THE AVENUE



MARCH 1914

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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.

THE AVENUE.

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1914. No. 13

FOREWORD.

IN entering upon our fifth year of issue, it is satisfactory to be able to report that *The Avenue* continues to be welcomed by a large circle of readers. We should be glad to secure a few more subscribers so that the small deficit resulting from last year might not recur.

It has been thought well to reproduce the frontispiece from time to time, so that fresh subscribers may possess a general view of the School. At the same time it will be noticed that this is printed in addition to the usual number of illustrations.

The winter months have been free from epidemics or other interruptions, and the quality and quantity of the work achieved by the various societies has probably never been equalled. The football and hockey teams, too, have had an unusually successful season.

We regret to report that, on going to press, a few cases of German Measles have appeared in the School. Although these are of a very mild nature, the outbreak has resulted in the abandoning of the week-end visits of the Old Scholars' and Foxe's Teams, which usually form so enjoyable a feature of the latter end of the Spring Term.

J. E. WALKER.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

TO the ordinary mind a winter landscape seems nothing but a drear and dismal expanse, offering nothing of interest or attraction, but, to the appreciative mind, a winter landscape has a beauty all its own.

Each season has its own characteristic beauties. When the earth is clothed with fresh green verdure, and all Nature seems filled with new life, we know that Spring is again beautifying the earth. Summer, too, has its rich fruits; Autumn, its distinctive charms of golden harvest fields and beautiful fruit; and Winter is equally endowed with beauties.

How can any Nature-lover fail to be charmed with the sight of a winter's landscape, beautified by frost-tracery or snow festoon!

How interesting nature always is and how much we can learn from her!

Longfellow tells us, in his "Address to Agassiz," that all we see around us, whether on land or sea, is as interesting as any story-book. The lessons of Nature, he says, are unending; there are always pages still unread, lessons still unlearnt.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
Saying: 'Here is a story-book
Thy father has written for thee.
Come, wander with me,' she said,
'Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God.'"

To realise some of the beauties of a Winter's Landscape, we will (in fancy) stand at a cottage door, from which we can see a splendid sweep of valley and mountain. It is a still

winter afternoon, the air is so clear that the mountains on the horizon, some three miles distant, stand sharply outlined against the grey-blue of the sky.

The sun is sinking close to their summits now, and already is flushing the whole of the western sky with a faint rose tint. Between us and the horizon is a well-wooded valley. The trees are very bare now, but they have a weird beauty of their own. The bare, black branches seem, from this distance, to stand against the sky like inky bars.

To prevent the scene from being dreary or dismal it is relieved by clumps of evergreens, and growths of shrubbery and underwood. Their green is emphasised by the dark surroundings, and is a great relief to the eye after the stretches of bare branches all around.

From one of these clumps a thin line of blue smoke is rising from a hidden cottage, in an almost perpendicular line. This may seem a small, unimportant detail in the landscape we are studying, but it lends to the whole scene a sense of warmth and cheerfulness. To the right of this clump is a sheet of water, now frozen over, which is covered with skaters, whose pleasant voices come to us, softened by the distance, and give an air of life to the scene which might otherwise have become oppressive, so silent and still it is.

Cutting the plain in two, a broad and rapid river, too rapid to be frozen, flows along, looking from where we stand like a dark, brown ribbon, as it winds its way through the low-lying fields. Still nearer to us, the ground seems a white colour, and a pale mist is beginning to rise from the vale. We cannot help feeling the great fascination of the scene, which, as sunset approaches, becomes more and more beautiful.

We stand, and gaze in silence lest we should miss one detail of the wonderful picture which now moves before our eyes. At our feet everything is covered with hoar-frost; behind us the windows of a cottage glow with the crimson light reflected from the setting sun.

The sky is now all aflame. Yellow, green, and purple mingle with the prevailing red. The sun, seen through the still rising mist, looks twice his ordinary size, and is of a very deep crimson. We feel that we cannot look too long or too intently at the gorgeous scene which must so soon fade away. Yes, even as we watch, the beautiful colours grow less and less brilliant, and gradually die away, and nothing is left in the west but an afterglow of rose.

With sunset, much of the brightness and life of the scene disappears. One feels colder now, though the setting sun could only have a given very faint warmth. Across the now leaden sky, a flight of crows are wending their way in silence to a leafless rookery.

The skating pond is almost deserted now. A fuller stream of smoke from the hidden cottage tells us that another log has been thrown on the cheerful hearth, and makes us long for home, and we return, anticipating the cheeriness and comfort to be found there.

During the night snow falls and what a transformation greets us in the morning.

All is silent ; every sound is deadened by the thick, warm covering of snow over all. Now the landscape has a new beauty. Last evening, everything was tinted with a soft warm rosy light from the setting sun; to-day, all is dazzling white.

The scene looks colder, perhaps, but the snow adds a soft new charm to everything. It brings out the beautiful outlines of the branches of the trees, and makes us think how wonderful and beautiful a thing a tree is, even when its leaves are no longer there.

As we watch, a ray of morning sunshine brightens the landscape, bathing it all in golden light. How lovely the evergreens are, now masses of dazzling white. The river still rushes on, and, as the sun's rays fall upon it, looks like some shining, winding ribbon of light.

Let us take one last look at the beautiful scene, before the perfect, even whiteness is broken by the footprints of man and the merry crowds of children, as they hasten to revel in the snow.

Delia Plant.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27TH, 1913.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS—PAST AND PRESENT.

THE subject chosen for the Annual Meeting was this year somewhat lighter in character than on some previous occasions, and, whether for this reason or not, drew a larger number of guests than we remember to have seen before, there being altogether about two hundred and thirty people in the hall during the evening.

The festoons of evergreen were this year dispensed with, leaving the dining-hall in its native architectural beauty, but the platform was transformed into a bower of plants and palms, kindly lent by Miss Gibson. There were also about the hall numerous enlarged reproductions of the illustrations of Kate Greenaway and others, chiefly the work of the junior members of the Society. A collection of children's books was on view, some dating back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, many of which were kindly lent by visitors.

The programme itself was a great success. It is difficult to write an unbiassed account, as the only adverse criticism heard was that we should never be able to have another one as good. Nevertheless we are conscious that many points might have been improved upon. The Essays, for example, might have been more original in form, and some of the actors might have given better renderings of their parts. An interesting novelty to these meetings was that of

having the essays illustrated in various ways during their reading. In the first part of the programme, what perhaps remains with us most is the gorgeous pageant of the *Jackdaw of Rheims*. The solemn Cardinal in his scarlet robes, the perky Jackdaw, the monks, courtiers and jester, made a success of the "moving picture," and the "six little singing-boys" *looked* as though they were too good for this mundane sphere. After the interval the mock-turtle moved us to tears, and the "Cat that walked by himself" took sufficient exercise, at least, to keep himself warm!

The musical items and songs were even above the usual level of excellence, and were chosen to fit in with the general scheme of the essays. J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Pianoforte Solos (*a*) "Will o' the Wisp" *MacDowell.*
   (*b*) "Uncle Remus"
   LILIAN G. WRIGHT.
2. Essay "Children's Books"
   MR. J. P. WHITLOW.
   Illustrated by
   (*a*) Recitations: "Cautionary Stories" *Jane and Anne Taylor. Mrs. Elizabeth Turner.*
   DOROTHY ROBSON and HOWARD DIAMOND.
   (*b*) Part Songs "Nursery Rhymes"
   CHORUS.
   (*c*) Dialogue from "Little Lord Fauntleroy" *Mrs. F. H. Burnett.*
   Mary: HERBERT E. LEWIS; Mr. Hobbs: MR. C. B. ROWNTREE; Cedric Errol: LESLIE M. BROWN.
   (*d*) Songs (*a*) "The Fairies' Lullaby" *Alicia Needham.*
   (*Eugene Field.*)
   (*b*) "Shadow March" *Edith Swepstone.*
   (*R. L. Stevenson.*)
   MRS. GROSE.
   (*e*) Recitation "The Night Wind" *Eugene Field.*
   LESLIE M. BROWN.
   (*f*) Recitation "The Jackdaw of Rheims" *Rev. R. H. Barham.*
   DOROTHEA M. BARTON.
3. Song "Kangaroo and Dingo" *Edward German.*
   (*Rudyard Kipling.*)
   MR. D. J. JONES.



JOHN G. ARMFIELD.

Founder of the Croydon and Saffron Walden Old Scholars' Association.

PART II.

1. Trio — "Dumky" — *Anton Dvorak.*
MISS WRIGHT, MISS CLARK, MISS HOWELL.

2. Essay — "Fairy Tales and Children's Folk Lore"
DOROTHY B. FREEMAN.

3. Reading — From "Uncle Remus"
MR. J. S. LIDBETTER.

4. Essay — "Nonsense Stories and Verses"
MR. R. E. HOLTTUM.
Illustrated by

(*a*) Songs — From "Alice" (*Lewis Carrol.*) — *Wm. Boyd.*
CHORUS.

(*b*) Dialogue — "The Mock Turtle's Story" — *Lewis Carroll.*
The Gryphon: WILLIAM R. BENNETT.
Alice: HARRIET LIDIARD; The Mock Turtle: LEONARD G. SALTER.

(*c*) Song — "The First Friend" (*Rudyard Kipling.*) — *Edward German.*
MR. G. WILLIAMS.

(*d*) Dialogue — "The Cat that Walked by Himself" — *Rudyard Kipling.*
Primitive Woman: HILDA RYE; Cat: MR. J. P. WHITLOW;
Primitive Man: HERBERT T. ROPER; Horse: HOWARD FARRINGTON;
Dog: BENJAMIN SKELTON; Cow: RICHARD KILBEY.

5. Songs (*a*) "My Bed is a Boat" (*R. L. Stevenson.*) — *Edith Swepstone.*
(*b*) "Good-bye" — *Daisy McGeogh.*
MRS. GROSE.

THE FOUNDING OF THE OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

AS our readers doubtless know, our Old Scholars' Association is the oldest of such institutions, and the following letter, which has lately come into our hands, will show how the founding of it came about. It is dated "13th of Twelfth Month, 1871."

"DEAR FRIEND,

"In the spring of 1869 about thirty-five old Croydon Scholars met on the premises at Devonshire House, where they took tea together and spent a very enjoyable evening.

After much pleasant conversation on the old schooldays, and mutual enquiry as to each other's well being, and the reading of letters from many who were unable to attend, a time of silence ensued during which reflections arose on the dealings of Divine Providence; the events of the past year were reviewed and thanksgiving offered for the many mercies which had been received.

"That meeting was limited to Croydon Scholars of the period from 1839 to 1884, and only men were invited; but it was so agreeable a reunion of schoolfellows long separated and lost sight of, and we trust so profitable to those who met, that many have expressed a desire that another like gathering should take place, if way should open, and upon a more extended scale.

"The meeting of 1869 was held on the invitation of John G. Armfield, of Tottenham, who has again brought the subject forward, and has suggested to a Conference of old Scholars, called for the purpose, the holding of a similar meeting, and undertaken the care of the principal arrangements. The said meeting to include both sexes, and all Croydon Teachers and Scholars of the time previous to and including the year 1860.

"We accordingly affectionately invite thee to meet thy schoolfellows at Devonshire House, 12, Bishopsgate Street, London, on 3rd day, the 2nd of First Month, 1872, at six o'clock in the evening, whatever may be thy present religious convictions, or thy present circumstances.

"May we ask that thou wilt kindly make the meeting known to thy schoolfellows, and in our name invite them to attend.

"On behalf of the Conference,

"We are, thy sincere Friends,

"J. G. ARMFIELD,
"T. F. BALL,
"JOS. RADLEY."

It will be noticed that a period of at least eleven years after leaving school was a qualification for attendance. This was because the promoters feared that the younger element might not fit in with the scheme of the proposed gathering. Soon, however, this was found not to be the case, and the doors were thrown open to *all* old Scholars, irrespective of age or sex. This, in turn, naturally led to the development of the social and athletic elements, though a deeper note has always been behind these, as the Sunday evening gatherings at Whitsuntide, and recently the lecture school week-end have shown.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

INTRODUCTION.

IT would be difficult to over-estimate the indebtedness of the School for the past century to its Juvenile Literary Society. It is only in recent years that it has become at all general for Schools to organize leisure time pursuits, with the exception of athletics. Friends' Schools were amongst the first to recognise, in any practical way, that it was unreasonable to expect the development of a really healthy intellectual life, if no provision were made out of School hours for any other pursuit than that of athletics. They also realized that any such provision would defeat its own object if it deprived the pupil of initiative, for it would then be little more than a curtailment of leisure time and a lengthening of school hours. Whatever scheme were to be adopted must contain the voluntary principle; in addition, the scheme should be carried out, as far as possible, by the pupils themselves.

Thus Associations were formed, in which membership was voluntary, but in which the methods adopted by the

teacher in his ordinary classes were more or less reproduced, with the difference that the pupils took the place of the teacher.

For instance, in the year 1818, when the two Associations* existing in our School (then at Islington) "for the improvement of their members in Literary Pursuits" decided to unite under the title of the "Juvenile Literary Society" for the improvement of the mind, we find that it was the custom to appoint a small committee to draw up a list of questions to be submitted to the next meeting of the Society, when the members either volunteered, or took it in turns, to prepare answers to the same. These answers were presented at a following meeting, and might be given verbally or in writing, which led to the writing of essays on set subjects, and still later to essays on subjects chosen by the writers themselves.

The subjects selected often related to Science or Natural History, and this very soon led to experiments in Science and the adoption of Natural History pursuits by the members.

We propose, in a series of articles on our School Societies, Clubs, etc., to trace the gradual development of the Juvenile Literary Society, and to show how nearly all the organizations now controlling leisure time pursuits at Saffron Walden sprang out of this Society, *e.g.*, Literary Societies, Natural History Society, the Libraries, Workshop, Gardens, Photographic Club and *The Avenue*. C. BRIGHTWEN ROWNTREE.

ROUND WALDEN.

FIELD NOTES BY MEMBERS OF THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THIS term's natural history excursions have been well attended, and we find that even in the winter months there is much to engage our attention. Winter excursions

* The Bibliothecal Society and Juvenile Literary Society had existed for about ten years.

are a new departure, and show increase of activity among the members of the society.

* * * * * *

On a recent excursion to the Beeches, an interesting phenomenon was observed It had rained during the night, and also until about 12 a.m. At three o'clock the sun was shining, and our members were hunting mosses and liverworts under the beeches, and fossils in the bed of the slade, which was quite dry. Suddenly it was seen that a considerable body of water was making its way down the stream bed, pushing aside the obstructions of branches, dead leaves, etc., which obstructed its progress. In a few minutes from eighty to a hundred gallons a minute were pouring over the cement apron, and continued doing so for some hours; the next morning the stream bed was again dry.

The rain fall had not sunk into the clay of the hill tops a couple of miles away, but had quickly drained from plough line to ditch, and from ditch to the valley water course. On the chalk valley the rain had soaked into the porous rock, so that only two or three hours later, did the hill top drainage reach the level of the Cam valley. This quick drainage from the clay probably helps to explains the dry nature of the boulder clay flora on the wastes, and also the cutting in of deep gorges in the valley bottom, at Little Walden and in the Fulfen slade. GEORGE MORRIS.

* * * * * *

I was out one day in February looking for fossils in a chalk pit at Little Walden, and in a deserted corner I found a plant of the woolly mullein; the spot was rather sheltered.

The plant was about four-and-a-half feet high, and there were about 1000 capsules on it; these were divided up into groups of about forty capsules. If you bisect one of them you will find that they are divided into two chambers, with about 900 seeds in each. The seeds are very small, just like grit, and are dark brown in colour.

They are scattered by the wind, for, when the capsules are ready to disperse the seeds, they open at the top, and the vibration of the wind shakes the plant, and the seeds are thus jerked out of the capsules. The capsules are oval in shape and on the top are the remains of the pistil of the flower.

The reason why the flower is called "woolly" is because the leaves are all coated with a woolly kind of material.

It is not a very common flower, and its chief habitation is in chalky regions. *W. Frederick Whiting.*

* * * * * *

I am going to try and describe a mammoth's tooth, which I found in a gravel pit at Audley End.

Audley End is on the slope of the Cam valley, and the valley used to be much deeper, but it has got filled up with glacial deposits. The river now flows under the railway bridge about two or three hundred yards away from the gravel pit. The mammoth must have lived at the end of the ice period, for the tooth was found near the top of the gravel.

The mammoth could live in a very cold climate, and its remains have been found frozen in the bogs of Siberia. Its teeth were rather like those of our modern elephants, for it had one tooth at the top and bottom of each side of its jaw, and as the tooth got worn down with eating branches and other hard things, another tooth was growing behind and pushing the first one forward, so that at one time he would have half of two teeth showing, the one behind gradually taking the place of the one in front.

The mammoth had curved tusks, and it had wool all over it to protect it from the cold. The remains of the woolly rhinoceros are often found with the mammoth.

Each tooth is made up of three different layers namely cement, dentine, and enamel. The cement gets worn away quicker than the dentine, and the dentine quicker than the enamel; but the dentine is preserved by having a layer of enamel on each side of it, thus making the tooth rough in



Photo by] G. Morris.

MAMMOTH'S MOLAR.

From the gravel at Wendon, December, 1913.

ridges, something like a millstone, so that it grinds the hard food quite easily.

When you look at the specimen, you are apt to think that the pointed end is the right way up, but that is only because it has got ground down at that end more than the other end, and the flat side is the right side for chewing on; underneath are the roots. The chewing side is an oval shape, and the root end is like a piece out of a circle. One end is 4.1 inches in height, while the other slopes up to a point in front. From root to point it is about nine inches, and the oval chewing surface is seven inches in length, and 2.2 inches across the middle.*

Stanley Grubb.

* * * * * *

There has been much discussion among the Archæologists concerning the Crown House at Newport, usually known as Nell Gywnne's house. Some think that Nell Gwynne, a mistress of Charles II., actually lived there; others that this is wrong because the date on the house is later than her death.

In an old newspaper cutting by Charles Probert, written in 1888, I find some interesting facts.

The Crown House used to be an inn, probably called "The Horns." Tradition is that Nell Gwynne stayed there with Charles on the way to Newmarket. These travellers went by "the great north road *via* Rickling, and the lane near Wicken Bonhunt, called London Lane, and then along the ancient road at the foot of the Bury field in Newport, and so at the back of the Bury Water Houses, emerging at the Crown House." An old play written in 1818 has a scene at "The Horns, Newport," in which Charles and Nell Gwynne appear.

Howard Diamond.

* Report of Juvenile Literary Society, 1882. "Amongst the things of general interest our members have come across, we may mention some large mammoth tusks found near Wimbush, which are now deposited in the museum belonging to this town."

Rhinoceros bones and teeth were taken from the gravel by Webb and Brand's Nursery about three years ago.—G.M.

In the museum at Saffron Walden there is a book which is called "The Book of the foundation of the monastery of St. James the apostle, of Walden." It was originally written in Latin, but it has recently been translated into English. It consists of five books, but the first five chapters and part of the sixth of the first book are wanting.

The remaining part of this chapter begins by stating the fact that Geoffrey de Mandeville spurned all assistance, and followed his own inclinations in the building of the monastery. A cemetery was also made there.

The first Prior of Walden was William, who had lived before in Suffield.

The monastery, under the second Prior, Reginald, soon obtained a good reputation, and many clerks were attracted to it. The first book closes with the death of Earl Geoffrey, the son of Geoffrey the founder of the monastery.

The second book begins with the qualities of the new earl, William, who later goes on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. We are then told of the assignment of various small churches to the monastery, and of its gradual development into an Abbey. Towards the end of the book, we are told of the persecution of the abbots by people at various places, but at length some small portion of what had been taken from the abbots was restored to them.

Rita F. Gell.

OLYMPIA.

I EXPECT all of us who were in London in the holidays heard of the Zoo and Circus at Olympia. A gentleman named Mr. Hagenbeck had brought some animals there from Germany, but he had died, and Mr. Cochran had taken his place as director. We went there on the day after Boxing-day, in the evening, and happened to get there just as the afternoon performance was over, so there was rather a crowd of people, the motors were lined up along most of the road and

it was very busy. We gave our tickets to one of the men at the door, and went in; after walking a few steps we came into the great hall of Olympia.

The ceiling and walls had cardboard on, and paintings of trees and bushes on the cardboard. At the nearest end were real high rocks and trees, and there were about thirty monkeys, some jumping about, some climbing trees, and others resting. A little farther on we saw a great many people, so we went up, and they were looking at some large birds who also were in a place just like their real homes in foreign lands, as well as the monkeys, and one bird was playing with an envelope.

Every different place where the animals were was numbered, and so the people could tell what animal it was, by looking at their programme, or guide, as it was called.

We noticed that some of the people had large balloons with a long piece of string on the end, and wondered what they were for, but after a time I thought that perhaps if the balloons were held up above the people's heads and the owner of the balloon had lost somebody, they would see it, and know where they were.

After looking at nearly all the animals and having tea we found that it was nearly time for the circus to begin, so we took our seats.

First of all there was an overture played by the band. (I can't give the exact order that the items were in, but I can say what they were.) Next, Captain Nansen had his sea-lions in the ring, and they were very clever; he would get a large ball, throw it, and one of the seals would catch and balance it on its nose, and walk about. Another thing they did was, some men fixed a little band up and the seals began playing; one playing the drum, another pressing a motor horn down, another blowing a trumpet, and the other one playing the cymbals, and there *was* a noise!

After that we saw about a hundred horses walking and dancing round, some were large and some were ponies. Next

we saw a very clever girl, she jumped on to a horse, and let it run round, and while it was doing this she would dance on its back, and stand on her hands. After that we saw some people who did tricks in mid-air on apparatus, but there was a net underneath them so that if they fell they would not hurt themselves. Next we saw some clowns, who did some very funny things.

The next thing was, an elephant came in with a man on his back, then the man got down, and in came a pony, two zebras and two dogs, the elephant sat down and the pony put its front legs on its back, the zebras stood at each side of the elephant and also the dogs. Then came two chimpanzees, they rode on bicycles and went on roller skates and did many other clever things. Last of all we saw the tigers, and they did some very clever things, and of course the men put up iron bars.

There were a few more items that I have not mentioned, because they were of not much importance. At eleven o'clock we came out and had enjoyed it very much.

Laurence Wareham (*aged* 11.)

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE P.L.A.

FRIDAY evening, February 6th, 1914, saw about thirty guests—members of the staff, boys and girls, and a few outsiders—in the Lecture Room, for it was the Annual Meeting of the P.L.A., and they were looking forward to a long and interesting programme on "Poetry written by Women." The seats were arranged in a circle, in the centre of which was a dark oak table very tastefully arranged with carnations and lovely white snowdrops.

Mrs. Walker took the chair and opened the meeting with a short address. She showed us how much good such societies as the P.L.A. do for the school both morally and intellectually.

The first essay was called "Characteristics of Women

Poets." The often quoted statement of the lack of humour in women's poetry was touched upon, but it was stated that the moral tone of their poetry was often higher than men's and that they always strove to realize an ideal.

Later on in the evening a piece of poetry, "Similar Cases," was recited by one of the girls. This showed us that there was often real humour in women's works.

Papers were then read on the lives and characteristics of the writing of ancient and modern women poets.

"Irish Women Poets" was the title of another essay; we were shown that there was often a vein of sadness, inseparable from the Celtic temperament, running through their writings. The recitations and songs illustrated very well the types of poetry that were described in the essays. They were all very beautiful, but perhaps special mention should be made of the two songs sung by Mrs. Grose, "The Old Armchair" and "The Old Oaken Bucket"; also "The Palace Car," and the Irish Poetry and Lyrics. In connection with the last we shall not soon forget the plaintive sweetness and dainty humour of Moira O'Neil's poems.

Coffee and conversation ended a most enjoyable evening, from which the privileged visitors carried away pleasant memories, and a feeling of gratitude to the members of the P.L.A. for giving us so delightful a time.

Richard Kilbey.

THE OLD SCHOLARS' SOCIAL.

THE Christmas Social of the Old Scholars' Association at Devonshire House was held this year on Wednesday, January 8th. About six o'clock the people began to arrive, and then the fun commenced. There were a great many more present scholars than usual, although but few of the staff. The order of the proceeding was the same as usual on these occasions; some of the people were walking up and down

the corridor, perhaps seven or eight abreast, some of the less energetic ones standing outside and round about the door leading into the large meeting house, where some were still having tea.

People were continually arriving on the scene, and the crowd increased in the lower part of the building, until about 7.30, when we all adjourned to the Institute Reading Room for the evening's entertainment. Most of the items were by the Old Scholars, and consisted of some delightful songs, pianoforte solos, and recitations, and also a rather lengthy reading from H. G. Wells' book, "Tono Bungay." The only part in the concert taken by the present scholars was a dialogue from "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which had been acted at the Annual Meeting of the Literary Society. We concluded our evening with singing "Auld Lang Syne," then the happy party broke up and all too soon we realised that the day to which we had been looking forward with so much pleasure was now over.

Lilian G. Wright.

AT LAST.

Being part of an Essay read at meeting of the Literary Society.

FOR many years Europe had been groaning under the the weight of very heavy naval expenditure, and this year, 1924, the newspapers had announced that Britain's expenditure would be greater than it had ever been, and since their estimates varied from eighty to ninety million pounds, the nation awaited with great interest those of the new and young First Lord.

'Twas a bitter cold March day, and the snow lay thick on the ground, while a blizzard raged without; nevertheless the House of Commons was crowded, members were sitting down the gangways, and on the floor of the House, while the galleries were full of interested lords and ladies, many officials from the various embassies, and as many of the public as could



Photo by] J. E. Walker.

THE ROOS FARM.

(An enlargement of this photograph by H. B. Lemere hangs in the new Sanatorium.)

be conveniently admitted. At 3.20 p.m. the young Minister entered the House, and his entry was the signal for prolonged cheering from the Government supporters. The First Lord was not an imposing man; thick set, of medium height, and having a slightly melancholy, lonely face, he was an altogether unattractive looking man; his eyes were dreamy, and his whole appearance was that of a man who was tired of life. Nevertheless he was smartly dressed, with a pure white flower in his button-hole, and hair carefully brushed.

Questions were quickly despatched, and then the Minister having caught "the Speaker's eye," rose to address the House.

As he stood at the table with both hands clasping the box in front of him, he looked a strange man to occupy the place from which such men as Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, and other famous men had addressed equally crowded houses.

His speech commenced with a sketch, of about half an hour's duration, of the history of the British Navy, spending more time, however, on the strength attained during the last ten years, and comparing it with other European navies; throughout his voice kept its even tenor, only his hands shook, and his fingers tapped restlessly on the box before him. Here a member yawned, there one left the house, all hoped the speaker would come to a point; from this state of boredom they were roused by hearing their Minister say: "And now gentlemen, I consider the time has come definitely to stop this useless waste on armaments. For many years the gentlemen opposite have talked about so doing, while those behind me have unceasingly increased them." The House and visitors became interested, and the speaker proceeded. "What is the result? England now possesses a navy almost twice as large as that of any other country, and what is its use? No result useful to mankind has been attained, only ill-feeling has been raised between the nations, who yearly prepare for war. For the last twenty years there has been

no war in which battleships have played an important part, while for the last ten years there has been an almost universal peace, save for a few internal conflagrations, in various lands ; and yet Germany, France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, and many other nations beside ourselves, still continue to vie with each other for supremacy on the sea ; all fulfilling the Latin saying, 'Si vis pacem para bellum,' I presume ; or is it that we think every nation is naturally antagonistic to its neighbours. If I may quote, I would say as William Pitt said, 'that to suppose any nation can be unalterably the enemy of another is weak and childish.' These words were spoken about a hundred and twenty years ago, yet since then there have been many terrible wars, in which brave men have met their deaths, and one country has enlarged its territories at the expense of another, but nothing, nothing, I say, has been gained of any real use to humanity.

" We call ourselves Christians, and yet we prepare ships, and men, from one year to another, for the purpose of killing fellow humans, all of whom Christ came to save. Once again I say it is neither Christianity, nor is it economy, and so I ask you to-night, on behalf of His Majesty's Government to grant £20,000,000 to be expended in pensions and pay for those men at present in the navy, besides a certain amount for compensation which will doubtless be necessary.

" We further propose that no more men shall be admitted to the navy, and so, slowly, the navy will cease to exist, and become a memory, murmuring in the past. Meanwhile the men of the future that would have spent their lives in it, will naturally enter some other mode of employment."

Then came a few concluding remarks, in which he appealed in a few sentences to members to reject their party traditions, and to support the Ministry in its attempt to spread a world-wide peace. In a final exhortation he asked : " Why should we waste time, voting money for war, for building mighty ironclads, with the one object of destroying our enemies

should they attack us, for we will not strike first, oh no! and yet are we not attacking brother nations, are we not creating foes by these warlike preparations; therefore why waste time and money; time is all too short. There are

"So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be!

"Let us leave these barbarities of war behind us, and expend the money on social improvements, let us help the poor and needy, let us alleviate taxation; I do not preach Socialism, but I do desire above all things, to see the lot of men improved, for thereby, I am sure, is the only way by which we may raise a race strong in mind and body, strong before our God."

He sat down amid the same icy stillness with which he had been listened to; for a quarter of a minute nobody stirred, it seemed an eternity to the young man on the front bench; then a mighty cheering broke the stillness, it sounded like one huge roar to those without the House. It was not the cheering of party friends, nor of satirical opponents, but cheers such as no Minister had received for many years colleagues who had grudgingly consented to the new programme cheered as loudly as the rest. And why were they cheering so? was it because the nation now had £70,000,000 more to its credit than an hour before? No, they realized that there in their midst was a young man who had risked all, his future career, his happiness, in one speech, in one deed—a deed from which older men had shrunk with apprehension. His terrible earnestness had impressed itself upon them, they had been carried along by the sound of his voice, and by a Voice long shut out from these buildings.

Next day the world rejoiced, through the medium of its newspapers, that the strongest naval power had at last ceased to spend money on fresh armaments.

* * * * * *

The rest of the Essay deals with further incidents in the Minister's life and closes with the following stanzas dealing with his funeral in Westminster Abbey.

There, before the Abbey crowding,
Many men with saddened faces,
Many women weeping softly,
Weep to see their hero carried
There, where bones of kings lie hidden
Neath their rich emblazoned banners,
'Neath their tombs of wood and stone;
Where in peace Saint Edward sleepeth,
Where the great have rest at last.

Toll! the single bell is tolling,
In the old embattled tower,
Toll! it strikes a note familiar
In this ancient church of God.
There, by night, in former ages
One lone monk, who, coldly clad,
Tolled for a departing brother;
Tolled for noble lords, and ladies,
Tolled for all departing souls.

Full and clear the organ pealing,
Soft, slow, sweet and solemn music,
As the long procession moves;
One last ling'ring pause in sunlight,
'Ere the grey stone portals crossed.
Then up the dim and mystic aisle,
As a sad, and holy anthem,
By the godly fathers sung,
Leads him, sleeping, home at last.

Then a sudden burst of music,
A happy, glad, triumphant strain,
Breaks upon the list'ning ears,
As the happy angel voices,

Echoing Peace, the heavenly home,
Come to bring the weary wanderer
Victor to the Victor's throne,
Where with Christ, his King and Saviour,
May he live in peace at last.

Henry Skelton.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[*In response to suggestions we have decided to start a "Correspondence" page, and invite contributions from any of our readers, either on the subject introduced below, or on any other matter of general interest. These may be signed by a nom-de-plume, but names of writers should be enclosed.* EDS.]

DEAR EDITORS,

A fine, warm, Sunday morning last August found three young Friends cycling from Coniston to Colthouse Meeting, near Hawkshead. Dismounting to push our cycles up a steep hill, we overtook a young man. On catching sight of us he looked keenly for a minute, and said to one of us, "I see you are a Boothamite by your tie, can you direct me to Colthouse?"

Now, gentlemen, may I draw the attention of Old Scholars to the fact that no one could recognise a Waldonian in such a manner. We have no recognised Old Scholar colours, a condition of things which, to my mind, calls for speedy alteration. Personally I care not what colours are chosen—the great point is let us have them. It is a not question of æsthetics, but of convenience, loyalty, and, I venture to think, *esprit de corps*. I make no suggestions as to arrangement or selection; many of us would proudly wear anything, suitable to our complexions or not, so long as it had the memory of the old school behind it.

Yours truly,
"OLD BOY."

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

Old Scholars who were in the Fifth Form last term.

Agnes H. Albright hopes shortly to study Domestic Science at Clarence House, Harrogate College.

Christopher F. Cooper is apprenticed to a farmer.

Elsie M. Falkner.

Mabel J. Inch.

Harriet S. Lidiard.

Herbert T. Roper is in the Estate Office at Cadbury Bros., Bournville.

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter from May M. Butler (1905-1912).

Warren State Hospital,
Warren Pa., U.S.A.
January 5th, 1914.

I am now in the States, in training for a nurse in the Warren State Hospital. Warren itself is quite a large town in the Alleghany Mountains, so the scenery around us is quite pretty, but not nearly so pretty to me as French River. I travelled by water from Halifax to Philadelphia, and stayed there for a few days with a Mrs. Rhoads, one of the Philadelphia Friends, who was kindness itself to me; she showed me around the city and took me into the old Arch Street Meeting House, also into Independence Hall, where I saw the chair in which Washington sat when he signed the Declaration of Independence. It was a twelve hours' journey from Philadelphia to Warren, and I travelled during the day time, and so enjoyed myself watching the new country from the train windows. For most of the way the train ran along a narrow path, with the Alleghany mountains reaching up on one side, and the Alleghany River on the other, and then from the opposite bank of the river, the mountains rose again. The river, in one place, was full of lumber, and I saw quite a



Photo by] [*Henry Skelton.*

THE HEAD MASTER AND FAMILY

number of men balancing on the biggest logs and driving them down with the current. I was quite tired out with the long journey and was glad to get to the Hospital and to bed. The next day was Sunday, and I reported "on duty" at 7 a.m., so you see I started to work at once. It will take me almost three years before I am turned out as a full-fledged nurse, and the last six or nine months will consist of a post-graduate course in another hospital. I enjoy the work very much. It is very fascinating. This happens to be my second night on night duty, and soon, when the first detachment of nurses arrives back, Miss Graff and I will go to midnight supper. When once on night-duty there we stay for four months, and longer if we wish to. When my time is up it will be time for me to have my week's vacation; we are allowed a week at the end of every six months. We also have a half day a week and every third Sunday, and, on night-duty, every tenth night off. It is rather an ordeal to keep awake on night-duty, but the rules of the hospital are very strict and we are told that they have no need of nurses who sleep on duty.

* * * * * *

The following letter has been received from Australia, and will interest Old Scholars.

"Walden" Orchard,
Morpong Avenue,
Irymple, Victoria, Aust.

To the Secretary of the *Juvenile Literary Society.*

DEAR FRIEND,

I am posting to you from Melbourne a copy of "Tales and Trails," a book of *true* stories of Australian life as seen by the author, who has travelled much as a botanist in various parts of the world. He was with the Prince Wales (the late King Edward VII.) when in India.

Mr. Barley, the Victorian Organizing Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, will shortly be visiting England. I am writing him to call at your school should he

be in the town, *my old home*. I was a Croydon Scholar 1857-61, No. 67. My brother, 66, has lately died. Cornelius Appleton, also an Old Scholar, died some years ago at Rockhampton.

I am, yours sincerely,

WILLIAM HOPKINS.

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter written by Dulcie Kirkpatrick, (1908-1913) who has just begun a two years' course of "Training for the Colonies" at High Fields, Hampton, New Brunswick.

28, 1. 1914. We left Bristol, January 14th, and the next day was perfectly lovely; the sea was calm and blue, and it was so warm that nearly everyone sat on deck all day. The Irish coast was visible for about three hours in the morning, but we did not sight land again until nearing St. John.

The next morning the weather had completely changed; only about a dozen rather ghastly looking people turned up at breakfast. I stayed on deck as long as possible, but found clinging to the rails so tightly very exhausting. It was really grand to see the huge waves racing along, and dashing the spray all over the deck, and though the sun seemed to be trying to break through the clouds, all we could see of it were some pale yellow streaks fading away into the sea.

The next two days were like summer and the sea was a perfectly glorious blue. On Sunday evening we sang hymns in the dining saloon after supper, and we had not one hymn with which we were not familiar at Walden.

On Monday, first a pipe burst and then the boiler, and we had to slow down. We lost our course, the pumps worked through the night and all officers remained on deck. There was a good deal of commotion, for many of the passengers thought that we were going down.

We began to "feel" Canada on Tuesday; the air was cold and crisp and there was ice all over the deck. We got into port a day late. Breakfast was served an hour earlier than usual, and to me it seemed just like Going-Home-Day at schoo for luggage was piled up in the passage and people were

wearing their outdoor clothes long before landing time. My friends met me on the boat, and before long we were whirling away over the snow in a sleigh.

I am delighted with this house and the work. Driving the turkeys home in the evening is great fun, and reminds me of "Fox and Geese" as we used to play it on wet days in the gymnasium.

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 1st.—Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, away, lost 1-2.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Little Thurlow, away, lost, 2-3.

„ 4th.—Class Placings: Helen Wright top of Fourth Form; Harry Dent top of Third Form.
Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Agnes Albright. Essays: "The Medium," Herbert Lewis; "A Glimpse into a Nunnery," Richard Kilbey; "History of Communications," Winifred Hargrave; "Cleopatra," Winifred Kaye. Piano Solos, Dorothy Freeman and Rita Gell.

„ 5th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Harry Dent and Fred. Whiting. Essays: "Autobiography of an Oak Arm Chair," Ernest Steele; "A Fishing Village," Jessie Milne. Reading, Mr. Lidbetter. Recitations, Harry Dent and Joan McKenzie. Piano Solos, Julia Bannister and Leslie White.
Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, won, 3-2.

„ 6th.—Lantern Lecture, "Palestine," A. Neave Brayshaw, B.A., LL.B.

„ 7th.—Sen. M.H.U. Mtg. Subject, "The Coming of the White Man." Essay, "Results of Black and White Impact," Lilian Wright.

„ 8th.—Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, drawn, 4-4.

„ 11th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Talk on "Life of the late Alfred Russell Wallace," Mr. Morris. Essays: "A Ramble on the Seashore," Julia Bannister; "Fall of the Leaf," Basil Horne; "Growth of the Sycamore," Albert Gardner; "Some Specimens obtained on the Tramp," Miss Howell.

Nov. 12th.—Football Match, 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School, lost, 1-3.

Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Winifred Price and Arthur Pitt. Essays: "Dieppe," Nina Townshend; "Some places of Interest in the City of London," Gerald Trent; "Conway," Constance Wilderspin. Piano Solos, Constance Wilderspin, Elfreda Blackburn. Violin Solo Ernest Kilbey.

" 15th.—Arch. Excursion to Wimbish.

Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Fowlemere, home, won, 5-0.

" 16th.—Twenty-first birthday of Mr. Pumphrey.

" 22nd.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College, away, lost, 0-2.

" 25th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Little Thurlow, home, won, 5-1.

" 26th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Dunmow, home, won, 7-0.

Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Subject, "Japanese Idols." Essays: "Japanese Idols," Grace Appleton; "Japanese Pilgrimage," Ivy Nichols.

" 27th.—Annual Meeting of Senior Literary Society (reported elsewhere).

" 29th.—Football Match, 1st XI. *v.* Horneybrooke Nurseries, home, lost, 0-1.

Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge A., home, lost, 0-2.

Dec. 2nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essay, "Fifteenth Century Churches near Walden," Rendel Bull. Talk on "Brasses," Mr. Rowntree.

" 3rd.—Football Match, 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Jenkins' XI. (Cambridge), home, lost, 1-3.

Hockey Match, Girls' XI. *v.* Training College, home, won, 3-1.

Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Doris Bush and Doris Thompson. Essays: "Cambridge," Irene Haynes; "Hunstanton and surroundings," Robert Gray; "A Day at a Farm," Alfred Cadman. Song, Miss Jones. Piano Solo, Joyce Watts. Dialogue from "Much Ado about Nothing," Basil Horne, Harry Dent, Ernest Steele, Fred Whiting.

" 5th.—Boys' Fifth Form Debating Society. "That the Advantages of the Cinema outweigh the Disadvantages." Proposed by Donald Redding, opposed by Arthur Landsem; Motion carried, 31 to 3.

" 6th.—Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Haverhill Boy Scouts, home, won, 4-0.

Hockey Match, Girls' XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School, home, won, 9-1.

Dec. 9th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Leslie Brown and Fred Butler. Essays: "The Pigmies," Harriet Lidiard; "James Lowell and his Works," Reginald Montford; "Is Mars Inhabited?" Ursula Massey. Piano solos, Doris Thurman and Hilda Rye.

Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Essays: "Court Life in Japan," Mabel Wellman; "A Japanese Story," Edith Newbery; "Stories told to Japanese Children," Jessie Milne.

,, 10th.—Football Match, 1st XI., *v.* Bishop's Stortford Wednesday, home, won, 2-0.

Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Constance Wilderspin and Clive Bell. Essays: "Richmond," Grace Willis; "A Visit to Westcliff," Helen Wright; "Cycling Tour through Surrey and Sussex," Philip Wright. Violin Solo, Grace Willis.

,, 11th.—Mtg. of Boys' Reading Club (kindly invited by Mrs. Rowntree). Books discussed: "Roundabout Papers," "King Lear," "Shelley and his Poetry," "Our Village."

,, 13th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Fowlemere, away, won, 5-0. N.H.S. Excursion to Ashdon.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Different Kinds of Seeds," John Pater; "Mendip Hills," Eric Jeffrey; "Spindleberry," Gladys Russell; "The Speedwells," Mr. Holttum; "Fungi," Mr. Morris.

Boys' Football Tournament Final. Bedroom 7 drew with Bedroom 9, 1-1.

,, 17th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Leslie White. Essays: "Places of interest in Bucks," Gwen Hayes; "A Week at Southampton," Fred Tebbutt; "An Essex Village," Edith Newbery. Recitation, Christabel Liffen. Piano Solo, Grace Appleton; duet, Leslie White and Roger Marriage. Dialogue from "Merry Wives of Windsor," some boys.

,, 18th.—Last Entertainment. "Waxworks" and "Advertisements"; Scene from "The Rivals," boy prefects; "The Dolls' Duet," Messrs. Lidbetter and Brereton.

,, 19th.—Holidays begin.

1914.

Jan. 13th.—School re-opened.

,, 17th.—Football Match, 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Reserves, home, drew, 1-1.

,, 20th.—N.H.S. Preliminary Meeting.

,, 21st.—Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Arthur Chacksfield and Helen Wright. Essay, "Alice" (illustrated by lantern slides), Mr. Rowntree

Jan. 24th.—Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd, away, won, 4-1.
Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Essay, "A Japanese Fairy Story," Christabel Liffen.

,, 26th.—Lantern Lecture, "How Birds Build their Nests and Feed their Young," Mr. Farren.

,, 27th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Rita Gell. Essays: "Scene I," Leonard Salter; "Cochineal Insects," Iris Miller; "The Dying Year," Benjamin Skelton; "Some Writers of Fairy Tales," Minnie Milton.

,, 28th.—Football Match, 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, home, won, 2-1.
Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Eva Diamond and Edith Newbery. Essays: "A Day at Southend," Tusting Smith; "A Visit to the Isle of Man," Grace Appleton; "The Fens and their Drainage," Fred Tebbutt. Recitations, Joan McKenzie and Harry Dent. Piano Solos, Eva Diamond and Leslie White; Song, Miss Pickard.

,, 31st.—Football Match, 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 1st XI., away, drew, 2-2.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Girton College II., away, lost, 0-5.

Feb. 3rd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lecture, "Tudor Walden," Mr. Whitlow.

,, 4th.—Fourth Form Lit. Soc. Diary, Elfreda Blackburn and Noel Cooke. Essays: "Alice" (contd.), Mr. Rowntree; "William Penn," Florence Williams; "Newhaven," Charles Bannister. Violin Solo, Ernest Kilbey. Reading, "Hiawatha's Photographing," Mr. Whitlow.

,, 6th.—Annual Mtg. P.L.A. "Poetry written by Women."
Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Essay, "A Glimpse of China's Past," Miss Jones.

,, 7th.—Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Haverhill Scouts, away, won, 5-0.

,, 10th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Leonard Salter and Henry Skelton. Essays: "A Winter Landscape," Delia Plant; "History of Modes of Travelling," Dorothy Robson; "At Last," Henry Skelton. Music: Piano Solo, Fred Butler; Trio, Music Staff.

,, 11th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Fred Tebbutt. Essays: "A Week in Brussels," Eileen Bell; "A Visit to Madame Tussaud's," Eva Diamond; "A Ride Round Castle Hedingham," John Payn. Music: Piano Solos, Leslie White and Joyce Watts. Song, Miss Howell. Recitation Joyce Watts.
Sen. M.H.U. Mtg. Essays: "John Williams," Gladys Russell; "James Chalmers," Rita Gell.

Feb. 13th.—Lecture, "Australia," Miss Gertrude Harrisson.

,, 14th.—Football Match, Boys' XI. *v.* Cambridge County School, home, lost, 1-4.
Hockey Match, Girls' XI. *v.* Training College, away, won,

,, 17th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Weeds," Basil Horne; "The Hazel Tree," Helen Wright; "The Mammoth's Tooth," Stanley Grubb; "Some Birds at Audley End," Charles Bannister.

,, 18th.—Concert of Saffron Walden Choral and Orchestral Society in Town Hall.

,, 19th.—Lecture, "Stories," Miss Clark.

,, 20th.—Jun. M.H.U. Mtg. Essays: "A Chinese Village," Kathleen Wilson; "School Days in China," Dorothy Richardson.

,, 21st.—Football Match, 1st XI. *v.* Horneybrooke Nurseries, home, won, 3-0.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford Ladies, away, lost, 2-4.
Shakespeare Recital, Mr. Bedford Pollard.

,, 24th.—Sen. Lit. Soc. Diary, Lilian Wright. Essays: "Lyme Regis," John Thompson; "Whitton and its Surroundings," Gladys Russell; "Famous Bridges," Gerald Trent. Piano Solos, Richard Kilbey and Rita Gell.

,, 25th.—Jun. Lit. Soc. Diary, Julia Bannister. Essays: "Olympia," Christabel Liffen; "Autobiography of a Pair of Boots," Tom Smith; "Old Furniture," Fred Whiting; Recitation, Julia Bannister. Reading, Miss L. Walker. Part Song, some girls.
Sen. M.H.U. Mtg. Essay, "The Coming of the White Man," Minnie Milton.

,, 28th.—Football Match, 2nd XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 3rd XI., away, won, 4-2.
Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Ladies A, away, lost, 1-9.

J. EDITH V. GRAHAM.

Henry Skelton.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1914, *viz.*, March 31st, July 14th, December 8th, price 6d. (post free, 7d.) or 1s. 6d. per annum (post free, 1s. 9d.).

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

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* To retire at the end of the year.

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of copies of the following School Magazines : *The Beckside* (Ayton), *By Kent and Skerne* (Polam Hall), *The Island* (Sidcot), *Stramongate School Magazine*, *School Echoes* (Hobart), *The Crohamian* (Croham Hurst School).

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