THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1911

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

For Saffron Walden

Old Scholars.



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Photo by] [J. E. Walker.

THE DINING HALL.
November, 1911.

THE AVENUE.

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. II. DECEMBER, 1911. No. 6.

FOREWORD.

WE began another year's work in September, with no change on the Staff and with a record number of scholars; our total now reaches 166: 73 girls and 93 boys. We miss those who have been the leaders during the past year, but they take with them our best wishes for their further work, while we welcome 24 new comers.

The School has suffered a loss in the death of Mr. Edmund B. Gibson. He was a member of the School Committee for nearly thirty years, during eight of which he was also Treasurer, and he has always shown interest in the affairs of the School.

Never will the summer weather of 1911 be forgotten. We experienced the beginning of it before our August holiday, and all can testify to its continuance until after our return; for once, summer in England has meant sunshine and blue sky, as well as great enjoyment to the many who lived the simple life in the open air; our holiday memories are of "free air, free field," gloveless hands and tanned faces.

LILIAN PICKARD.

TEN DAYS IN CAMP.

"WHATSTANDWELL!"

This cry was from the only porter on the station of this little village in Derbyshire, three miles from Matlock. It was followed by bundles and bags being thrown from carriage windows on to the platform below. After this little preliminary, a party of boys and young men got out of the train. These, amongst whom I was, were some of those fortunate people who were going to form part of the occupants of the Free Church Camp at Whatstandwell.

After walking for ten minutes along a disused canal, surrounded with the typical Derbyshire scenery, we caught a glimpse of our Camp. It was a beautiful sight to me.

There, in a newly cut meadow stands the camp, consisting of marquees and bell-tents. Behind these rise hills, thickly covered with trees, and tinged with various shades of green. Above these and on the top of the hills stands the half-tumble-down chimney of the lead mines. At the foot of these hills runs the Derwent, overhung by trees and shrubs, and by its side the railway embankment. It was here, in these beautiful surroundings, that we were to live from August 2nd to 12th in the semi-civilised manner of camp.

The Camp was in the shape of a crescent. In the centre of it was the Chapel Tent, on one side there were seven bell tents, the last belonging to the Commandant and the Chaplain, and the next to the doctor. On the other side were five more tents. Along the bottom of the field were other tents. Amongst the latter was the Canteen Tent. On the rare occasions when this was opened we were able to buy such things as chocolates. Next to this was the Mess Tent, in which we had meals.

At meal times, those people who had the strongest voices got served first. Tents took it in turn to serve or do orderly duty. When we wanted anything we shouted. Sometimes

four or five would get together and call out such things as " We want the bread " ! " These are the slackest orderlies we have ever seen ! " This would come from one end of a table, while from other parts such cries as " Orderly, FOOD ! ", " We want BREAD ! ", " Orderly, SQUISH ! " could be heard. All notices, letters, etc., were given out at meal times. The notices would be received in different ways.

Soon after tea, on the first day, our bags and blankets came from the station. These were received with cheers, and soon people began to appear in what were called " respectable clothes." They were certainly more comfortable and more varied ; the colours of some of the football shirts were, if you can imagine it, worse than ours.

In the mornings and evenings games of Puddox were played. Puddox is a camp game that is seldom played elsewhere. It is somewhat like cricket. You have a pitch of ten yards, and three yards from the wicket is the grub line. The ball, which is made of rags, etc., cased with pigskin, has to be bowled slowly, under arm, over this line. The bat is like a cricket bat, except that the blade is round and about three inches in diameter. The game is played pretty much like cricket, only you can't run or be caught out when the ball goes behind the wickets. We had inter-tent competitions at this game, as we did at nearly everything.

At the end of the day we had sing-songs in the Chapel Tent. At these, songs were sung out of " Gaudeamus " by us all, with a few songs and recitations by individuals. But the main feature was always the reading of the contributions to the *Washpot*, the Camp Paper, by the Chaplain. These contributions generally consisted of long yarns about members of the Camp. When trains passed, while the Chaplain was reading these extracts, we used to strike up " Rule Britannia," thus preventing the Chaplain reading, for whilst trains passed, we could not " hear our Chaplain's voice." Often these sing-songs

developed into general rows ; this happened when the conductor chose songs that were not universally liked. Then people in different parts struck up other airs, in voices something above the normal.

Soon after these lively times came Meeting, in the Chapel Tent. These meetings seemed to bind us all together. Two of the officers usually spoke, and then we sang a hymn and retired to our respective tents.

The first bugle went ten minutes after Meeting. The second bugle was the signal for silence in camp ; at these times we tried to read our Bibles by the flickering light of the camp lanterns. At the next bugle, lights were put out and all in camp (about sixty in all) tried to find comfortable positions, and, still more difficult, to get to sleep.

In the mornings we had to turn out at seven o'clock, Bathing Parade being at 7.20. For the latter, we assembled on the field, biscuits were given out and then we went off to bathing. There were three bathing places, one shallow for non-swimmers and two very deep ones with a swift current. We could bathe at these places at any time if we had a tent officer with us.

After breakfast and the short meeting in the Chapel Tent, we made our tents tidy for tent inspection.

On Sunday, one of the lazy tents put opposite their door " Read the Fourth Commandment," and underneath were two bottles of ginger beer labelled, " For the Chaplain and Commandant." These were the two persons who inspected the tents and gave tent marks.

On Wednesday afternoon we went to Wingfield Manor. We arrived there about four o'clock, after climbing up steep, slippery meadows and enjoying some of Derbyshire's prettiest scenery. After tea we played games, and then went back to Camp, marching four abreast and singing Camp songs. The chief of these was an ode to one of the Camp puddings called " Spotted Dog."



THE RIVER DERWENT

By courtesy of the Authorities of the Free Church Camp Movement.

Thursday afternoon was occupied by the Sports. Some of the items were very amusing; for instance, the Chariot Race. The two biggest boys in each tent were blindfolded and driven by the smallest round a course of about 300 yards, with many obstacles. "Sack Bumping" was also an interesting item. A ring was formed by a rope, the occupants of two tents then got into sacks, and had to hold their hands in front of them. When the signal was given they got up from the ground and tried to charge their opponents out of the ring, or make them unclasp their hands. The prizes consisted of very appropriate toys from a penny bazaar. For the hundred yards and the cross country, however, good knives were given to the winners.

But as the poet (?) says "All good things must end," and so did Camp.

Saturday came at last, and with it the striking of tents and the deserting of Camp. But there are memories of Camp that will always be bright in my mind. The feeling that we were all members of one body made us all, new Campers and old, work for the main object of making camp a success.

This Camp was nothing to do with War or Boy Scouts. It was simply a Camp to give schoolboys ten days' enjoyment amongst beautiful scenery. All the boys and officers whom we met were true gentlemen. I hope next year that there will be at camp some more boys from the Friends' School, Saffron Walden. (Fees two guineas each, or 35s. each for brothers).

Bernard F. Deane.

TO OUR READERS.

On the first page of this number of the *Avenue* will be seen, at the beginning of the "Foreword," an ornamental initial letter, designed by Madeline Agnew, and selected from half a dozen designs sent in by various contributors. We invite all our readers to send in similar designs for any letters of the alphabet, also designs for "tail-pieces"—that is small pictures suitable for insertion at the end of an article. The *motif* of the designs should be some object of nature rather than conventional curves; they should be several inches in width, as they are reduced in size during the process of reproduction.

YOUNG FRIENDS' CONFERENCE, SWANWICK, DERBYSHIRE.

August 28th to September 4th, 1911.

SOME 400 Friends and others, the majority of whom would be between eighteen and thirty-five years of age, gathered at The Hayes, Swanwick, for a week under the able Wardenship of Mr. and Mrs. C. I. Evans, the Heads of Leighton Park School.

There were some twenty Friends from Saffron Walden Town and School.

The Hayes, a fine, well-appointed mansion, stands 400 feet above sea-level in a wooded park of forty acres. About 200 of the women were accommodated in the Hostel near by, while 100 men camped in bell tents and marquees. The Hayes is the First Conference Estate, run by a Conference Syndicate, in England.

The object of the Conference, which was an outcome of the Young Friends' Movement, was the study of Christianity and Quakerism from many points of view.

There were inspiring Devotional Meetings and a fine series of lectures. Among the lecturers were A. Neave Brayshaw, Edward Grubb, Seebohm Rowntree, Anne W. Richardson, G. K. Hibbert, Percy Alden, T. R. Glover and Rufus Jones. Debates on questions of immediate moment (The Strike, Peace, etc.) proved invigorating and suggestive. The printed Report should make a deeply interesting study.

The life in Camp was similar to that described in B. F. Deane's paper. Delightful excursions and social gatherings, a sports afternoon and an entertainment, both original in character, were among the activities of a crowded and stimulating week.

The Swanwick Conference cannot fail to have important results for individual lives and for Quakerism.

REGINALD H. ROBSON.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

JUNE 22nd, 1911! A day of national rejoicing in which we of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden, took our full share! In the evening an audience composed of students from the Training College, other visitors and the members of our community who were not taking part in the play, took their seats on the lawn at about half-past five.

Then, at the sounding of the cornet, we were carried, in the twinkling of an eye, into the magic realm of Shakespeare. Sometimes we wandered with the sad lovers through the darksome night; sometimes we danced with the sprightly fays of Oberon and Titania, and ultimately shared in the sad death and joyful resurrection of Pyramus and Thisbe.

From behind the screen at different intervals were heard sweet strains of melody.

But all too soon it was over, and we were back in the land of reality. But still in memory can we retrace the steps which we took in the forest, when we saw the rehearsal of the Athenian swains, witnessed the royal quarrel of Oberon and Titania, and beheld the results of the magic juice.

Bottom and Quince's humour was the chief feature of an excellent company of clowns, while the exquisite grace and delicacy of the fairies were especially shown by Titania and her train.

The lovers undertook a very difficult part, and executed it splendidly. In fact, our chief criticism may be summed up in the answer to the old Latin question, "Quid Cassius de mortuis nuntiat? Nil nisi bonum."

Margaret R. Coates.
Muriel A. Baker.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—

Theseus	W. C. Cooke.
Egeus	P. V. Mauger.
Lysander	H. B. Holttum.
Demetrius	R. E. Holttum.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:—*Continued.*

Philostrate	B. F. Deane.
Quince	F. Bennett.
Snug	J. E. Thurnam.
Bottom	P. L. Plant.
Flute	G. H. Farrington.
Snout	G. W. Carrodus.
Starveling	B. G. Burton.
Hippolyta	Marian M. Butler.
Hermia	Marguerita Willis.
Helena	Kathleen Townshend.
Oberon	L. R. Hart.
Titania	Madeline Agnew.
Puck	W. E. Wright.
Peas-blossom	Gladys Leak.
Cobweb	A. Pitt.
Moth	Nina Townshend.
Mustard Seed	L. R. House.
First Fairy	H. Diamond.

REHEARSALS.

IF someone unacquainted with the way in which we intended to celebrate Coronation Day had visited the School during the early part of June, he would, no doubt, have been very interested, and, perhaps, a little mystified. For evening after evening different groups of people would assemble in different parts of the premises, sometimes in the lecture room, but more often on the girls' tennis lawn, near the boy's pavilion, or at the end of the Avenue.

Had our stranger been able to approach one of these scenes of action quietly enough to escape the notice of the stage manager, he would have had no doubt at all as to the play that was being rehearsed.

He sees, perhaps, two Athenian ladies chasing each other round the stalwart forms of their lovers, who find it very difficult to treat the despised Hermia with sufficient violence; or that knavish sprite, Puck, working his spells among the sleeping Athenians; or perhaps the fairies trying hard to flit

from bush to bush in very unfairy-like garments, hoping the fairy raiment would bring with it fairy grace and lightness. Our intruder might chance to meet with great Theseus and his noble courtiers assembled to celebrate the Duke's marriage with Hippolyta; or the amiable Egeus vainly attempting, to the great despair of the stage manager, to work himself up into a fury when he discovers among the sleeping lovers his daughter Hermia. Suddenly a piercing shriek is heard, and the stranger, thrilled with fear, rushes towards the scene of the accident, where he discovers the lady Thisbe endeavouring to escape from the paws of a deadly lion. But if he considers this a shock to his nerves, let him but hear Bottom's song, the disturbing effects of which many recall with pain. Our visitor needs but a little sense of humour to appreciate the company of these Athenian swains. For Wall, with his peculiar cranny, the Lion, with whom poor Moonshine's dog is always willing to fight, the beauteous Thisbe, and the noble armoured knight Pyramus, drive away one's dullest mood as they act their truly "well-discharged play."

Leslie R. Hart.

THE DREAM.

"Some dreams we have are nothing else but dreams,
Unnatural, and full of contradiction,"
But one I had, and still to me it seems
'Twas something more than fiction.

Methought that I had travelled through the past,
And stood in ancient Greece, the woods around me,
While elves and mortals met, and o'er me cast
A wondrous spell that bound me.

The fairy king and queen had met by night,
And quarrelled, which was really most distressing;
And she, by magic, long 'ere it was light,
A donkey was caressing.

By that same magic, two poor foolish men
Made love to one, who thought that they were scorning;
Till, led away by Puck, they slept, and then
They rested till the morning.

With morning came the Duke of Athens too,
And, seeing them, he gazed on them with wonder;
Then, at his word, his jolly huntsman blew
A blast that rivalled thunder.

And so, awakened from their weary sleep,
They rose, and soon in couples separated,
And vowed their love was tender, true, and deep,
So happily were mated.

That night it was arranged they'd see a play,
Which was submitted by Athenian craftmen,
Of Pyramus and Thisbe, which, you'd say,
Must have been writ by daft men.

One introduced the others, each by name;
They brought a lion, wall, and moonshine with them;
A pleasant tragedy, but all the same
They spoke their lines with rhythm.

And, when they'd gone, the spirits flitted by,
The pretty things, in garments light and airy,
So light they stepped, they almost seemed to fly,
—A very dream of faery!

The memory of the dream doth haunt me still,
Visions of beauty, grace, of mirth and laughter,
Of music sweet, of voices clear and shrill,
Of joy—before and after!

J. P. WHITLOW.



Photo by] [*Benjamin D. Skelton*

"COME, SIT THEE DOWN UPON THIS FLOWERY BED."
"A Midsummer Night's Dream," iv, 1.

ROUND WALDEN.

Field Notes by Members of the Natural History and Archæological Society.

THE past summer has been one of unprecedented sunshine and drought. The grass on the lawns and cricket field dried up, and became an expanse of brown, with green tufts showing the presence of plantain, yarrow and other deep-rooted plants. On the hills the ponds in the boulder clay became areas of suncracked mud and have not even now recovered their normal depths. In many places hedge fires have burnt down many yards of fencing. In some other parts of the country entomologists have recorded a plague of caterpillars, but we found many of the common species were scarce on account of the drying up of the food plants. The following statistics are from the reports of the Greenwich Observatory: The aggregate rainfall for six months was 8.69 ins., that is 3.5 ins. below the average, the longest periods of absolute drought were 23 and 17 days respectively. The mean temperature for six months was 60.70 and the hottest day was August 9th, when 100° were registered, both records for the past seventy years.

On July 1st, the long excursion to Epping Forest took place. Ambresbury Banks were visited and thence the party walked through the Forest to Chingford, noting as they went the different types of forest vegetation, together with the character of soil, slope of ground and other factors affecting the forest flora. A visit was paid to the Museum at the Hunting Lodge, and then the party returned to High Beech, whence they drove to the station.

The Society renders its best thanks to Miss Barker, of the Training College, for her excellent address and exhibition of photos, maps, etc., illustrating the survey of Saffron Walden. The exhibits were arranged in the lecture hall and Miss Barker

explained them. She showed the gradual growth of the town from prehistoric times and by a comparison with Edinburgh demonstrated that the medieval town had grown along a definite line of evolution.

The membership of the Society still keeps up and good work is being done by all sections. Particular mention may be made of Basil Burton's excellent paper on " Plant Movement as shown by the Sensitive Plant and Clover."

GEORGE MORRIS.

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A large party went on cycles to Stansted Montfitchet on May 27th. The town takes its second name from the castle that was built by the Montfitchets. This overlooked the town, and was on the end of a ridge of ground which abruptly ends, sloping steeply down to a small stream. In the centre, surrounded by the embankment and ditch, was the courtyard. Only a very small portion of the actual building remains.

The Church was examined. This must have been once a fine Norman structure, but now it is nearly entirely rebuilt, but still there remain two beautiful carved Norman doors (north and south). The chancel arch is also Norman. The font is rather peculiar, and appears to be made of the carved capital of a large Norman column. There are three tombs, two of which are to Sir Thomas Myddleton and his wife. Sir Thomas is clad in armour of a late date. His wife wears the typical Jacobean dress. The other tomb is to a crusader in chain mail, with his legs crossed. His head is supported by two angels, and his feet rest on a grotesque lion. The old Bible and the horse-block were also noted.

Bernard F. Deane.

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A large party left the school grounds on May 17th for St. Aylott's farm, where we were shown round by Miss Medcalf. There is an old beam carved with the billet pattern going

round most of the house just above the ground storey ; it is supported at the angles by once beautifully carved brackets. The brick work is mostly regular according to the Tudor fashion, and is pierced by windows mostly modern, but luckily two original ones remain, one stone and the other wooden. This moated farm belonged before the dissolution of the monasteries to the Walden Abbey, but went into the Norfolk family after the spoliation of that Abbey. Inside on the spandrels of an ancient doorway are seen carved the cockle shells, the badge of the Walden Abbey.

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On the 14th of October we visited Horseheath Church. This is of Decorated origin, but Perpendicular windows have been inserted. In the chancel are various items of interest. Against the north wall of the chancel is a large tomb to Sir Giles Alington and his wife, 1613 ; they had ten children, and the effigies of six remain, and another is represented by a skull ; on the south side is a tomb to Sir Giles Alington, 1522 ; below his effigy is another of earlier date ; all three effigies of knights are dressed in Tudor armour. On the floor of the chancel is a camail brass to Sir John d'Argentine ; beside this is a brass of a civilian of Henry VIII.'s time. The rood screen is of Perpendicular style, and was reached by a doorway in the north wall, in one of the spandrels of which is a carving of the sacred heart. In the porch instead of a water-stoup is a piscina. After leaving the church the village was inspected in which there are a few old houses, and then at Miss Parsons' we inspected some Roman remains dug up near the village. *Henry Skelton.*

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On a very wild autumn day, a small party of us cycled to the quaint church at Tilty, about five miles the other side of Thaxted towards Dunmow.

After being almost carried there by the wind, the various interests of the Church were revealed to us by the vicar.

The tiny Church was once the guest house of the Abbey, the ruined walls of which can be seen in an adjacent field. The nave is early English and very plain, dating back to the late twelfth century, whilst the chancel, which is of a much higher pitch of roof, is very ornate and airy, having one specially fine Decorated window and a beautiful set of sedilia. Mention must also be made of the gracefully carved niches on either side of the immense east window, and that the chancel is faced with Barnack stone, the special building stone of the early monks, and built mainly of clunch, the local stone. Some pretty Tudor brasses also may be seen in the chancel.

On the way back, in the face of a goodly gale, we had a look in at the noble church at Thaxted. The chief things which arrested our attention were the curious gargoyles. We discovered Mr. Birrell, Napoleon, and many other celebrities among these sculptures. *Kenneth Green.*

FIRE DRILL.

THE use of fire drill is if a fire breaks out everybody will know what to do and every life will be saved. A fire may break out on the stairs by a person lighting a pipe and accidently dropping a lighted match on the stairs, or a spark flying from the fire and catching light to a piece of paper or flannelette. Once I knew of a man who lit his pipe threw a lighted match out of the window caught light to a piece of flannelette and set the house on fire. On Wednesday, October 11th, 1911, the boys had three fire drills and we came across the fire escape down by the girls bedroom and lined up in their playroom. Then at 2.30 the girls had two fire drills. If you have fire drill in the day you are ready for it but in the night you are not ready for it, and have to be woked up. On Thursday night at 10 p.m., and I had to be kicked out of bed stood on my feet and Williams yelled in my ear,

" Hurry up and get dressed we are having fire drill." As soon as I was dressed I jumped over Williams shouder and he carraied me downstairs. I like night fire drill very much and I think night fire drill is more use than day fire drill.

H. A. Willson,
Aged 10 years.

Further extracts from Papers by Form II.

" Men women and children ought to be taught to keep cool, and know what to do in case of fire. . . At night it would be much more worse, because some people would be much more afraid, and because the wind might blow the flames, and you would not be at all ready for it like you would in the day, and it would not be very nice if you found the hose playing on you."

" Fire is a terrible thing and when it breaks out in a large boarding school that has no experience of fire drilling many dissasteis occour, therefore it is necessary to have a fire drill."

" On Wednesday we had fire drill and we all went through the top of the roof and came down on the girls side and went into their playroom."

EXTRACTED FROM SCHOOL DIARIES.

" WE returned to School after holidays of striking excitements and great heat."

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" Soon after five o'clock the Saffron Walden Fire Brigade came up to the School on their new engine. They proceeded to give us a display. This engine had not been used before, and so Mr. Walker kindly allowed them to take water from our bath, and squirt the house."

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" All in bed, lights put out, great expectations! We all seem to know, although the staff kept it quiet, that there

would be a Fire Drill as a little amusement for the Committee . . . . all the bedrooms were cleared out successfully with the exception of one boy, who calmly slept through it all."

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"Quarterly Meeting came, with its chief adjunct, buns—in the cemetery."

THE SCHOOL TRAMP IN YORKSHIRE.

THROUGH the heat of July 29th, 1911, a party of Old and Present Scholars, under the care of Messrs. Rowntree and Morris, were being whirled rapidly northward. We passed Ely, Lincoln and Selby, and were grateful for an hour spent at York, where we went along the old walls and paid a short visit to the Minster. We reached Pickering that evening, and were quartered at the Black Swan Hotel.

On Sunday morning we attended Meeting in the small Friends' Meeting House at Pickering. After that we set out to taste the first delights of tramping. With our knapsacks slung over our shoulders we certainly felt business-like. The object of our journey was Kirkby Moorside. As we mounted higher and higher we saw below us the flat Vale of Pickering, and beyond it the blue hills rising to the horizon. We lunched in an old British encampment, after which we adjourned to a Roman Camp. By six o'clock we were painfully aware of our knapsacks, and glad to find ourselves at our journey's end.

Our goal on Monday was Rievaulx Abbey. We proceeded *via* Helmsley,—beside the ruins of whose Castle we lunched, and then made our way through Duncombe Park. The ruins of Rievaulx are, in themselves, grand, but their setting renders them doubly beautiful. Behind them is a background of wooded hills, at the foot of which lazily flows the beck, with dark, still pools, which must have swelled the monks' larder. Unfortunately time was limited, and we could spend only a

few minutes at the Abbey, and then hurry on to see the Terrace,—a splendid stretch of turf, said to be the best in England, and running for about half a mile along the side of the hill.

The next day took us really on to the moorland, with Goathland as our destination, and indeed it was a red-letter day for those who had never before seen the Yorkshire moors. The day was spent upon lonely tracts of heather and bracken, with now and again a glimpse of cultivated valley. The night was passed at the Goathland Hydro.

The following day brought the delightful walk to Whitby. The first part lay across the moors; then, descending, we approached Whitby from the north-west. It is a picturesque old town, with a great many red-roofed houses. We walked along the harbour pier and then mounted the 200 steps to the Church. We had lunch amid the ruins of Whitby Abbey. After a walk along the cliffs we hurried back to the station, and caught the train for Beckhole. Thence we followed the beck, and admired Thomassin Foss. In the evening we walked down to Mallyan Spout. This is a truly magnificent sight; the water falls some hundred feet amongst the ferns and rocks. Goathland to us represented the ideal in scenery,—the long, lovely stretches of moorland, the wooded valleys, and above all, the beck, now forming quiet deep pools, and now dashing and foaming over the rocks. It was, therefore, with real regret that we turned our backs upon this paradise next morning, when some of us went to follow the course of the Derwent from its source, and others to visit the sea coast.

On Friday morning we inspected Pickering Castle, the Church with its noted frescoes, and the diminutive museum. We then made our way to Malton, following the course of the river, whence we returned to our homes next day.

Kathleen Townshend.

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On Tuesday, the party divided into two sections, the one going to Goathland by Pickering, the other by Lastingham. The former found the scenery quite ordinary until they passed Levisham, when the full grandeur of the moors came into view. During a walk of some miles along a hardly made track, the moors presented a grand sight; on the left they stretched away in rolling masses, height upon height, while close at hand was a deep gorge with the train winding its way along, just like a toy train. On the right rose a hill so that nothing could be seen beyond. The moors were covered with heather, not in full bloom, and occasionally the walkers disturbed some grouse from amongst it.

George W. Carrodus.

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On Tuesday, August 1st, we walked from Kirkby Moorside to Goathland, visiting Lastingham Church on the way. This structure is almost entirely in the Norman style, though some of the windows are Perpendicular. The church was built just about the time of the Norman Conquest, and was extensively repaired at the time when the Perpendicular style was in vogue. Its most striking features are the circular apse at the end of the chancel, so rarely seen in England, and the crypt, both typically Norman rather than Saxon. The crypt was once used as an alehouse by a certain vicar's wife, who sold ale to those worshippers who came from a distance, while it is recorded that on one occasion the vicar himself fiddled to the customers after the service.

Harold B. Holttum.

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On Thursday, August 3rd, two parties were arranged, one of which struck straight across the moors for Robin Hood's Bay, relying for guidance on map and compass. On our way we passed Falling Foss, a delightful waterfall,—the largest we had yet seen. When we began the descent to Robin Hood's Bay we had an excellent view of the bay and the little

Erratum. The name of the Photograph on the other side of this page is incorrect; instead of "Newton Dale, looking towards Goathland" read "Farndale, looking north."



Photo by] [C. Brightwen Rowntree.

NEWTON DALE, LOOKING TOWARDS GOATHLAND.

town with its red-roofed houses and narrow, steep streets. Afterwards we walked round the bay and up the Ravenscar cliffs, the highest, we understand, in Yorkshire. A few of our number, lingering behind for one last paddle, enjoyed quite an exciting race up these cliffs, thinking we were late for the train to Scarborough.

Leslie R. Hart.

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The other party set out to walk down the Derwent valley, but we had not gone more than a mile before we were overtaken by the rain. A trudge through the wet heather brought us to the head of the Derwent. We kept to the valley, and presently the rain ceased; trees were visible on ahead, and under their dripping shelter we had our lunch, which the flies found very appetising, and which was by some of us eaten in Passover style. The march continued for some miles amid the beautiful trees of the Langdale valley, past fords and ant hills, until we saw a road. This brought us again into the bounds of civilisation out of a wild country of fairyland.

Paul V. Mauger.

* * * * * *

The things which stand out in my mind about the tour are, in short, the great amount of Archæology of all dates, from Roman to Stuart times; the rough limestone walls, the heather, and the beautiful waterfalls,—the chief of the last being Falling Foss; and lastly the enjoyable tramping and frequent bathes.

Henry Skelton.

A PRANK OF LIGHTNING.

ON Saturday, August 26th, I accompanied my brother to Hammersmith Broadway, near to which place he was playing in a cricket match. The weather at first was very fine and sunny, but soon black and lowering clouds hung about and we could see that a storm was imminent. Soon large

drops of rain fell, and these, with a clap of thunder, brought the players to the pavilion. This was a small, wooden erection with a corrugated iron roof, part of which projected about a yard over the front. I was standing with about a dozen spectators beneath this, whilst the players were changing inside. The storm was very sharp, and there were many flashes of forked lightning and grinding peals of thunder. After about half-an-hour the storm subsided and we were thinking it was nearly over, although the rain came down as if from a sieve.

Somebody had just asked me some question, and I have a vague recollection that I was framing some words in reply, when there was a tremendous bang, and right in front of me rose up, as it were, a big circular yellow flame, which blotted out everything. During the next fraction of a second (my imagination seems to tell me), I was punched back, and then up and up, and then the whole pavilion, I thought, was falling on me, and, with indescribable sounds and buzzings, red turned to black before me, and I knew that I was lying on the ground, and feeling very uncomfortable. Although all thought had been knocked out of me, I felt that something out of the ordinary had happened, and that my limbs didn't feel to be anywhere in particular. My senses returned in about half-a-minute, I suppose, and I was wondering where my legs had got to, when somebody lifted me up, took me inside the pavilion, and said, " You're all right now," but some spark of logic told me that I was all wrong. Everybody inside was telling everybody else what to do, but I gathered that a doctor had been sent for, and that I would soon be away from there. A barman came running along with an assortment of restoratives, and I was given some brandy, although he seemed to think I would be quite well if I took all that he had brought.

The doctor then arrived, and told me I would be able to move my limbs in a couple of hours. I was then carried to the road, and put into a taxi, with my brother, and we

were soon outside the West London Hospital. In about three minutes a dozen or so medical students and doctors were centring their minds upon me, and found that the lightning had seared down my back, right side and across both legs, tearing all clothes that came in its path to shreds. After coming to some decision and making various remarks about a narrow escape, they went away, and left me to rest awhile before I was dressed by the nurse.

By this time I could feel the blood circulating again in my limbs, and for about a quarter of an hour I had a very bad time with " pins and needles." I was just able to stand after about another half-hour's dozing, and then somehow I got my tattered clothes over my bandages and dressed. A cab was waiting outside and in a few minutes I was on my way home. In another half-hour I was comfortably in bed, but with rather nervous thoughts. Strange to say, I got to sleep very quickly, and did not even dream.

The next day I had a good rest, and was then able to hobble about. For the next fortnight I attended the hospital for fresh dressings, and although this necessitated early rising, I got on very well, and soon was able to go for a short walk. Soon I was getting ready to return to Walden, my clothes having been sent by the doctor to a Surgical Museum.

John T. Bowry.

THE CRICKET SEASON, 1911.

THE past Cricket Season, though not as successful on the whole as some previous ones, was none the less very enjoyable. Owing to the very hard, fast wickets some big totals were run up, notably in the first match against Mr. Downham's XI., when 455 runs were obtained during the afternoon for a loss of sixteen wickets. Rarely has so interesting a game been played on our field. Our opponents,

winning the toss, batted first, and ran up a total of 225 for 8 wickets, when they declared, leaving the School only an hour and forty minutes to get the runs. J. E. Thurnam and J. P. Whitlow opened the innings, and at once began to score very rapidly, the latter scoring twenty-four in six strokes before being caught at the wicket. G. H. Evans following, the total quickly rose to 64 before he was dismissed, and then E. P. Faux helped Thurnam to raise the total to 145. Thurnam was at this time hitting with great power, being sixth out at 178, with a finely played 81 to his credit. The eighth wicket fell at 183, but P. V. Mauger and H. C. Grimes stayed together, till, five minutes from time, the latter made the winning hit. Both were not out at the close, Grimes having made 31.

On the following Saturday Thurnam and I'Anson put on 148 for the second wicket against the Grammar School, scoring 90 and 75 respectively. Other matches won were against the Old Boys, Bishop's Stortford School, and Fitzwilliam Hall; while we were defeated by Hockerill (twice), Mr. Downham's XI. (twice), The Leys School, and Cambridge Friends. J. E. Thurnam's batting was very good throughout the season, and E. P. Faux showed much improvement. H. C. Grimes gives promise for next season; P. V. Mauger has rather too cramped a style to score freely at present; G. W. Carrodus should make more use of a naturally long reach; J. T. Bowry would have done much better if he had been more often to the nets; B. F. Deane showed a correct style, but insufficient strength.

The fielding on the whole was not up to the standard of previous years. J. T. Bowry won the masters' prize, though he suffered from off days. His catch at long-leg which won us the Old Boys' match is worthy of the highest praise. J. E. Thurnam was second; this year he was better in the field than at the wicket.

In bowling we have had to rely almost entirely on the

masters. C. B. Rowntree still heads the bowling averages, and has lost none of his old skill with the ball.

J. P. WHITLOW.

Summary :—	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Average per In. For.	Agst.
First XI.	10	4	6	0	117	141
Boys' XI. ..	4	2	2	0	120	90
Second XI.	5	4	1	0	96	58

AVERAGES.

BATTING.	Innings.	Times not out.	Total runs.	Highest score.	Average.
First XI.					
J. E. Thurnam ..	13	0	252	81	19.3
J. P. Whitlow ..	12	0	211	43	17.6
E. P. Faux	13	1	151	30	12.5
G. H. Evans	12	1	136	26	12.3
H. C. Grimes	12	2	102	31*	10.2
Boys' XI.					
J. E. Thurnam ..	4	0	109	90	27.25
E. J. I'Anson ..	4	0	91	75	22.75
E. P. Faux	4	1	52	32	17.3
G. W. Carrodus ..	3	1	31	15	15.5
L. R. Hart	3	1	23	12	11.5
Second XI.					
P. T. Barker	4	2	63	40*	31.5
H. Roper	5	0	50	23	10

BOWLING.	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Average.
First XI.					
C. B. Rowntree ..	73.3	12	280	30	9.3
J. P. Whitlow ..	119.3	19	420	36	11.6
R. H. Robson ..	47.1	2	223	12	18.5
Boys' XI.					
P. Munden ..	14	1	40	6	6.6
B. F. Deane ..	24	3	62	9	6.9
J. E. Thurnam ..	16	3	44	6	7.3
H. C. Grimes ..	18.3	3	76	8	9.5
Second XI.					
W. C. Cooke ..	27.4	9	38	14	2.7
R. E. Holttum ..	25	6	45	10	4.5

AQUATIC SPORTS.

Senior :

Quarter Mile.—1. E. S. Jeffrey.
Six Lengths.—1. H. C. Grimes ; 2. E. P. Faux.
Two Lengths.—1. H. C. Grimes ; 2. E. P. Faux.
Neat Dive.—1. E. P. Faux ; 2. H. Agnew and W. E. Wright.
Joint Champions—E. P. Faux and H. C. Grimes.

Junior :

Nine Lengths.—1. G. L. Blake ; 2. W. R. Appleton.
Two Lengths on Back.—1. E. A. Hart ; 2. W. R. Appleton.
Two Lengths.—1. W. R. Appleton ; 2. P. T. Barker.
Neat Dive.—1. E. A .Hart ; 2. P. T. Barker.
Joint Junior Champions—W. R. Appleton and E. A. Hart.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

OUR first tennis match took place at Bishop's Stortford on May 27th, against Chantry Mount, and, as we had not had very long in which to practise for it, we were beaten.

During the next few weeks we concentrated our efforts on cricket—our first match being at Whitsuntide, against our Old Scholars. We only succeeded in winning this match by the narrow margin of eight runs.

In our next match, against Fowlemere Ladies, played on June 17th, we have to record a nominal defeat. We made 68 and they 132 runs in the first innings, and in the second we made 140 runs for 5 wickets, then declared. They made 21 runs for 8 wickets, and then time was called! A defeat of this kind is almost a victory!

On the following Wednesday, we played Cambridge Ladies, and won easily—their total score for two innings being 97, while ours for one was 183. The highest score on our side, 72, was made by Miss Pickard.

On June 28th we played a tennis match at the Training College, in which our mistresses' couple and our 1st girls' couple were successful, our other two girls' couples being beaten.

Before starting hockey this term, we played, on September 16th, our return cricket match against Fowlemere, which had been postponed. We drove there by brake. The result of the first innings was their 28 runs to our 76, while in the second they made 85 for 7 wickets. Then stumps were drawn, thus leaving us victorious.

The tennis tournaments were played at the end of last term, and resulted in Ina Farnell being Champion for the third year in succession.

We shall miss Anna B. Whitney and Jessie Slader from our Cricket XI. next season.

The competition for the Girls' Swimming and Diving Championship took place in July, and resulted in May Butler being Champion for the second time. Eileen Theobald gained top marks for swimming, but was beaten by May Butler in the diving. Anna B. Whitney succeeded in swimming the length of the bath in five strokes, a record for the girls.

Ina Farnell.
May Butler.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in the Fifth and Sixth Forms last Term.

Edgar P. Faux is at present living at home, at St. Alban's.

Richard E. Holttum has gone to Bootham School, York, where he is in the College Class.

Harold B. Holttum is living at home, at Linton, and is attending the Perse School at Cambridge.

Edward J. I'Anson is taking an Engineering course at the South Western Polytechnic at Chelsea, and plays for the Foxes.

Jessie Slader is living at home and learning Typewriting and Shorthand.

John E. Thurnam is learning Surveying, and plays for the Foxes.

Kathleen Townshend is living at home, and is intending to study Domestic Science at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway.

Anna B. Whitney and Marguerita Willis are at the Mount School, York, where they are in the Matriculation Class.

* * * * * *

G. Dean Oyston, whom Old Boys of 1900-1904 will remember, has recently been travelling for Cadbury's in Spain, Portugal, Morocco, Canary Islands, etc. He has a working acquaintance with quite a number of European languages.

* * * * * *

Allen Moore (1902-5) sends a very interesting letter from Kuala Lumpur, Federated Malay States, where he is Assistant Suryeyor in the Revenue Survey Department. Formerly he was engaged upon similar work in Australia, where he met the lady who is now his wife. Describing the Coronation festivities at Kuala Lumpur, he says, "The elephant procession was exceptionally good; fireworks and decorated rafts on the lake at night made an enchantingly pretty scene, which it will take a long time to forget—Chinese lanterns and fairy lamps all round the great lake, rafts lit up with lanterns and beautifully decorated with flags, tropical flowers and what not, with the reflection in the water and the rockets bursting overhead, the band sounding softly over the water, songs, the drowsy hum of the tropical insects, fireflies here and there, the great crowd of nearly 50,000 round the water's edge, perfectly quiet and orderly, and over all the clear Eastern sky. The Chinese procession was wonderfully good, too. It was about two miles long, lanterns in the shape of fish, birds and insects, and other animals being carried by gaudily clothed little "Chinkey" youngsters, pigtail, and all; then the Dragon about 200 yards long—first, a huge head carved in wood, with a huge *very* red lolling tongue made to move and swing,

weird lights shining from the eyes, then the tremendously long silk covering to represent scales, with a red "underneath" supported by a great number of Chinese boys and girls walking in a "wiggly-waggly" way to represent the huge atrocity crawling over the earth."

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter written by Helenko Tchobanian, who is living at La Cure, Leysin, Switzerland. (*At Walden* 1902-1904.)

I SPENT a very happy time in Neuchatel, and was really sorry to have to return so soon. For a month I have been nursing some children at the Colombettes, which has kept me exceedingly busy, especially as one little Russian boy was very ill. I have taken up my lessons again and my young Austrian pupil is making rapid progress.

The Avenue is very interesting and I have often found myself longing to be back at Walden again.

I wish you could see my room at the "Cure." Everyone calls it an art museum because I have postcards, some of them really beautifully coloured, from all parts of the world.

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter written by Henrietta Brett, who is at school in Berne. (*At Walden* 1906-1908).

BERNE is a beautiful city, and we have been all over it, and through the "Bundeshaus," the equivalent of the "Houses of Parliament." They are beautifully carved and painted inside. We have also visited the museum and the cathedral, a handsome piece of Gothic work.

One lovely day we went up Mount Gurton on the mountain railway to get a good view of the Alps and were exceptionally lucky, for we saw the whole chain. The Jungfrau was simply splendid, and the Alps had just been covered with their first fall of winter's snow.

We are getting a good deal of tennis on asphalt courts but such a thing as hockey has not been heard of out here.

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter from Cyril J. Bath, Cleveland, Ohio (at Walden 1904-5).

AFTER that I went west as an engineer for a big threshing and harvesting concern. It was rough and tough, but the pay was good, for in that country where crops must be got in fast everything depends upon the celerity of the engineer and men are glad to pay a fast man six dollars a day and all expenses. My crew were all foreigners—six of them— except the foreman, a big red-headed Scotty—a fine fellow, but with an overpowering weakness for whiskey. Oh dear, I can feel it now; the big forty-five h.p. Sawyer Massey Threshing Engine, with its huge tyres, three feet across so as not to sink in the soft soil of the prairie; the huge lumbering caboose, where the crew slept—and they really did; and back of that you could hear, though not always see, the clanking, clattering harvest machines banging around on the uneven ground, jarring the stillness of the prairie night (for we always travelled by night and threshed by day, from one farm to another), like one of those brewers' motor wagons going down an uneven street in the quiet of a London suburb at night, only many times worse.

SCHOOL DIARY.

June 3rd.—Cricket Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, home, won, 203 for 4—43 and 69 for 3. J. E. Thurnam, 95; E. J. I'Anson, 75; B. F. Deane, 5 for 20.

,, 5th.—Whitsuntide Gathering: Polo Match, won by present Scholars, 1-0; Team Race, won by Old Scholars; Lighted Candle Race on Back, won by Present Scholars; Past Champions' Race, won by W. P. Tozer.
Cricket Match. 1st XI. *v.* O.S., won 156 for 8—145. J. P. Whitlow, 37; R. H. Robson, 35; J. E. Thurnam, 23; C. B. Rowntree, 7 for 67.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Mtg.

,, 7th.—Cricket Match. 2nd XI. *v.* East Street Boys' School, home, won, 135—42. P. Munden, 42, not out; H. Agnew, 39; B. Deane, 23; G. W. Carrodus, 5 for 12.

June 14th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Grimes Wood.

Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Mabel Inch; Essays: "A Voyage to and from New Zealand," Christopher Cooper; "The Life of a Piece of Iron," Gilbert Blake; "My Journey from the Soudan," Violet Weekes.

,, 17th.—Cricket Match. 1st XI. v. Bishop's Stortford School, away, won, 102 and 69 for 6—81 and 62 for 8. J. P. Whitlow, 26; G. H. Evans, 21.

N.H.S. Excursion to Ickleton.

,, 20th.—Dress Rehearsal of "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

,, 22nd.—Coronation Day; Performance of M.N.D. in evening.

,, 26th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "Animals in M.N.D.," Madeline Agnew; "Fairies in M.N.D.," Miss Graham; "Flowers in M.N.D.," Margaret Coates.

,, 27th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Harold B. Holttum; Essays: "King's College, Cambridge," Phœbe Legerton; "Fulham," E. J. I'Anson; "Walden Abbey," Dulcie Kirkpatrick; "Lord Macaulay," Richard E. Holttum; Song, Miss Trickitt; Piano solo, Anna Whitney.

,, 28th.—Cricket Match. 1st XI. *v* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 50 and 95—155.

July 1st.—N.H.S. Excursion to Epping Forest.

2nd XI. *v.* Peace Scouts, home, won, 60-17. P. T. Barker, 23; J. T. Bowry, 6 for 6.

Jun. Lit. Soc. Annual Meeting in Happy Valley. Essays: "The Life of a Penny," L'Argent Bell; "A Voyage from St. Petersburg," Richard Coates; "A few Farm Machines," Henry Pigg.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Lecture by Miss Barker on the Survey of the District.

,, 5th.—Cricket Match. 1st XI. *v.* Hockerill Athletic Club, home, lost, 78—117. R. H. Robson, 26; E. P. Faux, 20.

Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Essay: "Venice," J. P. Whitlow; Diaries, Jack Carrodus and Muriel Kingzett. Violin solo, Jack Carrodus.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wimbish and Radwinter.

,, 12th.—Cricket Match. 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 143—214. A. Brereton, 26; G. H. Evans, 26; E. P. Faux, 24; J. P. Whitlow, 22.

,, 15th.—Cricket Match. Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Boys (left-handed). Boys won, 123 for 8—76 and 56 for 9.

,, 17th.—Cambridge Locals began; 9 Seniors; 13 Juniors.

July 19th.—Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Annual Mtg. in Cricket Field. Diary, Elsie Falkner. Essays: "A Visit to a Fire Station," Douglas Williams; "Holidays at Cromer," Alan F. Ardley; "The Royal Naval Review," Fred Bennett; "Cables," William Bailey; "Cycling," Ulric Baker. Music: Violin solo, John Bowry; Song, Miss Howell.

,, 22nd.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg. Books discussed: "The Vicar of Wakefield," (Goldsmith) and "Round the World on a Wheel" (Foster Fraser).

,, 26th.—General Mtg.:—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "Epping Forest," Kathleen Townshend and Bernard Deane; "Butterflies," Richard E. Holttum.
Inspection of Classes.
Aquatic Sports. Champions: Seniors, E. P. Faux and H. C. Grimes; Juniors, A. E. Hart and W. R. Appleton;

,, 28th to Sept. 12th.—Holidays.

,, 29th.—The Yorkshire Trampers started from Walden by train for Pickering.

,, 30th.—Tramp from Pickering to Kirkby Moorside.

,, 31st.—Kirkby Moorside to Rievaulx Abbey and return.

Aug. 1st.—Kirkby Moorside to Goathland.

,, 2nd.—Goathland to Whitby and back.

,, 3rd.—Goathland to Pickering (1) by coast, (2) by Derwent Valley.

,, 4th.—Pickering to Malton.

,, 5th.—Return Home from Malton.

Sept. 12th.—School re-opened.

,, 19th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Preliminary Mtg.

,, 20th.—Address in Town, "Women's Franchise from a Religious Standpoint," by C. E. Stansfield, M.A., attended by some older boys and girls.

,, 21st.—Quarterly Mtg; half-holiday.

,, 26th. Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Basil G. Burton; Essays: "Five Days in Kerry," Miss Graham; "St. Alban's," Irene Lloyd; "The History of our Alphabet," Paul Mauger.

,, 27th.—Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Harvey Agnew; Essays: "A Prank of Lightning," John T. Bowry; "A Visit to Maldon," Jack Carrodus; "Swanage," William Cooke.

,, 30th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Town, home, draw, 3-3.

Oct. 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Paper: "Ambresbury Banks," Paul Mauger.

,, 4th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Seward's End.

,, 7th.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v* Rest of School, "Rest" won, 8-3.
Entertainment: Presentation of portmanteau from Staff, and inkstand and book of Boys' names from Boys, to Miss Barnard. Scenes from "Tom Sawyer's Gang," and "M.N.D."

,, 10th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Margaret L. Coates; Essays: "The Evolution of the English Language," Philip L. Plant; "Edna Lyall," Arthur F. Milton; "St. Paul's," Elsie Payne; "Mozart," Elsie Rye.

,, 11th.—Three Fire Drills by Boys; two by Girls.
Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Fred. Bennett; Essays: "Kensington Palace," Amy Edwards; "Five Days in Kerry," Miss Graham.

,, 13th.—School Committee met.
Boys' Fire Drill in night.

,, 14th.—Football Match. "A" team *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, draw, 1-1.

,, 17th.—N.H.S. Mtg.

,, 18th.—Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Little Thurlow, away, won, 6-0.
Jun. Lit. Soc. Preliminary Mtg.

,, 21st.—N.H.S. Excursion to Debden.

,, 24th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Basil G. Burton; Essays: "Early Life of Dickens," Miss Walker; "Brantham and District," George L. Pratt; "March," Madeline Agnew; "Sir John Millais," Ruth Blackburn. Piano solos, Miss E. Robson and Ruth Blackburn.

,, 15th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Fitzwilliam Hall, away, lost, 0-3.
P.L.A. visit to Cambridge.
Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Minnie Milton; Essays: "Hunstanton," S. Gray; "The Royal Naval Dockyard," Dorothy Holttum; "Wisbech," Mabel Inch. Piano solo, Doris Thurman.

,, 28th.—Football Match. "A" team *v.* Sawston Church Institute Reserves, away, lost, 1-2.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Fowlmere, home, won, 2-1.
N.H.S. Excursion to Arkesden.

E. Lucy Williams.
Paul V. Mauger.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

The following leaving Scholarships were awarded by the School Committee :—Girls—1st, Kathleen Townshend ; 2nd, Marguerita Willis ; 3rd, Anna B. Whitney. Boys—1st, Richard E. Holttum ; 2nd, Harold B. Holttum ; 3rd, Wilfred E. Wright.

Anna B. Whitney and Marguerita Willis have gained Entrance Scholarships at The Mount School.

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, JULY, 1911.

Seniors.—Madeline G. Agnew, Ruth Blackburn, Marian M. Butler, Margaret R. Coates, G. Howard Farrington, Harold B. Holttum, Paul V. Mauger, Wilfred E. Wright.

Juniors.—Basil G. Burton, George W. Carrodus, Howard A. Diamond, Ina Farnell, Edgar P. Faux, Leslie R. Hart, Dulcie Kirkpatrick, Barbara Marriage, George L. Pratt, Elsie Rye, Jessie Slader, Leonard Watts.

ASSOCIATED BOARD OF THE R.A.M. and R.C.M.

Muriel Kingzett, higher certificate.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of copies of the following School Magazines : *The Beckside* (Ayton), *The Island* (Sidcot), *School Echoes* (Hobart), the *Starmongate School Magazine*, also the S. Walden Training College Magazine.

EDITORIAL BOARD.

Marguerita Willis and Richard E. Holttum having left the School, their places on the Board are taken by Margaret R. Coates and Paul V. Mauger.

NOTICE.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1912, price 6d. per copy (post free, 7d.), or 1s. 6d. per annum (post free, 1s. 9d.).

Articles and Subscriptions may be addressed to "The Avenue, Friends' School, Saffron Walden."

Copies may also be obtained from Gurnell C. Green, 22, Rochester Road, Camden Road, N.W.

Articles in *The Avenue* written by boys or girls are signed in italics.

The Block, "Whitsuntide at Saffron Walden," printed in the last number, was kindly lent by the Old Scholars' Association.

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