THE AVENUE



MARCH 1916

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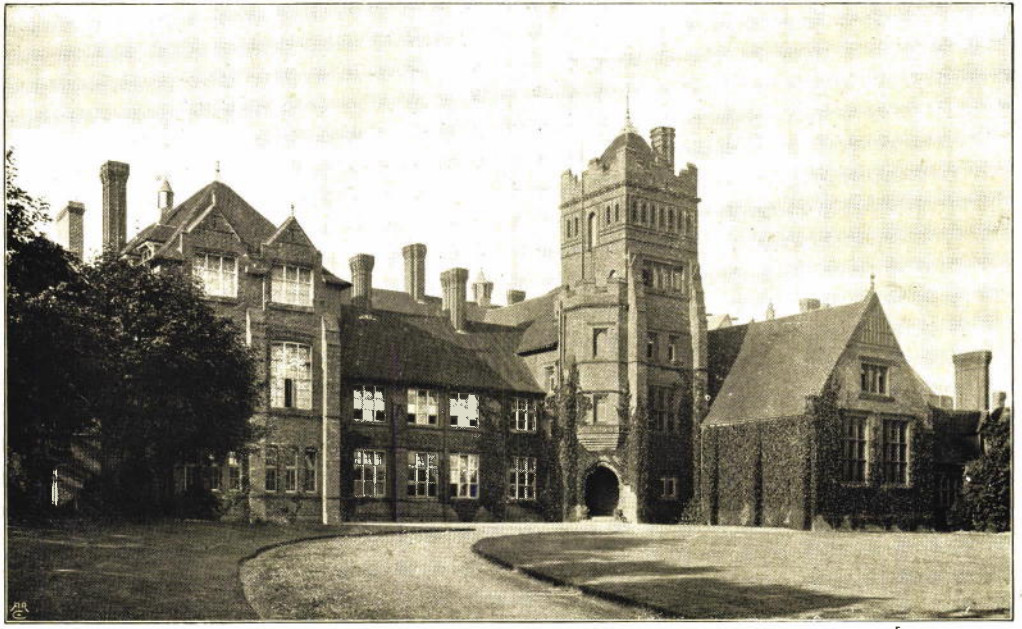


Photo by] [J. E. Walker.

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. VII. MARCH, 1916. No. 19.

FOREWORD.

WE are glad to be able to announce that a small deficit on *The Avenue* accounts for 1915 has been cleared off by holding a "Subscription" entertainment in the School, a sure sign that the magazine is valued and is felt to be worthy of support even in these difficult times.

The School numbers show some improvement on last year, but we should like to see the vacancies filled more rapidly. The general health has been good, until the appearance of Chicken Pox on the 23rd February. At the time of writing, twenty-five cases have occurred, all happily unaccompanied by any complications.

One change has taken place on the Staff. Mr. G. S. Pumphrey has left us for a time to work with the F.A.U., and we have welcomed Mr. D. Pearson in his place.

We congratulate the Girl Prefects on having at last found a home, in the shape of a cosy corner in Room Y. The view

from the windows may not be extensive or entrancing, but never mind, are there not easy chairs, a table, a cupboard, containing such things as cupboards generally do, a hearthrug in front of a cheerful coal fire, and all shut out from vulgar gaze by the friendly green curtain.

The Zeppelin raid on January 31st, with loud reports of bursting bombs and prolonged roll of anti-aircraft guns, might be expected to have caused some alarm, but it was pleasing to note the general calmness and absence of panic. Perhaps the most surprising thing about it was to learn next day that the raiders had not been nearer to us than thirty miles. May the next visit be still more distant.

We acknowledge most gratefully the gift by Mr. Skelton of four fine enlargements of photographs taken by his sons, Henry and Benjamin, while at school. They hang in the Fourth and Fifth Form rooms on the Boys' side. It is a great pleasure to see the indebtedness felt by Old Scholars to the school expressed in such concrete form.

J. E. WALKER.

ERRATA :

In our last issue under "From Far and Near" the name of the writer of a letter quoted, was incorrectly given as Theodore Hicks. It ought to have been Cuthbert Hicks.

Under "The Avenue Board" we inadvertently printed the name of Dorothy Robson in place of Winifred Hargrave. We tender our apologies to those concerned.—[EDS.]

THE STRANGE STORY OF BROTHER JOCUNDUS.

MANY years ago there lived in the city of York a worthy citizen who went by the name of Jocundus. Now Jocundus was very fond of good company, among whom he was always a popular and prominent figure. In fact, he was known generally as a good sportsman and a man of jovial disposition. But he had one weakness—alas! he was not a teetotaler.

Years went by, and at last Jocundus decided to become a monk. Accordingly he took up his quarters in the Priory of St. Leonard's. Time passed and Jocundus began to forget the pleasures which he had so lately forsaken ; but, with the arrival of the York Fair Day, he began to think of the good things he was missing away in this Priory.

With all these thoughts in his mind, Jocundus took a walk round the wall of the Priory, and as he passed the large iron entrance gates to the Priory, he paused a moment to listen to the distant strains of music and laughter, which told of many gay sights to be seen in the vicinity of York Fair. He sighed heavily when he remembered that for the first time in his life, as far as he could recall, he was to be deprived of a visit to the Fair ; for it was quite impossible for him to think of attempting to escape from the Priory. But, yet, there was really no reason why he should not ; he could be back again in less than an hour. These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind, and before he knew what he was about, he found himself eagerly looking for a means of escape.

As luck would have it, he had scarcely moved three paces when he discovered the gate-keeper lying sound asleep, with a large bunch of keys hung on a girdle about his waist. It was the work of a moment to secure the right key, and before long Jocundus was hurrying away to the Fair.

Shortly afterwards all was confusion in the Priory. The gate-keeper had awakened and had made the discovery that the Priory key was missing, and a general hunt was made. During this search another discovery was made too, and that was that one of the brothers was missing, the jovial Jocundus. Two of the brethren were sent off to find the missing brother.

On making inquiries, they found that the object of their search was not far away. " You will find him," the brothers were told, " in the centre of the Fair, where he has been all the afternoon." True enough, they found him there, in a swing, round which a large crowd of people had collected. But

Jocundus was taking little notice of the crowd ; he continued his swinging, singing lustily the while in loud tones. " In dulci jubilo, up, up, up we go."

It was now obvious to the two brothers that Jocundus had been taking more wine than was good for him, and that he must be taken home with all possible haste ; for was the Priory to be disgraced in such a manner before all these people ?

Some considerable time was taken before Jocundus could be persuaded to come down from the swing and be led home.

By the time he reached home Jocundus was gradually coming back to his right senses, and was just beginning to feel the disgrace which was now upon him. But he had not long to think about this ; for the Prior had insisted on an immediate trial, and had already ordered Jocundus to be brought before him. The Prior, already angered at the disgrace brought upon the Priory by the behaviour of Jocundus, was still more put out by the jovial manner in which the culprit still viewed the offence. The trial was speedy and resulted in the guilty Jocundus being condemned to be walled up in the vaults.

Accordingly, a procession was formed, headed by the Prior, the unfortunate Jocundus following behind, escorted by two of the brethren. Thus the solemn company went down to the region of the vaults, although the solemnity of the occasion was somewhat spoiled by the prisoner himself, who sang in merry voice : " In dulci jubilo, down, down, down we go."

At last the vaults were reached and Jocundus was thrust into the niche which had already been prepared for him, and with him were placed a loaf of bread and a jug of water. The operation of walling up the prisoner was then begun, during which Jocundus continued his same song, and even when this was finished and the brethren turned to go up into the priory again, the sounds of muffled singing were still heard.

Thus, for a time at any rate, Jocundus was to be entirely forgotten by his fellow brothers in St. Leonard's Priory.

By degrees Jocundus became sober, and the first idea which fixed itself in his mind was that he must discover a way out of his present abode, whatever happened. So he began by pushing hard on the newly-made wall, which, as might be expected, stood firm, in spite of all his efforts. But Jocundus was not discouraged; he merely turned himself about and commenced vigorously to push at the old wall at the back of the niche. To his infinite joy, it gave way, and amidst a shower of bricks and mortar, Jocundus tumbled into what he afterwards discovered to be the cellar of St. Mary's Abbey.

He proceeded to go upstairs, where he joined the silent Cistercian brotherhood, and as the vow of silence was one of their strictest, they very naturally asked no questions. His character appearing fairly respectable, they appointed Jocundus to be cellarman.

For a time things went very well, till at last that eventful day of the York Fair came round, and once again the temptation proved too strong for Jocundus. By presenting the gatekeeper with some of the Abbot's very best wine, he again made his escape.

Imagine now a scene at the dinner table of St. Mary's, the brethren all assembled with the Abbot at their head, all silently eating, when suddenly the discovery is made that there are no drinks on the table. The hollow silence was broken for the first time for centuries by the Abbot himself, who shouted at the top of his voice, "I want my wine." Scarcely had the words escaped his lips than the deep-toned voices of the brethren chorused, "We want our beer."

But the cellarman was nowhere to be found. Once again two brothers were sent out in search of the missing Jocundus, and again their way led them to York Fair, where, just as before, the culprit was found in a swing, singing merrily his same song, "In dulci jubilo, up, up, up we go."

Then came the ignominious return, followed by the trial. In fact, all happened exactly the same as on that eventful day a year ago. Even the Abbot's verdict was the same. Jocundus was to spend the rest of his days walled up underground. So a procession was formed as before, and away Jocundus was led, down to the vaults.

There was the niche, already prepared; there, too, was a fresh loaf and a jug of water. Still singing the same muffled song, the jovial Jocundus was, for the second time in his history, walled up.

Now it so happened that the Priory of St. Leonard's dined just an hour later than St. Mary's Abbey, and, moreover, hardly had the walling-up of Jocundus been completed than the cellarman of the Priory entered the cellar to draw the wines for the evening meal, when, to his intense amazement, he heard the sound of distant song. Surely he had heard that song before! With great excitement he placed his ear to the wall of the niche from which the sound appeared to come, and then with great haste rushed upstairs with the startling news.

At once, in spite of the dinner which awaited them, the brethren with one accord hurried down to the vaults, where, sure enough, they all distinctly heard a voice and song which they well remembered. They undoubtedly belonged to Brother Jocundus, who had been walled up about a year ago. It was a year ago to the very day! With trembling haste they pulled down the walls of the niche, and there before them actually stood Jocundus, well and hearty. There beside him were the loaf and the jug of water, both still quite fresh. This could be nothing short of a miracle!

Thus, with great joy and thankfulness for so marvellous a deliverance, Jocundus was received back again into the brotherhood. On the death of the Prior, he was made Prior in his stead, and it is said that he held that position till the dissolution of the Priory. *Reginald W. Montford.*

AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGION.

By Members of the Saffron Walden Survey Society.
Edited by G. Morris.

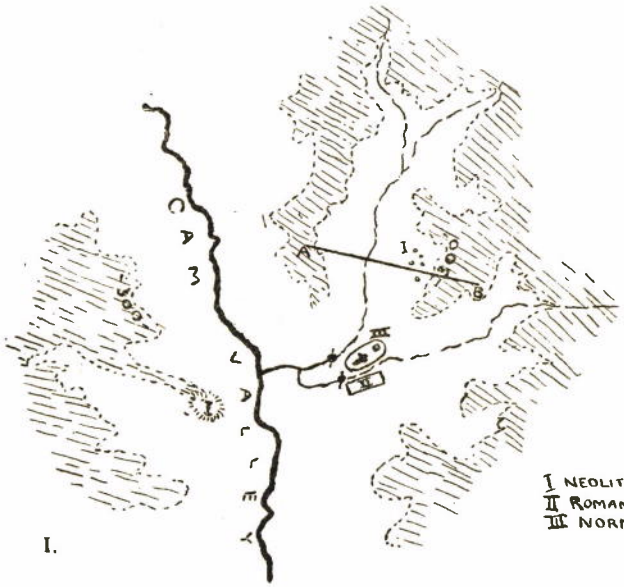
Introduction.

A Regional Survey has been defined as "a study of a centre of civilisation, be it village, town or city, considered in relation to its environment and from as many outlooks as possible." Beginning with Geographical Studies, to which Topography, Geology, Botany and Zoology contribute, it leads to an investigation of each human settlement from its origin and throughout the successive stages of its growth. Such a study is also historical, recalling the phases by which the present conditions of the given community have been reached. In short, this survey, at once geographical and historical, leads from the observation of place, to the study of people; from the record of the past to the interpretation of the present.

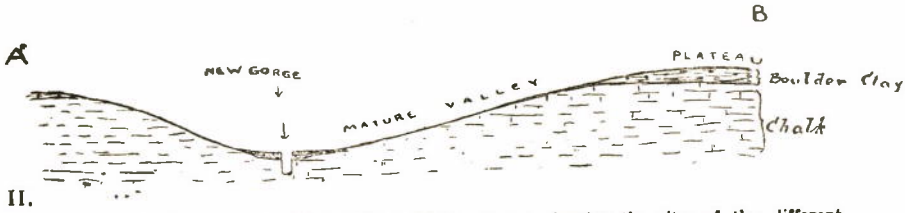
The survey of Saffron Walden was undertaken at the instigation of Professor Geddes, and although still most elementary and incomplete, its main features have been described in a thesis of 35,000 words, by Miss M. Barker, B.Sc., with help from Mr. Maynard and the present writer. An exhibition of pictures, maps, diagrams, models, etc., illustrating the survey, has also been made and exhibited in Edinburgh, Dublin, London, Ghent, and India, and finally it is hoped to prepare an adequate exhibition in the town Museum.

Section 1.—Topography of Saffron Walden.

Saffron Walden is a municipal borough, and lies in the County Division of the same name in the N.W. corner of Essex. The town is just north of the fifty-second parallel of latitude, and ten miles east of the meridian of Greenwich. It



I.



II.

I.—Sketch Map of the Saffron Walden Gwent showing the sites of the different settlements.

II.—Section from A to B in I. showing the three cycles of erosion.

is the regional capital of that portion of the East Anglian heights which is drained by the river Cam and its tributaries.

The region shows three well-defined natural areas :

(1) The flat fen land to the north, much less than fifty feet below sea-level. This penetrates south into the chalk escarpment along the Cam valley, and thus forms part of the Walden region.

(2) The escarpment of the East Anglian heights, much broken and worn, embayed by the valleys of the Cam, Granta and Bourne Brook.

(3) Part of the dip-slope of the East Anglian heights, draining south to the Thames.

These areas may be seen on the One-inch Ordnance Survey Maps, Sheets 205 and 222.

The area of the region included in the survey is bounded by the line of the water-shed of the Cam and Granta, and measures 120 square miles. Of this seventy-two square miles is between 200 feet and 400 feet above sea-level, and about five square miles is above 400 feet.

The Cam takes its origin in a series of field ditches around the villages of Elsenham and Henham. At Elsenham also the head drainage of the Stort arises and flows south to the Thames. The Cam channels drain to a valley extending north towards Cambridge. As far as Newport the stream bed is periodically dry, but south of the village permanent springs exist, and beyond this point a continual flow of water persists during the year. At Newport two other streams enter, one from the western Wicken and Arkesden valley, and one from the eastern Debden valley. The stream is dammed into an artificial lake in the grounds of Shortgrove, and again opposite the mansion at Audley End. On the east side another tributary valley, the Fulfen slade, enters near the Abbey farm, and two others, the Madgate and Walden slades, beyond Audley End mansion. On the western side a long valley enters from a north-western direction at Wendon,

a smaller one from Strethall, and, near the debouchment into the fens at Ickleton, two large shallow valleys unite, along one of which runs the ancient Ickneild way. All these valleys are characterised by the fact that their drainage originates in field ditches on the clay-capped hill tops and their channels are dry during the greater part of the year. Near their mouths permanent springs at about 200 feet above sea level are found. Human settlements arise at these springs, hence we have the villages of Wicken, Newport, Brook Walden and Ickleton, and the town of Saffron Walden. Settlements do not occur in the dry valleys, but at their heads where water lies in ponds on the clay; Debden, Elsenham, Arkesden, Chisall, Little Walden, etc., are examples of such settlements.

In surveying the stream beds of the lateral valleys a singular fact was noticed, which is most apparent in the Madgate slade about half a mile beyond the town. Since the stream has cut out and formed the general valley level, some factor has caused a further deepening of its bed, and the intermittent stream is carving a gorge some twenty feet deep below the present valley bottom. We have thus in the area the following three cycles of erosion :

1. The surface of the plateau.
2. The mature gentle slopes of the valley.
3. The gorge now being cut.

The causes underlying this third stage will be referred to later.

Beyond Ickleton the valley widens out and assumes a fen-like character. No streams of any size enter, though the volume of water increases, until it joins the water of the Granta at Shelford. A chain of ford settlements occurs on its banks, as at Chesterford, Hinxton, Duxford, Whittlesford, Sawston, etc.

The structure of the Cam is paralleled by that of the Granta, which enters it at Little Shelford. Its permanent spring-

heads occur at Ashdon and Bartlow, forming two valleys which unite near Bartlow. Thence passing settlements at Abington and Linton, it leaves the chalk escarpment and flows over a flood plain of fen-like character from Babraham to Little Shelford.

The converging valleys that form the head waters of the Granta can be compared with the similar plexus that form the valleys of the Walden slades. In each case they form an area of low ground with radiating projections round the spring-heads. These areas were probably of a more open character than the forest-clad hill-tops. For them the writer proposes the name of Gwents. Their character will be described further in the section on Geology and Vegetation. It is sufficient here to state that they probably had great influence in determining Walden, and, in a lesser degree, Bartlow, as regional centres of civilisation.

The topographical features of Saffron Walden itself may be mentioned here. Two lateral valleys, those of the Madgate slade and Walden slade, join at the low-lying ground now known as the Swan Meadows. This, in mediæval and earlier times probably formed a marsh or pond. Between the two streams a ridge of dry land rose, flanked on each side by springs of good water, the level of which could be easily reached by shallow wells on the ridge. On this ridge first arose the Manor of the Saxon Lord, and then the Castle and Church of the Norman. On the southern slope of the south slade was an earlier settlement of Romano-British times. This was abandoned before the Norman Conquest. On the low land at the common mouth of these valleys arose the Abbey, and the abbey settlement of Brook Walden near the springs of the Fulfen slade. On the opposite side of the Cam valley, on a conical hill joined to the general hill mass by a narrow neck of chalk, an earthwork of Neolithic age exists which may have been a camp of refuge of the inhabitants of the Gwent. On the southern hill slopes of the Madgate slade are traces of



Sketch map of the Saffron Walden region showing the human settlements in relation to the Boulder Clay Plateau and the drainage.

fortification and hollows surrounded by flint flakes, also pointing to a Neolithic settlement. Further consideration of these sites must be deferred until the geology and vegetation of the area have been discussed.

Note.—Boys and girls reading this article at the School should compare it with the Ordnance Maps and Contour Models in the Physics Laboratory.

THE LAST NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

AUTUMN TERM, 1915.

AT the end of last term we all assembled for the last night's entertainment preparatory to leaving for home the following day.

Mr. Whitlow, with his able assistant, Mr. Pumphrey, started the programme with an exhibition of conjuring and juggling. He showed us how personal magnetism could attract inanimate objects; how balls could be produced from apparently innocent handkerchiefs, etc. Roars of laughter were created by the luckless assistant, who gave away the trick every time.

Another item on the programme was a charade of three scenes, acting a word of two syllables.

The first scene was a photographer's studio. Mr. Whitlow posed as a high-class photographer, and was anxiously awaiting the arrival of customers in his studio. The first party to be photographed was a large family ranging from grandpa to Willy, the little boy-scout. After much argument they at length got into position, and the photograph was just about to be taken when somebody moved. After more posing and more argument two photos were at last taken, and the party, feeling quite satisfied, left the poor photographer in a state verging on collapse. The next customers were

'Arry and his young lady 'Arriet, which parts were taken by Manasseh and Butler respectively. 'Arry and Arriet produced more laughter with their London talk.

The next scene of the Charade was a village on May-day. This scene was mostly folk-dancing by some of the older boys and girls taught by Miss Walker. The " men " were clothed in smocks and soft felt hats and the " women " wore mob-caps and white frocks.

The last scene, which brought in the whole word, was a geography class conducted by Mr. C. B. Rowntree. The pupils were most of the rest of the teaching-staff, who gave us a good example of behaviour in class (?)

The word was " schoolroom," though I think no one guessed it.

Professor ——'s waxworks created much amusement, These famous, life-like effigies were divided into two series: Advertisements and Historical Characters. Among the former were advertisements for Pears' Soap, Oxo, and Lux.

The more notable of the Historical characters were Nero playing the violin while " ROME " was burning; Cædmon; Queen Mary with Calais written on her " Hartwell "; the Rye-House plot conspirators, and the singeing of the King of Spain's beard by Drake.

Other items on the programme were songs by Miss Porter and others, recitations and pianoforte solos. After singing the School song we departed for bed, all agreeing that we had spent a very enjoyable evening. *Bedford Deane.*

DAISIES.

SWEET little daisies, wet with dew,
Peep out from under the grass;
Pale pink and white,
They look up to the light,
And smile as each child doth pass.

Proud little daisies, crowned with gold,
Look up to the deep blue sky;
Sparkling with fun
'Neath the noonday sun,
They nod to each passer-by.

Dear little daisies, tired of day,
Cuddle down under the grass;
Little pink heads
Tucked in their beds
Sleep, and no children pass.

May Reynolds.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

VI.—LIBRARIES.

"Non minima pars eruditionis est bonos nosse libros."
(Motto in Durham University Library.)



IF any of us Waldenites could look back through the misty veil of nearly two hundred years, from the well-stocked shelves of our class-rooms and school libraries to the scanty supply of books of those days, we should be forcibly struck with the comparative wealth of our position.

Let us seek among the old records for information concerning the origin of our libraries. There must have been a library of some sort at Clerkenwell, for we read of Friends' books being presented to the "Workhouse." (We still have one Clerkenwell book). The library of which this collection may have been the nucleus, apparently continued at Islington, for in 1818, the Juvenile Literary Society appointed

librarians for some library already existing and purchased some new volumes for it.

Would that our old clock, now standing in the Dining-hall gallery, had tongue as well as face and hands, and could tell us where these books were kept, and under what conditions access to them was obtained.

On the removal to Croydon in 1825, a J.L.S. minute was made, " Henry Dymond informs this meeting that they may make use of a cupboard in the schoolroom for keeping the books." Also, " no non-member may read the books."

From the beginning boys lent their own books to the Society, to be treated as Society property for the time being, and in that case any fines for damage to books were payable to the owner.

A minute made in 1819 begins: " B. D. having applied to withdraw from the Society, and having given the meeting to understand that the books of the library are incapable of affording him further instruction——"

That books lent were the Society's property only *pro. tem.* is shown by the following minute: " R.W. is allowed to withdraw from the care of the Society his book entitled 'A Visit to a Farmhouse,' and J.T. a book entitled, 'In and Out of School,' at their request. W.D. has also been allowed to take his books from under the Society's care."

In 1837 a Committee reports on the state of the library and recommends that some of the following books be removed, as " not being very generally borrowed ":—Walker's Dictionary, fourteen Bible reports, Gurney's 'Peculiarities,' Key to Lennie's Grammar, Outlines of British Grammar.

The librarians reported every month the number of books borrowed and recommended the purchase of new ones. From early times there had been an office known as the Complaint Keeper and a Book called the Complaints' Book. If any member were convicted of more than three offences he was

suspended from membership. The nature of the delinquencies may be guessed from a book still in our possession, dated 1871-1881, and containing upwards of 1,500 entries of offences. The greater number of the fines are naturally for leaving books about and otherwise ill-using them, or for keeping them too long, but we wonder whether the forms of those days were specially low, when we read of fines for sitting on books, and we wonder under what circumstances a boy threw butter at a book! The librarians' office in 1837 was not a popular one, as we judge from the difficulty experienced in obtaining librarians. It has happened on more than one occasion that the librarians themselves are convicted of more than three offences, and suffered the penalty. (*Query:* Were they expected still to carry on the routine business of their office, or was this an ingenious device to obtain relief from the irksome duties?)

An interesting minute occurs in 1839, when "it is agreed that a book entitled 'The Swiss Family Robinson' shall be removed from the cupboard, it being considered by the meeting unworthy a place in our library." (In this connection we may note that C. B. Rowntree during his fifteen years at Walden can only remember once being asked by a boy to get any particular book for the library. The book in question was 'The Swiss Family Robinson.')

In 1840 the library was overhauled and £3 was spent by the J.L.S. on a cupboard. From 1843 onwards, frequent additions to the library were made from school funds, and in 1847, 150 copies of the catalogue were to be printed for £1 10s., and to be sold at 2d. each. Can it be possible that it is to the majority of these catalogues that reference is made in a minute in 1857, when it is ordered that the remaining catalogues (100) are to be sold at 1d. each?

It was agreed in 1850 that "in future the President, Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarians, shall constitute a standing committee for the purchasing of books."

The Annual Report, a printed pamphlet, of 1851, contains this paragraph: "A library consisting of about 500 volumes has been gradually formed and continues to afford a valuable supply of interesting and instructive reading."

A catalogue of the Library of the Boys' J.L.S., dated 1858, is in our hands. It contains the names of more than 500 volumes, the nearest approach to fiction being copies of 'The Leisure Hour.' We observe with regretful interest, that though there is indeed a French section, it contains only five books, of which three are dictionaries, the fourth a French conversation book, and the fifth, 'Murray's Introduction to French.' Who borrowed these books?

A step towards popularising the library was taken in 1867 by including juvenile books in it.

Little of interest seems to have occurred for some years, though the placing of the books in new quarters, when the School removed to Saffron Walden in 1879 should be noted.

In 1886 mention is made of a curator of a "Little Library," and in 1887 there is a suggestion that more boys be allowed to borrow the books, but that the number of boys admitted to the meetings be limited.

In all probability the girls had a library similar to the boys and with a parallel history, though we have no written record earlier than 1837, when the Girls' Juvenile Literary Society was formed and some books handed over to it. A quaint rule runs thus: "The members shall be at liberty to read the books aloud in the presence of those who are not members, provided they do not allow them in any manner to be used by any girl who is not a member of the Society." Another rule runs: "Each juvenile member shall state at every returning meeting what books she has in regular reading and also the title of the one kept expressly for First-day."

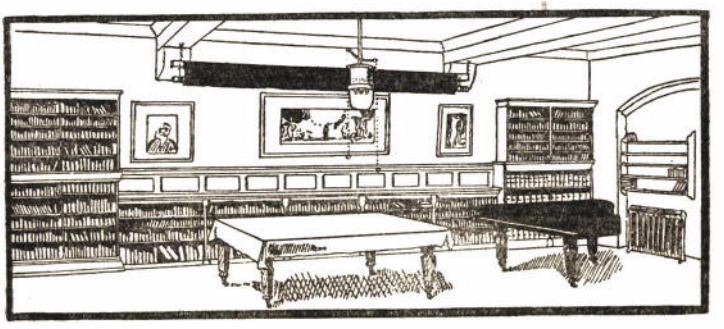
In 1893 the Girls' Literary Society showed the elasticity of woman's mind by suggesting an exchange of books with the boys' library.

In 1880 the Croydon Old Scholars presented the School with some valuable books, including the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and a cupboard in which to keep them. This new library was placed under the balcony in the dining-hall, and was gradually increased by further gifts and purchases, until in 1900 the books were removed to more suitable quarters in the Lecture-room, which has been fitted with handsome shelves to receive them. This library has been arranged and catalogued in sections and is much valued by the staff and older pupils. It contains about 1,200 volumes, of which some few are standard novels.

Besides this central library and the boys' and girls' main libraries, which are kept in the large schoolrooms, there are also Form libraries of books dealing with various subjects, such as English Literature, History, Geography. A miscellaneous set of French books, many of which have come to the school as specimen copies, occupy a shelf in the Girls' Fifth Form, and in the Natural History Room there is a library of Natural History and Archæology books.

"Of making many books there is no end, and much study" may be "a weariness to the flesh," but of collecting many books there is also no end, and much reading of them is a delight to the mind.

L. FAIRBROTHER.



OUR BELGIAN GUESTS.

AMONG the many hardships suffered by many Belgian Refugees, one that will long be remembered by them is lack of regular work. Idle hands do not make for cheerful hearts. It is therefore satisfactory to be able to report that, since July, two more of our guests have been able to obtain posts. Monsieur Polus has accepted the offer of a post in the Audit department of the French State Railway at Paris, and he began work there about the middle of February.

Monsieur Polus made numerous friends in Walden and the neighbourhood, both among Belgians and English people, and our Relief Committee are much indebted to him for the tactful way in which he seconded their efforts to aid his compatriots, both in Walden and in several of the villages near the town. Writing from Paris, he says, " At last I am installed here. I have been at work since Wednesday, and am once more earning my living. Thanks to you, my best friends, the war is for me robbed of its evil effects, and I shall never forget my kind friends at Saffron Walden."

Mlle. Doensen left Walden on Feb. 29th to take up a post as accountant in a millinery business in Oxford Street, London. So our family of a dozen is now reduced to four.

Monsieur Wandels, who has now obtained a post as chemist at Messrs. Vickers' works at Erith, near Woolwich, is a frequent visitor at " Mon Abri."

Other visitors, who have stayed for a week or so at a time, have been Belgian soldiers on furlough, who have not been able to return to their homes, which are in German hands.

C. B. ROWNTREE.

BAKER'S FOLLY.

THE white, dusty road along the top of Pentire Head stood out against the purple of the heather like a long writhing snake.

On either side of the road the land sloped gradually down to the sea. Not a sign of life could be seen on the Head, save the gulls which made great circles in the air above, uttering those strange weird cries that sound almost broken-hearted.

On one side of the road was a dilapidated stone wall covered with lichen, which was evidently meant to show the boundary of some private ground. A small white wicket-gate, heavily padlocked, also looked as though it was to impress the intruder of this fact. Probably attracted by this and perhaps also by the numerous posts, warning people that " This Land is Private," I climbed over the wall and followed the foot-path down towards the sea. As I proceeded the path grew wider and was joined by other small paths. Signs of life which had been there at some time appeared : the stone cut away ; rusty lines for trucks carrying away the stone ; and on one side a rusty pickaxe. I came at last to the conclusion that this must be the place called Baker's Folly, the story of which I had heard.

There had been a certain banker named Baker, who lived happily until he invested money in an Indian firm and gained huge profits. From a small banker he became one of the richest men in Western England. He was an erratic man, and craved for solitude, and for that reason he settled to build his house on Pentire Head, a piece of land jutting out into the sea, about four miles out of Newquay. The work had just begun when the Indian Company failed, and Baker was left an ordinary banker again. Several years had elapsed, and his home on the Head still remained untouched, when he once more gained a fortune even larger than the last. Plans and agreements were brought out, and work began again. But, as fate would have it, Baker lost all his money and was left a ruined man. Besides having no money, he was besieged by creditors, who said that he had used their money to a wrong purpose. He was put in prison, and what happened to him after, the story does not say.

By this time I had come to a ledge in the rock about three feet down, evidently where the stone had been hewn out. At the bottom of this ledge, I stood for a moment transfixed. Below me lay Baker's Folly,—terraces laid out with grass, fountains surrounded by basins of red marble, the blue water of a great bath, the waves dashing up against the rocks, and beyond—the restless ocean. To my left there was a half-built house, along the front of which was a passage with windows extending from the floor to the ceiling. In the passage were garden seats from which one could look through the paneless windows, right down to the sea raging below.

At the back of the passage were just the walls of rooms, and spaces for fire-places and doors.

The garden, if it may be called such, was in a more complete state than the house. The red marble basins surrounding the fountains were filled with sea-water and heaped with sand. Two stone steps led up to the terrace above. It seemed strange that the grass should be growing so near the sea, where it must often have been drenched by the spray. A flagged path led through the middle of the grass to a little house which nestled on the side of the hill.

The door was fast closed, but the house apparently consisted of two rooms which must originally have been intended for sleeping accommodation. On one side of this little house were heaped a number of great round pots, which were evidently meant for ornamentation. Several more of these pots had been indiscriminately placed round.

Two small models of cannon, now rusty with age, stood guard on either side of the little house, perhaps someone's idea of art.

The chief feature of the place, and that which has sometimes gained for Baker's Folly the name of the Roman Baths, is a great swimming bath. The bath is down on a platform on a level with the rocks, and at high tide it is covered. At low tide the bath is left full of sea-water, so that it can only be

used for bathing purposes at that time. As bathing was impossible out there among the rocks, Baker constructed this bath, which is quite large and deep. The bath is paved with blue tiles, which make the water look a beautiful blue as compared with the whiteness of the waves breaking over the rocks.

I retraced my steps and sat down on one of the seats overlooking the sea. The sun was just sinking to rest over the water, leaving a long golden train behind it, which was reflected in the sea below. The tide was rising rapidly and was almost up to the level of the bath.

A sudden noise caused me to look in the direction of the garden, and there, pacing up and down beside the fountain, was a tall, grey-haired man. His head was bent, but when he raised it I saw that his face was thin and drawn. His hands clenched fiercely behind him, he paced up and down, glancing every now and then up the hill as though expecting someone. Once, as he turned, I heard him mutter, " I have never known him so late before."

A look of relief, and then of abject terror, which gradually changed into a fixed calm, came over his face, as a man bounded down the hillside.

" They are following along the road, and will be here very soon. I saw them preparing to start, and I took a short cut back along the cliffs."

Then, as Baker made no movement, he said, " There is still time to escape by the road on the other side of the head." But Baker shook his head, " I have run too far already from my enemies ; I shall go no further."

Even as he spoke the sound of horses' hoofs could be heard along the road, but it had no effect upon Baker, who stood motionless, looking out over the water.

The sounds drew nearer and then stopped just above. Two men appeared on the ridge of the hill and descending the winding path approached Baker. " I don't advise you

to make a commotion, as we have half-a-dozen more men up there," and he pointed up the hill.

But Baker made no resistance; he allowed his hands to be manacled without a word. But as they began to ascend the hill, he turned to the man who had brought the news and said, " Don't let anyone else complete this place, but perhaps when I come back I will finish building it."

They went slowly up the hill, and as they neared the top, the tall man suddenly jerked round to look once more upon his Folly. Then—I woke to find the spray dampening my face; the sun had sunk beneath the waters, and dusk was fast coming on; the tide was still rising and there was no sign of the bath.

At the top of the hill I also turned, and looked down at Baker's Folly, but it was quite deserted.

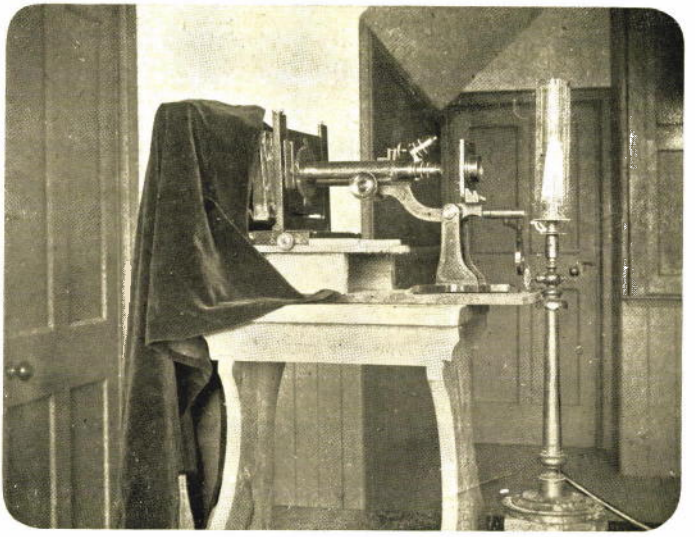
Nina Townshend.

MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHY is a wide subject and certainly not the least interesting branch is micro-photography.

Although we had not got the proper apparatus, we made a sufficiently proficient one by taking the lens from an old half-plate camera and replacing it by the barrel of a microscope. The lens of the microscope replaced the lens of the camera. We ensured that the apparatus was light-tight by means of a cardboard collar fitted tightly round the barrel, and a black focussing cloth, which was pinned tightly round the barrel just where it entered the camera.

The necessary light was obtained by placing a strong incandescent gas lamp about five inches from the stage of the microscope. We found that the best extension for the camera was about a foot, and we used this extension for the majority of the photographs we took.



MICRO-PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS.



HEAD OF A WASP.

Photos by] [*W. W. and C. F. Tebbutt* and *J. H. Thompson.*

Regarding the photographic materials, we used Imperial Special Rapid quarter-plates, and developed with Hydroquinone developer. This developer gives plenty of contrast, which is very necessary in micro-photography, as there is so much detail to be brought out.

We made a special study of insects, as they are likely to give good results, and are as interesting as, or perhaps more interesting than, any other series.

The method of procedure was as follows: A micro-slide, not too dark or too transparent was selected; both extremes are useless, as the light is not strong enough in the former case to show any detail on the screen, and in the latter case probably no impression would be made by the object on the plate. The selected slide was placed on the stage of the microscope and held there by means of a spring clip, the image being transmitted down the barrel of the microscope into the focussing screen at the back of the camera.

The image was focussed by means of the focussing wheel on the side of the microscope. Then the loaded dark slide was put into position. The light being cut off from the image by means of a book held between the light and the stage of the microscope, the slide of the dark slide was pulled out, and when all vibrations had ceased, the book was taken away, allowing the light to throw the image on the plate in the camera. Of course the exposure varies according to the extension of the camera and the power of the objective in use, the longer the extension and the more powerful the objective, the longer being the exposure. A normal subject required about sixty seconds, with a foot extension of camera and one-and-a-half inch objective. We took a few slides with the two-thirds inch objective and they required an exposure about twice as long.

In conclusion it might be as well to say that development should be carried on until the negative appears to be almost or quite black, as the great fault is under-development.

The photograph of the tongue of a wasp is an example of the kind of work done. It shows the four lobes with their circular glands, the jointed feelers or palps that surround the mouth, and the jaw-like mandibles behind.

John H. Thompson.
C. Frederick Tebbutt.

GIRLS' GYMNASTIC COMPETITION.

LAST term, for the first time, a gymnastic competition between the Forms took place on the Girls' side. Every girl in the Form took part. Mrs. Peck kindly came over from Cambridge to judge. The work, on the whole, was well done, and the competitors keen. The Third Form was certainly the best, and the head girl was presented with a picture for her Form Room, given by Miss L. M. Walker, the Gymnastic Mistress.

HOW THE RUMOUR SPREAD.

A FEW weeks ago the Headmaster spoke to us with regard to a certain "rolling ball," which had "rolled" all over the school, to the effect that our school would most likely be occupied by the troops in a very short time. But, as we all know, he entirely set all minds at ease.

It all originated from a perfectly innocent and simple occurrence. A highly-respected prefect, held in great awe by the smaller boys, heard from one of the soldiers on the playing field, who had got it from a sergeant, who had heard it from the first-lieutenant, who had been told by the colonel while at dinner with him the night before, who had it on absolutely undeniable authority from headquarters, that 6,000 soldiers were coming into the town. The prefect, when he had been told this, had whistled softly under his breath.

6,000 was really quite a large number. He wanted to find out more about it, but not knowing exactly how to do it, he did the next best thing, which consisted, in his estimation, in telling someone else what he knew already. So he proceeded to his great chum, Robinson, and told him. Robinson listened with understanding ears, and then poured out his tale to *his* great chum, Smith, of the Lower Fifth, adding as an afterthought, " I expect they'll take every available place they can lay their hands on this time." Smith endorsed all this perfectly, and then he did a really most remarkably stupid thing. He sought out his younger brother, one of those young brothers commonly known by their seniors as " lively little upstarts," and told him all he knew—and a little bit more ; for he said : " Robinson *says they are going to* take every available place," and not, " Robinson *thinks they might,*" and the difference, though slight, was enough to send the " lively little upstart " into fits of excitement. He rushed helter-skelter down the passages and down into the playroom to find his bosom friend, little Weston, of the Lower Third.

" I say, Weston, Jack says the soldiers are coming again. They're going to take every place they can lay their hands on." Little Weston looked most provokingly unconcerned. " How many ? " he asked, casually. " Well, Jack said about 6,000, but of course there will be more than that ; I shouldn't think it could be less than 10,000."

" Humph ! That's a fairly big number, I suppose," remarked Weston loftily, but having a very vague idea of what 10,000 really meant. He still looked unconcerned, and Smith, struck by a sudden idea, said doubtfully, " They might take the school again you know—" and was about to continue, but Weston sat up, his interest aroused at last ; and crying out, " So they might," he rushed off to tell his brother.

The elder Weston was a studious lad, and he was seated at his desk, busily finishing a complicated algebra problem

which he had begun in class, when suddenly the door burst open, and his young brother came into the room like a whirlwind. "I say, old chap, have you heard the news?" he burst out; but Weston I. turned round, with a troubled frown upon his brow, and said in his calm, serious voice, "I wish, Thomas, that you would not make such a very disturbing noise. You have been the indirect cause of my making a large blot on this page, and I have also forgotten what point I had reached in this interesting problem. Now please be quick. I have no time to spare."

"Oh, you old bookworm!" exclaimed Weston junior. "Do leave your problems and your triangles and your bisectors of angles just for a minute, and listen to me. There are heaps more soldiers coming—about 10,000. Very likely they'll take the school again, and anyhow it will be exciting."

Weston senior sighed, and turned again to his beloved problem. "I'm afraid it doesn't interest me very much, Thomas," he said, half apologetically. "Nevertheless, I am grateful to you for the information. Now please go." And little Weston, fuming outwardly as well as inwardly, went. He burned to tell someone the news, and catching hold of the first boy he came across, began, "I say, Stuart, have you heard the news? The soldiers—"; but Stuart shook off the detaining hand with the provoking exclamation, "Oh, what ancient news!" and was making off, but Weston held him back, wide-eyed. "Ancient news? Why, who told you?" "Who told me? Oh, I don't know exactly who; but it's all over the school—you can ask anyone."

Little Weston gasped. He did not know that the news had been circulated by four other people besides himself, for Robinson, Smiths I. and II., and the highly respected prefect had all been busy during the day with tongues which enlarged upon the details in different ways, which we cannot pause to examine. The persons whom they had told had in their turn

enlarged it when communicating the news to other people, and so it had run on, until it seemed as if it would never stop. Newman, going on the Avenue with his sister in recess, informed her most seriously that about twelve thousand troops were coming to the town, and that probably the school would be occupied in less than three weeks ; with the very natural result that the rumour, in less than two hours, had spread over the Girls' side to such an extent that just before dinner one of the prefects was besieged by an excited crowd, who asked her if she had not heard that eighteen thousand soldiers were coming into the town in less than a fortnight, and that the authorities were going to send word to the headmasters of all the schools some time next week, saying whether or not their school was to be taken.

This was on a Friday. By Saturday evening most of the younger members of the school were quite confident that the communication from the authorities had already been received by our headmaster, some even imagining a worried expression on his face, which they accounted for by supposing that the contents of the missive had been anything but satisfactory.

But even yet the rumour had not run its full course. Young Montgomery was related to one of the mistresses, and of course he communicated the astonishing news to her at the first opportunity. He also added that as he did not wish to be left behind for a night at the schools, in the event of a sudden occupation by the troops, he had written home to tell his parents that probably the scholars would, as he expressed it, " be given notice to quit " by the following Monday. The mistress, naturally rather disturbed at the news, spoke to the other teachers about it, with the result that the absolute falsity of Montgomery's statement was soon discovered, and to everyone's great relief an announcement was shortly made which completely satisfied all present.

Marjorie Pollard.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars.

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

Doris E. Chart.

Leonard R. House, is in the Wisbech Branch of Barclay's Bank.

Dora Hyland has entered " Birklands," Harrogate.

Dorothy M. Layman.

Gwendoline A. Pigg.

Benjamin D. Skelton has begun work with Messrs. Harrison and Crosfield, Ltd.

Elizabeth G. Williams is at Clark's College.

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter from G. Stanley Pumphrey, Assistant Science Master, at present with the F.A.U. in France.

We had a footer match yesterday, Ackworth *v.* the Rest, and Ackworth were unfortunately beaten 5-3 after a good game. We have already got through the first round for the Ambulance Train Cup; we played about a fortnight ago; although the draw took place in October it was the first time the trains had garaged together, and I have only seen No. 17, the other F.A.U. train, once, and that was when I was on my way to join 16. We are now on the Southern route, having just arrived on it during the night and shall now migrate between the southern part of our line and the bases; up till now it has only been the northern route, carrying for the Northern lines, in fact at one place we were in sight of the estaminet where I spent the summer.

I am assistant storekeeper now, and deal out paraffin, etc., as well as scrub floors in the coach, which consists of linen stores, the dispensary, treatment room and office. I also see to the general tidiness of the officers' kits, and help to load and unload in the officers' ward. I was at first in a lying-down ward all the time, but through lifting stretchers above my head to the top of three rows of bunks my wrist went

groggy, and I developed a synovitic sac in the wrist . . . It has been frosty for the last two nights, and we don't have steam through when the train is stationary, so we have been very thankful for sleeping-bags and *x* blankets. We sleep four in a compartment in bunks, and you can imagine what a crush there is at 7.24 a.m. (we have parade every morning at 7.25), but in spite of it I have never missed yet!

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter written by William H. Tawell (1881-85), *Sydney, Australia, November 29th*, 1915.

". . . . . Yesterday I went up to give —— a hand at the High St. Garden, but we did only about half-an-hour's work at it all day. Soon after 10.30 we were off down the road to a bush fire and had a long battle to keep it within bounds, even after the fire brigade got there. It was fanned by a very strong wind, and all is like tinder. We were hoping it was all settled at 1.30, and the engine departed to another fire, while we went to dinner. We had just finished dinner when it broke out again, with a wind worse than before. It came howling up the gully, past ——'s and ——'s, burning just everything before it. Many people came along, and by luck it just grazed the two property fences by inches. I can tell you we had a lively time there; the flames were fifty feet high, and just raced along through the scrub and grass. . . . I had my shirt burned slightly from sparks from burning trees. We left at five o'clock, and by that time all was safe,—nothing left to burn really. My eyes are sore to-day.

* * * * * *

We are glad to hear of the success of Dorothy B. Freeman (1910-1914), who is now at the Perse School for Girls, Cambridge. In December last she took the Oxford and Cambridge Higher Certificate Examination and obtained Honours in History and French.

We shall be pleased to hear of the recent successes of any of our Old Scholars.

DIARY.

Nov. 2nd.—Short Lecture on "Temperance"; Lantern Lecture on "The Bayeux Tapestry," Mr. Arthur Rowntree, of Bootham.

,, 3rd.—Football Matches. Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI, home, won, 3-0; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., away, draw, 1-1.

,, 6th.—Entertainment in aid of *The Avenue.*

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Mabel Wellman. Essays: "No. 105 North Tower," George Manasseh; "English Folk Dancing," Miss Walker; "How the Rumour Spread," Marjorie Pollard; "The Life of Marcus Aurelius," Marcus A. Matthews. Pianoforte Solo, Reginald W. Montford.

,, 10th.—Hockey Match, 2nd XI. *v.* Herts and Essex High School, away, won, 5-2.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Lantern Lecture, "Insects," Mr. Morris.

,, 17th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Newnham College 2nd XI., away, lost, 2-5.
Football Match, Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., away, lost, 4-7.

,, 18th.—Lantern Lecture, "Wonders of Insect Life," Mr. Enock.

,, 20th.—Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge County School 1st XI. home, won, 3-2.

,, 23rd.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Frederick Butler. Essays: "Watt and the Steam Engine," Lilian Shepherd; "Brother Jocundus," Reginald Montford; "Baker's Folly," Nina Townshend. Pianoforte Solo, Joyce Watts; Song, Miss Waites.

,, 24th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Girton 2nd XI. away, won, 5-1. Lantern Lecture, "Dr. Barnardo's Homes," Mr. Hinde-Smith.

,, 25th.—Short Lantern Lectures at Monthly Meeting, on "Relief Work in Holland and France," by Miss Fairbrother and Mr. Whitlow respectively.

,, 27th.—Hockey Match, Mistresses and Boys *v.* Masters and Girls draw, 4-4.

Nov. 30th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Essays: "The Wild Clematis," Mabel Wellman; "The Oak Tree," Roger Marriage; "Birds," Albert Gardner.

Dec. 6th.—Lit. Sec. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Lilian Dell. Essays: "The Development of Road Transport," Henry Nicholson; "The History of the Needle," Joyce Watts; "His First Mistake," Roland Partridge. Pianoforte Solo, Constance Wilderspin; Song, Miss Porter; Recitation, Mr. Whitlow.

,, 7th.—Lantern Lecture, "Wild Beasts of Africa," Mr. Burtt.

,, 8th.—Football Matches, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, won, 7-0; Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 2nd XI., home, won, 13-0.

,, 11th.—Football Matches, 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., home, draw, 4-4; 3rd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI. away, won, 8-0.
M.H.U. Sale of Work.

, 13th.—Beginning of School Examinations.

,, 14th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "The Sycamore," Gwendoline Pigg. Lantern Lecture, "Westminster Abbey," Reginald Montford and Leonard House.

,, 20th.—Packing-up Day. End of Term Entertainment.

,, 21st.—Beginning of Holidays.

Jan. 14th.—School re-opened.

,. 18th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Philip Wright. Essays: "Yesterday and To-day," Mabel Wellman; "Holiday Haunts of Central Wales," Howard Phillips; "A Winter Morning's Walk," Mr. Rowntree; "Names and their Origins," Constance Wilderspin. Violin Solo, Dorothea Barton.

,, 25th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essay: "Silkworms," Miss Waites.

Feb. 1st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Gwyneth Morgan. Essays: "The Basques," Frederick Tebbutt; "Fashions," Kathleen Wilson; "Fen Skating," William Tebbutt. Pianoforte Solo, Eva Diamond. Song, Miss Waites.

,, 5th.—Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford 2nd XI., away, draw, 1-1.

,, 8th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Animal Parasites," William Tebbutt; "Brasses," George Manasseh.

Feb. 12th.—Football Matches, Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., home, draw, 5-5; Boys' 3rd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won, 4-0.

,, 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Albert Gardner. Essays: "Rowland Hill and Postal Reform," Julia Bannister; "A Story," Edward B. Thomas; "Audley End Mansion," Dorothea Barton; "Attila," Mr. Radley. Pianoforte Solo, Joyce Watts.

,, 16th.—Football Matches, Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., away, won, 2-1; Boys' 3rd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 2nd XI., home, won, 4-0.
Lantern Lecture: "The Childhood of Animals," Walter S. Rowntree.

,, 19th.—Hockey Match, 1st XI. *v.* Homerton College 1st XI., home, lost, 2-6.
Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. v. Cambridge County School 1st XI., away, won, 1-0.

,, 22nd.—N.H.S. Mtg. Archæological Specimen Mtg.

,, 26th.—Lantern Lecture, "Spain," Edward Doubleday.

,, 29th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Marjorie Pollard. Essays: "Monastic Life," John Thompson; "Caxton and the Art of Printing," Doris Bush; "The Development of Ships of War and Merchandise," Lionel Wright. Violin Solo, Marjorie Pollard. Recitation, Mr. Whitlow. Pianoforte Solo, Ernest Kilbey.



NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1916, *viz.*, March 31st, July 15th, December 16th, price 6d. (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 W. Russell Frayling, 24, Wallbutton Road, Brockley, S.E.

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

The heading-block to the Magazine, and the drawing at the end of "School Libraries," are both the work of *Howard A. Diamond.*

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