THE AVENUE



MARCH 1913

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

Many people have already realized that nearly everybody requires Life Assurance at some time:

As a provision for dependants in the event of death

In connection with business arrangements, Partnerships, &c.

Simply as an investment or a provision for old age.

And for many other good reasons.

SAFFRON WALDEN

OLD SCHOLARS

Should write to the

FRIENDS' PROVIDENT

INSTITUTION

For Information in regard to Schemes to meet these requirements.

Head Office BRADFORD, YORKS

London Office 17 GRACECHURCH STREET, E.C.

Birmingham Office 44 WATERLOO STREET

WILLIAM H. GREGORY Secretary



Photo by] [BEDFORD LEMERE.

THE SCHOOL, FROM THE SITE OF THE PRESENT HOUSES IN MOUNT PLEASANT ROAD, IN 1880.

THE AVENUE.

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. IV. MARCH, 1913. No. 10.

FOREWORD.

THE School re-opened on January 14th, with ninety-nine boys and seventy-one girls on the list. Once more it has not escaped the critical first fortnight without illness being introduced. Seven children have had measles, and in the case of two girls, severe attacks of pneumonia followed. Happily both are now recovering, and the epidemic has come to an end. The new Sanatorium has been for the first time brought into use, and has proved to be well suited to its purpose.

The School has lost the services of Miss Trickitt, who has, for about ten years, filled the position of Head Master's Secretary. She has given active help to the Natural History and Literary Societies, and in other ways has contributed much to the social life to the school. Our best wishes go with her in her prospect of marriage. We regret also that we shall be losing Miss Priestman, who leaves at the end of the term, to become Second Form Mistress at Sidcot. Her presence and influence will be much missed.

Our readers will be glad to know that *The Avenue*, which continues its useful career, has again paid its way, with a circulation of three hundred and seventy-five. An additional twenty-five subscribers would, however, enable the Board to realise their aims more fully, and we hope they may be found.

J. E. WALKER.

AT PLEVNA DURING THE WAR.

IN the course of my three months stay in Bulgaria while engaged in dispensing the "War Victims Relief Fund" raised for the relief of the non-combatant sufferers in the Balkan War, I have spent four days at Plevna, and I think a brief account of my experience there will give a fair idea of the conditions existing throughout the country generally, as the result of four or five months of war. To old or middle aged persons the name of Plevna will be familiar as recalling the memorable siege that took place during the Russo-Turkish war of 1877-8, one result of which was to liberate Bulgaria from the Turkish yoke, and to start her on the road of national progress and independence. The town lies in a basin almost entirely surrounded by hills of moderate height, which afforded a series of very strong positions to the Turks, from which to oppose the advancing Russians. It is situated about half way between the Danube, crossed by the Russians and their Roumanian allies at Sistov, and the mountain chain of the Balkans.

On one of the hills just above the town of Plevna is now a National Park, named after Skobeleff, the ablest of the Russian generals, and here are preserved various relics of the war, including several cases of skulls and other bones of Russian soldiers who fell on the 30th and 31st August, 1877, a ghastly record indeed. Some show sword-cuts, others holes where a bullet has passed in. One cannot help reflecting that each of these once formed part of a living man like oneself, and that this hundred or two are only a very small part of the 12,000 Russians slain on those terrible days, in the valley just below, hemmed in on two sides by the Turkish armies. When the Russians at last succeeded in completely investing the town, so that no more supplies could enter, the Turkish Commander, Osman Pasha, made a desperate attempt to cut his way through the surrounding Russians, but in vain, for he was

captured and compelled to surrender. In a public garden in the middle of the town two small houses remain as they were in Turkish times, and form a museum where objects of all sorts relating to the war are preserved, such as weapons, uniforms, pictures, plans, etc. In one of the rooms the Russian Czar, Alexander II., known throughout Bulgaria as the "Czar Liberator," received the captured Osman, and handed him back his sword.

Now having dealt somewhat with the past, I must come to the present. There is a population of about 23,000, out of whom 4,000 are destitute in consequence of the war, and are dependent on what they receive. I suppose that from all the families included in this number the husband or other relative has gone to the war, and in his absence the family has to take its chance. All the male population of Bulgaria of sound health between the ages of eighteen and forty-eight have been called out; none can buy exemption; but the Post Office and some other public services are exempt. The effect of so much productive labour being stopped, and all turned into non-productive channels, is tremendous; ordinary trade is paralysed; almost everyone's income is reduced; people who kept servants manage to do without them, and do their housework, washing, etc., themselves; a law permits the postponement of all rents as well as other debts, so those who let rooms or houses are deprived of their usual incomes; in fact almost everyone suffers. Unless peace soon comes the fields will not get sown, and there will be a future famine in prospect.

Soon after arriving I called at the Kmetsvo, or Muncipal Offices, to see the Kmet, or Mayor. A crowd of women, many of them accompanied by children, were waiting outside the room, and on the stairs, all come to ask for food, and this scene is repeated daily. The funds that the town authorities can apply or raise are practically exhausted; they are going to try another public appeal, but without any great hope that it will produce much, as almost every one is now short of

money. The Mayor, Mr. Uzunoff, is a very big, energetic, genial man, and was very glad to hear of the object of my mission, as what I felt at liberty to give out of the Relief Fund, though it will not go very far, came at an opportune time, and will at any rate put them on a little. I bought from a corn merchant about eleven tons of wheat and one of rye, which a mill owner offered to grind free of charge, and the flour would be distributed, after I had left, to the destitute on four consecutive days, giving about three kilogrammes per person, or when baked nearly six kilogrammes of bread.

Next I came to the villages, of which I visited five round Plevna, and one day's experience will show what one finds. This was a long day's drive of about twenty-five miles in the municipal carriage, the use of which was granted me for the purpose. The Protestant Pastor, M. Todoroff, accompanied me. The roads are not what we understand by roads in England, but are mere tracks or rough cart-roads used by the bullock carts, and not designed for vehicles with springs. They are often very uneven, and at times a good deal on the slope, so that you often feel it is a very near thing whether you will go over or not, but we had the guarantee that the driver, having further to fall than we had, would not take unsafe risks, and doubtless knew just how far to go. There are often deep ruts and plenty of jolting as we journey over fields, down hill-sides, and through rivers and streams. In the villages there is generally a man away from every household, and about one family out of ten brought to destitution. They seem to have been kept from actual starving by gifts from neighbours or sometimes by borrowing. The houses are all built of mud, sun-baked, with only earthen floors. In one case I found the single living room shared by two buffaloes, past whose hind quarters I made my way with some difficulty to the narrow space remaining, occupied by the family. In another case two oxen were the co-tenants. We were conducted round the village of Kurtojabine by the Assistant Mayor

and a worthy Protestant peasant, who afterwards took us to his house and gave us some dinner. Imagine us, a party of six, including the two lodgers of our friend and his son, a boy of about thirteen, sitting at a big round table about a foot high, each armed with a fork, with which we dipped pieces of bread hot from the oven into dishes of fried eggs, and then into the salt and red pepper; next two plates of fowl were brought in, for which nature's implements sufficed, and we finished with coffee, Turkish, as always supplied in this country, made very thick and sweet, with the grounds left in, and served in cups holding about two mouthfuls. The two daughters did the cooking and waiting, and did not sit down with us. In nearly all cases where I handed small sums to the poor women they took my hand and kissed it. Poor creatures, their present lot is indeed a hard one, and what little we can give only goes a very short way to relieve their needs. And to the many whose husbands have been killed, how dark the outlook must be. Visits such as I have described bring home very vividly the awful suffering and distress that follow in the wake of war.

J. B. Crosfield.

ROUND WALDEN.

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



N ages long gone by the present River Cam probably flowed through a very deep chalk gorge. As time went on the river brought down much sediment and gradually filled up the gorge to its present state—a low-lying valley, characterised by alluvial meadowland, patched with rushes. Quite a number of the most typical water and bank plants can be studied within easy reach of the School. These plants may be divided into

classes, according to the position in which they grow. The plants which grow together in a special position form a zone. Let us now mention, with a few words of description of each, the various zones in order.

The bank zone consists of the Alder, Pollarded Willows, the Figwort, the Meadowsweet, and the Yellow Rocket; on some parts of the bank are patches of Liverworts. In places where the meadow and water levels are the same they are divided by zones of Rushes and Sedges; the latter forms good covers for moor-hens and wild ducks. It should be noted that many common hedge plants adapt themselves to river bank conditions. Between the bank and water zones we find the mud zone. By the banks grow large numbers of Burreeds and the greater Willow Herbs. Their roots being close together they gradually collect together some of the solid matter brought down by the river and so form a mud bank. These mud banks often alter the course of the stream. The submerged zone must be divided into two divisions, that in running and that in still water. In the former case we find the Starwort, with its leaves resting on the water forming a star, and the Water Ranunculus. In still water is the Mare's-tail, Yellow Water Lily, and also the Starwort. There still remains another zone, of two divisions, to be mentioned, namely, microscopic plants, comprised of those plants which float about and those which cling to stones.

Basil G. Burton.

* * * * * *

On February 19th, five of the Natural History girls went to Sewards' End. The chief thing that we noticed was the development of the buds; the Elder seeming to be the most forward.

Every now and again we passed large clumps of bright green Wild Arum leaves, and already the Dog's Mercury is in flower. Near the clay-pits we found Violet roots, with large white buds on them, and Oxlip roots with the buds plainly visible.



Photo by] [G. MORRIS.

THE BANKS OF THE CAM ABOVE THE MANSION.

Showing sedge, rush, and meadow zonation.

Catmint and Veronica Speedwell were seen in profusion, Bracket Fungus was growing on some old tree stumps, Ground Ivy was in bloom, and the hairy buds of the Wayfaring Tree were making good progress.

Dulcie Kirkpatrick.

* * * * * *

Chalk is a soft white rock, and consists chiefly of carbonate of lime; it lies in regular layers, and is easily crumbled or broken.

The chalk hills in this district are evenly rounded by glacial action, and parts are covered by boulder clay.

A great number of flints are found in the chalk, and as a rule lie in regular layers. The question arises as to why they should be thus, as the sponges, of which the flints are a hardened form, might have lived anywhere on the chalk while it was being formed.

The chalk is covered by soil and subsoil, except where it has been washed away.

Below chalk pits taluses may be noticed; these taluses, or banks of chalk, are formed by the erosion of the chalk, chiefly by the action of frost. Thus if chalk pits are left untouched, in the course of time they simply become a gently sloping bank.

Eric S. Jeffrey.

* * * * * *

This and last winter have been the mildest which I have known, the latter of the two being the milder. We have had little snow and no severe frost. On several days the temperature has been over 50°, and very seldom under 40°. The average from January 20th to the end of February was 48.5°, and the total rainfall 1.8 inches; on January 30th and 31st we registered .42 of an inch.

The nights have been very clear on the whole, but now and then there has been a thick mist.

The wind has been blowing moderately hard, coming mostly

from the East. Lately the wind has changed to the North, and we have had about the coldest days this winter.

Herbert T. Roper.

* * * * * *

Castle Hedingham is an ancient market town. The Norman Castle, formerly the stronghold of the De Veres, Earls of Oxford, stands at the summit of a steep hill rendered nearly impregnable by the formidable pre-Norman earth-works.

Nothing remains of the Castle except the keep, whose massive walls rise 110 feet above the hill top. The original facing stone is still intact, and the walls (fifteen feet thick) are very perfect except at the top. It has an interesting history, having been founded in 1100 by Audrey de Vere; in 1592 it fell into disuse.

It is entered by a long flight of steps, at the top of which is a fine Norman doorway. In one corner of the building is a spiral staircase. By descending, the dungeon is reached. The second floor was the banqueting hall; a fireplace and several pieces of furniture are here. The Norman arches are noticeable, particularly the very large one that supports the ceiling. The splayed windows have large recesses, and entered from these are small cubicles in the thickness of the wall. A gallery goes round the top of the hall, with somewhat larger windows, as the height ensured safety. Above this is another room, the floor of which is now unsafe to walk upon.

By ascending a few more steps the roof is reached, whence the church of St. Nicholas can be seen. This is a fine building, of considerable interest. One notices on entering that the chancel is unusually large and that the nave has a roof of exquisite open-work. The styles of architecture displayed within the Church are very varied, for while the east end has three lancets (of the twelfth century), the chancel arch is of the transition between Norman and Early English; the rood screen is fourteenth century work, the north and south

doors are Norman, and the tower is of brick, and is in the Perpendicular style. The Norman doorway in the south side of the chancel is one of the chief features of the exterior; a row of billet and two of zig-zag moulding show excellent work; the jambs are moulded into round pillars, which have circular bases and carved cushion capitals, indicating the transition of the middle twelfth century.

G. H. Farrington.
P. V. Mauger.

* * * * * *

On January 25th a party of boys walked to Ashdon. The church there is probably Decorated, greatly restored in the Perpendicular period. There is a table tomb to Ric Tyrrell, Armiger, 1566, in the chancel. There are two sedilias and a piscina on the south side. The chancel arches are Perpendicular on Norman pillars. The nave is all Perpendicular. In the vestry there is a portion of an arch. In the clerestory there are two blocked Norman windows. The font is octagonal Norman. The tower is Perpendicular, with the large characteristic buttresses. The windows are small.

Leonard C. Watts.

AS OTHERS SEE US!

ON the occasion of a Fourth Form Girls' tea-party on St. Valentine's Day, each one was asked to compose a couplet about the girl next below her in class. From these the following couplets have been selected.

D*r*t*y R*b**n is small and sweet,
And keeps her workbox trim and neat.

Now M*n*c* M*r***g* is modest and kind,
But sad to relate she is often behind.

You never see D*r*t*y out ready to play,
But knitting her stockings the whole of the day.

C*n*t*n** is neither thin nor fat,
She is called Miss G*****'s " pussy-cat."

G*y***th, she did come from Wales,
And she can tell long fairy-tales.

Next to me, in the order of my form,
Sits a girl named F*o***ce, with countenance all forlorn.

I know a girl who has a great imagination,
Her name is M*y, and this school is her destination.

There is little to say of my friend W*n**e N*c**l*,
Except that she has a great weakness for pickles.

M**j*r**'s eyes have the " polly-woggles,"
That is why she now wears goggles.

D*r*t*y B**t*n is small and thin,
And absent from school she has often been.

H*t**e L*d***d is her name,
She's always merry in a game.

Here is a young maiden, so full of delight,
Her first name is A*n*s, her second, A*b**g*t.

G*e*d*l**e S*y is tall and thin,
And sometimes also rather prim.

Oh ! my sweet and brown eyed D*l*a !
'Tis true thy friends will never fail-yer !

II

EXPERIENCES IN BROADLAND.



E loosed the *Melody's* moorings at about two o'clock on one of the many delightful days with which the summer of 1911 was so favoured. We drifted down the river with the tide, and were soon out of Wroxham, a little village on the banks of the Bure, where, half-an-hour before, the London train had deposited us and our light baggage. There was scarcely any wind, and we drifted past well-kept river-side lawns and flower-gardens, picturesque boat and summer houses, and at length reached wilder scenery. The river here had steep, well wooded banks, and in many secluded nooks were wherries, yachts, and motor-boats, secured for the night. As we drew away from the shelter of the banks and trees, and came out into the open wastes of water, reed and marsh, a smart wind caught our sails, enabling our barque to tack down the river at a considerably increased speed.

About two hours later we put up in the bank about half a mile above the village of Horning for tea, an act which we afterwards condemned as breach of principle, for we soon found it advisable not to stop for a meal until we finally moored for the night, because the wind drops so suddenly as the evening approaches.

The rickety oil stove had just consented to burn, when we noticed, coming up the river towards us, a dozen sailing boats, running before the wind at a good pace. Evidently a regatta was being held at the village. The yachts passed us, rounded a buoy a few yards higher up the river, and proceeded to tack back in the direction of the village. The first contained a jovial, red-faced countryman, who was evidently very pleased with himself, for, as he passed close up to our stern,

and swung back on the tack again, he said, " There be a pretty piece o' sailin' for ye, misters." To complete the race the vessels had to round a buoy opposite the village, and cover the course four or five times more ; but a huge trading wherry, carrying an enormous amount of sail, came up, and a man in the bows picked up the buoy and deposited it some twenty yards up the river, considerably to one side. Up came the racers again, our rotund friend having doubled his former lead by now. He turned round the buoy easily, and seemed more pleased with himself than ever, especially when the rest of the competitors were in difficulties, some sticking hopelessly in the bank. But this was noticed from the village, and when the umpire's motor-boat appeared, it was announced that the race was abandoned owing to the altered position of the buoy. The first man, however, refused to acknowledge these orders, and continued his course alone, while the others retired to the starting point, and recommenced the race. " I be the farst man round the buoy, I be ; I'll be beggared if I start again ; I never heer'd o' such a thing." Of course we sympathised with him, but this only made him worse, and each time he passed us his anger seemed to have increased.

At length the wind began to drop and we pushed down to the village, where we found our injured friend, who had by this time finished his race, still arguing at the umpire's table. After making everything tiddly—to use a yachtsman's expression—for the night, we were just preparing for bed, when I noticed two white sails dimly visible through the darkness. They were crawling stealthily along, but they came near enough to be distinguished as two of the competitors in the re-sailed race, who had evidently completed the course when umpires and spectators were in the land of dreams.

The next morning the sun was shining and the wind moderately strong, so we wasted little time, and soon got under way. The wind had changed a great deal during the night, and we now ran down the Bure with the wind behind us.

The *Melody* was doing her level best that day; twisting about, now running before the wind, jibing at every turn, now speeding along close-hauled with the wind to starboard, until she received a check at Ludham Bridge. Bridges in Norfolk are happily infrequent; they are very solid structures, and there is scarcely any room for even small craft. So down had to come the sails and mast before we resumed our course.

We put up that night at the head of the Ant, just at the entrance to Barton Broad, and the next day reached Salhouse Broad, which we found to be one of the prettiest yet visited; its banks were well wooded, and at the further end of the broad was a picturesque little island. Our enthusiasm, however, soon dwindled, when we could not discover a suitable mooring spot. We quanted right round the broad, but found that either the water was too shallow, or else the banks were covered with a thick mud. But in a little cove just inside the entrance—evidently overlooked by the other yachts putting up in the broad for the night—was a mooring marked by two white sticks, where the water was deep and the banks firm. We thought that this was a private mooring, but it was happily too dark to see a notice, had there been one, though we fully expected to be turned out before morning. But we were unmolested until breakfast-time, when it was soon apparent that the company of wasps we usually entertained at meal-times was increased ten-fold. We were unable to account for this until the first mate stepped ashore, and disclosed the mystery by pointing out that the whitewashed sticks, instead of marking a private berth, marked two large wasps' nests. Breakfast was impossible until we had left the Broad, and killed off many of our unwelcome guests.

On Wednesday evening we moored at Potter Heigham, called Potteram in the native tongue, and there a huge chunk of earth, covered with grass, reeds and small shrubs, passed the *Melody*, floating majestically through the town. Two

of us set off in pursuit in the dingy, and attaching an anchor, pulled as hard as we could for the shore, intending, of course, to claim the territory for the British Crown. But the island evidently thought differently, and refused to alter its course. No doubt Potteram would see more of our floating island, as it would be carried up and down with the tide, and at night-time would, perhaps, do some damage to shipping.

* * * * *

If an essayist was attempting to give an accurate picture of the life on the Broads, it would be hopelessly incomplete without some reference to the joys of quanting. Let me explain to those who have never had the pleasure of using one, that a quant is a heavy pole, ten to twelve feet in length, having a broad knob at one end, and at the other two prongs, one of wood, the other of iron. The quanter digs this into the mud at the bows of the boat, and pushes with his chest against the knob, walking at the same time forward towards the stern. Arriving here, he gives a final shove and a quick twist of the pole. If this twist does not come off, and the fork remains fast in the mud, quant, quanter, or both go overboard.

As I remember that hot summer's day, without a breath of wind, the small brown yacht creeping slowly up stream, the lazy hum of bees and wasps, broken only by the steady splash of the quant, I cannot help thinking that the conclusion of this essay resembles the ending of our experiences in Broadland—a little laboured. It lacks that agile twist of the quant out of the mud. But forgive me if I have made a poor finish, lost my quant, tripped over the main-sheets, and toppled overboard.

Leslie R. Hart.

[*This essay has been considerably cut down from the original to allow of its inclusion.*—EDS.]

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

OWING to certain difficulties in making arrangements, the Annual Meeting was not held until the beginning of December, but we are glad to report that it was one of the best attended meetings of recent years, and was a great success.

The main part of the programme consisted of a Song-Lecture by Miss Madeline O'Connor, on "Folk-lore and Song in South-West Ireland." The lecture part of her recital was filled with interesting accounts of her search for folk-songs, and many amusing and racily told anecdotes, and the songs were delightfully rendered. It is difficult to pick out any special songs as outstanding, but "Remember the Poor," "The Praises of Killaloe," and "Over Here" were much enjoyed, and her last song, "Cockles and Mussels," was sung in a manner which few of us have heard surpassed.

The first part of the programme was contributed by members of the Society, and, as usual, the musical items came in for especial commendation. The "Malvolio" scenes from "Twelfth Night" were excellently rendered, L. R. Hart as Malvolio, and F. H. Bennett as Sir Toby were perhaps the outstanding figures, though all rose to the occasion.

The Hall was tastefully decorated, our thanks being once more due to Miss Gibson for the kind loan of the plants with which the platform was decorated.

The programme was as follows:

PART I.

1. PIANOFORTE SOLO "Sonata Pathétique".....*Beethoven.*
Dorothy Holttum.

2. DIALOGUE.....Scenes from "Twelfth Night".....

Sir Toby Belch.....*F. H. Bennett.*	Maria....*Gladys Leak.*
Fabian.....*H. Diamond.*	Malvolio....*L. R. Hart.*
Sir Andrew Aguecheek ..*B. G. Burton.*	Olivia..*Emmie Osmond.*

3. TRIO IN C MINOR.. " Allegro con brio "..... *Beethoven.*
Miss Wright, Miss Clark, Miss Howell.
4. RECITATION..... " Clarence's Dream " ..(from " Richard III."
Mr. Whitlow.
5. SONG.." Come where lovely springing flowers " .. *Vincent Percival.*
Chorus.

PART II.

SONG LECTURE....." Folk-Lore and Song in South-West Ireland."
Miss Madeline O'Connor.

J. P. WHITLOW.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SCHOOL.

(*concluded.*)

CROYDON—SAFFRON WALDEN.

SOME time ago, Ethel Barritt, an Old Scholar, sent us several copies of a magazine called " The Natural History Journal and School Reporter." This magazine was a joint-school production, and was first published in 1877, being the predecessor of " Past and Present." In the particular numbers we have received is to be found an account by the Headmaster, G. F. Linney, of the removal of the School from Croydon to Saffron Walden ; and taking this as a basis, we have tried to give a description of the School as it was then, and of the stirring scenes which preceded the actual opening of the present buildings.

It was stated in the last number of *The Avenue* that the School buildings at Walden were begun in 1877. But the unfavourable weather during the two successive winters greatly hindered the work, and it was not till the Spring of 1879 that it was thought possible to re-assemble in the new School after the Summer holiday.

It was only fitting that some celebration should be held to mark the close of the third distinct period in the history of the School, and on Whit-Monday, 1879, Old Scholars, to the number of nearly three hundred and fifty—a few dating their



Photo by] [BEDFORD LEMERE.

THE SCHOOL, FROM THE PLAYGROUND, IN 1880.

school-days back even to the Clerkenwell times—gathered at Croydon to show their affection for the old Schools, and to unite their wishes for the continued success of their Alma Mater in the new surroundings. Then came the end of the term, with its scenes of packing up, and varied preparation for the great exodus.

On Monday morning, June 22nd, seventeen trucks and vans drew up before the School, to receive and convey the forty-five tons of goods that were to be installed in the new premises. After three days' travelling these vans arrived in Saffron Walden, and slowly made their way to the new buildings at the top of the hill. But what a sight met the eyes of those who were in charge of the goods! They had hoped to find the buildings ready to receive the furniture; they saw the School as an unfinished shell, and they found the approaches almost impassable for the heavy vans. Months of traffic of builders' carts and much wet weather had made the roads a veritable quagmire, in which the vans stuck, and resisted all attempts to extricate them until extra horses were obtained. Yet this was but a preliminary difficulty—there was not a single room ready to receive the furniture and fittings! Carpenters, plasterers, painters were everywhere, and the rooms were littered with refuse. There was nothing for it but to unload the vans and dump the goods in the large schoolrooms and bedrooms. And there they lay—desks, boards, cupboards, books, cases of birds, shells, and other Natural History exhibits, —all in a heap amidst the sand, lime and dust, until places were found to receive them. How those dauntless spirits, who had undertaken the labours of removal, would welcome the close of day, when they would be able to take a brief respite from their herculean task! They had only to prepare their own sleeping-place and then take their well-earned rest. But no! a violent storm of thunder, wind and rain raged for hours during the night. Doors had been hung in all the rooms, but the fastenings had not been fitted, and the effect

was a pandemonium. Under such conditions sleep was impossible, and the only thing to do was to make an expedition in search of wood with which to wedge the banging doors.

Next day the work of putting things in order was begun in earnest; but how hopeless must have seemed the task of getting the building ready for occupation in eight weeks' time! Workmen were in every room; sand, mortar, plaster and carpenters' rubbish were everywhere; there was no water; there were no cupboards. But during that eight weeks energy and patience worked wonders; and by the beginning of August the bedrooms, schoolrooms and playgrounds were at any rate in such a state that they could be used.

It must not be thought that the School buildings and grounds were at that time as they are now. The front of the main building was as it is at present as far as the Boys' Play-room, but instead of the adjoining Masters' Block there was a small workshop on a part of the site of the present Physics Laboratory, and a little beyond a building that has since been adapted for the Natural History Room and the Boys' Music Rooms. The Fives-Courts stood isolated. There was no Swimming Bath and no Gymnasium. To the west end of the buildings have since been added studies for the Mistresses and the Music Rooms. The grounds, too, were far less extensive than they are now. The Playing Field was a little longer than the Boys' Play-ground, but was only about half the width of our present field.

August 19th was the day appointed for the re-assembling of the School. Nearly eighty boys and girls were brought down from London in through carriages, and on their arrival at the little station they found many willing guides to the "College," as the School was called. Great was the desire to be the first in the new buildings, and one boy came as early as nine in the morning in his eagerness to be "first." Over the Playgrounds, Schoolrooms, Bedrooms, and even the kitchens,

the boys and girls wandered with curious gaze. How they must have stood with bared heads and wide-open eyes when they entered the large Gothic hall which was to be their new dining-hall!

After this tour of inspection came the unpacking of boxes. Think of it! No drawers, no cupboards, no pegs, yet clothes, hats and the like had to be stowed away somewhere. Oh the joys and trials of that memorable afternoon! The first few days were spent in that necessary duty of putting things in their places, as far as was possible. Schoolbooks had to be arranged and taken to their respective class-rooms; museum cases set up and filled; libraries put on the shelves; and the hundred and one school requisites found and put in their proper places. Even at this time the House was far from being finished. Up till Christmas of that year there were between forty and fifty workmen in and about the building. Even then the grounds were not laid out. In the following spring the lanes and bye-roads were denuded of sods for the Cricket field; the crease was laid with turf, and the rest of the field was sown with grass. Everybody longed for the coming of the Summer, when the wide expanse of grass would be available for games. But what a sight met the eyes of the cricketers when the month of May came in! Thistles, nothing but thistles; thousands and thousands of them! Hours and hours were spent on them with knives and spades in the attempt to clear the field of the intruders. "Bleed 'em in June, sir," said an old gardener, "and they'll soon die"; and there was much truth in his words.

And now the new organisation has been working for well-nigh thirty-four years. Many changes have taken place, many re-adjustments and improvements have been effected; but, in our enjoyment of its present pleasures, let us not forget those worthy men and women who gave their money and their time for the founding of this School. They prepared the way for the education and pleasure of coming generations; let

the coming generations honour their names by bringing renown on the " Mother School of Walden."

A. BRERETON.

[*The first three articles of this series appeared in the numbers of the " Avenue " for last year.*—EDS.]

DECEMBER ENTERTAINMENT.

HOW jolly it was the day before we went home, we had a concert! First, the lower school acted a play called " St. George and the Dragon," and it *was* fine! there were many other boys and girls in it. First Father Christmas came in with a stream of people behind him and he held in hand a branch of a fir-tree. After Father Christmas there came wise old Doctor Flip-flop, and many others and the dragon looked to me very savage and St. George very strong too. The Jester then came in and greeted them and shouted out " the carol " then they all cried out " yes! the carol, the carol! " St. George came forward first and said, " I am Saint George, a bold brave warrior." Then he goes on about the Dragon and says he would give his flesh to the fowl of the air. Soon after Sir Hector came forward, he was dressed in a coat of mail with a big heavy helmet on his head, and he got killed and there was a very funny Doctor called Flip-flop and he came toward the place where Sir Hector was lying and took a bottle and said, " Have a drop of Flip-flop, pour it down thy tip-top."

We had also had a play called Rival Editors from Pickwick from the Fourth form. The Second form recited a piece of poetry called " How the Leaves came down " and we were so sleepy. Mr. Rowntree showed us some lantern slides all about an excirtion. Miss Wright's singing class sang a song which was very nice. When at last the end came, we were very tired ready for a long sleep.

L. Ivy Nichols.

(Form ii.)

THE HANSEATIC MUSEUM.

[*The Hanseatic League was a union of merchants belonging to certain German Towns to conduct the Commerce of Northern Europe. One of their centres was at Bergen.*—EDS.]

WHILE spending a holiday in Norway last Summer, I visited an interesting museum in Bergen, which I will try to describe.

In the fifteenth century a company of German merchants had the monopoly of selling fish in Bergen. The German quarter was shut off from the rest of the city by a great wooden gate. Since that time Bergen has been twice burnt down, and the house in which the Museum is was the only house in the German part which was not burnt. In this house lived the German merchants and their apprentices. The ground floor was used as a store-house, for the merchants also sold corn and grain. On the first floor there is a small room, in which the apprentices had their meals and spent their spare time. The furniture consists of rough benches and tables, mostly curiously carved.

Hanging on the wall is the knotted rope, with nails in it, with which the apprentices were flogged, also the quart mugs of pewter, marked inside with notches, about an inch apart, to show how much each person might drink. These mugs were used for brandy.

Leading out of the apprentices' room is the private room of the merchant. This is nicely furnished, and one may see the beautifully neat account books, the ink-pot, and sand-box for drying his writing, just as it was five hundred years ago. A sliding panel leads by a secret staircase to his bedroom. The wash-hand stand is of copper, with a large shallow basin, and a jug hanging over it like a tea-kettle. As no fires were allowed at all the beds were built into the wall for warmth, the opening on one side being into a passage, so that the maid-

servant might make the bed without coming into the room. The flint and tinder box for getting a light were in evidence, also the weights for buying and selling, a different set being used in each case. The building is very quaint, with its large Gothic windows and heavy cross beams along the roof. It is opposite to the fish-market, and looks out over the harbour and is now preserved as a relic of the old times, when the Norwegians had to see the Germans taking the whole of the profits of their large fishing industry.

Ursula Massey.

THE OLD SCHOLARS' SOCIAL.

ON Wednesday, January 8th, many Old and Present Scholars assembled at Devonshire House for the Annual Social of the C. and S.W.O.S.A. During tea we talked " of many things," and many mistakes were obviated by someone's bright idea to label ourselves with our names. We then adjourned to another room for an entertainment.

L. A. Farrington took the chair, in the regrettable absence of the President, J. B. Crosfield, who was away in the Balkans, administering help. The first part of the entertainment consisted of a lantern lecture by C. B. Rowntree, on the School Tramp to Shropshire, during the summer holidays of 1912. The slides were of his own making, from photos he took on the Tramp. A few school views were first shown, By some mistake a view of the School appeared on the screen upside down, which, as the lecturer pointed out, is not the case except when the old Scholars are down. The slides showed the whole course of the Tramp, from the arrival at Ludlow station to the extra stay in Herefordshire. The slides showing different people drinking lemonade out of a large can were particularly amusing.

After the lecture there was a short interval, followed by a few musical items and a recitation, intermingled with a few puns by the chairman. These contributions included piano solos by Miss Gertrude Bright, songs by Misses Hilda Knight, Mabel Eames, and Daisy Wyatt, Messrs. Gurnell Green, and Arnold Green, a recitation by Miss M. Ethel Crawshaw, and violin solos by J. T. Carrodus.

Thus ended another of these social gatherings which form such a valuable link between past and present Scholars.

G. Howard Farrington.

THE STORY OF THE O'NEIL.

An Original Story.

THE O'Neil, a Highland outlaw, was one day being pursued by the sheriff and his men, so he rode into a wood for safety. He was so deep in his own thoughts that he was not aware that he had ridden into an undergrowth, and he did not find out until his horse stumbled against a large stone, and fell down dead.

Then the O'Neil had to go on on foot, this was very weary work. Presently he heard a pitiful moan, and, later on that evening, some one began singing very beautifully, but the voice sounded very sad. The O'Neil could see nobody, so he lay down to sleep, resolving to himself to find out in the morning who it was that had been singing so beautifully.

The next day again he heard some one moaning, but he could not find out who made the noise, for it seemed to come from a large oak tree. He had not walked far before he came to a deserted little hut, he entered it, but could not find anybody, then he began to tap the old panels on the walls. As he tapped the panel next to the fire-place he stumbled, and as he put out his hand to save himself his fingers pressed

a secret spring, and the panel flew open. He stepped inside into a dark passage ; he walked a long way and then he came to some water, and then turned back. As he was feeling his way his arm suddenly disappeared into an opening in the wall, and examining the hole, he found it big enough for him to get through.

This he did, and found himself in a dingy little chamber, and in one corner of it sat a very beautiful maiden ; but although she was beautiful her face was very sad. Then the O'Neil asked her why she was so sad, and she replied that a terrible monster had kept her prisoner for many years, and she was waiting for some brave man to deliver her by killing the monster. He came to visit her, she said, every night at twelve o'clock. Then the O'Neil told her to be hopeful, as he would try to kill the monster if he could. She then told him the only way to kill the monster was with acorns from the oak tree under which he had slept the night before, and then only at the roots of the hair that grew on the top of his head.

The O'Neil found his way out and went to the oak tree and gathered some acorns, then he waited for the monster to come Presently he heard a great noise and he saw the monster, he was half man and half dragon. The O'Neil threw one acorn, which glanced off the monster's shoulder ; the next one hit him on the forehead, and the third and fatal one hit him on the crown of his head, and he fell to the ground, dead !

Then there was a great noise and the earth quaked, and the little hut fell down, and the beautiful maiden came towards him and thanked him. Then they went to her own country, where they were received with great rejoicing. The O'Neil was not known now as an outlaw, but only as their lady's champion, for she was the king's only daughter ! !

Lilian S. Dell.
(Lower School.)

THE CHILDREN'S WELFARE EXHIBITION.

THE object of the *Daily News and Leader* in organising the first Children's Welfare Exhibition, was to illustrate the wonderful progress of recent years in providing for the mental, physical and social welfare of children. Hobbies and handicrafts are practically illustrated, and every healthy interest or pursuit encouraged. In truth, Olympia was transformed for the Christmas holidays into a Palace of Delight.

A giant Christmas-tree could be seen from anywhere ; it stood full sixty feet high, glittering with lamps of every hue. It is the finest specimen of its kind ever seen in London. It is a real tree, grown at Farnborough, in Hampshire, whence a traction engine drew it eighty-five miles by road to Olympia. The roots of the tree are buried in an immense bran-tub, filled with toys and useful articles similar to those hanging on the tree. The tub was divided into four parts, one of which contained presents for big boys, and another for little boys, two others being for big and little girls respectively. Father Christmas and a few others stood on guard at the foot of the tree.

Near the main entrance to Olympia a part was fitted up to illustrate how children's rooms should be furnished. The Happy School was fitted up by Mr. J. C. Hudson, to show one of the best of many modern ideals of what a school ought to be. It does not represent an actual schoolroom, but rather the various necessities of an ideal school gathered together in a place smaller than would be suitable to work in.

Upon entering the annexe from the main Hall, we passed into an oak and chestnut avenue leading to the dancing green. Here, on a lawn of fine turf, the English Folk-dance Society gave exhibitions of morris dancing.

Near the entrance to the annexe there was also a very charming display of dolls, entitled "The Dolls of all Ages." The collection, which was brought together by Miss Muriel Harris, author of the *Truth* "History of Dolls," includes many dolls of historic and international interest. The oldest two were found in an ancient Egyptian tomb; they are four thousand years old—just ordinary wooden dolls. There was a Quaker lady, with old-fashioned, coal-scuttle bonnet and drab skirt, and models of Queen Elizabeth and Queen Victoria.

One of the special attractions of the Exhibition was the Magic City. Not long ago, the famous writer of fairy tales, E. Nesbit, published a book called *The Magic City*, which told of the building by a little boy out of dominoes and bricks and many other things of a wonderful city in which he had many strange adventures. So many letters reached the authoress about this city—about how it was built and what it was built of, and even whether it was built at all—that at last she decided to build a similar city for the children to see. The city she built at Olympia looked very pretty lit up with candles and electric lights.

Dorothy M. Edwards.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in the Fifth Form last Term.

John T. Carrodus is apprenticed to a saddlery and leather goods business in the Strand.

William E. Cooke is taking a commercial course at the Stamford Hill branch of Clark's College.

Dorothy Holttum is living at home, but comes to the School each Tuesday for a music lesson.



Photo by] [J. E. WALKER.

MISS E. TRICKITT.

(Secretary to Head-Master, 1903-1913.)

George L. Pratt is working with a Firm of Surveyors, Auctioneers, etc., and is taking evening classes twice a week.

* * * * * *

John E. Thurnam (1904-11) writes :—" An effort is on foot to form an 'Old Waldonian and Ackworthian Cricket Club' in London for the coming season, 1913. Several difficulties have been met with, and all have not as yet been overcome, but should fortune favour us, there is no reason why this effort should not find fruit for the coming season. . . For this season there would be a small subscription not exceeding 4s. 6d. a member. Any Old Walden scholar wishing to have further particulars should write to J. E. Thurnam, 80, Southampton Street, Reading."

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter written by E. Christabel Cornish (née Williams), 1892-98].

I am in British Columbia, in the Rockies, and have had a glorious time. My husband is a Government surveyor, so that he spends nearly all his time out in a tent in the wilds, and I was with him in camp for nearly three months last summer. I wear riding breeches, high boots and a sweater, and feel gloriously free. Some of the places are so far from civilization that there are no roads, only a trail, which means just a beaten path, say, about eight inches wide, and which in some cases has not been used for years, so that it has become quite obliterated by the undergrowth, and the only chance is to follow the trees which have been blazed. (Blazed means that a large piece of bark has been stripped off the tree, and so a long strip is left white). In difficult trails the trees are blazed every fifteen yards, but in the course of years these trails become obliterated and it is the duty of every man who passes along that trail to keep the blazes clear. One camp we went to to survey timber claims, we had to " pack " all the way. That is, we had to tie everything on to the horses' backs. " Packing " is an art in itself. There are men who

do nothing else, and earn about $5 (£1) a day. There is but little packing needed in this district, as the Government has put in an enormous number of roads during the last ten years.

Later. We are camped up a branch of the O' Kanagan valley, which is famed for its beauty, and its wonderful peach-growing soil and climate. There are several loons (large birds) living on three beautiful little lakes close by. They have a wonderfully weird cry, very like a human voice, and the echoes from the mountains are marvellous. It may give you some idea of how dense the brush is when I tell you that it takes the men one and a half to two hours to walk a mile down the mountain.

SCHOOL DIARY.

Oct. 30th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Wallis Powell. Essays: "Crystal Palace," Mavis Kemp; "Syria," George Manasseh. Recitation, Wallis Powell.

Nov. 2nd.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Horneybrooke Nurseries, home, lost, 1—2.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow, home, won, 8—0.

„ 7th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Lecture, "The Roman Wall," Mr. Morris.
Sen. M. H. U. Essays: "Africa—the Land," Gwen Sly; "Slavery in Africa," Helen Wright.

„ 6th.—Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Marjorie Teakle and Robin Appleton. Essays, "Tower of London," Harriet Lidiard; "Eltham and Woolwich," Minnie Milton; "Cambridge," Reginald Montford. Piano Solo, Harriet Lidiard.
Jun. M.H.U.—Subject: "India's Seekers."

„ 12th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Elsie Rye. Essays: "Experiences in Broadland," Leslie Hart; "In Memory's Garden," Miss Jones; "North Devon," Elsie Falkner. Piano Solo, Elsie Rye.

„ 13th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Gladys Lunnon. Essays: "Leeds and its Surroundings," Albert Gardner; "Two Boys' Experiences," Clive Bell; "Dungeness," Maurice Jeffrey. Piano Solo, Eva Diamond.

„ 16th.—Hockey Match. Girls XI. *v.* Training College, home, won, 3—0.

Nov. 19th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Papers: "Cacti," Rendel Bull; "Fungi," Dulcie Kirkpatrick; "Fossils," Harry Dent.

„ 20th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Haverhill St. Mary, away, lost, 3—4.
N.H. and Arch. Excursion to Littlebury.
4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Iris Miller and Leonard House. Essays: "A Visit to Brighton and Hove," Winifred Nichols; "Kensington Palace and Albert Memorial," Winifred Price; "Hedingham Castle," Thomas Raynor; "Sir Walter Scott," Dorothy Robson. Piano Solo, Miss Howell.

„ 21st.—Jun. M.H.U. Meeting. Essays: "Brave Actions," Winifred Price; "An Indian Jungle," Minnie Milton. "An Indian Pilgrim," Gladys Lunnon.

„ 23rd.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, home, won 3—1.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, home, won 4—1.
Girls' Entertainment in aid of Bulgarian non-combatant sufferers.

„ 26th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Lecture on "Roman Wall" (continued), Mr. Morris.
Sen. M.H.U. Meeting. Essay: A "Savage Creed," Harriet Lidiard.

„ 27th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Owen Price. Essays: "Hitchin and a few of its Surroundings," Fred Whiting; "My Holidays," Lilian Dell. Folk-Song, Maurice Jeffrey, Cecil Falkner, Clive Bell.

„ 30th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Whittlesford, away, drawn, 3—3.

Dec. 1st.—Address by Mr. Herbert Midgley, on "Peace."

„ 3rd.—Annual Meeting of Sen. Lit. Soc. (reported elsewhere).

„ 4th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Lidbetter's XI., home, lost, 0—3.
Jun. M.H.U. Meeting. Essays, "Life of an Indian Missionary," Kathleen Wilson; "When a Hindoo becomes a Christian," Freda Thurman.

„ 5th.—Lecture, "Kindness to Animals," Mr. W. Brown.

„ 7th.—Football Match Boys' XI. *v.* Haverhill Boy Scouts, away, won, 4—1.
Hockey Match 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford, away, lost, 0—1.

„ 10th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Howard Diamond. Essays: "Dover," Eric Jeffrey; "Alfred Dreyfus," Dorothy Holttum; "My Stay in France," Cuthbert Landsem Piano Solo, Elsie Falkner.

Dec. 11th.—Hockey Hatch. 1st XI. *v.* Grange Road, away, won, 7—3. Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Elizabeth Williams. Essays: "Life History of a Kitten," Mabel Wellman; "Unfit for War," Philip Ball; "Games," Herbert Emson; "My Home," Gwen Pigg. Piano Solo, Jessie Milne; Violin Solo, Philip Ball.

„ 14th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Sawston Church Institute, home, won, 1—0.

„ 17th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Papers: "The Aquarium," Joyce Watts; "Parasites," Lilian Wright; "How Many Legs has a Caterpillar got?" Mr. Rowntree. Reading, "How Many Legs has a Caterpillar Got?" by Mary Manners, Mr. Morris.

„ 18th.—4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Winifred Beasant and Geoffrey Ardley. Essays: "Oliver Goldsmith," Gladys Russell; "Canterbury Cathedral," Hilda Rye.

„ 19th.—Last Entertainment.

„ 20th.—Holidays begin.

1913.

Jan. 14th.—Return to School.

„ 18th.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Newport, home, won, 5—4. N.H.S. Excursion to Chestnut Avenue.

„ 21st.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Essays: "A Great White Man," Dorothy Freeman; "Two Great Novels," Paul Mauger; "Part of Old London," Winnie Hargrave; "Extracts from a Holiday Diary," Mr. Whitlow. Piano Solo, Lillie Wright; Song, Miss Trickitt.

„ 22nd.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Holiday Reminiscences: "One of the Adventures of the O'Neil," Lilian Dell; "Fairy Pageant at Olympia," Gladys Lunnon; "A Ride to Ipswich," Owen Price; "A Visit to Olympia," Fred Whiting; "Scenes from Christ's Life in Tableaux at a Church in Highgate," George Manasseh. Recitation, "Burial of Sir John Moore," Herbert Emson; Piano Solo, Effie Carrodus.

„ 24th.—Sen. M.H.U. Mtg.

„ 25th.—Football Match. Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, won, 3—1.
Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Fowlemere, home, won, 5—1, Arch. Excursion to Ashdon.

„ 28th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "How many Legs has a Caterpillar got?" (continued,) Mr. Rowntree; "Ground Plan of an English Church," Howard Diamond.

„ 29th.—P.L.A. Annual Mtg. Paper, "Folk-Lore of England," illustrated with Songs, Miss Trickitt.

Jan. 29th—4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Dorothy Robson and Edward Brown. Essays: "Walks of Interest in Historical Bucks," Gwen Sly; "Music," Marjorie Teakle; "A Lesson in Geometry," Mr. Rowntree.
Jun. M.H.U. Mtg.

Feb. 1st.—Lecture by Rev. A. H. Griffiths, M.A., "Free Church Camps."

„ 4th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diaries: William Bennett, Irene Newbery, and Emmie Osmond. "The Master Craftsman," Mr. Morris. Essay: "Aeroplanes," Herbert Roper. Piano Solo, Richard Kilbey.

„ 5th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Herbert Emson. Essays: "The Folkestone Warren," Cecil Falkner; "The Royal Mint," Wallis Powell. A Story, "A Legend of Klockman," John Thomas. Songs, Mr. Brereton.

„ 7th.—Sen. M.H.U. Mtg. Essays: "Mahomet and His Creed," Dorothy Deane; "Results of Mohammedanism," Katie Edmunds.

„ 11th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Papers: "Observations between the School and Hazelwood," Miss Howell; "Buds," Monica Marriage; "The Hazel," Minnie Milton; "Flowers and Buds of the Elm," Helen Wright; "Observations along the Newport Road," Hilda Rye; "One of the Gardens," Gwen Sly.

„ 12th.—N.H.S. Excursions to the Park and Newport Road, and to the Claypits.
4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Katie Edmunds and Noel Cooke. Essays: "Minehead and Neighbourhood," Jack Thompson; "Doone Valley," Nina Townshend; Reading from "Lorna Doone," Miss Graham. Piano Duet, Miss Howell and Reginald Hall; Violin Solo, Ernest Kilbey.

„ 14th.—Talk to Archœologists, Mr. H. Lidbetter.

„ 15th.—Arch. Excursion to Littlebury, conducted by Mr. H. Lidbetter.

„ 17th.—Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Essay: "Two Indian Babies," Winnie Price. Reading, "Story of an Indian Girl," Elizabeth Williams.

„ 18th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Dorothy Freeman. Essays: "Legends and Superstitions about Plants," Dulcie Kirkpatrick; "Sibford," Leonard Salter; "Kandy and Colombo," Gladys Leak; "A Lesson in Geometry," Mr. Rowntree. Recitation, "East and West," Mr. Whitlow. Song, Miss Waites; Piano Solo, Doris Thurman.

„ 19th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Mabel Wellman. Essays: "A Visit to Denmark," Clive Bell; "Clovelly," Joyce Watts. Story, "Knock Grafton," Herbert Emson. Song, four girls; Piano Solo, Effie Carrodus.

Feb. 22nd.—Football Match. 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford, home, won, 4—0.

Arch. Excursion to Chesterford.

„ 24th.—Sen. M.H.U. Mtg. Reading, "Livingstone, the Pathfinder,'. Miss Jones.

„ 25th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Paper: "Brasses," Henry Skelton. Talk on "Colchester," Mr. Morris.

„ 26th.—Arch. Excursion to Newport Church.

4th Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Katie Edmunds and Noel Cooke. Essays: "Science Museum, South Kensington," Gerald Trent; "A Summer Holiday," Mr. Whitlow. Song, Hilda Rye and Minnie Milton; Piano Solo, Miss Graham.

„ 27th.—Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Essays: "An Indian Village," Kathleen Wilson; "An Indian Home," Gwendoline Long.

J. EDITH V. GRAHAM.
Leslie R. Hart.

EDITORIAL BOARD OF *THE AVENUE.*

President: J. E. WALKER.

The Secretaries of the Literary Society: J. EDITH V. GRAHAM, B.A. J. PENROSE WHITLOW, B.A.

Secretary: LILIAN PICKARD.*

Treasurer: C. BRIGHTWEN ROWNTREE, B.A.*

C. Dougan Clark, B.A., Lucy Fairbrother, *Leslie R. Hart**, *Barbara Marriage**, George Morris, B.Sc., Anne Wright.*

* To retire at the end of the year.

NOTICES.

The Avenue will be published once each Term, on March 31st, July 9th, December 1st, 1913. Price 6d. per copy (post free 7d.). Price per annum, 1s. 6d. (post free 1s. 9d.)

Articles and subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

Copies may be obtained from Gurnell C. Green, 2, Camden Square, London, N.W.

Articles and illustrations in *The Avenue* by boys and girls are signed in italics.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of copies of the following School Magazines: *The Beckside* (Ayton), *School Echoes* (Hobart), *The Crohamian* (Crohamhurst School, Croydon), *The Island* (Sidcot), the *Stramongate School Magazine*, *The Leightonian.*

INITIAL LETTERS.

Several initial letters have been sent in since our last issue; one designed by *Leonard C. Watts* will be found at the beginning of "Round Walden."

Elect Chocolate

MADE BY
ROWNTREE'S.

A Delightful Confection

Elect Chocolate is distinguished for its delicious flavour and velvety smoothness. It is made with the choicest blend of cocoas combined with pure sugar and flavoured with vanilla. By a new and special process in manufacture Elect Chocolate acquires a distinctive mellow taste, free from excessive sweetness.

A Food of High Value

Elect Chocolate is also rich in food value—rich in the chief kinds of nutriment required by the body. For this reason it is of particular value to Athletes, Tourists, Motorists, Cyclists, and all engaged in outdoor pursuits. No chocolate possesses a greater sustaining power than Elect Chocolate.

AS GOOD AS ELECT COCOA.

Sold in 3d., 6d. and 1/- Packets
with "The Little Nash."

COCOA AND CHOCOLATE MAKERS
TO T.M. THE KING AND QUEEN.

THE AVENUE

TO SUCCESS IN

ATHLETICS

LEADS TO

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,

MAKERS OF THE BEST

Football, Cricket, Tennis,
Golf and Hockey
Accessories.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue

317 & 318, HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON,

And at Manchester, Birmingham
Glasgow, Edinburgh and Paris