THE AVENUE



MARCH 1917

PER ARDUA AD ALTA

TO OLD SAFFRON WALDEN SCHOLARS

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FRIENDS' SCHOOL, SAFFRON WALDEN.



The Magazine of the Friends' School, Saffron Walden.

VOL. VIII. MARCH, 1917. No. 22.

FOREWORD.

THE opening of 1917 will long be remembered for its protracted frost—"A real old-fashioned winter" I have been assured by more than one sage who appear to recollect the Glacial Epoch. It is, I believe, twenty-two years since we have had anything like it. On two successive nights the ground thermometer registered 2°F. and 3°F. A covering of several inches of snow has limited out-door exercise, though some sliding and skating have been enjoyed.

In a less-favoured age restricted outlets for youthful energy would have spelled conflict with authority and a full detention room, but we live in happier times. The inauguration of the "House" groups, with all their latent promise of helpfulness and rivalry, has been the absorbing topic of interest, and the adoption of the Lecture Hall as a Common Room for boys and girls of the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth has been greatly welcomed.

Since our last issue Miss Allen, Fourth Form Mistress, has left the School. She will be missed in many ways by her many friends, and especially on the hockey-field, where her

brilliant play was both an example and an inspiration. In her place we are glad to welcome Miss Wilkinson, for some years Senior Assistant Mistress at Sibford. Our congratulations to Mr. Brereton on his marriage. We wish him and his wife much happiness and trust they may long be associated with the School.

J. E. WALKER.

SCHOOL SOCIETIES.

VI.—SCHOOL MAGAZINES (*Concluded*).

HAVING reached a period in the history of the School and its Magazines which will come within the personal memories of many Old Scholars now living, the writer must needs walk warily. Should any of these discover errors or omissions in what follows, we hope that they will forthwith favour us with correspondence on the subject.

In the minute books of the Juvenile Literary Society there are many references to THE ECHO, though at first it was started as an independent venture. The first number is dated "12th month, 1863," but this seems to be a clerical error, as the three following numbers are dated "3rd mo. 1863," "11th mo. 1863," and "11th mo. 1864." We may therefore consider that this magazine was commenced at the end of 1862. It must have entailed great labour on the part of the editor; the first number consists of fifty-two pages, neatly written in double columns, each page ruled round in black and red ink, and adorned with numerous well-drawn illustrations and illuminated initial letters. Well might they take as their motto "*Labor omnia vincit*," which appears on each illuminated title-page. One of the best of these title-pages was the work of Ferdinand Gröne. The contents include a great variety of material; the first article is an

account of a visit to the home of the great naturalist, Waterton; then comes a *Life of Wycliffe*, followed by *A Short Description of the Mustelidae, or Weasel Tribe*, beautifully illustrated with pen and ink sketches. After this we have the story of *Joe and the Geologist*, which many of our readers will remember as one of Mr. Walker's readings at our school concerts. The remaining articles are all of an interesting nature, and must have afforded much pleasure to that generation. The second number commences with a ten-page article on *The Rosetta Stone*, and then, to appeal to those of a lighter turn of mind, the following account for work rendered is presented as a riddle:

Toanosafaday	2	6
Toagittinonumoam	1	0
	3	6

We leave it to present-day readers to solve.

The number concludes with a poem on *Football*, eight pages in length, modelled on Macaulay's *Lays*. In the thirteenth verse the goal which ended the game is scored. The game seems to have been played in a different manner from now, as the following verse will show. (It does not refer to the goalkeeper).

> "Then forward darted Chatteris
> And threw himself between,
> Stopping it in a moment
> With one high-bounding spring.
> And, lifting high to heaven
> His trusty arm and strong,
> One sharp, hard blow he gave it,
> Which sent it fiercely on."

The editor left after the fourth number, and another was appointed by the "Select Committee." He asks his readers for support, and informs them that "the price is one penny, and we purpose, if our circulation extends, to procure superfine paper for our next number, and to secure yet more varied

material." So begins a "New Series," of which we have a bound volume of six numbers in our possession, which takes us down to the close of 1868. As to its history after that time we have two minutes of the Juvenile Literary Society to guide us. In March, 1870, we read: "T.P. and H.R. are desired to unite with the Editor of the *Echo* in bringing out a number before our next meeting." At the following meeting a minute reads: "T.P. and H.R. are continued to report upon the *Echo*," and there, so far as we can discover, the matter rested, and apparently it was about this time that the *Echo* ceased to exist.

A few years later a successful attempt was made to unite the various Friends' Schools into closer bonds by the issue of a magazine to be common to all. So we read in the J.L.S. minute book, under "13. 11. 1876," the following: "The Prospectus of THE NATURAL HISTORY JOURNAL has been read and commented upon." It was decided to take a share in the venture, and Charles Mihill was appointed correspondent. Henceforward for many years we have a regular series of minutes "—and—offer to prepare matter monthly for *The Natural History Journal*." At first very little seems to have been sent up by this school, but later regular reports of school life appear. However, in the first number, which was published in February, 1877, a letter, written by G. F. Linney, the then Head-master, entitled *The Removal of Croydon School*, was printed. An account of the actual removal of the School appeared in the October number of 1879, and the last article on *The History of the School*, appearing in *The Avenue* of March, 1913, was based on this description.

The Natural History Journal, as its name implies, was almost entirely devoted to articles and reports on the different branches of Natural History. Later the words *and School Reporter* were added to the title, and then, month by month each school sent in a report of its activities. A *Games Supplement* was added, and the articles became more varied in their

subjects. Owing to financial difficulties the editor felt that he could no longer continue the magazine, and the number published in December, 1898, was the last. In the final contribution of *School News* from Saffron Walden we read: "The boys' music-practice rooms are now finished and await the pianos, while the new natural history and photographic rooms are already occupied."

But the schools were not long without their connecting link. In 1900 appeared PAST AND PRESENT, "the successor to the *Natural History Journal*." It was conducted on much the same lines as its predecessor, and continued till the close of 1910.

These magazines were only partially connected with our school, but during their existence at least two efforts were made to conduct a paper within our borders. One of these was written by E. V. Lucas, somewhere about the year 1881, and a copy of each number was posted on the notice-board in the Boys' Second Class-room (now the Fourth Form), with the title of THE TATLER. We have no copy of this in our possession; if any is in existence it would be specially interesting as the early efforts of one who has made a name for himself in the world of letters. It may be interesting to note that during his seventeen months' membership of the J.L.S., E. V. Lucas read no fewer than eight essays and two reports at its meetings.

The other magazine brings us to very modern times. THE WALDONIAN was first published in October, 1906, under the editorship of John H. Quinn, assisted by a "company" of boys and girls, and continued twice a term till August, 1908, twelve numbers in all. On one occasion a dividend of one shilling per head was distributed to the "company"! The magazine consisted of a large double sheet of paper. "All good schools have their paper, then why not we?" asks the editor; and so was produced the second printed school magazine at a cost of twopence per copy. The pages

throughout are full of bright and interesting matter; a good deal of humour, with kindly fun-poking at members of the Staff and scholars, and accounts of Society meetings and cricket and football matches, with an occasional serial story, filled up most of the space.

The Waldonian closed its career in 1908. *Past and Present* expired in 1910. So it seemed that the time was ripe for a project that several members of the Staff had been turning over in their minds, independently of one another, for some time—the producing of a School Magazine which should be interesting to present scholars, and should also appeal to a wider circle of readers. So after much discussion there sprang into existence, with the sanction and support of the Literary Society, THE AVENUE, which has appeared every term since the Spring of 1910. With it ends our survey of the school magazines, and we lay down the pen with the hope that those who read may be encouraged by our traditions which date back so far, and may endeavour, still more than in the past, to make THE AVENUE a worthy successor to its long line of ancestors since 1830.

J. PENROSE WHITLOW.

THE MONTHLY PACKET



N the first article on "School Magazines" it was stated that there was no number in existence, so far as we knew, of *The Monthly Packet*, the first of the School Papers. Already, before this series of articles is completed, one has come into our hands. Our friend, Isaac Sharp, himself an old Croydon Scholar, has sent us a copy of the third number, consisting of a sheet of unruled foolscap, written on both sides, and bearing the date, "10th mo. 1st, 1830." It is made up of five articles:

" Military Internment " ; " Unseasonable Blossom " ; " March of Luxury " ; " The Mousers " ; and " Visit to Carshalton." The third of these articles, reminiscent of " blackberry squash," we print below. " The Mousers " indicates something approaching a plague of mice, boys being officially appointed catchers. It concludes : " Exclusive of those killed by the cat, forty-eight have been destroyed by the united efforts of her able coadjutors." In the last article, describing a visit paid by the boys to the home of William and Esther Reynolds, the following sentence occurs : " Before leaving, each boy had a glass or two of wine, and all were well supplied with fruit and other eatables." Truly *tempora mutantur !*

Here is the article " March of Luxury."

" The abundant supply of blackberries, procured by the boys in their late rambles to the Addington Hills, induced a few of them to revive the ancient custom of forming a not unpalatable kind of mixture, by crushing the fruit in a jar, sweetening it with sugar, and afterwards sending it to be baked. The composition then received the appellation of jam, a name not inapplicable from the manner of making it, even if its intrinsic merits should be found in some degree defective. To a stranger it must prove highly diverting to see the various manufacturers after a walk, to observe the eagerness evinced by all in the prosecution of the work, as well as the anxiety with which each examines his jar as it comes from the Bake-house, fearing lest some dire misfortune, in the shape of a fierce oven, should have reduced its contents to a cinder. To those accustomed to the sight, it has frequently proved a source of no inconsiderable amusement.

" One or two adepts, apparently on the high road to refinement, have lately had a trial of their skill in making jelly. It is to be hoped their improvements in this line, will not be a means of preventing an increase of taste for pursuits of an intellectual nature."

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors,

I have come across two papers which may interest you at Walden.*

In connection with these the paper on *School Magazines* in your last number is very interesting. I am surprised that J. P. Whitlow needs enlightenment on "long-rope," though less surprised as to "cutters." Has not the long-rope survived? It was about the length of the shed, and was merely a skipping rope. "Cutters" was simply "run across." A big boy would begin alone, who would soon catch three out of the multitude crossing. He would then come in and leave the three to catch more. Each captive added to the number of captors, and so it would go on until the whole were caught, the large army proving at last too much for the stalwarts who held out to the end. I think the captors had to hold on to a victim and count ten.

The illustration of the primitive railway train is excellent. I *think* I remember riding with my father and some boys in one of these old cattle-trucks. I was five-and a half when he died, and I have very distinct recollections of him on various occasions at Croydon School.

The blackberry business in *The Monthly Packet* is *most* interesting. In my day, 1857-1861, we made blackberry jam in the same way, and *very* good it was. We pounded the blackberries with wooden pounders, I think. I have recently heard from another old Croydonian who says that she pounded them with her hoop-stick!

Yours sincerely,

Isaac Sharp.

* These are an Essay on "A Visit to the great Exhibition of 1851," (author unknown) and "The Monthly Packet" referred to in the last article. [Eds.].



Photo by] MR. and MRS. A. BRERETON. [W. W. Davies.

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MY VISIT TO AMERICA.



HEN I was about six-and-a-half years old, my Auntie sent a letter to my father to ask if we would go to America to be with her. My father thought this would be very interesting, and so we decided to go there. For the next month or so we were very busy packing our furniture, as we were taking most of it with us. At the end of this month we started our journey. It was a lovely July day and we were to start from Bristol on the next morning, but all passengers were to be on board by ten o'clock that night. When we woke up the next morning we found ourselves steaming over the Atlantic Ocean on the boat *The Royal Edward.*

For the first four days we had a very pleasant voyage, but on the fifth day we had some very cold weather, and we were told that we were coming near icebergs. During the day we saw several whales spouting in the distance, and we could see a great number of small fish quite near the side of the boat.

On the following day we were told that we were quite near the coast of Newfoundland, and that several icebergs were to be seen in the distance. That morning, we entered a dense fog, and, of course, the boat slackened her speed, and blew the fog horn every few minutes.

Next morning we entered a harbour at a place called Quebec. We remained there for a few hours and then continued our journey up the river St. Laurence, and that evening we entered the harbour at Montreal. This was our landing-place. During the night the crew were busy taking all the goods on shore, but we were not allowed off the boat until about nine o'clock the following morning.

Finally we arrived on shore, but we had still another week's journey before us, only this was by land instead of by sea.

My Auntie lived in a little town called Roseberg, in the State of Oregon. We should not arrive there until about eight days later. After the day at Montreal we started our train journey.

The American carriage is not like the English one. It is not divided into compartments, but is just like one huge carriage with seats on both sides, which are fitted for two people to sit on. You will perhaps wonder how we managed to sleep. Just above the window there is a sort of door which you pull out. This you would find would form a bed.

The porter would put blankets and other necessary things on to this bed. Then down where the seats are there is a cushion which fits in between the two seats. This makes a mattress. You see then that there are two beds, one above the other. My father and I slept on the top bed, and my mother and brother down below us. All the carriages are joined by a door at the end of each carriage, so that you can walk from one end of the train to the other. There are dining-cars in the train for the people to have their meals in. But if you do not want to have your meals in the dining-car you can have a little table which is fastened to the side of the carriage.

During the next three days we had some wonderful scenery round about us. The first was the huge prairie in Canada. We went for a whole day in the train without stopping once, and all that was to be seen round about was nothing but grass and bare country with here and there a very small tree or shrub.

The next interesting piece of land we came to was the "Rocky Mountains." These were a wonderful sight. The railway goes through many long tunnels, winding in and out among the mountains, and all the time getting higher and higher. I remember that in one place the railway ran between a high mountain and a huge river, with about fifty yards between the mountain and the river. The train stopped at

several places of interest. One was a very deep precipice of which you could only just see the bottom.

One day we were so high that we had great difficulty in getting the water hot enough to make tea. At last we came to the highest point on the railway, and then we started our journey down the other side, and on the following morning we reached the plains again, and after two more days we reached our destination.

The American station is not like our English ones; it has no platform. You just step out on to a road which is level with the line. The station house is at one end of this road. There are no bridges, and even at the main roads there are only level crossings, and sometimes you have to wait for a quarter-of-an-hour for the train to pass a level-crossing. In America most of the houses are made of wood, and this sometimes results in great fires.

One morning at about eleven o'clock we heard a most prolonged whistle. We were told that this was the fire whistle, and that there was a house on fire somewhere in the town. We walked quickly to the spot to see it, as it was only half-a-mile away, and when we got there we saw a huge blaze.

About three hours later all that could be seen was a smouldering heap of ashes. That was all that was left of a fair-sized house. *Eric J. Robson.*

The above is a portion of an essay written for the Junior Literary Society [EDS.].

FIRE FANCIES.

I LOOKED into the fire,
And lo! from every glowing coal,
From every chink and fire-lit hole
A fairy came, and softly crept;
They danced around, then each one stepped
Into a flickering flame.

I looked into the fire ;
An old, old man, with wizened face
Amongst the cinders took his place ;
Before him was an iron pot,
From which the steam of something hot
Curled upwards, circling high.

I looked into the fire ;
A palace rose with roof of gold,
Studded with gems, of price untold ;
With stairs of marble, walls of pearl,
A fountain with a gentle whirl,
In which the gold fish swam.

I looked into the fire ;
The palace, wizard, fairies gone !
The iron grate and coals alone,
The dancing flames, red, gold and blue.
I wondered if my dream was true
Of fairies in the fire.

May Reynolds.

A DAY'S TRAINING.

THIS morning I got up at five in order to go grooming with three of the other students. The Home Farm, where the horses are stabled, is a mile away, and in order to be finished by seven, we are supposed to get there soon after six. Eleven of the horses are Suffolk Punches —shortlegged, chestnut-in colour, and rather light as cart horses go. My favourite is "George," the baby, who is only three or four years old, but such a handsome great beast with a cream coloured mane and tail, very thick and full.

After breakfast, which is at eight, another student and I had our first lesson in hedging. After watching one of the men

for a time, we were given the bill-hooks, and began work ourselves. At first we hacked away very wildly, but as we got more used to the implement and the position, we managed better. Really more knack than force is required. It looks very simple, but, like many things in farming, it looks simpler than it is. We had been told it was not nice work, but I thoroughly enjoyed it, and though my wrists, arms, shoulders and back ached when we stopped, it was well worth it.

After dinner, which is at twelve, we went to burn the long grass off a field in order to make ploughing easier. First we each made ourselves a torch by tying a piece of sacking round a stick and dipping it in paraffin. When we reached the field, Painter, the man who was directing operations, gave us each a bough about six feet long, to beat out the flames with if necessary. Half of the field had been ploughed before the frost came, and the wind was blowing from that side. On the other side, the field was bounded by a narrow ditch, with a wood on the other side of it. We began by lighting some of the smaller tufts near the ploughed part, gradually working towards the other side, but taking care not to let the fire get beyond our control and into the wood, where it would be very difficult to stop it, as the wind was fairly strong.

We soon got a little dispersed, and another student and I had been working away at the top end of the field for some time, when, looking up, we saw a big piece of the field burning, and a moment later heard Painter calling to us to help. We ran down and found the fire was going straight for the wood in a line about twenty feet long, with the flames three or four feet high. It was quite close to the ditch, and we turned and boldly faced it, but what could we do with two silly little boughs to stop this wall of leaping flame. I gave one feeble swish which of course did no good, and then turned and led the way over the ditch with one flying jump. When we were both out of reach, we turned round to see if we could do any-

thing to beat out the flames which had crossed the ditch and were in the wood. Just when it seemed utterly hopeless and as if the whole wood would be burned, the wind chanegd slightly and the flames at once grew smaller. We all jumped forward, and stamped and beat out the fire first in the wood and then on the sides of the ditch. We could never have done it if the wind had not changed for those few minutes. After that there were no more thrills, and the rest of the afternoon passed very quietly—even dully. Still, it was a most enjoyable day, though, when we came to walk the mile-and-a-half back to our house, I realised I was very tired. This had been rather an exceptional day, as we usually do the same sort of work both morning and afternoon.

ENID ALLEN.

THE GIRLS' GYMNASTIC COMPETITION.

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, December 13th, the Form Gymnastic Competition was held between the third, fourth and fifth forms. As in previous years, Mrs. Peck kindly consented to perform the duties of judge. The exercises for each form occupied about twenty minutes, being based on Swedish drill and marching. Each member was very keen, doing her utmost to work in unison with her playfellows around. The exercises for the respective forms were chosen according to the standard of the members therein. The work on the whole was very good, special attention being paid to the details. Later in the afternoon we assembled in the schoolroom, all being very anxious to hear the result. Mrs. Peck gave us a good criticism of the work of each form in general, as judged by an experienced teacher, and also added good advice for the future. The picture, which was given last

year by Miss Walker, was awarded to the Fourth Form, which was very creditable, as its number of members is larger than that of either of the others.

Julia Bannister.

THE OLD SCHOLARS' GATHERING.

On Thursday, January 11th, many past and present Scholars were lucky enough to be present at the Annual Social of the Croydon and Saffron Walden Old Scholars' Association, held at Devonshire House. We were sorry that so many Old Scholars were unable to be with us, but hope that next year we shall have their company again.

The evening started with " Tea and Talk," and afterwards we adjourned to the Library for an Entertainment. The President, Ethel Crawshaw, took the chair. We were very pleased to welcome Mr. J. B. Crosfield, who gave us a pleasant surprise by walking in just before the entertainment commenced.

The entertainment started with a duet played by Joyce Watts and Connie Wilderspin, and this was followed by a number of musical items and recitations. These contributions included piano solos by Joyce Watts and Eva Diamond, who played " Thoughts," composed by herself, and songs by Miss Bird, Miss Slader, and Arnold Green. The latter also made us laugh by reciting " How Bill Adams, an important personage in Wellington's army, won the Battle of Waterloo." One of the present scholars also recited, and we ended a pleasant evening with " Auld Lang Syne," and three cheers for the President, proposed by Bernard Deane, who had just come out of hospital. Noel Cooke, who was wounded some time ago, was also amongst us, and we wish these and all Old Scholars the best of luck in the future.

Albert W. Gardner.

AN OUTLINE SURVEY OF SAFFRON WALDEN AND ITS REGIONS.

(By Members of the Saffron Walden Survey Society.)

EDITED BY G. MORRIS.

Section IV.—THE STONE AGE.

As the present and the succeeding sections deal with pre-history and archæology a few general notes are given for those who are unfamiliar with the terms and classification of the subject.

The stone age is the earliest definitely known stage in the evolution of human handicraft and civilisation. It covers an enormous period of time and is divided into periods characterised by easily recognised types of stone and bone implements by which the general development of art and design can be traced. These periods are named from the places where the typical implements were first recognised in river gravel beds or floor layers of old cave dwellings.

I.—EOLITHIC AGE.—Dawn of flint working, Rough split flint chipped at edges.

II.—PALÆOLITHIC OR OLD STONE AGE :—

(*a*) *Strepy period.*—Roughly pointed flint nodules.

(*b*) *Chelles Period.*—Pear shaped or rounded hand axes with large chipping.

(*c*) *St. Acheul Period.*—Large oval or pointed hand axes with finer chipping.

(*d*) *Moustier Period.*—Large flake implements split from roughly chipped cores or chipped on one side only.

(*e*) *Aurignac Period.*—Small flaked tools and thick scrapers with steep sides. Bone used.

(*f*) *Solutre Period.*—Finely chipped flint blades of laurel leaf shape, lance and arrow heads of flint and ivory. First bone needles.

(*g*) *Madelaine Period.*—Long thin flint flake scrapers. Use of reindeer bone for harpoons. Carving on bone and painting on cave walls.

(*h*) *Azilian Period.*—Harpoons of red deer horn, pebbles painted with letters like signs.

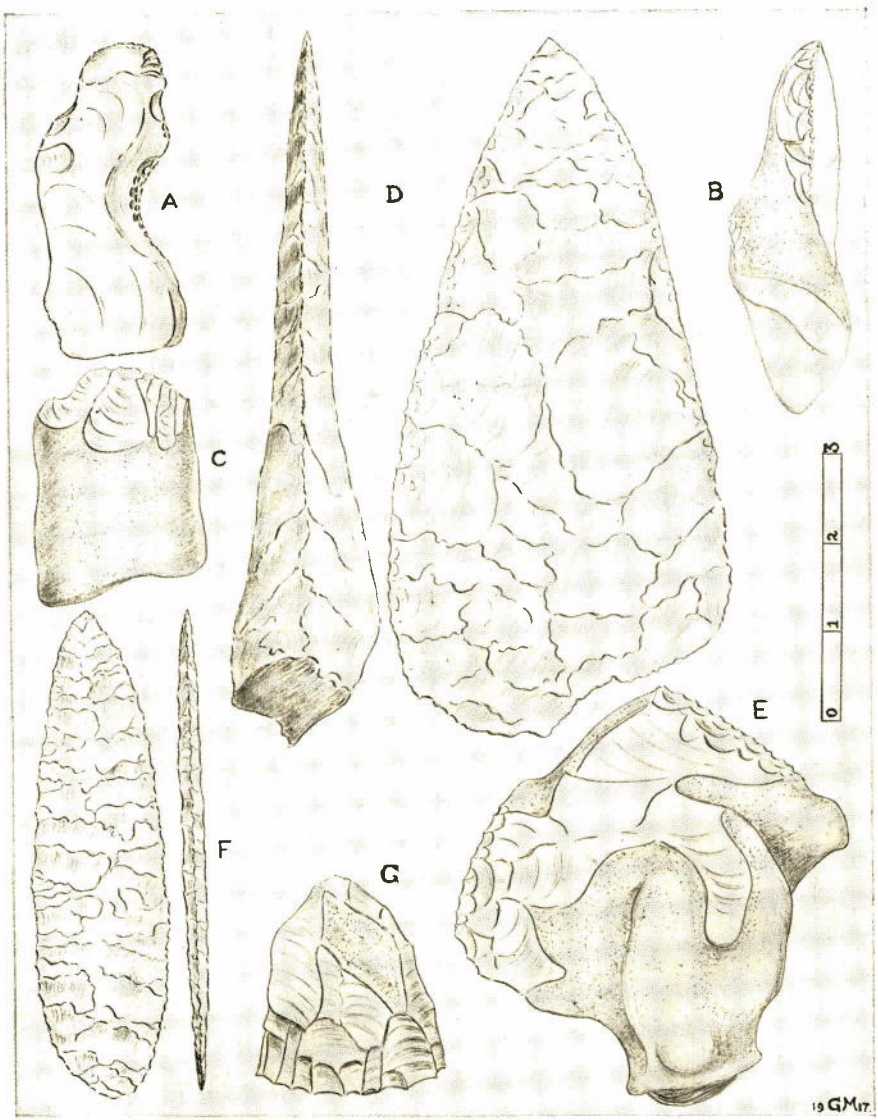
III.—NEOLITHIC OR NEW STONE AGE.

Flaked scrapers, knives, etc., chipped arrow heads and axes, ground and polished axes.

The earlier phases of the old stone age probably represent the warm intervals between the cold periods of the Ice Age, when Britain was joined to the main land of Europe.

The stone age passed into the age of Bronze and the latter into the early Iron age in which the Romans occupied Britain.

THE presence of flint implements of Early Palæolithic (Strepy-Chellean) type in the high level gravels one hundred feet above the Granta valley near Abingdon and



From a drawing by] [G. Maynard.

FLINT IMPLEMENTS FOUND NEAR SAFFRON WALDEN.

A.—Hollow Scraper. Eolithic Period? Little Abingdon.
B.—Pointed Flint Nodule. Pre-Palæolithic Period? Little Abingdon.
C.—Pointed Nodule. Strepy Period. Ditto.
D.—Hand Axe. St. Acheul Period. Quendon.
E.—Chopping Tool. Moustier Period. Little Chesterford.
F.—Lance Blade. Solutre Period.
G.—Planing Tool. Late Palæolithic or Neolithic. Duxford.

Hildersham (200 feet O.D.) proves man's existence in the Saffron Walden region at a distant period when, although the general drainage line was down the chalk escarpment to the north, the streams had not yet settled into their present courses. These gravels of the Ancient River System are later than the glacial period that produced the Boulder Clay, and since they were formed, the Cam and Granta have excavated their valleys down to, and probably some considerable distance below, the present stream level.

The finest Palæolithic implement (Acheulean) found in the region came from a deposit of gravel and sand at Quendon, on the high ground near the head of the Cam valley (315 feet O.D.).

The deposit is here covered by a thin layer of Boulder Clay, indicating the return of a severe climate. If not dragged into position by a local ice sheet, the clay probably flowed over the site from a main mass as water-logged sludge, following winters of Northern Siberia type, when rapid thaws set the soil in motion towards the lower levels.

Probably this return to northern conditions took place during the long Moustierian period in which the greater part of the present valley system was excavated.

The lower gravel terraces, which follow the course of the streams and rise some twenty feet above their level, apparently date from the close of this epoch. They contain some worked flints apparently of Moustier age, and other older implements rolled out of the earlier gravels through which the valley had been cut. The bones of the mammoth, woolly rhinoceros, wild ox, and horse are found in the lower levels of these gravels, but the upper layers, usually from eight to ten feet, are devoid of bones or implements, and consist mainly of rounded chalk, showing that the excavation of the upper valleys was in progress. These chalky deposits show signs of disturbance and contortion, as if they had been ploughed up and rolled over by the floating river-ice.

The evidence thus points to the return of severe climatic

conditions, unfavourable to the existence of man and the large game animals, at the period represented by the upper layers of the lower gravel terraces, which date from the mid-Palœolithic age.

The worked flints of the surface soil are much more numerous, pointing to a large population and more settled life. They are found scattered over the valley slopes up to the 300 ft. contour line, above which they became scarce, and on the Boulder Clay uplands they disappear entirely over the large area of what presumably was uninhabited forest.

Small groups of flint flakes and pot boilers, the fire cracked stones used for heating water in the crude pottery vessels of the later stone age, frequently occur in sheltered folds or hollows of the hillsides, and may mark the sites of temporary camps, or may perhaps be accounted for by drainage action sweeping the flints together.

Large concentrations of worked flints have been found at certain points, usually near a widening of the valley floor, which indicates the site of a marshy pool where fish and wild fowl, as well as water, were available for a settlement. The slopes round the old ponds at Newport were thus occupied for long periods. The slopes of little Walden valley, near Grym's Ditch Wood, was another stone age station, and there the flakes cluster around depressions, which are possibly the filled-in pits from which flint was mined with deer horn picks, as at Cissbury and at Grime's Graves in Norfolk.

A stone age working place existed near Little Chesterford where large numbers of worked flakes lay around the large anvil block, a large flint boulder weighing fifty or sixty pounds, accompanied by battered hammer stones. In this case the workers were using flint from the post glacial gravel beds, and flakes from similar gravel flints have been noticed on the high chalk ridge between the Cam and the Granta, showing that the implements were carried up from the lower valleys to the settlements on the high ground.

The old trade and migration route follows the open down land of the chalk escarpment from the chalk plains south of the Thames into East Anglia. That the Neolithic settlers came by this route appears certain, but the waterless, wind-swept character of the escarpment country with its bleak northerly aspect, suggests that permanent settlements would first be found in the sheltered valleys that open on to it. Thus primitive communities would tend to arise on the valley slopes near to the permanent springs and streams of the valley floor, and on the edge of the clay forest uplands where pond water was available, hunting or grazing camps would be occupied at favourable periods.

Ring Hill Camp, the entrenched hill-top near Audley End, was no doubt the war-time refuge of the valley population. Smoke or fire signals could be seen there from the great Wandlebury Camp on the Gog Magog Hills, which command the open country outside the upper Cam valley for many miles.

The earthworks in Grym's Ditch Wood are of unknown age, but may be connected with the supposed flint mines near by. The Pampisford ditch, which is in the area under survey, belongs to the great series of earthworks known as the Cambridgeshire Dykes, which blocked the passage of the pre-historic tracks along the escarpment between the Essex forest and the Cambridgeshire fens. It is possible that some of these works were thrown up at the close of the Neolithic period to resist the advance of the bronze-using tribes from the south-west.

No Neolithic burials are known in the district; but a human skull of Noelithic type, found with bones of the red deer and Irish elk in a river peat deposit near Wendon, is in the Saffron Walden Museum.

How far the Neolithic population brought the open areas under cultivation is difficult to say, but that they did raise grain crops and had domesticated cattle and sheep is practi-

cally certain. Perhaps some of the lynchetts, or hillside terraces, near Ickleton may be of the period, as many worked flakes are found on them.

Tracks leading up the valleys from the main routes of the escarpment were probably the earliest local road development, and as the long Neolithic Period passed away, the valley paths may have penetrated over the forest uplands into the heads of the valleys draining eastward to the Essex coast, although there can be no doubt that for thousands of years until the roads southward to the Thames were opened by the Romans, the line of the Icknield Way remained the chief channel of trade and intercourse.

GUY MAYNARD.
(*Curator of the Saffron Walden Museum.*)

THE STORM.



ILENCE, stillness, mystic loneliness all around. 'Tis the dark shadow of a coming storm. Black, angry clouds hang low o'er the bleak, bare moor, seeming to disturb the peaceful calm of the evening. The hush of a breathless expectation fills the sultry atmosphere. The little white farm nestling down in the wooded hollow is asleep in the drowsy air. The great forest is cast into murky gloom; the birds seek their nests in the leafy trees, knowing what is to come. The leaves scarcely tremble on the boughs. All Nature's songs are still.

Quietness has now changed to clamour and strife. 'Tis here! Welcome rain has come at last and is hiding the moor in a dreary grey sheet. The raging wind howls and moans

through the dim, dark forest. The thunder rolls loudly crash after crash, vibrating the ground on which we stand.

The lightning flashes come swiftly and fast, seeming to split the very heavens themselves, and light up the great depths of the murky forest with vivid, awesome light. It rages on, and spends its awful passions to the end. All Nature is at war.

Silence, stillness, perfect loneliness in all around. The storm has passed, and peace has come again bringing refreshing breezes. They rustle through the forest trees which drip silver rain, and sigh softly in their wearied state like tired children. The moor is bathed in sunset glory, transforming its bare aspect to a ruddy glow. Hark! the chime of silvery bells is wafted on the breeze across the open plain. Twilight deepens, shadows fall, the stars begin to shine in the deep purple heavens and smile upon the world. All Nature is at peace, if men are not. Ah! let us leave it so then. Peace, peace; all is peace. Good-night, fair world.

Joyce B. Moore.

SNOW.

IN the morning when we look out of the window we see that the ground is all white. Then we say that it has been snowing. What a lovely substance it is; all crystals of lovely shapes that have fallen from the dull sky; not the bright sky like it is on a summer's morning when the sun pours its beauty and life on the earth. No, it is not summer time now, but winter, with all its cold winds and frosts and stormy weather, when the snow falls down to settle with its beauty, as I have said.

So winter is lovely without the green trees and the flowers or even the birds. The children have games in the snow,

making snow-men, while the older ones have snow-fights with snow-balls. But this is not all. Though the snow looks and feels cold, it is a warm coat to keep the flowers warm and safe from the frost. The snow ought to be a friend to everybody except the old men and women, who shiver in the cold, and get no pleasure or good out of it at all.

Philip D. Tebbutt.

The above, with a few spelling corrections, was written as a class exercise by a boy in Form II.—[EDS.]

OUR BELGIAN FRIENDS.

A YEAR ago we reported that our family of a dozen at " Mon Abri " had been reduced to four. Monsieur and Madame Breban, Madame Schmitz and her daughter are now there, while Monsieur Wandels, who is still employed as a Chemist at Vickers' works at Erith, is able to join his friends at " Mon Abri " from time to time. A friend, who spent a furlough there a year ago, has again visited us for several weeks, after having been wounded in Belgium.

Monsieur Polus has recently left Paris, having obtained a post in the Belgian Foreign Office at Le Havre—the present " capital " of Belgium ; this has enabled him to make a home for his sister and her child, who had fled to Holland on the outbreak of the War.

Mlle. Doensen last spring joined her brother at York, but, when he was called up for service in France, she obtained employment at Richmond, near London.

Monsieur Lauwers with his wife and little girl have recently moved to West Ealing ; he is still working in a factory at Hayes.

During the last two years the School have contributed £140 towards the funds necessary for the upkeep of "Mon Abri," and of this sum nearly half has come from the boys and girls.

C. B. ROWNTREE.

A WALK.

(Part of a "five minutes essay," of which the subject was chosen by lot, written for the Fourth Form Literary Society.)

RUNNING to the rippling wavelets
Did this maiden, tall and slender,
Chase her dog, an Irish terrier,
Chased him hither, chased him thither,
Threw in stones and threw in pebbles,
Till he, dashing past a rocklet,
Caught his leg and fell in head first,
Fell head first into the water,
In that cold and moving ocean.
Such a barking, such a squealing,
He sent forth, which frightened people;
They came walking, they came running,
To find out what was the matter.
But this maiden, tall and slender,
Jumped into the rolling water,
Caught her dog and pulled it upwards,
Upwards through the rolling waters
To the sands which at no distance
Shone beneath the morning sunlight;
Picked him up and brought him gently,
Gently o'er the rocks and pebbles,
Through the water strewn with sea-weed,
Back to land once more in safety.

Dorothy Blackburn.

FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Concerning Old Scholars who were in the Fifth Form last Term :

Alfred T. Cadman is in the Colchester branch of the London Joint Stock Bank.

Douglas Dickson.

Leonard Frizzell.

Josephine B. Watts.

Constance E. Wilderspin.

* * * * * *

M. Dorothea Barton, who left us last summer and has since been studying at the Herts and Essex County School at Bishop's Stortford, has been awarded the first prize by a local horticulturalist, for the best painting of a new chrysanthemum. The chrysanthemum is to be called the " Dorothea Barton."

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter from Henry Skelton (1908-14).

" For some days now we have been in the first line, and have been kept fairly hard at work. I am on sentry to-night—a detestable job. We do two hours with another fellow on the fire-step, then spend two hours in the dug-out, and a third two hours before going on sentry on the step again. We sit beside the sentries under a rude shelter until it gets too cold, when we start to walk up and down the fire bay. . . . Of course, cleaning oneself in the trenches is mainly neglected, yet it feels horrid to be dirty, and both yesterday and to-day I have got some ice from without in the holes and melted it down for a wash. The weather is bright and clear, but very cold ; in the day the aeroplanes look very fine up in the air. . . . The dug-out is getting very smoky from the damp wood ; it is most disagreeable getting down one's throat, and of course near the roof when you get up to move out, it makes your eyes water."



MRS. DAY,

Who, at the age of seventy-one, retired from the Domestic Staff after sixteen years service.

Extract from a letter written January 5th, 1917, by Eric Holttum (1907-11), who is working for the Friends' Ambulance Unit at Dunkirk.

Headquarters,
Friends' Ambulance Unit,
B.E.F.

"I arrived here on Tuesday evening, having received a telegram the previous day, asking me to report at Weymouth Street prepared to cross at once. After a somewhat lengthy business at the B.R.C.S. headquarters, four others and I departed from Charing Cross, and embarked at ——, again after sundry signing and stamping of passport and other papers. We reached this side just as it was dark, and found a man to meet us. After more trouble we disembarked, and finally were driven off in an ambulance car to this place.

"We are now pleasantly employed as mess orderlies and general fatigue party. I am cook's orderly, and spent the morning peeling potatoes. The beach close to this hotel is glorious, and we have had some lovely weather; last night was bright moonlight, with a strong breeze, and I went a short walk along the sand. There are sand dunes fringing the beach a little further up. . . .

"I saw George Carrodus this afternoon when I was out; he was just coming back from a walk along the shore. He came over the day before I did, but had been placed as an orderly in a hospital quite near—looking after the boilers, etc., connected with the sterilising apparatus, I believe. He may go back to his old train sometime. I suppose you know he has been ill in England with dysentery, in hospital at Wandsworth, where he says Leslie Hart went to see him several times.

"Jack Carrodus is here in the stores and appears to be in a flourishing condition. The remaining Waldenites here are the two Morrells, who are cook's orderlies.

"Sandwith (who married Miss Mason) came over last night, and had an awful time getting here from his port of arrival, the

train being several hours late in starting, and landing him here at 11.45 p.m., when all cars had stopped, so he had to carry his kit bag all the way here. . . . "

* * * * * *

Extract from a letter written October 12th, 1916, by Paul V. Mauger (1906-13), who is working for the Friends' War Victims' Relief Committee.

Dole-du-Jura,
France.

". . . I went home in February and got my exemption without difficulty. After my return I helped to furnish our little 'cité ouvrière' at Sermaize. Then in July I was in Paris looking after an exhibition which we had been asked to erect in the 'Cité Reconstituée,' in which exposition Professor Geddes had his plans and drawings showing the development of a town; I was glad to be able to go round with him. I noticed in his collection an account of the Walden survey—(most of us had been reading his 'Cities in Evolution.') My work was to explain our photos and plans and furniture in the typical hut, such as we had built in the Marne and Meuse; there was a continuous stream of people—Parisians and refugees from the war zone—who asked many questions and seemed generally interested.

"The heat was oppressive in Paris, and I had a holiday with some English friends at Rueil, in the grounds of La Malmaison—the Chateau which Napoleon built for Josephine. Curiously the town of Vernon, about which Lilian Dell wrote in *The Avenue* (March, 1916), is quite near; the wide street of Rueil has reminded me of her description of the place.

"We started here at Dole eight weeks ago, and our first work was to make a half-built school habitable, and in it we lived and began our house sections which are now erected to form our camp up here on the high ground facing the mountains of the Swiss frontier. The Camp is to be grouped round a quadrangle; it will have three bedroom huts for thirty-

three men, a dining room 26 feet by 22 feet—(of course we work on the metric system and find it very convenient)—reading rooms and kitchen. They will all be 'maisons démontables,' and so can be used later for refugees of the Ardennes, for whom we are hoping to make a stock of some three hundred huts which can be very quickly erected—each in about a day. That is our work until we return to the War zone.

"The men are all strong pacifists, and we are thinking of studying German as being the best form of training ourselves to be useful in peace work after the war. The people of Dole are very kind, and as they often mistake us for soldiers we have opportunities of explaining the position of the 'cas de conscience.' . . .

"The Protestant Pastor told us that he thought there would be a strong pacifist party in France after the war, and he thought our work would suggest channels for constructive work to many others. The erection of this camp has attracted much public attention, and we have crowds of visitors every day—especially on Sunday."

* * * * * *

Brief extracts from a diary kept by Cornelius Barritt (1892-98) *who is now in Maidstone Gaol as a Conscientious Objector.*

April 20th, 1916.—Taken to Felixstowe. On leaving Mill Hill some trouble over carrying packs. Officer shouts out, "Rough handle them, sergeant!" Others with me roughly dealt with on way to station. Long talk on platform while waiting for train. Escort after this very friendly—could not do enough for us.

April 28th.—Appeared before the Commanding Officer after having again been put in irons while drill was in progress. Sentenced to three days' bread-and-water diet and confinement in cell.

May 7th.—Visited by officers, and told that we should leave for France the first thing in the morning. One said we were

only holding out because of the backing of our friends; in France our friends would not be able to get at us, and the penalties would be severe. Those of us in the guard-room held a Friends' meeting.

May 10th.—I was removed to a cell near by and locked up. . . . A sergeant (quite unauthorised) came to see me and heatedly attacked me with a volley of words and denunciations—two military police in charge being witnesses—but he put nothing to me that I did not feel quite at home in answering. After having been with me about a quarter of an hour, and having meanwhile kept a furtive eye on the guard-room door, he left me. The two military police came back a while later, and were very courteous and nice. They said they had been policemen in London, and had volunteered and come out. One of them brought me a magazine to read and a blanket to sit on. I was in a cell with walls of tin and a cement floor. In the evening I was taken back to the guard-room at Cinder City, where I found a good many of the others: some, however, were still free, as their sergeants had refused to charge them.

May 12th.—I refused to go on parade and therefore appeared before the Commanding Officer again. He this time sentenced me to twenty-eight days' field punishment No. 1. I was taken up to Harfleur Prison. That evening all the prisoners on field punishment No. 1 were tied up as is customary, missing one day in four; this is commonly known as "crucifixion," and lasts for two hours. About one hundred men were tied up so. We were put into tents, and as it rained very hard, and the floor boards were taken away, the tents got very wet, most of us in consequence being wet through that night.

May 16th.—Arrived at Boulogne; we were eventually placed in the Field Punishment Barracks. Fourteen out of the seventeen had been awarded twenty-eight days' field punishment No. 1. They then attempted to drill us, and,

upon our refusal, we were sentenced to three days' bread-and-water diet in the cells and to be tied up for two hours that afternoon. We were tied up very severely and tightly—to ropes horizontally fixed above our heads, with arms outstretched and feet tied together by cord round the ankles.

May 20th.—We were given an order upon the expiry of three days, having been told that refusal meant court martial and the penalty of death.

May 21st.—The case of a man was read out who had been shot on May 12th for refusing to march with his battery and using threatening and abusive language to his superior officers.

June 9th.—. . . That same evening seven of us had our sentences promulgated at Henriville Camp. . . . In front of us were lined up companies of N.C.C.'s, and at the two sides soldiers, so that in all it is possible that a thousand men were present. An officer read out our sentences: "To suffer death by being shot." Then came a pause, presumably to give effect; then followed, "Confirmed and commuted to ten years' penal servitude, June 16th. (Signed) Douglas Haig, General."

June 23rd.—Four days later we left Boulogne for Rouen Prison.

June 24th.—. . . The Governor had previously said that he was putting us in the cells as he was afraid that the ordinary prisoners would kill us if we were put with them in the tents! Little did he know that invariably we met with courtesy and kindness from our fellow prisoners, and that they were ever ready to share anything they had with us. It came as a relief to me at times that I was not a smoker, as I had offers from men to share a dirty fag-end of a cigarette with them that they had managed to smuggle into prison, the idea being that we should take alternate whiffs. Not being a smoker, I invariably declined. Nevertheless, I appreciated the spirit of the offer. One of the first people I saw upon

my arrival was Rendal Wyatt, who was busying himself at sawing and chopping wood. It was not long before I managed to get detailed off to help him. We had much to convey to one another in monotones.

June 29th.—Arrived at Southampton, and an hour or two later we were in Winchester Prison, endeavouring to make fit as best we could the convict garb that had been thrown to us—a rough guess having been made as to the size suitable.

* * * * * *

Other Old Boys now in prison as Conscientious Objectors include Basil Burton, Wm. J. Bowry, George L. Pratt, W. Russell Frayling, Philip Radley (Student Teacher).

SCHOOL DIARY.

Nov. 2nd.—N.H.S. Astronomical Meeting on Playground.

,, 4th.—Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Cambridge Higher Grade School, home, won, 11-0.

,, 5th.—Lecture in Evening Meeting on "Kindness to Animals," by Mr. William Brown.

,, 9th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Edwin Ash. Essays "The Pilgrim's Way," Elsie Deane; "Dutch Art and Rembrandt," Miss Fairbrother. Pianoforte Solo, Julia Bannister. Song, Miss Waites.

,, 11th.—Hockey Match. 1st XI. *v.* Girton 3rd XI., away, won, 6-4. Football Matches: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School, away, won, 8-2. 2nd XI. *v.* Grammar School 2nd XI., home, won, 18-0. Entertainment in aid of *The Avenue*.

,, 16th.—N.H.S. Meeting. Essays: "Life," John Thompson; "Ivies," Dorothy Emson and Edith Newbery.

,, 18th.—Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford School, 1st XI., away, lost 5-1. Lecture on "India," by Miss Katharine Dixon.

,, 19th.—Lecture in morning on "Palestine" and Address in Evening Meeting on "The Need of India," both by Miss Dixon.

,, 22nd.—Lit Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Doris Thompson. Essays: "The Workings of a Modern Coal Mine," Howard Phillips; "Stratford-on-Avon," Ruby Griggs.

Nov. 23rd.—Lecture on " A World-Wide Mission," Dr. Hodgkin.

,, 25th.—Football Match. Boys' 1st XI. *v* Saffron Walden Juniors, home, won, 3-1.

,, 26th.—Address on " Aliens' Camps," by Mr. Robert Clark.

,, 29th.—Hockey Matches. Girls' 1st and 2nd XI *v*. Saffron Walden Training College 1st and 2nd XI. respectively, home, won, 7-4, won 2-0. Football Match, 1st XI. *v*. Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, drawn 1-1.

,, 30th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: " The Decorated Period of Architecture," Bedford Deane. " Roman Architecture, as seen in this District," Albert Gardner; " The General Type of Monastery," Mr. Whitlow.

Dec. 2nd.—Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v*. Bishop's Stortford School 1st XI., home, won, 2-0.

,, 6th.— Football Matches. Boys' 1st XI. *v*. Newport Grammar School 1st XI., away, won, 2-0. Boys' 2nd XI. *v*. Newport Grammar School, 2nd XI., home, won, 7-1.

,, 7th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Lionel Wright. Essays: " Some Greek and Roman Games," Marjorie Harrod; " A Fireside Story," C. Frederick Tebbutt; " A Reformer," Mr; Greenbank; " Waterford," Nora Matthews. Pianoforte Solos, Constance Wilderspin and Doris Thompson.

,, 9th.—M.H.U. Sale of Work.

,, 20th.—Holidays began.

Jan. 16th.—School re-opened.

,, 25th.—N.H.S, Mtg. Essays: " Bees," George Fairbrother; " Some Species of Birds," Thomas Champness.

Feb. 1st.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Girls' Diary, Julia Bannister. Essays: " My Lady of the Arm-chair," Joan McKenzie; " Four of Napoleon's Generals," Edward B. Thomas; " The Autobiography of a Clock," Jessie Milne. Violin Solo, Lionel Wright. Song, Miss Bird.

,, 6th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: " Some Spring Birds," Mary Bannister; " Four Birds," Margaret Tuke; " Common British Birds," Frederick Frizzell; " British Butterflies and Moths," Charles Gregg.

,, 14th.—Football Matches. Boys' 1st XI. *v*. Grammar School 1st XI., away, won, 12-0. Boys' 2nd XI. *v*. Grammar School 2nd XI., home, won, 23-0.

,, 15th.—Lit. Soc. Mtg. Boys' Diary, Reginald Falkner. Essays: " Fellow Travellers," John H. Thompson; " A Monk's Dream," Edith Newbery; " Books my Mother Read," Miss Jones; " The First Time," Cecil Trigg. Pianoforte Solo, Julia Bannister.

Feb. 17th.—Football Match: Boys' 1st XI. *v.* County School, Cambridge, 1st XI., home, won, 4-1.

,, 20th.—N.H.S. Mtg. Essays: "Walden Church," Nina Townshend; "The Meaning of Biology," Bedford Deane; "Cell Life," John H. Thompson.

,, 21st.—Football Matches, Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* Saffron Walden Grammar School 1st XI., home, won, 7-0. Boys' 3rd XI. *v.* Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won, 15-0.

,, 24th.—Football Match, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Bishop's Stortford College 2nd XI., away, draw, 3-3.

,, 28th.—Football Matches, Boys' 1st XI. *v.* Newport Grammar School 1st XI., home, won, 9-0. Boys' 2nd XI. *v.* New port Grammar School 2nd XI., away, won, 4-0.

ELEANOR J. JONES.
John H. Thompson.

NOTICES.

Three numbers of *The Avenue* will be published during 1917, in March, July, and December, 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.

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

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SCHOOL MAGAZINES.

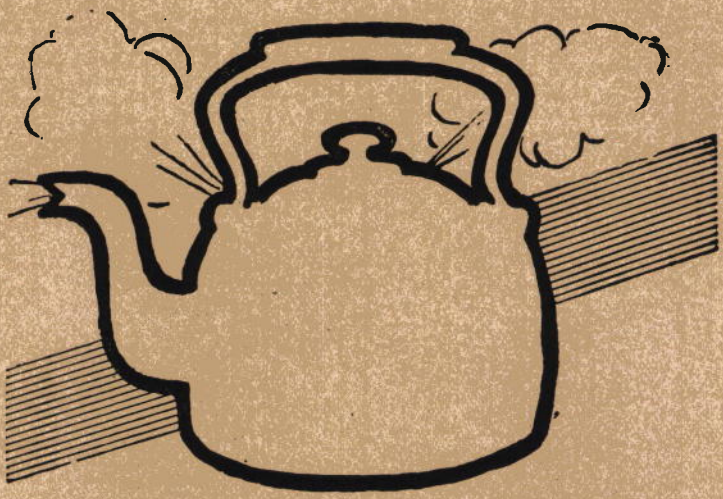
We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines: *Penketh School Magazine, The Stramongate School Magazine.*

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

Associated Board of the R.A.M. and R.C.M., School Examinations, Nov., 1916.

Higher Division: Doris Thompson, Margaret Robson.

Lower Division: Margaret Horsfield.



Why is this kettle boiling?

To make a cup of Elect Cocoa with the delicious Rowntree

flavour

Battersea Polytechnic, London, S.W.

Principal—F. H. NEWMAN, M.A., Ph.D.

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