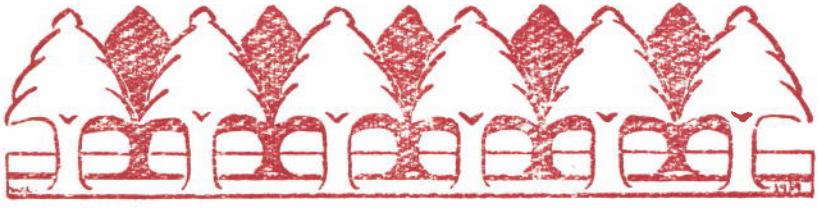
THE AVENUE

F.S.S.W.

MARCH, 1947

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THE AVENUE

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden

VOL. 37 MARCH, 1947 NO. 107

EDITORIAL



ERHAPS, as we turn back the pages of the Term, the most significant event of this strangely eventful few weeks will seem to us to be the great frost: the longest and severest (some say) for sixty years or more. Were it not for this, then Mr. Littleboy's departure to America for two terms and Mr. Brereton's assumption of the captaincy as temporary Headmaster—the School event of greatest magnitude—would have been the first thing to strike us. As it is, in spite of our Headmaster's absence, we have been so ably guided that the frost with all its attendant ills has been uppermost in our minds; and we have tended to forget the gratitude owing to Miss Ellinor and Mr. Brereton for the strong steersmanship which has taken us through an exceptionally difficult period with reassuring calm and efficiency.

For the only serious illness in both staff and school we cannot hold the weather to blame. Mr. Lenz, our vigorous and well-loved biology master, fell ill near the end of the holidays and about mid-term underwent a serious operation. This, we are thankful to say, has been successful and he is now finding it hard work to stay in bed and rest up sufficiently. At his own very serious risk he has managed to do some teaching, whilst his wife has broken many records in heroism by taking (without previous knowledge of biology) many classes for him. We cannot express warmly enough our sympathy and gratitude to these two, and our hopes to have Mr. Lenz (*completely* fit and restored in health) with us again as soon as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Littleboy bade farewell to the School and Staff and sailed from Southampton on January 29th. We have since had news of the likenesses and differences between English and American Friends' Schools, and also of astounding contrasts between life in the West and in restricted England. We hope to hear more soon of our Headmaster's impressions and that he will emerge from his venture not too weary from the onslaught of American hospitality to take up the Headship again, newly equipped with vigour and enthusiasm.

Colourful and intricate plans for our future school, of which the classroom block is to be started on as soon as possible, testify to the extent of his responsibilities when he returns. These plans have been exhibited to the Committee, parents and staff, and will in time undergo the fiery trial of school criticism. This will be an unparalleled opportunity for constructive criticism. You of the school who have anything to offer: do not neglect it!

Apart from the excitement of Parents' Week-end (of which there is a detailed account elsewhere) there have been few single events of striking importance. The Senior Literary and Natural History Societies have carried on and musical activity has been as intense as ever, producing a very successful orchestral concert on February 15th. Among the Saturday lectures have been Dr. Steavenson's talk on astronomy and a travelogue with slides taking us to Mecca with the pilgrims. The acquisition of a new film projector—something called a "G.B.-scope"—has not only given us a hair-raising Westerner but has served the more edifying purpose of assisting teaching in the Biology Lab.

In retrospect, the last few days of the Christmas Term seem distantly exuberant and crowded. Christmas festivity blossomed out and festooned into vast silver trees, silver hangings and paper hats at a sumptious Christmas party. The End-of-Term concert was reckoned by all to have reached an exceptionally high standard. It was distinguished by a ballet of Cinderella, the Joint composition of Miss Burrow and the dancers. In the rest of the entertainment, members of the Middle and Senior School appeared in mysterious, ridiculous and heart-rending guises.

This Term's day-to-day chronicle is a history of the disappearance and re-appearance of a fair part of the school, to and from, the San. Many of us have felt hot and cold for a spell: few of us, thanks to the nursing staff, have been seriously ill, or felt ill for long. Colds have been almost inevitable. At first the temptations to snowball and slide, combined with a happy indifference to such tiresome precautions as changing one's shoes afterwards, were bound to bring on coughs and sneezes. But this means of catching cold has been less of a temptation as the snow has lain on, week after week, and frozen itself in, a deadening garb of white. Games have been quite impossible and there have been practically no matches, either in football or hockey. But it takes more than a perverse winter to down our spirits: parties have trekked out enthusiastically for pieces of wood so that blazing fires might illuminate the trunks and concrete of the play-room; a riotous form of indoor "tig" has threatened the lives of passing staff on week-end afternoons, and dancing and indoor games have done much to compensate for the lack of out-of-door activity. Many in the school accord thanks to all those members of the staff who have made possible the thrills and spills of tobogganing on the slopes near Audley End.

While we thank the efficient management which has brought us through bitter weather without hurt, we commiserate with new members of the staff who have begun work here in the depths of winter: Miss Whittall, who replaces Mrs. Hedin, and Mrs. Roberts, who is undertaking the mathematics formerly taught by Mr. Littleboy. Much to our surprise and pleasure Mrs. Hedin has come back for a short spell to help out. The last item of staff news is that Miss Laverack is now Mrs. Little. We wish her and her husband every happiness.

M.H.B.

EDS.—In accordance with the announcement made in the December 1946 number, we are this year reverting to a termly (thrice yearly) issue. For this year the price remains at 1/- per copy, with the annual postal subscription raised to 3/6.

It will be seen from the Statement of Accounts, however, that owing to the rapidly rising costs this is not a sound financial arrangement and unless new subscribers and fresh sources of income can be found, a further increase in price will be inevitable.

THE AVENUE. Statement of Accounts, 1946.

Receipts	£	s.	d.	*Expenses*	£	s.	d.
School Donation 1946 ...	5	0	0	Postage	1	5	1
Advertisements, 1945 ...	3	8	9	Receipt Book ...		1	3
„ 1946 ...		18	9	Printing:			
Back Numbers ...		7	9	June (400 copies) ...	21	0	0
Sales in School ...	22	6	6	December (400 copies)	22	10	0
Subscriptions, 1945 ...	2	5	2	Envelopes		8	0
„ 1946 ...	6	9	9				
„ 1947 ...	1	0	0				
Cash in hand, 31. 1. 47 ...			8				
Balance due to Treasurer	3	7	0				
	£45	4	4		£45	4	4

M. G. YAPP
(*Hon. Treas.*)

J. PENROSE WHITLOW

THE news of the passing of J. Penrose Whitlow will have come as a shock to many of our readers outside the school. He was on a visit to the Friends' School at Great Ayton where he had given his lecture on Brummana, and had spoken at the Sunday morning and evening meetings. He died peacefully in his sleep during Sunday night. While we regret his loss, we cannot but rejoice in the fact that we have known him so long. As a master in this school for 27 years (1904-31) he gave freely of his many talents, and many Old Scholars will testify to the helpfulness of his personal influence, and his high ability not only as an actor but also as a producer of plays. Nor can we forget his prowess on the games field. How often did he send down that "loose" ball that induced the batsman to try to hit it out of the field, only to find a spread-eagled wicket behind him!

A memorial meeting was held in the Friends' Meeting House in Nottingham on Tuesday, March 4th, of which meeting Penrose Whitlow had been a member during the latter part of his life. The meeting was one of great thankfulness for the many gifts of Penrose Whitlow, so freely used for the benefit of others. "He was given many talents which he did not hide," as one Friend expressed it. So many present at the meeting had known him best during his "retirement" that it was natural that his varied service in those years should have been specially spoken of. His great capacity for friendship, and constant seeking and sharing of the deeper things of life, made those years of richness with many different groups—refugees from Europe, unemployed in South Wales, another generation at school at Ackworth, and finally two years in the Friends' School in Lebanon. We are glad to have caught a glimpse of him in a Sunday morning meeting again in Saffron Walden last December, and to share with so many others in different parts of the world in thankfulness for the life of a member of our school.

QUARANTINE

I AM one of those kind-hearted people who can never refuse a request, and above all, I am a day-girl. That is why I may be found in the sixth-form room at 3.20 p.m. every day, deluged by sweet coupons and threepenny bits, deafened by shoutings and instructions about 2oz. personal points expenditure per person, and dogged wherever I go by hordes of starving sixth-formers. These, unable to go down town because of the inconsideracy of the measly and mumpy townsfolk, regard me as something approaching an angel in sheep's clothing.

As I have attempted to explain, 3.20 in the sixth-form room (either of them! It makes no difference!) is chaos. Even prefects join in the general mêlée demanding bars of *milk* chocolate (nothing less will suffice!), shampoos, hair-grips, torch batteries, cold cream, tangerines, shoe-laces, toffees, stamps, toothpaste, magazines, letters posted, parcels packed, shoe-polish, combs, films developed, birthday cards, pink aspidistras and purple lamp-shades!

3.45 sees me mumbling before an enraged sweet-shop owner that I want eleven bars of chocolate and 2ozs. of liquorice all-sorts, but that I'm 2d. short and would she mind taking 2ozs. from each of nine cards. I have never yet discovered what happens when the good lady discovers that something is radically wrong somewhere. I presume she puts it down to the increase in juvenile crime, and imagines that my father must have taught me the embezzling trade. Tangerines present great difficulty because I am never supplied with a bag, and capacious as my pockets are, 3lbs. at a time rather exceeds their capacity. My general plan is to borrow a hockey stick, place them all in a row on the pavement, and dribble them home (uphill!) to Mummy, who lends me a potato sack in which to convey them to school the next morning.

Then, I am again besieged. This time I will liken the onslaught to a pack of jackals waylaying a defenceless donkey. In vain I kick and struggle. At last I am left wordless (you can now visualise the violence of the attack!) penniless and breathless.

For the rest of the day, I cower before the angry looks of the unsatisfied. Never a word of praise or thanks, no mention of pleasure or gratification—only one thing keeps me going. I am *occasionally* offered a piece of tangerine peel.

Barbara A. Condon (Age 18)

A PAIR OF RED SLIPPERS

PERSONALLY I think they're rather nice even if people do say that I'm lazy to come to breakfast in my bedroom slippers. Of course I might plead that worn with baggy Turkish trousers, and a tarbush, they are correct wear for the main street of Damascus at any time of day or year. Still, that might not be considered an adequate excuse for wearing them to breakfast, if I didn't know that the mildly rude remarks are really due to jealously. I know that, because, as soon as I got home my family seized on the slippers, and tried them on to see if they would fit and could be worn by anyone else. How lucky that my feet are still several sizes larger than anyone else's at home! Even Jane has still some sizes to go to catch up. So I've got the slippers—and their cheerful red colour to brighten an English November morning.

I remember the day when we bought those slippers, in the Spring of 1944 in Aleppo. We had gone for a morning's shopping in the market to see what we could buy. The market in Aleppo consists of lots of narrow streets in the oldest part of the city; streets quite covered over to keep them shaded from the sun in summer and dry in winter, with little shops rather like outsize cupboards in the walls along both sides. The chief member of our shopping party was Albert, our Armenian mathematics master, valuable on this occasion not only for his mathematics, but also for his ability to speak Turkish and Armenian, as well as Arabic, English and French. It is true we hadn't much money between us, but a good capacity to enjoy ourselves made up for that. The vendors in the market at Aleppo have never heard of fixed prices; they start at whatever sum they fancy they can get, doubled, and with foreigners the start is usually well up the price scale before the doubling.

As the morning wore on our buying technique improved. The market was like the streets of a mediaeval town in Europe in that all the shops of one kind were together; the butchers in one street; the money-changers (with real English sovereigns) in another; the grocers with their boxes of dried fruits on the pavements in a third; and certainly somewhere a row of sweetmeat sellers with their sticky-sweet Arabic cakes. The proximity of similar shops has its advantage for the buyer; the range of goods obtainable is easily discovered, and the nearness of merchants with similar wares, at similar initial prices, but a similar desire to sell also, is a valuable weapon in the hands of the purchaser. That fact brought down the price of some material for pyjamas we bought in the cloth-sellers' alley.

Later we employed another manœuvre in a rather more superior shop where Albert was negotiating the purchase of some silk. His Turkish conversation with the store-keeper was quite incomprehensible, but when I judged, by the closeness of the discussion, that the gap between the prices being mentioned was no longer too great to be bridged, I marshalled the rest of the party, and we walked out of the shop with the air of "this man's trying to pull our beards," which is the Eastern way of saying "pull a fast one." To my delight it worked, and behind me I could hear the store-keeper being rapidly more reasonable, and soon Albert rejoined us—with the silk.

But to come to the slippers. It must have been after this that we entered the shoemakers' street, a place with an all-pervading smell of leather and the noise of the tapping of mallets and the hum of the ubiquitous Singer machine hard at work making shoes. Everywhere hung shoes and boots, inside and outside the little shops, each pair strung together, and then hanging separately, or in rows, or in bunches. And everywhere lovely slippers, red slippers, green slippers, blue slippers, of all sizes and even many shapes, because being strung together was no guarantee that a pair were identical. That had to be tested by trial and error. I knew I wanted a pair of red slippers, but to have shown

this at first would have been fatal; the news would have travelled all down the street in no time on the "grape-vine telegraph," and the price would have risen against all our endeavours. So at one shop we broached the subject of rubber boots; at another we admired some sheep-skin lined ladies shoes for winter; at a third we passed disparaging remarks about the slippers of Aleppo—how well it was known that the leather of Lebanon was twice as good, and as for the colours, those of Damascus were brighter as sunshine is to shade. Eventually we allowed a shop-keeper to interest us in some green slippers, or was it blue? So that when finally I had found on the quiet a pair of red slippers which fitted me—and were of the same size—we were able to look as though we were doing a favour to the shoemakers' street, if not to the whole city of Aleppo, by taking them. And the price was only about 25% more than it should have been.

It seems a far cry from the market of Aleppo to red slippers at breakfast at Saffron Walden, and some may think all this constitutes no excuse for being so clad. Well, never mind, the red slippers will eventually wear out, and then I have an even nicer pair of green and yellow ones from Damascus to wear instead.

R.A.W.

THOUGHTS ON READING

THE early days of the nursery are alight with the lovable tales of *Red Riding Hood, Peter Rabbit,* and the immortal joy of nursery rhymes, as they come to us, read by others. The triumphant day came when we found we could read "A for Apple" and "B for Baby"; and very soon after that, all the old nursery tales lived again with a new glamour as we read them for the first time by ourselves.

The ancient teddy bear was, inevitably, re-christened Winnie-the-Pooh, when the delightful stories of "brainless bear" were read aloud, and the fantastic dreams of *Alice in Wonderland,* and the adventures of the lovable little creatures, half animal, half human, in *Wind in the Willows* filled many a happy hour before bed-time. Few could have enjoyed the strange, enchanting tales of Hans Anderson as much as I did, or the exotic magic of the *First Jungle Book.*

The trials and tribulations endured by patient parents during the devastating crazes for *William,* are only a little less than those caused by *Kidnapped* and the boundless thrill of *Treasure Island.*

Girls pass through the homely pages of *Little Women,* to the enraptured chapters of the breath-taking schoolgirls' story. Boys especially, revel in the hair-raising suspense of the Wild West, or im-

probable, blood-curdling crime stories, mingled, perhaps, with a gory ghost, or jangling bones! Unforgettable are the interminable pages of a History text book, or the deadly hours spent in the company of an English Grammar, not to speak of our ancient friend Pythagoras—if he may be classed as "reading."

Shakespeare, also, plays a large part in the life of the school, through the fairy whims of Titania and the famous tragedy of *Pyramus and Thisbe.* The treacherous assassination of Julius Cæsar, and the deliciously bloody lines of *Macbeth* are often read with a morbid relish, not to speak of the cold-blooded cruelty of Goneril and Regan.

Shaw's matchless wit and humour have been the delight of many when reading *Pygmalion* or *Androcles and the Lion,* the two of his plays that I have always enjoyed the most.

"In vacant or in pensive mood" valiantly we struggled to learn, "I wandered lonely as a cloud," or Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Church Yard,* and then read with delight, perhaps, *The Hound of Heaven* and *Grantchester.*

Eventually the more enterprising of us opened an awe-inspiring, leather bound, gold lettered volume of Dickens, and either never got beyond the first long description, or thoroughly enjoyed the touching stories of *Oliver Twist* and *David Copperfield,* or read with sympathetic understanding the depressing, but very humorous account of Dotheboys Hall, in *Nickolas Nickelby.*

Some enjoy the impression of ease portrayed by Jane Austen, or the terror, mystery and romance of *Jane Eyre*; others the excitement of John Buchan or the thrill of Scott—once the long descriptions have been waded through.

Dorothy Sayers, Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie play a large part in satisfying that growing lust for crime fiction, while various cheap women's magazines cater for the craving for glamour and romance.

I'm sure you will agree with me that fish and chips taste much nicer out of a newspaper, and free newspaper is obtained at the same time (even if it is three weeks old). In a crowded train or bus, reading a newspaper upside down can be practised to a fine art, and I have spent many odd minutes of enjoyment reading the advertisements in tube trains—the "Billy Brown of London Town" series, or the comic rhymes for Bravington rings.

The Sunday breakfast boiled egg should always be accompanied by the *Sunday Times,* or eggs and bacon with the *News Chronicle.* Many a housewife has bought an evening paper for the sole purpose of

wrapping up the supper kipper bones, or covering the kitchen table while she cleans the silver.

Punch, the most humorous of English magazines, is also the most popular, as may be seen from the somewhat dilapidated appearance of the Library copy cover by the end of the week. *Picture Post* presents the easiest way of reading by pictures and an occasional arresting headline.

The dusty volumes that occupy the topmost shelves—somebody's sermons and the ancient school presentation prize books won by our studious ancestors—are never read or indeed, have ever been taken down from their dusty places among the cobwebs and the spiders except at a spring clean.

Reading for pleasure is one of our great joys, when a pleasant hour may be spent browsing round a large book shop or a public library, picking up one book, reading parts of another, and eventually selecting the murder with the most alluring title, and going home with the satisfaction of having found something that will hold an interest for an hour or so at least.

If it wasn't for the station bookstall, those long, boring hours on a cold, dreary platform would be almost unbearable. At such places the most amazing finds can be made—a really worthwhile book, reduced in price because the cover is a little dirty, or even a book that has been out of print for several years.

Atmosphere and surrounding are almost as important as the book itself, even if it is very exciting. It is almost impossible to concentrate on anything in a dentist's waiting room, although the most entertaining of magazines lie on the table; or in a noisy railway carriage with a bad light, uncomfortable seats and a draughty window. Some like best to pick up a favourite book and sit in a comfortable chair before a blazing fire, with the radio tuned in softly; but I like most of all to curl up snugly in bed, with a hot drink, reading on until the book drifts gently away and all that remains is the sweet unconsciousness of a dream.

Marygold Lansdell (Age 18)

SCHOOL GAMES

The following are the records of the School teams to date:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	GOALS F.	A.
1st XI ...	13	4	2	7	45	39
Under XIV	8	5	1	2	30	13

Since the last report on School Football, the 1st XI have played 6 games and the Under XIV's 4. Rain at the end of the Autumn Term caused one or two matches to be abandoned owing to the state of the ground, but we little guessed then what was in store for us. The whole Easter Term programme for January and February has had to be cancelled and it would seem that the fixtures for March are also in danger. Since January 23rd the football pitches have been covered in ice and snow, and never at any time has there been the remotest possibility of a match being played.

Of the six 1st XI matches at the end of last term, we won one game, drew two and lost the other three. This is a mediocre record on paper, yet it proved conclusively that the struggle against the bigger Grammar Schools is being waged with a good heart and the first signs of success. Newport defeated us by three quick goals on a heavy ground, yet play was very even and in every department except on the wings we compared favourably with the winners.

The return game with Braintree County High School who had previously beaten us 4—1 on our own ground resulted in a 2—2 draw at Braintree. This was probably our best performance of the season and the due reward of good teamwork. We then defeated Harlow College 9—0 and a week later lost 3—6 to Bury St. Edmunds on a veritable mud heap. This was our last home match and was followed by another 2—2 draw away from home—this time at Soham on one of the coldest and wettest days of the term. The last match was at Chelmsford. There, for 20 minutes, we were completely outclassed by a school several times our size. Then, having conceded 4 goals, the school began to fight back grandly, and in the second half had quite as much of the play as the home side. The final score was 7—2. It was perhaps a pity that the term's football should end with a heavy defeat, but the 1st XI has improved a great deal and learnt quite a lot, not the least from such matches as these.

The Under XIV's also lost at Chelmsford and at home to Newport, but beat St. Faith's (Cambridge), and Harlow College Under XIV's very comfortably, and so finished the term with a very creditable record.

J.E.F.

HOCKEY, 1946-47

At the moment of writing this the hockey field is still covered with snow and ice, and we have only had a fortnight's games this term. One of the games curators announced the other day with some pride that the twenty-five yard line was still showing underneath its snow covering, so that with the help of an energetic and purposeful sun, we may yet have a few games of hockey during the last week of the Spring Term! Our

one hockey match this term was played on Jesus Green, Cambridge, against Cambridge Town Ladies. The ground was like a skating rink. However, we managed to keep our feet and enjoyed the game, which resulted in a win to the Town club by 3 goals to 1.

No hockey colours have been awarded this season.

DATE	OPPONENT	TEAM	RESULT	GROUND
Oct. 2nd.	Cambridge & County High School	1st XI	Lost 3—2	Away
„ 5th.	Old Scholars	1st XI	Lost 3—1	Home
„ 9th.	School & Staff (Mixed)...		Draw 3—3	
„ 12th.	Hockerill T.C.	1st & 2nd XI	Cancelled	Home
„ 19th	Herts. & Essex High School	1st & 2nd XI	1st Lost 5—0 2nd Lost 10—0	Away
„ 26th.	Perse School, Cambridge	1st & 2nd XI	1st Draw 1—1 2nd Lost 5—0	Home
Nov. 2nd.	S.W.T.C.	1st XI	Lost 4—0	Home
„ 9th.	Cambridge Town Ladies' Hockey Club ...	1st XI	Rain stopped play	Home
„ 16th.	Bishop's Stortford L.H.C.	1st XI	Cancelled	Away
„ 23rd.	Homerton College ...	1st XI	Lost 4—0	Away
„ 30th.	Hockerill T.C.	1st XI	Cancelled	Home
Dec. 7th.	Schools Tournament Cambridge	1st XI	Rain stopped play	Away
„ 14th.	Cambridge Youth Club...	2nd XI	Cancelled	Away

J.B.

FIRST AID

PEOPLE who go to the Cinema may, or may not, know that Herbert Marshall has had a wooden leg all his acting life.

One day, as he was coming upstairs for a first performance he broke the cat-gut which ran over a small pulley-wheel and down to a strong core of elastic. He was already five minutes late so he hopped up to the Stage Manager's room and told him the sad news. This was the Stage Manager's first performance, and Herbert Marshall was taking the leading part, and naturally he didn't want the play to be a flop. The mending of the wooden leg depended entirely on his being able to find a piece of strong cat-gut. As all this was passing through his mind, what should he hear but a man tuning up on a double-bass in the cellar! Immediately the Stage Manager rushed down to the cellar and asked the double-bass player if he could have the strongest double-bass string. But unfortunately the double-bass player was an Italian and could not understand very well what was wanted. So the Stage Manager took the best string and got the Italian another string half way through the show. He mended Herbert Marshall's leg in a few minutes and Herbert was on the stage only five minutes later.

This is all true because the Stage Manager was my Father.

Michael Gee (Age 12 years)

A BALLAD

'TWAS on a summer's morning,
Walking down the lane,
I chanced to spy a pretty lass,
Her name was Susie-Jane.
She wore a scarlet jacket,
So beautiful was she,
I wondered if this little maid
Would ever marry me.
I bowed to her, I spoke to her,
I asked her if she'd stay;
She only tossed her golden locks,
And turned the other way.
I spoke to her so gently,
'Twas in the month of May
I thought, "Maybe she'll look on me
And marry me some day."
The years passed by: one afternoon
My heart was full of woe,
When, walking down the lane again
My Susie-Jane did go.
But oh! I loved her dearly,
And I grew very bold.
I took her hands, I kissed her lips,
Although they were so cold.
She looked at me with pale blue eyes,
As brightly shone the sun;
My heart leapt high within me,
I knew her love I'd won.
The wedding-bells were pealing
As we walked down the aisle,
At last I knew I'd won her;
Her red lips wore a smile.
Now long we have been married
And tho' my hair is grey,
I still remember Susie
On a certain morn in May.

Ursula Page (Age 14 years)

PARENT TEACHER ASSOCIATION WEEK-END

SOME fifty parents and old scholars who faced the rigours of the climate and the black-out to attend the school meeting were rewarded by an enjoyable and informative week-end.

The football match, Parent-Teachers' XI v. Boys' XI was cancelled because of the ice-bound condition of the ground.

As only seven had volunteered to oppose the School the result may not long have been in doubt!

On the Saturday evening Eldon Rutter gave us a vivid and detailed account of his visit to the "Forbidden City" of Mecca. He modestly contrived to avoid any hint of the dangers to which he was exposed on his hazardous journey.

On the Sunday afternoon Howard Diamond, Clerk to the School Committee, outlined the new plans for the future development of the School which was to be classed as "Independent" in the terms of the 1944 Education Act. The three fundamental principles which determined this decision were (1) the school would best serve the needs of the district by remaining co-educational and principally one for boarders, (2) the life of the school must be a growth from a religious basis, (3) its doors must always be open to scholars who would derive most profit from attending the school, irrespective of the means of their parents. Plans for building a new block of classrooms and common rooms on the ground floor would cost £35,000 to £40,000 and the work would commence as soon as building licences could be obtained and the necessary funds could be raised.

At the evening meeting Barrington Whitlow reminded us that not the Future, or the Past, but the Present was the challenge to our endeavours. We could only be victorious in our daily struggles by first waiting upon God and then being humbly obedient to His guidance.

LESLIE A. PALMER
(Parent)

CHRISTMAS IN GERMANY

NO, I am not writing to tell you about my doings out here, nor about the present condition of Germany. By the very nature of the subject that would be a long, sad and confused letter. I just feel moved (as ye old Quakers would have put it) to write and share with you the precious experience of this Christmastide out here.

We are centred in the lovely old German town of Goslar, by the Harz mountains, so our Christmas has not been against a background of ruin and ugliness, like the Ruhr cities. The main part of our work here is trying to help towards the material and human problems raised by the doubling of the local population, through the invasion of expellees from the Eastern districts of Germany. So we have been conscious of the great underlying human pain and need and tiredness. The wonder of the thing is that Xmas has flowered in all its freshness, like the brave beauty of gorse on winter downland. In my mind there are four symbols tumbling over each other trying to sing a Song of Praise—a carol, a fir tree, a candle and a crib.

I am sure a carol is feminine, so here's to Sister Carol. She symbolizes for me all the sensitive artistry of the German Xmas, in comparison with which we English appear as good-humoured pagans, with our plum-puddings and merry tomfoolery. I think of a nativity play I saw in the old Market Church. There were all the ingredients for a poem—the old church, mellow music, the time-enriched Bible story, and the brown and blue figures of the actors moving in the half-light—to say nothing of an audience shivering in an unheated nave! I recall too our own party. There were no riotous games; we all sat round, forty young people together, in the candle-light of our Christmas tree. The Germans gave us readings of Christmas stories and poems, and music. We all joined together for carols and there were long pauses for leisurely conversation. Then out of a twilight of fir-branches and burning candles, I see the faces of children. It is one of the village celebrations I went to. Two or three of the children come forward and recite passages from the Christmas story of St. Luke. Their comrades softly hum the melody of a carol and then at the end of each passage burst out into the full joy of the song. And the words of their song, "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," lead me on to the most famous evening of the German year—"Heiliger Abend"—our Christmas Eve. Some of the team were privileged to share it with German families. Our young German worker and his life-long friend gave us who remained a glimpse into the quieter beauty of their Holy Evening. It was wonderful that evening how merriment turned naturally into silence, or silence changed into the beauty of carols. They were new carols to me, but I have now heard them so often that they too have gained real Xmas associations.

If you find Sister Carol's beauty somewhat chilling, then here is Brother Fir-tree. He symbolizes for me the humanity of it all, not exactly our English vigorous warm-heartedness, such as Scrooge's nephew excelled in, but a very friendly family-circle affair, with especial affection for the children. German families spend their Holy evening round the Xmas tree, which even this year was bright with dangling apples, ginger biscuits made in the shape of stars and fruit and animals, cut-paper stars and silver-balls. I think again of that village party. The children were gay and alive—their joy pierced the greyness of their background that afternoon, just as the crocus pierces the winter earth. And it is because Christmas is such an intimate human festival that such celebration as I went to in one of the refugee camps was so depressing. There are several such large camps in Goslar, where the refugees are housed till they can get a more permanent abode—which is an almost impossible task when humanity is as thick on the ground as it is here. I stood amongst them in their cold barn of a hall. There were no chairs. Their Xmas efforts seemed to me a mockery, giving their feelings of loneliness and unwantedness a more bitter edge, rather than warming them. What did it amount to?—A few apples and biscuits for the children, two cigarettes for the men, and a sermon from the Pastor. Here they stood that cold winter afternoon—dejectedly patient, tired, dirty, and smelly, the unwanted of the unwanted, more

conscious than ever that they had been uprooted from their inherited environment—or as they would say—"from their homes." As the parson spoke, many of the women, especially the older ones, were in tears. That was the only time I saw sadness and ugliness triumphant—as though a cold wind had blown through their fir-tree and extinguished the lights.

There were candles on many of the fir-trees. This year we have seen the darkness—the home-sadness of the expellees, the uncertainty of the future, the bitter memories of the past few years, the immorality and human hardness, the wives separated from their husbands by death or prison-camps and the cumulative human strain caused by great needs, defeat, tiredness and uncertainty. But we have seen too the darkness illuminated, if but for a short moment, by the light—the celebration of this time-enriched festival, the carols, stories and music handed down once more in all their beauty, the food saved up to make biscuits for their children, and the presents given in spite of their need. I do not think anything could have been quite so precious and encouraging to the team as the presents we have been given—often accompanied with kind letters—presents of things like eggs, and biscuits which you know must have meant a real sacrifice. Yes, candles are very short and their flames are very small, but in every village they have been burning.

And so in the company of carols, fir-trees and candles we come to the crib, which symbolizes the joyful answer Xmas gives to men's deepest needs. I shall long remember two nativity plays I saw—each emphasizing a different side of the Christmas assurance. One expressed the power of Love to reconcile the nations; the other to transcend poverty, homelessness and suffering. The first of these plays was held in the old market-church. It was organised by the other section of our team and it was written by one of them. Members of seven nationalities took part—Ukranians, Poles, Latvians, Estonians, Germans and Lithuanians—while England was represented by our team-leader who played Mary. The play was beautifully staged with spotlights and shining angels. Everything was said in three languages so the dialogue was simple, and the pace was necessarily slow. The central theme—that all nations can find unity together in common adoration of Christ—was dramatically expressed in the conclusion when a long procession of children, all dressed in differing national costumes, walked down the central aisle, followed by the shepherds and kings. As they reached the chancel steps, two great doors opened revealing the crib and manger scene, all knelt in reverence, and sang in triumphant song, "Adeste Fideles."

I wish you could have shared with me the experience of the second nativity Play, which was acted by pupils of the secondary school. It was a play, full of lovely poetry, called the "Star-Singing-Play." It expressed the Xmas message in essentially topical terms. The three Kings, for instance, came forward and introduced themselves. One comes from Berlin; he has been a soldier and has not seen his family for many years.

Another comes from Hamburg; he has been bombed and burnt out of his home. The third comes from Koenigsberg; he has been driven out by the Poles and is now a homeless wanderer. They understood what it meant for Jesus to be born in homeless poverty. The author too knew what it meant to be homeless and poor, for he wrote the play in a prison-camp. And the audience knew equally well, as the headmaster had reminded us in his address when he gave an especial welcome to the homeless who were with us that night—to them to be homeless and unwanted was a cold fact not a matter for lovely language. Yet lovely language it was. It was acted by young people—little younger than I, yet I know most of them had had to serve in the "Wehrmacht." They acted with real sensitivity and sincerity. It was good to think that among those young men kneeling reverently before the crib, were former members of the Hitler Youth. The scenery for the play was a simple back-cloth of a bombed church, and through the Gothic window one could see the stars—one glorious above the rest. I know there is nothing original in such symbolism—of which the play was full: man has often compared the birth of Jesus amidst poverty of a stable to the re-birth of nature in the midst of winter; to a light in darkness, or to a star among the ruins. Man has often regarded it as the victory of Love over Hate, a Love which transcends material needs. For once harshness of surrounding reality gave those sayings a live significance. Nobody but a seer or a lunatic would thus assert in the Europe of to-day that God is Love. Yet here a man dared to say it—and said it with beauty. I felt that many men and women there that night were hungry for such reassurance, that the rough ground of their hearts had been crumbled by the frosts of cruel experience and was ready for such seeds.

So did the carol, the fir-tree, the candle, fall into the great pattern of the crib. Beauty, Humanity and Courage were integrated in the Xmas message, just as they were in the single-minded life of the man, whose birth we were celebrating.

DAVID BOLAM
(1936—43)

THE VILLAGE



A VILLAGE is like a mirror that goes on reflecting all that it sees. Every village is full of memories, memories of all the people that ever lived there; for everyone leaves some impression on the place, however slight. The moods of men dead hundreds of years are reflected in the cottages, the barns and the fields. Hundreds of years old as most villages are, there are plenty of things that have hardly changed. Every thatcher has his distinctive touch, and all the gardens show characteristics of their owners. The houses themselves show by their paint, or lack of, what sort of village it is, whether it is prosperous or not. There is nothing in the village that does not reflect its moods.

In England there are roughly ten thousand villages and therefore there are about ten thousand types, for every village differs from the next. However, most villages fall into one of two groups. These groups are the roadside villages and the square villages.

A roadside village is one spread out along a road, often by a fork or cross-roads. The roadside village resemples in style the ribbon-form of building that is so deplored, but they differ in one major respect, the village begins and ends definitely, and is fairly short. This is so because the country around can only support a limited number of people. The roadside village sounds dull—a string of houses up both sides of the road. Nothing of interest there. This would be true if that was all it was, but very few villages are like that. For some reason or other, the road always seems to get bent in the village and thus, when you enter a village, your view is limited. This adds to the buildings a touch of expectancy; you do not know what will come round the bend. In many villages the road widens enough to allow for a village green or a paved area, but usually there is no garden between the houses and the road, merely a strip of pavement. The gardens are at the back where prying eyes cannot stare at them.

One of the first things you notice in a village is the Church. Very often it stands higher than the rest of the houses or slightly away from them. It is the larger buildings, like the Church, and the inns, and the mill if there is one, that link the irregular houses together. It is not only physically that they link the village together, but socially. The inn is the clubroom of the village, as the shop is the place for all your goods, but also for the best bits of scandal. The whispered comments run like wildfire through the village and everyone expresses his own views. No one is free from the whip-lash of scandal, since nothing much escapes the prying eyes behind the lace curtains.

The other style of village I mentioned was the square village. That is merely a general name, for a square village is one that does not extend along a road in a string. It can be any shape you like. They often occur in the North of England, in the border counties, where they were first built for defence. The animals could be placed in the middle of the village, which acted as a stockade. In the South there was less need for defence and the villages were more often built around the Castle or Manor house gates. The old square villages were often market centres but most of them have passed on their trade to the towns now transport is not such a vital factor in country life.

In the 18th and early 19th century another type of village appeared. These were the planned villages of the Land Settlement Schemes. Sometimes they were built in place of older villages which had grown too close to the Manor House. The beauty of many villages lies in their simplicity and this is lacking in the planned villages. Only too often they were complicated and many were never even finished. Many of the Land Settlement Schemes failed bcause the villages were populated with people of the same trade and the village was unbalanced.

When most people are reminded of the inhabitants of a village, they immediately imagine a country yokel, slightly stupid and rather dirty. Maybe they also think of the blacksmith, a large man with bulging muscles, the shoemaker, a little bent old man with glasses falling off the the end of his nose. Then they remember the innkeeper, that fat, jolly person with red cheeks and a lovely laugh who is unofficial chairman of all village disputes and discussions. Then the parson comes to mind, and the peppery old squire. Fifty years ago most of the inhabitants of the village were either farm labourers or craftsmen in trades allied to farming. Each village was complete in itself and formed a well-balanced unit. Then came the invention of the motor-car and the motor-cycle. People from the towns came out to the country for a day and were charmed by the cottages. If they were improved inside they would be so nice for the week-ends. So the farm men would be turned out into the hideous council houses put up after the 1914—1918 war. Rapidly the balance of the village was upset, the young people saw new styles, and that awakened a new longing to leave the old and backward village. More and more farmers took to motor-cars and tractors. The blacksmith lost his trade, the women went into the towns on the 'bus to buy their fineries, and to exchange all the latest gossip. The old shoemaker died and there was no one to take his place. The villagers suddenly became aware that the towns had electricity, hot and cold water, good sanitation, cinemas, fish and chips, dance halls, and that you could get away from a town easily. They had trains and buses every day, not just once or twice a week! And so the village began to change and has changed far too fast.

Nowadays the village is quite a different place from what it was fifty years ago. Only 42% of the men living in villages were engaged in farm work in the 1931 census. Gradually, however, the much needed conveniences are coming to the people and the larger villages have their fish and chips and some of them have cinemas, though often only once a week! Everything in the country has to go more slowly than in the town, partly because the country never stops moving. In the town the factories close at mid-day on Saturday and open again on Monday morning, but no one has yet invented a cow that need not be milked on Sunday. Gradually the village is steadying itself. Life is more balanced and the country folk are getting what they ask for, recognition. Village life may be slow but it is steady and it is consistent.

Jane Morgan (Age 16 years)

TALE OF A GRANDFATHER



IS now seven'y year since thut day," said grandfather to his son's son. "Seven'y year to this day," he repeated, and nearly went to sleep in his great, high-backed chair, which, he claimed, had been made by his grandfather, one hundred years ago.

"What happened?" asked the boy, who was always

impatient when there was a story to be told. "Oh, bother!" he added as a loud snore came from the old man, "he's gone to sleep again. That's all he seems to do nowadays."

"Eh! Whashat?" came from grandfather, who had woken up again.

"What happened?" repeated the lad.

"When?" asked grandfather, whose memory for near events was beginning to fail, as so often happens with the aged.

"Seventy years ago, gran'dad?"

"Ah! Now oi remembers, Tim. Well, as oi were a sayin', 'twere three score year an' ten since the day oi fust played for t' villige. Oi were rare proud for 't were the annual match against Abercovey. Ye knaws they still play ut, but 'tis big braw chaps as plays now, not wee kids as oi were then. Me maw gae me tae pieces o' bread an' chaze, wished me luck, an' off oi sets. 'Tis seven moil' 'twin 'ere an' there, an' there weren't nae buses an' such then. Well 'twere snawing ont' day. A rare drift it were; it were an' all. Rare drift it were. Now oi 'adn't bin two moil on me way, as out o' drift came un 'ighwayman. Black Joe they called 'im, an' a divil he were. I never seen 'im afore but I knew 'im sure—."

"How?" interrupted Tim.

"Be quiet, an' oi'll tell 'ee. He were the last on 'em, *an'* the wust of 'em. Oi were rale scaret, as 'ee can imagine, when 'e comes up to oi an' sez, 'Your bread an' chaze or your life!' Me knees was shakin'. Oi tried to run, but 'e 'eld me neck. All oi could do were think, an' 'tis a wonder how I did that. Well, oi thought, 'ow did Black Joe know oi 'ad bread an' chaze? So oi looks clawser, an' oi see 'tis me feyther orl drissed opp loike, so oi says: 'Dad, youme discoverated.' Ut that 'e laughs an' says, 'You be rale smart. 'Ere's a tanner.'

"An' bless me, if wi' 'ut tanner in pocket, oi didn' win t' game for t' side, as thut oi did," finished grandfather. He was just slipping off again when his grandson demanded, "Gran'dad, how could you play football in a snowdrift?"

"Bless 'e, boy," said the old man, "We played the village end to end. There bain't nae goals in that game, but 'em as keeps t' ball longest wins."

Then with a loud snore Grandfather fell asleep.

Paul Honigmann (Age 13 years)

LIFE IN GERMANY TO-DAY



LIFE in Germany to-day is a very different thing from what it was when I crossed the icy water as a member of the Friends' Ambulance Unit (No. 2 Section—North-West Europe) on Boxing Day 1944. We had come down from Birmingham by road on our way to a secret port and I had to pass within a few yards of my own home without being able to call.

In those days the team to which I belonged followed up behind an active army division, giving what help we could to the civil population displaced by the fighting. Hence the term "Displaced Persons" or D.P.s. To me D.P. had always meant David Pearson, but, perhaps, not everyone will appreciate this as I did! Those were grim days, the fighting line being always only a little way ahead, and we all had some very narrow escapes.

Perhaps my worst experience was helping to clear up the Sandbostel Concentration Camp. The stories in the newspapers were not exaggerated, and the horror of this task was unbelievable. Several of us were actually sick when we saw to what depths of beastliness men had sunk. We were very glad to be able to transport to hospital those prisoners who were alive, and eventually to make a huge bonfire of the remains of the camp and put up notices—"Soiled Earth"—round about.

All this seems a long time ago and now we are trying more than ever to make contacts with German young people in the hope that a more lasting peace and real friendship can come about between the two nations.

When the Friends' Ambulance Unit closed down, I joined the British Red Cross as transport officer for a section situated in the Ruhr at Herten, a suburb of Recklinghausen. Recklinghausen is in the coal mining and iron foundry district, a town about twice the size of Colchester. The section members—nine in number—live in two pleasant houses, four women in one house, and the five men in the other. It seemed strange at first to have women to work with after an F.A.U. "all men" set up, but we were soon on friendly terms, especially when I discovered that one of the women had worked in Saffron Walden for over two years on child welfare work. You can imagine our mutual surprise on learning that we had been living in the same town. Since then I have discovered quite a lot of what the people of Saffron Walden think about the School! Another Walden echo was when a change in the Red Cross executive personnel at German H.Q. brought the new man round on an introductory tour. Directly he saw me he said, "Walden! What year were you there?" It was Rupert Compton-Ford, and I am afraid that, rather to the disgust of the others, over half the time he was here we were talking "shop."

A good deal of our work is in connection with some form of youth effort. We were able to arrange for sick children to have a few weeks in hostels—there is a lovely one in the Hartz Mountains—and convalescent homes that we have been able to establish. Youth clubs are proving a more difficult job. For instance, we invited a group of young Germans to discuss with us the formation of a new club, and we asked them to speak quite frankly, which they did. They explained that they had been brought up with the Nazi ideas of force and direction, etc. and believed them to be right. Last year Germany lost the war, and English soldiers remained in the town. The soldiers behaved decently, if a trifle coldly, they said, but they were fair, and the young Germans began to see the difference of their outlook. With the return of the Labour Government to power in Britain, the Germans thought there would be chance to co-operate, and get things on a better footing. But, actually, conditions had become worse, coal output was lower, and the old hatreds were beginning to grow up again. So that now, anyone going to a club sponsored by the British organisations would be deemed pro-British, and they felt that the "toughs" among the young miners would not come: the very people who do not know how to use their leisure, and whom we want to help.

This is the kind of problem that we are trying to eliminate, but it's hard going at times. However, we have invited another group of young men to meet us and we are hoping for better results.

Great areas of the Ruhr are a mass of ruins with mile after mile of gaunt broken walls and heaps of rubble. In this vast devastation live a great part of the German people, often without knowledge or hope for the future, and it is up to us, the so-called champions of democracy, to show them that freedom, love and tolerance are not mere words.

ROGER STANGER.
(1935—41)

SCOUTING

THIS term the school troop of Boy Scouts has been reformed after a lapse of 5 terms.

It is under the leadership of the Rector of Radwinter, Rev. Rolleston, and Robin Pawsey, an old scholar who has returned to the district, is acting as assistant Scoutmaster.

Although many applications for membership were received, it was thought best to start with only eighteen boys.

At present because of the very unsuitable weather, work has been restricted to indoor instruction and test-passing. It is hoped however to start outside work early next term.

Christopher Holmes (Age 14 years)

CAUGHT

ONCE I was a roaming,
A-roaming deserts rude;
But now I'm just a lion
In lonely solitude.
Once I was a terror
And a fear to lonely men;
But now I'm in an iron cage
Against a tiger's pen.
Once I caught my dinner
On darkest African night;
But now I eat before great crowds
In England's cold daylight.
Once, oh, I was wild,
As wild as beast can be;
But now I'm just a lion
In a lion's captivity.

Gillian Hopkins (Age 11 years)

VEHICLES, ANCIENT AND MODERN

WHEN viewing the situation, retrospectively of course, in order to write this article, we had visions of many different vehicles, ranging from modern to primaeval. To help us to decide what is a vehicle and what is not, we had recourse to a dictionary, where we found that a vehicle is "any kind of carriage or conveyance for use on land, having wheels or runners." Well, that was enough for us. We all know Mr. B's immaculate green limousine, absolutely without blemish, that travels as all self-respecting cars should do, quietly, smoothly and quickly. Miss C's coffee-coloured car too, is a familiar sight, and how often have we raced down the drive to see who her companion is, sitting beside her. Imagine our surprise then, when one day we found the double bass sitting sedately on the back seat, with one end waving good-bye to us from the front window.

Both of us have suffered the misfortune of going to Cambridge in Miss B's—dare we say it—coffin-on-wheels. If you are ever offered this opportunity decline sweetly but firmly; for you are expected to push the car half the way there—the rest is downhill. To open the doors, and to work everything else, you pull cords, and usually you pull the wrong one, with dire consequences.

Mr. S's bicycle is as enthusiastic over choir as he is. Its brakes try to sing all four parts of the "Stabat Mater," at once. On the other hand, we have never yet discovered whether Mr. J's bicycle has any brakes, because every time he sees us he plants both feet firmly on the ground, in order to avoid a collision.

A well known sight in the town is Miss Y's little black jeep. For many months we pondered as to how this vehicle was driven, and at last we have discovered the secret; it has push pedals. The tyres, however, must not be solid rubber, for Miss Y is frequently seen pumping them up herself. —

We must not forget the tandem! We usually see it occupied by the proud papa, but "little John" must be developing mighty leg muscles in struggling with the pedals at the back.

Perhaps the most original mode of conveyance is Sally. She proudly pulls Miss O round the grounds and will soon have passed the thousand mile mark.

Those are all of the staff conveyances which can really be defined as vehicles, a truly wonderful array of speedy, faithful friends; but occasionally, however, queer rumblings are heard from the direction of some sheds near the masters' block. These noises we discovered, come from a peculiar box-like contraption on wheels, belonging to a Mr. S. This velocipede, in proceeding along the road, issues forth smoke and flames together with sundry safety pins and bits of string, which help to hold its parts together. We would like to suggest that a fitting name for this velocipede would be "Ancient and Modern"—the more vital parts being ancient, and the modern touch being supplied by the air-cushion which serves as a front seat.

As Mr. Churchill is famous for his cigar, so Mr. E is famous for his walking stick, the constant companion of his constitutional walks. He and two other male members of the staff have quite distinctive styles of travelling. Compare, for instance, Mr. E's easy lope with Mr. M's nautical roll. Again, how often have we seen Mr. F with threshing arms and legs, struggling gamely through the crowds of love-sick swains and their maidens, outside the dining room door. Only once have we seen him give up and go through the kitchen door.

Jane Morgan (Age 16 years)
Pat Lamond (Age 16 years)

NEWS FROM "THE TRAVELLERS"

[*Extracts from letters received from Mr. Littleboy*]

THIS journal begins from January 28th when we came to London preparatory to sailing. That night was reported as being "the coldest for 66 years." Anyhow the hotel service was in confusion owing to the freezing of various things and breakfast took so long that we began to be worried—quite unnecessarily as the sequel showed. At Waterloo the Cabin Boat train timed for 9.23 came to the platform at 9.10, and we all

packed in. Then we waited and waited. The engine that was to have taken us was frozen, and no substitute was quickly available. So we all sat and froze until we finally got away at 11.10. We lost more time on the way and landed at the docks at 1.45.

We all had to pass in a vast queue in a wholly open shed past Immigration Officers—six of them for all the passengers—to have passports, ration books and identity cards scrutinised.

The boat had been due to sail at 3 p.m. but due to the delay of our train and the consequent delay to the two first class trains that followed, we did not get away till just before 4 p.m. We watched with interest and admiration the work of six tugs, which helped this vast ship to back out of her berth and turn almost in her own length, in order to be able to start down Southampton Water.

We have chosen "second sitting" at meals (9, 1.30, 7.30). The provision of goods is lavish and it is not easy to remember that we are out of the rationing area, until the supplies of butter and sugar are replenished as soon as they get low, and generous plates of bacon and eggs appear on call. Life on board ship is demoralizing from this point of view as meals are the main landmarks of the day.

On the whole it has been a lovely day—a fair amount of sunshine this morning and a calm sea, but it is a bit more stormy this afternoon, and the boat is not quite so steady. It is a queer sensation to put your foot down and find that the deck is two or three inches farther away than you thought. The Cabin Class quarters are in the stern of the ship and there is a fair amount of vibration inevitably and a continual slight noise of rattling fixtures and creaking woodwork. As I stood on the extreme aft part of the deck this morning and watched the churning water behind the propellers, I got an impression of the speed of our travel and of the enormous power which this ship must have in its turbines. One realises that there is a whole life going on in the ship of which we, the passengers, are wholly unaware. Apart from the stewards we have seen hardly any crew, though there must be a great crowd of them somewhere.

We ran into rather heavy weather on Thursday night, and all day Friday we travelled slowly so that we are to be 12 hours late at New York tomorrow. The one advantage is that we shall arrive by daylight and shall see New York as we approach. Friday's weather laid a good many folk low and the Dining Room was considerably thinned out. All round the ship there were unhappy folk snuggled up in rugs on their deck chairs, hoping for the best but quite often expecting the worst, and not being disappointed. Fortunately I kept going all right, though relieved to find Saturday quieter and to-day like the proverbial mill-pond. There is something very lovely about the angry sea, but I have had vividly in mind the picture of torpedoed men in open boats in this heaving

wilderness. The ocean is so vast and a boat so small that a ship could pass quite near without seeing a lifeboat in rough weather. There must have been a strong and enduring courage in the men of the Merchant Fleet who knew exactly what disaster in mid-ocean was likely to mean for them.

Monday, the day of our arrival, was a lovely day with bright sunshine and a calm, blue sea. We had glimpses of the Long Island coast from time to time, but we went towards New York very slowly for some reason unknown to us. Boats of all sizes were around and late in the morning we came to the Ambrose Lightship, the nominal end of the ocean trip and the entrance to the channel to the mouth of the Hudson River. There we stopped and a little boat came alongside—a rope ladder was thrown out and up came the pilot.

New York must surely be unique in its docking arrangements. The Hudson River is lined with ships' berths on both sides for some miles. On the New Jersey bank the trade is mainly freight traffic and there is not much ocean liner accommodation, but on the New York side there are berths for both classes of traffic for all parts of the world, and the whole place is a hive of activity. The Cunard Berth is three or four miles up the river. The pier is a great double-deck covered-in erection, standing, as they all do, some 300 yards out into the river, and the *Queen Elizabeth* had to be negotiated out of the river along this pier, with another boat in the next berth. There was just no spare room, and the task of getting the ship at the right angles to the current at just the right place, and edging her in, is a very slow one, taking half an hour, at least. It is done with complete skill and apparently without anyone being worried. Four tugs at the stern pulling for all they were worth on ropes and another with its prow against the side of the *Queen Elizabeth,* pushing as if its life depended on it, would suddenly decide that the job was done and would sheer off with complete unconcern.

We were warned that we might be late in getting off, but it was worse than that. All the U.S. citizens were taken off first and all the rest of us were to pass immigration officers in the Lounge. For this we joined a queue at 4 p.m. We had watched the docking and found ourselves a long way back in the queue as a result. The queue began to move at 4.35 and edged slowly along with many halts and delays until we finally reached the Lounge door at 6.10. At 6.30 the officers stopped work and adjourned for dinner. We were then about ten places from the table. I tried to get a message off the boat to the folk who were to meet us but this appeared to be impossible—an extraordinary thing. So we too went to dinner. Back to the Lounge we went at 7.15 and finally passed out at 8.0. After going through the gangway we were really in U.S.A.

We were soon free of the Customs and able to try to find William Eves of George School who was to meet us. It is a bit complicated to find someone whom you have never seen in a strange crowd. However, I got him called over a loudspeaker system but without success. He was there and heard the announcement, but it was so badly done that he did

not recognise his own name. Fortunately after a short time his wife challenged me and all was well. They had had a dreadful day. They had left George School at 5.30 a.m. as we were due in at 8 a.m. and George School is 50 miles from New York. On arrival they heard of our delay so went away and returned to the pier at 3.30. They had then waited without food on a bitterly cold day until we landed after 8 p.m.

William Eves had his car and we were soon packed in. We went through the Hudson River tunnel (2 miles long, with 4 traffic lanes, and you must travel at 30 m.p.h., no more and no less), out through New Jersey and a stream of places into the country. The great road through New Jersey has five traffic lanes controlled as to direction of use according to the traffic. In the evening four of them are used for outward and one for inward traffic—the exact opposite of the morning scheme. Traffic lights jump from red to green without amber, but show amber when passing from green to red.

William Eves has arranged our Eastern Schedule which in brief is as follows: —

Feb.	3—10.	George School.
	10—14.	Philadelphia School.
	14—17.	Pendle Hill.
	17—24.	Westtown School.
	24—Mar. 1.	Wilmington, Delaware.
Mar.	1— 5.	Baltimore.
	5— 8.	Washington.
	8—13.	Louise Valley, Long Island.
	13—19.	Oakwood School, New York.
	19—26.	Morestown, Pa.
	26—April 6.	Yearly Meetings at Philadelphia (2). Baltimore. New York.
Apr.	7—10.	Guildford College, N.C., and then to the West.

THE ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

THE concert given by the Senior Orchestra on February 22nd was the most ambitious I have heard from them. The programme included three pieces from the *Married Beau* by Purcell, two movements of the Piano Concerto in A by Mozart, three movements from the Suite in B minor for flute and strings, the soloist being Mr. Osborn, and the Overture to the *Marriage of Figaro* by Mozart. In addition, Mrs. Winifred Mason of the Training College played three pianoforte solos.

The orchestra was augmented by musicians from Bishop's Stortford—two clarinets and a bassoon—all of which had a decided effect throughout. The strings were very much better than on previous occasions. In fact they gave their best display and showed that they had

done a very great deal of individual practice. The brass and wind players were very good. Peter Bell is now remarkably good, and he made very few mistakes.

There was a large attendance of people from the town, and the concert was judged to be a great success. At the close, Mrs. Mason, whose playing was the high light of the evening, was presented with a bouquet of carnations.

C. Hughes (Age 17 years)

THE FOREST

IN the cool green forest,
Where the rabbits play,
Where the birds are singing,
I went a walk one day.
I walked along the forest path,
By the silver stream;
I came into a clearing,
And lay down there, to dream.
As I lay there dreaming,
The birds sang all around,
So lovely was the perfume,
Of the flowers on the ground.
In that little clearing
A tiny cottage stood,
'Twas such a pretty cottage,
To be hidden in the wood.
Lots and lots of roses
Grew round that cottage door,
And tethered to a tree trunk,
A snow white horse I saw.
I went up to the cottage,
And opened its green door;
No one had been in there,
Nobody else before.
In that little cottage
I found a little bed;
I lay down in that cottage
To rest my weary head.
I woke in the cool green forest,
By the little silver stream;
There was no cottage in the clearing;
I found it was a dream.
I walked home through the forest,
That forest cool and green,
I had been to a cottage,
Where no one else had been.

Susan Roberts (Age 13 years)

JUNIOR SECTION

WINTER

THE snow lies thickly around,
The frost is sharp and nipping;
Hard as iron is the ground,
People leave their taps a-dripping.
Frost and ice grip like a vice,
The earth is cold and dreary;
The rivers are a block of ice,
And I am very weary.

David Seekings (Age 9 years)

NIGHT

WHEN at night the bats
Fly silently from the barn,
Over the silent field
Past the oak and to the tarn,
When the mouse comes scampering by
With shining coat and twinkling eye,
He doesn't see the bat sweep low,
Like an arrow from a bow.

Collin Gillion (Age 8 years)

ORANKELL

THERE is a lovely city
As I've heard tell,
Where everyone is happy,
And everything is well.
Everyone is busy
Making things to sell,
For there's a lovely market
At the city Orankell.

William K. Galpin (Age 9 years)

We gratefully acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines: *Cambridge and County High School, The Georgian, Beckside, Cupola* and *St. Christopher.*

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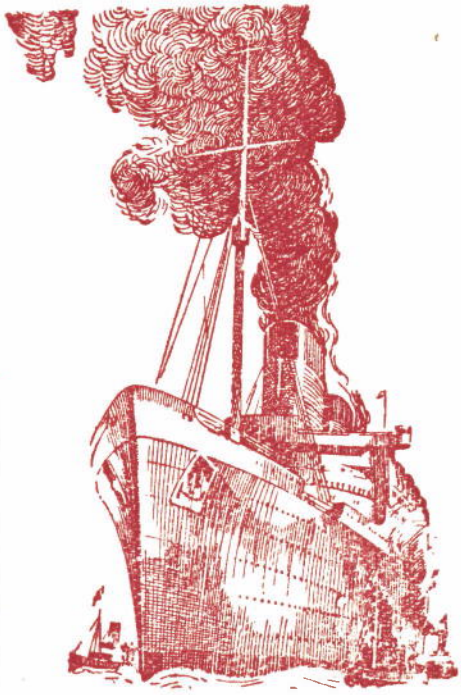
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