been seeing just how the weather can ruin a fine spring when it tries. The meteorological box and other weather apparatus has been set up again, but this has had no effect. Thunderstorms have been the order of the day. Whitsun was a little damp, but not enough to prevent boys' and girls' cricket matches against the Old Scholars. Two dances were held, one in the hall to which Group C was invited, and one in the Gym. There was also a swimming match, which the Old Scholars won. On the whole, Whitsun was very quiet for the first post-war Old Scholars' gathering, but those who were here enjoyed themselves as well as ever.

Derek Neale (Age 16)

HOCKEY, 1944—45.

WE had quite a number of matches this season and the standard of play had greatly improved, but results were rather disappointing. The 1st XI worked as a unified team and learned to pass the ball about the field and so keep their opponents on the run. The team was much faster but often began to tire before the end of a match, especially when playing more senior opponents. Most of the 1st XI forwards began to "rush" well when in the circle, but all other forwards need to practise this

and also shooting, which is not accurate ; they tend to shoot at the goal-keeper instead of as far away as possible from her. Players need to try and look ahead before hitting the ball, now their drives are much stronger. The defence was steady and learned to back up well. Beginners made good progress and were keen. There are a number of promising players in the middle of the school. House Matches were keen and exciting games and some good hockey was seen at times, because the teams did not get uncontrolled in their eagerness. There were three energetic and enjoyable Staff v. School matches, two of which were won by the school, and also a mixed staff and school team played an R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. team and won.

Members of the 1st XI :—*Goalkeeper*—* Ruth Comber. *Right Back*—Renate Bondi. *Left Back*—Mollie Eggleton. *Right Half*—*Jean Palmer. *Centre Half*—Ann Ryan. *Left Half*—*Pat Jeffery. *Right Wing*—* Kathleen Moore (Captain). *Right Inner*—* Mary Balk. *Centre Forward*—Lois Buck. *Left Inner*—Jill Hopwood. *Left Wing*—Jean Lyell (Special Mention).

Later in the season Pat Jeffery played as Centre Half and Brenda Barnes as Left Half.

*—Colours. Other Colours awarded this season were Athletic Colours to Lois Buck and Gymnastic Colours to Elizabeth Collinson.

RESULTS

Oct. 28.	1st XI v. Saffron Walden Training College...	Won 3—1
Nov. 4.	1st XI v. Saffron Walden Youth Club ...	Won 8—0
Nov. 11.	'A' XI v. Great Chesterford	Won 7—0
Nov. 25.	1st XI v. Herts. and Essex High School ...	Lost 2—5
	2nd XI v. Herts. and Essex High School ...	Lost 0—3
Dec. 2.	1st XI v. Saffron Walden Training College...	Lost 0—1
Dec. 9,	1st XI v. Homerton Training College ...	Lost 0—3
Feb. 3.	1st XI v. Saffron Walden Training College...	Lost 2—4
Feb. 24.	1st XI v. Homerton College 2nd XI ...	Drew 2—2
Mar. 3.	1st XI v. Herts and Essex High School ...	Lost 1—4
	2nd XI v. Herts and Essex High School ...	Lost 0—3
Mar. 10.	1st XI v. Old Scholars	Drew 1—1
Mar. 17.	1st XI v. Bp.'s Stortford Ladies' Hockey Club	Lost 1—2

S.G.

CROSS COUNTRY, 1945.

THE shortness of the Easter Term, coupled with the severity of the weather, restricted the time available for training and with regret we had to abandon Junior running and the Inter-House competition in the interests of the specialists who, it was hoped, would maintain the splendid standard set up by the pioneers like Geoff Soar at Harlow a year ago. Our only match against Newport Grammar School, on March 14th, justified this policy by

its fruits. As the "*Newportonian*" glumly comments: "Our rivals were reported to have carried out elaborate and intensified preparations for this match, a rumour which the results seem to confirm." Wakeman, who won the event easily, completed the course of 3.14 miles in 21mins. 49secs., only 33secs. outside the record for the course set up in 1934. He was followed by Godden, M., Palmer, and Simpson. Newport gained the fifth, sixth and seventh places but Moon, finishing eighth, completed our scoring, giving us the low total of 18 points against Newport's 37.

The Cross Country Club subsequently celebrated in the Dining Hall, and full Colours were awarded to R. Palmer (re-award), G. Wakeman, M. Godden, and D. Simpson. Moon and Stoner received half-colours.

C.A.M.

FOOTBALL RESULTS, 1944—5.

Masters' XI.

Nov. 25. Sampford R.A.F. XI. 6; School 2 (Plank 2).
Nov. 29. Newport Masters' XI. 5; School 3 (Plank 2, Simpson 1).
Dec. 2. Sampford R.A.F. XI. 4; School 6 (Plank 4, Worth 2).
Jan. 20. Sampford R.A.F. XI. 3; School 2 (Plank 2).
Feb. 3. Sampford R.A.F. XI. 3; School 2 (Plank 2).
Feb. 10. Newport Masters' XI. 2; School 1 (Plank).
Feb. 24. Sampford R.A.F. XI. 4: School 1 (Plank).
Mar. 10. Old Scholars 1; School 6 (Plank 4, Dale, Lenz).

Boys' XI.

Nov. 22. Newport G.S. 4; School 2 (Ball, Brooks).
Dec. 9. Saffron Walden Youths' XI. 1; School 4 (Plank 3, Brooks).
Feb. 7. Newport G.S. 2; School 1 (Plank).
Feb. 17. Harlow College 0; School 4 (Plank 3, Palmer).
Feb. 28. Newport G.S. 2; School 1(Plank).

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS, 1945.

THE Athletic Sports, held this year on March 24th, formed again the climax to an athletically full term.

The fortnight preceding the Sports was, as last year, devoted to training and the taking of standards in strength, endurance and agility. These standards count for points in the Inter-House Sports Competition, and enable the athlete of average ability to contribute something towards his House total, as well as to develop his own ability. Thus before the Sports, the House totals already stood at: Lister 68, Mennell 52, Tuke 52,

Most of the distance events were run off on the Wednesday before Sports Day. These included the Mile Open, and the Girls' and Boys' 880's. In the Mile Open, Wakeman, who has improved considerably since last year, ran to an easy victory in 5 mins., 7 secs., (record 4 mins., 59 4/5 secs.), with Palmer second and Godden third. The first four were all well within the time made by last year's winner under better conditions. In the Middle 880, Hinton won comfortably, and in the Girls' Open 880, Pauline Goddard won an unhurried race in 2 mins., 45 secs.

Sports Day proper opened as a dry if rather cold day. The mounting House totals continued to be close and excitement was intense. Times for the Sprints were good. Plank ran a splendid 100 Open to finish in 10 3/5 secs., (record 10 2/5 secs.) and also won the 440 Open in 60 4/5 secs. Lois Buck easily won the Girls' Open 100. Although long jump distances were considerably better than last year, much has still to be learnt about the technique of jumping if records are to be raised. This applies especially to the approach run, where too much is left to chance, and to the landing. Neverthless, amongst the girls, Kathleen Moore raised the Open record by ¾in. to 14ft. 11½ins. The Inter-House relays formed a splendid close to a thrilling day. Excitement was maintained to the last, as the ultimate placing of the Houses was in doubt until the final relay. Final totals were:—Mennell 153, Tuke 145½, Lister 137½.

On the day preceding Sports Day, and in connection with the Sports, the School challenged the Staff to an 880 yards mixed relay. At short notice, and in front of the whole school, the Staff team, (Miss Galbraith, Messrs. Mummery, Lenz and Stanger) succeeded in defeating by a narrow margin in 1 min. 50 secs. the School team (Lois Buck, Plank, Palmer and Wakeman).

To sum up, times and distances in almost every case have shown advances, often considerable, over last year's figures, a highly satisfactory state of affairs which reflects the keenness now again being shown by the School in Athletics. This promises well for the future.

As a result of the Sports, Athletic colours were awarded to Lois Buck and John Plank and half colours to John Hinton.

The success of Sports Day, 1945, was due in no small measure to the splendid efforts of all the Staff and very many scholars who put in much time and hard work, both before and on Sports Day. So many helped that it would be invidious to mention some by name. To all these our thanks are due. E.O.L.

CRICKET, 1945.

OUT of the seven matches played by the Masters' XI., four have been lost, one drawn and two won. In the drawn game against Saffron Walden C.C. the School played excellent cricket, but against a far less formidable XI. of Old Scholars their performance was paralytic. Briefly, the promise given by the XI. in one game has been stultified by their performance in the next,

We have had misfortunes: James Greenland, one of the ablest batsmen we have had for some years, has appeared twice only owing to injury, while Mr. Mummery has been unable to take a full share in the bowling. On one occasion we met a team completely outside our class. We have weaknesses: our wicket-keeping compares unfavourably with that of our opponents while our bowling normally slumps badly after our first change. But we have hopes; against Saffron Walden C.C. our fielding reached a new high level and our batsmen defended doggedly against a strong attack.

Mr. Pumphrey appears to be enjoying a renewal of his youth; batting and bowling honours both fall to him. Here we must let the figures speak for themselves, for our visitors' comments (while intended as compliments) are sometimes quite unprintable! Mr. Mallone's bat has again been a "rock of ages" against which our opponents' fast bowlers have battered in vain. Mr. Lenz has been an inspiration in the field, while he bowled us to victory against West Wratting R.A.F. John Plank has defended ably on all occasions and gives promise of becoming a prolific scorer. Simpson, who uses his wrists well, plays back too often. Morice gives every indication of becoming a good batsman: he and Palmer have retrieved two batting fiascos. Both play breezy cricket and are progressing in the art of discrimination. Ball, too, is greatly improved as a batsman. Defries plays with an immaculately straight bat but wakes up too late to back up. Collinson has batted courageously on two occasions but does not always keep his bat straight. Apart from these, Hinton, Cassuto, and Hopkins have all played at least one game for the Masters' XI.

The aggressive but sound 61 runs scored in 40 minutes for the first wicket against Dunmow R.A.F. by Mr. Mallone (19) and Greenland (52) was the best opening partnership for the School since 1932.

C.A.M.

RESULTS

May 9. Seward's End 98 for 6 wkts.; School 79 (Greenland 20).

May 12. Saffron Walden 132 for 6 wkts; School 93 for 9 wkts. (Plank 22).

May 16. Castle Camps R.A.F. 170 for 7 wkts. (Pumphrey 4 for 45); School 51.

May 19. West Wratting R.A.F. 108 (Lenz 3 for 18, Mummery 3 for 25); School 111 (Pumphrey 36, Plank 25 not out).

May 21. Old Scholars 67 (Pumphrey 7 for 24); School 49 (W. A. C. Stewart 7 for 14).

May 26. Sampford R.A.F. 87 (Pumphrey 7 for 21); School 45.

June 9. School 121 (Greenland 52); Dunmow R.A.F. 84.

MOONLIGHT CONCEPTION

ACROSS the silvered mere mercurial rays
Blanching the distant barks of long-dead trees;
Here all is peace; the white light gently lays
A lovely liquidness that slowly frees
The mind from moodiness, the soul from sin,
Calling with cool sweet voice the God within.

A tranquil melody, an unsung song,
Flits through unconsciousness with easy grace,
Devoid of matter, still unmarred by wrong,
Perfect unseized, unsought, unforced in pace,
The spirit's child, begotten but not made,
In paths where, uncalled, fancy freely strayed.

Rest acquiescent, patiently receive,
Where knowledge sought is fatal, desire sheer
Folly self-wrought, conceit to undeceive
The earnest seeker who would probe the mere.
Stand still, receptive, silent, dormant, bare;
For God Himself in moonlight passions there.

RONALD S. MALLONE

MYTHICAL MONSTER

Through the deep, dark jungle came
A dreadful dragon spitting flame,
Leaving growth behind to smoulder,
Scarring stone and rock and boulder;
Agile body, lashing tail,
Widening out his burning trail.
Now the forest's all his own,
Every leaf and every stone;
All have flown before his path,
All are frightened by his wrath,
Leaping, screaming, jumping, flee,
Swinging on from tree to tree,
Running on the ground beneath—
On and on, away from death.
His body shines in every scale,
From gnashing teeth to pointed tail;
Ever twisting, changing hue
From palest green to darkest blue.
His eyes like darting tongues of fire
Never cease to search, or tire,
Till shut in noisy dragon sleep,
Closed in tranquil slumber deep.

Marygold Landsdell (Age 16)

INS AND OUTS OF PRISONER-OF-WAR LIFE

ON 30th November, 1941, I found myself a prisoner in German hands. I was taken to a cell in Amsterdam gaol, the chief feature of which was the exceedingly uncomfortable bed. After three days we were taken to the German Air Force interrogation camp at Frankfurt. Here the living conditions were quite good, due to the German desire to create an informal atmosphere in order to gain the maximum of information.

After two weeks in this camp sixty of us were shipped off in cattle trucks to Stalag VIIA, near Munich. This was a most unpleasant journey, and it was a great relief when on the third night the doors were opened and we were ordered to get out. It was snowing slightly, but I was so delighted to be in the fresh air that the march down the road seemed almost pleasant. My enjoyment was soon curtailed, however, by the sight of a circle of lights which obviously marked the boundary of our new home.

There are few sights more forbidding than the silhouette of a prison camp at night, the chief impression being of a creepy combination of barbed wire and dim lights, surmounted at the corners by grim postern boxes from which are operated the machine guns and search-lights. Around all this, the guards, muffled up in masses of shapeless clothing, patrol hour after hour. The main gate was dominated by a huge tower on which was nailed in a prominent position a huge wood carving in the form of a signpost. It depicted a downcast-looking group of French and British soldiers stumbling along a road; underneath a large finger sneeringly pointed in through the main gate, labelled "To Berlin."

Presently we were escorted into the camp by two guards, accompanied by a couple of tough Alsatian hounds. They bundled us into one of the barracks and left us; the atmosphere here consisted of smoke, steam, and the breath of 180 overcrowded men, and semi-darkness prevailed.

During our first month here we had to exist entirely on the quite inadequate German rations. The extreme cold could not be allayed by the one small stove provided, and the whole place was constantly damp, due to people tramping in snow, and also to the washing suspended on lines slung from the ceiling. The Germans took our flying boots and issued us with wooden clogs, which reduced our normal walking pace to a slow shuffle. Large numbers of fleas emerged from our straw palliasses at night.

With the warmer weather came Red Cross supplies of food and clothing, and to these supplies throughout my three years as a prisoner I owe my life and health.

One of the big advantages of this camp lay in the fact that we could mix freely with the French, Polish and Slav prisoners, and by this means many of us were enabled to get a broader understanding of the European background. A highlight of the cosmopolitan atmosphere was the exchange market run on the small and squalid square in front of the canteen. The whole scene possessed something of the unreality of an Eastern market; everybody yelled out the advantages of their wares in a strange mixture of dialects. Fierce arguments were waged over everything from a pot of dried peas to a pair of ragged gloves, and in the centre of the closely-packed crowd fordidden articles were produced for sale from underneath coats and cloaks.

In January, 1943, I was posted up to Stalag Luft I, on the Baltic. The living conditions here were comparatively good, as we had ample facilities for washing and cooking, and lived in small rooms holding numbers ranging from six to thirty men. Here we organised a good school, our lectures ranging from agriculture to philosophy. We managed to set aside one large room to be used as a reference library for quiet study. The Germans left the internal management of the camp to us, and thus a type of self-governing community was established, to head which we elected a camp leader. This job required diplomatic skill of no mean order, as it entailed settling all disputes within the camp and carrying on delicate negotiations with the German authority on points relating to the treatment of prisoners under the Geneva convention.

The life of a prisoner-of-war camp teaches everybody self-discipline. Everything one does, from sport to study, requires a definite mental effort against the ever-present temptation to "let things slide." Secondly, it gives one a new sense of values. In reading a review in "The Listener" of a book of short stories written by people on active service, I came across this sentence:—"One experiences a sense of the extraordinary having become ordinary." Conversely, in a prison camp the simple and ordinary pleasures of life take on an extraordinary significance. One experiences a deep longing for a wholesome meal, for a good book by a warm fire, fo a quiet ramble in the countryside. The life tends as well to develop a faculty for deep and intense thought. A love of poetry, philosophy, and classical music springs from an intense desire for beauty to combat the ugliness which constantly surrounds one. *Paul Winfield (1935—38)*

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THE FILM INDUSTRY

THE cinema is utterly unsatisfying compared with the theatre. It is inherently insincere and shallow, and offers neither the aesthetic value nor the sheer entertainment which are to be

derived from the theatre. Very rarely does any character represented on the screen assume any real personality; almost without exception screen people just simply are not real, and cannot convince their audience that they are.

This results directly from two main factors: the detachment of the screen actor from his audience, and the essentially commercial spirit pervading the film industry. The screen actor never plays directly to his audience; his actions are seen through camera, photographer, film, projector, operator, and screen. Thus he cannot feel the same sense of vocation and purpose which stage actors experience; his is no interpretation of a complex human character, and affords little scope for any depth of insight into human personality. The continual emphasis upon *acting* makes not for the representation of a person other than himself, but for the sketching of such utterly incomplete and shallow people as those generally to be seen on the screen. It is this unreality that destroys the potential aesthetic and moral value in acting, the very potential value which the stage nurtures.

The commercial spirit which pervades the film industry is, however, equally responsible for its inability to satisfy. The industry gives the public not what is good for it, but what it wants, and it is this factor which is responsible for the production of so many worthless films. It is here, too, that the stage differs so completely from the screen, for the stage—all the more influential dramatists, at any rate—gives the public what is good for it. Even when it offers the public merely what it wants, it is with a wholesome sincerity which lifts it far above the level of the screen. Sickly sentimentality and devastating insincerity are regrettably typical of a section of twentieth-century humanity, and it is from this section of humanity that the vast majority of regular cinema-goers comes; since they are quite content with films which give them this sentimentality and insincerity in abundance, the film industry makes no attempt to cease to administer "the mixture as before." For if it did so, it would cease also to reap the handsome profits that it does at present. The whole function of the film industry as it is at present is therefore based on an entirely immoral premise: that it is permissible to exploit the imperfections of the public to the utmost for one's own gain.

The screen possesses certain very obvious advantages over the stage, however, which, if rightly used to their fullest extent, could make a useful contribution to general education. It has the limitations neither of space nor of time which curb the activities of the stage, and a well-produced film could be used as a valuable adjunct to the less dramatic atmosphere of the classroom or lecture hall. By the use of photographic tricks and of sham scenery the cinema is able to show us the collapse of a viaduct when an express train is crossing it, or a man's jump to suicide from the tenth or

twelfth storey of a New York skyscraper. There is not much of value or amusement in either of these occurrences, but such "tricks of the trade" could be employed in the production of useful, simple diagrammatic films which would serve to emphasise the main points made by a teacher to his class. In geography and natural history, especially, could the film come into its own in education. Travel films and films of animals and plants would greatly increase the value of verbal description in class or lecture.

The use of the educational film should not be confined solely to school and college, however; it should be shown and gradually introduced in the public cinema, with the purpose of ousting the present worthless films, for adults also need to have their knowledge of the world around them improved. The introduction of educational films into public cinemas must, however, be supported by the State in the initial stages, for financial reasons and for "moral support"; eventually the cinema will be recognised as the proper place for education about the physical world, and the theatre will be left supreme in the presentation of the intricate details of human personality.

Donald P. Simpson (Age 17)

MILKING EXPERIENCES

TOWARDS the end of last term Miss Barrie began to worry; her goats Alison and Elspeth (named after the Irvines) were about to have kids, and she had never done any milking before. Hence, at the beginning of this term, when we found that the family had increased to six—each goat having two kids—we offered our services as milkmaids to Miss Barrie, who immediately accepted them.

The following morning, in old shoes and "macs," we set off confidently in the direction of the gardening shed, which had been converted for the goats. During the next forty minutes our confidence was sadly shaken. However, that night we returned to the job with grim determination and were more successful.

Since that day we have learned much about the habits of goats. Milking in the morning is a comparatively easy task; while the goats eat their lentils, bread, and chaff they stand quietly, but after the meal is finished the fun begins: they have a habit of putting their forelegs into the food-box and bleating for more. Elspeth, who is less amenable than Alison, begins stamping with her hind leg, which sometimes goes into the milk basin with dire results! Milking at night is a different matter; we tried milking them on the New Avenue in the hope that they would stand quietly, but the midges were irritating and the kids played leap-frog on to the milker's back and licked her neck. However, when one person holds the head, another the back legs, and a third milks, we are more successful.

Milking goats has made us ambitious, and Mr. Abrey, who taught us how to milk, suggested taking us to milk cows. We have been twice now, but, alas, progress is as slow as at our first goat-milking lesson.

Iona Brereton, Pat Jeffery (Age 16), Jill Hopwood (Age 17)

LIBRARIES

SURELY in its individual way, a library holds an enduring fascination. For apart from the endless amusement, knowledge, and general interest, contained in the books themselves, there is almost always to be found, somewhere within its four walls, a full and varied selection of the numerous specimens of humanity. For a library, representative of every sphere of topic, presents a very large scope for all types of taste, and as Shakespeare says "the apparel oft proclaims the man,"—so the taste displays the mind. In fact at a glance round the room one can see each individual section so much symbolised by the crowd surrounding it, that it is almost possible to classify the subjects of the sections by a rough analysis of the types absorbed therein. Naturally this requires an extensive understanding of people, apart from the fact that it does not consider the many dutiful daughters choosing books for the romantic tastes of their old mothers.

Amongst the scattered company round the shelves, there is bound to be the usual run of novel-seeking females. Some of these seem apparently content to take out book after book, examining chapter headings of one, conclusions of another, until finally they return the last book to the shelf and leave the library, having collected quite enough themes to see them through the day. Whether they came with the specific intention of sipping and sampling, or whether the selection did not satisfy their expectations, one cannot tell.

Others of this novel-seeking group, in whose expressions as they jovially present their choice to be labelled and stamped, one can read complacent satisfaction, are dreaming of the anticipated pleasure to come. For the next few hours the cares of the house, the piercing screams of little Jimmy, will all go unheeded while the enraptured mother pursues eagerly through page after page of the unwinding plot.

A yet further type of novel-seeker is displayed in the young society woman. She enters the library, not with any of the former intentions, being not in the least desirous of escaping from reality, but simply to find one particular novel. To her this is a rather tedious task and she would willingly let it drift but for the forthcoming

dinner party's being uncomfortably near. No! She simply *must* find this latest! Life would hardly be worth living if that dreaded Mrs. ——— were to take the conversation right out of her hands. No! She could not possibly endure such a situation!

To depart from these interesting folk seeking each with his own individual thoughts and motives, one must not forget the industrious girls at the desk. Some are brisk and efficient; some curt, scornful and contemptuous; some languid and amiable, ever ready with a smile here, a wink there; they are all linked by the common bond of their task. Stamp—stamp—stamp—"Golders Green Free Library"—stamp, lick and stick; stamp, lick and stick. Forever issuing more tickets.

Such is a section of the continuous, yet never monotonous every-day life of a library. One should never be bored in such an atmosphere: For even if one is of a temperament uninterested in people and crowds, there is always the example of the middle-aged professor to follow. He enters, consults one reference book after another, remaining absolutely oblivious of all but his one momentous task, and finally retreats as happy, if not more so, in the possession of some newly-acquired data, as one successful seeker at the novel section.

Presuming even that to sit and simply give full play to one's imagination, weaving circumstance and environment around all who happen to catch one's fancy, holds no fascination, then surely one cannot fail to find consolation in the endless supply of books. For a library is, in a sense that no other thing is, "complete." Of all the thousands of books it offers, each has a little character of its very own, and is ever willing with its individual contribution.

Jean Lyell (Age 15)

V.E. DAY CELEBRATIONS

ON Monday, May 7th, when the surrender of Germany seemed imminent, we were curious to know why so many preparations were being made and why so much paraphernalia was being taken to various parts of the grounds. When our "Natch" meeting was cancelled in order that a bonfire might be erected, many wild guesses were made. Then, with the official news that the following day, Tuesday, May 8th, was to be V.E. Day, excitement rose to a high pitch, and the bonfire was enlarged with great vigour.

The next day we awoke with a feeling of rather tense excitement. The programme commenced with a thanksgiving service in the hall, a service which will, I think, be unforgettable for most of us. During

the sports which followed, Mr. Lenz made the most diffident among us perfectly willing to risk breaking our necks over various weird erections, and we had a-hilarious time ; while in dinner Mr. Mallone showed that it is perfectly possible to combine the gentle art of reading English Poetry with the ability to act as domestic help if needed! The school won the Staff v. School mixed "cricket" match which followed dinner, and practically everyone listened to the Prime Minister. A slight breathing space was afforded by the refreshments which followed, and then we were once more called upon to be energetic in a well organized Treasure Hunt, for which Mr. Pumphrey and Miss Yapp were responsible. After tea on The Avenue there were various games ; surprisingly enough, most people were like Oliver Twist, and wanted more! It was a relief to watch blackout which has annoyed us for five-and-a-half years going up in flames, and we rejoiced when the bonfire was lit. Fireworks which Mr. Brereton had confiscated some time before were put to a good purpose ; after five years of fire and bangs it seemed rather ironical, however, that we should celebrate with more fire and more bangs. After the King's speech and a very short service we had supper, and so to bed—at least, perhaps Groups A and B went to bed, though I believe that the majority of Group C rather tended to hold unofficial and uproarious celebrations until well after 10.30 p.m.

All the staff and helpers deserve a hearty vote of thanks for all their good work in giving us so enjoyable a day here at Walden. For many and various reasons we are all glad that the necessity for such an occasion has arisen very rarely in the past, and hope it will never arise again.

Rayleen Calvert (Age 15)

TO A CREEPER ON AN OLD SCHOOL WALL

How many years of teardrops have you seen ?
How many centuries of fears and laughter ?
And are there many who, like you, will live
For still another hundred years, and after ?
And did it take you many tedious years
To climb from bottom brick up to the top ?
Have many generations passed you by
And never thought to glance at you and stop ?
Have many people loved your browns and reds ?
Have many wished to know about your past ?
Though the walls crumble, crack, and fall away,
Will you stay on, triumphant, and the last ?
And though the snow and hail and sleet come down
Upon you, will you stay, leafless and still
And calm ? And will you answer all my questions ?
I feel—I *know* somehow, you never will.

Nina Bailey (Age 15

NORTH-WEST PASSAGE

THE angry cries grew louder in their impatience as I stirred the bucket hastily, and staggered across the yard under its weight. The door creaked on rusty hinges, and the ever louder sounds of pain and anguish bounded into the outside air as it swung back to the massive old stone wall, revealing the dark, dank, evil-smelling interior. Slipping and swaying in my hurry to end the suffering, I clanked the bucket along the filthy floor, spilling some of the precious contents at irregular intervals, until I reached yet another doorway, built of solid oak, and stained and scarred with the passing of years. As I leant against the wood, struggling with the catch, the groaning ceased abruptly. A startled, yet hopeful grunt rose from the interior, and a scraping of eager hands and feet sounded up the door, and finally a tousled head, streaked with mud, and wearing a ridiculous headgear composed of dirty straw, gazed at me through the iron bars of the upper door, with longing and anticipation written over the dirty features. Seeing the bucket in my hand, and guessing my errand of mercy, the ghastly uproar continued again, impatience, and the eager hope born after long suffering, predominating in the unholy noise.

The door swung outwards. I entered. Urgent screams now took the place of hopeful snufflings. Anguished hands clutched at my skirts. I squelched through a layer of mud and mire to the farther wall, stumbling over bodies (of half-eaten turnips) on the way. I arrived at a long, dark object, about to receive the means of relieving the intense pain—of hunger! I poured the swill into the trough, staggered back the way I had come, avoiding the onrush of solid pink flesh, and, shutting the door with effort and relief, leant my weary back against it, and listened to the now moderated sounds within. Gurglings and suckings replaced the screams of hunger...The gurgling subsided...a long drawn-out sigh of content...Penelope had eaten! A rustling of straw in the North-West corner... Another, but almost inaudible sigh. The outer door creaks, but no sound is now appreciated—our pig is asleep!

Barbara Condon (Age 15)

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGINEERING

LAST Easter holidays I spent about half my time doing some work. A short time ago I was asked by my father if I would be at all interested in helping the Maintenance Engineer of the Brighton Technical College, as he thought the knowledge obtained would be of use to me later in life. At first I did not think much of the idea and was only induced to go last Christmas.

During the fortnight I was there, I came into contact with many instruments and machines of which I had never heard before. For instance, several times we had to start a large gas engine for some of the students to have running trials. On this job I learnt how the horse-power is worked out, how the governor keeps the speed constant, how the bearings are kept well oiled (an important thing when there is a fly-wheel weighing a ton or two), and many other small details, so that, from the practical point of view, I learnt more about it than many of the students.

I also learnt many things that would be of general use to me later, such as mending fuses, soldering, recharging batteries, how to use a metal lathe, as well as many other things. The person with whom I worked said that a time in a factory doing practical work is worth much more than time spent on theory (though theory is necessary), and I can quite believe it now, because things which should work do not always come out right when put into practice.

Christopher Hughes (Age 15)

WELSH LANDSCAPE

RYD Cefn Ddu is a beautiful mountain rising from the broad valley below, with a tiny stream like a shining metal band winding this way and that, uncertain, but eager to reach the lower river which one day will reach the sea.

The little stream, however, does not know this, and with the joy of its own importance roars with a note that penetrates to the mountain top. The stream is rocky and full of tiny waterfalls, under which are calm, deep pools, from which small pieces of quartz sparkle like stars. Its banks are covered with sodden, brilliantly green patches of mosses and ferns, where a spring trickles out of the solid rock, and into the stream. Beautifully smooth stones are deposited at the sides, fantastically shaped, and marked.

On either side of the stream the valley stretches, green, but not very fertile, for as the rock is not far below the surface, crops rarely break the natural soft greens and browns with their brilliant golds.

Round the valley mountains rise up in a vast amphitheatre with smooth worn sides of brown and green, with parts of the naked rock showing in rugged patches. White sheep are dotted about the hillsides, grazing peacefully. Gorse in season makes a single hillside flaming gold, as though the sun always shines on it. Heather, too, makes the slopes soft purple, bright, yet indistinct and far away.

On our mountain, Ryd Cefn Ddu, the place where we have made our home, stands the little loved hollow with rowan and sycamore trees around it, where two old grey buildings of the little farm nestle in the shade of their branches. It is called Pantyrhyden, which means "a hollow full of ferns."

If ever I have to leave it I shall keep the memory of a buzzard, hovering over the fields below, as though the air was supporting him in a beautiful green bowl, and the sun rising over the broad back of Radnor Forest.

Elizabeth Sherwood (Age 15)

FRUSTRATION

THE sound was gradually increasing ; it must be the train this time, he thought. The cold steel of the railway line was cooling as he pressed his hot and whirling head against it. He had heard the train coming so many times before, but it had never come, it had always been his imagination.

The thoughts whirling round in his head were nearly bursting it, he was thinking so hard. Could they possibly find the body ? They might if someone wanted coal from the coal shed. He prayed that there was enough coal to last the fire a few hours.

He could feel the ground shaking beneath the oncoming train wheels ; if it didn't come soon they might find the body ; they might follow his footsteps across the fields ; they would find him. He couldn't bear to think of it.

Should he have killed him, his conscience kept on asking him. What reason had he for killing him, except, of course that he hated the man ? He even hated his own wife, and he knew that the man always slipped out of his house just before he came back from work. His loud and over-bearing wife would have to fend for herself now, he exulted ; she would have to sell all her jewels for some money ; he hadn't left her any in his will. Thank goodness there were no children to complicate things!

Suddenly he realised what a fool he had been. He could easily have made it appear to be an accident—oh, so easily! At the time he had seen no other way out, but now, lying on the railway line, he had had time to think things over. What was the use now ? It was too late, he would have to go through with it.

What would happen if the train was late, or the signal man forgot to lower the signal, or the train crashed before it reached him ? He imagined the detectives creeping up behind him, arresting him and

taking him away to jail. Then would come the horror of his poky little lice-ridden cell, the trial, the agony of waiting for the jury's decision, and then the gallows. He nearly screamed at the thought; he could feel the rope round his neck; he was strangling.

Only his imagination again; he was working himself up about nothing. Of course the train was coming; he could hear it now. Then the engine whistled as it went under the bridge farther up the line.

What a life he had led, such a clockwork routine, always the same! It would be a good thing to end it once and for all. Perhaps if there had been some children to look after, it might have eased the monotony. He tried to console himself, saying that it was to save his sanity that he had committed the murder.

He could still feel the bloodstained mallet in his hands, and see the staring white eyeballs of the man he had murdered. A thin trail of blood was still before his eyes; it had been left behind when he had dragged the limp, heavy body out to the coalshed. Horrors! He had forgotten to wipe it up.

Why was the train taking such a long time to come? Ah, he could hear it now; it was only just round the bend, the midday express, thundering along the line towards him. Suddenly a full realisation of what he was doing flashed across his mind. The mist cleared from before his eyes and his head stopped whirling.

He was lying on a railway line, waiting for the train to go straight over him, mangle him to pieces, and pass on as though nothing had happened. All his cowardly courage fled; he wanted to get up and run for all he was worth. Away! Away! He tried to rise but couldn't; he was paralysed, fixed to the railway line, with the train thundering towards him.

"Oh, God!" he screamed, like a wild animal at bay, as the wheels of the engine reached him.

With a roar the engine passed by on the adjoining line, spraying him with steam and hot gritty ashes. Then there was silence.

Anna Sargant (Age 14. 1941—44)

C.S.W.O.S.A. To join the Old Scholars' Association, give your name to Mr. Littleboy before you leave School. Membership is free for the first year, after which it is 2s. a year until you are 21. Details of all functions will be sent you by the O.S. Secretary, Edmund Burtt, Penn Club, 22, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1.

PEACE

A HOLIDAY is always a pleasant experience, but I enjoy the travelling even better, the thrill of anticipation and the fun of not knowing what I am going to see.

I was travelling to Stroud and the train had just left Kemble when the grey stone of Gloucestershire began to show clearly. Suddenly the train drew into a little grey stone station where the railway line was on the floor of the valley, and rising steeply, with winding paths and countless steps as the hillside grew steeper, was a small grey village which looked as if the houses had grown out of the earth. Above the village, rising to the crest of the hill, were trees and rocks. Never before, I thought, had I seen so pretty a village.

The train moved on, and then, in about two minutes, stopped at an almost identical station. The village rose steeply up the hillside and clusters of bright plants hung over the edge of the garden walls, adding gaiety to the picture. People were climbing slowly up the winding paths to their homes perched on the hillside.

When the train came into Stroud I found it was different. The hillside was no longer steep, and Stroud was not small and grey. There were shops, queues and noise, and I was glad to catch a 'bus to Dursley. The country was flat now, but everywhere it was hemmed in by hills—high hills, long hills, green hills, brown hills, wooded hills, but never plain hills.

Standing on those hills one can look for miles, to the Severn and the Forest of Dean on one side and over towns and farms on the other ; on to peaceful cows slowly eating the grass, and then maybe see a horse and cart going along the winding road.

Time waits there, for no man hurries once he has the world to view : a peaceful, serene world of cows and grass and little grey villages that seem to spring from the heart of the earth itself.

Jane Morgan (Age 14)

THE DARTMOOR PONY

THE girl sat on the gate, chewing at a straw, watching the busy market with all its noise and bustle. Beneath her dangling feet a herd of Dartmoor ponies, tossing their shaggy manes, wheeled round the enclosure, vainly endeavouring to find a way out to the freedom of their native moorlands.

The girl glanced over the busy scene, watching the plump Devon wives crying out their wares, deliciously cooked ginger-bread and other spices ; the moon-eyed calves standing in bewilderment near their mothers ; the pigs snorting and squealing in their pens. Old Jim, the potter, sat busily turning his wheel, and the horse-dealers were showing off a horse's good points to the best advantage.

From where she was sitting the girl could just see her father's old brown tweed hat, a wisp of smoke curling round his head. He would be thinking about some fresh bargain, she thought.

Her attention was diverted from this scene by a small red-headed, freckle-faced boy, busy battling with three hens that had escaped from their coop. One of them falteringly fluttered over the gate in amongst the ponies. Instantaneously there was pandemonium. The ponies stampeded over to a corner of the pen and stood furtively watching the hen, who was now sitting on the ground, preening her feathers. The girl clambered down and captured the hen, returning her triumphantly to the small boy.

By this time the dealers had finished selling their horses and were moving over towards the pen.

"Well, Jane," her father said, "which one would you like?"

"Can I really have one?" the girl asked. Her father nodded. Jane chose a small, dapple-grey pony. The bidding began. Jane bit her nails anxiously. The dapple was evidently a favourite.

The dealer was shouting hoarsely "Twenty pounds, I'm bid. Any advance on twenty pounds?"

The price steadily mounted.

"Twenty-nine pounds, I'm bid for this magnificent animal. Only twenty-nine pounds."

"Thirty!" Jane's father cried.

"Going for thirty pounds to Farmer Macintyre. Going, going, gone!"

The girl breathed a sigh of relief and slid off the gate.

It was evening now and there was dancing in the square. Jane joined in, breathless but happy, till her father fetched her. She clambered into the old farm wagon which set off down the long lane of trees, jolting towards home and the setting sun, the pony following steadily behind.

Jeanette Tregear (Age 14)

THE AVENUE

O STATELY trees still standing there,
Once melancholy, cold and bare;
Now crowned with glory once again,
Now lightly washed with falls of rain;
Once dark, now bright;
Once bare, now clad
In fresh, green leaves, unfolding every joy
Of Summer's beauty, radiance, and might.

Susan Fry (Age 13)

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

AT the top of a hill was a little spring which was the source of a great river. From a small hollow of clean, shiny, wet pebbles, which the spring had worn out with its incessant waterfall, started a little brook.

It had made itself a shallow, narrow bed to flow in, but sticks and stones and leaves fell in and choked it. The rain soon came to its rescue, replenished the stream, gave it strength to carry away the obstacles and clear itself another path. The sun came, too, making a beautiful rainbow shine in the sky. The sun stayed after the rain had gone, and although it brightened up the little stream and shone through the branches of the overhanging trees, shedding its golden glory on the stream in a way that made it glisten in shades of silver and blue, it did not stop there ; it shone on and on, became hotter and hotter until the poor brook dried up, its water rising to the clouds.

The small spring that had given the brook its first knowledge of the struggling world roused itself again and gave it a second birth.

This time it was more successful in its endeavours, and soon the stream was bubbling away into the distance, looking like a silver snake sparkling on its winding course in and out of the grass and flowers and among the trees, making music like the tinkling of bells as it sprinkled its silver freshness over the pebbles.

The little brook ran on, widening into a small river. It no longer ran laughing down the hill, leaping pebbles as if they were boulders, but it moved sedately along ; it was older and wiser. Its words were no longer tinkles and bubbling ripples, but more serious waves.

Ships floated on it like the leaves that had floated before. Mills were built by it and the wheels turned as it came by ; but nothing stopped it in its determination to reach the sea.

It grew too much. Men built dams to stop it overflowing its banks and soon they built one right in its path. The river tried hard to regain its freedom. It stormed it night and day ; it rushed at it, battered it, and even shook it sometimes, but the cruel men only rebuilt it and strengthened it. Alas! It seemed as if its dream of reaching the great ocean was never to be realised, as if its existence would be for ever behind that dam. Still it struggled ; it would not give up its fight, and one day the dam burst.

The river bounded on, forgetting its dignity. It rushed and leaped, sending the foam in white jets against any ship that dared to interrupt its wild career towards the sea.

It reached the sea, an old river with many wavy frowns on its countenance, moving in a slow, dignified, stately fashion, until it mingled with the ocean, having won the struggle for existence.

Hellgart Mahler (Age 13)

JUNIOR SECTION

SPRING

THIS year Spring came earlier than usual. Blossom was in full bloom and bees were humming busily by the middle of April.

One afternoon when I was lying underneath a beautiful wild crab-apple tree it came to my mind that it was sad to think of all the poor and homeless people who could not see this beauty which I was enjoying.

I could imagine millions of people in Germany going back to their homes and only finding a little bit of rubble which had once been a cosy cottage with beautiful trees in full blossom, and they too, like me, listening to the little bees humming busily about.

Charlotte Morgan (Age 11)

THE MONKEY

THE monkey is an animal
That swings about in trees
And when you're passing underneath
He'll very often tease.

He's always got some coconuts
And squashy fruit to spare
So when you are not looking
They'll go flying through the air.

The coconuts can hurt you
And the squashy fruits can stick
But the mischievous old monkey
Just laughs until he's sick.

Roger Bush (Age 10)

THE DAY I SAW A STAG

LAST Summer holidays we went to stay at Grannie's cottage at Halford, in Somerset. One day my little sister and I went down to play with two friends in the valley. In the valley there was great excitement, for a stag was hidden somewhere in the bracken on a hill, and the hounds were making a terrific noise ; it was most horrible to see the huntsmen whipping the hounds when

they would not do something. Suddenly everyone ran up the lane. We went too, and there was a red stag on the path of the hill. It was a beautiful red, with large branching antlers. It was killed not far from the cottage.

The prongs on the antlers are called Bel, Bay and Tray. You can tell a royal stag from the other stags as it has three prongs at the top.

Elizabeth Rice (Age 10)

AN EXPERIENCE AT A YOUTH HOSTEL

IN the holidays I went to a youth hostel near Cambridge called Houghton Mill. It is named after the old water mill on the Ouse there. The mill is now the youth hostel.

The village dates back about a thousand years and at the mill you still get drinking water from the village pump. We went to Houghton from Cambridge via St. Ives. It was about 7 o'clock when we got there. I went for a walk. Afterwards I had my supper, which my mother made, and went to bed, but I could not get to sleep. Just above was the ladies' dormitory and in the middle of the night one of the ladies' beds collapsed, and as the mill is very old, all the spiders' webs came down. In the morning I had my breakfast, and mother and I and a friend went to see a village called Hemingford Grey. Afterwards we went to Huntingdon and had dinner at the British Restaurant which is in the crypt of a church. Then we went back to Cambridge.

Hanno Simon (Age 9)

JUNIOR SCHOOL NEWS

THERE have been many changes in the Junior School this term. The dining room has been changed into the upper class room and the upper class room is now the boys' bedroom. The boys' bedroom has become the dining room. Two of the upper class girls now sleep upstairs. The pine tree posts in the girls' bedroom have been taken down to make a trellis-work in Mrs. Stubbs' garden.

We have now got a lot of nice yellow sand in the sand pit. It came from Mr. Littleboy's garage. Mr. Littleboy and Michael put it in, in the holidays and we would like to thank them very much for it.

Miss Barrie's goats have got kids. One goat had two kids and the other one had three, but one of these died, so now they have two each. Two of these are black and white and the other two are brown. The goats give milk now. Sonia Chaix delivers the goats' milk to Mrs. Littleboy and Johnnie Macintyre takes it to Mrs. Lees. Anthony Day keeps the accounts. Margaret Pilgrim and I feed the hens and ducks at half past four each day and Thomas Marriage feeds them in the morning.

Tessa Litson (Age 9)

JACK FROST

LAST night I picked my way over the mountain, through the forest, to the town. I painted all the windows ; some with forests, some with rain, some with gardens.

I made the roads just like glass.

I made the pond frozen hard.

I painted Children's dreams so bright.

When the dawn began to shine I crept right home.

Thomas Marriage (Age 8)

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines : "The Beckside," "The Cupola," "St. Christopher Magazine," "By Kent and Skerne," and "The Newportonian."

Subscriptions (2/6 post free) should be sent to the Treasurer, at the school.



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