THE AVENUE



DECEMBER 1915

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THE AVENUE.

The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

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FOREWORD.

IN beginning a new school year we are pleased with the increase in numbers.

Troops are still in the town and now occupy more of our field, consequently the playground is used on "games" days. Owing to aerial activities in this part of England the restrictions regarding lights are more severe, so the school and town look very dark and gloomy in the evening.

We are sorry to lose Miss Howell and Mr. Lidbetter, both of whom have been connected with the school for some time. Miss Howell has our best wishes for happiness in her married life. Mr. Lidbetter, who has been scholar, Junior Master and Lower School Master, is now History Master at Bootham, where we hope every success may attend him. To their respective successors, Miss Porter and Mr. Davies, and also to Mr. Marsh, we give our cordial welcome.

At the end of last term Miss Fairbrother and Miss Norrington completed twenty-one years' service in the school, and we trust they may spend many more happy and successful years here.

We congratulate Howard Diamond and Benjamin Skelton who have recently matriculated. May this be for each the beginning of a very successful career.

The holidays brought to many some rather unique experiences, of which the fruit-picking in Worcestershire is perhaps the most interesting. In this, Mr. Rowntree, Mr. Lidbetter, Mr. Littleboy and some of the older boys took part and had a very enjoyable though strenuous holiday. Other members of the Staff were also engaged in work connected with the war; Miss Fairbrother with the Belgian refugees in Holland, Mr. Brereton in one of the Y.M.C.A. camps, and Mr. Pumphrey at Dunkirk. Mr. Whitlow has completed the work in France for which he set out, and we are pleased to welcome him back.

SARAH WAITES.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A LIBRARIAN.

AT first it looked simple. She was ushered into a large room lined with shelves neatly packed with books, and she was told that her work was to see that those books were kept in their places. It looked very simple, and she wandered round fingering them and gazing at them, dreamily picturing to herself many blissful hours when she could peacefully unearth the hidden treasure that lay behind those leathered backs. But this was in the first flush of enthusiasm, when in her excitement she had forgotten such things as students, etc.

At the outset she found that within three days of her instalment she was expected to know the title and author of every volume on those bewildering shelves, and the precise spot on which any given volume could be found. "Can you tell me where I can find Barclay's 'Apology'? I don't understand this library," says a pleading voice, and, with a smile, she

strikes out boldly for a shelf, though consumed with an inward fear that when she arrives she will be met with a glaring label marked " Heresies " ! Again : " Shall I find ' The Ascent of Man ' under ' Capital and Labour ' or ' Psychology ' ? " Secretly she thought it was under " Early Fathers." Finally it was unearthed from a shelf marked " Apologetics," and she explained that really they were sorry it was still extant, as the latest publication of the Women's Movement had proved its theories to be unsound.

It began to look a trifle more complicated, and she thought the library would be easier to manage without explanatory labels ; but she took heart, remembering a remark she had heard from a gentleman of high repute and authority, " If you cannot find the book you want, look under ' Bible,' it includes most things." It certainly did look comprehensive, but even that was complicated with a subdivision, " Apocrypha," and who was to say where the dividing line lay.

Complications grew. It was not so easy to keep those books in their places when they were constantly being carried off and only an illegible slip of paper left to describe their movements. It needed much careful scrutiny to decipher these slips, for a phrase that appeared to run, " He outlined Asia s need in the North Country " was found to be " The Athanasian Creed in the Twentieth Century," and what was apparently a treatise on Women's work entitled, " Jenny saw this chit go," was, in fact, " Tennyson, his Art, etc."

After answering enquiries and wrestling with hieroglyphics there was still a perplexing problem to be solved, namely, " When is conversation not talking ? " Apparently the answer is, " When it's amusing," but that seems to require some amendment.

After all, how many blissful hours for quiet study did she get ? Perhaps not so many as she had anticipated, but shall she complain ? Even so she has become more and more

familiar with the personalities around her, and has grown more and more to love them, for, as John Milton says, " Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potencie of life in them to be as active as that spirit was whose progeny they are. . . . Unless warinesse be used, as good almost kill a man as destroye a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image, but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God as it were in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to this world, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

EMILY BLOMFIELD.
(1899—1902).

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists, and withered falling leaves,
Whose brightness hides the sign of their decay,
And Autumn fruits that line the wanderer's way.
High piled in meadows, rich and yellow sheaves
Of hay, and corn that in the sweet wind heaves.
The half bare trees that lose their leaves and sway
Backward and forward in the sun's bright ray.
The spider hangs her silvery web and weaves
To greet the coming year. Talk not of Spring!
She hath her beauties too, but not the mellow
Richness of leaves, both russet, red and yellow,
The warm rays of the sun which always bring
Glad memories of the now departing year,
And relaxation from all ills and care.

M. G. Harrod.

THE TRAMP, 1915.

ON Thursday, July 29th, a party consisting of two members of the staff, five Present and five Old Scholars, went to Reigate, where we spent an enjoyable week-end, under the guidance of Mr. and Mrs. Crosfield. That evening we went for a walk on Reigate Hill, where we had some very good views of the surrounding country.

On the next day we took train to Dorking, and then walked to Friday Street, passing through very pretty country. One scene especially seemed more beautiful than the rest. This was a lake surrounded by woods, with pines and firs rising beside it, and on one side the path winding up the hillside. We continued our walk along this path, and finally arrived at the top of Leith Hill, where we had lunch. After lunch we climbed to the top of the tower. We then started our homeward journey down the heather-covered hillside, into the little village of Holmbury St. Mary, and then on to Gomshall, whence we trained to Reigate.

Early next morning we started off by train to Farnham, and our aim was to see Waverley Abbey and Frensham Ponds. From Farnham station we walked to the Abbey. The ruins are a good deal over-grown and parts have completely disappeared, but the general plan can be seen. Some miles further on we came to the smaller Frensham Pond, where we stopped for lunch. Then we set out once more, and walked on to the other Pond, where a large camp rather spoiled the views obtainable from the Pond. After walking round the Pond we passed about fifty transport waggons, each drawn by six mules.

In the evening we had our usual sing-song, and Mr. Crosfield read to us about the places we had visited.

On the next day, Sunday, we were stiff and tired after our exertions of the day before, and were glad of the rest. We

attended the morning and evening meetings, and in the afternoon went for a short walk, feeling too lazy for more exertion.

On Monday, Bank Holiday, we set out to walk to Box Hill, Miss Crosfield accompanying us on this walk. The weather was not inviting, but we set out early on this, our longest, walk of sixteen miles. We walked from Reigate Hill to Mickleham, a village at the foot of Box Hill. On arriving here we rested in the Church, while the archæologists took notes and photographs. Then we walked on to Box Hill itself. From the top of the hill we could see mists slowly creeping up the valley, and then suddenly it began to rain.

After descending the hill, we walked homewards parallel to the railway, and so back once more to Reigate.

Dorothy M. Robson.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

V.—THE GIRLS' JUVENILE LITERARY SOCIETY.

IN Twelfth Month, 1837, a desire for mental improvement led several Croydon girls to form a Literary Society.

Business, mainly dealing with the Library, occupied the greater part of the meeting, the spare time being devoted to the answering of suitable questions. A wide range of subjects was often introduced in this way. At one meeting, definitions were required of: Astronomy, Electricity, Anatomy, Botany, Architecture, Religion. It is surprising to find that only three unfortunate members were appointed to answer such searching questions, and to produce also a new set of queries. One is relieved to find the answers of brief nature, though this characteristic afterwards caused uneasiness. Evidently the paucity of material for the meeting accounts for a general

complaint which voiced itself on 21st Fourth Month, 1838, when the rule is minuted : " Members who are not engaged in answering questions, are to bring in an Essay, either in Prose or Rhyme."

The " Governess-teachers " attended the meetings, which, judging from the list of punishable offences, appear to have been weighty concerns.

Admittance into the Society was clothed with a becoming dignity. We repeatedly read of a member " calling upon " an applicant, to inform her of the Meeting's decision. A Minute of 1838 indicates that no one entered the Society unaware of its responsibilities.

" A note has been received from S— F— requesting to be admitted as a member. S— P— and H— R— are appointed to read all the rules to her and report if she still continues wishful to join us." The new-comer was courageous, for she is found " still desirous of joining."

Disorderly members were punished by disownment, " as the meeting cannot feel pleasure in uniting with such."

Minute 5 (28th Ninth Month, '39), " The Meeting declines accepting the name of —— —— till she is able to keep clear of a certain table."

Minute 6 records that " This Meeting has come to the conclusion of not allowing any member to be present at a meeting who has, since the one previous, been sent for more than three days to the disgrace table."

Deserving members were rewarded on leaving school by " Certificates of Approbation." The granting of these testimonials exercised both the minds and the vocabularies of the Committee who prepared them. There is a familiar flavour about the following :—

(21. 3. 1840). " Our dear friend Mary Theobald, having removed from the compass of our Society, we feel desirous of presenting her with this testimony of our affectionate regards."

But all were not glad recipients of such favours. A Minute of 9 Eleventh Month, '39 records a melancholy fact, yet some rays of light pierce the gloom.

" This meeting has taken into serious consideration whether or not we can with justice present —— —— and —— —— with certificates upon leaving School. Although very painful to us, we feel impelled by justice to come to this decision, that their general conduct does not at all entitle them to a certificate of approbation, but while we feel it right thus to decide, we bear in mind that their behaviour among their companions out of School has much endeared them to many of their school-fellows."

A Minute of 27th of Fourth Month, 1838, allows girls to bring needlework to the meeting if they can do so " without speaking a word about their employments."

References to some mysterious Friend, purported to be living in the town, occur frequently. An anonymous letter from this unknown source appears in Eleventh Month, 1838, suggesting that the Society should devote attention to the destitute. The members were unanimous in their wish to adopt the suggestion, and a Committee was appointed to supervise needlework. From this point the meetings rapidly developed into working opportunities in which the literary contributions played rather a secondary part.

A mystifying note is struck almost a year later by a Minute recording the Meeting's wish " to commence working for the poor."

At the end of 1839, revised rules were brought before the meeting and passed. The first reads somewhat quaintly:

" The Society shall be united by their Mistresses, Governesses, and teachers, if such a union be agreeable to them."

Even in those days we find a girl who cannot find an Essay subject. One Mistress solves this difficulty by giving the subject of " Cheerfulness " to all enquirers. We hesitate to

suggest that the resultant meeting must have proved somewhat monotonous.

The most promising of the literary efforts were copied into Society books and so preserved. Contributions in the forms of fictitious " Conversations " were most popular. Under this guise, many a corrective was administered to eager listeners. Grammatical pitfalls of the plain language, round shoulders, exaggeration, procrastination, and the value of time, were all dealt with faithfully. Interesting, too, are the extemporary lectures delivered by willing teachers to one or more girls. It is easy to conjure up a vision of Charlotte and her kind teacher who converse before a blazing fire. The request for a " story " is met by a thrilling account of a spirited crocodile. In like manner, the habits and lives of beavers, monkeys and dogs, are recounted. Poetry is well represented. Odes to " Sympathy," " Friendship," and other subjects abound. A fitting sadness clings to such effusions as: " Lines on parting with an only son when going to sea," and, " To Mary Ann at Parting." Essays of considerable weight testify to the fascination of History. Amongst titles which deserve notice are " The Death of William the Second," and " An Account of the Aborigines of different Countries."

Between 1842 and 1855 there is no record of a Literary Society, but in the latter year the Rules were revised, and a Book of Essays bearing that date shows that such work was again attempted.

Gardening, Needlework and Art, were all supervised by the Society. A phenomenal success attends the purchase of a quantity of drawing copies, though, later on, fancy needlework and botany appeared as formidable rivals and are accordingly censured.

There was a loftiness of spirit discernible in the officers of this Society. We read of a Curator " who has no objection to the appointment," and a certain Sarah Fryer, " who engaged to try to attend to the cupboard."

The library occupied much time, for on one occasion the First Class were engaged all one morning in sorting and covering books.

In 1871 the Society ceased to exist and some years elapsed before any similar work was undertaken.

January 24th, 1882, saw the formation of the Girls' Literary Club. Each member was to produce an Essay with one other contribution during the half-year.

A joint meeting with the Boys' Juvenile Society was first held in August, 1888. This new departure gradually led to the amalgamation of the two Societies, whose present Annual Meeting is traceable to the gathering held on November 8th, 1888, at which forty visitors were present.

ELEANOR G. JONES.

FRUIT PICKING IN WORCESTERSHIRE.

DURING the last holidays I spent some time at the Fruit-picking Camp in Worcestershire.

The main object and idea of the Camp was to assist the fruit-growers and farmers who were feeling the great shortage of labour, since here, as in so many other cases, men have left for better positions or to fight for their country.

This year the crops promised to be heavier than usual, and so the growers foresaw that unless they imported some labour, a large amount of the crops would be wasted. On the other hand, if labour could be obtained there was no reason why the season should not be a good one. So, besides assisting others, we were provided with a holiday or, shall I say, a change of work and surroundings which were enjoyed.

We were working in the centre of the fruit-growing district, near Evesham, on the river Avon. The county of Worcestershire is a hilly one, and orchards cover miles of hillsides around Evesham.

Our camping ground was about two-and-a-half miles from Evesham, at the village of Wickhamford. The meadows and out-buildings of an old mill were at our disposal, and they proved very convenient. The old mill itself had not been in working order for about twelve months, and would now require a deal of repairing.

The meadow was an ideal one for camping. It was bordered by streams on each side—one from the mill-wheel and the other an over-flow, and both coming from a stream which at one time turned the mill-wheel, but which during our occupation served very well for bathing purposes.

Five bell-tents were used for sleeping accommodation, besides several private tents brought by members of the camp. An old barn was used as a food store, and this was packed with necessaries at the start, but the cooks found some difficulty in keeping it packed.

During wet weather meals were served in the barn, but, fortunately, we had very little wet weather, and so we usually had our meals under a very fine tree on which grew small pears. These pears, Mr. Smith, the owner of the mill, told us were excellent for making " zidur."

In the rules and regulations which were sent to us, we were warned what to expect in the way of work by a note, " Work will be of a laborious character." This we soon found to be the case, when we started to work in gangs of six, eight or ten.

Farmers in the district who were short of labour, and who applied for extra workers, were sent gangs who worked for them at the ordinary rates and times. The work was very varied, since as many as eight different employers were worked for.

Of course the chief crop dealt with was plums. The work was done mostly from ladders, some of them being thirty feet high. For those who preferred to remain on terra firma, there was an unlimited amount of picking to be done from the low branches, and also fallen fruit from the ground. After a few

days' practice at handling a thirty foot ladder we became quite skilful, but at the start the trees suffered considerably.

All kinds of plums were picked—early fruit of different shapes and sizes, the well-known Pershore Egg Plums, Victorias in all qualities, Damsons and Damascenes.

The fruit was picked into small baskets, which were emptied into hampers when full. The standard measure, by which piece workers were paid, was a pot. In the case of plums a pot was equal to 72 lbs. The weight of a pot varied in accordance with the size and weight of the fruit ; for instance, a pot of pears and apples is only 56 lbs., whereas a pot of beans is 90 lbs.

Besides the usual work of picking plums, gangs were sometimes put to picking pears and apples, which was found to be an easier way of earning good wages than picking runner-beans, which some unfortunate gangs were put to. Others were set to " pinching " tomatoes. This was a slow job, and entailed pulling off the small shoots on the tomato plants so that the green fruit would ripen. During the month we were at work hothouse tomatoes were on the market, so we had little or nothing to do with the outdoor plantations which some farmers were cultivating. There were few jobs which met with disapproval ; but hoeing onions and transplanting cabbage plants did not seem to be enjoyed. I think the general opinion was that there was too much back-bending to be done in that work.

Besides the set work there were several jobs which only required one or two boys at the time ; for example, box-making, from wood cut to the exact size, was done for one grower. The carting and stacking of oats and beans to a stack-field and there stacking them, was a piece of work which occupied a dozen boys for one afternoon.

Probably the work which entailed the longest hours of the day was packing and carting the fruit down to the station. A day of this work was usually about fourteen hours. Only

one employer made use of the camp in that direction. He had packing rooms and offices in Evesham, and there the fruit was sorted, packed and labelled to its destination, before it was taken down to the station. On an average four tons of fruit was packed daily by three workers in those rooms.

And last—but by no means least—in a day's work was the orderly duty, which was taken in turn ; there was usually one orderly per day, who stayed in camp and found plenty to do in washing up and setting tables, to say nothing of minor duties. All those who had done a day of orderly work agreed that it was harder work than picking plums.

In the camp there were always two cooks, who kept themselves busy preparing mysterious dishes whose composition baffled all enquiries, but which, nevertheless, were always appreciated. Fruit, naturally, formed a large item of our menu,—especially plums.

We were very fortunate in the quantity of spare time we had. Though it was not a custom for the men to have one half-day per week, we were always allowed Saturday afternoons free. The river Avon and its boating proved an attraction for such times, and a few explorers cycled to towns of interest in the vicinity, such as Worcester and Stratford. By the time Sunday came round most of us were tired, and accordingly few people stirred from camp, except perhaps to go to Evesham in the morning.

Taking the results of the camp as a whole, they were very successful. The total amount of fruit picked by both the Pershore and Evesham Camps was about 150 tons.

At Evesham, when all board and camp expenses had been paid, the balance, which was clear profit, amounted to about £33.

Our employers seemed well satisfied with the work done, and I think those who went felt that their time was given for a good cause and was by no means wasted.

Leonard R. House.

SOCIETY REPORTS.

The Reading Club.

AT the beginning of the School year our total membership was seventeen, and on our return after a term's absence from the school we increased our numbers to twenty-one. In the absence of Mr. Whitlow, our President, Mr. Lidbetter, kindly undertook the office for the term. In the Autumn term the books read were "The Virginians," W. M. Thackeray; "Shakespeare's Heroines," Mrs. Jameson; "Familiar Studies of Men and Books," R. L. Stevenson; and "The Anglo-German Problem," C. Sarolea. Since only a few members had read "The Anglo-German Problem," it was continued on the list for the Summer Term. At our next meeting, which was held at "Hazlewood," by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Rowntree, Monsieur Polus, who was present, gave us a very interesting account of the author, Charles Sarolea. The other books discussed at this meeting were: "The Four Men," H. Belloc; "Hiawatha," H. W. Longfellow, and "The Household of Sir Thomas More," T. Manning.

Benjamin D. Skelton.

Fourth Form Literary Society.

The Fourth Form Literary Society has had a successful year and some excellent essays have been read and discussed. These have been of all kinds—original stories, descriptive papers, and essays on scientific subjects. The best papers were: "The Adventures of an English Dog," an original tale by Marjorie Pollard; "My Visit to Holland," by George Manasseh, and "The Wounded Indians at Brighton," by Mabel Wellman, both excellent descriptions; and "Wireless Telegraphy," an essay by A. Gardner, which gave a clear and comprehensive account of this invention. The musical items and recitations have been very much appreciated, and

one dialogue was most successfully performed. The Society missed Mr. Whitlow during his absence in France in the summer term, but cordially welcomed Mr. Brereton, who took his place as Fourth Form Master and President of the Society.

ENID ALLEN.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Society for the year 1914-1915 has not been as large as the previous years, chiefly owing to a smaller Lower School. Mr. Brereton was greatly missed during the summer term as, being Fourth Form Master in the absence of Mr. Whitlow, he could not attend our meetings. We are pleased to welcome him back again this term. The Society has also lost an enthusiastic President, Mr. Lidbetter, and keenly feels this loss. The Essays on the whole have been good. Originality is taking the place of descriptive accounts and this is a great improvement. Recitations have been well rendered. Very few musical items have been given by the children, but more essays have been read. The best original essay " The Twins' Adventures," was written by Brenda Matthews. Stanley Grubb's essay on " Roman Remains " was also very good. Those specially recommended are :

" The Fire at Oldfield, Swanage," by Lionel Wright.

" The Staffordshires at Walden," by Cecil Trigg.

" A Young Naturalist's Adventures," by Grace Appleton.

LILIAN M. WALKER.

THE MISSIONARY HELPERS' UNION.

Both Senior and Junior Branches show a good record of membership for the past year. In our weekly meetings good work has been done, and it has been satisfactory to note the amount of leisure time with which members have supplemented these half-hours.

We desire to express our warmest gratitude to the F.F.M.A. Lending Library, which supplies our books each term. During the autumn and summer, the seniors studied India and Africa ;

the juniors Ceylon and Madagascar. The essayists are self-appointed, and as a rule two essays are read each fortnight. In the alternate meetings we welcome "Surprise" essays or readings from any members who wish to give them.

At present we are busy preparing for a Sale of Work, which we hope to hold later in the term. In these preparations we have been encouraged by several kind gifts of needlework from Old Scholars and other friends.

ELEANOR G. JONES.

LONDON TO BOMBAY DURING THE GREAT WAR.



E poured out of the crowded boat-train at Tilbury Docks midday, May 29th, to find a crowd waiting to board our liner, P. and O. *Malwa* (11,500 tons, and eighteen-and-a-half knots).

"Look, there's our gun," and "What about submarines?" were on every lip as we went on board.

Just before we turned into our strange and cramped bunks word was passed round that we were to put into Plymouth on Sunday morning.

"Was this because of submarines? Were they known to be about?" A few refused to go to bed; ladies lay in their bunks dressed, and several brave (?) men slept in the smoking room. One man never took off his life-belt till we reached Gibraltar. The morning found us at Plymouth taking aboard 250 sailors for Gibraltar, and about mid-day we steamed out. We were encouraged (?) by seeing a vessel which had been attacked by a submarine the day before, and also by having pointed out to us the spot near the Eddystone lighthouse where a ship had been sunk! Just in front of us had passed

out a troopship, and she had been escorted by two destroyers. No such luck for us !

After we had left Plymouth about three-quarters of an hour, a destroyer was seen chasing us at tremendous speed, and frantically signalling to us to stop. She came hurriedly alongside, grazing as she passed, and very hastily we were turning round and steaming back into Plymouth. The wildest reports were circulated, the most persistent being that we had a German spy aboard—these were doubtless to allay panic, as the Captain told us afterwards that three submarines were waiting for us and therefore we were very much nearer danger even than we thought at the time.

An hour later we steamed out again alone, and everybody was now really scared, and some remonstrating, " Why are we not escorted ? " is asked, but most are uncomplaining, and the women wonderfully plucky. These were anxious moments, every black speck was a periscope and any object or movement in the sea a torpedo. " How cold the sea looks ! " " What a big target we are ! " " How slowly the boat turns ! " " How should I behave if we were struck ? " were passing through our minds, when to our delight we see two destroyers overtaking us, and we wave and cheer as they take up positions, one on either side, and slowing down to our pace, escort us for the rest of the day, until we are out of the Channel. Just after sunset they slipped away and we were sorry to lose their protection, but persuaded ourselves we must be out of danger. With a final turn on deck to see our gun and to say " Good-night, and shoot straight if necessary ! " to our gunners, we turned in for the night. Hardly a peaceful Sunday ! The Bay of Biscay was rough, and we were rolling terribly. Some people's places were empty at meals ! Fortunately not mine ! We are certainly expected to have good appetites. Before breakfast, tea and fruit ; Breakfast, 8.30 ; beef-tea and biscuits at 11 o'clock ; Lunch, 1.0 ; Tea, 4.0 ; Dinner, 6.30 ; Supper, 10.0 p.m.

Gibraltar and Malta,—our two ports of call in the Mediterranean—were both full of interest. Each with lovely gardens, containing gorgeous and brilliant semi-tropical flowers, trees and shrubs. Gibraltar, with its flat and floodable, neutral land, and interesting, typical old Spanish town of Lima beyond, its narrow streets and stone steps—lovely courtyards and beautiful Spanish girls.

Malta, with its " Chapel of Skulls " (containing over 2,000), its catacombs, and exquisite lace. But to-day, it is fortifications that are of absorbing interest.

The Rock of Gibraltar, standing so impressively with its stern and almost unscalable sides, bristling with guns and forts. But its strength seems the strength of nature, not of man.

Malta, on the other hand, no less strongly fortified, is all the work of man. The protection to the Bay is simply forts, forts, forts. No natural commanding heights, just the work of man's ingenuity and brains. In each case only British subjects may land, and photography is rigidly prevented. Both harbours are full of English and French warships; sailors and soldiers abound; war seems as much—perhaps more—a reality than back in the English Channel.

We are told some Austrian torpedo boats are at large, and still no lights are allowed on deck, and the few in the saloons are covered and shaded.

The Mediterranean sea was a glorious blue, the sunshine brilliant, the weather perfect, but getting hotter and hotter. The passage was calm, the company most congenial and jolly, altogether the voyage was thoroughly enjoyable. The most interesting person on board was H.H. the Maharajah of Johdpur, a youth of seventeen, in ultra-smart European clothes, on his way home from the trenches, attended by a most imposing bodyguard. Others particularly noticeable were: a huge man, seven feet two inches high, and weighing thirty-two stone, and a man and his wife, perfectly formed,

aged thirty-seven and thirty-eight, the woman three feet eight inches, and the man three feet six inches. The contrast between these was particularly noticeable at lifebelt and boat drill, when on one the belt looked lost, and the others looked lost in the belts!

We reached Port Said early on June 9th. Some of us had been sleeping on deck as usual (the only drawback being that we had to get up at 5.15 a.m. when the decks were scrubbed down), and we were awakened just as we got off the breakwaters, these not being of neatly finished off brick walls, but of huge stones piled one on the other. One will long remember the fleet of fishing smacks (with their brown sails, with white circles and figures painted on), sailing out in the bluest of blue seas, glittering in the sunshine. Port Said is a typical Egyptian town, with its veiled women, white and brown buildings, frivolities and mosques. Malta's streets had been lined with oleander trees in full bloom, but Port Said had its sweet-smelling acacias.

The men—hawkers, guides, etc., were an awful pest. Fortune tellers, and sellers of jewellery, tobacco, and Turkish delight, nearly fought each other to show us their wares. Whilst being shown round a Mosque one of my rush slippers, which we had been compelled to wear, came off—an awful moment! The streets remind one of France—the pavement being dotted with small tables and chairs, with people drinking thereat. We were fortunate enough, almost immediately after entering the Suez Canal, to see a very fine mirage.

Again everything spoke of the world-war. The desert had been flooded and everywhere trenches had been thrown up, many of them having already been used. But except for meeting two Australian troopships, nothing very exciting happened until we had gone down to dinner.

It was getting dusk (the shortening of the days has been so strange and marked as we have got further and further east), when we passed a long line of encampments, bristling with

life, as an attack from the Arabs was expected that very night. Indians with their camels, French, Australians and English were there, and "Are we downhearted?" was freely exchanged. The Mahommedans, praying on their mats, as the sun went down, were very impressive, and the sunset was such a glorious golden.

We thought we should have been allowed full lights by now, but for the last time the Captain was stricter than ever, and as we went on deck to sleep we were told that 500 Arab snipers were ambushed in the district and would probably try a shot. But nothing exciting happened, though we were roused several times by vessels passing alongside.

We were awakened soon enough in the morning to see Suez, as we passed, without stopping, out of the Canal into the Suez Gulf. On either side of us, as we went down the Gulf, were high and rugged cliffs of red sandstone. Very picturesque they were in their barrenness, against the exquisite blue of the sea. Mount Sinai was an interesting and recognisable height in the mountains. Thence we passed into the Red Sea with its heat; ugh! it was awful. The Red Sea in June! A cloudless sky, hardly a breath of air, just heat, heat, heat, sweltering and blistering. Everyone was mopping, fans were waving, stewards doing their best to get round with the iced drinks so eagerly demanded on all sides. One perspires at the thought even now! On the afternoon of June 12th we landed at Aden, finding more fuss than there had been anywhere, as to occupation, nationality, reason for landing. Aden itself is a place to be avoided. Ugh! the heat, the smells and the filth!

A few miles out are the celebrated water tanks, built centuries B.C. Thither we went, in one of the universal Ford cars, which were plying for hire, through the smelliest, dirtiest, narrowest streets, Arabian roads and villages, and by mountains of solid rock. Rain hardly ever falls—one local man said "Once in five years" and another, "That they

usually had a shower in January," so here the water has to be collected. The tanks, there are six of them, are all cut out of the solid rock, the largest of them holding four-and-a-half million gallons.

The return journey led through narrow tunnels, lit by tiny roof lamps, and with no room to pass anything. As your car enters the tunnel, a whistle is blown, and you trust that it has been heard, and nothing else has started from the other end!

It was quite dark when we got back to the harbour, and our feelings were harrowed by stories of the boatmen holding up their passengers halfway across, between shore and liner. Just a candle hoisted in a shade, and we started off into darkness—three white men and five Arabians! Only two of us could swim, and the *Malwa*, lying out to sea, resplendent with her myriad lights, was nearly due to start. Would the boatmen demand exorbitant fares not to throw us overboard, we wondered. Fortunately—No. We were safely aboard in time, at four annas per head. It had been hot in the Red Sea, but as we waited on the motionless boat, everyone was gasping, and it was just—drinks, drinks, drinks, and "Don't forget the ice, steward."

Now for our last stretch. Personally, I should like to throw a veil over it. We had it very rough, the boat rolling so that the propeller was often out of the water. One had almost to walk *up* to get *downstairs!* Feeling fagged out after the furious heat of the Red Sea (which even experienced travellers admit was quite exceptional), the stuffy heat and the roughness were too much for me. . . .

Never mind. As I write, we are safely steaming into Bombay at last. All the way, it has been war, war, war.

We brought a lot of officers to Gibraltar and took several men (wounded in the Dardanelles, and going home to New Zealand) aboard at Port Said.

But we have wanted news so badly! Our wireless was cut

off long since, and we wonder so what has been happening. Indeed, it *is* a world-war! Well, good-bye! I close with strange feelings. Approaching an unknown land, with an unknown destination; amongst unknown people; for an unknown time; even the exact nature of the work—unknown!

J. OWEN CLOVER.
(1901-4).

SCHOOL ATHLETICS.

CRICKET, 1915.

THE cricket in the past year has been of a very low standard. The number of matches has also been extremely small. In the first XI. Mr. Whitlow was much missed, and it was perhaps as well that the first XI. played only three matches.

The Boys' XI. was also weak. S. W. Quarrie and R. W. Montford, the Boys' Captain, were the most successful in both batting and bowling.

Apart from E. Kilbey the fielding was very poor, one or two matches being undoubtedly lost owing to slackness in the field.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.
First XI. ..	3	1	2
Boys' XI. ..	7	3	4
Second XI. ..	1	1	0

G. STANLEY PUMPHREY,
(School Captain).

AQUATICS.

SENIOR.

Quarter Mile—1. Kilbey; 2. Appleton; 3. Butler.
Six Lengths— 1. Kilbey; 2. Appleton; 3. Smith.
Two Lengths—1. Kilbey; 2. Butler; 3. Appleton.
Neat Dive— 1. Appleton; 2. Tebbutt; 3. Cadman.

Champion—Ernest Kilbey.

JUNIOR.

Nine Lengths—	1. Barker;	2. Tebbutt iii.
Two Lengths on Back—	1. Barker;	2. Tebbutt iii.; 3. Englemann.
One Length—	1. Engelmann;	2. Tebbutt iii.; 3. Barker.
Neat Dive—	1. Barker;	2. Tebbutt iii.; 3. Engelmann.

Junior Champion :—John T. Barker.

The Bedroom Aquatic Sports were won by Number 11 Bedroom.

GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

THE Aquatic Sports this year were very interesting, although no one was an exceptionally good all round swimmer. The diving has improved greatly. The Senior Champion was Nina Townshend, with 80½ marks out of a possible 105. Joyce Watts was second and Doris Thompson third. Grace Appleton was the Junior Champion.

Only one cricket match was played by the girls this season. This was against Homerton College, away. We won, but only by three runs, the score was 59 runs to 56.

The Tennis season was a good one. A tournament, which stretched over the last few weeks of the term, was very interesting, many girls entering in a keen spirit. The championship was finally won by Constance Wilderspin.

LILIAN M. WALKER.

A THUNDERSTORM.

THE summer sun blazed down upon the country fields, which glinted like carpets of gold and silver, by reason of the thousands upon thousands of buttercups and daisies which grew thickly over them. Out in the woods all was hot and dusty. The birds had almost ceased eirth twittering because of the heat. Horses, dragging great waggon-loads of corn fresh from the harvest-field, tramped

wearily along, twitching their great ears and flicking their tails almost hopelessly, to get rid of the flies ; for the flies were practically the only living creatures who were as lively as usual on that hot, sultry afternoon.

Out in the fields the cows adopted very much the same behaviour as the horses in the road ; but some of the wiser ones waded out into the brook which trickled and rippled down at the bottom of the meadow. And here there was a cool, peaceful nook. Here one might lie, and watch the water-boatmen skimming back and forth across the water ; watch, too, the many insects humming round the water-lilies ; and, listening, hear the sudden " splash ! " of a water-rat, as he plunged out of his hole in the bank, and swam rapidly across the stream. The brook formed a quiet pool, and tall reeds and rushes grew near the edge, thanking a huge willow-tree, whose branches overhung the pool, for its cool shade.

While the brook trickled, while the insects hummed, and the water-boatmen shot rapidly from side to side, a change was taking place in the atmosphere. The air was just as hot and even more oppressive than before ; but there was also a feeling of impending change pervading the whole country-side. Clouds rolled majestically up from the eastward, and suddenly a heavy peal of thunder clashed out upon the still, hot air, and a brilliant shaft of lightning stabbed sharply out of the gloomy canopy of clouds. In a few moments a heavy thunderstorm was in full progress. The peaceful nook under the willow tree was transformed as if by magic. The water-boatmen and the insects disappeared, the lilies closed their dainty petals, and the reeds and rushes swayed and bowed before the wind. The great willow tree groaned and creaked, but it was a proud, boastful tree, and it stood up boldly to the wind. Suddenly a shaft of lightning struck out, and the trunk was singed and blackened for more than half its length. Then the wind came rushing across the fields. It whirled round the willow-tree for a moment, and then, with a great

deal of groaning and creaking, the tree crashed across the water, crushing the reeds and rushes beneath its giant form.

* * * * * *

A few hours later the rain had come and gone. The sun was shining again, and the raindrops glistened like diamonds on the trees. It was evening now, so the flies and insects had all disappeared, and the cows were being driven peacefully home across the fields. The tired horses had taken the last load of corn, and were being put away in their stables. There was an earthy smell of freshness in the air, and all the earth seemed rejoicing after the rain. But the storm had left its marks of devastation, for across the brook at the bottom of the meadow lay the old willow, and underneath were crushed the reeds and rushes.

Marjorie Pollard.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

W. Robin Appleton is learning farming at Glastonbury.

E. Geoffrey Ardley

Howard A. Diamond is learning accountancy with R. H. Marsh & Co.

Katie Edmunds

Winifred E. and V. May Hargrave are at Coburn Girls' School, London.

C. E. Ursula Massey is at Cheltenham College.

R. Arthur Pater

Delia K. Plant is studying domestic science at the Colchester Technical College.

J. Wallis Powell is apprenticed to an ironmongery and cutlery business.

Dorothy Robson is at the Mount School, York.

Leonard G. Salter is working with T. Petchell Stackhouse.

Florence A. Williams is taking classes at Clarke's College in London.

* * * * * *

We regret to have to announce the death of an Old Boy, Gordon Gray, during the fighting in September in France. He left school in 1914 and enlisted in the 9th Norfolk Regiment.

Another Old Boy, Leslie R. Tawell (1900-04), of the Australian Light Infantry, has been reported "missing" since August 27th.

* * * * * *

Extracts from letters written by Eric S. Jeffrey, who is abroad with His Majesty's Forces.

". . . I have not heard from you yet, but that is no doubt the result of letters following us about. Our letters are severely censored, so I am unable to tell you anything of where we are or what we are doing. Suffice it to say that we landed on Tuesday, August 10th, after having been three weeks on board ship, and are now in the trenches. We moved to the front on Saturday night (14th), and since then have been digging ourselves in for all we were worth, as we have taken up fresh lines. We have been unmolested by the enemy except for some of their snipers, who have managed to wound several of our chaps, including three signallers.

" So far the food and water supply has been very good. We live chiefly on biscuits and water and never have any bread (which we miss). We also have corned beef, and as a luxury we sometimes have a kind of vegetable hash to which we add water and boil up, also they occasionally give us a little jam. For the first few days we had to rely chiefly on water for drink, but we get tea pretty regularly now.

" I am quite well and happy, but shall be glad to come home again at the end of the war. You will be interested to learn that I have not had a shave or a wash, or taken my boots

or puttees off, for four days! I guess I shall want a clean-up shortly. Don't worry about me."

". . . We have been in the trenches for seventeen days so far and have been on land for twenty days. For the first fortnight on land we did not taste a bit of bread. All the time we have been out here we have had a continued struggle against the climate. The days are frightfully hot and the nights cold and clammy. We left our kit-bags at —— and everything else, including blankets and change of clothing, was left at the base here. All the underclothing I'm wearing is about half a shirt and a pair of socks. We sleep on damp ground at night and the dew often wets us to the skin. All the protection we have is a couple of sand-bags to throw over us. Nearly everybody's stomach is upset as a result. Nevertheless, I am in *good health*, and am getting as hard as nails. We have been having a rough but comparatively quiet time in the trenches up till now. There have been a fair number of casualties, chiefly through snipers, and a few from shell fire. There is practically nothing going on along our lines at present. About a week ago, during a heavy fusilade directed against our trenches, one of our Company signallers was shot down beside me, while he was talking to me. He died the same night. It was a mystery where the bullet came from, as he was low down in the trench."

* * * * * *

Extracts from letters by Theodore Tawell (1898-1902), *who worked in France from May to October, on behalf the Essex and Suffolk Quarterly Meeting in order to assist the farmers in the districts devastated by the war.*

"Haussignemont, Marne,

"June 12th, 1915.

". . . We were met by Theodore Rigg and Shaw with his motor lorry, which conveyed us and our luggage to the Equipe. . . . It was moonlight, and the motor ride through what remains of Sermaize gave me my first glimpse of the desolation wrought by the ravages of warfare. The

next day I went round with Rigg to look at his crops of vegetables and plant beds. He has about seven acres altogether, in small patches, of potatoes, carrots, peas, beans, cabbages, etc., which he is growing in order to store up for next winter for the people in districts further North; his supply will be reserved for the people who from lack of seed or other causes were unable to grow for themselves the usual vegetables in the spring-time. These vegetables are hoed and kept clean by women and boys and girls. . . .

" I started mowing lucerne for a woman who had lost most of her stock and had most of her premises burnt down, and is now living with her relations, and has only two horses, two calves and one hen saved from the fire; all her agricultural machinery was destroyed. However, she had borrowed two sets of harness, and we hooked up to one of the machines put by our Society at the disposal of the Commune to prevent all squabbling and to render aid to the most needful cases.

" The horses are rather slow, and occasionally where a whip fails to keep them going fast enough to enable the machine to clear itself, I put a lad or an old lady upon the seat of the machine to guide the horses, whilst I walk beside them and exhort them to give of their best. . . . I have been putting in about twelve hours per day these last three weeks. Our mower has been of great service, as it has cut most of the hay round Blesme. . . . I have found the ground much rougher than in England; also, I had to keep a look-out for shell-holes, which are easily run into now that they are overgrown by vegetation. . . . I saw Jack Quinn the other day. J. T. Bowry is also here.

* * * * * *

Extracts from a letter by Theodore Hicks (1898-1902), *who joined Theodore Tawell for some weeks.*

" Sept. 7th, 1915.

" . . . French land, French farmers and French methods differ naturally very much from what one is used to at home,

and although there is an ever-present idea in one's thoughts that if the whole arrangements could be taken over, a vastly superior method of doing things would result, the probability is that there would be a worse muddle than ever. A French village is a self-contained affair ; one hardly ever finds outlying cottages or an outlying farm. Beyond the village is a big plain stretching away to the horizon, and intersected by roads varying in quality from the ' Routes Nationales ' to the ' Chemins ' or cart tracks. There are few, if any, hedges ; but the land is divided up into small strips, say twenty yards wide and anything from one hundred yards to half a mile long. I suppose that as the children grow up and marry, there is always a considerable dividing and sub-dividing of these strips, and the result in some cases is a perfect maze of bewildering fragments. . . . The people are exceptionally thrifty, taken as a whole, and their great idea appears to be to save all that is possible so that there may be more to divide amongst the children. . . .

" Huiron and Glannes have suffered very badly, being levelled with the ground, and are just masses of ruin, with twisted machinery, and oddments of fireplaces and bedsteads scattered about. The oases in this desert are the little huts put up by our people in the spring, and the sight of one of our uniforms or badges always means a profusion of smiles and chatter, and the whole commune is prepared to stop work and attend to your wants, ' *à votre service, Monsieur.*' . . .

Between the starting of Binders, and as weather would permit, I was cutting corn for a family at ——, about six miles out of Vitry. A portion of this village had been bombarded and burnt down during the battle of the Marne, being caught between two fires. My particular farmer had lost all his sheep and other stock, except horses. His farm buildings, with the exception of an old ramshackle barn away from the others, were shelled and burnt, as also were his house and his mother's house on the other side of the street. The man

himself was away in the army at Belfort ; Madame was of delicate constitution and quite unfit for outdoor work, with three children of ten to twelve years of age. *Grandmère* did a good deal. The '*Bonne*' did a great deal more, and they had a soldier from another part of France, who had been in the trenches during the winter but had been invalided away with rheumatics. The farm was a large one, probably four hundred or more acres. They had been able to sow only a third of the land, and some of this very roughly. Having no labour they could do nothing in the way of clearing, and one had for the most part a crop of corn of sorts, and a crop of grass, together with a terrible *mélange* of thistles, docks, etc. . . A picture of this kind just shows the result of taking away the 'bread-winner.'

"The women work exceptionally hard and well, and there is hardly a job that they cannot show you how to do, but one pair of hands cannot do everything. . . .

"Theodore Tawell is very busy threshing with a 6 h.p. motor machine. . . . His appears to be one of those tireless natures that can go on practically day and night. One hears of him cutting corn in one place, and almost immediately threshing in another, until one credits him with the mobility of an Australian bushranger. . . .

"It is impossible to judge to what extent our building and sanitation work have saved the situation. But for this there would most assuredly have been an epidemic. . . I feel assured that the Society should feel proud and thankful that it has been allowed the privilege of instituting such a fine work in France. It means another link binding the two nations together, and that is another link forged in the chain which shall at some future time hold the Demon of War constrained by the fetters of brotherly love."

SCHOOL DIARY.

June 19th.—Cricket Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, home, lost, 99 to 148 for 6. R. W. Montford, 31.

,, 22nd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, George Manasseh. Essays: "The Last Man," Florence Williams; "Across the Irish Sea," Miss Murray; "Where the Rainbow Ends," Constance Wilderspin. Trio, The Music Staff.

,, 23rd.—Ambulance Route March.

,, 26th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Cambridge.

,, 29th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture on "Nature Photography," Mr. Morris.

,, 30th.—Cricket Matches. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., home; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI., away; abandoned owing to rain.

July 3rd.—Cricket Match. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, away, won, 100-43. S. W. Quarrie, 51.

,, 5th.—Beginning of Boys' Bedroom Swimming Competition.

,, 6th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Dora Hyland. Essays: "The Avenging Hand," Albert Gardener; "After Fifty Years," Dorothea Barton; "Song of the Waldenites," Howard Diamond. 'Cello Solo, Miss Howell.

,, 7th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Debden.

,, 8th.—Cricket Match. 1st XI. *v.* Mr. Downham's XI., home, lost, 97 to 116 for 5. Mr. Lidbetter, 24, R. N. Montford, 22.

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lecture: "Prehistoric Archæology," Mr. Morris.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Excursion to the Claypits.

,, 16th.—School Examinations begin.

,, 19th.—Cambridge Local Exams. begin.

,, 24th.—Cricket Match. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* County School, Cambridge, home, lost 34 to 112. W. R. Appleton, 4 wkts. for 16.

,, 27th.—General Meeting. Boys' Senior Swimming Champion, Ernest Kilbey; Junior, John Barker.

,, 29th.—Holidays begin.

Sept. 14th.—School re-opened.

,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wendens Ambo.

,, 24th—30th.—Visit of Mr. and Mrs. Sawdon, who talked to the Fifth Forms about their work in China.

,, 28th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, John H. Thompson. Essays: "At History's Gate," Marjorie Harrod; "Plum Picking in Worcestershire," Leonard House; "A Country Clapham," Dora Hyland. Songs, Mr. Sawdon; Pianoforte Solo, Constance Wilderspin.

Oct. 2nd.—N.H.S. Excursion to Wimbish Hall.

,, 5th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture, "Pond Life," Mr. Morris.

,, 6th.—Hockey Match. Mistresses and Boys *v.* Masters and Girls, former won, 3-2.

,, 9th.—Arch. Excursion to Hadstock.

,, 12th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Nina Townshead. Essays "The Deserted Village," Maurice Jeffrey; "Life of Antoine Laurent Lavoiser," Mr. Pumphrey, "Leaves from an Old Note-Book," Jessie Milne; "The Railway System of England," Edward Jones. Song, Miss Porter. Pianoforte Solo, Eva Diamond.

,, 13th.—N.H.S. Excursion to Debden.

,, 16th.—Hockey Matches. 1st XI. *v.* Training College 1st XI, home, won 9-0. 2nd XI. *v.* Training College 2nd XI., home, won 5-3.

,, 19th.—Short Lecture in morning on, "The British and Foreign Bible Society," by Mr. Thomas. Dramatic Recital, "Pickwick Papers," Rev. Runnels-Moss.

,, 20th.—Football Matches. 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., away, won, 5-2. 3rd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, 2nd XI. home, won 1-0.

,, 24th.—Lecture, "A Visit to American Friends," Miss Crawshaw.

,, 26th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, W. W. Tebbutt. Essays: "Sir Henry Bessemer," Ernest Kilbey; The Last Days of Llewellyn," Gwyneth Morgan; "Found in a Church Porch," Gwendolen Pigg. Violin Solo, Ernest Kilbey. Pianoforte Solo, J. Frederick Butler.

,, 30th.—Football Match. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishops Stortford School, home, draw 2-2.
Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge "Ladies', away, won 9-5.

NOTICES.

It is intended to publish three numbers of *The Avenue* during 1916, price 6d. per copy (post free, 7d.), or 1s. 6d. per annum (post free, 1s. 9d.).

Articles and Subscriptions may be addressed to *The Avenue*, Friends' School, Saffron Walden. Copies may also be obtained from Gurnell C. Green, 2, Camden Square, N.W.

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

LONDON MATRICULATION EXAMINATION.

Howard A. Diamond passed the examination in June, and Benjamin D. Skelton in September, 1915.

CAMBRIDGE LOCAL EXAMINATIONS, JULY, 1915.

SENIORS.—J. Frederick Butler, Dorothy Robson.

JUNIORS.—W. Robin Appleton, Bedford Deane, Marjorie G. Harrod, Reginald W. Montford, Gwyneth E. Morgan, J. Wallis Powell, Nina Townshend, Philip A. Wright.

SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of "The Beckside" (Ayton), "Stramongate School Magazine."

EDITORIAL BOARD.

J. S. Lidbetter, *Dorothy Robson* and *Howard A. Diamond* having left the School, their places on the Board have been taken by Miss Waites, *Nina Townshend* and *Benjamin D. Skelton*.

Makers to T.M. The King and Queen



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