P. J. Barker

THE AVENUE



MARCH 1911

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THE SCHOOL PREFECTS, MARCH, 1911.

THE AVENUE.

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. II. MARCH, 1911. No. 4.

FOREWORD.

IN entering upon the second year's issue of *The Avenue* we wish to thank all those who, by becoming subscribers or in other ways, have made its existence possible. The circulation is not yet quite large enough to ensure financial stability, and it would be a source of much satisfaction to its promoters if purchasers could be found for an additional fifty copies of each number during the present year.

As our readers are doubtless aware, we have suffered from an outbreak of Scarlatina in the School during the winter. Happily the cases were all of a very mild character, and though the re-opening of the School had to be postponed till February, it is satisfactory to note that the number of scholars has increased.

Football and hockey matches, the annual meeting of the Senior Literary Society, lectures and other school functions had to be cancelled, but efforts were made to enliven the imaginary gloom, especially by means of a General Election, in which women were allowed to vote.

As we write, however, school activities have resumed their normal course, and we anticipate a successful year's work.

J. E. WALKER.

FEBRUARY.

THE year's begun again the same long train
Of months, and now the first is past, the first
That came well heralded by bright sun erst.
The month of February, mid fog and rain,
Brings us the last year's winter back again ;
Yet, watered by the rain, spring flowers have burst—
The crocus, snowdrop, violet were nursed
Full well by Mother Earth, and soon in lane
And hedgerow shall we see the white and blue.
The tender leaf-buds on the trees are now
Shedding their scales, and soon on ev'ry bough
Will be its sweet green cov'ring, and gay Spring
Will be triumphant, and the woods will ring
With nightingale's sweet song, and dove's low coo.

Margaret R. Coates.

BY COMBESGATE.

IT is drawing to the close of an ideal December day, bright and frosty, in the year of 1170. The day before was the momentous December 29th, when, in the roar of thunder, the howl of wind and the flash of lightning, a great soul passed away—away from the storm-swept England, slain by the hand of his own countrymen.

The scene is that of a tiny hillside village, near the coast of North Devon. The storm of yesterday is past, except for the rain, which is now frozen hard and white in the ruts and between the cobbles of the market-place. At the foot of the hill is the rock-strewn bay of Combesgate, while to the left is a long stretch of sand, the only roadway worthy of the name in North Devon. One cannot but wonder which of Nature's incomprehensible laws put two such utterly different styles

of scenery together : the precipitous cliffs and huge boulders beside a long stretch of sand sloping gently up to grassy hills. On the other side are hills, not ordinary hills, for what in Devon is ordinary? Everything possesses a charm of its own, and is it not the charm of strength? Everything is strong, from those rugged hills, which Spring clothes in bright green foliage, Summer in purple heather, Autumn in her woof of gold and brown, and around which Winter casts her mantle of snow, to the smallest limpet clinging for existence to the rocks. Such is Devon, the shire of the Sea Kings—land of the crag and moor, of rugged hill and rocky bay—a fit nurse for men who later were to win a name for themselves, Devon, and their country.

The agitated faces and violent gesticulations of the villagers, gathered about the market-place that cold winter's afternoon, show that they have received news—the news that Thomas à Becket was dead, murdered by four knights, one of whom was a man of Devon—William de Tracy, the owner of the little island of Lundy out in the bay. One man, of rubicund countenance and somewhat rotund figure, vows, with clenched fist, that, could he but see the murderers, he would show them what Devon thought of them.

Circumstances are altogether promising for a brawl, when, rising out of the valley and vibrating over the hills, comes a sweet but mournful refrain, which seems to sink as suddenly as it comes. Silence immediately reigns; each head, from the oldest to the youngest, is momentarily bent; for it is the Angelus. The rustics slowly return to their houses, there to dispose of the last meal of the day, and to discourse upon the news.

The wise man of the village, who can boast of having seen ninety Devon summers come and go, as he hobbles along on his two sticks with the slight breeze playing havoc in his grey locks, shakes his venerable head to think what evil has been wrought in England that day.

Two hours later, the whole village is asleep, enjoying the rest of hard-working, God-fearing men of Devon. Our friend of the ruddy complexion, by the sounds he is emitting, gives evidence of very sound slumber.

Midnight comes, and with it the cold December moon rises over the sea. It is a peaceful scene. Now the tiny waves, scarcely more than ripples, are playing at the foot of the dark rocks, and their subdued murmur only seems to add to the solemnity of the time and place. How different from the day before, when they had lashed with fury upon those same dark rocks. How they had thundered upon the pebbled beach, with the strength of the ocean from which they had come. There was no moonlight then, no charm of the still, frosty night; lightning alone had illuminated the wild scene.

Suddenly there comes a sound, clear, unmistakable, borne along by the frosty air. A distant clang and clash, with the monotonous ring of the hoofs of galloping horses upon the frozen ground. It is the sound, and not an infrequent one in those troubled days, of mailed knights. Nearer they come—the sound of five horses can be distinguished. At last they dash down on to the sand. They have ridden far and hard, as the foam-flecked, panting sides of their steeds tell surely. It is a little company—four knights in attendance on a fifth. This, the central figure, seems almost uncanny. The vizor is thrown back, exposing a strained white face, which the moonlight renders even more ghastly. He is almost being led along by the knight on his right, who has his horse's bridle slipped through his arm.

He, the man whose name has been handed down to posterity as one of the murderers of Thomas à Becket, sat rigid and stern, while every few minutes he threw a backward glance in the direction they had come. As he turned he drove his spurs fiercely into his horse, hissing between his clenched teeth, "On, on!" while he convulsively clasped and unclasped his hands.

They rattled past, and up the incline of the track to the village. The moon still showered upon them her silvery light. She saw them, but she would not tell. The myraids of twinkling eyes in the cold blue heavens saw, but they, too, were bound in secrecy. The tiny waves laughed as they dashed against the rocks to think what they knew, but they, too, would not tell.

The knights, leaving the track to the village, broke into the open moorland, covered with dry bracken and gorse. Now stone walls confront them, the hill is steep, the gorse still prickly. This forced decrease in speed irritates the knight, he grows more restless, he glances back more and more often.

" Rise, men of Devon, for the murderer has come ! Awake ! for he is at your doors ! But ere the sun again lights upon your rugged hills, William de Tracy will have come and gone ! " But the rattle seems merely to lull the sleeping village, staunch though it is to the religion of its fathers.

At last they reach the top of the hill. Another moment and William de Tracy might look for the last time at the little bay. But he scarcely notices the peaceful scene into which he has broken. He only thinks of that which the veil of darkness hides from him, the little island which nestles against the horizon, which, perhaps, he may not see again ; that little island of which he is sole monarch, from the boulders which the sun first gilds at the break of day, to the high ground where the last golden ray lingers. All had been servile to him, even the flocks of wild birds seemed to recognize his authority —but now ?

He turns with a shudder, " On," he cries. On he passes, indeed, but following him, in front of him, around him everywhere, he seems to see that figure. Not now lighted by flashes of lightning, or bemoaned by howl of wind, but it is the moonlight, stealing through the windows of a dark cathedral, and bathing in her radiance that awful figure on the altar

steps. Ringing in his ears are the last words of the martyr,—"Into thy hands, O Lord, into Thy hands!"

Kathleen Townshend.

OLD BOYS' FOOTBALL VISIT.

ON Saturday, the 25th February, an eleven of Old Boys, with supporters, travelled down to the School from London. As usual the Old Boys changed in the train, and play was started very soon after arrival. The School having won the toss, the Old Boys kicked off, and their forwards were soon busy round the home goal, Elliot scoring an early goal for the Old Boys. It was not long before Mitchell added a second. Fine clearances by the School backs enabled their forwards to attack strongly for a time. However, before half-time Elliot put the Old Boys further ahead. On resuming, the Old Boys' forwards took command of the game, the School very occasionally breaking away. Elliot scored his third goal, which was followed by another from Mitchell. A sudden run by the School forwards saw Bowry take a neat pass from Brereton, and score the School's only goal. Shortly afterwards time was called, leaving the Old Boys victorious by five goals to one.

The Old Boys' team was the strongest brought down for some years, and included T. Tawell (goal); L. Redding and W. Tozer (Backs); A. Tozer, C. Barritt, and W. Elliot (half-backs); R. Tawell, J. Elliot, A. Mitchell, W. Bowry and H. Wilson (forwards). The School ranks were weakened by illness, several of their players not yet having returned; the team being P. Mauger (goal); J. P. Whitlow and G. H. Evans (backs); L. Hart, R. H. Robson and H. Agnew (halves); W, Richardson, A. Brereton, J. T. Bowry, C. B. Rowntree and H. C. Grimes (forwards).

As the swimming bath was empty, hot baths were in great demand. Soon after six o'clock all were at tea. After we had

assembled in the Lecture Hall, Mr. Walker made the Old Boys welcome, and a very excellent concert followed, concluding with a selection from " Macnamara's " band. All joined in the chorus, by kind permission of the really great conductor, Mr. Morris. After supper, we invaded Mr. Whitlow's study for a short talk before retiring to rest. Some of the Old Boys were sleeping in the Hospital, and one wiser than the rest locked the outer door. This was unfortunate, as they could not be called, causing vacant seats at breakfast.

Sunday was bright and breezy, several Old Boys having good walks after meeting. The afternoon was spent in the usual way, coffee in Mr. Whitlow's room, whence all adjourned about three o'clock to Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree's for tea, arriving back between four and five, in time for school tea. An interesting address from Mr. Walker in evening Meeting and some good music which followed supper, brought a very pleasant Sunday to a close.

Monday morning came all too soon, with its call back to town. We were, however, all pleased to see Mrs. Walker just before we left, and to know that her cold, which had kept her to her room over the week-end, was much better. Good-byes all round brought another happy visit to the old School to an end.

H. S. Redding.

ROUND WALDEN.

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

AGAIN the changing cycle of the years brings us back to Spring-tide, with all its promise for the year to come. This season has been unusually fine, and February had hardly begun before the warm wind and bright sun had swelled the buds on the elm and horse-chestnut, and the throstle cocks and blackbirds in the shrubbery held glad

concert to their mates. Already (1st of March) the aconites and snowdrops have passed, the hazel and alder have nearly shed their pollen, and yesterday I noticed that several clumps of wild violets were in full flower. A fortnight ago a boy brought me a spray of ground ivy and on the same day we found that the coltsfoot was in full bloom at the clay-pit. The elms in the playground have fully recovered their vigour and during the last few days the whole crown of the trees has shown a deep crimson in the sunlight; in fact the yield of flowers is as heavy as that of two seasons back, so we may expect full drifts of green samara next term, and leafless trees until July. It is interesting to note the intermittent vigour of these trees, one year so covered with flowers that hardly any leaf buds develop, the next with scarcely a flower, but with full and early foliage.

Our club has flourished during the last year, especially upon the Archæological side, and we shall endeavour this year to bring our Natural History into line with it. The Archæological Diaries have been very well kept, especially those of H. Skelton, B. Deane, K. Green and H. Diamond. Owing to the premature close of the school term, only the first was sent to the Inter-School Diary Competition, but we hope to make a better show next year.

GEO. MORRIS.

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One of the most interesting excursions taken by the N.H.S. last season was to Castle Hedingham. This village takes its name from the beautiful castle. It was founded in 1100 by one of the De Veres, and the family had it for their residence down to 1590. The keep is the only part that now remains, but it is undoubtedly the most perfect existing example of the Norman style. The walls vary in thickness from ten to twelve feet, and are of rubble, cased with squared Barnack stone. The top is somewhat ruinous, of the four corner turrets only two opposite ones remain. It is entered

on the west side by the chief doorway, the arch is ornamented with dog-tooth mouldings, and still shows the portcullis grooves. The ground-floor is lit by a few very narrow splayed loopholes just wide enough to allow the discharge of arrows at an emergency. The first floor has slightly wider windows, the second wider still, with slight zig-zag ornamentation, while those of the third are widest and richly carved. The second-floor forms the single reception and banqueting hall of the castle. The hall is spanned by a single semi-circular arch which, together with the arches of the doors and windows of the apartment, and alcoves, and gallery, is ornamented with plain bold zigzag mouldings. Round the windows on most of the floors are small recesses in the walls which are supposed to have been sleeping places for the inhabitants. The keep stands on a mound partly natural, partly artificial and overlooks the village.

The Church of St. Nicholas was probably built by the De Veres. The tower was built of brick in 1610. The nave has a fine range of Norman arches, supported by alternate round and octagonal pillars; the roof shows fine carving. The North and South doors are good examples of plain Norman work, and have fine scroll iron work. The chancel has an East window of three lancets surmounted by a round wheel window. It also contains some good carving on the Miserere seats.

Bernard F. Deane.

* * * * * *

Hadstock Church is, without doubt, the oldest visited last year. It is dedicated to St. Botolph, a Saxon saint. The North doorway is late Saxon, though I have seen it stated as being Norman; the rough semi-circular arch supported by the walls, out of which it is carved, and the weak attempts at carving, point it out as being of the earlier date. Perhaps the archway to the South transept is old, but we doubted the age of the East side. The lectern is a beautiful piece of Jacobean

carving. At the West end of the nave is the old rood-screen, which has carved on it the Fox and Geese from the old fable of Reynard the Fox.

At Newport, towards the end of the summer term, we had the satisfaction of inspecting an old parish chest now in the priest's room over the South porch. It is the most valuable of such chests, from the antiquarian's point of view, in the kingdom. It is of thirteenth century date and has painted on the inside in oils the Crucifixion, the Virgin Mary, and three of the Apostles; the outside is beautifully carved with shields and circles. It is the oldest example of a painted chest in the British Isles.

We have also visited Rickling Church, which shows examples of Transition and Decorated styles. There is only one pillar in the church, which supports two arches dividing the nave from the South aisle. The weight of the roof has thrown it some eight or ten degrees out of the perpendicular. There are two canopied tombs in the chancel, belonging to members of the the Walden and Langley families. There are also a parish chest and the seats of the Sedilia to be noticed, the canopies have disappeared. The rood-screen is a fine example of decorated carving.

Henry Skelton.

* * * * * *

Several brasses have been rubbed and these are of varied character. At Crishall a knight and his lady, by name Sir John and Lady Joan de la Pole date back to 1370. The knight wears the usual neat and stiff-looking camail armour of the period, whilst Joan (formerly Joan Cobham, of Kent) wears the close-fitting plain kirtle and nebule head-dress. The two figures hold hands and are nearly life-size. They are surmounted by a fine triple crocketed canopy. Other brasses at Crishall are to a lady (about 1450) and a civilian and his wife (about 1480).



AUDLEY END.

Block lent by W. E. Hart, King Street, Saffron Walden.

At Newport the brasses are small. Under the tower in the corner we find a brass to Jeffrey and Florence Nightingale (civilians), of the sixteenth century. The embroidery of the dresses is very elaborate, but the figures are small. Underneath is an inscription relating to the goodness and virtue of the said Florence. Other brasses to a civilian and wife are in the South aisle. The figures are exceptionally small, whilst round the whole is a fillet with an inscription upon it.

Kenneth H. Green.

Nature Notes are held over until the next issue.

THE ABBEY OF ST. JAMES OF WALDEN.

WE are all accustomed to walk along the Audley End Road, and some of us have been fortunate enough to go over the Mansion. But do we ever think of the time when this piece of country was not known as Audley End ?

Let us call to mind the time of the Civil War between Stephen and Matilda, the time of the oppression of the poor by the nobles. At this time the Walden estates belonged to Geoffrey de Mandeville, first Earl of Essex. This earl was at any rate good enough, in 1136, to cause a Priory to be built on one of his estates.

The Priory was probably situated at the back of the present Audley End Mansion. The buildings of the Priory were small but they were endowed with the tithes, revenues, and the property of twenty churches, sixteen acres of arable land, one hundred acres of woodland, a meadow, a vineyard and a mill. The Priory was dedicated to the Glory of God, the Virgin Mary, and St. James. The monks of Walden were not long before they subjected themselves to the Order of St. Benedict.

In 1167 Geoffrey de Mandeville, second Earl of Essex, was buried at Walden Abbey. The Mandeville family now greatly enriched the Abbey. Elaborate hangings were placed on the walls and the buildings were greatly improved. By the year 1190 the Priory had become important enough to be classed as an Abbey. Prior Reginald was ordained Abbot. From this time Walden Abbey saw its best days. In the month of March, 1537, the harsh laws made by Henry VIII., regarding religious houses, were enforced upon the Abbey of St. James of Walden. The Abbey and its lands were given to Lord Audley.

The Abbey itself was completely pulled down. But we have remaining the old Abbey Guest House, now Audley End stables; also the Abbey Hospital, now Abbey Farm House. Roose Farm was farmed under the Abbey by John de Roose, hence its name.

Basil G. Burton.

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF DARWIN.

CHARLES DARWIN, the son of a physician, was born at Shrewsbury on February 12th, 1809. His father's father was Erasmus Darwin, a naturalist, and his mother was a daughter of Josiah Wedgwood.

As a youth he was fond of sporting and shooting. He was sent to Edinburgh to study for the medical profession, but disliked it. He next thought of entering the Church and went to study at Cambridge, obtaining his B.A. degree in 1831. He became interested in geology, and went on a tour in Wales with Professor Sedgwick.

After this he was invited by Professor Henslow to go on H.M.S. *Beagle*, which was about to sail round the world,

as unpaid naturalist. His well-known " Journal " is a record of this voyage, which was the great event of his life, and determined his career. During the voyage, which lasted from 1831 to 1836, he visited many parts of South America and the Oceanic Islands. At the outset he conceived an idea of writing a book on the voyage, and later, on seeing the fossil remains in South America, he decided to act upon it.

For some time after his return he spent his time in writing the " Journal " and other works, including one on his theory of the construction of coral reefs, the only satisfactory one up to that time.

Many things which he saw on his voyage set him thinking on their cause. The resemblance of the fossil animals in South America to the smaller modern species and the similarity of animals found in neighbouring islands, with many other things, made him speculate as to how the change in species could be accounted for.

Lyell had formed the idea that by observing geological changes now in progression, those of past ages could be explained ; but it was then believed that the species of plants and animals were fixed, and could only vary a little. Darwin thought that they must have been gradually modified from lower forms, as his grandfather and others had thought before him. His great work was not to discover that species changed in time, but to find a theory which would satisfactorily account for this change. He thought the best way would be to collect information on present animals as to variation in characters, and he commenced this in 1837.

He saw that the key to man's success in breeding animals to bring out certain special characteristics was selection. The difficulty was to discover how such a plan could work in nature. Could it produce the differences in animals in adjacent parts of South America which he had seen, and between recently extinct and modern species ?

Malthus, a clergyman, had written in 1798 an " Essay on Population," in which he dealt with the tendency of animals to increase beyond their means of subsistence, and also on the things which led to check it. This, to Darwin's mind, answered the question.

In 1813 Dr. Wells had written that all animals tend to vary a little, and that what man is doing in breeding is going on, though slowly, in nature, in the formation of animals suited to their surroundings. But Darwin had drawn his own conclusions from Malthus before reading this. He saw that favourable variations would tend to be preserved, and unfavourable ones to disappear, and so gradually the whole change would come about. Thus it might be conceived that the whole series of changes might come about if a sufficient lapse of time were allowed.

He did not write his views down till 1844, and then did not publish them. When, in 1858, a traveller, Alfred Russell Wallace, sent him an essay which contained the same principle, he was persuaded by two of his friends to send it, and a sketch of his own ideas on the subject, to the Linnean Society. Then, being further pressed by the same persons, he wrote his great work, " The Origin of Species." It was first published in 1859 and was a great success. The great scientific men began to believe it, and now there are very few who do not hold Darwin's views.

It would be impossible in this paper to explain all the doctrines of Natural Selection. Darwin, by this theory, explained a vast number of facts inexplicable in any other way, and there were also a great number not explained by him which have since been accounted for.

His views were opposed at first by many people, who thought that the belief in the creation of species, suddenly and complete, is embodied in the Christian faith. This gradually passed away, and few now hold that view. It was also believed that Darwin's theory was irreligious, because it held that new

species were left to chance as to what they became, but really it only shows a system of development complete in every respect.

Before his great work was published, Darwin had written sufficient to bring him to the front rank of men of science. He published several more books between 1860 and 1870, and in 1871 he published his second great work, " The Descent of Man."

He had not come to this question in the " Origin of Species," but it was easy to see that, if the principle were carried further, it would show that the law which showed the descent of the dog and the monkey would also show the descent of man. He therefore took up the task of finding man's relation to the lower animals. This was an easier task than to convince men of their descent from the animal mind, and there were great arguments, people holding that the human mind was a special piece of creative power. But that man is physically descended from some animals of the same class as monkeys is now accepted by nearly all men of science. This aroused more interest, but less opposition, than his " Origin of Species."

Darwin had great influence on the thought of the age and on the study of plant and animal life, past and present.

For forty years of his life he was an invalid, and could rarely work for more than two hours at a time ; when this is considered it is marvellous how he produced the quantity of work he did.

In character he was most lovable and affectionate, and was ever ready to help students or to acknowledge others' merits greater than his own. He was always cheerful, and, " never," in his own words, " turned one inch out of his course to gain fame."

He died on April 19th, 1882, at Down, near Beckenham, and was given a public funeral in Westminster Abbey.

Richard E. Holttum.

A TOWN GARDEN.

ON November 3rd Mr. Morton came down from London to give us a lecture on "Autochromes." The lecture proved to be of a different nature from what the title led us to imagine.

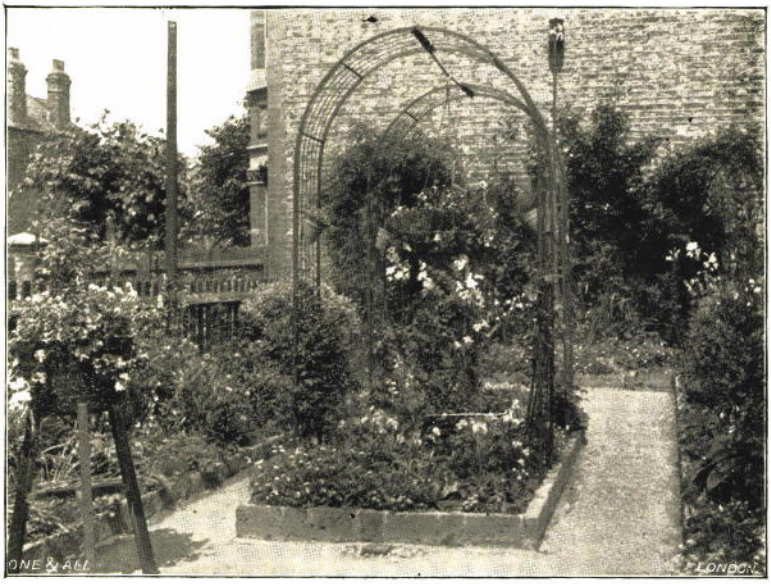
Mr. Morton began by giving us a description of his garden when it first came into his possession. It was simply a heap of bricks and *débris*, just as the builders had left it. He cleared and manured it and set it out, using the bricks for a border and a rockery. He then put plants in. It was all arranged very scientifically, as shown by the first slide, which was a plan of the garden. There was a bed all round a centre bed, a frame on the top of the coal bin for young plants, and a big tub. The bin and other ugly things were hidden by flowers. All this, so elaborate, in a garden five yards by fifteen yards!

Mr. Morton has formed the "Beautiful Harringay" Society. A certain district was examined and those taking a pride in their gardens were noted and invited to form a Society, whose object should be to beautify the district in which they lived, and to encourage others to do the same. He offered a cup each year for the best garden. Plants were distributed among the children to be cultivated and brought to a flower show, at which prizes were offered. Each child paid 2½d., and received a fuchsia, a geranium, and a petunia.

After this explanation Mr. Morton showed us slides of his flowers, beautifully coloured by himself. He took us round his garden, showing us daffodils, Canterbury bells, lilies and at the bottom a beautiful arch of Dorothy Perkins roses. All the plants were arranged so that when one died the one behind was just springing up to take its place. The flowers were magnificent. All this in a garden five yards by fifteen yards!



MR. MORTON AND HIS GARDEN AT HARRINGAY.



Reproduced by the courtesy of the Agricultural and Horticultural Association, the Proprietors of the well known "One and All" publications.

He then showed us a few Autochromes. These are coloured photographs not coloured by hand. He showed a coloured slide of a chrysanthemum show which he had taken in the morning. Most of us liked the ones best which he coloured himself.

He had to hurry off, unfortunately, at the end, but he had given us one of the best lectures we have had.

Howard Farrington.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF OLD BOB.

"GOOD people all of every sort,
Give ear unto my song,
And if you find it wondrous short,
It cannot hold you long."

In Walden town there lived an ass,
Who, all the people say,
A dull, industrious life did pass—
(Whene'er 'twas not at play).

A kind and gentle bray he had
To comfort friends and foes;
The sad at heart were thus made glad,
And soothed were all their woes.

Now in this town a school was found,
As many schools there be,
Both small and great; obscure, renowned,
Of high and low degree.

And by this school the beast was kept
To mow the growing grass,
Nine happy months he ate and slept,
The other three, alas!

He trotted up and down the lawn
  Thro' warm and weary days,
To dewy eve, from early dawn
  Were heard protesting brays.

The eager scholar, free at last,
  Rushed out at sound of bell,
And Bobby, sadly trotting past,
  Would hear his heartless yell.

Full fourteen years he lived 'mongst Friends,
  But then, as time did pass,
The school, to gain some private ends,
  Resolved to sell the ass.

The mandate sounded sore and sad
  To every Christian ear,
And whilst some swore the school was mad,
  Some swore Bob's keep cost dear.

Yet soon a wonder came to pass
  Which showed the beast had wit,
The school, it never sold the ass,
  The canny ass sold it !

When Arthur went one break of day
  To give him his release,
There on the straw old Bobby lay
  In dignified decease.

E. Lucy Williams.

Epitaph.

" Don't cry for him now, don't cry for him never,
He's going to do nothing for ever and ever."

OUR SCHOOL ELECTION.

THE first intimation that an election was to take place within the walls of the Friends' School, was given to us on Monday morning, November 28th, 1910. We came downstairs to find on blackboards various notices (all of a vigorous character), the meaning of which quickly dawned on our minds. At nine o'clock we had official announcement that the leisure time of that week would be occupied in preparing for Saturday's polling. Briefly we were told that three candidates were standing for this constituency, representing Conservative, Liberal and Labour views respectively, and that Agents (members of the Staff) would be glad of workers and canvassers from each side of the house.

Committee rooms were arranged, mass meetings were prepared for, and keen interest was shown by all; cartoons and placards were offered and accepted by the several Committees, so that the notice-board in each Play-room was soon completely covered.

The candidates issued lengthy Election Addresses, setting forth their views (and those of their misguided opponents), the chief topic being the methods of dealing with the House of Lords.

Then came days of canvassing and animated discussion; all took part, some very earnestly; these sought to convince others by using arguments which they had previously gathered from abler and older sources. Of these workers, mention may be made of the Women's Suffrage Committee, which carried on a serious campaign in that particular cause.

This party was strong and used its influence chiefly on behalf of the Labour candidate, and if telling placards could have returned this candidate, he would certainly have become a Member of Parliament. One of them is quoted below :—

PEOPLE (?) *v.* PEERS.

Liberals stand for " the right of the people's representatives to legislate for the people."

They don't mean the PEOPLE, they mean the 10 million MEN ; 11 million WOMEN have NO REPRESENTATIVES.

The Girls' Fourth Form room (formerly second class-room, and still called the Big Schoolroom) was termed the Town Hall, and here four mass meetings were held, Conservative, Liberal, Labour and Women's Suffrage. Each was very well attended, and Chairmen and Speakers addressed keen audiences.

Canvassers redoubled their efforts as the end of the week approached, and so convincing were arguments that some voters, having changed sides twice or three times already, were feeling as if it really did not matter for whom they put that cross, surely good would result in any case, if promises were to be trusted ; and perhaps canvassers felt the best way was to be the *last* to tackle a small boy or girl.

Colours were worn all the week ; some were large and very conspicuous, others a mere reminder, as it were ; some voters declined to wear any colour, and also were ready to combat any argument from any party.

It was announced that polling would begin at 4 p.m. on Saturday in the Lecture Hall. One by one the voters were admitted by a stalwart policeman ; there sat the Polling Clerks, who asked the name of each as he or she entered ; there were the Polling Booths ; and there were the two Personating Agents.

This polling was a long business, just finished before 6 o'clock tea. One small youth gave a fictitious name, and narrowly escaped being handed over to the arm of the law.

So clear and careful were the instructions given that only three papers were spoiled, each for some slight error.

SCHOOL "ELECTION" POSTER.



Designed and drawn by] [G. H. EVANS.

With regard to Women's Suffrage, the Conservative Candidate supported the Conciliation Bill, the Labour Candidate advocated Adult Suffrage, while the Liberal Candidate refused to pledge himself. The Liberals issued the above subtle Poster.

Then came the *finale* : all collected in the Lecture Hall to witness the counting of the votes, and to hear the poll declared by the Returning Officer, Mr. Walker.

The result was :—

HOLDSWORTH, William Gladstone (Liberal) ..	75
WELLS-FORTESCUE, Joseph, K.C.B. (Conservative)	25
SMITH, John (Labour)	20

LILIAN PICKARD.

A VISIT TO NORWICH.

ONE day last holidays I paid a visit to Norwich. I started from Lowestoft to go to Norwich Thorpe, a distance of twenty-one miles by rail. The journey was made through a lot of marshes, and on one side of the line was a river.

After half an hour's ride I arrived at Norwich. Norwich has three stations, namely Norwich Thorpe, at which I arrived, Norwich City, and Norwich Central. Electric cars run from each station to various parts of the town. So I took a car up to the Castle which is situated on a high hill overlooking the town. It is approached by a fixed bridge which was originally the site of the old drawbridge. The keep of the Castle is very big, being about 69½ feet high and about 94 feet square, and was originally divided into two by a big wall ; but since it has been turned into a museum the wall has gone. In

1886 the Mayor of Norwich opened it and proclaimed it a public museum.

There are various passages from the keep, and these are filled on either side with cases containing animals. There is one large room filled with paintings by Norwich celebrities.

I went on the battlements, but as the day was foggy, not much was seen, except the spire of the Cathedral. I just had a look round the dungeons which are numerous and large.

After dinner I went to see the Cathedral which stands in the town and is surrounded by the Cathedral Close (a big area in which stands the Grammar School and some other houses). The Cathedral is very large, having several recesses where smaller services are held. In the choir there are some good brasses and a monument to the first Bishop of Norwich. The organ is large, and is played from a keyboard by electricity.

Outside the Cathedral the cloisters still remain. They are in good preservation. They enclose a square of 174 ft., the walks are 12 ft. wide, and the height 15½ ft. from the pavement to the roof.

I next visited the Roman Catholic Cathedral which is on the other side of the town. It has only just been finished, and the Duke of Norfolk has paid for its construction. Right round it and under the ground there is a passage specially made for processions, as the Roman Catholics may not have celebrations in the public roads. The interior is very large though hardly as large as the Cathedral, and is very impressive, though at present it is simple, and not decorated to any extent. There are hardly any windows and it is quite dark in some places, especially by the altar.

After this I had a hurried walk through the town, having a look at the Maid's Head Inn, which was built in the fifteenth century. Also I saw Nelson's monument and the Gog and

Magog House, so called from the two statues, one on each side of the door, of two giants. Also the Bishop's Palace did not escape notice.

Norwich besides having a Theatre and a Hippodrome, has also four Picture Palaces, all of which are spacious.

The market place is large and is on a slope; here one notices, amongst other things, the Quaker coffee cart which supplies anyone with a good, warm and non-intoxicating drink.

I went from Norwich at 7 and got to Lowestoft at 7.45, after having spent an enjoyable day.

William Cooke.

MR. ENOCK'S LECTURE.

I AM sure that on Wednesday morning, February 8th, 1911, we were very much excited when we were told that in the evening we were going to have a lecture by Mr. Enock on "Insects."

In the afternoon we went for a walk as usual, and I am almost sure that nearly all the girls were talking about the lecture in the evening.

After a long time, as it seemed, tea-time came, then the quarter of an hour we had to wait before the lecture. At last we were actually walking into the Lecture Hall. Hurrah! it has begun!

Mr. Enock is a very nice gentleman, and I think he has lectured here before, but never has he given such an interesting one.

First we had a look at the twig caterpillars. Oh! it *was* funny! We saw them changing their skins, and then was a very funny thing, the caterpillars eat the old skins! Mr. Enock said it was like a new suit of clothes, but I don't

think we eat our clothes when we have new ones, we throw them away or give them to the poor, but *never* eat them.

The next thing we saw, showed us how very much alike this caterpillar is to a twig ; it was a kind of puzzle ; we saw a number of twigs on a branch, and Mr. Enock asked us how many were twigs and how many were caterpillars. Of course we looked hard, and after two or three guesses we guessed right ; after that we had a number of pictures shown to us about the caterpillar being a chrysalis and then changing into a butterfly.

After that we had some more caterpillars, only they moved about. We saw one eating leaves, and then it changed into a chrysalis ; it was lovely to see it ! Everything it did, and by and by there came out a lovely butterfly. We watched it move about as it came out of the chrysalis, we saw it gradually coming ; it was a lovely butterfly and after a time it flew away.

After that we saw a number of beetles and water beetles ; once we saw a frog trying to eat a worm, it was funny, but he had it after all.

I might have told you that at the first part of the moving pictures, there was a pole with a large number of caterpillars walking across, the " saucepan "* one was the finest, with the saucepan on its back.

We were all quite ready to go to bed when the time came, and so we went to bed feeling that we had had a very enjoyable time.

Erica M. Tozer.

(Aged ten.)

* The Lobster Moth Caterpillar carries its tail in such a way as to make it resemble a frying-pan.

ON THE DEATH OF BOB DINKEY.

On the first day of term we returned to our tasks,
And Bob Dinkey was not to be found;
"He is dead," we were told, when we wond'ringly asked,
"And his carcase is laid in the ground."

Of rheumatics it was that one Sunday he died,
And we certainly are rather grieved,
For on his broad back no more can we ride,
Though perhaps he himself feels relieved.

Oft remarks we have made on the donkey's slow pace,
As with sharp words the driver assailed him;
And we noted the harmless expression of face,
But little we thought that aught ailed him.

In the land of the dead poor old Bob you will find;
And ended is his earthly labour;
But his shed that is empty will serve to remind
Of the haunts of the asinine neighbour.

Harold B. Holttum.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Extract from an account by Ethel Edmunds of her journey across Canada.

I HAD intended staying some days in Montreal, and visiting beautiful Mount Royal, but finding that a party from the boat had engaged a Colonist Car and were starting that night for Winnipeg, I joined them. It was great fun buying provisions for the journey, which are packed in long

narrow baskets and sent to the station for you. Each car, which accommodates about seventy-six passengers, is fitted with a tiny room about five feet square, containing a cooking range, supposed to be kept going by the authorities, but we found we were left to look after it ourselves, and, as the coal gave out, whenever the train stopped for two or three minutes the men all jumped down and went gathering bits of wood, or any combustible they could find. The train always started again without any warning, and then there would be a cry, and everyone would give chase to the train, hold on and scramble up the six or eight steps into the car as best they could, with their trophies. The engines are huge black things, fitted with a horrible clanging bell instead of a whistle, which is rung all the time they are shunting, or crossing a road. The sound is harsh and monotonous. The seats in the cars are arranged in fours, and they draw out, forming a bed for two at night, whilst a large mahogany board, held by chains, pulls down from the side of the car, and forms a bed for two above, on each side of the car. You can buy straw mattresses and pillows for your comfort, but no one did. We curled up in our rugs with our heads on our bags, and slept as best we might. The first night we were nearly roasted; the second, we crossed a high ridge, and were nearly frozen to death, awaking to find everything frozen hard outside.

All the first two days we ran through glorious mountainous country, clothed in pines, aspens and maples, with streams and island-studded lakes everywhere; passing now and then little groups of log huts, where settlers were breaking the soil and clearing pine-stumps. The life looked exceedingly lonely, and bereft of all the beauties and culture of life. As darkness fell, on the second day, we passed "The Lake of the Woods," a beautifully situated little town, and then we came out upon the "Plains" which surround Winnipeg, and at half-past midnight we arrived at what will undoubtedly be one of the first and finest cities of Canada in a few years' time.

Extract from a letter by James S. Lidbetter, B.A., Emmanuel College, Cambridge, March, 1911.

"GENTLEMEN wishing to row this term please sign their names below." Eventually I signed, in spite of good-natured advice to the effect that I would repent doing so before long.

Within a week I was sorry for myself, and during the first month's rowing I lived in a state of chronic repentance. But that stage has now passed.

During the first fortnight or so of last term, we "freshmen" were vigorously "tubbed" every day, and in time drafted off into eights. Immediately on returning after the Christmas vacation crews were made up for the Lent Races, in which Emmanuel has three boats competing, one in each division. Serious training commenced the last week in January, and I found myself down to row six in the third boat. In the ordinary way rowing is very exacting recreation here, for it means going out on the river every afternoon, wet or fine. When training commences everything else is of secondary importance; lectures, dissipations, work, all give way to it, and the word of your Coach becomes law for the time being.

Smoking, drinking coffee, eating pastry or pork become heinous sins, and the crews of each boat have breakfast under the eye of their Coach at 8 a.m. every morning, while at Hall special tables are reserved for the "boats," where training menu is provided. Other rules enforce early rising and going to bed, and a short walk followed by a cold bath before breakfast. Strenuous exercise is taken every afternoon, the ordinary journey to Baitsbite Locks sometimes being extended to Clayhithe, a distance of nine miles there and back.

Emmanuel 3 lost four places last year, but this year, after strenuous and exciting racing, we made two "bumps."

On the day after our first "bump," according to custom, the crew turned out with button holes of the College colours—cherry and blue—pinned to their blazers.

An unfortunate accident rather spoilt the last race, for a Trinity Hall man lost his oar, and so to relieve the boat jumped overboard and swam ashore.

Personally, I found that once in the boat waiting for the starting gun, all nervousness left me ; it was the waiting about before we took up our station that gave me " needle," as they say here.

[In the " Bumping " Races, " eights " are stationed at some distance one behind the other, in a long line. If one boat catches and touches the boat in front of it, it makes a " bump," and goes up one in its division order, while the " bumped " boat goes down one. The racing continues for four consecutive days.—EDS.]

"EVERYMAN."

THE members of the Boys' Reading Club recently read " Everyman," together, with two Miracle Plays. These are specially interesting as representing one of the stages in the development of English drama.

Besides having this historical distinction, " Everyman " is very interesting in itself. It was composed originally in Dutch, about the middle of the fifteenth century, and was translated into English probably about 1520. It is a Morality play in which virtues are represented as characters, such as, Good-deeds, Knowledge, and Discretion ; personages such as Fellowship, Kindred, and Goods, are also found. " Everyman " was called a " treatise how the high Father of Heaven sendeth Death to summon every creature to come and give an account of its life in this world." Thus its aim is to convey in a picturesque form, and one which would most easily impress itself on the minds of the people, the idea that every man must render an account to God at the end of his life. It was written in Catholic times, so we find Confession imposing

penance on Everyman, in order to make his Good-deeds strong enough to accompany him on his pilgrimage.

The play commences by God sending Death, His messenger, to summon Everyman on a pilgrimage to Heaven to render his account to God. Everyman tries to get Fellowship, Kindred, and others to accompany him, but only Good-deeds will go; thus illustrating the fact that we can take nothing with us from this world, except the record of our deeds. At the end of the play a Doctor enters and recites an Epilogue to this effect, summing up the purpose of the play.

Morality plays commenced in the reign of Edward III., and continued till that of Elizabeth, when they, with the Miracle plays, gave place to the regular drama. "Everyman" is perhaps one of the best of them. The language is archaic, and the style and verse very quaint, but it contains a great deal of truth, and is extremely interesting. *Richard E. Holttum.*

SCHOOL DIARY, 1910 AND 1911.

Nov. 1st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "The Roadside," Miss Trickett; "Leaves," Molly Coates; "Roman Architecture," Paul Mauger.

„ 2nd.—4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Constance Lidiard and Jack Carrodus. Essays: "Colchester," William Cooke; "The Early Life of William Penn," Clara Cowles. Recitation: "The Destruction of Sennacherib," William Bailey. Piano Solo: Muriel Kingzett.
Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop Stortford College, 2nd XI., home, lost, 6–3.

„ 3rd.—Lantern Lecture (Autochromes). "A London Garden and its Flowers," by Mr. Morton.

„ 4th.—Boys' Reading Club Mtg. Books discussed: "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" (O. W. Holmes) and "The Rivals" (Sheridan).

„ 5th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, home, won, 3-1.

„ 6th.—Lantern Lecture: "Friends' Missions in India," by Mrs. Butler.

Nov. 8th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Anna Whitney. Essays: "Life and Works of Mendelssohn," Hilda Riley; "Folkestone," Elsie Rye; "A Holiday in West Somerset," Leonard Watts; "The Morte d'Arthur of Malory and Tennyson," Miss Priestman; Recitation, Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," Molly Coates. Reading from Malory, Pansy Raymond.
Hockey Match. Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Boys. Girls won, 3–2.

„ 9th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Henry Pigg. Essays: "William Harvey," Hilda Rye; "Wisbech," Mabel Inch; "New Zealand," Christopher Cooper. Recitation, Henry Pigg. Violin Solo, Mr. Robson.

„ 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "Edinburgh," Kenneth Green; "The Blackberry," Madeline Ward; "Evergreens," Basil J. Burton.

„ 16th.—4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Annie Macdonald and Douglas Williams. Essays: "A Fortnight of my Holidays," Stanley Gray; "The Good People of Ireland," Miss Graham. Songs: Miss Pickard and Hilda Riley. Violin Solo, Jack Carrodus.

„ 19th.—Hockey Match.—Girls' 1st XI. *v.* Boys. Girls won, 3–1.

„ 22nd.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary: Paul Mauger. Essays: "Poppyland," Jessie Slader; "Ye Olde Sunne Inn," Madeline Ward; "The History of the Ship," Wilfrid Wright. 'Cello Solo, Miss Howell. Piano Solo, Ina Farnell.

„ 23rd.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Winnie Price. Essays: "Camping Out," Helen Wright; "A Trip up Snowdon," Robin Appleton; "A Trip up the Medway," Reginald Hall; "In Lilliput Land," Miss Jones. Recitations: Richard Coates and Minnie Milton. Song: Mabel Inch, Minnie Milton and Hilda Rye.

„ 28th.—Beginning of School Election Week.

„ 30th.—School party in Dining Hall entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Walker.

Dec. 3rd.—School Poll declared: Liberal, 75; Conservative, 25; Labour, 20; Liberal Majority, 50.

„ 6th.—Return home.

Feb. 3rd.—School re-opened.

„ 4th.—Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Little Thurlow, home, won 4–1.

„ 7th.—Preliminary Meeting of N.H.S.
Preliminary Meeting of Sen. Lit. Soc.

Feb. 8th.—Hockey Match: 1st XI. *v.* Grange Road, away, lost, 2–1. N.H.S. Excursion to Chestnut Avenue. Cinematograph Lecture, "Transformation of Insects," by Mr. Enock.

„ 10th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Preliminary Meeting.

„ 11th.—Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford, away, drawn, 2–2.
Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden 2nd XI. home, draw, 4–4.

„ 14th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary: Kitty Townshend. Essays: "Ring Hill Camp," Bernard Deane; "By Combesgate," Kitty Townshend; "Life of John Scott," Basil Burton. Song: Mr. Rowntree. 'Cello Solo: Miss Howell.

„ 15th.—Charles E. Stansfield, M.A., Sec. of the Friends' Central Education Committee spent six days inspecting the School.

„ 15th.—Hockey Match. Girls 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow home, won, 5–2. Boys' Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, lost, 10–1.

„ 18th.—Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Thurlow Ladies, away, won, 4–1. N.H.S. Excursion to Clay Pits.
Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Y.M.C.A., home, won, 2–0.

„ 21st.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "Two of the Pleasures of February," Miss Pickard; "On the Lawn,' Molly Coates.

„ 22nd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wenden.

„ 23rd.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary: Arthur Payne. Essays: "Mr. Enock's Lecture," Winnie Price; "Nine Weeks in the Hospital," Arthur Pitt; "King's Lynn," Katie Edmunds. Recitations: Tom Rayner and Winifred Nichols. Song: Reginald Hall. Piano Solo: Hilda Rye.

„ 25th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Old Scholars, home, lost 5–1. Entertainment in the evening.

„ 28th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary: Bernard Deane. Essays: "Walden Market Place," Anna Whitney; "Wickford and its District," George Carrodus; "The Open River and a House-boat," Mr. Robson. Song: Miss Trickitt. Violin Solo: Miss Clark.

E. Lucy Williams.
Harold B. Holttum.

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* To retire at the end of the year.

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