

VETERAN STAFF ROOM

Richard Wright

Inevitably in a relatively small school, and therefore one with a size of staff which is much more an inclusive body, not departmentalised, it is also a situation where the Head(s), men and women, can have a much more personal link with staff members. FSSW was blessed with having the guidance of Gerald Littleboy through World War Two, supplemented at the end and later by Jennie Ellinor who gave valuable continuity when GL was succeeded by Kenneth Nicholson.

A very important part of staff development in the late 1940s and into the 1950s was the opportunity to have on the staff, whether Quakers or otherwise, those who were not eligible for posts in the State system because of exemption or alternative service orders by war-time tribunals. This gave a rich source of teachers – richer than normal circumstances might have produced. It was a tribute to the School Committee and the Heads at the time that the opportunity was well seized, heralding a period with a more than usual array of born teachers with talents on the Staff.

This period continued into the better provision of buildings in the early 1950s, not least the new Staff Room in the Essex Wing of 1961. These buildings were generously supported by the Essex Education Committee, recognising the place the School played in county education.

The Staff Room had views east across the Playground and south down the 'Mistresses walk', an excellent non-intrusive way of the staff body continually feeling part of the School. 'Quaker plainness' does not necessarily demand spartan conditions and certainly the room became a valuable part of Staff comfort and service. The atmosphere was helped by Kenneth Nicholson getting furnishings rejected by the liner *Oriana*, but highly suitable for dry land. Occasionally, the conditions led to amusement, as when a six-foot member of staff knelt by the side of a woman teacher who was seated in a low chair and was puzzled when the Staff Room gradually took to amused laughter.

I am sure that many others could relate their own Staff Room stories. The School always valued giving teaching practice to those needing a place to gain experience. A Nigerian student teacher, on



The Staff Room in 1961

Photo Michael Gee

practice, taught this writer the lesson "always watch what you say". In a moment of stress, it seemed safe to express a mildish bout of annoyance in Arabic – to the surprise of the student who had done some of his training in Cairo! It is good to remember that the Staff Room atmosphere was happily inclusive; witness the Senior Wrangler (Mathematics) who did teaching practice for one term and, the following year, gave one day a week voluntary support to the Maths Department as he increased his own qualifications.

This reminiscence also gives a chance to pay tribute to Eric Brown who was Bursar through much of this period. His continued personal and professional care for teachers in health and in sickness contributed greatly to the well-being of Staff during his time in office.

One's wishes are that the far-sighted and pleasant surroundings of the Staff Room continue to give support and comfort to Staff in the 21st Century.

It is a particular pleasure to be able to include this piece by Richard. When he originally promised a contribution to this project, his wife, Hildegard, was already terminally ill. After her death, it required much gentle encouragement to persuade him to complete this article which he then proof-read. Sadly, he died on 5 February 2002 before the completion of this publication.

“Up the stairs and first door on the left,” a tall, red-headed girl, carrying a large pile of books, instructed me.

I had arrived very early that first day, in a taxi to the local station provided by the Essex County Council for Herts & Essex girls, Newport Grammar Boys and “Scholarship Pupils” for Friends’ School, the two former having to catch trains. All came from surrounding villages and that first morning I was the sole pupil for Friends’ School.

I nervously made my way from the station to the imposing red brick building in Mount Pleasant Road. Coming from a two-roomed village school where even the eight mile journey to Saffron Walden was an adventure, this place seemed enormous. Having rung the MAIN front door bell, I was greeted by a rather surprised but friendly, smiling secretary who ushered me in, summoning a passing senior pupil to escort me. At the end of a dimly lit corridor, she pointed to a flight of stone stairs leading to the Upper Third Form Room. “Wait there until I find someone to show you around,” she announced and, with a toss of her pigtails, she disappeared, leaving me to enter the empty classroom from where I could hear distant chattering and clattering of china from the still breakfasting boarders in the Dining Hall.

From this upper window I gazed down upon an asphalt playground with steps leading up to a beautiful avenue of trees, glistening in the September sunshine, a riot

of red and gold, complemented by the virginia creeper which clung to the walls of the main building. On the adjacent tennis court, two teachers whizzed a ball over the nets, their laughter filling the air. Below me a group of boys screamed and shouted as

A Day Brat's First Impression in 1943

Ursula Page

they roller-skated. This was a happy school and I was eager to become part of it.

My reverie was broken as a self-assured, bespectacled girl opened the door. “Are you the new day-brat? Elizabeth Bickley at your service.”

Crestfallen at being thus addressed, I meekly introduced myself and was then taken on a whirlwind tour, viewing pet sheds, the Rockery, Sanatorium, more Tennis Courts, Hockey, Football and Cricket Pitches, a glimpse into the delightful Swimming Baths, onward to the Gymnasium, Biology Lab, Geography Room, Art Room, numerous shabby boys’ classrooms with ancient, carved desks and then on to the more impressive Dining Hall and superb Library.

Next, I explored the girls’ dormitories where, Elizabeth informed me, she slept in

great discomfort on an iron bedstead with a straw mattress.

Another maze of corridors and we entered a stone-floored playroom where boarders’ trunks were kept.

“Here they hand out dry bread and dripping at recess but, to be lucky, you must move fast. It certainly tastes better than the boiled fish and semolina we have to suffer at lunch,” said my new companion.

“By the way, do you want to visit fairyland before we go into Assembly?” she enquired, throwing open another door and pointing to a row of lavatories. “The boys call theirs bogs.” (These were, indeed, Fairyland to me – my village home in Great Sampford had no running water, no electricity and only a bucket privy at the end of the garden, visited by torchlight or candle if used in the hours of darkness).

Suddenly a bell rang, summoning us to Assembly. My new life was about to commence, one that heralded many lasting friendships and experiences so foreign to those of my isolated village.

Cyril Mummery and Eric Lenz were newcomers on that same day in 1943, both excellent teachers. I owe my love of poetry to the former whose rich voice reciting Tam O’Shanter and many other poems I shall never forget. Perhaps Eric Lenz may remember the day brat who presented him with a live crayfish from her village River Pant, in a milk can, whilst he and his wife, Marie, were still in bed early one morning at Hillcroft. – sorry, Eric.

Happy Days. Thanks for having me.

Who remembers the big freeze of 1947? I remember helping to shovel coke towards the boiler at the back of the old Gym for several days until it was all consumed, and still the freeze went

on, with ice-skating on the frozen small lake between the Swimming Pool and the road.

David Tregear

THE GARCIAS

told by Helvecia

On the 23rd May 1937, my brother, sister, myself and over three thousand other children arrived at Southampton in the ship "Habana". There were also some adults-teachers, assistants and priests. There had been a military coup in Spain on the 18th July 1936, which turned into a civil war, and that was the cause of our journey. I was fourteen years old, my brother was ten and my sister eight.

We had been evacuated from Bilbao because the Fascist troops were closing around the Basque country and Bilbao being an industrial city, was being bombed constantly and food was very scarce. The Basque government had appealed to foreign nations to take refugees, and, after pressure from the National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief and much deliberation on the part of the British Government, in April 1937 the Home Secretary gave permission for 4000 Basque children to come to Britain, with some conditions.

It was not until May 18th that the Government's agreement was finally obtained. Leah Manning of Spanish National Aid and Edith Pye of the Society of Friends were sent to Bilbao to make the evacuation arrangements. They arrived on the 24th April, just two days before Guernica was destroyed in an air-raid. This was neither an industrial city nor a military target. The world was shocked by this outrage and there is little doubt that this hastened our evacuation.

From the ship, we were taken in coaches to Stoneham Camp in Eastleigh. A few days later the first 400 children left for the Salvation Army's Training Centre which was to be their

Home for the Homeless

*During the 1930s and 1940s, many young people, forced from their homes in Europe, found sanctuary at the School
Here are some of their stories*



Elvio, Delia and Helvecia Garcia, fugitives from the Spanish Civil War
Photo by Stanley G King Beer

hostel. I left in August in a small group of 22 children and three adults to go to The Oaks in Carshalton, Surrey.

One of the three adults at the Carshalton home was a teacher and the other two assistant helpers. We had lessons every morning. There was a Spanish speaking English matron as well as a cook. Three months before we came to Saffron Walden, it had been arranged for these older children to go, full time, to a local school.

The Committee ran adverts in newspapers asking people to foster a child for a weekly ten

shillings towards its maintenance. The response was good. Mr and Mrs Cadbury fostered my sister Delia and also sent her a gift. I wrote to thank them and so they found out Delia had a sister. Shortly afterwards they took us out for the day and I told them about our brother Elvio. From then on we were all in regular touch.

With the end of the Spanish Civil War and Franco's victory, Mr and Mrs Cadbury realised we were terribly upset. They became concerned about our situation wanting to know if we heard anything from our family. I told them that we had received some letters with the news that our eldest brother, the bread winner for the family since the death of my father in 1933, was in prison. He had been fighting for the Republicans and my mother wanted us to remain in England for the time being. The Cadburys told us not to worry, they would see how they could help us. They eventually adopted us, even though they had two lovely daughters of their own.

After all the official papers were signed, we were asked if we would like to go to an English boarding school; we said yes on condition we could spend our holidays with the other children at the Oaks. They readily agreed, being just as anxious as us that we should keep in touch with our friends. And that was how we came to Saffron Walden in March 1939. It had to be a co-educational school and though we saw a few others it was to Saffron Walden that we came.

I stayed at the School until the end of the summer term in 1940, but Elvio and Delia stayed on. Most of our Spanish friends from the Oaks had returned to Spain.

We all survived to see in the new Millennium but, sadly, Delia died in 2001.

IRENE DAVID

As a young child, I used to lean out of my window in Berlin and listen to the Hitler Youth Singing. I thought the Horst Wessel Song, the Nazi Party anthem, was the loveliest and most melodious tune I had ever heard. I saw them as becoming, all these young boys and girls in what I felt was such a super light brown uniform with a red armband, white circle and black swastika.

One could hear the thumping of boots as they marched nearer and nearer, and then you saw the swastika flags, and all I wanted was to join in and march and sing with them. I got the chance to shout 'Sieg Heil' and 'Heil Hitler' when I lay in the bath at night, singing their Horst Wessel Song, and I knew every word but had no idea what it meant. To me it meant togetherness. "Please let me join the Hitler Youth", I begged my parents. They were horrified.

Conditions became increasingly difficult for Jewish people until, eventually, Irene's parents went into hiding.

I wondered where my parents had gone to so suddenly and what friends they could be visiting, and then the most awful day arrived. The Nazis kicked my dog - they kicked my beloved Sherry and laughed at her whimpering. . . Tante Julia (Irene's step-grandmother who was not Jewish) told them that my parents were away; then they looked at me and asked me if I was the daughter.



Tante Julia answered for me and said that I was the youngest. They then turned to her and said that if my father did not report to the police within 24 hours, they would come for me. . . . My father departed carrying his officer's sword from the First World War. He told us that when they saw that he had been a German officer in the First World War they would surely let him go. But of course they didn't. . . .

Irene's father did return home:

An awful, frightening sight greeted me. There was my father, and he was weeping quite uncontrollably, and he had no hair at all. All his black hair had been shaved, his head was bare and he looked so very, very thin and pale and quite

dreadfully ill. . . .

The reason for his release:

. . . the Nazis needed him to liquidate the bank in which he and my mother's second brother were equal partners since my grandfather's death. . . . He had to sign endless papers and had been ordered to leave Germany after the business had been sorted out and the bank handed over to the Nazis.

At the earliest opportunity, Irene's parents sent her to England. She made the journey accompanied by Tante Julia. All went well until they reached the Belgian border:

The two men in Nazi uniform, who had entered our compartment, shouted at Tante Julia to show her passport and mine. Mine, of course, had a large J for Jew on it, and I was Sara Irene David. On seeing my passport they seemed to go completely mad. . . . They pulled me up, yelled at

me and asked if my surname was indeed David. I nodded . . . As we pulled into Aachen Station, they ordered Tante Julia and me out of the train and pulled our belongings from the luggage rack and threw them onto the platform. More SA and SS men awaited us on the platform, and with horrified eyes Tante Julia and I saw the train move out of the station . . .

They dragged me along the platform between them, and Tante Julia followed as fast as she could. I was taken to some rooms where men were waiting for us and they started to question me about my family, my father, my home. . . . And then I was dragged away from Tante Julia and handed over to two huge Nazi-uniformed women. They put me in a room and stripped me naked. What they were looking for I had no idea, but they looked thoroughly and brutally everywhere on my body. Finding nothing, they then abandoned me. . . . And then Tante Julia was brought in - she had also been searched . . . What I was quite unaware of at the time, but told about much later, was that Tante Julia actually had some of my mother's jewellery on her to take to England, unbeknown to the Nazis, to deposit in a bank until such time as my parents should need it. . . . throughout the interrogation Tante Julia had bravely held these precious jewels in her hand.

Irene arrived in Saffron Walden in 1942 and stayed for two years. She did not find it easy. She found that some youngsters did not accept her strong German accent and she had to fight for her place in society.

However, the School must have made a positive impression on her. She sent her son to the Junior House, run by Jeanne Barrie, and he stayed on, through the main Schoool, to become Head Boy.

The quotations are from Irene's book, *Out of Nazi Germany and Trying to Find my Way*, published by Minerva Press, 2000.

PAUL HONIGMANN

I was born in 1933 in a zoo! My father was director of the Breslau Zoo which was then in German Silesia but which, since 1945, has been part of Poland. A few months after my birth, my father was dismissed for being Jewish. It is perhaps surprising that he was not sacked as soon as the Nazis came to power in January 1933. My father had a rather indiscreet sense of humour and, when showing visitors round the Primate House, he was overheard saying that the apes did not have to carry a certificate of racial purity. I am told that he sued for unfair dismissal and actually won his case. We discovered recently that, for this outrage, he was put on a list of those to be liquidated as soon as the Nazi invasion of the UK was successfully completed.

My father did not wish to leave his homeland, believing that this "bunch of crooks" would be kicked out of office within months, but, my (non-Jewish) mother was much more far sighted and insisted that we leave. My father was lucky to have international zoological connections. Julian Huxley, then Superintendent of the Zoological Society of London, found him a post at Regents Park, which enabled



my father to obtain, in 1935, Home Office entry permits for himself, my mother and their three sons. We were therefore extremely fortunate and early refugees.

In 1937 my father was appointed Scientific Director of the (about to open) zoo at Dudley in the West Midlands. It was there that my parents first had contact with Friends because, I believe, the Cadbury Family held a garden party at Bournville for all known refugees in the area. My parents became friendly with a number of Quakers, particularly John S. Stephens, a lecturer at Birmingham University (and much later Alice Kendon's father in-law!).

My father died in 1943 in Glasgow, where we had lived since 1940. My mother was left virtually penniless and we moved to London where we had a number of relatives and friends from Germany. She went to work in a rag-factory where children's toys were made from bits of cloth too small to be used for utility clothes. Later she worked as a doctor's receptionist and as a laboratory assistant for a scientist researching the effects of DDT on flies and, finally, at London Zoo until she retired. For about seven years my mother and I lived in a bedsitting room. She cooked on an electric ring balanced on her suitcases. Our water was stored in buckets brought up from the bathroom on the floor below. Not surprisingly, my mother, who looked after her children tenaciously through all adversities, wanted me to be educated in a more congenial environment.

It goes without saying that my years at FSSW were among the most important of my life. I went there as a sickly, nervous and homesick eleven year old. I was fortunate in belonging to a loving and united family but, inevitably, there were fears and insecurities for an impoverished, fatherless child in a foreign country. Friends' School provided a larger family in which one learned equality, regardless of income or background, security, purpose, duty and self-confidence. Put this way, the words may seem trite. But, as I believe I have enjoyed a happy and successful life and, if I have been able to cope with life's more tragic times, it is because FSSW provided me with such a sure and secure foundation.

I would like to emphasise, however, that although my family endured some hardship, the brunt of which was borne by my mother, there were many refugee children, both at Walden and elsewhere, whose problems were immeasurably worse than my own, and who carry the scars to this day. I hope that their stories will also be recorded here. Meanwhile, I shall never forget that I was one of the lucky ones.

Paul practised as a solicitor and is a Governor of the School

CHRISTOPHE GRILLET

Arriving in 1937 feeling very shy and vulnerable with very little French and even less English . . . Finding friendship and curiosity, an unlikely mixture. Also great surprise by helpfulness from everyone, including the prefects (an element and a behaviour I am not used to).

Also lost, being separated from my sister, Elisabeth (now Seale) – another radical difference from the French habits in our previous, Parisian, school life.

I soon connected with some Spanish children and gradually improved my English language and learned the Quaker habits which were very strange to us.

It was not our habit to address teachers so directly and without being spoken to first. Nor were we used to older children (prefects) who behaved with discipline and were helpful to younger pupils.

I have to express my surprise at the hesitations shown in the entry scribbled above. It shows an unexpected emotion which this dive into that piece of my adolescent past has awakened. It is a happy emotion.

MICHAEL ROSSMAN

In the last few years I have had quite a few enquiries about my earlier life which has made me think a little more about these long ago unhappy times. It is of course the pre-WW2 events which eventually brought me to Walden. Thus I could argue how fortunate I was because I doubt that I could have had such a good educational and humane foundation to my adult life in Germany.

I was born in Frankfurt (Main), Germany in 1930. Although at the time the fact that my mother was of Jewish descent was probably not considered relevant, it soon became of utmost importance. My mother's family was of a liberal, middle class background including scholars and business men. She was an artist, having been trained in the politically turbulent Bauhaus in Weimar. She became a journalist for *Die Frankfurter Zeitung*, writing about local history and illustrating her articles with beautiful sketches of old Frankfurt and its surroundings.

I still have a collection of her work. My mother joined the Young Society of Friends in Germany soon after WW1, inspired by the Friends' Service Committee concern about the famine in Germany. There was a small Quaker meeting in Frankfurt. Occasionally my mother took me to meeting and taught me to understand and appreciate the silent "Andacht".

As I approached school years the situation in Germany had become tense. My mother had divorced (although this was not as a consequence of the political situation) and we lived with my grandmother. I was soon recognised as the little Jewish boy by teachers and kids, all of whom enjoyed

beating me frequently. The walks to and from school became a daily terror. Fortunately there was one teacher who kindly protected me as far as he could, although I suspect this was rather dangerous for him. Eventually, in early 1939, my mother was able to arrange for me to become a boarder at the international Quaker School "Eerde" in Holland.

Although I could now live without fear, at the age of eight and a half, I missed my home and had learning difficulties. In the summer of 1939 my mother and grandmother immigrated to England and I joined them for the summer holidays. But a few days before I was to travel back to Holland the war broke out and it now became difficult to cross the Channel. I therefore had to stay in England.

Somehow I was able to learn English without noticing it. By my first Christmas I was avidly reading English books (*Dr. Dolittle* . . .). Indeed this was quite a change because with my learning difficulties I had never before enjoyed reading for pleasure. However the environment of being at home and having no fear made learning a pleasure. I soon started to enjoy school. My mother was anxious for me to have a good education and the English Quaker boarding schools were an obvious choice in her mind, although I would have preferred to stay at home. I sat for a bursary test at Friends' House in London. I know I must have done very badly in these tests where we had to decode some secret writing which I completely failed to do. Nevertheless I was awarded a bursary which made it possible for me to go to Walden in the autumn of 1942.

Although I think I did quite well at school even from the beginning, it took me perhaps a year or so to think of school as a place I liked to be. But as you know, with the



passage of time, the experience and opportunities provided were of incredible importance to me.

In the early years we took the "squash" from Liverpool Street Station every beginning of term. By the time I was a sixth former the war had ended and I was cycling from London to school. The end of the war also brought an end to some of the more dreary aspects of school. I remember the taking down of the special bomb-blast protection wall outside the boys fourth form room (see page 65). Gerald Littleboy was a great person with the sledge hammer. This wall had made the inside rooms dark and dingy over the war period. I also remember having to crawl under our beds when there was a "doodlebug" alert. One of these blew out a whole lot of windows, fortunately during a holiday period.

Michael went on to a distinguished scientific career – see page 85

FULVIO CASSUTO

I arrived in England in September 1939 from Trieste in Italy together with my mother, one brother and sister. My father was already in London working for the Italian service of the BBC. He had to leave Italy in a hurry because he was of Jewish extraction and an anti-fascist journalist and considered *persona non grata* in his homeland. I could not speak a word of English and attended a local primary school in Wembley, Middlesex.

In 1941, at the time of the heavy bombing of London, my parents wanted to put me in a school outside the danger area and the Friends' School in Saffron Walden was chosen because a colleague of my father at the BBC had his son, Anthony Marus, already there. Also, another colleague who lived next door to us in Wembley was prepared to put his son, John Plank, in the same school at the same time. And so the two of us went there to join Marus.

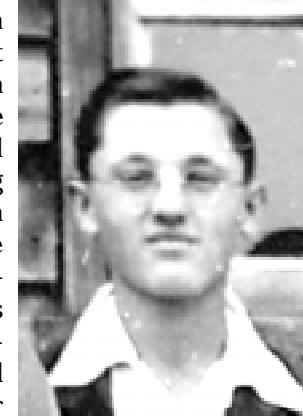
We were all about the same age and with the same backgrounds. We were all Catholic and, as Italians, we were considered by many as foreigners from a country that was a fascist regime and allied to Hitler's Germany in World War II. We managed to survive the initial 'rejection' and were eventually accepted as loyal brothers and supporters to the allied cause. We were not brilliant scholars but we all became popular, particularly in sporting activities. Marus was a good swimmer and John Plank and myself were in the first team for both cricket and soccer. Marus left the school after two or three years and John and I stayed on for Matric. I eventually left in 1948 after unsuccessfully trying for Higher School Certificate.

I worked for Lloyds Bank for three years

and played in their first team at soccer, but then left to enter the publishing world as an advertising salesman which appealed to me more than journalism which was my father's career. I travelled extensively for my work as Advertising Manager of *The Statist*, a weekly financial magazine and, after two visits to South Africa, I was offered a job as Advertisement Manager of the *Financial Mail* the leading financial and business weekly in South Africa. I arrived in South Africa in 1966 together with my wife Clara and two daughters Paola and Daniela age seven and five (I was married in 1958 and Donn Webb was my best man).

I eventually became General Manager of advertising, the *Financial Mail* until I retired in 1995. I was, however, kept on as a consultant and now at the age of 70 am still working for the same publication and I am very happy. I was divorced from Clara in 1983 and remarried, in 1990, with Carol de Leef, a South African lady from whom I was divorced in 1993.

I am now married for the third time to another South African lady, Roslyn Cathro – it happened on the last day of the century 31 December 1999 in Cape Town. I now have four grandchildren. I last visited Saffron Walden in 1995 for the 50th Anniversary of the end of the War and was very pleased to recognise so many of my fellow scholars whom I remembered so well.



JOHN PLANK

I was born in Rome in 1929. My father was an Englishman, my mother Italian by birth, but on marrying my father, she automatically became a British citizen.

We lived in Italy through the Mussolini years until 1940, when Italy declared war on Britain and we had to leave. If we had stayed on, we would all have been interned for the duration of the war. Fortunately, we were able to board the last diplomatic ship to leave Italy for England. On our arrival in England I attended various schools in the London suburb of Wembley, and at the same time learnt to speak English.

Once we had settled down, my parents were anxious for me to have a good education. They somehow got to hear of a certain Friends' School in Saffron Walden. Though a Roman Catholic, I was accepted by the school in 1942. Fulvio Cassuto and myself were possibly the first Roman Catholics to be accepted by, and to attend, FSSW.

I owe so much to the School. It taught me to be tolerant of, and understand, other people's points of view and opinions. The School was instrumental in helping me to settle down after the traumatic ordeal and upheaval I had experienced on leaving Italy. It gave me the chance of learning, thoroughly, a new language and culture and thus be able to start a new life here. I will always be grateful to the School for the way it helped me to cope with post-school life and the later considerable success of my business career.

ANNA & NAOMI SARGANT

Naomi writes:

Saffron Walden (for that is what I still always call the school) was exceptionally important to me. Our parents had separated before the war, and our mother had misguidedly attempted to take us back in Spring 1938 to live in her home country, Czechoslovakia. We returned to England in September 1938, not technically as refugees or aliens, but definitely 'displaced' when Hitler invaded the Sudetenland, and Chamberlain referred notoriously to 'that small country, rather far away, about which we know little'. The journey was not without incident. The guards at the border banged on the door, but they had been bribed to say that my mother was an English lady!

She was to start to work for Jan Masaryk, then Foreign Minister in the Czech Government-in-exile, and the Friends School was suggested to her by a lovely Harpenden Quaker, Christabel Mennell, as she was going to have to travel a lot for her job. The war had hotted up, and dog-fights with German planes had already reached us. I started (age seven) as a boarder in the Junior House, while Anna (at eleven) was in Big School. We had already been boarders at St George's Harpenden in 1938, when I was four!



Anna (top) and Naomi in their navy Sunday dresses

MARTIN & RUTH MICHAELIS

The Reunion in 1995 of all the Friends' Schools pupils of the war years was a very moving experience for me. It was of course, enhanced by my husband, my brother and his wife being there with me. I remember talking and talking, listening to and sharing experiences of our times at the School and life's vicissitudes since. It was an enlightening experience to learn how many other children the School had rescued from difficulties, apart from myself and my brother. My memories of Junior House in 1941 to 1943 were always exceptionally good ones in what for me was an exceptionally difficult childhood, and these memories were enriched by the reunion which made me realise that these two years had had a lifetime effect on me.

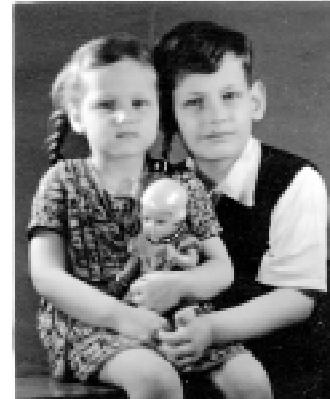
I came to England with my brother, Martin, three years older than me, in 1939 as part of the Kindertransport which brought about 10,000 mainly Jewish children away from Nazi persecution in continental Europe between Kristallnacht, 9 November 1938 and the outbreak of war on 1 September 1939.

At the time of my coming to England my only thoughts were about how to survive after my parents, home, language and everything familiar had disappeared – except my brother upon whom I relied as a substitute mother. The world had suddenly gone mad. Nothing made sense any more, but my brother had answers to all my questions. My main desire was to keep up with everything he did. Learning to read and write English, memorise

poems etc. were all easy compared with my constantly failing attempts to fathom what the grown-ups wanted of me. Our first foster parents (we were fostered by three families) had no children of their own and in retrospect, I think were ignorant rather than cruel in their management of us. My biggest problem was bed-wetting. I knew what to do, but all my efforts failed. I still remember vivid dreams of walking along the corridor in my bare feet on the cold floor and sitting on the cold rim of the toilet only to be awoken by the warm wet flow in my bed! Nothing helped and certainly not the beatings meted out to me by my foster-mother with a leather strap.

When I arrived at the Friends' School and was taken into the dormitory to choose my bed, I broke down in tears, unable to talk for sobbing. A kindly person, Mrs Stubbs, calmed me and when I was able to tell her my fear of wetting the bed, she told me that most children did so to start with and she showed me how every bed had a rubber mattress cover so that it did not matter. As far as my memory goes, my anxiety vanished and I was cured. I don't know now whether or not I wet my bed in Junior House but no-one said anything about it. It was no longer a problem.

I couldn't have been an easy child. With the lifting of the harshness that had made me so fearful, I became a very energetic



lively person. I remember racing round and round the garden and orchard out of sheer high spirits. I was forever being told to be quieter, but never harshly and always with explanations I could understand.

To my chagrin, because I was the youngest, I found myself the last in the line of children when we formed a line. But, to my surprise I was the only one who could read fluently. I proudly disdained the class reading books, but this proved no problem. The teacher carefully explained that I should not make the others feel bad by boasting and she found me an endless supply of really interesting story books which I devoured avidly and took no more attention away from the needy ones. Most importantly, the Junior House staff arranged for me to meet my brother, who was in the main school, regularly and spend time with him. We had a secret language, which I have sadly forgotten, just in case anyone overheard and reported us to our harsh foster-parents.

My teachers at the Friends' School did so much for me, more than I realised at the time, and so I was not able to thank them. I was lucky to have mostly very understanding teachers in all the other three schools I went on to. It was inevitable that, in due course, I would become a teacher myself to express my thanks to all the teachers who had given me so much when I was most in need of it. I taught in five secondary schools for nineteen years, each with greater problems than the last. The first was a grammar school and the other four were comprehensive schools under crippling stress from inter-racial hostilities and too high a proportion of children from non-coping families. My interest was always mainly in the most disturbed and disturbing children as I knew with certainty that if I had

been sent to those schools, instead of the Friends' School followed by small country schools, I would have been one of the disturbed and disruptive ones. My greatest achievement in schools was a GCSE course in Child Development, for which I wrote a text book and I became chief examiner for the SW CSE Board.

I am now nineteen years into my second career as a psychotherapist. Again it was inevitable that I would need to resolve my inability to understand what my foster-parents wanted of me, and understand myself, through studying human behaviour and unconscious functioning. Since 1989, when I attended the first Kindertransport Reunion, I began to realise just how much I had kept myself unaware of knowledge about the Holocaust and WWII. To repossess it I had to come to terms with the guilt of having survived – the feeling that one of those millions of murdered children would have made better use of life than I did. Since then I have been working increasingly with people affected by the Holocaust – in individual therapy, in groups and, recently, in dialogues between the generations and between Jews and Germans. I work in projects with teachers and schools to develop Holocaust Education. In my opinion, the only possibility to reduce hostile prejudice and envy that lead to violence, murder and ‘ethnic cleansing’ is through education of the sort that provides opportunities for the young to listen to real experiences of the Holocaust – ‘live witnesses’ or ‘Zeitzeuge’.

Another memory of the Friends' School was of going in a school group to the weekly Meetings, a very different experience from going to church every Sunday with our foster-parents. That first experience of worship had

made no sense to me: people had sung beautiful hymns and made good-sounding speeches about good deeds; but as soon as we had got home our foster-mother was as harsh and angry as ever. In comparison, Meetings were quiet and serene and there were restful silences. I have often wondered why it was so easy for me to sit silently in those meetings when most of the time I couldn't sit still or be quiet. I don't suppose, at age six to eight, I could have understood much of what was said but I experienced them as genuine and purposeful. I have always admired the Quakers for their respect for and acceptance of other people's views and beliefs different from their own and have made this my own aim.

My one complaint about the Quakers is their policy of destroying the documentation of their projects and 'good deeds' after completion. This is a sad loss to researchers and archivists and through them to posterity. Due to this, I have not been able to establish whether it was the Quakers who sponsored my brother and me coming to England with the Kindertransport. I imagine it must have been so, otherwise why would we have been sent to the Friends' School?

and Finally . . .

I have my own story which goes back to 1898. My grandparents were on the boat from Russia and it stopped in Hamburg. My grandfather went ashore on his own to explore the town. In the evening, he returned to the boat and told my grandmother: "The Germans are not nice people." Perhaps not politically correct and not Quakerly, but they were simple people and they continued on their journey to London from where, eventually, my sister, Muriel, and I found our way to Saffron Walden.

Unorganised Games

Unorganised, or ‘disorganised’ games, as one OS describes them “were the best fun”. On Saturday evenings there was Terza and Hicockalorum. First man stands against a wall as post”. Numbers two, three and four scrum down in line against him. The rest of the team take a running jump on to the backs of the scrummers, one after the other; the maximum number to stay up represents the target for the other team. (A better version for this was the whole of one team to scrum down and it remained for the opposing team to see for how soon and for how few jumpers the first team could be made to collapse, a real tussle of strength and toughness, accompanied by general groans of strain). There was also Puddox, a cross between rounders and cricket, a game taken over from Free Church Camps. There was, too, golf on the field consisting of hitting the ball as far as possible; tennis on grass courts, occasional paper chases, and treasure hunts, especially on the occasion of House Socials. There were enormous teas provided on these occasions, followed by bathes, mixed in the 30s. Farrand remembers the fantastic display of self-sacrifice, when the largest girl in the School, Honor Liddle, was persuaded to do a Honeypot from the top board amid enormous cheers. The whole surrounds were swamped for minutes, it seemed.

Many of these unorganised games disappeared, but others spontaneously sprang up in their places. Skating in the playground was indulged in from time to time – even by younger members of Staff – on borrowed skates.



Bad Eggs – Chris Timms on the receiving end of a Bung

My Skates

When I first joined the ‘family’ in the Junior House, I was very envious of the other juniors – they had roller skates and I pestered my parents to buy me a pair (at Godfrey’s – are they still there?). The skates were part of my life for most of the next ten years. I can still picture myself racing down the boys’ playground and jumping the steps down to the girls’ for a glide and twirl at the other end. I wonder how many of you remember the old hockey sticks especially kept for the games of hockey we played on skates on those playgrounds – great fun.

And guess what . . . I have, in one of our cupboards, my pair of roller skates, now approaching their diamond jubilee.

Judith Layng

Bad Eggs

The sunken area of the boys’ asphalt will live in most memories as the venue for *Bad Eggs*, a game probably exclusive to Walden. The only organised game permitted before the end of Evening Meeting on Sunday. It was played between lunch and pig drive. Each player was numbered and the game commenced with number one throwing the ball against the angle made by the Library wall and the School building, calling out a number. Once the designated player had the ball in his grasp, other players stood rooted to the spot. The object was for the designated player to hit one of his opponents with the ball, to which end he was allowed to take three paces.

Successful, and a Bad Egg was scored – a miss and the Bad Egg went the other way. Three Bad Eggs you ran the gauntlet; six meant a Bung bent double against the Library wall, your fellow players having a free throw against your unprotected backside. It was a game inviting subterfuge, cunning and some indignity.

Other Activities included:

Skating

Table Tennis

Five-a-side Football

Keep-ups – hitting a tennis ball against the end wall of the classroom block at the boys’ end, the ground floor window having been bricked over for the duration of the war as a precaution.

Monkey House – a game of tag played in the Gymnasium with every piece of apparatus available. This was supervised by BBJ (Geography) although, if memory serves, there were no accidents.

Michael How

FOOD

Drawings by Marygold Lansdell

The Bill of Fare in Clerkenwell

Standing Minutes (1701-1792) Food as follows:

| | Breakfast | Dinner | Supper |
|-------|------------------------|------------------------------------|---------------|
| Day 1 | Butter, Beer, Bread | Bread, Mutton | Cheese, Bread |
| Day 2 | Mutton Pottage, Bread | Pease either as Pudding or Pottage | Cheese, Bread |
| Day 3 | Bread, Butter | Bread, Beef Pottage | Butter |
| Day 4 | as Day 3 | Furmitry and Bread | as Day 2 |
| Day 5 | as Day 3 | as Day 3 | as Day 3 |
| Day 6 | as Day 3 | Pudding Pies | as Day 3 |
| Day 7 | Water, Gruel and Bread | Tripe as Before | as Day 3 |

Cicely Rawlings – 1920s At 7.15 am we had fifteen minutes of Bible reading and then down to breakfast. At the beginning and end of meals we always observed a silence and Mr Rowntree read a passage from the Bible at the end of breakfast. There was then a short time before lessons at 9 am when we could either prepare our lessons or have music practice. Recess was at 11 am when two baskets of crusty bread were put in the playroom. There was always a rush to get a piece, as by that time we were hungry. At this time we could also walk in the Avenue so brothers, sisters and friends could meet.

Robert Dunstan – 1940s

In 1945 I spent a short spell in Junior School literally just after WWII and can still remember the arrival of the first post-war bananas.

I was playing innocently at the time (probably not where I was supposed to be) when everyone but me was issued with a banana. I can remember my distress when I discovered there was no banana for me, and to be honest I have never really come to terms with that loss and the unfairness of it all so many years ago!

Godfrey Pratt – 1930s

As a very small scholar I was impressed by the sight, on Top Table for staff breakfast, of a ham, splendidly displayed on a china pedestal. It may have been only on Sundays or other special occasions, as I doubt if even the staff ate very extravagantly in pre-war days. On Fridays, in those days, the main course at lunch was soup accompanied by mashed potato and a chunk of cheese which, if cut into pieces and immersed in the hot soup, developed a delightfully rubbery texture.

Glossary – 1940s

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| Dishwater | <i>Tea</i> |
| Chaff | <i>Bread</i> |
| Tack | <i>Butter or margarine</i> |
| Frogspawn | <i>Sago pudding</i> |
| Accident in the Alps | <i>Rice pudding with red jam</i> |
| Stodge | <i>Steamed pudding</i> |
| Flat Meat | <i>Cold roast meat reheated in gravy</i> |
| Begging | <i>Searching for second helpings from other tables</i> |

Pat & Donn Webb

Peter Joselin – 1940s

Part of the sugar ration was given out each week for personal use on cereal, in tea, and so on, with the kitchen keeping the rest for cooking. I used to save as much as I could because, with rationing, to take a large tin of sugar home to my mother each holiday was the best present I could give her. To this day I do not use sugar in tea.

Nigel Weaver – 1950s

Memories of FSSW always become more benign with the passage of time, but one of some immediacy for most of my junior years was the importance of food. Sweets were rationed; sugar for cereal and beverages was limited to one small honey pot full per week, meal portions were strictly controlled, pocket money was restricted on the advice of the School and we at the Boys' End always seemed to be hungry! Anybody not using their sweet ration of four ounces per week could trade it at a vast profit.



The Dining Room in 1950

Charles Kohler – 1920s

At breakfast and midday the children mixed up, a boy sitting next to a girl, but at tea time the boys sat together at long tables on one side of the room, the girls on the other side. Top Table stood on a raised platform. Masters and mistresses were already there, each standing behind his or her chair. At the centre of Top Table stood Mr Rowntree, rocking nervously on his toes. When all the children were assembled he sat down. A grating, scraping and coughing as teachers and children pulled out their chairs and followed his lead. Two hundred heads were lowered, a moment of silence and then a tumult of talk, laughter and clatter of crockery.

In front of each child lay a bowl, a plate, a spoon and a knife. The meal was the same as breakfast: baskets with chunks of bread – ‘bricks’ – huge jugs of cold milk, slabs of margarine. It was the last meal of the day and we made the most of it. As it was the beginning of term, nearly everyone had brought in ‘extras’ such as a pot of jam, marmite or fish paste. A few boys were flavouring their milk with Camp Coffee essence. Most children brought with them a story book. We were encouraged at breakfast and tea – but not at midday dinner – to read after finishing our meal. from *Unwillingly to School*.

Glynn Abrey 1940s tells of a farmer’s son who was not keen on sports and would therefore volunteer to do the Saturday run to Bacon’s Fish Shop in Station Street. You will remember that there was generally chips at Saturday supper – and these Richard collected, in steel containers, on a two-wheel hand cart and, of course, he had various people to assist him. Collection time was supposed to be 4.30 pm but Richard used to take his cart to Bacons about 2.00 pm and then slide into the Ritz Cinema to catch the afternoon show. After the film show, he always came out by the side door to avoid being seen by a teacher. He visited the Ritz Cinema 13 times in a 12 week term – not a bad record!

Susan Fry – 1940s

The food at Saffron Walden was pretty poor during the time I was there (1942-49). I dare say that others may have different memories but this is what I remember.:

Breakfast consisted of cereals or porridge followed by something cooked on four days of the week. There was unlimited bread but only one small pat of butter (or margarine). I can’t remember what we had to drink but I am inclined to think it was tea. On three days (Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday) we had no cooked breakfast but I think that we had a roll each and there was a dish of Jam or marmalade or a strange sort of dark orange jelly.

Lunch was a reasonable meal except for the awful milk puddings that they sometimes made with sweet macaroni and, worse still, pearl barley. I clearly remember the jam roly-poly that oozed with red hot jam and was smothered in custard. There were some who didn’t like the



custard skin – tant mieux for those who did!

Sunday lunch was particularly gruesome. Cold meat, potatoes that had been ‘roasted’ without any fat, sliced beetroot in vinegar. This was followed, in summer, by stewed rhubarb. It took many years before I got to like rhubarb and I have never come to terms with beetroot in vinegar.

For tea we had a cooked meal on four days. Or it might have been a slice of spam, which everyone seemed to like. On Saturday we always had baked beans or tinned spaghetti and, I think I remember that we had chips. These were fetched, by some of the boys, from the town. On the other days we had jam and a small piece of cake of some kind. We had milk to drink at tea time. On Sunday evenings, after Meeting, we had a couple of biscuits each.

I don’t think there was a day when we weren’t hungry. I know that we broke bounds, regularly, if there were Lyons fruit pies to be had at Housdens.

Julia Dyer – 1940s

The School Council consisted of a boy and girl from each age group, some members of staff, the Head Master and Head Mistress.

Anything could be discussed at Council Meetings. We had to report back all that happened and we had to ask permission to discuss anything that I group asked us to - a terrifying, almost paralysing experience! I had to ask whether we could start a Girl Guide group in the School. Even worse, I had to enquire whether the porridge at breakfast could possibly be less lumpy.

Diana Jones – 1950s

In 1952, my second year in the Sixth Form, I decided to make cream cheese. I got the idea partly from the amount of leftover milk and partly from a book (I got most of my bad ideas from books). For a couple of weeks I was very busy letting milk go sour and then carefully decanting it into drawstring bags, three of them in the end, which I then hung in a bundle outside the window of the Girls Sixth Form Room. They dripped busily. The alcove of playground outside shortly became a no go area. Soon after that, girls in the first year Sixth took to hauling the bags up, going 'Yeerk!' and hastily letting them go again. People seriously wanted to know how long it took to make cream cheese. I had no idea. I said airily that I thought a month would do it. Everyone agreed to keep the windows closed until it was ready.

After three weeks, even with the windows closed, the Girls' Sixth Form Room smelt worse than the Boys', where a mouse had been accidentally built into the wall. The mouse was a smell you could get used to: the cheese, somehow, was not. All the same – and looking back on it, I think the rest of the Sixth Form must have been saints – we carried on in spite of warmer weather, until the fateful day when a history lesson was moved to the Sixth Form Room and the Headmistress, Jennie Ellinor, came to take the lesson.

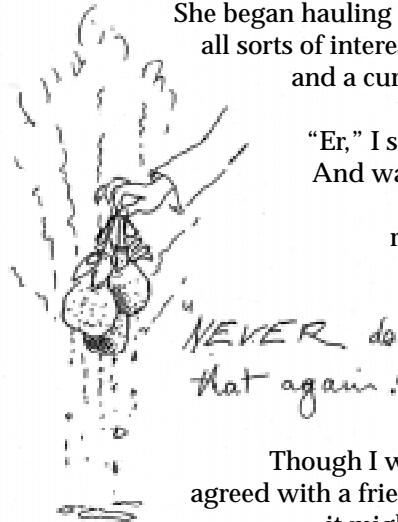
"It's awfully stuffy in here," said she and made for the window.

We had no time for more than croaks of protest before she flung both windows wide. She recoiled. The smell was hideous.

Diane Hollingbery – 1950s

- Have you ever tried to cook tomato soup in the middle of the night over the gas light in the toilet in Hillcroft? We did and yes we did spill some and so got caught by 'Fido' (Miss Yapp). Got sent to the San to do the washing up as a punishment. We also tried to fry mashed potato in a tin lid over the same gas light!
- Wednesday and Sunday mornings some of the older boys went into the town to get rolls for our breakfast – we had marmalade on those days as well – it was gorgeous.
- Saving sugar for my Mum so she could make jam. We all had our own sugar tins so I suppose that sugar was still rationed.

She began hauling in the bags. They were by this time all sorts of interesting colours, green, yellow, brown and a curious red and still weakly dripping.



"What is this?" asked Miss Ellinor. "Er," I said. "I was making cream cheese." And waited for the sky to fall. She merely shot me a terrible look and raced out of the room with the bags dangling at arm's length.

What she did with them I never knew. It was some time before she came back, looking a little grey, and all she said then was, "Never do that again."

Though I was sad to lose my cheese, I secretly agreed with a friend who remarked that she thought it might not have been very nice anyway.

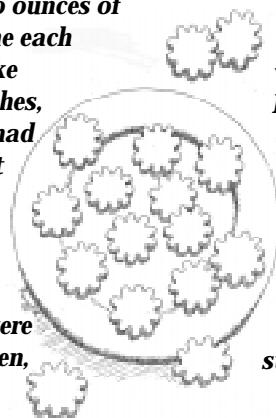
John Robertson – 1950s

Breakfast was cereal or porridge, dispensed from a bowl on each table, followed by a cooked breakfast handed out from a trolley for the head of the table to serve. Toast, butter and marmalade followed, although I must admit that I am finding it difficult to remember the exact details.

Did we have tea to drink, or was it just water?

Naomi Sargent – 1940s

Of course, food was more limited, and rationing continued even into the fifties. We had two ounces of butter and four of margarine each week, which we had to make last in individual butter dishes, and by the end of the week had got pretty rancid. I couldn't stand marge and traded my four ounces for somebody else's two ounces of butter. I still spread butter pretty thinly as a result! Sweets were of course rationed, soon eaten, often stolen from unlocked



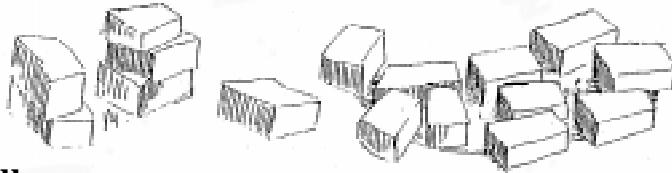
trunks. Substitutes for sweets from the town were lemonade crystals, Ovaltine tablets and Horlicks tablets. The nearest sweet shop was just down by the railway bridge, technically out of bounds on ordinary days but near enough to risk running to.

The treat for tea on Saturday was beans and chips, usually fetched back on a trolley, by senior boys from a fish and chip shop in the town. Baked beans are still one of my favourites as a result and much frowned upon by my continental mother!

Ruth Colbeck – 1970s

I shared a room with two other girls and at the time we were inseparable. Looking back I think we provided security for each other in the place of parents although as we were seventeen I don't think we would have admitted it. I had asked my parents if I could board at Friends' after they separated and I don't think I missed home much because home was not the complete unit it had been.

With these three pals my most vivid memories were of our dormitory life. Our dorm was right at the top of the house under the eaves. We used to giggle for what seemed like ages after lights out about nothing in particular. Maybe because we were so far away from the housemistress's rooms we got away with more than those directly above her. Sometimes we had midnight feasts. These were much tamer than they sounded as we had to book them with Mrs Goldspink (our housemistress) so she would not come in and stop them. We never waited beyond about 9.30 pm I remember but we did plan what we would eat in advance by making cheesecakes in the sixth form common room earlier in the day. So at 9.30 pm we would hop out of bed and sit cross-legged on the dark wooden floorboards and dish out all the goodies. Sometimes we would invite girls from another dormitory but on the whole it was just us – a little clique.



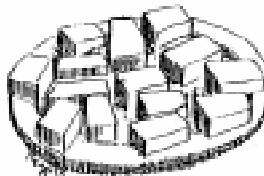
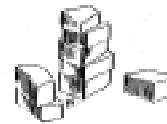
Jan Willson – 1960s

While I was in in the first form – I think it was 1961 – we had the bright idea of using the bunsen burners above the toilet cubicles in the girls' cloakroom, intended to keep the water tanks from freezing, for cooking!

We started slowly, heating baked beans, and we cooked every day for a week, mainly using ingredients that we could bring out of the dining room or get with our fruit allowances in town, until, on the Sunday afternoon, we managed the three course feast. It was magnificent, with all sorts of fry up, including chips (I think probably not normally on the school menu), finishing with tinned fruit and custard, the latter made by boiling milk and adding custard powder and sugar.

We had climbed down from the roof and were just serving it all up in the cloakroom, when Jennie Ellinor walked in. We tried to stand in front of the food to hide it, but you could certainly smell it and our Headmistress was a clever lady. One by one she found us each a job to do, like opening the window,

Julia Dyer – 1940s



The prefects were extremely kind. They made delicious fudge for us on the gas ring in their room. We each had our own sugar tin into which was put our weekly ration. This we saved.

The margarine and/or butter ration was put out in little squares on a plate in the middle of each dining table at breakfast time. We were allowed to take a tin into the dining hall to save this – or were we allowed? I'm not sure – either way we saved our fat ration.

When we had enough ingredients, we took them to the prefects who kindly made them into sweet, sticky squares of fudge – delicious.

Sometimes we made our own sweets out of condensed milk, dried milk, cocoa powder, colouring – in fact anything we could buy.

We were allowed sixpence pocket money a week to be collected on Saturday or in two threepenny instalments on Wednesday and Saturday. We were allowed into the town in groups of three or four.

We mixed our ingredients together and made the mixture into sweets by rolling it into little balls in the palms of our hands. The 'sweets' were then carefully placed along the hot water pipes (behind the coats) in the changing room. They were supposed to harden. We were allotted particular days for hair washing and dried our hair in front of two gas fires fixed at head height in the changing room.

One day our sweet making attempts were discovered. Not only were we given the almost impossible task of cleaning the pipes, we were banned from drying our hair by the changing room fires. Life could be very unfair.



so that soon there became too few of us to hide the spread! Then she made us take our plates and walk with them down the Centre Corridor and into the Dining Room where we had to scrape the uneaten meal into the pig bin. I do not remember anything else by way of a punishment, except that we learned later that Jennie and our parents had a good laugh about it at Parents' Evening, Jennie saying that she had found it very difficult to keep a straight face and would have liked to have commended our ingenuity!

That would still seem to be in keeping with the philosophy of the School, but I am not sure that today's students need to find amusement in that way.

Marygold's Diary

On VE Day, 8 May 1945, Marygold Lansdell began to keep a diary in pictures, covering notable events during that Summer Term. Here are a few pages, starting with the victory celebrations

Official VE Day Programme

Programme for today,
8 May 1945

- 9.30 am School Service
- 10.15 am Boys & girls collects for announcements
- 10.30 am Mixed Hockey.
All group bathes
(details of times later)
Refreshments
- 11.45 am Mock Sports
- 2.00 pm Mixed Cricket Match
Junior Treasure Hunt
- 3.00 pm Broadcast by Prime Minister
- 3.30 pm Interval for Refreshments
- 4.15 pm Senior Treasure Hunt
(won by Katy & Peanut)
Junior 'Sardines'
- 5.30 pm Tea outside
- 6.30 pm Games - Terza,
Rounders, Puddocks,
short dip
- 8.15 pm Lighting of Bonfire & Fireworks
- 9.00 pm King's Speech
- 9.30 pm Refreshments
Bedtime

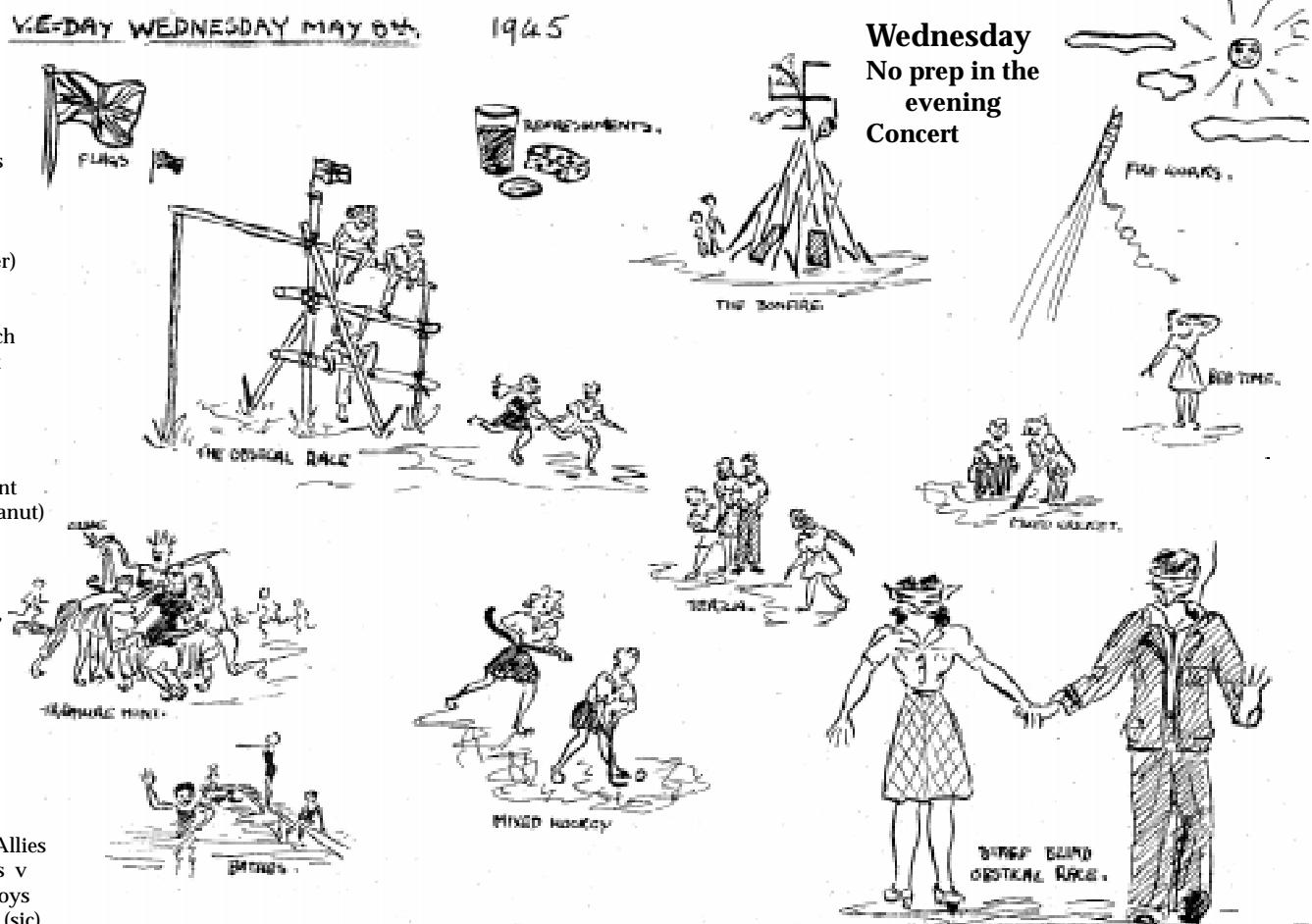
Sports Programme

- 1) Tug of War Enemy v The Allies
ie Masters & 6th form girls v
Mistresses & 6th form boys
- 2) The "Boy Friend" Obstical (sic)

Race

(We will provide a really pre-war line in boy friends for them. Some may be 2nd hand, we fear)

- 3) 6th Form Blind Obstical Race
(All 6th form should attend)



On VE day, Fido and Pumps organized a great school treasure hunt. Katy Procter and I reached the treasure (Fido) at exactly the same time.

Michael Rossman (Peanut)

Valuable prizes may be offered, if the organisers have not already scoffed the lot in celebrating VE Night

Marygold's Diary

Election Day

Thursday, 5 July 1945

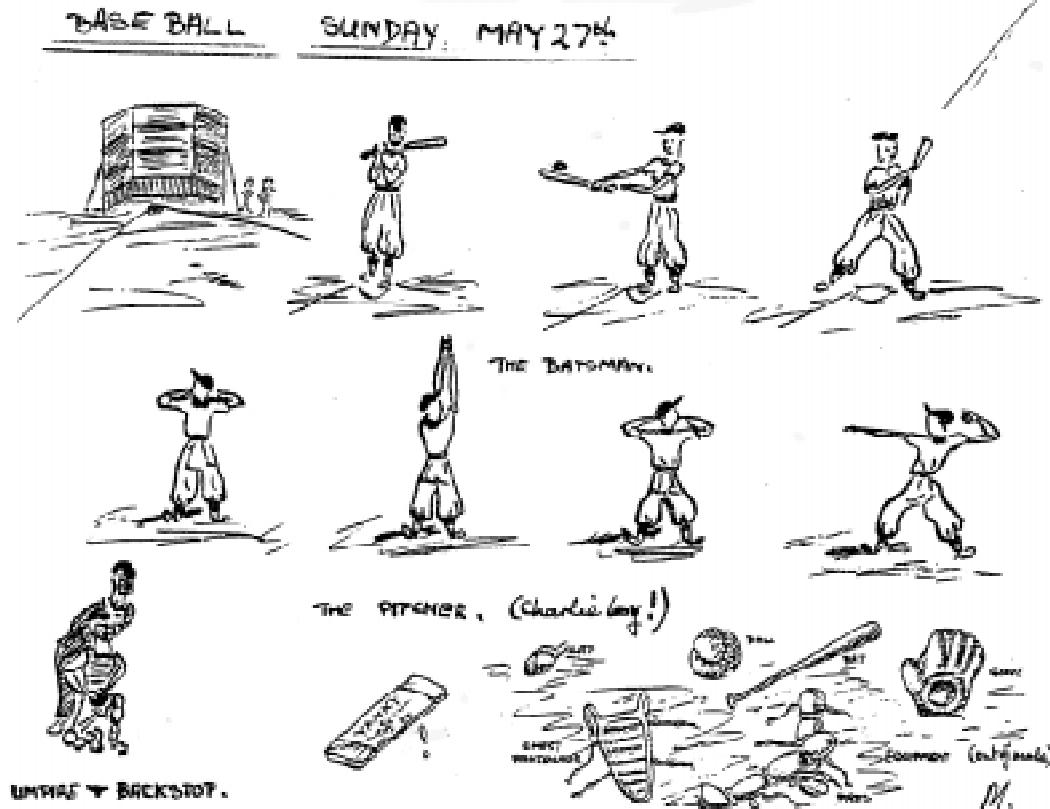
Those who remember the General Election of 1945 will recall the exploits of one Anthony Brooks who made an unscheduled visit to the Chemi Lab where he mixed a potion into a test-tube. He then invited Michael Stoner to accompany him to R A Butler's election meeting in town where he dropped the said test-tube behind a radiator and emptied the hall.

Both Tony and Mike were sent home for the rest of term - Butler was a highly esteemed Minister of Education and Gerald Littleboy had never been seen so angry.

However, in line with the spirit of forgiveness, Tony returned to the School and, later, became a Prefect. The story has passed into FSSW folklore - all thanks to Tony for allowing it to be recounted here.

The Yanks

During the War, the Americans from the Air Force Base at Debden used to come to use the School's facilities for recreation. They used the Swimming Pool at such high temperatures that, after a while, pieces of girder began to fall down into the water. A baseball diamond appeared on the Field, near the Mount Pleasant Road boundary, and crowds would gather there to watch the strange goings-on



VOTE
FOR
BUTLER
TORY

VOTE
FOR
WILSON
LABOUR
COMMUNISM

VOTE
FOR
EDINGER
LIBERAL

VOTE NATIONAL
HELP CHURCHILL
Wilson is your man