P.T.B

THE AVENUE



MARCH 1912

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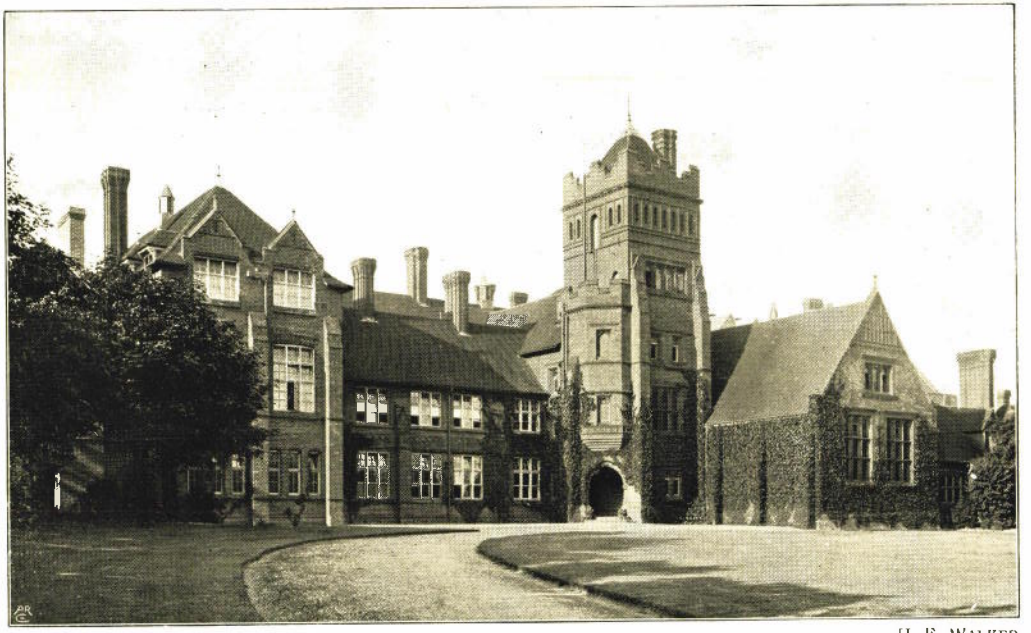


Photo by] [J. E. WALKER.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.

THE AVENUE.

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1912. No. 7.

FOREWORD.

IT is satisfactory to be able to inform our Readers that the circulation of *The Avenue* has reached 400 copies, and that the income is sufficient to meet the cost of publication.

Arrangements have been made for a series of articles on the early history of the School, mainly gleaned from the Minute Books, which date back to 1701. These should prove of great interest.

The Spring Term opened on January 16th, with a record number of scholars, *viz.*, 97 boys and 74 girls, total 171. With such a full School, it is very disappointing to have to record the outbreak of German Measles, in some cases followed by serious complications, which culminated in the death of Grace Mason, on Februay 28th, and the premature closing of the School, on March 6th. Our Readers will join with us in sympathy with Grace Mason's parents, who are missionaries in China, working under the Friends' Foreign Mission Association.

A crowded and enthusiastic Old Scholars' Gathering took place at Devonshire House, Bishopsgate, on January 10th. In the course of the excellent Concert which followed the Tea, the Treasurer reported that £32 had been contributed towards the furnishing of the "Old Scholars' Rooms" in the contemplated Hospital. A further £35 was then promised by forty of those present at the meeting.

J. E. WALKER.

THE SPIRIT OF MARCH.

(SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.)

Qui donc va chevauchant par cette nuit obscure ?
Serait-ce un amoureux, serait-ce un meurtrier ?
On ne sait. L'inconnu s'en va franc étrier ;
Agitant sa cravache, il presse sa monture.
Qui donc va chevauchant par cette nuit obscure ? (*Anon.*)

HEAVEN has no star, earth shows never an outline. The Moorlands are hushed before the approach of the Spirit. Then Nature is roused to adoration, for she speeds along. It is the Spirit—the Spirit of March—who rides on and away. The rider strains over the neck of her beloved steed, urging it on, with never a thought of the adoring nymphs that hover, singing their weird airs, in her train.

The strong cutting wind of her ride casts its icy mantle over every streamlet and fen, but—

"Welcome wild North-Easter!

* * * *

Sweep the golden reed beds,
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike,
Fill the lake with wild fowl,
Fill the marsh with snipe,
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe."

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Work lies ahead, and on she rides, over hedge and ditch, through woodland and marsh, until far behind is Nature's world, and she is among the dwellings of man, where poverty and wealth live side by side.

She dashes through the narrow begrimed streets of this town, and her bitter wind sweeps before it all taint of dirt, and leaves purity.

A solitary dog gives his cold howl to the night as he feels March's sharp wind blow o'er him.

The rider passes the glimmering lights from the small windows. She leans over her horse's head, and in spirit words, urges on her steed—her friend, faithful and true, through all her mission.

Now one may see her gleaming eyes piercing through the very darkness, another light reveals her long hair waving freely behind her. But one quick glimpse, then she is again in the world of the dark.

When day dawns the Spirit betakes herself to a long deep cave, into which the sea now washes, and the whispers of the waves are answered by the echo of the rocks. As each wave nears the Spirit, it lowers its proud crest, then withdraws for many another to pay its homage. But a rock rises in majestic grandeur and bars the way, and the wave instantly rises in a white fury of spray. But she is hidden in the depths of her cavern. There she plans her night's work, and there enjoys the fun and frolic of her nymphs.

In the world without, the sun climbs higher and higher into the heavens, claiming each day a longer reign. Clusters of purple and yellow peep out between the green leaves of March, and from the sprigs of the still brown trees of the wood the March songsters carol their praises to their Queen.

Night draws her curtain again; and pirates seek their fortune on the high seas. But over the twilight waters her path the Spirit takes. She rides over a rippled sea, but behind her, it is surging in wild confusion, blown and tossed by her wind, while in the peaceful hamlet on the cliff the monastery lights twinkle in faint persistence.

How for the pirates now? The Queen of the Winds has baffled them; their barques pitch and toss their last, then all lie in the world of the Deep.

One and thirty times the Spirit goes her night errands, then her reign is complete for many another month. No

longer does she charm the buds into blossom and leaf; no longer do the birds lisp their praises to her. Their Queen is changed, as April "her azure sister of the spring, blows her clarion o'er the dreaming earth."

Happy the life of March and long, with her Sisters of the Months. But sometimes she returns to our sphere, and plays with April's gems. She is seen as a gleam of brilliance in the blackness of a starless night. She leads wanderers into swamps by her radiance.—But 'tis for sport alone, and fun for fun's sake, that she leaves her victims struggling in some reedy bed, and wild is her flight to her world immaterial.

Madeline G. Agnew.



THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1911.

THE Hall was as usual decorated with festoons of greenery and the platform was transformed into a bower of plants and palms, kindly lent once more by Miss Gibson. Conspicuous, too, was a fine set of drawings of ships from early down to modern times, contributed by Wilfrid E. Wright and Eric S. Jeffrey.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker welcomed some eighty visitors, the company numbering together about 150; and supper in the Lecture Room proved a very crowded opportunity.

The scheme of the programme, "The Sea," was briefly

this: after Chaos comes Dawn over the Sea; then full Day with its bustling activities, its commerce and navies, its storms, wrecks and tragedies; and then Evening and a calm and peaceful Night.

Mr. Morris in a striking essay showed how, after Chaos, the Earth was covered with the Waters, and how from the Sea—which is the Mother of Life—has sprung all Life in sea or on land. Mr. Rowntree contributed a charming story (reproduced in this number of *The Avenue*), suggestive of how barter and commerce would begin amongst the most primitive tribes. E. S. Jeffrey and W. E. Wright's essay was a breezy and simple account of the evolution of the Ship. The essays by Miss Williams, and Margaret R. Coates and Madeline G. Agnew dealt with the emotions and impressions called up by Dawn and Evening at sea.

The music and the recitations were a marked feature of the evening; McDowell's "Sea Pieces," played by Miss Clark, and the two short poems by Charlotte P. Stetson are noble tributes to the Sea; and Mr. Whitlow gave a dramatic rendering of the storm and wreck scene from Charles Kingsley's "Westward Ho!", George Pratt's recitation, "Big Steamers," (Kipling) added a light touch; while a deeply interesting item was the dialogue, "Sea Captains at Plymouth," (Kingsley's "Westward Ho!")

The items taken individually were very interesting and enjoyable, but a general criticism passed, was that the programme was too long, and also did not give the flavour of the sea (N.B.—Saffron Walden lies in the heart of rural Essex); nor did the items hold together well as a whole.

REGINALD H. ROBSON.

THE SEA.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark heaving—boundless, endless and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne

Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.
("Childe Harold.") *Lord Byron.*

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. PIANO DUET....."Morning" .....*Grieg.*
Madeline G. Agnew, May Butler.
2. RECITATION .. "The Rock and The Sea" .. *Charlotte P. Stetson.*
Margaret R. Coates.
3. ESSAY ....."De Profundis".....
Mr. G. Morris.
4. PIANO SOLO ...."Sea Pieces" .....*Edward McDowell.*
Miss Clark.
No. 1. "To the Sea."
"Ocean, thou mighty monster."
No. 2. "From a Wandering Iceberg."
"An errant princess of the north,
A virgin, snowy white,
Sails adown the summer seas
To realms of burning light."
5. ESSAY ....."Dawn on The Deep" .....
Madeline G. Agnew, Margaret R. Coates.
6. SONG .....".The Diver" .....*E. J. Loder.*
G. W. Carrodus, J. T. Carrodus, H. C. Grimes, P. V. Mauger, P. L. Plant.
7. ESSAY ....."Early Sea Commerce".....
Mr. C. B. Rowntree.
8. RECITATION ....."Big Steamers" ..... *Rudyard Kipling.*
George L. Pratt.
9. TRIO ....."Andante and Scherzo" ..... *Gade.*
Miss Wright, Miss Clark, Miss Howell.

INTERVAL.

PART II.

1. PIANO SOLO....."Sea Pieces" ..... *Edward McDowell.*
Miss Clark.
2. RECITATION ....."The Ship" ..... *Charlotte P. Stetson.*
Dorothy Freeman.
3. ESSAY ....."Ships" .....
E. S. Jeffrey, W. E. Wright.
4. SONG ....."The Old Superb" ....C. *Villiers Stanford.*
Mr. A. Brereton.
5. DIALOGUE.."Sea Captains at Plymouth, 1588"..*Charles Kingsley.*
(Adapted from "Westward Ho!" chap. xxx.)

Lord Howard of Effingham *L. R. Hart.*
Sir Francis Drake ....*H. Skelton.*
Admiral John Hawkins *P. L Plant.*
Amyas Leigh.....*W. Cooke.*
Will Cary .....*E. A. Hart.*
Richard Hawkins ..*B. F. Deane.*
Captain Merryweather *L. C. Watts.*
Martin Cockrem....*F. H. Bennett.*
Mary Cockrem *Barbara Marriage.*
Captain Fleming....*D. Williams*

6. PART SONG .. "The Coming Wind did Roar" .. *Mee Pattison.*
Chorus.
7. RECITATION .... "The Loss of the Galleon" .. *Charles Kingsley.*
(From "Westward Ho!" chapter xxxii.)
Mr. J. P. Whitlow.
8. VOCAL DUET ..... "Night Hymn at Sea" .... *Goring Thomas.*
Mrs. R. H. Robson, Miss Trickitt.
9. ESSAY ..... "After the Storm" .....
Miss E. L. Williams.
10. RECITATION ..... "Sunset at Sea" ..... *Percy Bysshe Shelley.*
(From "The Demon of the World.")
May Butler.
11. SONG ..... "Sweet and Low" ..... *Joseph Barnby.*
Chorus.
God save the King.

THE LAST NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

(CHRISTMAS, 1911.)

THE Dining Hall clock ticked drowsily on,
Of Christmas he dreamed with a grin—
When he opened his eyes with a look of surprise,
For a concert was just to begin.

The dear Cranford ladies he shyly admired;
The music he thought was perfection;
Ali Baba and Co. didn't scare him, oh no!
Though it did rather blanche his complexion.

He witnessed with joy that renowned game of bowls,
On the Hoe, played by Devon's brave sons;
At Orpheus, 'tis true, and Eurydice too,
He was shocked, on account of their puns.

He'll always remember "The Matinée Hat";
The carols he yet can recall;—
Then, with three hearty cheers ringing still in his ears,
He was left in the dark Dining Hall.

Irene L. Lloyd.
Muriel Baker.

Two Accounts from Form II.

PERHAPS an Entertainment is best for us when we are very excited, for it takes away our attention from the particular subject to the Entertainment. I am going to tell you about the Christmas Entertainment at Safron Walden Friends' School. The entertainment was very amusing, and bursts of laughter were frequent. Mr. Whitlow recited the Hat Mattinee it was very nice. Some of the masters sang two, part songs which made us laugh as they sang, with thier deep bass voices. The third form acted Ali Baba which was very strange as thier quaint figures crowded the stage. I think we all enjoyed every part of it as you may guess from the few parts that I have mentioned.

* * * * *

There have been meny entertainment thoughtout last term and which I and all the girls liked best was one on the twenty-first of December. It was desided that it shall be that most joyful time we had ever had before from the girls. The fift form had a lovely play I think myself they had vaireus kinds of drees scrts and flouses. The marsters are the most comeqiel creatures they run and dance like anything. Mises Robsom and some other lady sung beutifuly it was a lovely entertainment. But I and all of the girls I think liked aly Baba it was a lovely site the thieves came by two twenty cuples went by all had knives and were grand. I think it was very kind of the girls and boys to act.

BRAN AND HIS QUEST.

(A Story of the First Boat.)

THE waters of the broad fiord provided an excellent playground for the more venturesome children of the little village which nestled on a small ledge at the margin of the water, and at the foot of the precipitous, forest-clad mountains

which flanked the fiord. In that hot country, the children almost lived in the water, and there was not one of them but was an expert swimmer almost as soon as he could walk. True, they seldom ventured into the water alone, for the "bogey" with which their elders frightened them was a very real one,—there were sharks to be reckoned with.

The men of the village were usually busy with their hunting, while their women grew little plots of maize—wherever they could find a piece of ground not too steep—or they would fish in the edge of the fiord, where they could also keep an eye on the youngsters at play in the water not far away.

The heavy rains that were so frequent at times washed away all the seed that had been sown, while even the huts of the village were occasionally overwhelmed with the rush of water. Much of the forest was marshy,—at certain times of the year, almost impassable.

While the other men are in the forest hunting, one remains behind; he prefers, solitary, to lie under the shade of some tree, overlooking the water—his eyes with a far away, dreamy look in them, or, perhaps, he joins the children in their frolic. There! listen now to their shrill voices and merry peals of laughter. The mothers in the village say to each other, "Bran is with them; ah, no one can invent such games as Bran does." Their husbands say that Bran is a lazy, useless sort of fellow, and that if he won't join them in hunting, he must expect no share in what the hunters bring to the camp. But the women know better, and Bran only chuckles; he can have as much as he wants for the asking. For are there not times when the hunters return empty-handed, but hungry, from the chase; when, though they grumble at the fare, they take as a matter of course the fish which their wives provide, troubling not their heads as to where such a plentiful supply has been caught? But who is it that devises cunning ways of catching the fish, and, instead of going into the water and patiently waiting for a chance to pounce upon some

unwary fish, will sit on the bank and secure one fish after another by dangling over the water a worm or a fly at the end of a long hair ? Ask the women in the village where Bran lives, Bran the cunning, Bran ever ready to assist a hungry man's wife. The women will see to it that Bran can afford to chuckle at their husbands' threats.

The men considered it beneath their dignity to catch fish, but some of the boys never tired of watching Bran's angling and of trying to imitate his method. Indeed, his favourite pupil, Beric, showed considerable skill.

Now Bran was not only given to day-dreaming, but, when the others turned in for the night, he would sit alone, gazing at the stars. What puzzled him was that the stars were never in the same place for two nights running—except one, that was always to be found in the same part of the sky, just over the spot, some miles away, where the fiord joined the sea. Bran came to regard this star as just as much alive as he himself was, and he used to converse with it ; he called it *his* star.

One day, when he was playing with the children in the water, a huge log of wood came floating by ; he promptly placed himself astride the log, and challenged the youngsters to upset him ; which was easily done. Ever since, this had been the favourite game ; it never lacked fresh interest, for Bran was constantly devising some new plan for making the log more stable in the water, so that it needed the greater effort and ingenuity to upset him. He even constructed a rough sort of paddle, which served to steer his barque in this or that direction.

Now it happened that year that the rains had been heavier than usual ; the crops of maize had been completely destroyed, while for weeks the hunters had had no luck, and even the fish seemed scarcer than usual. The village was threatened with starvation—nothing was left but the little piles of brown stones called amber, which the men collected on days when it was

too marshy for them to go into the forest, and which they bartered, in the dry season, with another tribe who lived some miles away through the forest, and on the sea coast.

Bran grew so pre-occupied that he even ceased to join the children in their games—for which, indeed, they had little spirit now. Moreover, at nights, he conversed so much with his star that the men were inclined to credit him with being the cause of the famine, and talked of getting rid of him in order to propitiate the Moon God, whom they supposed to be jealous of the attention which was being given to a Star instead of to herself. However, they were restrained from doing anything to Bran, because they depended largely upon the fish which he caught—but which he no longer gave to them, unless they would give him some of their amber in return.

But one day, Bran refuses to part at all with the fish he has caught; in place of his usual air of languor a restlessness takes possession of him, as he paces the rocks at the water's edge, ever and anon gazing intently down the fiord. All day long he is in this restless mood, until the sun sinks over the mountains to the west of the fiord, its last lingering rays lighting up the tops of the palms and tree-ferns at the summits for some time after the lower slopes and the fiord itself are in deep shadow. But now silvery gleams are chasing each other over the rocky margin, as the wind gradually scatters the fleecy clouds flitting across the face of the moon. A man steps forth from the shadow into the light, and as he faces the moon, a long beam of silver glory lies athwart the dark water, and seems to end on a large bare rock behind him. In his hand is a wild fowl, which he places at his feet in the centre of the rock, while he stands with his arms outstretched towards the sky: "O, Moon God! behold this offering of thy servant, and grant to Bran a prosperous end to his journey." For a moment the Moon God veils her face, and Bran stands expectant; should her face remain clouded, he will not attempt his enterprise that night. Suddenly the whole fiord is bathed with

light, as the wind chases the last cloud home to the mountain tops; so Bran springs lightly down to the water's edge, where lies concealed, amid the branches of an overhanging bush, his rude boat, the delight of the children. Carefully seating himself across the log he takes the rough blade which serves as a rudder, and pushes quietly out on to the water. In a hollowed out part of the log, Bran has a heap of amber which forms his cargo. Slowly the ebbing tide bears him along, while with the blade he works his craft into mid-stream. A puff of wind threatens to overturn her, but, with difficulty, he keeps her upright. The sound of the splash made by the rudder reaches the slumbering village and sets a dog barking. Fainter grows this sound in the ears of Bran, and as the moon sinks over the hill top, it is a tiny speck far down the fiord that disappears, wrapt in the darkness. But not without reason has Bran lain long hours at night conversing with the stars. The Moon God has gone, but a star—his Star—looks down upon him, and by it he sets his course.

Next morning the sun had been up for several hours before anyone missed Bran; it was still higher in the heaven before anyone bothered to look for him. It was Beric who came running into his father's hut, exclaiming that Bran was drowned, for his boat had gone from its mooring, and was nowhere to be seen. The news aroused little consternation in the village.

"What can you expect of a madman, who gazes at the stars instead of going to sleep?" exclaimed the boy's father.

"A crazy wight who talks to the stars is only fit to be food for the sharks," said another,—"especially now that he won't give us any more of his fish."

So they set to work, with Beric's help, to try and copy Bran's method of catching fish, while they dismissed him from their minds; until one morning, about three days later, Beric awoke to find Bran sleeping in his accustomed place on the floor of the hut, but his head, instead of resting on the ground,

lay on a rolled-up bundle of fern and grass. When he awoke, Bran found himself surrounded by a small crowd, curious to ascertain the contents of his bundle, and great was their satisfaction, as well as their astonishment, when he unrolled a quantity of stalks of Maize, which he said he had brought in his boat from the tribe who lived outside the fiord; and he now offered them his corn in exchange for amber.

* * * *

At this point there is a break in the story, but it would appear that, the stock of amber being well-nigh exhausted, his fellow tribesmen resented this first attempt at a "corner" in maize, and that their resentment had a disastrous result for Bran,—his tribesmen were not sufficiently advanced in civilisation to tolerate such a monopoly.

Later on we catch a glimpse of a small fleet of crazy barques, similar to Bran's, navigating the fiord, as well as the sea along the coast beyond the fiord, and their leader's name is Beric, the headman of the tribe. Evidently the younger generation availed themselves of Bran's invention, which had brought their author to an untimely end, for "Woe unto the man who goes in quest of a golden fleece; the fruits of the quest are not for *him*."

C. Brightwen Rowntree.

(Read at the Annual Meeting of the Literary Society, 1911.)

SPRING.



HEN we look up above to the trees,
We see brown buds ready to burst into green,
And when we look on the ground white with snow,
We hear little spring flowers peal soft and low—
" Spring is coming, Spring is near ! "

The snowdrop bows its dainty head,
And looks like a pearl dropped from heaven,
Then shaking its tender frame,
Peals forth sweet and low—
" Spring is coming, Spring is near ! "

Then the hyacinth we see,
Ringing its bells right merrily,
Shaking itself all over with joy,
And pealing with a soft clear voice—
" Spring is hastening, Spring is near ! "

The starry daffodil lifts up her golden head,
Giving strength to the more joyous ring,—
" Spring is here, Spring is here ! "
Welcome, dear Spring, so thou hast waked at last,
And Winter is something of the past !

We must be happy, we cannot be sad,
When all around us is so glad,
And Spring is treading the paths at our feet,
And Nature's song rings clear and sweet—
" Spring is here, Spring is here ! "

May Hargrave.
(Aged 11.)



RUTH, IRENE AND GRACIE MASON.

GRACE MASON.

ON the opposite page we reproduce a photograph of Grace Mason, second daughter of Isaac and Esther L. Mason, of Suining, China. She was born on January 18th, 1900, at Chungking, West China, and entered Saffron Walden School, with her sister, in September, 1908. It is with great regret that we have to record her death at School, on February 28th, 1912, from Pneumonia following German Measles. The funeral took place in the Burial Ground attached to the Meeting House at Saffron Walden, on March 2nd, when, in addition to representatives from the School and Meeting, there were present several Friends connected with the F.F.M.A. The beautiful flowers placed on the little grave were felt, we are sure, to be but a small indication of the loving sympathy and affection of Grace's schoolfellows and teachers.

ROUND WALDEN.

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

AFTER a short period of frost, when the skaters enjoyed a brief spell of that delightful exercise, not given to all to indulge in, the weather has changed, and there is a feeling of Spring in the air. "The Winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds has come." From tree to tree the robin hops and chirps his cheery song, the wagtail struts about the lawn with an important air, and the thrush sings fit to burst his throat in song. "There is gladness in remembrance"—last year there were nests, fluffy young ones and dainty mates, and surely they are coming again. The buds on the trees are swelling, the Elm has flowered, while around us at our feet the Aconites, Snowdrops and Crocuses have gladdened us again. Bulbs of all kinds are peeping through the ground, showing their green

spears, bidding us wait a little longer, for Nature is slow and desires her own time to accomplish her end.

There is much before us, and we welcome all the signs that come to us of this, the gladdest season of the year—the Spring.

We look forward to our excursions again, when as Naturalists and Archæologists we tramp the roads together, to enjoy first of all Nature's skill, then man's art and device, and above all each other's companionship, glad, joyous and free.

E. TRICKITT.

* * * * * *

The Hawthorn hedges which surround the Copse are only just beginning to bud, and the brambles, which grow up amongst them still retain some of last year's leaves—very old and shrivelled up—making the place look rather desolate; but when we look underneath these hedges we discover many things returning to life once again.

To begin with, the ground is practically covered with the new blades of green grass, and we see more than one kind of soft velvety moss covering the ground, growing on to pieces of wood which once formed the stem of a young shrub or bush.

Looking more attentively into the grass we see quite a lot of Goose-grass, and already the second set of leaves has appeared on it. The first and second set can easily be distinguished from one another, for the first set are larger and more fleshy than the second, which are quite hairy.

Then again, there is the Stinging-nettle, a plant which is well-known to all of us. The stinging is caused by small hairs which cover the stems, and which contain poison.

The wild Geranium is another thing which is just springing up. This plant does not bloom until the Summer, but even at this early date (February 12th), there are buds on the many violet roots which are growing amongst the grass.

Then there are last year's empty seed-pods of such things as Campion, and last, but not least, the faithful Ivy twining in and out of the reviving hedges. *Dulcie Kirkpatrick.*

The Copse is now at a very interesting period; the trees, mostly Larch, still look bare, but as very cold weather has not visited us the wood is ripening.

In 1728 a great Duke planted 27,000,000 Larch trees on 15,000 acres of barren land. This example has been copied all over the country, and this may be how our Copse came into existence.

The Larch is a lofty tree, with a very straight trunk, generally attaining to a height of eighty to one-hundred feet, and, under very favourable conditions, one-hundred and twenty feet, but those in the Copse are about thirty feet. The brown bark is easily separated into thin layers, and the growth of the tree causes it to split into deep long slices.

The long, lower branches are spreading, with a downward tendency, and with the tips turned upward. The twigs bear long, slender, light-green leaves in bundles of thirty or forty.

The Larch is the only one of the Coniferous trees not an evergreen. At the beginning of Winter the large leaves wither and fall, and the Copse looks very lifeless, but in Spring the plant life seems to awaken.

Doris Morgan.

* * * * * *

Since the last publication of *The Avenue*, the Archæological Section has had little opportunity for excursions, though members have done a good deal of individual work. Excursions, however, have been made by members, to Littlebury, Great and Little Chesterford, and Thaxted. At Littlebury the brasses, font and porch were seen, at Great Chesterford the roofs and brass and the old houses were all of interest.

Little Chesterford with its font, windows, tomb and rood screen, was visited on Wednesday, November 15th.

Thaxted is reported separately on this page. With regard to the Diary Competition four Archæological diaries were sent in; contrasted with one last year.

This Term three meetings are to be filled by us; the first on Walden Castle, the next on Thaxted, and the last on local Elizabethan Work. Probably, however, the last meeting will be held over till next term. The essays of the first were very good, but too short.

Howard Diamond.

* * * * * *

On the 27th of January, a small party of four boys went to Thaxted to see the Church and old houses. The style of the Church is Perpendicular. The spire is said to be the oldest now existing in England; it was finished in 1421. The windows, especially the east ones, are most interesting. For instance, there is a figure of Henry VI., holding a model of the church; he perhaps had some part of it built, and he is its patron. In the south aisle there are panes of glass depicting scenes in the Garden of Eden. On the walls outside there are many gargoyles, or water-spouts. There is a porch on each side of the church—that on the north is the finer. The place for the statuette of the Saint of the Church is empty, as the Saint has been knocked out by the Roundheads. The one on the south has entrances on all sides of it. The Moot Hall was observed. The upper floor was used for town meetings, and the lower one as a cattle-market, and there is a dungeon.

G. Leonard Pratt.

* * * * * *

During the autumn and winter the Astronomical section held fortnightly meetings—the chief constellations were identified, and points of interest concerning them looked up. Mars, Saturn and Venus also came under observation, and several evenings were devoted to studying the geography of the Moon.

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THE GIRLS' GARDENS.

"Spring is coming!" Crocuses everywhere! The beautiful golden colour of some draws away our attention

somewhat from the delicately marked mauve and purple ones, touched by the skilful hand of the great artist, Nature. The Snowdrops have been "few and far between," but very welcome, for they were the heralds of Spring!

With the March winds have come the Violets, peeping from under their green leaves,

"Half-hidden from the eye."

Let us hope that the wild Spirit of March will bestow on the flowers some of the sunshine of her smile; and then, indeed, there will be a gorgeous array of colour. Blue, white and pink Hyacinths will rival the gaudy yellow and red Tulips in colour, and the lovely white and pale pink ones in beauty.

May Butler.

* * * * * *

We all subscribed and bought some Daffodil and Hyacinth bulbs. After the holidays there were a few green shoots, just appearing above the surface of the mould. The Hyacinths grew much faster than the Daffodils, till one day we saw a small bud appear in the centre of the leaves. This bud grew and one morning when we looked at it, we saw a little tiny bit of the flower itself showing. The Daffodils are not out yet, and you can only see the long slim leaves clustering together.

Nina Townshend.

SOME HINTS ON TRAINING FOR THE SPORTS.

THE 100 YARDS.

It is essential to get a good start in sprint races. The upright position is quite a good way of starting. While training, the full hundred yards should seldom be run. The best way is to run about thirty yards as fast as possible, slowing down gradually, as to stop suddenly is to risk straining a tendon. It is a very good plan to run two or three of these

short sprints not more than three times a week. Long strides should never be attempted. Striding should be practised at half speed. However, the pace is the chief thing to watch, the stride will take care of itself. After running short distances the full hundred yards may be practised, when the chief aim should be to keep a good speed up the whole time.

Philip L. Plant.

LONGER DISTANCES.

In running longer distances, the mile and cross-country, the athlete's style should be freer, especially in cross-country running, when, the track being less even, a runner with a stiff style is in danger of a nasty ankle twist in a hole or rut. The athlete should find out at what pace he can run the different parts of the course, where it is necessary to slacken speed, and where pace can be put on. He should be sure to start the race at his best speed, as this gives him a good standard pace, which he must endeavour to maintain to the end of the race. The part of the course at which the runner obtains his "second wind" should be noted on practice runs, and the breath carefully regulated accordingly.

Leslie R. Hart.

120 YARDS' HURDLE.

This is essentially a sprint race. It is therefore necessary to practise fast sprinting, and at the same time to clear the hurdles with as little diminution of speed as possible. The runner should go over the hurdle with the body facing the bar, as near as possible, alighting flat on the foot, and at once getting into his stride. In jumping the hurdle the forward leg should be thrown over the bar, at the same time throwing forward the body, thus helping to reach the ground as quickly as possible; and the hurdler should alight in the same position as that from which he started. Practice at getting the stride between the hurdles should form part of the training, but this depends upon the size of the runner.

George W. Carrodus.



Photo by] [G. MORRIS.

SHORTGROVE, NEAR NEWPORT.
Friday morning, February 2nd, 1912.



Photo by] [J. E. WALKER.

THE AVENUE IN SNOW.

HIGH JUMP.

In the high jump, style is of the utmost importance, and while training, the form should especially be attended to. Thus at first, form and not height must be aimed at. The best method by which to obtain this is by placing the bar at an easy jumping height and practising at this height continually until the form has reached as near perfection as possible. After this, height may be thought of.

Basil G. Burton.

LONG JUMP.

In the long jump, as in all other branches of sport, it must be remembered that the muscles of the body, and not only of the legs must be well developed. The long jumper has also three things to remember: take a swift run, though not more than about twenty yards; jump from the take-off with assurance and precision; leap high, and use the body with advantage in the air. The last of these includes the motion of the legs, which should be held in front of the jumper. In alighting, the body must be thrown forward, so that the hands may not touch the pit behind the feet. Good practice may be had by jumping the hurdles, and by running short sprints.

Paul V. E. Mauger.

[*The Editors do not necessarily endorse the opinions put forward in this article, and invite criticisms from readers of "The Avenue."*]

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Dorothy Pollard (Scholar 1906-9), Mount School, York, and A. Reginald Deane (Scholar 1905-10), Bootham School, York, passed the London Matriculation Examination in January.

Piers A. Richmond (Scholar 1906-10) is at the Agricultural College, Dookie, Victoria, Australia. There are a hundred students at the College.

MURIEL KINGZETT (Scholar 1908-11), is now living in British Columbia. An extract from a letter describing her journey out is held over until the next number of *The Avenue.*

E. LUCY WILLIAMS (French Mistress 1909-11), was married on February 19th to Mr. Gordon Forbes. We tender our best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Forbes, who expect shortly to sail for Sumatra.

A PLEA FOR A STATE GARDEN CITY.

(*A Review by* GEO. H. EVANS, *of an Article by* PERCY B. TANNER.)

An article on the above subject, written by an Old Scholar, Percy B. Tanner (1887-91), appeared recently in "The World's Work," for November, 1911. The views expressed therein have received the commendations of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Postmaster-General, and a short outline of them will probably be of interest to the readers of *The Avenue.*

The article deals with the benefits that would be conferred upon any community of co-workers, if instead of having to live and rear their children under the unfavourable conditions that prevail in most big towns, they were domiciled in a properly planned Garden City, situated in a healthy country district.

Percy Tanner takes as an example the Savings Bank department of the General Post Office (in which he is one of the officials), shows that its business could be properly carried out away from London, and that its employees, with their various dependents, would provide a population of about 10,000 for the new city.

The State should be able to acquire an estate within an hour's journey of London, erect the necessary offices and residential buildings, and let the business area on building leases, with the assurance of a handsome profit on its outlay.

"There should be hostels for the single folk, . . . churches, schools, libraries and the other complements of a well-equipped town, and presently a theatre."

The health and efficiency of the staff would improve ; the junior clerks would have the advantages of a sheltered and comparatively economical life in a Garden City hostel ; while good schools and extensive playing fields would ensure the welfare of the children, and would relieve the parents of much anxious care.

On the other hand, there would probably be objections from those who for family reasons wish to remain in London, who have bought, or are buying their homes, or who prefer city life. These could probably be met by a system of exchanges and by making use of facilities for cheap travelling. The various buildings necessarily vacated would soon be re-occupied in the natural growth of the City. The scheme has already been worked successfully, notably at Bournville and Port Sunlight, and its extension would be greatly beneficial to the whole State.

It is pointed out that, if the Government were to adopt the suggested scheme, they would have the advantage, not enjoyed by the authors of these previous experiments, of being able to start with all the elements of a complete town at once.

G. H. Evans.

Dickens' Centenary Pageant at Hastings.

(Maud G. Tyler, Scholar 1894-97).

During the first week of February, 1912, a Pageant was performed at Hastings, under the auspices of the Dickens Fellowship, in which some Walden Old Scholars took part, while the literary work was from the pen of Maud G. Tyler. The following extract embodies the spirit of the whole play :—

" Behold the boy
Grew fast to manhood, and with manhood came
A wondrous power to read the world around ;

A wondrous power to paint with pen and ink
The portraiture of all the men he met.

* * * * * *

" You shall see
The men and women—and the children too—
The pencil of the master-writer drew.
You shall behold those you have learnt to love ;
And you shall laugh with them and weep with them,
And, for a brief space, dwell with them as well."

Extract from a letter written by MARY E. PIM (*née* HARROD, *Scholar* 1893-98), *Friends' Mission, Tananarive, Madagascar.*

" Each Tuesday I go down to a Dorcas Meeting consisting of Malagasy connected with the church of which we have charge. I am the only white person there. At first I could not speak the language at all, and my husband used to accompany me ; but now that I know a little Malagasy, he thinks it better that I should go alone, practise what I know, and talk to the women. It is not easy to say what I want to, because even if I think of something in English, I do not know the equivalent in Malagasy. However, it is wonderful how much the people understand in spite of many grammatical errors on my part. There is ample scope for workers out here, and indeed, in every field, and it would be nice to have some more representatives from our old School engaged in spreading the Kingdom of God in foreign lands."

Extract from letter written by HOLLEY SKELTON (*Scholar* 1906-7), *Hullcar, British Columbia.*

" We are having cold weather now, the lowest the thermometer has been down to is sixteen degrees below zero, but it has not been above freezing, even in the middle of the day, for over a month. We have had more snow this winter already (January 10th), than we have ever had before for all the winter, so if it snows much more there will be very high

water in the rivers this year. We had two weeks' holiday at Christmas, and we went back to school on January 8th. This term we have the same teacher as we had before. This is the first time since we have been here that we have had the same teacher for two terms, and I do not think we should have had the same one this time, except that her sister is teacher at a school about three miles away, and both of them lodge at a house about half-way between the two schools. Dick and I have had a fine time skating on our neighbour's pond this winter. The only trouble has been keeping the snow off the ice. We found the best way was to keep a ring, so that we could go round and round, but some of the snow that we took off the ice we put on the inside of the ring, and it was so heavy that it made the ice sink about two feet, and now it is all cracks, and we cannot skate any more."

SCHOOL SONG.

(To the tune of "The Heroes," Robert Browning.)

MOTHER School of Walden, how shall we best show thee
All the love we bear to thee, pay back the debt we owe?
Here to us thou givest vigour for the battle,
Strength to fight and power to stand. What shall we render thee?

Though we be not granted laurels of the leader,
Though our rank be humble, and our service small;
Never mean dishonour, word of base betrayal,
Thought unholy, deed of folly, shall bring shame to thee.

Onward through the ages as we march undaunted,
Firm and loyal, ever bringing honour to the School,
Truth shall be our watchword in our noble conflict,
Every effort, every trial lead to victory.

Children who have left her, the Mother School still claims you,
Fellowship and Brotherhood their chains have round you cast;
Whether now far distant or dwelling in the Homeland,
Ne'er forget the golden dreams, the mem'ries of the past!

Walden's sons and daughters! Comrades in life's battle,
Whether we be victors who have won the world's renown,
Whether nameless heroes slowly pressing forward,
Whether in Life's sun or shade—for love of her, fight on!

Marianne M. Butler.
Margaret R. Coates.
Muriel A. Baker.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL.

Two Hundred Years Ago.

Clerkenwell, 1701-1787.

THE Friends' School, Saffron Walden, has a history of over two hundred years. It was founded at Clerkenwell 1701 ; removed to Islington in 1788 ; from there to Croydon in 1825 ; and lastly to Saffron Walden in 1879.

It is proposed to outline this history from the beginning down to recent times, in a series of short articles. Throughout, the chief aim of the writers will be to give as authentic an account as possible of the inner life and conditions of each Institution. The information has been gathered from the Minutes of the Committee (dating from 1701), kindly placed at our disposal, and much use has been made of Mr. Crosfield's admirable Bi-centenary Book. We are also indebted to Mr. Crosfield (Chairman of the Committee), for the loan of the plan of Clerkenwell, published 1805. This plan shows the site of the School, and of many places of interest in its near neighbourhood, such as "The Angel," Islington. In view of a proposed extended and more detailed account, the writers will be glad to receive any information which may throw light on any period of the School history.

This is the story of a great educational experiment, and its importance can be realized only when one remembers the nature of public education at the commencement of the eighteenth century. State Schools were quite unknown, and the education of the children of the poorer classes was provided for only by private or semi-private schools. Economic conditions were rapidly changing, and the children of the poor were regularly employed in industrial work at an early age, and thus came under influences decidedly detrimental to their well-being.

The establishment of a Workhouse by Friends, was largely instrumental in furthering their desire to control the conditions under which the children of their own poor were to develop. In finding work for the children to do, the Committee Friends were making it possible to commence their great work of training them to live honourable and useful lives. Friends were beginning their notable work of public education.

It will be recognised that in covering an extended period of eighty-six years of development, it has been necessary to choose only the most representative facts and details, and often a generalisation cloaks many variations.

* * * * * *

Following on a proposal made by John Bellers, of London and Gloucestershire, a philanthropist possessed with Utopian ideas, a movement was set on foot by the London Quarterly Meeting, for establishing a House for the greater comfort of aged poor Friends, and for the education and industrial training of the children of poor Friends of the Monthly Meetings in and around London. The search for a suitable building resulted in the taking of a house in Clerkenwell by John Hopes, who acted for the Committee. The lease was acquired from March 5th, 1701. It is interesting to remember that the Toleration Act had been passed but twelve years before in 1689, and that William III. died in 1702.

The Clerkenwell School building was situated in the Parish of St. James, in Corporation Walk or Road, near the present Smithfield Market, and the famous "Angel" at Islington. It had been a Corporation Workhouse, and seems to have been a fairly large, two-storey brick building, forming three sides of a square, enclosing a courtyard with the prison wall for its remaining boundary; it contained forty-six large bare rooms, some of great size—the largest twenty feet by eighty-five feet. Below were numerous basement cellars and offices. The whole was perhaps surrounded on three sides by another high wall, which enclosed stabling and grazing accommodation,

regularly used for the horses of public Friends visiting London. There may have been some garden; at any rate, near at hand were the "Mulberry Gardens." The place had not been in use for some time, and, when taken over by Friends, considerable sums of money were spent by the Committee on necessary repairs and alterations. The site of our Clerkenwell School is now occupied by the North-Western portion of the House of Detention.

At first old Friends and boys of poor parents were alone admitted. Generally speaking the boys and the old people lived in separate parts of the House, though for some years they seem to have mixed pretty freely. Acting under the strict and regular supervision of the Committee were the Steward and the Stewardess, who were in charge of the whole "Family"; "y^e^ horsler," or man-of-all-work, too, seems to have been a very indispensable member of the community, at times even lending a hand in keeping y^e^ boys in order. "Y^e^ Antient People" had separate bedrooms, or rooms shared by two or three; N.B., tobacco might not be used in these rooms, or in the House. A striking feature was their great age—anything up to ninety years. They were recommended to the Committee by the Monthly Meetings to which they belonged, and after having undergone a medical examination and having agreed to the Rules and Bill of Fare, which were read over to them by the Committee, they were admitted into the House. One of the rules was that no one should be taken in who was insane or unable to help himself. Towards the cost of their upkeep the responsible Monthly Meetings provided three shillings and sixpence per week for each inmate, together with clothing.

These old people were constantly ailing, and in need of special attendance, often requiring fires in their bedrooms; and, as they were not employed in any work at first, they were a cause of great expense. Besides, the disorderly habits and drunkenness of some of them were a menace to the morals of

the children and to the discipline of the House. Here we may notice the extreme lenience and long-suffering of the Committee in dealing with these offenders, by repeated interviews and warnings, and their great reluctance to discharge them, even when these delinquents repeatedly slipped out, without leave, to the "Corner House," and returned "much disguised in liquor," after having, on more than one occasion, pawned their sheets and bedding.

Epidemic illness and skin-diseases, common in those days, frequently troubled the House, and for many years the Committee were on the look-out for a building suitable for an "Infirmary" or Isolation Hospital; even then, this was an urgent and crying need!! About six "Antient Friends" passed away every year, and if not more than two or three children died in the twelve months, it was felt to be cause for no little thankfulness. This constant succession of funerals can hardly have been inspiriting.

The boys were admitted at ages ranging between seven and twelve years, and at first they stayed in the House till the age of fifteen years. Admission was obtained under conditions similar to those for "Y^e^ Antient People," but for the boys the Monthly Meetings had to pay only one shilling per week, and to provide clothing. The smallness of this fee was in consequence of the amount earned by the boys. Early in the history of the institution the boys slept in large dormitories, with one or two "Antient Men" in each "for the better keeping of order."

Their life seems to have been hard and monotonous, with no provision for games or recreation. Work commenced at 6 a.m. (at 5 a.m. in summer, during one period of the School's history), and continued till breakfast at 8 o'clock. At 8.30 work was resumed till dinner at 1 o'clock. From 2 till 6 p.m., the boys did either reading, writing and casting accounts for two hours, or resumed their manual work. After this they had supper, followed by a devotional period, and then went

to bed. The old people retired somewhat later, but all lights were to be out at 8 p.m. in winter, and at 9 p.m. in summer.

It may be of interest to note the Bill of Fare. For breakfast the boys had a moderate allowance of bread and cheese or butter, with "beer sufficient." There was an alternative—a pint of broth thickened with bread, with "beer sufficient." For dinner: meat, bread and beer, or a pint of milk or pease pottage; or one pound of "plumb pudding," with "beer sufficient." Their supper was the same as their breakfast. Note the lack of variety and also of vegetables.

The manual work performed by the boys included spinning wool and cotton, winding silk, making candlewicks and shoemaker's thread, picking oakum, making "mopps" and "netts." The productions were sold generally through the Monthly Meetings, and the earnings of the boys, estimated at one shilling per week for each boy, went towards their keep. It was not till quite late in the history of this institution that the "Antient People" were employed; then they were ordered to work at making sacks for six hours on three days of the week, and for three hours on each of the remaining week days.

From the above it is evident that the education given was almost entirely industrial, but nevertheless from the very commencement the Committee had at heart a great concern to make the education of the children more complete, and this noble endeavour can be traced throughout the troubled history of the Institution. As early as 1703 a proposal was made to provide a Boarding School for boys, but no definite "schooling" was given till 1707, when a visiting Schoolmaster, Edward Powell, the son of the Steward, was appointed to attend the House for a few hours each week to help in giving a suitable education "in all manner of usefull larneing." The first schoolroom was adapted for its purpose from a large cellar or underground basement office. We should note also

in the same year that because of exception being taken to the name of "Work-House," it was proposed "that y^e^ name be changed to y^e^ word Colledge, which comprehends both Hospitall, Workhouse and School." William Hill, appointed in 1712, was the first resident Schoolmaster. His salary at first was £6 per annum.

In 1707 there was only one girl in the House, but in 1716 there were sufficient to render necessary the appointment of a resident Schoolmistress, at £4 per annum. Their mode of living was but little different from that of the boys. Except for the trifling amount of time given to reading and writing, they worked all day long at such occupations as sewing, mending clothes, knitting, making garments for sale and for use in the House, kitchen work, such as washing and getting up the linen. Later on we find some of the bigger girls appointed to instruct the smaller girls in knitting and sewing. Among the duties of the Schoolmistress was that of seeing that there was no whispering among the girls.

As to the numbers in the School: in 1710 there were thirty-four "Anchants," twenty-four boys, and two girls. In 1746 there were ninety all told, while in 1789, about the time that the removal from the Clerkenwell House to Islington and Plaistow took place, there seem to have been about twenty old Friends, and fifty children. In fact, twenty "Antient People," twenty six boys, and twenty-four girls, making a total of seventy, may be taken as the average numbers; though about the middle of the century they rose for a little while to well over one hundred.

The Stewards, Schoolmasters and other officials, who rarely received encouragement for their self-denying labours, but were the focus for a continuous stream of complaints, seldom stayed long in the place. The Steward's salary rose from £20 to £40 during this period.

The ultimate aim of this dual education was to prepare both boys and girls to take suitable situations, and the

constant endeavour of the Committee was to apprentice the boys to various trades under reliable masters, and to place the girls in good domestic service. We find notices of boys being apprenticed to tallow-chandlers, tobacconists, bakers, joiners, patten makers, and basket makers. A system of apprenticeship fees and gratuities varying from £5 to £20 was introduced by the Committee for the benefit of both boys and girls who were able to produce certificates of satisfactory conduct. The Apprenticeship Fund still exists. At first boys and girls who did not settle down in their situations were allowed to return to the House; but this tended to undermine discipline, and was soon discontinued.

In contrast with the modern system of holidays, it may be useful to note that there were no definite holidays at all. Occasionally parents were allowed to withdraw their children for not more than one day, and in approved cases at specified times in the year the children might go home, for not more than one week once in the year, and only on condition that they did not wear their best clothes. Misconduct caused a loss of the privilege, the offenders "not to goe out of the gate." The restrictions with regard to the holidays were intended to minimise the subversive moral influence of the homes from which some of the children came. "Runing away without leve" was by no means uncommon.

Detention and corporal punishment seem to have been the chief methods of dealing with disorderly children, but it is pleasing to note that the latter means of correction was strictly regulated by the Committee; they ordered that corporal punishment must not be excessive, and must be administered only in public in the Great Hall, and after a careful public statement of the transgression.

The religious life in the House was by no means neglected. Every Sunday, morning and afternoon, and Tuesday, the whole Family went to the Peel Meeting House in St. John's Lane, the gallery of which was reserved for the children.

Picture the procession—first " y^e^ antient men " walking two by two, then the Schoolmaster followed by the boys, two by two, dressed in their cloth coats, leather breeches, " tite " shoes, " wiggs " and " hatts " ; next came " y^e^ antient women " two by two ; then in the same order came the girls wearing silk hoods and cloaks (a legacy to the House) and lastly the Schoolmistress.

Besides these meetings the Family was gathered together at appointed times during the week for the serious reading of the Scriptures and for silence.

In this history some mention must be made of the worthy Committees who carried on this great work through all vicissitudes. Each year thirty members (men) were chosen from the Monthly Meetings to act as the Committee, and to meet monthly at the Work-House. A sub-committee of six was appointed to visit the House each week for the inspection of the management and the supplies. " A self-denying ordinance imposed upon the members was that any absent member should pay a fine of one shilling." These fines were put into a box, and at stated intervals the very considerable contents, often amounting to more than £5, " were distributed among the Ancient Friends, the children and the servants. This system of fines was maintained until 1825." We might add that Committee Friends of to-day might contend that the self-denying ordinance still continues, with a difference—that those who *do* attend the February Meeting of the Committee, as well as the absentees, are constrained to give " benevolences," which are distributed to the boys and girls through the Literary Society and Games Clubs.

The need of the help of women Friends to inspect the House was early felt, and eventually the Quarterly Meeting regularly appointed " some prudent women Friends sometimes to visit the House." " The name of Elizabeth Fry appears as one of these visitors in the year 1805." We may add here that Dr. John Fothergill, the Founder of Ackworth School (1779),

was school physician from 1747 to 1765, and acted with the Committee in 1774 and at the yearly examination in 1782.

A word may be added on this subject of examinations When the Schoolmaster commenced his work in the School, two members of the Committee were chosen to examine the children each month in reading and writing. The Annual Examination—General Meeting—dates back to 1780, since when the Examination of the School children by the Committee and visitors has taken place each year at the end of June or July.

And now we come to the close of the first period in the history of the School. We have seen how the Institution gradually developed from a philanthropic venture to be a distinctly educational centre where boys and girls were prepared for useful service in various departments of life. As soon as the Committee began to concentrate their efforts upon the education of the young, they realised the ill-effects of having the old people in the same building as the children. In 1725 even, it was proposed that the old people should be quartered in a separate house, but not for many years were the Committee able to make this advance. In 1783 it seems that the ground upon which the Work-House stood was required for the site of a County Prison, and the Middlesex County Council approached the Committee with the object of purchasing the lease. Having thus an opportunity for the disposal of the property, and the taking of a new and more suitable building close at hand, wherein the children could be educated, the Committee readily availed themselves of it, and at once began to make preparations for the removal. This brings us to the close of the first period. Here we may draw attention to the extraordinary continuity of the history and development of the School.

R. H. ROBSON.
A. BRERETON.

[When the above was going to press, our attention was drawn to a valuable and interesting book containing an excellent account of the early history of the School: "The London Friends' Meetings," by William Beck and T. Frederick Ball (1869).]

SCHOOL DIARY.

1911

Nov. 1st.—N.H.S. Excursion to Newport.

„ 4th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Whittlesford, away, won, 9-0.
Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies A, away, lost 0-2.
Archæological Excursion to Littlebury Church.
Character Costume Entertainment by Girls in aid of F.F.M.A.

„ 7th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, May Butler ; Essays : " Wait and See," Henry Skelton ; " Rembrandt," May Butler ; " A Broken Promise," Benjamin Skelton. Song, Miss Trickitt. Piano Solo, Ina Farnell.

„ 8th.—Exhibition of Lantern Slides of India, by Mr. Walker.

„ 11th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Whittlesford, home, won, 4-1.
Entertainment by Boys in aid of F.F.M.A.

„ 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers : " An Introduction to Astronomy," Howard Diamond ; " Church Windows," Leonard Watts ; " A Visit to the Dwelling of Prehistoric Man in the North of Ireland," Mr. Morris.

„ 15th.—Archæological Excursion to Little Chesterford.
Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Erica Tozer ; Essays : " Our Visit to Thoralby," Freda Thurman ; " Glastonbury Abbey," Philip Ball ; Scene from " A Christmas Carol," Gordon Gray, William Coates, Gilbert Blake, Reginald Hall. Recitation, Arthur Bull.

„ 18th.—N.H.S. Preliminary Meeting.
Archæological Excursions to Great Chesterford.
Lecture, " A Tour in the Highlands," Mr. Bedford Pollard.

„ 21st.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary : Basil Burton ; Essays : " As I Lay A-Thynkynge," Margaret Coates ; " Edward Fitzgerald," Alexander Walker ; " An All Hallows' Eve Experience," Muriel Baker ; " Swanage," Leonard Watts. Violin Solo, John Bowry. Piano Solo, Dorothy Holttum.

„ 22nd.—Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Grange Road A, away, won, 10-2.
4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Hilda Rye and Reginald Montford. Essays : " A Few Days in Oxfordshire," Harold Grimes ; " Florence Nightingale," Harriet Lidiard ; " The Autobiography of a Teddy-Bear," Grace Mason ; " Life of Dr. Barnado," Dorothy Holttum. Piano Solos, Miss Howell and Richard Kilbey.

Nov. 25th.—Football Matches. 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill United, away, won, 7-3; 2nd XI. *v.* Choir Boys, home, lost, 2-5. Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, won, 9-0.

„ 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "Helmsley and Rievaulx," Henry Skelton; "Heath," May Butler; "Climbing Plants," Ursula Smith; "Litchfield," Kenneth Green.

„ 29th.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, home, won, 12-0.

„ 30th.—Annual Meeting Sen. Lit. Soc. (reported elsewhere).

Dec. 2nd.—Football Matches. 1st XI. *v.* Horneybrooke Nurseries home, won, 4-2; 2nd XI. *v.* East Street School, home, won, 8-5.

„ 6th.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, away, won, 3-1.
4th Form Lit. Soc. "Shakespeare Evening." Diary, Dorothy Holttum and Herbert Roper; Essays: "Life of William Shakespeare," Richard Kilbey; "As You Like It," Dorothy Holttum; Scene from "Henry IV," Frederick Bennett, Stanley Gray, Richard Kilbey, Harvey Agnew, Maurice Prudence, Frederick Butler; Recitation from "Merchant of Venice," Hilda Rye. 'Cello Solo, Miss Howell. Piano Duet, Dorothy Holttum and Doris Thurman. Part Songs: "Orpheus to his Lute," "Oh, by Rivers."

„ 7th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Arthur Pitt and Arthur Bull. Essays: "Blackheath and places Near," Iris Miller, "Heath Fire," Owen Price; "Hunstanton and its Surrounding District," Gordon Gray; Recitation, Erica Tozer. Violin Solo, Mavis Kemp. Piano Solo, Reginald Hall.

„ 9th.—Football Match. 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, away, drawn, 3-3.
Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow, away, won, 3-0. Musical Evening.

„ 12th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "What I Saw," Madeline Agnew; "A Walk among the Moors and Heather," Philip Arundel; "The Moon," George Carrodus; "The Scattering of Seeds," Nina Townshend.

Dec. 16th.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, away, lost, 0-2.

„ 21st.—Entertainment.

„ 22nd to Jan. 16th.—Holidays.

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If any of our Readers have spare copies of the first No. of *The Avenue*, (March, 1910), we shall be glad to purchase them at 1s. each.

INITIAL LETTERS, ETC.

Several of our Readers have sent in designs for headings and tail pieces, one of which (by Alexander Walker) we publish in this number. We shall welcome further similar contributions, especially a design for the heading, " The Avenue," on the first page.



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