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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 37. JULY, 1946. No. 105.

TEMPUS FUGIT



ALREADY a whole year has passed since that hilarious day when staff and School combined to celebrate V.E. Day. The long yearned-for peace has come, but the realization of our dream has brought a certain measure of disappointment; for many material improvements have not come our way.

Several changes have taken place in the food line. Mrs. Stammers has been replaced by Mrs. Fraser as housekeeper with Miss Caine as her assistant. Supper is a less formal occasion, being partaken of now in the playrooms separately. The Vegetarians' food is worthy of mention: each dinner time we see an appetizing dish on table eight. Would that we were "Vegies" !

Mr. Kerlogue was removed by the Ministry of Labour, and he was replaced by Mr. Etherington, who has also added fresh enthusiasm to our cross-country running. We regret to announce the departure of Mr. Dale. He is now a lecturer, chiefly for post-graduates at Swansea University. Miss Ellinor has taken over some of his history lessons, and the rest of the history is being taken by Miss Dobson.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mrs. Lees, whom the Junior School previously knew as Miss Harris, and we wish her the very best for her future life.

Just before Christmas the School co-operated with the Preparative Meeting in getting up a sale for the F.R.S., which raised the considerable sum of £157. The School was allowed to admire the wares, and then had to depart for the first half hour, after which the hall was stormed and the articles for sale, notably the eatables, vanished in no time. Ample teas were also provided.

A concert-play evening was arranged for March 16th. The School and any visitors unable to come on Saturday were invited on Friday, when the audience was larger than expected. Apart from a few minor hitches on the first night everything went off well. All parts of the School helped to form the programme—soloists, orchestra and senior and fourth form choirs. Mrs. Worth produced the Scottish tragedy "Campbell of Kilmohr." The proceeds again went to the F.R.S.

Another Parents' Week-end has been held. On the Sunday afternoon there was a very successful "Brains Trust" session, with John Watt, of the B.B.C., as Question Master.

A party from the School attended Junior Yearly Meeting, the first for seven years. Reports were made to the School in Sunday evening meeting.

Last term Eric Hosking gave a talk about rare birds of the Norfolk Broads, which was very much enjoyed. Dr. Howard Somervell showed us some exciting pictures about climbing Everest, followed by unpleasantly realistic slides on medical missionary work in India. Everyone was thrilled by Alan Browne's wonderful slides taken when mountaineering in South Island, New Zealand. James Hudson, Labour, Pacifist and Temperance M.P. for one of the new constituencies, told us of his political experiences. Harold Chance gave Study Circle a most interesting talk on the U.S.A., which has given us a more balanced outlook on his people.

Mr. Sturge's work with the choirs has been of an outstanding character. From a body of no previous standing, Senior Choir has sung several times in evening meeting, and added much beauty to the atmosphere of the meeting. It has sung with increasing confidence and improving quality at each new performance. In December we gave the Abbey Lane Congregationalists a short programme of carols, preceded by tea and followed by somewhat uproarious party games, where the choir proved it had not overstrained itself, by singing nursery rhymes with gusto.

The English climate came into its own over the Whitsun week-end—having been warned by the headmaster not to overdo sunbathing, we were blessed with seemingly unending rain; but Monday ended with a blazing bonfire and much fun and laughter that will not soon be forgotten.

Although it rained intermittently over General Meeting, the occasion was generally felt to have passed very smoothly, and all the work exhibited was fully appreciated. Parents went away with the feeling that the end of the war had brought a fresh stimulus to us all and bright hopes for the future of the School.

Renate Bondi (Age 16)

THE SPORTS, 1946

A SHORT, and from the games point of view at least, a very full Spring Term, reached its climax on March 30th in Sports Day. In connection with this, the House Cross Country Runs were held on the Saturday preceding Sports Day. The weather itself was ideal, cool and sunny, but previous rain had left the going rather heavy in places, and this resulted in generally slower times than normal. However, competition was keen, and amidst great excitement, M. Godden won the Senior Run from Donald Simpson by only two seconds, with Christopher Watt a close third. Especially noteworthy was the performance put up by Paul Honigmann who, although in age a junior, ran in the Senior Run to secure sixth place. Lister was the winning House, closely challenged

by Tuke, with Mennell little behind. The Junior Run was won easily by Michael Atkins from a field of 27 keen youngsters, Mennell being the winning House with Lister second. It is good to see the keenness of the Juniors in this branch of athletics.

As usual, the week preceding the Sports was devoted to the taking of athletic standards in strength, agility and endurance. Anyone reaching the standard of attainment appropriate to his age, secures a point for his House. A heartening number of boys and girls attempted to secure their standards this year.

Although most events were run on the Sports Saturday, some, mainly long distance events, were, as usual, run off on the Wednesday preceding. On both days the weather was kind to us.

The Open Mile was easily won by Michael Godden in a relatively slow 5 min. 18 sec. with Simpson second. Both the Open 880, won by John Hinton, and the Open 440, won by John Plank, however, atoned for this, showing considerable improvement over last year's times. Generally speaking, however, although style has improved, times in Open events were somewhat slower than last year and this was specially noticeable in the Middle's events. However, some very good times were returned by the Juniors, Michael Atkins in the Junior 440, and Paul Honigmann in the Junior 880 clocking times little short of those in the Middle's events. It would appear that we have a keen and proficient group amongst the Juniors, which promises well for the future.

Amongst Girls' events also times were slower than last year. The outstanding success amongst the Girls was in the Cricket throw, in which event Mary Balk broke the previous School record.

The House relays were as usual the highlight of the day, and with the House totals being fairly close, there was the possibility that they would determine the final House placings, and in consequence, excitement ran high. In all cases improved times were shown. Tuke won both Boys' and Girls' Senior relays, with Mennell winning both Junior events, leaving Lister well deserved winners with 180 points, followed by Mennell with 173½ and Tuke 156½.

And so another successful and enjoyable Sports Day was over. All our thanks are due to the multitude of eager helpers, without whom no Sports Day would have been possible.

E.O.L.

CRICKET, 1946

FOR those who "love the game beyond the prize" this has been a heartening season; we have been beaten by eight runs, by one wicket, by one run, and by the clock. Twice we have won easily.

The first Newport fixture was a remarkable one; a diffident attack dismissed nine Newportonians for twenty runs and then saw the score trebled by a last-wicket stand. Our early batsmen collapsed as in-

gloriously but the last three took the score to within two good hits of the Newport total. When Newport visited us a fortnight later, the School started very confidently and had a hundred on the board with only three wickets down. Defries batted flawlessly and his 59 not out is the highest score a boy has made since 1937. Time saved Newport from certain defeat.

The Town 2nd XI were dismissed in fifteen overs, eight of their wickets going to Mr. Pumphrey. An equally easy victory was won over the Chesterfords when Mr. Pumphrey was again in form.

The finest matches were those against Seward's End and Harlow College, lost respectively by one run and one wicket. The match against Harlow, played on a perfect wicket and in perfect weather, produced the best boys' match during the last three years. Defries came within four runs of his second successive 50, while six Harlow wickets fell in the nineties—three of them in one over to Webb. Had the School fielding not flagged when the game was going against us the victory might have been ours.

The School batting has been stronger and more confident this year. Defries has been the most prolific scorer. While losing none of his stylishness, he has punished loose balls with vigour and consummate artistry. Greenland, handicapped by an injured knee, has batted with confidence and vigour but has too often "cocked up" leg balls rather dangerously. Plank has played several useful innings but fails to use his physique to the best advantage. He has conquered his habit of "hanging his bat out to dry" on the off but still pokes instead of driving loose balls. Simpson, who has captained the team well, has driven more strongly but still plays forward too infrequently. Cassuto has guarded his wicket well—if not with complete orthodoxy. Webb is a promising young batsman who must, however, learn that the safest fours are those along the ground. Hinton and Kent have had one or two merry knocks.

The bowling of the boys has been mediocre. Kent, treated with respect by Newport, was treated with disdain by Harlow. He must learn to bring his arm straight over and to get rid of the idea that a bowler who is hit for four is not bowling fast enough. Hinton has bowled steadily if not conspicuously, and his bowling has been treated with respect throughout the season. Webb has a good action and gets a good deal of speed from the pitch. He has effected some surprises as a change bowler and should do very well next season. Plank has bowled better since changing to round the wicket.

The fielding has been patchy. Mr. Lenz and Plank have been outstanding in their alertness and relentless determination to save runs. Greenland is a clean, quick fielder with an accurate return. Blackburn has kept wicket well for the boys.

Our one disappointment in a season when Mr. Lenz has shown a welcome return to form with the bat and Mr. Pumphrey has proved as deadly as ever with the ball, has been that rain caused the cancellation of the boys' fixture with the Old Scholars and the abandonment of the Masters' fixture at an early stage.

RESULTS.

May 8th. Newport 60 Kent 5 for 19, Hinton 4 for 16); School 52.

May 11th. School 77; Saffron Walden 2nd XI 31 (Pumphrey 8 for 13).

May 18th. Seward's End 113 (Trounce 5 for 46); School 112 (Andrews 36, Pumphrey 31).

May 22nd. School 143 for 6 wkts. (dec.) (Defries 59 not out, Plank 27); Newport 50 for 8 (Kent 6 for 30).

May 25th. School 100 (Defries 46); Harlow College 108 for 9 (Webb 3 for 8).

June 1st Chesterford 58 (Pumphrey 6 for 15); School 121 for 8 (Plank 24 not out).

June 10th. School 45 for 4 wkts., v. Old Scholars (rain stopped play).

C.A.M.

HOCKEY, 1945-46

The standard of play in both the 1st and 2nd XI's showed some improvement during the season. In both teams much more attention should be paid to good stick work.

Hockey colours were awarded to Judith Layng and Jean Lyell.

The House hockey matches were very evenly contested, Lister House coming first in the final result. Great promise was shown in the Junior teams.

GOAL—*Ruth Comber.* A reliable, steady player who gives confidence to her team.

LEFT BACK—*Muriel Hockley.* Did good work in an unaccustomed place on the field, and her stickwork improved during the season.

RIGHT BACK—*Jancis Ballachey.* Still slow in clearing, but showed improvement during the season.

LEFT HALF.—*Jane Morgan.* Played with intelligence, and her speed improved during the season.

CENTRE HALF—*Pat Jeffery.* Kept the half line well together, and played an unselfish, reliable game throughout.

RIGHT HALF—*Jean Palmer.* A steady half, sometimes rather slow.

LEFT WING—*Jean Lyell.* A very fast forward who tried to combine with her inner much better during the season.

LEFT INNER—*Judith Layng.* Worked hard and overcame several weak points. A steady member of the forward line.

CENTRE FORWARD—*Lois Buck.* Very fast, and occasionally did some brilliant work in mid-field. Shooting was on the whole good, but she did not combine well enough with the other forwards.

RIGHT INNER—*Mary Balk.* A strong and generally very reliable member of the forward line.

RIGHT WING—KATHLEEN MOORE. Did some useful work and was a keen and helpful captain.

MATCH RESULTS, AUTUMN TERM, 1945

Date	Opponent	Team	Result
Sept. 29th.	Saffron Walden Training College	1st XI	Won 3–0
Oct. 13th.	Hockerill Training College ...	1st XI	Lost 0–6
Oct. 13th.	Hockerill Training College ...	2nd XI	Won 3–2
Oct. 20th.	Herts. and Essex High School ...	1st XI	Won 3–2
Oct. 20th.	Herts. and Essex High School ...	2nd XI	Won 5–2
Oct. 27th.	Girton College 2nd XI	1st XI	Drew 2–2
Nov. 17th.	Old Scholars	1st XI	Lost 0–1
Nov. 24th.	Great Chesterford	"A" XI	Won 4–2
Dec. 1st.	Saffron Walden Training College	1st XI	Lost 1–3

SPRING TERM, 1946

Date	Opponent	Team	Result
Feb. 2nd.	Perse School, Cambridge ...	1st XI	Lost 1–2
Feb. 9th.	Saffron Walden Training College	1st XI	Won 4–2
Mar. 2nd.	Old Scholars	1st XI	Won 2–1
Mar. 13th.	Herts. and Essex High School ...	1st XI	Lost 2–3
Mar. 13th.	Herts. and Essex High School ...	2nd XI	Lost 3–6
Mar. 16th.	Saffron Walden Training College	1st XI	Won 3–1

B.J.R.B

LECTURE SCHOOL WEEK-END, 1946

THE first week-end in March saw a re-starting of the Annual Lecture School week-end arranged by the Old Scholars' Association. Under the general title "You and the World To-morrow" lectures were given with the object of pointing out the differing viewpoints and problems in various parts of the world, so that a common understanding might make us more alive to, and tolerant of, others.

Some forty Old Scholars and the 6th and Upper 5th attended the lectures. Henry Rodwell and Jack Harris, two of our ex-F.A.U. Old Scholars dealt with China, Ethiopia and Egypt respectively. Our guest lecturers were Joe Beckett, sometime warden of a hostel for coloured seamen, who delighted us with his vivid pictures of some of his former guests, and Richard Wright, recently returned from the Lebanon and Palestine, who explained some of the many difficulties in that potentially dangerous part of the world.

G.S.P.

PINOCCHIO

AT the end of the Spring Term we watched them build their nest in the school tower. At the beginning of this term we saw how proudly the male watched over the female, as she sat on her two white eggs. We never saw but we guessed that two ugly-looking bundles of life were hatched out.

They grew fast. It is well known that growing children, and especially pigeons, are mischievous and are always wanting to explore, and not for the first time did this curiosity end in disaster—well, almost disaster. One of the young pigeons tried a little roof-climbing and fell to the ground by the boys' playroom door.

From then on he became our property. We fed him almost hourly on milk. Feeding a young pigeon is no easy job. First one has to procure, in one way or another, milk from the kitchens, a dangerous procedure at the best of times. This difficulty was surmounted. Then came the really difficult part of the business. One of us had to hold the pigeon in one hand and prize the beak open with the other hand. While this was going on the partner filled a tube with milk, and, when the beak was open, squirted the milk down the bird's throat. It sounds easy, but just you try it! I am afraid more milk went on the outside of the bird than into the inside.

You may be wondering why we called our young pigeon Pinocchio. Well here is the official and authentic explanation. Many names come to mind immediately, but "Charlie," "John" or "Jack" did not make much appeal to us. The problem was too great so we left it, but it did not leave us, and a name suggested itself the very first afternoon that we had our pet. That day the B.B.C. broadcast Walt Disney's "Pinocchio," and Pinocchio our pigeon became.

We soon taught Pinocchio to fly, and fly he did. Individual members of the cross-country team pitted their puny speed against his. Their failure was complete. Four hundred and forty yards in twenty seconds is no mean feat.

Very soon the school began to take an active interest in our pet. One day we had reports from excited little boys that Pinocchio was on the roof. The first time he did this we thought we had seen the last of our Pinocchio. A dramatic attempt to capture him by climbing the drain pipe came to nought. Somebody tried to knock him off the roof with a long-handled broom from a girls' bedroom window. Pinocchio, all defiance, flew on to the town water-tower. Imagine our surprise when he returned to the Biology lab. in the evening.

By now he was learning to look after himself. He began to perch in trees for his nightly rest, or so we thought. In reality he flew in through a broken window in the Geography room and slept there! The carpenter put a stop to that.

Unfortunately he retained a fancy for the Geography room. He would enter with an incoming class, not without some encouragement, of course, and proceed to liven up the proceedings by defying all and every attempt to throw him out.

On the Thursday General Meeting day he appeared, proudly displayed in a big cage. The only inducement that kept him there was food. He continued eating for the rest of the afternoon!

Pinocchio was due for a second show on Saturday. He was let out on Friday and he has been out ever since. We have no hope now of recovering him. We presume that a young lady now commands his attentions. Perhaps it is all for the best. At any rate we hope he is happy.

Peter Bell (Age 15) and Michael How (Age 14)

HOMING FLIGHT



ASQUA, the swallow, had beaten his wings ceaselessly since dawn, and as dusk approached a great weariness came upon him as his long journey drew to its end. Over the hills and beyond the river lay his destination: the old barn, with its cobwebbed rafters, last year's mud nest, the nail which was his very own perch and his friend Umm, the Barn Owl. When he arrived maybe another swallow would be waiting for him, but if she had not arrived, he would be there to welcome her, when she came.

As he wheeled and darted over the river, he became aware of all the old and well-loved places: the old barn, the duckpond, the trees with their pink blossoms, the sweet songs of the chaffinches and the murmur of the bees. These seemed to welcome him home and despite his fatigue and hunger he responded bravely and beat his way joyously up the hill.

Higher and higher he flew—over the birchwood trees where the bullfinch warbled, over small lakes where the dipper sang among the rocks. On a boulder sticking out from the hillside rested M'wee, the little blue falcon, tired after a long chase after a curlew that had taken cover. M'wee looked around him, and he saw the slim, dark blue figure of the swallow.

Pasqua saw the flash of M'wee's pinions as he launched himself into the air, but took no notice, thinking it to be the more familiar figure of Sharak, the sparrowhawk. Sharak scorned adult swallows, but when he got the chance, he would snatch their young from the nest. Flying on, Pasqua glanced backward, then glanced behind again and learnt his mistake. This was no sparrowhawk that was rapidly overhauling him.

Pasqua took fright. Terror brought renewed strength to his steel-blue wings as he sped along. But the slate-blue pinions of the falcon struck yet faster still. His talons flashed upwards, but Pasqua evaded

the first blow by flying vertically upwards. Lower and lower the weary Pasqua was driven down, when suddenly up from the hillside flew another falcon, M'wee's brown mate. M'wee saw her and swinging towards her, the two were soon winging their way side by side, the hunted swallow forgotten in the joy of the meeting.

But danger was not yet passed. Sharak, the sparrowhawk hovered against the setting sun. He saw the weary, limping swallow below, and judged it to be an easy prey. Sharak's wings beat faster, his circling narrowed, and downwards he plunged upon the almost exhausted swallow.

Glancing upwards in search of the falcon, Pasqua saw the hawk falling towards him, and he recognised it as Sharak, slayer of infant swallows.

Again Pasqua gathered speed as the hawk dropped into his wake and prepared to strike. In his weariness Pasqua mistimed his turn and Sharak's talons sent him spinning out of control. Sharak was borne on by his own speed past his quarry. As he braked and turned, Pasqua slipped under him, and secured a good lead on the hawk, but he had still half a mile to go before he could reach the shelter of the barn.

His strength was failing rapidly. Twice Sharak's talons closed upon the streamers of his tail. The trees swept under him in a blur of green, while overhead homing rooks paused in their flight and cawed in their excitement.

The wood passed, Pasqua dropped down until his white breast was skimming the grass of the field. Then came a garden, a white-washed house, grey buildings and the arched doorway of the barn with its doors wide open. Under the arch he flew with the hawk right on his tail. He tried to rise to the rafters but he failed, and fell limp upon a heap of straw, beak agape and head curled under his wing. In the dimness the hawk circled overhead, hovered, and then dropped to his prey. Simultaneously a tiny puff of dust fell from the rafters high in the darkness of the roof, and a silent white figure, blunt headed and with appalling eyes, came down upon the invader of the barn. Wrathfully and without a sound Umm, the owl, crushed Sharak's head and neck in his powerful talons.

John Baker (Age 13)

WHITSUN, 1946

WHITSUN, 1946, was the first peace-time Whitsun that many of us had known at Walden; and though, owing to restricted conditions it did not equal some of the wonderful celebrations about which we have heard, the enjoyment was general and thorough. About 150 Old Scholars were present, some accompanied by their families, and many we were especially glad to welcome after their long absence owing to war duties.

Unfortunately the weather was not helpful, and it damped everything but people's spirits. On Saturday the Old Scholars were not content with getting wet in the rain, and a swimming match was held, the Old Scholars obtaining an easy victory. This followed a dancing display, given by the girls. In the afternoon rain made tennis impossible, and an informal dance was arranged in the gym, attended by everyone from Lower III to the VI Form, and Old Scholars. An official dance was held from 7—10.30 p.m., when the Old Scholars invited Upper V and VI for part of the time. It was a very enjoyable affair, and it was interesting to meet people who had left the school a long time before. The proceedings were interrupted at about 9 to provide the opportunity for refreshments. During the later session the dance was enlivened by music from an accordion played by Ralph Erskine.

There were intermittent storms on Sunday, though they did not prevent excellent gatherings at morning and evening meetings. At the latter Mr. Pumphrey, the President of the O.S.A. this year, gave the address. The Senior Choir provided some lovely music during meeting and there was more afterwards provided partly by the Old Scholars.

On Monday morning the girls took advantage of a short fine spell to let the Old Scholars beat them at cricket. The boys, characteristically, spent their time feeling the ground and surveying the sky, before commencing to play, and consequently were washed off the field by the rain soon after the beginning of their match! It looked as though the bonfire would be a "wash-out." However, having spent the afternoon grumbling ineffectually at the weather we were cheered by a brighter sky in the evening. During the afternoon Miss Murray's presentation from the Old Scholars was made. A really splendid concert was given in the evening—there were songs, poems, conjuring tricks, a mock parliamentary speech, and community singing. At 9.30 p.m. as a grand finale the bonfire was lighted. The VI Form were allowed to join in and we raced round it singing everything from "Forty Years On" to "Frère Jacques." Some of the staff were cheered and "chaired," especially Miss Murray, whose departure we shall regret. The fire lasted till 11 p.m. and for us the wonderful weekend was at an end, while the happy crowd round the fire sang "Auld Lang Syne"—till Whitsun, 1947.

Rayleen M. Calvert (Age 16)

GENERAL MEETING, 1946

FOR the last few years each visit to Walden has seemed to me to start as I entered the train at Audley End. This General Meeting visit was no exception. In the train I watched what was evidently someone's small sister being prepared to meet her two brothers, and before I realised it, we were at Walden and on our way up the hill to the School.

The scene in the School was just as usual—members of the Staff cornered by anxious parents, others making last minute adjustments to

the various displays, and, of course, parents and scholars looking for one another.

The early arrivals had a good chance to view the exhibitions, all of which were of very high standard. In the Library the girls' needlework was set out in a most attractive manner, and showed not only quantity but quality. There were very attractive aprons made by the Intermediates, and lovely blouses, skirts and frocks—far above the Utility standard—made by the older girls. There were also some fascinating knitting exhibits worked by girls in their free time.

In the Boys' Workshop we saw a display of woodwork. To anyone just furnishing a home it must have been a great temptation to return at dead of night to do a spot of burglary. Trolleys, bookshelves, coffee tables, trays, toast racks, etc., all showed a high degree of workmanship.

The Biology Laboratory was the next place of special interest. There the exhibition was most carefully planned and the results were excellent, most interesting and easy to understand. We were particularly requested to look at "The Bird," but unfortunately the unusual crowd of visitors was too much for him, and he went off on his own for the day.

Next door was the Art display. The subjects chosen varied from Dartmoor ponies to imaginary monsters, from a study of a modern schoolgirl to that of early Quakers. There were also attractive bookbinding and book-cover exhibits, and some modelling of animals.

At 11 a.m. we assembled in the Hall for a meeting for worship, after which, Howard Diamond awarded the Leaving Scholarships. Then the scholars withdrew and Howard Diamond told us something of the plans for the future development of the School, before he introduced Professor Gilbert Murray, who gave us a most interesting talk on "The Independent School."

Lunch this year again had to be very informal—visitors took their food packets to the Boys' Playroom where tea was provided by the School. After lunch most people went down to the Junior School. Owing to a case of chicken-pox the children were not there to show us round, but their work exhibits were as good as ever.

There was an excellent concert of music in the afternoon, the singing of the three choirs giving great enjoyment. The School orchestra has increased both as regards number of players and variety of instruments, and it was obvious that much hard work had been done to enable so high a standard to be obtained.

After the concert we were hurried over to the swimming bath to see the boys give a display. It was a good show. From the swimming bath we went to the Lawn for a display of dancing by the girls. A large number took part in a variety of dances. The girls danced gracefully and thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The short scene from "Alice in Wonderland" was a source of much amusement. A great deal of work had been done in the making of the costumes, which, though simple, were very gay and pleasing.

Throughout the day people complained in a vague sort of way about the weather, but, though far from being summer-like, the weather made little difference to the pleasure of a gathering at Walden. And what a tea was provided for us before we departed from the School !

Kathleen Mallett (née Ball) (1931–37)

UNDER GERMAN OCCUPATION

THE most interesting, exciting and nerve-racking period of the whole German occupation began after the tragic ending of the Battle of Arnhem, September, 1944. We in the western and northern provinces had pinned all our hopes on the outcome of that battle. It was lost and we settled down to the bitterest winter of the war.

Food was scarce and rations diminished week by week and day by day. Owing to the railway strike the western provinces were unable to receive food from the more plentiful north. The lack of vehicles made road transport impossible and the waterways were liable to Allied air attacks and of becoming icebound. To top this misery the Germans cut off our electricity and gas supply and as there was no coal (except for the Nazis) we had to use wood for cooking. As the days passed we all began to feel weak and very hungry. At our work we had bouts of dizziness. Even after a good meal we were hungry again inside an hour. Sugar beet took the place of potatoes on the table and bulbs became the fashion until even their prices rocketed on the black market.

Then the hunger-marches started. People set out from Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague and other towns in the starvation zone, even from our little village, on the long trek to the north. There were young children, girls, women and old men, some walking, pushing prams or handcarts, others riding broken-down bicycles without tyres. But whatever age or sex, they were all in search of food. Some came back with a few pounds of potatoes and rye. Others fell at the roadside, never to rise again. A few fell victims to the machine-gun bullets and shells of Allied fighters patrolling the roads in search of German transport.

Men and boys between the ages of sixteen and fifty stayed at home whilst their wives and children struggled along the icy roads to the north. They could not venture out for the S.D. and the Wehrmacht were man-hunting. Once caught in the clutches of the German slave machine it was extremely difficult to get out undamaged and many a gallant Dutchman did not return.

I had only two experiences of man-hunting, and both were narrow escapes. In the beginning of January, 1945, I managed to get trapped in a bedroom by three German soldiers who were searching the house. Luckily they did not know I was there for they passed the cupboard, behind which I, to say nothing of a portable wireless set, was standing,

without even opening the door. The less said about my feelings at that moment the better.

A fortnight later my luck failed me and I was caught together with a friend in our hiding place in the attic. After spending three cold and hungry days at a slave transit-camp at Amsterdam we both managed to jump out of the slave train that was taking us to Germany. We hit the ground hard but reached home safely after walking all night.

Three months later I got caught again, this time by the S.S. However, I only had to put in an hour's digging on a slit trench for them. By that time they had caught someone else to relieve me, for which I was very thankful.

In the lulls between the man-hunts my uncle and I spent our time gathering wood for fuel. At the beginning of the winter there were spacious woods. At the end only a few tree stumps remained, for everybody gathered wood.

As we were chopping or sawing at a tree in the early morning we would see, far away to the west, the vapour trail of a V-2 shoot up into the heavens. Ten minutes later I would think: Now *what* piece of good old England has that one hit?

Then the noise of our saw would be drowned by the steady roar of a Spitfire or a Mustang, out on its first sweep. From then on they would be flying until nightfall. A constant stream of bombers on their way to and from Germany, their fighter escorts and fighter sweeps would fill the sky. The sound of bombing and machine-gunning was hardly ever out of our ears during those last few months.

When Spring came we were physically and mentally exhausted. Thousands had died in the cities alone. Sweden then came to our assistance and sent us flour and butter. The white loaf we received every week tasted like cake.

One morning in April I was standing talking to friends when we heard a plane approaching. We turned to look and there, sweeping low over the treetops came a Flying Fortress. Its bomb doors gaped and as it passed overhead I saw several faces looking down. Suddenly the sky was full of Fortresses and Lancasters joining up into formation again after their food run. And then I realised that these giant warplanes were this time bringing us life and not death.

On May 8th I was out in a Resistance Movement car as an interpreter. We were on the main Amsterdam road leading to the east and we knew that the Allied advance guard was refuelling a few miles further on. We decided therefore to head in their direction.

The road was deserted except for a few German soldiers standing at the side, their rifles slung on their backs. They looked curiously at us as we passed. We swung round a bend and pulled up quickly, for down the road came a column of dusty armoured cars, their aerials waving in the breeze. And I am not ashamed when I say that tears came into my

eyes when I saw those armoured cars rolling towards me. We shouted a greeting to the commander of the leader of the column, turned our car and with the claxon blaring a joyous welcome sped together along the road to liberty.

William E. Broadley.
(1936–39)

CURSUS TEMPORUM

O, that these lilacs might for ever stay
To lend their fragrant freshness to each day;
Or these bright tulips in their fullest bloom
Might always add their beauty to the room.
Fade will those softly tinted petals, crumbling into dust,
The stems and leaves will dry, withering, as must
Every fresh and strong young life which nature ever made,
And Spring be lost in Summer, as that in Autumn's shade.
The lime and copper beech their colours blend
Against a fleecy sky; at Summer's end
They too will fade, and with the Autumn gale
Each leaf in crumpled glory earthward sail.
All is not lost when Spring and Summer vanish,
For when Winter's cold serenity shall banish
All the rich brown tints of Autumn's glory,
She writes in frosts and mists another story.
A white, protecting blanket covers earth,
And nature gives refreshing sleep, so that rebirth
May deck the country in sweet April green,
And weary soil awaken, pure and clean.

Rayleen M. Calvert (Age 16)

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

THE broad division of music into "professional" and "amateur" activities has its counterpart in school music. Under the first heading comes the study of instruments, and the orchestral work so closely dependent upon it; under the second comes choral singing, wireless or gramophone groups, and other recreational activities. The two functions are complementary, but the distinction is important. Good school orchestras are not built in a day; they are the fruit of many years of patient work by pupil and teacher alike, and the work now being done in the practising rooms by music pupils in the Lower School is determining the quality of the senior orchestra in three or four years' time. Choral singing, on the other hand, has a largely recreational value; individual skill counts for less, and many who do not play an instrument can share in it. Granted adequate numbers and enthusiasm, both of which have been forthcoming, results can be obtained fairly rapidly.

The school instrumental work this year has been sound and promises well for the future. More variety is needed, and as the wartime difficulty of procuring instruments recedes, we hope that more people will feel encouraged to take up wind instruments. Meanwhile we must feel deeply grateful to those who have persevered under considerable difficulties. In the more conventional field of piano or violin, outstandingly good work has been done by Mary Balk and Katharine Procter among the seniors; by Michael Flatow in the Middle School; and by Charlotte Morgan and Eleanor Marriage in the Lower School.

Senior Orchestra has numbered some thirty players, including two clarinets, oboe and cornet. It has taken part in the N.W. Essex Musical Festival, at General Meeting, and in concerts given during the Autumn and Easter terms. Among the works performed was Haydn's London Symphony, and a smaller group has studied one of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos. It is fitting here to acknowledge the help given by Mr. Snow and Mr. Clunes, and to express our regret at losing Miss Harris. Junior Orchestra has provided an invaluable training ground for beginners, including members of the "recorder" class.

More than a hundred people have been anxious to sing in choirs, and the main problem has been to organise so much enthusiasm in the most useful way. A pattern has now emerged whereby each part of the school has its own choir. Junior and Fourth Form choirs have taken part in the N.W. Essex festival, in school concerts and at General Meeting, and a good standard of work has been achieved. Senior choir has been mainly occupied with music for our Sunday evening meeting, and has thus had a more than purely recreational part to play in the school life. Three hundred and fifty years ago a great English composer, William Byrd, wrote: "The better the voyce, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith: and the voyce of man is chiefly to be imployed to that ende." It is gratifying that we have been able to honour God with some of Byrd's own music.

R.L.S.

Mr. JACKSON

THE death of the late Mr. Jackson has bereaved us of one of the most lovable of cats. Though not very prepossessing to look at, apart from his fine physique, nor very intelligent, Mr. Jackson was very nice to know.

He was born in amongst bins of meal and cow-cake, near to the copper fire, and because the rest of his family were drowned, he flourished. He, or *she* I should say, was christened Miss Jackson, after the famous toad of that name. A large fawn stomach speckled with darker brown spots was her only charm. She grew up to be a most scraggy and most hateful kitten, with long, thin back legs and no tail. She was a true Manx, excepting for the intelligence they are supposed

to have. Nobody liked her, and, worse still, nobody owned her. This is the last degree in degradation for any cat, and poor Miss Jackson knew it.

Thus it came as a great surprise to us when, at the age of six months, Miss Jackson became Mr. Jackson. This, we decided, was an occasion worth celebrating, and so Mr. Jackson was given to Rachel (not that Rachel wanted him!). From this day on he never looked back. He developed mighty shoulder muscles, and a slim waist. He grew taller and developed a powder puff of a tail. He was now quite outstanding to look at, with his flat head, large green eyes, and a charming smile.

He had many vices and equally many wives. Every morning he would come and stand in the Hall and call for someone to feed him. When fed, he would find a comfortable spot and lie "blotto" all day. Often in the evening you would meet him slinking over to the local pub, and he always looked very shame-faced when caught. When, as sometimes happened, he failed to come home in the morning, we presumed he had got drunk the night before and was ashamed to admit it.

His definitely inferiority complex came, I am sure, from the way his mother treated him. She is old, but she rules everyone with a firm, and not always just, hand. One of her delights is to wait behind the kitchen door and, when the other cats come in, to box their ears. Poor Mr. Jackson must have hated this, but he never stood up for himself.

One night Mr. Jackson lingered too long in the dewy grass, and he caught pneumonia. Five days later he was dead. I hope he knew how, at the end, if not at the beginning, of his life, we all loved him.

"Poor old Jackson ! He is dead.
May my blessings fall upon his head.
The village of Arkesden, now bereft,
Will have to care for the widows he left !"

Jane Morgan (Age 15)

JUNIOR YEARLY MEETING



LONDON Junior Yearly Meeting was held again this year for the first time since 1939. There was a record attendance of nearly two hundred and fifty, representing thirty-seven Meetings and nine Friends' Schools, in each case the largest number yet represented in any one year. The Junior Yearly Meeting met on Friday evening, May 24th, and all day on the Saturday. Only two of those from Walden were able to attend the Friday evening session, which was largely one of welcome and introduction. Messages of greeting were received from the Dublin Junior Yearly Meeting and from one in America, and it was agreed to send similar messages in reply.

After a very early breakfast the rest of the Walden party travelled to London on Saturday morning, arriving at Friends' House in time for the

first session at 9.30. We were a party of sixteen in all, distributed fairly evenly over the age range of twelve to eighteen which the Junior Yearly Meeting represents. We heard a short talk by Wilfrid Littleboy about London Yearly Meeting, and then remained to the first part of the Saturday morning session of Yearly Meeting. The Clerk opened the discussion on the report presented by the Friends' Relief Service. After we had heard his introduction and part of the discussion, we adjourned to refreshments and then to our separate groups. There were two sessions of these groups, continuing into the afternoon. Following the second one, we all met together again to hear the group reports.

The special subject for consideration this year was "Our Meetings for Worship." The groups into which we were divided for purposes of discussion were the Juniors, of twelve and thirteen, the Middles, of fourteen and fifteen, and the Seniors, of sixteen and seventeen. To make talking easier, the Middle Group was sub-divided into three sections, and the Junior Group into two. It was obvious from their reports that all the groups had been reaching very similar conclusions. We agreed that the Meeting for Worship was a time when we could sort out our experiences, deciding what had been of value in the activities of the past week. It provided an opportunity for thinking out any problem which might be troubling us. It was a help, however, when Friends spoke and set us thinking about a special topic, because of the difficulty of concentrating in Meeting. This concentration was essential if real value was to be derived from the Meeting.

There was a sharp division of opinion between the two sections of the Junior Group as to the form of Meeting they found most helpful. One section found the absence of silent worship "a definite disadvantage." They wanted a time of silence in which to collect their thoughts and prepare themselves for the week to come. They found that the silence experienced when alone was not as valuable for this purpose as the silence experienced when a number of people were gathered together in a Meeting for Worship. The other section of the Junior Group, on the other hand, strongly favoured a set form of Meeting for themselves. They did not always find the ordinary Meeting for Worship helpful, and valued help from adults in arranging a programme. They liked, however, to take a share in their own Meeting by readings, and also in helping the large Meeting in any way they could. The Middle Group was also divided as to whether an ordinary Meeting for Worship was suitable for all, but the Senior Group agreed that the younger ones should have a Meeting with some set form. One section of the Middle Group thought there was a place for music in an arranged Meeting of this kind.

As a fair proportion of those at Junior Yearly Meeting came from Friends' Schools, there was naturally some discussion as to whether there should be such a thing as a compulsory Meeting for Worship. Finally, the Senior Group agreed that the Meeting for Worship should be compulsory in Friends' Schools. Although the younger ones in the Meeting tended both to distract the older ones and to give up hope of finding any value in it before they were old enough to do so, we were

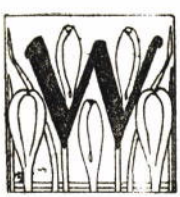
reminded that there have been some who have come to realise the value of the Meeting for Worship after they have left school. If it had not been compulsory they would have missed this experience. It was pointed out that one result of a School Meeting was that we tended not to get to know the older Friends in the Meeting, and this, we felt, was unfortunate. We should remember that the relationship between the younger and the older Friends worked both ways; young Friends could help older ones by bringing fresh vitality into the Meeting, as well as benefiting from the experience and advice of older ones. Though we might not feel it our place to speak in Meeting, there were other ways in which we could help its life. The very presence of younger Friends tended to give the older ones a sense of hope for the future continuance of the Meeting.

One point which concerned especially the Senior Group was the lack of instruction in Christian teaching in the Society of Friends. We felt that Young Friends often lacked basic Christian knowledge, and also that those who regularly attended Meeting might nevertheless not know much of what Friends believe as a Society. On the recommendation of the Senior Group a minute which urged that this deficiency should be made good was forwarded to London Yearly Meeting. We thought that Young Friends should also have an opportunity both of finding out what the other denominations believed and of experiencing their services. Those whose parents were Friends tended to be brought up in the Society as a matter of course, and not to know much about other denominations. In such circumstances birthright Friends might value their membership less than convinced Friends, simply because for them it was a habit to go to Meeting.

It appeared from their reports that a feature of the discussions of the Middle Group was the question of Ministry in Meeting. All sections believed that sincerity was what counted most. The type of person who spoke regularly every Sunday was often less helpful just because of his regularity. Those who were not good speakers were often the most helpful, because the messages of the more fluent speakers were inclined to appear artificial.

Donald P. Simpson (Age 18)

BUILDING DEVELOPMENTS



ITH the coming of each generation at Walden some new development unfolds. At the beginning of this century it was the new gymnasium and swimming bath which were urgently required. In 1903 the Physics Laboratory, opening off the Boys' Playroom, the Science Laboratory where the boys' baths now are, and the Masters' studies were added. In 1912 the Sanatorium was built to take the place of the old "hospital" situated over the archway at the Girls' entrance. Before another seven years had passed the School Committee found themselves "bound to contemplate

a £30,000 scheme to make the school efficient" according to the standards of that time. Accordingly in 1922 new classrooms were built on the old fives courts; the north-facing classrooms on the boys' side were converted into a washroom and a chemical laboratory, while the washroom on the ground floor on the south side was converted into classrooms.

In more recent years the School Hall and the new block of classrooms on the Boys' Playground have added enormously to the amenities of the school, and it is difficult for those who only know the school to-day to imagine how everyone managed in those old days without the additions to which we are now so accustomed.

In 1946 the tale is taken up again. The last two reports of the Inspectors from the Ministry of Education have drawn attention to the fact that the school has no Common Room for boys and girls. With the development of Sixth Form work, there is an obvious need for more adequate accommodation for the amount of individual study required for Higher Certificate. A glance at the kitchens and the rooms nearby provided for the Housekeeper and domestic staff, will show that ideas regarding what is necessary have changed considerably since the school was first opened at Saffron Walden on August 19th, 1879.

The School Commitee is therefore contemplating first a re-planning of the kitchen and domestic block and the provision of more modern cooking equipment. For this purpose plans have already been prepared by Mr. Hollis, and tenders obtained.

The second step is the designing of a new classroom block, to which some of the teaching now undertaken in the main school can be transferred, thus liberating rooms in the main block for Common Room and study purposes. For the building work involved, the Committee has appointed Mr. Kenneth Bayes to be the Architect. He has already made a start with a survey of the existing buildings, in order that the Committee may decide where the new block should be situated, and which rooms in the main block should undergo a change of function.

The Committee has made a preliminary estimate that £30,000 will be required for the work, and will shortly issue an appeal for funds, addressed to members of the Society of Friends, to Old Scholars, parents and friends of the School, for help in raising this sum by gifts and by loans.

One aspect of the development of 1946 which will be regretted by many is the termination of the work of the Junior School. Opened in 1931, the Junior School has been an unqualified success throughout these fifteen years. Now, however, the Education Act of 1944 forces us to regard the age of entry to the Senior School as eleven years. There are at present in the School about 70 children below that age. To enlarge the Junior School sufficiently to take 70 to 80 children is an impossibility. Therefore, as the children at present in the Junior School pass through, it will gradually shrink in numbers until its work comes to a conclusion. Those who have served it so well all through these years may feel the deep satisfaction of a job well done.

All these changes mark the coming of a new epoch in the life of Saffron Walden School. May it be one of deeper quality in education and of closer fellowship for service.

HOWARD DIAMOND
(Chairman of the Committee)

THE KINGFISHER

"CH'KEE, ch'kee, ch'kee," sang Aquarex, the Kingfisher, as he sped up the river. Travelling towards the source with the morning sun shining upon him, he looked like some dazzling piece of turquoise with wings. All the time his black, bead-like eyes were focussed on the river course below in the hope that he would see some fish to prey on; for so far all the fish he had located were either too large for him to grapple with, or so small that he left them alone. Suddenly his search was rewarded—there, a little to his left, was a shoal of minnows. For a moment he hovered as a hawk hovers over his prey, and then, like a flash of lightning, he was amidst the shoal. A few seconds later his vividly coloured body emerged above the surface with a glittering minnow in his beak. Shaking himself, he returned downstream and made his way towards the hole high up in the sandbank, where his mate, Pulcruna, and the chicks were awaiting him.

In a fishbone nest at the end of a narrow, sandy tunnel, sat Pulcruna, keeping guard over a bunch of lively young Kingfishers. True, Aquarex had not been long, but she was getting impatient. Ah! there he was, and his shiny wet figure shut the morning sun out of the tunnel. Noiselessly he delivered the fish at her side, and, after a few warbling notes away he flew. At once the young Kingfishers craned their necks forwards, as though begging to be served first. Pulcruna, however, was not flustered, and she saw that each had its portion in good time.

On a rotting branch above the river, perched Aquarex, happy in the thought that he had been able to take food to his family, and warbling his first song of the morning as the sun shone down on his glistening feathers.

G. Rosenberg (Age 11)

GHOST RAILWAY

(with apologies to the author of "Cargoes")

Whining, screeching engine from the Haunted Station,
Moving on a railway of human bones,
With a carriage load of spectres,
Tall and lean and ghostly,
Mysterious nothingness
And shrieks and moans and groans.

D. Jones (Age 13)

MUSIC

FAINT, sweet and far away,
Yet clear as the ringing day,
Gentle as flowers at play,
Leading my thoughts astray,
Comes soft music.
I hear it gently pealing,
Ringing sweet melodies, stealing
Sweetness from the air—
Softly, quietly pouring
Its full heart, then soaring,
Upwards, trembling, roaring,
Stronger, louder, higher,
Bursting with rapturous fire
Of melodious song.
With wizard voices
The air rejoices,
With birds gaily singing,
And bells joyously ringing.
To all men happiness bringing
Comes soft music.
Gaily, swiftly ascending,
Thoughtfully, wonderingly blending,
Its fierce sweetness sending
Me into dreams,
And quietly, lightly sweeps
On into paradise.

Hellgart Mahler (Aged 15)

THIRTY THOUSAND MILES IN FIVE MONTHS

I WONDER how many people have ever felt as I felt when I saw the white cliffs of Dover receding into the mists one day last July, not to be seen again perhaps for three years. I was sorry, yet full of anticipation. There were new countries and new people to see; another World was being opened to me—free of charge! At that time I was serving on a small destroyer of 900 tons, on her way to join the East Indies Fleet.

As it was summer, the dreaded Bay of Biscay was comparatively calm. Even so, a few people were noticed lurking innocently near the guard rails. Gibraltar was reached in four days, and one watch was allowed ashore for six hours only, as we were leaving for Malta the same day. My first sight of the Mediterranean climate was not impressive. It was certainly hot, but there was very little sun; in fact, the whole atmosphere was "sticky" and dusty. Fruit was in abundance, bananas by the hundred, outsize oranges, and huge bunches of grapes, all very cheap too, but the speciality was cream meringues.

During the calm, sunny trip to Malta, the ship was stopped at noon daily in order to let the hands bathe from the side of the ship. If you had happened to be in an aeroplane circling over the island of Pantellaria at noon you would have seen our ship just off shore, wallowing lazily in the slow, heaving swell of the blue Mediterranean, and some forty or fifty yelling, happy sailors diving and swimming about near the side in about sixty fathoms of water.

As this climate was new to most of us and consequently harmful if we had been exposed to it for too long, we were not allowed on the upper deck "improperly dressed," that is, without shirts or coats to protect our backs from the blazing sun. It was easy to burn your feet on the iron decks whilst standing about waiting your turn to dive.

Poor Malta, bastion of the Mediterranean, had certainly "been through it," and many a grand white building lay crumbled in the dust. The Grand Harbour, Valetta, was dotted with the sunken ships of past years and the tall graceful outlines of some of the more recent and formidable ships of our Fleet.

Ice cream and iced drinks were constantly on our menu, and our dress was tropical shirts and shorts, gleaming white in the sun. Bathing was best in the evening, when the air was cool and the water warm but refreshing. Three hard but happy weeks were spent there amongst the dozens of "dysos" gliding on the water, and the merry tinkling of the bells on the horse-drawn taxis. Malta had recovered, and was gay once more.

On to Alexandria, where the shops were full and the prices were exorbitant, and where it was dangerous to walk alone at night along the back streets. And always it grew hotter and hotter. Then came Port Said and its busy wharves, the Suez Canal and a temperature of 120 degrees in the shade. At such a great heat we sweated freely at the slightest exertion. It took us nine hours to pass through the 100-mile long canal; this was because our speed had to be reduced, as a high speed sets up waves which swamp the banks. Cheerful tommies and airmen thumbed us for a lift as they watched us glide slowly through the blue water.

After seeing dawn break over the Red Sea, I can understand why this sea was so named. The rising sun, shining through the dust clouds which overhang the red sand of Arabia, creates a dull red glow over the whole sea, and fantastic shadows play on the barren, ominous mountains of Abyssinia. A short stop at Aden, where we played football—and earned a glorious bathe in one of the luxurious Lido Camps. Then on again to Bombay, which we reached after a rough five-day trip, during which our main recreation was catching the numerous flying fish which the heavy swell deposited on deck—an easy way of obtaining one's breakfast.

During the whole of our journey we never stopped longer than three days at any port except our base—Trincomalee in Ceylon, from where all our operations were directed—and consequently we did not have time to make thorough explorations of all the intriguing and romantic

eastern cities we visited. My impressions are already becoming but vague memories, but such things as the bartering and bargaining of goods, and the hundreds of beggars, eastern markets stocked with everything from a monkey to magnificent silken robes, the plentiful food, and the terribly depressing low standard of living in India, Ceylon and the Malay States, stick in my mind as unforgettable experiences.

For instance, Calcutta, the second largest city in the British Empire, was a veritable playground on the surface, for a pleasure-seeking sailor. The way the Rickshaw-Wallahs (native taxi-drivers) thread in and out of the heavy traffic, barefooted and in their thousands, immediately commands your attention, as do such morbid but neverthless fascinating items as the funeral pyres and the swift brown river with its cargo of dead natives and animals. All these formed quite a startling contrast to the little native village of Sabang in Sumatra, only just forsaken by the Japs as we entered. There everything was deathly still, but for the parrots screeching in the roof of the jungle, and the rustling of strange, unknown creatures. There we saw multi-coloured flowers and tall waving palms, and we had good fun shying stones at the coconuts. The natives (Dutch East Indians) were not exactly hostile, nor were they very friendly, but that was not surprising in view of their former masters. We found scattered about plenty of evidence of the latter, abandoned in their haste to get out before we arrived.

In that type of climate we encountered one of the most interesting sights I have ever seen—the tropical sunset, which turned both sea and sky into a kaleidoscope of wonderful colours. I have sat for hours on the quarter-deck as we pounded through the deserted ocean, watching the sun setting, and being amazed by the beauty of it. No technicolour film can be compared with it.

Arriving back at our base after a twelve-day expedition, we received the exulting news that we were to return to England. A month later, early one morning, we caught sight of the dear old white cliffs through the mists, and our five months of adventurous and educating experiences seemed but a dream.

DAVID A. REES (1939-42)

Mr. CHAD

Wherever you walk,
Times good or bad,
Somewhere in chalk
You'll see Mr. Chad.
He's always complaining
There's no this or that,
Too many mice, then
Wot ! No cat !
When the pubs are all dry,
On the wall will appear
That short, thirsty sentence,
"Wot ! No beer ! "

When there's nothing to smoke
And all the day drags,
On tobacconist's window comes,
" Wot ! No fags ! "
At a small, one-eyed town
Where everyone fusses,
Scrawled on the ground is,
" Wot ! No 'buses ! "
By now you'll have seen
His story is sad,
So here's to the day when it's
Wot ! No Chad ! "

R. Wakeling (Age 14)

JAPAN: FIRST IMPRESSIONS

SHORTLY before D-Day I had a slight accident and went into hospital, where I stayed for about six weeks. After that I was downgraded for about a year and so missed all the Northern European campaign. At the time I felt a bit "browned off" about the whole business. I had thought at last I was on the way towards doing a real job in this war, and I sat around moping. Now that seems a foolish thing to have done, but I remember that at the time I considered myself pretty useless.

When I got my upgrading, in May last year, I was posted to the depot at Halifax, and as the European war looked as good as over, I applied for posting to south-east Asia. I arrived in this part of the world in due course, and came to the Second Division, which was scheduled to land in Malaya, just in good time to celebrate the armistice. After about eight months in India, I got the chance to come to Japan and as I had never seen the place and the job seemed a bit more attractive than sitting around camps until my demob., I went.

This country of Japan is very interesting and attractive, and is well worth my efforts to get here. As a country it is one of the most beautiful places I have seen, with scenery as varied as few parts of the world can show. Our first abode, the naval base of Kure, near Hiroshima, lay in the Inland Sea of Japan, a stretch of water a few hundred miles long and about forty miles wide betweeen the islands of Honshu Kyushu and Shikoku. It harbours what must be about half the islands in the whole world, all of them mountainous and heavily wooded where they are not cultivated in terraces that are all made by hand and stretch as far as shelter can be found up the steep slopes. The coast line around Kure looks quite Norwegian, with numerous fjords and small towns and villages between the hills and the sea. The road and railway follows the coast and are often stuck on the mountain-side with concrete supports. There are hundreds of tunnels, after each of which the scene looks completely different, and a trip along this coastal line is quite an experience. As engineers the Japs are very sound as long as they stick to conventional practice, but when they start experimenting they turn out some weird stuff, though some of their ideas are brilliant. The men that spread the tale that Japs are merely imitators and have no inventive genius, have much to answer for.

This new place of ours, Okayama, lies in more open country in one of the principal rice growing regions of this island, but nowhere in Japan has one far to go to the hills or the sea. The fields, all cultivated laboriously by hand, are very tidy and neat, but the people have to rise with the sun and work all day long until dark to keep them so. In fact, the whole country gives one the impression of neatness and great industry. Cleanliness is very much a virtue of the Japanese, a thing which strikes us who have come from India as one of the most attractive

things about the place. And close to it comes the very great courtesy of the people. Here every little child thanks you politely if you give him or her some chocolate or sweets, and every mother will speak severely to her offspring if he does not conform to the required standard of good manners. One never sees beggars, as the social services are very good, and the Japanese sense of family responsibility is strong, and the people are if anything a little too timid and shy. This is a great change from India where "Baksheesh" is the battle-cry of every urchin and many a grown up besides, and where beggars in all stages of decomposition litter the streets, where the smells are foul and no one works who can afford to lie in the shade. In India it was common to see the women slave in the fields while the men were having their siesta. Here, though the women work hard, at least the men work with them. Altogether though many things here are strange and unusual to our western eyes, one knows that these people are civilized, that they have to some extent managed to blend their old and in many ways very good civilisation with the new mechanised one that they adopted only such a short while ago. Though they have adopted our railways and factories they have managed to keep their country beautiful, without hoardings that scream at one, without over-industrialized regions, at least in the parts that I have seen so far. With most of the factories built to blend into the landscape, they have preserved much of what is worth looking at and still have managed to give the great producing nations some head aches.

It is of course not easy for us to get into touch with the civilian population, as our "non-frat" rules are fairly strict, and we are not allowed to accept invitations to go into the houses and take part in the family life. This rule is much disregarded, as the Japs appear determined to give a good impression and behave in a very friendly way. There are those who say that all this is clever camouflage, but they do not appear right in this respect. The ordinary folk of Japan seem very much the same as the ordinary folk anywhere else in the world, except perhaps that they are rather worse informed as regards the rest of the world, more gullible and more easily affected by propaganda, which here was very thorough and was carried to great extremes. (I have seen pamphlets which stated that the U.S.A. and Russia were at war.) The people are very obedient to authority, more so than any other lot I have seen, and a military personage is something of a little god to them. One is obeyed quickly and without question. This makes things very easy for us in our dealings with the population, but from every other point of view it must be a bad attitude. It can never breed independence of thought and ability to criticise the government of the day, and very probably is at the root of the whole Japanese trouble. The Allied Military Government are handling this question of the political education of the people quite reasonably, much better than it is being done in Germany by all accounts. The whole task of control here is course a great deal easier. There never was the chaos that existed in Germany, and though the country was knocked about a good deal, the fabric of social life was not destroyed. The fight was never carried right through the place, and all the bad things that follow in the wake of any conquering army did not happen here. Furthermore the country

is not split up into various arbitrary areas, completely isolated from each other and with conflicting policies. Though MacArthur is a little high handed at times, he does not interfere to such an extent as to make the people determined to resist passively even his less enlightened measures. The attitude of the population here also seems a deal better and less disheartened than that of the German people. The Japs seem cheerful and very resilient. Though destruction in the towns that have been bombed is on a scale far greater than that in Britain, Japanese houses being of flimsy construction, built of wood and paper, and burning on no great provocation. Reconstruction is going on everywhere as materials become available. Even a town like Hiroshima, of atom bomb fame, where about five square miles are completely flattened, is rising again. (Everybody ought to have the chance of seeing this place, it would damp much of that tough talk one reads such a lot about, and perhaps make people a little more willing to avoid another war.) Everyone takes a turn at the erection of the home, and it is nothing strange to see the wife wielding a hammer and the children mixing cement. Determination like this might help the building programme in England.

On the whole this place looks not at all the stern and cheerless "joint" that we have been led to expect. In many ways it might have come straight out of the "Mikado." Though many of the men have adopted European style clothing, most of the women still wear the traditional dress at times, the kimonos made of silk and in many bright colours, and for work a sort of siren suit like the one Churchill made famous, also in silk, which despite shortages still is the main dress material out here. Bright colours are much favoured but in the almost sub-tropical landscape and brilliant sunlight they do not look out of place. The children especially are well cared for and dressed very attractively.

Many of the people speak a little English and if one is handy with a pencil one usually can make oneself understood to some extent. Most of the Japanese spend all their childhood at school but they have not much time to learn anything but the three thousand odd characters that make up the written language. There is a movement afoot to introduce the Latin characters for writing, and it deserves success. We use them when we try to learn Japanese and as there are no sounds that are not found in European languages, it works pretty well. Apart from a few polite phrases I have had no time to pick up much, but those are essential if one wishes to get along without too much trouble, as the Japs pay much attention to good manners in one's dealing with them. If they are encouraged a little and not treated too high-handedly, they work with great gusto, and turn out some very good jobs. If they are told to do something, they do it just as it ought to be done, and no labour is too great for them, if they think that they are being treated reasonably.

Some of our officers, who were in India a little too long, cannot appreciate that these are different men from the Indian coolies, who don't mind being shouted at all day. They have tried the big white chief manner, with the result that all the Japs down the docks decided they would work no more and went home. After two days of that a

more enlightened attitude was adopted and we have had no trouble since then.

All these impressions of the country and its people are of course first thoughts, and I should not be surprised if I have occasion to change them later, when I get to know the place more thoroughly. And coming from India I may be a little inclined to think too highly of habits that to a man who has not seen something a good deal less good, may seem very ordinary and nothing to write home about.

[Extract from a letter written by
HAROLD POWELL, formerly HARRO WUNDSCH]
(1935-38)

JUNIOR SECTION

MY PETER

MY Peter is an airedale. He is the loveliest dog you could possibly wish to meet. My Daddy brought him home when he was six weeks old, and as big as a small cat.

Now he is just two years old, and has grown so huge that people who saw him even a year ago do not recognize him.

We have taught him lots of tricks. One of them is that if you place a biscuit near him and say, "Trust," he will not think of touching it until someone says, "Paid for," no matter how long he has to wait.

He just loves to go in the car with Mummy, and seems to know when she is going to take me to School or fetch me home. When Mummy is getting ready to go out he gets so excited that he jumps up and down. To let him know that she will not go without him, she puts her handbag on the floor and says, "Stay," and he knows that when she picks up her bag he is going too.

I would not sell my Peter for all the money in the world.

Diana Weeden (Age 9)

Mrs. TWINKLE'S SHOP

MRS. TWINKEL was a little fat woman with rosy cheeks and white hair. She kept a shop in a village, in which she sold nearly everything from tops to plates and dishes. She had the most marvellous toys, and sweets of all colours that she made herself in the little kitchen at the back of the shop. She made buns with cream inside, that squeezed out when you ate them. There was one thing that Mrs. Twinkel did not sell, and that was live animals, because she said she was afraid they would eat the buns she made, though she did sometimes have a parrot in a cage.

Mary Cliff (Age 10)

AMONG THE HILLS

AMONG the hills, across the moor,
How the rain doth pour and pour,
Coming down in torrents deep,
Running o'er the hills so steep.
Trees are soaked and washed away,
And dragged through mud like child at play.
The rain has stopped. Look and stare
At the hills now barren and bare.
But in spring, look again
And see, where barren hills have lain,
To your joy 'tis full of life,
Not long after the storm and strife.

Janet Rice (Age 9)...

THE PETSHOP

With floppy paws and large brown eyes
And half-pricked ears all set askew,
He pleaded with me—not in vain.
I could not pass him by; could you?
He jumped up at the shiny glass,
Beseeching me to come inside.
I turned and entered: yelps of joy!
We left together, side by side.

Pat Litson (Age 14)

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